

Waynesboro' Village Record.

By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper, Neutral in Politics and Religion.

\$1.50 Per Year

VOLUME XVI.

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 10, 1862.

NUMBER 28.

POETICAL.



'TIS SWEET TO BE REMEMBERED.

'Tis sweet to be remembered
In the merry days of youth,
While the world seems full of brightness,
And the soul retains its truth—
When our hopes are like the morning beams
That flash along the sea,
And every dream we know of life
Is one of purity—
'Tis sweet to be remembered,
As the spring remembers earth,
Spreading roses in our pathway,
Filling all our hearts with mirth.
O! 'tis sweet to be remembered
In the summer time of life,
Ere we reach the burning summit
With our weight of woe and strife—
To look backward through the shadows
Where our journey first began,
And the golden flowers of merriment
Turn their faces to the sun—
'Tis sweet to be remembered
As the breeze remembers day,
Floating upward from the valley
O'er the weary pilgrim's way.
O! 'tis sweet to be remembered
When our hearts have lost its bloom,
And every morning sun we meet
May leave us at the tomb—
When our youth is half forgotten,
And we go, with yearnings strong,
From a world where all are dying,
To a deathless world beyond.
'Tis sweet to be remembered,
As the stars remember night,
Shining downward through the darkness,
With a pure and holy light.

CALL TO BATTLE.

Arise! for the day is passing,
While you lie dreaming on,
Your brothers are cased in armor,
And forth to the fight have gone.
Your place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man his part to play;
The past and the future are nothing
In the face of the stern to-day.
Arise from the dreams of the future
Of gaining a hard fought field,
Of bidding the giant yield;
Your honor has deeds of glory,
Of valor, (God grant it may.)
But you arm will never be stronger,
Or needed as now—to-day.
Arise! if the past detain you,
Her armies and storms forget;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret,
Ead or bright, she is lifeless ever,
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife to-day.
Arise! for the hour is passing;
Those rounds that you dimly hear
Is your enemy marching to battle,
Rise! Rise! for the foe is near!
Stay not to brighten your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
And from dreams of a coming battle
You will waken and find it past.

MISCELLANY.

LETTER FROM BROWNLOW.

WHAT THE PEOPLE DEMAND.

The people are far ahead of the Government and the heads of our army in their desire to crush out this rebellion. They are clamorous for a more vigorous prosecution of the war, and the most loyal men in all the country are complaining bitterly that more vigorous measures are not adopted. They are willing to furnish men and money; they are willing to pour out their blood and treasure upon the altar of their country; but they want to see returns for those great and patriotic outlays, in the shape of victories and successes, that will tell upon the destinies of those vile conspirators against this Government. The people say, with one voice, call out more men, rush upon rebellion, overwhelm the traitors, and put an end to the war in that way. And my word for it, no settlement of this controversy will ever meet the approval of the people that does not require an unconditional surrender on the part of the Rebels, and the restoring of the Stars and Stripes over every seceded State on the continent.
The moderation and forbearance of our government towards this infernal rebellion, and the leniency with which our Generals in command deal with Rebel leaders and their fine houses and other property, are matters of bitter complaint everywhere. The truth is the people are not disposed to tolerate it any longer. And among those whose kindred and friends have fallen in battles now past, and whose houses and homes are threatened with insolent invaders from the South, feelings of unutterable indignation are entertained against those who sympathize with the rebellion, and by words and deeds give aid and comfort to the murderers. And this is not to be wondered at. How could they feel otherwise?
Such a state of feeling is now being engendered, and such a storm is coming as will sweep from the loyal States all who dare set up for rebellion and that before a great while. The North is full of these traitors, meaner, in all material respects, than the traitors at Richmond. These vile miscreants are seeking to poison the public mind against President Lincoln; charge him with the origin of the war; declare him incompetent, and even propose to depose him, and inaugurate Jeff. Davis as a peace measure. Others take the ground that we have not men enough in the field to put down this rebellion, and that the President is at fault; that Senators and Representatives in Congress gravely told us that there were double the number of men in the field necessary to put down the rebellion, and that those money-loving partisan Congressmen really stopped

enlistments just at the time our armies should have been increased. These vile demagogues are now at work in the different States, trying to reorganize and resurrect old, defunct, rotten, exploded, and fly-blown political parties.

