

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics and Religion.

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VOLUME XVIII.

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 24, 1865.

NUMBER 37

LATEST ARRIVAL

OF NEW
FALL & WINTER
DRY GOODS
AT
GEO. STOVER'S,
Waynesboro, Pa.

THANKFUL for kind favors and patronage here before bestowed upon him, again appears before the public to solicit a continuance of the same. He having just returned from the eastern cities with a fine and well selected stock of new

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

Which he intends selling at very low rates, which he knows he can do to the satisfaction of all well call and examine his stock.
Below you will find enumerated a few articles which will be found among his stock to which he calls your attention.

FOR THE LADIES,

He has a large assortment of Dress Goods consisting in part of
Printed and Plain Delaines,
Blk, Fig'd and Col'd Silks,
Faid Mohair,
Silk Warp Mohair,
Bereges,
Medona Cloth,
Lavelles,
French and domestic Ginghams
Englins,
Pongee Mixture,
Cloth for Ladies,
Wrappings,
Gloves,
Hosiery, in great variety.

GENTLEMEN'S WEAR,

Broad Cloths,
Black and Fancy Cassimeres,
Union Cassimeres,
Dark Linens,
Cottonades,
Summer Coatings,
Tweeds,
Vest of Cord,
Marselles,
Silk Vesting,
Velveteen Vestings, of all kinds; in fact a full assortment of goods for Gentle men wear. Also a larger and well selected stock of

DOMESTIC GOODS,

Mutlin, Tickings, and a complete assortment of Notions. It's no use trying to enumerate. If you want anything at all in the Dry Goods line call in and you will find him ready to write on you with pleasure.
To persons having country produce to sell, they will find it to their advantage to bring it to Stover's as he always gives the highest market price. So give him a call, and he will sell your goods as cheap as they can be purchased elsewhere.
Nov. 11, 1864.

FRESH ARRIVAL

AT
FOURTEMAN'S DRUG STORE!

F. FOURTEMAN

WOULD tender his thanks to the community and still solicit the patronage of a generous public who want anything in his line. Inasmuch as he has enlarged his stock so as to be enabled to answer all calls or anything and everything usually found in a Drug Store, and has a thorough acquaintance with the business, he hopes to gain the confidence of the community. He will pay particular attention to filling physicians' prescriptions, and more care and precaution used in waiting upon children than adults.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRUGS,

Choice Wines and Liquors for medicinal and sacramental purposes, Patent Medicines in endless variety, including all that have been made up to this date and some that are yet in embryo. Also White Lead, Zinc, Paint, Whiting and Vermishes or house building or inside work, besides all sizes of Glass, Commercial Note, For's Cap and Letter Paper always on hand, with a variety of Envelopes of different sizes and colors. Brushes, Combs, Pomade, Fancy Soap Hair Oil, Colognes, Essences, Flavoring Extracts, and numerous articles in the Fancy line on hand and offered for sale, cheaper than ever offered before.
Also a large assortment of Kerosene Oil Lamps, Chimneys, Shades and Wicks, and Kerosene Oil to fill them. A general assortment of Fruits and Confectionaries, Tobacco and Cigars.
September 4, 1863.

Mentzer's Horse & Cattle Powder.

M. M. STONER having purchased of Mr. Mentzer, the recipe for making the above far-famed Horse and Cattle Powder, for Pennsylvania and Maryland, takes this method of informing the farmers, drovers, &c., that he has on hand and intends keeping a good supply always on hand. Country merchants and others keeping such articles for sale, would do well to supply themselves with a quantity. He will sell it on commission or for cash cheap. Orders will be punctually attended to.
January 21.

W. PUTNAM'S Patent Cloth Wringer
For sale at the sign of the Big Red Horse
D. B. ROSS, Jr.
Agent for Franklin county.
(July 11 '62).

POETICAL.



SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known:
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief;
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share:
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize:
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

MUSINGS.

Arms that have clasped us are far, far away;
Lips that have kissed us, have gone to decay;
Hair 'midst whose ringlets our hands have played,
Have long, long years in the churchyard laid.

