

VILLAGE RECORD.



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ANOTHER INVASION ANTICIPATED

NOT by the sons of Southern Chivalry, not by an armed foe to carry destruction and terror through a peaceful land, and frighten good people out of their homes. But what we wish to turn your attention to now, is not of horrid shape or size, but something that will gladden the heart and cheer the spirit exceedingly. Banish all thoughts of this cruel war in our land and bring peace and happiness, not to the entire country, but to your own households, which is a blessing the most important of all—and now to have this joyous feeling produced just turn your

STEPS TO THE STORE OF JOSIAH BESORE and take a look through his elegant stock of

GOODS!!

and if you do not go off feeling much better than when you called, we will say that pretty goods HAVE NO CHARM.

Come then and see the beautiful Delaines, the handsome Silks, Coburgs, Lustres, Paramontoes, Belshazzers, Mozambiques, Bombazines, Alpines, ALL WOOL

DELAINES

French Merinos, Thinnet Cloths, Debazes, Sheppers Plaids, Killarney Cloths, Ladies Heavy Shawls, Hoods, Nubins, Sontags, Zonava Jackets, Head Netts, Childrens Hoods, Victoria Ruffing, Magie do., Linen Collars, Embroidered do., Bonnet Ribbons, Mantua do., Crochet Braid, Skirt do.

MEN'S GOODS

Blk. Cloths, Blue do., Blk. Cassimers, Fanny do., Vestings, Cassinets, Jeans, Tweeds, Corduroys, Velvet Cord, Gent's Neck Scarfs, "Ties, "Silk Handkerchiefs, "Linen do., "Shirt Bosoms, "Collars.

SHIRTING FLANNELS

Red do., Yellow do., Plaid do., White do., Col. Flannels, Linseys, Furniture Checks, Tickings, &c., &c.

He has on hand a large stock of

GROCERIES, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, Cedar Ware, &c.

To which he invites your special attention and thanks the community for their liberal patronage heretofore, and by strict attention to business and a disposition to please in every respect, he hopes to merit a continuance of the same.

Remember country produce taken in exchange for goods at the highest market prices.

October 16, 1863.

POETICAL.



CRADLE SONG OF THE POOR.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Hush, I cannot bear to see thee
Stretch thy tiny hands in vain;
I have got no bread to give thee,
Nothing, child, to ease thy pain.
When God sent thee first to bless me,
Proud and thankful, too, was I;
Now, my darling, I thy mother,
Almost long to see thee die.
Sleep, my darling—thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

I have seen thy beauty fading,
And thy strength sink day by day—
Soon I know will want and fever,
Waste thy little life away.
Famine makes thy mother reckless,
Hope and joy are gone from me.
I could suffer all, my baby,
Had I but a crust for thee.

I am wasted, dear with hunger,
And my brain is sore oppressed;
I have scarcely strength to press thee,
Wan and feeble to my breast.
Patience, baby, God will help us,
Death will come to you and me;
He will take us to His heaven,
Where no want or pain can be.
Sleep, my darling—thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

WEARINESS.

O little feet, that such long years
Must wander on through doubts and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load!
I, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary thinking of your road.

O little hands, that weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask!
I, who so much with look and pen
Have toiled among my fellow-men,
Am weary thinking of your task.

O little hearts, that throbb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such limbs and strong desires!
Mine that so long has glared and burned,
With passion into ashes turned,
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls, as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light,
Direct from heaven their source divine!
Reflected through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine!

MISCELLANY.

THE DOOM OF VIRGINIA.

In Dr. Marks' thrilling book on the "Peninsula Campaign," we have an account of a conversation between himself, in company with his friend Dr. Crawford, and an aged and exceedingly intelligent freedman named Hanson. Hanson's story goes back to the origin of the domestic slave trade in Virginia, and very dramatically and truthfully links the desolations of the present, with the inhumanity of the past. We quote part of the story:

"Just about this time the slave trade commenced in Virginia. In my early remembrance there was no trade in slaves. If there were any bought and sold, it was in the settlement of estates; and was made a point of family honor to purchase all the slaves within the circle of the relatives, and not permit families to be separated. In those days people did not speak of negroes as cattle, and as without affection for their children.

