

VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair.

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PORTICAL.



IN ITS CHILDISH PURITY.

Alone I sit, while the shadows gray
Steal over the hills of the dying day;
Low at my feet lies a broken love chain,
I may not gather its links up again;
One gem is missing. Will it e'er be reset?
Sad echoes answer, "Not yet, not yet!"

Never—God pity!—never, all time,
To hear that voice with its musical rhyme—
To feel life's bounding pulses beat,
Or watch for eagerly flying feet—
Oh! patter feet that ne'ermore
May cross the threshold of our door!

Never, oh! never again will twine
The dun gold hair with the brown of mine,
Or fragrant lips, that used to be,
Give back rare kisses unto me!

For the folded hands lie strangely still,
'Neath the May violets under the hill.

A darkened hearth, an empty fold,
The old, old story tearful told—
A broken bud on a marble stone,
Little pet name engraved thereon!
Over my life bleak shadows creep,
Only a grave o'er which to weep!

And thus are all my dreams of gold,
I build in trust, in those days of old,
For him and me, by death's chill wand
Forever dimmed; but up beyond—
A jeweled crown, and a harp of gold—
My own lamb safe in Heavenly fold!

A BLUSH.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

Alas! that in our earliest blush
Our danger first we feel,
And tremble when the rising flush
Betrays some angel's seal!

Alas! for care and pallid woe
Sit watchers in their turn,
Where heaven's too faint and transient glow
So soon forgets to burn!

Maiden! through every change the same,
Sweet semblance thou mayst wear;
Ay, scorch thy very soul with shame,
Thy brow may still be fair

But thy lovely cheek forget
The rose of pure years—
Say does not memory sometimes wet
That changeless cheek with tears!

MISCELLANY.

THE DIAMOND RING.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

It was the night before Christmas.
Mr. Almayne did not observe the little, blue-nosed boy, crouching by the brilliantly illuminated plate glass window, as he sprang out of his carriage and went into the thronged shop. How should he? But little Ben Morrow's eyes, eager with the sickly light of extreme poverty, took in every detail of the rich man's equipage, and his purple fingers clasped one another as he looked.

"Oh!" he thought, "how nice it must be to be rich—to have cushioned carriages, and big red fires, and mince pies every day! Oh! I wish I were rich!"

And Ben shrank closer into his corner as the wind fluttered his thin, worn clothing, and lifted the curls, with freezing touch, from his forehead.

Not did Mr. Almayne observe him when he entered his carriage, drawing on his expensive fur gloves, and leaning among the velvet cushions with a sigh scarcely less earnest than little Ben's had been.

The child's ideas of the "big red fire" would have been quite realized if he could have seen the scarlet shine that illuminated Mr. Almayne's luxurious drawing rooms that night, glowing softly on gilded tables, alabaster vases, and walls of rose and gold—white, just before the genial flame, the pale widower sat, thoughtfully watching the flickering spires of green amethyst light, and very lonely in his splendid solitude!

"I wonder what made me think of home just then," he murmured, idly tapping his foot upon the velvet rug. "I wonder what alchemy conjured up the old house under the walnut trees, and the broken bridge, where the willow branches swept the water—the bridge where little Clara Willis used to sit and study her lessons, while I angled vainly for the fishes that never would bite! How lonely she was, that golden-haired girl, with her blue-veined forehead, and dark, downcast eyes! I was very much in love with Clara Willis, in those boy-and-girl days. I should like to know on what shore the waves of time have cast her barque. It is not often that a person one has known in long-since vanished so entirely and utterly from one's horizon. Poor Clara! what glittering air-palaces we built in the future—how solemnly we pledged our childish troths! And when I came back with the fortune on whose golden columns our fairy castle of happiness appeared its pinnacles—she was gone. And I was a good wife to me, and a true one—but she was not Clara Willis."

As the thought passed through his brain, he instinctively glanced down at the finger upon which he wore the betrothal gift of his dead wife. The ring was gone!

"Lost! it can't be lost," he murmured to himself, trying to think when and where he last observed it. "Can it have dropped from my finger without my knowledge? I must

notify the police at once, and have it advertised. Poor Mary's ring! I would not lose it for twice its value, and that would be no mean sum!"