Hopes that we've cherished are buried there;
Hearts once happy are crushed to despair;
Hours once joyous are long and drear;
Smiles give place to the scalding tear.

Father of heaven! oh teach us to know
Thy hand-like, sendeth joy and woe;
Thy rod, though sore, in mercy is given
To lead us from error to our home in heaven.

MISCELLANY.

HOPE.

Behold, away out on the broad ocean of life, a single white sail, glittering, shining, sparkling upon the dark, deep, threatening, angry waters. Such is hope, rising triumphantly in the human heart, rising over sorrow, rising over disappointment, buffeting the waves of despair. The vessel of Hope, chartered by Deity, conveys the troubled and broken heart to a happy resting-place, to a verdant bank, to a quiet harbor, to a flowery shore.

The mother, sitting quietly in her humble abode, reads the Bible, and, placing implicit faith and confidence in her Saviour, hopes that her darling boy may safely return from the battle-field to gladden her heart 'neath more; to smooth her snowy hair; to help her, with strong arms and kind words, down to the grave whither she is hastening. Ah! without Hope how desolate, how sorrowful would be that mother's heart. No she laments, but still she hopes. The glimmering sunshine of Hope breaks in through the dark clouds. The diamond, Hope, glitters at the bottom of the turbid stream. Hope is that mother's comforter.

Tennyson, in his "In Memoriam," has said,—

"We trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill."
How expressive that, when we look back upon our own lives, review our own actions, start with horror at crimes that have been committed in the world, and upon one great balance did, as it were, wonder at the world's account, wonder how little good it has been credited with, and how great a charge of evil appears against it, then Hope challenges despair, steps in to our aid, rescues us from the wretched condition of believing that our case is hopeless. Ah! Hope is our guardian angel. She watches us; she hovers over us, and spreads her shining wings over our pathway; she gilds the iron railing of life that hem us in; she raises us from the mire and clay; she points upward to a celestial city. The last words of Keats are full of pathos and beauty.

"I feel," he said, "the flowers growing over me."
How great was his hope, how lofty, how noble, how satisfying in the hour of trial.

Faith and Hope, twin sisters, beautiful in symmetry, in whose countenance beam sweet smiles of affection and love!

How valuable was Hope to the Bishops Latimer and Ridley. To Quingle, the great German Reformer, killed in battle. Gazing upon the blood, issuing from his wounds, he exclaimed,—

"They may kill the body, indeed, but have no power over the soul!"

How beautiful the Sun of Hope, rising upon a world chilled and benumbed by despair, in all its full, lustrous beauty, sending its warm, enlivening rays down into the deepest, darkest recesses of the human heart.

Hope reaches the most degraded of our fellows; whispers in the drunkard's ear: "Reform! Reform! turn back to the happy days of old." He dashes down the poisoned cup and hopes to be a man once more. She reaches the criminal in the lonely dungeon, and, with her still small voice, bids him repent, ask for pardon, and place his hope on high: Hope-led Orpheus to the eternal regions, to the palace of Plato, seeking his long lost Eurydice. Hope led Menelaus and his Grecians to demand the beautiful Helen at the very gates of Troy.

Hope is the rudder of every barque, the compass that guides us in the morning, in the noonday and in the evening of life. She

is the north star of the heart, the golden link in the chain of life, the silken cord that keeps the heart from breaking. Without hope the vessel goes down. "Worn with despair," "the palace of the soul, that temple where a God might dwell," becomes a fit repository for shattered reason; the lamp is extinguished by the breath of despair; wild winds of disappointment chill the soul, and life is transformed into a great Sahara, without a single oasis to gladden the traveler, or a single cooling draught to moisten his parched lips.

Misspent Time.

