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By W. Blair.

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FOETICAL.



OUR GUARDIAN SPIRITS.

I.
Linger, gentle angel spirit;
Stay and fold thy cherub wings,
To the world thou didst inherit,
What sweet messenger dost thou bring?
Ere of balm for her who bore thee,
Wept thy early flight to heaven;
Saw the cold clouds levelled o'er thee,
Canst bestow the healing heaven?

II.
As we tarry near the greenward,
Covering to the mortal bed;
And gaze down upon the roses,
All in bloom above thy head;
Said, mildly, man'y whispers,
Of a bud that never bloomed;
Then we feel a presence near us,
Pointing to our rose bud's tomb.

III.
Guardian spirit, hovering o'er us,
Oh thy presence seemeth near,
And when sorrow's fount o'erfloweth,
Unseen pinions dry each tear.
When the silent twilight bringeth
Bitter memories to the heart,
Back to earth each cherub wingeth,
Whispers peace, and steals the dart!

MISCELLANY.

A Temperance Lecture.

"He that hath eyes to read, let him read; he that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

Intemperance out-draws youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the dotting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, blights parental hope, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness not strength, sickness not health, death not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imports pestilence, and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease, and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses, and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riots. It crowds your penitentiaries, and furnishes the victims of your scaffolds. It is the life-blood of the gambler, the ailment of the counterfeiter, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects the thief and esteems the blasphemous. It violates obligation, reverences fraud, and honors infamy. It deludes benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue, slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring, helps the husband to assassinate his wife, and aids the child to grind the parried axe. It burns up man and consumes women, detests life, curses God, and despises heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury-box, and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes votes, disqualifies voters, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions, and endangers our Government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislature, dishonors the statesman, disarms the patriot. It brings shame not honor, terror not safety, despair not hope, misery not happiness. And with the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolations, and, insatiated with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and wipes out national honor, then curses the world and laughs at its ruin.

There, it does all that and more. It murders the soul. It is the sum of all villainies; the course of curses; the devil's best friend.

Judicial Loyalty.

A vast deal is being said just now by Robt. sympathizers against Executive power, and urgent appeals are being made in favor of leaving the aids and abettors of treason, in the loyal States, to the action of the judiciary.

How suicidal, and what an absolute surrender of the national existence to the tender mercy of traitors, such a course would be; is proved by the history of the rebellion. Patriotic soldiers hurrying to the defence of the Capital were murdered in open day in the streets of Baltimore, and the murder is to this hour unpunished. Has the voice of the Chief Justice of the United States been lifted up at any time during the rebellion, but to deny the power of the Executive to imprison traitors who were engaged in the bloody work? Has Mr. Justice Clifford, who recently issued the writ of habeas corpus to deliver a prisoner from Fort Warren, done any act or said a word to suppress treason or aid the Government? Has Judge Cadwalader shown any alacrity to check illegal proceedings? Who has forfeited power and influence been executed but against the Government, and where has it not been the favorite shelter of public enemies? Washington Chronicle.

Never wish a thing done but do it!

PALMER THE BRITISH SPY.

The fitting wings of memory waft us back through the lapse of years to the period when a school-boy in the town below, our truant steps led us up and over the hills, just back of Peekskill, in the State of New York, which formed the camp ground of our revolutionary sires; nor can we ever forget with what childish wonder we listened to the traditions which brought before our young mind the incidents connected with and relating to the various localities which were visited. One spot, which seemed replete with awful interest, was the vicinity of a huge boulder and old chestnut tree, near which a British spy was hung by order of General Putnam. His name was Edmund Palmer, and his story is one of those fearful episodes which go to make up the measure of war but which are seldom related by the historian. Of a noble commanding figure; possessed of natural qualities of head and heart which endeared him to all who knew him; connected by blood and affiliation with some of the most respectable families in Westchester county; and surrounded by an affectionate wife and children, he had every thing to make him happy and contented. The revolutionary contest, however, came, and ere three years had passed away he had yielded his life a sacrifice to his loyalty to a king who cared nothing for suffering humanity or the rights of his subjects, so long as he could wring from their earnings the wherewithal to swell his income—and minister to his pleasures. In an unfortunate hour Palmer united himself to, and was made lieutenant of a company of Tories, which, subsequently formed a part of that marauding band which the infamous Governor Tyrone led forth to burn and destroy the homes and firesides of the so called rebels. In the Summer of 1777 he was sent by his commanders to recruit for the ranks of his company among the yeomanry of his native place with orders to observe carefully the position of the Americans, their numbers etc. In accordance with his instructions, he repaired in disguise to the vicinity of Peekskill, and prepared to execute his dangerous trust. Suspicions were aroused in regard to his objects, and a sergeant's guard was sent to arrest him. He was brought to headquarters in the course of a day or two—was tried by court martial, and exhibiting papers being found on his person, he was convicted of being a spy, and sentenced to be hung.

