

The Waynesboro Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS, ETC.

\$2.00 PER YEAR

VOLUME 24.

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1871.

NUMBER 18.

By W. BLAIR.
TERMS—Two Dollars per Annum if paid within the year; Two Dollars and Fifty cents after the expiration of the year.
ADVERTISEMENTS—One Square (10 lines) three insertions, \$1.50; for each subsequent insertion, Thirty Cents per square. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.
LOCALS—Business Locals Ten Cents per line for the first insertion, Seven Cents for subsequent insertions.

Professional Cards.
J. B. AMBERSON, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WAYNESBORO, PA.
Office at the Waynesboro Corner Drug Store. [July 20-4].
DR. B. FRANTZ,
Has resumed the practice of Medicine.
OFFICE—In the Walker Building—near the Bowden House. Night calls should be made at his residence, on Main Street, adjoining the Western School House.
July 20-4.

JOHN A. HYNSSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HAVING been admitted to Practice Law at the several Courts in Franklin County, all business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. Post Office address Mercersburg, Pa.

LEW W. DETRICH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WAYNESBORO, PA.
Will give prompt and conscientious to all business entrusted to his care. Office next door to the Bowden House, in the Walker Building. [July 6-1].

JOSEPH DOUGLAS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WAYNESBORO, PA.
Practices in the several Courts of Franklin and adjacent Counties.
N. B.—Real Estate leased and sold, and Fire Insurance effected on reasonable terms. December 10, 1871.

D. A. STOFFER,
DENTIST,
GREENCASTLE, PA.

Experienced in Dentistry, will insert your sets of Teeth at prices to suit the times.
Feb. 16, 1871.

DR. A. H. STRICKLER,
(Dentist, Mercersburg, Pa.)
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Waynesboro and vicinity.
Dr. Strickler has relinquished an extensive practice at Mercersburg, where he has been prominently engaged for a number of years in the practice of his profession.
He has opened an office in Waynesboro, at the residence of George Besore, Esq., his father-in-law, where he can be found at all times when not professionally engaged.
July 20, 1871-4.

A. K. BRANSHOLTS,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
WAYNESBORO, PA.
Can be found at all times at his office, where he is prepared to insert teeth on the best basis in use and at prices to suit the times. Teeth extracted, and pain by the use of chloroform, ether, nitrous oxide gas or the freezing process, in a manner surpassed by none.

We the undersigned being acquainted with A. K. Bransholts for the past year can recommend him to the public generally to be a Dentist well qualified to perform all operations belonging to Dentistry in the most skillful manner.
Drs. J. B. AMBERSON, I. N. SNEVELY, E. A. HERRING, J. M. RIPLEY, J. J. OELLIG, A. S. BONBRAKE, T. D. FRENCH.
sept 29-1

C. A. S. WOLF,
DEALER IN
WATCHES AND JEWELRY,
883 WEST BALTIMORE STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Watches Repaired and Warranted. Jewels Made and Repaired.
July 13, 1871-4.

SURVEYING AND CONVEYANCING.
The undersigned having had some ten years experience as a practical Surveyor is prepared to do all kinds of Surveying, laying out and dividing up lands, also all kinds of writing usually done by Surveyors. Parties wishing work done, can call on, or address the undersigned at Waynesboro, Pa. Feb 2-1f

BARBERING
The subscriber informs the public that he continues the Barbering business in the room next door to Mr. Reid's Grocery Store, and is at all times prepared to do hair cutting, shaving, shampooing etc. in the best style. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.
Aug 23 1871. W. A. PRICE.

SMALL PROPERTY FOR SALE!
The subscriber offers at Private Sale a small Tract of Limestone Land containing 29 1/2 Acres, situated 3 miles Southwest of Waynesboro, Franklin County, Pa. The improvements consist of ONE AND A HALF STORY LOG HOUSE and Log Barn, Wood and Wash House, a never-failing well of water convenient to the house, with two cisterns to the buildings; also a good Apple Orchard with a variety of choice fruit, such as peaches, cherries, grapes, &c.
Aug 21-15] ANDREW SENGLE.

Select Poetry.
AUTUMN LEAVES.
BY SAM. J. SANGER.
Autumn leaves,
Slowly passing,
Passing from their life away
Autumn leaves
Now are fading,
Fading with a slow decay.
They who long our homes have shaded
And who oft our pleasures aided;
They now are passing from our view,
Leaving scenes their childhood knew.
Autumn leaves,
Gently falling,
Falling to their mother earth;
Autumn leaves,
Soon they'll quicken,
Quickened with a second birth.
Soon again they'll wave about us,
Soon again their shadow will guard us,
Soon the day-god's fiery rays,
As through the azure vault he strays.
Autumn leaves!
Silent warning,
Warning of our life's short day;
Autumn leaves
Plainly tell us,
Tell us of our own decay.
E'en like them our forms will perish,
And like them our bodies die;
But a glorious hope we cherish,
That we live again on high.