Among all the losses which we have to deplore, and which we can never retrieve, we count the "loss of time the greatest." Considering how short is life, and how much each of us have to do in the way of cultivation and self-improvement, life seems all too short, and we are impressed with the absolute necessity of economizing every moment. Not that we should work perpetually with mind or muscle, but that when we work with either, it should be for a purpose, and not "killed" by being worse than thrown away. For example, see how much time is utterly lost by our soldiers in camp! Here are hundreds of able-bodied men, whose duties occupy them but a portion of their time, and who could, if they would, acquire a thorough knowledge of some useful art of science while in the service of their country. But how do they spend their time? Is it in reading scientific or educational works, such as engineering, surveying, architecture, agriculture, mechanics, chemistry, geology, astronomy, phonography, mathematics, geometry, etc.? Or do they buy the yellow-covered trash, the filthy and obscene? Or do they "kill time" by playing cards? These men will again be thrown on their own resources, and required to enter into the ordinary pursuits, when, from disuse, their faculties will be illy prepared to grapple in with those whose minds are wide awake and well stored with real knowledge.

So on our steamers, and other ships where passengers are voyaging for days and weeks; how many improve their time? and how many kill it with worthless games? We do not object to rational amusement, to recreation, nor rest. We only protest against the utter loss of valuable time, when the mind or body could be made to expand, grow, and strengthen—when the spirit could be exalted and the man lifted up and improved.

Time dies, and we can never recall a misspent hour. An opportunity lost for learning a single fact, obtaining a new thought, or of gaining an inch of time, is worse than the loss of friends. And we admonish the reader to consider the value of time, and to see to it that he makes the most of it.

Sentimental Fragment.

"Thou heavenly orb that riseth from the ocean, and doth gild its blue waves with thy beams, thy course knows no check, thy brightness no interval! The vapors of the air may for a moment obstruct thy rays in their progress to the innumerable worlds who owe their light to thee. But thou art still the same, and thy glory triumphs in unimpaired splendor. The clouds, which are blown on between thee and me, are emblems of that life which I shall shortly leave; white-thou art the symbol of that immortality which I hope shortly to enjoy."

The voice came from a rock; and, looking thither, I viewed the venerable form whose lips proceeded the solemn exclamation: He stood upon a rock, and a staff supported him; his beard was silvered by age; and, while I gazed with curious wonder at him, he raised his hand and continued his orisons.

"If this day, which is the last of eighty-five years that I have passed in this miserable world, should be the last of my life, Father of heaven, I shall thank thee! I know thy goodness; I trust in thy mercy; and that the severe penance of thirty years in this solitude will have satisfied thy justice. Alas!—the object of my love and the victim of my rage—forgive me. Her lips, quivering in the agonies of death, pronounced my pardon, and I fear not to meet her in the world whither I am going, and where my contrition will avail me!"

The breakfast bell awoke me, and I could hear no more. A A.

How to Grow Beautiful.

Persons may out grow disease and become healthy by proper attention to the laws of their physical constitution. By moderate and daily exercise, men may become active and strong in limb and muscle. But to grow beautiful how? Age dims the luster of the eye and pale the roses on beauty's cheek; while crowfeet, and furrows and wrinkles, and lost teeth, and gray hairs, and bald head, and tottering limbs, and limping, most sadly mar the human form divine. But aim as the eye is, paid and snaken as may be the face of beauty, and frail and feeble that once strong, erect, and manly body, the immortal soul, just fledging its wings for its home in heaven may look out through those faded windows as beautiful as the dew-drop of summer's morning, as melting as the tears that glisten in affection's eye—by growing, kindly, by cultivating sympathy with all human kind, by cherishing forbearance toward the follies and foibles of our race, and fleeing, day by day, on that love to God and man which lifts us from the brute and makes us akin to angels.—*Phrenological Journal.*

A schoolmarm in England has adopted a new and novel mode of punishment. If the boys disobeyed her rules she stands them on their heads and pours cold water into their trousers legs.

"If a man sells his watch for \$50, buys it back for \$40, and sells it for \$45, how much does he make in the transaction?" It looks as if he made \$15; but he didn't. Boys, can you tell how much?

MRS. HARRIS VERSUS MIS-CHIEFMAKER.

