

# VILLAGE RECORD



By W. Blair.]

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## SELECT POETRY.

### THE WINTER DAYS.

The glistening snow lies deep on every hill,  
The angry wind comes roaring o'er the plain,  
With icy chains is bound each little rill,  
With iron sway doth stern-browed Winter reign.

Like shivering giants stand the forest trees,  
Bereft of all their leafy covering,  
And, as they tremble in the chilly breeze,  
Seem of their sorrows sadly murmuring—

Thus life hath winter days when all is drear,  
When sorrow's snow the heart lies freezing round,  
When hopes like leaves are scattered far and near,  
When doubts, and fears, and carking cares abound.

But winter's snows with winter pass away,  
Each tree again its leafy bloom displays,  
New hopes spring forth as older ones decay,  
And life seems brighter for its winter days.

### ONLY ONE LIFE.

'Tis not for man to triffl: life is brief,  
And sin is long:  
Our age is but the falling of a leaf,  
A dropping tear.  
We have no time to sport away the hours;  
All must be earned in a world like ours.

Not many lives, but only one we have;  
One, only one—  
How sacred should that one life ever be—  
That narrow span!  
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,  
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

### HASTE NOT—REST NOT.

Without haste, and with rest—  
Bind the motto to thy breast:  
Hed not flowers that round thee bloom,  
Bear it onward to the tomb.  
Ponder well and know the right,  
Onward then with all thy might.

Haste not—years can ne'er atone  
For one reckless action done.  
Duty be thy polar guide—  
Do the right, whether 'er befide.  
Haste not, rest not—conflicts past,  
God shall crown thy work at last.

## SELECT MISCELLANY.

### A MURDER FRUSTRATED.

I was a close student at school—a young ambitious lad of sixteen, somewhat homespun, but strong in brightness, and conscious of power. My dear father was sick, and undergoing that metaphysical which shallow thinkers call death. It was a stormy day in January; the snow had fallen two feet deep, and I started for home eight miles distant. My father had written to me; he wanted to give me injunctions not to forget my duties to him in the care of his wife—my mother. He needed not have sent it; I could not, I never can, forget him or her. His desire to see me, growing out of a feeling that he might at any hour "pass onward" and to give counsel, was natural, but not necessary. But his slightest wish was law to me; and I started for home, as I have said, on foot. Weary walk, this, trudging in an unbroken snow path. Before I reached the door, I thought my body would tire out completely; but it did not—I accomplished it.

I ate my supper, chatted awhile with my parents, and went to bed in my old bedroom. My father and mother I left in the kitchen, gratified at my arrival, and proud of me.

I fell asleep, awoke arose and dressed myself, came into the kitchen, and took a seat between my father and mother. They looked surprised, and inquired why I had left my bed?

Said I, "Has any body been here since I went to bed?"

"No,"

"Well," replied I, "there will somebody come, and that is why I have left my bed—at least I have dreamed there would, and the dream is no illusion to me, but a fierce reality."

My father smiled, as if incredulous, yet as if he asked no braver or better defender than his boy.

At this instant my mother, a very cautious woman, heard a rap at the door, and stepped to it as I supposed, to inquire who was there, and what was wanted, but instead opened the door, and in came a terrible gust of wind and snow—for the night was hideous—and with their march in woman.

She walked half way from the door to the fire, when she discovered me, and I evidently took her back by my presence, saw the creature of my dream. I knew that I was destined to a struggle, and I drew in strength as I looked at my dear father and mother. She took a chair, turned her back to the fire, and seated herself in the shadow. I kept my seat, and appeared to give no attention to her.

"Who are you?" inquired my father.

"What is that to you?" said she.

"Every thing, if you are to stay in my house; nothing, if you are not."

"What if I do not answer you?"

"Leave the house!" exclaimed she.

"How do you know?"

helpless, not able to get out of his chair, surmised strange occurrences, for he had received not less than \$1,800 that very week, for large wheat sales, and he saw what was before him. The hag was either a deacon or a man in disguise, whose object was robbery. I could see that all this was rapidly passing through my father's mind, but it did not bow him the ninth part of an inch. So I sat still. I suspected nothing but a war of words.

