

# VILLAGE RECORD.

BY W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper, Neutral in Politics and Religion.

OLUME XIX

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 1, 1865.

NUMBER 11

## POETICAL.



### MAKE HOME BEAUTIFUL.

More than building showy mansions,  
More than dress and fine array,  
More than domes and lofty steeples,  
More than station, power and sway—  
Make your home both neat and tasteful,  
Bright and pleasant, always safe,  
Where each heart shall rest contented,  
Grateful for each beauty there.

More than lusty, swelling titles,  
More than fashion's luring glories,  
More than mimaron's gilded honors,  
More than thought can well compare—  
See that home is made attractive  
By surroundings pure and bright—  
Trees arranged with taste and order,  
Flowers with all their sweets delight.

Seek to make your home most lovely,  
Let it be a smiling spot.

Where in sweet contentment resting,  
Care and sorrow are forgot.

Where the flowers and trees are waving,  
Birds will sing their sweetest song;

Where the pure thoughts will linger,

Confidence and love begin.

Make your home a second Eden,

Imitate her smiling bower;

Let a neat and simple cottage

Stand among bright trees and flowers,

There what fragrance and what brightness,

Will each blooming rose display!

Here a simple vine-clad arbor,

Brightens through each summer-day.

There each heart will rest contented,

Seldom wishing far to roam;

Or, if roaming, still will cherish

Memories of that pleasant home,

Such a home makes man the better,

Pure and lasting its control;

Home with pure and bright surroundings,

Leaves its impress on the soul.

[Published by Request.]

### SHED NOT A TEAR.

Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bief  
When I'm gone—when I'm gone;  
Smile when the slow telling bell you shall hear—  
When I'm gone—when I'm gone,  
Weep not for me, when you stand round my  
grave—

Think who has died his beloved to save—  
Think of the crown all the ransomed shall have—  
When I'm gone—I'm gone

Plant ye a tree which may wave over me—  
When I'm gone—when I'm gone.

Sing me a song when my grave you shall see—  
When I'm gone—I'm gone.

Come at the close of a bright summer day;

Come when the sun sheds his last lingering ray;

Come and rejoice that I thus passed away—

When I'm gone—I'm gone.

Plant ye a rose that may bloom o'er my grave—  
When I'm gone—when I'm gone.

Breathe not a sigh for the blest early dead—  
When I'm gone—I'm gone.

Praise ye the Lord that my bliss you may share;

Serve ye the Lord that my bliss you may share;

Look upon him and believe that I'm there—

When I'm gone—I'm gone.

### MISCELLANY.

From the Millinburg Telegraph.

### CHARLES RIS.—MISSING.

General Pope had fought and lost the second battle of Bull Run. It was a dark hour for the Country. McClellan's incapacity, demonstrated in his penitential campaign, had filled the hearts of the loyal North with distrust, and gloomy forebodings.—Pope's disaster, following so soon, gave rise to feelings of despondency. We tremble even now as we look back to that dark hour, and contemplate how nearly the arms of treason had triumphed over the glorious land of our Fathers. But Columbia was to survive the shock; and the red storm of war was to be rolled back upon the heads of the traitors who had inaugurated it. We devoutly thank Thee, O God for the great victory vouchsafed to us over our enemies—the enemies of Country and of Liberty, throughout the world.

But after that battle—how eagerly the eyes ran over the long lists of killed, wounded, and missing—as they "appeared in the journals of the day"—eager, yet dreading, to know, the fate of some loved one, who stood amid the thousands who struggled on that field of disaster.

Mothers, with tearful eyes, looked for sons, wives for the name of a loved husband; and the gentle eye maid, upon whose lips lingered the fond kiss of her soldier lover—how her hands trembled and her heart throbbed, as she took the paper to ascertain, from his lips learned his story.

When treason raised its arm against the Union of our fathers, Charles Ris—was amongst the first who took his trusty musket and hastened to the field. How well he fought! let his comrades bear witness. All we know of his fate is found in the newspaper item:—"CHARLES RIS.—MISSING." Perhaps his spirit is now with the angel Gertrude, and together, they look down upon regenerated America, and smile on this land of liberty.

And, O, ye! in whose breasts beat a traitor's heart—ye who have cursed your Government, because it would go hide your Government, and shame!—and the men who left the motherland, to fight for this.

It was examination day at Logansville, Clinton Co., Pa. A dozen or two of my fellow teachers had met to undergo the usual inspection—preparatory to teaching. Among

the number was a plain, unassuming man, rather below medium size, and about thirty-five years of age. His speech was tinged with the rich accent of the Fatherland.—His modesty amounted almost to diffidence, and as he seemed to be alone and friendless, my sympathies went out to him at once. He was an educated man—his mind had been well disciplined in the best schools of Bavaria, his native land. When the examiner had finished his work, and the class was dismissed, we found ourselves alone with our new made friend, and from him learned his history.

