

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics and Religion.

\$2.00 Per Year

VOLUME XIX

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 22, 1865.

NUMBER 27

POETICAL.



GONE HOME.

He stands in the door of his cottage—
Him with the silver hair—
Thinking of youth's lost summer,
When life seemed bright and fair.
The trees are folding their branches
Around that gray old roof,
And the sunbeam merrily-mingles
Its gold with their sombre woof.

He thinks as he stands in the doorway,
Of a sweet and pure young life
That he had fondly cherished—
His darling, trusting wife;
As he won her in her girlhood,
And praised her beauty rare;
And her silver laughter cheered him
When his soul was racked with care.

He thinks of the angels at midnight,
Stealing o'er the threshold stone,
Taking his treasure from him,
And leaving him all alone;
He thinks of the graceful willow
That waves above her form;
And wonders why he lingers,
Since the loved one is no more gone.

Twilight is fast approaching,
And closed is the cottage door;
He with the locks of silver
Will stand in its shade no more.
Like golden drops of music,
Like the echo of silver bells,
Through the trees the wind's low murmur
A tale of sadness tells.

Again in the watches of midnight,
Over that threshold stone,
Has the angel been with a message
To bear the old man home—
Home, where the bride is waiting;
Home, to that beautiful clime,
Where love shall outlive o'er time.

SOONER OR LATER.

Sooner or later the storm's shafts beat
Over my slumber from head to feet;
Sooner or later the winds shall rave
In the long grass above my grave.

I shall not heed them where I lie,
Nothing their sound shall signify,
Nothing the headstone's fret of rain,
Nothing to me the dark day's pain.

Sooner or later the sun shall shine
With tender warmth on that mound of mine;
Sooner or later, in summer air,
Clover and violet blossom there;

I shall not feel in that deep laid rest
The everted light fall over my breast;
Nor ever note, in those hidden hours,
The wind-blown breath of the tossing flowers.

Sooner or later the bee shall come,
And fill the noon with golden hum;
Sooner or later, on half-poised wing,
The bluebird's warble about me ring—

Sing and chirrup, and whistle with glee,
Nothing his music means to me;
None of these beautiful things shall know
How soundly their lover sleeps below.

Sooner or later, far out in the night,
The stars shall over me wing their flight;
Sooner or later, my dripping dew,
Catch the white spark in their sil'ent oaze;

Never a ray shall part the gloom
That wraps me round in thy kindly tomb;
Peace shall be perfect for lip and brow,
Sooner or later—oh! why not now?

MISCELLANY.

SABBATH OBSERVANCE.—The nations of the earth which now most respect the Sabbath, and most discourage labor, pastime, and mere amusements, during its sacred hours, are the freest, the happiest, the most prosperous, the farthest advanced in the progress of art, manufacture, and invention; and that the city of town or village, or community, of any Sabbath-respecting nation, which best keeps the Sabbath as a day of rest for body and mind, is abiding, and substantial; and that family, of any Sabbath community, which best observes it by quiet, by religious worship, and the performance of Bible duties, is the most substantial and respected and reliable in that community, while any individual member of a Sabbath keeping family who most spends the hours of that sacred day in meditation, in worship, and the prayerful reading of the Scriptures, will uniformly be found to follow a blameless life; to possess the respect and confidence of the whole community; and all men will know where to look for him, however evil may be the times, to wit, on the side of justice and right and liberty and law and sterling principle.

The great American Statesman, Daniel Webster, was right when he remarked of the press, "Small is the sum required to patronize a newspaper, simply rewarded its patron, I care not how humble and unpretending the gazette which he takes. It is next to impossible to fill a sheet with printed matter without putting into it something that is worth the subscription price."

A Father of many children says that the reason why babies always cry after waking from sleep, is because they are mad at themselves for having given their parents a few moments of quiet.

IN SEASON.

"I am very sorry I kept you waiting, Uncle," said George with a blush, as he took his seat in the carriage for a drive; I hope you have not been here long.

"Just thirty minutes," said the old gentleman, then carefully folding up his newspaper, he gathered up the reins and gave them a little admonitory shake.

