

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



TAXING BACHELORS.

Tax them, tax them, tax them all,
With an income great or small—
Tax their mortgages and rents,
On each dollar sixty cents;
That's the toll they ought to pay,
For wearing out the "Bachelor's way."
So they'll cry instead of laugh,
Mourning for the "better half."

Tax them for the vows they've made,
Tax them for their vows unpaid—
For the drafts they've drawing still
On their conscience and their will;
Tax them for the debts they owe,
To young Cupid and his bow,
For the use of silver darts
And the lean of "treacherous arts."

Tax them for the precious time
Spent in writing silly rhyme,
To the fair, deluded girls,
Lost in blushes and in curls—
Tax them for dishonor paid
To the sunlight and the shade—
Swearing they were truer far
Than a sunbeam or a star.

Tax them for their wasted years,
Tax them for the bitter tears
Drawn from eyes that once were bright
With a soft, confiding light—
For the checks they've made so pale—
For the deep, pathetic wail,
Breathed from hearts that must endure
What no surgeon's art can cure.

Tax them for the hopes they've crossed,
Tax them for the dollars lost,
Buying elixir-and-balm,
Meant to keep the spirits calm;
When the lady fondly thought,
The "confession" would be brought,
And the lover with his hand,
Would bestow his house and land.

Tax them for the wood and coal
Used to warm their chilly soul,
Tax them for the cakes and pies
Made to charm the lover's eyes—
And for coal oil tax them well,
Oh, the gallons! who can tell?
That have burned, and burned in vain,
To secure a faithless swain!

Tax them for the countless threats,
Made by mothers to their "pets,"
When the months would pass away,
And the lover "name no day;"
Tax them for the "wifely smart,"
That was felt about the heart,
When the last frail beam had gone,
And the lady weeps alone.

Yes, I'd tax them one and all,
With an income great or small—
Tax their mortgages and rents,
On each dollar sixty cents;
Till their transient steps should stray,
Calmly in the "married way"—
Then I would enjoy a laugh
With the "Bachelor's better half."

MISCELLANY.

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

[Correspondence of the Chicago Republican.]

JACKSONVILLE, ILL., October 24, 1865.

The facts which compose the following bit of romance in real life have recently come to my knowledge, and I have permission to publish them with the understanding that no names are given.

A well-to-do farmer of this county had a daughter who, besides being personally attractive, was well educated and possessed more than the usual amount of good sense. As a consequence she had many suitors—All but two of these she treated with no favor; but between these two it was impossible for her to choose.

She liked them both, but which she loved she could not tell. When the first call was made for three years' troops in 1861, these two men, together with the young lady's brother, enlisted in the same company—This event disclosed to her own heart; she accepted the man she loved, and on the morning he left for the field they were married. Her husband was the possessor of no little property, and before he left he made a will in her favor. While in the field a strong friendship bound these three men together, the rejected lover cherishing no ill feeling towards the husband of his love, or her brother. At the battle of Stone River, on the 2d of January, 1863, the company they were in was in the forefront of the strife.

When that terrible conflict was over, the husband was found with his head blown off, and was only recognized by a letter found in his pocket from his wife. The brother was missing, and the disappointed suitor was wounded so severely that his life was despaired of. She who was now maid and widow mourned with an almost breaking heart for her husband and brother. The wounded man recovered, but was unfit for further service and was discharged and came home. His affection was still true and firm, and the fact of his association with the lover and lost gave him a strong hold upon the sympathies and regard of her who had received the love of his life.

As month after month passed away, the wounds of her bleeding heart were partially healed, and at last she consented to become the wife of him she had once refused for a husband. She told him, however, that she

Ingratitude to Parents.

