

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



ON GUARD.

It is the eventide of life:
Death's turbid waves before me roll;
And in this narrow pass of life
I stand to guard my deathless soul.

Through storm and calm, through dark and light,
Weary, but resolute, I cling
To my good sword, my breastplate bright,
The armor of my heavenly King.

On guard, on guard! the trumpet voice
Ring in my ear: with watchful eye
I gaze, and feel my heart rejoice:
My deadliest foes are dr-wing nigh.

Ye pass not here, hate, envy, pride,
With all the embattled hosts of hell:
My Captain standeth at my side;
I fear you not; I know you well.

Fast comes the night; my watch is done:
This hour I've longed for many years—
I shall not see another sun;
Ended is sorrow, toil and tears.

Death's waves are rising; sweet release!
Nearer I view the heavenly shore;
I lay my armor down, and cease
To be "on guard" for evermore.

THE SLANDERER.

"I hate the slanderer!
I hate him for his poisonous breath,
More deadly than the dews of death,
I hate him for his hooded lies,
His peace-deceiving calumnies;
His words I hate—so arch, so sly,
So void of generosity,
So deep, so empty, yet so full
Of what will social joy annul.
His heart is gall, his tongue is fire,
His soul too base for manly ire,
His steel too keen for noble use,
His sword and buckler are abuse;
I hate the slanderer!"

MISCELLANY.

DAVID MATSON.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Who of my young friends have read the sorrowful story of "Enoch Arden," as sweetly told by the great English poet? It is the story of a man who went to sea, leaving behind a sweet young wife and little daughter. He was cast away on a desert island, where he remained several years, when he was discovered and taken off by a passing vessel. Coming back to his native town, he found his wife married to an old playmate—a good man rich and honored, with whom she was living happily. The poor man, unwilling to cause her pain and perplexity, resolved not to make himself known to her, and lived and died alone. The poem has reminded me of a very similar story of my own New England neighborhood, which I have often heard, and which I will try to tell, not in poetry, like Alfred Tennyson's but in my own poor prose. I can assure my readers that in its main particulars it is a true tale.

One bright summer morning, more than three-score years ago, David Matson, with his young wife and his two healthy, bare-footed boys stood on the bank of the river near their dwelling. They were waiting there for Pelatiah Curtis to come round the Point with his wherry, and take the husband and father to the port, a few miles below. The Lively Turtle was about to sail on a voyage in Spain, and David was to go in her as mate. They stood there in the lovely morning sunshine, talking cheerfully, but had you been near enough you could have seen tears in Anna Matson's blue eyes, for she loved her husband, and knew there was always danger on the sea. And David's bluff, cheery voice trembled a little now and then, for the honest sailor loved his snug home on the Merrimack, with the dear wife and her pretty boys. But presently the wherry came alongside, and David was just stepping into it, when he turned back to kiss his wife and children once more.

"In with you, man," said Pelatiah Curtis. "There's no time for kissing, and such fooleries when the tide serves."

And so they parted. Anna and the boys went back to their home, and David to the port, whence he sailed off in the Lively Turtle. And months passed, autumn followed the summer, and winter the autumn, and then spring came, and anon it was summer on the river-side, and he did not come back. And another year passed, and then the old sailors and fishermen shook their heads solemnly, and said the Lively Turtle was a lost ship, and would never come back to port. And Poor Anna had her bombazine gown dyed black, and her straw bonnet trimmed in mourning ribbons, and thenceforth she was known only as the Widow Matson.

And how was it all this time with David himself? Now you must know that the Mohammedan people of Algiers and Tripoli, and Magadore and Saltee on the Barbary coast, had for a long time been in the habit of fitting out galleys and armed boats to seize upon merchant vessels of Christian nations, and make slaves of their crews and passengers, just as men calling themselves Christians in America were sending vessels to Africa to catch black slaves for their plantations. The Lively Turtle fell into the hands of one of these roving sea-robbers, and the crew were taken to Algiers, and sold in the market place

SPICY INTERVIEW.