"Oh do not tell me so," exclaimed the supplicant. "Do not condemn me to a life long misery, my children to poverty and wretchedness. Give, oh! give the back my husband, and I will go on my knees to serve you. He is innocent of blood, and has been guilty only of indiscretion—Why should your hard, stern laws condemn him to death, me to widowhood, and his children to orphanage, for doing that at upon which you pride yourselves. He did but obey his orders, and for this he must suffer a felon's death."

An hour after the sentence had been passed upon the unfortunate man, Putnam was sitting in his quarters, busily engaged in looking over some maps when an orderly entered the room and informed him that an old man and a young woman desired an interview. He had hardly stated the fact to his superior before the door opened, to admit the wife and father of Palmer who, having heard of the sentence of the court, had come to intercede for his life with the General. Mrs. Palmer did not wait for Putnam to rise and receive her nor did she require a formal introduction; it was enough for her that the man before her possessed the power of life or death over the beloved object of her heart's affections, and she rushed forward, seized his hands in hers, and fell at his feet in humble supplication. No situation in life could be more unpleasant and unfortunate to Putnam than the one he now found himself placed in. The rough soldier could face the cannon's mouth, or march forward in the din of battle with the balls showering about him like hail, and not experience the least apparent emotion, but to withstand the tears and entreaties of a Roman pleading for her husband's life was a novelty in his experience, and a trial which he would have willingly avoided. There is a vein of sympathetic feeling in the roughest nature, and we frequently find in the hearts of those whose proclivities and antecedents give little evidence of such emotions, a delicate chord which thrills responsive to the slightest touch. Thus it was with the iron hearted General. The shriek of agony, the dying groan, the despairing cry of wounded, mangled men, was a sound familiar to his ear, and use had become second nature; but to the voice of woman, in tearful earnest and heartfelt supplication for mercy to a husband condemned to die, he was totally unused, and knew not how to meet it. He besought the almost broken hearted wife to rise, and assured her that if it were in his power to save her husband he would willingly do so, but he had been tried by a court of officers—had had a fair trial; the evidence, however, was conclusive of his guilt and must die.

"Madam," replied Putnam, "you forget that if he had retained the object for which he was sent, the loss of hundreds of lives might have followed. The information of which he is possessed might cause an attack upon us by the enemy, and the lives of many of his countrymen might be sacrificed in consequence."

"Imprison him, then! immerse him in your deepest dungeon while this fearful war is waged, but spare his life! You can, if you will; do not tell me to the contrary. It is for you to say whether he shall die on the gibbet, or live a comfort, protection, and support to his family and friends. Oh! what man should have such power, and wield it without pity or remorse. Be merciful, as you hope for mercy when you stand before that awful Judge who shall decide your fate for an endless eternity; and as you expect to

