

VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper, Neutral in Politics and Religion.

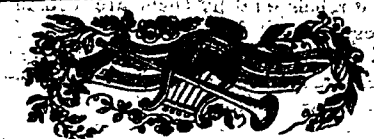
Star Year

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POETICAL.



THE CONTRAST.

[This touching little poem, from the last number of *Harpers Magazine*, will find an echo in many a heart.]

We sit at home, nor feel that they
Who fight upon the distant plain
Are falling faster day by day,
A harvest of the slain.

We lightly walk the busy street,
Where trade and gain roll swiftly on;
They march a battle-field to greet,
And die as it is won.

The trumpet calls them in the night,
To die for freedom, and the boom
Of cannon from the fortress height
Still calls them to their doom.

Unmoved we read of how they fell,
To shield the stars and stripes from shame;
Dauntless through storms of shot and shell
In the red battle's flame!

Brave hearts are beating for us there,
Amid the conflict's feverish breath;
This hour, what soldier's hurried prayer
Is said for you, in death.

They lie upon the lonely hill
Or blackened plain in dreamless sleep,
Their rest eternal! Never will
They wake, like us, to weep.

We rise each day to weary toil
And hourly strife—their work is done!
Their blood will consecrate the soil
Their lives so nobly won.

A SMILE.

Go to the little moss-bound spring,
Whence living waters flow,
Where happy birds their carols sing,
And spring-time flowers blow,
Into its depths a pebble toss,
And see how sweetly glide
The little waves to kiss the moss
That grows along its side.

Go to the little prattling child
Who a heart is full of glee,
Whose tongue and lips are recent mild
In sweet response to thee;
And drop a word with love and grace,
And note its glad response—
The dimpling wavelets o'er its face,
Its love lit, laughing eyes.

MISCELLANY.

Primary Instruction

If, as Edward Everett declares, the child at four years of age learns more than the philosopher at any subsequent period of his existence; if, as Professor Henry affirms, the character of the individual is in a great measure formed before the seventh year; if, as is asserted by competent authority, a child may be taught during the first ten years of his existence, to violate, without remorse, every law, human and divine;—then it is impossible to over-estimate the importance of the primary school, and of early education.

The concurrent testimony of all these opinions is entitled to respect upon this subject, and proves that the most critical, and at the same time, the most precious portion of human life, is comprised within the period measured by the first ten years. It is during this period that those habits and feelings which go so far towards determining the future character of the child are formed; when all vestiges of those which are acquired in later years, are swept away. Hence, what infinite consequences depend upon the influences of the home, and the primary school, and with what anxious solicitude should the parent, should the teacher, should society watch over these momentous years!

What patience, what skill, what affectionate interest, what unyielding devotion should guide and control the action of the mother of a family and a teacher of a primary school.

They Say.

"They say!" Who are they?—who are the bowed monks; the hooded friars, who glide with shrouded faces in the procession of life, muttering in an unknown tongue words of mysterious import? Who are they?—the midnight assassins of reputation, who lurk in the by-lanes of society; with dagger tongues sharpened by invective and envenomed by malice, to draw the blood of innocents, and, hyena-like, banquet on the dead. Who are they? They are a multitude no man can number, black-souled fanatics of the inquisition of slander, searching for victims in every city, town, and village; wherever the heart of humanity throbs or the ashes of mortality find rest.

Oh, coward, coward world skulker! Give us the bold brigand who thunders along the highways with flashing weapon that cuts the sunbeams as the shades. Give us the pirate, who unfurls the black flag, emblem of his terrible trade, and shows the plank which your doomed feet must tread. But save us from the they sayers of society, whose knives are hidden in velvet sheaths, whose bridges of death is wove of flowers, and who spread with invisible poison even the spotless whiteness of the winding sheet.

Never does a man portray his own character more vividly than in his manner of portraying another.

The true man is undazzled by a star when it glitters on the breast of a ruffian or a dance.

SPEECH OF ANDY JOHNSON.

We think the following extract from Mr. Johnson's speech to his fellow-citizens at Knoxville, some time since, will be read with new interest, how that his name is presented to the people as a candidate for the office of Vice President. For glowing patriotism and thrilling eloquence it is rarely equaled.

