

Waynesboro' Village Record.

By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



EARLY BIRD AND EARLY FINE.

"I love them that seek me; and those that seek me find early shall me."—Proverbs 8: 17.
Come while the blossoms of thy years are brightest,
Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery maze—
Come, while the restless heart is bounding lightest,
And joy's poor sunbeams tremble in the ways;
Come, while sweet thought, like summer buds unfolding,
Waken rich feelings in thy careless breast;
While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath is holding,
Come, and secure interminable rest.
Soon will the freshness of thy days be over,
And thy feeble buoyancy of soul be fled;
Pleasure will fold her wings—and friend and lover
Will to the embraces of the worms have gone!
Those who now love thee, will have passed forever,
Their looks of kindness will be lost to thee—
Thou'lt need a balm to heal thy spirit's fever,
As thy sick heart broods over years to be!
Come, while the morning of thy life is glowing;
Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing die—
Ere the gay spell which earth is round thee throwing,
Fades like the crimson from a sunset sky—
Life is but a shadow, save a promise given,
That lights the future with a far-look ray—
Come—touch the scepter—win a hope in heaven;
Come, turn thy spirit from this world away.
Then will the shadow of this brief existence
Seem airy nothing to thine ardent soul—
And shining brightly in the forward distance,
Will, of thy patient race, appear the goal.
When the young heart, pure and true, is glowing,
The spirit lingers in unclouded bliss,
Though'er the dust the curtain'd grave is closing,
Who would not, early, choose a lot like this!

THE COTTAGE BY THE SEA.

Childhood's days now pass before me,
Forms and scenes of long ago,
Like a dream they hover o'er me,
Calm and bright as evening glow;
Days that knew no shade of sorrow,
When my young heart, pure and free,
Laid its head on my mother's breast,
In the cottage by the sea.
Fancy sees the rose trees twining
Round the old window door,
And, below, the white beach shining,
Where I gathered shells of yore—
Hear my mother's gentle warning,
As she took me on her knee;
And I feel again life's morning,
In the cottage by the sea.
What though years have rolled above me,
Though 'mid fiercer scenes I roam,
Yet I ne'er shall cease to love thee,
Childhood's dear and happy home!
And when life's long day is closing,
Oh, how pleasant it would be,
On some faithful breast reposing,
In the cottage by the sea.

MISCELLANY.

Romance of Real Life.

Mr. C., assuming the name of Jones, some years since, purchased a small piece of land, and built on it a neat house on the edge of a common in Wiltshire.—Here he long resided, unknown and almost unknown by the neighborhood. Various conjectures were formed respecting this solitary stranger; at length a clergyman took some notice of him, and occasionally invited him to his house, he found him possessed of intelligence and manners, which evidently indicated his origin to be in the high station of life. Returning one day from a visit to the clergyman, he passed the house of a farmer, at the door of which was the daughter employed at the washing tub. He looked at the girl, and thus accosted her:
"My girl, would you like to be married?"
"Sir," exclaimed the girl.
"I asked you, young woman, if you would, I will marry you."
"Lord, sir! these are strange questions from a man I never seen in my life before."
"Very likely," replied Mr. Jones; "but however, I am serious, and will have you till ten o'clock to-morrow to consider it. I will call on you again, and if I have your father's consent, we will be married the following day."
He kept his appointment, and meeting with the father thus addressed him:
"Sir, I have seen your daughter, I should like her for a wife, and am come to ask your consent."
"This proposal," answered the old man, "is very extraordinary from a stranger.—Pray sir, who are you, and what are you?"
"Sir," replied Mr. J., "you have a right to ask these questions. My name is Jones; the new house on the edge of the common is mine, and if it is necessary, I can purchase your house and farm and half the neighborhood."
They were married. Three or four years they lived in this apartment, and had two children. Mr. J. employed his time in improving his wife's mind, but never disclosed his origin. At length, on taking a journey of pleasure with her on coming to a magnificent country seat, "This, my dear," said he, "is B. House, the seat of the Earl of B. and we will go in and ask leave to look at it. It will probably amuse you."
The nobleman who possessed this mansion was lately dead. His heir, a nephew whom he had disinherited, had not been heard of for some years. This nephew was the identical Mr. Jones who is the present Earl of B.—English paper.

