

# Waynesboro Village Record.

By W. Blair.

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## Poetical.



### THE NATION'S GRAVES.

BY DOUGLAS A. LEVINE.

There's a spot in old Virginia, dear to every patriot's breast,  
Where the Nation's sainted Hero, in his glory lies at rest.  
In the hushing tones of Childhood, its familiar name is heard,  
And the sterner voice of Manhood echoes back the hallowed word.  
Round that spot, a People's heartstrings, with a love undying, twine,  
And a World bows down in homage at Mount Vernon's hallowed shrine!  
Is it freedom's sacred birth-right, and shall Treason's felon blow  
Dare to strike it from the Union? Let the nation thunder, so!

There's a spot of quiet beauty in the vale of Tennessee,  
Where the sons of patriot sires bare the storm and bend the knee.  
In the Nation's hour of peril, when the storm king rules the sky,  
And the angry waves of faction shake their foamy crest on high—  
In that dread and gloomy hour, doubly hallowed is the grave  
Of the lion-hearted Hero, to the land he loved to save!  
And shall treason tear it from us? Tho' the Nation's blood should flow,  
Crimsoning river, lake and ocean, let her People answer, so!

In the heart of bold Kentucky—of Kentucky, that has stood  
Rock-like, unshaken by the waves of fierce Secession's flood—  
Where the willow droops in sorrow, and the pine to Heaven upturns,  
In a grave but newly watered by a weeping Nation's tears!  
Oh! gentle as a gushing love, that flows in woman's breast,  
Is the love that warms the Nation's heart for Harry of the West!  
And shall the Nation yield his dust to any threatening foe?  
Let all her Patriot Sons arise and shout her answer, so!

See! gleaming in the Western sun—see! flashing from the North,  
A million bristling bayonets rise—a million swords leap forth!  
They're borne by yeomen sworn to crush the Union's hated foes,  
Tho' warmed beneath the Southern sun, or cooled by Northern snows!  
Kentucky shall not plead in vain—Virginia's shall be free—  
And once again the starry flag shall wave o'er Tennessee!  
Back, traitors! from the Hallowed Ground by Patriots footsteps pressed—  
Within their foot-loved Union, let the Heroes' ashes rest!

## MISCELLANY.

### A Cheerful Heart.

I once heard a young lady say to an individual, "Your countenance to me is like the rising sun; for it always gladdens me with a cheerful look." A merry or cheerful countenance was always one of the things which Jeremy Taylor said his enemies and persecutors could not take away from him. There are some persons who spend their lives in this world as they would spend their lives if shut up in a dungeon. Everything is made gloomy and forbidding. They go mourning and complaining from day to day that they have so little, and are constantly anxious lest what little they have will escape out of their hands. They look always upon the dark side, and can never enjoy the good that is present for the evil that is to come. That is no religion. Religion maketh the heart cheerful, and, when its large and benevolent principles are exercised, men will be happy in spite of themselves. The industrious bee does not complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in his road, but buzzes on, selecting the honey where he can find it, and passes quietly by the places where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about and find fault with, if men have the disposition. We often travel on a hard and uneven road; but with a cheerful spirit we may walk therein with comfort, and come to the end of our journey in peace.—Dewey.

**A MEMORABLE TREE.**—In Hyde Park, there still remains one of two trees planted by Charles II. from acorns taken from the Boscobek oak in Somersetshire, in which his father successfully sought refuge, and were planted here to commemorate the event.—They have both been dead some years, and one, much decayed, was removed in 1854; the other, beautifully clothed with ivy, which gives it the appearance of life, still remains.

**Daniel Webster** penned the following sentiment:—"If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass time will efface it; if we rear temples they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon our immortal minds—if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and our fellow-men—we engrave on these tables something which brighten all eternity."

Even in old age the man of genius dwells in the praise he caught in his youth from cotteran genius, which, like the alce, will lower at the end of life.

Right is a plant of slow growth. No doubt justice was long a baby at the breast of truth before she could run alone.

Hesitate, and the vulgar will think you weak; be confident, and they will think you false.

