

Waynesboro' Village Record.

By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper, Neutral in Politics and Religion.

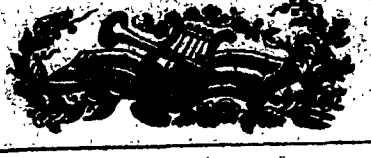
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WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 2, 1863.

NUMBER 40.

POETICAL.



THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.

Yes we'll rally round the Flag, boys,
We'll rally once again,
Shouting the Battle-cry of Freedom;
We'll rally from the hillside,
We'll rally from the plain,
Shouting the Battle-cry of Freedom.

Chorus.
The Union forever Hurrah boys, Hurrah!
Down with the Traitor,
And up with the Star.
We'll rally 'round the Flag, boys,
We'll rally once again,
Shouting the Battle-cry of Freedom.

We are springing to the call,
Three hundred thousand more,
Shouting the Battle-cry of Freedom,
And we'll fill the vacant ranks,
Of our brothers gone before,
Shouting the Battle-cry of Freedom.

Chorus.—The Union forever Hurrah boys, Hurrah!
We'll rally once again,
The loyal true and brave,
Shouting the Battle-cry of Freedom.
And though he may be poor,
He shall never be a slave,
Shouting the Battle-cry of Freedom.

Chorus.—The Union forever Hurrah boys, Hurrah!
We're springing from the East,
We're springing from the West,
Shouting the Battle-cry of Freedom.
We will hurl the Rebel crew
From the land we love the best,
Shouting the Battle-cry of Freedom.

Chorus.
The Union forever Hurrah boys, Hurrah!
Down with the Traitor,
And up with the Star.
We'll rally 'round the Flag, boys,
We'll rally once again,
Shouting the Battle-cry of Freedom.

REMEMBER THE POOL.

When plenty is smiling
Around thy bright door,
Amid pleasures beguiling;
Oh, pity the poor.

The blessings God sends us,
In basket and store,
Are the riches he lends us
To succor the poor.

Each gift of his kindness
Shall increase more and more,
Unless in our blindness
We turn from the poor.

To earth condescending
Their garb he once wore,
And to Him we are lending
When aiding the poor.

Earth's vanishing treasure
May thus be secure,
By large-hearted measure
Of love to the poor.

In Heaven's high journal
The record is sure,
Giving blessing of reward
To friends of the poor.

MISCELLANY.

A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR.

Many of those who on Thursday morning stopped to admire the very handsome faces among the entries deviated hung up at the entrance of Ryder's Photographic gallery on Superior street must have noticed the likeness of a young and strikingly beautiful lady attired in mourning, and those who stopped later in the day for the purpose of again looking at that attractive face, noticed its disappearance. With that portrait and its withdrawal from exhibition a very romantic, but true story is connected, of which we are at liberty to give the outlines.

About a year ago the original of the portrait lived with her father, "a well to do" farmer of the grand river valley, Michigan, these two constituting the entire family.—The old man rapidly failing in health was desirous that his daughter should be married to a neighboring young farmer, who passionately loved her. The girl, however had given her heart to a young man whom she had frequently met, and was sincerely attached to her. The lover was not in a position that would justify his pressing his suit, and therefore the engagement was kept a secret.

The old man finding himself gradually failing in health, became more urgent in his wish that his daughter would marry his neighbor, but she pleaded for delay on various pretenses. By some means the secret attachment, and without communicating the fact of his knowledge to his daughter, he wrote a letter to the Detroit lover, pointing out the hopelessness of his suit, and stating that the lady was shortly to become the bride of a young farmer for whom she had been for years destined. He added that an attempt to change this decree would be giving the lady needless pain.

Immediately on the receipt of the cruel blow to all his hopes, the young man enlisted in a Michigan regiment, under orders to leave for Washington, and wrote the lady a brief note, announcing the fact and begging her to forget him, and bidding her farewell forever. The regiment almost immediately went to Washington.

