

Waynesboro' Village Record.

By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics and Religion.

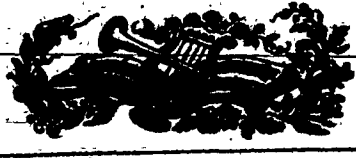
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WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 26, 1862.

NUMBER 89.

POETICAL.



GOD BLESS THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

God bless the little children,
We meet them everywhere,
We hear their voices round our hearts,
Their footsteps on our stairs,
Their kindly hands are smiling o'er
With mirthfulness and cheer,
God bless the little children,
Wherever they may be.

We meet them 'neath the ruddy tent,
With vantage from the plain,
And eyes that sparkle as they glance
With roguery and fun;
We find them fishing in the brook
For minnows with a pin,
Or creeping through the hazel bush
The linnet's nest to win.

We meet them in the lordly hall,
Their stately father's pride,
We meet them in the poor man's cot—
He hath no wealth beside,
Along the city's crowded street
They hunt the hoop or ball;
We find them 'neath the pauper's roof—
The saddest sight of all.

For there they win no father's love,
No mother's tender care;
Their only friend the God above
Who hears the orphan's prayer.
But dressed in silk or draped in rage,
In childish grief or gleeful play,
God bless the little children,
Wherever they may be.

GENERAL HYMN.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
'Tis like the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last.

And now, above the dews of night,
The yellow star appears;
So faith springs in the hearts of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore,
And eyelids that are sealed in death
Shall wake to close no more.

MISCELLANY.

Try the Unruly Boy Again.

Will you let your son attend Sunday-school 'morn'?" said a Sunday-school teacher to a mother who did not cherish the fear of God in her heart.

"I don't care if he does, for I am glad to get him out of the house, especially on Sundays. He is an unruly fellow, and if you can manage him I shall be glad, for I'm sure I can't."

With this ungracious condemnation from his mother, the teacher took the boy. But the good man soon found that this boy was more than he could manage. Though only ten years old, he soon became the plague of the class and the Arab of the whole school. He was brimful of antics. Now he would pinch a little fellow near him till he screamed, and when charged with the offense stoutly deny it with a face as grave and solemn as penitence. By and by when the teacher's heart was most earnest and his appeals most tender, this boy would make a grimace so overpoweringly ludicrous as to set the whole class in a roar of laughter. Vainly did the teacher rebuke and entreat. Wickedness and mischief wore his delight, and he would not be restrained.

Finding him so incurably disobedient, the teacher had him turned out of school. But when the deed was done he reflected: "I have turned that boy out of school. Into what have I turned him? The streets.—To the care of a mother who has no control over him whatever. What will become of him? He will certainly be ruined. I cannot give him up. I will try him again."

Once more, then, the boy was taken into that teacher's class. But he had been by no means improved by his expulsion. He was as reckless, troublesome, ungovernable as before. No school could tolerate such a pupil.

What more could the teacher do? He tried a new measure. He took the little rebel after school into a class-room, and begged him to kneel by his side. The boy knooled. The teacher prayed until the heart of the boy was touched. Then the teacher arose, and taking the hand of his pupil, told him how Jesus loved his soul and died to save it. Then the boy's heart melted. The tears poured down his cheeks, and between the intervals of his own sobs and his teacher's remarks, he said:

"I never knew this before; I never thought of that before; I never thought any one loved me; I never thought that it was wicked, and that Jesus saw me."

That precious half hour of prayer and personal instruction did the work. The young rebel was subdued. His heart was won for Christ. Henceforth he became a quiet, industrious, faithful scholar. The seeds of a strong, healthy piety grew apace within him.

Years rolled around, and that wild boy became an upright man, an office-bearer in the church, a Christian sailor. He is now mate of a large merchant vessel, a distributor of tracts, Bibles and religious books; the supporter of his mother and family, and the sworn friend of his former teacher. In a word, all that surplus vitality which, when guided by his self-will and fancy, made him so intractable, is now turned into channels of Christian activity, and he is as earnest for Christ as he was formerly for Satan.

