

# Waynesboro' Village Record.

By W. Blair.

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## POETICAL.



### TO MY BED,

Bless'd temerity on which are spent  
The dark and silent hours of time;  
Who many a time, and oft has lent  
Repose to this sick heart of mine;  
Accept the tribute of my lays!  
A poet's only gift is praise.

To thy soft breast fatigue may fly,  
And sickness, ennu, and grief,  
And aching head, and drooping eye,  
In thee can find a sweet relief.  
The rich the poor, the young and old,  
Alike are fain to seek thy fold.

Husband of sleep, and downy chain  
That links the night with joyous day—  
That tears us through the gloomy reign  
Of midnight to the sun's bright away—  
And makes the dark and dreary hours  
The sweetest in this life of ours.

This world—this noisy world—hath still  
A calm for its distractions here—  
A quiet spot, whereon, at will,  
We rest the burdens that we bear,  
And calm our feelings, harsh and rude,  
In thee, soft twin of Solitude!

Knit to the mortal things of day—  
Busted in the fleeting phantoms—here  
Crouching for wealth, like beasts of prey,  
Submitting to the great man's sneer—  
There, following objects lost and vain;  
With eager, selfish, groveling aim—

O God! how truly cursed my life,  
How wretched, wretched would it be,  
If this heart-wounding scene of strife  
Were but to last continually!  
If naught of rest—of quiet naught—  
Were mingled with the bitter draught!

My bed! my bed! to thee I steal,  
Thou simple unpretending spot—  
Where men their great est pleasure feel,  
Or where their greatest sorrows go;  
Thou art the fane, where all do fly,  
"If this we're born—in thee we die!"

### Lines.

I love to roam, when twilight grey,  
Steals on the blushing west,  
And bend my solitary way  
Where life's warm pigmies rest.

The stillness of the grassy mound,  
The quiet of the dead,  
The faint music of scattered sound,  
With gathering morn's oppression.

All tell of ended cares and pain—  
Of calm and peaceful rest,  
All tell that sorrow hath no reign  
Within the slumbers' breast.

They tell of beautiful realms of peace,  
To ransomed spirits given,  
Where songs of gladness never cease  
To swell the joys of heaven.

## MISCELLANY.

### SKETCH OF GEN. SHIELDS.

Acting Major General James Shields is a native of the county of Tyrone, in Ireland, where he was born in the year 1810. He is consequently about 52 years of age. He first came to this country in the year 1826, being then only 16 years of age. In 1832 he went West, and settled in Kaskaskia, one of the oldest villages of Illinois, where he devoted his energies to the study and practice of the law. He was soon after elected to the State Legislature, and in 1839 was made State Auditor. Four years later he was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court, and in 1845 having received from President Polk the appointment of Commissioner of the General Land Office, he removed to Washington. Upon the breaking out of the Mexican war during the following year, the same President with rare discrimination and appreciation of character, appointed Mr. Shields a Brigadier General of United States Volunteers. His commission was dated July 1, 1846. He was present at the siege of Vera Cruz, and even there was particularly noted. At the battle of Cerro Gordo the distinguished himself greatly, and was the second time naturalized a citizen of the United States by shedding his blood in defence of his adopted country's honor. A recital of Gen. Shields' deeds at that battle seems more like the details of the great actions of some famed hero of romance than the plain narrative of the conduct of 'one of Polk's raw generals,' as the opposition styled him when appointed. Severely wounded, he continued on the field urging on his men, until a ball passing through his lungs struck him down. He was carried from the battle field, and was reported so near dead that obituary notices appeared of the gallant General in nearly all the papers of the country. Even in the neighborhood of the battle ground his life was for weeks despaired of, and the anecdote of his cure is remarkable, as it would appear improbable did the man not live among us at the present to verify the statement. It appears that he was entirely given over by the army surgeons, when a Mexican doctor said he would live if he would let him remove the coagulated blood from the wound. Shields, as a kill or cure remedy, told him to try, and a fine silk handkerchief was worked and finally drawn through the wound, removing the extravasated blood when daylight could be seen through the hole. And yet Shields to-day is a hale and hearty man, free from disease or any inconvenience from his wound, which was considered at the time as mortal, having been made by a large copper ball, and going directly through his body and lungs. For his gallant and meritorious conduct on this occasion he was in August, 1847, brevetted a Major General of Volunteers. Still suffering from his wounds he led his commanding brigade in the valley of Mexico, consisting of a battalion of marines and regi-

