

Waynesboro Village Record

By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper, Neutral in Politics and Religion.

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NUMBER 49.

CHEAP GOODS!

THEATRE 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.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURE GALLERY!

There undersigned has fitted up the room over Fourthman's Drug store, Main street, Waynesboro, suitably for photographing purposes, where the citizens can be accommodated with all kinds of pictures from the price of 25 cents upward. Photographs at the regular

CITY PRICES

For cards or full size pictures, framed or on card—Old negatives and photographs as may be desired at reasonable prices. A fine stock of Fancy and plain cases on hand. The public, and especially the ladies, are most respectfully invited to call and see specimens. A. B. McCauley, No. 23-24.

BACK AGAIN AT THE OLD BUSINESS.

THE undersigned, respectfully, announces to his old customers and the public generally that he has leased the Blacksmith Shop at the East end of Main street, Waynesboro, Pa., formerly occupied by Frank Knapp, where he proposes carrying on the Blacksmithing business in all its branches. All work will be done at short notice and upon reasonable terms. Also, Wagons and Spring Wagons built to order. J. H. GIBSON, No. 23-24.

POETICAL.

WE'VE ALL OUR ANGEL SIDE.

The huge four stones from out the mine
Unglazed and unglazed,
Have veins of purple metal hid
Beneath the surface there,
Few rocks so bare but to their heights
Some tiny moss plant clings,
And round the peaks so delicate
The sea birds sit and sing.
Believe me, too, that rugged souls
Beneath their rudeness hide
Much that is beautiful and good—
We've all our angel side.

In all there is an inner depth,
A far-off secret way,
Where through the windows of the soul
God sends his smiling ray,
In every human heart there is
A faithful sounding chord
That may be struck unknown to us
By some sweet loving word,
The will in man may try
Its softer thoughts to reveal,
Some unexpected tone reveals
It has an angel side.

Deceived, an lone, and trodden down,
Dark with the shade of sin,
Deciphering not those halo-lights
Which God has lit within:
Groping about in almost night
God knows some nature are,
Who guess not what life's meaning is,
Nor dream of heaven afar
O that some gentle hand of love
Their stumbling steps would guide,
And show them that amidst it all
Life has its angel side.

Brutal, and mean, and dark enough
God knows some nature are,
But He compassionate comes near,
And shall we stand afar?
Our cruise of oil will not grow less
If shared with hearty hand;
For words of peace and looks of love
Few nature can withstand.
Love is the mighty conqueror
Love is the bestorous guide,
Love with her beaming eye can see
We've all our angel side.

THE NOBLE DEPARTED.

BY G. W. HARDWICK.

Tenderly speak of the noble departed,
Who ventured so boldly our country to save,
The good and the true, the generous hearted,
Who silently sleep in a warrior's grave,
From friends, home, and kindred, they gallantly started,
Nor listlessly lingered, but gave us their all;
For the voice of their country this duty imparted
To venture 'e'en death at their country's call.

Speak of them tenderly, those that are lying,
Low in the grave in the prime of their youth;
They braved the storm until gallantly dying,
In favor of Liberty, Justice and Truth.
Breathe not a slur on their lives now departed,
But them sleep on till the summer shall come;
Undisturbed be the rest of the noble, truehearted,
Till Jesus, their Saviour shall welcome them home.

MISCELLANY.

SHROUDS HAVE NO POCKETS.

Shrouds have no pockets; rather a queer caption for an article, but one that expresses in itself a world of meaning. We may spend our days in toil; we may join in the turmoil and busy strife of life; we may get together heaps of yellow gold; we may possess broad acres, princely mansions furnished with all the comforts, yea, all the luxuries of life; our ships may sail on every sea, bringing to us the costly fabrics and the rich gems of other lands; yet soon the brief years of life flee by on Time's unrelenting wheel—the hour arrives when we must bid adieu to all the baubles of earth, and as we came into the world so we depart from it. Shrouds have no pockets. What avails all our yellow gold and costly gems? We can bear nought of it with us to that "unknown shore" o'er the river of death.

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin—Any yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as one of these."

What a lesson to rebuke human vanity is this. The flowers that grow wild and unattended in the fields far outvie in gorgeousness all the costly apparel which wealth can procure. And yet how many pass their whole life, their every thought centered in and confirmed to the empty baubles of earth. Dress monopolizes the every thought of some, others wealth. And what avails it all in the end, when the final dream of life is over, and the mortal part, arrayed in the livery of the tomb, and consigned to its eternal resting place, the grave. Shrouds have no pockets.