What if that teacher had not tried that way again? As all probability he would have been hanged. Trying again—that half hour of personal effort especially—saved him. If the teacher had kept the boy out of school, it would have been the success of the teacher with this unruly rebel: will in-

duce him to try again. Yes, brother teacher, try the intractable little fellow again.—*S. S. Teacher's Journal.*

The Task Completed.

The mother's work is never done, unless Gen takes it from her by a special providence, until her children are old enough to stand and to act for themselves on the stage of mature life. From the youngest she must work, work, work, watch, watch, by day and by night, week in and week out, for months and years, following each other in long succession. We speak not of maternal work, of the labor of the hands to supply the wants of the physical nature; the answering of, "What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewith shall we be clothed?" Money can accomplish all this if we have it, and if not, we will not sigh, nor fret, nor covet; for the heart-work, the solicitude of a good mother for a virtuous and honorable character in her children, walks forth with a bolder, steadier step by the side of frugality and daily labor, than it is apt to do if separated from them.

It is a well known fact that almost all the true greatness, the noble virtues, the heroism which the world has seen, have arisen from the lap of obscurity, poverty and toil. But the work to which we now refer is that which every mother, whether rich or poor, whatever the advantages or disadvantages of her circumstances may be, is required by the most sacred and rigid obligations to achieve—the assiduous cultivation of the inner nature, of that which makes the true man or woman, that which live forever and ever. For this she must be always at her post, with never so much as a recess from her maternal care and solicitude, toiling on, breaking up the ground, sowing the seed, training the tender plant, enriching the soil, watering, nourishing, stimulating every good and pleasant growth, until the flowers begin to bloom and the fruit to ripen. Then comes a heyday of enjoyment, of rest and comfort to the mother, in the golden Autumn of her life, when, surrounded by a group of affectionate, dutiful, virtuous, and noble sons and daughters, she sits among them in beautiful repose, her face radiant in the glow of her own heart's ever burning love, and the smile of Heaven as a halo of light about her head—a spectacle to be admired and envied of all. But this season of comfort, this "Indian Summer" of maternal life, never, never comes to those who evade their responsibilities, forsake their trust, and leave their work for others to do, for the sake of personal ease, sensuous indulgence, or selfish gratification. The very thing they seek they lose by a lamentable and hopeless mistake, they verify the words of our Lord, "Whoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it."

An 1812 War Story.

The following we believe has never been seen in print. Ogden Hoffman used to tell the story. He was in the great fight between the Constitution and Guerriere, and said that as the British ship came sailing down on them as they heard the sharp orders, when the guns were run out and the men could be seen ready with their match-locks, an officer came in haste to Captain Isaac Hull and asked for orders to fire. "Not yet," was the quiet response. As they came still nearer, and the British vessel poured in her fire, the first lieutenant of the Constitution came on the poop and begged permission to return the broadside, saying that the men could not be restrained much longer. "Not yet," was the indifferent reply. Still nearer the British ship came, and the American prisoners, who were in the cockpit of the Guerriere, afterwards said that they began to believe that their own countrymen were afraid to measure their strength with that of the enemy, and this thought gave them more pain than the wounds which some of them were still suffering from. In a moment the Guerriere gallantly came forward, showing her burnished sides; and as the swell carried her close to the very muzzle of "Old Ironsides," Captain Hull, who was then quite fat and dressed in full rig; bent himself twice to the deck, and with every muscle and vein throbbing with excitement, shouted out as he made another exclamation, "Now, boys, pour it into them." That broadside settled their opponents, and when the smoke cleared away, the Commodore's thighs were to be seen split from waistband to heel. Truly the Commodore had a soul too big for his breeches. Hoffman used to add that Hull, nothing disconcerted, gave his orders with coolness, and only changed his tights when the British commander's sword was given up to him.

Here is a gem from Longfellow:—"A las! 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 from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number, faintly at first, and then clearly, that upon the earlier pages of that book was written the story of happy innocence, which he would fain read again. Then come listless irresolutions, and the inevitable intonation 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."

