

VILLAGE RECORD



By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics and Religion.

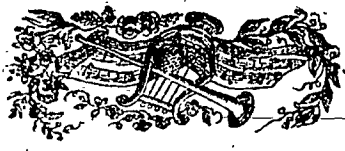
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NUMBER 43.

POETICAL.



STANZAS.

BY FITZ GREEN HALLECK.

The heart hath sorrows of its own,
And griefs it veils from all,
And tears, close-hidden from the world,
In solitude will fall.
And when its thoughts of agony
Upon the bosom lie,
Even beauty in her loveliness
May pass unheeded by.

'Tis only on the happy
That she never looks in vain,
To them her smiles are rainbow hopes,
New born of summer rain,
And their glad hearts will worship her,
As one whose home is heaven;
A being of a brighter world,
To earth a season given.

That time with me has been and gone,
And life's best music now
Is but the winter's wind that bends
The leafless forest bough.
And I will shun, if that could be,
The light of young blue eyes,
They bring back hours I would forget,
And painful memories.

Yet, lady, though too few and brief,
There are bright moments still,
When I can free my prisoned thoughts,
And wing them where I will,
And then thy smiles come o'er my heart
Like sunbeams o'er the sea,
And I can bow as once I bowed
When all was well with me.

ODE TO THE AMERICAN SOLDIER.

When traitors, leagu'd with foreign foes,
Against our glorious Union rose,
A band of patriots sprung to arms,
Although unused to war's alarms,
And swore that all should meet the fate,
Of traitors always, low and great,
Who dare attack with bloodstained hands,
The rock on which our country stands.

Two years have passed; those gallant men,
Have kept the oath that they made then,
On many a field, their valor shown;
On many a field, their bones are strew'd;
They've bravely fought, and still shall fight,
For Union and the cause of Right,
Till Rebel hosts shall wield the way,
To Union arms and Union sway.

What though on many a Southern plain,
Their blood has flow'd, 'tis not in vain;
That blood has been and still shall be,
A sacrifice for Liberty,
Though they have died, they're living yet,
Their star of fame shall never set,
Their names are writ on glory's scroll,
And Heaven receives the patriot's soul.

MISCELLANY.

Wasn't God with you, Mamma?

Our little three year old, on returning from a morning walk with his sister, came running to his mother with the question, "Who staid with you while we were gone, mamma?" "I remained alone," was the reply. "Alone? wasn't God with you, mamma?" was the quick response of the artless boy. Are there not lessons daily taught us by the simple faith of childhood?

Young man, tempted, reckless, wayward, vibrating between good and evil, discouraged by failures, what need of yielding to the tempter? Are you alone? Isn't God with you, to succor and to save? Bereaved and lonely mourner, whose night has come at noonday, open your eyes, and you will see that you are not alone; listen to the voice that breaks in with loving tones upon your loneliness—"Lo, I am with you always."

Careless sinners, are you alone? Yes, alone with God! Let the thought, "Thou God send me," awaken your nobler, higher, better nature, so that the consciousness of that eternal fact will be the source of your purest joy.

HELP YOUR MOTHER.—We have seen from two to six great hearty boys sitting by the kitchen stove, toasting their feet, and cracking nuts or jokes, while their mother, a slender woman, had gone to the wood pile for wood; to the well for water; or to the meat-house to cut frozen steak for dinner.—This is not as it should be. There is much work about the house too hard for woman, heavy lifting, hard extra steps, which should be done by those more able. Boys, don't let your mother do all, especially if she is a feeble woman. Dull, prosy house-work is irksome enough at best. It is a long work, too, it being impossible to tell when it is quite done, and then on the morrow the whole is to be gone over with again. There is more of it than one is apt to think. We wish some busy, all-day houseworker, would count her steps for one day, and let us have the result in miles; let it be noted how many times from the stove to the wood-pile, to the pump, up and down the stairs, and especially how many times from the stove to the buttry.

Man is sometimes the slave of ten thousand imaginary evils.

The largest room in the world is the "room for improvement."

Love and death enter boarding houses without asking the price of board.

IMPORTANT FROM REBELDOM.

Interesting Letter from Richmond.

The annexed intercepted letter from a Southern lady in Richmond to her sister in Kentucky, gives an unusually interesting picture of affairs as they now exist in Rebeldom. The communication evidently emanates from an intelligent and reliable source, and should be perused with care.—*N. Y. Herald.*

RICHMOND, Feb. 10, 1864.