The North is full of men of this class, who for the sake of power and place, would compromise this quarrel with the South, upon terms disgraceful to every loyal State in the Union. Many of this class of men are in Congress. While the Richmond Junta are passing conscription laws, forcing every man from sixteen to fifty-five into the army, these men in the Union Congress were stopping even the voluntary enlistments of gallant men who are willing to fight us out of these troubles. And these very men are now trying to throw the responsibilities of our late reverses on President Lincoln, brought about by the want of men they refused to give the President! Let the people look to this matter, and brand these infamous traitors at the ballot box, in the coming elections, as the worst of traitors, and the most dangerous of enemies, in this, the trying hour of our nation's danger. If we would save the country, let these traitors, and this treason, be crushed out. Let all true men nip this treason in the bud.

Another class of traitors—certainly hypocrites—are preaching up that we must consult the Great Arbitrator of our destinies; that we must pray and work to the ends of peace before we can call upon God for help! As a nation, we have preached, prayed and quarreled ourselves into these troubles, and we must now fight out of them! I have great faith in Providence myself, and I have no fears that He will take sides with the Southern Rebellion, which He knows to have originated in falsehood, perjury, dishonesty and drunkenness. But we are not to fold our arms at the bidding of hypocrites and demagogues, and call on God to relieve us; we must work, and "act well our part," for there all the honor and piety lie! Napoleon made a good remark when he said, "Heaven is ever on the side of the heaviest artillery." And Cromwell, though and ungodly man, gave his Roundheads good advice, when he said, "Trust in God, and keep your powder dry."

The rebellion is now rampant in every direction, and the Rebels have their full forces in the field, without being able to increase it—making a desperate effort before the new Union levies can be mustered into service.—They have invaded Kentucky, overrun Tennessee and Missouri, and are now threatening the loyal States of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, and Pennsylvania. Let us meet them with a determined spirit, and make this the most disastrous campaign to them they have yet undertaken. We have just had 300,000 noble men added to our army, and soon we shall have 300,000 more. We have the money and the credit, and we have the arms and ammunition—let us do the work!
Let us drive the Rebels from the gates of Washington. Let us send them howling from the Border States into the Cotton States and thence into the Gulf of Mexico. Let us seize East Tennessee, hold the great railroad thoroughfare, and thus break the backbone of the rebellion. Let us crush their armies at all points, and compel Richmond to capitulate; and by the time we are required to go into winter quarters, by the rigid blasts of winter, the death knell of treason will be sounded, and order proclaimed once more throughout all the land.

Oaths of the Golden Circle.

Whenever a man is heard denouncing abolitionism, and clamoring for the rights of slavery, put it down that he has either taken the following oaths, or that he is immediately under the influence of those who acknowledge its binding force. No man at this day, defends the institution of slavery, without being in some way controlled by the influence of the Golden Circle. Let this be remembered by our readers. Let it be made the test of detecting a secret traitor, and the result will prove a success in nine cases out of ten.

Read the oaths and then judge for yourselves, loyal men of Pennsylvania.

FIRST OATH.

I promise and swear that I will protect and defend all Constitutional Democrats their lives, property and personal liberty, from mob violence during this southern insurrection, so long as they obey the laws of C. S. A., let it come from whatever source it may; this obligation to be binding on me as long as the war shall last.

SECOND OATH.

And I further promise and swear in the presence of Almighty God and the members of the Golden Circle, that I will not rest until Abraham Lincoln, now President, shall be removed from the Presidential chair, and will wage in blood up to my knees as soon as Jefferson Davis sees proper to take the City of Washington and the White House, to do this same. So help me God and keep me steadfast to the same.
Remorse is a moral hunger of the soul; it is the bitter wail of a famished immortality. It is your conscience lashing your perverse will; your defrauded, hungry love, sweeping its dry, pithy tears on the desert your life has made for it. It is your whole spiritual nature, famished by sin, muttering wrathfully, and growling like a caged lion at the bars which shut him up to himself. And as bodily hunger sometimes causes the starving man to see devils in his ravings, so this hunger of remorse fills the soul with angry demons and ministers of vengeance, waiting to execute judgment. Sleep vanishes not seldom, or comes only in dreams that scare the sleeper. The day lags heavily, the look is on the ground. The walk is apart and silent, and the man carries a load under which he stoops, a load of self-knowledge and worldly sorrow, that worketh death.

