

# VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

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NUMBER 44

## POETICAL.



### RECRETS.

Had I met thee in life's morning,  
When my heart was fresh and gay,  
Ere sorrow's cloud gave warning,  
Of my future darkened day,  
While the flush of hope was brightest,  
Tinging all youth's rosy sea—  
Then, dearest one! thou mightest  
Have breathed thy love for me!

Thy words, so full of meaning,  
Thrill wildly through my soul;  
They rouse me from my dreaming,  
And all my thoughts control;  
But as the blighted flower  
Feels not the sun nor rain,  
My heart resists thy power—  
It ne'er can love again.

I feel thy spirit-presence,  
When thou art far away,  
Its bright, ethereal essence  
Illumes my lonely way,  
And oft, methinks, 'tis breathing  
Of joys that ne'er depart.  
While smiles of love are wreathing  
Once more around my heart.

Once more! Oh shall I waken  
The memory of the past,  
And tell of vows forsaken—  
Oh Love's bright sky o'ercast—  
Grief's night without a morrow,  
Too dark and deep for tears—  
Of unavailing sorrow,  
Through long and weary years?

Away with vain regretting!  
'Tis useless to repine!  
I would, the past forgetting,  
Again seek pleasure's shrine.  
My heart's fond dream of madness  
The world will never know;  
For o'er the deep of sadness,  
Bright rainbow smiles shall glow.

Italy's flowers are growing  
Upon the mountain side;  
While deep within is flowing  
The burning lava-tide.  
And though this heart is breaking,  
I'll sing of joy alone,  
And Love's fond strain awaking,  
Shall mingle in each tone.

### THERE NEVER WAS.

There never was an earthly dream  
Of beauty and delight,  
That mingled not too soon with clouds,  
As sun-rays with the night;  
That faded not from that fond heart,  
Where once it loved to stay—  
And left that heart more desolate,  
For having felt its sway.

There never was a glad bright eye,  
But it was dimmed with tears,  
Caused by such griefs as ever dull  
The sunshine of our years;  
We look upon the sweetest flower—  
'Tis withered soon, and gone;  
We gaze upon a star, to find  
But darkness where it shone.

There never was a noble heart,  
A mind of worth and power,  
That had not, in this changing world,  
Pain, misery, for its dove;  
The laurel on the brow hath hid  
From many a careless eye,  
The secret of the soul within,  
Its blight and agony.

There never was—there cannot be—  
On earth a precious spring,  
Whose waters to the fevered lip,  
Unfailing, we may bring;  
All chaff on this troubled shore,  
Or passeth on the night—  
Oh! for that world where joy and peace  
Reign as eternal light.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE BROTHER'S SACRIFICE.

"Here is a permit from the General."—"All right; I'm glad the poor fellow has some comfort before he dies."  
"Dies?"  
"Yes, he is sentenced, and will be shot to-morrow, but don't tell him; it's against the rules; it brings down a fellow's courage."  
"Sentenced to death?"  
"Yes, for desertion; there's no mercy."  
"Oh! John my brother, what have you done?"—so saying, Charles followed the guard and passed into the cell in the guard-house, where his brother Charles was lying under sentence of death.

His crime was qualified as desertion; when his brother had heard of it he had hurried from his home to learn the truth, for John was a devoted, innocent, and enthusiastic soldier. He had led a young wife and an infant at the first call for troops, and had been in the service ever since. That John should desert was impossible. There had been some terrible mistake. But Charles never thought that the charge against his brother could not be disproved, never thought that the proceedings of the court-martial would come to so speedy a termination.  
"Condemned to die!" Charles, as he followed the soldier on guard, went back in imagination to the quiet home, where his mother prayed for them both, watching beside the bed of poor, gentle Ellen, who now must die without ever again seeing her husband, the

only love of her life, who had been her husband, but for a year. And he, Charles, must he return to his home with this news—must he bring despair where there was already much sorrow. "Oh! John, John, what have you done?" So saying Charles Morris entered the cell, and pausing an instant, blinded by the darkness, he at last perceived, his brother, and rushing forward, threw his arms around him.

