

# The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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## Select Poetry.



### POND MEMORIES.

On fancy's wild pinions fond memory now wanders  
Back to the happy, the loved scenes of yore.  
Back to the days when hope's sun was the brightest  
Back to the joys of my childhood once more.  
I stand once again where the swift-rolling waters  
In the fast-deepening twilight sweep on to the sea;  
The lone night-bird calls to its mate in the wildwood  
And the answer rings back from the old lindén-tree.  
Again, as of old, I rove the broad meadow;  
And wander alone in the eve calm and still.  
Where the dew-drooping willows, their branches low-bending,  
Softly kiss the bright face of the murmuring rill.  
But, ah! as I stand in the darkness and silence,  
A star glimmers out from the halls of the bliss;  
From the mansions of light, where glory eternal  
And day ever shines on the pilgrim at rest.  
Now fancy has left me, the bright dream has vanished,  
And I wake to the scenes of my manhood once more;  
The loved ones and lost now are waiting my coming,  
To welcome my barque on that dim, distant shore.  
But to-night, as I muse on the past and the present,  
While thickens and deepens the gathering gloom,  
I weep as I think of the dear ones departed,  
Ever hid from my sight in the cold, silent tomb.

### Miscellaneous Reading.

**RECEPTION OF A CONVERT.**  
Published by Request.  
On last Sunday morning, July 6th, Rev. EDWARD O. FORNEY, a graduate of Franklin Marshall College and also of the Theological Seminary of the (German) Reformed Church, and, until a short time previous, minister of the Reformed Congregation at Norristown, Pa., was received into the loving arms of our holy Mother, the Church. Mr. FORNEY, theologically, had belonged to the so-called Mercersburg school of thought, and was trained up intellectually and theologically under the influence of Dr. J. W. NEVIN, THOMAS G. HENRICH, HOBBS, and H. H. BARBER, and by these Protestant Theological Doctors, the first seeds of Catholic truth—so far as our knowledge extends—were implanted in his mind. He was regarded by the members of the sect, which he had abandoned, as a young man of more than ordinary ability and promise. He was confessedly the most talented and eloquent Protestant preacher in Norristown. The congregation to which he preached was one which required the highest order of intellectual ability to satisfy the demands of its members—his three predecessors, whose ministry covered a period of twenty years (more or less), having been gentlemen of much more than ordinary talent and culture.  
His immediate predecessor was the Rev. Dr. GASS, now of Baltimore, who previously was elected to the professorship of Greek and Exegetical Theology of the Seminary of the Reformed Church—a position which he declined accepting. The minister preceding Dr. GASS was Rev. P. S. DAVIS, now in Chambersburg, Pa., a beautiful writer and eloquent speaker; and preceding him was J. S. ERMERT, Esq., now a convert to the Catholic Church, whose scholarly attainments and intellectual gifts, combined with rare modesty, are known to many in this Diocese. It is not saying too much for Mr. FORNEY that he filled the pulpit formerly occupied by these gentlemen, with entire satisfaction to the members of the congregation. A few months ago he was elected Secretary of the Classic (a term equivalent to "Conference" as used by the Methodists) of which he was a member; and about ten days ago he was elected by the Alumni of Franklin-Marshall College to deliver the Alumni oration at their annual meeting—an honor usually conferred on the older graduates of the College.  
Mr. FORNEY has had the subjects involved in the conflict between Catholicity and Protestantism under consideration for several years, but only lately received the gift of divine faith. When he became conscious of a clear and definite conviction, he at once gave up his congregation, and left Norristown with a view to freeing himself from the distractions to which he would necessarily have been there subject, and visited Churchville, Berks county, Pa., for the purpose of making a retreat in that secluded and quiet spot, under the direction of the Venerable Father AUGUSTIN BALLY, S. J. After the conclusion of his retreat, on Sunday morning last, Mr. FORNEY made his abjuration of Protestantism, and his solemn profession of the true faith. He was baptised (sub-conditional) by Father BALLY, S. J., assisted by Rev. JOHN P. M. SCHULTZ, remain in so self-contradictory a position as that which we have described. It may seem strange that they should hold and proclaim truths, which, under divine grace lead others forward into the true Church, and yet they themselves, remain without. The answer is plain: there is nothing strange about it. Faith is the gift of God. Intellectual convictions, logical conclusions, human knowledge and learning do not constitute faith. They amount to nothing without divine grace. Men, of just and sound ideas intellectually, may serve—as do, we often think, our non-Catholic quondam teachers, and still friends, we trust, of the Mercersburg and Lancaster school—as guide-posts; ever pointing out the road to Rome; but never moving forward one step themselves; not able to move forward, for they have not the divine help by which alone they can move towards the right road and walk therein. "Without Me," our Saviour says, "ye can do nothing." And without Him, and His grace, our Mercersburg and Lancaster friends may be (as they have been) used instrumentally and against their own will to prepare others, and, to a certain extent, to direct them onward into the enjoyment of blessings, in which they themselves shall not participate. May God give them grace and light and strength, that they may follow those whom, according to all human probability, it might have been supposed, they would precede into the loving embrace of our Holy Mother, the Church, and may He thus enable them to share the certitude, the peace, the blessedness, in which, under God, through their instrumentality, unintentional though it may have been, others, far their inferiors in every respect, now rejoice.—Catholic Standard.

