Levelle Arthurs.

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 13, 1865.

NUMBER 17

HOSTETTER, REID & CO.,

Waynesboro' and vicinity that they have received a new and extensive stock of

Embracing in part-SYRUPS, SUGARS, MOLASSES, HAMS.

CHEESE, COFFEE, CHOCOLATE, DRIED BEEF.

TEAS.-Hyson, Imperial and Oolong, of the finest flavor. SPICES, ground and unground, and Baking articles, warranted fresh and pure, and of the best quality

QUEENSWARE AND GLASSWARE.

a very heavy stock, to which special attention is invited. Fine ware in setts or by the single piece, of the latest styles; Cut Glass Goblets, Tumblers, &c.

KEROSENE LAMPS

of every pattern, a large assortment. Shades, (new style) wicks, chimneys; spring hinge burners, al-

NOTIONS, VARIETIES, &C.

A thousand and one fancy, useful and necessary articles, used in every family and by everybody.

TOBACCO, CIGARS AND PIPES.

Willett's Cong. Navy, Nat. Leaf, Mich Fine Cut, Havana Cigars, good common do. Sanitary and Neotric Pipes, latest thing out.

SALT AND FISH

G. A. Salt, Liverpool, large size sacks. Pickled Shad, Mackerel, No. 1 and 3, bbl., half bbl., quarter bbl, new.

MARKET

Being in connection with Hostetter & Co., of Greencastle, which firm have a Market Car on the R. R., we are enabled to supply our customers with the choicest luxuries of the Eastern markets in their proper season.

the best articles in the market, and doing all in our power to accommodate customers, we hope to receive a share of public patronage. No trouble to Terms, Positively Cash. We buy our goods for cash and must sell them in the same way -

By strict attention to business, furnishing

Country dealers supplied at wholesale prices. HOSTETTER, REID & CO.

Waynesboro', Aug. 25, '65. CARRIAGE-MAKING BUSINESS THE NEW FIRM.

HE subscribers would inform the public that been very distinguished, and immensely weal-they have opened out a new Shop on Main thy. He was the only remaining represen-Street, East end of Waynesboro'; where they are tative of the once noble family, whose proud now prepared to put up all tinds of

BUGGIES and do all kinds of repair work at short notice-Persons wanting anything in their line will do well to give them a call. ISRAEL HESS, NATHANIEL CROUSE.

sep !--tf ROCK EORGE FILE WORKS, (ADJOINING DAYHOFF'S MACHINE SHOP.)

M. L. BELL. FILE MANUFACTURER.

III.ES and Rasps of all descriptions, wholesale and retail. Files cut expressly for wood, iron, bruss or steel. Old Files re-cut and warranted c qual to new. Vice jaws cut and repaired Alf or ders by mail promptly attended to. Adress Box 146, Waynesboro', Franklin Co. Pa. July 14—ly.

Mechanic Wanted!

A good Wagon-maker will hear of a good situation to carry on business in the vicinity of Waynesboro' by applying at THIS OFFICE.

BACON, bought and sold by

HOSTETTER REID & Co. ROR a cake of fine Soap, you must go to KURTZ's PATENT FLASKS-Just the thing for bottling wine and catsup, at sep 8] HOSTETTER, REID & Co's.

SPERM OIL—A good article for sale by sep 8] Hostertee, Reio & HOSTETTER, REID & Co. A WIST NAT. LEAF TOBACCO-(Orinvet) HOSTETTER, REID & Co's DINEAPPLE CHEESE-Fresh lot, just re-Новтеттки Кеп & Со.



THE DEAD SOLDIER.

BY EDWARD P. NOWELL.

Rest, valiant soldier, rest! Rest from heart-rending strife; No more shall shrick of shell Toll in thine ear the knell Of ebbing life!

Thou sleep'st the sleep of death; Thy lips are white as snow; No longer flash thine eyes With fearless energies, In face of foe:

Repose in peace profound, Intrepid son of Mars! Right loyal was thy love, For Freedom's ensign of Sweet stripes and stars.

