

# VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics and Religion.

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NUMBER 40

## LATEST ARRIVAL

OF NEW

FALL & WINTER

### DRY GOODS

AT  
**GEO. STOVERS,**  
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 will 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  
Challies,  
Printed and Plain Delaines,  
Blk, Fig'd and Gold Silks,  
Plain Mohair,  
Silk Warp-Mohair,  
Boreges,  
Medona Cloth,  
Lovelles,  
French and Dutch Gingham,  
Poplins,  
Pongee Mixtures,  
Cloth for Ladies,  
Wrappings,  
Gloves,  
Hosiery, in great variety.

### GENTLEMEN'S WEAR,

Broad Cloths,  
Black and Fancy Cassimeres,  
Union Cassimeres,  
Duck Linens,  
Cottonades,  
Summer Coatings,  
Tweeds,  
Vests Cord,  
Mansilles,  
Silk Vestings,  
Velveting 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,

Muslin, Ticking, and a complete assortment of Notions. His no use trying to enumerate. If you want anything at all in the Dry Goods line just call in and you will find him ready to wait on you with pleasure. To persons having country Produce to sell, they will find it to their advantage to bring it to Stovers, as he always gives the highest market price. So give him a call, and he will sell you goods as cheap as they can be purchased elsewhere.

Nov. 11, 1864.

## FRESH ARRIVAL

AT  
**FOURTHMAN'S DRUG STORE!**



### F. FOURTMAN

WOULD tender his thanks to the community and still solicit the patronage of a generous public who have anything in his line. Inasmuch as he has enlarged his stock so as to be enabled to answer all calls for 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 Varnishes 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. 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 31.

W. PUTNAM'S Patent Cloth-Wringer  
for sale at the sign of the Big Red Horn  
D. B. BUESSEL,  
(July 11 '62.)  
Agent for Franklin county.

## POETICAL.



### HEART WISHES.

I would not wear a golden crown,  
Nor reign upon a throne;  
But o'er one true and loving heart  
I would be queen alone.

I would not have a scepter throng  
Press round to bow the knee;  
But one light, free and eager step  
Haste homeward unto me.

I would not have a sumptuous couch,  
When pain had laid me low;  
But one dear arm fold my form,  
One hand to press my brow.

I would not have proud marble piled  
Upon my lowly head;  
But simple stone and grassy mound,  
And one to weep me dead.

I would, beloved, to thee and me,  
The priceless pearl be given.  
That thy true heart may meet my own,  
And each love each in heaven.

### MINUTES.

We are but minutes—little thing;  
Each one furnished with sixty wings;  
With which we fly on our unseen track,  
And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes—each one bears  
Its little burden of joys and cares;  
Patiently take the minutes of pain,  
The worst of minutes cannot remain.

We are but minutes; when we bring  
Few of the drops from pleasure's spring;  
Taste their sweetness while yet we stay,  
It takes but a minute to fly away.

We are but minutes—see us well,  
For how we are used we must one day tell;  
Who uses minutes has hours to use;  
Who loses minutes has years to lose.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE UNKNOWN ATTORNEY.

A STORY OF TEXAN LIFE.

It was my fortune or misfortune, whichever you choose, to hold, some ten or twelve years ago, what is called a "sit" on a small paper published in one of the middle counties of Texas.

At that time that portion of the country was in little better than a half civilized condition. The little village in which I was a sojourner could boast of its "Vigilance Committee," and more than once did it fall to my lot to put in type the fate of some unfortunate wretch who had been caught doing an act which could not be tolerated by the order-loving portion of the community. Horse stealing was considered a very grave offense, and to be found in the neighborhood of another's stable after nightfall would be sure to place one under suspicion of having dishonest motives, and woe betide you if a horse was missed soon after. But the crime which was sure to meet with summary punishment was "tampering," as they termed it, "with their biggers." The limb of a tree and a horse halter were sure to follow, with but the interlude of fifteen minutes, in which time the culprit was supposed to make his peace with God and man.

