

Waynesboro' Village Record.

By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics and Religion.

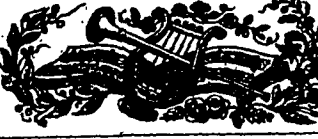
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WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 18, 1862.

NUMBER 17.

POETICAL.



MY MOTHER'S MINIATURE.

BY ISA L. JENKINS.

Faint picture, far more dear to me
Than all the treasure earth can give
Since she, my all, hath ceased to be,
For whom it was my life to live.

Here I beheld that faded cheek,
The calm, smooth brow and flowing hair,
The lips that spoke in tones so meek,
And breathed to heaven their fervent prayer,

Oh, she who ceaseless vigils kept
Above my path in faded years,
And over my waywardness hath wept,
Now soars beyond this vale of tears.

Yes, she who sought my heart to mould
For brighter climes and purer skies
Now dwells where countless suns hath rolled,
Unmarked by years or centuries.

Yon moon, whose track the milky way,
Whose light still glimmers on the wave,
Through months hath cast its mellow ray,
Upon her lone and dreary grave.

Thou sweetest moment of the past,
A priceless treasure now thou art;
Through years to come, while life shall last,
I'll keep and wear thee next my heart.

HAPPY LONG AGO.

BY FRANCIS B. MURTHA.

How sweet it is to ponder
In the twilight dim and grey,
On the many joys and pleasures
Now forever passed away,
When the fancy built bright castles,
And the heart was all aglow
With fond visions of the future,
In that happy long ago.

Oh, the world, in deed, seems changed,
As loved forms are brought to mind,
For we'll never meet their like again,
They were so good and kind
Memory clings unto that time,
When the heart was not of wood,
For all was very beautiful
In that happy long ago.

MISCELLANY.

JOHN BECKWIN'S DREAM.

Rough John Beckwin, a Mississippi ferryman, tied his boat to a post, and plodded, wet and weary, to his little house. Having thrown himself, with an oath, into a chair, he lighted his pipe, and puffed the smoke up the chimney, while he dried his feet at the fire.

Presently his little daughter came in, leading her younger brother, and walking to her mother, said, with a pensive expression: "Mother, little bub swore; little bub can't have any wings when he dies to fly up to the good place. Poor little bub!" and the little girl began to cry. But the boy looked up in his mother's face, and said, "But father swore too. Can't he have any wings when he dies?"

The mother did not answer, for she feared the stern man who sat smoking his pipe by the fire.

But the iron had entered John Beckwin's soul. That night he dreamed; and as he stood before his cottage, looking at the stars and moon, there was a sound of a trumpet above, that made the world tremble, an exceeding glory in the sky, and from the midst of the glory a voice calling to the judgment. And immediately the air was full of white souls, whose eyes turned upward with a steady gaze, while their hands were clasped over their breasts. And the voice called again, "Come ye blessed." Then to the white souls were given wings full of stars shining like silver, which flashed back the glory from above, as they calmly floated upward. While he stood wondering and terrified, he heard a sharp cry of pain at his side. There stood his little boy, with ragged and soil-stained coat, and hands stretched piteously toward the flying host. "Oh, my father!" exclaimed he, "why did you teach me to do wrong? The dear Lord just now beckoned me to come, but I had no wings and no cloak of silver; and he looked grieved at me, and turned away. Oh, father! why did you teach me to do wrong?"

There was a sound as of thunder—a crash of the universe—and the universe—and the old man found himself in a long train of souls, with heads bowed; and tears running from their eyes, walking down a black, iron-arched way, where he could look only before him, and see beyond the great train of weeping ones an open gate from which came fire. But he heeded them not, for behind him he heard the patter of little feet, and ever and anon amid "sob and in us," the voice of a child "Oh, father! why did you teach me to do wrong?"

John Beckwin awoke, and heard his little boy quietly breathing in the cot beside him. He never swore again.