SILENCE.
In silence mighty things are wrought;
Silently builded, thought on thought,
Truth's temple greets the sky,
And like a citadel with towers,
The soul, with her subservient powers,
Is strengthened silently.
Soundless as chariots in the snow,
The saplings of the forest grow
To trees of mighty girth:
Each mighty star in silence burns,
And every day in silence turns
The axle of the earth.
The silent frost, with mighty hand,
Fetters the rivers of the land
With universal chain;
And smitten by the silent sun,
The chain is loosed, the rivers run,
The lands are free again.

Miscellaneous Reading.
AT THE GRAVE.
A Singular Scene—Robert Dale Owen's Address at the Funeral of his wife.
From the New Harmony (Ind.) Register.
The funeral was early on Sunday morning last, the weather being most beautiful, and the ceremonies were conducted at the grave. They were opened by Mr. Owen himself. He said:
"I think it a commendable custom that, as to funeral ceremonies, the wishes of the departed should, so far as possible, be carried out, when those wishes are known."
"During Mrs. Owen's illness she said nothing in regard to her funeral. But some two or three months ago it chanced, as men say—though there is no such thing as chance—but it happened that my wife and I had a conversation on funerals. She said she would not wish to have any bell tolled on her funeral, especially if there was any sickness near. She thought sick persons sometimes suffered by hearing it, and she did not wish her death to be the occasion of gloom or suffering of any kind. Music, she said, she thought fitting; serious and appropriate indeed, but also hopeful and encouraging, with nothing of the desponding and sepulchral about it, for gloom seemed to her most inappropriate. "And what about a funeral sermon?" I asked. "No," she replied, "not an ordinary funeral sermon; for these usually contain unmeaning and often, unmerited praise. But I should like," she added, that some one who has the same ideas of death that I have, would express them at the grave."
All this was said incidentally, and I think without the least idea in her mind that I might soon have to recall it: for she was in perfect health at the time; and I, being more than ten years her senior, expected to go before her, but it was otherwise ordered.
"Then I sought to fulfill her wishes. I requested that the bell should not be tolled, there being at the time a lady—a dear friend of hers—seriously ill at my house. Then I selected as suitable for music on such an occasion as this, a poem by Mrs. Stowe, entitled "The Other World," and I had a few copies printed for distribution."
They were distributed accordingly, and Mr. Owen resumed.
"My article of belief, moral or religious, seems to me as important as the assurance of immortality. You remember the text: "If there is no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not arisen; and if Christ be not arisen then your faith is vain."
"Few deny this: but comparatively few feel any absolute certainty about it. Even the most earnest and devoted Christian sometimes admit how wavering faith often is."
Mr. Owen then related conversations which he had on the subject, at one time with a well known Presbyterian clergyman of New York; at another time with the Episcopal Bishop. The former, a wealthy man, related to Mr. Owen—who had been saying to him that he (Mr. O.

W. Blair) did not believe more firmly in the existence of the visible world than he did in that of the invisible—that he (the clergyman) would give half that he was worth in the world to be able to say the same thing.
The latter stated to Mr. Owen that assisting at the death bed of an aged clergyman—a perfect exemplar throughout a long life of usefulness, in faith and content—and the conversation turning on the evidence of a future state, the dying man exclaimed: "Ah! Bishop, the proof, the proof! If we only had it!" Then Mr. Owen resumed:
"I did not believe—and here I speak also for her whose departure from among us we mourn to-day—I do not believe more firmly in these trees that spread their shade over us; in this hill on which we stand, in these sepulchral monuments, which we see around us here—than I do that human life once granted, perishes never more. A death change there is, often terrible to witness, leaving us behind desolate and forsaken, for a few years on earth, but no death. We never go down to the grave. We can not be confined within the tomb. It is a cast-off garment. Sacred, indeed, are sacred all memories which memory connects with it those we have loved and lost—but yet it is only a cast-off garment, unconfined, to which are paid the rites of sepulture."
"She believed, as I believe, that the one life succeeds the other without interval, save a brief transition slumber, it may be of a few hours only. Neither of us could believe in the old idea—almost discarded in modern times expressed in such lines as these:
"That man, when laid in lonesome grave,
Shall sleep in death's dark gloom,
Till the eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb."
"Such is not Christ's doctrine. To-day," he said to the repentant thief on the cross "to-day thou shalt be with me in paradise."
"Again I believe, as she did, in the meeting and recognition of friends in heaven. While we mourn here below, there are joyful recognitions above. Also, that the next world is one of many mansions to be occupied by those who are fitted to enter therein, and this because they are fitted, not by any earning of heaven; for which of us is faultless enough for that? Yet there are the prepared and the unprepared, and that determines our lot in the next world.
"I agree with her also in the belief that there are in heaven duties, avocations enjoyments even, as various as those on earth; but far higher and nobler in scope and purpose.
"Finally, I believe, as she believed—and it is so beautifully expressed throughout the ode we have been singing—in guardian care by the inhabitants of heaven exercised toward those of earth.
"As to the virtues and the good deeds of her who has left us, if nearly forty years' life and conversation in our village suffice not in witness, any word from me would be worse than worthless.
"Better to imitate her example than to speak her praise. Well has a great poet and thinker reminded us:
"He mourns the dead who lives as they desire."