ments composed of New York and South Carolina volunteers. He was also in the battle of Chapultepec, where, being unhorsed, he fought on foot, bareheaded and in his shirt sleeves, leading his brigade, sword in hand, with a bravery that has made his name remarkable in American history. He was again wounded, and that dangerously, but with care and a good constitution he recovered. His brigade, after performing valorous deeds, ending in the capture of the city of Mexico, was disbanded on the 20th of July, 1848. The war being ended, Gen. Shields laid down the sword, and assumed once more his place in civil life. He was brilliantly received on his arrival in the United States; and when he returned to the State of his choice (Illinois) he was elected to fill the position vacated by Mr. Breeze—that of Senator from that State—to represent it in the Capitol at Washington. This was in the year 1849. Owing to some technicality he was refused admission as a Senator, when he promptly resigned the post and was again re-elected. He returned to Washington, and for six years proved himself to be able in council as he was on the battle field. He was unostentatious and modest, spoke but seldom; but when he did, it was with marked effect, and secured for him universal attention. He represented the interests of the democratic party, and was firm in his position. In 1855 he left the Senate, leaving at the same time Illinois, and went to settle on the lands awarded to him for his services in the army, which lands he had selected in the Territory of Minnesota. When that tract became a State Gen. Shields was returned to represent it in Congress as a Senator, and took his seat after its admission in May, 1858. Gen. Shields having drawn the short term, he had to vacate his seat in 1859 and, not securing a re-election, he went further west into California. From his retirement he was again brought out by the present war, having been appointed by Congress a Brigadier General, with a commission dating from August 19, 1861. This commission he at first refused; but, deeming it his duty to stand by his adopted country in her troubles, he came forth, and after a long voyage, reached this city and the capital, where (his name, in consequence of his refusal, having been stricken from the army list) he waited some time before he obtained a commission. The lamented death of Gen. Lander left that division without a head, and Gen. Shields was at once appointed to the command, with the rank of Brigadier General, his division forming a part of the corps d'armee of Major Gen. Banks. He has again brought himself before the public by his deeds, and once more our country rings with the name of Gen. Shields.

Gen. Shields is of good personal appearance, about five feet eight inches in stature, with dark hair and complexion. His style of speaking, easy, fluent and agreeable. He is still, of course, a progressive democrat; but, at the same time, is a strong supporter of the government of the United States in its unity and integrity.

**Bible Texts on Injustice.**  
He that oppresseth the poor reproacheth his Maker.  
He that oppresseth the poor to increase his riches, and he that giveth to the rich shall surely come to want.  
I will be swift witness against those that oppress the hireling in his ways.  
Deal justly. Whatsoever you would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them. Honor all men.

What mean ye that ye grind the faces of the poor.  
An inheritance may be gotten hastily at the beginning; but the end thereof shall not be blessed.  
He that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at the end shall be a fool.  
He that by unjust gain increaseth substance shall gather it for him that will pity the poor.  
Woe unto him that increaseth that which is not his.  
There is no respect of persons with God.  
He will judge the world in righteousness. He will be a refuge to the righteous.  
He remembereth them; he forgetteth not the cry of the humble.  
The Lord is known by the judgement he executeth; He judgeth the fatherless and the oppressed.  
The needy shall not always be forgotten; the expectation of the poor shall not perish forever.  
The Lord is governor among the nations; the wicked are His sword.  
The Lord shall laugh the oppressor, for he seeth that His day is coming.  
The Lord hateth iniquity; the oppressor and the evil man He will judge.  
The Lord hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth.  
Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness. Ye shall oppress one another.

