

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



OUR SCHOOL-DAY LOVES.

BY AMANDA P. WALKER.

Our school day loves, say what you will,
What e'er their fate may prove,
-Are such we ne'er their place can fill
By any later love.
So beautiful, so pure, so true,
They lie upon the heart,
We vainly seek life's autumn through
To find their counterpart.
The heart may bring to later shrines
Oblations warm and true,
But faintest still the earliest shines
For 'twas the first we knew.

Ah! don't we all remember well,
In those bright days of yore,
How, better than we learned to spell,
We learned love's mystic lore?
And though the ashes of those fires
Lies mouldering in the urn,
Our widowed hopes upon their pyres
Still in remembrance burn.
And reverent memories fold their wings
In peace around the heart,
As we recount the pleasant things
In which our lives bore part.

I know not why love goes to school—
It cannot be to learn,
Or study fevered brains to cool,
Mayhap a prize to earn.
I rather think it is the prize,
Yet, whatso'er the cause,
And whoso'er the mischief lies,
'Tis not against the laws.
If 'twere, when counting one by one
To find who let him in,
Who would be left to "cast a stone,"
As guiltless of the sin?

LIVES' PATHWAY

BY ABDIEL KANSEY.

The traveler, sad and weary,
O'er life's uneven way,
Amid the darkness dreary,
Is wont to kneel and pray.
That heaven's light and beauty,
May on his path descend;
That some protecting angel,
May ever be his friend.
Fear not, my friend and brother,
Thy God is wise and kind,
His love is everlasting
And infinite his mind.
Fear not, along thy pathway,
His glories are displayed,
And each surrounding object,
Is pleasantly arrayed.
In light celestial colors,
All penciled by the hand
Of Him whose rain and sunshine,
Descend on every land.
Arise, behold around thee,
The tokens of his love;
Then turn thy gaze to heaven,
And seek thy rest above.

MISCELLANY.

The Dead.

How multitudinous are the dead! How populous the silent cities where they dwell! Close, but peaceful they rest, under shafts and spires of marble, or perchance without even the rudest memorial to the activities they once bore, the pumps they once displayed. Two hundred times more than all the generations of the living, encamped out there in church yard cemetery, and by the way side. Myriad millions, obedient to the awful shade, the grim spectre who rides the pale horse. Ceaseless migration from the halls of life—the great, the proud, the rich, the poor, the bond, the free; brothers and sisters all, with one God for their common father, one earth for their sepulchre, one turf to hide their dust. What history, what romance, what tragedy, what secrets and mysteries are locked up with them in the grave.
And how soon, too, shall all march down thither, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest;" down thither where the sleep is dreamless, until the great day when the trumpet shall sound, bidding the nations of the dead to arise! Sacred, and green, and evermore fragrant with the breath of flowers, and musical with the sound of gentlest foot falls, and the song of the dead. They were all beloved in their day—all fathers or mothers, or brothers, or sisters, or friend—or if any were foes, their enmity lies not in the tomb. Good or bad, as ran the record of their lives, be it ours to reverence their dust—God will judge them: God, who is the searcher of our hearts, and who is wiser, and more merciful than man.
Verily, it is not well for us to be thoughtless of the dead. What they were, and what they had done and said, concern us every hour. Their example guides, their precedent governs, their wisdom directs, their thoughts inspire, their labors blesses, and their riches enrich us. Benison to the dead, and may the good God so shape our lives, that when the time comes, we may lie down, obscure it may be, but without fear and without reproach.
What letter is it that is never used more than twice in America? Letter A.

EXTRACTS.

We extract the following from a proclamation recently issued by Gov. Johnson of Georgia:

I now feel bound to declare to you one thing which you must recognize as accomplished; and the sooner you know it, and conform to it, the sooner you will be relieved from military rule. Slavery exists no more. This is decreed. Its restoration under any form, is utterly out of the question. Slavery has been extinguished by the operations of the late war. I do not propose, in this connection, to enter upon a lengthy argument to prove it. I simply state what is universally acknowledged by all writers on national law, that belligerents have the right to make captures of persons and property, and that they may make what disposition they please of the property captured. The vanquished are at the disposition of the conquerors, and may be disposed of as they think proper.—Such is war, and it is a sin against God and humanity that it should be waged. We must submit to the result of the war. Congress, by the Constitution of the United States, has the power to give to the President the regulations of captures by sea and land, and the President, in the exercise of this power given to him by the Constitution and by Congress, issued his proclamation disposing of their captures, declaring that all the negroes who were slaves in the revolted States, should, by virtue of that proclamation, become emancipated. Such is, in my judgment, the law, and I believe the Supreme Court will so decide.