Many hearts pine away in secret anguish from unkindness from those who are their nearest, and who should be their dearest friend, when a kind smile or action from them would have cheered their drooping spirits, and created as it were, a new atmosphere for them to live in. To win the love of others, you must expect an acknowledgment for their welfare, an interest in their well-being.

There is more death on this side of the grave than on the other.

Gen. Banks.

Nathaniel P. Banks is a noble specimen of the natural productions of New England that section of our common country which Horatio Seymour says produced a Benedict Arnold to Virginia's Washington, and which some of its own renegade sons propose to eject and exclude from our country in order to coax back into her seats of power the slaveholding traitors. Cradled in poverty and obscurity, with a father not only poor in present goods but certain to remain so till death, young Banks worked his way up from the lowest and worst-paid position in a cotton factory to be a first-rate mechanic, a lawyer, a statesman; becoming Speaker of the House in a State whose politics had ever before been strongly averse to his own; then a ruling spirit in her Constitutional Convention; next a Member of Congress; then speaker; and finally Governor of the proud State which proudly claimed him as her son; holding that eminent position by successive re-elections until he declined to hold it longer, renouncing public life in honorably poverty in order to earn by useful industry a competence for his family; but leaving a lucrative and agreeable private station when his country summoned her sons to defend her in the tented field, and speedily winning, though wholly inexperienced in the trade of war, the reputation of a wise, brave and skillful commander—such is Gen. N. P. Banks. And widely as political and other differences now separate the American people, we have recently met no man who even seemed to doubt his fitness to command, or class him among that unhappy numerous class of "augurs that won't bore." In fact the instinctive and universal confidence wherewith he is regarded, the general belief that he will make good report of himself, are proofs to our mind of the correctness of Public Opinion. He may or may not be soon heard from; he may be called to meet a tide of adverse fortune; but his country will never have reason to deplore her trust in him, while his friends will never be called to blush for the conduct of Nathaniel P. Banks.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

St. Paul's Clock.

"Have you heard of the great clock of St. Paul's, in London? At mid-day, in the roar of business, when carriages, and carts, and wagons, and omnibuses, go rolling through the streets, how many never hear the great clock strike, unless they live very near it.—But when the work of the day is over, and the roar of business has passed away—when men are gone to sleep, and silence reigns in London—then at twelve, at one, at two, at three, at four, the sound of that clock may be heard for miles around. Twelve! One! Two! Three! Four! How that clock is heard by many a sleepless man! That clock is just like the conscience of an impenitent man. While he has health and strength, and goes on in the whirl of business, he will not hear his conscience. He drowns and silences its voice by plunging into the world. He will not allow the inner man to speak to him. But the day will come when conscience will be heard, whether he likes it or not. The day will come when its voice will sound in his ears, and pierce him like a sword.—The time will come when he must retire from the world, and lie down on the sick-bed, and look death in the face. And then the clock of conscience, the solemn clock, will sound in his heart, and if he has not repented, will bring wretchedness and misery to his soul. Oh, no, write it down in the tablets of your heart—without repentance, no peace.—*J. T. Ryke.*

Anecdote of a Teacher-Soldier.

The following anecdote of a teacher-soldier was related by Prof. Wickkersham in his lecture on "Awakening Mind." The incident narrated occurred at the battle of Fair Oaks, and is as follows:

A rebel battery, handled in a mastery manner, was mowing our men down, and it seemed impossible to drive it from its position. The General, seeing this, rode up to the Captain of Lancaster county company, "Captain, I want some one who will go out between these two armies and shoot the officer in command of that battery." "Why General, it is certain death to attempt it!" "I know it, but you see that fire is decimating our ranks. Is there no man willing to sacrifice himself?" "I'll see," replied the Captain, as he returned to his company. "Boys, who of you are willing to go out between these armies, and shoot yonder officer?" A young man stepped out of the ranks—"I'll go." He went, seemingly to certain death. Crawling along, he finally reached a slight elevation behind which he was partially sheltered. There was a crack of his rifle, but the ball missed its mark. Again—steady aim—a puff of smoke! The officer is seen to throw up his arms. His gunners spring to catch him as he falls.—The battery is forced to abandon its position. The brave soldier returns unharmed. "And," said the Professor in a burst of enthusiasm, "I would have searched the army through but I would have taken that young man by the hand and said to him, 'It was bravely done!' He was a teacher from this county. I will give you his name—Geo. K. Swartz!"—*Lancaster (Pa.) Express.*

Admit no guest into your soul that the faithful watch-dog in your bosom barks at.