"Oh! John, John, can this be true? you, you a deserter?"  
"No and yes, Charley. But tell me, does my Ellen live?"  
"Yes, she still lives."  
"But I shall never see her again. Oh! John, John, I could die with resignation if I could but see her once again, if once I could tell her how I loved her, how I had enshrined her pure image in my heart, how she was all to me on earth, and how she would be all to me in heaven, where we must meet again!"  
"Oh! John, with these thoughts in your heart, how could you do what you have done?"  
"I will tell you, Charley. I asked for a furlough. I had been a faithful servant of my country, coming at her first call; never in three years had I been home, and you wrote me that my Ellen was sick—is she sick?"  
"Yes."  
"Not better?"  
"No."  
"Dying?"  
"Go on with your story, my dearest brother."

"Well, when this news came on my heart yearned for home, pained to see those dear faces once again. I thought on them by day, dreamed by them at night, until it became madness; and unable to resist the overwhelming feelings of my heart, I asked for a furlough; I was entitled to it, but I was refused; and then, then Charley, maddened at the injustice, yearning for my Ellen, I one night left the camp and went on my way, heedless of all consequences."  
"And then you were arrested, and then you was brought here, and—"  
"And then I was brought before a court-martial, Charley, found guilty, judged without mercy, and soon, no doubt I shall be sentenced to the extreme penalty of my crime. I can meet death without fear. Great Heaven! have I not braved it a thousand times for the very country that now condemns me? If only for an instant I could see my Ellen, my boy and my poor old mother, but to die thus—"  
"John," said Charley, "I have no ties on earth compared to those which bind you. Let me take your place. We are not unlike, and I can contrive to conceal my identity from those around us, who after all, do not take especial interest in us."  
"Take my place, Charley? What is it you offer me—happiness? come what may—and death by my comrades' hands will be my doom—but if I see once more my Ellen, I am resigned to all."  
"You shall see her, for I tell you I will take your place!"  
"If there were any danger, dearest brother, I would not accept this proof of your desertion; but there is none, for it may be few."

6. And Sherman came up to the great city where the rebels were entrenched, and lo! the hosts of Jeff had departed, and the soldiers of Sherman entered the city and rejoiced, and gave thanks unto the Lord who had delivered the city into their hands.

7. And after the army of Sherman had rested from its labors for a few short days, Ulysses said unto Sherman, "Arise, and pursue the rebels unto all their cities, and smite them until they shall reach the last ditch."  
8. And Sherman obeyed and marched his army against Savannah, a city of Jeff, where there was much spoil.

9. When the army of Sherman came down before Savannah, lo! the Rebel host had fled thence through a swamp, over against the river, after the manner of a skeddadle.

10. Then the army of Sherman pursued the running hosts of the Rebels to the gates of Charleston, the birth-place of rebellion, the home of the great traitor John, whose surname was Calhoun, a traitor, and father of traitors, the same where the ruffian hosts fired on Fort Sumpter, the strong tower held by Robert, whose surname was Anderson.

11. Then the hosts of Sherman prepared their guns and their engines of war, to attack the hosts of treason, and when all was ready, the soldiers of Sherman went forward, and lo! the hosts of Beelzebub had fled, and kindled a great fire which destroyed much cotton and remains of the doomed city. And the fort of Robert, and all the strongholds of the city were taken, and the people of Abraham came in great ships, and they all rejoiced and gave thanks unto the Lord for delivering the city out of the hands of traitors.

12. Now it was in the eighteenth day of the second month of the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, that the soldiers of Sherman entered the great city.

13. And Jeff the traitor had reigned just forty and eight months on that day, and when his counsellors were gathered together they saw the handwriting on the wall: *Mene, mene, tekel upharsin.* And Jeff's knees smote together, and he cried in a loud voice, "Our father, Beelzebub, help us, and deliver us out of the hands of the Yankee!"  
14. Then Beelzebub fled and left his faithful followers to their own destruction.

15. And again Ulysses, the Chief, said unto General John, whose surname is Schofield, "Arise, go up against the rebel hosts, encamped in and around the city of Wilmington, in the land of pitch, tar, and resin, and smite them with the cannon and the sword, both by land and by water."

16. And Schofield, by land, and David (whose surname is Porter), by water, in ships of war, came upon the hosts of Jeff at the mouth of the great harbor, and pressed them sorely by land and by sea, so that they "got

up and got," leaving the strong forts in the hands of the valiant warrior of Abraham.