The 21st day of July, 1861, followed, and when the fainting and disheartened soldiers returned from the fatal field of Bull Run, the young Detroitier was not among them. Nothing definite was heard from him, and he was supposed to have been killed. The sorrowful news in time reached the young lady, and she secretly mourned for her lover among the slain. Shortly afterwards the old man was taken sick and lay on

his death bed. Some days before his death he again pleaded with his daughter in behalf of his neighbor, urging that if he could properly see her saved for his marriage he could die in peace. There being no longer any reason for refusal, her consent was given, and the marriage feast solemnized two days before the death of her father.

The lady's wedded life was short. Her husband, who was very kind to her and endeavored to win her from her double sorrow, was attacked by typhoid fever about a month after marriage, and died after a few days' illness, leaving the young widow possessed of considerable property.

As soon as possible she set about disposing of her property at the West in order that she might join her friends in New England. During all this time nothing had been heard to contradict the story of the death of her former lover at Bull Run. Her affairs were, after some delay, finally settled, and she made a round of visits to friends in the West, previous to going to settle for life in New England. Last week she arrived in this city on her way east and spent a few days with a lady friend residing here.

On Wednesday last, the young widow, accompanied by her friend visited Ryder's photographic gallery for the purpose of having some card likenesses taken, and this proved to be an important step in her history. The picture was so admirable a likeness that Mr. Ryder solicited and obtained the privilege of placing a copy in his case at the street entrance. On Thursday morning the likeness made its appearance there, and, as we have before remarked, attracted considerable attention.

On that morning a number of Michigan soldiers, taken prisoners at Bull Run and set at liberty on parole after nine months' incarceration in Southern prisons, arrived from Washington, and remained in the city until the departure of the Detroit boat in the evening. During the day they amused themselves by strolling around the city. One of them seeing a group of people gathered around the steps near the Merchants' Bank, stepped up to learn the cause, and like the others, turned to examine the photographs. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation of surprise, looked closely at the portrait of the young widow, and then rushed up stairs to find the artist. Mr. Ryder being pointed out to him, the soldier brought him down and begged to know how he came with the picture, and an explanation was given. In a few hurried words the soldier stated the cause of his interest, obtained the picture from the case, and declared his intention of finding the lady if she was anywhere to be found.

Fortunately Mr. Ryder knew the lady who accompanied the young widow, and at once went with the soldier to her residence. Both ladies were at home. No sooner did the young widow see the soldier than she shrieked and fell in a fainting fit, for her lover whom she supposed dead stood before her. He had been taken prisoner at Bull Run instead of being killed, but had refused to write to any person, and his comrades in prison knew nothing of his friends or previous history so that the fact of his captivity remained known to but few if any. Mutual explanation followed the happy meeting, and there is every indication that all obstacles having been removed, the sorrows and sufferings of the pair will be terminated by a happy marriage at no distant day. At all events the widow's visit to the East has been indefinitely postponed, and she has returned to Michigan, the now happy-reunited couple having sent to Ryder for a pair of large photographic portraits, and taken his own portrait with them as a savior of the joyful meeting caused by a picture from his camera.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Secretary and the Soldier.

It is about fifty years since one of the members of the present Cabinet was a member of the present Cabinet from a distant Western State. He had the usual right of designating a single individual for admission to the West Point Military Academy. The applications made to him for a vacancy which then existed were not many, but among them was a letter from a boy of sixteen or seventeen years of age, who without any accompanying recommendations or references, asked the appointment for himself. The member dismissed the appeal from his mind, with perhaps a passing thought of the forwardness and impudence of the stripling who could aspire to such a place on no other grounds than his own desire to get a good education at the public expense.

But happening a short time afterwards to be in the little village whence the letter was mailed, the incident was recalled to his memory, and he thought he would beguile a few hours of leisure that he had by looking up the ambitious youth. He made his way by dint of much inquiry, to a small tailor's shop on the outskirts of the town, and when he was admitted at the door he found a lad sitting cross-legged upon the tailor's bench, mending a rent in an old pair of pantaloons. But this lad had another occupation beside his manual toil. Near by, on a small block of wood, rested a book of abstruse science, to which he turned his eyes whenever they could be transferred from the work in his hands. The member accosted him by the name given in the letter, and the lad replied, "I am the person. You wish, then, to be appointed a cadet at West Point?" "I do," he rejoined. "What for?" asked the Congressman. "Because," answered the tailor youth, "I feel that I was born for something better than mending old clothes." The member talked further with him, and was so pleased with his frankness, his spirit, and the rare intelligence he evinced, that he procured him the appointment.