My Dear Sister—As our mutual friend, Mr. B., is about to undertake the perilous journey to Kentucky, I avail myself of the opportunity to write you a good long letter. We have heard nothing from you in nearly two years, and can well appreciate your anxiety concerning us. Our brave boy is dead—killed at Gettysburg. Oh, how we miss him; but the thought that he fell in a noble cause takes away much of the bitterness, though it seems as if the sacrifice had been made for nothing. It is impossible to describe the gloom that pervades all society, and with all the afflictions and doubts that oppress us, there is not one comforting gleam, except the hope of a speedy end of the war. I must confess that we have lost much of that assurance of success which once buoyed us up and pictured such bright visions of the future; but our determination to hold out to the last is unaltered, and we comfort ourselves with the faith that Providence will eventually reward our sacrifices and bring us safely out of the furnace that is consuming us. The rest of the family are all well. William is in the War Department; and we fear that the conscription will take him too. He might get a commission, I suppose; but we trust the necessity for doing so will not come upon us. Cousin John has left Charleston and gone to Savannah, though he writes me that the military authorities expect an attack upon the city, and that most of the people have removed nearly all their effects to the interior. Henry has taken his family to North Carolina. Cousin Mary has been unfortunate. She became attached to an officer of General Lee's staff, who cruelly deceived her, and at one time we thought she wouldn't live. The poor little thing died, and I think it was a blessing to it, as well as its mother, that it was so.

Society here is utterly broken up. All fondness for fashion and pleasure seems to have been lost, and day after day passes with nothing to relieve the prevailing dullness. We see nothing but soldiers and the paraphernalia of war. The whole city is converted into hospitals, prisons and barracks, and our eyes have grown weary with the signs of strife. President Davis seems discouraged, and I fear, is falling rapidly. The responsibilities, disappointments and fault-finders of his friends have broken him down, and it is hardly probable that he will live to see the end of the war. We had a great scare here when Butler attempted to capture Richmond, and I am surprised that so few precautions are taken against a raid upon the city. We have a very small force here, and much of that unreliable. Two companies of heavy artillery, five light batteries, two companies of cavalry and about four thousand citizen soldiers are all we have to defend us.

There is a part of a North Carolina regiment guarding the Chickahominy, and seven hundred and fifty men in Fort Darling; but should not be surprised if the Yankee cavalry got into the city, released the prisoners and destroyed the Capitol. The fortifications towards the Peninsula are very strong; but towards Hanover Court House and west of the city, we have no guns or fortifications of any consequence. The citizen soldiers are not to be relied on in any emergency, and it is believed that the appearance of any considerable force of Yankees would be the signal for a general stampede. The Meadow Bridge and Bottom Bridge roads, of which you have heard so much, are entirely exposed and sometimes I think the authorities are fully blind to danger.

The gunboats here, of which so much was expected, amount to nothing. Only one is completed, and that is as slow as a tortoise. Two others are nearly done, but their guns have been sent to Charleston, and I don't believe they intend to finish them. The city is full of disloyal people, and we can only trust our most intimate friends. What could we do if the Yankees should suddenly come upon us? I tremble when I think what may happen. All the old soldiers have been sent to North Carolina. General Pickett's Division, which had been here so long, was hurried off, it was said for the purpose of capturing Newbern, but the real object was to prevent a disturbance among the people. We never had much confidence in North Carolina, and I believe one half the State would welcome the Yankees to-day. William says our authorities dare not be too rigid with them; but I think if a few examples were made of the disloyal leaders we should have much less trouble and apprehension. Charleston still stands, notwithstanding the braggadoocio of the Yankees. The city is almost deserted, though, and the grass is actually growing in all of the streets. I wonder sometimes why they don't take some of Beauregard's troops and reinforce Gen. Lee. Nineteen thousand men, I should think, were more than is required to hold that place, though it is thought that the enemy have left Morris Island only to attack the city from another direction.—Uncle James writes from Mobile that they fear a Yankee raid in that direction, and that every one is ready to leave. So it is almost everywhere. One does not know where to go for safety, and the whole country seems in constant fear of invasion.

We hear very little from the West beyond the Mississippi nothing. All that country, I fear, is lost to us. Do not believe the Yankee stories about the smallness of our West-ern army. Longstreet has twenty thousand, and Johnston thirty-five thousand men, besides the smaller commands scattered through the country, that might be added to their forces in case of emergency. Grant seems to be the only General the Yankees have had since McClellan, and if they will only give him the Army of the Potomac, or put him in Washington, as we hear is proposed, we should have very little fear of results in the West. All hopes are centered on Gen. Lee. His army has been very much reduced, leaving him only about forty-five thousand troops. His cavalry has been scattered through the counties below Gordonsville for the purpose of getting forage, and you have no idea of the accounts of suffering we receive from the inhabitants where they are quartered.—The whole cavalry seems to have been demoralized into a band of thieves, robbing alike both friend and foe. A great portion of the cavalry has been disbanded, to return in the middle of March with fresh horses and new outfits. I fear a great many will not go back, but will either desert to the Yankees or hide in the mountains. There are now several organized gangs for opposing the conscription, and a number of our conscripting officers have been killed. The reports of destruction are too true. Our soldiers do not get full rations half the time, and once they have been without meat ten days. These hardships are daily growing worse, and what shall be done to relieve us we cannot imagine. Our supply of provisions is almost exhausted, and no one knows where more is to come from.—It is true we have enough among the people to live on; but supplies for the army are almost unobtainable.

