

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

\$2.00 Per Year

VOLUME XXI.

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 6, 1867.

NUMBER 8

POETICAL.



LOST!

BY JAMES K. FITZBOY.

I have wept for beauty perished,
Though its wounds my heart has bled
I have mourned that idols cherished
Should be numbered with the dead;
Yet my tears and all my mourning
Were for things forever fled!

I have prayed that days departed
Might be summoned back again;
I have waited, weary-hearted,
For a glad surcease of pain!
Yet my prayers and all my vigils
Were, and ever must be, vain!

I have hoped that clouds might vanish;
That the rain might soon be o'er;
I have wished the sun might banish
These black shadows from my door;
Yet my hopes and all my wishes
Shall be granted nevermore!

Hopings, yearnings, aspirations—
Cherished children of my heart;
Are ye shadowy, vain creations!
Must ye come but to depart!
Joy!—O, how thou quickly fadest!
Life!—how sorrowful thou art!

HAPPY WOMEN.

BY PHEBE CARY.

Impatient women, as you wait
In cheerful homes to-night, to hear
The sound of steps that, soon or late,
Shall come as music to your ear.

Forget yourselves a little while,
And think in pity of the pain
Of women who will never smile,
To hear a coming step again.

Babies that in their cradles sleep,
Belong to you in perfect trust;
Think of the mother left to weep,
Their babies lying in the dust.

And when the step you wait for comes,
And all your world is full of light,
O, women safe in happy homes,
Pray for all lone souls to-night.

MISCELLANY.

A LITTLE TOO PUNCTUAL.

The hour was approaching for the departure of the New Haven steambot from her berth at New York, and the usual crowd of passengers, newsboys, fruit-vendors, cabmen and dock-loafers were assembled on and about the boat.

We were gazing at the motley group from the foot of the deck stairs, when our attention was attracted by the singular action of a tall brown Yankee, in an immense brown hat, chocolate colored coat and pantaloons, and fancy vest. He stood near the starboard saddle-box, and scrutinizing sharply every female that came on board, every now and then consulting his enormous bull's eye watch, which he raised from the debris of a capacious fob, by means of a powerful steel chain. After mounting guard in this manner, he dashed down the gang-plank and up the wharf, reappearing again on board almost instantly, expressing the most intense anxiety. This series of operations he performed several times, after which he rushed about the boat wildly, and hopelessly ejaculating:

'What's the time of day? Wonder if my repeater is fast? What's the Cap'n's? What's the Steward's? What's the mate's? What's the boss that owns the ship?'

'What's the matter, sir?' we ventured to ask him when he had halted a moment for breath.

'Hain't seen nothin' of a gal in a blue sun bonnet, with a Canton crape shawl (cost fifty cents), pink gown and brown boots, hec? Come aboard while I've been looking for the cap'n, at the hind part of the ship—have ye, hec?'

'No such person has come on board.'

'Tormented lightning!—she's my wife!' he screamed; 'married her yesterday! All her trunks and mine are aboard, under a pile of baggage as tall as a Connecticut steeples!—The black nigger says he wont hand it out to me, and I wont leave my baggage anyhow. My wife—only think of it—was to have come at half past four, and here it is now most five! What's become of her? She can't have e-loped! We haven't been married long enough for that. You don't think she's been abducted, do ye, Mister? Speak—answer—wont ye? Oh! I'm ravin' distracted. What are they ringin' that bell for? Is the old ship on fire?'

'It is the signal for departure—the first bell, the second bell will ring in four minutes.'

'Thunder, you don't say so! What's the Cap'n?'

'That gentleman in the blue coat.'

'The Yankee darts to the captain's side.

'Cap'n, stop the ship for ten minutes, will ye?'

'Can't do it, sir.'

'But ye must, I tell ye; I'll pay ye for it. How much will ye take?'

'I could not do it.'

'Cap'n, I'll give ye tew dollars,' gasped the Yankee.

The captain shook his head.

'I'll give ye five dollars and a half—and a half—and a half!' he kept repeating, and dancing about in agony like a mad bull.

'This boat starts at precisely five,' said the

MAJOR ANDRE.

One of the most melancholy incidents of the American Revolution, was the good yet unfortunate Major Andre. Tempted by the traitor Arnold, he thus committed a deed which brought him to his shameful end.

I will give the reader a short sketch of the plot, which, if it had succeeded, would have crushed America; and, at the present day, we, like Ireland, would be ruled by the English tyrant.

Benedict Arnold paced nervously his room, thinking of the dark deed which was about to take place.

'It is too late for repentance,' he exclaimed, 'the die is cast. The British messenger, Andre, is now here, and these letters and papers will unlock to him the strong fortress of the North.'

