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By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



THE MEN WHO FELL AT BALTIMORE

April 19, 1861.

BY JOHN W. FORNEY.

Our country's call awoke the land
From mountain height to ocean strand,
The Old Keystone, the Bay State, too,
In all her direst dangers true,
Resolved to answer to her cry,
For her to bleed, for her to die;
And so they marched, their flag before,
For Washington, through Baltimore.

Our men from Berks and Schuylkill came—
Lehigh and Mifflin in their train;
First in the field they sought their way,
Hearts beating high and spirits gay;
Heard the wild yells of fendiash spite,
Of armed mobs on left and right;
But on they marched, their flag before,
For Washington, through Baltimore.

Next came the Massachusetts men,
Gathered from city, glade and glen;
No hate for South, but love for all,
They answered to their country's call,
The path to them seemed broad and bright;
They sought no toeman and no fight;
As on they marched their flag before,
New England's graves through Baltimore.

But when they showed their martial pride,
And closed their glittering columns wide,
They found their welcome in the fire
Of maddened foes and demons dire,
Who, like the fiends from hell sent forth,
Attacked these heroes of the North,
These heroes bold, with travel sore,
While on their way through Baltimore.

From every striding den and street,
They rushed the gallant band to meet—
Forgot the cattle they came to save—
Forgot that those they struck were brave—
Forgot the dearest ties of blood
That bound them in one brotherhood—
Forgot the flag that floated o'er
Their countrymen in Baltimore.

And the great song their son had penned,
To rally freemen to defend
The banner of the stripes and stars,
That mark the victorious all our wars,
Was laughed to scorn, as madly then,
They greeted all the gallant men
Who came from Massachusetts shores
To Washington through Baltimore.

And when, with wildest grief, at last,
They saw their comrades falling fast,
Full on the hell hounds in their track
They wheeled, and drove the cowards back.
Then, with their hearts o'erwhelmed with woe,
Measured their progress, stern and slow;
Their wounded on their shoulders bore
To Washington, through Baltimore.

Yet while New England mourns her dead,
The blood by Treason foully shed,
Like that which flowed at Lexington,
When Freedom's earliest fight begun,
Will make the day, the month, the year,
To every patriot's memory dear.
None of great fathers gone before,
They fell for right at Baltimore!

As over every honored grave,
Where sleeps the "unreturning brave,"
A mother sob, a young wife moans,
A father for his loved one groans,
Oh! let the people ne'er forget
Our deep enduring, lasting debt
To those who left their native shore
And died for us in Baltimore.

—Washington Chronicle, May 12, 1861

"That would be a pity, certainly," said Matilda, in a lively strain, "for I should have to take in washing, or something of that kind, to support myself, and I have such an appetite!"

"Mr. Parker smiled in spite of himself, and evidently looked upon his niece as one who would readily yield to his expressed will.

"One question more, uncle. Suppose he should not fancy your humble niece, and conclude to pay his addresses elsewhere?"

"I would never speak to the puppy again."

"And you wouldn't disinherit me then, uncle?"

"Of course not, you gypsey. It wouldn't be your fault."

"It would be mortifying to have him reject me," said Matilda, demurely. "Is there anything he particularly dislikes in a woman, do you know?"

"I once heard him say he couldn't bear a literary woman," said her uncle, after some reflection. "All sorts of strong-minded women are his aversion. But then you know, Matilda, you are not strong-minded."

"Thank you, uncle, very much. That is as much as to say I am weak-minded."

"No such thing, you gypsey. But there's one thing more I have to tell you, and that is, that I am called away to New York by business, which will detain me the full length of his stay. So you will have to entertain him yourself. Mind and play your cards well, and I shall expect to find the marriage day fixed when I return."

"O dear, what shall I do with the horrid man for a whole week?"

"I dare say you will be dead in love with him by the time I get back. You may remember me to him when he arrives, and tell him how much I regret not being here to welcome him."