What Congress has Done.

"This Congress," writes Speaker Grow to a friend, may seem to the country to move slowly, but no Congress before it, has in the same time, accomplished so much for the future greatness and glory of the republic—Here is the glorious record:

"The national capital free forever."
Slavery forever prohibited in all territories.

The public domain set apart and conserved to free homes and free men.
The Pacific Railroad authorized.

The policy of gradual emancipation inaugurated, besides war measures.

The Congress that has enacted these measures of reform—of real substantial progress—has nothing to fear, either from the jealousy of schematics or the villainous scheming of the pro-slaveryites. These five measures are five steps in the work of accomplishing the nation's regeneration, which, for all time to come, will make the actors in them honored and remembered.

SPEECH BY MR. TRAIN.

Mr. Train on England's Neutrality and Gen. Butler's Proclamation.

We find room only for the following extract of one of Mr. Train's recent speeches: Neutrality.

Mr. Train—Neutrality signifies weakness. All small minds hesitate. Lack of decision shows lack of power. Generals who win battles are not neutral men. Neutrality on the American rebellion is taking sides in disguise. The man who is soft on the American question is soft on all questions. I despise soft Americans as well as soft Englishmen. It is impossible for an honest man to be neutral. He who is not for me is against me. The Indian Thug is remarkable for neutrality until his garrote is round your neck.—The Canache chief is a neutral to your face while his scalping knife sleeps in his belt.—Dumollard, the French murderer, was a neutral before he destroyed his victims. There is no half-way between a patriot and a traitor. The woman who permits the least familiarity has already lost the foundation of her virtue.

Let her remain neutral in the presence of the libertine and she is lost. The young man counting his employer's money must not be a neutral—if he does not wish to end his life upon the gallows. The coat I have made fits exactly the neutral bankers and leading Americans abroad—who are waiting for victories before hoisting Secession or Union flags. The garment is not out of place on England's back. Neutrality in England is treachery. Americans say, England, with all thy faults, we love thee still! Englishmen say, America, with all thy virtues, we continue to hate thee. Strong men choose sides—weak men are always neutral; once an idiot, always an idiot. The world is packed with fools.

Neutrality is imbecility. No man can serve two masters. He must either love the one and hate the other, or hate the one and love the other. Our Saviour was not a neutral. England for three generations has been unjust to America. He that is unjust in little is unjust in much. The maxim comes from an ancient and respectable authority. Unjust in small matters for half a century, England was just-ripe for being unjust in great matters during our revolution.—Neutrality is disguise; assassins are neutral before they use the poignard. The tiger in the jungle is a neutral before he plunges on his victim. When you wish to destroy an enemy you first conceal your plan. Error and injustice are neutral before becoming arrogant and impudent.

Gen. Butler's Proclamation.

A love of fault-finding is no proof of wisdom.—Your criticism on General Butler's proclamation are as just as your pretended love for America is honest. Critics, says Wycheley, are like thieves, who, condemned to execution, choose the business of executioners rather than be hung. Your distortion of the New Orleans proclamation is worthy of the people that were abolitionists when they thought by preaching that doctrine they could break up our Republic—and pro-slavery advocates when they believed we should preserve the Union. The proclamation you have dishonestly translated. Do you mean to say that you believe Gen. Butler issued the order for immoral purposes?

Do you really understand its wording to signify that unbridled license was given to the Federal army? The very idea is contrary to the instincts of our nature, insulting to the American people, and outraging the senses of our race. You give the order a meaning never intended. It was unfortunately worded, but the spirit of the order was a proper one. Ladies hold the remedy. Let them remain indoors, let them behave like women, not like human tigers. The terrible slaughter of our soldiers will some day lay heavy upon their consciences. Women who go out of their way to insult Federal officers who have treated them with every courtesy, by pouring hot water out of their windows when they pass, or throwing vitrol in their faces on the pave, or so far unsexing themselves as to strike an officer, ought not to object, when martial law is ordered, to proclamations that enforce civility where rudeness was so marked.

