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By W. Blair.

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PORTICAL.



GOOD NIGHT.

Good-night is but a little word,
Yet beautiful, though brief,
And falls upon the gentle heart
Like dew upon the leaf—

Love's farewell notes of tenderness
Upon affection's chord;
The clasp that knits the daily chain
Of kindly deeds and words—

A verdant olive-branch of peace
Under our pillow pressed,
Shedding its graceful fragrance round
Before we sink to rest—

A kindly wish that each may dwell
In undisturbed repose,
Until the morn' her robes of light
Round every sleeper throws.

Then scorn not thou this little word
Of peace and amity;
It is a link in Love's bright chain,
How small so'er it be.

THE SOLDIER'S BURIAL.

Where shall we lay our comrade down?
Where shall the brave one sleep?
The battle's past the victory won,
Now we have time to weep.

Bury him on the mountain's brow,
Where he fought so well;
Bury him where the laurels grow—
There he bravely fell!

There lay him in his generous blood,
For there first comes the light
When morning earliest breaks the cloud,
And angels last at night!

What though no flow'ers there may bloom
To scent the chilly air,
The sky shall stoop to wrap his tomb,
The stars will watch him there.

What though no stone may mark his grave
Yet fame shall tell his race
Where sleeps the one so kind so brave,
And God will find the place!

Bury him on the mountain's brow,
Where he fought so well;
Bury him where the laurels grow—
There he bravely fell!

MISCELLANY.

Swearing Alone.

A gentleman once heard a laboring man swearing dreadfully in the presence of companions. He told him that it was a cowardly thing to swear in company with others, when he dared not do it by himself. The man said he was not afraid to swear at any time or in any place.

"I'll give you ten dollars," said the gentleman, "if you will go to the village graveyard and swear o'clock to-night, and swear the same oaths you have uttered here, when you swore with God."

"Agreed," said the man, "it's an easy way of earning ten dollars."

"Well, you come here to-morrow and say you have done it, and the money is yours." The time passed on; midnight came. The man went to the graveyard. It was a night of pitchy darkness. As he entered the graveyard not a sound was heard; all was still as death. Then the gentleman's words, "Alone with God," came over him with wonderful power. The thought of the wickedness of what he had been doing and what he had come there to do, darted across his mind like a flash of lightning. He trembled at his folly. Afraid to take another step, he fell upon his knees, and instead of the dreadful oaths he came to utter, the earnest cry went up—"God be merciful to me a sinner."

The next day he went to the gentleman and thanked him for what he had done, and said he had resolved not to swear another oath as long as he lived.

MAGNITUDE OF RUSSIA.—Russia is the greatest unbroken empire, for extent, that ever existed—occupying vast regions of Europe and Asia, and nearly one sixth of the habitable globe. It is forty-one times the size of France, and one hundred and thirty-eight times that of England. Yet it was too small for the ambition of Alexander, who is reported to have said: "I insist upon having the Baltic to skate upon, the Caspian for a bathing place, the Black sea as a wash hand basin, and the North Pacific Ocean as a fish pond." He encroached on Tartary for a pasture, on Persia and Georgia for a vineyard, on Poland for a farm, on Finland and Lapland as a hunting-ground, and part of North America as a place of banishment for offenders. Yet with all his ambition and real greatness of character, both he and his successor have retired from the stage of time without realizing their hopes of universal empire. The possession of India is now his fondest hope; but England in actual possession is an insuperable barrier.

THE DEATH OF A WIFE.—The death of an old man's wife is like cutting down an ancient oak that has long shaded the family mansion. Henceforth the glare of the world, with its cares and vicissitudes, fall upon the old widower's heart, and there is nothing to break their force, or shield him from the full weight of misfortune. It is as if the right hand were withdrawn, as if one wing of an angel were broken, and every movement that he made brought him to the ground. His eyes are dim and gloomy, and when the film of death falls over them, he misses those accustomed tones which have smoothed his passage to the grave.

THE WIDOWS OF REVOLUTION.—Out of about five thousand widows of the Revolution, pensioned by the first act of Congress, only thirty-five survive. Fourteen of them are over one hundred years old. The youngest is ninety-two years of age; the oldest, one hundred and thirty-three years.