The time has arrived when treason must be made odious, when traitors must be punished—impoverished; their property taken from them, whether it be their horses, their lands, or their negroes, and given to the innocent, the honest, the loyal, upon whom the calamities of this unprovoked and wicked rebellion have fallen with crushing weight. It is easy to stand here and declaim, but I am not declaiming. It is easy to utter mere bombast, but I am not uttering bombast.

You know me. You know something of what I have done for you—for Tennessee—for East Tennessee. But I will not speak of that. If I have made sacrifices, if I have endured sufferings, if I have undergone hardships, so let it be. God grant that I may have helped you, and that I may help you again. But you must help yourselves. You must join hands with me and with one another, and swear to do what I have already told you must be done—to make treason odious.

[This he said with tremendous emphasis] and to make traitors suffer, as you have suffered, as your wives and children have suffered, as your country has suffered.

What has brought this war upon us? Let me answer in one word; let me speak to you as loudly as the deafest man in this crowd can hear me—Slavery! [Hundreds of voices—That's so; that's a God's truth.]

Men talk about the Constitution and State Rights. They sneer at the emancipation proclamation, and call it a tyrannical assumption of authority, a despotic usurpation of power. Listen to what I now say: All such talk is the language of treason. But I am not here to discuss the unconstitutionality of slavery or the constitutionality of the President's proclamation of freedom. I am here to present facts; to address your intellects; to appeal to your common sense.

Here is one fact to which I want you to attend: Why is the soil of your beloved Tennessee—a soil as rich as any in the world—so far behind the States of the North in its productiveness? Why have you but few such farms, but few such granaries, as they have all over Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania? Here is the explanation, and let me speak to you as loudly as the deafest man in this multitude can hear me—Slavery! Thank God that the people are beginning to see that slave labor has impoverished the soil of Tennessee long enough. [Cries of "Good!" "good!" "that's so!"]

Men sneer at the doctrine of emancipation. Let them sneer; but this I tell you—mark me—it is the white man who proposes to emancipate; it is the white man that is even now being emancipated, and may Heaven hasten the work of emancipation, and carry it out until all are free. [Loud and prolonged applause.]

Thank God that I can say these things in Knoxville! that I can say these things and be applauded! Thank God for free speech, and a free press, and the prospect of a free country! May He who is our Maker, and who will be our Judge, break every yoke, loose every shackle, open every prison door, and let every bondman, white and black, go free! [Loud applause.]

Sometimes the clouds appear dark and lowering—sometimes I confess to a feeling of gloom; but when I remember that there is a God, I am encouraged. Though not as religious as I ought to be, I sometimes walk by faith, and I have found it a convenient way of walking when it is too dark to see—and on the whole, though our suffering has been great, our blessedness will be all the greater when the day of our triumph shall come!

My countrymen! my heart yearns toward you; I love you; I am one of you. I have climbed yonder mountains that you have climbed; yonder mountains, rock-ribbed and glowing in the sunshine—in whose gorges, in whose caverns, your sons hunted like wild beasts, have fallen to rise no more. I do not speak of these things to draw your tears. It is not a time for tears, but for blows. I speak of them that I may fire your hearts with holy indignation, and nerve your arms for unconquerable fight. And I speak of them because the mountains seem to talk to me. My home is among the mountains, and though it is not far away I cannot go to it. It is the place where I met her, and loved her, and married her who is the mother of my children. Do I not love the mountains, then? And if I love the mountains, I love freedom to be destroyed, if my country, in all its length and breadth, is to tremble beneath the oppressor's tread, let the flag, the dear old flag, the best flag, be planted on your rocky heights, and upon it let there be this inscription: "This is the end of all that is dear to the heart and sacred to the memory of man."

But I must not go on in this strain. Why is it that there is so much that is mournful in the contemplation of this broad beautiful country? Who are the men that are to be held responsible for the terrible war whose ravages we see to-day wherever we cast our eyes? Jefferson Davis, Robert Toombs, Yancey, Stephens—but I will not continue the hated list. You know them; you have felt them. And for what causes have they made us to suffer thus? I have told you again and again. Shall I repeat it? Well, it is Slavery! What right have I, what right have you to hold a fellow-man in bondage except for crime? What right have you to use his labor without compensation? To separate him from his wife and children, and sell him or them, like dumb beasts? And yet, because the whole nation would not recognize this right, and bow to those who claimed it, we have war, we have wasted

fields, desolated homes, broken hearts. There are those who will sneer at me as I talk thus—who will hoot their mouths and blink, not daring to say I—damned Abolition Yankee, he wants office. I spurn all such from me, as I would a filthy dog; trample them under my feet, as I would a venomous reptile.