The Practical Effects of the President's Proclamation.

The enemies of the Government will labor to embarrass the action or the policy of the President to secure its safety, and maintain the operations of all its laws in all the States over which it has a right to exercise power. From this point we start, in summing up the practical effects of the Proclamation issued by the President, on the subject of enforcing the laws in the rebel States.

1st. The practical effects of this proclamation will be to cripple the rebels in their resources to carry on the war. The slaves of the south are the producers. Stop slave labor and you stop production, and when production ends, bankruptcy, want and ruin inevitably follow. The means of feeding the rebel army have alone been derived from slave labor. If we allow this to go on, of course we are indirectly ministering to the strength of that which we are struggling to conquer and suppress. The point here is, shall the war making power of the rebels continue to receive support from a source which is within the reach of the destruction of the national authorities? It is not a question as to whether slavery shall be entirely destroyed. It does not declare that the territories within which slavery exists by the local law shall be pronounced free. It only asserts that the slaves of traitors, of rebels in arms, shall be free, while the slaves of loyal men shall remain as such until it is the will of the master or the majority of loyal men to declare them free. On this point the enemies of the Administration expect to make great capital, but it is well enough to remind the general reader, that whenever a man is heard to oppose the proposition of the President on the plea that it is an abolition movement, put that man down as a traitor, because he is defending the rights and the property of traitors. He is not defending slavery, because slavery is not in danger. The President does not interfere with that institution—he does not assume the right to nullify the local law on the subject—he only exercises a power delegated to him by the extreme necessity of war, in ordering the destruction of property which, in his judgement, is contributing to the benefit, the advantage and success of a common enemy.

2nd. The slaves thus freed by the act of the government, and solemnly ensured of its protection, will not run away from freedom. It is only the negro who is compelled to escape from slavery, that seeks an asylum in the north. The southern negro, free, and secure in his freedom, has no desire to come north, will never come north, but on the contrary, as long as the National Government protects the free negro, just so long will negroes emigrate to, and settlement in the south continue. Thus the practical results of this policy will be to drain the north of its negro population. Climate, habit of living, facilities for procuring support, are all in favor of the negro in the south, so that by physical and social causes, he will be impelled to seek a home in that direction. It is this fact that induces the border states to hold on to slavery. It is not that slavery is profitable in Maryland, in Kentucky, in Missouri, that it is maintained in those states, but it is the fear that, the moment it is abolished, such states will become the asylum of all the free negroes in the country. This is true—actually and substantially true. If Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama were free states to-day, before the first of January every negro that could raise the money, would seek free and living in our free states, would seek a home in such localities. Again, we repeat, that the people of the south know and understand this fact, and hence their opposition to emancipation of any description.

These are two of the most important points contained in the proclamation of the President. We submit them for the consideration of our readers.—*Pennsylvania Telegraph.*

Read This—A Hard Shot.

The small souled politicians of this State, who—perhaps unwittingly—are laboring to divide northern sentiment for the benefit of the rebels, and whose chosen leader has invented a new issue against the abolitionists and attempted to give it notoriety by inviting the co-operation of Secretary Seward and of the President, are fittingly rebuked by "Wilkes' Spirit of the Times," whose editor is a staunch and well known democrat, by the following stinging remarks:
"These sensitive patriots are very fond of directing attention to the abolitionist. They would have us believe, perhaps, that it was the abolitionists who passed the Le-compton Constitution; who basely betrayed the democratic party by nominating Breckinridge; who made the south secede when it had practical possession of the government; who seized the arsenals in a time of peace, stole the public treasury, fired upon Sumter, and sent forth red-handed pirates to sink peaceful merchantmen beneath the waves.—These lurid images might inflame an honest patriot; but what shall we say when we learn that such shuddering crimes are the guilt of the friends they patronize. Instead of being the acts of those they would condemn? How shall we resent the base attempts to fix the howl of party upon a set of weak and not influential men for the purpose of giving shelter and license to the unspeakably damed villains who have dragged their country from its poise of peace, and stabbed it to the heart? It is against the wicked and mischievous arts of such insidious knaves as these that we, as a democrat, would warn the loyal, honest masses of our party."