In the town was a man named John Dean, who possessed considerable property which he had acquired by means of that very respectable (even among the Southerners themselves) business of slave-trading; and though some of the lower class of the people courted his favor, he was passed by the better portion of society. I had not been long in the place when Dean became impressed with the idea that it would add greatly to his importance if he were to connect himself with the church, for he had now grown rather old to follow the business to which he had devoted soul and body during the whole of his life. Accordingly he became a member of the only one in the place—a Methodist—and was received by them as they always receive the "weary wanderers" who are seeking to find a refuge against the wrath of an insulted Deity. After this Dean was much more respected and as he contributed liberally towards the various charitable demands of the church, he was fast approaching that much desired name of a "pillar."

We had at this time for a pastor a man who preached as if he believed that slavery was really a "divine institution," and that his whole duty was to help extend it. The next spring, however, brought a change, for the conference sent us a young man, who recently had been transferred from one of the Eastern conferences. He was a man whose eye denoted no fear; yet there was about him that calm and gentlemanly demeanor that told him to be a true Christian. With him came his wife, a gentle and a kind woman, whose whole arm seemed to be do all the good that lay in her power to every one.

Mr. Kinney (the minister) had not been with us long when he gave offence to Dean in one of his sermons, and the result was that Dean made a great noise about it, and used some very insulting language concerning the minister. This coming to the knowledge of the leading men in the church, Dean was promptly expelled from its connection, but vowed that he would be revenged.

Soon after this several negroes were missed in succession, and the people became alarmed. The "committee" now had its hands full to find out the criminals. Dean made himself very conspicuous; but no clue could

be obtained. One night, however, Dean missed one of his servants, and next day commenced to look for him. The whole town was ransacked except the minister's house and premises. Dean said he would search them, and accompanied by two of the "committee" proceeded to do so. They found the missing negro in Mr. Kinney's stable-loft, hid among the hay, being heavily drugged, and secretly tied, hand and foot, with his mouth gagged, to prevent him giving any alarm in case the effects of the narcotic passed off before he was removed. The minister was arrested at once. In vain did he protest his innocence. The proof was sufficient to condemn him in the minds of that community, and he was led away to the woods to be executed. His wife followed, and because of her earnest pleadings and his previous good character, they relented from their purpose and took him to the jail, there to await his trial. His wife stayed with him during the whole of his long confinement, (some four or five months,) and won not a few friends by her unwavering devotion to her unfortunate husband.

The time for his trial drew near, and although several lawyers had been engaged, they all deserted him for some cause or other, and most of them were now arrayed against him. A few of us had our suspicions that Dean's money was at work among them, but we had too much regard for our own welfare to say anything.

The day of trial came, and after some little preliminary business had been arranged, Kinney's case was called.

"Where is your counsel?" Asked the Judge.

"I have none sir," he said politely. "I have engaged several, and they have all forsaken me."

"Well, it is hard," replied the Judge, "but the case will have to go on. Will any gentleman volunteer to defend the prisoner?"

As the Judge asked this question a death-like silence prevailed in the court house, that was almost painful to bear. Several minutes elapsed, and still no answer.

When the trial had opened a rough-looking young man had been seen to enter the court room and quietly take his position in the crowd. He had a wild and reckless look, but was not noticed much, on account of the interest that was manifested in the trial that was going on. In his hand was the inseparable companion of the woodsman—a trusty rifle. He watched a few moments, and seeing no one offer their services, elbowed his way through the crowd, and, stepping in front of the Judge's desk, said:

"If I please your Honor, I will defend the prisoner."

The Judge was dumfounded, and came very near making use of an oath, but remembering the dignity of his position, asked:

"Who are you, sir?"

"My name matters not," was the reply. "The courtesy of the Court would allow me to practice in one case, at least. But here is my license, signed by the highest tribunal in the land," at the same time handing the Judge a large parchment sheet, upon which was affixed the well known seal of the Supreme Court of the United States. The Judge glanced it over, and folding it up handed it back with a dignified bow, saying as he did so:

"That is sufficient, sir."

The man took a seat at the rough bar, and the case proceeded. The lawyer who was to open the case arose, and proceeded to state what he expected to prove, and having finished his part of the speech, ventured to indulge in some remarks concerning the stranger. Not a muscle of the unknown moved, and save for a fiery flashing of his eye, one might have taken him for a mute, so calm and undisturbed did he appear.