The Songs of the Night.

A LEGEND FROM THE TALMUD.

As David, in his youthful days, was tending his flock on Bethlehem plains, the spirit of the Lord came upon him, and his senses were opened, and his understanding enlightened, that he might comprehend the songs of the night. The heavens proclaimed the glory of God; the glittering stars all formed one chorus. Their harmonious melody resounded on the earth, and the sweet fullness of their voices vibrated to its uttermost bounds.
"Light is the countenance of the Eternal," sang the setting sun "I am the hem of his garments," responded the rosy tint of twilight.
The clouds gathered, and said, "We are his nocturnal tent." And the waters in the cloud, and the hollow voice of the thunders, joined in the lofty chorus: "The voice of the Eternal is upon the waters; the God of glory thundereth; the Lord is upon many waters."
"He did fly upon my wings," whispered the wind. And the silent air replied, "I am the breath of God—the aspiration of his benign presence."
"We hear the songs of praise," said the earth; "all around is praise, I alone am silent and mute." And the falling dew replied, "I will nourish thee, so that thou shalt be refreshed and rejoice, and thy infants shall bloom like the young rose."
"Joyfully we bloom," replied the refreshed meadows. The full ears of corn waved as they sung, "We are the hosts of God against famine."
"We bless you from above," said the moon. "We bless you," responded the stars. And the grasshopper chirped, "Me, too, he blesses in the pearly dew-drop."
"He quenched my thirst," said the rose; "and refreshed me," continued the stag; "and he grants our food," said the beasts of the forest. "And he clothes my lambs," gratefully sang the sheep.
"He heard me," croaked the raven, "when I was forsaken and alone." "He heard me," said the wild goat of the forest, "when my time came, and I cleaved."
And the turtle dove cooed, and the swallows and all the birds joined their song: "We dwell on the altar of the Lord, and sleep under the shadow of his wings, in tranquility and peace."
"And peace," echoed the night, and echo prolonged the sound, till chattering awaked at dawn and crowd, "Open the portals, the gates of the world; the King of glory approaches. Awake, arise, ye sons of men! Give praise, and thanks to the Lord, for the King of glory approaches."
The sun arose, and David awoke from his melodious rapture; and as long as he lived, the strains of creation's harmony remained in his soul, and daily he recalled them upon the strings of his harp.

Air, Sunshine and Health.

A New York merchant noticed, in the progress of years, that each successive book-keeper gradually lost his health, and finally died of consumption, however vigorous and robust he was on entering his service. At length it occurred to him that the little rear room, where the books were kept, opened in a back yard, and was so surrounded by high walls that no sunshine came into it from one year's end to another. An upper room well lighted, was immediately prepared, and his clerks had uniform good health ever after. A familiar case to general readers is derived from medical works, where an entire English family became ill, and all remedies seemed to fail of their usual results, when, accidentally, a window glass of the room was broken in cold weather. It was not repaired, and forthwith there was a marked improvement in the health of the inmates.—The physician at once traced the connection, discontinued his medicines, and ordered that the window pane should not be replaced. A French lady became ill. The most eminent physicians of her time were called in, but failed to restore her. At length Dupuytren, the Napoleon of physic, was consulted. He noticed that she lived in a dim room, into which the sun never shone, the house being situated in one of the narrow streets or lanes of Paris. He at once ordered more airy or cheerful apartments, and all her ailments vanished. The lungs of a dog became tuberculated (consumptive) in a few weeks, if kept confined in a dark cellar. The most common phlegm grows spindly, pale, and scraggy, if no sunlight falls upon it. The greatest medical names in France of the last century, regarded sunshine and pure air as equal agents in restoring and maintaining health. From these facts, which cannot be disputed, the most common mind should conclude that cellars, and rooms on the northern side of buildings, or apartments into which the sun does not immediately shine, should never be occupied as family rooms or chambers, or as libraries or studies. Such apartments are only fit for storage, or purposes which never require persons to remain in them but a few minutes at a time.—And every intelligent and humane parent will arrange that the family room and the chambers shall be the most commodious, lightest and brightest apartments in the dwelling.