How to Procure a Husband.

The following true story might, perhaps, furnish matter for a little comedy, if comedies were still written in England. It is generally the case that the more beautiful and the richer a young female is, the more difficult are both her parents and herself in the choice of a husband, and the more officers they refuse. The one is too tall, the other too short, this not wealthy, that not respectable enough. Meanwhile one spring passes after another, and year after year carries away leaf after leaf of the bloom of youth, and opportunity after opportunity. Miss Harriet Selwood was the richest heiress in her native town; but she had already completed her twenty-seventh year, and beheld almost all her young friends united to men whom she had at one time or other discarded. Harriet began to be set down for an old maid. Her parents became really uneasy, and she herself lamented in private a position which is not a natural one, and to which those to whom nature and fortune have been niggardly of their gifts are obliged to submit; but Harriet, as we have said, was both handsome and rich. Such was the state of things when her uncle, a wealthy merchant in the north of England, came on a visit to her parents. He was a jovial lively, straight forward man, accustomed to attack all difficulties boldly and coolly.

"You see," said her father to him one day, "Harriet continues single. The girl is handsome, what she is to have for her fortune you know; even in this scandalous town, not a creature can breathe the slightest imputation against her; and yet she is getting to be an old maid."

"True," replied the uncle; "but look you, brother, the grand point in every affair in this world is to seize the right moment; this you have not done—it is a misfortune; but let the girl go along with me, and before the end of three months I will return her to you a wife of a man as young and wealthy as herself."

Away went the niece with the uncle. On the way home, he thus addressed her: "Mind what I am going to say: You are no longer Miss Selwood, but Mrs. Lumley, my niece, a young, wealthy, childless widow. You had the misfortune to lose your husband, Colonel Lumley, after a happy union of a quarter of a year, by a fall from his horse while hunting."

"But, uncle,"

"Let me manage, if you please, Mrs. Lumley. Here look you, is the wedding ring given you by your late husband. Jewels, and whatever else you need, your aunt will supply you with; and accustom yourself to cast down your eyes."

The keen-witted uncle introduced his niece everywhere, and the young widow excited a great sensation. The young gentlemen thronged about her, and she soon had her choice out of twenty suitors. Her uncle advised her to take the one who was deepest in love with her, and a rare chance decreed that this should be precisely the most amiable and opulent. The match was soon concluded, and one day the uncle desired to say a few words to his future nephew in private.

"My dear sir," he began "we have told you an untruth."

"How so? Are Mrs. Lumley's affections—"

"Nothing of the kind. My niece is sincerely attached to you."

"Then her fortune, I suppose, is not equal to what you have told me?"

"On the contrary, it is larger."

"Well, what is the matter, then?"

"A joke, an innocent joke, which came into my head one day when I was in a good humor—we could not well recall it afterward. My niece is not a widow."

"What is Colonel Lumley living?"

"No, no; she is a spinster!"

The lover protested that he was a happier fellow than he had conceived himself; and the old-maid was forthwith metamorphosed into a young wife.

The Clergyman and the Burglar.—The world of fiction hardly contains a more thrilling chapter than an incident which marked the life of Rev. Mr. Lee, who was recently cut down in his prime, while pastor of the Presbyterian church in the village of Waterford, N. Y. The adventure, says the Troy Times, occurred on the night before Thanksgiving, a few weeks previous to the commencement of the sudden illness, which resulted sadly and fatally. Mr. Lee was sitting in his study about one o'clock in the morning, preparing a discourse to be delivered to his congregation when assembled for Thanksgiving worship, when he heard a noise behind him, and became conscious that somebody was in the room. Supposing that a neighbor had dropped in upon some unforeseen errand, Mr. Lee said:

"What is the matter?" and turned around in his chair. He beheld the grim face of a burglar, who was pointing a pistol at his breast. The ruffian had entered the house by a side window; supposing that all the occupants were wrapped in slumber, and burst upon the presence of Mr. Lee, before he was aware that the study contained an occupant.

and that all his means were devoted to but one object—the education of the two children that were reposing in the adjoining room. The burglar was deeply and visibly affected by these remarks. Tears filled his eyes, and he expressed the utmost sorrow at the not which he had been about to commit. After a few remarks from Mr. Lee, the would-be criminal consented to kneel and join with him in prayer; and there in that lonely house, amid the silence of midnight, the offender poured forth his penitence and remorse, while the representative of a religion of peace and good-will told him to "go and sin no more." Such a scene has few parallels.