Having finished, the witnesses were called, and one after the other were examined—Kinney's attorney asked but few questions, and took no notes whatever. Silent and unconcerned he appeared among that motley group. The evidence was very conclusive, and we were already looking upon the prisoner, as he sat in the criminal box, with his care-worn and beautiful wife by his side, as a convicted man. When Dean was called, however, a flush was seen to cross the face of the stranger. The prosecution had finished their interrogations, and Dean was about to step down from the witness stand when he was called back by the counsel for the defence.

Fixing his eye steadily on him, but still maintaining his almost statue-like position he commenced questioning him. Dean quivered like an aspen leaf beneath that searching gaze, yet managed to answer to the apparent satisfaction of those who were arrayed against the prisoner. The questions put to him were but few and brief, and soon he was dismissed.

Kinney's counsel called but one witness in the defence, a man who kept the only drug-store in the place, and he swore that he had sold Dean a large dose of a powerful narcotic two or three days before the disappearance of the negro.

The counsel for the prosecution arose and one after the other proceeded to portray the heinous crime that had been committed, the clearness of the evidence, and the consequences of such an act upon the community. Among those who took part in the case against the prisoner were some who had earned considerable reputation as legal men. All of them did their best.

The people of those back settlements are easily moved to acts of violence, and it was only by the stern appeals of the judge that he could be induced to let the law take its course. Having fairly convicted Kinney in the minds of those assembled, they turned on his attorney and again hurled at him all the torrent of denunciatory eloquence that they were masters of.

The listeners became restive, and soon were heard shouts of "Hang him! What right has he to come here to meddle with our affairs?"

Still the lawyer who was speaking went on, and at length some of the more impulsive made a dash at the young stranger, with the intention of lynching him. Seizing his rifle and springing back, he said, bringing it at the same time to his shoulder:

"Back, cowards. Advance one step and I will fire. I am but one among many, but I will sell my life as dearly as possible." Awed by his determined manner, and the stern voice of the judge, they cowed down and he again seated himself, keeping his eyes on the assembly with his rifle still in his hand.

The prosecution finished; and now came his turn. He arose and leaning one hand on his rifle, commenced in a tone of voice so low that it could hardly be heard. But directly he began to warm with the subject and as he proceeded it seemed as if an unearthly being stood in that rough court room. Throwing back the long dark hair, that fell in thickness around his head and neck, he proceeded directly to Dean's evidence, and soon showed conclusively that it was all a mass of inconsistencies. The audience were beginning to open their eyes. Dean left the room. Then turning to the prisoner he told the jury of the wrong that had been done him; of the villainies Dean had practiced toward him; how he had himself hired a man to steal the negro; how he had had the negro in Kinney's stable-loft; how Dean had been prompted to all this by the fact of being expelled from the church. By this time the spectators were all on their feet, and their heavy breathings could be heard distinctly. Next wheeling suddenly around he dealt out upon the lawyers who had assailed him such a display of forensic talent, abashed and confused they lowered their heads and tried to hide their shame as best they could.

Again turning to those of the audience who had attacked him, he proceeded to plead for mercy upon the wretches who had thus attempted to barter away the life of an offending man. Such a display of eloquence I have never before heard nor never again expect to. It was like the whirlwind driving all before it. It was more than that excitable people could bear. Some shed tears, others yelled only as a Texan can. All were roused to their highest pitch.

He finished and took his seat, and the State's Attorney arose and seeing the turn that the case had taken begged the crowd to be calm, and asked the jury to acquit. They did so, without leaving their seats. Amid tumultuous shouts, Mr. Kinney and his wife were borne back to the parsonage.

Some of the roughest made an attempt to seize the most prominent lawyer who had been arrayed against the prisoner, but again the stranger sprang to his feet and standing between him and them waved them away, while with his rifle at his shoulder he said:

"Back, cowards, back! He is but one and you are many!"

The crowd fell back, and in the confusion of the moment the stranger disappeared.

Dean was never again seen in the place, and not long after a power of attorney came authorizing one of the most prominent men in the place to dispose of his property and send him the proceeds.

Mr. Kinney preached the next Sunday, but it was his last sermon with us. He had enough of Texan life, and returned North. When the present war broke out he went as chaplain of one of the New York regiments and was killed at the battle of Savage Station.

### A Hard One.

Bill had been to sea; and on his return he was narrating to his uncle an adventure which he had met on board a ship.

