

Waynesboro' Village Record.

By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics and Religion.

One Dollar Per Year.

VOLUME XVI.

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 28, 1862.

NUMBER 95.

CHEAP GOODS!

COME AND SEE

THE

LARGE STOCK

AT

W. H. BROTHERTON'S.

His customers and the public generally are invited to call and examine for themselves.

HIS GOODS

HIS GOODS ARE OF THE BEST QUALITY.

LOOK

TO YOUR INTEREST

BY EXAMINING MY STOCK!

A LARGE LOT OF

HARDWARE, CUTLERY,

Cedarware,

IRON AND STEEL,

STOVES.

SHOE FINDINGS,

OILS, PAINTS AND GLASS—OIL CLOTHS

HOLLOW WARE, &C.

My stock is large and complete and at prices that will defy competition. November 7, 1862.

ANOTHER ARRIVAL

AT THE

"VARIETY STORE."

J. BEAVER announces to his customers and the public, that he has just returned from the Eastern market with another fine assortment of new goods, consisting of Fall and Winter Hats and Caps, (all sizes and styles), Boots and Shoes for men and boys, with a complete assortment of shoe for ladies wear; Cloaks, Trunks, Bags, Tobacco, and all articles usually kept in a first-class variety store. The public are cordially invited to call and examine his new stock. N. B. Boots and shoes manufactured to order, when desired, at reasonable rates and upon short notice. (Oct. 24, '62.)

Oysters! Oysters!!

THE undersigned informs the public that he has opened a Restaurant in the basement of F. G. Smith's block, which has been handsomely fitted up and is prepared to furnish Oysters, Ale, Burgers, Steaks, Cakes, and all articles usually kept in a first-class Restaurant. Every article is prepared in all things will be of the best quality. The public are invited to call and examine his new stock. (Nov. 28, 1862.)

POETICAL.



THE AUTUMN WINDS.

The autumn winds!
I hear their sigh,
As the soft gust
Is hurried by,
And my heart is filled
With a nameless gloom,
As they summon the beautiful
To the tomb.

The autumn winds!
They speak to me
Of the faded rose
And the leafless tree,
Of the voice of birds
That once was heard,
Of light and love
From existence gone.

They speak to me
Of the mournful past,
Of a smile that seemed
Too bright to last;
Of a soul too pure
On earth to stay,
That passed with the autumn
Winds away.

And yet I love
Their plaintive sigh,
Although they speak
Of the things that die;
For they seem to land
Beyond the tomb,
To a realm of bright
Immortal bloom.

BRIEF.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

Infancy! a blushing spring,
Violent-strewn, and blossoming,
April's sunshine, April's rain,
April ne'er to come again.

Boyhood! sun-kissed summer hours,
Fragrant with a thousand flowers,
Smiling 'neath a tearless sky,
Chasing life's bright butterfly!

Manhood! in autumnal suit,
Rich in russet golden fruit,
God stamped, noble, tender, true,
Harvest of preceding two.

Age! a silvery winter scene,
Blessing joy-dreams that have been,
White with hoar-frost, angle-given,
Last and nearest step to heaven!

MISCELLANY.

Lessons from History--Secession

At the death of Solomon, Rehoboam succeeded, and certain ambitious persons availed themselves of the opportunity to foster discontent and strife. They anticipated trouble and oppression, and stirred up the tribes to rebellion. Not receiving a satisfactory answer from the king, they cried out, "What portion have we in David? To your tents, O Israel! Now see to thine own house, David!" So Israel departed to their tents; that is appealed to the sword. Under advice of a prophet, Rehoboam, after gathering an army, determined "to let them alone," and the new confederacy of kingdom was established. Now mark the result.

First.—For two hundred years there was almost uninterrupted war between Judah and Israel. Foreign nations were invited to take part, all the usual complications of rights and interests were created, and war, of the most destructive kind, was the daily life of the people for two centuries. At the end of that time Israel was subjugated by Assyria, and her people taken into captivity.

Second result.—The seceding tribes were not only utterly ruined, but at last their national existence was destroyed. They are now known as "the lost tribes of Israel," for they were blotted from the earth, and their territory was colonized by their destroyers. Having renounced the inheritance of their fathers, there was no further use for them in history.

The remaining tribe, loyal to their King and faithful to the law of Moses, became the nation, and through all the vicissitudes of the past has continued as the nation of the Jews (Judah) and has been the only means by which the name of Israel is kept from perishing.