GENERAL RICE TO HIS MOTHER.—The following is an extract from the last letter written by General James C. Rice, just before the battles in the Virginia Wilderness, in one of which he lost his life, to his aged mother, who lives in Worthington.

"We are about to commence the campaign the greatest in magnitude, strength and importance since the beginning of the war. God grant that victory may crown our arms; that this wicked rebellion may be crushed; our Union preserved, and peace and prosperity again be restored to our beloved country. My faith and hope and confidence are in God alone, and I know that you feel the same. I trust that God may again spare my life, as he has in the past, and yet one cannot fall too early, if loving Christ, he dies for his country. My entire hope is in the cross of my Saviour. In this hope I am always happy. We pray here in the army, mother, just the same as at home. The same God that watches over you also guards me. I always remember you, mother, in my prayers, and I know you never forget me in yours. All that I am, under God, I owe to you, my dear mother. Do you recollect this passage in the Bible: Thou shalt keep therefore the statutes, that it may go well with thee, and thy children after thee." How true this is in respect to your children, mother. I hope you will read the Bible and trust the promises to the last. There is no book like the Bible for comfort. It is a guide to the steps of the young—a staff to the aged.

Well, my dear mother, good-bye. We are going again to do our duty, to bravely offer up our life for that of the country, and through God we shall do valiantly.

With much love, and many prayers that, whatever may befall me, you may meet in Heaven at last, I am your very affectionate son,

JAMES.

Advice to Housekeepers.

If you are subject to uninvited company, and your means do not allow you to set before your guests as good a table as they keep at home, do not distress yourself or them with apologies. If they are real friends, they will cheerfully sit down with you to such a table as is appropriate to your circumstances; and would be made uncomfortable by an effort on your part to provide a better one than you can afford. If your resources are ample, live in such a way that an unexpected visitor shall occasion no difference. The less alteration made in family arrangements on account of visitors, the happier for them as well as you.

Never treat the subject of having company as if it were a great affair. Your doing this will excite your domestics, and lead them to imagine the addition to their usual work much greater than it is; your own cares, too, will be greatly magnified. A calm and quiet way of meeting all sorts of domestic vicissitudes, and of doing the work of each day, be it more or less, equalizes the pressure of care, and prevents it becoming oppressive.

Be composed when incidents happen to your furniture. The most careful hand is sometimes unsteady. Angry words will not mend broken glass or china, but they will teach your domestics to conceal such occurrences from you, and the only explanation ever given you will be, that they came apart. Encourage every one whom you employ to come immediately and tell you, when they have been so unfortunate as to break or injure anything belonging to you. The cases are very rare, in which it is best to deduct the value from their wages.

In the best regulated families there will be some laborious, perplexing days. Adverse, and inconvenient circumstances will cluster together. At those times guard against two things—discouragement, and irritability. If others look on the dark side, and something cheering to say; if they fret, sympathize in their share of the trial, while you set them the example of bearing your part in it well.

SADNESS.—There is a mysterious feeling that frequently passes like a cloud over the spirits. It comes upon the soul in the busy bustle of life, in the social circle, in the calm and silent retreats of solitude. Its powers are alike extreme, over the weak and the iron-hearted. At one time it is caused by the flitting of a single thought across the mind. Again, a sound will come booming across the ocean of memory, gloomy and solemn as the death knell, overshadowing all the bright hopes and sunny feelings of the heart. Who can describe it, and yet who has not felt its bewildering influence? Still it is a delicious sort of sorrow; and like a cloud dimming the sunset of the river, although casting a momentary shade of gloom, it enhances the beauty of returning brightness.

YOUNG AMERICA.—This rare specimen of composition was read in one of the schools of Louisville by a sentimental little fellow. The theme of this profound essayist was "Trees."

"There are good many kinds of trees. Trees are very useful for wood, saw-wood, is good for ax-handles. Switches grow on trees. Some trees bear pears, some peaches, and some plums. Some people like peaches, some like plums, and some like pears. Pears are good for me, give me liberty, or give me death. Oh, may these lines be intuitive."

