

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

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SELECT POETRY.



DEAD HOPES.

The dead leaves strew my daily paths,
And dead hopes strew my heart,
Alas! that autumn storms must come,
And summer's joys depart;
Alas! that prospects bright as morn
Should fade like day when eve comes on.

The cherished hope of early years,
Too bright for earth to hold,
The gay, glad promise of my youth,
The flower that would unfold,
Now, withered like the autumn leaves,
No more my trusting heart deceives.

I walk henceforth beneath the cloud,
My heart is shrouded now,
Yet meekly, Father, to Thy will,
That aching heart would bow;
Sunshine, thank God! is on my head,
Since only earthly hopes are dead.

What though the forms I loved so well
Are sleeping 'neath the sod,
What though the spirits once with me
Are walking now with God,
In that bright land where angels sing,
And bloom the flowers of endless spring!

There comes a day my soul shall know,
When all I hoped for here,
For ever fresh, for ever bright,
Shall be my portion there.
All that the Father gives the Son
Shall share the joys by angels known.

The dead leaves in my daily paths,
Will one day disappear,
And vernal beauty clothe the earth,
And summer's joys draw near,
So will my heart, of earth's hopes riven,
Bloom with thy unfolding hopes of heav'n.

SYMPATHY.

Oh, let us heal the wounded heart,
The sad in spirit cheer,
And words of joy to them impart,
And wipe away each tear.

Oh! let us be the orphan's friend
And to their woes give heed;
And ever to the hopeless lend
The aid they so much need.

And may we guide the suffering soul
To scenes of joy and peace,
And bid them reach that happy goal,
Where sorrows all will cease.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

A Real Incident.

In the autumn of 1823, a man was descending the Ohio river, with three small children in a canoe. He had lost his wife, and with the emigrating spirit of our people, was transferring his all to another country where he might again begin the world.

Arriving toward evening at a small island, he landed them for the night. After remaining a short time, he determined to visit the opposite shore, for the purpose, probably, of purchasing provisions; and telling his children that he would soon return to them, he paddled off, leaving them alone on the island. Unfortunately, he met with some loose companions on the shore who invited him to drink. He became intoxicated, and in attempting to cross the river after night was drowned. The canoe drifted away and no one knew of the catastrophe until the following day. The poor deserted children in the meanwhile wandered about the uninhabited island straining their little eyes to get a glimpse at their father. Night came, and they had no fire or food—no bed to rest upon, no parent to watch over them. The weather was extremely cold, and the elder child, though but eight years of age, remembered that persons who slept in the cold were sometimes chilled to death. She continued to wander about, and when the younger children were worn out with fatigue and drowsiness, and were ready to drop into slumber, she kept them awake by telling them amusing and alarming stories. At last nature could hold out no longer, and the little ones, chilled and aching with cold, threw themselves on the ground. Then the sister sat down, and spreading out her garments as wide as possible, drew them into her lap, and endeavored to impart the warmth of her own bosom, as they slept sweetly on her arms.

Morning came, and the desolate children sat on the shore weeping bitterly. At length they were filled with joy at the sight of a canoe approaching the island. But they, soon discovered that it was filled with Indians, became frightened, and fled to the woods. Believing that the savages had murdered their father and were now come to seek them, they crouched under bushes, hiding in breathless fear, like a brood of young partridge.

The Indians, having kindled a fire, sat down around it, and began to cook their morning meal; and the eldest child, as she peeped from her hiding place, began to think they had not killed her father. She reflected that they must inevitably starve, if left on this lone island; while on the other hand, there was a possibility of being kindly treated by the Indians. The cries, too, of her brother and sister, who were begging for bread, pierced her heart, and awakened all her energy. She told the little ones, over whose feeble minds her fine spirit had acquired an absolute sway, to get up and go with her; then taking a hand of each, she fearlessly led them to the Indian camp fire. Fortunately, the savages understood our language, and the little girl explained to them what had occurred, they received the deserted children kindly, and concluded them to be the nearest to home they were kept by some benevolent people until their own relations claimed them.

A Year Ago.