**A Fearful Possibility.**  
In the course of a lecture on solar phenomena, delivered recently by Prof. Draper, before the University of New York, the speaker said: "There is one reflection connected with these solar eruptions that has a dire interest for us. If it be true, and there seems to be no doubt about the fact, that these streams of intensely heated hydrogen can be ejected from the body of the sun with a velocity which, if it endured, would bring that breadth of fire to our earth and in a few hours, what would be the effect of an eruption on a larger scale? What would happen to men and animals if an explosion as general as that in T. Comans Borealis took place in our sun? In May, 1866, that star, which is usually invisible to the naked eye, suddenly flamed up till it was as bright as a star of the second magnitude. When examined by Miller and Huggins it was found to be enveloped by a prodigious atmosphere. In a few days it dwindled away and sank to its former insignificance. But what must have been the fate of animated beings on the surrounding planets, if any such there were? They were undoubtedly consumed at once and utterly dissipated. Who shall say that our sun, which is a star, will not do the same to-morrow, or the next day, and thus the dread prediction of the Scriptures be realized at any moment? Most assuredly we have no guarantee to the contrary, and can only comfort ourselves with the reflection that while hydrogen is certainly there, and also an awful store of force to heat and project, if yet such convulsions are rare in the order of nature, and therefore the world may outlast our time.—Nevertheless, both astronomy and geology informs us that there have been periods of great variation in the heat-giving power of our sun, and we may well be disquieted at the possible approach of a time when "the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth also, and the works that are therein shall be burned up."  
**Facts about Dyspepsia.**  
Dyspepsia is a weak stomach, made weak by overwork, and, like a man made weak by overwork, it needs rest, needs repose; but as we cannot live without eating, the necessity must be met by giving the stomach as little work to do as possible, and that work should be easy, just as we ourselves, in the weakness of recovery from disease, invite our strength by doing but little work, and that which can be easily done.  
The cure of most cases of dyspepsia becomes extremely simple, and very certain if these few first principles are judiciously applied in any given case—to wit: give the stomach but little to do; let that little be of a kind which is easily done, and let both be so arranged that, the stomach may do its work easily and soon, and have abundant time for rest. The work of the stomach is called "digestion" and means the process of preparing the food for yielding its nutrient portions to the system, to give it warmth, growth, and strength.  
As a general thing, dyspeptics should not drink anything at meals, because there is a liquid in the stomach which dissolves the food—in a sense, melts it. If cold water is drunk, it cools this stomach liquid, and it loses its power of melting the food, so to speak; as the cooler the water is, the less it is able to melt the ice in it. Of course, every physiologist knows that this comparison is not critically true; but it conveys the essential practical idea to the minds of the masses.  
**WATER AS A PURIFIER.**—Water is an excellent purifier of the atmosphere where ventilation is imperfect. Left standing in a sleeping-room over night, it is unfit to drink or even to gargle the throat with; and by placing wide vessels, containing water, in a room freshly painted, the unpleasant odor will be absorbed.  
Men and women differ. You may perhaps convince a man, but you must persuade a woman.