"When I had been married four or five years, a trader came from North Carolina to Alexandria in a little schooner loaded with bacon. For this there happened to be a great demand that year. This man had no intention of commencing a trade in slaves; but some of the planters offered him a young boy or girl for bacon, and in this way he began to buy, and collected, I suppose, ten or twelve.

"From this commenced a great trouble amongst us—our hearts trembled with fear. To be carried away, and sold in those distant, new States, was to us an occasion of far greater misery than our fathers endured in being stolen from Africa. Every autumn the 'banco man' returned, and others came with him, and there was opened a great trade in negroes.

"I never can forget the wretchedness of those years. We all felt as if a sword was hanging over our heads, and as bad as if we had heard the death angel strike three times over the doors.

"Oh, what dreadful sorrows there were, master, in those years! You have heard it said that slaves feel but little, that we do not grieve as the whites; but in this we are greatly wronged. We love more deeply, because we have less to love. Our masters and mistresses have their carriages, farms, friends, offices, their slaves, their business; but we have none of these; therefore to a negro man all his life and happiness are in his cabin, and when you have taken away from him his wife and children, he has nothing left. Many have I known to die of a broken heart; others never had any joy again after a child or a husband was sold away from them; others I have known to commit suicide.

"For years I have been looking for some great trouble. The people here were far richer and more extravagant, and appeared to be far less religious than those I remember in my youth. They had become cruel, and, without any mercy, had torn asunder those whom God had bound together; and a great wall of sorrow and agony went up in the ears of heaven from all parts of Virginia—wives sorrowing for their husbands, husbands mourning for their wives and parents weep-

ing for their children, and would not be comforted.

"I knew that a day of vengeance would come for all this, but I did not expect it to fall on us in the way of war between the North and South. I began to fear some heavy curse when the great gangs of chained slaves were first sent from Virginia, and that the day would soon come when the cup of our iniquities would be full.

"Now all these great and influential families have been ruined, and many of them are wandering beggars. I was a few days since walking in my garden looking down on the country, and the change of a few months deeply affected me. I looked over on the house and farm of Mrs. Powell. I remember the doctor, her husband, a very smart man, and her five sons' the most popular young men in the country, and also her beautiful daughters. Her house was the resort of many elegant and wealthy people, but now her sons are in the Confederate Army, her house is a hospital, her beautiful garden trodden down, her orchards destroyed and the fences all gone.

"There is the house of Mrs. Lee, where the weak that Ellsworth was killed, one of her daughters was married, and the house was filled with gaiety and mirth; now the grounds are in ruins, furniture broken, and all the beautiful things she gathered are scattered. There, too is the place of Colonel Hunter, his fields open, his barns burnt for fuel, and his house consumed to the ground; and likewise the place of General Lee, one of the finest in Virginia, now used by troops. His grain-fields and meadows were thrown open, and beaten as the high ways."

"At these painful sights my soul was moved, and I cried, 'O Lord! why has this curse come on Virginia?' And it appeared to me as plain as I ever heard human speech a voice spoke to me and said, 'O man! knowest thou the land most highly favored of heaven, and where, because God was good, men became desperately wicked and afflicted the greatest wrongs?' And the voice said, 'Virginia.' Again I heard, 'Knowest thou, O man? the land where human beings were bred as cattle for the market, and where every year thousands of them were sent forth to a fate which they dreaded more than death?' The answer came, 'Virginia.' Again the voice said, 'Knowest thou the land where, in the midst of the greatest blessings, there has been the deepest misery; where most faces were washed in tears, and most hearts torn with anguish; and where the constant wail of distress, inflicted by man on his fellow, was going up into the ears of God?' And the voice said, 'Virginia.' Again the voice said, 'God is just.'