"The hag had an old quilted hood, and an old quilted cloak, which reached to her feet, and was belted about the waist."

"You are a woman?" said my father.

"Of course, I am; what do you ask me that question for?"

"Have you a husband?"

"Yes."

"Where does he live?"

"In Truxton."

"Well, then, if you have a husband, why do you not live at home, instead of gadding about such a night as this, fit only for fiends to be abroad?"

"Why don't you set the North River fire?" said she, leaping from her chair, and springing toward my father, at the back side of my chair, and hissing through her teeth: "I'll teach you why I am here."

"My mother screamed, and ran; and my father made an ineffectual attempt to get out of the way, but instantly yielded, resolved to take what awaited him; and I was out of my seat as quick as the hag, and as she passed me on her way to grapple with my father, I struck her with my fist a blow under the ear, which, but for her old cotten hood, would have knocked her down. As it was, it staggered her, and gave me time to get the chairs out of the way and gather for a fight."

She recovered, and looked at me for a moment, then said, as if in a soliloquy: "Oh, you choose to cross my path—do you? Well, see if I don't settle you pretty quickly; and thrusting her hand into her cloak made a motion as if she would draw a dagger."

The motion maddened me, and it brought foam to my lips. I struck her half a dozen blows as quick as lightning. She let her dagger go, and clinched me. Her grip satisfied me that I had found my match, say, more, in strength, and that my skill as a boxer, and my unparalleled ability as a wrestler, must save me. I had learned pugilism of a clever English teacher, and as to wrestling, to that day I had never been thrown. I knew, when I felt the grip, that I was dealing with a man, but I felt that my father and mother were relying on me, and I grew stronger, as I before said.

We tussled, grappled, and let loose, struck and parried, clinched and wrestled, till, after various attempts, we found ourselves, at what wrestlers call a "side hold." I got the under arm, and lifted him. (For it was no longer her), threw my leg about his neck. He fell on the floor like a log. I intended to break his bones, but he unhooked his cloak, (it had been unhooked in the struggle) and leaped up like a cat. I struck him before he was balanced, staggered him, grappled him, my left hand in his throat, and struck him again, called on my mother to open the door, and as she did so, pushed and kicked him out. He swore he would be the death of me. I did not take himself out of the State, or I would put the sheriff on his track, and shutting the door in his face, walked to my father.

Now, let you doubters tell me how I came to see this matter beforehand—this hooded, cloaked man I had seen and heard his threats to my father, and struggled with him in my dream, before he came to the house, and had awakened and left my bed, to go and see to my father's safety, and again to conquer him in the kitchen. All the main features of the occurrence became known before they took place, and by the impression they made on me, enabled me, I doubt not, to save my father's life.

Do it yourself is the only foundation for a good education. A child learns to walk. He does it himself, or he would never know how. But he first climbs up by a chair, or the like. Then he shoves the chair, or holds on by some object and steps. All that is claimed is that the system of instruction shall be such as to afford children a chance to do it themselves, instead of attempting to force them in a direction that hinders more than it hastens the attainment of the object sought.

The notion prevails that a teacher of meagre abilities will do well enough for small children. Nothing could be more fallacious. The qualifications requisite may be somewhat different from those needed in case of more advanced scholars. But they are in no wise less important or inferior to them. If either the tyro or the proficient must have a poor teacher, by all means give him to the latter, who is better able to withstand incompetency.

The Jug.—The Jug is a most singular utensil. A pail, tumbler, or pitcher can be rinsed out, and you may satisfy yourself by optical proof that it is clean; but the jug has a hole in the top, and the interior is all darkness. No eye penetrates it, no hand moves the surface. You clean it only by putting in water, shaking it up and down then pouring it out. If the water comes out clear, you judge that you have succeeded in cleaning the jug and contents. Hence the jug is like the human heart. No mortal can ever look into its recesses, and you can judge only of its purity by what comes out of it.

Remember the poor and needy.