GEN. SHERMAN AND THE BRITISH CONSUL AT SAVANNAH.

A correspondent of the New York Herald says: The extraordinary success with which Gen. Sherman has conducted his campaign during the last nine months has secured for him the affections of the American people beyond that of any other military officer. He has become as popular as a military officer as Vice Admiral Farragut has as a naval commander. Anything relating to him is therefore interesting. It is through an officer in his command, recently arrived, I have obtained the circumstances of an amusing scene said to have taken place between Gen. Sherman and the British Consul at Savannah, which to say the least, is characteristic of that officer, as well as the self-sufficient style of her Majesty's officials in the South.

On the arrival of General Sherman at Savannah he saw a large number of British flags displayed from buildings, and had a curiosity to know how many British Consuls were there. He soon ascertained that these flags were on buildings where cotton was stored away, and at once ordered it to be seized. Soon after that, while the General was busily engaged at his headquarters, a pompous gentleman walked in, apparently in great haste, and inquired if he was General Sherman. Having received an affirmative reply, the pompous gentleman remarked, "that when he left his residence, U. States troops were engaged in removing his cotton from it, when it was protected by the British flag."

"Stop, sir," said General Sherman, "not your cotton, sir, but my cotton; my cotton in the name of the United States Government, sir. I have noticed" continued the General, "a great many British flags here, all protecting cotton; I have seized it all in the name of my Government."

"But sir," said the Consul, indignantly, "there is scarcely any cotton in Savannah that does not belong to me."

"There is not a pound of cotton here, sir, that does not belong to me, for the United States," responded Sherman.

"Well, sir," said the Consul, swelling himself up with the dignity of his office, and reddening in his face, "my Government shall hear of this. I shall report your conduct to my Government, sir."

"Consul to her British Majesty, sir." "Oh, indeed?" responded the General, "I hope you will report me to your Government. You will please say to your Government, for me, that I have been fighting the English Government all the way from the Ohio river to Vicksburg, and thence to this point. At every step I have encountered British arms, British munitions of war, and British goods of every description at every step, sir. I have met them, sir, in all shapes, and now, sir, I find you claiming all the cotton, sir—I intend to call upon my Government to order me to Nassau at once."

"What do you propose to do there?" asked the Consul, somewhat taken aback.

"I would," replied the General, "take with me a quantity of picks and shovels, and throw that cursed sand hill into the sea, sir. You may tell your Government that, sir. I would shovel it into the sea, sir; and then I would pay for it, sir, if necessary. Good day, sir."

It is needless to add that Gen. Sherman was not again troubled with the officious representative of her Majesty's Government.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

1865.

Behold her now, with restless flashing eyes,
Crouching, a thing forlorn, beside the way!
Behold her ruined altars heaped to-day
With ashes of her costly sacrifice!

How changed the once proud State that led the strife,
And flung the war-cry first throughout the land!
See helpless now the paricidal hand
Which aimed the first blow at the nation's life!

The grass is growing in the city's street,
Where stand the shattered spires, the broken walls;
And through the solemn noonday silence falls
The sentry's footstep as he trends his beat.

Behold once more the old flag proudly wave
Above the ruined fortress by the sea!
No longer shall that glorious banner be
The ensign of a land where dwells the slave.

Steve Conant's Courtship.

I once called on my friend Steve Conant and while there the conversation turned on courtship and at my request the old gentleman told me an incident in his own love affairs which I give in his own words:

"Well, seeing it's you, I don't mind telling about a scrape that happened to me when I was courting Nancy here. That is something I never tell anybody. But you shall hear it."

"No, don't Steve," broke in the old woman, "I should think you would be ashamed of yourself, telling love scrapes to everybody."

"If you can't bear to hear it you may go out doors—so here goes."