"Then," said the old patriarch, stretching out his arms, and lowering them as if he was relieving his hands of a great weight, "I laid my burden down. And as often as I have mourned since, I have been silenced by that voice, 'God is just!'"

Get a Home and Keep it.

A leading object with every young man should be to secure for himself a permanent home. And for its greater stability, it should consist partly in land, and up to a certain limit, the more of it the better, if paid for. The house should be as comfortable and attractive as one has the means of making it. It should be one that the heart can grow to, and will cling around more and more firmly with every passing year. Its owner should desire and propose to keep possession of it as long as he lives, and his children should grow up feeling that there is one place fixed and stable for them amid all changes.

Americans are altogether to roving in their habits. We build houses cheaply, and pull them down without regret. Or we sell out and move away half-dozen times in a life time, in the vain hope of bettering our condition. How much better to choose a home-stead early in life, and then lay plans with reference to abiding there. Even though our gains be less than are promised elsewhere, a certainty should seldom be given up for an uncertainty. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

Only those who have experienced it, know how firmly a family become attached to their long-lived homestead. No children love home so well as those who have known only one. As the young become of marriageable age, they should go out, one by one, from the old homestead, feeling it to be the model after which their own should be established, and knowing that this will remain unchanged as long as the parents live, a place to which they can return, and where they will be ever welcome. A pleasing writer confirms our doctrine thus: "There is a great gain in being settled down. It is two-fold. Each year accumulates about the farmer the material by which labor is lessened. The rough channels of labor become worn and smooth. A change involves a great loss, and rarely is there a corresponding gain. Time is lost, labor expended, money paid out, the wear and tear of removal is no small item; and above all, the breaking up of old associations is often disastrous in the extreme.—Parents and children become unsettled in their habits, if not in their morals. * * * Let the man who has a homestead keep it; let him that has none, get one and labor to render it a treasured remembrance to the absent, and a constant joy to those who abide in it." To all of which every intelligent, thoughtful persons must give a hearty approval.

A Good Joke was perpetrated by a rebel prisoner captured at Chickamauga.

The rebel was looking at one of our guns, and remarked that he didn't think the Yanks would use them big guns much longer. "Why not?" inquired the Feds. "Because," said he, "the Confederacy is getting so narrow that you'll fire clear over it and hit men on the other side."

The true system of woman's rights is to let her do about as she pleases.

SERGEANT HUMMISTON'S FAMILY.

The following account of a visit to the family of the dead soldier of Gettysburg, whose remains were identified by the ambrotype of his children found in his hand, will be read with great interest:

(Correspondence of the Phila. Eve. Bulletin.)
NEW YORK, Jan. 7, 1864.

Having had the opportunity of being at Portville, in western New York, on the occasion of the visit just made to that place by Dr. J. Francis Bourns, of Philadelphia, the writer believes the incidents of the visit will be read with satisfaction by the public generally, and will therefore attempt a brief sketch of them; although a very full account is understood to be forthcoming from Portville, and may appear in Philadelphia papers. The visit was made by Dr. Bourns for the double purpose of learning how the family of Sergeant Hummiston may be best assisted, and of returning to the widow the precious relic which was a dying consolation to her beloved husband, and which she has longed again to see and possess. Four leading citizens of the town of Portville awaited the Doctor's arrival at Olean, on the Erie Railroad, six miles distant from the former place. He was conducted to Portville, and became the guest of the respected pastor of the Presbyterian Church there. An hour afterward took place the Doctor's visit to the bereaved family. A gentleman, who has been one of their truest friends in all their sore trial, went in advance to apprise the widow that the stranger friend was coming.—Her pastor, and another minister of the gospel, accompanied the Doctor. The interview with the little household could not be other than very affecting. There was no scene—no acting; but demonstrative as was the feeling of the occasion, it was deep and tender. After a quiet and affectionate greeting of the widow and the little ones, and when all had become seated, it was seen that the orphans were sitting precisely as represented in their picture. Frederick in his high chair in the centre of the group, Alice—the sedate little Alice, on his left, and Frank on the right. The mother sat beside her fatherless children, wonderfully successful in her effort to be composed. Kind and cheerful conversation for some minutes led the way for Dr. Bourns to produce the relic, and gently place it in the widow's trembling hands.