"Just as I've always said," remarked Sarah Gamp to her friend, Betsy Prig, at the tea-table, "folks will talk, and how could you expect them to tell the truth?—It's not in nature!"—for folks as talks much; must get up subjects to talk about, because they won't listen to others of whom they could learn ideas, and so they rattle ahead like a homilist; they don't like Mrs. Brown because she dresses well, and so if Mrs. Brown talks to Mr. Jones,—"don't they let out on her?"—"Didn't I see Mrs. Brown making love to Mr. Jones? Didn't she whisper?"—"and don't Mr. Brown look bad and seem troubled; I just thought so, poor Mr. Brown!"—and so the old dried-up Gossip chatters until the whole town's going on about Mrs. Brown. Just the other day I says to Mrs. Harris, says I, now Mrs. Harris, what's to be done upon one is belid and slandered, and cooked-up so? and Mrs. Harris said, said she; "why Sarah, its troublesome, which it is; there are in every community persons who by their envy and jealousy, are always miserable, and they like to have "partners in distress," and so they let no opportunity slip to put their neighbors in hot water; and this is especially true of very vulgar adde-pated people, whose misery only finds relief in inventing silly stories which they know by circulation will be so magnified and colored, as to overwhelm their victim; and yet the rapid spread of the story shields the inventor, and so they go scot-free, laughing at the numerous phases and gyrations their little innocent story has gone through; and then there are persons who lend themselves to these human devils, by exhibiting suspicious feelings, though they may be excellent and clever people.—These are to be pitied, for they wish to do right, but circumstances in themselves trivial, become, to their imaginations, by the artful shifting of the Gossip, arguments strong as holy writ; and these poor creatures will not listen to reason or sense." You're right, says I, Mrs. Harris, but then what is one to do? There is suspicion on one side and the Gossip on the other,—you can't defend yourself against either; must one suffer, and suffer, and be kept in a stew, be blowed about town by rattling, low-fung, high-feathered, but low-depraved suckers, which abound everywhere,—be pitied by folks who hate you, and scolded by your friends, be injured in your business and reputation,—and not be able to show yourself up all right?—"Why, my dear Sarah," said Mrs. Harris, said she, "don't you remember what Jimmy Buchanan or Davy Crockett said once, "Be sure you're right and go ahead,"—you can't do better; find comfort in the belief that "Truth is mighty," and "will out;" your friends will probe the matter, sift the circumstances and finally reach the truth; and then they will take pleasure in vindicating you; and even the persons who so unjustly impugn your motives, or bear false witness against you, will finally be mollified, and set you up right. It's true, calumny and envy and jealousy have ridden their victims to the grave and then piped there for many a long day; but this seldom happens. Besides, you have this consolation, that the individual who thus injures you in word or thought, is as unhappy as yourself; and he is a great fool if he does not listen to reason and thus be relieved of harboring such unpleasant feelings.—Believe me, Sarah, the Gossip's character soon becomes known; she is eschewed by every one, avoided as a pest, and soon suffers more than her victims; and then too, as I said before, genteel and respectable people though they are sometimes entrapped by the Gossips, yet, generally this occurs but once, and forever after they regret that they should have lent their ears to such miserable twaddle; they know something of human nature, and cannot lend themselves to such ignoble practices,—moreover they are incredulous, and you seldom suffer in their opinions, by street rumors." Now, Betsy, I think Mrs. Harris told the truth, which it is; and I shan't bother myself about such folks any longer. I did say that I like a little bottle of Gin on the mantelpiece, when I wait on patients; but not as I loved it,—no! no!—but just to put my lips to it when so disposed.

A Noble Youth.

The following anecdote was related to a gentleman during a night he spent in a farmhouse in Virginia, some three years ago.

In December, 17—, toward the close of a dreary day a woman with an infant child were discovered half buried in the snow, by a little Virginian, seven years old. The lad was returning from school, and hearing the moans of some one in distress, threw down his satchel of books and repaired to the spot whence the sound proceeded, with a firmness becoming one of riper years. Raking the snow from the benumbed body of the mother, and using means to awaken her to a sense of her deplorable condition; at length succeeded in getting her upon her feet; the infant nestling on its mother's breast, turned its eyes toward their youthful preserver and smiled, in gratitude for its preservation. With a countenance filled with hope, the gallant youth cheered the sufferer on, himself bearing within his tiny arms the infant child, while the mother leaned for support on the shoulder of her little conductor. "My home is hard by," would he exclaim, as oft as her spirits failed; and thus for three miles, did he cheer onward to a happy haven, the mother and child, both of whom must have otherwise perished had it not been for the humane feeling and perseverance of this noble youth.