Sabbath Bells.

Said Daniel Webster: "I once defended a man charged with the awful crime of murder. At the conclusion of the trial I asked him what could induce him to stain his hands in the blood of a fellow-being. 'I answered in a voice of despair, 'Mr. Webster in my youth, I spent the holy Sabbath in evil amusements, instead of frequenting the house of prayer and praise. Could we go back to the early years of all hardened criminals, I believe, firmly believe, that the first departure from the path of morality was, when they abandoned the Sabbath-school, and their subsequent crimes might thus be traced back to the neglect of youthful religious instruction."
"Many years ago I spent a Sabbath with Thomas Jefferson, at his residence in Virginia. It was in the month of June, and the weather was delightful. I remarked, 'How very sweetly sounds that Sabbath bell!'—That distinguished statesman for a moment seemed lost in thought and then replied—'Yes, my dear Webster, yes, it melts the heart, it calms our passions, and makes us boys again.'"
THE REBELS SUPPLIED WITH FUNDS.—One of the released prisoners from Richmond states that a short time ago a squad of rebel cavalry made a descent upon a "Dunkard" settlement in the Valley of Rockingham County, Va. They captured some seventy of these hard-working, long snuff color coated and long-haired, inoffensive people, and carried them to Richmond. After keeping them in confinement for some time, the rebel government agreed to release them on condition that each captive should pay into the Treasury five hundred dollars in silver. It was finally determined that one among them—a clergyman of their peculiar religious faith—should be permitted to return home for the purpose of raising the amount of the ransom. After an absence he returned to Richmond, and paid over to the rebel government twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars in hard silver for the ransom of the larger portion of his friends. The unfortunate who could not raise the money were detained to do duty among the negro teamsters.

MARRIAGES OF BLOOD RELATIVES.—The Commonwealth of Massachusetts desired, for years since, to ascertain the number of idiots in the State, with a view to arrangements for their welfare, as well as to establish the statistics of the case. The Legislature sent out a Commission of Inquiry, and the report of the commission lies before us. One passage, page 90, gives "the statistics of govt. families, the heads of which being blood relatives, intermarried," which he had occasion to inquire about in the discharge of his commission. Ninety-five children were the issues of these seventeen marriages. Of the ninety-five children, one was a dwarf, one was deaf, twelve others were scrofulous and puny, and forty-four were idiots. Forty-four were idiots! Nature speaks plainly enough here; and no consideration of sentiment, custom, or prejudice should draw her voice.

MAKE truth creditable and children will believe it; make goodness lovely and they will love it; make holiness cheerful and they will be glad in it; but renounce them of themselves by threats or exhortations, and you impair the force of their unconscious affections—your words pass over them, only to be forgotten.

REPARATION.

BY J. EDWARD NEEL.

A heigh—unfelt can know the pang
Which pierces the innocent soul,
Or tell what overwhelming force
The waves of sorrow roll;
When from the heart's endeared embrace
Its second self is torn—
By sudden death's unparing hand,
Made desolate—forsorn!
No wonder our mind oft reverts
To where our kindred dwell;
No wonder that our tears should fall
When called to say—FAREWELL.

The Pure in Heart.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."—MATT. 5: 8.