The Dr. suggested the propriety of offering thanks to God for his good providence in bringing to pass such a result of their prolonged efforts and anxiety of mind; and the clergymen promptly acquiesced. The Rev. Mr. Ogden remarked that the hand of Divine Providence was so clearly seen in the events which had led to the present occasion, that a most devout acknowledgement of the goodness of God was an impulse and a duty; and the Rev. Mr. Vincent followed in offering an eloquent and beautiful prayer of thankfulness and praise to the God of the widow, and the Father of the fatherless.

Before terminating the interview, Dr. Bourns presented to the three orphans a number of little books which George H. Stunt, Esq., and others of Philadelphia had sent them, delighting the children greatly. He also—apart from the little company—placed in the hand of their mother what he impressed upon her mind to be no charity, but an expression of a felt obligation from many warm hearts that sympathized with her in her sorrow. Words failed her to give utterance to her sense of the Christian sympathy shown her, and by friends so far distant from her.

A public welcome to Portville was extended to Dr. Bourns on the next day, the 3d inst., in a general union meeting which was held in the Presbyterian Church. As a report of this meeting is likely to appear in the papers, no further reference to it need be made in this hasty sketch.

As was stated in the letter from the Rev. Mr. Ogden, lately published in the Bulletin, Sergeant Hummiston left his family very dependent, utterly helpless beyond the widow's needle and public benevolence.—The good people of the vicinity have hitherto aided the family liberally, with other families of soldiers; but the widow was still occupying the very humble dwelling in which her husband was compelled to leave her when he went away to die in defence of his country. It is a little house in the country, in a new cleared spot, dreary and desolate, half a mile or more from any other dwelling. But Dr. B. effected an arrangement by which the family will soon be removed to the town, and will be comfortable near school-house and church, and all ample means are provided for their future maintenance. E. N. H.

WOMEN STRONGER THAN OXEN.

It is related of a certain New England divine who flourished not many years ago, and whose matrimonial relations are supposed not to have been of the most agreeable kind, that one Sabbath morning, while reading to his congregation the parable of the supper, in Luke XV, in which occurs this passage:—"And another said, I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them; I pray thee have me excused, and another said, I have married a wife, and therefore can not come"—he suddenly paused at the end of his verse, drew off his spectacles, and, looking round on his hearers, said, with emphasis: "The fact is, my brethren, one woman can draw a man further from the kingdom of heaven than five yoke of oxen!"

Somebody who knows, says that when two or three women, approaching you on a narrow walk, fall behind each other to enable you to pass, you may be sure they are ladies of uncommon politeness and consideration. The usual course pursued by women is to charge along all abstract, sweeping everybody into the mud.

Terrible Suffering.

The Western papers continue to be filled with appalling accounts of the severe storm that ushered in the New Year. We could fill our paper to its utmost capacity with cases where people have been frozen to death in different sections.

A WHOLE FAMILY FROZEN TO DEATH.

The Detroit Tribune says that the driver of the stage coach coming from Crown Point to Lake, via Centerville, found that the dwelling of a man named Krutzer had been burned to the ground, it is supposed the night previously, but none of the family were to be seen. About a mile farther on, however, he was horrified to find the father and two boys frozen to death. The boys were in the father's arms, and it is supposed that he had fallen with them after having been so far affected with the frost as not to be able to proceed. The three corpses were placed in the stage, but before it had proceeded more than a quarter of a mile on its destination, the body of the oldest girl was found in a snow drift, with a shawl wrapped closely around it, where it had doubtless been deposited by its wretched mother, while yet alive, in the hope that some chance traveller might rescue it from an impending fate. This corpse, too, was placed in the coach, and again it started on its way, only to find, after travelling a short distance, the lifeless remains of the mother, with the two youngest children. The body of the mother was standing erect in a snow drift, with the children in her arms, the youngest one being at the breast. The seven lifeless bodies were conveyed to Centerville by the driver of the stage, at which place they were decently interred by the inhabitants. This is certainly the most appalling disaster that it has ever been our duty to record, and the bare recital of the facts could not fail to bring a shudder even to a heart of stone. A whole family ushered into the presence of their Creator, and none to tell the tale of suffering.