## A Choice Bit.

The following is part of an oration delivered recently in South Carolina, by Thomas Grimke. It is a beautiful extract, and we commend it to the attention of our readers:—"Our country! Our whole country! How affecting are the ties which bind us to thee; how venerable is thy claim to our faithful service, to our purest affections! What indeed is our country, but a parent, by obligations the most sacred and sublime; by associations the most delicate and comprehensive; by prospects the most animating and delightful! In our American creed, what article then is of higher authority, of deeper interest, of more enduring value, than the precept, which commands us to reverence and love our country? Are we bound to father or mother by relations which God himself has ordained and enforced? So are we to our country. Are we bound to our parents by all the sanctions of civil society, coeval with its origin, expanding in its progress, and destined to endure while social life shall last? So are we to our country.—We are bound to our father and mother by all those natural affections, which make them the most venerable of human beings, and home, the happiest spot upon earth? So are we to our country. The parents, whom nature has given us die, and are laid in the earth, by the hands of their children; but our father-land protects us in life and hallows our graves. Our parent country still survives her children. She is immortal. Shall we not, then, in the spirit of gratitude, reverence and love, engrave on our hearts some maxim, not less beautiful in its moral, if we regard our duty, than eminent for its wisdom and truth, if we consult only our interest? And where shall we find a principle more venerable for its antiquity, more commanding in authority, than the inscription on the table of stone: "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Our country is indeed a father, to be revered in the authority which commands our obedience; and a mother to be loved with all the enthusiasm of gratitude and affection. No voice from heaven has indeed proclaimed, amidst the thunders, and lightnings, and clouds of another Sinai, "honor thy country, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." No miscellaneous hand writing has pronounced against us the sentence of destruction for unfaithfulness to her commands, for hypocrisy in our affections. No prophet or apostle has recorded with the pen of inspired truth and divine authority "thy country is thy parent"—by all that is most solemn and binding in duty, by all that is most eloquent and holy in love." But the voice of nature and the testimony of all experience; the brightest and darkest pages of history; the wisdom of philosophy, the energy of eloquence, and the enthusiasm of poetry, all, attest the truth, "thy country is thy parent."

[From the Louisville Journal.]

### Refugee Georgians.

Nine gentlemen, all residents of Whitfield county, North Georgia, arrived in this city last evening, having fled from Rebel oppression. They crossed the Tennessee river at a point near the mouth of the Hiwassee, and from thence crossed the mountains into Kentucky. They gave a fearful account of the state of affairs in the South. The reign of terror is complete, and they assure us that it is worth as much as a man's life to withhold his sympathies from the rebellion. The actual necessities of life are beyond the reach of families in ordinary circumstances, as the bill of current prices will indicate. These gentlemen inform us that pork is selling in Northern Georgia at 30 cents per lb., salt at \$1.75 per lb., corn at \$2 to \$3 per bushel, wheat at \$6 per bushel, sugar at 75 cents per lb., shoes at \$10 per pair, and boots at \$75, eggs at \$1 per dozen, chickens \$1 each, and other articles in proportion. The scarcity of salt is so great that many persons make use of the dirt in their smoke-houses which has been saturated with salt, extracting the saline matter from it, wherewith to cure their meat. There is also great suffering in the Rebel army, and the Augusta Chronicle asserted recently that a body of two thousand six hundred troops marched into Richmond without shoes. Commissions have been appointed in some districts to take an account of the amount of corn and other produce in the possession of the residents, who are not permitted in any case to hold more than is necessary for their subsistence until the next crop shall have matured, and if a family should be found "tintured with loyalty to the Federal Government, all their means of subsistence is seized and confiscated. These refugees, in their flight from Rebel oppression, travelled in the by-ways night and day, sometimes paying guides as much as thirty dollars for their services for a single night.

**CURE FOR NEURALGIA IN THE HEAD.**—A tablespoonful of spirits of turpentine, two tablespoonfuls of camphorated oil, and a quarter of a pint of rum. Shake the mixture well, and rub the part affected; while using this, let the patient be kept warm. This is also a cure for rheumatism, lumbago.

**STOMACHACHE.**—Two teaspoonfuls of finely powdered charcoal, drunk in a half tumbler of water, will often give relief to the sick headache, when caused, as in most cases it is, by superabundance of acid on the stomach.

Repeated doses of washboard are excellent for young ladies afflicted with dyspepsia, and an application of saw-horse is very beneficial to gentlemen troubled with the same disorder.

Pride would never owe, and self-love would never pay.