There is a proverb that—"a father can more easily maintain six children, than six children one father." Luther relates this story: There was once a father who gave up everything to his children—his house, his fields, his goods—and expected for this the children would support him; but after he had been for some time with the son the later grew tired of him, and said to him, "Father, I have had a son born to me this night, and there where your arm-chair stands the cradle must come; will you not, perhaps, go to my brother, who has a large room?"—After he had been some time with the second son, he also grew tired of him, and said, "Father, you like a warm room, and that hurts my head. Won't you go to my brother, the baker?" The father went, and after he had been some time with the third son he also found him troublesome, and said to him, "Father, the people run in and out here all day as if it were a pigeon-hole, and you cannot have your noonday sleep; would you not be better off at my sister Kate's near the town wall?" The old man remarked to himself, "Yes, I will do; I will go and try it with my daughter." She grew weary of him, and she was always so fearful when her father went to church or anywhere else, and was obliged to descend the steep stairs; and at her Elizabeth's there were no stairs to descend, as she lives on the ground floor. For the sake of peace the old man assented and went to the other daughter; but after some time she too became tired of him, and told him, "The water was too damp for a man who suffered with the gout, and her sister, the grave-digger's wife, at John's, had much drier lodgings. The old man himself thought she was right, and went to his youngest daughter Helen; but after he had been three days with her, his little son said to his grandfather, "Mother said yesterday to cousin Elizabeth that there was no better chamber for you than such a one as father Dig's." These words broke the old man's heart, so that he sunk back in his chair and died.

John Adam's Courtship.

John Adams sought the hand of the daughter of Rev. Mr. Smith, of Weymouth, and Miss Abigail was pleased to accept the proposal of Mr. Adams, much to the chagrin of the parson, the objection being that Adams was a man of humble origin and moderate ability, and could never aspire to anything more than the position of an humble village lawyer. His visits to her home were frequent and prolonged, but no hospitalities were tendered by the Rev. Smith, either to Adams or his nag; for while Abigail only had watchful care over him, his "bay" passed the weary hours of night in feeding on the hitching post.

Now, Abigail had a sister whose name was Mary, who was betrothed to a wealthy, and it was believed, more promising young man, whose presence was welcomed most cordially by the reverend's family.

The good parson had promised each of his daughters that on the occasion of their marriage he would preach a sermon from a text of the bride's own selection. Mary first married, and "beautifully appropriate" did the father think the text—"and Mary hath chosen that good part!" In due time Abigail married, and chooses for her text, "For John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say, he hath a devil." Tradition does not tell us as we remember, how the text pleased the father, but the sermon was preached—Mary, indeed, chose a good part; her life was a happy one, and her husband was a man of means and respectability. Abigail was a woman of strong affections, a practical wife, and possessed of great nobility of character, while the names of her husband and son will live as long as the love of liberty inspires the soul of man.

Imaginary Ills.

In confirmation of the oft-repeated fact, that a man frequently suffers as much from imaginary evils as real ones, we extract the following paragraph from a country paper:—A New England farmer started one very cold day in winter, with his sled and oxen into the forest, a half mile from home, for the purpose of chopping a beam of wood. Having felled a tree he drove the team along side and commenced chopping it up. By an unlucky hit he brought the whole weight of the axe across his foot, with a side-long stroke. The immense gash so alarmed him as to nearly deprive him of all strength. He felt the warm blood filling his shoe. With great difficulty he succeeded in rolling himself on to the sled, and started the oxen for home. As soon as he reached the door, he called eagerly for help. His terrified wife and daughter, with much effort, lifted him into the house, as he was wholly unable to help himself, saying his foot was nearly severed from his leg. He was laid carefully on the bed, groaning all the while very bitterly. His wife hastily prepared dressings, and removed the shoe and sock, exposing to view a desperate wound, when lo! the skin was not even broken. Before going out in the morning, he wrapped his feet in red flannel, to protect them from the cold; the gash laid this open to his view, and he thought it flesh and blood. His reason not correcting the mistake, all the pain and loss of power which attends a real wound followed.

Who are your Companions.

It is said to be a property of the tree-frog that it acquires the color of whatever it adheres to for a short time. Thus, when found on growing corn, it is commonly of a dark green. If found on the white oak, it assumes a color peculiar to that tree. Just so with men. Tell whom you choose and prefer as companions, and we certainly can tell you who you are like. Do you love the society of the vulgar? Then you are already debased in your sentiments. Do you seek to be with the profane? In your heart you are like them. Are jesters and buffoons choice friends? He who loves to laugh at folly is himself a fool. Do you love and seek the society of the wise and good? Had you rather take the lowest seat among those than the highest among others? Then you have already learned to be good. You may not have made very much progress, but even a good beginning is not to be despised. Hold on your way and seek to be the companion of those that fear God. So you shall be wise for yourself, and wise for eternity.

LOVE OF LIFE.