THE FIRE IN WISCONSIN.
DESTRUCTION OF PESHTIGO.
A correspondent, writing from Menasha, Wis., on the 11th inst., describes the destruction of Peshtigo:
The village was situated on Peshigo river, seven miles from Green Bay. It was a nice little town of about 2,000 inhabitants, quite regularly laid out; had fine hotels, stores, churches, schools, &c., besides the large factory owned by the Peshigo Manufacturing Company, a saw, door and blind factory, also owned by the same company, who owned nearly every building in the town. The factory was devoted to the manufacture of jais, tubs, broom handles, &c., and gave employment to about 700 hands in the different branches.
The town is nearly surrounded by pine forests, the suburban portion being built among the pines. The inhabitants have for the past ten days been fighting fire in the woods, trying to save the town, and had settled down into a feeling of comparative security, since the woods on all sides have been more or less burned over.
On Sunday night they were awakened from this feeling of security by a noise like distant thunder, which increased in volume until the crash of falling trees and the roar of the wind and fire could be plainly heard. Soon after a tornado burst upon the town, overthrowing a number of buildings, and quickly followed by a solid sheet of flame, extending the whole length of the village and far beyond each way.
In an instant the whole exposed side of the place was in flames. Men, women and children rushed into the street, and surrounded by fire on all sides, were either smothered or burned to death. In the less exposed portions the people fled to the river, and jumping in, many were drowned. Some saved their lives by keeping their bodies well under water, and once in a while putting their heads under as the heat became insufferable. Others took refuge in wells and cisterns, and were saved. Quite a large portion of the inhabitants ran to a field to the leeward of the fire, and by lying on the ground were saved, although some of these were badly burned. There is but one house left standing, and that is isolated, and lately built, of green lumber. As near as can be ascertained, two hundred and fifty lives have been lost, mostly women and children. Although a good many men have perished, there are seventy-five who are badly burned, many of whom will

die, and nearly all are more or less burned. The destruction has been so complete that the streets cannot be traced, all being covered with sand, which was swept in great clouds by the tornado. In some instances bodies have been found completely covered by sand.
I could fill columns with heart-rending incidents of this conflagration, but will only give a few as illustrative of the rest. In one instance a man took his family and fled to the bridge spanning the river. The bridge was soon on fire, and the poor unfortunate family were nearly roasted alive, and then jumped into the river and were drowned. A woman, on seeing the fire approaching, put her little girl, a child of six years, in a well, which was nearly dry, and ran to the river herself for security. The woman was saved, and, as soon as she could, found out the locality, and her joy was so great at finding the little one alive and well that she swooned, and on recovering clasped her child in her arms, and ran off crying for joy.
Too few, alas, were so fortunate. In many cases whole families have perished. In other cases men have lost their families, they being at the time of the fire, working to save the factories. In other places men wished in their endeavoring to save their families. In one case that which my attention was called, a little boy of seven years is the only surviving member a numerous family. As soon as the fire had sufficiently subsided, all that were able went to the relief of the sufferers.
Blackened, charred corpses were lying in every direction, with their clothing, as a general thing, nearly or quite burned off. Many dead bodies were found in the river, and many more have since been recovered. A number have died from their bruises, while others are crippled, or fearfully disfigured. The most imaginative mind cannot begin to realize this fearful calamity, much less my poor pen to describe it. The shrieks and groans of the dying, and of those who had lost near and dear friends; the ghastly aspect of the blackened corpses; the shocking appearance of many who badly burned and almost destitute of clothing, were running they knew not where; others in the last agonies of death, made a picture to a horrid contemplation. The sufferers have all been taken to Green Bay and other towns, where they will be kindly cared for, as hospitality is one of the marked traits of the West. The loss to the Peshigo Company, who owned the factories and most of the town, besides large pine lands, is estimated at three million dollars, besides the loss of their extensive warehouses in Chicago.
Menasha, a town of seven or eight hundred inhabitants, is all destroyed but three houses. Fortunately no lives were lost here. Marinette is also nearly all destroyed. Business in this section is partially suspended. All the saw mills and factories at Oshkosh, Fond du Lac, and other neighboring towns are stopped by an order of the authorities.