"I am very sorry, indeed; but you see I was detained and could not get off before. He would have colored still deeper if obliged to explain the frivolous cause of his delay.

"If it could not be helped," said the other, "of course it is all right; but if it might have been avoided, why then it is another matter. Half hours are precious things, my boy, and you will find them so if you live long—Punctuality must be a young man's watchword if he ever hopes to make anything of himself or his opportunities. I had a young friend once in New Haven, who went into business for himself, just as you hope to next fall, but he had this standing failing, he was always a little behind.

I remember once he had need of a thousand dollars to make a payment on a certain day. He could have gathered it up easily enough if he had begun in time. But the day had arrived, and he was in a great perplexity. Still there was an easy way out of the difficulty. He ran round to an obliging neighbor, and borrowed the sum—for three days. Well, he felt quite at his ease after the bill was paid; and the three days slipped by thoughtlessly, and he was no more ready to pay the borrowed money than he was to pay the other. It could make no difference with the merchant, he was sure, and he hastened to him with abundant apologies.

"It will make no difference at all with me," said the gentleman blandly, "but it will make much difference with you."

"How so?" asked the other.

"I shall never lend to you again," he said; as politely as if it were a pleasant fact he was communicating.

I was young then, and I always remember the little circumstance, and have often been influenced by it. Poor E. did not succeed well. Business men will soon lose confidence in you, George, if you are not always as good as your word, and every one needs the good-will of his fellows. Perfect punctuality should be your least aim in this respect. You will lose untold amounts of time for want of it, and cause others to do the same. This is the worst kind of pilfering. Stolen gold can be got back, or replaced, but no power can bring a lost half hour. *Methodist Free Churches Magazine.*

The Shepherds of the Jura.

During the early spring, the valleys around the base of the Upper Alps furnish pasturage for large flocks. At a great altitude, and shut out from the light of the sun on all sides by the mountains, the herbage is of scanty growth, and as the season advances, soon becomes exhausted, so that the shepherds are forced to seek fresh pasturage farther up the mountain sides. Having found a suitable spot, they start with their flocks upon the toilsome ascent. Dark vales and yawning abysses have to be crossed, barren wastes and treacherous glaciers traversed; and as they advance on their journey, the wearied and way-worn flocks become discouraged, stray and lag behind, until they can neither be led nor driven farther. Then it is that the shepherd resorts to an expedient that never fails. He takes in his arms a little lamb from the flock, and holding it so that all can see, he climbs over the wastes of rock and ice to the sheltered fields of green beyond. The rest of the flock follow, lured onward by the bleating of that one little lamb. Finally, the goal is reached, where, in some cloud-encircled glen, Nature unfolds her emerald wealth, making summer seem but the more lovely from its icy surroundings.

What a lesson may be drawn from this artifice practised by the simple minded Swiss Shepherd. As we toil upwards and onwards in life's great journey, our pathway at times is rugged, steep, and lies through dark ravines, "where there is no light." We long again for the bright scenes that lie far below in the spring-time of our youth; but those pastures are exhausted—it cannot be. Before us lies "the dark valley of the shadow," but our spirits are faint, and footsore and weary we sink by the wayside. But,

"Let us be patient; these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial beneficence
Assume this dark disguise."

Then it is that our Good Shepherd takes from our flock one in whom is centred our brightest hopes and tenderest feelings, and carrying it before us, leads us onward to the bright realms above,—making light out of the darkness that intervenes, so that we no longer dread the shadows that encompass us. We seek but to reach those green fields in that Haven of Rest, where, safe from all harm, under the fostering care and guidance of our Shepherd, we are at rest, and eternal summer reigns.

Let us not murmur, then, at what seems to be a mysterious and unfathomable dispensation of Providence. If all below was permitted to be just as we could wish, and we were allowed ever to enjoy the society of those near and dear to us, we should be but illy prepared for the great hereafter. But in His wisdom, the Creator thus draws our thoughts towards heaven; thus paves the way for us, and leads us to desire better to prepare ourselves to meet again in His mansion those we have loved upon earth, and to fit ourselves to enjoy the manifold blessings he has promised to those that believe in Him, and walk in His ways.—*Moore's Rural.*

It is a mistake to suppose a man to be a mason because he wears a brick in his hat.