## A VISION.

The following account of a vision is from the *Western Christian Advocate*:

Mr. B. had been twice married, but was left a second time a widower with six daughters and one son. After these bereavements, Mr. B. inferred the Lord did not design him to enjoy the blessing of a wife, and he resolved to sacrifice all personal conveniences and enjoyments of the conjugal relation, and never attempt to select another partner in life. This resolution, he secretly kept for nearly three years, when the arguments and counsel of the minister of the circuit, in the State of Delaware, prevailed on him to change his mind.

The consideration of his numerous family of daughters requiring so much a mother's care and instruction, was one of the strong reasons that induced him to admit that his resolution might be found in error. The minister, encouraged by the good impression he had made, and the influence he had gained over Mr. B., took the liberty to name to him an excellent wife and a good mother for his children, and appointed the time and place for Mr. B. to meet him and be introduced to her. Some occurrence took place which prevented Mr. B. from meeting the minister according to appointment. The minister, intent upon his plan, procured Mr. B.'s consent to meet him a second time, and the appointment was made; but an unexpected Providence again prevented Mr. B. from being there at the time. They then made a third arrangement, and Mr. B. determined, if life and health permitted, he would certainly meet his friend, and be made acquainted with the lady recommended. Before the time arrived, however, Mr. B. was admonished in a dream that the woman so favorably spoken of by the minister was not the one he ought to marry, and he was conducted in a vision to the residence of the young lady that would be a suitable helpmate, and that Providence designed for him. The distance was sixty miles, and he had only traveled twenty miles in that direction. Yet the map of the whole road was laid before his mind, and the way he should go so distinctly marked in his dream that he seemed perfectly familiar with all the road. He dreamed the distance to be traveled, the name of the young woman and the name of her stepfather, Col. Vickers, the appearance of the house in which he lived, how it was painted; that it was situated near a river, with a warehouse near at hand. He dreamed, also, that there were five young ladies belonging to the same family; and he had the one selected for him so accurately described in his dream that he could easily distinguish her from the other four. In the morning he awoke, and thought nothing of his vision, except as an extraordinary and remarkable dream. The next night he had precisely the same vision repeated, and the same things presented to his mind in a still more vivid manner. Mr. B. then began to think that their might be some indication of Providence in his dream; and all that day he made it a subject of sincere and ardent prayer that God would direct him in the way he should go in a matter so grave, and involving so much interest to himself and his motherless children.

That night he had the vision repeated a third time, and he determined then to follow the directions furnished him, and fully test the circumstances of the dream by a practical examination, and see if the results would be developed as he dreamed them. He immediately sent a note to the preacher, informing him that he had changed his mind, and must decline meeting him at the time appointed. Mr. B. started in the direction indicated by his vision, and after the twenty miles he was acquainted with, his dream was his only guide. He, however, had no difficulty, for the map of the road was so vividly impressed upon his mind, that he was able to distinguish his road from all others. The gentleman whose name was given him in his dream he had never seen or heard of. He knew the farm as soon as he saw it. The house and everything about it, appeared precisely as they had been presented in his vision. He alighted from his horse, and entered the beautiful house. The personal appearance of the young lady was so vividly impressed on his mind by the vision thrice repeated, that he readily recognized her in company with four others, whom he found, in the same family. He soon ascertained the name of the young woman, and found it to be Sarah T., according to his dream. This young lady had determined, and had often said, she never would marry a widower.—Miss T. said the very moment she first saw Mr. B. she felt a strange tremor pass over her whole system. She had a vivid impression that he was a widower, and that he had come to see her. She afterward confessed that a sudden emotion of affection for him arose in her heart as soon as he came into her presence. Mr. B. obtained the pleasure of an interview with her that evening, and was successful in securing her consent to visit her again; and address her on the subject of marriage. He, however, did not tell her his dream till she had engaged to become his wife. After a courtship of a few months they were happily married, and lived together for more than fifty years. Mr. B. died on the 25th day of March, 1842, and Mrs. B. lived until the 7th of April, 1847. For sixty years perhaps, they were both distinguished and useful members of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

That was a good joke on a young and gallant Hoosier officer, who, on receiving a note from a lady "requesting the pleasure of his company" at a party to be given at her house, on the evening designated, took his volunteers and marched them to the young lady's residence. When it was explained to him that it was himself alone who had been invited, he said, "By golly the letter said company, and I thought the lady wanted to see all my boys."