be pardoned for the deeds done in the body, pardon him who has done you no real harm—whose crime was intentional, not actual. It is needless to say that her appeal had a powerful effect upon Putnam, who, notwithstanding his sense of justice and hatred of the very name of spy, was very much affected by it, and finally dismissed his visitor, if not with hope, at least with the idea that a further persuasion might alter his feelings somewhat. She did not dream of the fact that the execution of the sentence would follow so soon upon its passage, for she had been carefully kept in ignorance of it, and had placed great reliance upon the efforts of Sir Henry Clinton in her husband's behalf. He had written to immediately upon his arrest and his interposition strenuously urged. The morning succeeding her visit to Putnam, a messenger with a flag arrived from the British General—He bore a letter to the American commander, but its tone was calculated rather to hasten than delay or avert the fate of the prisoner. Thinking it beneath him, probably, to solicit a favor of the rebels, he demanded the person of Edmund Palmer, claiming him as a British officer, and threatening his direst wrath in case he was not delivered up. Such a note was as a spark of fire to the combustible nature of Putnam and while the prisoner was being led forth to meet his fate, he sat down and wrote the following laconic answer to Sir Henry.

A Genuine "Lady."

The following incident was observed on the cars by a gentleman while on his way East to Pittsburg, Pa. Our lady readers will not need to have the moral appended. On one seat was a pale soldier, wan and weak returning, as it proved, from service in Arkansas, to be nursed by his mother, near Pittsburg, whose only son he was. At Wellsville most of the passengers got out for refreshments. Some passengers carried food along and ate it in the cars; but none offered anything to the soldier, who, either too weak to walk, or not having money to spare, sat still, silent and alone. As the train was about starting, two middle-aged ladies came in, and opening a basket began to eat a bountiful lunch. From their conversation they appeared to be from New England. They were richly dressed, and judging them to be aristocratic, the writer was not favorably impressed with them. After a little while one of them, casting her eye forward, saw the soldier. She stopped eating, and whispering a moment to her companion, who nodded assent, she went forward and conversed pleasantly with the soldier, and returned to her basket, from which she supplied him liberally with the best it contained. After eating all he desired, she wrapped in a paper and gave him enough to last him home. After eating the remnants in the basket herself, she sat down by his side and talked pleasantly with him most of the way to Pittsburg. The writer conceived there were few dry eyes among those who saw what passed. Was not that woman one of the true aristocracy? Whether the needed food, or the kind manner and conversation of the lady was most refreshing to the long time homeless patriot, or whether both were not equally so, we leave the reader to decide.

THE LAST MAN.

Some years ago there appeared in Blackwood a sketch of peculiar interest, entitled The Last Dinner, which obtained general currency through the American press, and attracted by its freshness and power considerable attention. A party of friends—the story ran—organized at the outset of their career in life, a 'convivial club' the existence of which they mutually pledged themselves to each other to perpetuate so long as one of their number should survive to celebrate its appointed anniversary. Each occurrence of this festive occasion finds their friendly circle lessened by one of its members, until at length, after the lapse of many years but one of the original brotherhood survive to observe its obligations. The usual day of annual meeting again arrives, and this sole survivor—the last man—repairs to the clubroom, now tenanted but by the memorials of his departed members; assuming the chair of the presiding officer, he places himself at the head of the festive board, arranged in keeping with the affectionate practice of the club, for twelve persons, and proceeds to tender in habitual language the customary greetings of the occasion. But unlike the days of old when the courtesy was recognized with cordial cheers and convivial laughter, the echoes of his own words are his only responses. But even these are eloquent with memories of the past—with warnings of the future; and so powerfully appeal to the overwrought sensibilities of the old man, that, in realization of his own prophetic fancies, he expires in his seat.—THE LAST MAN.

Nothing teaches patience like a garden.—You may watch the opening bud, from day to day, but you cannot urge it on. All the best results of a garden, like those of life, are slowly, but regularly progressive. A man's house should be on the hilltop of cheerfulness and serenity; so high that no shadows rest upon it, and when the morning comes so early, and the evening tapers so late, that the day has twice as many hours as those of other men.

NATIVE LAND, NY NATIVE LAND.

