

Waynesboro' Village Record.

By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



BEAUTIFUL STANZAS.

There is no heart but hath its inner languish,
There is no eye but hath with tears been wet.
There is no voice but hath been heard to languish
O'er hours of darkness it can ne'er forget.

There is no cheek, however bright its roses,
But perished buds beneath its hues are hid;
No eye that in its dewy light reposes,
But broken stars tremble 'neath its lid.

There is no lip, however with laughter ringing,
However light and gay its words may be;
But it hath trembled at some dark upspringing
Of stern affection and deep misery.

We are all brethren in this land of dreaming,
Yet hand meets hand, and eye to eye replies;
Nor deem we that, beneath a brow all beaming,
The flower of life in broken beauty lies.

Oh! blessed light that glides our night of sorrow,
Oh! balm of Gilead, o'er our healing found;
We know that peace will come with these to-morrow,
And that afflictions spring not from the ground.

AUTUMN MUSINGS.

'Tis good when the rocks are calling,
When the year is about to die,
When the painted leaves are falling,
And the streams run moaning by,
To muse on those who started
With us on the race of life,
But who shook our hands and parted,
Worn out with the cold world's strife.

They dropped by the wayside weary,
And gazed with looks forlorn,
As the day grew dark and dreary,
And the thoughtless crowd rushed on,
All heedless of their sorrow,
Like the ocean waves that ebb and flow,
But when dawn's life's glorious morning,
'They'll stand by their Maker's side.

Thus muse I, long and often,
As the year draws near the end;
And my eyes with tear-drops soften,
As I think on a rough friend,
Worn with life's rough journey,
And waiting with quiet patience,
For the dawn of the heavenly morn.

MISCELLANY.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

It is a cold, dark, dreary, morning in the depth of winter; the keen north wind sweeps onward, and, as the pedestrians feel its sting they wrap their garments around them still closer, to protect them from the elements.— Though all is desolate without, yet to some within are sources of pleasures, and such is the case with old farmer Hardy, as he turns from the cheerless scene, and gazes upon the comforts of his own home. A large fire is burning in the old chimney place, whose glare lights up the faces of the portraits hanging upon the walls, and gives a glow to the ancient furniture in the room.

Farmer Hardy is a man well to do in the world.— Providence has blessed his crops, and his coffers are well filled with gold; and yet his heart is closed to the appeals of the poor. He is blessed with a lovely daughter—his only child, in whom is centered the whole of his affections.

She is indeed beautiful, and as she sits there in the old chamber, by the side of the roaring fire, one might fancy she was an "angel of light," wandering among the scenes of earth. Her heart is always open to the sufferings of the needy, and her hand always ready to assist their wants; and there is not one within range of the old farm house, but speaks the praise of Amelia Hardy.

The old farmer is gazing upon her graceful form with feelings of delight, as she sits by his side sewing, and, as he casts a momentary glance at the frost-clustered window panes, he rubs his hands as if exulting in his comforts, and exclaims:

"'Tis bitter cold, my child."

"Yes, indeed," replied the daughter, but we feel it not."

"No, thank God! He has given us all the comforts of life."

"Father," said the girl, "how miserable must those be who have no home, no fire, no friends."

The old man was about to reply perhaps, to give vent to some word of mere commiseration; but at that time a shadow passed the window and a knock was shortly heard at the door. The latter being opened, a man clothed in rags entered.

Misery stamped upon every feature of his face, and poverty could be seen in every fold of his tattered garments. Want showed its ghastly form in his dim and lustreless eyes. Starvation and its train of horrors were plainly perceptible in his feeble steps, emaciated form, and trembling voice.

If there was one thing that farmer Hardy detested above all others, it was to be annoyed by applications for assistance; it mattered not whether the suppliant was worthy or not.

The new comer shivered with the cold, for his clothing was too thin to protect him from the icy wind, and he gazed upon the fire with feelings of bitterness, for it recalled to him the desolation of his own time. He turned to the old farmer, who sat leaning back into a cushioned chair, and, in a tone of agony, thus entreated him:

The heart of Amelia was moved to compassion at the poor man's complaint, she regretted the refusal of her father. Rising, she said:

"Poor man, I think father, I have some small things which might be of service to him," and she was about to go in search of them when the old man exclaimed:

"Silence, girl! Be off, you vagabond—I never encourage beggars."

"I am no beggar, sir," said the shivering visitor. "I am not able to get work now, but when spring sets in, I shall obtain it, and until that time I must have aid or perish!"

"Leave my house! begone! begone!" was the reply.