## How to be Miserable.

Sit by the window, and look over the way to your neighbor's excellent mansion which he has recently built and paid for, and sigh—  
"O, that I was a rich man!  
Get angry with your neighbor, and think you have not a friend in the world. Shed a tear or two and take a walk in the burial ground, continually saying to yourself—  
"When shall I be buried here?"  
Sign a note for a friend, and never forget your kindness, and away hour in the day whisper to yourself—"I wonder if he will ever pay that note."

Think everybody means to cheat you.—Closely examine every bill you take, and doubt its being genuine until you have put the owner to a good deal of trouble. Believe every misdeed passed you but as a step towards crossed, and express your doubts about getting rid of it if you should venture to take it.

Put confidence in nobody, and believe every man you trade with to be a rogue. Never accommodate if you can possibly help it. Never visit the sick or afflicted, and never give a farthing to the poor.

Buy as cheap as you can, and screw down to the lowest mill. Grind the faces and hearts of the unfortunate.

Brood over your misfortunes, your lack of talent, and believe that at no distant day you will come to want. Let the workhouse be ever in your mind, with all the horrors of distress and poverty.

Follow these recipes strictly and you will be miserable to your hearts content—if we may so speak—sick at heart and at variance with all the world. Nothing will cheer or encourage you—nothing throw a gleam of sunshine or a ray of light into your heart.

## The Medical Student.

"You have read sufficiently long Charles," said an elderly physician of my acquaintance to his student, (a youth who had been studying medicine some two years,) to commence visiting the sick! I will take you along with me this morning, and you will have an opportunity of seeing as well as reading of the many changes in disease, we have to watch with an eye of much scrutiny and discrimination in order to enable us more correctly to judge the character and treatment of various cases than we could possibly learn from reading all the books ever published on the subject. And sure enough, off went preceptor and pupil in the daily round of professional visits.

The first house they entered, was one where a man was in a convalescent state, was lounging upon a bed, whilst his nurse was comfortably seated in a rocking chair, reading a novel for his amusement. The doctor approached the bed, and after feeling the pulse of the patient, turned to the nurse and said: "He has been eating oysters!—Why did you let him have them?"

The nurse declared most positively that he had not, but being more closely interrogated, said he only ate two or three.

After leaving the house, the student asked the doctor how in the world he could tell that it was oysters he had eaten?

"Why, I saw the shells under the bed!" was the reply.

The doctor being very busy the next day sent the student alone to the patient, and upon his return asked him how he was.

"He is much worse," said the young disciple: "I think he will die. He has eaten a horse!"

"A horse!" vociferated the physician.

"Yes, sir; a horse!"

"How in the world did you find out that he had eaten a horse?"

"Because, sir," said the knowing student, "I saw a saddle and bridle under the bed!"

**WINTER IN RUSSIA.**—The present winter is terribly severe in Russia. A letter from St. Petersburg says:—"In the memory of man there has not been such a winter as this at St. Petersburg—twenty degrees of cold; the river and the sea locked in ice for a long time past, and not a flake of snow!—Owing to the glass frost, horses and pedestrians cannot keep a footing upon either the road or the pavements. The air is extremely dry; we breathe it with difficulty. Nervous people are particularly affected by it; accordingly, no one stirs out, except on business; and of carriages and promenade there are literally none, even at the Nevskia perspective, between two and four in the afternoon, where there is ordinarily a great crowd."

**AN ICE PALACE.**—A magnificent skating lake is about to be opened at Montreal. When lighted up and crowded with skaters it will be one of the most beautiful sights in the city. Edward Hessel, a Berlin architect, who constructed many of the far-famed ice palaces of St. Petersburg, proposes constructing an ice palace on the river opposite the city. The building will be forty feet high, one hundred and forty-four feet long, and fifty-six feet deep, and will be surrounded by a colonnade and topped with a dome, all with the exception of the windows and doors, to be built of ice.

**LAZY BOY.**—A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as sure as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree. Who ever yet 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 men—those who taught in their boyhood to be industrious.

## TO ONE WHO SAID "I WILL LOVE YOU BEST OF ALL."

Not all the stars of night,  
Not for incense's rosy light,  
Not for all that hand and eye  
Ever could bestow on me,  
Would I have thee yield me love,  
Do thou alone to God above!

## EDUCATIONAL.

### SCHOOL GOVERNMENT.

An Essay, read before the Washington District Institute, Jan. 24th, 1863.