On the conclusion of the prayer, the burglar attempted to take his departure by the broken window through which he had entered.

"Why not go by the front door?" said Mr. Lee.

The man replied:

"There are confederates there who would shoot either you or me."

He desired Mr. Lee to take an oath on the Holy Scriptures, never to reveal the particulars of this singular interview. Mr. Lee said it was unnecessary, as he had the kindest feelings toward him, and should never divulge what he had seen or heard. The next day Mr. Lee, while walking, with his wife, met the man in the streets of Waterford, and on subsequent occasions, saw him from time to time.

One of the actors in this singular episode fills an early grave; but by means that we are not at liberty to disclose, the event did not die with him. What must be the feelings of the other party to this mysterious meeting, whenever he reflects upon the lonely paragon, and the memorable scene that it witnessed on the night before Thanksgiving, 1862?

COPPERHEADS AND FUTURE HISTORY.

When this rebellion shall have been suppressed—and it cannot last long at longest—every actor in it will receive honor or dishonor. Every American, high or low, is an actor in it. He can't escape it if he would for neutrality is in itself defection and disloyalty. It will be known and remembered how every man bore himself in this crisis of the nation's life—every man from ocean to ocean. With men in general it will not be written on the page of history; but it will be written on a tablet yet more distinct, the living memory. Ten, twenty, thirty, fifty years hence it will be inquired about, and it will be known how every American who was on the stage in the Great Rebellion then acted, whether he took sides for or against the Government; and every man, woman and child in the country will understand it. The honor and dishonor of it will cleave not only to the individual himself, but to his children.

There are those living who remember the odium which, after the Revolution, clung to every Tory to his latest breath. No intellectual accomplishment, nor any moral worth could exempt them from it. But more than that, it was transmitted to his children and his children's children. Even to this day the American whose ancestor at that time was known as a Tory, hears of it with burning shame. Similar contempt was entailed upon the blue-light Federalists of the last war. So far as regards the private character of its members, the Hartford Convention of 1814 was probably equal to any political assembly ever held in this country; but after the war closed every man of them to his dying day was held in dishonor. He could no more obtain a public office than if he had been positively disqualified by law. The ban of public opinion was upon him. Though it was very clearly shown in subsequent years that the majority of the Convention had no such treasonable intentions as imputed to it, yet it is enough that it was a peace assemblage calculated to embarrass the Government. To this day the Hartford Convention is a by-word and reproach. There were Federalists who did not approve of the Convention, and yet even they do not fully escape. It is still everywhere a reproach to have been at that time an opponent of the Administration at all.

What hath been will be—only in greater measure. The revolutionary Tory at least had the apology of retaining his original loyalty. The peace Federalists of the last war acted against the Government only in its external relations, and the peace they sought involved no vital injury to the nation itself. But the copperhead of the present day proves false to all loyalty, and is re-acted in a sense which the Tory was not. He is traitorous, too, in a sense in which the last war Federalists was not; for his peace policy inevitably carries with it the disruption and destruction of the Republic, while the other peace policy would not have affected the unity and perpetuity of the Republic at all. There has been in American history no public treachery so unqualified, and so utterly incapable of extenuation, as that of the Copperhead of '63; and which was followed with such a terrible reckoning as will be hereafter exacted for this.

So far as regards the judgment of the next generation, a man of the present day had better commit almost any crime in the calendar, than be guilty of furthering the ends of the rebellion by advocating peace, or in any other manner. He might better leave his children without a dollar than entail upon them the scandal of a father who turned against his country in the day of her extremity.

A quaint old gentleman, speaking of different allotments of men by which some become useful citizens and others worthless vagrants, by way of illustration, remarked: "So one slab of marble becomes a useful doorstep while another becomes a lying tombstone. If you wish for peace, prepare for war."

Execution of Frederick Smith.

