

# Waynesboro' Village Record.

By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics and Religion.

51.00 Per Year.

VOLUME XVI.

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 20, 1883.

NUMBER 46

## CHEAP GOODS!

COME AND SEE

THE

LARGE STOCK

AT

W. H. BROTHERTON'S.

His customers and the public generally are invited to call and examine for themselves.

## HIS GOODS

HIS GOODS ARE OF THE BEST QUALITY.

## LOOK

TO YOUR INTEREST

BY EXAMINING MY STOCK!

A LARGE LOT OF

## HARDWARE, CUTLERY,

Cedarware,

## IRON AND STEEL,

## STOVES.

SHOE FINDINGS,

## PAINTS AND GLASS—OIL CLOTHS

## HOLLOW WARE, &C.

My stock is large and complete and at prices that will defy competition. November 7, 1882.

## PHOTOGRAPHIC

## ICTURE GALLERY!

HE undersigned has fitted up the room over Fourteenth's Drug Store, Main street, Waynesboro', suitably for photographing purposes, where citizens can be accommodated with all kinds of views from the price of 25 cents upward. Photographs at the regular

## CITY PRICES

cards or full size pictures, framed or on card, picture copies or photographs as may be desired, at reasonable prices. A fine stock of Fancy and cheap notions, and especially fine and cheap notions, are most respectfully invited to call and examine. A. B. McCAGHLAN, 28-4.

## BACK AGAIN

## THE OLD BUSINESS.

HE subscribers respectfully announce to his old customers and the public generally that he has leased the Blacksmith Shop at the East end of Main street, Waynesboro', Pa., formerly occupied by Knapp's, where he proposes carrying on blacksmithing business in all its branches. All will be done at short notice and upon reasonable terms. Wm. S. Blair, Jr. JOHN WILSON, [Jan. 2-11]

### POETICAL.



There was a day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre, on foot from Paris. It was the darkest hour of the French Revolution. Pursued by the bloodhounds of this region of terror, Talleyrand secured a passage to the United States in a ship about to sail. He was a beggar and a wanderer to a strange land, to earn his daily bread by the sweat of his brow. "Is there any American staying at your house?" he asked the landlord of the hotel; "I am going across the water and would like a letter to a person of influence in the new world." "There is a gentleman up stairs, either from America or Britain; but wether from America or England I cannot tell." He pointed the way, and Talleyrand, who in his life was bishop, prince and minister, ascended the stairs. A miserable suppliant he stood before the stranger's room, knocked and entered. In the far corner of the dimly lighted room sat a man of fifty years of age, his arms folded and his head bowed upon his breast. From a window directly opposite a flood of light poured in upon his forehead. His eyes looked from beneath the downcast brows and upon Talleyrand's face with a peculiar and searching expression. His form, vigorous with the snows of fifty winters, was clad in a dark but rich and distinguished costume—Talleyrand advanced, stated that he was a fugitive, and with the impression that the gentleman was an American, he solicited his kind feelings and offices. He poured forth his history in eloquent French and broken English: "I am a wanderer an exile. I am forced to fly to the New World, without friend or home. You are an American. Give me then, I beseech you, a letter of yours, so that I may be able to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner; a life of labor would be a paradise to a career of luxury in France. You will give me a letter to one of your friends? A gentleman like you doubtless has many friends." The strange gentleman arose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot he retreated toward the door of the next chamber, his eyes looking still from beneath his darkened brow; he spoke as he retreated backward; his voice was full of meaning; "I am the only man of the New World who can raise his hand to God and say, I have not a friend, not one, in America." Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of the look which accompanied these words.

### MISCELLANY.

#### Talleyrand and Arnold.

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#### A Firm Hold.

A most thrilling incident of the late terrible fight at Prairie Grove is thus related by Lieut. William S. Brooks, of the 19th Iowa Volunteers. Writing to a friend, he says: "The fight was most determined and the slaughter immense. I was struck at 4 o'clock, p. m. while we were being driven back from a too far advanced position. We were out-flanked and had to run three hundred yards over open ground and exposed to a murderous fire from right, left and centre, or rear; here we lost Lieut. Col. McFarland. We lost one-half our regiment, and, in Co. D, more than half of our effective men. I was hit at the commencement of the retreat and was near being captured, as I could not run. When more than half way to our battery the color-sergeant fell, and I received the colors. The pursuing rebel Colonel shouted: "God d—m them, take their colors!" This enraged me, and I hallooed back, "You can't do it." The cowardly rascal did not dare to close on me, but let go a volley left nine holes in the flag and eighteen in my clothes! Four bullets passed through the cuffs of my shirt sleeve, but they could not wound the hand that held the old flag.—*Portrait (Ill.) Transcript.*