THE spring of everlasting life is within—There are clear streams gushing up from the depths of the soul, and flowing out to enlighten the sphere of outward existence. But like the waters of Siloah, they "go softly." You must listen to catch the silver tones of the little rill as it glides from its mountain home; you may not witness its silent march through the green vale, but its course will be seen in the fresh verdure and the opening flowers; its presence will be known by the forms of life and beauty that gather around it. It is ever thus with the pure. You may not hear the "still small voice" or heed the silent aspiration; but there is a moral influence and a holy power which you will feel. The wilderness is made to smile, flowers of new life and beauty spring up and flourish, while an invisible presence breathes immortal fragrance through the spiritual atmosphere.

True Self-Government.

An eloquent and popular lecturer gives utterance to this eternal truth: "Men need governments of restraint, just in proportion to the degree in which they are not developed and free. As the individual becomes educated and strong in his whole nature, moral and intellectual, he needs no government. For God made the human soul sufficient for all its own exigencies. It is a perfect state. It is competent to entire sovereignty."—No one will deny that there are individuals so highly developed that they do not need the restraints of artificial government. This conceded, and the possibility of all men reaching the same standard is demonstrated—for the principle that produces one perfect specimen must be potent to produce many, and its rare manifestation in the present darkened state of the world, is a glorious prophecy of its future universality, when all men shall be superior to the best of to-day, because the future will be free from temptations and corrupting influences of evil. It is easier to be upright among the righteous than to maintain one's integrity while surrounded by the vicious and unprincipled.—God speed the day when every man shall be a law unto himself, and do righteously unceasingly.

STOP WORRYING.—In a social gathering a few evenings since, the conversation turned upon the prevalent tendency among men to fret over evils, whether imaginary or real; and the subject was so impressed upon my mind as to change many a subsequently gloomy thought into brightness and peace. A clerical friend present related an incident in his own experience, the moral which is too valuable to be lost to the public.

At a celebrated watering place he met a lady who seemed hovering on the brink of the grave. Her cheeks were hollow and wan, her manner listless, her step languid, and her brow wore the severe contraction indicative both of mental and physical suffering, so that to all observers she was an object of sincerest pity.

Some years afterwards he encountered the same lady, but so bright, and fresh, and youthful, so full of healthful buoyancy, and so joyous in expression, that he questioned himself if he was deceived with regard to identity.

"Is it possible," said he, "that I see before me Mrs. B., who presented such a dolorous appearance at the springs a few years since?"
"The same."
"And pray tell me, madam, the secret of your cure. What means did you use to attain to such vigor of mind and body—to such cheerfulness and rejuvenation?"
"A most simple remedy," returned she, "with a beaming face. 'I stopped worrying and began to laugh—that was all.'"

COMING THE SPREAD EAGLE.—When the bill for the protection of the bald eagle, commonly called the American Eagle, came up in the House of Representatives on its third reading on Monday, Mr. Severance, the author of the bill, arose in its defence, and addressed the house as follows:—"Mr. Speaker, I have only to say, that any man who will injure or take away the life of our national bird, is mean enough to carry rotten 'sardines in the same pocket with nasty, fine-cut tobacco, and pass the same around on the ace of spades at the communion table; or would 'empty' the canteen of a rebel prisoner, and sit upon it, and whistle a Confederate air through the keyhole of Washington's tomb." The bill of course passed unanimously.

Doctor Garth, of Edinburgh, was fond of a good thing if it were out of his practice. Stumbling into a church one day, while the sermon was in progress, he found the preacher in tears as he poured out words, not thoughts, upon his listening congregation.
"What makes him weep?" asked Dr. Garth of one standing near him.
"By my faith, and you would weep too, if you were in his place and had as little to say," was the answer.
"Come along, my dear fellow," responded the doctor to his new acquaintance, "you are a fine fellow, and I have a favor to ask of you—your words pass over them, only to be forgotten."

The Tax Bill.

