

Waynesboro' Village Record.

Published weekly

NUMBER 16.

By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics and Religion.

VOLUME XVI.

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 11, 1862.

POETICAL.



THE STAR-FLAG OF THE FREE.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

"The Union now and forever—our and inseparable—Wassara. 'United we stand—divided we fall.'—PROVERB.

This is the price of Liberty,
"Eternal vigilance and care"
Sustain the star flag of the free,
Our Union represented there.
No traitor should, with recreant hand,
Remove it from its place on high—
The symbol of our native land
Which might the world in arms defy!

Oh ye, who cherish Liberty,
And every hope that on her waits,
Preserve for ye posterity
The perfect Union of the States,
The Stars that flutter to the breeze,
Where clustered there at Freedom's call—
Stern Fate foreshadowed all of these,
If sundered, would in ruin fall!

Then read, ye sons of Liberty,
(And mark the homely proverb well)
Words that denote your destiny
Should States this solemn truth repel.
In Union there is strength and peace,
In separation endless wars—
Guard, bravely guard, till time shall cease,
Our country's free-born Flag of Stars.

MATRIMONY.

The following argument for matrimony was written in the olden times:

Like a ring without a finger,
Or like a bell without a chime,
Or like a horse that never ridden,
Or like a feast and no guest bidden,
Or like a well without a bucket,
Or like a rose and none to pluck it;
Just such as those
May she be said,
That time doth lose,
And dies a maid.

The ring if worn
The finger doth deck;
The bell if rung
Good music maketh.
The horse doth ease
If he be ridden;
The bucket draws
The water for thee;
The rose when plucked
Is then most worthy;
So is the maiden
In mine eyes.
Who loves and marries
Ere she dies.

MISCELLANY.

A LITTLE HERO.

Grace Greenwood writes the following little story—and a true one it is—for the Little Pilgrim, a child's paper. She gets the facts from an incident described in the Hartford Daily Times, some years ago, as having happened in Colt's Meadows:

In the true city of Hartford, Conn., lives the hero of the true history I am about to relate—but no longer "little," as the perilous adventure, which made him for the time famous in his native town, happened several years ago.

Our hero was then a bright, active boy, of 14 years—the son of a mechanic. In the severe winter of 18—, the father worked in a factory, about a mile and a half from his home, and every day the boy carried him his dinner, across a wide piece of meadow land. One keen, frosty day he found the snow on this meadow nearly two feet deep, and no tracks of the little footpath remaining. Yet he ran on as fast as possible, plunging through drifts, keeping himself warm by the most vigorous exercise, and brave, cheerful thought.

When in the midst of the meadow, full half a mile from any house, he suddenly felt himself going down, down down! He had fallen into the well! He sunk down into the dark, icy water, but arose immediately to the surface. There he grasped hold of a plank which had fallen into the well as he went down. One end of this rested on the bottom four feet above the surface of the water.

The poor lad shouted for help till he was hoarse and almost speechless, but all in vain, as it was impossible for him to make himself heard from such a depth, and at such a distance from any house. So at last he concluded that if he was to be saved at all, he must save himself, and began at once, as he was getting extremely cold in the water. So he went to work.

First, he drew himself up the plank, and braced himself at the top of it and the wall of the well, which was built of brick and had become quite smooth. Then he pulled off his coat, and taking out his pocket knife cut off his boots that he might work to greater advantage. Then, with his feet against one side of the well, and his shoulder against the other, he worked his way up by the most fearful exertion, about half distance to the top. Here he was obliged to pause, take breath, and gather up his energies for the work yet before him. Far harder was it than all he had gone through, for the side of the well being from that point completely covered with ice, he must cut, with his knife, grasping places for his fingers, slowly and carefully, all the way up.

It was almost a hopeless attempt, but it was all that he could do. And here he lifted up his heart to God, and prayed fervently for help, fearing that he could never get out alone.

Doubtless the Lord heard his voice calling from the deeps, and pitied him: He wrought no miracle to save him, but breathed into his heart a yet larger measure of calmness and courage, strengthening him to work for his own deliverance.