A year ago—what are the memories which almost unconsciously to ourselves, steal upon us as we glance back a whole year in the retrospect of time. Then, as now, the last birth days of Autumn loveliness, were going out, and the cold dark shadows of winter, settling down upon us. But still how changed are all things around us! Methinks there is scarce a household, wherein the inmates may not note some great change; the past year has perhaps wrought such changes as only one in a hundred can effect.

And as I write, thought will revert to a name whose sound was gladness—one often on your pages appeared, and whose words came willingly to our hearts, with tones of cheerful mirth, lifting, if it might not altogether dispel, the clouds which of late times surrounds us, threatening entirely to envelop us with its darkness and gloom. But that name we shall no more behold. Wonderingly we asked, what stilled the pen of Ida, that we saw not the familiar signature. When lo! the messenger came, saying she had gone—had left the buds and flowers she loved so well, just as they were bursting into loveliness—gone in the bright and beautiful June.

And thus in many a household, they have gone—gone never more to return; they departed with the last signs of winter's chill reign; perhaps looked a little while on the returning loveliness of mother earth, and then laid them down to repose 'mong the earliest flowers.

But there are many who have fallen, with no loved hand nigh to wipe the death damp from the paling brow—no gentle voice to direct the falling eye upward—have fallen alone, and alone the bereaved household do mourn.

There are still other homes desolate, though not by the hand of death—bereaved hearts that mourn in the bitterness of anxiety, concerning the fate of loved ones on the tented field—loved ones who a year ago, mingled in the bright home circle, shared the amusements and employments of their own firesides, little thinking that the war drum would so soon call them forth in the defence of their Country's banner.

Well may we ask where are those, who in beauty stood, (not one hundred) but one short year ago; and ere another year shall roll around, where will be those who now upright walk upon this loved earth in the strength of manhood? Shall they be cold and gray, far away on some distant battle field, a willing sacrifice on the altar of Liberty?

Time alone can answer, and in the meanwhile let us remember that, the "night cometh wherein no man can work," and strive to be prepared for whatever changes the times and seasons, in the hands of the Almighty One, shall develop—*Country Gentleman.*

Saddening Words.

There are many euphonious words in the English Language—more perhaps than in any other modern tongue except the Italian—of which the sound so harmonizes with the sense, that they charm at once the ear and the heart. The vocal body, so to speak, with which the sentiment is clothed, seems as appropriate to it as a lovely countenance to the possessor of a beautiful mind. "Home," "Love," "Slumber," "Caress," "Welcome," belong to its category; but it is in certain pathetic expressions that the argument of sound and sentiment strikes us as most perfect. Poe said that "Nevermore" was the most mournful of all words; Byron gave the same melancholy pre-eminence to "Farewell," and Dr. Johnson thought that of all phrases "The last" was the most touching. "The last look"—"the last sight"—"the last of earth"; these are certainly solemn and affecting utterances; but we think, with a late writer, that there is more real pathos in the word "gone" than in any other in the language. To use a Spanish, or rather Moorish, metaphor, it is "full of tears." How it appeals the sense and desolates the heart of the weeping watcher when spoken, ever so softly, in the chamber of death. "Gone!"—it cuts off all hope. It vibrates on the air like the tone of a passing bell. "Gone, forever!"—what four syllables in any language comprehend so much of mystery, and desolation and woe! "Gone!" says the torn mother, when the dark angel has borne away the last lamb of her fair flock, and I am left alone, alone! "Gone!" shrieks the distracted widow as she reads the name of her heart's idol on the death scroll of war. "O, husband, that I had died with thee!" "Gone!" sobs the strong man, as he totters, weak as an infant, from the solemn room where the wife of his bosom lies cold and pulseless. Ah! it is a word of sorrow even when spoken of the absent who may return, but as applied to the unreturning dead, there is no elaborate sentence that ever was carved on tomb or monument so full of genuine pathos. Yet there is a connection in which it imparts consolation to the bereaved. If we can say truthfully of those who have left us, "Gone!"—gone to the better land, and hope and believe that we shall meet them where there are no more partings and the language of sorrow is unknown, we shall not refuse to be comforted because they are not.—*Ledger.*

CRUELTY.