Since the report of the tax bill published was given to the public, several new amendments have been made to it as follows:

For kissing a pretty girl, \$1.00.
For kissing a homely one, \$2.00—the exact amount being added, probably as a punishment for the man's folly.
For kissing one another, Ten Dollars—the tax is placed at this rate in order to break up the custom altogether. It being regarded by our M. C.'s as a piece of inexcusable absurdity.
For every flirtation, 10 cts.
Every young man who has more than one "girl," is taxed \$5.00.
For courting in the kitchen, 25 cts.
Courting in the sitting room, 50 cts.
Courting in the parlor, \$1.00.
Courting in a romantic place, \$5.00, and 50 cts. for each offence thereafter.
Seeing a lady home from church, 25 cts. for each offence.
Seeing her home from the dime society, 5 cents—the proceeds to be appropriated to the relief of disabled army chaplains.
From a lady who paints 50 cents.
For wearing low necked dresses \$1.00.
For each curl on a lady's head above ten, five cents.
For every unfair device for entrapping young men into the sin of matrimony, \$5.00.
For wearing hoops larger than ten feet in circumference, 8 cents for each hoop.
Old bachelors over thirty are taxed \$10.00.
Over forty \$20.00.
Over fifty, \$50.00, and sentenced to banishment to Utah.
Each pretty lady is to be taxed from 25 cts. to \$25.00, she to fix the estimate on her own beauty. It is thought that a very large amount will be realized from this provision.
Each boy baby, 50 cents.
Each girl baby, 10 cents.
Families having more than eight babies are not to be taxed.

The Boston Post says that many years ago the Speaker of the Vermont Legislature, an elegant man, and given to gallantry, facetiously opposed a woman's rights bill. The "strong minded lady" who was engineering the measure, folded a flannel petticoat in a paper, and sent it to the Speaker by the page, purposing to enjoy his discomforture from her seat in the gallery. When the garment was unfolded on the desk there was a sensation. Raising the garment in his right hand, and smiling complacently, the Speaker spoke, "Gentleman, I have received many flattering attentions from the fair sex, but never before so pleasing a compliment as this. It is indeed a beautiful gift. And what enhances the delicacy of the donation the name of the fair donor is concealed. Ah, the darling! she knew that I would recognize the petticoat."

THE WAY THEY GO.—The Newburyport Herald reminds us of facts calculated to diminish individual consequence. A thousand millions of people averaging only the age of thirty years, requires 91,000 to die every day, or one in every second of time, and as many to be born to keep the number good. Half of those born disappear before they come to maturity, as half the blossoms on a tree will fall worthless to the ground, but six in a hundred live to be sixty years old; but one in 500 reaches eighty, and but one in 1000 one hundred.

MUSK.—The odor of musk is wonderfully enduring. When Justinian, in 538, rebuilt what is now the mosque of St. Sophia, the mortar was charged with musk, and to this very day the atmosphere is filled with the odor. More than a thousand years! And yet the fragrance of noble deeds lasts longer still. The words Ruth said on that distant day—"where thou goest, I will go,"—will be remembered when the perfumed mortar of St. Joseph is scentless sand.

George the First, on a journey to Hanover, stopped at a village in Holland, and while the horses were getting ready, he asked for two or three eggs, which were brought him, and was charged two hundred florins.
"How is that?" said the majesty, "eggs must be very scarce in this place!"
"Pardon me," said the host, "eggs are plenty enough, but kings are scarce."
The king smiled, and ordered the money to be paid.

Gen. Sigel, who has been quite ill for some time in St. Louis, is so far recovered as to be able to take the field. It is reported that Ben. McCulloch, during the battle at Pea Ridge, selected thirty marksmen from the ranks of his sharpshooters and directed them to bring down the "d-d Dutchman." But although Sigel constantly exposed himself to their aim, they could not hit him.

Ladies, prepare an extreme change of habit! For the Paris correspondent says the ladies are coming out without hoops, bustles, waddling, or anything else.

A Mississippi paper suggests that the rebels, instead of destroying their cotton, "can hide it on the approach of the Federal troops."—We apprehend that all the cotton hidden successfully from thorough searches of our boys will be that hidden by the ladies.
The salt famine in the Southern Confederacy is dreadful. Lot's wife would bring seventy-five cents a pound there. Her little finger or toe would be deemed a seasonable prize.
The grand essentials to happiness in this world are something to do, something to love, something to hope for.
Lucy Stone says, "I have not had a husband, but there are not so many said 'but' as 'rooster-pecked wives'."