It was a narrow and murky little street, with here and there a dim lamp flaring feebly through the white obscurity of the driving snow; but little Ben Morrow knew every one of its covered flagstones by heart, and ran whistling down the alley-way of a tall, weather-stained building, undaunted by wind or tempest.

"See, sis, what a jolly glove I've found!" he ejaculated, diving suddenly into a narrow doorway, and coming upon a small room, only half lighted by a kerosene lamp, beside which sat a young woman, busily at work.

"Hullo! is the fire out?"

"Wrap this old shawl around you, Ben," said the woman, looking up, with a smile that parok more of tears than mirth, "and you won't mind the cold so much. All the coal is gone, and I can't buy any more until I am paid for these caps. Did you sell any more matches?"

"Only two boxes," sighed the boy. "I was so cold, Clara, that I couldn't go round to the houses."

"Well, never mind, Ben," she said, cheerfully. "Sit close to me, dear—we'll keep each other warm. Oh! Ben, I should like to have given you a nice whole coat for Christmas."

"Don't cry, sis," said the boy, leaning his head against her knee. "Didn't you give me your shawl for a comforter, only I lost it that windy day? You're just as good and sweet as you can be, Clara, and I love you just as well as if you were my whole sister instead of only half a one!"

She smiled through her tears.

"What was it about a glove, Ben?"

He sprang suddenly up as if remembering.

"A gentleman dropped it in the street. I ran after the carriage, but it went too fast for me to catch up. Isn't it nice, sis?"

"Very nice, Ben."

She drew the fur glove abstractedly on her hand, and looked at the rich, dark fur.

"Why, Ben, what's this?"

Her finger had come in contact with something in the little finger of the glove, and she drew it out. Even by the dim light of the lamp she saw the myriad sparkling facets of a diamond ring.

"The gentleman must have drawn it off with his glove," she said, while little Ben stood by in surprise and delight. "Ben, this is very valuable. We ought to return it to the owner at once."

"How can we, if we don't know who he is?" said Ben.

"It will be advertised, dear; every effort will be made to recover so valuable a jewel. To-morrow morning you must borrow a newspaper, and we will look at the advertisements."

"Sister," said Ben, under his breath, "is it very valuable? Is it worth a hundred dollars?"

"More than that, Ben. Why?"

"Oh! Clara," he sobbed, burying his face in her lap; "a hundred dollars would be so nice! I wish it wasn't wrong to keep it!"

Clara did not answer. She only smoothed down her little brother's tangled curls and he never knew how hard it was for her to keep back her own tears.

Mr. Almayne was walking impatiently up and down his long, glittering suite of rooms in the Christmas brightness of the next day's noon, when his portly footman presented himself in the doorway.

"Well, Porter?"

"There's a young person and a little boy down stairs, sir, about the advertisement."

"Ask them to walk in, Porter."

Porter glanced dubiously at the velvet chairs and wilton carpet.

"They're very shabby and muddy, sir."

"Never mind; show them in."

Porter departed, by no means pleased, and in a minute or two threw open the door and announced—

"The young person and the little boy."

"Be seated," said Mr. Almayne, courteously. "Can you give me any information in regard to the ring I have lost?"

Ben Morrow's sister was wrapped in a faded shawl, with a thick, green veil over her face. She held out the fur glove, and within it a little paper box, from which blazed the white fire of the lost ring.

"My brother found it in this glove, last night, sir," she said, in a low, timid voice. "The initials—M. A.—correspond with your advertisement, so we brought it at once to the street and number specified."

Mr. Almayne opened his pocketbook.

"I have promised a liberal reward," he said, taking out a fifty dollar bill. "Will this be sufficient?"

Clara Willis threw back her veil.

"We are very poor, sir," she said, "but not so poor as to take a reward for doing our duty. Thank you all the same. Come, Ben."

Henry Almayne's cheek had grown very white as he saw the golden braids and clear blue eyes of his sweet first love beneath the faded black bonnet.

"Clara!" he exclaimed. "Clara Willis! is it possible that you do not know me?"

She turned at his wild exclamation, and gazed fixedly at him with dawning recognition.

"Are you—can it be that you are Henry Almayne?" she faltered, only half certain of the correctness of her conjecture.