He was interrupted by a servant who informed him that a visitor wished to see him. The servant suspected that something was going wrong, and Arnold, to his great anger, saw it.

'Did I not give you leave of absence today?' he asked, in an angry tone of voice.

Arnold dismissed him, telling him to conduct the visitor to his room. Major Andre soon entered—the noble youth stood before the traitor, who was about to send him on an errand that proved his death.

We will not weary the reader with the conversation which passed between them; suffice it to say that the deed was done. But Andre, willingly would he give it up, but it was then too late. Alas, how sad these words—'too late!' The deed was urged on him, and prompted him. He had asked the hand of a lovely daughter of a proud father. It was refused by the father on account of his humble station. Yet he was bade to hope, and if the wild scheme succeeded, he would be the father's equal; for this reason he entered into this dangerous plot.

Major Andre started on his errand. He crossed to the eastern side of the Hudson, and proceeded towards New York by land. But alas for human hopes! Near Tarrytown he was stopped by three men by the name of Paulding, Williams and Isaac Van Wert. When Andre was arrested he was very indignant, and showed them Benedict Arnold's pass, and exclaimed:

'Here's my pass! Let me go!'

But they turned a deaf ear to his words as he wore a British uniform. After a little conversation they agreed to search him. Andre could not defend himself, therefore he allowed them. They were about to give up their search when one, more cunning than the rest, said he did not like the shape of the boot.

'It must come off,' he said. 'You appear to be faint; I'll help you.'

With this he drew off the boot, and several letters fell upon the ground. The letters informed them all they wished to know. Major Andre was their prisoner. He offered them gold to be released, but they heeded him not. They said as Gen. Reed said, 'Though we are poor, your king is not rich enough to buy us.'

'I honor and admire your noble conduct. It is useless to fight against a nation of such men as you! Alas! I must die shamefully. O ambition! fatal ambition! Destroyer of my honor and my life! Why hast thou lured me by thy deceitful light until I am fallen? I will die bravely. Lead on! I am ready!'

He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be executed. After the sentence, the officers of the court martial wrote to Gen. Washington for pardon, but their answer was as follows:

TO GEN. GREENE, AND THE OFFICERS OF THE COURT MARTIAL:

Gentlemen.—With deep regret I have perused the evidence produced on the trial of Major Andre, of his Britanic Majesty's forces, also your arguments in his favor, added to which a letter from the prisoner, replete with sentiments of feeling and honor; but the state of our distracted country requires that for the general welfare an example should be made of those who have allied themselves in treason with the traitor Arnold. Were he successful, what would be the result to our half-acquired liberties? Tyranny would again march forth, clothed in the gory habiliments of desolation, and all our cherished dreams of freedom, for which so many patriotic heroes have sacrificed their lives and fortunes, would vanish like a vision never to be recalled.

And though it grieves my soul to be the cause of human suffering—he must die! To soothe the excited feelings of the many warring hearts, the occasion demands that the example of Andre's guilt shall make its full impression; his request of mercy cannot be granted.

From my heart I sympathize with Andre's situation, whose noble qualities have endeared him unto friends and enemies, and I sincerely pray that in another world he will find a reward and consolation for all his sufferings here. Would I could pardon him but my duty to my country is paramount to my feelings as a man!

[Signed] GEO. WASHINGTON.

The letter crushed the last hope from Andre's breast.

'Cruel Washington!' he exclaimed, 'you too, resolve to take my life!'

'Not cruel, Andre,' said La Fayette, 'Washington is goodness itself. All the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the friend and enemy, all bear witness to the kindness of that godlike man, who, in freedom's sacred cause, with half fed troops, inferior numbers, and no hope save that of Liberty, so oft has fought and conquered the disciplined veterans of England. O cruel! Unsay those words, unfortunate young man, or to all coming time it will be recorded that there was but one spoke against the goodness of Columbia's chief, and that one was Andre!'

'Forgive me the unthinking word,' said Andre; 'twas misery forced it from me.'

Weakness from this time forth is banished from my heart.

Pardon grave son of France, he continued, taking La Fayette's hand, 'the unkind word coming from my lips, but not from my heart.'

Painful as it was, they led him to the execution. He died as he had lived—a soldier! Benedict Arnold—the destroyer of the young man's life—died. He lived a miserable life in loneliness, scorned by all who knew him.

TO BE REMEMBERED.