## ROMANCE OF AN OLD COUPLE.

The following somewhat remarkable narrative is related by a Western lady, now on a visit from San Francisco to Mari- posa. She is herself a character. She has crossed the Plains twice—first in 1849, during which her husband perished—and is the first American lady who returned to the East by the way of the Isthmus of Panama. She is a genuine heroine—a fine specimen of stone-hearted Western womanhood—and her adventures in the wilds of the unpeopled West have been numerous and exciting. If the good folks of Mari- posa have missed a lady from their neighborhood they are hereby apprised that she is comfortably located at the boarding house of Mrs. Nesbit, on the corner of Montgomery and Sutter streets, and will not return to the mountains until Holmes, of the Gazette, ceases to harrow the hearts of Mari- posa mothers by calling their little babies "brats."

Well, while the train of which this lady was a member was encamped at a point on the Humboldt, where the Lesson trail intersects the Carson track of travel, she visited the tent of a family, consisting of an elderly couple and one child—a daughter of fourteen or fifteen years. The old lady was sitting on a pile of blankets, under the canvass, encouraging a most determined attack of the "sunks," while the masculine head of affairs had planted himself on his wooden tongue, and was sucking his pipe as leisurely as though he expected to remain there forever. A single glance developed the fact that there was a difficulty in that little train of one wagon and three persons, and that it had attained a point of desperation beyond the reach of peaceful adjustment. Three days before they had pitched their tent at the forks of the road, and as they could not agree upon the route by which to enter California, there they had remained. The husband expressed a preference for the Carson road—the wife for the Lesson—and neither would yield. The wife declared she would remain there all winter; and the husband said he should be pleased to lengthen the sojourn through the summer following.

On the morning of the fourth day the wife broke a sullen silence of 36 hours by proposing a division of the property, which consisted of two yoke of cattle, one wagon, camp furniture, a small quantity of provision, and twelve dollars in silver. The proposal was accepted, and forthwith the "splunder" was divided, leaving the wagon to the old man and the daughter to the mother. The latter exchanged with a neighboring train the cattle belonging to her for a pony and a pack saddle, and piling the spoils upon the animal, she resolutely started across the desert by the Lesson trail, while the old man silently yoked the cattle and took the other route.

Singular as this may seem it is nevertheless true. It is among the many occurrences of life stronger than fiction.

Of course both parties reached California in safety. We say "of course," for it is scarcely possible that any obstacle, death included, could have seriously interfered with the progress of stubbornness so sublime.

Arriving at Sacramento with her daughter, the old lady readily found employment—for women were less plenty than now—and subsequently opened a boarding house, and in a few years amassed a handsome fortune. Two years ago she went to San Francisco, and the daughter, whose education had not been neglected, was married to one of the most substantial citizens.

And what became of the old man? The wife had not seen or heard of him since they parted on the Humboldt. They had lived happily together as man and wife for years, and she sometimes reproached herself for the willfulness that separated them after so long a pilgrimage together through this rough life. But he was not dead. We cannot trace his course in California, however. "All that we know of him, is, that fortune had not smiled upon him."

Finally, feeling scarcely able to longer wield the pick and shovel, he visited San Francisco, in the hope of obtaining employment better adapted to his wasted strength.

For three months he remained idle after arriving there, and then for want of occupation became the humble retailer of peanuts and oranges, with his entire stock of traffic in a basket upon his arm. This was about six months ago. A few weeks since in passing the open door of a cottage in the southern part of the city, he observed a lady in the hall, and stopped to offer his merchandise. As he stepped upon the threshold the lady approached and the old man raised his eyes and dropped his hat. And no wonder either—for she was his wife—his old woman!

She recognized him and throwing up her arms in amazement, exclaimed, "Great God! John, is that you?"

"All that is left of me," replied the old man.

With extended arms they approached. Suddenly the old lady's countenance changed and she stepped back.

"John," said she, with a look that might have been construed into earnestness, "how did you find the Carson road?"

"Miserable, Suky; miserable," replied the old man, "full of sand and alkali!"

"Then I was right, John," she continued inquiringly.