Its-folds-drop-round thee now; They mourn thy death deplored; Borne o'er the bloody field, By one who ne'er would yield To lawless horde-

O, flag of sacred trust! He whom thy folds enshroud, With lofty courage flung Thy spangled form where rung War's tocsin lou 1.

The deadlier raged the fray, The higher waved in light, This dear, Saturnian type Of Freedom-nought could wipe This sign from sight! ,

But now that arm's unnerved; . Our-hero lieth-low: He leaves a fame that lives; Rest, brave! till nature gives Her final throe !

SUMMER IS GONE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Across the fields the gleaming Of Autumn stealeth slow-The maple flush with crimson heat-The stumac's fervid glow:-The morning airs are damp and cool,

At night the skies are gay-The wildwood silence tells the tale--

We miss the birds that sang in June-We miss the sweet lipped flowers--We miss the soft airs of the south-We miss the long slow hours-These Autumn days are all too short,

Though brilliant in decay-Their very brilliance saddens us--For Summer's gone away.

The frost-weed blossoms by the road--The nuts in forest snades Drop one by one; and asters pale Hide in the woody glades-The morning's shorter, and the sun Falls with a slanting ray,

All Nature tell us mournfully

That Summer's gone away. MISCELLANY.

[Written for the Village Record] IMDGENE;

OR

THE BANDIT'S DOOM. BY PAUL IRVING.

On the rock-bound coast of the Southern

nean sea stood Marmora Castle, a magnifi- from the now dark and dismal firmament. cent edifice of ancient workmanship. It was built upon solid rock, so near the sea that its base was washed by the foamy waves .an Italian nobleman, whose ancestors had been very distinguished, and immensely wealtative of the once noble family, whose proud

title he disgraced by becoming a bandit. The "Rosetta Brigands" were known as Italy. Their real residence was never known. The situation of the eastle was such that of lightning followed. vast forests had to be traversed before reaching the seashore, which was never traveled. as no person would attempt to wander sel, even the shrouds, and forms of the seathrough the depths of the unknown wilderness, for fear of being waylaid and murder- ress

ed. Twelve men constituted the band. They were not scrupulous in their actions; strange their actions, a cavalcade of darkly mantled is craving for," said the Count. cavaliers, wearing masks, and mounted on fiery chargers, were occasionally seen, at mid- onsly every moment, the Count-remained as

While in Rome one day Count Rosetta chanced to meet with the daughter of an continues to drift this way, oh! it will strike neck prevented serious irjury. illustrious Senator. The exceeding great grace | those horrid rocks. and loveliness of the young lady completely Another flash of lightning again illumination A well known lawyer in Boston, had a fascinated him; he paid his addresses to the ted the scene. "Count Rosetta," continues horse that always stopped and refused to plan to have the lady conveyed to his castle, of my men and myself, in so hopeless an un- that the owner wants to go out of town." which was accordingly done with such skill dertaking?" as to buffle pursuit. There he kept her confined in a high tower overlooking the sen.

It was a glorious night. The canopy a- Hear, the sea chanting their dirge, as sweet things.

by a single cloud, the moon cast its brilliant lightning gleamed. beams down upon the restless sea, and the beautiful castle of Marmora.

accept his proposals.

Count Rosetta into the presence of his Imo-

She slightly turned her head as he glided into the apartment, causing the rays from a silver lamp, to fall upon her countenance in such a manner as to display every lineament; her attitude was beautiful to behold, one of her symmetrical arms encircled a gilded harp, the other was raised apparently for the purpose of touching the silver strings; a light gauze mantle rested carelessly upon her shoulders; her auburn hair was kept up by a circlet of pearls and sapphires; the brow was white as alabaster, the nose small, and of Roman formation, while her eyes were small-

but dazzling. The Count was overpowered by her extreme loveliness. He thought that he had never beheld a being superior to her in beauty, as his greeting words indicated.
"Oh! fairest of mortals! Oh daughter of

Zenus! I love but to adore thee!" exclaimed he passionately. "Thy adoration would be more highly appreciated noble Count, were the recipient

not imprisoned like a slave, by the donner," replied Imogen in tones slightly sareastic. "You are surrounded, "fair lady" by a fortress of love, over which cupid presides."