The meanest man we ever knew was the one who stole a sugar whistle from a nigger baby to sweeten his coffee with.

He can hardly be prepared to enter the world of spirits who trembles at the thought of encountering a solitary ghost.

The message of Governor Pierpont to the Western Virginia Legislature, approves the emancipation policy of the President.

Wages—the sweet oil with which human machinery is greased.

OUR FLAG IS STILL THERE.

Our flag is there! Our flag is there! we'll hail it with three loud huzzas! Our flag is there! Our flag is there! behold the glorious stripes and stars! Our flag is there! our flag is there! behold the glorious stripes and stars! Our flag is there! our flag is there! we'll hail it with three loud huzzas! Our flag is there! our flag is there! behold the glorious stripes and stars.

The Parting Hour.

The hour is coming—and it is a fearful and solemn hour, even to the wisest and the best—the hour is coming when we must bid adieu to the scenes that please us, to the family we love, to the friends we esteem. Whether we think or whether we think not, that body, which is warm and active with life, shall be cold and motionless with death.—The countenance must be pale, the eyes must be closed, the voice must be silenced, the senses must be destroyed, the whole appearance must be changed by the remorseless hand of our last enemy. We may banish the remembrance of the weakness of our human nature, and our reluctance to reflect upon it, and our attempts to drive it from us are in vain. We know that we are sentenced to die; and though we sometimes succeed in casting off for a season the conviction of this unwelcome truth, we can never entirely remove it.—The reflection haunts us still; it lies down with us at night, it awakens with us in the morning. The irrevocable doom is passed upon us, and too well do we know it—"Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return."

MARRIAGE IN LAPLAND.

It is death in Lapland to marry a maid without the consent of her parents or friends. When a young man has formed an attachment to a female, the fashion is to appoint their friends to meet, to behold the two young parties to run a race together. The maid is allowed, in starting, the advantage of the third part of the race, so that it is impossible, except voluntarily, that she should be overtaken. If the maid outruns her suitors, the matter is ended; he must never have her, it being penal for the man to renew the proposal of marriage; but if the maid has an affection for him, though at first she runs hard, to try the truth of his love, she will, (without Atlanta's golden balls to retard her speed,) pre-emptively come to the mark or end of the race. Thus, none are compelled to marry against their own wills; and this is the cause that in Lapland the married people are richer in their contentment than in other lands, where so many forced matches make feigned love, and cause real unhappiness.

THE SABBATH A DELIGHT.

The mistakes of friends, as well as the hatred of its enemies have represented it as a day of gloom and austerity. A true Sabbath is just as gloomy as true piety; just as gloomy as a heart can be, that is at peace with God and assured of heaven, that hears the voice of a loving Father in every mercy, and sees His hand in all His works. It is true, that with all this experience of faith and joy the Sabbath will mingle confessions of sin and tears of repentance, wailings of grief and prayers for deliverance. But the Sabbath does not make sins or the sorrow; it only takes them to a compassionate Saviour for relief, and the highest pitch of all its ecstasy is just at that point where the sorrow is turned into joy. Would that all those who hate or dread the day, could have a fair experience of its spiritual delights. What unknown refreshment, what expansions, what satisfaction it should bring them! It should lie across their rough and shaded pathway like a gleam of sunshine upon green pastures and still waters. Men would find themselves in a new world, if every week should roll into this belt of heavenly light.—*Rev. H. D. Ganse.*

The cranberry crop in Barnstable county, Mass., this year, reached 1,525 bbls., which were sold for \$12,250 00.

The weather may be dark and rainy, very well; laugh between the drops and think cheerily of the blue sky and sunshine that will surely come to-morrow.

Dr. Himes playfully limits the necessities of life in these war times to "bread and the newspaper."