We have lost our capital in negro property. It is gone. We are reduced, as a people, to bankruptcy. We have been in affluence, and our riches have flown away.—But who is to blame? From what source came the result? It is from the war; it is one of the penalties we must pay. It was a war of our own seeking, and such has been the result of it. We made the war. As a Southern man I am bound to say, and history will say, we fired the first gun, the result of which has been a war of gigantic proportions. We have been impoverished by our folly, and such will ever be the result of seditious folly.

But while I say these things on this point, I think some advantages will result from this war in the future. Whilst we have been hurt and chastised for the present, yet let us remember that we may accumulate property in the future, and all our surplus capital, instead of being laid out in negroes, will be expended in permanent improvement in increasing the comfort of our homes, manuring our lands, planting orchards, building permanent fences, and in manufactures of all kinds. Attracted to this land, emigrants from other parts of the world and from the North will come to settle amongst us because we have as good a climate as any under the sun. Our towns and villages, instead of going to decay, will improve, and arts and sciences will flourish among us. Such, I believe, will be one of the results of this war.

And not only that, there is another advantage. We have been very sensitive as a people. We allowed no man to think that slavery was a moral, social, or political evil, and if any one thought thus he was deemed unsound, and arraigned before vigilance committees. Even when Lord John Russell in England, took occasion to say he hoped slavery would be abolished by this revolution, our people commenced abusing him as if he had trespassed upon our rights. We abused mankind when they differed with us, and we carried our opposition to men's thinking as they pleased to such an extreme, that men among us who dared to differ from us on this subject were arraigned, not by law, or before a legal tribunal, but before vigilance societies and personally abused. Civilization was almost driven from the land; law and order were suppressed by these lawless men. But now we can look over this land, and pray, as Solomon did, that all of Adam's race may be elevated to dignity and happiness. Now every one may, in the exercise of his constitutional rights, advocate slavery or denounce it, surrounded as he is, by the power of the Government of the United States, which protects us fully in the enjoyment of these rights.

But, fellow citizens, as I have before remarked, we have severely suffered from this war. Our towns have been burned and destroyed, our fields have been laid waste, our homes and cattle have been taken from us, and our children have fallen on bloody fields, but, notwithstanding this, there is hope.—It seems to be the order of Providence in dealing with nations, as He deals with individuals, that they will be perfected by sufferings. We shall come out of this controversy a more glorious and happy people.—The presence of liberty will be well guarded among us. We shall remain a free and united people. In looking down the vista of time, I see Georgia ten fold more prosperous, and when all our sectional prejudices shall have died away, we shall meet together North and South, as brethren, rejoicing under our Government, and marching on to the glorious destiny which is before us. Not only will Georgia increase in wealth and population, but the whole Southern country will be more prosperous in arts, manufactures, wealth and civilization. I see them marching on in this new order of things.—The whole country united in the bonds of charity and love, must go on prospering until this great nation shall be unequalled by any power on earth. This is our country; these are her prospects. To this standard I invite you to rally.

"Tis the star-spangled banner, oh long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

It is whispered that the girls have changed the pronunciation of the word "petticoats" to "Jeffcoats."

TORIES IN THE REVOLUTION.

The following summary, compiled from the status of the several States, of penalties inflicted upon persons who had taken up arms on the side of the enemy, or in any way rendered aid and comfort to the enemy is very interesting at this time:

New Hampshire passed an act in 1777, declaring all persons resident within the State, with either levied war, or aided the enemy in carrying on war, against the United States, to be guilty of treason, and forfeiting their goods and chattels to the use of the State.