He guards thy slambering form; And fans thy beauteous cnecks. "Noble Sir: flattery does not become one of your station: it is only used by low persons, to cover base designs; therefore do not again use such language in my presence."

"I shall with pleasure obey your commands." "You are disposed to be accomthe goodness to touch the bell cord and or- | care!" der cups and flask, my throat is parched and a quoer sensation seems to overpower me." She turned her expressive and glittering but pulled it violently.

A slave instantly appeared. "Bring forth a flask of the purest maderia,"

said he. The slave departed, when he returned, he an glass, containing the rich and sparkling yet physicians will tell you that there is al-

retired. The count filled one of the goblets, and of-

fered it to Imogen. "Would you have me drink alone," said she gazing into his eyes, with an expression in her own, that caused him to tremble.

"He turned and filled the remaining cup, as he did so she dropped, into the one she held a drop of colorless liquid. "Now, said she, in musical tones, we shall

drink success to the efforts of both." silver cups were exchanged, touched, and emptied in a moment.

As they replaced the cups upon the salver, a peal of thunder so loud and fearful

A tempest had suddenly arose. Imogen arose and walked to the low window, the storm had already began to rage, The owner of the castle was Count Rosetta, gigantic billows had began to rise and roll over the rocks, beyond the shore, sending up horrid moans, as the boiling surge rushed impetuously on. Terrific flashes of lightning darted from the black mass of clouds, illuminating the awful scene. As Imogen gazed towards the horizon she thought that the most desperate characters that inhabited she perceived the outlines of a ship; another for his fine. crash of thunder sounded, a ghastly gleam

"Behold," said she to the Count, pointing across the sea, they beheld every sail of a vesmen, a moment after all was veiled in dark-

"Hark," cried Imogen, a wild skricking house." cry was two or three times repeated. "It is the hideous cry of the sea-gull;

The tempest continues to rage more furithe castle.

"To save its crew," who are my friends -

bove blazed with unusual splendor, the mil- they near perditions regions." Ah see it lions of distant stars peered forth unveiled nears the rocks; and he laughed again, as the

Imogen stood leaning over the veranda balaster like a figure of alabaster, she listen-Imogene Metellus the lovely captive of ed for the final crash, as she saw between bandsome-young man of considerable wealth. Count Rosetta was seated at a window, in a the vivid glares, the doomed ship, drawing He sported a fine team, delighted in hunting. gorgeous apartment of the tower, where he near the fatal rocks; the blood ran coldly had placed her, when she arrived at the cas- through her veins, her hair seemed to be tle. She was surrounded by all the luxu- raised from the scalp, she had an insane ries of life, the Count who passionately a- longing to end existence by jumping down dored her, was very kind to her, but persist- upon the rocks and perishing with the crew; ed in keeping her confined until she would but then a voice cried in her ear, "have revenge!" A moment after the ship struck On the evening that we before alluded to, the ridge of rocks, with a tremendous crash Imogen had been seated at the window, ga- when the sea was again lit up by another zing-out-upon the grand and brilliant scene lurid glare, Imogen saw, the pale face of him before her; the waves of the sea rolled over whom she adored, (the Roman General) the gray rocks, and dashed against the base floating in the boisterous sea; she almost of the castle, accompanied by a low murmur- swooned as the voice again seemed to shriek ing sound. "Ten o'clock" was chimed by the in her ear-vengeance! wengeance! With bread. The husband had no business caelegant ornamental golden time-piece, on the the quickness of thought she drew a stiletto mantle; as the last notes died away the heavy from her bosom, it was poised for an instant folds of topestry, that was suspended on one above her head, and was then buried in the side of the chamber slowly parted to admit Counts heart. He fell lifeless at herfeet, a. gain it was raised, when it decended Imogen

fell by the side of her victim—dead. DEDICATED TO MRS. KATE G-

"I Don't Care."