He that honoreth God hath mercy on the poor.  
Wrong not the poor because he is poor.—Oppress not the afflicted, for the Lord will plead their cause and spoil those that spoil them.  
The Lord executeth righteousness and judgement for all that are oppressed.  
Envy not thou the oppressor, and choose none of his ways.

**PRESENTS TO GEN. SIOUX.**—The Germans of Chicago, have inaugurated a movement to purchase a homestead for Gen. Sioux and to present him with a sword of plain steel, which shall have engraved on its blade, "The Germans of America to their first combatant." The homestead is to be purchased in that state, the German citizens of which shall subscribe most liberally to the fund.

**Why was Bunyan's genius like the letter H?**—Because it made a thinker of a tinker.

**The Parson on his Travels.**  
Parson Brownlow reached Philadelphia last week, where he met with a fitting reception from the city authorities. He made short speeches at the different points along the route, and was everywhere received with the wildest enthusiasm. At Harrisburg he made the following characteristic speech from the cars:

**MY FELLOW CITIZENS.**—When Governor Curtin introduced me, Parson Brownlow, he should have said that I am what is left of Parson Brownlow. The Secessionists of my State had very nearly done with me when they despatched me into what they called "Lincoln's Kingdom." But I am not dead yet, and intend to go back to the Lord's town of Knoxville, E. Tennessee, with a new press—they have torn mine up—and pour hot shot into them, as I have always done. I want to go back with a cocked hat, on horseback, and waving a sword, as soon as the Northern troops under Gen. Fremont have advanced into my country, and point out the traitors and the limbs whereon to hang them!

We have suffered much. We have been hung, shot down on our own properties, tied to trees and whipped to death; and all this because we would not desert the flag of our fathers, the Union, and the Constitution. These had protected us for years, and we went give them up for the world or the devil! [Cheers.] I tell you, my friends—I do speak advisedly—when Andy Johnson, our new Governor orders an old-fashioned State election, and the withdrawal of the bayonets of Secession leaves us free to express our will, Tennessee will give the Union and the Government a majority of fifty thousand! [Cheers.]

In my home of Knoxville, seven weeks ago, an election was ordered for mayor and aldermen. The Secessionists gave out that the Union candidates were Abolitionists and Lincolnites, and proclaimed their candidates advocates of State Rights and the Southern Confederacy. In every ward of Knoxville we beat them two to one, and elected Lincoln, the Chicago platform, or whatever they chose to call it.

The game of Secession is almost done.—The ardent spirits in Secession have almost got their rights and will soon come in to renew their allegiance. Your blockade is ruining them at a greater rate than fire and sword. Although cotton is said to be king, there is not a spool of it in Knoxville, and they have no calico or domestic goods of any description. Why, the week I came away there was not in Knoxville—a large town—among twenty or thirty stores, a single fine-tooth comb, and the heads of the little Secessionists were swimming with squatter sovereignty, seeking their rights in the territory of the eranium. [Great laughter.] I am very feeble, my friends, and would like to take a cup of coffee before I go on to Philadelphia. But I cannot do so without expressing my admiration for the great State of Pennsylvania, that has furnished so many gallant soldiers—more, I believe in proportion to her population, than any other State—to fight for the recovery of the Union and the establishment of the laws. [Cheers.] A gentleman in the crowd inquired of Mr. Brownlow as to the health of Col. Lenthall, and other citizens of East Tennessee. He paid a high eulogium to the patriotism of these, but said of a certain Dr. Jackson, that he was one of the biggest and blackest traitors that had tracked in Knoxville.