A TEXT FOR HOME TRAITORS.—And whosoever will not do the law of thy God, and the law of the King, let judgment be executed speedily upon him; whether it be unto death, or to banishment, or to confiscation of goods, or to imprisonment. *Exodus 23*

HASTE NOT—BEST NOT.

BY GOETHE.

Without haste, and without rest—
Bind the motto to thy breast:
Heed not flowers that round the bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb.
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward then with all thy might.
Haste not—years can ne'er alone
For one reckless action done,
Dere be thy path guide—
Do the best, whatever be the
Haste not, best not—confide past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

Early Life in Oregon.

It was in the summer of 1843 that a young chief of the Walla Walla one day entered the fort and appropriated to himself some articles of little value—a piece of wood, from a lot of which, lying there, the Indians had been in the habit of taking pieces whenever they chose, for the purpose of making whip-handles. The practice had been strictly forbidden, as the wood was of a particular kind, and of service to the company. It was in an expostulation with the young chief that a young clerk in the company received a signal affront, in which occasioned a rencontre and the chastisement of the Indian. At this time there were perhaps a dozen whites at the fort, and although the buildings were enclosed by stockades yet there were no means of effectually securing the entrances. The stockade was of a recent construction, and the gates had not been made, nor were they till a year after. Consequently it was, comparatively speaking, a defenceless position.

On the next day the Indians, some of each tribe, crowded into the establishment to talking themselves in the death of Mr. T.—Talking could achieve nothing; every consistent means was resorted to in vain to appease the turbulent multitude. The men belonging to the fort were at work in the field, even could their presence have effected any good in the issue.

The Indians were brandishing their weapons, and seemed to be fully aware of their superiority, and disposed to exercise it in a summary manner. Already had Mr. McKinly suffered indignities; and young T. was defending himself as well as he was able, when Mr. McKinly started from the crowd that surrounded him, passed into the adjoining store-room, seized a keg of powder, a steel and flint, and returning, placed the keg in the centre of the room and knocked it in its head.

"Now," said he, "kill him if you will," pointing to T.—"but at that moment I kill you all!" Two of us can die when there are many braves to die with us. The proposed slaughter was on too extensive a scale for the Indians; a panic seized them; they turned in dismay and rushed precipitately from the house.

United We Stand.

Says the Pittsburg Chronicle: "It is high time that the line of demarcation should be distinctly drawn between the warm friends and the open foes of the Union. Those who are the secret or avowed abettors of the rebellion should manifestly either remain neutral and quiet, or else leave the loyal North and go Southward. While here, they have no option but to render a lawful obedience to the 'powers that be.' The only obstacle to our complete and triumphant success in the present struggle obviously lies in the schisms and dissensions which are sought to be introduced in order to divide our people and paralyze their efforts to put down this hell-born rebellion. So long as we remain united and in effective harmony so long must we prosper against foreign and domestic foes. But as soon as the demon of discord enters into our councils and efforts, then comes trouble and weakness and despair. The man, therefore, of whatever party he be, who at this time essays to foment discontent and bad feeling; who endeavors to stir up old political prejudices; to divide those who should be inseparably united and to obstruct the necessary measures of Government, is as much the foe of his country as if he were in the ranks of her open armed foes, and he should be treated as such. The political passions, animosities and prejudices, which, under the directions of artful and interested wire-pullers from both parties, are now sought to be revived, should be avoided at the present time as fraught with exceeding peril to our common country."

Print it in Letters of Gold.

A father, whose son was addicted to some vicious propensities bade the boy drive a nail into a certain post whenever he committed a fault; and agreed that a nail should be drawn out whenever he corrected an error. In process of time the post was completely filled with nails.

The youth became alarmed at the extent of his indiscretions, and set about reforming himself. One by one, the nails were drawn out, the delighted father commending him for his noble self-denying heroism, in freeing himself from all drawn out," said the parent.