## For the Village Record.

### ODE TO INTemperance.

BY J. H. BARNES.  
Intemperance, beneath whose powerful sway  
A loyal world is scourged from day to day,  
Thou art a God! and those who worship thee  
Reverence and honor infuse;  
Justice pervert, and revel all in shame!  
Virtue despise, benevolence defame,  
Thy creed is but the breath of villainy,  
And omage paid to thee but blasphemy!  
To break the fathers thou dost rejoice,  
—Bereaving dotting mothers to their choice;  
Blighting parental hope, and mourning age,  
Pressing in sorrow on to life's last page!  
The imagery of love thou dost efface,  
And filial attachment e'er erase!  
Youth in its vigor with manhood combine,  
And age in its weakness—alike are all thine.  
Disease, thy first-born child, clings to thy breast;  
Crime, poverty and shame by thee are pressed.  
Consumption finds a home in thy embrace,  
And epidemic meets a welcome place;  
Never and cholera thou dost invite,  
—Importing pestilence the land to blight!  
Thou art the gambler's life—the blood,  
The counterfeiter's nourishment and food!  
The liar and the thief thou dost esteem,  
And honor those the most who most blaspheme!  
Th' highwayman with a prop thou dost supply!  
And light'st the torch of the incendiary!  
Man yields his character at thy demand,  
And woman trusts her honor in thy hand;  
And malice seeks to stay the wise and just,  
And lay a nation's honor in the dust!  
The legislator is, thy desubased,  
The statesman, too, dishonored and disgraced.  
Religion's snowy garb has met thy stain!  
Earth's groans beneath thy curs'd influence—  
Subverts the witness, nurtures perjury,  
And stains the ermine of judicial purity;  
Disqualifies the voter—bribes his votes,  
Corrupts our institutions, and pollutes  
Our noble government; disposes life—  
Rapes and murder by thine aid are rife!  
The patriot is disarmed; courage dismayed;  
And sear'd conscience at thy feet is laid!  
With fiend's malevolence thou dost survey  
The frightful desolation which display  
The power of thy will; insatiate  
With havoc's poisoned darts which penetrate  
Felicity, blight confidence, and slay  
Reputation—thy ravage naught can slay!  
Condemning peaceful homes to woe and strife,  
Helping to grind the parriocidal knife!  
The helpless offspring, through thy dread command  
Is butchered by a father's reeking hand!  
The loving wife whose honor knows no stain  
Is slandered first by thee, and after slain!  
Hell's gates at thy command are open hurled  
While laughing at the miseries of the world  
Destroying beauty in its fairest bloom,  
Rejoicing man and woman to consume;  
Engendering controversy and strife,  
Outraging daughter and seducing wife!  
Thy revenge demands man's life and health,  
And robs him of name who has not wealth.  
To smite thy villainies in one vast whole,  
Thou dost destroy the body, mind and soul  
Thou art the Devil's friend, O curse of earth,  
'Twas the queen of hell who gave thee birth;  
And, loyal to its crown, the spirit moves  
Perdition's wand o'er man and all his loves!