How many have sought the "golden shore" washed by the waves of the blue Pacific, where gold lies shining on the river's sands—their hearts beating high with hope, and their souls filled with dreams of wealth. They have left behind them the joys and comforts of home, the kind smiles of friends and loved ones. They tread for a time that "golden shore," and by toil, perchance by other means, win a store of wealth. Then the blighting hand of death falls on them—what then avails their wealth of yellow gold? Were they the possessors of the wealth of Golconda's mines it would not purchase them a moment's respite from the blighting hand of the King of terrors. They sink into the arms of death—the wealth they have struggled so hard to gain is left behind them. The miser who has led a parsimonious life—whose every thought and every act has been to collect together the glittering stores of earth—whose only pleasure in life has been to gaze over the hoards of yellow gold, who has stored the hoard penny from the widow and the orphan, and as by Albany targ-

ed the sweat and tears of unnumbered poverty to droop of gold, to swell still larger his store of wealth. At last he falls sick, and dies, wanting; suffering for the commonest necessities of life! Upon his squand pallet, or heap of straw, he still looks upon his gold, for which he has sold all the pleasure of life, happiness, and heaven as his god. He dies! his hand, which has never been extended to aid his suffering brother, is closed with a vice-like grasp, as though he would still clutch, and as though he would still gather and carry with him to the realm beyond the tomb, the dress for which he has sold his soul. But vain—the dice? Shrouds have no pockets! His gold is left behind for others to enjoy—or to abuse.

Why should we weak beings of a day spend our years and days of life striving after gold? Life's years, to make the most of them, are brief enough; soon they flee away, and we return again to the dust from which we sprang. Gold and broad acres avail us not when the short span of years allotted to our earthly life is over. We may be the possessors of boundless wealth and broad lands—a ring upon our finger of the former, perhaps, and six feet of the latter is all the best of us can claim. The rest we leave behind us for others. Far better for us to use it while we live for the amelioration of our race, and to aid the poor and needy.

Changes.

This world is full of changes. At the close of the year, as we cast a retrospective glance at the past, we are astonished at the changes one short year has wrought. There is scarcely one home circle which has not been made desolate by the grim sceptre, death; scarcely one fireside, but had its vacant seat; and scarcely one heart, but is longing for the immediate presence of some loved and lost one.

The wanderer returns to his home, after many years of absence, to find it changed! He approaches the familiar gateway, and asks, in tremulous tones, for her, his dearly beloved mother. Strange voices tell him she has gone to that better land, and he turns silently away, and seeks the quiet of the village churchyard. As he wanders amid the mossy graves he finds many, many friends whom he has known in early childhood, laid beneath the sod. At his mother's grave he weeps bitter tears, and calls on him to forgive her son for straying so long from her gentle influence. In a shady nook of the yard he finds the newly-made grave of her who was the ideal of his boyish love; and unable longer to endure the changes which time has wrought, he rushes in despair from the spot.

Our friends change. If the cruel breath of slander is breathed upon us, our "summer friends" desert us. They meet us with only a slight nod, or pass us hurriedly by, drawing their garments from our slightest touch. It is true a few friends remain with us, during our dark days, but the number who change outweigh the number who are steadfast.

See the difference in our loved climate now, and two short years ago. Then, all was calm and peaceful; now, troops are hurrying to-and-fro, men's faces wear a stern, determined look, and "war" is the usual topic of conversation.

Wives are weeping at home, while husbands are hurrying to the battle-field. Mothers are mourning for their sons, while they are fighting for their country. Is there not a sad contrast? Is not our country changed, greatly changed?

But it will not be even thus, for soon the flag of peace will wave over our land, from far Pacific to Atlantic shores and the change will be hailed with joy by every true and loyal heart. Thus and forever will changes take place, until we are called by God to meet before His mighty tribunal.

As I look backwards over the short period of my life I can see many, many changes. Friends, dear friends, have departed to take up their abode with the angels; others have gone forth to battle with the world; and some, a very few, have not changed.

Yes, there are many changes in this world but we can hopefully look forward to that blissful home, where there is no more death, no more partings, and no more changes.

