

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



THE PARTING.

By Dr. Fred. Hovek.

There is a pang which friends must feel,
When doomed to part;
The gay "farewell" cannot conceal
Their grief of heart.

There is a smile—a freezing smile—
—We often view,
Playing around the lips of those
Who bid "adieu."

There is a tear—full oft restrained,
By mostly pride;
But which will down the conscious cheek
In secret glide.

There is a hope in future years,
That friends adore,
It is the hope in future years,
Them'll meet once more.

There is a balm, a parting bliss,
That friends adore,
It is the hope in future years,
Them'll meet once more.

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That friends adore,
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Them'll meet once more.

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ically and mentally, he took the condition of his mother; and as she had not been known in that section before Mr. Patterson married her, people never understood her.

One evening Andy came home with the marks of tears upon his cheeks. His mother saw that he had been weeping, and she asked what had happened.

"Ah, it was the same old story,—he had been out by sneers and insults."
"Mark Larabee called me names, which made my blood run hot and cold. I gave him no provocation—none at all. I was in the post-office while the mail was being distributed, and he asked me if I expected any important letters from the seat of government."

"Of course this caused a general laugh among the thoughtless ones, and he strutted as though he had done something smart.—When he spoke to me again with another taunt, I asked him to mind his own business; and then he twitted me of being the child of a drunkard! Oh, mother—it is well that you obtained that solemn pledge from me.—Had it not been for the promise I had given you, I think I should have maimed Mark Larabee for life."

"Then," said the widow, taking the hand of her son, and pressing it to her lips, "you have reason to thank God that you were restrained. It is better as it is Andy. I know it is hard; but—look there my son."

"She pointed to a picture which hung against the wall. It was an engraving, in a black frame, and its story was this: Jesus Christ, almost naked, with cruel thorns about his brow, bending beneath the weight of a ponderous cross, was scourged and hoisted at by an unfeeling crowd that followed at his heels.

"So-suffered the Son of God," pronounced the widow. "It is hard my son—very hard but do not yet despair."
"I don't despair," returned Andy; "though I often wish that I might die."
"Die, Andy!"

"I don't mean die and leave you, mother. But—its too bad. I wish I could find something better to do." Mark Larabee is going into a great store in the city, he is going in with Mr. Phillip Brown, who owns the large mills on the river. Larabee got the chance because he had friends, and because his folks have money."

Mrs. Patterson spoke such words of comfort and cheer as she could command, and after a while her son became calm and reconciled; and then an hour was spent in studying. The widow was a good scholar, and her poor children had learned far more from her instruction than many children of the same age had learned at the common school.

When the spring opened, Andy got a chance to work on a neighbor's farm at twelve dollars a month; and there he remained till the crops were harvested in autumn. Once or twice during the summer Mark Larabee came home from the city on a visit. He was dressed very finely, and wore kid gloves, and carried a cane, and smoked cigars, and drank brandy-and-water at the hotel; and when he met Andy Patterson he turned up his nose as though he had encountered something unclean.

When the cold winter came again Andy left the farm, and went home; but he was not idle. He sawed wood in the village, thus earning enough to support the needy ones; and sometimes he felt able to purchase little dainties for his mother and sisters.

Spring came again, and Andy was seventeen years old. He was small of his age, and slight of his frame; but his health was good, and his constitution strong. One evening, in the early part of April, just after the sun had gone down, and while the family in the humble cot were eating supper, a cry for help was heard from the road. Andy ran out and found that the stage had got stuck in a mud-hole, and that one of the wheels had been broken. One of the passengers was in a great hurry to reach the village, as he intended to take a private train and ride over to the woolen mills that evening. He could walk to the hotel very easily, but how should he get his trunk along?