With the exception of a few reprobates and free-thinkers, every body wishes to go to Heaven; but the most enthusiastic of us all, if he had the choice, would consent to go there as late as possible—This perverse disposition to extend life beyond that period in which the faculties begin to decay, like that of children, who having eaten the apple, apply themselves voraciously to devour the pining, is anything but rational; yet so it is, we cling with close earnestness to the rickety tenement as its dilapidation increases; and we are never so anxious for a renewal of the lease as at the very moment when the edifice is crumbling about our ears.

Patrick Henry, born 1736; died 1799.

MEMORY AND HOPE.

Oh at the hour when evening throws
Its gauzy shades o'er hill and dale,
While half the scene in twilight glows
And half in sunlight glories still;
The thought of all that we have been,
And hoped and feared on life's long way
(Remembrances of joy or pain)
Come mingling with the close of day.
But, soft o'er each reviving scene
The chast'ning hues of Memory spread;
And smiling each dark thought between,
Hope softens every tear we shed.
O, thus, when Death's long night comes on
And its dark shades round us lie,
May parting beams from Memory's moon
Blend softly in our evening sky!

The Working Man.

He is the noblest man of whom our free country can boast; whether at the workshop or at the plow, you will find him the same noble-hearted, free and independent being. And if there is a man in society upon whom we look with esteem and admiration, it is the independent sober working man. We care not whether he be a farmer, mechanic or common laborer—whether his tools are engaged in the workshop, the field or the coal mine—whether his home is in the backwoods or the neat cottages—our admiration is the same. What a happy picture he presents; what a reward for his labor, who, by his own unaided exertions, establishes for himself a respectable position in society; who, commencing in poverty, by his skill and assiduity, surmounts every obstacle, every prejudice, and finally succeeds in forming a character whose value is enhanced by those who come after him. Such a man we prize as the noblest work of which nature is capable—the highest production she can boast.—And let it be borne in mind by the young working man just entering upon the stage of life—let it ever lie at the foundation and be the moving spring of all his efforts—that for this situation he must strain every nerve to attain. It can be attained by a! Untiring industry and virtuous ambition never fail to find their reward—they never yet were ousted in rain, and never will be with honesty and justice had a home in the human breast.

Our Country.

Every citizen North and South, East and West, may take pride in saying "this is my country," and give thanks for it to the Ruler of the Universe. Love of country is one of the primary divinely ordained sentiments springing up in every generous bosom like the love of kindness, the love of friends, the love of God. It is not necessary that the best country in the world—that its features should be more grand, its mountains higher, its lakes larger, its rivers longer, its minerals richer, its fields more productive, its Government better, its people more free, and its properties in every way exceeding the best of other lands, for us to love it. We might love it better and more ardently if it were more excellent; but we should love it, and be thankful to God for it whether, compared with others, it were excellent or not.—Charles Lamb says: "It matters not to tell us how many mothers in the world there are better than mine: She is my mother; that suffices for me." So our country is our mother. We are made of her dust by God, who is our Father. We are but unnatural children when she is not dear to us.

And yet so far as physical properties are concerned, our country does excel. She has the freshness and vigor of young life compared with the worn out countries of the East. They have had there morning and their noon of glory and are now in their decay.

OUR MARTYRS.—On a sandy plain, in the midst of a pine forest bounded by a murky swamp, there is a pit filled with dead men's bones, unnumbered, uncounted, unnoticed, unrecorder, unnoted, without sculpture or the sacred rights of burial. By thousands, not dead by the bullet, nor stricken by disease from the hand of God—starved to death with the cruel torture of hunger, amid scant plenty that an army of six myriads with its cattle and horses, could subsist on the surplus provision of the country in a rapid march past Andersonville—or murdered with frost under the shadow of the fat pines, which sang sad requiem to their memories, as the winter winds moaned through the branches, whose very sighing called up in frenzy the happy homes and warm hearts of the North to the wandering minds of the dying martyrs.—G. B. Butler.

Who are your Companions.

It is said to be a property of the tree-frog that it acquires the color of whatever it adheres to for a short time. Thus, when found on growing corn, it is commonly of a dark green. If found on the white oak, it assumes a color peculiar to that tree. Just so with men. Tell whom you choose and prefer as companions, and we certainly can tell you who you are like. Do you love the society of the vulgar? Then you are already debased in your sentiments. Do you seek to be with the profane? In your heart you are like them. Are jesters and buffoons choice friends? He who loves to laugh at folly is himself a fool. Do you love and seek the society of the wise and good? Had you rather take the lowest seat among those than the highest among others? Then you have already learned to be good. You may not have made very much progress, but even a good beginning is not to be despised. Hold on your way and seek to be the companion of those that fear God. So you shall be wise for yourself, and wise for eternity.