"You were, Suky," he replied.

"That's enough," said she, throwing her arms around the old man's neck; "that's enough, John! and the old couple, so strangely sunken and so old-fashioned, both are living with their daughter on Second street."

## A BEAU.

I am sure I don't know  
Why I was created!  
Not a sign of a beau!  
Seems for me nominated!

I have tried every means I could make up for think of,  
And never could I get a smile or a wink of—  
A beau!

There's my big sister Bet  
Has no trouble whatever;  
She seems quite a pet,  
And goes along never.

While I must tag on her company's sleeve, or  
Stay moping at home, and do nothing but grieve, for  
A beau!

It is all very nice  
When you're married, to jingle  
A lot of advice  
About staying single;

But if that is the way I must say, "I can't see it,"  
If you always thought so, why didn't you be it—  
You know.

## A Soldier's Sudden Death.

As I was getting ready to be off, I heard the report of a musket, and in a few minutes a messenger came running toward me, exclaiming,

"Chaplain, there's a man shot, and the surgeon has sent for you to come and see him."

He was a private, a temperate, faithful soldier, and greatly esteemed by his entire company. Poor fellow! I pitied his case, for this added another to the already long list of examples of the dreadful results attending the careless use of firearms.

He had put his loaded musket, contrary to orders, into a baggage wagon. In attempting to lift a heavy box into the wagon, and while shoving it forward, the edge struck the hammer of the gun and lifted it off the cap. As the box passed, the hammer descended, and the muzzle of the gun being close to his body, he received the entire contents of the charge into his abdomen; the ball passed entirely through him. He was laid tenderly upon a mattress and conveyed to an out-house near at hand, where for an hour and a half he lived in an agony of pain.

"Surgeon, must I die?" said the dying man, looking anxiously into his face.

"Yes, C.," answered our kind-hearted surgeon, Dr. Calhoun, in tones of brotherly sympathy and tenderness; "I will not deceive you, it is impossible for you to recover. You may live a few hours, perhaps not more than a few minutes. Let the chaplain talk to you, I can do you no good as a physician."

The man grasped my hand as I knelt by his side, and despairingly said,

"Pray for me."

"I will, and you must pray for yourself." The records of eternity only can tell the result of that last hour and a half of a dying man's hopes, and fears, and prayers. I know he called on God while he had strength, and when he could not speak a word, his lips moved, and my ear detected "Have mercy, O God!" repeated many times. When he had passed away, and my prayers for him had ceased, from my inmost soul I then offered one for myself, and it was, "Lord save me from a death-bed repentance." To crowd the tremendous interests of eternity into the short of a last hour is taking a fearful risk.

## Love of Dress.

There are few things which so surely indicate a vain and frivolous mind as a love of dress. It exhibits itself at a very early age, especially in girls, and if not checked, may lead to very serious and destructive vices. When we see a young person decked out in all the finery which the dress-maker can invent, we naturally think that she desires to attract notice, and that as she has no natural grace of body and mind, she must call on the dress-maker to supply the deficiency. We should as soon think of sitting down to converse with one of the wooden pedestals on which the shopkeepers in the city display their bonnets and shawls, in order to invite custom, as with one of these dressy bodies. We have seen girls who spent all they could earn in decking themselves with finery, and when they could not earn enough, they have been tempted to take what did not belong to them, and thus have brought upon themselves sad disgrace. What we have to say to our young friends is, do not allow yourselves to become too fond of dress.

HINTS TO MOTHERS.—If you wish to cultivate a gossiping, meddling, censorious spirit in your children, be sure when they come home from church, a visit, or any other place where you do not accompany them, to ply them with questions concerning what everybody wore, how everybody looked, and what everybody said and did; and if you find anything in all this to censure, always do it in their hearing. You may rest assured, if you pursue a course of this kind, they will not return to you unladen with intelligence; and, rather than to degrees learn to embellish, in such a manner as shall not fail to call forth remarks and expressions of wonder from you. You will, by this course, render the spirit of curiosity—which is so early visible in children, and which, if rightly directed, may be made the instrument of enlightening and enlarging their minds—a vehicle of mischief, which shall serve only to narrow their views.