After this, the little hero cut his way upward inch by inch. His wet stockings froze to the ice, and kept his feet from slipping,

but his shirt was quite torn from his shoulders ere he reached the top. He did reach it at last—crawled into the snow, and lay down a moment to rest, patting out his breath in little white clouds on the clear frosty air.

He had been two hours and a half in the well! His clothes soon froze to his body, but he no longer suffered with the cold, as full of joy and thankfulness, he ran to the factory, where his good father was waiting and wondering.

The poor man was obliged to go without his dinner that day, but you may be sure he cared little about that, while listening with tears in his eyes to the thrilling story his son had to relate to him.

He must have been very proud of the boy that day, as he wrapped him in his warm overcoat, and took him home to "mother."

And how that mother must have wept and smiled over the lad, and kissed him, and thanked God for him.

MARYLAND QUOTA OF THE WAR TAX.

The Baltimore Clipper says—It is with extreme pleasure we publish the following communication from the Hon. Mr. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, to Mr. R. Fowler, the very able Treasurer of our State, by which it will be seen that "Maryland is the first State to make full cash payment of her quota of the Direct Tax."

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,

June 25, 1862.

Hon. R. Fowler, Treasurer of the State of Maryland:

Sir:—Your letter of the 18th inst., authorizing my draft, as Secretary of the Treasury, on you, as Treasurer of the State of Maryland, for the full amount of Direct Tax apportioned to that State by the Act of Congress of August 5, 1861, less the fifteen per centum allowed for assumption and payment of the State, was duly received.

I have made the proper draft, which will be presented for payment as proposed by you.

Permit me to express my sincere gratification that Maryland has been the first State to make full cash payment of her quota of the Direct Tax.

The payment of Pennsylvania, which preceded that of Maryland but a few days, was by credit for advances earlier made, as well as partly by cash.

The other States are promptly following; and all, I am sure, partake the satisfaction I cannot but express on seeing Maryland now, like Maryland in the days of the Old Line, coming forward, with purse and sword, to the defence and support of the American Union. With great respect,

S. P. CHASE,

Secretary of the Treasury.

Baron Rothschild.

Lady Powell Buxton, in one of her letters, gives an account of a dinner at her husband's house, at which Baron Rothschild, the millionaire, was present. He sat at Lady Buxton's right hand; and his whole discourse was of money and money-making, and of the way in which he had trained his sons to preserve and expand his colossal fortune. Lady Buxton expressed the hope that he did not allow them to forget that never ending life so soon to begin, for which preparations must be made. "Oh," replied he, "I could not allow them to think of such a thing. It would divert their minds from business. It would be fatal to their success. To get and keep a fortune is a very difficult thing, and requires all one's time and thoughts."

The remark, though a melancholy proof of an utterly worldly mind, yet contained a great truth. It turned on the same point with that declaration of Christ, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." Baron Rothschild had made up his mind to serve mammon. He did not attempt or pretend to serve God at the same time. He served mammon with his whole heart. He devoted his children, too, on his altar, and educated them to his service.

But it came to pass that this rich man died and then, of all his wealth and splendor and luxury, how much remained to him?—Not one farthing! Who would wish to spend a whole life of care and toil, and throw away an eternity of happiness, for that which must be lost so soon and so utterly? "I counsel thee," says Christ, "buy me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich."

An Affecting Scene.

The Chicago Times in noticing the visit of the Baltimore excursionists to Camp Chase where some eight thousand Rebel prisoners are confined, says:

A thrilling incident also occurred there, being a meeting of a father—one of the Baltimoreans—Mr. Shutez, with his son, now a prisoner of war at the camp, who was taken at the fall of Donelson. They had parted two years previously, at which time young Shutez had left his home for Alabama, to obtain employment. As he states, he was there impressed into the Confederate service soon after the breaking out of the war, and taken prisoner as above mentioned. Shortly after his arrival at Camp Douglas he informed his father by letter of his situation, and a regular correspondence has since been maintained between them. Mr. Shutez is a boot and shoe manufacturer in Baltimore, and firm in his devotion to the Union. He has no doubt of his son's loyalty, and has for some time been using active exertions to obtain his release. The meeting, though not unexpected, was yet a very affecting one, both bursting into tears as they fondly embraced each other.