### A Visionary Tale.

In a marriage solemnized near Davenport, Iowa, in Princeton township, in '62, the bride was a lively young lady, who had discarded one very earnest suitor and sent him despairingly to California, before accepting the hand of the later suppliant ultimately leading her to the altar. Whether Providence favors this style of matrimonial tactics or not may be left to the conjecture of whom it concerns. If the lady of the present narrative did wrong, it is supposable that the death of her husband in two or three years after the wedding was her sufficient punishment therefor, and no prepossession as to any requirements of moral justice need affect the reader's judgment at the beginning of part second of the story. Said second part began a little more than a year ago, when the heroine, in a mature stage of her widowhood, and living with her parents near Princeton, met once more the man whose rejected addresses had been the epithalamium of his successor in her good graces. Returning from what he represented as a prosperous mercantile foray in California to revisit the scenes of his old life and disappointment, this gentleman took authority from the time-softened benevolence of his formerly unkind sweetheart to haunt her presence again and avow afresh his unalienated devotion. Where the persons interested have had no actual past antagonism for each other, a resumed acquaintance like this has a certain romantic charm, under which many wonders of reconsideration are possible; and when at last, just before departing for the Pacific coast, the Californian tenderly resumed his early suit, the yet youthful widow was not averse to an engagement. It was consequently with a pledge to return in January last and claim his bride that the finally accepted suitor set out for San Francisco, whence he was to send frequent missives in response to a corresponding number from her left behind.—Pursuant to this arrangement all went merrily by letter and anticipation until about a month before the expected coming back of the Californian, when, according to a luminous figure in the likeness of her late husband, and hear the familiar voice distinctly enunciate the words: "Postpone your marriage!" Before she could master her nerves sufficiently to attempt a response, the vision had disappeared, and she was alone. "The dream, as she considered it," continues the Gazette, "troubled her seriously." She told her mother of it, and the two strove to treat it as a mere illusion; but the influence remained and the ghost was not yet laid.—On the third night after the first visitation the specter came again, with the same words and a gesture of warning. Two nights yet later, while a brother of the lady occupied a room next to hers, with the door open between, the vision appeared to him, and also to his mother in another apartment; distinctly recognizable, and saying sternly: "Let Sarah's marriage be postponed!" That was the last of the apparition; but the general domiciliary visit had produced an effect not to be resisted, and the spirit-bidden widow wrote to ask of the Californian that for family reasons, their wedding should be deferred until this spring.—After the usual form of protest this request was granted; the gentleman even confessing that he could more conveniently leave his business for the purpose in May than in January; and the correspondence went on as before, for a time. His abrupt discontinuance, on the unseasonable side, at the beginning of last month, was found susceptible of no explanation until ten days ago, when a San Francisco paper informed the family in Iowa that the expected bridegroom was in prison for robbery, and expressed great sympathy for his "wife and children!"—In short he had been playing the villain with his former flame, possibly in revenge for her maidenly treatment of him; and while the lady and her parents are spiritualists by no proclivity, the whole rescued household are strong in the faith that their deliverance is due to supernatural intervention. If so, a dead husband is worth almost as much as a living one.—This is about the only commentary suggested by such a story.

### A Cheerful Face.

Carry the radiance of your soul in your face. Let the world have the benefit of it. Let your cheerfulness be felt for good wherever you are, and let your smiles be scattered like sunbeams, on the just as well as the unjust. Such a disposition will yield you a rich reward, for its happy effects will come home to you and brighten your moments of thought. Cheerfulness makes the mind clear, gives tone to thought, adds grace and beauty to the countenance. Joubert says: "When you give, give with joy and smiling." Smiles are little things, cheap articles to be fraught with so many blessings to both giver and receiver, pleasant little ripples to watch as we stand on the shore of every day life. They are our higher, better natures response to the emotions of the soul. Let the children have the benefit of them; those little ones who need the sunshine of the heart to educate them, and would find a level for their buoyant natures in the cheerful, loving faces of those who let them. Let them not be kept from the middle-age, who need the encouragement they bring. Give your smiles also to the aged. They come to make like the quiet rain of summer, making fresh and verdant the long weary path of life. They look for them from you who are rejoicing in the fullness of life. "Be gentle and indulgent to all. Love the beautiful, the truth, the just, the holy."

### The World owes me a Living.

No such a thing, Mr. Fold-up-your-hands—the world owes you not a single sou! You have done nothing these twenty years but consume the products earned by the sweat of other men's brows. "You have ate, drank and slept—what then?" "Why, eat and drink and sleep again." And this is the sum total of life—and the world owes you a living? What have you done for it? What products have you created? What miseries have you alleviated? What errors have you removed? What arts have you perfected? The world owes you a living? Idle man, never was there a more absurd idea! You have been a tax—a sponge upon the world ever since you came into it. It is your creditor to a vast amount. Your liabilities immense, your assets nothing, and you say that the world is owing you. Go to! The amount in which you stand in debt to the world is more than you will ever have power to liquidate. You owe the world for the work of your own strong arms, and all the skill in work they might have gained; you owe the world the labor of that brain of yours, the sympathy of that heart, the energies of your being; you owe the world the whole moral and intellectual capabilities of a man! Awake men, from the dreamy do-nothing slothfulness in which you live, and let us no longer hear the false assertion that the world is owing you, until you have done something to satisfy the just demand to which we have referred. An old school teacher in Maine has been presenting her claims for back pay. She says that years ago she kept school for \$3 a week and boarded herself, and that some of her scholars, who were hard cases, and difficult to bring into decent discipline, are now smart, enterprising and prosperous citizens, while she who aided them effectually in becoming such is comparatively poor. The old lady seems to have a better case than the Congressmen.

