

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



THE DEPARTURE.

Farewell to the home of my childhood,
The dearest my heart ever knew;
To garden, and meadow and wildwood,
Where sweet-scented anemones grew,
Farewell to the cottage reposing
So cosy under its vines,
With hedges of Hawthorne enclosing
The lawn with its fringes of pines.
Farewell to the brooklet that dances
So merrily down in the dell,
That threw me its merriest glances
And sang me its ditty, so well;
The trees in whose shade I have pondered
What changes the future might bring,
The fields where so often I've wandered,
To pluck the first flowers of spring.
Perchance I may never behold thee,
Bliss-reveries of my childhood, again,
But memory e'er shall unfold thee
About with her magical train.
I'll dream of thy stung-out fountains,
And never, where e'er I may roam,
Forget the far range of blue mountains
That circled the vale of my home,
O, home of my childhood, the sweetest,
The dearest I ever shall see!
The days were the brightest and the fleetest,
That sped while I lingered in thee.
I gathered sweet-scented flowers,
That over the olden porch fell,
And passing from garden and bowers,
I murmured a silent farewell.

Child's Evening Prayer.

Ere in my bed my limbs I lay,
God grant me grace my prayer to say!
O God, preserve my mother dear
In health and strength for many a year
And O, preserve my father too,
And may I pay him reverence due;
And may I my best thoughts employ
To be my parents' hope and joy!
My sisters and my brothers both,
From evil guard, and save from sloth;
And may we always love each other,
Our friends, our father, and our mother,
And still, O Lord to me impart
A contrite, pure and grateful heart,
That after my last sleep I may
Awake to Thy eternal day! Amen

MISCELLANY.

GEN. JACKSON AND HIS CLERK.

While General Jackson was President of the United States, he was tormented day after day by importunate visitors, (as most Chief Magistrates of this great nation are), whom he did not care to see, and in consequence gave strict directions to the messenger at the door to admit only certain persons on a particular day, when he was more busy with State affairs than usual.

In spite of the peremptory orders, however, the attendant bolted into the apartment during the afternoon and informed the General that a person was outside whom he could not control, and who claimed to see him, orders or no orders.

"I won't submit to this annoyance," exclaimed the old gentleman, nervously, "Who is it?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Don't know! What's his name?"

"His name! Beg your pardon, sir, it's a woman."

"A woman! Show her in," said the President wiping his face, and in the next moment there entered the General's apartment a neatly clad female of past the middle age, who advanced courteously toward the old gentleman and accepted the chair offered her.

"Be seated, madam," he said.

"Thank you," said the lady throwing aside her veil, revealing a handsome face to her entertainer, "my mission hither to-day, General, and you can aid me perhaps."

"Madam," said the General, "command me."

"You are very kind, sir. I am a poor woman, General—"

"Poverty is no crime, madam."

"No, sir. But I have a little family to care for. I'm a widow, sir, and a clerk employed in one of the Departments of your Administration is indebted to me for board to a considerable amount, which I cannot collect. I need the money badly, and came to ask if a portion of his pay cannot be stopped from time to time until this claim of mine, an honest one, General, of which he had the full value shall be cancelled."

"I really—madam—that is, I have no control in that way. What is the amount of his bill?"

"Seventy dollars, sir, here it is."

"Exactly, I see; and his salary, madam?"

"It is said to be \$1,200 a year."

"And not pay his board bill?"

"As you see, sir, this has been standing five months unpaid. Three days hence he will draw his monthly pay, and I thought, sir, if you would be kind enough to—"

"Yes, I have it. Go to him again and get his note at thirty days."

a receipt in full, and come to me this evening.

The lady departed, called upon the clerk, and dunned him for the amount, at which he only smiled, and she finally asked him for his note.

"To be sure," said he with a chuckle, "give a note? Sure'n, and much good may it do you mum."

"You'll pay it when it falls due, won't you?" said the lady.

"Oh certainly," was the reply.

In the evening she again repaired to the White House with the note. The President put his broad endorsement on the back and directed her to obtain the cash at the bank.

In due time a notice was sent to the clerk that a note signed by him would be due on a particular day, which he was requested to pay.