Home-Work.—They scatter heavenly roses on the path of our earthly life; they weave the happy bands of love, and beneath the modest veil of the graces, they nourish with a hallowed hand the immortal flowers of noble sentiments.

The weak may generally be joked out of anything but their weaknesses.

## Homely Women.

For homely—even an ugly man—I have got pity to spare. I never saw one so ugly yet, that if he had brains and a heart, he could not find a beautiful woman sensible enough to marry him. But for the hopelessly plain and homely sisters—these tears!" There is a class of women who know that they possess, in their persons no attractions for men—that their faces are homely, that their frames are ill formed, that their earrings are clumsy, and that whatever may be their gifts of mind, no man can have the slightest desire to possess their persons. That there are companions for these women, I have no doubt, but many of them fail to find them.

Many of them feel that the sweetest sympathies of life must be repressed, and that there is a world of affection from which they must remain shut out forever. It is hard for a woman to feel that her person is not pleasing—harder than for a man to feel thus. I would tell why, if it were necessary—for there is a bundle of very interesting philosophy tied up in the matter—but I will content myself with stating the fact, and permitting my readers to reason about it as they wish.

## It is Dark.

The following beautiful sentiment is taken from "Meister Karl's Sketch Book," entitled "The Night of Heaven." It is full of touching tenderness:—

"It is dark when the honest and honorable man sees the result of long years swept cruelly away by the knavish, heartless adversity. It is dark when he feels the clouds of sorrow gather around, and knows that the hopes and happiness of others are fading with his own. But in that hour the memory of past integrity will be a true consolation, and assure him, even here on earth, of gleams of light in Heaven!"

It is dark when the dear voice of that sweet child, once so fondly loved, is no more heard around in murmurs. Dark when the light, pattering feet no more resound without the threshold, or ascend step by step, the stairs. Dark, when some well known melody recalls the strain once oft attuned by the childish voice now hushed in death! Darkness, indeed; but only the gloom which heralds the day-spring of immortality and the infinite light of Heaven!

One year ago, and Pennsylvania was defenceless, and without munitions of war. The dastardly attack on Fort Sumpter aroused the slumbering giant. Since the 15th of April last, our State has armed, equipped, and sent into the field, one hundred and thirty thousand men. She has now ready, equipped and prepared to march nine thousand more—only waiting for orders from the Government to march. Ball's Bluff and Dranesville attest the bravery of her sons in the hour of conflict. It is not in men alone that our state has developed her power.

The Iron City, Pittsburg, has furnished a large number of cannon, of the heaviest calibre, as well as monster mortars, and a large quantity of shells for our forts and vessels of war. Philadelphia has already completed two hundred and thirty improved six pound rifled cannon for the Government, and upwards of thirty for the State of Illinois. Truly, our State is well named the Keystone State of the great Federal arch. Her sons are not forgetful that the Declaration of Independence was first proclaimed in Philadelphia, and they will pour out their blood like water in maintaining the Union.—Press.

BRIGHT HOURS ON EARTH.—Miss Bremer says, "There is on earth much sorrow and much darkness; there is crime and sickness, the shriek of despair and the deep, silent torture. Ah! who can name them all, the sufferings of humanity, in their manifold, pale dispensation! But, God be praised! there is also an influence of goodness and joy; there are noble deeds, fulfilled hopes, moments of rapture, decades of blissful peace, bright marriage days, and calm, holy death-beds."

MAXIMS OF TIME.—Time is like a creditor, who allows an ample space to make up accounts, but is inexorable at last.—Time is like a verb that can be used in the present tense. Time, well employed, gives that health and vigor to the soul which rest and retirement afford to the body. Time never sits heavily on us but when it is badly employed. Time is a grateful friend; use it well, and it never fails to make a suitable requital.

FOR THE CURE OF RHEUMATISM.—Take cucumbers, when full grown, and put them in a pot with a little salt; then put the pot over a slow fire, where it should remain for about an hour; then take the cucumbers and press them; the juice from which must be put into bottles, corked up tight, and placed in the cellar, where they should remain for about a week; then wet a flannel rag with the liquid and apply it to the parts affected.