The youth who is early accustomed to habits of cruelty will, as he grows up, become careless in every tender reflection, and ultimately be guilty of those deeds from which humanity would start with horror.

A Troubled Conscience.

The toothache of the mind.

Condemnation of a Respectable Family.

We regret to state that through the blundering of a country cousin, one of the first families of this city were recently thrown into a state of consternation and indignation which it is impossible to describe. For a while serious consequences were apprehended; but after proper restoratives were applied, and explanations made to the family were enabled to take their meals with their accustomed regularity and relish. The misunderstanding was caused in a singular manner, and can, in a measure, be attributed to the prevailing war and number of military heroes who infest the city.

It seems that the cousin, who caused the trouble, is a native of Vermont, and is now on a visit to an uncle in the city. One evening, during the recent spell of cold weather, the only daughter of the house, a lady of seventeen, and whose mind is entirely above earthly things, with the exception of the opera, new dresses and a carriage, remarked, in the presence of her cousin and her family, without a word of warning, that she was fearful of freezing if she went to bed.

Her mother was about to utter some expressions of consolation, when the cousin, (a rude man that he is) remarked, in a loud tone, so loud that every one heard him: "Why don't you take a major to bed with you?"

There was a faint shriek, and Henrietta was observed to fall senseless on the plush sofa. Her position, however, was noted for its grace and the careful manner in which her ermine was adjusted.

"Wretch," cried the father, "you have murdered my daughter with your vulgarity."

"Monster," exclaimed the mother, "how could you? And such delicate nerves as she has too."

"I saw," yelled the Vermont, with a doleful look, "I didn't mean—"

"Silence, sir," cried a brother, who has attempted to obtain a commission as brigadier general, and failed only because he once belonged to a home guard and knew, therefore, too much on military affairs.

"Don't you want to?"

"No, sir, we will not," cried the enraged parent. "A man that recommends my daughter to sleep with a major is not fit for decent society."

"But I didn't mean—" screamed the Yankee, but no attention was paid to his words.

"She revives—she revives—the shock has not killed her," the doating mother said, bending over her child, and kissing her.

"Only to think," sobbed the fair one, "that cousin should recommend a common major when there are so many major generals without wives."

"It was a cruel blow, but you must bear up, darling," whispered the mother.

"Darling won't somebody listen to me," cried the perplexed Vermont, "I didn't mean that. I should sleep with a real live major—one of them malicious officers. In course I didn't. And I don't want her to unless she is married, and then she may for all I care. I wanted her to do, as our girls do, cold nights. They heat bricks and put 'em at their feet, and up on our parts the gals calls 'em majors. That's what I mean, and what's the use of making a fuss about it, that's what I want to know!"

"It seems that we were laboring under a mistake," said the head of the family, "but really, hereafter, when there are young ladies in the room, I don't think I'd mention such things. The ladies of the city are too delicate for such vulgar names."

The Vermont promised to be more careful in future, and the family are doing well.—*Boston American Union.*

Three Things that never become Rusty.

The money of the benevolent, the shoes on a butcher's horse, and a fretful tongue.

Three things not easily done: To ally thirst with fire, dry the wet with water, to please all in every thing that is done.

Three things that are as good as the best: Brown bread in a famine, well water in thirst, and a great coat in winter.

Three things as good as their betters: Dirty water to extinguish fire, an ugly wife to a blind man, and a wooden sword to a coward.

Three things that seldom agree: Two cats over one mouse, two scolding wives in one house, and two lovers of the same maiden.

Three things of a short continuance: A boy's love, a chip fire, and a brook's flood.

Three things that ought never to be from home: The cat, the chimney, and the housewife.

Three essentials to a false story teller: A good memory, a bold face, and fools for an audience.

Three things seen in a peacock: The garb of an angel, the walk of a thief, and the voice of the devil.

Three things that are unwise to boast of: The flavor of thy ale, the beauty of thy wife, and the contents of thy purse.