17. Then the army of Schofield divided, and a valiant General, whose surname is Terry, with many companies, marched on a strong fort held by the host of Jeff, called Fisher. And Porter, with ships of Iron, sailed up the river, and the rebel hosts trembled at the sight of the mighty army of Abraham, and they "got up and got."

18. And on the twenty-second day of the second month, the army of Abraham entered the rebellious city of Wilmington singing, even as Marian of old sang before the army of the Lord. The soldiers of Abraham captured much merchandise, and cotton and guns, and powder, and the hosts of Jeff skeddaded.

19. And the army of Sherman, a mighty host, numbering three score and ten thousand men, is marching on to encompass the chief city of the rebels, the last that remains of all their possessions, and supposed to be "the last ditch."

20. Thus was fulfilled all that has been spoken by the prophets, and that the Lord promised unto his servant Abraham to this day. Selah!

### ATTORNEYS' OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.

The following oath, as ordered by the recent act of Assembly, is required to be taken on or before the 1st of April (to-day) by all attorneys practicing in the several State courts of Maryland:

"I do solemnly swear (or affirm, as the case may be) that I will at all times demean myself fairly and honorably as an attorney and practitioner of laws; that I will bear true allegiance to the State of Maryland, and support the Constitution and laws thereof; and that I will bear true allegiance to the United States, and support, protect and defend the Constitution and laws and government thereof, as the supreme law of the land, any law or ordinance of this or any other State to the contrary notwithstanding; and I do further swear or affirm that I will, to the best of my abilities, protect and defend the Union of the United States, and not allow the same to be broken up and dissolved, or the government thereof to be destroyed under any circumstances, if in my power to prevent it; and that I will at all times discountenance and oppose all political combinations having for their object such dissolution or destruction; and I make this oath or affirmation without any reservation or purpose of evasion—so help me God." No person shall be admitted to practice as an attorney or solicitor in any of said courts, shall be allowed to continue so to do, until he shall have taken and subscribed said oath or affirmation in open court; provided however, that any person who, under this section and the laws of this State, shall become entitled to practice law in the Court of Appeals of this State shall be entitled to practice law in any and all of the subordinate courts.

Sec. 2. And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect from and after the first day of April, eighteen hundred and sixty-five.

### MEETING AT THE TAP.

A hundred years and more ago, a numerous body of Presbyterians who had seceded from the Established Church of Scotland, was split in two on a quarrel about a clause in the oath required of the freemen of certain Scottish boroughs, which expressed "their hearty allowance of the true religion at present professed within the realms, and authorized by the laws thereof." The party who held that the oath might be conscientiously taken by the seceders were called "burghers," and their opponents "anti burghers." Johnny Morton, a keen burgher, and Andrew Gebble, a decided anti burgher, both lived in the same house, but at opposite ends, and it was the bargain that each should keep his own side of the house well thatched. When the dispute about the principles of their kirks, and especially the offensive clause in the oath, grew hot, the two neighbors ceased to speak to each other.

But one day they happened to be on the roof at the same time, each repairing the thatch in the slope of the roof on his own side, and when they had worked up to the top, there they were face to face. They could not flee, so at last Andrew took off his cap and scratching his head said, "Johnnie, you and me, I think, have been very foolish to dispute, as we have done, concerning Christ's will about our kirks, until we have clean forgot his will about ourselves; and we had fought so bitterly for what we call the truth, that it has ended in spite. Whatever's wrong it's perfectly certain that it never can be right to be unceiv', unneighborly, unkind, in fact to hate one another. Na, na, that's the deevil's work, and not God's. No, it strikes me that may be it's wi' the kirks as wi' this house; ye've working on ae side and me on the t'ither, but if we only do our work weel, we will meet at the tap at last. Gie's your han's, and were the best o' freens ever after."

A BUCKEYE STORY.—The Columbus, (Ohio) Journal tells a queer story about a married couple of that place.