The member is now Secretary Smith, of Indiana, and the youth is Gen. Burnside, Commander-in-Chief of the army of the Potomac. We should not be surprised if that boy—an excellent specimen of our northern mudsills—were destined to hoist the American flag to its old place on the Capitol at Richmond.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Gen. Thumb.

The Bridgeport Standard, 24th, has the following. It is interesting as shadowing forth the marriage of the little general:—Charles S. Stratton, the veritable General Tom Thumb, is residing here in his native town. He has travelled nearly the world over, and has amassed a fortune for himself as well as made his mother, two sisters and younger brother independent. The little General is now in his 26th year. His habits are unexceptionable, and his intellect and general business ability are such that he personally attends to his own finances; and all the business appertaining to leasing his houses, loaning his money on bond and mortgage, and looking after his estate in general.

The little General owns a fine yacht bearing his own name, which he sails himself, with as much nautical skill as any "old salt" who sails out of Bridgeport harbor. He also keeps a fine pair of Shetland ponies and a splendid fast horse for his own driving, as well as a highly trained pair of hunting dogs. His wife and fishing tackle were of course made expressly to suit his diminutive size, and he is a very successful sportsman. He killed several deer while travelling west last year.

A few months since the little General was made a Free Mason. He has already taken three degrees, and expresses a determination to ascend the mystic ladder until he has reached the top round. Although Gen. Tom Thumb has always led a life of excitement, and twice after retiring to private life has felt compelled to exhibit himself again to keep off the *emmi*, he remarked to the writer of this article last week, while quietly swirling his elegant little moustache, of which he seems quite proud, that he hoped one of these days to get married "in which event" he added with a rueful look "I guess that the cares of a family, added to my ordinary duties, will give me enough to occupy my attention, and prevent the necessity of again seeking the excitement of a travelling exhibition."

A Penitent Rebel.

Wednesday's Philadelphia American says Among the inmates of the general hospital, a short time since, was a Georgian soldier. He is now dead. He was formerly a resident of this State. He resided in Georgia when the war broke out. Carried away by the universal sentiment of the town in which he lived, he raised a company and made war upon the old flag.

He signalized himself in point of courage, and was left upon the battle-field by his retreating comrades with two bullets in his body. In company with the loyal wounded, he was brought to Philadelphia and placed in the hospital. It was soon ascertained that his days were numbered. Every kindness extended to Union soldiers was shared with him. He could not believe, however, that he must necessarily die from his wounds. To visitors he conversed upon the subject of the rebellion, and declared himself sorry that he had ever abetted it. On the morning of his death he for the first time felt approaching dissolution. He was asked if he would have a minister to attend him.

"No."

"Would you like some pious person to pray with you?"

"Thank you, no."

"Is there anything we can do to aid you in preparing for this solemn hour?"

"There is. I am dying. Send for a justice of peace immediately."

"Certainly. What do you want with him?"

"To take the oath of allegiance."

"The oath of allegiance in your present condition," exclaimed his surprised friends.

"Yes," said he, "I want to take the oath of allegiance. The Lord knows my heart, I am well aware, but I don't want it to be said that I went to the Almighty a rebel."

This singular wish was gratified. An alderman administered the oath. A few hours afterwards the soul of the repentant Confederate soldier was with him who gave it.

Nine Follies.

To think that the more a man eats the fatter and stronger he will become.

To believe that the more hours children study at school, the faster they learn.

To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

To act on the presumption that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in.

To argue that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better, is "good for" the system, without regard to no more ulterior effects.

To commit an act which is felt in itself to be prejudicial hoping that somehow or other it may be done in your case with impunity.

To advise another to take a remedy which you have not tried yourself, or without making special inquiry whether all the conditions are alike.

To eat without an appetite, or continue to eat after it has been satisfied merely to gratify the taste.

To expect a heavy supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat, at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep, and a weary waking in the morning.