Three miseries of a man's house: A smoky chimney, a dripping roof, and a scolding wife.

A Model Critic.

The State of Massachusetts seems to be fully awake to the importance of training her citizens to future usefulness. Every voter is now required to know how to read and write, and it is proposed, in addition to these requirements, to make every able bodied voter serve in some military company. Hereafter, the model citizen will be he who can read, write and fight.

Honor thy parents, young man!

THE HISTORY OF A LIFE.

Day dawned: "Within a certain room Filled to faintness with perfume, A lady lay at point of doom.

Day closed: A child had seen the light, But for the lady, fair and bright, She rested in undreaming night.

Spring rose: The lady's grave was green, And near oftentimes was seen, A gentle boy, with thoughtful mien.

Years fled: He wore a manly face, And struggled in the world's rough race, And won, at last, a lofty place.

And then—he died! Behold, before ye, Humanity's poor sum and story: Life—Death—and all that is of Glory.

The Minister and the Bumblebees.

Mississippi rejoices in the possession of the rude talents that distinguish a backwoods preacher known as "Uncle Bob."

"On one occasion 'Uncle Bob' went to minister to the spiritual wants of some brethren who convened semi-occasionally at a little out of the way church known by the classic name of 'Coon Tail.' Inspired by a crowded house, Uncle Bob turned himself loose in his most tragic style. He beat, stamped, and vociferated terribly. For some time previous the rude pulpit had been unoccupied. Invited by the apparent security and quiet of the place, a community of bumble bees had built a nest beneath. Uncle Bob's peculiar mode of conducting the services had disturbed the insects; and just as he was executing one of his most tremendous gestures an enraged bee met him half way, and popped his sting into the end of Uncle Bob's huge nose. He stopped short, gave audry vigorous but ineffectual slaps, when he heard a half suppressed titter from some merry youths in a far corner of the house. Turning toward them with concealed rage he exclaimed: 'No laughing in the house of God! I allow no laughing in my meetings. I'll thrash the first man that laughs as soon as service is over!' This threat checked the incipient merriment. Uncle Bob regained his composure, forgot the bees, and soon warmed up at a two-forty lick. But again, in the midst of the most impassioned gestulation, a bee struck him full on the forehead; he bowed, dodged, and beat the air frantically, until a roar of laughter rose from the congregation. Uncle Bob looked at them a moment with mingled feelings of rage, and disgust, and then shouted, 'Meetin' dismissed! I go home! Just go home, every one of you! But as for the [taking off his coat,] I don't leave this hill as long as there's a bumble-bee about the house!'—*Harper's Magazine.*

Good Natured People.

Be good natured if you can, for there is no attraction so great, no charm so admirable. A face that is full of the expression of amiability is always beautiful. It needs no paint and no powders. Cosmetics are superfluous for it. Rouge cannot improve its cheeks, nor lily white mend its complexion. Its loveliness lies beyond all this. It is not the beauty that is skin deep. For when you gaze into the face of a noble hearted man or woman, it is not the shape of the features you really see, nor yet the tint of the cheek, the line of the lip, or the brilliance of the eye; you see that nameless something which animates all these, and leaves for your instinct a sense of grateful fascination; you see an indescribable embodiment of a heartfelt goodness within, which wins your regard in spite of external appearances. Cultivate good nature, therefore. It is better than apples of gold set in silver, for gold will take to itself wings and fly away, silver will tarnish in time, and both when abundant lose their hold upon the esteem of the world. It is always in fashion, and always in season. Everybody admires it. Everybody praises it. Everybody is in love with it. It never grows stale. It costs little to acquire and nothing to keep. Yet it is beyond diamonds in its worth to its owners, and can neither be stolen nor lost, however neglected. Surely this is a jewel that merits a search, and when found merits protection.

Justice.

The peace of society dependeth on justice; the happiness of individuals on the certain enjoyment of all their possessions. Keep the desires of thy heart, therefore, within the bounds of moderation; let the hand of justice lead them aright.

Cast out an evil eye on the goods of thy neighbor, let what ever his property be sacred from thy touch.