A QUESTION FOR THE TIMES.—Is it the duty of the Government to modify its policy for the purpose of conciliating the traitors? Did the American Congress of 1778 modify its policy to conciliate Tories?

Gen. Rosseau, of Kentucky, is one of those Border State loyalists whose loyalty means something. He organized the first regiment of loyal Kentuckians, and has since proved his devotion to the Union in every way. Unlike our Rebel Sympathizers of the north, he does not even prize slavery above national unity and honor, for we find that in a speech at a dinner in Louisville on the 16th ult. he exposed what he calls "this insane cry of abolitionism as a pretext for breaking up the Government; and gave testimony, the more forcible as it came from a southern man, that, however, kindly the secessionists are treated by our soldiers and commanders, "the negro is in the way, in spite of all that can be done or said. Standing before the eye of the secessionist, says Gen. Rosseau, "the negro hides all the blessings of our Government, throwing a black shadow on the sun itself." He adds:

"If it had been any other species of property that stood in the way, the army, provoked as it has been, would willingly have seen its quick destruction. But the negro they did not wish to interfere with in any way. Yet, with all its conservatism, the army has grown weary of the insincerity of 'abolitionism' as a cause for breaking up the Government."

In the same speech he says: "I have warned our southern friends of the danger of continuing it much longer; and I tell you to-night, if this war continues a year from this day, there will not be a slave on this continent. The great revolution will take care of itself—the dead will bury the dead—and those who are causing all the bloodshed and desolation around us, under the false pretence that we desire to free the negroes, will, if they persist, one day find slavery snuffed out as you would snuff out a candle. Slavery is not worth our government. It is not worth our liberty. It is not worth all the precious blood now being poured out for freedom. It is not worth the free navigation of the Mississippi river. No, we must still have our government—if not as it now is, with slavery in it, still we must have our government. We cannot be slaves to Jeff Davis & Co. We must and will be free. We must have the free navigation of the Mississippi river; and if slavery gets in the way of any of these rights, why slavery must get out of the way. That would be the last resort, and I should be sorry to have recourse to it; but I am for the government of our fathers against all things and everybody.

Breath.

It is the easiest thing in the world to have at all times a sweet, inoffensive breath; as sweet as the breath of a new-born babe. In the first place keep a clean mouth, which is easily done by having all decay removed, and the use of a good tooth-brush with a little soap and water, night and morning. Common toilet soap will do, but castile is preferable, as it is more strongly alkaline, and contains less impurities. The teeth are decayed and filled with tartar, and discolored by the acids and vitiated secretions of the stomach and mouth, which may be perfectly counteracted and cleaned away by soap, which is alkaline. If the breath is made offensive only by the teeth, an observance of these directions will thoroughly and surely eradicate it.

It may be necessary to go elsewhere for the cause, where it is very frequently found, in the stomach. If so, it may be readily corrected by proper dieting. If the breath is bad from this cause, the tongue will be found coated, the stomach oppressed, with perhaps "heartburn" and acid eructations. Correct it by leaving off all indigestible character of diet—cut off one half the quantity put into the stomach at each meal, and, our word for it, the remedy will succeed most admirably, and you will be blessed with one of Nature's blessings, a natural breath.

Sad Incidents.

[From The Easton (Pa.) Express, 16th.]

Two sisters who had barely escaped the flood with their lives, at Penna Haven, one having been pulled out of the water by the hair, came to Mauch Chunk yesterday afternoon, on their way home. The father had just arrived in town to see if his daughters were safe, and finding that they were, he started for home. A short time after he was gone, the daughters got into a boat to cross the river, and while they were sitting in the boat a young man jumped in to cross with them, when the boat upset, and both of the girls were drowned. Their bodies were recovered in a few hours after, and by the time the father had reached home he received the news of the death of his daughters.

A woman was found drowned a short distance from Mauch Chunk. She had a child in her arms, also dead. The child was receiving nourishment from its parent when overtaken by the water, as its position upon the mother's breast when found proved. The complete history of the recent disastrous freshet will never be written. Many a heart has been wrung by it, and many homes made desolate by its ravages.