The boy looked sad, and there was a whole volume of practical wisdom in his sadness. With a heavy heart he replied:

"True, father, but the scars are there still."
Parents who would have their children grow to sound and healthy characters, must sow the seed at the first. Charitable associations can reform the man, and perhaps make him a useful member of society, but, alas! the scars are there. The reformed drunkard, gambler or thief is only the wreck of the man he once was; he is covered with scars—dishonorable scars—which will disfigure his character as long as he shall live.

Somebody who writes more truthfully than poetically, says—"An angel without money is not thought so much of now-a-days as a devil with a bag full of guineas."

School Houses.

It is the duty of teachers, as well as parents and school committees, to see that the circumstances under which children study are such as leave a happy impression upon their minds; for whatever is brought upon the frequent observation of the young must have its influence upon their susceptible natures for good or evil. Shabby school-houses induce slovenly habits. Ill-constructed benches may not only distort the body, but, by reflex influence, the mind as well. Winter blasts, sweeping through open floors or broken windows, not only injure the health, but chill the warm glow of youthful enthusiasm. Conditions like these seldom fail to disgust the learner with his school, and neutralize the best efforts of his teachers. On the other hand, neat, comfortable and agreeable places for study may help to awaken the associations enchain the mind and the heart to learning and virtuous instruction, with links of gold brightening forever.

DIED.—That word is not limited to written obituary columns in the newspapers. It is written over the church yard grave, on every page of the great volume of nature itself, which we read from day to day. Generations, nations and kingdoms have all been numbered under that one word—"Died." Under that one word may be reckoned more than 25,500,000 of the human race every year, or more than 86,000 every day, and upwards of 3,000 every hour. It is fearful to realize, in this busy, active world, that with every tick of the clock, every beat of the pulse, a living soul glides into eternity, leaving scarcely a ripple upon the sea of human life, to be noticed by others. As it has been with the past generations so will it be with you. Over your name in one single line, in some daily or weekly newspaper, which is rapidly read and thrown aside, will stand that significant word—"Died."

IMPORTANT TO SOLDIERS.—Every soldier should keep on his person a card, upon which shall be fully inscribed his full name and address with his company and regiment. Last week two cases occurred in which soldiers were brought to Washington, from the battle field—one ill and the other wounded—both too low to ascertain those particulars from them. They died and the hospital authorities were deprived of the opportunity of apprising distant relatives or friends of their decease. In another instance—a fine lad was killed in battle—all hope of tracing his relatives was gone, when, by mere accident, a little Bible, presented to him by his mother, was found between the cloth and lining of his old coat. That little volume disclosed the name of the boy.

The Coming Morn.

History proves that nearly every war which has desolated our globe, has originated in the same cause which is now desolating our land in blood—the desire of the strong and the rich to live at the expense of the weak and the poor. This last conflict ended, and though there may be a lingering skirmish yet to come, we have essentially peace. "Peace! and no longer from the blazing portals The blast of war's loud organ shakes the skies; But, beautiful as songs of the immortals, The holy melodies of love arise."
Then comes the coronation of humanity. The long, dark night of woe, will disappear, in the blaze of an endless morning.—*J. S. C. Abbott.*

RETURNING PRODIGALS.—A number of the aspiring "chivalry" of Frederick, whose sense of smell was not acute enough to deter them from following the "house-knicker" army, when it retired from this city before the advancing banners of the Union, have since come back stealthily, and one by one, with various disclaimers of any purpose of treason. The apparent forbearance of the military authorities towards these prodigals is very discouraging to the loyal victims of the Rebel invasion, but we would council such to be patient, for although Federal justice may be tardy, the Grand Inquest for the body of Frederick county will soon meet to avenge the violated treason law of the State of Maryland, by indictment against all offenders.—*Examiner.*

GREY BACKS AND GREEN BACKS.—We were amused a few days ago at the distinction drawn by an ardent Union man, between Grey Backs, and Green Backs. "A Grey Back," said he "is a louse carried by Rebel Soldiers. A Green Back is the United States Treasury note, good as gold, and usually found in the pockets of Uncle Sam's men in the greatest abundance."