Let no temptation allure, nor any provocation excite thee to lift up thy hand to the hazard of his life.

Delame him not in his character; bear no false witness against him.

Corrupt not his servant to cheat or forsake him; and the wife of his bosom, tempt not to sin.

It will be a grief to his heart, which thou canst not relieve, an injury to his life, which no reparation can atone.

In thy dealings with men, be impartial and just, and do unto them as thou wouldst that they should do unto thee.

FOR DIETETICS.

Physic with oil, rinse the throat out every half hour with cayenne pepper and salt water, and rub outside with croton oil until it raises a yellow pimples.

SWEET LINGERINE.

A pint alcohol, oz capicum, 1 oz gum camphor, 1 oz gum mastic—all pulverized, let stand eight days, when it is fit for use, then rub on effectually in the decrease of the moon.

A Manly Youth.

Last week the "Crabtown Dorcas Sewing Society" held their annual meeting, and in motion it was voted: "That our Parson wait on Tony Jones and see if nothing can be done to improve the manners of young Tony."

The next day the Parson called upon Tony; Sir, and intimated him respecting the object of his visit, to which he replied:—

"Parson I'd let Tony go to meetin' every Sunday, if I only knowed you was going to preach. But, Parson, there ain't a boy in the village of Crabtown what's got more manners than my Tony, and I can convince you in just a minute. You see Tony out there skinnin' those niffers?"

"The Parson nodded assent."

"Now see, I'll call him." And raising his voice to the highest pitch he shouted: "T-o-o-n-y!"

"The response was quick and equally loud."

"Do you hear that Parson?" said the man, "do you not call that manners?"

"That's all very well as far as it goes," said the Parson.

"What do you mean by far as it goes? That boy sir, always speaks respectfully to me, when I call him." Then rising his voice he again called—

"T-a-n-y!"

The boy dropped a half dressed fish, and shaking his fist at his sire, yelled out—

"(The Parson shook his head.)"

"Ye miserable, black, old drunken, snob! I'll come in there in just two minits, and mail ye like blazes!"

The Parson was astonished. The old man was disconcerted for a moment, but instantly recovered himself, he tapped the Parson on the shoulder, saying—

"You see Parson my boy has got grit as well as manners. This chap will make an ornament to your society some of 'em days."

The Parson shook his head.

JOHN RANDOLPH OUTDOSS.

Of the many anecdotes of this eccentric man of Kinshope, we don't believe the following was ever in print:

He was traveling in a part of Virginia with which he was unacquainted. In the meantime, he stopped during the night at an inn near the forks of the road. The inn keeper was a fine old gentleman, and no doubt one of the first families of the Old Dominion. Knowing who his distinguished guest was, he endeavored to draw him into conversation, but failed in all his efforts. But in the morning, when Mr. Randolph was ready to start he called for his bill, which, on being presented, was paid. The landlord, still anxious to have some conversation with him began as follows:—

"Which way are you traveling, Mr. Randolph?"

"Sir," said Randolph, with a look of displeasure, "I asked, said the landlord, 'which way are you traveling.'"

"Have I paid my bill?"

"Yes."

"Do I owe you anything more?"

"No."

"Well, I am going just where I please—do you understand?"

"Yes."

"The landlord by this time got somewhat excited, and Mr. Randolph drove off. But to the landlord's surprise, in a few minutes the servant returned to enquire which of the forks of the road to take. Randolph not being out of hearing distance, the landlord spoke at the top of his voice:—

"Mr. Randolph, you don't owe me one cent; just take which road you please."

It is said that the air turned blue with the curses of Randolph.

GENTLE WORDS.

Gentle words—gentle words,
Hure ye longer in the mill,
Like the songs of happy birds,
Swelling in the summer wind;
Like the peal of merry bells,
Heard across some sunny plain,
O'er the brooks and through the dells,
Softly sweet, then loud again.

Gentle words—gentle words,
Ye are powers sent to bless—
Richer than diamonds—
Treasures which we all possess,
Ye are tones from brighter spheres,
Angel voices soothing pain,
Thumbing echoes that for years
In the heart resound again.