PUNISHMENT FOR GUERRILLAS.—The general orders respecting guerrillas are very pointed. We quote some of them. Secretary Stanton says—"Let them swing." Gen. Dix advises to "shoot them on the spot." Gen. Schofield says—"Execute them immediately." Gen. Blunt says—"Give them no quarter." Gen. Loan says—"Shoot them when found." Gen. Halleck's orders are—"Let them be tried immediately by a drumhead court and punished with death."

PARTING.

When fond affection's spell hath cast
Its web around the heart,
How truly and it is at last
To be obliged to part.

How sad to catch the smother'd sigh,
To see the starting tear,
That dims the tender, loving eye,
Of those who hold most dear.

What, when the heart in friendship knits,
Can be more keenly felt
Than some rude stroke of Fate which splits
The link, Time ne'er can melt?

Alas! of every earthly woe
Felt by the human heart,
Methinks it is the greatest blow
From those we love to part.

Puzzling a Yankee.

Americans are an inquisitive people, yet from the very necessity which this engenders, there is no person that better understands the art of parrying and baffling inquisitiveness in another than the Yankee. We were quite amused recently by an account given by a city friend of a colloquy which came off in a country village through which he was traveling, between himself and one of the "natives," who manifested an itching curiosity to pry into his affairs.

"How do you do?" exclaimed the latter, hustling up to him, as he alighted for a few moments at a hotel. "Reckon I've seen you 'fore now?"

"O yes," was the answer, "no doubt; I have been here often in my life."

"Spose you're going to—" (expecting the name of the place to be applied.)

"Just so—I go there regularly once a year."

"And you've come from—"

"Exactly. Sir, you are exactly right; that is my place of residence."

"Really, now, dew tell I; s'pose you're a lawyer, or maybe a trader, or perhaps some other perfishun or calling?"

"Yes, I have always pursued some one of these professions."

"Got business in the country, eh?"

"Yes, I am at this time engaged in traveling."

"I see by your trunk that you are from Boston. Anything stirring in Boston?"

"Yes, men, women, horses and carriages, and a furious northeast."

"You've had a monstrous sight of rain in Boston—did an awful sight of damage, I suppose?"

"Yes, it wet all the buildings, and made the streets damp—very damp, indeed."

"Didn't old Funnell fall off a soaking?"

"No they hauled it on to the Common, under the Liberty Tree."

"You are a circus chap, I guess; you are a kinder foolin'. Pray, Mister, if it is a civil question, what might your name be?"

"It might be Smith or Brown; but it is not, by a long chalk. The fact is, Sir, I never had a name. When I was born, my mother was so busy that she forgot to name me, and soon after I was swaggoned away by mistake for another boy, and am now just applying to the Legislature for a name. When I get it I will send you my card—Good morning, Sir."

And so saying, the speaker jumped into the carriage and drove off, leaving the Paul Pry of the place scratching his head in bewilderment.

Eloquent and True.

Extract from a speech made in congress, on the 6th inst. by Hon. Edward M. Plerson of Pennsylvania in reply to Vallandigham and Voorhees.

"Least of all will the attacks of these gentlemen impair the position of the President, who, beginning his administration in the darkest and most troublous period of our history, has overcome prejudices, won respect and secured admiration, at home and abroad, by unflinching and single minded devotion to duty. The cares of his great office have not confused him; his patronage has not corrupted him; his brilliancy has not dazzled him. Self poised he has steadily controlled the current of events—with fortitude bearing reverses, with manliness meeting all. Pure in heart, no one can assail his integrity, and the people love him. Great in mind, he grasps, in all its parts, the momentous present, and the people admire him. Brave in spirit, he advances to great deeds, and the people applaud him. Rarely are so great and fitting qualities combined. They who seek to undermine and overthrow him, will themselves be crushed. Rather let them cease their needless warfare, become useful instead of mischievous, patriotic instead of factious."