The Hagerstown Herald gives the following account of the execution of Frederick Smith at that place on Friday last, which was witnessed by about 10,000 persons:

"There was nothing very remarkable in the last hours of the doomed man. On Thursday night he slept some four or five hours and on Friday morning he arose and had a hearty breakfast but notwithstanding these evidences of seeming indifference to his fate, he was intensely agitated, and wept as if the very fountains of his heart had been broken up. He was visited during the morning by the Rev. Mr. Evans, the Rev. Mr. Wagoner, the Rev. Mr. Hyde, and the Rev. Mr. Vinton. These gentlemen sang and prayed with him, and gave him such spiritual advice as one in his situation required. Between 11 and 12 o'clock he again partook of food, and at 20 minutes of 1 o'clock, having been previously arrayed in a suit of black clothes, and otherwise prepared for the last terrible scene in his life, he was led from his cell by the Sheriff and his Deputies to one of three carriages drawn up in front of the Jail. Seated in this with the officers of the law, the other two carriages being occupied by the Clergy and Medical Examiners, and accompanied by the mounted Guard, he was taken to the place of execution. As the solemn procession moved onward he buried his face in his handkerchief, and exhibited intense agony, trembling, weeping and sobbing incessantly. He raised his head but once or twice on the way to look upon what was to him the last of earth, and made but a single remark, and that was an appeal to the Sheriff to lose no time.

In a very short space of time the vehicles reached the gallows. Smith immediately alighted, and accompanied by the Sheriff the Deputies and the Clergy ascended the scaffold, where no time was lost in executing the stern mandate of the law. He took an affectionate leave of the Clergy by shaking hands and kissing each one of them, and in like manner bade adieu to the Sheriff and his Deputies, after which Rev. Mr. Stitt made a brief but very appropriate and beautiful prayer. The Sheriff then adjusted the rope, led the doomed man upon the fatal trap, who continued deeply moved, weeping and shaking like an aspen leaf. In an instant the rope was attached to the beam above, the cap drawn and the Sheriff on his way down the steps. As he descended he touched with the heel of his boot a lever or treadle, which caused the trap to fall, and at precisely 10 minutes past 1 o'clock the unfortunate man was launched into eternity. After hanging 10 minutes the pulse entirely ceased, and after being up thirty minutes he was pronounced dead by the Physicians present, and taken down and put in a neat coffin.

Smith was about 31 years of age; was exceedingly illiterate, and wholly destitute of moral and religious training.

An English Officer's Adventures.

In one of Mr. Wee's letters from Europe to the Albany Evening Journal, the following anecdotes are told:

"Sir John Wilson, a veteran General to whom I was introduced said that he received 7 wounds (then Captain Wilson) on the Niagara frontier, in 1814, and was brought wounded, with Gen. Scott, to Albany, where he remained several weeks, and was then taken to Pittsburg. He spoke warmly of Gen. Scott's gallantry and generosity. He also remembers, gratefully, the kind attentions of his American surgeon, (Dr. Thomas of Poughkeepsie,) who entered the army about the time Gen. Scott was appointed a Captain."

"Sir John related several incidents that occurred on his way to Albany. A few miles west of Canandaigua, at a tavern, he was annoyed by a Yankee, who came into his room, sat down and asked all kinds of questions, many of them in bad taste if not impertinent. Before leaving—Captain Wilson asked for Porter, but it could not be obtained. Some hours afterwards, as the wounded officer was journeying eastward, he was overtaken by the Yankee, who said, 'Well, Captaining, I s'pose you did not expect to see me again?' The officer replied 'that he had neither expected nor desired to see him again.' 'Well,' responded the Yankee, 'never mind that. I heard you say you wanted porter, and I bought you some, then producing a bottle and tumbler, poured it out and handed it to the Captain, who drank it, was refreshed, and offered, with thanks, payment. 'I don't want no pay for that nor these six bottles. What we Americans want is to whip the British, and treat them well afterwards, specially if they are wounded.'"

"This incident, said Sir John, with the kindness of all classes to him, led him to cherish pleasant recollections of America, and to pray devoutly that the horrors of another war between kindred, who ought to be friends, may be averted."

THE END OF THE WORLD.