A Model Love Letter.
"My dear Mrs. X: Every time I think of you my heart flaps up and down like a churn dasher. Sensations of unutterable joy caper over it like young goats on a stable roof, and thrill through it like a pair of tow linen trousers. As a gossamer swimmer with delight in a mud puddle, so swim I in a sea of glory. Visions of ecstatic rapture thicker than the hairs of a blacking brush, and brighter than the hues of a humming bird's pinions, visit me in my slumbers; and, borne on their invisible wings, your image stands before me, and I reach out to grasp it, like a poor, asheny housewife, pour out hot coffee. Away from you I am as melancholy as a sick rat. Some times I can hear the June bug of despondence buzzing in my ears, and feel the cold lizards of despair running down my back. Uncouth fears, like a thousand minnows, nibble at my spirits, and my soul is pierced with doubts like an old cheese is bored with skippers.
"My love for you is stronger than the smell of Coffey's patent butter, or the kick of a young cow, and more unselfish than a kitten's first esternal. As the song-bird hankers for the light of day, the cautious mouse for the fresh bacon in the trap, as a man pines for new milk, so I long for thee.
"You are fairer than a speckled pullet, sweeter than a Yankee doughnut, friend in sorghum molasses, brighter than a top-knot plume on the head of a Muscovy duck. You are candy, kisses, raisins, poundcake, and sweetened toddy altogether.
"If these few remarks will enable you to see the inside of my soul, and me to win your affections, I shall be as happy as a woodpecker on a cherry tree, or a stage-horse in a green pasture. If you cannot reciprocate my thrilling passions, I will pine away like a poisoned bed-bug, and fall away from a flourishing vine of life, an untimely branch; and in the coming years, where shadows grow from the hills, and the philosophical frog sings his evening hymns, you, happy in another's love, can come to drop a tear and catch a cold upon the last resting place of yours, affectionately."
Many delight more in giving of presents than in paying their debts.

Truthful and Obedient.
"Charlie! Charlie!" Clear and sweet as a note struck from a silver bell, the voice rippled over the common.
"That's mother," cried one of the boys, and he instantly threw down his hat, and picked up his jacket and cap.
"Don't go yet!" "Have it out!" "Finish the game!" "Try it again!" cried the players in a noisy chorus.
"I must go—right off—this minute. I told her I'd come whenever she called."
"Make her believe you didn't hear!" they all exclaimed.
"But I did hear."
"She won't know you did."
"But I know it, and—"
"Let him go," said a bystander. "You can't do anything with him. He's tied to his mother's apron strings."
"That's so," said Charlie; "and if it's to what every boy ought to be tied; and in a hard knot, too."
"But I wouldn't be such a baby as to run the minute she called," said one.
"I don't call it babyish to keep one's word to his mother," answered the obedient, a beautiful light glowing in his blue eyes. "I call that manly; and the boy who don't keep his word to her, will never keep it to any one else—you see if he does!"
And he hurried away to his cottage home.
Thirty years have passed since those boys played on the common. Charles Gray is now a prosperous business man in a great city, and his mercantile friends say of him that "this word is as good as his bond." We asked him once how he had acquired such a reputation.
"I never broke my word when a boy no matter how great the temptation, and the habit formed then, has clung to me through life."—Child's Delight.

Some Things.
Have ideas of your own.
Be sure your own doctrines are sound before pitching into other people's.
Ride and belabor your own hobby to your heart's content, but for heaven's sake do not quarrel with friends and neighbors because they refuse to mount with you.
If it hurts your feelings to be snubbed and bluffed off, remember that others may not like it any better than you do.
Conceal the weak points in your nature with an honest mantle of self-poise and independence, and then many an intended sting will not wound or give you pain.
Earn your own self respect and then you will not imagine people intend to slight you.
Be sure you merit respect and then do not lay awake nights worrying about other people's opinion of you.
The louder your enemies raise their voices against you, the more may you justly believe in your importance.
Be good to your friends and let your enemies take care of themselves.
It is useless to try to please everybody if you please yourself, and believe you are right, you will be happy, and make others believe in you.
Above all things be kind to the poor, the sick, the old, the young, and to your wife, if you have one; and go slow when attempting to revenge an injury, for oftentimes that which seems an injury proves a benefit.
In short, be kind and considerate to your friends, keep your enemies at a proper distance, in thought and every other way, and be as good to yourself as you possibly can without wronging anybody else.—Elin Orton.