The husband is a tyrant. One evening during a severe snow storm, his wife was visiting a neighbor; and when she applied for admission on her return, her husband pretended not to know her. She threatened to jump into the well if he did not open the door. Having no idea she would do so, he obstinately refused to recognize her; so she took a log, plunged it into the well, and simultaneously with the splash it made, she placed herself by the side of the door; and as soon as he darted out in his night clothes, she darted in, locked the door, and declared she did not know him! She froze him until he was penitent, and then let him in.

Old gentleman (affectionately). "My son, why do you chew that filthy tobacco?"  
Precocious youth (stiffly). "To grind the juice out, old codger."

### EXTRAORDINARY MESSAGE.

Jeff Davis' Valedictory Proclamation of April 1, 1865.

WHEREAS, In the course of inhuman and senseless events, the capital of the Confederate States of America no longer affords an eligible and healthy residence for the members of the present Cabinet, not to speak of the Chief Magistrate himself, the Vice President and the members of the two congressional bodies, I do, therefore, by virtue of the power vested in my two heels, proclaim my intention to travel instantly, in company with all the officers of the Confederate States Government, and to take up such agreeable quarters as may yet be granted unto me.

To such persons as are in arms against the Confederate States of America, I do hereby tender absolute amnesty on condition that they forthwith desist from annoying our patriotic population.

Under the circumstances, slavery had better be abolished.

The capital of the Confederacy will henceforward be found "up a stump" on the picturesque banks of the celebrated "Last Ditch."

To the foreign subscribers to the Confederate loan I return sincere thanks.

Major General Grant, United States army, will please see that they get their cotton.

All persons having claims against this Government will please present them to A. Lincoln, Richmond, by whom all such accounts will be most cheerfully audited.

It is not altogether improbable that the glorious experiment of a slave-holders' Confederacy may yet prove a delusion and a snare. I have often thought so. So has General Lee, who has lately been fighting mostly for his last year's salary. The Confederate Treasury being light, I think I will take it in my valise. Gen. Lee thinks that we have a good opening before us, and that we have seen the last of this fratricidal war. I hope so. Stephens thinks peace more imminent than ever.

If the United States persists in refusing to recognize the Confederacy, on my return I shall again urge the arming of the negroes. Office-seekers are respectfully solicited to cease their importunings. Genius is the beau ideal, but hope is the reality. Fellow-citizens, farewell.

J. DAVIS,  
President of the Confederate States of America.  
Done at Richmond, April 1, 1865.

### SHINING AS THE STARS.

It was Sabbath eve. I sat alone by my window watching the changing hues of the sunset clouds. My spirit was stirred within me, for I had heard two faithful, heart-searching sermons.

Tenderly but faithfully had our pastors pointed out the failings of professing Christians in his flock, and urged us to greater diligence in life's great work. Earnestly did he ask us to plead with and for dying sinners.

Though it might be a cross to us, was it not one we should take up?  
What would be our feelings if, at the judgment bar we should meet some lost soul that might have been saved had we but dealt kindly and truly with it here? As I pondered on these things, gazing into the deepening darkness, a faint glimmer of a star caught my eye. I watched it as it grew brighter and brighter. Soon star after star appeared till the heavens were studded with bright gems. "Something whispered to me, 'And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament and they that turn away to righteousness as the stars forever and ever.' Is not here a motive for activity in doing good. Do we realize the greatness of the reward of those who are 'wise?' With such a prospect let us take up the cross, remembering 'that he which converts a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death and shall hide a multitude of sins.' 'He that winneth souls is wise.'—S. S. Times.

CONSOLING.—In a village hard by, where ministers are not so plenty as in larger places, Squire F., a justice of the peace, a man of good common sense and sterling integrity, remarkable for bluntness rather than blandness of manner, and whose literary attainments extended to the writing of his name, was called on by a colored family to make a few remarks at the funeral of their son, in the absence of the clergyman of the place. The weeping friends were seated about the room, when he arose and said—"It's pretty bad; but if I was you I wouldn't take on so. It's all for the best. 'S'pose he'd lived and grown to be a fat, healthy boy—why, he'd never been nothing but a nigger, anyhow."

INALIENABLE RIGHTS.—Every woman has a right to be of any age she pleases, for if she were to state her real age no one would believe her. Every one has a right to wear a moustache if he can. Every woman who makes puddings has a right to believe she can make better puddings than any other woman in the world. Every man who carries has a decided right to think of himself, by putting a few of the best bits aside. Every woman has a right to think her child the "prettiest little baby in the world," and it would be the greatest folly to deny her this right for she would be sure to take it. Every young lady has a right to faint when she pleases, if her lover is by her side to catch her.