WESTERN LOYALTY.

[From a Special Correspondent.]
Mr. Editor.—Once more I sit down to scribble a short epistle for my dear "Record." As the weary traveler presses his aching feet to the burning sands of Sahara, and strains his longing eyes to behold the green oasis in the distance, so amid the din, care and turmoil of life, I long and pray for so welcome a friend as the "Record." Just, magnanimous and free, it can never be degraded, while its independence and candor will ever command the respect of friend and foe.—Would that I could say as much for all our public journals. Forgetting principle and common decency, many of them, in their inordinate lust for gain, have in the last four years of our trials and struggles, proved untrue to their country and their flag, while thousands in the base stupidity of blissful ignorance, still sing hosannas to their tergivers. Like the ghost of the murdered Banquo, they still declare:

"Thou canst not say I did it,
Never shake thy gory locks at me."

But instead of accepting things as they are, and according justice to the poor race which has been freed by the eternal edict of Jehovah, they raise their hands in holy horror and exclaim, "they are going to let the Nigger vote."

What an innovation! what sacrilege!—What do these anti-reformers fear! Do they fear that the boasted superiority of the Anglo-Saxon blood will die out before the light of the Bible and the ballot box? Do they fear that the elevation of the oppressed will be the degradation of the oppressor. Surely they must feel that the Proclamation which "lets the oppressed go free," has struck the death-knell of their hopes, and that "Copperheadism, that vile heresy, concocted in sin, brought forth in iniquity, and baptized with innocent blood, will never again have so staunch a pillar, as it once had in the shackles of four million bondmen!"

I have a letter in my possession, written by a precocious youth of this State to a relative in Maryland, which I think will bear publication, as it exhibits all the characteristics of a pitiable specimen of degraded humanity, reared in the gloom of Egyptian darkness, and fed alternately, on literature and abolitionists. I will give you a few extracts and you can draw your own conclusions.

"Cousin R.—I received your letter quite a while ago and I do not think it has been answered yet by any one of us and as there were certain little epithets in it intended for me at least I took them as such I thought I would take the liberty to reply to them, you say you will give me gas direct from the abolition gizzard in truth I do not care about hearing you expound your compound of gas and gizzard for that certainly is what your party is founded, I prefer the more substantial basis of secession heart and brain, which your party certainly does lack by the way they have governed the last four years and gas gizzard and bestial ferocity are certainly the principal elements of your party. Judging by the confiscation extermination and amalgamation proclamations issued by your man of wax for like unto it he was turn him any way but the right way as long as he was warm, but greater than the unmarvelled fame of Washington he due unto him who cooled him off so that he could not be handled by those veal-stemmen that surrounded him in that house (yes) the Capital who as a dark and abominable den of treason and oppression (for money) such was honest Abe, and the way they treated the immortal Booth shows that your party possesses the gizzard of a Vulture as well as the bravery of Wolves and the way that your mercenary legions overrun burnt and destroyed the crops and improvements of the south murdered the men ravished the women in a way that they outbraved Billy (intended for "Sylla" I presume) of old shows that your party is in possession of the most odious and unmitigated ferocity that ever filled the breast of man, and in your letter you said that you hoped that I had turned over to your party fallacious hope do you think that I am void of the principles of a civilized youth or do you think I am as venal and weak minded as these who have turned over."

"You also said that they were going to hang Davis O do you think so O do you not want them to hang Lee too and Johnston and would you not like to have seen them hang Mistress Suratt and the others and among them the would be Assassinator of Seward, NEVER DID MAN BECOME A MARTYR TO MOTIVE MORE PURE THAN HE!"