That night Matilda kept awake for some time, concocting a plan which might offend the prejudices of the expected visitor, and throw the burden of a refusal upon him. For she well knew that if he once proposed, her uncle would be seriously angry if she rejected him, and very possibly would carry out the threat to which he had given utterance.

It was about twelve o'clock the next day, that a tall young man, of serious aspect, ascended Mr. Parker's front steps, and rang the bell. He was ushered into the drawing room, where after waiting half an hour, he was joined by Matilda.

The young lady was by no means looking her best. Her hair was loosely arranged, her collar was awry, and there was a very prepossessing stain of ink upon her finger.

"Mr. Jenkins, I presume," she remarked.

The gentleman bowed and looked curiously at his entertainer.

"And I presume I am addressing Miss Parker?"

Our heroine inclined her head in the affirmative.

"I hope your respected uncle is well?" said Stephen Jenkins, in the measured tone of a young man who was old beyond his years.

"I would not marry such a stiff old poke for the world," was the not over complimentary reflection of Matilda.

"My uncle regrets very much not being able to meet you," she said, in answer to his question, "but he is called away to New York by business. I trust, however, that I shall be able to entertain you."

"That I do not question," said the visitor with a slow attempt at gallantry.

"I'm inclined to think he will before he goes," thought Matilda.

Looking at her fingers, she remarked composedly, as if she, for the first time, observed the stain of ink, "I hope you will excuse the appearance of my fingers, but I have been writing all the morning, and I couldn't remove all traces of the ink."

"You were writing letters I presume?" said Stephen.

"O, no! not at all, I was writing an article on 'Woman's Rights,' for the 'Bugle of Freedom.'"

Mr. Jenkins started uneasily.

"I suppose you are in the habit of seeing that paper," said Matilda.

"No," said he stiffly.

"Ah! you don't know what you lose. Composed and edited entirely by females. But perhaps,—"

Matilda interrupted herself to ring the bell.

"Jane," said she to the servant, "you may go up stairs and bring down a manuscript which you will find on my table."

"A what, ma'am?"

"A manuscript—a sheet of paper with writing on it. Poor Jane," she continued after the servant had gone out, "she would not be so ignorant, if man had not denied to us women the advantage of education which he claimed for himself."

By this time Jane had returned with the manuscript.

"If you like, Mr. Jenkins, I will read you what I have written."

Mr. Jenkins looked dismayed, but managed to utter a feeble—"O, certainly."

Matilda in an emphatic manner, began to read as follows:

"Mrs. Editor:—Permit me again to raise my voice in trumpet tones, against the despotic rule of man, over our down trodden sex. Enlightened as we are disposed to consider the present generation, is it not a disgrace, and a burning shame, that men should monopolize all the offices of honor and profit, and leave to his equal—shall I not say his superior, in point of intellect—only a few undesirable and laborious posts. What, I say, is the reason that men should take upon themselves to govern, and expect us meekly to submit to the yoke which they seek to impose upon us? Why should we not see a female in the chair of State, and—"

"This is all I had written, Mr. Jenkins, when you came," said Matilda, breaking off

from the reading. "You will easily understand the idea that I was about to develop, and I have no doubt, you will agree with me."

"Do you really think, 'Miss Parker,' that there should be no distinction in point of occupation between men and women?" exclaimed the sedate Stephen, horror-struck.

"Why should there be?" said Matilda, with spirit. "Do you doubt whether woman has an intellect equal to that of a man?"

"Is there a female Shakespeare?" asked Mr. Jenkins.

"Yes," said Matilda, promptly. "Did you ever read Mrs. Browning's poems?"

"I can't say I have," returned Stephen.

"Ah, then I shall have the pleasure of making you acquainted with her."

She rang the bell.

"Jane," said she "go up to my room and bring down the book you will find on the table."

Jane did so.

"We have an hour before dinner it seems," said Matilda, looking at her watch. "In what way can we better improve it, than by perusing together this noble monument of genius."

Mr. Jenkins looked terrified, but before he had time to raise any objection, Matilda had commenced.