He was born on the banks of the Danube, and had often sported on the bright waters of that historic stream. At an early age he entered School, and did not leave his studies until he mastered the subjects taught there. It was on the banks of that flowing river too that he first met the fairy-like GERTRAUDE, and there he wooed and won her. To him it was a happy day when she became mistress of his little cottage. The future brightened all brightness. A year had scarcely passed, when a little stranger—pledge of their mutual affections, came to gladden their hearts, but its stay was short. A few brief months, and the babe was laid away to rest. Then the mother began to fade, and ere the Autumnal frost had tinged the leaves of the forest trees, there was a new grave made, and Gertrude slept by the side of her child.

A great sorrow rested in the heart of Charles Ris—. He was alone in the world; where she soon found herself with half a dozen soldiers clinging to a door, drifting down the deep and rapid current. Of these men there was not one that had the least self-possession, but a young soldier, boyish in years, but of manly heart, who lifted his voice in words of encouragement and advice. The other men who had faced death on the battle-fields and in rebel prisons, were as babies in that trying hour. They wept aloud, and the waters echoed back their shrieks of utter despair. One of them crawled upon the door and remained there, to the imminent peril of the others, and despite their repeated remonstrances. Another, who observed that Mrs. Perry had on a life preserver, hastened to jump into the river, where she soon found herself with half a dozen soldiers clinging to a door, drifting down the deep and rapid current. Of these men there was not one that had the least self-possession, but a young soldier, boyish in years, but of manly heart, who lifted his voice in words of encouragement and advice. The other men who had faced death on the battle-fields and in rebel prisons, were as babies in that trying hour. They wept aloud, and the waters echoed back their shrieks of utter despair. One of them crawled upon the door and remained there, to the imminent peril of the others, and despite their repeated remonstrances. Another, who observed that Mrs. Perry had on a life preserver, let go of the door and grasped her arm, forcing her from the door under the water. She managed to shake him off and regain the door, he taking his place by her side again. The young hero of the hour here remonstrated with the other soldier, saying he was ashamed to see him thus cowardly, after having fought with him on worse than one battle-ground. But the other was too thoroughly overcome by fear to heed the remark, and having become separated from his companions he lost his way, and begged to share the rude hut with his newly made friend! This was readily granted. Their wallets were opened, and a frugal meal prepared and disposed of.

"And what brought you into the forest?" asked the horseman, as they sought the shelter of their hut.

"To search for rare botanical specimens, sir."

"And you find pleasure in roaming through these dark, old forests?"

"I do. There are but two things I love, besides the angel Gertrude and her serpent."

"You become romantic—and pray, what is the other thing you love?"

"Liberty, Sir, liberty, I love liberty as I love life."

The horseman's eye flashed at this remark—but concealing all emotions, he said—"Do you not love your King?"

"Where he is in favor of liberty, I love him; where opposed to it, I would assist in pulling him from his throne," and Charles Ris—stood erect as he spoke these words.

"You are a bold man, to speak such words—but I do not—I can not blame you."

At the first light of the morning the two were astir. Another scanty meal was prepared—the horse was baited; and preparations to depart were made. At this time the clattering of hoofs dashed into the presence of the two men. With head bare, and bowing low, one of them said, "Sir, we have been searching the forest all night for you—you may the Lord have preserved our Sovereign King! during the perils of the darkness."

"I am safe" replied the person addressed—"this friend has afforded me shelter—but then he loves liberty better than his King"—and, turning to Ris—he opened his coat, and exposed his "Star of office" which sparkled on his heart.

"Sir, Bavaria's King! is it you?" and Ris—lip trembled as he spoke the words.

"It is—I am your King; do you love me?"

"Yes I love you—but liberty better!"

"Shall we strike him down?" said the couriers.

"No," said the King, "strike down no man who loves liberty." Hushing him a purse of gold, he mounted his horse; and the King and couriers were soon lost to view in the forest.

There remains but little to be told. The glances of the courtiers told Ris—that Bavaria was no place for a lover of liberty—so bidding adieu to the graves of his lost treasures, he speedily embarked for America.

He located in the beautiful valley of the West Branch, which to him seemed so much like the Danube. He engaged in teaching, and we met him at the examination, and from his lips learned his story.

A third was then proposed, evidently adapted to call the most powerful feeling into exercise.

"Why were you born deaf and dumb, when I can hear and speak?"

"Never," said an eye-witness, shall I forget the look of resignation which sat upon his countenance, as he took the chalk and wrote:

"Even so, Father, for it seemed good in thy sight."

The Southeastern Gazette, England, reports that a young woman named Stevens recently had a difficulty with her lover, and attempted to commit suicide by jumping from a precipice on the coast, nearly six hundred feet high. She made the fearful leap from the top of the cliff, but her companion caught her in the shrubbery growing out from the rocks at a point about one hundred feet from the top, where the poor woman hung suspended.