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Patrick Henry, born 1736; died 1799.

Care for the Eyes.

Avoid reading by candle or any other artificial light.
Reading by twilight ought never to be indulged in. A safe rule is—never read after sundown, or before sunrise.
Do not allow yourself to read a moment in a reclining position, whether in bed or on a sofa.
The practice of reading on a horse-back, or in any vehicle in motion by wheels, is almost pernicious.
Reading on steam, or sail-vessels should not be largely indulged in, because the slightest motion of the page or your body alters the focal point, and requires a painful, straining effort to readjust it.
Never attempt to look at the sun while shining, unless through a colored glass of some kind; even a very bright moon should not long be gazed at.
The glare of the sun on water is very injurious to the sight.
A sudden change between bright light and darkness is always very pernicious.
In looking at minute objects, relieve the eyes frequently by turning them to something in the distance.
Let the light, whether natural or artificial, fall on the page from behind, a little to one side.
If the eyes are matted together after sleeping, the most instantaneous and agreeable solvent in nature is the application of the saliva with the finger before opening the eye. Never pick it off with the finger nail, but wash it off with the ball of the fingers in quite warm soft water.
Never bathe or open the eyes in cold water. It is always safest, best, and most agreeable, to use warm water for that purpose over seventy degrees.—Hall's Journal of Health.

Barrington's Double Character.

During the life of the notorious pick-pocket, Barrington, an alarm was raised in the box-lobby of Covent Garden Theatre, that he was in the house. The news spread from box to box. One gentleman had lost his snuff-box, another his watch, one lady her purse, another her smelling-bottle; in fact, everybody had lost, or said they had lost something. Behind Mrs. J. sat a gentleman in black, who with much politeness communicated to her this dreadful intelligence. "The villain!" said she snatching a sphenoid pair of brilliant earrings out of her ears, and putting them carefully into her pocket-book—"he shan't have my earrings, I promise."

When the play was over, Mrs. J. adjourned to a rout, and upon entering the drawing room flew up to her dear friend, and told her what an escape she had had of that horrid villain Barrington, felicitating herself that she had not lost her drops, and as she could now with perfect safety hang out her gems, she thrust her hand into her pocket, but changed color and started.
"He has them!" said she, in agony.
"Impossible," said her sympathetic friend. Alas! it was too true; and upon diligent inquiry, it appeared that the very gentleman in black who had so politely cautioned Mrs. J. against Barrington, was Barrington himself, who as soon as the lady had deposited her brilliants in her pocket, had skillfully-extracted them.

Why Don't You Learn a Trade?

This question was propounded in our hearing a few days since, to a young man who had been for several months unsuccessfully seeking employment as a clerk or salesman in one of our leading houses. Complaining of his ill-luck, one of his friends who knew he had a mechanical talent, but doubted whether he could make himself useful either as a clerk or salesman, put the interrogatory to him which we have placed as the caption of this article. The reply was that a trade was not so respectable as a mercantile occupation. Under this delusive idea, our stores are crowded with young men who have no capacity for business, and who, because of the fancied respectability of doing nothing, waste away their minority upon their salaries which cannot possibly liquidate their expenditures.
Late, too late in life, they discover their error, and before they reach the age of thirty, many of them look with envy upon the tidy mechanics, whom in the days of their boyhood they were accustomed to deride.—The false view of respectability which prevails so distant fashionable society of the present day, have ruined thousands of young men, and will ruin thousands more.

The Cholera.

Dr. Jordan, editor of the Indianapolis Gazette, who is represented to have been one of the most successful physicians in Cincinnati, in 1849, in the treatment of cholera, speaks as follows, in his journal, in reference to this terrible plague:
In all probability it (the cholera) will be here next year, and it may be early in the spring or summer. We have had some experience in the treatment of this dreadful disease, in 1849, in Cincinnati, as some of our readers will probably recollect, and we found one article of very great importance—that of precisely ash berries. We therefore, advise druggists everywhere to secure as many of these berries as they can, or at least a reasonable quantity. This can be done by letting the country people know about it, and they will gather them. Should the cholera come, we shall certainly want some of these berries. As to the manner of using them, it will be time enough to speak of that hereafter.