### Great Minds.

Very few of the great minds of this country have come from the city, or the cradle of the rich. The farm and the workshop have supplied by far, the largest number of our eminent men.

### Judging by Appearances.

A good story is told by a Yankee editor, in illustration of the folly of judging from appearances. A person dressed in a suit of homespun clothes, stepped into a house in Boston, on some business, where several ladies were assembled in an inner room. One of the company remarked in a low tone, that a countryman was in waiting, and agreed to some fun. The following dialogue ensued: "You are from the country, I suppose?" "Yes, I'm from the country." "Well, sir, what do you think of the city?" "It's got a tarnation sight of houses in it." "I expect there are a great many ladies where you come from." "Oh, yes, a wondrous sight; just for all the world like them," pointing to the ladies. "And you are quite a beau among them no doubt." "Yes, I beaus 'em to meetin' and a-bout." "May be the gentlemen will take a glass of wine," said one of the company. "I thankie; don't care if I do." "But you must drink a toast." "I eats toasts what Aunt Debby makes but as to drinkin' I never seed the like." "What was the surprise of the company to hear the stranger speak as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to wish you health and happiness, with every other blessing earth can afford, and I advise you to bear in mind that we are often deceived in appearances. You mistake me by my dress for a country booby; I take from the same cause, thought these men were gentlemen. The deception is mutual. I wish you good evening."

### Enjoy the Present.

It conduces much to our content if we pass by those things which happen to our trouble, and consider what is pleasing and prosperous that by the representation of the better the worse may be blotted out. If I be overthrown in my suit at law, yet my wife is left me still and my land, or I have a virtuous wife, or hopeful children, or kind friends, or good hopes. If I have lost one child, it may be I have two or three, still left me. Enjoy the present, whatsoever it may be, and be not solicitous for the future; for if you take your foot from the present standing, and thrust it forward to to-morrow's event, you are in a restless condition; it is like refusing to quench your present thirst by fearing you will want drink the next day. If to-morrow you should want, your sorrow would come time enough, though you do not hasten it; let your trouble tarry till its own day comes. Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly, for this day is ours. We are dead to yesterday, and not yet born to the morrow.

### Fecondity of Fishes.

The Scientific American says: It is said that probably about 60,000,000 or 70,000,000 codfish are taken from the sea annually around the shores of Newfoundland. But even that quantity seems small when we consider that the cod yields something like 3,500,000 eggs each season, and even 8,000,000 have been found in the roe of a single cod! Other fish, though not equalling cod, are wonderfully productive. A herring six or seven ounces in weight is provided with about 30,000 oval. After making all reasonable allowances for the destruction of eggs and of the young, it has been calculated that in three years a single pair of herring would produce 154,000,000. Buffon told that if a pair of herring were left to breed and multiply undisturbed for a period of twenty years they would yield a fish bulk equal to the globe on which we live. The cod surpasses the herring in fecondity. Were it not that vast numbers of eggs were destroyed, fish would so multiply as to fill the waters completely.

### Droping a Pop.

Mr. W. C. of Elliptic city, a conceited snob, was so fond of fine clothing that he revelled in them by day, and dreamed of them by night. One evening he visited a young lady, and as he removed his overcoat, etc., in the hall, preparatory to entering the parlor, the lady overheard him utter the following sensible remarks: "Taking his overcoat and hanging it up he said: 'Hang there, you fifty-dollar overcoat!' Pulling off his gloves and putting them on the table: 'Lay there, you five-dollar gloves!' Placing his hat on the rack: 'Hang there, you ten-dollar hat!' Putting his cane in the corner: 'Stand there, you fifteen-dollar cane!' Then entering the parlor, he was about to sit down, when the young lady pulled the chair from under him, and as she left the room, said: 'Lie there, you two-cent fool!' He has not been seen around that house since.

