



By W. Blair.]

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THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE VILLAGE RECORD. Come honest old Patrons and listen to me, I've a smile for thy neighbor and a kind word for thee.

How gladly we'll welcome the frost and the snow As it kisses the waves of the brooks as they flow, Or whisks the hills with its sparkling crest.

For Fortune has chosen this era of thought, As a stage to display the gem that was sought, In this chaos of misery bloodshed and woe.

At last the storm bursts with a thundering peal, That nerves each heart like an arm of steel, Every soul is on fire, and eager to tell.

Then Davis, their chieftain, pragmatic and vain, Came on like the gust that precedes the rain, Intending to capture our government seat.

But now they're trying to pollute and despoil Kentucky's brave sons and sacred old soil, But her voice, like a trumpet, has scorned with disdain.

Our brave "Yankee Boys" prepared to go down Toward this chivalric, squallid old town.

That blazoned old flag insulted and torn, Will kiss every breeze, outside every storm. But if you desire to hear the late news,

With many kind wishes for a happy New Year, Here is one for thy smile which I'm sure is sincere, As we look to the past and bid it adieu,

That scene—they two so young and fair—ah well might angels weep!—the tempter and the tempted. See—with all a woman's earnestness she is striving to gain her purpose.

And now, for an introduction to the persons, at whose conversation, contrary to the rules of good breeding, we have been unwelcome listeners.

For peace and calm, as a babe in repose, This Demon-like author of all our woes, Sinks away as though discretion had best his irascible mind with undisturbed rest.

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finding that he spurred with indignation the commission offered him, they, knowing the influence exerted by a woman over a man that truly loves her, determined to bestir themselves in another direction.

Chagrined at her failure, the traitress hastily despatched a note to the "Congress" then in session, the result of which will soon be apparent.

With a hurried "follow me!" Le Clare leaped in his saddle, and was out of sight, putting spurs to his horse he was soon at home.

"Rather beggary and honor"—he was about to say, when the door opened, and Mary Langley entered, her countenance glowing with indignation.

Stretching his arms towards Walter, the old man cried, "Save me, my son!" and would have fallen at his feet had he not caught him in his arms.

He paused—the great drops of sweat stood upon his forehead; (what a trial!) but his aged father must not be thrown upon the cold charity of the world by any deed of his—no, no! He fell—avert his doom, kind Heaven!—and became a traitor.

On, on—through the rebel camp, past sentinel and guard, we go, stopping at that large white tent. 'Tis the Colonel's; he is within, writing. Peeping over his shoulder we observe his letter to "Mary."

"Tis the evening after the battle of Bull Run. The ground is strewn with the dead and dying. A little to the right of yonder heap of ghastly corpses, lies the body of a handsome young officer, clad in the uniform of the Confederate army.

KEEP TO THE RIGHT. "Keep to the right," as the law directs, "Christ is the life, and Christ the way." And thou art far from home and rest.

Garrying Pa. His Dinner. As we plod wearily along through this busy world, with these tender bodies and feeble hearts of ours, exposed on either hand to disease and accidents which lay waste the one and sorrow which crush the other, we, every now and then meet with incidents which touch the hardest heart and leave life-long impressions.

On the following day, we were by her bedside, with her physician. She was feeble, but conscious and vigilant, and in her debility suffered but little pain.

We are not inebriated, in the main, we have little fellow feeling for those who are ever pumping for our tears, nor do we sympathize deeply with those whose fountains of grief are so shallow that their tears ripple over the lid with every gust of sorrow.

It has been our lot many times to witness such scenes of innocent suffering, and they always awaken thoughts and inquiries which we can scarcely answer; but we remember none more affecting than the one just related.

She never carried pa his dinner more. She lingered a little, still filled with this, to her all absorbing regret, and passed away—went to that land where the weary rest, nor do they hunger more, where children have been invited to go, and where they play on the wayside unmolested.

Parental Indulgence. No children are ever so happy as those who have been early taught implicit and immediate obedience to a parent's wishes, or will, or commands.

Old Age Without Religion. Alas for him who grows old without growing wise, and to whom the future world does not set open her gates, when he is excluded by the present.

How Quakers Fight. We once knew a Quaker who was forced into a fight with a quarrelsome neighbor. After some scuffling the Quaker's nose came in violent contact with the other's fist, causing it to bleed profusely.

A great man commonly disappoints those who visit him. They are on the look out for his thundering and lightning, and he speaks about common things much like other people; nay sometimes he may even be seen laughing.

A BEAR SQUALL. A negro baby with the cotie.

The Idle Boy Becomes a Man. Yes, I am a man, and wo is me for having been such a little fool when I was a boy; I hated my books, and took more pains to forget my lessons than ever I did to learn them.

Behold the first fruits of idleness in childhood.—Miss Jewsbury.

A Flirt. What a ridiculous as well as wicked fashion, says Fanny Fern, is that which wraps furs around a little child's shoulders and exposes its little bare calves to the biting winds of winter.

Kindness to Animals.—The N. York World well remarks: "Gentleness, like charity, is twice blessed—the effects of which on animals around the homestead are scarcely less noticeable than upon the family of your household."

Old Mr. Singlestick mystified a tea party once by remarking that women are facts. When asked to explain his meaning, he said, "Facts are stubborn things."

There is a woman in the Titanic asylum at New York who thinks the Roman Catholics are trying to build a cathedral in her stomach, and who goes to bed every night with a club to keep off the Papias.

Some wise men, years ago said—"If you want to learn human nature, get married to a spunky girl, move in the house of another family, and slip one of the young ones, and then you'll learn it."

A pedlar, being asked by a long spindle shanked wag, if he had any tin overalls, replied, "No, but I have a pair of candle moulds that will just fit you."

De Quincy somewhere tells us an anecdote of a man who, being threatened of an assault by eighteen tailors, cried out:—"Come on both of you!"

A dozen of high breasted girls, just beginning to break their breasts, will do more towards filling a party with sentiment and inspiration, than all the wine that was ever squeezed. Fact.

HUMOROUS



Motto for a dressmaker—Let her rip. When is a house not a house? When it is a fire. What lady's name best suits her nature? Miss Chief.

The longest day is now discovered to be the day before your wedding. He's a fool who tries by force or skill, To turn the current of woman's will.

Why is an auger hole, when bored too deep, like a man in the water? Because it is overboard. Why is a bad picture like weak tea? Because it is not well drawn.

A SMART RETORT.—A doctor went to bleed a dandy, who languidly exclaimed, "Oh, doctor, you're a good butcher!" To which the doctor rejoined, "Oh, yes, I am used to sticking calves."

They dress cool out west. A young lady being asked if she would wear that bonnet to church, replied she should wear nothing else.

What is that which we wish for, and often obtain, yet never know when we have got it? Sleep. It is supposed that the reason why most of the women's rights women, who are old maids, don't marry, is that they consider themselves so far in advance of the age, that they are afraid their offspring would be grand children.

What fish have their eyes nearest together? The smallest. A man in Kentucky was so enormously big, that when he died it took two clergymen and a boy to preach his funeral sermon.

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