Gov. Curtin then introduced ex-Gov. Porter and numerous members of the executive staff, who accompanied Parson Brownlow to the refreshment saloon. As the moment had nearly arrived for the starting of the train, Mr. Brownlow emerged from the depot with a cup of coffee in his hand, which he drank leisurely as the train passed through the town.

**Depth of Planting Corn.**  
A Communication, which we find in the Germantown Telegraph, gives the following suggestions and facts, respecting the proper depth for planting corn:  
Cover the corn carefully, and never more than from one and a half to two inches deep. If planted deeper than this, it will be longer coming up, it will grow very well until it is three or four inches high, when it will remain stationary for ten days or two weeks. By examination we will find that the first joint is below the surface of the soil, also that the roots are decaying, while new ones are being thrown out from the joint; these new roots require some ten or fifteen days for their complete formation; and during this time the plant is stationary as far as growth is concerned. As soon as the new roots are fully formed the old ones will entirely disappear, and the growth will proceed as usual.

From actual experiments with grains taken from the same ear and same part of the ear, I have arrived at the following result: Corn planted one inch deep came up in eight days; that planted one and a half inches deep required nine days; that two inches deep, ten days; two and a half inches deep, eleven and a quarter days; three inches deep, twelve days; three and a half inches deep, thirteen days; four and a half inches deep, fourteen days; six inches deep, twenty-one days. The last lot came up and grew up until about three inches high, when it remained stationary for a long time and finally died.

**THE ALPHABET.**—The twenty-four letters of the alphabet may be transposed 620,448,401,733,249,439,360,000 times. All the inhabitants of the globe, on a rough calculation, could not, in a thousand years, write out all the transpositions of the twenty-four letters, even supposing that each wrote forty-four pages daily, each of which pages contained forty different transpositions of the letters.

**Few diseases are so mortal as the fear of death.**

## TO THE SECESSION SYMPATHIZERS.

### NO THANKS TO YOU.

'Twill be thanks to you, good sir!  
'Twill be no thanks to you,  
When our troops come marching home from war,  
The Red, the White, the Blue,  
Still floating o'er them like a cloud  
Of glory as they come:  
While a nation's blessings, long and loud,  
Shall shout their welcome home!

Oh! then, 'twill be no thanks to you!  
You frowned upon their toil!  
At best, 'twas folly in your view—  
Until you saw the spoil.  
You sighed and looked amazing wise  
At Justice's long delay;  
And talked about a "compromise"  
To keep the hounds at bay.

Oh! yes, 'twill be no thanks to you!  
You never spoke one word  
Where heart and hand and all were due,  
That I have ever heard—  
One cheering word of sympathy,  
"One patriot's prayer."  
One word of faith and hope, to be  
A charm against despair.

Yet you shall reap what they have sowed,  
A country shall be yours;  
For heroes' blood in streams that flowed,  
A richness that endures.  
Go, eat the fat, and drink the sweets  
Bought by the brave and true—  
And yet remember, as you eat,  
It is no thanks to you!

### A Sunset.

I stood upon the summit of a lofty mountain. It was indeed a glorious view from that mountain top. Before me I beheld forests and torrents, fields white with the ripening grain, majestic rivers, snow-capped peaks, and far away in the mazy distance I saw the foam of a mighty ocean. It was a scene which it is impossible to describe. So glorious was the sight that for a moment I stood almost transfixed by its dazzling splendor. I had often gazed on that broad panorama before, but never had its beauties so deeply impressed me. Each object in the whole grand picture seemed tinged with a celestial brightness. The sun was low in heaven, and it appeared as if at the close of his daily journey he was more brilliant than ever before. Each ray of light that proceeded from the expiring luminary was like a beam of gold; the whole firmament was crimson with the reflection of his glory.—Oh, in the hushed stillness that pervaded the atmosphere, how solemn were the thoughts that arose within my breast. But before I recovered from the first shock, as it were, of delighted amazement, the brightness had departed, and the gloom of night began to fall upon that lovely landscape, only, however, to be succeeded by a morning equally translucent in splendor.