He took both her hands tenderly and reverently in his. If she had been a duchess, the action could not have been more full of courtly respect.

"Clara, do not go, yet," he said, pleadingly. "Let me unravel this strange enigma of our two lives! Oh! Clara, if this Christmas day has, indeed, brought me the sunshine which never yet irradiated my life, I shall bless it to my life, I shall bless it to my dying day!"

The low sun flamed redly in the west before Mr. Almayne's carriage—the very one which Ben had so ignorantly admired the night before—was summoned to carry Clara and her brother, for the last time, to their squalid home. For, ere the New Year dawned above the wintry earth, Clara was married to the man who had courted her under the green willows that overhung the wooden bridge, ten weary years ago. It was a very short engagement—and yet it was a very long one!

And little Ben Morrow, basking in the reflected sunshine of his half sister's happiness, found out what it was to be rich.

Witches in Africa.

Rev. B. W. G., writes from Gahoon, West Africa, says:

A few weeks since I was extremely pained and shocked at something which occurred a few miles from here. These people have great faith in witches. They think if a person dies suddenly, or if any accident happens to another, or any one is unfortunate in any way, that somebody is a witch and has caused the misfortune. They then select some person as the witch, and after a trial, kill him.

I will tell you what the trial is. There is a certain poisonous weed of which they make a tea, and if they desire the person to die, they give him a suitable quantity to poison him. If they do not wish the person to die, they give him an overdose which sickens him, and then he gets well. They say if he is the true witch, it will kill him, if he is not he will get well. They have other ways, however, of killing witches.

The other day a man died from some disease, and his friends said he was witched. So they took a poor man who was a slave, and bound him to a pile of wood, and then set the wood on fire and burned him to death. To drown the poor man's screams, they beat drums, clapped their hands, and shouted and danced. Sometimes three or four persons are put to death for one man. I will give you another instance. Not long ago there was a dreadful accident here. There are a number of factories or stores you would call them—English, Scotch, French, and German people bring cloth, dishes, rum, tobacco, etc., and give them to the natives for ivory, ebony wood, red wood, rubber, etc. One day three native men and one boy got into a boat, and went up the river to a tower several miles from here to purchase ivory for one of the factories. They had their canoe full of goods to exchange for the ivory. It is always customary for them, when they come in sight of a town, to fire off a gun several times. So one of the men opened a keg of powder, loaded his gun, and fired it off. Some sparks fell into the open keg, and the powder caught fire and blew them up. The men were thrown violently into the water and the boat was completely destroyed.

Two men and the boy were burned so badly that they died next day. But one man was not hurt at all.

Now, what do you suppose they did with that one man? You say "Why, they all rejoice over him, and feel very glad and thankful that he was not killed."

But no, they did not feel so. They bound him and put him in jail because, they said, he was a witch and killed the other men; so he must be killed. We made efforts to save him, but I have not heard whether he was killed or not. Probably he was.

Such things are of frequent occurrence and it makes us sad to see how long the people cling to their old customs.

Washington on Tories.

The tories of the revolution occupied precisely the place of the Copperheads in our day. They resisted the Government, gave aid and comfort to the enemy, got up a fire in the rear on every occasion that offered, and did their best to distract and divide the public sentiment and bring defeat upon the army. General Washington, although mild, amiable and conciliatory could not stand these fellows, and he accordingly advocated extreme measures against them. In a letter to Governor Trumbull, of Connecticut, written during the revolution, in relation to disaffected and disloyal persons, he said:

"As it is now very apparent that we have nothing to depend upon in the present contest but our own strength, care, firmness and union, should not the same measures be adopted in your and every other Government on the continent? Would it not be prudent to seize on those tories who have been, are, and that we know will be active against us? Why should persons, who are preying upon the vitals of their country, be suffered to skulk at large while we know they will do us every mischief in their power? These, sir, are points I beg leave to submit to your serious consideration."

These are our sentiments exactly, and the argument that was good then, is equally good now. Why, indeed, "should persons, who are preying upon the vitals of their country, be permitted to skulk at large?" Especially with arms in their hands, ready for assassination, arson, or any other villainy that will help their allies—the rebels. Or why should they be allowed to secrete immense quantities of fire-arms and ammunition on the plea of having the right to bear arms. If our authorities have been at fault in these matters, the error has been on the side of leniency.—We hope that no further harm will come of it.