HUMOROUS.

To fatten hogs—own a grist mill.
To make a good garden—get a good wife.

It is said that a kiss can be got through within two seconds.

Was a real stingy man ever known to give a joke?

If you want to kiss a pretty girl, why kiss her—if you can. If a pretty girl wants to kiss you, why let her—like a man.

PARENTS, BE CAREFUL.—"Ma, is this portrait of father torn?" asked a cherub of three summers.

"No child. Why do you ask?"

"Why, this morning, he said darn my picture."

A man who had established a tipping house, was about to erect his sign, and requested his neighbor's advice as to the inscription. The man replied, I advise you to write on it, "Beggars made here."

The keeper of a groggery, alias 'dead fall,' happened one day to break one of his tumblers. He stood for a moment looking at the fragments, reflecting on his loss, and then turning to his assistant, he cries out: "Tom put a quart of water in that old Cogniac."

A downmaster has just perfected an instrument to learn babies to walk. A machine to learn babies to talk is under way.

A popular quack advertises to cure "sick and unhappy wives." Why not invent something to restore scolding ones into a good humor?

A genius out west has just invented a new article—"portable earthquakes for the protection of person and property." By touching a spring you let loose a kick that looks a thrashing machine in about five minutes.

It is said there are people in the "Mountain District" of Kentucky, so green that they followed a wagon which happened to pass that way, twenty miles, just to see whether the hind wheels would overtake the front ones.

If your mother's mother was my mother's aunt, what relation would your great grandfather's nephew be to my elder brother's son-in-law?

The individual who has been seen by the eye of a potato has never been visible. Bar-utun may possibly discover him.

Was there ever an individual unlucky enough to be abused by the month of a river.

An elephant once nearly killed an Irishman for an insult offered to his trunk. Paddy, in explanation of his tenacity, said it was impossible to resist a nose you could pull with both hands.

A man who can crack a joke in half a minute after a fifty-six has fallen on his toes may be called execrably funny.

The more women look in their glasses, the less they look in their houses.

"Wake up, here, and pay for your lodgings," said the Deacon, as he nudged a sleepy stranger with the contribution box.

A country editor having received two gold dollars in advance for his paper, says that he allows his child to play with the other children, as usual.

A young lady fainted the other day at the dinner table, on hearing a certain gallant sea captain remark to a lady friend beside him, that he had often been on the bosom of the ocean.

It requires but little acquaintance with the heart, to know that woman's first wish is to be handsome, and that, consequently, the readiest method of obtaining her kindness is to praise her beauty.

The less a man knows the more he believes in the supernatural. Who ever knew an ignoramus to pass an unoccupied hour without seeing "spirits," or a white horse with a bluehared rider on him.

BEAT THIS.—Mr. Baker showed us an egg yesterday which was seven inches in circumference. Can anybody beat this? Syracuse Reviville.

Certainly. Break the egg into a bowl, and beat it with a spoon.—Lynn News.

There is but one instance of a person interfering between man and wife in their broils with either safety or success, and that person thrashed them both.

A clergyman asked of his scripture pupils, whether "the leopard could change his spots?" "To be sure," replied Billy, "when he gets tired of one spot he goes to another."

"Johnny," said a mother to a son, nine years old, "go and wash your face. I am ashamed to see you coming to dinner with so dirty a mouth." I did wash it, mamma, and feeling his upper lip, he added gravely, "I think it must be a mousetoach coming!"

A new kind of telegraph has been suggested—namely, to place a line of women at the distance of fifty paces from each other, and then commit to the first the news to be transmitted, as a post-office secret; it is easily done, and there would be great dispatch secured by such a plan than by any telegraph now in operation. We don't pretend to say how it would work through.

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