WILLIE WALKER.

SELECT SENTENCES.

He that hath slight thoughts of sin, never had great thoughts of God.

The depths of misery are never beyond the depths of mercy.

He that would be little in temptation, let him be much in prayer.

Glack witheth without adversity.

No man dare ask of God so much as he is ready and willing to give.

When we are most ready to perish, then is God most ready to help.

It is the glory of a Christian, not to be saint hearted under trials.

The guilt of one sin is a greater misery than the burden of a thousand crimes.

One leak will sink a ship, and one sin will destroy a sinner.

One minute longer than God's time would not be his people's mercy.

A believer's heel may be bruised but his vital parts are out of reach.

People who are always taking care of their health, are like misers, who are hoarding up treasure which they never have spirit enough to enjoy.

HUMOROUS.



The stupid son of a stupid father is a chip of the old block head.

A man is obliged to keep his word when nobody will take it.

As a man drinks, he generally grows reckless; in his case, the more draws the fewer scruples.

"Don't cry little boy; did he hit you on purpose?"

"No, sir; he hit me on the head."

A shoemaker was taken up for bigamy. "Which wife?" asked a bystander, "will he be obliged to take?" Brown always ready at a joke, replied he is a Cobbler, and of course, must stick to his last."

Why is an Atlantic steaming like a horse's collar? It goes over the main (mab).

You might as well try to see through a saw-log with the eye of a needle, as to satisfy the wants of a woman who don't want a husband.

A man said of a painter he knew, that he painted a shingle so exactly like marble, that when it fell into the river it sank.

The young lady who excites a flame in a gentleman's bosom an incendiary!

Why are ladies' eyes like friends separated by distant miles? Because they correspond but never meet!

A vendor of hoop skirts was recently extolling his wares in presence of a customer's husband. "No lady should be without one of these skirts," said the store-keeper. "Well, of course not," dryly responded the husband, who was some thing of a wag; "she should be within it."

An old bachelor says he used to be terribly bitten by mosquitoes until he got married—when then blood thirsty villains found out that his wife was much the tenderest, and he hasn't been troubled since. "Talk of the selfishness of old bachelors!"

"Put down the pickle!" The words were uttered harshly and hurriedly by the sergeant to an ungracious private, who carried away by his hungry passions, had snatched a pickle from the barrel. "And why should I put down the pickle?" queries the private, mildly. "Put down the pickle—that's all I want of you!" returned the sergeant, determinedly. "Down it goes, then," cried the soldier, and stuffing it into his mouth, it quickly disappeared.

One of the saddest things about human nature is, that a man may guide others in the path of life, without walking in it himself; that he may be a pilot and yet a castaway.

There is little pleasure in the world that is true and sincere, besides the pleasure of doing our duty and doing good. I am sure no other is comparable to this.

It is with narrow-necked people as it is with narrow-necked bottles, the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring out.

Misery—Employment, which Galen calls "nature's physician," is so essential to human happiness that indolence is justly considered as the mother of misery.

Envy feeds upon the living; after death it ceases—then every man's well-earned honors defend him against calumny.

We seldom find people ungrateful so long as we are in a condition to render them a service.

Malice drinks one half of its own poison.

The grandest of heroic deeds are those which are performed within four walls and in domestic privacy.

Probably the reason why so little was written in the dark ages was, that people could not see to write.

A west country editor asserts that he was born a gentleman. "The utmost that any ordinary person can claim is that he was born a gentle baby."

There is more evil in a drop of corruption than there is in a sea of affection.

Why is I cannot like mahogany? Because it is made into drawers.

There is a man in Boston who has such an ugly wife that he is afraid to go to sleep at night for fear he will dream of her?

One leak will sink a ship, and one sin will destroy a sinner.

One minute longer than God's time would not be his people's mercy.

A believer's heel may be bruised but his vital parts are out of reach.

People who are always taking care of their health, are like misers, who are hoarding up treasure which they never have spirit enough to enjoy.

Why is William's talk like light? Because it lasts from morn till night.