#### A Heroine.

A Correspondent of the *Altona Register*, writing from Broadway City, Huntingdon county, says he had the pleasure of meeting at a place called Dudley, a woman named Mary Owens, who had just returned from the army, in full uniform. This remarkable woman accompanied her husband to the army, and fought by his side until he fell. She was in the service eighteen months, and took part in three battles, and was wounded twice; first in the face above the right eye, and then in her arm, which required her to be taken to the hospital, where she confessed the deception. She had enlisted in Danville, Montour county, Pennsylvania, under the name of John Evans, and gives as her reason for this romantic undertaking, the fact that the her father was uncompromising in his hostility to her marriage with Mr. Owens, threatening violence in case she disobeyed his commands; whereupon having been secretly married, she "donned" the United States uniform, enlisted in the same company with her husband, endured all the hardships of the camp, the dangers of the battlefield, and saw her husband fall dead by her side, and is now wounded and a widow. Mrs. Owens looks young, is rather pretty, and is the heroine of the neighborhood. She is of Welsh parentage.

#### Keep Moving.

Don't give up if you happen to fail in anything you undertake. Try it again—try a hundred times if you don't succeed before, and all the while be studying to see if you have not failed through some negligence and oversight of your own. Don't throw down your arms and drift sternly forward, because the tide is against you. The tide don't always run one way. Never anchor because the wind don't happen to be fair. Beat to windward, and gain all you can until it changes. If you get to the bottom of the wheel, hang on; never think of letting go; the next turn will bring you on top.

#### Evil Companions.

Society is the atmosphere of souls; and we necessarily imbibe from it something which is either infectious or salubrious. The society of virtuous persons is enjoyed beyond their company, while vice carries a sting into solitude. The society or the company you keep is both the indication of your character and the former of it. In company when the pores of the mind are opened, there requires more caution than usual, because the mind is passive. Either vicious company will please you or it will not; if it does not please, the end of going will be defeated. In such society you will find your reverence for the dictates of conscience wear off and that name at which angels bow and devils tremble, you will hear condemned and abused. The Bible will supply materials for unmeaning jests or impious buffoonery; for the consequence of this will be a practical deviation from virtue, the principles will become sapped, the fences of conscience broken down, and when debauchery has corrupted the character, a total inversion will take place, they will glory in their shame.

#### Child's Sympathy.

A child's eyes! those clear wells of undefiled thought, what on earth can be so beautiful? Full of love, hope and curiosity, they meet your own. In prayer, how earnest! In joy, how sparkling! In sympathy, how tender! The man who never tried the companion-ship of a little child has carelessly passed by one of the pleasures of life as one passes a rare flower without plucking it or knowing its value. A child cannot understand you think? Speak to it of the holy things of your religion, of your grief for the loss of a friend, of your love for some one you fear will not return it, it will take, it is true, no measure or soundings of your thought—will not judge how much you should believe, whether your grief is rational in proportion to your loss, whether you are worthy or fit to attract the love which you seek—but its whole soul will incline to yours, and engraft itself, as it were, on the feeling which is your feeling for the hour.

### Romantic Story.

During the late movements against Vicksburg, the national transports were fired upon by a rebel battery; at Skipwith Landing, not many miles from the mouth of the Yazoo. No sooner was the outrage reported at headquarters than the admiral sent an expedition to remove the battery and destroy the place. The work of destruction was effectually done; not a structure which could shelter a rebel head was left standing in the region for several miles around.

Among other habitations destroyed was that of a Mrs. Harris, a widow lady, young, amply, and possessed of external attractions in the shape of a hundred and fifty niggers, which she had contrived to save from the present operation of "the decree" by sending them up the Yazoo river. But Mrs. Harris was a rebel—intense, red-hot in her advocacy of Southern rights and her denunciation of Northern wrongs. Although she had not taken up arms against the Government, she was none the less subject to the indiscriminating swoop of the "proclamation" her niggers, according to that document, were free, and if the "Confederacy" failed she could only get pay for them by establishing her loyalty in a court of justice. Her loyalty to the Yankee nation?—not she! She was spunky as a widow of thirty can be. She would see Old Abe and every other Yankee in the happy land of Canaan before she would acknowledge allegiance to the Washington Government. Nevertheless, being all she possessed of the world's valuables, she would like to save those niggers.

"Nothing easier," suggested Captain Ed. W. Sutherland, of the United States steam ram Queen of the West, who, attracted by her snapping black eyes, engaged in a friendly conversation with the lady, after burning her house down. "Nothing easier in the world, madam." "How so, Captain?—you don't imagine I will take that odious oath, do you? I assure you I would not do it for every nigger in the South."