Gov. Seymour, speaking of arbitrary arrests, says: "I shall not inquire what rights states in rebellion have forfeited, but I deny that this rebellion can suspend a single right of the citizens of loyal states. I denounce the doctrine that civil war in the South takes away from the loyal north the benefits of one principle of civil liberty." Geo. P. Kane, marshal of Baltimore, who was besieged at Fort Warren last summer, during the early days of the rebellion and the troublous times in Baltimore, wrote to Bradley T. Johnson, a traitor at Frederick, Maryland as follows: "Thank you for your offer. Bring your men by the first train, and we will arrange with the railroad afterward. Send expresses over the mountains and valleys of Maryland and Virginia for the money to come without delay. Fresh horses will be down on us to-morrow. We will whip them or die."
GEO. P. KANE.

Johnston immediately placarded the above at Frederick, with the addition: "All men who will go with me will report themselves as soon as possible, providing themselves with such arms and accoutrements as they can. Double-barreled shot-guns and buckshot are efficient."

According to the notions of the man who now occupies the chair of the chief magistracy of the Empire State, these men could not be arrested; they must first be indicted. Though they were laboring night and day, as much as Jeff Davis, to overthrow the Government and the Union; yet they were entitled to run at large, and do all the mischief in their power, till the grand jury shall see fit to indict them for treason. This is the doctrine of Horatio Seymour. How is the rebellion to be put down, if such doctrines are to prevail in the north?

THE HEROIC DEAD.

Where the tinted sky of morning
Gilds the clouded heavens o'er,
And the heaving tempest's waiting
Drifts eternally no more;
There, beneath the sun of heaven,
Beaming from his burnished throne,
A warrior would be still in arms,
Drowned in death—by peace overthrown.

Thin to the west, we turn our gaze,
Death—blood—war and sorrow there
Dima the sky—Ambition's haze
Blends with blood the widow's pray:
The altar too of tender love
Is no more the same;
Alas! that heaven's fluttering dove
Is prisoned by the flame.

Yet 'tis no death—no earthly grave
Can bind their deeds of worth;
They live, though dead, the true and brave;
Their death but gives them birth!
Though shackled by the prison gates
That shut off earth from heaven;
Eternity in sadness waits
By martyred heroes given.

Up to the summit of the Throne,
Wide as earth and pure as gold,
Bright as the sun when first it shone,
Their laud's names all men behold:
In glory born, in glory dead;
Burning the prison bars of death,
Their endless fame, by history fed,
Began to live with their last breath!

Judge Hughs on Party Men.

Judge Hughes of the United States Court of Claims, always a Democrat of the straightest sort, recently made a speech at Indianapolis in response to a serenade. A report of his remark says:

He denounced in strong terms those who profess devotion to the Union and yet are so frightened at the idea of subjugation and emancipation. "These men said he, seem far more anxious to preserve the bond of the slave than the bond of the Union." He was opposed to a war specially for the purpose of emancipation, but if, as an unavoidable incident of the war, slavery should perish, let it die. He didn't believe in preserving slave property for men whose hands are red with the blood of our neighbors, friends and kindred. For the disposal of all such men he had a plan. If a Douglas man wanted to know where to go, he would say, follow Douglas, and act upon the patriotic precepts of his last speech. If a Douglas man were disloyal he would say, follow your candidate for the Vice Presidency, Johnson, who is in the Rebel Congress. Go there. A loyal Breckinridge man should follow Stanton, Dickinson and Butler. A disloyal Breckinridge man should follow the illustrious Everett. A disloyal one should go where Bell is. For the rest of those neutral men who believe in fighting Rebel battles on loyal soil, he would form them all into a procession, with Secession flags and Marshals selected from the 8th of January Convention, and march them South to the tune of "In Dixie's land we'll take our stand."

FOR PARENTS TO PONDER.—"I would be glad to see more parents understand that when they spend money judiciously to improve and adorn the house, and the grounds around it, they are in effect paying their children a premium to stay at home, as much as possible, to enjoy it; but that when they spend money unnecessarily in fine clothing and jewelry for their children, they are paying them a premium to spend their time away from home—that is, in those places where they can attract the most attention and make the most display."

KINDNESS TO PARENTS.—Sweeter praise can never be than that of a dying parent, as he blesses the hand that led him from sorrow to sorrow, and is even now smoothing the cold bier, damp with the spray of Jordan. And dear the thought, as your tears fall upon the sod that covers the grey-headed father, that you gave cheerfully of your abundance, and never caused him to feel that you were doing a charity.

Never can we repay those ministering angels we call father and mother. Angels, though earthly have they been from the time that Adam and Eve gazed on their first-born, as he slept amid roses, while the tiny fingers, the waxen lids, and cherub arms were all mysteries to them.