Yes you do, and there's no use in trying to deceive yourself with the sophistry of these, words.

The best and noblest, the truest, and most generous part of your nature does care for the unkind, cutting words you have ut-tered to one you loved, in moments of pi-

You may carry yourself ever so proud and defiantly, you may never drop by word_or look the dew of sweet healing on the wound you have made in a nature as proud, as sensitive, and exacting as your own; but to your honor, be it said, you are better than your words, and away down in your heart lurk shame and repentance and sorrow for

You may carefully hide them both, and in a little while they will be gone, for oh! it is very easy to make one's self bitter, and proud, and cold—very hard to keep one's self sweet, mellow, and charitable; but there must be some pain, and some struggling before you can do a mean, ungenerous thing to one who loves you, and have your heart endors your "I don't care!"

And how often these words are uttered, when conscience sternly refutes them; and how often they harden the heart, and keep the feet in the way of evil.

modating this evening Rosetta; will you have Be careful, reader when you say, "I don't

Besetting Sins.

There are many sins which have this abeyes upon him, with a gaze so wild and sorbing character; whose property is ever to ghastly, that it almost caused his blood to encroach more and more on the regions of curdle, while his heart throbed violently, the moral and spiritual life, not as yet posand his cheeks bleeched to a deathly hue, he sessed by them, never content until they have touched the bell-cord with a trembling hand, | reared_their-trophies on the wreck and ruin of every nobler faculty and power. All sins, perhaps, have more or less this character .--Yet we may signalize two or three concerning which it is eminently true,

Vanity is such a sin. This may seem to bore upon a silver salver, a flask of bohemi- us often little worse than a harmless foible; wine; and two silver cups lined with gold, most no sin which gives more inmates to placing them upon a small table he instantly | the madhouse than does this; and how many through it shall have missed the crown of life, only the last day shall declare.

The Love of Money is another such growing by what it feeds on; and ever claiming to exercise a wider, a fiercer, a more relentless tyranny and dominion in the soul where it rules as lord; ever resenting more and more any freedom of action, any generosity in dealing, any openhandedness in giving, any bowels of compassion shown on the part The of him who meant indeed to allow this sin, but did not intend at the first that it should bear swray in his beart or life, as sole and absolute and tyrannous lord.

The Lust of the Flesh, indulged and alpart of Italy, boardering on the Mediterra- that the tower apparently shook, sounded lowed, proves oftentimes another such a sin; it has a fearful tendency to become such; what a workshop of unholy, impure funcies, will the heart of man be, who has given himself over to the spirit of uncleanness .-"Keep thy servant from presumptuous sins, lest they get the dominion over me."-

> GETTING MARRIED .- A loafer, who had been noisy, was up before the Mayor's court. His honor told him to pay over five dollars

"C-c-c can't do it" muttered he; "a a int got the p-p-pewter!" "Are you a married man?" inquired the Mayor.

"N n-n not exactly [so f f far gone yet "Well, I will have to send you to the work

"T-t-t tain't nuthin' tu g-g go there," said Alick-"b-b-but when you t-t-calked stories were whispered about as regarded there are lives in yonder ship which the sea about m-marriage, old fellow, you f.f. frightened me?"