The municipal law permits no disorder in the street. Women breaking it are sent to the Calaboose. That is the terrible order, nothing more—nothing less—that arouses England and provokes this debate. Lord Palmerston takes advantage of it to have another fling at the Americans, and Gregory a raid Wash are mad with delight. Lord Carnarvon also brings out Earl Russell, and all the newspapers clap their hands with joy—and you, gentlemen, echo the sentiment of the land. Do you remember a picture in the Illustrated News during the Sepoy revolution? I do—and three features were prominent—cannon—English officers, and Sepoy messengers bearing a flag of truce. The picture has another side—the muzzle of the guns—and, with their flag of truce tied around, they were blown towards the camp from whence they came.

Did Mr. Seward get up in his place in the Senate Chamber and protest against it in the name of humanity? The atrocities of your soldiers in India were only equalled in their brutality by Nana Sahib himself. When a British officer enters a Sepoy village and gives the order to his regiment to ravish the Sepoy woman, and then level their houses to the earth, humanity shudders for civilization. Compared with such fiends General Butler is a scholar, a gentleman and a Christian.—How forgetful of the rights of civilization for our statesmen to remain silent without recording their indignation at such brutal acts! England must feel proud of those Christian officers, and no wonder she is indignant at Butler.

Have you forgotten the siege of Limerick? Is it true that Englishmen ravished the women before butchering the garrison and

burning the town? Do you remember the cold-blooded slaughter of the Macdonalds of Glencoe, under the same dynasty? Verily, what a man was Lord Byron!

You are the best of cut-throats!—Do not start! The phrase is Shakespeare's, and not misapplied! War's a brain-spattering—windpipe sitting art, Unless her cause by right be sanctified.

If you have acted once a generous part, The world, not the world's master, will decide; And I shall be delighted to learn what Save you and yours, have gained at Waterloo?

Dayoust in Hamburg—Junot in Lisbon—Malakoff in the Algerian caves—were guilty of acts—and Wellington at St. Sebastian—worthy of Russia in Poland or Haynau in Austria. Butler's offence is words—England's was acts. Was Butler's motive good or bad? It is the motive, not the act, that blackens the crime. England is not the land to give America examples as to the treatment of women. America is a country where its youth are taught not to insult an old man or woman, and a woman can go through the entire country, without being insulted. America is the land where education and religion gives tone to the morals of our people. How careful England is to find fault with our Federal army.

Have you seen any questions on the Parliamentary papers asking if the reports are true regarding atrocities of the Confederate army? Has the Federal power no friend at Court to ask these questions of Lord Palmerston?—Is it true that Savages, led by Confederates scalped air wounded at Lea Ridge? Is it true that Governor Sprague found some of his aids, who were killed at Bull Run, buried with their faces downward? Is it true that Federal wounded on the ground at the battle of Winchester were bayoneted by Confederate soldiers? Is it true that the ladies of a certain town in Virginia invited one hundred Federal brothers to their houses to tea, and their brothers, who were in ambush, rushed in and put all to the sword?

Surely America ought to have one friend bold enough in Parliament, who—Gregory and the Premier are hurling their invectives against America—to inquire if it is true that the skull of a Federal officer is a *bon bon* for a Rebel lady!—that Madame Beaugard, who was treated with so much politeness by Gen. Butler, wears a cameo out from the bone of a Federal Colonel!—that Rebel ladies wear rings and brooches made out of the skulls of our brave officers—that the proper thing for the rebel gentleman at Richmond—is to have a spit on made out of a human head!—In conclusion, let me ask if England controls America's action? If England pays our Federal officers? If England must be consulted before we declare martial law? I was not aware that Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the powerful American Republic by the bankrupt monarchies of Europe. [Cheers and applause.]

Northern Men in a Southern Climate.