A warm fire and kind attention, soon relieved the sufferer, who it appeared, was in search of her husband, an emigrant from New Hampshire, a recent purchaser of a farm in the neighborhood of— near this place Diligent inquiry for several days found him, and in five months after the identical house in which we are now sitting was erected, and received the happy family. The child grew up to manhood—entered the army—lost a limb at New Orleans, but returned to end his days, a solace to the declining years of his aged parents.

"Where are they now?" I asked the narrator.

"Here," exclaimed the son. "I am the rescued one—there is my mother, and here imprinted on my naked arm is the noble youth, our preserver!"

I looked and read "Winfield Scott."

The Cheering Word.

Little Charley was the dull boy of his school. All the rest either laughed at him or pitied him. Even his master sometimes taunted him with his deficiencies. He became sullen and indifferent, and took no pains to get on. One day a gentleman who was visiting the school looked over some boys who were making their first attempt to write. There was a general burst of amusement at poor Charley's efforts. He colored but was silent.

"Never mind, my lad," said the gentleman, cheerfully, "don't be discouraged; just go on and do your very best, and you'll be a brave writer some day. I recollect when I first began to write, being quite as awkward as you are, but I persevered, and now look here." He took a pen and wrote his name on a piece of paper in fine legible characters. "See what I can do now," he added.

Many years afterwards that gentleman met Charley again. He had turned out one of the most celebrated men of his day, and he expressed his firm conviction that he owed his success in life, under God's blessing to the encouraging speech made by the school visitant.

All living things need encouragement.—The eagle encourages and aids its young to fly. The cat encourages her kitten to hunt and catch the mouse. The hen encourages the chicken to fly to the roost. And so the horse, the ox, and other animals encourage their young in every proper way. But it often happens that poor sensitive children, who most need cheering words, get only rebuffs, scoldings, and hard words. "Kind words" make our sufferings less; encouraging words give us energy, hope, and confidence. Flattery puffs up, makes us vain, and generates egotism—against which all good men pray, "Good Lord, deliver us!"

A WARM CORPSE.—A couple of medical students disinterred a subject on a cold winter's night, and having dressed it, sitting upright, on the seat of a covered wagon, they started for home. Coming to a tavern, and seeing the bar-room lighted up, they left the wagon and went in for a drink. The hostler observing the man sitting alone in the cold, attempted some conversation, but receiving no answer, he discovered how the affair stood and instantly resolved to have a little fun of his own on the occasion; so, taking the corpse to the stable, he put on its overcoat and cap, and seated himself in the wagon.—The students soon returned, and took their seats by the side of the supposed dead man, when one of them in merriment gave him a slap on the face, saying: "How would you like some flip, old fellow?" then remarked, tremulously, to his companion, "He is warm by heavens!" "So would you," replied the corpse, "if you had been stolen from him— as I have." Both students bolted, and never returned to inquire for the horse and wagon.

BENEVOLENCE.—"I see in this world two heaps, human happiness and misery. If I can take but the smallest bit from one heap and add to the other, I carry a point. If a child has dropped a half penny, and by giving it another I can wipe away its tears, I feel I have done something. I should be glad indeed to do greater things, but I will not neglect this."—John Newton.

TO START A BAULKY HORSE.—Fill his mouth with dirt or gravel from the road and he will go. Now don't laugh at this but try it. The plain philosophy of the thing is—it gives him something else to think of. We have seen it tried a hundred times, and it has never failed.

Wisdom and Wisdom.