So much for secession, when let alone, and such are its legitimate consequences. A like history will belong to us, if the Southern Confederacy succeeds, and a like destruction to the slaves States. A "seven years' war" would be better than that, and the more active it is prosecuted the better for all parties it will be. A parietal war like the present cannot be compromised, nor settled by soft words. Nothing but downright earnestness will avail to save us from a future of untold suffering.

Here is a gem from Longfellow—"Alas! it is not till time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the book of human life to light the fires of passion with the leaves which remain are few in number, faintly at first, and then more clearly, that upon the earlier pages of that book was written the story of happy innocence, which he would fain read again." Then comes listless irresolution, and the inevitable inaction of despair, or else the firm resolve to record upon the leaves that still remain a more noble history than the child's story with which the book began.

Let every man avoid all sort of gambling, as he would poison. A poor man or boy should not allow himself to lose up a half penny for this is often the beginning of a habit of gambling, this ruinous crime comes on by slow degrees. While a man's mind is not working he is playing the best game, and he is sure to win. A gambler never makes good use of his money, even if he should win.

A Truthful Passage.

We copy the following beautiful passage from the speech delivered by Hon. Charles Gibbons, at the National Union meeting held in Philadelphia, on the evening of the 9th inst.

This is a war on our part for the poor man, because it is a war the maintenance of the only government of earth that freely opens to him and his children the way to prosperity and honorable distinction. The school house is free. Conscience is free. Every business avenue is free. He finds no gate to exclude him from any of the high roads to fortune or fame. The doors of every profession open to his summons, and his children are welcomed at every portal. No privilege is denied that is accorded to the rich; no restraint imposed upon him from which others are exempt. It is here, under the protection of a government now beset by armies in the South and armies in the North who try to conceal their hostility under the broad mantle of Democracy, that every poor man may raise, if he will, to the full stature of his manhood, and a man among men, a sovereign among sovereigns, breathing the invigorating air of liberty, may lead his children forth, free as the fabled eaglets of the mountains, to try the strength of their pinions, upward, and still upward in the pure atmosphere of a Republic. The career of President Lincoln illustrates the argument. Beginning life as a poor friendless boy—as poor and friendless as this ragged little boy who stands before me; in early manhood a laborer in the fields by day, and a student at night by the dim light of a tallow candle; then a respected member of an honorable profession; next a faithful representative in Congress, and now in the highest station on earth—the President of the United States of America. If a poor man would find a better friend than such a government as this, I am sure he must seek him in another and higher sphere than any within the dominions of mankind. And he would find a worse enemy than the party demagogue who seeks to divert him from his loyalty by stirring up evil passions and criminal prejudices against the friends of universal liberty, who freely offer their property and lives for the defence of the government, he must seek him, not on earth but in the lowest depths of hell. He must drag up from the bottom of the burning pit like him who first made

"Impious war in Heaven,
Against the throne and majesty of God!"

Panic Mongers.

There is not much in the aspect of the times to encourage enterprise; yet shall we succumb, and fold our hands, and lazily and impudently cry to Providence to help us? Providence helps those who help themselves—none other. It stirs our very marrow when we see men frightened out of propriety because trouble is in the land—when we see them sit down in idiotic helplessness, without the nerve to struggle and make the best of untoward circumstances. Pretty talks these are to live in an age that calls for men—strong men—men of sense and men of heart—men who are not afraid to set sail when the strong winds blow, and ride gloriously on the white-cap waves. These timorous souls crawl fearfully about like frightened horses, ready to pop into a whole at any noise. Oh no! they cannot do anything—cannot venture aught unless they endanger what fell of itself into their palms on a sunny morning. They are creakers, the prognosticators of disaster, the panic-stricken stragglers by the way, who seek to justify their own cowardice by magnifying reports of evil. One of these cowardly kind sees a flea on his eyelash, and, imagining it to be an elephant, he flies shrieking away, and is followed by a crowd as noisy and as craven as himself, till the welkin cracks and ruin and confusion rule the hour. Were we dictators, we would give them Fort Lafayette without the benefit of a habeas corpus. The bitterest rebel is not so destructive to the interests of the community, nor does he do as much to unsettle the foundation of society, as the panic-monger. Let him be tabooed.—*Typographic Advertiser.*

Weeds and Flowers.