In Connecticut it was made treason, punishable by death, to aid or comfort the enemy. Massachusetts, in 1777, declared all persons abiding within that State, and deriving protection from its laws, to owe allegiance to it, and that all such persons, if guilty of levying war, or conspiring to levy war, against any of the United States, should suffer the pains of death. It further enacted, that any concealment of treason should forfeit all their goods and chattels to the State during his life.

In Rhode Island, death and the entire confiscation of property were the penalties of adhesion to the royal cause.

Pennsylvania, early in 1777, enacted that all enemies resident within the State or those who should aid or assist the public enemy, should be held guilty of high treason, and suffer death. Their estates were, by the same act, declared forfeited to the Commonwealth.

New York passed laws authorizing her Governor "to remove certain disaffected and dangerous persons from the limits of the State;" also, an act to remove "neutral persons" to the enemies' lines, upon their refusal to take the oath of allegiance. Also, in 1779, an act for the forfeiture and sale of the property. Also an act for the banishment of all Tories.

New Jersey, in 1776, passed an act to punish traitors and disaffected persons" by death or imprisonment, according to the nature of the offence, and forfeiting their property to the State.

Maryland passed, in 1777, "an act to punish certain crimes; and to prevent the growth of Toryism," which enacted that all persons proved to have adhered to the enemy shall be adjudged guilty of treason, and shall suffer death, without the benefit of clergy, and forfeit their estate.

In Delaware, by an act passed in 1778, the real and personal estate of all aiders and abettors of the enemy, was declared absolutely forfeited.

Virginia, in 1776, defined by statute what should be treason in that State, and decreed, for all convicted of levying war against the Commonwealth, or adhering to its enemies, the punishment of death without the benefit of clergy, and forfeiture of all lands and chattels to the Commonwealth.

In North Carolina, the law of 1777, declared all persons in the limits of that State to own allegiance to it, and adjudged the penalties of death and confiscation to all such persons as aided the enemy.

Georgia, in 1778, forfeited and confiscated the estates of a multitude of persons who had been guilty of inivism.

South Carolina, the modern hot-bed of secession, passed, early in 1776, "an act to prevent sedition, and punish insurgents and disturbers of the public peace," in which "Capital Punishment" was denounced against all taking up arms, or aiding or abetting the foreign enemy. It is also declared that all lands and tenements, goods and chattels of such persons, should be sold within one month, and the proceeds deposited in the Colony Treasury at Charleston.

Such is the record of the legislation of the "old thirteen" against traitors and domestic enemies. It is a consistent, though severe testimony, to the necessities which every civil war has imposed upon a Government.

Items for Housekeepers.

Do every thing in a proper time.
Keep every thing in its place.
Always mend clothes before washing them.
Alum or vinegar is good to set colors, red, green, or yellow.
Sal-soda will bleach; one spoonful is enough for a kettle of clothes.
Save your suds for the garden and plants or to harden yards when sandy.
A hot shovel held over varnished furniture will take out white spots.
A bit of glue, dissolved in skim milk and water, will restore old crapes.
Ribbons of any kind should be washed in cold suds, and not rinsed. If flat irons are rough, rub them well with fine salt, and it will make them smooth.
If you are buying carpet for durability you must choose small figures.
A bit of soap rubbed on the hinges of doors will prevent them from creaking.
Scotch snuff put in holes where crickets run will destroy them.
Wood ashes and common salt, wet with water, will stop the cracks of the stove and stop the smoke from escaping.

BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE.—Well has a writer said: "Flowers are no trifles, as one might know from the care God has taken of them everywhere; not one unfinished; not one bearing the marks of a brush or pencil.—Fringing the eternal borders of mountain Winters, gracing the pulseless beat of the gray old granite, everywhere they are harmonizing. Murderers do not ordinarily wear roses in their button-holes. Villains seldom train vines over cottage doors." And another adds, "Flowers are for the young and for the old, for the grave and for the gay, for the living and for the dead—for all, but the guilty, and for the guilty when they are penitent."
A Loving Mother makes a happy home.

Spare Moments.

A lean awkward boy came one morning to the door of the principal of a celebrated school and asked to see him. The servant eyed his mean clothing and thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go around to the kitchen. The boy hid as he was bidden, and soon appeared at the back door.