A MORNING WALK.—Those who have never tried the exercise of a morning walk (we mean an early morning walk taken about the time Aurora is shaking the dew-drops from her golden locks), are entirely strangers to its rejuvenating, (there now, we did not intend to use that big word), and exhilarating influences. Yet who love to slumber and doze away the precious hours of morning, and catch an inspiration of the balmy air, laden with the fragrance and freshness of the verdant meads and pleasant vales, and harmonious with the first song of the lark, the robin, or the blackbird, while now and then the famous whistler, "bob-white" performs a brief interlude to the general chorus; and rest assured, reader, if you are a lady, it will have a better effect in beautifying your complexion than the use of half a dozen bottles of the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers," and you will ever afterward discard the application of rouge or vermilion. A merry walk in June, why there is something poetical in the very idea; but there is something much more poetic in the reality. Try it on.

Make the best of everything. If you have the jaundice, exult that you have a golden prospect before you.

UNION AND DISUNION.—The vote last year in the fifteen Southern States, on Secession or Union, stood as follows:

	Union.	Secession.
North Carolina.	47,209	46,072
Virginia.	100,586	45,161
Tennessee.	67,680	64,156
Texas.	12,173	41,800
Arkansas.	15,826	27,412
South Carolina.	27	26,000
Georgia.	32,506	57,500
Alabama.	27,600	40,300
Mississippi.	25,000	38,000
Louisiana.	17,078	20,448
Florida.	4,200	6,700
Delaware.	12,400	3,600
Kentucky.	83,147	16,005
Missouri.	101,900	51,500
Maryland.	87,400	5,900
Total.	633,798	486,554

GOD'S PATIENCE.—There is no more wondrous subject than the patience of God. Think of the lapse of ages during which that patience has lasted—six thousand years! Think of the multitudes who have been the subjects of it—millions on millions, in successive times and centuries! Think of the sins which have been all that time trying and wearying that patience,—their number, their heinousness, their aggravation. The world's history is a consecutive history of iniquity—a lengthened provocation of the Almighty forbearance. The Church, like a feeble ark, tossed on a mighty ocean of unbelief; and yet the world, with its embers, still spared! The cry of its sinful millions is at this moment entering "the ears of the God of Sabaoth," and yet for all this, His hand of mercy is stretched out still.

LITTLE BLOSSOMS FOR HEAVEN.—Others besides the angels are leaving the cares of earth for the rest and blessedness of Heaven; those who have scarcely looked beyond the rose tinted boundary of infancy, whose eyes have never been wet with tears of sorrow and regret, whose hearts have never swelled with disappointment. Little blossoms who have lingered lovingly for a few brief years on the threshold of Time, and of whom we think, even while worshipping their beauty and innocence, are passing away!

George F. Train is responding the following: "What a howl would have passed through England had the Northern army been guilty of the most brutal atrocities perpetrated by the Rebels at Manassas and elsewhere! Using the skulls of our brave officers for spittoons; boiling of their flesh to get their ribs for castanets, and sending tokens made from the bones of our brave men to the fiends in shape of women, who seem to have acted like so many tigresses during this terrible civil war.—May God have mercy on their souls."

REMEDY FOR BOILS.—Instead of the use of the lancet for the suppression of boils at an early stage, Dr. Spooner, of Boston, recommends an ethereal solution of iodine (thirty grains of iodine to one ounce of ether), applied with a brush, morning and evening. The same application gives relief in chilblains, and in erysipelas, or it may be varied by a solution of nitrate of silver. It is easy to try.

THE LEAVES OF many peach trees have commenced curling this season, and the fruit of all such has dropped off. It said that by digging around the roots of the trees, quantities of worms may be found penetrating the bark and seriously damaging the trees. These worms may be destroyed with lye, &c., and the leaves, after the destruction of the worm is accomplished, will straighten and the young fruit will remain.

OHIO PAYS HER DIRECT NATIONAL TAX.—The Treasurer of the States of Ohio deposited with E. T. Carson, United States depository in Cincinnati, last week, the sum of \$380,000, the amount of the national direct tax assessed on Ohio.

The farmer is a conqueror who wins victories upon important fields—at the point of the ploughshare. Conscience, be it ever so little a worm while we live, grows suddenly to a serpent on the death bed.