"But you need not take the oath, madam—at least not that oath." "I do not understand you, Captain," said the widow. "I said you need not take the oath of allegiance; you can establish your loyalty without it—at least," with a respectful bow, "I can establish it for you." "Indeed, how would you do it, Captain?" "Simply enough. I am in the Government service. I command one of the boats of the Western navy—technically denominated a ram, madam—down here in the river. Of course my loyalty is unimpeachable, and madam, I assure you it is unimpeachable. Now, if we could only say to the Government those niggers are mine—"

The Captain waited a moment to see what effect his speech was producing. "Well, well," said the widow, impatiently tapping with her well-shaped foot one of the smoking timbers of her late domicile. "In short, my dear madam, you can save the niggers, save your conscientious scruples, and save me from a future life of misery by becoming my wife."

The Captain looked about wildly as if he expected a sudden attack from guerillas. The widow tapped the smouldering timber more violently for a few minutes, and then, turning her bright eyes full upon the Captain, said, "I'll do it."

The last arrival at Cairo from Vicksburg brings the intelligence that Captain Sutherland, of the ram Queen of the West, was married, a few days since, on board the gunboat Tyler, to Mrs. Harris, of Skipwith Landing. Several officers of the army and navy were present to witness the ceremony, which was performed by a Methodist clergyman, and Admiral Porter gave away the blushing bride. She is represented to be a woman of indomitable pluck, and for the present shares the wild life of her husband on the ram Queen of the West.

In relation to niggers, Old Abe, or Capt. Stanton, or some body, may possibly raise a technical objection that in order to save them the marriage certificate ought to be dated back to the 1st of January; but our opinion is it wont make much difference in the end.

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When you look upon the poor remnant which has made their shift from him. If God has given to the more than to others forget not to share thy blessings with those who are less fortunate.

A tavern-keeper at West had recently fired up a shower-bath in one of his rooms. One evening an Irishman happened to be drinking with some friends, and he took the purpose of rinsing for more liquor, and he caught the rope attached to the shower-bath by St. Patrick's, and he "I've found the bell-rope at last!" He seized the cord and gave it a strong pull. In an instant he was drenched to the skin, and almost frantic with rage, to the no small amusement of his companions.

There are two reasons why we don't greet a man, or because we don't know him, and the other because we do.

Who was the most unfortunate speculator, Jehu, for he got suck'd in.

### "THE KEYSTONE MUST CONQUER."

"The keystone must conquer," "on to the fight," "Crack away boys," "Charge," "to the right," "Now to the river's bank," "plunge in the line," "Forward!" "the Keystone honor is thine."

"Charge up the hill-side," "men, dou blaquek," "Through the dark clouds of smoke black and thick," "Onward!" "rebellion is hid in the haze," "There goes the foe," "Up, up, and be strong," "Fire away boys," "they cannot last long," "Close up the line," "Forward," "Don't lag," "The Keystone must conquer," "there is her flag," "Hurray for the Keystone, the battle is won."

"Now for the bayonet," "Boys, do not shrink," "The Keystone on," "so now to the brink," "One volley more," "there!" "now they are done," "Hurray for the Keystone, the battle is won."

"Up with the flag boys," "flag of the brave," "There let it long triumphantly wave," "Symbol of justice and shrine of the free," "Long may it float o'er Old Tennessee."

"The Keystone has conquer'd—carve it in gold, Goddess of Liberty thou art not sold! Here is thy home, and here it shall be! While there is life, in the Keystone and thee!"

On the Choice of a Wife. Go my son, said the Eastern sage to Talmore, go forth to the world, be wise in the pursuit of knowledge—be wise in the accumulation of riches—be wise in the choice of friends; yet little will this avail thee, if thou choosest not wisely the wife of thy bosom.

A wife! what a sacred name—what a responsible office! She must be this unsullied sanctuary to which wearied man may flee from the crimes of the world, and feel that no sin dare enter there. A wife? She must be the guardian angel of his footsteps, on earth, and guide them to Heaven; so firm in virtue that should he for a moment waver, she can yield him support, and replace him upon his firm foundation; so happy in conscious innocence, that when from the perplexities of the world he turns to his home, he may never find a frown, where he sought a smile. Such, my son, thou seekest in a wife—and reflect well ere thou choosest.

Open not thy bosom to the trifler; repulse not thy head on the breast that nurseth envy and folly and vanity. Hope not for obedience where the passions are untamed; and expect not honor from her who honoreth not the God who made her.

Though thy place be next to the throne of princes and the countenance of loyalty, beam upon thee—though thy riches be as the pearls of Omar, and thy name honored from the East to the West, little will it avail thee if darkness and disappointment, and strife be in thine own habitation. There must be passed thine hours in solitude and sickness—and there must thou die. Reflect then, my son, ere thou choosest, and look well to her eyes whom thou wouldst love; for though thou be wise in other things—little will it avail thee if thou choosest not wisely the wife of thy bosom.