"Here is Andy," said the driver, "he'll wheel your trunk up."
"Certainly," replied our hero, in a prompt, cheerful tone; "I'll do it with pleasure."
"Do it," said the driver, "and I'll pay you."
"I guess there won't be much to pay for it," said Andy speaking Andy ran off, and soon returned with his burrow upon which the trunk was fixed by its own weight.

his steps homeward.
"What is it, my son?"
"A dollar, mother. See."
The widow took the bank note, and as she examined it by the light of the candle, she uttered an exclamation of surprise.
"What did you say it was, Andy?"
"A dollar."
"There must be some mistake. It is a ten dollar note."
"The gentleman told me he gave me a dollar."
"Ah," said the widow, "I see how he made the mistake. Look! he only saw that figure."

It was very simple. The upper right-hand corner of the bill, where the '10' had been, was mutilated just enough to entirely remove the cypher, so that only the figure '1' was left. The gentleman had only noticed this figure, and had supposed that he was giving away a dollar bill.

"What will you do, my son?"
"I will carry it back at once."
"You have no desire to keep it?"
"Mercy! I would sooner die!"
"Bless you, my boy! Go and do as you have said."

Andy had some few chores to do, and when they were done he went to the village, but the gentleman was not at the tavern.—The old stage-driver was there, however, and to him Andy told his story.

"Why didn't you keep it, Andy? You are poor, and that man is rich."
"Keep it," repeated the boy, straightening himself to his proudest height. "I'd rather burrow in the ground, with hares and foxes, and live on roots than do such a thing, Job's Aids. I may be poor, but God knows that I am not a villain. You will see the man. Give him this, and tell him if he has a mind to send me a dollar he may do so. If I do not misjudge him, I think he would rather send me the dollar than not."

"By the glory!" cried about John Alden clapping the boy upon the shoulder, "you're a pattern. You're a true blue. You're honest, Andy. Ah, there's the supper bell!" I'll do the errand, and bring you an answer."

As Andy Patterson left the tavern he met Mark Larabee upon the side walk, but Mark did not look as he had looked a few months before. His clothes were not so spruce, and his head was not carried so high.

Andy stopped in at the post-office, where he heard two men talking.
"Mark Larabee has lost his place. I hear," said one.
"Yes," replied the other. "He got into rather rough ways. In fact, he was dismissed. I heard of his making one pull of a hundred dollars."

"Why didn't they prosecute him?"
"His father fixed it up by paying the money."
"Well, his father may save him this time but I don't believe they can make an honest man of him."

As Andy walked home, he wondered how a boy could do such a thing as steal money. He wondered at it very much as the healthy, normal man wonders at the infatuation of the suicide.

On the following day, towards the middle of the forenoon, while Andy was at work in the shed, his mother came in and informed him that a gentleman wished to see him. Our hero went into the house, where he found the man for whom he had wheeled the trunk on the previous evening.

"My boy," the man said, in an off-handed easy manner, "the stage driver gave me the bank-note you handed him, and I have been thinking, while walking down here, that some kind spirit must have torn the corner of that bill off for our mutual benefit. I supposed it was a one dollar bill when I gave it to you; and I certainly should never have known to the contrary if you had not returned it. However, it has led to a little prospect of business. From what I saw of you last evening, and from what John Alden has told me, in connection with this bank-note affair, I am inclined to the opinion that I want you to help me. My name is Phillip Brown. I own a store in the city, and I own the woolen-mills in the adjoining town. A year ago I took Mark Larabee into my employ, but he did not suit me. Andy looked down at his poor clothes.
"You shall have garments suitable to the change. Will you go?"

Andy looked around upon his mother.
"Yes, my son," she said. "The man who seeks for honest merit as this man has sought for it, recognizing the jewel even in this lowly station, must himself be honest and upright, and with such I joyfully trust you."
Andy Patterson went with the merchant whom he served so faithfully and well, that at the end of a year, he was placed in a position of great responsibility, and his wages were increased to such a sum that he was able to place his mother and sisters in a better home.

KATY DEAN.

Down by the mossy brink
Of a cool and shady well,
Lest me down with KATY DEAN,
An old, old tale to tell:
With heaving heart
I sat apart:
That old, old tale to tell.

The light of the mid-day sun
Soon grew to burning gleams,
We drew still nearer to the cool, deep well,
Even as in my dreams;
For KATY DEAN
Was ever near.
In my holiest happiest dreams.