These extracts will serve to show the tenor of this precious document. I have taken the liberty to emphasize the most important enunciations of treason, well knowing, that if this should meet the eye of its author, he will be pleased with the notoriety accorded him. Tazewell county certainly requires a Freedman's Aid Society. Let the philanthropic rally, and save this beautiful prairie State from the threatened inundation of pagan darkness. I tremble for my country when I remember that such youthful traitors as this, while enjoying the blessings of a free government and the protection of her starry flag, should attempt, with weak but willing arm to strike her to the heart, and tarnish the co-eternal fame of her best and bravest sons. Such ingratitude has its just reward in the halter, and if it is so sweet to die a martyr, this rabid youth should be made to share the immortality of the "immortal Booth." But Heaven pities devils, and why should not we, the outcroppings of a like parentage! We do pity this poor slimy worm of treason, hatched in the cradle of Egyptian bombast and superstition, but when we read his essay on "immortal traitors," we are reminded of that spirit which was hurled from the battlements of Heaven down to the lowest strata of hell because of rebellion, and as we contemplate the perjury

of the arch fiend, we are led to believe that his immortality cannot damage the reputation of his most humble votaries!

"Oh wretch! without a tear, without a thought, Save joy, above the ruin thou hast wrought.—The time shall come, nor long remote, when thou Shall feel far more than thou inflictest now, Feel for thy vile self-loving self in pain, And turn the howling in unplied pain. Oh, may the curse of crush'd affections light, Back on thy bosom with reflected blight, And make thee in thy leprosy of mind, As loathsome to thyself as to mankind." *BETA.*

No Innovations!

A good old Dutchman of our State was in the habit of sending his son 'Hans' to the mill every Saturday afternoon with a bag of grain.—This was slung across the back of old raw bones, a sorrel and sorry looking horse, and in order to make the bag maintain its balance, a large stone was put in one end of the bag, while the grain was pendant in the other. One day Hans had the task of getting the corn ready for the Mill, and by chance forgetting the stone, as he seized the bag the inclosed grain parted, and he found the load equally balanced on the back of Rawbones. Turning he spied the stone and examining the burden discovered that the load went quite as well without it as with it. In joy at his great discovery, Hans yelled at the old man, who was in the corn house—

"Fader! fader! come 'ere!"
"Vo't you want, Hans?" said the old farmer, coming out.

"Look here, fader! I've kot ter corn balanced in ter bag nitout ter sthone in one ont!"

The old gentleman looked at Hans' strange innovation, and in a voice choked with wrath at the presumption of the youth, said—
"Dake tat off! dake it off, put dat sthone in ter bag like it was before!—Yours grand fader went to mill mit a sthone in ter bag ter balance it, and your old fader too, and now you goes an' sets yourself up as you knows more dan both of 'em! I whips you, Hans, dake it off, an' put der sthone in ter bag!"

Hans did as directed, and with a monstrous pebble in one end of the bag, and the grain in the other, old Rawbones, went on his journey, and the world moved on.

SENSIBLE.—It is astonishing how sensible some people talk; but still more astonishing how few follow out the views enunciated by an exchange:

By taking your home paper you encourage home enterprise.

You get information concerning affairs in your own community, which you could not get through a paper from abroad.

It is the medium through which you advertise to the world the nature of the business in which you are engaged thus bringing it to knowledge of hundreds who would otherwise know nothing of it.

Through its columns you gain a knowledge of the business enterprise of other men—of opportunities for favorable investment, and of selling the products of your labor and enterprise to the best advantage.

Your home paper is an institution which the community cannot dispense with—an absolute necessity, which all admit should be sustained.

A WIDOW GETS A VERDICT OF \$10,700.—At the late term of the Court of Common Pleas of Chester county, Pa., a widow named Bailey sued the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for damages for the loss of her husband, alleging carelessness on the part of railroad employees. It appears that in September, 1864, Baily was returning with a number of other persons from a political meeting in Lancaster. The train, filled with passengers reached Pottsville towards midnight, behind time, and being on the north side, and the station house on the south side, Mr. Baily and a number of the passengers alighted from the cars, and were on the north track when some one discovered a locomotive coming up that track at full speed, and not many rods below. He gave the alarm and succeeded in getting the people all off except Mr. Baily, who was struck by the cow-catcher, tossed into the air, and fell with his head between the ends of two cross-ties, and was so much injured as to die from the effects of it next morning. The widow received a verdict of \$10,700.