The subject of school government, which was assigned me by the executive committee, is one of great importance, and a fit theme for discussion in a Teacher's Institute. While I approve of the wisdom of the committee in the selection of the subject, I must say that they have not made a judicious selection in the choice of a reporter. I would rather it had fallen into the hands of one more experienced in teaching than I. But since the subject has been assigned me, I will endeavor to do myself as well as time and circumstances will permit. The necessity of obedience on the part of the pupil, is a point on which all Teachers agree. "Order is Heaven's first law," and it has been remarked by a writer of ability, that it is scarcely more essential to the harmony of Heaven, than to the happiness and success of the school. It is the great key to success. A Teacher may be well qualified in all other respects; he may possess a thorough knowledge of the various branches named in the law, yet if he does not possess the ability to govern, all his efforts to teach will be fruitless. Presuming that there is no diversity of opinion in regard to the necessity of the pupil's obedience, I will briefly state how, in my humble opinion, order can best be secured. In the first place, the Teacher must be able to govern himself, for he who has no control over himself, cannot command the respect of his school. The Teacher should be a model character; he should never do anything in the presence of his school that he would not have his pupils to imitate. Children are imitative beings, and I think it is of the utmost importance that the Teacher should set them a good example. If he wishes them to go quietly about their studies, he must show them the way. If the Teacher closes the door with a slam, the pupils will be very likely to do so too. He should walk quietly over the floor, close the door without a noise, and also refrain from looking out of the windows when anything is passing by. By so doing he will set the pupils an example worthy of imitation. I would not have you to think that this is all I deem necessary to secure the harmony of the school; I only mention this as an auxiliary, and I think it will prove a good help if properly carried out. It is true there are pupils in almost every school, who will not respect the exemplary character of the Teacher. Turbulence seems to please them best; their studies are a secondary matter; they appear to delight only in annoying the school. It is this class of pupils that tries the patience of the Teacher. In the government of refractory spirits, the best advice that I can give, is for the Teacher to use the means that he thinks will bring about the most happy results. He is a bad physician who does not prescribe according to the symptoms of the disease, and he is equally unsuccessful as a Teacher, who does not adopt that plan which is most likely to meet the demands of the case. The dispositions of the pupils should be studied, for he who attempts to control unlike dispositions by the same manner, will meet with no better success than the doctor who endeavors to cure all manner of diseases by the use of the same remedy. If the pupil possesses an irascible temper, do not aggravate it; if his conduct does not meet the approbation of the Teacher, let him be kindly admonished. Gentle reproof will often do more to reform a pupil than hard blows. As to the use of the rod in school, I presume the majority of Teachers present, deem it indispensable. I have heard Teachers talk of governing their schools by moral suasion alone; whether there are any present who govern by this method, I know not, perhaps we shall hear by and by. I once visited a school that was governed (or rather misgoverned) by what the Teacher termed moral suasion. I felt curious to know what kind of order he could keep by this method. The behavior of the pupils was such, that since then, I have not entertained a very favorable opinion of it, when solely depended on for the government of a school. I would use the rod when other means fail to preserve order. It should be used judiciously, and never when the Teacher is in a passion. Punishment, when inflicted in a passion, is very apt to be more severe than the offense merits, and at the same time excite feelings of revenge in the pupil. If the pupil is guilty of an offense, endeavor to convince him of his error, get him to acknowledge that he has done wrong, and that he deserves to be punished; having succeeded in this, it is best to defer the punishment for a time. If children spend their time with toys, take them from them; if they talk and neglect their studies separate them; if they neglect to study the lessons assigned them, during the evening, keep them in, or if they fail to prepare a reading lesson, keep them on the floor till it is studied. The best plan to keep children out of mischief, is to keep them employed.

## OLD OROON OAWOOW OUY.

Among the patients in the wards of the general hospital, at Philadelphia, is a beechen soldier. He was very sick when first brought here, but is now doing better. He is a scrubbed customer. Now that he is recovering, his sultriness begins to show itself in a manner that his comrades don't care about putting up with—at any rate from seesh.

## HUMOROUS.

Spare the rod, and you will have no fish for dinner.

A woman is very likely to keep her first lover a long time—unless she happens to find a second.

There is no doubt that the "holiest" and most troublesome animal in Ndash's ark was Mrs. Eben's baby.

"The Fat of the Land"—Ladies that you have to hug twice before you can put a circle around them.

Men are often ruined by the weight of their greatness, as a tree, heavily laden with fruit, breaks its own boughs.