"You want a breakfast, more like," said the servant girl, "and I can give you that without troubling him."

"Thank you," said the boy, "I should have no objection to a bite, but I should like to see Mr. —, if he can see me."

"Some old clothes may be your want," remarked the servant, again eyeing the boy's patched clothing. "I guess he has none to spare, he gives away a sight," and without minding the boy's request, she went away about her work.

"Can I see Mr. —?" again asked the boy, after finishing the bread and butter.

"Well, he is in the library, if he must be disturbed he must, but he does like to be alone sometimes," said the girl in a peevish tone. She thinks it very foolish to admit such an ill-looking fellow into her master's presence. However, she wiped her hands and bade him follow. Opening the library door, she said:

"Here's somebody, sir, who is dreadful anxious to see you, and so I let him in."

I don't know how the boy introduced himself, or how he opened business, but I know that after talking awhile, the Principal put aside the volume he was studying and took up some Greek books and began to examine the new comer. The examination lasted some time. Every question which the Principal asked the boy, was answered readily.

"Upon my word," exclaimed the principal, "you certainly do well," looking at the boy from head to foot, over his spectacles.

"Why, my boy, where did you pick up so much?"

"In my spare moments," answered the boy.

Here he was, poor, hard working, with but few opportunities for schooling, yet almost fitted for College, by simply improving his "spare moments." Truly, are not spare moments the "gold dust of time." How precious they should be! What account can you show for them? Look and see.—This boy can tell you how very much can be laid up by improving them, and there are many other boys, I am afraid, in jail, in the house of correction, in the forecastle of a whale ship, in the tipping shop, who if you should ask them when they began their sinful courses might answer; "in my spare moments."

"In my spare moments I gambled for marbles. In my spare moments I began to smoke and drink. It was in spare moments that I gathered wicked associates."

Oh, be careful how you spend your spare moments! Temptation always hunts you out in seasons like these. When you are not busy, he gets into your heart, if he possibly can in just such gaps. There he hides himself, planning all sorts of mischief. Take care of your "spare moments."

A Handsome Soul.

One day last winter, a little boy from the South, who was on a visit to the city, was taking his first lesson in the art of "sliding down hill," when he suddenly found his feet in rather too close contact with a lady's rich silk dress. Surprised, mortified and confused, he sprang from his sled, and cap in hand, commenced on earnest apology, "I beg your pardon, mama; I am very sorry." "Never mind," exclaimed the lady, "there is no harm done, and you feel worse about it than I do."

"But, dear madam," said the boy, as his eyes filled with tears, "your dress is ruined. I thought you would be very angry with me, for being careless."

"Oh no," replied the lady, "better 'have a soiled dress than a ruffled temper."

"O isn't she a beauty?" exclaimed the lad as the lady passed on.

"Who is that lady?" returned his comrade.

"If you call her a beauty you shan't choose for me."

"Why she is more than thirty years old and her face is yellow and wrinkled."

"I don't care if her face is wrinkled," replied the little hero, "her soul is handsome any how."

A shout of laughter followed, from which the little fellow was obliged to escape. Relating the incident to his mother, he remarked, "Oh, mother, that lady did me good. I shall never forget, and when I am tempted to indulge my angry passions, I will think of what she said. 'Better have a soiled dress than a ruffled temper.'"

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 naturally rolls it over, may unintentionally hurt somebody's toes in the act; but thousands who will walk that future path will think him for clearing it. The man who has no enemy is generally a sloth, creeping, cautious, white-washed creature, walking the world with velvet shoes, who smirks and glides his unchanged way to the obscurity he merits.

A western chap, in describing a gale of wind says, "A white dog, while attempting to weather the gale, was caught with his mouth wide open, and turned completely inside out."

I mourn for my bleeding country," said a certain army contractor to Gen. Sheridan. "So you ought, you scoundrel," replied Sheridan, "for nobody has bled her more than you have."

In town last week, the man with big feet.

He Thought he Never Prayed.

The Rev. Mr. Kilpin passed a very profane man, and, having omitted to rebuke him, he awaited him in the morning at the same place.