By some strange misconception, it has become a general belief, that if the war continues through the summer and fall, the Northern troops must inevitably be defeated by disease, as they cannot contend with the miasma and malaria of the South, to which the Southern troops are supposed to be thoroughly injured.

Never was a greater mistake made. In the late Mexican war, it was demonstrated beyond cavil that Northern troops sustained themselves in better condition—so far as health was concerned—than did the Southern soldiers. In the famous Indian war, it was satisfactorily proved that the sickness and mortality in the British army was less than half of that which depleted the opposing forces.

Thirty years ago, Capt. Marryat completed a series of tables, by which he showed, conclusively, that Britons could and did successfully meet the climatic changes of the island of Jamaica, and that the deaths in the British army, did not equal, in proportion, the deaths among the native islanders.

Dr. Livingstone, whose travels into the very heart of Africa have made him immortal, also bears testimony to the hardihood of northern blood. During his first exploration three natives in his retinue died to one European.

In short, it cannot be denied that persons of northern birth are more hardy, and can more successfully avoid disease, than can people born in a southern clime.

Even thus far we find that while sickness prevails to an alarming extent in the Southern army, our Northern troops are enjoying most excellent health.

Putting health against health, or bullets against bullets, we are not afraid to trust the issue of the war with the troops of the Union.—Household Journal.

A True Patriot.

The Hon. Paul Dillingham the well known leader of the Democracy, of Vermont, was recently nominated by a Democratic State Convention for Governor. Mr. D. declined, upon the sole ground that at this time, there can be but two parties, one for maintaining the Government unconditionally, and the other for overthrowing it. In the course of his letter of declination he says:

"We must for the time forget whether we be Republicans or Democrats. In such a union there will be strength and efficiency, and if we differ hereafter, let it be to settle the question who did the most for his country. Let us act together, act honestly, efficiently, and let him wear the honors who fairly wins them. I feel very confident that a great number—I hope a majority—of all the old parties in this State, feel and judge as I do, and that they will rise above party, as such, one and indivisible, now and forever. With such I mean to act, whether their number be few or many, till this most wicked rebellion is crushed out; and wish that my opinions and acts might be in harmony with those who have called upon me to decline the nomination so honorable tendered to me."

A LIVE YANKEE IN LONDON.

BY GEO. W. BUNGAY.

A live Yankee, from the Green Mountains of Vermont, visited the city of London.—While passing through one of the principal thoroughfares of trade and travel, his attention was suddenly arrested by some beautiful specimens of writing paper, exposed for sale in a shop window. Seeing the proprietor standing at the door, the Yankee civilly inquired what he did with "them nice bits of paper."

"We keep them to tie up *gape seed* in," said the cockney, snappishly. "O, ye du—du ye?" said Johnathan, while he looked as though he was inventing a trick with which he intended to pay off the impertinent cockney in his own coin.—Passing down the street a few steps, our indignant Yankee saw another merchant, who was not only an Englishman, but a gentleman also.

"I say, mister, can you tell me what that feller does for a livin' what keeps them ere nice bits of paper at the window?"

"Yes, sir; he's a small dealer in paper and a sort of scribe. He writes letters for those persons who desire his assistance."

"I reckon he is a very small dealer, and that he is a pharisee as well as a scribe. Do ye think he'd write a letter for me if I pay him for it?"

"Certainly he will, and jump at the chance. That is his principal occupation." The Yankee thrust his hands (I might add arms) into his pocket almost up to his elbows, for he felt the sting in the washbasin words uttered by the paper dealer, and walked back to the shop where he had been so rudely treated.

"I say, mister, they say as how you sell paper and write letters for folks what can't write. What will you take to write a letter to my sister Sally?"

"I shall charge you 5 shillings," replied the Englishman, softening his tone as his government does since it has heard of our great victories.

"Will ye write just what I tell you and spell the words right, as we do in Vermont?" inquired the Yankee.