### Wit and Humor.

A plant has been discovered in Mexico which will cure baldness. It will pay to cultivate it in the United States.  
"Have a drink of civil damages?" is the latest style of invitation known to those who drink intoxicating beverages.  
A Des Moines woman gave her husband hand morphia to cure him of chewing tobacco. She makes a nice-looking widow.  
A dashing widow says she thinks of suing some gentlemen for a breach of promise, in order that the world may know she is in the market.  
"Talking about the jaws of death," exclaimed a man who was living with his third scolding wife, "tell you they are nothing to the jaws of life!"  
It is useless for physicians to argue against short sleeved dresses. The Constitution of the United States says that "the right to bear arms" shall not be interfered with.  
"Stealing money is a serious business," says a Colorado paper, "but you can kill a man, and all they ask is that you don't leave him in the way."  
A New Hampshire farmer scolds the idea of taking a newspaper at two whole dollars a year, and posts a notice on the school house that "5 hogs have straddled or bin stoolen" from him.  
A Massachusetts postmistress has resigned her office as a matter of honesty, because she cannot find time to read all the postal cards and attend to other duties besides.  
An Iowa justice of the peace refused to fine a man for kissing a girl against her will, because, when the lass came into court, he was obliged to hold on to the arm of the chair to keep from kissing her himself.  
A dutchman, getting excited over account of an elopement of a married woman, gave his opinion that "if my wife runs away with another man's wife, I shake him out of his breeches, if she be mine fader, mine Gott!"  
A Portland man was caught fishing for trout on another man's premises the other day; the owner remonstrated, but retired in silence before the majestic answer, "Who wants to catch your trout? I'm only trying to drown this worm!"  
A book has just been published, entitled, "Why she refused him." It is hardly necessary to wade through a three-hundred-page volume to ascertain why she refused him. It was because he wasn't rich, of course.  
Sammy was reading the Bible very attentively, when his father came into the room and asked him what he had found that was so interesting. The boy, looking up, eagerly exclaimed, "I found place in the Bible where they were all Methodists." "How so?" inquired the father. Because," said he, "all the people said Amen."  
The "India-rubber bustle" is again heard from. This time it was a Row-silya young lady, who was thrown from her carriage coming down the hill from Prospect Park. She made 27 bounces in all, and was finally rescued by a book and ladder company, from the top of a telegraph pole, where she had stuck in attempting to complete the 98th bounce.  
ANOTHER MAN WANTED.—Old farmer Pratt went into his house one day and caught John, the hired man, hugging Mrs. P. The farmer said nothing, and went out into the field.  
After dinner he wanted John for something, but John was not to be found. He went, at last, into John's room, where the latter was on his knees packing his trunk. "What's the matter, John?" said P. "O, nothing," replied John. "What are you packing your trunk for?" "I'm going away." "Going away! What are you going away for?" "O, you know," answered John. "No, I don't know," rejoined P. "Come, give me the reason of your sudden desire to go away." "Well," meekly answered John, "you know what you caught me doing this forenoon?" "O, pshaw!" laughed Pratt, "do not be so foolish. If you and me can't hug the old woman enough, I'll hire another man."  
A Mrs. Hartway, of Temple, Maine, is ninety-nine years old, and has smoked and chewed tobacco since she was a girl. She formerly drank spirituous liquors, but the Mairic law was the means of increasing a horrid, dead-shot style of behavior in the shape of whiskey into the State that she believed it necessary, in order to prolong her life, to abandon the use of the ardent altogether.  
When young men and young women are once taught that they are not their own, that their bodies are given to them for a purpose, as well as their intellects, their souls, they will no longer feel at liberty to abuse them. They will neither poison them with ardent spirits and tobacco, nor eremp, restrain, or despoil them by the adoption of injurious fashions. They will respect the body as the vehicle of thought, feeling, desire and aspiration, and try to make it and keep it beautiful, in the best and truest sense of the term.  
The Wesleyans of Ireland number 19,976.