A lover thinks the only proper definition of a right line is a straight line to his sweetheart.

An editor out in Iowa, says, they don't brag of the size of their babies, but they are a most uncommon sure crop.

A debating club in Worcester lately discussed the important question: "Whether a rooster's knowledge of his own break is the result of observation, or instinct?"

Garibaldi has seventeen physicians. Incredible as it may seem, he was alive at the last dates, though, of course, in imminent danger.

A GOOD TOAST.—Woman—she is the only enduring aristocrat—elects without voting, governs without law, and decides without appeal. That toaster deserves a wife.

"Papa, please buy me a muff when you go to Boston." "Sister Minnie, standing by says, 'You are too little to have a muff.'" "Am I too little to be cold?" rejoins indignantly little Ruth.

Some stupid bantering a fat companion, remarked that if all flesh was grass, he must be a load of hay. "I suspect I am," said he, "from the way you assess tubble at me."

Why does Stuart's late incursion into Pennsylvania beat King Solomon? Because Solomon, in all his glory, was not arraigned like one of them.

A DEMORALIZED SOLDIER.—The New York Tribune tells a story of a stout, athletic Zouave, who, running away from the battle of Fredericksburg, was checked by a lieutenant with a drawn sword. Said the latter, "Stop, sir! Go back to your regiment you infernal coward, you are not wounded!" "For heaven's sake let me pass, implored the fugitive, 'I know I'm not wounded, but I'm fearfully demoralized!"

A Deacon, not remarkable for good eye sight, once in giving out a psalm for the congregation to sing, when he came to the lines—

"The eastern sages shall come in  
With messages of grace,"

put the audience in a roar of laughter, by calling out in a loud voice—

"The eastern sages shall come in  
With sausages and grease!"

Somebody has written a book on "The art of making people happy without money." Most editors of country newspapers are in excellent condition to be experimented upon.

The following is said to have occurred in one of the Colleges in the interior of Georgia—

1st Student—Good morning, father Abraham.

Farmer—I am not father Abraham.

2d Student—No; it's father Isaac.

Farmer—Nor am I father Isaac.

3d Student—Well, then, you are father Jacob.

Farmer—No, nor father Jacob, either!

1st Student—Well, who are you, then?

Farmer—I am Saul, the son of Kish, whom his father sent to hunt the asses, and I have found three of them.

AN IRISHMAN'S ANSWER.—A lawyer built him an office in the form of a hexagon, six square. The novelty of the structure attracted the attention of some Irishmen who were passing by; they made a full stop and viewed the building very critically.

The lawyer, somewhat disgusted at their curiosity, lifted up the window put his head out and addressed them:

"What do you stand there for like a pack of blockheads, gazing at my office—do you take it for a church?"

"Fair," answered one of them, "I was thinkin' so, till I saw the devil poke his head out of the windy."

REBUKE TO POPE.—One day, as Pope was engaged in translating the Illiad, he came to a passage which neither he nor his assistant could interpret. A stranger in humble garb, who stood by, very modestly suggested that, as he had some little acquaintance with Greek, perhaps he could assist them.

"Try it—try it," said Pope, with the air of a boy who is encouraging a monkey to eat red pepper.

"There is an error in the print," said the humble stranger, looking at the text. "Read as if there were no interrogation point at the end of the line, and you will have the meaning at once."

Pope's assistant acted upon this hint, and rendered the passage without difficulty. Pope was chagrined; he could never endure to be surpassed in anything. Turning to the stranger, he said in a sarcastic tone—

"Will you please tell me what an interrogation point is?"

"Why, sir," said the stranger, pointing the ill-shaped point, "it is a little crooked, respectable thing that asks questions."

It is better to have your face marked with disease, than with affectation.

A public drinkery should be built with the bar in front, a jail in the centre, and the gallows in the rear.

A man looks most like God, when he is doing God-like actions.

It is a horrible example for a deacon to swear when he gets drunk.

The young lady that laughs and talks in the house of God gives evidence of bad life as well as bad manners.

What places did Washington, Napoleon and Wellington occupy in war pictures? Foreground.

Reformation is the grand preventive of revolution.

The more you affect, the less you will probably effect.

By putting its eye out, what leaves nothing but a nose? Noise.

If a clock could speak to a parrot, what would it say? Pull it ticks.

Wash two faces without, and the traitors who open the gate within.

Always look before you leap.