I told her the story old
While we gazed in the waters clear,
And promised her life should never grow cold
With haunting shadows drear;
And sweet replies
Shone in her eyes,
There 'mid the shadows drear

Only one little year
Has passed from earth away,
But KATY DEAN
The light of a summer day;
I call but in vain,
She comes not again
From the light of that summer day.

A writer in the *Christian Examiner* makes an interesting article on "Loyalty in the West," and enumerates several peculiar features. He says: "The impulse to do something for the country was not confined to age—for here is Mr. Bates, of Pendleton, Indiana, believing that he can fight yet if they will let him, enlisting accordingly, but rejected, to his intense disgust, because he has owned to being ninety years of age; or to see—for here is Mr. W. Dennis, standing six feet two in slippers, who, being unknown in those parts, and disguised as a man, enlists in the Still Water Company of the First Minnesota Regiment, and Mary, being a handy, as a handsome fellow, is promoted to be a lieutenant before she is found out; or to the average of ordinary patriotism—for here is a family of sixteen young men residing in Dayton, Ohio, enlisting all at once, and in one company; and another Iowa editor telling how hard it is to get his paper out, because his two sons that he counted on to help him, the younger only fifteen years of age, have enlisted, and walked two hundred miles to join their company, and how he has a third counting how long before he can go too, with four more growing finely, and he hopes he may yet have seven more to go; or to commercial usury—for here is an eminent Detroit tom offering to furnish Government with fifty tons of shot and shell, to be paid for whenever it is convenient."

No unreadiness on the part of the State or General Executive could chill this impulse and instinct of the Western man—and woman. We have seen that the Iowa First was raised in few hours. The boys came from farm and town in the common working costume. Iowa felt that it was hardly the thing to send her sons out so; yet there was not a uniform in the State, and the men were wanted instantly. So she telegraphed to Chicago for blue flannel, and had it up by the next train; which numberless wives, mothers, sisters, and sweethearts, attacking with shears and needles, her regiment was put into uniform in a few hours more, and sent away rejoicing. There was laughter at the sight, as the stalwart youth came on through our great cities; but it was a laughter of indefinite tenderness and pride to see how the heart of the people beat on the upper Mississippi."

A GOOD JOKE.—A well-known gentleman of Winchester, Virginia, is in the habit of relating a very amusing anecdote on the great love that Americans have for naval and military titles. Crossing the Potomac into Virginia, with his horse, in a ferry-boat the ferryman said—
"Major, I wish you would lead your horse a little forward."
He immediately did so, observing to the man:
"I am not a Major, and you need not call me one."
To this the ferryman replied:
"Well, Kurnel, I ax your pardon, and I'll not call you so no more."
Having arrived at the landing place he led his horse out of the boat, and said:
"My good friend, I am a very plain man; I am neither a colonel or a major—I have no title at all, and I don't like them. How much have I to pay you?"
The ferryman looked at him in surprise and said:
"You are the first white man I have ever crossed on this ferry that wasn't just nobody at all, and I swear I charge you nothing."

WORK.—The best lesson a father can give his son is this:—"Work; strengthen your moral and mental faculties as you would strengthen your muscles by vigorous exercise. Learn to conquer circumstances: you are then independent of fortune. The men of athletic minds who left their marks on the years in which they lived, were all trained in a rough school. They did not mount their high position by help of leverage; they leaped into chasms, grappled with the opposing rocks, avoided avalanches, and when the goal was reached, felt that but for the toil that had strengthened them as they stood, it could never have been attained."

A BAD EGG.—We learn that when the first Greek fire shell from Gilmore's batteries exploded in Charleston, a contraband who witnessed the spectacle jumped up clapping his hands exclaiming, "See dar, Hell's laid an egg."

Fiendish Atrocity, and Retributive Justice.