At first John could not conceive the source from whence the demand came; and supposing that it had only been left for collection, was half resolved to take no notice of it.

But as he passed down the avenue, the unpaid board bill suddenly entered his head.

"Who had been foolish enough to help the old woman in this business, I wonder," said John to himself. "I'll go and see. It's a hum I know; but I'd like to know if she's really fooled anybody with that bit of paper," and entering the bank, he asked for the note that had been left there for collection against him.

"It was discounted," replied the teller.

"Discounted! Who in the world will discount my note?" asked the clerk.

"Anybody with such a backer as you have on this."

"Backer? me—backer—who?"

"Here's the note; you can see," said the teller, handing him the document, on which he recognized the bold signature of President Jackson.

"Sold truly?" exclaimed John, with a hysteric gasp, and drawing forth the money, for he saw through the arrangement at a glance. The note was paid, of course, and justice was awarded the spendthrift at once.

On the next morning he found upon his desk a note, which contained the following bit of personal intelligence.

"Sir—A change has been made in your office. I am directed by the President to inform you that your services will no longer be needed in this Department."

Yours, &c., Secretary.

John S.—retired to private life at once, and thenceforth found it convenient to live on a much smaller allowance than twelve hundred dollars a year.

THE CAREFUL HOUSEKEEPER.—"There are those balusters all finger-marks again," said Mrs. Carey, as she made haste with a soft linen cloth to polish down the shining oak again. "George," she said, with a flushed face, as she gave the cloth a decided wrench out of the basin of suds, "if you go up those stairs again before bed time you shall be punished."

"I should like to know where I can go," said George, angrily. "I can't stay in the kitchen, I am so in the way, and I can't go into the parlor for fear that I shall muss that up, and now you say I can't go to my own room."

"I know a grand place where I can go," he added to himself, "boys are never told they are in the way there, and we can have lots of fun. I'll go down to Niles' Corner. I can smoke a cigar as well as any boy, if it did make me feel awful sick the first time. They shall not laugh at me again about it."

And so the careful housekeeper virtually drove her son from her door, to hang about the steps and sit under the broad, inviting portico of the village grog shop. Do you think she gained or lost?

HEAVY TAX ON WHISKEY.—There is a firm of distillers in Westmoreland county, which pays \$70,000 as an annual tax on their production of whiskey. In Pittsburg, there is a distiller whose tax amounts annually to \$80,000. At first sight, these items would indicate that the Government receives a vast revenue from the whiskey business.—This is all a mistake, as any sensible man knows. Indeed, if the nation were deprived of the entire revenue derived by the manufacture of the ardent, the Government would still be benefited, simply because by the vice of intemperance, produced by the use of alcohol, labor is depreciated, pauperism and crime increased, and a thousand drawback on the progress of the nation created.

"My dear Ellen," said an ardent lover to a young lady whose smiles he was seeking, "I have long wished for this opportunity, but I hardly dare trust myself now to speak the deep emotions of my palpitating heart; but I declare to you my dear Ellen, that I love you most tenderly; your smile would shed—would shed—would shed—" "Never mind the wordshed," said Ellen, "go on with that party talk."

A little boy disputing with his sister on some subject, exclaimed, "It is true, for ma says so; and if ma says so, it is so, if it ain't so." This childish faith is very beautiful.

We were reading, not long since, where a Sunday school teacher asked his scholars if they ever knew a person who was always right. One little fellow raised his hand, and replied, "I do: it's my mother."

A farmer having lost some ducks, was asked by the counsel for the prisoner accused of stealing them, to describe their peculiarity. After he had done so the counsel remarked, "They can't be such a rare breed, as I have some such in my yard."

"That's very likely," said the farmer; "these are not the only ducks of the same sort I've had stolen lately."

Never attempt to mend a joke that has been cracked.

LOVE.