Never shall I forget the impression made upon my mind that evening. The day had been cloudy, and most of the sun had been obscured. I thought how like the Christian's life was that day. Clouds and darkness may surround him, he may be cast homeless and friendless upon the charity of a selfish world. The sun which lights his pathway may be hid by dark shadows of trial and suffering, but although these black clouds may hide that sun, does it cease to shine?—No, behind them it still sends forth genial rays of undimmed lustre; and when the end shall come, when death shall lay his chilling finger upon the poor, down-trodden man, the darkness which has often crossed his pathway shall forever flee, and amid a yellow flood of glory streaming forth from the very throne of God, his ransomed soul shall leave its tabernacle of clay and ascend dwell forever in the never-ending bliss of heaven.

### "Presently."

Never say you will do presently what reason or conscience tell you should do now. No man ever shaped his own or the destiny of others, wisely and who dealt much in presentities. Look before you go. The birds that never postpones. When it arrives for the buds to open, they open; the leaves to fall, they fall. Look at the shining worlds never put off their duty or their settings. The comets even, as they are, keep their appointments, clips are always punctual to the minute. There are no delays in any of the movements of the universe which have been pronounced by the absolute fiat of the Creator. Procrastination among the stars might involve the destruction of innumerable systems; procrastination in the operation nature on this earth might result in famine, pestilence, and the blotting out of the human race. Man, however, being a freeman, can postpone the performance of duty—and he does so, frequently, to his destruction. The drafts drawn by India upon the future are pretty sure to be dishonored. Make New Year's resolutions; you will economize presently, for presently you may be bankrupt; nor that you will repent or make atonement presently, for presently you may be judged. Bear in mind the important fact, taught alike by the history of nations, rulers and private individuals, that in at least three cases out of five presently is too late.

Astronomers have lately been astonished by the complete disappearance of the star discovered by Mr. Hurd in 1852, in one of the northern constellations. Mr. L. A. Rice is the discoverer of the change. It is certainly a most startling one, for if nebulae is not stars, all the astronomers have been playing with a false theory; if they are stars, and such a change as has taken place, the fact would indicate a radical change is beginning in the heavens, which may herald the clash of all the heavenly bodies together.

The more honestly a man has, the more affects the air of a saint, the more is a blotch on the face of the world.

## Anecdote of Washington.

Many years ago in a desolate little cabin in the suburbs of Philadelphia, sat a lonely widow surrounded by her fatherless children. Her husband had fallen in the battles of his country, but since then she had earned a scanty subsistence by her own hands, with-out being burdensome to any one, and her little ones, though but poorly fed and clothed, had never felt that bitterst ingredient of poverty—alms seeking from the public.

But recently sickness had laid its heavy hand upon her, and stern want and starvation, almost, had followed closely in its footsteps. Yet did not her faith fail. She repeated the words that often before had cheered her sad heart: "Leave the fatherless children and I will preserve them alive."

"I have been young, and am now old, yet never saw I the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread," and her heart rose in humble yet firm reliance upon their divine Author.

As her children had eaten nothing all day and as she was still too feeble to rise from her bed, she now felt compelled, though reluctantly, to send forth the eldest of her children on his first mission of begging, to seek from some charitable stranger a few shillings to buy bread; hoping she should be again able to earn some by her own efforts.

The child a noble little fellow of ten years, shrank from such an errand; but, seeing his mother's look of anguish, he hurriedly, and rushed forth into the streets, little thinking in his grief, which course he took; but a higher power, though unseen, guided his steps.

As the child walked mournfully on, looking wistfully into the face of the people he met, he was too much disheartened by their cold indifferent looks to venture to address them. The longer he put it off the more reluctant he was to ask alms he feared might be refused, and weeping bitterly, hurried on unknown and unheeded by the busy throng.