THE WORLD OF FLOWERS.—If it were for me to direct how little boys and girls should be led to think of the wisdom and power of God, I think I should say, make them acquainted with the world of flowers. Let them be taught, even when little children, to tell the common names of flowers. Let them have little spots of ground or boxes of dirt in which to plant flowers and take care of them. Let them gather wild flowers on the hill, in the valleys, over the meadows, in the woods, and along the brook. When old enough, give them a cheap magnifying glass, and let them see the exquisite delicacy of form and structure and tint, and the dependence of each part upon the other, and all upon the soil and the shower and the sun, and so on, till the whole to the wisdom and benevolence of Him who formed and produces them all.

LAZY BOY.—A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as sure as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree. Who ever saw a boy grow up in idleness, that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances? The great mass of thieves, paupers and criminals, have come to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business part of the community—those who make our great and useful things—were brought to their work to be industrious.

A good farmer is known by his fences and a villain by his offences.

OUR HOME.

Yes, a glorious home has our Father given us. He has reared it amid beautiful things and furnished it with the sweetest and choicest gifts of His royal bounty. He has spread the fair skies above it, and festooned them with sunset drapery and morning cloud wreath. He has hung upon its walls wondrous pictures of grandeur and magnificence, and carved with strange skill its mighty old pillars. The broad, green earth, with its blossoming gorgeousness, is spread out as a carpet none too choice for the tread of the lowliest one, the most despised and afflicted of the great world. In the smiling valleys and grove-spriekled meadows, there are sundry saloons for pleasure and mirth, where dancing minstrels of joy drown the wretched hours in revels and banquetings. There are grand lofty halls in the mighty forest, and light-hearted minstrels there. There are dim, star-lighted chapels, and solemn sanctuaries where the spirit may worship. Heretoo, are mysterious winding galleries, and sombre quiet chambers, where the devotees of science love to linger, whether the penitive withdraw from the outer busting throng to live for awhile in a world of thought—sacred retreat where the pressing multitude never pause or intrude.

Oh, the grandeur of the old ancestral home—our Father's inheritance, and ours! What profusion—what munificence—what nice adaptation to our multifarious necessities—what boundless expenditure—what finite design—what magnitude, what minuteness mark all its provisions! The soundless sea is stored with treasure, and the fragrant airs come to us laden with blessings. The gushing stream, the lovely flowers, the "rock ribbed" mountains, the merry sunbeams, the birds, the rivers and the trees, come unto us each with a beautiful gift from our God. Every note of harmony, every breath of sweetness, all the broadcast beauties and benefits of the teeming earth, are but out-gushings of tenderness from the great loving heart of the Infinite One, and gentle messengers sent forth to minister gratitude to our spirits. Are we the sons and daughters to whom are sent such numberless tokens of love in the beautiful creations about us? And are our hearts flowing forth in holiest thanksgiving for such beneficence? Does our whole being gush forth in rapturous adoration as we contemplate such astonishing love? Forbid, oh Father, that thy children, thy loved ones should insult thy loving kindness by reveling in the hoine of brightness and beauty which thy hand has prepared, and meanwhile present to the dark hearts stained with ingratitude.

SAY IT OR BUST.

The lateloquent and learned Rev. Dr. Rice excelled in the fervor and unctious of his prayers. In his congregation was an aged negro, very pious and very exaltible, who would always shout "Amen" when any petition was put up that touched his feelings! This, at length, became quite annoying to Dr. Rice, especially as Caesar's hearty "Amen" not infrequently filled the room. Finally, the Doctor told him that his shouts disturbed the congregation, who were not accustomed to them; and if he could restrain them, it would be a great favor. The good negro was shocked to learn that he had disturbed any one, and faithfully promised silence in the future. But it happened the very next Sunday that the Doctor was unusually earnest in his supplications to the throne of Grace. He fairly wrestled in prayer. In the gallery as usual sat Caesar, writhing sympathetically with the emotion which he could not suppress, and would not utter—More and more fervent waxed the prayer—deeper and deeper grew Caesar's emotions—more and more violent his struggles to avoid giving vocal utterance to them. Nature at last could hold no longer. "Amen" shouted Caesar. "Mass Rice, I had to say it or bust."

BETTER THOUGHTS.—There are moments in the life of all no matter whether they are the lofty or lowly; when better thoughts, like angel visitants, come to the mind, and if they are cherished their visits will not be few and far between. As the bird, whose wing cleaves the upper deep, pausing sometimes by your home to catch the crumb around your door, is lured to the open window by the seeds which day after day you put there to win it from aerial flight, becomes less and less timid until it comes and taps on the window pane, and folding its wings, picks the crumbs from your hand; so will better thoughts come the oftener if we open the windows of our heart to receive them, welcoming and cherishing them, and turning them to our side. Better thoughts are angel visitants, and the moments when they come to us are blessed moments.