The wife of an officer in the army, living in Williamson county, Illinois, recently received from her husband \$700, a portion of which belonged to the families of soldiers living in that vicinity. A few days after the receipt of the money there came a sick soldier to the house of the officer's wife and asked permission to remain over night. The woman refused, but the soldier insisting, she finally consented. During the night the family was aroused by the violence of parties outside, who demanded the door to be opened, and if not opened they would break it down; that the officer's wife had a lot of money and they were bound to have it. The woman was terrified, and giving the money to the soldier inside, secreted herself and her children, when the soldier, in a voice loud enough to be heard by the villains outside, "I am unarmed, but if I had a pistol I would fix the villains." The door was then burst open, and ten men disguised as negroes, entered the house. Five shots were instantly fired at them, killing three of the party and wounding another; the remainder fled. The blacking having been washed from the faces of the dead, they were discovered to be the woman's nearest neighbors—one of them her brother-in-law.

Joking with the Baby.
A citizen of Jamaica, L. I., went to answer the ring at the door, at the request of his wife, where he found nothing but a basket. On removing the cover a beautiful little child appeared, some five months old. The ladies screamed; one of the lady visitors took up the baby, and found a note pinned to its dress, which charged the gentleman with being its father, and implored him to support it. A rich scene ensued between the injured wife and indignant husband, the latter denying all knowledge of the little one, and asserting his innocence. The friends interfered, and at last the wife was induced to forgive her husband, though he stuck to it like a Trojan, that he had always been a faithful husband. Finally the lady very roughly told her husband it was wrong not to know his own child, for it was their mutual offspring, which had just been taken from the cradle for the purpose of playing the joke.

A FISH STORY.—Four clergymen, a Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist and Roman Catholic, met by an agreement to dine on fish. Soon as grace was said, the Catholic rose, armed with knife and fork, and taking about one third of the fish, comprehending the head, removed to his plate; exclaiming as he set down, with great self satisfaction, "Papa eat caput, ecclesiam" (the Pope is the head of the Church.) Immediately the Methodist minister arose, and helping himself to about one third, embraced the tail, sealed himself, exclaiming, "Finit coronate opus" (the end coronates the work.) The Presbyterian now thought it was time for him to move, and taking the remainder of the fish to his plate, exclaiming, "In media est veritas" (truth lies between two extremes. Our Baptist brother had nothing before him, but an empty plate and the prospect of a slim dinner, and snatched up the bowl of drawn (melted) butter, he dashed it over them all, exclaiming, "Ego baptize vos" (I baptize you all.)

THE MILD LAMB.—A man going through a piece of woods heard the bleating of a lamb. He went in the direction of the sound and found a lamb so deep in the mire that he could not get out. Nothing but his head was above the mud and water. He had strayed from a neighboring pasture, and while wandering in the wood fell into the mire. Young persons who know better, sometimes wander from the ways in which their parents teach them to walk. They fall into the mire of sin. When once in they sink deeper and deeper, and have no power to extricate themselves. The Good Shepherd alone can save them, and if they do not call him to their aid they must perish.

WEAR A SMILE.—Which will you do, smile and make others happy, or make every body around you miserable? You can live among beautiful flowers and singing birds, or in the mire, surrounded by fogs and frogs. The amount of happiness which you can produce is incalculable, if you will show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, by sour looks, cross words and a fretful disposition, you can make hundreds unhappy almost beyond endurance. Which will you do? Wear a pleasant countenance, let joy beam in your eyes, and love glow on your forehead. There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest, at morning when you rise, and throughout the day when about your daily business.

Mr. Beecher, in a recent speech in Philadelphia, stated that no name he could mention in England called forth such deafening cheers as that of Abraham Lincoln. He is an profoundly popular there as he is at home. Mr. Chase is looked upon as the greatest man in the country, and in spite of the malicious criticisms of the *London Times* he is the admiration of the financial man throughout Europe.

POLITICE FOR OLD SORES.—Scrape a quantity of yellow carrots and wilt them well in a pan until they are soft, then wash them, put them in a clean linen cloth and pind them on the sore, repeating the operation four or five times. It is also good for a sore breast.

As the clock strikes the hour, how often we say,
Time flies! when 'tis we who are passing a way.