It is the life-boat of eternity, moored in the haven of bliss. It pervades heaven and earth, and it melts the will of man as frost. It gave Adam an Eden, and brought Omnipotence down that men might live.—Who can fathom its depth, or measure its unlimited power? Thrones are moved by its gentle and persuasive logic, and it mocks at the selfishness and vanity of man, because its Author is God. It flashes its benignant smiles from every star of heaven, and whispers joy and peace to our souls through the tears of the tempest. The supreme element of all that is good amongst Angels or men, it chastises the mighty, abases the haughty, and exalts the humble. It gave a Saviour to a lost world, and it glows in every tear He shed, and is seen in every nail that fastened Him to the Cross! The winds howl it; the mournful cadence of the zephyr whisper it; the birds warble it; glittering worlds proclaim it; and the Bow of Promise is girt by its coruscation of divine splendor. How mighty are thy works, oh! love.—Come down from heaven and behold it here amid the barren wastes of earth. See yonder bride approach the altar. The bloom of health and beauty sits enthroned in modest grandeur upon her cheek; the rosy tints of life and animation beam from her angelic brow; the silken curls of golden ringlets; her eye darts of fulgent fire upon her adorer, but she offers all, willingly and voluntarily upon the altar of her devotion. Approach the bedside of the sufferer. Disease has done its work.—The bright hours of morning have fled, and that noble and manly heart flutters in the last agonies of dissolution. A mourner, pale with watching and anxiety bends over him, and kisses his pallid cheek. She wipes the death-damp from his brow, and whispers sweet words into his ear. Oh, love! the grave is stripped of its terrors by thy charms. It braves the storms of battle and soothes the pain of the suffering here. It binds up the bleeding brow; folds the pulseless arms upon the manly bosom; softens the blood-stained pillow, and kneels to catch the last sweet message from dying lips! Nor does it stop here. The grave swallows up every defect and extinguishes every resentment, but it cannot hide the face of a loved one. Love bursts the icy barriers of the tomb, and disrobes death of its ghastly terrors. It brings the weeping mother to the narrow prison of her seraphic babe, that her tears may mingle with its precious dust, and her spirit commune with that holy band, whose harp, attuned to the melody of eternal years, swell with rapture beyond the skies! Love cannot die, because "God is love."

AMICUS.

Remorse of Dying Infidels.

John Willmot, Lord Rochester, was an accomplished nobleman, and a favorite of Charles II. He became dissolute, a votary to the vice cup and to sensual pleasures, and a defender of infidelity. He confessed to Dr. Burnet that, for five years, his dissipation was so excessive that he was at no time master of himself.—The age of thirty-one found him with his physical powers ruined, and his prospects of life precarious. His infidel principles forsook him, and trembling in view of future punishment, he turned penitently to God. During his protracted illness, he published a confession of his errors, declaring that "he left to the world this last declaration, which he delivered in the presence of a great God, who knows the secrets of all hearts, and before whom he was preparing to be judged, that, from the bottom of his soul, he detested and abhorred the whole course of his former wicked life." "O remember," he said to a friend who visited him on his deathbed, "that you condemn God no more. He is an avenging God, and will visit you for your sins, and will, I hope, touch your conscience, sooner or later, as he has done mine. You and I have been friends and sinners together a great while, and therefore, I am the more free with you. We have been all mistaken in our conceits and opinions, our persuasions have been false and groundless. Therefore, God grant you repentance."

"I am abandoned by God and man," exclaimed Voltaire in his last sickness. After a long exile, he had returned to Paris in triumph. His name was the signal for enthusiasm. He had even feared that he should expire amid the acclamation which his presence called forth at the theatre. But neither the shout of the populace, nor the assurance of his aristocratic friends, could stay his faith on his own philosophy in the prospect of the coming judgement. He renounced his opinions, but died in the expectation of future retribution.

"Guenard has said it! Guenard has said it!" mournfully said Cardinal Mazarin, alluding to the declaration of his physician that he must die. He was heard to exclaim, "Oh, my poor soul, what will become of thee? Whither wilt thou go?" To the queen-dowager of France he said, "Madame, your favors have undone me. Were I to live again, I would be a monk rather than a courtier." Such were the sober reflections of an ecclesiastic whose boundless ambition had over-ruled his sense of moral obligation, and whose adroit policy had virtually placed in his hands the sceptre of France. But Mazarin, though awakened to his situation, was too much joined to his politics and pleasure to turn manfully to his religion. Cards were one of his last amusements; and when dying, he ordered himself to be rouged and dressed, that he might receive the flattery of his courtiers on his apparent recovery.