The date of the end of the world is satisfactorily fixed for the year 1838. There is an ancient prediction repeated by Nostradamus in his "Centuries," which says that when St. George shall encircle the Lord, when St. Mark shall raise him, and St. John shall assist at his ascension, the end of the world shall come. In the year 1838 it will happen that Good Friday falls on St. George's day, Easter Sunday on St. Mark's day, and Holy Thursday, or Ascension day, will be also the feast of St. John the Baptist.—N. Y. Post.

GET MARRIED.

With a wife the lawyer is more trusty, the doctor more respected and useful, the mechanic more industrious, and the merchant gets better credit in a short time.—He is no man at all.

RELIEF OF NEURALGIA.

As this dreadful disease is becoming more prevalent than formerly, and as the doctors have not discovered any method or medicine that will permanently cure it, we simply state that for some time past a member of our family has suffered most intensely from it, and could find no relief from any remedy applied, until we saw an article which recommended the application of bruised horse-radish to the face, for toothache. As neuralgia and toothache are both nervous diseases, we thought the remedy for the one would be likely to cure the other, so we made the application of horse-radish, bruised and applied to the side of the body where the disease was seated. It gave instant relief to the severe attack of neuralgia. Since then we have applied it several times, and with the same gratifying results. The remedy is simple, cheap, and may be had within reach of every one.—Laurensville Herald.

JUST LIKE ROSECRANS.—Mr. J. W. has handed us a letter from his brother, a chaplain in the army of the Cumberland, who gave this interesting anecdote of Gen. Rosecrans:

On Wednesday, while we were stationed as guard to the ford, Gen. Rosecrans came up to Col. Price, commanding the brigade, and said:

"You're Col. Price, commanding the second brigade, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Colonel, will you hold this ford?"

"Well, General, I will if I can."

"That won't do, sir," said Rosecrans, "Will you hold this ford?"

"I'll die in the attempt," responded the cautious Colonel.

"That won't do, sir. Will you hold this ford?"

"I will," said the Colonel, firmly, and Gen. Rosecrans rode off without another word, and left the Colonel to fulfil his promise.

NOT YET.—"Not yet," said a little boy, as he was busy with his trap and ball—"When I grow older, I will think about my soul."

The little boy grew to be a young man. "Not yet," said the young man. "I am now about to enter into trade. When I see my business prosper, then I shall have more time than now."

Business did prosper. "Not yet," said the man of business. "My children must have my care. When they are settled in life I shall better be able to attend to religion."

He lived to be a gray-headed old man. "Not yet," still he cried. "I shall soon retire from trade, and then I shall have nothing else to do but to read and pray."

And so he died. He put off to another time what he should have done when a child. He lived without God, and died without hope.

THE UNION SENTIMENT IN MISSOURI.—A letter from Palmyra, Mo., to the Boston Journal, says the prospects of that State are most promising: "The rebel sympathizers are fast selling out, and leaving their places to be filled by good and loyal men. The Union sentiment in Missouri is intensely loyal; it recognizes but two parties, the one for the Union, the other against it. So we think and act. We are getting more loyal every day. We understand the awful responsibility resting on the President, and we will stand by him through this fiery ordeal, and with him conquer or perish. Such are the sentiments expressed in the current thought, and in the public meetings which gather to consider the posture of affairs and the present crisis. We fear nothing for Missouri."

MAKING ROOM.—It was Henry Clay, we think, who, after he had finished his studies, went to a certain town with letters of recommendation to an influential member of the bar, and sought his advice and influence in establishing himself in his profession. The encouragement he received was something like this: "I would be very glad to render you any assistance in my power, Mr. Clay, but really there is no room in this place for another lawyer." Mr. Clay, (if he was the individual, for it is a long time since we heard the story), nothing daunted, straightened himself and, with the reply, "Then sir, I intend to make room," left the house.

A TEST OF REFINEMENT.—The Vermont Patriot tells a story of an old usurer, who went once to visit a former borrower, who had since fortunately risen from poverty to independence. They went into the garden. Passing along a walk flanked on either side with flowers of great beauty and variety, the visitor made no remark until he came to the potato patch, when he exclaimed, "My friend you'll have a fine crop of potatoes here!" "That's just like you," said the proprietor, "when gentlemen and ladies pass through my garden, they look at the flowers, but when a hog comes in, all he can see is potatoes."