When he approached, Mr. Kilpin said, "Good morning, my friend; you are the person I have been waiting for."

"O! sir," said the man, "you are mistaken, I think."

"I do not know you; but I saw you last night when you were going home from work, and I have been waiting some time to see you."

"Sir, you are mistaken; it could not have been me; I never saw you in my life before that I know of."

"Well, my friend," said Mr. Kilpin, "I heard you pray last night."

"Now I assure you that you are mistaken I never prayed in all my life."

"O!" said Mr. Kilpin, "If God had answered your prayer last night, you had not been seen here this morning. I heard you pray that God would destroy your eyes, and ruin your soul."

The man turned pale, and, trembling, said, "Do you call that prayer? I did, I did."

"Well, then, my errand this morning is to request you from this day to pray as fervently for your salvation as you have done for damnation; and may God in mercy hear your prayer."

The man from that time became an attendant on Mr. Kilpin's ministry, and it ended in his early conversion to God.

A TALE OF REBEL CRUELTY.—Among the visitors at the Freedmen's Bureau on Monday, soliciting relief was a footless negro, whose story almost surpasses belief were it not that its authenticity is established beyond a doubt by corroborative evidence. His story, in substance, is as follows:

"Just previous to the breaking out of the war he was employed by a Dr. Lee, living near Washington, in Maryland, who compensated him for his services, he being a free man. In 1849 the negro was persuaded by the Doctor to accompany him to Georgia, from which States he afterwards removed to Tennessee, where he kept the Knoxville Hotel. In the town of that name, in 1863, this same Dr. Lee hired the negro to a Capt. N. G. Gammon, a Quartermaster in the Confederate States army at Jonesborough. Here he was employed for eight or ten months; when he attempted to escape to our lines, in doing which he was apprehended and returned to Captain G., who immediately took him in person to Dr. Williams, in charge of the general hospital at that place, and ordered him (Dr. W.) to amputate the legs of the 'd—n nigger,' to prevent him from running away. In compliance with this demand his legs were that night amputated just above the ankles, and his legs left undressed by the surgeon. In the morning Dr. W., on visiting the hospital, found the negro still alive, and after expressing his surprise with an oath said he had intended to kill him. He then ordered the negro to house of an old slave woman, where the negro was found recovering from the amputations, on the entry of our troops."

A serious incident lately occurred in a French Criminal Court. A young woman carrying a child less than a year old in her arms, was arraigned for having stolen three gold ten-franc pieces from the house of a lady where she called on business. The prisoner stated in her defence that the baby snatched the coins from a table without her knowledge, and carried them home in its hand; that she had just discovered them there, and was preparing to go back with the money, when she was arrested. The defence was thought most improbable, owing to the child's age; but the president in order to test its possibility, ordered one of the ushers to lay three gold pieces on the ledge of the dock, within the baby's reach. The moment the little thing saw the money it clutched the pieces firmly and attempted to put them in its mouth. The experiment satisfied the tribunal that the woman had told the truth, and she was in consequence acquitted of the charge.

CAMP MEETING ANECDOTE.—At a camp meeting a number of ladies continued standing on the benches, notwithstanding the frequent blasts from the minister to sit down.—A reverend old gentleman, noted for his good humor, arose and said:

"I think if those ladies standing on the benches knew they had holes in their stockings, they would sit down."

"Say that?" said the old gentleman, its a fact—if they hadn't holes in their stockings, I'd like to know how they could get them on."

A lady was followed by a beggar, who very impudently asked her for alms. She refused him, when he quitted her, saying with a profound sigh: "Yet the alms I asked you for would have prevented me executing my present resolution!" The lady was alarmed lest he should commit some rash attempt on his own life. She called him back, and gave him a shilling, and asked him the meaning of what he had said. "Madam," said the fellow laying hold of the money, "I have been begging all day in vain, and but for this shilling I should have been obliged to work."

Some wickedascal says that he has invented a new telegraph. He proposes to place a line of women fifty steps apart, and commit the news to the first as a very profound secret.