There are hours of sober thought, and times of imminent peril, when the soul seems to forecast the dying hour—when it starts at the view of its conscious errors, and utters, as from dying lips, its settled convictions. Hobbes was subject to the most gloomy

reflections, and was thrown into a state of terror if left alone in the dark. He declared, on one occasion, that, had he the whole world to dispose of, he would give it for a single day to live. He died with the declaration that he was taking a leap in the dark. Paine, in his last sickness would cry out with affright if left alone night or day. Volney, after deriding religion, while sailing on Lake Ontario, was thrown into a state of consternation very inconsistent with his philosophy, as a sudden storm exposed him to imminent peril. Shelley, during a storm at sea, was stupefied with terror, and when the danger was past, declared to Lord Byron that he tasted so much of the bitterness of death, that, in the future, he should entertain doubts of his own creed.

The Final Results of the War.

The following speculative article on the results of the war is from the editorial columns of the Philadelphia Ledger, and as it embraces so comprehensive a view of the great question, and so probable a situation we give it place for the benefit of our readers:

A great war always greatly changes any nation engaged in it. The wars of the First French Revolution and of Napoleon broke up the stagnation, not only of French History, but of that of all Europe. The wars of the Crusaders set in operation those movements which dispersed the dark ages and produced the Revival of Learning. There can be no doubt, therefore, that the present war will produce vast changes in the condition of this nation—changes far beyond those calculated upon by superficial thinkers—far beyond any affecting merely the relative positions of the white man and the negro; but the changes so wide spread that it will take long pages of future history and philosophy fully to unravel.

In the North no person can step into a railway car but what the rapid change which is going on must be apparent to him. Many are travelling who never travelled before in cars and on steamboats, so that the travelling mass is quite different from what it used to be. Formerly only merchants and professional men and persons of wealth and leisure travelled, but now the whole country, in one form or another, either as soldiers, fathers, brothers, sisters, mothers of soldiers, are passing to and fro in every train.

Those depths of society which are usually least disturbed by ordinary movements have been agitated and wakened up into life and activity unparalleled in history. There is hardly a family but has some of its sons with one or more of our armies in the South, and all this enlarges the mind and expands the ideas amazingly. There have been no such extensive campaigns fought before since railroads were invented. The Crusades calling out the armies of Europe to the Holy Land produced a vast effect in waking up the intellectual life of Europe. What then must and will be the result of such a war as the present, where soldiers go a thousand or two miles on furlough, and write letters by every post in such quantities as no other nation can parallel? Every newspaper conveys the latest telegraphic news and the minutest features in the domestic life of every town and village visited by our forces. Men are thrown together also in masses who before lived sequestered, and by comparing their observations educate each other. All this will produce an intellectual activity for which past history will afford no precedent. While the riches of the masses will produce a demand for merchandise that will make the merchants and professional classes rich also. Already the best schools and institutions of learning, especially for young ladies, are crowded to excess, and academies and even colleges show such increased numbers that the draft is not felt upon them. The abundance of money is increasing the demand for education to such an extent that this war produces no effect injurious to them.—This is, we believe, unprecedented.

What the effect of the war will be upon the South eventually, who shall predict?—But the masses of the poor whites will be much enlightened by all they have passed through and their contact with Northern mind. They will be no longer controlled by a few wealthy leaders. Northern energy will be diffused in various ways throughout those Southern sections whose fertility is incalculable.

When the present rebellion has been put down, the progress of this country as a whole will probably be very much more rapid than at any former period, and the history of a new life will begin from the present war.—The whole world will be affected by it most sensibly. The wealth of Germany and the population of Ireland will be found transported to a wonderful extent to our shores. The privileged classes of the Old World will see in our success, as Professor Goodwin Smith well remarked, their own downfall. But the masses of the people of all Europe will find it prophetic of their own progress in liberty. It will take all history to narrate the full effect of the great conflict in which we are now engaged.

A gentleman, who recently traveled over a Western railroad, declares his opinion that it is the safest road in the country, as the superintendent keeps a boy running ahead of the train to drive off the cows and sheep!

In Turkey, whenever a business man is convicted of telling a lie, his house is painted black, to remain so for a month. We fear black would be the prevailing color if that law was in force in this country.