William says the Government does not intend to wait for the Yankees to advance but will concentrate our armies, and strike where least expected in overwhelming numbers.—This seems the only hope of success. If we should be defeated this spring, I know not what will become of us. So many have been discouraged that I believe another disaster would almost break us up. All we can do is to aid the noble army by our example and contributions, and hope for better things.

I wish you could send us a few things, such as stationery, and those little indispensables of the toilet now so hard to procure. We can sometimes get them here, but at fabulous prices and we are compelled to do with almost the simplicity of our servants. Our paper money is good for nothing. It takes a handfull to buy a pair of shoes, and an armful to get a dress. A hundred dollars of Yankee greenbacks would be a small fortune. The poorer classes are suffering terribly, and there have been several cases of actual starvation.—Now, I have written you a long letter, much longer than I expected. Do not show this to any but your family, and burn it immediately after. I would not have it fall into the hands of the Yankees for the world. Remember us to all who ever think of us, and write soon. All join in much love. Can't you send your photograph?
Your affectionate sister, MARY.

WINTER WILL NOT LAST FOREVER.

Winter will not last forever;
Spring will soon come forth again,
And, with flowers of every color,
Deck the hillside and the plain.
Lambs will soon in fields be sporting,
Birds re-echo from each tree,
"Winter's gone! its days are ended!
We are happy—We are free!"
Hedge and tree will soon be budding,
Sun with leaves be covered o'er;
Winter cannot last forever;
Brighter days are yet in store!

MR. BLIFKIN'S FIRST BABY.

BY B. H. SHILLABER.

The first baby was a great institution. As soon as he came into this "breathing world," as the late Wm. Shakespeare has it, he took command in our house. Every body was subservient to him. The baby was the balance wheel that regulated everything. He regulated the food, he regulated the temperature, he regulated the servants he regulated me.

For the first six months of that precious existence, he had made me get up on an average of six times a night. "Mr. Blifkins," says my wife, "bring the light here, do; the baby looks strangely; I'm afraid it will have a fit." "Of course the lamp was brought, and of course the baby lay sucking his fist like a little white bear that he was."

"Mr. Blifkins," says my wife, "I think I feel a draft of air; I wish you would get up and see if the window is not open a little, because baby might get sick."

"Nothing was the matter with the window, as I knew very well."

"Blifkins," said my wife, as I was going to sleep again, "that lamp, as you have it, shines directly in baby's eyes—strange that you have no more consideration."

"I arranged the light and went to bed again, just as I was dropping off to sleep again."

"Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, "did you think to put that arona to-day for the baby?"

"My dear," said I, "will you do me the injustice to believe that I could overlook a matter so essential to the comfort of that estimable child?"

She apologized very handsomely, but made her anxiety the scape-goat. I forgave her, and without saying a word more to her I addressed myself to sleep.

"Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, shaking me, "you must not snore so—you will wake the baby."

AN INCIDENT.

It was late. The lamps of the car burned dimly. In one seat were a "happy couple," rejoicing in a carpet-bag, two baud boxes, a basket, a brown paper parcel, and a "sleeping cherub." Suddenly the chorub—a girl of some three years' experience in the strange world—awoke from one of those long undisturbed slumbers that are among the prerogatives of childhood, and climbed up so as to stand and look over the back of the seat.—Two care-worn, travel-worn and half-awakened men sat directly in front of the little creature. They looked as if they had been on board of railroad cars for a month, and had journeyed from the regions about sunset.—The great curious eyes of the child fell upon them.—She scanned carefully the face of each, and one would have deemed her, to have been an infantile physiognomist. Presently one of them looked at her. It was evident that she rather liked him; for instantly her little voice was heard as she piped out the query:

"Do you love little girls?"

The man looked at her a moment rather gruffly, and then replied:

"No—I don't." A shade of disappointment and surprise was instantly daguerre-typed upon the countenance of the child, but passed away when she replied:

"Yes, you do."

The man roused himself, and took another look. He was evidently both puzzled and interested, and he said, "How do you know?"

And she said, "Cause you look as if you did."