"To be sure I will. I understand my business perfectly."

"Well I don't care if ye do; I guess you may write to Sally."

The Londoner procured pen, ink and paper, and the Yankee commenced dictating after the following style:

"Dear sister Sally,
"Hev you got that down?"

"Yes."
"Rived in London last week."
"Hev you got that down and spelt right?"

"Yes—go on."
"Thought I'd go into the country and take a ride."
"Got that down right?"

"Yes, yes—go on; and don't detain me so."
"I pay ye five shillings, don't I, by and by."
"Yes—yes—but you need not detain me so."
"That's my business, and not yours."
"Wall the old mare she bawled."
"Bawled is a hard word; can you spell bawled so that Sally will know what it means?"

"To be sure I can."
"Wal I don't keer if you can."
"She wouldn't go, so I licked her."
"Well go on."
"Licked her, licked her, licked her."
"What's the use of saying it so many times?"

"None of your business. I pay you five shillings—licked her, licked her, licked her, licked her."
"This page is full of 'licked her's."
"Turn over then; licked her, licked her. She wouldn't go then, so I got out and I kicked her, kicked her, kicked her, kicked her."

"You are not intending to say that as many times as you said licked her?"

No Country and No Flag.

Occasionally, whilst passing through our city with the Procession on Friday last, we would observe a house with the shutters closed, no Stars and Stripes about it, and in some instances, there was not a soul to be seen about the premises! The sight of such a place would cause us painful emotions, and lead us very naturally to inquire, whether the occupants were bereft of their country and no longer recognized any Flag on earth as their own. Ah! there was a time when these same individuals to whom we refer, were loud in their expressions of love and veneration for our good Old Country, and its bright and beautiful flag, but alas! alas! where now are their acts to prove the sincerity of their professions?

An Enemy to that Country and that Flag has arisen in the land, and they, whose houses were undecorated and closed on Friday last, the anniversary of American Freedom—gave him aid and comfort! We will not call them Tories, nor traitors; these are harsh names; but it seems so strange and unnatural that any one who lives and prospers under our great and good government, should manifest such little respect for the land of Washington and the Flag which was borne aloft to victory in the Revolutionary war and in the war of 1812, and also in the war with Mexico. We only wonder that such persons continue to live under a Government which they hate, and a flag which they no longer seem to recognize as their own.—Maryland Union.

Maxims for Youth.

Those children that are best beloved by their parents, should be most obedient to their parents; and then their love is well bestowed, and well returned.

Whoever hates his brother, or his sister, is a murderer; for he will be one if he had an opportunity.

Young people should take their good parents for their best friends, and be advised by them, and not by flatters, who wheedle them to make a prey of them.

Those are never likely to come to good that are undutiful to their parents.

Reverence your own mind; receive the nurture of instruction, that the man within you may grow and flourish.

Young persons have need of strong reins; they are sometimes hard to be ruled, easy to draw aside, and apt to be deceived.

No one can pursue solid learning and frivolous pleasure at once.

The eye of the great God is upon you and your eternity may hang upon the conduct of an hour.

Early religion lays the foundation of happiness both in time and eternity.

Few boys are born with talents that exceed all are capable of living well.

Piety is not only the best safeguard of youth, but also its brightest ornament.

The Homestead Law.

For many years, prominent members of Congress have urged the passage of a law, giving homes to those who were willing to settle in the wilderness, clear and cultivate the land, for the mere amount of costs to the United States government. The measure met with strong and decided opposition, especially upon the part of those who were unfriendly to a high tariff, but at last this beneficent scheme has met with favor, and is now a law of the land. The following is a synopsis of its provisions:

All the lands owned by the Government are open to settlement under it in quantities not exceeding 160 acres to each person.

Any person who is a citizen of the United States, or has declared his intention to become such, who is 21 years old, or the head of a family, or has served in the military or naval service of the United States during this Rebellion, can make the entry on payment of ten dollars and fees of the Register and Receiver of the Land Office. That is all the settler has to pay at any time.