"She read aloud faithfully for the hour referred to—it seemed three hours to the unhappy Stephen—who had not the slightest apprehension of poetry and description. He was quite delighted when the dinner bell rang, and so was Matilda in her secret heart.

"I am afraid," said she, "we shall have to rest from our reading till after dinner, but by commencing immediately afterwards we may get a quarter through by tea-time."

"How many pages are there in the poem?" the young man inquired hesitatingly.

"Only a little more than four hundred," was the encouraging reply.

The dinner proved to be not a very social meal. Matilda confined herself entirely to literary subjects, and evaded all attempts to change the topic.

"Good Gracious!" thought the young man, "and this was the young girl I was to marry. I'd as soon marry a dictionary, although she is pretty, but then she is a strong-minded woman! I should be talked to death in less than a month!"

Stephen Jenkins stopped two days; but at the end of that time, announced that he should not be able to remain longer. During that time the poor man had heard more poetry than ever before in his life, and had conceived a deadly hatred against the whole tribe of female authoresses, particularly Mrs. Browning.

"Where is Mr. Jenkins?" inquired Mr. Parker on his return.

"Gone, uncle," said Matilda.

"Gone! When did he go?"

"He only stopped a couple of days."

"Why he was to have stopped a week. What was the matter with him?"

"I think, uncle, he was disappointed in me," said Matilda, demurely.

"Did he leave no message for me?"

"Here is a note, uncle!"

Mr. Parker hastily broke open the missive, and read as follows:

"MY DEAR SIR.—In order to prevent misunderstanding, I ought to say that I do not think it will be well to adhere to the foolish compact, which was entered into some time since, with regard to my marriage with your niece. Though a very charming young lady, I don't think that our tastes are all congenial, and I hereby resign any pretensions I may be supposed to have had to her hand. Regretting not to have had the pleasure of seeing you,

"I remain, very respectfully,

STEPHEN JENKINS.

"Why, the puppy has had the audacity to resign his pretensions to your hand!" exclaimed the indignant uncle.

"Then can't I be married?" inquired Matilda in comical disappointment.

"Yes, you shall marry the first man that offers."

It was very remarkable, that on the very next day Edward Manly should have asked Mr. Parker's permission to address his niece—a permission which was at once accorded. The marriage took place within a few weeks, and I don't think he has ever repented marrying a strong-minded woman!

MAY MORNING.

BY MILTON.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May! that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire,
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

Last Trial of Fidelity.

An officer of the French army, during the reign of Napoleon, having incurred the suspicion or resentment of the Emperor, thought it expedient to abandon his country, and take refuge in one of the Austrian provinces, and there he became advised of and initiated into a society, the object of whose formation was to hurl to the ground the Colossus, whose arm smote and gorged the whole continent of Europe, with a scepter of iron. One day a letter was brought to him containing the usual signs and pass-words of the society, and requiring him to repair on the following night to a secluded spot in a forest, where he would meet some of his associates. He went, but found nobody. The orders were repeated four times; the officer thought the appointed place was no better success than the first. On the fifth night of his appointment at the rendezvous, after waiting some time, he was on the point of returning, when loud cries suddenly arrested his attention. Drawing his sword, he hastened to the spot whence they seemed to proceed, and was fired on by three men, who, on seeing he was un wounded, instantly took to flight; but at his feet lay a bleeding corpse, in which by the feeble light of the moon, he vainly sought for returning animation. He was yet bending over the dead man, when a detachment of chasseurs, summoned apparently by the noise of the pistols that had been discharged at himself, came up suddenly and arrested him as the assassin. He was loaded with chains, tried the next day, and condemned to die for his supposed crime. His execution was ordered to take place at midnight. Surrounded by the ministers of justice, he was led, at a slow pace, by the light of torches, and the ringing of bells, to a vast square, in the centre of which was a scaffold, environed by horsemen. Beyond these were a numerous group of spectators, who muttered impatiently, and at intervals sent forth a cry of abhorrence. The victim mounted the scaffold, and his sentence was read, and the first act of the tragedy was on the point of fulfillment, when an officer fell all a word of hope. An edict had just been promulgated by the Government, offering a pardon and life to any condemned criminal who should disclose the members and secret tokens of a particular association, the existence of which he a Frenchman, to whom these words were addressed, had lately become aware of, and of which he had become a member. He was questioned, but he denied all knowledge; they urged him to confess with promises of additional reward—his only reply was a demand for immediate death—and his initiation was completed.