The manner in which the Southern people have been treated since the war makes us forget that they rebelled against the Government, and resorted to every means at their disposal to divide the Union which our forefathers had founded, and to establish on a portion of its ruins a Confederacy, having for its chief corner-stone the nefarious institution of African Slavery. No people were ever more deserving of punishment than those who attempted to destroy the free Government of the United States. Treason against a monarchy was considered, in past ages, as the greatest crime known to the law, yet this crime cannot be compared to a conspiracy against a republic, under which the conspirators, at least, and all those for whom they had any affection, or for whose welfare they felt any interest, enjoyed all the rights and privileges compatible with the stability and existence of a nation. Let us not forget that the men who are now clamoring for protection at the hands of the President, and who speak and act like a victorious rather than a conquered people, were but recently engaged in open warfare against their country. They are traitors, and but for the leniency of their conquerors, would have suffered the penalties of treason. One should not forget that these men—at least the most influential among them—have forfeited their lives and liberties, and that they enjoy their present privileges solely through the magnanimity of a generous Government. The fact that these men are traitors should be remembered. In every controversy it should be kept before our minds. They should be branded like the Tories of the Revolution. The odium of treason should be cast upon them.

It is an old saying that, when the consequences of an act or the omission of an act are known, we can very easily see what should or should not have been done. After an experience of more than two years it is very apparent what would have been the proper course to pursue towards the conquered Rebels. They should have been informed, immediately after the surrender of Lee's army, that certain of their leaders should be forever disfranchised; that colored men, over the age of twenty-one, should be allowed to vote, and that such among them as were entitled to the ballot should, as soon as practicable, hold an election throughout the several States for the election of officers, both State and national. Loyalty would then have been rewarded and treason disgraced. The man who had been true to his country during the war, finding that he could vote, while an active Rebel could not, would have felt that it was some honor to have been a loyal man. But as affairs now stand in the Southern States, the traitor, not the loyal man is the honored individual, and such, we fear, will continue to be the case until the Government, in the exercise of its legitimate power, and by a strict enforcement of the laws recently enacted by Congress, shall show that treason is a crime, and must be punished. As long as the Government is lenient and forbearing, loyalty will be at a discount. The traitor who left the State of Maryland and fought under the Rebel flag is now, on his return, entitled to the same privileges as the brave volunteer who fought to maintain the integrity of his country. Future generations can scarcely believe that such was the fact, its justice. We have said that in Maryland the traitor and the loyal man enjoy equal privileges. We can add that at this time treason in Maryland is at a premium.—To have been in the Rebel army is one of the best recommendations for office or position of almost any character. Thomas Swann appoints no man to office who was not in the Rebel army, or can give satisfactory evidence that he was an active supporter of the Confederate cause. When peace and good order is restored the hatchet should be buried; but we would not barter away the rights so dearly purchased nearly to soothe the feelings of a few unrepentant Rebels. We wish the fact to be remembered that treason has been committed, and that the men who are placing so many obstacles in the way of Reconstruction are traitors of the darkest character.—*Bull. American.*

ANDY AND HIS FRIENDS.—The Pittsburg *Republic*, in commenting on what is called a conservative platform, discourses as follows: 'The first resolution reaffirms the necessity for a strict adherence to the Constitution.' 'The second sets forth the consistent and patriotic efforts of the President to maintain the Constitution.' 'The third resolution avows that the safety of Republican institutions depends upon the preservation of the constitution.' 'Wherever you hear a man prating about the constitution, spot him, for he is a traitor.'—*Andy Johnson's speech in Tennessee.*

A funny case came before a Justice in Milwaukee the other day. A young woman who had accepted the attentions and civilities of a young gentleman for some time, at length was married to some one else, whereupon the deceived individual sued for a bill of \$204.25, the amount he paid in her behalf in taking her to concerts, operas, picnics, rides and ice cream saloons.—As an offset he credited her with sundry kisses valued at \$16.67, and unreturned photographs and a ring, making in all a total of \$37.75. He recovered the bill, the Judge allowed the plaintiff the kisses at his own valuation.

'The Old Woman.'

Once she was 'Mother,' and it was 'Mother, I'm hungry.' 'Mother, mend my jacket,' and 'Mother put up my dinner,' and 'Mother,' with her loving hands, would spread the bread and butter, and stow away the lichen, and sew on the great patch, her heart brimming with affection for the imperious little curly pate that made her so many steps, and nearly distracted her with his boisterous mirth.

Now she is the 'old woman,' but she did not think then it would ever come to that. She looked on through the future years and saw her boy to manhood grown; and he stood transfixed in the light of her own beautiful love. Never was there a more noble son than he—honored of the world, and the staff of her declining years.

Aye, he was her support even then, but she did not know it. She never realized that it was her little boy that gave her strength for daily toil—that his slender form was all that upheld her over the brink of a dark despair. She only knew how she loved the child, and felt that amid the mists of age his love would beat her gently through its infirmities to the dark hall leading to the life beyond.

But the son has forgotten the mother's tender ministrations now. Adrift from the moorings of home, he is cold, selfish, heartless, and 'Mother' has no sacred meaning to the prodigal. She is 'the old woman,' wrinkled, gray, lame and blind.