"When I was nigh about twenty-one I came here all alone and built me a cabin. I hadn't neber nearer than five miles so ye see I didn't quarrel much but as it grew to be winter I got kinder lonesome and began to think that I ought to have a woman to keep me company, so one morning I started down to Lewray to take a look at the girls to see if I could find one to suit me. When I got down the settlement I asked a young chap if he knew of a girl that wanted to get married and he told me he guessed that Nancy Knox did, and if I wanted a wife I had better try and hitch on with her and he said if it was agreeable he would go to Deacon Knox's and make me acquainted with Nancy, and he was good as his word and twasn't an hour before Nancy and I was on the best of terms. Afte night I hired out with the Deacon for ten dollars a month half of the pay to be taken in produce and the rest in clear cash and I was to work all winter."

"Wall for about two months I felt as a mouse in new cheese. I courted Nancy every Sunday night and I was determined before another week to pop the question and I hadn't a bit of doubt but what Nancy would be o-erjoyed at becoming my bosom companion. Wall about this time there come a fellow from one of the lower towns to keep school and he hadn't been there more than a week afore I found he had a natural hankering after Nancy; and worst of all the old Deacon who seemed pleased at the thoughts of me courting his gal begun to kinder cool off as if he would like the schoolmaster better for a son-a-in-law, and it made me feel kinder down in tip, I can tell you."

"Wall on one Sunday night Bill Smith for that was the pecky critter's name came in just at dusk and when the clock struck nine he didn't seem to go. Old Mrs Knox and the young uns all went to bed and there were none left but the old Deacon, Bill Nancy and I and I kept specting evry minute that he would show Bill to bed, but he did no such a thing, but just as the clock struck ten he ris up and says he:

"Steve, let's go to bed for we must be up bright and airy to have them cre legs to the river."

"Wasn't that a hint eh, I looked at Nancy but she turned away her head and at this I up the ladder to bed."

I was boiling over mad with all creation—Bill Nancy and the old Deacon in particular. I got into bed and kivered myself up but I felt so and I couldn't go to sleep. Like as not the schoolmaster was hugging and kissing Nancy down in the kitchen, and I couldn't shut my eyes for the life of me. Wall, all at once it occurred to me that there were some big crucks in the floor over the kitchen and I could watch and see all that was going on below so out of bed I got and crawled along on all fours and finding a big crack I looked down through. Bill and Nancy were sitting about two feet apart though every now and then Bill would hitch his chair little nearer to her. How I could have chokod that man. I watched them for a- bout a quarter of an hour and by that time I was near about froze as it was an awful cold night and I hadn't a rag on except my two shirts. By and by Bill hitched his chair a little closer and I could see that he had made up his mind and was just going to kiss her.

THE MARCH OF EVENTS.

Time is pretty certain to bring its compensations at last.

A gentleman recently from the valley of the Mississippi, says that at St. Louis, in a building formerly occupied as a slave pen, he saw large numbers of rebel prisoners over whom colored soldiers were standing guard. They went to war to rivet closer the chains of the black man; to-day the black man is master of the position. Says a correspondent:—"Campbell's slave pen is now a rebel prison. "Get in ear yourself," said a colored woman, as she saw the rebel prisoners filling into the old pen. Use to put us dar. Get dar yourself now. De Lord's comin sure."

A Clever Case of Cut Out.

It is many years since I fell in love with Jane Jerusha Skeggis, the handsomest country girl by far that ever went on legs. By mallow, creek, and wood, and dell, so often we did walk, and the moonlight smiled on her melting lips, and the night winds learned our talk. Jane Jerusha was all to me, for my heart was young and true, and I loved with a double and twisted love, and a love that was honest, too. I roamed all over the neighbor's farms, and I robbed the wildwood bowers, and tore my trousers and scratched my hands, in search of choicest flowers. In my joyous love I brought all these to my Jerusha Jane; but I wouldn't be so foolish now, if I were a boy again. A city chap then came along, all dressed up in store clothes, with a sniny hat and shiny vest, and a moustache under his nose. He talked to her of singing schools (for her father owned a farm)—and she left me, the country love, and took the new chap's arm. And all that night I never slept, nor could I eat next day, for I loved that girl with a fervent love that naught could drive away. I strove to win her back to me, but it was all in vain; the city chap with the hairy lip, married Jerusha Jane. And my poor heart was sick and sore until the thought—struck me, that just as good fish remained as ever was caught in the sea. So I went to the Methodist Church one night, and saw a dark brown curl peeping from under a gypsy hat, and I married that very girl. And many years have passed and gone, and I think my loss my gain; and I often bless that hairy chap that stole Jerusha Jane.