How can you make a thin person fat? By throwing him out of the window he would soon grow plump.

[Extract of a letter from a private soldier.]

A Baby Found on the Battle-field.

BOLIVAS, TENN., Nov. 10.

Let me relate to you a touching little incident that will doubtless strike you as a little strange. I thought it strange when I witnessed it, my comrades thought it "passing strange," if not wonderful. At the battle of the Hatchie, when the conflict was raging fiercely, upon advancing midway between the contending forces, we found—what do you think? Not a masked battery—not an insidious trap inviting but to destroy—not any terrible engine of death—but a sweet little blue eyed baby, fresh from the womb of the mother that gave it birth. Sweet little thing, as I saw it there hugging the cold earth, its only bed—the little tear on its cheek.

"The mother bade it weep, turned unalarmed, mid the awful confusion of that fearful battle, with the missiles of death lying thick about it and crowding close upon its young existence, yet unhurt, it seemed a wonderful verification of the Divine declaration, 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, I will ordain wisdom.' That little 'child of war,' as it lay in its miraculous safety, seemed to say to me these words of profound instruction: 'My helplessness and innocence appealed to God, and he preserved me in the midst of this wrecking carnage.—If you will make your complaint to heaven; God will preserve your country.'

Little child of destiny, born 'mid the flash of musketry, the thunder of cannon and clash of arms, I will watch your course thro' life, and witness whether an existence so auspiciously begun will pass by the masses unnoticed, and end without leaving a name, 'drowned to everlasting fame!' Who would suppose that in the wild, fierce battle of the Hatchie, where the battle-field was strewn with the dead, and the shrieks of the wounded rent the heavens with agony, a great army would pause in the thickest of the conflict to save harmless a helpless child? Yet the brave Fourteenth Illinois, that never yet has quarrelled in battle, did pause, and an officer of the regiment ordered 'our little baby' carried to headquarters and tenderly cared for.

I remember of having read somewhere in Grecian history, a story something like the one I have related. A little child was found on the battle-field, and by an infuriated soldier trampled in the dust. After the battle the victorious General, in an address to his army, said: "But for the blood of a little child that mars it our victory would be complete." Thank God the blood of no little child mars our victory.

The next day after the battle 'our babe was brought before the Fourteenth and unanimously adopted 'Child of the Regiment Three or four days later, strange as it may seem, a poor, heart-stricken, poverty pinched mother came searching the battle-field in quest of her child. My dear—, imagine if you can the wild exclamations of thanks giving that burst from that poor woman's heart, when informed that her child had been rescued, and with a mother's tenderness cared for. I saw the mother receive her child, heard her brief prayer for the soldiers who saved it, and, with the blessings of a thousand men following her and hers, she took away.

"Our little baby
Little blue-eyed, laughing baby."

[Selected for the Record.]

From Goethe's Opinions.

- Our modern poets dilute their ink.
- Let no one fancy he is the coming man.
- Nothing is so atrocious as fancy without taste.
- Absolute activity leads to bankruptcy in strength.
- Whatever you cannot understand you cannot possess.
- If you would create something, you must be something.
- Nothing is more terrible than active ignorance.
- What is my duty? The demands of the day.
- I can promise to be candid, but I cannot promise to be impartial.
- Ingratitude is a sign of weakness. I never knew a strong character ungrateful.
- The painting and puncturing the body is a return to Animalism.
- Water is not indicative of frogs; but frogs are indicative of water.
- Great passions are incurable diseases.—The very remedies make them worse.
- No body cares to look at a rainbow after the first quarter of an hour.
- A man that is ignorant of foreign languages, is also ignorant of his own language.
- All clever thoughts have been thought before. You must try to think them again.
- Hatred is active, and envy passive disgust; there is but one step from envy to hate.
- An old bachelor suggested that if a young lady has a purse with two ends—clear in one and gold in the other—she is sure to open the gold end first.
- AWFUL!—A new work is advertised under the ominous title, "A Woman's Thoughts about Women." How could any publisher have undertaken anything so uncharitable!

HUMOROUS.

When are two potatoes precisely alike? When they are paired (pared).