An apothecary's clerk in Chicago was called at two o'clock the other morning by the ringing of the night bell. On opening the door he found a damsel who told him that she was going to a picnic that morning and she was out of rouge. The impudent druggist turned her off with the assurance that he hadn't the quack to cover cheeks like hers.

SHERMAN'S MARCH—THE FOOD QUESTION.

Sherman's march has fully exploded the common error that the Rebellion could be starved out; that the constant drain upon the white working classes to fill the armies of the Confederacy would leave the ground uncultivated, and granaries unfilled. Wherever we moved, from Covington to Savannah, every plantation was abundantly stocked, and the barns groaned under the corn and wheat that the fall harvest had produced. Every farmhouse yard was decorated with sweet potato pits and corn bins, which were very thoroughly cleared out by the men in their search for the "staff of life."

If the counties through which Sherman's column passed can be taken as a basis upon which to ground an estimate, the Georgians have furnished enough subsistence yearly to feed fifty thousand men. Every planter pays tithes to the Government on everything raised—a stipulated amount for every negro on his plantation. Sworn statements of the amount produced must be furnished to the officer of the Government.

So heavy are the taxes that on all plantations the negroes are compelled to work extra time to pay the expenses of clothing them. On Harris' plantation, near Covington, and old grey-headed African informed me that the hands were worked fourteen hours per day, and sometimes twenty, for a month at a time. None of them get more than one coarse suit per year, to earn which they must labor two hours extra every day in the year. They are usually found horribly clad, nothing to cover their bodies but ragged pantaloons and shirt, with patches representing all the colors of the rainbow.

An old colored female one day approached the column, and entering into conversation, expressed great surprise as to where we all came from.

A wag informed her that old Lincoln had a very productive field away up North where he raised them at the rate of a million per year.

Turning up her white eyes in astonishment, she exclaimed:

"For de Lord's sake, you don't say so!—How does his grow 'em?"

"Oh," was the reply, "it is very simple.—He gathers up all the dead Rebels from the battle-fields, plants them down in Massachusetts; after a while they begin to sprout, and the moment they see a chicken they make for it, when Lincoln's provost-guard catches them and grafts them into the army."

"Bless ye, say so! And are you 'uns dead Rebels?"

"No, we used to be, but we're now live Yankees. I'm Bishop Polk who preached down here in Dixie."

"De debil you are!" exclaimed the excited wench. "And what are you doin' here?—Come after Misses Bishop and de childer!"

"No,—the childer!" was the profane reply. "I've come to assist in whaling—out of Jeff Davis."

"You'll hab to catch him first," was the quick response; "guess it's done gone job."

"Well we'll see," said the soldier; "it's a race-between-us-and-the-devil,—and maybe Old Nick will win the heat."

"Shouldn't wonder. Dis nigger don't care neder," remarked the dusky matron, as she right-wheeled and double-quickened it back to the house.

The sentiments of the people rarely find utterance even in the presence of the Yankees. But when they do speak it is not in vain eulogy of the rebel army and the cause in which they are engaged. They are broken in spirits, and the haughty Secession ladies, who by force of "arms" and tongue drove their brothers, sons and lovers into the army, are now as meek as singed kittens, and only too glad to smile upon a good looking Yankee. They all frankly admit that their cause is hopeless; that subjugation awaits them in the future, and all they now wish is for the storm to burst and pass; that peace with them, crushed beneath the Yankee heel, is preferable to the present state of things.

"Great God!" exclaimed one very intelligent Milledgeville lady, whose all had been taken, "little did I think, when I bade my dear boys, who now sleep in their graves, good by, and packed them off, that this day would come, when old, impoverished and childless, I must ask the men whom they fought against for a meal of victuals to satisfy my hunger. But it sories me right; I was deceived, drove them to battle, death and infamy, and here I stand, their murderer."—Correspondence of the New York Herald.

A wag tried to annoy a popular preacher by asking him whether the fatted calf of the parable was male or female. "Female, to be sure," was the reply, "for I see the male," looking his questioner full in the face, "yet alive in the flesh before me."