A Budget of Truths.

The London Punch, although it views the matter in a jocosé light, tells some home truth in summing up some of the "sweet uses of adversity." This is the catalogue:

You wear out your old clothes.
You are not troubled with visitors.
You are exonerated from making calls.
Bored do not bore you.
Spongers do not haunt your table.
Tax gatherers hurry past your door.
Itinerant bands do not play opposite your window.

You avoid the nuisance of serving on juries.
No one thinks of presenting you with a testimonial.
No tradesman irritates by asking "Is there any other little article you wish to-day, sir?"
Imposters know its no use to bleed you.
You practice temperance.
You swallow infinitely less poison than others.
Flatterers do not shoot their rubbish into your ears.
You are saved many a debt, many a deception, many a headache.

And lastly, if you happen to have a true friend in the world, you are sure in a very short time to know it.

A Touch of Nature.

A car full of passengers passed over the Western railroad, in which a simple but touching scene occurred, worthy of record. One of the passengers was a woman, carrying in her arms a child, who annoyed every one by its petulance and crying. Mile after mile the passengers bore the infliction of its noise, which rather increased than diminished, until, at last, it became furious, and the passengers nearly so. There were open complaints, and one man shouted, "Take the child out!" The train stopped at a station, and an old gentleman arose, and made the simple statement that the father of the child had died recently, away from home; that the mother had been on a visit to her friends and had died while on the visit, that her body was on board the train, and that the child was in the arms of a stranger to it. It was enough.—There was a tear in nearly every eye, and all were melted into pity and patience. All selfishness was lost in thinking of the desolation of the poor little wanderer, who would have found a warm welcome in hands that, a moment before, would almost have visited it with a blow.

Discouraging Children.

It is somewhat related that a poor soldier having had his skull fractured, was told by the doctor that his brains were visible. "Do write and tell father of it," said he, for he always said I had no brains! How many fathers and mothers tell their children this, and how often does such a remark contribute not a little to prevent any development of the brains.—A grown person tells a child he is brainless, foolish, or a blockhead, or that he is deficient in some mental or moral faculty, and in nine cases out of ten the statement is believed—the thought that it may be partially so acts like an incubus to repress the confidence and energies of that child.

We know a boy who, at the age of ten years had become depressed with fault-finding and reproach, not only mingled with encouraging words. The world appeared dark around him, he had been so often told of his faults and deficiencies. A single word of praise and appreciation carelessly dropped in his hearing, changed his whole course of thought. We have often heard him say, "that word saved me." The moment he thought he could do well, he resolved that he would; and he has done well. Parents these are important considerations.—Exchange.

Interesting Facts.

The population of the earth is estimated at one thousand millions. Thirty millions die annually, eighty-two thousand daily, three thousand four hundred and twenty-one every hour, and fifty seven every minute.

A bushel of wheat, weighing 62 pounds contains 550,000 grains.

In Greece it is the custom at meals for the two sexes always to eat seriously.

The walls of Nineveh were 100 feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast.

Babylon was 60 miles within the walls, which were 75 feet thick and 300 feet high.

A clean skin is as necessary to health as food.

Hops entwine to the left, and beans to the right.

There is iron enough in the blood of 42 men to make fifty horse shoes, each weighing half a pound.

Water is the only universal medicine; by it all diseases may be alleviated or cured.

About the age of 36, it is said, the lean man becomes fatter, and the fat man leaner.

A map of China, made one thousand years before Christ is still in existence.

The 14th of January, on an average of years, is the coldest day in the year.

In the Arctic regions, when the thermometer is below zero, persons can converse at more than a mile distant. Dr. Jamison asserts that he heard every word of a sermon at the distance of two miles.

A hand used for measuring horses is four inches.

There are 2,500 known species of fishes.

Perfectly white cats are deaf.

In the human body there are 240 bones.

Rebel Humanity.