"This thawed him out a little, and he said, "Have a little girl at home?"

"The little questioner now evidently felt that she was on the right 'track,' and after a look that showed that this intelligence presented a new and unexpected view of the affair, renewed the conversation earnestly, and the following colloquy ensued:

"Do you love your little girl?"

"Yes, she is a real good little girl!"

"Does she go down into the kitchen when she ought not to?"

"Yes sometimes."

"Do you whip your little girl when she is naughty?"

ADVICE TO A BRIDE.

ADVICE TO A BRIDE.
JAMES PASTE THIS ON YOUR MIRRORS.
I cannot forbear pointing out to you, my dearest child, said Lord Collingwood to his daughter, "the great advantages that result from a temperate conduct and sweetness of manner to all persons on all and every occasion. Never forget that you are a gentle woman, and all your words and actions should make you gentle. I never heard your mother—your dear good mother—say a hard or hasty thing to anybody in my life. Endeavor to imitate her. I am quick and hasty in my temper; but, my darling, it is a misfortune which, not having been sufficiently restrained in my youth, has caused inexpressible pain. It has given me more trouble to subdue this impetuosity than anything I ever undertook."

WHAT ARE DOGS WORTH?—We learn that the dogs got among the Merinos of J. D. Paterson Esq., of this county, and destroyed \$3000 worth of sheep. What are those dogs worth? What are the dogs in this State worth? There are not \$3000 worth of dogs between the two oceans, if we except the shepherd dogs and terriers. In Jefferson county recently, a citizen died the horrible death which follows the bite of a dog—six months after he was bitten. Who is safe? Not the lives of all the dogs in the State are worth as much as a citizen's life. We are in favor of legislation that shall legislate dogs, where they can kill no more sheep, cause no more deaths, nor endanger our children's lives, reader.—*Moore's Rural New Yorker.*

A country fellow, just come to town gaping about in every shop he came to, at last came in to an insurance office, where seeing only one man sitting at a desk, he could not imagine what commodity was sold there but calling to the clerk, he said—

"Pray sir, what do you keep to sell here?"

"Loggheads," cried the clerk.

"Do you?" answered the countryman, "then you have a precious good trade, for I see you have but one left!"

PENN.—We have some German friends up at Galena, who, in daily conversation, use the English language but the mother tongue of her children. The same German prayers she used to repeat in her childhood, away back on the banks of the Rhine. One night as little Ernst, a precocious chap of some four summers, was quietly going through his evening devotions he suddenly electrified and astonished his pious mother by exclaiming:

"Ma, why do we always talk Yankee and pray German? Is God a Dutchman?"

The Governor of New York has signed the bill to alter the constitution so as to allow soldiers to vote, and has appointed the second Tuesday in March for the matter to be voted upon by the people.

"Where are you going?" asked a little boy of another, who had fallen down on an icy pavement. "Going to get up!" was the blunt reply.

Falsehood is often rooked by truth, but she soon outgrows her riddle, and discards her nurse.

Everybody sits in judgement on a dirty sin; but clean it, dress it, polish it and there are ten thousand people who think it not so sinful after all.

The most pure and exquisite pleasure which a man can experience, is the moment when the girl of whom he is doubtful, confesses that she loves him.

The ladies of East Tennessee are repressed as unquestionably loyal. They improve every opportunity to kiss the dear old flag, and now and then kiss its good-looking defenders.

A strong copperhead was denouncing, in immeasurable terms, the United States government and the war, when the company was joined by a neighbor, a strong Union man, and after listening for some time, he interrupted him with this remark:

"You are honest by your principles; you are a loyal—nationally!"

"What do you mean?" says the Copperhead.

"You know," said Union "that during the war with Great Britain, the British entered the harbor and burned the town of New London."

"Well, what of that?" says C.

"Why, somebody piloted them in, and when his dirty work was done, he came home with the British gold, and his neighbors, hearing of his presence, provided themselves with ropes, and made him an evening call, when he made his escape by the back door, and fled to the island of Bermuda, and died there."

"Well," says C. "what has all that to do with it?"

"Well," said I, "that pilot was your grand father."

A "Blessed" REPUBLICAN.—"Mark," the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, thus sketches the Representative of 14th District of Ohio: it is well done:

"George Bliss, who represents the 14th District of Ohio, looks like a mean copperhead, talks like a mean copperhead, and votes like a mean copperhead. His speeches are devoid alike of life and grammar. If his district cannot improve him next fall, it ought to be given over to the bats and owls, and left to legislate for itself in its own peculiar way, subject only to the Constitution of the Southern Confederacy. If their is as much bliss in ignorance as their is ignorance in Bliss, Know-nothingism must be a very high condition to be in."

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