The meanest man in the world lives in New Jersey. In helping him out of the river once, a man tore the collar of his coat. The next day he sued him for assault and battery.

THE SKINNED HORSE.

"Per my honor it's true—What'll you say, as a Major Locomotor."

A friend of ours informs us, that he has often heard his grandfather tell "how" the Revolutionary war was used to relate the following story. It therefore deems to us from good authority, and we hope nobody will take the liberty of doubting its truth.

Colonel—, an officer in the times that tried men's souls and horses' bodies, owned a faithful steed which had served him thro' the war, and had arrived at the mature age of twenty five years. Being on a visit a few miles from home, while his master was enjoying a glass of cherry bounce with his host, the horse got a pile of cherries, which had just been emptied from the cask, and as they were well saturated with spirits, they soon made him "as drunk as David's sow." If our readers know how drunk that means, they will be able to judge of the condition of the poor old horse. If not, we must inform them he was so badly off as to be taken for dead, and in this state deprived of his shoes and stripped of his hide.

The Colonel hired another horse and returned home, sadly lamenting the fate of his venerable and faithful steed. The misfortune of the animal was talked over between the Colonel and his wife, and though they severely blamed him for getting so beastly drunk, it was concluded on the whole, that as this was the only instance of intemperance during a long and useful life, they should not visit his memory too severely. With these reflections they retired to rest. But what was their astonishment about midnight at being awakened by the neighing of a horse, which sounded precisely like that of the one whose death they had been so deeply lamenting.

"Husband! husband!" said the old lady, giving the Colonel a nudge, isn't that our old horse? It whimpers just like him."

"Our old horse, indeed," replied the Colonel. "How do you think, wife, that the poor old horse would come here, after being dead and skinned?"

"I don't know how I'm sure," returned the old lady, but it sounds just like our old horse, and if it is 'n't he, it must be his amission, that's all."

The good woman meant apparition.

But while the worthy couple were yet talking, the same noise was heard again, and in the most plaintive tones of a suffering horse. The Colonel was no believer in ghosts, but the neighing was too much like that of his old favorite to be any longer disregarded.

"He got up and went to the door, and there—what a sight for sore eyes!—he saw indeed the very identical old horse, shivering in the night air, and looking most reproachfully in his masters' face. The heart of the old Revolutionary smote him—for it was now apparent that the poor beast had never been dead—but only dead drunk—and that he had acted with too great precipitancy in divesting him of his skin.

What was to be done? The horse begged most piteously, in such language as he could use, asked as plainly as a dumb beast could, to have his skin put on again. The old lady was consulted, and being very handy with her needle, she readily sewed the hide on a gain, which being still moist soon grew as fast as ever to the flesh of the animal, which lived seven years afterwards—and never was guilty of again eating rumberries.—*N. Y. Constel.*

THE SIAMESE TWINS.

A correspondent of the *Macao* (*Chi*) *Telegraph*, who lately visited the Siamese Twins, gives the following account of them.

Your readers have, no doubt, seen those remarkable individuals, the Siamese Twins, but few of them, perhaps, have been to their houses, and seen them in their domestic relations. Though united by a ligament as strong as life itself, they live a mile apart, spending alternately three days at the one and at the other's house, and allowing no circumstances to defer their departure from the one to the other when the regular time arrives. The one at whose house you visit then leads the conversation and acts as master of ceremonies while the other speaks only on occasion, or politeness may require.

One has eight and the other nine children, but one of whom is in the war (the rest being girls and little boys). They are good neighbors and intelligent men. They are, to all appearances, two separate and different men, with very little social resemblance, and a marked contrast of character. Angus is much the most positive, self-willed, and uncompromising. They are seldom both sick at the same time.

Two persons who had not seen each other for some time, met accidentally and one asked the other how he did. The other replied that he was very well, and had married since they had last seen each other.

That is good news indeed, said the first. Nay, replied the other, not so very good, either; I have married a shrew.

That is bad.

Not so very bad, either, for I had ten thousand dollars with her.

That makes all well again.

Not so well as you think, for I hid out the money on a flock of sheep, and they died of the rot.

That was hard, truly.

Not so bad neither, for I sold the skins for more than the sheep cost me.

You were lucky, at any rate.