### The Snow Bird.

As each returning winter comes to us clad in its garments of white, as oft and as faithful are the visits of the little snow bird, those feathered companions of winter's chill and dreary day. During the last few days, while the ground has been covered with snow, many of these little birds could be seen fringing about as if regardless of the fact that Jack Frost, like the grasp of a miser, has laid his cold hands upon the earth. The snow bird is remarked among ornithologists for the obscurity which hangs around its history. On the first approach of winter it suddenly makes its appearance, apparently driven by the inclemency of the weather to court the society of man. Whence it comes (for its exit is as sudden as its entrance,) no one has been able to discover. It is supposed by some to be in reality another bird, only that its plumage, by some mysterious and irresistible power, has been suddenly changed. There is a feeling of melancholy passing over the mind when the bleak and dreary landscape, deserted by all other tenants of the air, is only enlivened by the presence of the mournful snow bird. Yet in the bitterest weather he is always gay and lively, and the gloominess of the scenery around him seems to have no saddening effect upon his cheerful heart.

### Do it with all Thy Might.

Fortune, success, fame, position, are never gained but by piously, determinedly, bravely sticking, growing, living to a thing till it is fairly accomplished. In short, you must carry a thing through, if you want to be anybody or anything. No matter if it does cost you the pleasure, the society, the thousand yearly gratifications of life. No matter for these. Stick to a thing and carry it through. Believe you were made for the matter and that no one else can do it. Put forth your whole energies. Stir, awake, electrify yourself, and go forth to the task. Only once learn to carry the thing through in all its completeness and proportion, and you will become a hero. You will think better of yourself—others will think better of you. Of course they will. The world in its very heart admires the stern determined doer.—It sees in him its best sight, its brightest object, its richest treasure. Drive right; along then, in whatever you undertake. Consider yourself amply sufficient for the deed.—You'll be successful. Never fear.

### Charge it to Father.

A dry goods dealer, well known in the vicinity of Broadway, and somewhat prominent for his various shakes and jerks when he promenades the streets, was on a foraging expedition a few days since in the centro market. Seeing a buxom Sucker girl in the distance, he approached her, seizing her hand and exclaimed, with much warmth:

"How do you do, my dear young friend? how is your father and mother? when did you leave home? Ah, excuse me, I have forgotten your name, but I stayed all night at your father's house a year ago. (Her father had been dead for ten years.) Perhaps you don't recollect me. My name's—, my store is on Broadway; call on me—I shall be happy to sell you some bargains," and leaving his card in her hand, our man of tape departed.

Not long afterwards appeared the not very green young lady, who selected goods to the amount of twenty dollars, and picking them up was about to leave, when the polite shopkeeper and friend of the family exclaimed:

## Hugging.

An Editor in Iowa has been fined two hundred dollars for hugging a girl in church.—*Exchange.*

Cheap enough! We once hugged a girl in church some ten years ago and it has cost a thousand a year ever since.—*Young America.*

That's nothing! We kissed a girl in school some twenty-five years ago, and have had to support her and the family ever since!—*Tioga Democrat.*

Whee! You don't none of you know how to do it. We have been kissing and hugging the girls for the last thirty years in school and out of school, in church and out of church, at home and a broad, and it never cost us nary red.—*Hospital Register.*

The old rat! He must be a regular hugger-mugger. We wonder who does support the family, at home.—*Sunday (Boston) Leader.*

Nary rat was he. What's the use of supporting a girl and her family when you can hug them from one year's end to another without costing you a red. We are decidedly in favor of the *Register's* mode.—*Columbian Spy.*

CURIOSITY.—A person of an observing turn of mind, if he has rode through Middletown, has noticed how curious youngsters along the route will fill the windows with their anxious faces in order to get a glimpse of all passers by. A Yankee pedler drove up in front of a house one day, and seeing all hands and the cook staring from the windows, got off from his cart, and the following dialogue took place with the man of the house:

Jonathan.—Has there been a funeral lately?

Man of the House.—No; why?

Jonathan.—I saw there was one pane of glass that didn't have a head in it.

Man of the House.—You leave Blasted quick; or there will be a funeral.

Why is a bluish little girl? Because it becomes a woman.