Pity her, O grave, and dry those tears that roll down her furrowed cheeks; and offer it thy quiet rest, that it may forget how much it longed to be 'dear mother' to the boy it nourished through a careless childhood, but in return for all its wealth of tenderness was only given back reproach.

Winnemore Hang.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 20.—George W. Winnemore was hung this morning at 11 o'clock at the county prison, for the murder of Mrs. Dorcas Magilton.

When he reached the scaffold he ascended it without assistance, and stood erect upon the drop, when, in a voice, clear at first, but which gradually became husky and tremulous, he spoke as follows:

'GENTLEMEN:—I am brought here on the scaffold to die, and you all expect me to say a few words, but one thing I want you to remember, and that is that it is an innocent man's life you are about taking—one who had nothing to do with this crime, in world or deed. I have always tried to live up to the best knowledge I had of the right—always did so. How terrible it is to hang a man for this, although death has no terrors for me; it is a change of breath.'

'I know where I will go, and I know I will come back again. I am firm, you see, although parting with my relatives and friends has almost unnerred me. I truly believe all persons, no matter who they are, should forgive Mr. Mann, the prosecuting attorney. I forgive the Governor for what he has done and I hope it will be the last case like this to be brought to a platform. I did not get justice. I hope God will give me justice, and I forgive all.'

'I have no ill-will against any person. As Christ died for a principle, so do I die. Although you may not see it, it will not be long before you are aware of it. I hope my memory and name will be proved innocent for the sake of those I leave behind me. For myself I care nothing, it is for them.'

The scoundrel was then hung.

Female Sensitiveness.

'I don't wonder,' says a lady correspondent of the California Mercury, 'that women are old maids, they are so wonderfully squeamish and particular that the very proximity of anything masculine makes them nervous. One of these sort lately took passage on one of the river steamers for Sacramento. I will tell you the story as it was told to me. The young lady desired a state room for herself, but unfortunately, they were all taken. She was so pertinacious in her desire however, that the gentlemanly clerk of the boat gallantly concluded to give up his for her use. On being conducted to it she started back in utter horror, the trunks, coats, boots and all articles of the masculine occupant so shocked the poor creature!'

'Oh, I never could sleep here unless those things are removed.'

'Off went the chambermaid to the clerk.

'Oh, yes—take 'em out, of course.'

The chambermaid proceeded to do so, but by accident left a pair of pantaloons hanging behind the door. The lady was again summoned and had entered the state room without perceiving them, and the chambermaid shut the door. No sooner had she done so than she heard a scream, and turning about saw the lady emerging from the room in great agitation.

'Oh! take them out—take them out!' she exclaimed, 'I cannot sleep in that place with those things hanging there!'

'The chambermaid, who was almost bursting with suppressed laughter, removed the last vestige of masculine apparel, when the delicate and sensitive young lady took possession, 'turned in,' and no doubt slept without even dreaming of 'those things.'

Young ladies who are accustomed to read newspapers, are always observed to possess winning ways, most amiable dispositions, invariably make good wives, and always select good husbands.

'Ain't it wicked to rob this chicken roost, Dick?' Dat's a great moral question, 'Gumbo; and we ain't no time to arguify it now; hand down another pullet.'

'Put out your tongue a little farther,' said a physician to a female patient; 'a little further, ma'am, if you please—a little further still.' 'Why, doctor, do you think there's no end to a woman's tongue?' cried the fair invalid.

Dr. Holmes says that easy crying widows take new husbands soonest; there is nothing like wet weather for transplanting.

I look with scorn upon the selfish greatness of this world, and with pity on the most gifted and prosperous in the struggle for office and power; but I look with reverence on the obscure man who suffers for right, who is true to a good but persecuted cause.

A young man, by the name of John, has been arrested in Albany for perpetrating a new 'dodge.' He fastened bristles on a tail of a rat, and then sold him for a squirrel. The purchaser was a gentleman from Georgia.

NUISANCES.—Cross-eyed spinsters, mischief-making women, grumbling old bachelors, dilapidated side-walks, squalling children, frowzy wives, dirty postal currency, and a subscriber who neglects to pay for his paper.

Tommy, what does he do with a e-h spell? 'Don't know, ma'am.' 'What you little numskull, what are you sitting on?' Tommy (looking sheepish) 'I don't want to tell.'

What is more lovely than to be kissed by a beautiful young lady?—Why to be kissed by two, to be sure!

Sambo had been whipped for stealing his master's onions. One day he brought in a skunk in his arms, saying: 'Massa, here's do chop dat steal do onions. Whew—swell him breff!'

When malicious dames gather at a tea-party, Satan can afford to take a snooze.