IMPORTANT DECISIONS.—The Wisconsin Supreme Court, on the 25th ult., rendered a decision pronouncing the draft constitutional, declaring liable to military duty, all who vote; and affirming the constitutionality of the soldier's suffrage law. All the judges concurred in the decisions.

HUMOROUS.

It takes four springs to make a leap year.
A bad man when he is alone, is in the company of friends.
When is an ox an ox. When is turned into a meadow.

What is that which divides by uniting and unites by dividing? Ans.—A pair of scissors.

At what age are ladies most happy? Marriage.
When is a soldier not half a soldier? When he's in quarters!

What does a liar do after he is dead? Ans.—He lies still.

An eminent physician has discovered that nightmare is produced in nine cases out of ten, by owing a bill for a newspaper.

"Where is the east?" inquired a tutor, one day, of a very little pupil. "Where the morning comes from," was the prompt and pleasant answer.

A contraband being escorted to the fortifications yesterday by a soldier, he was met by another "geunman ob color."
"Hollow, the, whar ye gwine with dat gard?"

"Ise gwine to reinforce the army."
"Is dat so?"

"Yes, I'm gwine to de mortifications to dig trenches."—Louisville Democrat.

"Father," said little Teddy, "how can the sea run when it is all rind?"

"It don't run, my child," replied the father, "it seze still."

"How can it set if it has no bottom?"

Teddy was led out of doors by the hair of his head.

"John, come up with your lesson. What does g-l-a-s-s spell?"

"Well, I know once—but darded if I don't forget now."

"Pshaw! what's in your mother's window-sashes?"

"There's so many things, that darn me if I can remember 'em all. Let me see—there's a boss blanket in one place, brother Job's white hat in another, and dad's old trousers in the smash that Zeb and I made yesterday."

"That'll do, Jonny; you may go and play a little."

The following rich scene is said to have lately occurred in one of our courts of justice between the judge and a Dutch witness all the way from Rotterdam!

"Judge—What's your native language?"

"I pe no native, Ies a Dootchman."
"What is your mother tongue?"

"O fander say sho pe al tongue."
"What language did you first learn? What language did you speak in the cradle?"

"I did not speak no language in te cradle at all; I only cried in Dootch."

The head of a pure old man, like a mountain top, whitens as it gets dearer heaven.

WHAT SHE WANTS.

I want to take ethereal flights
Above this world of ours,
And bask beneath the sunshine bright
In God's celestial bowers.

And when my course of life is done,
And death's hands on me laid,
I want to lay me down and die—
But not a sour old maid.

A POET offered the following evidence of true love to his sweet-heart:

I love you as the golden touch
That brightens up the moon—
I love you (this is saying much)
As I love my morning horn

While traveling in Western Virginia happening one day to be in a small dry goods store, situated in a small village, an old lady from the country came in. She purchased several articles of the clerk, and at length observed a neatly painted and varnished bellows hanging by a post, she enquired what it was. The clerk perceiving that the old lady was rather ignorant, and being somewhat of a wag, informed her that it was a new fashioned fan which he had lately received from the East, at the same time taking the bellows down and puffing with in his face, told her that was the mode of operation. The old lady repeated the operation on herself, and was so delighted with the new fan, that she purchased it forthwith and departed.

On the next day our informant, the minister had an appointment to preach at a schoolhouse in the neighboring country. The congregation being assembled, while the minister was in the act of reading the hymn, who should pop in but the old woman with her new fashioned fan; and having taken her seat, immediately commenced puffing away in good earnest. The congregation knew not what to make of it—some smiled, and some looked astonished, but the ludicrous prevailed over everything else, and to such an extent, that the minister himself was obliged to stop reading, and to hand the book to his brother-in-the-desk. After the usual preliminary services, he rose to preach but there sat conspicuously the old lady with the bellows in front, a hand hold of each handle, the nose turned up towards her face and with much self-complacency, puffing the gentle breeze into her face. What to do or how to proceed he knew not, for he could not cast his eyes over the congregation without meeting with the old lady. At length unassuming resolution, and trying to feel the solemnity of the duty imposed on him, he proceeded. He finished his discourse, but it cost him more effort than any before or since.