The Richmond Express, exulting over the burning of Chambersburg Pa., says:

We love to hear those cries of anguish.—The howl of desolation and despair from the quarter in which it is heard comes upon our ear like music on the water. It is sweet beyond all earthly gratification. Glad are we that retribution has at last put forth its terrible arm and assumed its most terrible shape. We hope it will be pushed to the farthest extremity to which it is capable of going. We should be glad to hear that the whole Valley of the Susquehanna was one long, unbroken, irresistible flame, not to subside as long as a house, or a stalk of corn remain to testify that it had ever been inhabited by man. No sight could be more agreeable to our eyes than to behold every part of Yankeeedom within reach of our armies, converted into a mass of ashes—to see every beast that walked on four feet, and could not be driven off for our use, slaughtered and left to rot upon the ground."

A BUCKEY COPPERHEAD.—C. A. White a dishonorable member of Congress from Ohio, who has recently been nominated by his Copperhead friends has been making speeches in his district, from which we quote the following as specimen bricks:

"If this Administration is permitted to go on, when the soldiers come home they will steal, murder, rob, and rape your mothers, wives and daughters, and you will be powerless. There will be no law to protect you."

"This Administration must be put down and whipped out. Our Southern brethren cannot be whipped. You must withdraw your armies from their soil, raise the blockade, restore to them all the territory you have taken from them, pay them all the damage you have done them and then, and not till then, will you have peace."

Such a fellow ought to be first drummed out of his own State, and then kicked out of the country, by the brave men who have been fighting and conquering the rebels since 1861.

Practice says of the editor of the New York Herald, who has been cowed and kicked more than any man living or dead, that "the only time he was ever known to thank God, was when sharp-toed boots and shoes were changed to square toed."

The Soul's Peril.

It was Sabbath evening in a quiet country village. Through its streets and lanes the inhabitants were wending their way to the place of evening worship. It was an occasion of more than ordinary interest, for he who would address them that evening was an earnest preacher, whose words came with life and power. It was thus God's message was delivered that still summer night. It was a solemn hour. Under the influence of those burning words, life appeared very short and eternity very near. How trifling seemed the cares and pleasures of life's passing hours! how vast the immortal interest of the undying soul!

It was the writer's privilege to return from that evening service in the company of an aged Christian. Half the way was walked in hushed and sweet silence. Then the full heart of the aged disciple burst forth in these words: "Not for a thousand worlds would I run the risk of laying my head upon my pillow to-night an impenitent sinner."

Did this aged Christian overrate the peril of the soul that is sheltered from the wrath of God? Did he over estimate the value of the ark of safety, in which, long years before, he had taken refuge, when he felt that for the wealth of a thousand worlds he would not step from its shelter for one brief night?

Reader, when you lay your head upon your pillow to-night, will you be doing what this sober minded Christian would not have ventured to do for all that this world can offer?

—S. S. Times.

Save It Something.

It is unfortunately happens that as no man believes he is likely to die soon, so every one is much disposed to defer the consideration of what ought to be done at once. The determination to lay by often creates the power to lay by, and the first effort is the most difficult. Let it always be remembered that in putting by something for a rainy day, a man purchased a certain amount of mental tranquility; and thus he may actually extend his life by providing against the results of his idleness.

Joy is one of the greatest pleasures of life. No joy is more healthful or better calculated to prolong life, than that which is to be found in domestic happiness, in the company of good and cheerful men, and in contemplating with delight the beauties of Nature.

A Talk with the Father of Gen. Grant.

The Rev. J. Kalfus, who has just returned from a visit to Cincinnati, relates an interesting conversation he had with the father of General Grant which we find thus recorded in the *Hagerstown Herald*:

Feeling a desire to see the old gentleman who is a venerable patriarch of eighty years, he took the ferry boat to Covington and called upon him. He found him quite active for his age, and bearing it so well that he might readily be taken for only sixty. Introducing himself he was received with a cordial welcome, and passed a most pleasant hour with the old gentleman, who is an excellent talker. Naturally, the principal subject of conversation was his distinguished son.

"Ulysses," said he, with a quiet smile, "has shown some good qualities, but I must say, he has inherited them from his mother. His perseverance and hang on disposition he may have received from me, but the rest are all his mother's."

"Do you ever hear from him direct?"

"Yes, I receive a letter from him every few days."

"Well, what does he say about the war? Does he seem to think there is any cause to doubt our success?"