As flowers never put on their best clothes for Sundays.

As flowers never put on their best clothes for Sundays, and wear their spotless raiment and exhale their odor every day, so let your life, free from stain, ever give forth the fragrance of goodness.
Why is the assessor of taxes the best man in the world? Because he never underrates anybody.
Thomas Jefferson, born 1743; died 1820.

Truthfulness of a Hero.

It is related of Lord Nelson, that while walking one morning he met a little girl crying bitterly, and upon asking her what was the matter, she replied that she had broken her pitcher with which she had been sent for milk, and afraid she would be whipped when she returned home. Seeing that she sympathized with her, she held up the fragments and artlessly said, "Perhaps, you can mend it, sir." "No, I cannot do that," replied he, "but I will give you a sixpence to buy another with." On looking in his purse, he found he had no change, and said, "I cannot give it to you now, but if you will be here at this time tomorrow, I will meet you and give you the money." She went home comforted, and told her mother the story with such confidence that she was excused from punishment, on condition that the gentleman kept his word. Before the time came, Lord Nelson received a letter asking him to go to a distant place to meet a person whom he greatly desired to see.—He hesitated, and thought that such a trifle as giving a little girl a sixpence ought not to keep him away but then he had given his word and the little girl had implicitly relied upon it. No, he would not disappoint her, so he set down and wrote to his friend that "owing to a previous engagement," he should be unable to see him at that time. Such an incident adds lustre to the world wide fame of "one of England's most celebrated heroes."

Dutch Thunder.

A family in La Crosse, Wisconsin, have been missing stove wood, for several weeks past. On the return of one of the members of the family a few nights since, the cave was stated and Sunday night a very pretty stick of fuel was left with others on the wood pile. In the stick were two ounces of powder for safe keeping. Monday the stick was there—Tuesday the stick was there, and the laugh was getting on the man that fixed it. Wednesday morning the stick was gone.—Wednesday forenoon an explosion was heard in a house near by, and a kitchen window was spattered no paucal. On going to the spot a sight might have been seen. The stove had joined a piece of conference. A kettle of pork and cabbage shot up through the roof like an arrow. A dish of apples stewing on the stove gave the ceiling the appearance of California. A cat sleeping under the stove went through the broken window as though after the devil or a doctor. The cat has not been heard from since, but a smell of burnt cathair pervades that house very thoroughly. A flat iron was hoisted into a pan of dough—a chair lost three legs, the wood box looks sick, while the root of the house looks like a busted apple dumpling. The occupant of the ruins says:
"Such thunder never comes before or he puzs a lightning rod, py tam."

THrift and ACCOUNTABILITY.

Patrick, the widow Maloney tells me that you have stolen one of her finest pigs. Is that so?
"Yes, yer honor."
"What have you done with it?"
"Killed and ate it yer honor!"
"O, Patrick! when you are brought face to face with the widow and the pig on the judgment day, what account will you be able to give of yourself when the widow accuses you of the theft?"
"Did you say the pig would be there, your riverence?"
"To be sure I did."
"Well then, yer riverence, I'll say, Mrs. Maloney, there's yer pig."

A cat caught a sparrow and was about to devour it, but the sparrow said: "No gentleman eats till he washes his face." The cat, struck at this remark, set the sparrow down, and began to wash his face with his paw, but the sparrow flew away. This vexed puss extremely, and he said: "As long as I live I will eat first and wash my face afterwards," which all cats do even to this day.

Sam Slick tells us that if he were asked what death he preferred, as being most independent, he would answer, freezing, because he would then go off with a "stiff tupper lip."

A minister who had received a number of calls and could not hardly decide which was best, asked the advice of his faithful African servant, who replied, "Massa, go where de most double."

All men look to happiness in the future. To every eye, heaven and earth seem to embrace in the distance.

Josh Billings says, "When once axed if I believed in the final salvation of men, I sed yes, but let me pick the men."

A receipt for instantaneously removing superfluous hair.—Undertake to kiss a spunky woman against her will.

A darkey's instructions for putting on a coat were: "Put do right arm, den do left, and den gib one general convalusion."

Why is a sea-net instrument like the organ seat? Because it's often sounded.