A Philadelphia paper, speaking of the liberal expenditure of money for holiday presents, on the day and evening before Christmas, says, that in one establishment on Chestnut street, a singular scene transpired. A woman, evidently in pursuit of a gift for a friend, entered and asked to be shown a necklace. Upon inquiring the price she was told that the article was valued at \$2,500. She declared her intention to purchase, and the salesman offered to send it to her residence. With a smiling countenance, she threw the necklace over her head, drew from her purse the full amount in Treasury notes, handed it to the astonished salesman, and walked into the street.

The Chicago Times, a violently abolition paper, has by an almost unanimous vote, been excluded from the Chicago Board of Trade, and the commercial reporter denied the privileges of the rooms. The merchants also refused to give the latter commercial information.

A full heart is as difficult to carry as a full cup—the least thing upsets it.

BRIVITIES.

Book-keeping taught in one lesson—Don't forget that. As time passes, memory silently records your deeds, which "book-keeping" will faithfully lead to your material life.

Remember ye who ridicule a young man for his parsimony, and attribute him as "small" that by and by he can afford to be generous when you have nothing to give.

The word Piggy occurs but once in the Bible—although the thing is enjoined or underfooted almost every page.

All virtues are in agreement, all vices are at variance.

A shanghai, when eating corn, takes one peck at a time.

The Earth is so kind in Texas that, just tickled her with a hoe and she will laugh with a harvest.

What is the difference between a triumphant and an attic room? One is always up stairs and the other never wants to go up.

Friendship has a noble effect upon all states and conditions. It relieves our cares, raises our hopes and abates our tears. A friend who relates his success, talks himself into a new pleasure, and by opening his misfortunes leaves part of them behind.

Dr. Franklin says that time is money—This may account for the fact that persons when in most need of money, ask for time.

The pictures of Nature are done in water colors only; but, how they mock that art which exalts in oil.

I can more easily understand why deformity of person should make one wretched, than why beauty should make one vain—The weakness which desires to please is an amiable one and there is no good reason why the recipient of God's bounty should be vain of, rather than grateful for it.

Mrs. Sims says her husband is always running about at night, and never gets home until twelve o'clock, and she's almost crazy. Mr. Sims is generally in the same condition, after he gets home.

The women must think that we men are great robbers! We are all the time going about robbing them of their very names.

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.

An honest man is the noblest work of God but woman is the priestess.

The world is a treadmill which turns all the time, which leaves us no choice but to sink or swim.

Relieve misfortune quickly. A man is like an egg—the longer he is kept in hot water the harder he is when taken out.

A horse is neither better nor worse for his trappings; so a man should be judged by himself, not his clothes.

Plain honesty is the very best kind of politeness; and temperance is the very best physician.

The nakedness of the indignant world might be clothed from the trimmings of the vain.

Characters, like pipes, get blacker the oftener they are smoked.

The true love of God cannot exist without making lovers of men.

He hath riches sufficient who hath enough to be charitable.

Liberal and generous feeling are true tests of a gentleman.

Talleyrand said that happiness depended on a hard heart and a good stomach.—If men break their promises, remember that God never breaks his. He promises—"As thy days thy strength shall be."

A roaring tornado, unroofing houses and uprooting forests, may be less calamitous than a low whisper from the lips of a mischievous woman, which has the power to unroof reputations and uproot happiness.

The secession ladies in Memphis manage to carry on an extensive smuggling business by means of crinolines. One of them was safely delivered a few days ago, by the Provost Guard, of twelve pairs of boots, which were suspended from her girdle. In each boot was a bottle of whiskey, besides military lace and other articles needed in Dixie. A despical colored woman was also relieved of a fine gallo dromedary of the best brandy.

"What does cleave mean papa?" "It means to stick together." "Does John stick wood together when he cleaves it?" "Hem! it means to separate." "Well, then, you dis a man separate from his wife when he cleaves to her?" "Don't ask such foolish questions, child."

An exchange says that Java coffee is a cure for sick headache. The remedy isn't new; the old women of yore knew, and provided upon it.

"It's a terrible thing to see one check three found and hit him a thundering clap for his unmannery conduct."

Avoid engaging into an argument with a deaf man in a railway car, as it is sure to lead to high words.