(For the Record.)
BY H. A. N.
AIR—My Maryland.
The traitor's blow is aimed at thee,
Native land! My Native land!
Eternal home of Liberty!
Native land! My Native land!
Arouse, and let not apathy,
Bind the strong arm that would be free,
But let this soil forever be,
Native land! My Native land!
Thy friends look up with tearful eyes,
Native land! My native land!
And Despot claim thee as their prize,
Native land! My native land!
But God shall hear their heaving sighs,
Native land! My native land!
Though traitors groan and treason dies,
Native land! My native land!
The starry flag shall ever wave,
Native land! My native land!
Its folds shall find a welcome grave,
Native land! My native land!
Fair emblem of the true and brave,
The spotless shewn our fathers gave,
'Tis left for thee its pride to save,
Native land! My native land!
Arise! and smite the traitor foe,
Native land! My native land!
And let thy nation's glory glow,
Native land! My native land!
Avenge the dastard coward blow,
That seeks to strike thy Freedom low,
And to the world thy prowess show,
Native land! My native land!
Thou art the home of the oppressed,
Native land! My native land!
The homeless pilgrim calls thee blest,
Native land! My native land!
Oh! mighty empire of the west
How can the traitors' rude hebet
E'er move thee from thy placid rest?
Native land! My native land!
You will not yield to Treason's reign,
Native land! My native land!
And wear with shame the tyrant's chain,
Native land! My native land!
Thou wilt not cower 'neath the stain,
Thou wilt not shudder at thy wrongs in vain,
Till Treason's scepter breaks in twain,
Native land! My native land!
Rebellion soon shall pass away
Native land! My native land!
And thou wilt see the light of day.
Native land! My native land!
Thy wrongs shall not be unavenged,
That not but Freedom's holy ray
May speak for thee in proud array,
Native land! My native land!

EDUCATION.

Mr. Editor.—I will thank you kindly for a little space in the columns of the Record, for a few thoughts on educational matters in our township. The attention of our people, appears to be directed almost wholly in the direction of the great drama now playing in our country—the struggle for the life of the Republic. But in our anxiety for the fate of our beloved land, and in our efforts to save our free Government and its benign institutions from the grasp of a traitor horde, we must not forget that which elevates a nation and makes it free, enlightened and happy—EDUCATION; education not only of the intellectual faculties, but also of the Moral Sensibilities; the education of the head and of the heart; the one from the treasuries of Science, the other from the treasury of Ethics—the Bible. A nation's happiness and welfare, depends upon the virtue, and the intellectual development of the minds of its citizens, not only the few but of the masses. The common schools of our land are the nurseries in which the principles of virtue should be instilled in the minds of our youth, and in which the faculties should be developed.—This is the office of the Common School Teacher; a glorious privilege, indeed!

"Delightful task to rear the tender thought."
We may well be proud of our own State, and of her noble system of Common Schools. In providing for the pupils, the Teacher is also remembered. Institutions for the improvement of Teachers exist in almost every county in the State. District Institutes are provided for by a late act of the legislature. The Teacher's month, which was formerly twenty-two days, has been reduced to twenty, and the two days given him for his own improvement in the District Institute, subject to a fine of one dollar for each day's non-attendance. The Teacher's of our township in accordance with the spirit of the law, have organized an Institute for their own improvement, and—according to the Constitution—for the diffusion of knowledge in the district.—The exercises consist of reports on different branches of education; discussion of matters relating to the improvements of the schools, and essays and addresses on educational topics and school matters generally. It is earnestly desired that the friends of education in the district will give the Teachers their hearty co-operation. Parents should feel the dearest interest in the welfare of the schools; aid should lend all the aid to the Teacher possible, knowing that he has in charge, the dearest interest of their children. The teachers will be truly glad to see the parents of their pupils, and all friends of the Common Schools attend the meetings of the Institute, and encourage them by their presence.

Do the frowns of Fate startle you; fear her smiles yet more.
To a reflecting mind, nothing, however trifling, passes unobserved.
The test of enjoyment is the remembrance which it leaves behind it.
The sun produces life; or causes death, according as its rays fall—and so doth love.
Never say what is false, or never hesitate to utter what is true.

HINT TO UNMARRIED TOBACCO USERS.