An old woman next door to us sets the whole neighborhood sneering by shaking her handkerchief out of the window. Is she the one alluded to by Shakespeare, when he says:—*"Be off the morning star!"*

One Minute too Late.

I was standing on the deck to witness the departure of the steamboat. Her time had come. Several hundred passengers had already embarked, and others were crowding hastily through the throng to get on board. All was confusion. The wheels and the pistons seemed restless with delay; the boat creaked themselves against the wharf as the strong hawsers that bound her fore and aft ground on the spiles. The stern voice of the mate summoned "All aboard!"—"All ashore."—Just then a hack drove down; an old gentleman with locks of many bygone years, alighted, and hastened toward the boat. The crowd made way for the venerable stranger, but in vain; the plank had been drawn in, the fastenings loosed, and the boat was off. I shall never forget the look of disappointment which was manifested in his countenance, as he turned away and ordered his baggage returned to the hack. My thoughts were beginning to take a solemn turn, when a friend who was with me, pronounced with emphasis, "One minute too late." How many there are who are a little behind the time; just one minute too late in all the affairs of this world! Always in a hurry; yet never ready? And how many thousands are a little too late in the great work of repentance? They delay and postpone, until the ark of safety has shoved off for the last time. One moment then was as fatal as an age.

Borrowing Trouble.

That was sensible advice which was given to the young bear, puzzled to know how to walk. "Shall I," said he, move my right front paw first, or my left, or the two front paws first, or the two hind ones, or all four at once, and how?" The old bear came to his relief with the advice: "Leave off thinking and walk."

It is not uncommon for men to place themselves in the predicament of the young bear; to involve themselves in needless complexities, by trumping up imaginary difficulties, or by timorously looking forward to the future. There are some who appear to take pleasure in casting a dismal horoscope of their lot, and there is no one who does not suffer, more or less, from dangers and perplexities, from trials and sorrows, which have no real existence.

As a general thing, one who is over anxious about future and doubtful duties, may be sure that he is shirking present and plain duties. It seldom happens that the duty of the present moment can not be discerned. If that is done, it becomes a torch, throwing light on the duty next at hand.

In every department of life, the habit of borrowing trouble is found, crippling action and sound thought.

Soldiers' Coffee.

A correspondent thus describes the coffee supplied to one of the army camps not yet upon the battle field: "You can form some idea of the rations it takes to feed such a body of men when I tell you that it took eleven hundred gallons of coffee to supply them, that is, what the contractor calls coffee. I should like to have the handling of that fellow; I would oblige him to drink three times a day a quart of his villainous compound. I think he has begun to add burnt barley among the other ingredients. I expect the next dose he puts in will be a small medium of strychnine. I think a very good course to pursue in regard to those contractors who concoct these messes, would be to serve them as Napoleon I. used to treat his contractors, who furnished the soldiers poor rations—take them out some fine morning and give them an ounce more or less, of cold lead. I think it would have a very beneficial effect on those left. Our contractor, not satisfied with giving us hodgepodge mess, has left off putting any sweetening in it and you can imagine what a savory liquid it must be."

A ROVING PAPER.—The Memphis Appeal

is a migratory journal, which follows or precedes the rebel army in the Southwest. It carries its name with it wherever it goes, and so comforts itself with the fiction that Memphis has not been taken by the forces. When the city was first captured, it moved to Grenada, from which place it uttered treason and fury against the United States. The other day when General Hovey was approaching Grenada the editor hurriedly packed up his effects and evacuated. This time he determined to get as far out of reach as possible, and the Memphis Appeal is hereafter to be published at Marietta, Ga., about three hundred and fifty miles from Memphis. This place is chosen partly because there is a paper mill there, and partly because it is a good distance from any threatening Union army. When the editor moves next, the heart of rebellion will be reached. Let us hope the day is not far distant.

Do Right.

A man who has a soul above a sixpence, must have enemies. It is utterly impossible for the best man to please the whole world, and the sooner this is understood and a position taken in view of the fact, the better. Do right, though you have enemies. You cannot escape them by doing wrong, and it is little gain to barter your own honor and integrity, and divest yourself of moral courage to gain nothing.—Better abide by the truth—frown down all opposition, and rejoice in the feeling which must inspire a free and independent man.