The poor man departed with sorrow in his heart, to find a kinder soul than that of farmer Hardy.

"Father," said the daughter, after he had gone, "we have plenty, and why not assist the poor? That man is worthy of assistance and we might have aided him and never missed it."

"I will have no beggars encouraged at my house," was farmer Hardy's rejoinder. "If Jones is in want let him apply to the trustees of the almshouse."

Amelia did not answer. Her thoughts were wandering to the desolate home of the poor man, and her mind was engaged in forming plans for his relief.

Henry Jones was ill-fitted for the trade of a beggar and the pressing wants of his family alone urged them on. Leaving farmer Hardy's he once more braved cold and contempt; but all in vain. Weary and worn, he at last bent his steps homeward. The midnight tempest of despair was raging in his soul, and as he thought of his starving wife and children, tears of bitter agony coursed down his cheeks.

Amelia Hardy, in the meantime was not idle. The old farmer, after a moment's silence lighted his pipe, and was soon enveloped in a cloud of smoke. While thus engaged, his daughter stole softly from the room, to put in practical operation her plans of relief.

She had recognized the man who had applied to her father for assistance, and was deeply hurt at his refusal. Calling the servant, she loaded him with all the necessaries of life. A basket was filled with bread and meat, tea and sugar, together with some old clothes, and thus, with this burden, they proceeded on their journey. It was two long miles before she reached her destination, and the cold was most bitter. But what dared the noble girl? She was on an errand of mercy and the warmth of the fires of charity which glowed within her heart, spread its genial influence throughout her frame.

At last she reached the cottage of Henry Jones. But what a scene of misery met her eye—greater even than she anticipated! The walls were damp and bare, nothing but a bed of straw, and a broken table, made up of the furniture, and little hungry faces peeping from every corner. As Amelia gazed upon this scene of woe, she wept, and mingled her tears with those of the famished mother.

But a light breaks upon the scene of darkness—the "silver lining" is discerned beneath the black cloud which so long had hovered over them, and hope's bright rainbow spanned the dark heavens. Like an angel of mercy Amelia took the basket, and as she raised the lid, the children gathered around her, and smiles lit up the mother's face. Food was given to the hungry, and tea and sugar and other luxuries to the invalid. Soon a fire was kindled upon the hearth and as its flames rose upward, they reflected the beaming countenances of the now happy group. Overwhelmed with thanks, the kind messenger of help withdrew.

Long and anxiously Mrs Jones watched for the return of her husband, to welcome him back to the long unknown luxuries of a comfortable meal, and a warm fireside.— Night came at last, and the absent one entered. There was a strong gleam in his eye, and a wildness in his actions, but they saw it not. As he entered he gazed around him but he knew not what to make of the scene.

"How came this food and fire in our house?" he exclaimed.

"God sent one of his angels," was the reply.

"Who is it, that has done this?" he asked.

"Miss Hardy, the friend of the poor. All you see here we owe to her."

There were rejoicings in that house of poverty, and the prayers of two souls were wafted to the throne of God, for her whose noble heart scorned not the beggar, and who saw in the pale emaciated forms a personification of God's own image.

World to God that in this world of ours were more of these angels of earth, who fear no contumacious or disgrace in alleviating the stings of poverty.

AN ANGELIC "SLAVE-CATCHER."—In Genesis, 46th chapter, 9th verse, we read: "The angel of the Lord said: Return to thy mistress and submit to her bond."—Chicago Times.

Ah, yes; Abraham, Hagar's master, was a loyal man, and believed in the "enforcement of the laws. The Book of Exodus, on the other hand, tells us that Moses, the servant of the Lord, abducted over 600,000 slaves from an obdurate and stiff-necked old rebel, named Pharaoh, after he had polluted him with frogs, bit him with vermin, stung him with flies, covered him with boils, and pelted him with hail-stones; and when the old secessionist tried to chase them the Lord opened the Red Sea and told them to skedaddle.—Nashville Union.

Dr. South says "The tale bearer and the tale hearer should be hanged up both together—the former by the tongue, and the latter by the ear."

Where's Economy.