Idle Treasure.

An old nobleman who lived alone in his lordly residence, with but few domestics to wait upon him, died at last, and the house passed into other hands. When its contents were examined, drawers and presses full of linen were found, all mouldering to dust; hundreds of valuable garments filled the wardrobe, all alike mouldering and moth-eaten. Here and there, in the dusky recesses, little bags of silver and gold were found, evidently hidden there, and then forgotten. The hoard of coin was also discovered where it had long lain untouched, doing good to no person in the world.

How much good these idle garments might have done among the poor and suffering!—How much better they should wear out in clothing the needy, than moulder out in uselessness. So, too, of the idle treasure which might have brought in large revenues of spiritual good, if only judiciously expended.—Of such possession it might well be written, "Your silver and your gold are cankered, and the rust thereof shall be a swift witness against you." No one has a moral right to thus suffer any of God's gifts to be wasted in idleness. God will bring all such stewards into judgement in that day when he shall say, "Thou shalt be no longer my steward." "Do all the good you can, wish all the means you have," is the only limit of our obligation. A little experimenting will show us how much we can do, and we shall doubtless be surprised to find how much it exceeds what you had supposed. No one has a right to lay aside garments to be moth-eaten, when so many suffering ones are around us every day, whom we could relieve. "It is not what we get, but what we give that makes us rich." You would think a man much richer who had his money in a safe and richly paying investment, than he who had it buried in the earth. So be that invests his money in the Bank of Heaven will have a good possession to enter into when he is called away from this earth, from which he cannot take the smallest portion. O! if we would be rich indeed, let us lay up for ourselves treasures in heaven, by good works and alms-deeds, which neither moth nor rust can destroy.—Presbyterian.

Living in Hearts.

It is better to live in hearts than houses. A change of circumstances, or a disobliging landlord, may turn one out of a house to which he has formed many attachments.—Removing from place to place is with many an unavoidable incident of life. But one cannot be expelled from a true and loving heart, save by his own fault, nor yet always by that, for affections cling tenaciously to its object in spite of ill-desert; but go where he will his home remains in hearts which have learned to love him; the roots of affection are not torn out and destroyed by such removals, but they remain fixed deep in the heart, clinging still to the image, the object which they are more eager again to grasp. When one revisits the home of his childhood, or the place of his happy abode in his life's spring-time, pleasant as it is to survey each familiar spot, the house, the garden, the trees planted by himself, or by kindred now sleeping in the dust, there is in the warm grasp of the hand, in the melting of the eye, in the kind salutation, in the tender solicitude for the comfort and pleasure of his visit, a delight that no mere local object of nature or art, no beautiful cottage, or shady rill, or quiet grove can bestow. To be remembered, to be loved, to live in hearts, that is one's sole and most earthly changes—this is a joy above all the pleasures of scene and place. We love this spiritual home feeling, the union of hearts which death cannot destroy; for it augurs, if there be heart purity as well as heart affection, an unchanging and imperishable abode in hearts now dear.

MAKING FUN OF HIS NOSE.

Col. Crockett, late Copperhead candidate for Congress in the First (California) District, has an immense nasal appendage, and the Mariposa Gazette thus makes fun of it:

"We are told that at the District Court at Snelling this week, a lawyer from San Francisco was present, whose nasal organ is the most prominent of his features. It is huge and terrible to behold." Matt. Strong, who has a keen eye to fun, was seen following the lawyer around, keeping constantly near him. On being asked his object, he said, pointing to the lawyer's nose. I just want to see him blow that thing once—and I'll be satisfied!

KISSING EXTRAORDINARY.