Not so lucky as you think, for I bought a house with all my money, and the house burned down uninsured.

That, indeed, must have been a great loss.

Not so great a loss, I assure you, for my wife was burnt in it.

A lady must think she has something valuable in her head, if we may judge from the number of locks she keeps upon it.

THE SEVENTH PENNSYLVANIA RESERVES WHO MARCHED FORTH TO BATTLE IN 1861.

The Seventh Pennsylvania Reserves who marched forth to battle, in 1861, with a thousand men, have returned with but little over fifty. The regiment lost nineteen-twentieths of its members.

When you are ranging from a mad bull to be slow, don't be sure.

Of all beings in the world, the greatest is man, and what is the greatest in man is his heart.

If fetters were forged for all men, who make bad use of their limbs, probably not enough iron would be left for spades, hoes, and plow-shares.

The forest, the mountain and the cloud, like an echo, speaks so many the words syllables to the soul the farther off they are.

The greatest men in the world might, but for accidental circumstances, have been as nameless clay as any that nurtures the grass of a village churchyard.

There were four rivers for Adam's Paradise. There are four for every man's paradise—Love, Hope, Memory, and Truth.

No mouse has a narrower or meaner hole than many a person who vaulting trophies into his own mind.

When the fire of two young hearts is burning purest upon the stars' fathers and mothers must sometimes set on a pot to boil.

The circumstances in which certain substances are brought together decide whether they shall become oases of roses or streets of gas.

Virtue which swells out and fills every inlet along the shore is far better than that which rises in spouting horns.

A gold moment shuts up to lovers, as a cold night does to bees, the flowers out of which they take the honey.

The softer the head the harder the work of driving anything into it.

The busiest coopers in these times are those that hoop the ladies.

Nobody ever lost anything by love, said a sage looking person. That's not true, said a young lady, who heard the remark. I once lost three nights' sleep.

The following is a copy of a letter received by a village schoolmaster. "Sir, as you have a man of school, I intend to hire my son in your school."

Girls and boys have too great a passion for urine fruit—especially that which grows up on the trees of love.

Love is like whiskey to those who like it, in vain do they repeat that it is death to them, they keep on drinking.

Sanitary Commission and the Scotch Woman.

The following touching incident illustrates the kind of work which is being accomplished by the noble Sanitary Commission.

A Scotch woman, after nursing her wounded son until he was almost well, found her money so nearly gone that she could not remain with him; yet she could not bear to leave him dependent upon the ordinary hospital supplies, lest, as she said, "he should be so well." A kind friend took her to a storehouse to procure a few luxuries for her boy. He ordered a supply of sugar, tea, soft crackers and canned fruit, then chickens and oysters; then jelly and wine, brandy, milk, and underclothing, until the basket was full. As the earlier articles nestled under his side, her face was glowing with satisfaction; but as the later lots were being added, she would draw him aside to whisper, "He was to much, really, she hadn't enough money; and when the more expensive items came from the shelves she shadow of carteriness which gloomed her countenance grew into one of perplexity, her soul vibrating between motherly yearning for the lad on his bed and the Scotch purse in her pocket, until, slowly, and with great reluctance, she began to return the costliest.

"Hadden't you better ask the price?" said her guide.

"How much is it?"

"Nothing," replied the storekeeper.

"Sir?" queried she, in the utmost amazement, "nothing for all this?"

"My good woman," asked the guide, "have you a soldier's aid society in your neighborhood?"

"Yes, they had; she belonged to it herself."

"Well, what do you suppose, become of the garments you make, and the fruit you put up?"

"She hadn't thought," she supposed, they went to the army—but was evidently bothered to know what connection there could be between their aid society and the basket.

"These garments that you see came from your society, or other societies, just like yours; so did these boxes and barrels; that milk came from New York; these fruits from Boston; that wine was likely purchased with gold from California; and it is all for sick soldiers; your sin is much as for any one else. This is the kind of work done by the United States Sanitary Commission."

A physician passing by a grave-stone maker's shop, called out, "Good morning, neighbor; hard at work, I see?"

"You'd think you gave stones as far as in memory of," and then wait, I suppose, to see who wants a monument next."

"Why yes," replied the old joker, "unless somebody is sick, and you are doctoring 'em, then I keep right on."

Fond lovers are green turtles, that marriage often changes to snapping turtles.