We do not see that the war and war-taxation have produced much economy in expenditures, in one direction, at least.—The ladies dress, if anything, a little more extravagantly than they did before. Silks have almost doubled in price. Dry goods generally have advanced from ten to fifty per cent.—But do ladies' dresses shrink in size proportionately? Not at all. They grow more voluminous. They expand. Crinolines spread out still more in its amplitude, and with that spread comes more and more yards of material for robes—robes of all kinds, common and exclusive. Is this economy? For our part, we think that the women of our country exert a very great influence over the habits of the nation. In the South, they almost sustain the Rebellion by their influence, against the Union, over their husbands, brothers, lovers, and sons. In the North, the patriotism of the fair sex might do more than it does in sustaining the cause of the Republic. But setting that view of the subject aside, the ladies ought to set an example of economy in war-times; for their example would do much to make economy universal; and unless economy become so, it is painful to think how many families will be utterly ruined by the time our civil war is terminated.

Now is the time, if a proper economy ever graced a people, for establishing such a system of retrenchment in private expenditure as, amid the pressure of these war-times, may be calculated to make a family's disbursements square with its receipts. And let us remember that there are thousands of families that would thus stretch were it not for pride. They are going down-hill, in a pecuniary sense, very rapidly. They feel it; they know it. Retrenchment would rescue them; but Pride says, "No." "What will Mrs. So-and-so say?" is the first exclamation. But, if Mrs. So-and-so would retrench, so would her neighbors; and Mrs. So-and-so is just as anxious to retrench, if others set the example. Then give us the example, ladies! Do it on the score of patriotism. Declaim against all kinds of private extravagance as a national evil during a war which demands of every loyal man every dollar he can afford to bestow on his country. Denounce eighteen and twenty yard dresses as a waste of means unjustifiable at such a crisis, and call on every woman to do her best by influence and action to render economy popular and prodigality odious. In this way the fair sex could indeed serve the Union. Will they do it? We hope so.—N. Y. Mercury.

Who can read the following without tears? We copy from the Press:

Several charitable ladies lately visited one of our military hospitals. Every refreshment that could be furnished, they supplied. Ice cream was handed round, and the poor invalids eagerly partook of it. In one corner of the room, however, the spoon and saucer had not been touched. On the bed, by the little table containing them, lay a young boy, his features pale, his eyelids drooping. A lady gently fanning his fair forehead, softly whispered, "The poor little fellow is asleep, we must not disturb him."

"No, ma'am, I'm not asleep," he answered. It was a silvery voice, full of sweetness, of innocence and boyhood.

"Well, my little fellow," continued the lady, as she nearer drew, "are you not fond of ice cream?"

"Very much so," he replied.

"Didn't you see me place this on your little table?" reaching for the plate of cream.

"Oh, yes," he answered, tremulously, but I shut my eyes and cried to myself."

"Cried, my child! why what made you cry, my dear?"

"Oh, madam! if you will pull the quilt down a little, you will see."

The lady did so and found that he had no arms! Both of them he had lost in battle.

Poor little fellow! the sympathy of silence and tears was all that could be bestowed upon his wounded spirit. The remembrance of his brother and sister, of father and mother, of childish frolics and playmates loved of yore, was awakened to soothe the fancy of the little sufferer, and to breathe his young brow with the still tender resignation to the will of God.

Who is Old?—A wise man will never rust out. As long as he can move, and breathe, he will do something for himself, his neighbor, or for posterity. Almost to the last hour of his life Washington was at work. So were Franklin, and Young, and Newton. The vigor of their lives never decayed. No rust marred their spirits. It is a foolish idea to suppose that we must take and lie down and die because we are old. Who is old? Not the man of energy; not the day-laborer in science, art, or benevolence; but he only who suffers his energies to waste away and the springs of life to become motionless; on whose hands the hours drag heavily, to whom all things wear the garb of gloom.

RAPIDITY OF THOUGHT.—We have in dreams so true perception of the lapse of time. The relation of space as well as of time are annihilated, so that while at most an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is traversed more swiftly than by real thoughts. A gentleman dreams that he has called, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last led out for execution. After all the usual preparations, a gun was fired, he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in the adjoining room had at the same moment produced the dream and awakened him.

Second thoughts are best; man was God's first thought; women his second.

The trout loses his life for a worm; many men lose theirs for less.

A WORD OF CHEER.

You are not Fatherless,
The 'old' death hath bereft ye;
Nor yet are ye Friendless,
'Who' loved ones have left ye.
In this wilderness world,
There's a Beacon alight;
For those who are whittled,
Through sorrow's dark night.

There's a Father in heaven,
Ever looking below,
On the specks which are driven,
O'er the Ocean of Woe.
There's Hope for the stricken,
For the good there is Love,
Though sorrow clouds thicken,
There is light up above.

Then pause not in sorrow,
Shed no tears for the past;
The sun of to-morrow,
Will cheer you at last.
The love which is given,
By the Father of all,
Is as true as the heavens,
Which never can fall.