A paper having started the inquiry, with alarm, "how is it that there are so many nice young girls in our community unmarried, and likely to remain so?" is answered by the Phenological Journal in one word—Tobacco! In old times, when you could approach a young man without whispering distance without being nauseated by his breath, he used—when his day's work was over—to spend his evenings with some good girl or girls, either around the family hearth; or in some pleasant walks, or at some innocent place of amusement. The young man of the present day takes his solitary pipe, and puffs away all his vitality, until he is as stupid as an oyster, and then he goes to some saloon to quench the thirst created by smoking, and sheds crocodile tears every time the stockings are out at the toes, that the girls now a-days are so extravagant, a fellow cannot afford to get married.—Nine young men out of ten deliberately give up respectable female society to indulge the solitary, enervating habit of smoking, until their broken-down constitutions clamor for careful nursing; then they coolly ask some nice young girl to exchange her health, strength, beauty and unimpaired intellect for their sallow face, tainted blood and breath, and irritable temper, and mental imbecility. Women may well hate smoking and smokers. We have known the most gentle and refined men grow harsh in temper and uncleanly in their personal habits under the thraldom of a tyranny which they had not love nor respect enough for woman to break through.

SOLENN THOUGHT.—We are now building for eternity; we are building for happiness or woe. Whilst I speak and write, and you read and hear, time is fast rushing away. The clock of St. Paul's Cathedral does not strike any one hour within hearing of the same people in whose hearing it struck the last hour. Two or three heard it strike eleven never heard it strike twelve; two or three that heard it strike twelve will not hear it strike one. There is a ceaseless funeral march, a continuous procession of souls to the judgment seat; and if our eyes were opened we should see the whole air peopled with souls rushing to the judgment; and if our ears were unstopped we could hear the trumpet of judgment summoning every moment to the Great White Throne.

HOW TO SELECT FLOUR.—First look at the color; if it is white, with a slightly yellow straw-colored tint, buy it. If it is very white, with a bluish cast, or with black specks in it, refuse it. Second, examine its adhesiveness; wet and knead a little of it between your fingers; if it works soft and sticky, it is poor. Third, throw a little lump of dry flour against a dry, smooth, perpendicular surface; if it falls like powder, it is bad. Fourth, squeeze some of the flour in your hand; if it retains the shape given by the pressure, that, too, is a good sign. Flour that will stand all these tests it is safe to buy. These modes are given by old flour-dealers, and they pertain to a matter that concerns everybody, namely, the staff of life.

SELECTED FOR THE RECORD.

BREVITIES.
How to make a clean sweep. Wash him.
We open the hearts of others when we open our own.
Women are seldom sailors; but they sometimes command smacks.
The first thought of a girl upon receiving an offer is about her wedding dress.
The young lady who caught a gentleman's eye, is requested to return it.
People become ill by drinking healths.—Ho who drinks the health of every body drinks away his own.
Imitations please, not because they are mistaken for realities; but because they bring realities to mind.
Correction does much, but encouragement does more.—encouragement after censure is as the sun after a shower.
There is a manner of forgiveness so divine, that you are ready to embrace the offender for having called it forth.
A man's chief consideration, when about to "pop the question" is not so much what he feels as what he shall say.
A picture or any other work of art, is worth nothing except in so far as it has emanated from mind. It should, indeed, be read like a book.
A printer out west, whose office is a half a mile from any other building, and who hangs his sign on the limb of a tree, advertises for an apprentice. He says; "A boy from the country would be preferred.
Pray, Mr. Professor, what is a periphrasis? "Madam it is simply a circumlocutory cycle of oratorical sonorosity, circumscribing an atom of ideality, lost in a verbal profundity."
—Thank you, sir.
See here, sir, I understand you have a superior way of curing hams. I should like to learn it. "Well, yes; I know very well how to cure them, but the trouble with me just now, is to find out a way how to procure them."
Faithfulness to duty gives cheerfulness of mind.
Labor is one of the greatest elements of society—the great substantial interest on which all men depend.
Indolence deprives men of all that energy which should call forth their virtues, and make them illustrious.
There is now living in the town of Alonzo, Spain, a woman 40 years of age who has twenty-children.