An exceedingly modest young lady desiring a leg of chicken at the table, said: "I'll take the part that ought to be dressed in drawers." A nice young gentleman who sat opposite, immediately said: "I'll take the part which ought to wear the bustle!"

RICH AND POOR.—"Ma," said an inquisitive little girl, "will rich and poor people live together when they go to heaven?" "Yes, my dear, they will be all alike there."

"Then ma, why don't rich and poor Christians associate together here?" The rich mother did not answer.

"Swear not at all," said a chaplain to a trooper. He replied, "I do not swear at all, but only at those who annoy me."

BULLY FOR SHE.—A widow of forty years has just had her broken heart healed by a verdict of \$2,000 from an unfaithful lover of 80, in Wayne county, Ohio. The old scamp.

When we see what a man is, we don't ask how he was educated. The fruits of a tree afford a better test of its condition than a statement of the composts used in dressing it.

These slippery days are the days that try men's soles, and he who perils the lives of the public by neglecting to strew ashes on his sidewalk, may be considered to have no soul at all.

Take a string that will reach twice around the neck of a young lady, let her hold the ends in her teeth, and then if the noose will slip over her head to the back of her neck, it is a certain indication that she is married, or wants to be.

A publisher of a paper out West, in the first issue of his journal, returns thanks to those who have loaned him pecuniary means, and gratitude to Heaven that there is no law in that State, enforcing imprisonment for debt.

Fobbs says that he ought to be considered a great friend of the temperance cause, for he has made as great efforts to put down liquor as anybody. Judging from the steady appearance of Fobbs, liquor has often put him down, too.

Mint juleps were invented, it is said, by a Southern editor, who, having kissed a pretty girl after she had eaten some mint, was so intoxicated with pleasure that he devoted several months to producing an article which would recall the original as vividly as possible.

Why are the ladies the biggest thieves in existence? Because they steal petticoats, bone stays, crib their babies and hook their dresses.

To take out grease spots, cut them out with scissors.

Dobbs says, of all the bad habits, smoking in his eyes is the worst.

Why is a steel scabbard like an old toper? Because it is a hard case.

An Irishman said the only way to stop suicide, is to make it a capital offence punishable with death.

A suspicion is afloat that persons who cannot eat mince pies without brady, can drink brady without mince pies.

The following regular toast was drank at the 4th of July celebration at Baldwinville: Davis, Beauregard & Co.—A volunteer corps enlisted for Gen. Benedict Arnold's division, now on duty in Hell's back kitchen.

Why is money like the letter p? Because it makes an ass pass.

To be ahead of time—carry your watch behind you.

Why should you choose a wife as you would a knite? Because you should look to temper.

"Daughter," said an anxious parent to his little one, "didn't I tell you not to eat no more green apples?" "Yes, papa, but this is yellow one." Papa collapsed.

A miracle—a woman without hoops.

When a lady falls, what does she fall against? Against her own will.

A due bill puts an additional pair of wings to the back of time.

A man that will not do well in his present place because he longs to be higher, is fit to be neither where he is or yet above it.

Why is an old lady like a window sash? Because she is full of pains (panes).

A girl recently discarded her beau because he inadvertently stated that he had slept with a Clear Conscience the night before.

What will be the final signal for a gambler to give up his tricks? The sound of the last trump!

Almost every young lady is public spirited enough to be willing to have her father's house used as a court house.

"Have you ever broken a horse?" inquired a horse jockey. "No, not exactly," replied Simmons, "but I have broken three or four wagons."

AN ORIENTAL PROVERB.—You can't prevent the birds of sadness from flying over your head, but you may prevent them from stopping to build their nests there.

Many persons are in advance of their age, but an old maid generally manages to be about ten years behind hers.

Women should set good examples, for the men are always following after the women.

Camels, angry cats and cross wives always have their backs up.

A young lady in the interior thinks of going to California to get married, for the reason that she has been told that in that country the men folks "rock the cradle."

He who takes an eel by the tail and a woman by the tongue, is sure to come off empty handed.

Why is it dangerous to flirt in a hay field? Because there are more rakes than beaux there.

Be not proud of riches but afraid of them lest they be as silver bars to cross the way to heaven.

Man and Wife, like verb and nominative should always agree.