At Perstone Ill., on the 1st inst., a little boy on his way from school was frozen to death. Two brakemen on the Old Creek Railroad were frozen to death near Pittsburg. A poor woman and two children were frozen to death at Chicago. Wm. Bartlett nephew of the Hon. J. R. Bartlett of St. Louis, a youth of eighteen, who went on a hunting excursion, was frozen to death, in hearing of the residence of a gentleman whom he had been visiting. At Oshkosh, Wis., and Rockford, Ill., several persons were frozen to death, and business was suspended. At Dubuque, Iowa, all railroad travel was stopped on Wednesday until Sunday. At Milwaukee people were picked up on the street insensible. Railroad employees were badly crippled for life. At Springfield Ill., soldiers were frozen to death at Camp Yates. A stage driver was frozen to death on his box. At Port Wayne, Ind., two men were frozen to death. At Madison, Wis., the roads were all blocked on Wednesday and Thursday, with snow fourteen and fifteen feet deep, with the thermometer, on Friday, at thirty-four below zero. Lt. Alexandria and four men of the 52d Ind., regiment were frozen to death on New Year's night near Fort Pillow.

The Set of the Tide.

On the 2d day of December The Newburyport Herald, a paper which has persistently opposed all those measures and purposes usually denominated "Radical," and favored the most scrupulous "Conservatives," gave utterance to the following language:

"Three years ago to-day John Brown died—executed for treason by order of Henry A. Wise, who since then, has himself been one of the chief of traitors. Then the great majority of the country declared his execution just; now that same majority urges the war for the accomplishment of the same end that he had in view. What a change has come over us in three years! Then Slavery was rampant in Washington, and now emancipation is the word on the same spot where the Goddess of Liberty is represented as bending over to unshackle a negro. Then Wendell Phillips dared not go to Charlestown to defend John Brown, but Vallandigham was there to question him. Now Wendell Phillips would be welcomed in that town, and Vallandigham, an exile from the country, if caught there, would be in the same cell that John Brown occupied, and possibly hanged from the same tree. Who says John Brown's soul is not marching on?"

The United States is a great solar system, and the Constitution is the sun around which that system revolves. Far down into the intricate depths that luminary flashes its light. It is surrounded by States which are worlds in themselves, but the light of whose glory is reflected from the central sun upon whose existence theirs depends. The United States feels confident that there is nothing in the future or in the past to shame or dismay.—In her treatment of the nations of the earth she is influenced by neither fear nor favor, and she sanctions her Executive in every public act of his momentous life. The United States is a great machine; a wonderful piece of mechanism. The work it turns out is human freedom. Some people say that it is grown rusty, and needs oiling. The truth is that there is a screw loose down South.—But it will soon be put to rights, and we shall go on smoother than ever.

CUNNING.

The greatest of all cunning is to appear blind to the snares laid for us; men being never so easily deceived as when they are endeavoring to deceive others.

REMEMBER.

Never listen to an infamous story handed you by a person who is known to be an enemy to the person he is defaming.

One hour lost in the morning, is two hours squandered from the sun of life.

Matched by a Woman.