EDUCATION.

What word is there of five letters that by taking away two, leaves one? Stone.
What three American coins will make a dollar? Half a dollar and two quarters.
We often honor of a widow spending her condition by re-pairing.
If you want to know whether a tree hollow or not, hit it with a nail.
Why is it that a rake like a hand-baked loaf? Because he is crusty.
There is an old fellow in Chicago so mean that his shadow won't follow him.
Punch says that in the shadow of a mill wheel may be seen a large doctor's bill and the outlines of a coffin.
The report that a Yankee had invented a machine to take the noise out of thunder is contradicted.
Why is a cowardly soldier like butter? Because he is sure to run when exposed to fire.
A wise man will speak well of his neighbor, love his wife, take the Record, and pay for it in advance.

The woman who "burst her sides a laughing," had them mended by her husband coming into her parlor with muddy boots.
Dr. Francis says that an old maid never looks at a double bedstead without sighing. What an observing old gent.
"Mr. A.—, I understand you said I sold you a barrel of cider with water in it." "No, no," was the reply, "I only said you sold me a barrel of hard water with cider in it."
"Is Mrs. M—— in?" inquired a gentleman of a servant. "No, sir, she's not at home." Well, I am sorry, as I owe her some money, and have called to pay it." A voice is at once heard from over the balcony, exclaiming—"Oh! I am in; be sure I am! Why, Sally, didn't you know that? Ask the gentleman to walk in."

We have received a letter from Springfield, in this State, signed "Three She-Robbers." They very broadly intimate, or rather say, that we lie. Indeed we don't lie, and we won't. They must excuse our want of gallantry in saying that they lie, and that we will sooner be hanged than lie with them.—Louisville Journal.

An Englishman travelling in Kilkenny, came to a ford and hired a boat to take him across. The water being more agitated than was agreeable to him, he asked the boatman if any person was ever lost in the passage. "Niver," replied "Pat," "me brother was drowned here last week; but we found him agin the next day."

Some months since, at the time the Richmond papers made mention of the confirmation of Jeff. Davis in the Episcopal church, a little girl asked her mother if Jeff. Davis would go to heaven if he died. The mother replied that she did not know anything about it. "Well," said the little girl, "there is one thing that I know." Being asked what it was, she said, "I know if Jeff. Davis goes to heaven, General Washington won't speak to him."

A travelling gent in passing a farm, saw a boy at work in the corn field by the roadside, and being of an enquiring turn of mind, he stopped his horse and thus addressed the youth: "My son, whose farm is this?" "Dad's," was the laconic reply. "Does your father raise any stock?" "Yes, lots of 'um."
"What kind," continued the stranger. "Corn stalks mostly," was the reply, as he proceeded to hoe a hill of the article, and the stranger went on his way musing.

Whiskey is \$10 a gallon in the rebel States and awful means at that. The distillation of grain is absolutely forbidden under a heavy penalty, and the people of Virginia have converted all their apples and peaches into alcohol. The consumption of apple jack is enormous, every 'nip' of which costs a handful of Confederate shin-plasters. It appears that the higher liquor gets the more is drank there.—The people won't keep sober for fear they will repeat of having engaged in the rebellion.
The woman who has a bad husband makes a confidant of her maid.
The pump and circumstance of a well-furnished table covers multitudes of defects.
Not the rich but the wise avoid misery and become happy and blessed.
Only the idler or the coward railth against his fortune.
It is ever the least in talent who become malignant and abusive.
No tree can take so deep a root as prejudice.
A well-bred man is polite everywhere, and kind even to a dog.
The amount of suffering among the English operatives is almost inconceivable. For a single instance, take that narrated by a clerkman near Manchester. He says that he found in one house nine persons who had been without food for seven days, and whose only food for that time had been six pounds of oatmeal; in another were ten persons who had lived a week on 50 cents; in the next house were eight persons, the wife having just produced twins, there was no food in the house, one of the twins had died, and there was no means of burying it. In a fourth dwelling the children were trying to keep themselves alive with gummy water.