Vice grows rapidly, but virtue is a plant of tardy production. The virtues are in fact, the flowers more or less beautiful which grow in the moral garden of the heart; but the vices are the weeds which owing to man's innate depravity, spring up spontaneously, and if not suppressed or controlled, soon leave their nobler rivals no room to exist in the same vicinity. "Why," said a little girl once, "do the weeds outgrow the flowers?" And what was the response?—"Because the soil is the mother of weeds and only the step-mother of flowers." A pretty idea was this, indeed. And considering that

"In Adam's fall
We sinned all."

it may also be said that the soil of the human heart is the mother of the vicious and the step-mother only of the virtuous impulses. The latter must enjoy exterior care and culture to flourish, under such circumstances; but how luxuriantly their evil qualities crop out, of themselves, and overshadow all better productions! There is both truth and poetry, unfortunately, in this notion, let us remember.

Boys, Do YOU HEAR THAT?—The young ladies say that the young men must make good use of their time now and consider themselves of great consequence, for when the war is over and the brave soldier boy returns to his home, they intend to have soldier beans. They think the defenders of the country will make the best defenders of the fair. Some of the ladies say that those men who are so conscientious as to take the oath not to defend their country, would not defend their wives if attacked, and therefore will not have anything to do with them.

Lost Children.

The following beautiful sentiment, in regard to the future condition of children, is from the pen of Henry Ward Beecher: "When God gives me a babe, I say, 'I thank God for this lamp—let it be a family.' And when after it has been a light in my household two or three years, it pleases God to take it away, I can take the cup, bitter or sweet; I can say, 'My light has gone out; my heart is sapped; my hopes are desolated; my child is lost—my child is lost!' Or, I can say, in the spirit of Job: 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' It pleased God to take five children from me, but I never lost one, and never shall. When I have a child Christ covets, with a divine coveting, and he says to me, in words of tenderness, 'Will you not give me the child, and let me take care of it, instead of yourself?' My flesh may remonstrate with my heart, says, 'Lord, take it and adopt it.' I have lived long enough since the taking away of my children to find that it is better as it is, than that they should have remained with me. I have seen a great many cases and troubles for a person of my years, but I bear witness that God has put no trial upon me which has not been good for me to endure.

As believers in Christianity, which reveals God as our Father, and heaven as our eternal home, it is our privilege to feel that, when our children are taken away from us, they are not lost to us, but only pass on before us to that spirit world, to become angelic beings around the burning throne of God and the Lamb. Jesus declared that of such is the kingdom of heaven. They have gone from us, to live with the crowned immortals, to be watched for and cared for by the angels of light; and we doubt not that they will be the first to welcome us to the shining courts on high."

England and her Future Recon- struction.

The rebellion is now rapidly drawing to a close, and before many months we shall once more have a united and powerful country. All our internal divisions being set aside, we shall be able to call upon our enemies for a settlement of their accounts. The case of England must be first attended to. France which is always watching for an opportunity to bounce upon and demolish her ancient enemy, will be too glad to take a hand with us in the game of taming this savage and relentless old lion; the Third Napoleon may be able to accomplish all that the first desired but could not achieve. With the united iron navies of France and America, the whole empire of Great Britain would lie at our mercy, and could be battered to pieces with scarcely a chance of defence. England knows and fears this, and, therefore, is doing every thing in her power to destroy our prosperity. But we will be even with her yet; and if the present Emperor of the French be as acute as he is admitted to be, he will not lose so excellent an opportunity to perpetrate, solidify, and secure his own dynasty, and to wipe out the memories of those ancient outrages which England has so freely heaped upon the gallant people of France.—*New York Herald.*

The Inequality of Strength.

One very often hears expressions of astonishment that the "twenty millions of the North should not be able to whip the six or eight millions of the South in a very short time." The intimation embraced in the statement is an unfair one. In the first place the four millions of slaves in the South, who under our policy of non-interference with slavery, have been among the most efficient of the Southern forces in keeping up the rebellion, are not taken into account. In the second place the great numbers in the North who do all in their power, short of taking up arms, to help the rebels, are not taken into consideration; and in the third place, England, which is doing all it can in an underhanded way to divide the Union and destroy the Government, is not credited to the traitor side. So the inequality is not so great as appears at the first glance. On the one side are the loyal people of the North backed alone by the righteousness of their cause; on the other side are the active Southern traitor with the forced aid of their four millions of slaves, and backed by their thousands of sympathizers in the North and their millions of well-wishers among the aristocracies of Europe.