Suddenly a kind voice spoke to him and looking up he saw a mild, benevolent looking gentleman, dressed in black and wearing a three cornered hat. Taking the child's hand in his, and leading him gently onward, the strange gentleman soon drew from the little boy the whole history, the father's name and death, the mother's struggle to gain support, her recent sickness, and the subsequent sufferings; and then he bade the child lead him to his home, though stopping at a provision store on the way to order a supply for the poor family.

Entering the house, the quick eye soon discerned the cause of the mother's feebleness, and introduced himself as a physician quite unasked to her case, though not a regular practitioner, he offered to write a prescription, which he said he was sure would prove beneficial. Leaving the paper on the table, after saying a few kind, cheering words to the mother, he left the house, promising to repeat his visit in a few days, and then to renew the prescription if necessary.

When he was gone the widow looked at the paper, and found it an order for a hundred dollars, to be paid on demand, and was signed GEORGE WASHINGTON.

This is a true incident. Such was the father of his country, a God-fearing man, not less pitiful to the sorrows of a weeping child, and anxieties of a widowed mother, than great in the armies of his country and councils of the Nation. Thus were a widow's prayers answered, and the seed of the faithful was sown to "bee bread."

## An Incident.

I passed up in the natural avenue and came out upon the green. My feelings were very poetical as I walked slowly towards the village church. I entered. A popular preacher was holding forth, and the little meeting house was much crowded. Several persons were standing up, and I soon discovered that I must retain my perpendicular position, as every seat was crowded. I however passed up the aisle until I could have a fair view of the faces of all present. I soon perceived that I was an object of attention. Many of the congregation looked curiously at me, for I was a stranger to them all. In a few moments, however, this attention of every one present seemed to be absorbed in the ambassador-of-grace and I also began to take interest in the discourse. The speaker was fluent, and many of his flights was sublime. The music of the wood and fragrance of health seemed to respond to his eloquence! Then it was not a great stretch of the imagination to fancy that the white headed creatures around me, with their pouting lips and artless innocence, were beings of a higher sphere. While my feelings were thus divided between the beauties and the blessings of the two worlds, and wrapt in a sort of poetical devotion, I detected some glances at me of a most animated character. I need not describe the sensations experienced by a youth when the eyes of a beautiful woman rest for a time upon his countenance—and when he imagines himself to be an object of interest to her.

I returned her glances with interest, and threw all the tenderness into my eyes, which the scene, my meditations, and the preacher's discourse had inspired in my heart. I doubted not that the fair young damsel possessed kindred feelings with myself, that we were drinking together at the fountain of inspiration. How could it be otherwise?—She had been born and nurtured amid these wild and romantic scenes and was made of romance; of poetry and tenderness. And then I thought of the purity of woman's love—her devotion—her truth. I only prayed that I might meet with her where we could enjoy a sweet interchange of sentiment.—Her glances continued—several times our eyes met. My heart ached with rapture.—At length the benediction was pronounced, I lingered about the premises until I saw the dark-eyed damsel set out for home alone on foot. "O that the customs of society would permit me for we are surely 'one in soul!' Cruel formality, that throws up a barrier between hearts that are made for each other!" Yet I followed after her. She looked behind, and I thought she evinced a notion of recognizing me as the stranger of the day. I quickened my pace, and she actually slackened hers, as if to let me come up with her.

"Noble young creature," thought I.—"Her artless and warm heart is superior to the shackles of custom!"

I at length came within a stone's throw of her. She suddenly halted and turned her face towards me. My heart swelled to bursting. I reached the spot where she stood. She began to speak, and she took off my hat, as if doing reverence to an angel.

"Are you a peer!"

"No, my dear girl! that is not my occupation."

"Well, I don't know," continued she not very bashfully, and eyeing me sternly. "I thought when I saw you in the meeting house that you looked like the peer; that passed a paper half-dollar once a few weeks ago, and so I am determined to keep you."