After a pause, addressing himself to us, he put the following interrogatory:—"Do you know why every Rebel soldier is a General?" We told him we did not know, when he replied—"Because each of these commands an army of Grey Backs."—We wilted.—*Fred. Union.*

An Important Confession.
A rebel writer in the Grenada Appeal, who has recently travelled through Mississippi, makes the following confession:—"To my sorrow, I found numbers of men, and even some of our noble Southern women, were discouraged, dispirited, and some going so far as to intimate that it would be best, upon the whole, to submit to Yankee rule. This class of croakers, continues the writer, is rapidly on the increase. Our President and leading generals are censured, and our civil and military leaders are blamed for not accomplishing what is, from the very nature of the case, impossible."

The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint. The affections of a sanctity is a blotch on the face of piety.

Daniel Webster said: "Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper and amply repaid in its patron. I care not how humble and unpretending the gazette he takes. It is next to impossible to fill a sheet without putting into it something that is worth the subscription price. Every parent whose son is away from home at school, should supply him with a newspaper. I well remember what a marked difference there was between those who had access to newspapers and those who had not. Other things being equal, the first were always superior to the last in debate, composition and general intelligence."

Scarce Articles.

A parson who practices all he professes;
A beauty who never feels proud when she dresses;
A lawyer whose honesty pleads for his client;
A braggart whose courage is always defiant;
A sensible dandy, an actual friend;
Philosophy publishing "money to lend";
A skillful physician regardless of self;
A staunch politician forgetful of self;
A sour old bachelor neatly arrayed;
And last though not rarest, a cheerful old maid.

THE FATE OF A REGIMENT.—The career of the Second Wisconsin Regiment is practically ended. All that remains of the eleven hundred who left Wisconsin a little more than a year ago, are fifty-nine war-worn and battle-grimed men. Almost every blood-stained field of Maryland and Virginia is enriched by the bones of the dead of this noble regiment. There were ten overflowing companies when the regiment left the State.

INJURIES.—If a bee stings you, will you go to the hive and destroy it? Would not a thousand come upon you? If you receive a trifling injury, do not go about the streets proclaiming it, and be anxious to avenge it. Let it drop: It is wisdom to say little respecting the injuries you may have received.

A parson was relating to a son of the Emerald Isle how one of our Generals had gained a great victory with only a few hundred men on his side? "Yes," "Be gerra, wasn't his ribs strong?"

Misery assails riches as lightning does the highest towers; or as a tree that is heavily laden with fruit breaks its own boughs, so do riches destroy the virtue of their possessor.

One Jones who had been sent to prison for marrying two wives excused himself by saying that when he had one she fought him, but when he got two they fought each other.

The world, so far from being a goddess in petticoats, is rather the devil in a strait waistcoat.

If a pair of lovers would be sure their match is made in heaven, let them get married in a balloon.

A clergyman or justice of the peace accomplishes great results by "putting that and that together."

If you think there isn't an honest man living, you had better, for appearance's sake, put off saying it till you are dead yourself.

All women past seventy are divided into three classes—first, "that dear old soul," second, "that old woman," third, "that old witch."

When a man wants money or assistance, the world, as a rule, is very obliging and—lets him want it.

Sleep is called "death's counterfeit," and this is a case in which the counterfeit is generally preferred to the genuine.

We fear that many persons, unlike the angel at the pool of Bethesda, never trouble the water.

A Man of the world may have enough of the world to sink him; but he can never have enough to satisfy him.

Riches are never true to those that trust them. As the bird hops from twig to twig, so do riches from man to man.

DARK DEEDS.—A negro on a dark night in a dark alley, looking down a dark hole after a black cat.

Why is a lady walking in front of a gentleman like the latest news? Because she's in advance of the male.

A man's money seldom grows more than half as fast as his love of it.

The sunset clouds are the visible song of the day that is dead.

A lock from a young woman's head is often a key to a young man's heart.

The railing of a cross woman, like the railing of a garden, keeps people at a distance.

The ladies should consider that to kiss the lips of a swearer is a kind of profanity.

Doctors should dearly love our good mother Earth, for she kindly hides their evil work.

A man out off by his basket for non-payment of his bill is "stricken from the rolls."

"Trust" is a good motto for a Christian; "trust not" is a good one for a tailor.

Depend upon it, the more oath-taking, the more lying, generally, among the people.

A cheese sent to the International Exhibition from Canada weighed 1042 lbs.