In the somewhat famous case of Mrs. Borden's will, which was tried some years ago, Mr. Webster appeared as counsel for the appellant. Mrs. Greenough, wife of the Rev. William Greenough, late of West Newton, a tall straight, quietly-looking woman, with a keen black eye—a woman of great self-possession and decision of character—was called as a witness on the opposite side. Webster, at a glance, had the sagacity to foresee that her testimony, if it contained anything of importance, would have great weight with the jury. He therefore resolved, if possible, to block her up, and when she answered the first question he put to her:

"I believe," Webster roared out, "we don't want to hear what you believe, we want to hear what you know."

Mrs. Greenough replied, "That is just what I was about to say," and went on with her testimony.

And, notwithstanding his repeated efforts to disconcert her, she pursued it the even tenor of her way, until Webster becoming quite fearful of the result, arose, apparently in great agitation, and drawing out his large snuff box, thrust his thumb-and-finger to the very bottom, and carrying the deep pinch to both nostrils drew it up with gusto.

Webster—"Mrs. Greenough, was Mrs. Borden a neat woman?"

Mrs. Greenough—"I cannot give you very full information as to that, sir; she had one very dirty trick."

Webster—"What's that, ma'am?"

Mrs. Greenough—"She took snuff."

The roar of the court was such that neither rose nor spoke again till after Mrs. Greenough had vacated her chair for another witness.

A Rich Story.

The following we slip from our exchange. It is old but good and will bear reading again: Is do any of you know old Bill Lowry? He moved from Springfield to some point in Minnesota. Bill is tough, smart as a whip, kept as a briar but then, like all our fellows, Bill loves to see the bottom of the tumbler at all times. Well, once there was a Methodist revival in town. Bill was there and a little to full of his kind of spirit to hold much of the other kind. But he sat still. At last the sermon was ended, and the minister came down from his proclamation stand and said:

"Now, I want all who love the Lord to come forward and be prayed for!"

No one moved. In a minute he repeated: "Brothers and sinners. I want all who love the Lord, or who wish to love him, to come forward on the bench!"

No one moved. Then he looked mad and spoke out rather quick—

"If there is a man in this house who is a friend of the Lord, I want him to come forward—if he has no friends we will quit!"

Just then old Bill arose, hitched up his trousers, and in a peculiar half-sobber voice sang out—

"Hold on there! I'm I'm a friend of the Lord or any other man who ain't no more friends than he 'pears to have in this section!"

ICE FOR DIPHTHERIA.

A correspondent of the Providence Journal vouchers for the efficacy of ice as a cure for diphtheria, croup, and all ordinary inflammation of the throat. The manner of application is as follows:—"Break up a small lump of ice in a towel, and put the pieces in a bowl. Take a position slightly inclined backwards, either in a chair or on a sofa. Proceed to feed yourself with small lumps of ice, letting them dissolve slowly in the back part of the throat. A single application will often break up a common sore throat, which otherwise would have a course of two or three days. In case of a bad sore throat, use the ice frequently and freely. In case of ulceration or diphtheria, keep a small lump of ice constantly in the mouth."

A STOPER.

A renowned clergyman of Lincolnshire lately preached a long sermon from the text, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found to be wanting." After the congregation had listened about an hour some began to get weary and went out, others soon followed greatly to the annoyance of the minister.—Another person started, whereupon the parson stopped and said:—"That's right gentleman; as fast as you are weighed pass out."

He continued his sermon at some length after that, but no one disturbed him by leaving.

There are notes in music called hush-notes.

There would if a good many singers had no other.

Those who must ventilate their thoughts by fretting and scolding, had better do a little patching to the house they live in.

If the ant gives an example of industry, it is much more than a great many uncles do.

If you spend your time chasing lies, you will be likely to lose your breath as well as your prize.

Those who fear the depths of a dangerous pool, must not play round its edges.

If he refuses to be a party to any system of fraud, is an honest man.

Always be sure to let your child know that you appreciate his well-doing.

The road to emicure and fame often lies through many a thorny hedge.

What belongs to yourself, and is used by everybody more than yourself? Your name.

Honor thy father and thy mother. Subscribe for THE RECORD.