All that passed was a terrible trial of fidelity. Those who surrounded him were members of the society, and every incident that has been described, from the summons to the last moment of expected death, was only a step in the progress of the fearful experiment by which they sought to determine the trust-worthiness of the neophyte.

Palestine.

One of the curious enterprises of the day is a project gotten up by some Maine people, for colonizing Palestine. The head of it is Mr. Adams, editor of a monthly paper called the Sword of Truth and Harbinger of Peace, who has applied to the Government at Washington to obtain from the Sultan a firm of protection for the colony. The National Intelligencer says:

"The colonists have already purchased a beautiful location for their first city or trading port, within ten minutes walk of Jaffa, the ancient Joppa." The location is situated in the midst of orange and lemon groves and pomegranate orchards; also surrounded with fig trees and grape vineyards. We understand they are building two vessels suitable for carrying passengers and freight.—The first vessel, with some 25 or 30 families, they purpose shall sail about the 15th of next July. The object is to get there just in time to put in crops of wheat and barley. They take with them their furniture, the materials for their houses, and all kinds of agricultural implements, and among them reaping machines and threshing machines.—Among those who go first will be carpenters, masons, cabinet makers, boat builders, school teachers, and merchants. One gentleman will build a large hotel to accommodate some of the 30,000 European pilgrims who annually visit Jerusalem by the way of Jaffa. They go there to become practical benefactors of the country and people—to introduce American agriculture, arts, science, and mechanism; and to help resuscitate that once glorious land, as they believe the time has now come to prepare the way for the restoration of the descendants of Abraham to the land of their fathers. Their purpose having their vessels run between Jaffa and this country, carrying lumber and other things to that country, and in return bring back hides, wine, olives, olive oil, dates, figs, lemons, oranges, and other kind of fruit and productions of the country."

Mrs. Partington asks very indignantly, if the bills before Congress are not counterfeit, why there should be so much difficulty in passing them?

THE SOUL'S LONGINGS

Fifteen years ago to night, a young girl knelt beneath the starry sky to pray, and the burden of her prayer was, that she might be endowed with the powers of a genius, that power might be given her to write, to give voice to the tumultuous feelings surging through her soul. This was all the boon she craved. She asked not for love, for wealth, or high estate, neither did she ask for fame; as yet, ambition had no place in her heart. She asked but for power to weave together the loose matter that was clogging up her heart, to write out its unwritten music, its glowing dreams and prophecies, and it was granted her.

"Will it bring her happiness?"

Years passed away. Again she knelt to pray. Her dark eyes, radiant with the light of genius, were fixed upon the distant heavens, her lips were half unclosed and her long dark ringlets fell over her uncovered shoulders; she looked like one inspired. Suddenly, the fair head was bent low, and her hand raised, with a kind of deprecating gesture, as if some sorrow had crept in upon her joy. Then folding her arms over her heart, she bowed her face in the dust of humiliation, and in broken words, exclaimed:

"Father, to be loved!"

"Ah! she is not happy! she craves the boon of love."

It was not enough that mighty power was given her over her own mind and the minds of others. She made her world apart from the world she lived in. She had won fame, and bejeweled her friends, and yet her woman's heart craved for love.

It was sad to see the fair young head bowed so humbly, to see that proud heart humiliated with the thought that the boon she craved so passionately, asking that, and only that, had failed to satisfy her heart. Again her prayer was granted.

The love of a noble heart was given her, a princely home, and the homage of a multitude. Will the love she had coveted fill her heart? Will love do more for the woman's heart than fame did for the girl's?