AUSTRIAN OFFICERS DESIRING TO ENTER INTO THE SERVICE OF THE UNION.

Dr. Mobley writes from Vienna to Mr. Seward as follows:—

It is in this connection that I refer to a passage in your despatch No. 19, in which you inform me that you can give me no fresh instructions in regard to the multitude of brave and distinguished officers in this empire seeking to serve under our flag. I have always given them the same answer; that neither international law nor the statutes of our own country permitted a diplomatic representative to come into engagements with foreign soldiers. At the same time I have always expressed myself as deeply touched by their manifestations of sympathy and devotion to our cause. Hardly a day has passed since I have the honor of representing our republic, in which I have not received applications, often from officers of high rank, who have gained reputation on many battle-fields of Europe, for permission to enter our army. And it is with deep regret that I have been obliged to decline the services of men who would have done honor to any cause. But as part of the current history should be recorded, and the archives of this legation contain many eloquent letters from chivalrous soldiers, who have asked to devote their swords and their lives to the "starry banner," which, to them, as they uniformly assert, is the symbol of freedom and civilization. It is right that the homage so earnestly paid in a foreign land to that flag, under which so many of their own best and bravest are laying down their lives, should be remembered.

AN OLD MAN'S WIFE.

In the eight-fourth year of his age, Dr. Calvin Chapin wrote of his wife: "My domestic engagements have been, perhaps, as near perfection as the human condition permits. She made my home the pleasantest spot to me on earth. And now that she is gone, my worldly loss is perfect."

How many a poor fellow would be saved from suicide, from the penitentiary, and the gallows every year, had he been blessed with such a wife.

"She made home the pleasantest spot to me on earth." What a grand tribute to that woman's love, and piety, and common sense! Rather different was the testimony of an old man three years ago, just before he was hung in the Tombs yard of New York city. "I did not intend to kill my wife, but she was a very aggravating woman. Let each wife inquire, 'Which am I?'"

IDEAS IMPERISHABLE.—Abraham is dead,

but a race survive to call him father. Plato these twenty centuries and more, departed from the porch and the lyceum, but platonism lives to teach the youth of endless generations. Christ is gone from earth, but Christianity lives to educate the church, and redeem the world, and bring many sons of earth to glory.—Human worth and influence and character, and example, have an earthly immortality. These are great forces which commingle themselves in the world's life, and live and work through endless changes, affecting the character and the destiny of the race for good. The antithesis of this view of human influence is that which invests human responsibility with its appalling interest; for bad men likewise live when dead, and live in evil expanding in volume, and endless progressive intensity.

GREAT MEN USED TO WEIGH MORE.

Gen. McClellan is a snug built little fellow weighing about 150 pounds. But compare this with the following record of the weight of officers of the Revolutionary army, as weighed at West Point in 1778: "General Washington, 290 pounds; General Lincoln, 224; General Knox, 290; Gen. Huntington, 195; General Grant, 166; Col. Swift, 219; Col. Michael Jackson, 252; Lt. Colonel Cobb; 192; and Lt. Col. J. Humphrey, 201."

YOUNG AMERICA.—The Nunda, (N. Y.)

News has the following:—"An astonishing and unusual circumstance" has come to light within the past week, not many miles from Nunda, that boats anything of the kind, we think, that has been put upon record.—Said circumstance, is nothing more or less than a newly born babe; but the mother who gave it birth is not yet 11 years of age, and will not be 11 years old until January next. The child lived thirty-six hours—the youngest one, we mean—and the mother is as smart as a cricket. The affair has been kept as quiet as possible, but the matter could not remain a secret.

An exchange has the following as an excellent system of gardening for ladies:—

"Make your beds early in the morning; sew buttons on your husband's shirts; do not rake up any grievances; protect the young and tender branches of your family; plant a smile of good temper in your face; and carefully root out all angry feelings, and expect a good crop of happiness."

A Butternut sheet in Iowa brags over

a family of a father and seven grown-up sons that voted the clear butternut ticket at the late election. Of course where you find a family of seven sons, and none of them in the army, their politics are unmistakable.—Had they been for the Union ticket, six of the seven would have been in the service of Uncle Sam, leaving the odd at home to take care of the old folks.