A TERRIBLE PREDICTION.—Professor Leontidas, an Indianapolis astrologer, after looking at the rings around the sun makes the following horrible prophecy:

"I observe by the planets that a dreadful plague will commence in Russia, originating from silks brought from Egypt, Cairo and Turkey. It will extend across the Baltic Sea, desolate Germany, and cause immense mortality in England and then spread to the United States. This dreadful epidemic will spot the people like a leopard, and turn the flesh to a purple black. The pestilence will carry off such an amount of mortals that there will not be enough left to bury the dead or give them a Christian burial. The streets of our cities, towns and villages will be swarmed with the dead and dying. The groans and yells of horror will fill every breast with consternation. Confusion will abound on all sides. The death knell will cease to toll as the maddened rages in fury. The infected will fall and die wherever they take it. The stench of the dead will become so common that the survivors will not heed it."

Here are other curious predictions:

"In 1853 a pamphlet was published in Germany, purporting to be a series of prophecies made by Mademoiselle Lenormand, in whose predictions the first Napoleon placed great reliance. They are—1st, that in 1853 a war would break out between England and France on the one part, and Russia; 2d, that when peace was restored, a war would follow between England and India; 3d, that a great migration would then take place from Germany to the United States; 4th, that a civil war would rage four years in the United States, to be succeeded by an era of remarkable prosperity; 5th that about the time of its close, a fearful sickness, commencing in Russia, would extend across the Baltic, desolate Germany, cause immense mortality in England, and thence simultaneously spread to the east and to the west. So far all has come true, and the unfulfilled seems hastening."

"Let me look at some collars," said a gaunt, rough-looking fellow, addressing the proprietor of a country store not a hundred miles from Montreal.

"With pleasure, sir," was the response; and the stock of collars was shown to the customer, who fumbled them over, and then, with a gesture of contempt, turned away with the remark that they were not the kind he wanted.

"We have almost every kind."

"Well, it's scesch collars; them's the style for me!"

"Walk right this way, we have that kind too," was the response, as the shopkeeper unrolled about eight feet of hempen cord, and quickly twisting it into a loop, held it up before the astonished gaze of the "scescher." He had no more to say, but quickly took his departure.

"HALLOW MY SABBATHS."—Said a dear friend to me once, "As my Sabbaths go, so goes the whole week; and my week-day duties much effect my Sabbaths." I have often thought since then how much truth was contained in her remark. Although distinct, the Sabbath and the week are intimately connected. The lives of the excellent ones of the earth show this truth better than any words can testify it.

God has ever ascribed peculiar honor to his own day. Again and again explicit commands are given for its observance, and most heart-cheering promises to those who obey these commands.

In a ship-yard in Pembroke, the other day, a tar from a man of war was observed watching two men dragging a seven foot cross-cut saw through a huge oak log. The saw was dull, the log very tough, and there they went—see-saw-see-saw, pull, push, pull. Jack studied the matter over a while, until he came to see who could get the saw, and as one was an immense big chap, while the other was a little fellow, he decided to see fair play; so giving the big one a blow under the ear that capsized him, he jerked the saw out of the log with, "Now run you beggar."

During the war a woman went to a grocer's shop, and found she was paying nearly double for candles, so she asked what was the reason candles were so dear. The grocer replied:

"Oh, it is the war."

"Dear me!" said the woman, "have they got to fighting by candle light?"

"Brick" Romyer says there is an editor in La Crosse who has kissed so much sweetness from the lips of the girls, that he is assessed as crushed sugar, on account of the sweetness he has gathered, and the squeezing he has endured.

He who, by his conduct, makes good friends on the one hand and bitter haters on the other, gives evidence that there is something of the bold, independent, upright man in his composition; while the chicken-hearted, imbecile character is capable of making neither friends nor foes.

If we could read the secret history of our energies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.

Out West the young ladies keep a light burning in the parlor to a late hour on Sunday night, to "make believe" they've caught a beau.

Why is a broken chair like one who despises you? Because it can't bear you.

FASHIONABLE PROVERB.—Pride must have a "wearer-fall."

NAILS.—If a woman out her nails every Monday, it is lucky—for her husband.

FASHIONABLE PROVERB.—Pride must have a "wearer-fall."