"His letters are hopeful. In his last, he says he has no doubt that he will be able to fetch them yet."

Among other traits of character spoken of, was his quiet placid manner.

"Ulysses," said the old gentleman, "is very agreeable company and feels sorrow keenly, but from his childhood I never knew him to laugh or cry."

"Did you see the account in the newspapers of his weeping on hearing of the death of General McPherson?"

"I did," he replied, "and it may be true that Ulysses wept when he heard of his death; but though it surely caused him sorrow I doubt the story."

A Dried-up Herring-faced Old Bachelor.

A dried-up herring-faced, gimlet-eyed old bachelor says he don't wonder at so many of the young veterans getting married. He says one who has faced a cannon's mouth and heard a thousand of them talk at once can never be frightened by a woman. The old dog! He ought to be compelled to climb a shell-bark hickory tree.

A Methodist and a Quaker Having Stopped at a Public House.

A Methodist and a Quaker having stopped at a public house, agreed to sleep in the same bed. The Methodist knelt down, prayed fervently, and confessed a long catalogue of sins. After he arose, the Quaker observed:—"Really, friend, if thou art as bad as thou sayest thou art, I think I dare not sleep with thee."

If you don't want a woman to go astray.

If you don't want a woman to go astray, the sooner you provide her with a baby the better. A blue eyed boy will do more toward keeping Mrs. Gadder's morals correct than all the sermons that were ever delivered.

At a recent railroad dinner.

At a recent railroad dinner, in compliment to the legal fraternity the toast was given:—"An honest lawyer, the noblest work of God." But an old farmer in the back part of the hall rather spoiled the effect by adding in a loud voice, "and about the scarcest."

A lady correspondent of a Providence paper.

A lady correspondent of a Providence paper computes that if the women would cut their dresses to escape the ground one inch, instead of trailing two inches, as is now the fashion, a saving of one million dollars would be annually effected. Here is a chance for "dress reform," as well as for improvement in neatness. Think of it, ladies.

Tom Hood speaks of a bird building its nest upon a ledge over the door of a doctor's office.

Tom Hood speaks of a bird building its nest upon a ledge over the door of a doctor's office, as an attempt to rear its young in the very jaws of death.

In a late raid of rebel guerillas in the eastern part of Kentucky.

In a late raid of rebel guerillas in the eastern part of Kentucky, the leader of the band was severely bitten by a big dog. "And the dog died."

"Will you take the life of Pierce or Scott this morning, madam?"

"Will you take the life of Pierce or Scott this morning, madam?" said a newsboy to good Aunt Betsy. "No, my lad," she replied; "they may live to the end of their days for all of me—I've nothin' agin 'em."

It is found that women make the very best clerks for the electric telegraph.

It is found that women make the very best clerks for the electric telegraph. The greatest difficulty is to prevent each young lady at the end of the line having the last word.

"I shall be," and "I might have been!"

"I shall be," and "I might have been!" The former is the music of youth, sweet as the sounds of silver bells; the latter, the paint of age, the dirge of hope; the inscription for a tomb.

Corn-dodgers are greatly to be preferred to corn-dodgers.

Corn-dodgers are greatly to be preferred to corn-dodgers.

Love is ownership.

Love is ownership. We own those we love. The universe is God's because he loves it.

Vegetation turns to coal and gives light centuries afterwards.

Vegetation turns to coal and gives light centuries afterwards. Alas that we have seldom so honorable a destination.

We can endure to look upon a melancholy man but not upon a melancholy child.

We can endure to look upon a melancholy man but not upon a melancholy child. This is the saddest spectacle in nature.

Why do hens always lay in the daytime?

Why do hens always lay in the daytime? Because at night they become roosters.

"You can't do that again," said the pig to the boy who had cut off his tail.

"You can't do that again," said the pig to the boy who had cut off his tail.

A wise man will speak well of his neighbor, love his wife, take the Beesons, and pay for it in advance.

A wise man will speak well of his neighbor, love his wife, take the Beesons, and pay for it in advance.

Why is a cowardly soldier like butter?

Why is a cowardly soldier like butter? Because he is sure to run when exposed to fire.

The woman who has a bad husband makes a confidant of her maid.

The woman who has a bad husband makes a confidant of her maid.