A milk man was awakened by a wag in

the night with the announcement that his best cow was choking. He forthwith jumped up to save the life of Brannan; when he found a turnip stuck in the mouth of the pump.

[Selected for the Record.]

REVIEWS.
Geologically speaking, says Hood, the rock upon which drunkards split, is quartz.

My horse, sir! Why I'll wager it to stand still faster than your own gallop.

An Irishman speaking of a relative who was hung said he dis-during a tight-rope performance:

The man that can't laugh or won't laugh—the man that can't take a joke or won't take a joke—is one of nature's jokes himself.

A young lady being asked whether she would wear a wig which her hair turned grey, replied, with the greatest earnestness; oh no, I'll dye first.

If our Maker thought it wrong for Adam to live single when there was not a woman on earth, how criminally guilty are old bachelors with the world full of pretty girls.—Let young men think of this.

There is, at the lowest calculation, five hundred pages, royal octavo volume, of meaning in the twenty-seven words which follow: "A fool in high station is like a man on the top of a monument—everything appears small to him and he appears small to every body."

An alderman was heard the other day getting off the following specimen of what may be called "corporation" logic:—All human things are hollow—I'm a human thing; therefore I'm hollow. It is contemptible to be hollow; therefore I'll stuff myself as full as I'm able.

A beautiful woman is a brilliant poem, full of rhyme, sentiment, and all manner of illustrations. When bound in one's arms she increases to several volumes.

A young man, knowing that a young lady of whom he imagined himself enamored, understood the language of flowers, sent her a beautiful rose, as a declaration of love; attaching a slip of paper on which was written, "If not accepted I proceed to the war." In return she forwarded to him a pickle jar, containing a single mango [man-go].

"My Dear," said a wife appealing to her husband in a small feminine dispute, "do you think I'm generally bad tempered?"—"No my dear," said he, "I think you are particularly so."

Life is a wasting thing, it is a candle that will burn out.

Reflection on our bodies or our minds is usually a sign of ill health.

There is no man so deep in love but that he has a shallow place.

Many sin away shame instead of being a shame of sin.

It is much better to have a sore conscience than a seared one.

What kind of lives are most subject to "liver disease"?—High lives.

When is a tooth equal to four rods of land?—When it's an acre.

Can a person speak the truth when he lies in bed?

Secret cunning, like the Spartan boy's stolen fox, may gnaw the bosom (that hides it).

Cream may be frozen by simply putting it into a glass vessel, and then putting the whole into an old bachelor's bosom.

A young Richmond belle, about to be married, paid \$85 for one bouquet, \$50 for a second, and \$42 for a third, for her nuptial.

When we look around us now upon the ruin of our country, it is a proud and grateful consciousness to feel that we can look into the blue sky and say, "it was no fault of ours."

Within the last sixty years there have been started in Washington no less than one hundred and four papers and periodicals, and all but three or four have died in the shadow of the National Intelligencer.

A curious calculator estimates that in a single century, four thousand millions of human beings appear on the face of the earth, act their busy parts, and sink into its peaceful bosom. Such is life.

SOMEWHAT PERSONAL.—"Pray sir," said a Judge, angrily, to a blunt old Quaker, from whom no direct answer could be obtained, "do you know what we are here for?"—"Yes, verily I do," said the Quaker, "two of you sit for four dollars each a day, and that fat one in the middle for two thousand a year."

"Oh! what shall I do if Theodore is drafted?" said a young girl to her grandmother while thinking that perhaps her lover might be obliged to shoulder his musket and go to war.

"Do!" said the old lady, her venerable eyes sparkling with the light of other days.—"do as I did for Nathau, the last time the red coats come over here. Make coarse shirts and pantaloons for him!"

Jones, who was pretty successful in bantering an Irishman when the latter asked him:

"How came you to lose your leg?" said, "Well, on examining my pedigree, and looking up my descent, I found that there was some Irish blood in me, and becoming convinced that it had settled in my left leg, I had it cut off at once."

"Bachelors," said Pat, "it had been a good thing if it had only settled in your head!"