ROMANTIC COURTSHIP.—I gave her a rose and gave her a ring, and asked her to marry me; but she cut them all back, insensible thing, and said she'd no notion of me. I told her I had oceans of money and goods, and tried to frighten her with a growl; but she answered she wasn't brought up in the woods to be scared by the screech of an owl. I called her a beggar and everything that was bad, I slighted her features and form, till at length I succeeded in getting her mad, and she raged like a ship in a storm. And then in a moment I turned and smiled, and called her my angel and all, she fell into my arms like a wearisome child, and exclaimed, "We'll marry this Fall."

BREAD FOR USE.—What is the chief use of bread? asked an examiner at a recent school exhibition. "The chief use of bread," answered the urchin, apparently astonished at the simplicity of the inquiry, "is to spread butter and jam on it."

An old settler, bragging to a new comer of the grazing land in his neighborhood, says it "yields two pounds of tallow to every square foot, and the cows come up with butter in one side of the bag and cheese in the other."

The woman who rushed to a soldier's arms has been sent to prison for having government property in her possession.

Mr. Nasby Suggests a Psalm of Sadness for his Friends South.

SAIN'T'S REST. (which is in the Stat of New Jersey) Sept. 12.

A SAN UV AGONY.

On the street I see a nigger!
On his back a coat of bloo, and he carry-eth a musket!

He is Provo Gard, and he haltech me; ez wuz hev'n authority.

And my tender daughter spit on him, and lo he arrested her, and she languisheth in the gard house.

My eyes doth dwell on him, and my sole is a arteshen well uv woe; it languisheth with grief

For that nigger wuz my nigger!—I bought him with a price.

Alas! that nigger is out uv his normal condition, he is a star out of its sphere, wich sweepeth thro' the politikal hev'ens—smashin' things.

Normally he wuz wuz gold and silver, now he is a nitemare.

Wotz me! I owned him, sole, body, sinocs muskels, blood, boots and britches.

His intellex wuz mine, and his body wuz mine, likewise his labor and the fruts thereof.

His wife was mine, and she was my concubine.

The normal results of the conkebinage I sold, combining pleasure and profit in an eminent degree.

And on the price thereof I played poker, and drank mint goolips, and road in gorgus charats, and wore purple and linn every day.

Wuz this niceguashun or nigger equality? Not any.

For she was mine, as my ox or my horse, or my sheep, and her increase wuz mine even ez was theirs.

Ablishin niceguashun elevates the nigger wrench to her level—I did it for gain wich degraded me muchly.

And when the wife uv my buzzum lifted up her voice in complaint sayin, "Jo I am abused—this little nigger resemblee thee!"

I halt the price uv the infant chattel wuz buy a diamond pin with wich to stop her jawz.

And my boys followed in my footsteps and grate was the mix, but profitable.

But my dream bustid.

The nigger is free, and demands wages whether she'll cleave to her husband, or be my concubine.

Yisterday I bade her come to me, and lo! she remarkt, "Go! way white man, or I bust yer head."

I and I gode.

Her children are free—they are mine, likewise; but I can't sell 'em on the block to the highest bidder.

Therein Lincoln sinned—he violated the holiest instincts of our nature; he interposed a proclamation between father and child.

We took the heathen from Africa, and was a making Christians 'uv 'em. Wo to him who stop us in our mishary work.

It is written—"Kin the Ethiope change his skin?" I wuz a changin it for him, and my fathers, and we had mellered it down to a white yaller.

Dark is my fucher.

I owed the grate Law uv Labor, ez I served in the army, by substitoot—now shel I have to stane my hands with labor, or starve?

In what am I better than a Northern mud-sill?

I kin git no more diamond pins for the wife of my buzzum, and she yawpeth continually.

Arrayed in homespun she wrastles with pots and kittles in the kitchen.

AN UNLUCKY DUTCHMAN.

Hillficker Snicksnacker, a Teuton ivender of sour-kraut, wooden combs crude 'cabbage, striped mittens, cotten suspensiors and such 'liddledings' with true patriotic zeal left his home in LaCrosse at the commencement of the war and enlisted as a slop grocer keeper behind the sutler's tent, on the Potomac. When he went away it was the intention of making some monish, if it took all summer and nobly did he fight it out on this line. Flow he done it is best told as he told it to us on his return last week.