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### GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

Heat not a furnace for your tea so hot that it do singe yourself.—Shakspear.  
Small evils are not regarded when they grin, but great men tremble when the lion roars.—Shakspear.

Wit and coin are always doubted with a thread-bare coat. No one stops to question the coin of the rich man; but a poor devil can't pass off either a joke or a guinea, without its being examined on both sides.—Living.

The greatest of nations like that of individuals is seldom known until they get into trouble.  
Learn to hold thy tongue. Five words cost Zacharias forty weeks' silence!—Fulter.

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets instead of cages.—Swift.  
Life is a constant struggle for riches, which we must soon leave behind. They seem given to us as a horse gives a plaything to a child, to amuse it till it falls asleep.  
God will accept your first attempts to serve him, not as a perfect work, but as a beginning. The first little blades of wheat are as pleasant to the farmer's eye as the whole field waving with grain.

Truth is a sure pledge not impaired, a shield never pierced, a flower that never dieth, a state that never seareth fortune, and a port that yields no danger.

### ANECDOTE OF GEN. SHERMAN.

When General Sherman was in command at Benton barracks, St. Louis, he was in the habit of visiting every part of that institution, and making himself familiar with everything that was going on.—He wore an old brown coat and a "stove-pipe hat," and was not generally recognized by the minor officials or the soldiers. One day, while walking through the grounds, he met with a soldier who was unmercifully beating a mule.

"Stop pounding that mule," said the General.  
"Git out!" said the soldier, in blissful ignorance of the person to whom he was speaking.  
"I tell you to stop!" reiterated the General.  
"You mind your business, and I will mind mine," replied the soldier, continuing his flank movement upon the mule.  
"I tell you to stop!" said General S. "Do you know who I am? I am General Sherman."  
"That's played out!" said the soldier.—"Every man comes along here with an old brown coat and a stove-pipe hat on claims to be Gen. Sherman."

It is presumed that for once Gen. Sherman considered himself outflanked.

POSITIVISM.—Milk and water people, who content themselves with simply doing no harm, at the same time never doing any good, are mere negatives. Your man of force, who does not wait for a stone to get out of his Heaven appointed way, but manfully rolls it over, may unintentionally hurt somebody's toes in the act; but thousands who will walk that future path will thank him for clearing it. The man who has no enemy is generally a sleek, creeping, cautious, whitewashed creature, walking the world with velvet shoes, who smirks and glides his unchallenged way to the obscurity he merits.

THE FOLLY OF MANKIND.—A company opened an office in Chegan alley, during the South Sea mania to receive subscriptions for raising a million for a purpose to be known after the million was raised! The people flocked in and paid five shillings on every fifty pounds they subscribed. A large sum was thus collected, when an advertisement was published, announcing that the subscribers might have their deposits without any deduction, as the project of the directors was merely a trial to see how many fools they could make in one day.

A cheerful life must be a busy one. And a busy life can never be well otherwise.—Frogs do not croak in running water. Active minds are seldom troubled with gloomy forebodings. They come up only from the stagnant depths of a spirit unstirred by generous impulses or the necessities of honest toil.

Cream may be frozen by simply putting it into a glass vessel, and then placing the whole in an old bachelor's bosom.

A Boston storekeeper the other day stuck upon his door the laconic advertisement: "A Boy Wanted." The next morning, on opening the store, he found a little urchin in a basket, labelled, "Hero he is!"

Mack, (who is reliable), says he knows a Dutch farmer in Pennsylvania who is so all-fired economical and so everlastingly parsimonious, that he refuses to clean his fingernails when away from home. His own barnyard is where he performs that duty.

Dr. Franklin said "A good kick out doors is better than all the rich uncles in the world."

Lawyers' mouths are like turpentine gates—never open except for pay.  
If you wish to live peaceful in this life and happy in the next, pay the printer.  
Doctors should dearly love our good mother Earth; for she kindly hides their evil work.  
How long did Cain hate his brother?—As long as he was Abel.