A BELFAST BOY, about three years old, a few days ago, went through the business streets, calling on the merchants, telling each that he was his son, and asking for a copper. The merchants denied the imputation, but shelled out.

There is a time of just judgment coming, when we shall not have the power to do what we wish because we did it not when it could have been done.

A sermon for the times is contained in the text: "Let him that hath no sword sell his garment and buy one."

False virtue is a sail that hides from us our sins.

True hope is not deceitful. The just, sooner or later, triumph over the unjust.

To forbid Christians to read the Bible is to interdict light to the children of light.

What is small, is small; but to be faithful in that which is least, is to be great.

When a man is full of himself, he is empty of God, and must take charge of his own soul.

Sighs are the portion of the heart on earth; praise will be the language of heaven.

The more earnestly you exhort your confidant to secrecy, the more likely he is to tell. Water drinkers are never drunk.

HUMOROUS.

To stop potatoes from rotting—eat 'em. A good sermon is like a kiss. It requires two heads and one application.

Why are women like bees? Because the younger they are the sweeter.

Poetry and consumption are the most flattering of diseases.

If you want to be suited go to a good tailor; if you want to be non-suited go to law.

Which is the best way to keep a woman's love? Never return it.

"No fun is honest which is not fun for both parties."

A man out west is so great a miser that he uses only one eye at a time to save the other.

The reward of villains is various; some of them are hung, others cropped and branded—others elected to office.

Wadsworth cautions a studious friend against "growing double," but the girls think it the best thing a nice young man can do.

Why are birds so light? Because their bones are hollow and filled with air instead of marrow.

An old maid being at a loss for a pin-cushion, made use of an onion. On the following morning she found that all the needles had tears in their eyes.

A preacher in a funeral sermon on a lady, after summing up all her good quantities, added "that she always reached her husband's hat without muttering."

An amazon out west, in describing her runaway husband, says:—"Daniel may be known by a scar on the nose where I scratched him."

Many a philosopher who thought he had an exact knowledge of the human race has been miserably cheated in the choice of a wife.

A bad wife is a shackle on her husband's feet, a burden on his shoulder, a palsy to his hands, smoke to his eyes, vinegar to his teeth, a thorn to his side, a dagger to his heart.

The Spaniards do not pay hyperbolic compliments; but one of their admired writers, speaking of a lady's black eyes, says "they were in mourning for the murders they had committed."

There is a man out West who moved so often, that whenever a covered wagon comes near his house, his chickens all march up and fall on their backs, and cross their legs, ready to be carried to the next stopping-place.

An Illinois editor sent to another who had refused to exchange with him a paper bearing the inscription; "Exchange or go to h—!" The editor thus replied: "I will do neither; for I don't want your paper in this world nor your company in the next."

Blessed is the man or woman that can let drop all the burrs and thistles, instead of picking them up and fastening them on the next passenger. Would we only let the vexing and malicious sayings die, how fast the lacerated and scandal ridden world would get healed and tranquilized.—Dr. Huntington.

A Quakeress, jealous of her husband, watched his movements one morning and actually discovered the truant kissing and hugging the servant girl. Broodbrim was not long in discovering the face of his wife; as she peeped through the half open door, and rising with all the coolness of a general, thus addressed her: "Betsy, thee had better quit peeping, or thee will cause a disturbance in the family!"

A preacher, whose text led him to speak of the prophet Jonah, among other things said: "I am of the opinion that Jonah was a cleanly old man, neither smoking or chewing from the fact that the fish retained him so long in his stomach, if the fish had swallowed the house where we are worshipping, he would no doubt have vomited himself to death."

GOOD.—"Who made you?" asked a teacher of a lubber of a boy, who had lately joined her class.

"I don't know," said he.

"Don't you know? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a boy fourteen years old! Why, there is little Dicky Fulton—he is only three—he can tell, I dare say. Come here, Dicky? who made you?"

"God," said the infant.

"There," said the teacher triumphantly, "I knew he would remember it."

"Well he oughter," said the stupid boy, "ain't bnt a little while since he was made."

A worthy old farmer residing in the vicinity of Lake Mahopock, was worried almost to death by boarders. They found fault with his table, and said he had nothing to eat.