HUMOROUS.

Ram—an animal whose butt is on the wrong end.
She who composes a cross-baby is greater than she who composes books.
Why are a dandy's legs like an organ-grinder? Because they carry a monkey.
If a man flatters you, calculate that he considers you a fool.

What garment is too light to be either modest or useful? The shift of the wind.
What curiosity in the world is the greatest? A woman's.
He who reels and staggers most in life's journey takes the shortest road to the devil.
Men do two-thirds of the sinning in the world, and make women do the other third.

The president's emancipation policy conflicts with the tariff, which imposes a duty on wool, by making wool free.
Why is the rise in cotton like the siege of a fort? Because it reduces the breast-works.
Simpkins says it is the privilege of hoops to surround the loveliest of all things, among which are girls and whiskey.

Geese, dull as they are, imitate men. Notice that if one of the flock drinks, the rest will follow.
A stone thrown at a dog, in Washington, rebounded and hit six generals. Not one of them had ever been so near to danger before.
The best cough-drops for young ladies—wear thick shoes, dress all over, and stop-laughing.

Sensitive lady from the country looking for a coach.—"Pray, sir, are you engaged?"
"Coburn—"Och, bless your party soul, man, I have been married this seven years, and have nine children."
A shell burst near an Irishman in the trenches, when, surveying the fragments, he exclaimed, "Be jabers! them's the fellows to tackle your ear!"

"Did I understand you to say that I was lousy sir? Oh, no, I merely told my friend that when it rained lice in Egypt, I thought you must have been walking there without a hat—that's all."
One soul converted to God is better than thousands merely moralized and still sleeping in their sins.

An Irishman, being a little fuddled, was asked what were his religious views. "Is it me belate ye'd be asking about?" said he. "It's the same as the Widdy Brady's. I owe her twelve shillings for whiskey, and she believes I'll never pay her; and, faith, that's my belate too."

Human life is often likened to a voyage. It is a voyage to eternity attended by great danger, as well as much hardship and toil. The sea we have to navigate, viewed in prospect, looks smooth and inviting; but beneath it conceals shoals, quicksands and rocks; and great multitudes in attempting to reach the distant shores are shipwrecked and lost.

A story is told of a western candidate that came upon a poor white man, who had a vote to give, if he did have to do his own milking. The candidate, Jones, asked him if he should hold the cow, which seemed to be uneasy, and the old man consenting very readily, he took her by the horns and held her fast till the operation was done. "Have you had Robinson (his rival) round here lately?" he asked. "Oh, yes. He's behind the barn holding the calf."

GOOD, EVEN FOR A YANKEE.—Some man, from a considerable way down East, has invented what he calls the "Patent Never-failing Garden Proserver or Hon Walker," the effect of which we should like to see tried in certain locality. It consists of a small instrument something like a spur, only considerably longer, which is attached to the hind part of the hen's legs, pointing at an angle of 45 degrees towards the ground.—When the hen, with this instrument on her legs, enters the garden in the spring after the seed, she puts her foot forward to scratch the "walker" catches in the ground, and forces her forward; and thus she is walked in her efforts to scratch, entirely out of the garden. That will do.

Our acquaintance W—— had a few years since, a female ancestor on the maternal side who although residing in the vicinity of Mobile for a life time had never yet been there, after repeated solicitations, however, she was induced to pay the family a visit. Her grandson, young W——, then a boy of fifteen, but who already exhibited that peculiar faculty for perpetrating "practical jokes" which characterized him yet, persuaded the cook to place a large dish of boiled crabs before the old lady, well knowing that she had never before set her eyes on one. Upon seating herself at the table, the unusual dish attracted her attention.—Carefully drawing her spectacles from her case, she adjusted them firmly on her nose, and took a long stare at the singular looking "edibles;" at last, raising a fork she made a desperate thrust at one of them, exclaiming with a long breath—
"Heavens! but yeavh, who ever seen such spiders before!"

Like a man without a wife
Like a ship without a sail,
The oddest thing in life
Is a shirt with out a—proper length.