Beyond the grave angels will not question thee as to the amount of wealth thou hast left behind thee, but what good deed thou hast done in the world to entitle thee to a home among the blessed.

God's mercies are like a large blank, every link leads to another, present mercies assure you of future ones.

A smile may be bright while the heart is sad—the rainbow is beautiful in the air while beneath is the moaning of the sea.

## HUMOROUS.



SHRIMPING.—A wag rose from his bed on the 31st of last August, and exclaimed, "This is the last rose of summer."

If the petticoat government is not more oppressive now than formerly, it is certainly doubling in extent.

Prattice says that New York is a pretty large city, but Charleston is an all-fired one.

Why is the letter L like a young lady giving away her sweetheart to another?—Because it makes over a lover.

Sydney Smith said of Lady Murray's mother who had a most benevolent countenance; that her smile was so radiant, it would force a gooseberry bush into a flower.

A man's nature runs either to herbs, or weeds; therefore let him sensibly weed the one and destroy the other.

HAPPY.—He is the happy man, not whom other men think, but who thinks himself to be so.

What is that from which, when the whole is taken, some will still remain?—Ans.—The word wholesome.

When is a man like the first sound of an Ans.—When he is going A long.

Not Bad.—"Good morning!" said a gentleman to a round twinkling eyed son of Erin, whom he met riding on the road.

"Your rag is in good order." "Indeed you may say that, and what it makes her so, 'tis herself doesn't know, for she has nothing in this blessed world to sit but, waste straw, and that niter was half thrashed!"

Dobbs is such an enthusiastic believer in progression, that he says the time will yet come when watering the earth with sherry coblers will make bushes and trees bear ladies gaiters and French boots.

A man speaking of a place out West, in a letter which he writes home, says that it is a perfect paradise, and that though most all the folks have the fever 'n' ager, yet is a great blessing, for it's the only exercise they take.

Why would it be unchristian like for a woman to assume the part of a man. Because she would become a he, then.

A little child, hearing a sermon, and observing the minister very vehement in his words and gestures, cried out, "Mother, why don't the people let the man out of the box?"

To succeed in the world, all that is necessary is a sweet heart and ambition. We care not how big a man may be, get him in love and he'll work like a beaver led on beer.

WEDDING FEES.—The editor of the German Reformed Messenger has been narrating his experience in the way of minister's perquisites. He says:—

"In our experience we have married persons for 37 1/2 cents; we have married on trust; and we have married for a counter-feit bill."

An Irishman at the Bull's Run battle was somewhat startled when the head of his companion on the left side was knocked off by a cannon ball. A few moments after, however, a spent ball broke the finger of his comrade on the other side. "The latter threw down his gun and yelled with pain, when the Irishman rushed to him exclaiming:

"Blasht your sowl, you ould woman, shopt your ervin'! you make more noise about it than the man that lost his head!"

A gentleman traveling across Salisbury Plain saw an old man sitting at the door of a cabin, weeping bitterly.

"My friend," inquired the gentleman, "what is the matter with you?"

"Why, daddy just gave me a swindling lickin', cause I wouldn't rock granddaddy to sleep!"

The gentleman rode off, fully satisfied with the salubrity and healthfulness of the plain to produce such unparalleled instances of longevity.

"Faith," said Pat, as he was going along the street with a bag of cheese, "if my body will tell me how many cheeses I have in my bag, I'll give them the whole thro'."

"I guess you have three," said a Yankee; "take them," said Pat, "and may the devil mawl the sowl of him that told it to ye."

ANOTHER TAX.—A correspondent of the Portland Advertiser advocates a tax of \$5 per head on dogs; one on bachelors, from 25 to 40 years and over, of \$20 to \$50 according to age and incorrigibility.

The best way to get help in this world is to help yourself. Show that you need aid and all will turn the cold shoulder; but prove that you can do without folks, and they will beg to give you a lift.