BAD NEWS FOR THE GIANTS.—The manufacturer of "busses is taxed by the new law.

A man in Boston who stoutly objected last winter to his wife's learning to skate, has since concluded to "let her slide."

Who was the most unfortunate speculator? Jonah, for he got sucked in.

The girls use powder on their faces just as men do in the musket pan—to make them go off.

The woman who never interfered with her husband's affairs arrived in town the other day. She is an—old maid.

Why is a man who walks a great deal like the evil one, Because he is a destroyer of souls (souls.)

An auctioneer, vexed with his audience, said: "I am a mean fellow—mean as dirt—and feel at home in this company.

Squibbs wants to know if doctors by looking at the tongue of a wagon can tell what ails it.

LITTLE STR.—"Oh Bobby, I'm going to have a hooped dress, an oyster shell bonnet, a pair of ear drops and a baby!" Little Bob.—"The thunder you is! Well I am going to have a pair of tight pants, a shanghai coat, a shaved head, a crooked cane and a pistol.

A fastidious lady who was greatly shocked the other day, on reading that male and female strawberries are frequently found occupying the same bed.

"Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed old Mrs. Thickfinger. "What will the impertinence of this world come to, I wonder? Why they might as well tell me that a man had six heads in a hat.

The boy who was told that the best cure for palpitation of the heart was to quit kissing the girls, said, "If that is the only remedy, which can be proposed, I, for one, say let'r palpitate."

AN ODDITY.—A friend of unimpeachable veracity informs us that there is a gentleman in this town, who is over thirty years of age, is worth \$3,000, has never hugged a woman, smoked a cigar, taken a chew of tobacco, loaned an umbrella, nor had more than one handkerchief.

"I really can't sing; believe me sir," was the reply of a young lady to the request of an empty fop. "I am rather inclined to believe, madam," rejoined he with a smirk, "that you are fishing for compliments—" "No, sir!" exclaimed the lady; "I never fish in small streams."

In an interior town in old Connecticut lives an odd character named Ben Hayden. Ben has some good points, but he will run his face when and where he can, and never pay. In the same town lives Mr. Jacob Bond, who keeps the store at the corner.—Ben had a score there, but to get his pay was more than Mr. B. was equal to. One day Ben made his appearance with a bag and wheelbarrow.

"Mr. Bond, I want to buy two bushels of corn and I want to pay you cash for it."—"Very well," says B. And so they both go up stairs, and B. puts up the corn, and Ben takes it down, while B. stops to close up his windows. When he got down he saw old Ben some distance from the door, making for home.

"Hallo, Ben! I saw you wanted to pay the cash for that corn."

(Old Ben sat down on one handle of his barrow, and cooking his head on one side, said:

"That's all true, Mr. B., I do want to pay you the cash for the corn, but I can't."

Directory of the Hospitals.

The Sanitary Commission has established an office of information in regard to patients in the Hospitals of the District of Columbia, and of Frederick city, Maryland. By a reference to books, which are corrected daily, an answer can, under ordinary circumstances, be given by return mail to the following questions:

- 1st. Is ——— [giving name and regiment] at present in the hospitals of the District or of Frederick city?
 - 2d. If so what is his proper address?
 - 3d. What is the name of the Surgeon or Chaplain of the hospital?
 - 4th. If not in the hospital at present, has he recently been in the hospital?
 - 5th. If so, did he die in the hospital, and at what date?
 - 6th. If recently discharged from hospital, was he discharged from service?
 - 7th. If not, what were his orders on leaving.
- The commission is prepared also to furnish more specific information as to the condition of any patient in the District hospitals within twenty-four hours after a request to do so, from an officer of any of its corresponding societies.
- The office of the Directory will be open daily from 8 o'clock p. m., and accessible in urgent cases at any hour of the night.
- The number of patients in these hospitals is about 25,000. It found to be practicable, the duty here undertaken locally by the commission will extend to include all the general hospitals in the country.
- FRED. LAW OLMSTEAD,
General Secretary.
- Address: House, 244 F STREET, Washington, D. C., November 18—1862.