A woman in Newtown N. J., was lately night dashing over the country, headed by if petrified, his strong frame quaked with saved from a violent death at the hands of the towering form of their mail clad chief- fear, as the waves plunged about in wild fu- her husband. by her "waterfall," He the towering form of their mail clad chief- fear, as the waves plunged about in wild fu- her husband. by her "waterfall." He tain, aimed with lance, battleaxe and falchi- ry, threatening to sweep away some part of broke a Springfield rifle over her head because she would not give up her money .-"But look," exclaimed Imogen, the ship The barrel striking the mass of hair at ber

lady, but was unfortunately compelled to fi- she, in thrilling tones, it is in your power to cross the mill dam bridge leading out of the nally retire as she was the betrothed of a save the crew of youder ship, will you do it? city. No whipping, no urging, would carry celebrated Roman General. So desperate and her voice grew strangely passionate. him over without stopping. So he advortiswas the Counts passion that he conceived a Aud why would you have me risk the lives ed him, "To be sold for no other reason than

> A conscript being told that it was sweet Then let the boiling surge receive them, and to die for his country, tried to excuse him-* .* he laughed a horrid sardonic ha! ha! ha! self on the ground that he never did like

The Mitten.

Seventeen years ago, there was a fair girl so pure, so lovely, so refined, that she still rises to my mind as almost akin to angels. She was wooed, and ultimately won by a and kept a pack of hounds. He neither play. ed cards, drank wine, nor used tobacco. He had no occupation, no calling, no trade.-He lived on his money, the interest of which would have supported a man handsomely. I never saw the fair bride till a few days ago. Seventeen years had passed away, and with them her beauty and her youth, her husband's fortune and his life, during the latter part of which they lived in a log cabin on the banks of the Ohio, near Blonnerhassett's Island—a whole family in one single room, subsisting on water, fat bacon, and corn pacity. He was a gentleman of education, of refinement, of noble impulses; but when his money was gone he could get no employment, simply because he did not know how to do anything. For awhile he floundered about-first trying one thing, then another;

failure was written on them all. He however, finally obtained a situation; the labor was great, the compensation was small, it was that or starvation. In his heroic efforts to discharge his duties acceptably, he over-worked himself and died, leaving his widow and six girls in utter destitution. In seventeen years, the sweet and joyous and beautiful girl had become a brokenhearted, care-worn, poverty-stricken widow, with a house full of children. Young women, if a rich young man asks you to marty him and has no occupation, or trade, or calling, by which he could make a living if he were thrown on his own resources, you may give him your respects but give him the mitten -Dr. Hall.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT .- I confess that increasing years bring with them an increasng respect for men who do not succeed in life, as those words are commonly used,-Heaven is said to be a place for those who have not succeeded upon earth; and it is sure ly true celestial graces do not best thrive and bloom in the hot blaze of worldly prosperity. Ill success sometimes arises from a superabundance of qualities in themselves goodfrom a conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness too romantic, a modesty too retiring. I will not go so far as to say, with a living poet, that "the world knows nothing of its greatest men," but there are forms of greatness, or at least excellence, which "die and make no sign;" there are martyrs that miss the palm but not the stake, heroes without the laurel, and conquerors without the triumph.

people, who have carefully noted the "signs edge, we may further inspire their young usual quantity of snow this winter. They and so interest them as to make light and casay that much rain during the summer is always followed by heavy falls of snow in the mer is always a sure index to the character organization and constitution of their being, of the winter in this respect. Our last wet will be recollected that the winter of 1855 ful ardor, and blunt their whole being. -'56 afforded more fine sleighing than any winter since.

COMPARITIVE LENGHT .- At Belin and London, the longest day has 161 hours .-At Stockholm, 182, and the shortest 52.— At Hamburg 19, shortest 7. At St Pertersburg. 19; shortest 5. At Finland, 211; shortest 21. In Noraway the day last from May 21st to July 22nd, without interruption; and in Spitsbergeu the longest day lasts three months and a half.

A little boy was saying his prayers half asleep: "Now I lay me down to sleep; I pray the Lord my soul to keep; if I should die before I wake-pop goes the weasel."

The Louisville Journal says able bodied negroes are said to be selling in Texas at twelve and a half cents a dozen.