The act takes effect the first of January next, and requires a residence and cultivation of five years to perfect the title.

EVERYBODY'S DUTY.—People there are who have money on hand, and yet they will not pay little debts. Now, by paying small debts money is kept moving in a lively way, doing good all around; confidence is kept in good health, and enterprise is stimulated. Any man who is a man ought to feel this, and do his duty in the premises at once. You owe a debt—perhaps long past due—for your newspaper or a job; pay it to-day like a man with an upright soul. Go, do some good thing, even though its merit is so small as the payment of a debt. If you wish yourself well, do it quickly. Go.

FUGITIVE GOVERNORS.—Five rebel Governors are now absent from their posts, wandering up and down the country in search of employment. Rector, of Arkansas; Milton of Florida; Moore, of Louisiana; Jackson, of Missouri, and Harris, of Tennessee. The gubernatorial fugitives were blatant secessionists in the early days of the rebellion, and every man of them promised to die in the last ditch. Our armies having frightened them away from their posts, they have probably gone to find the last ditch. As chivalrous men they must fulfill their promises.

Take your Choice.

I always did intend To take to me a wife
Single my life to spend Wo'd give my very life
To much delighted me Now, by paying small
To live with a woman I can't be satisfied
I'm sure a happy life 'Tis woman is the thing
To live without a wife Such troubles on us bring
A female to my mind The joy I can't express
I never expect to find So great in singleness
A bachelor to live I never could agree
My mind I freely give A married man to be.

P. S.—Read first each verse down separately, then both verses as if they was but one.

How HE LIKED THEM.—Dr. Francis was a wag, and once when early pens were on the table, he emptied the contents of his snuff-box over them. "Francis! Francis!" exclaimed a friend, "what are you about?" "I like them that way," was the answer. "He of course had the dish to himself," when he had concluded, he exclaimed: "You thought it was snuff, did you? Nothing but black pepper."

Why can't a cook swallow her apron? Because it goes against her stomach.

"A beautiful day Mr. Jenkins," said Squibbs.
"Yes very pleasant indeed."
"Good day for the race."
"Race? what race?" asked Jenkins.
"The human race!" shouted Squibbs.

Prentice accuses the rebel at Memphis of ungentlemanly conduct, unworthy of the "chivalry," in the following style: "The leading rebels of Memphis have long been begging us to come to their city and have even offered a reward for our delivery there, and yet now, when we are about to make a visit to their place, they are all running away. Is't this very ungentlemanly?"

On the 4th of March, 1861, when President Lincoln was inaugurated, the government vessels, available service, were only four in number, carrying twenty-five guns. Our navy now consists of 264 vessels of all sizes, carrying 2,557 guns, with an aggregate tonnage of 319,916 tons. The number of seamen now employed is 22,000.

At a recent meeting of a parish, a straight laced and most exemplary deacon submitted a report, in writing, of the destitute widows and others who stood in need of assistance from the parish.

"Are you sure, deacon," asked another solemn brother, "that you have embraced all the widows?"

He said he believed he had.

It is a fact which will hardly be credited in this country, that of all the women married in England in the year 1860, more than 60,000 were unable to write their own names. Throughout the nation, in one marriage in every six, neither man nor woman could write.

I have heard people say kindness would not do with servants; render, if unhappily you have ever thought so, dismiss the false notion, for it is base and untrue. What kindness cannot do, anger can never achieve.

A lady in Rochester sent a dress to a dyer with instructions to dye in some colors that would not run. The patriotic dyer returned the dress covered all over with the colors of the American Union.

THE SAINTED DEAD.—These are our treasures, changeless and shining treasures. Let us look hopefully. Not lost, but gone before. Lost only like stars of the morning, that hath faded into the light of a brighter heaven. Lost to the earth, but not to us.