She had a happy home, sheltered in from the world's clamor and change—that far off world she thought so beautiful. Would that she could part the thick curtain that hung between it and her. She did so, and found that the beautiful colors it had worn at a distance had been wrought by her own brain.—She wished, then, that she had not peered beyond the curtain that had been so wisely hung between her and the world that seemed so fair, for she had gained more light and knowledge than was wise for her. She found out the fallacy of her early dreams; that love and truth were not the things they seemed; that happiness was a myth, and the "trail of the serpent was over them all."

Ah! her heart is yet unfilled! her soul unsatisfied.

And now, from white quivering lips, a new prayer arises. But this time she does not kneel, but bears it above in her heart, and, at last, when the wait grows unbearable, the trembling lips utter, passionately: "Give me children, O Father!"

A little life fluttered into existence—a sweet, pale blossom of wondrous loveliness. The blue of the violets was in its eyes, and the rose flush upon its cheek. There was a new delicious feeling in her heart, and her soul thrilled to the touch of those tiny fingers.

Was the want in her soul filled? had the babe's coming stilled its longings? Ah, no! something wanting—what could it be?

There came a night when the breath floated out from the babe's lips, and it went out to dwell beyond the perly clouds. Then there came hours of darkness and sorrow—afterwards there was light.

As the sick mother gazed upon the wee, waxen babe she had loved so well, she could scarcely believe and quiet herself" before him who had bereaved her. But even in the midst of her anguish, a new revelation dawned upon her. She saw that she had blindly followed her own will, regardless of His who created her. Every prayer of her life had been answered. Genius had been given her, and fame, and love, and more precious far than all, the sweet child love, which is surely a foretaste of Heaven.

Once more beneath the stars she knelt to pray; not the young girl of fifteen years ago, but a woman, weary and worn. The prayer this time is not for intellectual endowment, not for human love, nor fame, nor the patterning of children's feet, but faintly from white lips, came the words:

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow! Let thy love fill my heart, O Father! Thy love alone can satisfy the soul!—Take away all vain dreams, all strivings after earthly happiness, all bitter yearnings for human love! Let the prayer of my heart ever be, not my will, Father, but Thine, be done! Thy will, let it be done on earth as it is in heaven, now and forevermore!"

Lord! make me what Thou wilt,
So Thou wilt take
What Thou dost make,
And not disdain
To house me, though among
Thy coarsest grain.

A young married woman in Cincinnati, on Tuesday, shot herself whilst in a fit of temporary insanity to which she was occasionally subject. She was in bed with her husband and babe at the time of committing the deed, and her husband knew nothing of her intention until awakened by the report of the pistol. Recovering her senses as soon as the shot was fired, she confessed that before her marriage she had been seduced by her uncle, and was never herself afterward. She died in about two hours. Is that uncle alive?

The entire assets of a recent bankrupt was nine children. The creditors acted magnanimously, and let him keep them.

Signs of the Times.

Whenever you see a lady leading a poodle by a string through the streets it is a sign she has no children to bestow her affections upon.

When you see a man carry his head so high as to tip backward, it is a sign his brain weighs more in the region of self-esteem than in the intellect.

Whenever you meet a man or a woman who is ashamed to be caught at any respectable employment, it is a sign there is a very tender spot somewhere about the brain.

Whenever you see a couple sit at the table of a hotel, and try to attract attention by finding fault with every dish that is brought them, it is a sign they dine on cod-fish and salt beef at home.

Whenever you see a fashionable lady afraid to make the acquaintance of the wife of a respectable mechanic, it is a sign her father or her grandfather hood potatoes or hothouse for a living.

Whenever you see a man of wealth turn out of his way to avoid meeting a poor acquaintance, it is a sign he has nothing but wealth to recommend him.

Whenever you see a young man ashamed of his old-fashioned father, and mother, who have reared and educated him to the very best of their abilities, it is a sign they wasted their money on him. It would have paid them a better per centage in a bank.

Whenever you see a lady appear very devout in church, who is decked out in laces, feathers, flowers and flounces, it is a sign she thinks more of dress, than she does of prayer.