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Child's Sympathy. A child's eyes! those clear wells of undefiled thought, what on earth can be so beautiful? Full of love, hope and curiosity, they meet your own. In prayer, how earnest! In joy, how sparkling! In sympathy, how tender! The man who never tried the companion-ship of a little child has carelessly passed by one of the pleasures of life as one passes a rare flower without plucking it or knowing its value. A child cannot understand you think? Speak to it of the holy things of your religion, of your grief for the loss of a friend, of your love for some one you fear will not return it, it will take, it is true, no measure or soundings of your thought—will not judge how much you should believe, whether your grief is rational in proportion to your loss, whether you are worthy or fit to attract the love which you seek—but its whole soul will incline to yours, and engraft itself, as it were, on the feeling which is your feeling for the hour.

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### Never Old.

There are two things in nature that grow old—the ocean and the sky. So far as we can see, the ocean is "unwinked and unblinking and fair, as when God unfolded and pitched his great blue tent over Paradise," and "let his glory through the eye-let holes." He hid left. Ah! Time may "creep about here in the dust; he may sit down upon the tops of the mountains; he may play with his cloudy toys; a little above us, but he cannot reach the crystal walls that close us in. So here we are to-day, under a hovering of a young heaven, and how glad and grateful ought we to be, that

—"heart within the God o'erhead," and never grow old at all. So far as we can see, the ocean shakes off at every heave of its crested kings, allegiance to Time; so far as we know, it wipes out with every surge, all traces of its footsteps, and is as young to-day as when Solomon rigged his fleet, and sent it wherever Ophir might be, for a cargo of young as it was when God shook it from the hollow of his hand into the cup of earth, as one would sprinkle a rain-drop or two upon a flower that was fading for water. And we are glad again to think of it—exultant that Time can not reach that ether—at least not yet.

And why shouldn't we be glad? Does he not pass his hand over the graves of our dead, and they are gone? Does he not touch the beauty of our living till it fades even as a leaf? Does he not stone up soft hearts and gentle memories, and turn even the tented tomb into a cenotaph? But then—as we think of it—he does ripen our harvests and matures our hopes, and if he would only stop there, what a king the world would make of him! For a seythe he should sway a sceptre, and his bald head should be covered with a crown of gold, and all men would do him homage.

Above his Business. It is a serious evil that many a young man has fallen into, to be above his business. A person learns a trade, but he is too proud to work at it, and must go to shop-keeping, or street-vending, or turn politician. Fool! If he cannot make a living at his trade, we are sure he cannot in any other way. And then young men brought up to shop-keeping must buy farms or houses, or some other foolish things they know nothing about, and what is the result? Head over heels in debt and certain failure. Multitudes have been ruined by being above their business, and branching out into what they know nothing about.

There is no trouble about young men who do not feel their importance, and who are willing to work at their trades or profession all they get a little beforehand. With a small capital to fall back upon, they can feel like venturing into other business—and by this time they will have formed habits that will be likely to keep them straight. Those who succeed best in life, are men who stick to their business and make money, before they buy farms, and houses, and commence speculating. Look at our successful men, and you will see where lies the secret of their success. You will find that they were never above their business, and never paid for the doing of a job, which they could just as well do themselves. We know a man worth from thirty to forty thousand dollars, and no laborer in the city works harder than he. He never hesitates to take off his coat and do any kind of work about his premises. Such a man is not above his business; but we think he is too far in the other extreme. Of this we are sure: if all men will be prompt and punctual—stick to their business, and not be too proud—they will eventually succeed, and become independently.

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Keep Moving. Don't give up if you happen to fail in anything you undertake. Try it again—try a hundred times if you don't succeed before, and all the while be studying to see if you have not failed through some negligence and oversight of your own. Don't throw down your arms and drift sternly forward, because the tide is against you. The tide don't always run one way. Never anchor because the wind don't happen to be fair. Beat to windward, and gain all you can until it changes. If you get to the bottom of the wheel, hang on; never think of letting go; the next turn will bring you on top.

Evil Companions. Society is the atmosphere of souls; and we necessarily imbibe from it something which is either infectious or salubrious. The society of virtuous persons is enjoyed beyond their company, while vice carries a sting into solitude. The society or the company you keep is both the indication of your character and the former of it. In company when the pores of the mind are opened, there requires more caution than usual, because the mind is passive. Either vicious company will please you or it will not; if it does not please, the end of going will be defeated. In such society you will find your reverence for the dictates of conscience wear off and that name at which angels bow and devils tremble, you will hear condemned and abused. The Bible will supply materials for unmeaning jests or impious buffoonery; for the consequence of this will be a practical deviation from virtue, the principles will become sapped, the fences of conscience broken down, and when debauchery has corrupted the character, a total inversion will take place, they will glory in their shame.

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