The greater part of the day, making frantic efforts to tear herself loose, and complete the work of self-destruction. She was finally rescued by her lover, who was let down from the top by a rope.

Burying and Canning are the two apprentices of Despatch and Skill, but neither of them ever learn their master's trade.

Why are books like the best of friends? Because when they bore you, you can always put them up without offense.

Don't be extravagant. If the poor house has any terror for you, never buy what you don't need. Before you pay three cents for a jewel, buy a boy; ascertain whether you cannot make just as pleasant a pine, by whistling, for which nature furnishes the machinery. And before you pay fifteen dollars for a figured vest, young man, find out whether your lady love would not be just as glad to see you in a plain one that costs half the money. If she would not, let her crack her own walnuts, and buy her own clothes. When you see a man paying five dollars for a Frenchified toy, that a philistine Yankee baby will pull to bits in five minutes, the chances are five to one that he'll live long enough to realize how many cents there are in a dollar, and if he don't, he's pretty sure to bequeath that privilege to his widow.

"Well, Mr. Jones, perhaps you don't want to sell one of your cows, now, for nothing, anyway, do you?"

"Well, there, Mr. White, you couldn't have spoken my mind better. A poor lone woman like me does not know what to do with so many creatures, and I shall be glad to trade if we can fix it."

So they adjourned to the meadow. Deacon White looked at Roan—then at the widow—then at Brindle—then at the Dowing cow again, and so through the whole forty.

The same call was made every day for a week, but the deacon could not decide which cow he wanted. At length, on Saturday, when the widow Jones was in a hurry to get through her baking for Sunday, and had never so much to do in the house, as all farmer's wives and widows have on Saturday; she was a little impatient. Deacon Smith was as irresolute as ever.

"That here Downing cow is a pretty fair creature," said he, "but—" he stopped to glance at the widow's face, and then walked around her—not the widow—but the cow.

The Downing cow I knew before the late Mr. Jones bought her." Here he sighed at the allusion to the late Mr. Jones.

She sighed, and both looked at each other.

It was a highly interesting moment.

"Old Roan is a faithful old milch, and so is Brindle, but I have known better."

A long stare succeeded his speech; the pause was getting awkward, and at last, Mrs. Jones broke out—

"Lord, Mr. White, if I'm the cow you want, do say so!"

The intentions of the deacon and the widow were published the next day.

**An Affecting Story Spoiled.**

Sergeant Humiston, who it was supposed exiled on the field of Gettysburg—who was the hero of the celebrated Gettysburg Photographs, of a very fine poem by James G. Clark, and of innumerable affecting newspaper articles—returned to his home and family at Portville, Cattaraugus county, New York, recently, having been confined, as the Orleans Times learns, as a prisoner in one of the Southern prison pens, and but lately released. The Gettysburg incident as related, it will be remembered, was substantially, as follows:

A lady passing over the Gettysburg field after the battle discovered the lifeless form of a soldier, who had apparently expired, with his last gaze riveted upon the miniature likenesses (still firmly held in the stiffened hand) of two little children, the "loved ones" at home. The likenesses were secured, but with no clue to the names of either the soldier or the subjects of the pictures. The pictures were, we believe, copied by the illustrated paper and finally identified as those of the children of Sergeant Humiston, of Portville. We are informed that the family of the now resurrected Sergeant have been considerably benefitted pecuniarily by the sale of photographs, through the great publicity given to the affecting incident. Is not the Sergeant unwise to relinquish, so easily, a fame and a spoil such a touching story by returning to this life?

Precisely how much of fact, of mistake, and of humbug are mixed up with the whole affair we are at present unable to determine.

**A Snake Story.**

Here is a snake story, located in Brazil.

which rather "takes down" everything of home manufacture. It is well known that snakes are fond of milk. There was once a snake not exempt from this weakness of his fellow reptiles, which hit upon the following ingenious expedient to gratify its taste.

It visited a room in which a black nurse and her nursing slept, and every night his snake would creep into the bed, uncurling to insert the tip of its tail into the baby's mouth to amuse it and prevent its crying, while the hideous reptile substituted itself for the infant, which thus deprived of its natural food, the nurse sleeping on, unconscious of having such a monstrous nursling.

This went on for some time, until the infant, being thus cheated of half its allowance, became so thin that suspicion was excited, and an old negro was set to watch the nurse at night—the delinquent was caught in the act, and expiated its offence with its life, while the poor baby, being no longer kept on a short comatose, recovered its strength and grew fat and fat.

**FASHIONABLE TALK.**—A lady thus addressed her servant in the presence of a fashionable party:

"Mary, relieve that burning luminary of the supercilious dross that it bears upon her forehead."

"Ma'am," said Mary, confused at what her mistress could mean.

"Take," said the lady, "from that luminous body its superabundant weight of coquetry."

"Ma'am," repeated Mary.

"Suffit that candle, you hussey, you exclaimed the lady in haste.