Whenever you see a dandy swelling through the streets, flourishing his cane and quizzing glass, it is a sign he has just brains enough to imagine you will see his glossy new hat, and not the long ears that fall beneath it.

Whenever you hear a man oppose female education, no matter how great his advantages may have been, it is a sure sign his own is partially deficient.

SINGULAR STORY.

An Ohio paper tells the following rather singular story:

Four days after the rebels fired on Fort Sumter, a son of Mrs. Duncan, of Mecca Ohio, enlisted for the war. He joined a Western regiment, and after being in several battles, was reported killed at the battle of Stone River. His body was brought home and interred. Afterwards intelligence was brought to the parent by returned Union prisoners, that her son was not dead, but in a rebel prison in Georgia. Other prisoners returning from there last spring, brought the sad news of his death to the sorely distressed family. When the war closed an opportunity was offered to penetrate the rebel lines, Mr. Duncan sent down and had his son brought home again and buried. Having had him buried twice, as was supposed, it was natural that they should be reconciled to their loss, but a few days ago their son Bub, in spite of wounds, and death, and funeral, came home "wreathed and hale," and is now enjoying the hospitality of the parental roof.

ANECDOTE OF DR. EMMONS.

A Pantheist minister met him one day and abruptly asked:

"Mr. Emmons, how old are you?"

"Sixty, sir; and how old are you?"

"As old as the creation," was the answer in a triumphant tone.

"Then you're the same age with Adam and Eve?"

"Certainly; I was in the garden when they were."

"I have always heard that there was a third person in the garden with them," replied the doctor with great coolness, "but I never knew before that it was you."

"You have lost your baby, I hear," said one gentleman to another.

"Yes, poor little thing! it was only five months old. We did all we could for it. We had four doctors, blistered its head and feet, put mustard poultices all over it, gave it nine calomel powders, leached its temples, and it died, gave it all kinds of medicine, and had it bled, after a week's illness it died."

"If you marry," said a Roman consul to his son, "let it be a woman who has judgment and industry enough to get a meal of victuals; taste enough to dress neat; pride enough to wash before breakfast; and sense enough to hold her tongue."

TOAST TO THE LADIES.

We append the latest toast to the ladies, which was got off at a recent public dinner:

"The ladies—May their virtues ever exceed the magnitude of their skirts, while their faults remain smaller than their bonnets."

Christianity is not a theory to be criticised so much as a life to be copied.

Which is the most profitable of business? The shoe, for every pair is sold before it is finished.

How many an enamored pair have courted in poetry and lived in prose.

In the march of life don't heed the order of "right about," when you know you are about right.

If brooks are as poets call them the most joyous things in nature what are they always murmuring about?

Features without grace are like a clock without a face.

Marriage without means is like a horse without his beans.

MISCELLANY.

FRIGHTENING A LOVER,

Or the Strong-Minded Woman.

"You have heard me speak of Stephen Jenkins, Matilda."

"Yes, Uncle."

"Well—another cup of tea if you please—he is coming here to-morrow, on a week's visit."

"You don't mean so, Uncle?" exclaimed Matilda.

"And why don't I, Miss Matilda? There is nothing to summon such a look of consternation to your face?"

"Because if he shouldn't happen to be agreeable—"

"Of course he is agreeable. At all events, it is desirable for you to find him so, since he is your prospective husband!"

"My prospective husband! What can you mean, Uncle?" inquired Matilda, opening her eyes in amazement.

"I thought you understood it. Your estates join, and it is eminently proper, therefore, that you should unite them by marriage."

"A very good reason, certainly," said Matilda, with a curl of the lip. "It makes little difference, I suppose, whether our dispositions are compatible or not."

"O, they will easily adjust themselves after marriage, and the two will make such a handsome estate."

"Suppose I shouldn't fancy him well enough to accept his proposals, uncle?" asked Matilda, demurely.

"If you should dream of such a thing as refusal, I should disinherit you. You are aware, I suppose, that all your property comes from me, and that I can, at any time, recall it."