A Wonderful City is London.
It is four times more populous than New York and St. Petersburg, twice as populous as Constantinople, half-two-thirds more people in it than Paris, and one-fourth more than Pekin. It contains as many people as Scotland, twice as many as Denmark, and three times the number of Greece. Every eight minutes, night and day, one person dies; every five minutes (one is born); 800,000 have been added to the population since 1851.
Only half a million of all this population attend public worship; and there are a million of absentees who, if inclined, to attend would require to have 800 new places of worship built. 100,000 people work on Sundays.
There are 140,000 habitual gin drinkers. 190,000 intoxicated people every year take off the streets. 100,000 fallen women. 10,000 professional gamblers. 50,000 children trained to crime. 30,000 thieves and receivers of stolen goods. There are 10,000 public houses and beer-shops, frequented regularly by 50,000 persons. In every 690 of the population, one is insane. There is one baker for every 1,207 persons; one butcher for every 156; one grocer for every 150; and one policeman for every 608 inhabitants. On the other hand out of 60,000 street Arabs 300 are at ragged schools. There are 400 Bible women, 380 city missionaries, and 20,000 persons attending public worship in the theatres every Sunday evening. It is a world in itself.

They have horse-fies out in Arkansas; some of them are as big as ostriches, and worry horses terribly. But the farmers out there have lately come a game on them that is likely to discourage further emigration of this kind. They patiently watch the vermin as he wrestles with their animals, and after the horse has become so disabled by loss of blood and lays down in the furrow, they just harness the "fly" up in the horse's toggery and keep right along with the plowing. There are people so incredulous as to doubt the truth of this statement, no doubt. There is no pleasure in writing for such people anyway.

Prefer loss before unjust gain, for that brings grief but once, this forever.

A Speech on the Smith Family.
"Gentlemen," said a candidate for Congress, "my name is Smith, and I am proud to say I am not ashamed of it. It may be that no person in this crowd owns that very uncommon name. If, however, there be no such, let him hold up his head, pull up his dicker, turn out his toes take courage and thank his stars that they are a few more left of the same sort.
"Smith, gentlemen, is an illustrious name, and stands ever high in the annals of fame. Let White, Brown and Jones increase as they will, believe me that Smith will out number them still.
"Gentlemen, I am proud of being an original Smith, and not a Smyth, nor a Smythe, but a regular, natural S-m-i-t-h, Smith. Putting a 'y' in the middle, or an 'e' at the end, won't do, gentlemen. Who ever heard tell of a great man by the name of Smyth or Smythe? Echo answers, who? And everybody says nobody. But for Smith, why the pillars of fame are covered with the honored and revered name. Who were the most racy, witty and popular authors of this country? Horace and Albert Smith.—Who the most original, pithy, and humorous preacher? Rev. Sidney Smith. And who, I say, is that man, and what is his name, who has fought the most battles in his life, made the most speeches, preached the most sermons, held the most offices, sung the most songs, written the most poems, courted the most women, kissed the most girls and married the most widows? History says—I say—you say—and everybody says—John Smith.

A Boy's Faith.
One of the most beautiful illustrations of believing prayer which I have ever known, was furnished the other day by a little boy some four years old. His grandparents were talking about the drought.
"Yes," said the grandmother, "my flowers will all burn up, and we shall have no strawberries."
Little Bossy listened with deep interest, but said nothing. A few minutes afterward he was seen kneeling in one corner of the room, with hands to his face, and was overheard praying thus: "O Lord! send down rain, so that grandpa's flowers shall be burnt up, and so we shall have plenty of strawberries."
He then arose and came to his grandmother, saying:
"Your flowers won't burn up, grandma. We are going to have rain."
"How do you know?"
"Oh!" said little Bossy, "I have been praying for it, and it will come. He seemed to have no doubt of it.
The next morning the first thing the little fellow did, when he came down stairs was to go to the back door and open it, and was overheard praying thus: "O Lord! send down rain, so that grandpa's flowers shall be burnt up, and so we shall have plenty of strawberries."
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