There are three faithful friends—an old wife, an old dog, and ready money. The noblest question in the world is—what good can I do in it?
The human race is undoubtedly of more importance than a horse race.
A woman's tears soften a man's heart; her frowns stiffen his head.
You should never wink at faults; and not too often at the Indies.
Speak and write by the card, but do not play by it.
If you miss a train you don't have to wait for it—and that's a comfort.
A man can't be old but once, and that's a consolation.
Human existence hinges upon trifles—what is beauty without soap?
A person should be just before he is generous.
Men slip on water when it is frozen, and on whiskey when it isn't.
Ladies, you should have an affection for whales; you are chiefly bone of their bone.
If you haven't a dollar in your pocket no one can rob you of it—and that's a consolation.
If a lover finds a pleasant note from his sweet heart stuck into his keyhole, it is a keyhole to his heart.
If a woman is truly beautiful let not her beauty be made dim by the flash of diamonds.
Model wives formerly took a stitch in time; now, with the aid of sewing machines, they take one in a minute.

A Pun that is no Joke.

A Frenchman near the Canada line, in Vermont, sold a horse to his Yankee neighbor, which he recommended, as being a very sound, servicable animal, in spite of his unprepossessing appearance. To every inquiry of the buyer respecting the qualities of the horse, the Frenchman gave a favorable reply, but always commenced his commendation with the depreciatory remark: "He's no look ver good."
The Yankee caring little for the looks of the horse, of which he judged for himself without the seller's assistance, and being fully persuaded, after minute inspection, that the beast was worth the moderate sum asked for him, made the purchase, and took him home. A few days afterwards he returned to the seller in high dejection, and declared that he had been cheated in the quality of the horse.

"'Vat is de matter?" said the Frenchman.

"'Matter!" said the Yankee, "matter enough; the horse can't see; he is blind as a bat!"

"Ah!" said the Frenchman, "dat I vas tell you he vas not look ver good—be gar, I don't know if he look at all."

A man of temperate habits was once dining at the house of a free drinker. No sooner was the cloth removed from the dinner table than wine and spirits were produced, and he was asked to taste a glass of spirits and water.

"No, thank you," said he, "I'm not ill."

"Take a glass of wine then," said his hospitable host, "or a glass of ale."

"No, thank you," said he, "I'm not thirsty."

These answers called forth a loud burst of laughter. Soon after the temperate man took a piece of bread from the sideboard and handed it to his host, who refused it, saying that he was not hungry. At this the temperate man laughed in his turn.

"Surely," said he, "I have as much reason to laugh at you for not eating when you are not hungry as you have to laugh at me for declining medicine when not ill, and drink when I am not thirsty."

The following story is told to illustrate the remarkable instinct of the feline tribe: Mr. Stipheimer, the famous Saxon dentist, had a valuable tortoise shell cat that for days did nothing but moan. Guessing the cause, he looked into his mouth, and seeing a decayed tooth, he soon relieved it of its pain. The following day there were at least ten cats at his door; the day after twenty; and they went on increasing at such a rate that he was obliged to keep a big bull dog to drive them away. But nothing would help him. A cat that had the toothache would come any number of miles to see him. However, being one morning very nervous, he accidentally broke the jaw of an old tabby. The news of this spread like wildfire, and not a single cat came to him afterwards.

A GALLANT PEDLER.—As a lady of great personal beauty was walking along a narrow lane, she perceived, just behind her, a hawk or other carter ware, driving an ass with two panniers laden with his stock in trade. To give the animal and his master room to pass, the lady suddenly stepped aside, which so frightened the old donkey that he ran away, and had not proceeded far when he fell, and a great part of the crockery was broken.—The lady, in her turn, became alarmed, lest the man should load her with abuse, but he merely exclaimed, "Never mind, ma'am; Balaam's ass was frightened by an angel."

Why do you sleep in your pew when I am in the pulpit, while you are all attention to every stranger whom I invite to preach for me? said a country clergyman to his clerk. Because, sir, replied the clerk, when you preach, I am sure all is right; but I cannot trust a stranger without keeping a good lookout.

An urchin, suffering from the application of the birch, said "Fory rods are said to be a furlong; I know better; let anybody get such a licking as I've had, and he'll find out that one rod makes an acher!"

The curiosity of woman would turn a minnow to see what is behind it.