You see Mr. Bumroy, der trum beets, und call coom to go to wars mit arms. Ise be patriotics much as Sheneral Washburn, or Sheneral Ourise, or Sheneral Bangs, or any dem Shenerals what lives to come home great mon. So I buys some tings, and gets some bapers from the War Committee and goes mit ter poys ter be patriotio and sell some liddle dings and make some monish.—I Ries my frow five ninteen dimes, und goes mit de war. I goes to Shambersburg und makes much monish.

Und day I poke my window un mine head to hear ter serenade, und dink of somodings, when I see Shonewall Shakson mit his droops und der big brass band coming down ter street playin like ter tyful on der brass band.

"Whos' bin here since Ish bin gone?"

Dat Shonewall Shakson is ter tyful mit fighting, und I puts my monish in mine pocket und mine liddle bapers in mine bag, und I goes so dere as never was to Gettysburg.

Und dere I opens some more sthore und sells some more liddle dings.

Und un day I hears men un der horse-back riding down der sthreat like dunder, und dan I pokes der winder und mine head und looks myself up der sthreet, und dors goomes dat tyful Sheneral Shonewall Shakson, playin dat same old tuuc as I heard before.

"Whos' bin here since Ish bin gone?"

Den I make mine monish goins in ter mine pockets, und makes mine bag goome inter bapers, und puts mine sign on ter pig store on der corner, so I losses more gooms as I had not got, und dings I go to Wisconsin to see mine vrow—us I haunt seen dese two years, so long time as never was.

Den I goomes home, und knocks und der door, und my vrow she make talk und tell me "whose der?"

Den I say "Hillficker Snicksnacker," und she knows dat mine name, und she make herself gooms out of ter house, und give me nine, seven times kiss on mine face so good as never was.

Den, Mr. Bumroy, I loks mit mine eyes, und I sees some dings! And so I ask mine vrow if she be no married, why she makes so much grow, when I be gone mit der wars und I gets mad as ter tyful, und den I think of dat tann Sheneral Shonewall Shakson und his pig brass band, und I sings:

"Whose' bin here since Ish bin gone."

Und now, Mr. Bumroy, somebody makes trouble mit me, for Ish been gone two years, und I know some dings, I goes pack mit ter war und I sings dat tann Shonewall, Shakson song all ter way.—*La crosse (Wis.) Democrat.*

QUEER MATRIMONIAL FREAK.—A letter from a citizen of Livingston county, Ky., to the Danville Tribune, relates the following bit of family history in that neighborhood:

"A widow lady took an orphan boy to raise, quite small, and when arrived at the age of eighteen, she married him she then being in her fiftieth year. They lived many years together, happy as any couple. Ten years ago they took an orphan girl to raise. This fall the old lady died, being 96 years of age, and in seven weeks after, the old man married the girl they had raised, he being 68 years old, and she 18."

"Dr. Parson," said a gentleman to the great "Greecian," with whom he had been disputing, "Dr. Parson, my opinion of you is most contemptible."

"Sir," returned the doctor, "I never knew an opinion of yours that was not contemptible."

"My dear Polly, I am surprised at your taste in wearing another woman's hair on your head," said Mr. Smith to his wife.—"My dear Joe, I am equally astonished that you persist in wearing another sheep's wool on your back. There now!" Poor Smith was floored!

Many persons have their best society in their own hearts and souls—the purest memories of earth and the sweetest hopes of heaven; their loneliness cannot be called solitude.

FAME.—Of present fame think little and of future less; the praises that we receive after we are buried, like the posies that are strewed over our grave, may be gratifying to the living, but they are nothing to the dead; the dead are gone, either to a place where they hear them not, or where, if they do, they will despise them.

At a picnic, while the party were refreshing themselves over the eatables, an old maid called for a strong cup of tea for a lady without milk.

A writer in Blackwood says: When people want to speak of a native of Holland they call him an Amsterdam Dutchman, but when they speak of the German race generally, they leave out the Amster.

Why are swindlers like flees? Because they peck-you-late (peculate).

The Japanese say, "The tongue of woman is her sword, and she never lets it get rusty for want of using."

Those who are most anxious to learn our affairs are generally the persons from whom we should be most anxious to conceal them.