One of our readers in Ohio writes to the Drawer to relate an incident that happened Down East:

"A good old lady who lived in one of the rural districts of Maine, and who had never seen much of town life, was prevailed upon on one occasion to pay a visit to a relative who lived in a distant inland town of some importance. When Sunday came round the lady accompanied her friends to church, where her simple notions were shocked at the wonderful display of what she called worldliness and pride.

The minister himself did not escape her criticism. In the midst of the sermon, and while the old lady was cogitating upon things around her, a mischievous crow that had been tamed and taught to speak, flew in at one of the open windows, and alighting upon the back of a seat in front of one of the deacons, looked that functionary full in the face, and exclaimed, in a clear, audible voice that sent a thrill of horror to the heart of the old lady, 'Curse you curse you!'

And before the deacon could capture the fugitive it flew to another prominent member of the church. The minister stopped, and the congregation became disturbed. Every body was anxious to see the intruder captured and expelled from the place, and many were the fruitless grabs made for the crow's legs; but he eluded them all, and round and round he went, uttering his imprecations. At last he came across our old lady, and she too shared the crow's ominous imprecations. The old lady rose up from her seat preparatory to its evagation, and confronting her black adversary with flashing eyes and uplifted fingers, exclaimed, in a sharp, shrill voice that startled the audience, 'Oh ye needn't curse me, for I don't belong to this congregation!' and left the place in deep disgust.—Harper's Magazine.

A QUESTION IN MATHEMATICS.—A young man from the vicinity of Mauch Chunk, was before Alderman Beiler, on Saturday afternoon. His name is Henry Schneider. The complaint was a young lady, named Mary Trace. Miss Trace says that Mr. Schneider induced her to leave the path of rectitude "in a one horse wagon." Miss Trace offered to "make up" providing she could cease to be Trace and become a Schneider. Mr. Schneider said there was but one objection to this—he had a wife already. Mr. Schneider ultimately compromised matters with the lady by handing over \$150 in cash, and an order for \$30 worth of groceries, to support an infant one year old. The question now is, if a small Trace costs \$180, what would it cost Mr. Schneider for a whole set of harness?—North American.

A HAPPY WOMAN.—Is she not the very sparkle and sunshine of life? A woman who is happy because she can't help it—whose smiles even the coldest sprinkle of misfortune cannot dampen. Men make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty, for talents, or for style. The sweetest wives are those who possess the magic secret of being contented under any circumstances. Rich or poor, high or low, it makes no difference; the bright little fountain of joy bubbles up just as musically in their hearts. Do they live in a log cabin, the fire that leaps up just as humbly becomes brighter than the gilded chandeliers in an Aladdin palace.—Were the steam of life so dark and unpropitious that the sunshine of a happy face falling on the turbid tide would not awaken an answering gleam. Why, these joyous tempered people don't know half the good they do.

NUMBER OF SEEDS IN A BUSHEL.—Timothy seed numbers 41,828,300 grains to the bushel, and if sown on an acre of ground, as recommended by some, would give about six and one-half to the square inch. Would not one be better than six? Clover, of medium size, what we here call Eastern clover, numbers about 17,400,900 to the bushel, and gives about two and three-fourth to the square inch on an acre. Rio Grande wheat, fair and plump, numbers about 558,880 to the bushel, and gives about twelve and three-fourths to the square foot. Rye numbers 898,880, and gives about twenty and one-half to the foot.

The smallest baby in the world, perhaps, is now at Barnum's Museum, to be entered in the baby show. The little fellow is eight months old, and weighs one pound and seven ounces—one ounce less than he weighed when he was one month old. The child is well formed and quite healthy, but its hand and arm up to the elbow, and its foot and leg up to the knee can be passed through a man's finger ring. The child is accompanied by its father and mother, and their daughter, a fine looking girl of eight years. The prize for the smallest baby is \$1,000.

Losses drive good people to their prayers.—bad ones to their curses.

Conscientious Scruples.

The following is the form of the oath administered and the questions propounded, when exemption from military duty is claimed on the plea of conscientious scruples:

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA,
County, SS,
Before me, Commissioner to Superintend Drafting for said county, personally appeared _____ who being duly sworn did depose and say, that he had conscientious scruples to bear arms, believes it unlawful to do so, whether in self defence or in defence of his country, or otherwise howsoever; that the scruples and belief above stated, have not been formed lightly but carefully, deliberately and conscientiously, and are now declared and professed not for the purpose of evading the military service of his country in the present exigency, but because he solemnly and religiously holds and maintains them, and in his conscience believes that it is his bounden duty to act in accordance with them on all occasions, and under all circumstances.