A bounty jumper recently escaped from Gollop's Island, Boston harbor, after having unaccountably fastened his irons. It was subsequently discovered that a lady who had been permitted to come and see him, had a key in her mouth fitting the lock of his fetters.—On parting she kissed him, and during the operation transferred the key to his mouth, thus facilitating his escape. The girl and the man who made the key were arrested.

FIRST OIL DISCOVERY.

It is related of Noah when he took up his quarters in the whale's belly, he wrote to his father to come down immediately, as he had discovered a splendid opening for the old gentleman as follows:

"Father, don't come. I'm badly sucked in. Plenty of oil, but no market!"

This is the first of fish at account that profane historians give us of the oil business.

A man's money seldom grows more than half as fast as his love for it.

A Dream of Oil.

The history of the location of the famous Coquette Oil Well is a bit of romance, and borders closely on the marvelous. The present energetic manager of the well Mr. Geo. M. Kepler, prior to his visit to the oil territory, had a remarkable dream, which I will relate here just as I had it from his own lips. He has thought he was prospecting for oil, when, at the close of a weary day's walking over the hills which bound the valley of Oil Creek, he espied, at a short distance before him a stalwart Indian seated on the ground with his back against a rock, pumping vigorously at a rude pump, from which Mr. Kepler beheld a steady stream of oil pouring. Almost as the same instant the red man perceived Kepler, glancing over his shoulder, and through a crevice in the rock. Drawing an arrow from his quiver, he was preparing to draw his bow upon the intruder, when the latter was relieved from his dilemma in a manner as unlooked for as it was novel. A fair damsel, an esteemed acquaintance of the dreamer, who had earned the reputation of a coquette, approached him suddenly and stealthily, with a warning gesture, bearing in her hands the dreamer's highly prized rifle. In a moment the gun was leveled and discharged at the Indian. With the discharge the dreamer peered over the rock and beheld, as he expresses, "nothing but oil-oil!" Upon his arrival at the farm subsequently he jestingly related his dream to his cousin, Mr. A. C. Kepler, who in the same sportive mood requested him to mark the spot. The drill was started, and at the depth of five hundred and nineteen feet, struck the largest well now flowing on Oil Creek. Notwithstanding the difficulty of obtaining tanks to receive the vast amount of oil which has flowed from this wonder among large wells, not a single barrel of the oil has been lost.

A Solemn Scene.

One day last week, says the Eastern State (Mass.) Journal, the School Street Church was the scene of a sad funeral, that of Jos. S. Defrees and wife, of Ballardville, who were found dead in their bed, in that town, two or three mornings since, in each other's arms. They had been suffocated by coal gas, having had a coal fire in the stove the previous evening, and the damper being discovered shut squarely off after the room door was forced. They were married scarcely a year since. The deceased lay in the position in which they were found, nearly on their backs, his arm extending under her neck, and his hand under her shoulder, their faces slightly inclining towards each other. Her cheeks wore a slight tinge, almost like life, for she was naturally of good color, and their dark hair seemed to rest but in sleep on the silken pillow. It was a picture of conjugal affection, saddened by the presence of death. The lady was clad in green silk, and her husband in a dark dress suit. The silver plate bore an inscription showing that Mr. Defrees was aged 27 years and 3 months, and his wife, Mrs. Augusta Defrees, 26 years and 3 months.

Over in Jersey.

during the last Presidential canvass, a young lawyer, noted for the length of his neck, his tongue and his bill was on the stump blowing his horn for General McClellan. Getting on in his eloquence, he spread himself, and said: "I would that on the 8th day of next November I might have the wings of a bird, and I would fly to every city and every village, to every town and every hamlet, to every mansion and every hut, and proclaim to every man, woman, and child George B. McClellan is President of these United States!" At this point a youngster in the crowd sang out: "Dry up, you fool! You'd be shot for a goose before you flew a mile!"

The sunset clouds are the visible song of the day that is dead.

The railing of a cross woman, like the railing of a garden, keeps people at a distance.

Doctors should dearly love our good mother Earth, for she kindly hides their evil work.