ACTS OF KINDNESS.—Kindness makes sunshine wherever it goes—it finds its way to the hidden treasures of the heart, and brings forth treasures of gold; hardness, on the contrary, seals them forever. What does kindness do at home? It makes the mother's lullaby sweeter than the song of the lark, the care-laden brows of the father and the man of business less severe in their expression; and the children joyous without being riotous. Aboard it assists the fallen, encourages the virtuous, and looks with true charity on the extremely unfortunate—those in the broad way, who perhaps have never been taught that the narrow path was the best, or had turned from it at solicitation or temptation.

Kindness is the real law of life, the link that connects earth with Heaven, the true philosopher's stone, for all it touches it turns to virgin gold—the true gold where with we purchase contentment, peace and love.

Apples are so plenty in Western New York that they can be bought at fifty cents a barrel. Potatoes show no symptoms of disease, and the best ones are sold for a dollar a barrel, including packages. One farmer has an orchard of choice grafted fruit, and offered the whole of his crop of apples at twelve and a half cents per bushel, the purchaser to gather the fruit and select only such as he wanted and could sell.

Better the child weep than the father.

Significance of a Wink.

Smith, the auctioneer, is a popular man, a wit, and a gentleman. No person is afforded at what he says, and many a hearty laugh has been provoked by his humorous sayings. He was recently engaged in a sale of valuable household furniture and "fixings." He had just got to "Going, going, and a half, a half going," when he saw a smiling countenance upon agricultural shoulders, wink at him. A wink is always as good as a nod to a blind horse or to a keen sighted auctioneer; so Smith winked, and the man winked, and they kept winking, and Smith kept "Going, going!" with a lot of glassware, stove pipes, carpets, pots, and perfumery, and finally this lot was knocked down. "To—whom?" said Smith, gazing at the smiling stranger. "Who? Golly!" said the stranger. "I don't know who." "Why, you, sir!" said Smith. "Who?—me?" "Yes—you bid on the lot," said Smith. "Me—hang me if I did," insisted the stranger. "Why, did you not wink, and kept winking?" "Winking! Well, I did, and so did you at me. I thought you were winking as much as to say, 'Keep dark, I'll stick somebody into that lot of stuff,' and I winked as much as to say, 'I'll be hanged if you don't mister.'"

Please Stop My Paper.

"I am going to stop my paper," said a miserly subscriber to one of his neighbors. "I cannot afford to take it." "How much does it cost you a year?" asked the neighbor. "One dollar and a half," was the reply. "And can't you afford one dollar and a half a year? Think of it; only one dollar and fifty cents a year! A year is a long time. Perhaps you have only a few such to spend here on earth. A year! a whole year! And what do you get for your money?—giving you the news of the week and a large amount of miscellaneous reading—philosophical, grave and humorous—and can't you afford one dollar and a half for such a paper a whole year?" "Well, I do declare, neighbor, you talk like an experienced man. I never thought of it in just that light before; it is only one dollar and a half a year, and yet the paper comes to me every week, and I love to read it; I always see something in it that is interesting to me. And moreover, on second thought, I perceive after all, that a good newspaper is about the cheapest thing a man has. He gets more reading for his money than in any other way."

Spanish Proverbs.

Don't speak of the year 'till it is over. Water that has run by will turn no mill. Rising early does not make daylight come sooner. Let an idle man buy a ship or edit a paper. Marriage was designed by God to be the happiest mode of living. The swallow is fled, the opportunity is gone. He who would live long must grow old easy. Sinning wishes—what God does not wish. A man in debt is stoned every year. A leap over a ditch is better than another man's prayer. Your rising early does not make the sun rise. Poverty is often a brand of knavery. Memory runs from a man like a (Missouri) slave from a master. He who builds turns gold to dust; but he who buys land (especially at this period,) turns dust to gold.

SMART.—A gentleman, the evening, was seated near a lovely woman, with the company around him were proposing quadrants to each other. Turning to his companion he said: "Why is a lady unlike a mirror?" "She gave it up." "Because," said the rude fellow, "a mirror reflects without speaking, a lady speaks without reflecting." "And why are you unlike a mirror?" asked the lady. He could not tell; "Because a mirror is smooth and polished, and you are rough and unpolished." The gentleman owned that there was one lady who did not speak without both reflecting and casting reflections.