'Would you take up arms in defence of your own life or the lives of your wife and children?'

Answer, 'No.'

'Would you stand by and see your wife and children murdered without taking up arms to defend them?'

Answer, 'Yes.'

'Would you stand by and see your father and mother murdered without taking up arms to defend them, if in so doing you could prevent it?'

Answer, 'Yes.'

'Would you allow your property to be taken from you if you could prevent it, and if in so doing you could prevent it without imperiling your life and limb?'

Answer, 'Yes.'

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Answer, 'Yes.'

TIT FOR TAT.—All old settlers remember Mr. G., who filled the office of postmaster at Onango during the administration of Jackson and Van Buren. One morning an Irishman called at the general delivery.

"Any letter for Dennis Driscoll?"

A search in the D box ensued, and a letter bearing the desired inscription was there found.

"Foreign," said Mr. H., "twenty-four cents postage to pay."

"Sure, and I can't read; will yer honor read it for me?" said Dennis.

The obliging postmaster, after Dennis had unsealed the letter, complied with the request and read it from date to signature.

"Sure it's not for me," groaned Dennis, walking off without it.

Mr. H. began to think himself the victim of a sell. There was no help for it at that time, and there the matter rested.

Some time afterward Dennis again presented himself at the general delivery and gave his name.

"Foreign," said Mr. H., "twenty-four cents postage."

"Will yer honor read it for me; sure, I can't read."

The wide awake postmaster had a reasonable excuse ready for not complying, taking care, however not to give offence, and retaining the letter in his possession until Dennis paid the postage.

As soon as the Irishman handed over the money, Mr. H. gave him the same letter that had been read on the former occasion. The transaction was thus closed without detriment to the revenue.

Muggins was passing up the street with a friend, when he observed a dog that had been killed lying in the gutter. Muggins paused, gazed intently on the defunct animal, and at last said, "There is another shipwreck!"

"Shipwreck?—?" "There is a bark that's lost forever." His companion growled and passed on.

'Tis said that in Denmark carriage horses are taught to step high by the substitution of magnifying glasses for blinkers.—They mistake every pebble for a boulder, and lift their legs accordingly. Who says so?

The road ambition travels is too narrow for friendship, too crooked for love, too rugged for honesty, and too dark for science.

The man lacks moral courage who treats, when he should retreat.

A Crooked Nose is bad, for every man follows his nose.

Put the strongest minded woman in a bonnet shop, and it will immediately turn her head.

The Southern Confederacy has a good stealer.—Floyd—but we have a tremendous Hooker who can take him without trouble.

The sick man, who pays a fee to the Doctor, is often paying for a box-ticket.

There's no use in your taking a lazy man to task. He won't perform it if you do.

If a woman does keep a secret, it is pretty sure to be with telling effect.

Whatever is made or done with the intention of answering two purposes, will as a general rule, answer neither of them well.

Most places of entertainment are supported simply because they give us something to do and something to say.

If you make a thing perfectly plain and simple to a man, he will give you no credit—ho will think he knew it before.

'You a dentist, Bob? I did not know you were in that trade.'

'Yes,' said Bob. 'I follow no other business but setting teeth—in beef, potatoes and such like.'

A Cleveland paper says that the people of that town are using mouse-traps, old jack knives and shirt-buttons for small change.

Some people's heart are shrunk in them like nuts; you can hear them rattle as they walk.

To form an estimate of the beauty of a bonnet, put a face in it.

When did Rosecrans make the rebels sneeze? When they came to the Hatch-ee.

A young man who was too modest to go to bed by a 'petticoat lamp,' has been caught in the skirts of the city.

A Western Girl, after giving her lover a hasty smack, exclaimed: "Dog my cats, if you haven't taken a little rye, old boss."

None had been so good, or so great, or have raised themselves so high as to be above trouble. Our Lord was 'a man of sorrows.'

Death is the only master who takes his servants without inquiring into their previous character.

By preparing for the worst we often secure the best.

Why is a man dead drunk like a piece of field artillery ready for action? Because he's all limbered up.

A man with a scolding wife, when inquired of respecting his occupation, said he kept a hot-house.

Lowell has over nineteen miles of girls on his side.

'Who's been measuring 'em 'ndwise?'

John says he does not know which he would rather feel, the breath of spring or the breath of a pretty girl? It is a puzzle.