TROUBLED WITH HUMOR.—An applicant for exemption on account of physical debility, informed the examining physician that he was troubled with heart disease. The doctor told him to run up and down the stairs leading to his office once or twice. The applicant did this; when the physician after listening to the workings of the heart, said: "You will pass, sir; a dollar if you please." "But doctor, let me run down stairs once more, and then try me." "The doctor assented; the man ran down stairs—and forgot to come back."

CURIOSITIES.—The chair in which the sun sets. A garment for the naked eye. The human flesh breaks up the meeting. Buckles to fasten a laughing stock. The animal that drew the inferno. Eggs from a nest of thieves. A bucket of water from All's Well. The chap who looked destiny in the face was put out of countenance. We clap flies in fetters, and then call it virtue.

HUMOROUS.

When is a lover like a tailor? When he presses his suit.

If you wish to dispense with butter, take a sweet, plump damsel to wife, and you can relish your crust and coffee at breakfast without any but her.

Why is crinoline like an obstinate man? Because it often stands out about trifles.

Why does a dog wag his tail when he is pleased? Because he has a tail to wag.

What queer things men will make for money! as an old woman said when she saw a monkey.

Dr. Abernethy used to tell his pupils that all human diseases sprang from two causes—stiffing and fretting.

Dr. Bell recommends, by way of prevention against taking cold, that persons going out of a heated room keep their mouths shut. The caution may be very wise and judicious, but what are the ladies to do.

When is a ship like an apprentice? When he is bound out.

When your wife is silent, hold the baby for her. Perhaps it is as much as she can do to hold her tongue.

A doctor's instruction for putting on a coat were: "First do right arm, then do left, and den gib one general consolation."

Why is the letter L in the word military like the nose? Because it stands between two 'i's.

Why is a man's coat larger when he pulls it out of a carpet bag? Because he finds it in creases.

Bread is the staff of life and liquor the stilts—the former sustaining a man, and the latter elevating him for a fall.

What disease do readers often get on a hot day? A drop sickle affection.

A little girl, observing a goose with a yoke on, exclaimed: "Why, us, there is a goose got outspoon on. It walks like sister Sally."

A physician had a brother who was a jeweler, but the jeweler had no brother who was a physician; how was that? Kase the physician was a female.

When is Congress like a hen? When it's sitting, to be sure!

Justice—Sending a starving child to the House of Correction for stealing a loaf of bread, and marrying your daughter to an accomplished rogue who has swindled the community out of half a million.

Old Gent.—Why don't you go to work and stop picking your nose? Boy.—It's my nose, ain't it? and it's Fourth of July too. I'll pick thunder out of it, if I've a mind too.

Under a long dress you have a perfect right to suspect there lies hid a large foot.

A Mr. Story recently had two stories added to his house in one day—that is his wife gave birth to twins.

"What object do you see?" asked the doctor. The young man hesitated for a few moments, and then replied, "It appears like a jackass, doctor, but I rather think it is your shadow."

An Irishman's opinion of a Yankee.—Bedad, if he had just away on a desolate island, he'd get up the next morning and round sell maps to the inhabitants.

WELL KNOWN.—Union township, Toga Co., Pa., gave Coffman and Ross each 15 votes—"Wother fellows" says—*Leedsbury Star.*

"Caught in her own net," as the man said when he saw one of the fair sex hitched in her crinoline.

"What's best to prevent old maids from despairing?" "Praying."

Mrs. Stanton says that "what men can do, women can do." She should have added—with the single exception of straddling a fence gracefully.

Why is a fool's speech like a poor man's pocket? Because it wants sense, (cents.)

Why are large rivers like trees? Because they have branches.

Ask a woman to a tea party in the garden of Eden, and she'd be sure to draw up her eyelids and scream, "I can't go without a new dress."

One day Harry came limping into the house and on being asked what was the matter, said: "O! I've got the headache in my big toe."

An instantaneous method of producing vinegar—Praise our young lady to another.

Friend Malaby, I am pleased that thee has got such a fine organ in the church. "But," said the clergyman, "I thought you were strongly opposed to having an organ in a church." "So I am," said Friend Obedi-ah; "but then, if thee will worship the Lord by machinery, I would like thee to have a first-rate instrument."

A lady says the first time she was kissed she felt like a big tub of roses awabbering in honey, bologna, putnege, and cranberries. She also felt as if something was running through her senses on foot of diamonds, escorted by several little Cupids in chains drawn by angels, shaded by honey-suckle leaves, and the whole spread with melted snow.