A citizen of Washington owned a very ugly and vicious dog. He named the cur "Wirz," and then shot it.

Believe one half the ill one woman speaks

of another, but credit twice the good she reports of her. A year of pleasure passes like a floating

age of pain. Snooks' wife loves to make bread, because

breeze, but a moment of misfortune seems an

it cleans her hands beautifully. In the beginning woman consisted of a single rib. Now she is all ribs, from her belt to the rim of her petticoats.

Why cannot a deaf man be legally convicted? Because the law says no man shall be judged without a hearing,

Nature reflects the light of revelation, as the moon does that of the sun.

Be above the world, and act from your own seuse of right and wrong.

He that is innocent, may well be confident.

Indolence is a stream that slowly on, yet it undermines every virial Passion evaporates by words,

He that swells in prosperity, will shrink

The husband who devoured his wife with kisses found afterwards that she disagreed with him.

in adversity.

For the Record.

Stray Leaves from a Teacher's

Journal." NO. 1

Vacation, with its recreations and pleasures, has passed around; and another school season with its hours of toil, of care and responsibility is upon us. Many were the thoughts that passed through our mind during the vacation of how we might still improve and better our school the next Session; what new and improved methods of instruction we might use; how we might better interest our pupils, so that the prosecution of their studies might be both pleasant and profitable; of how we might make our discipline still more efficient and our school still more self-regulating. All things in readiness, and with high hopes for a happy and pleasant Session, we sought the school room on the opening morning of the Session .-The pupils were there before us exchanging greetings and salutations, and talking over

incidents of the vacation. After exchanging a few pleasant words and smiles with those that gather around us and take us by the hand, we take our place on the stand. The faces before us are nearly all familiar-our pupils of the last year. But two of the brightest and happiest faces of the last session are absent. We regret it exceedingly for the vacant seat cannot well be filled. We tap the bell and the pupils fall silently into their places. We read a portion of Divine Truth and give thanks to the Giver of all good for his mercies, and petition for blessings in the future; for the Divine protection and guidance. : hat our intercourse as teachers and pupils might the pleasant and profitable; that we might be prepared for usefulness in life and for happiness-in e-

Just here at this stage of our exercises important thoughts crowd in upon us. Let us follow them:-This opening hour is the eventful, the all important hour of the Session. The pleasantness and success of the School, and the efficiency of our labor, all

depend upon how we improve it. Before us are young minds buddings of immortal spirits thirsting and eager for knowledge. Bright and happy faces beaming with the buoyancy and lightnes of youth look up inquiringly into ours | flappy hearts filled with bright hopes for the future anxiously await our orders. Shall they be disappointed in their hopes and aspirations?-Shall the school be pleasant and interesting to them, a place where they will love to congregate and linger, or shall it be a place of purishment which they will regard with aversion and disgust? This first hour must

in a great measure decide it. If we are master of our profession; if we understand the proper organization of the intellectual, physical, and moral nature of PREPARE FOR MUCH Snow.—Our oldest our pupils and take advantage of our knowlof the times," say that we will have an un hearts, increase and stimulate their hopes, sy their journey up the hill of science.

Or if we fail to comprehend our true relawinter, and claim the character of the sum- tion to our pupils, or do not understand the we may pursue an opposite course, one that summer was in 1855-ten years ago-and it will chill their aspirations, damp their youth-Many teachers fail of success by not understanding their duties, or by failing to com-

prehend their true position, and in consequence they lay hold of their work in a wrong manner in the very first hour of the session; pursue a wrong and injurious course of discipline, use wrong methods of instruction, thus hurting in a great measure the future usefulness and happiness of many children, that under proper training might become instruments of usefulness and happiness to themselves and to their fellows.

We tremble when we think of the influence the teacher wields, and by so many wielded improperly. Teacher, do you often think of the responsibility of your trustthe trust that you have in the instruction and guidance of those under your charge? Those young minds, stamped with the impress of their Creator, and susceptible of the slightest impressions of good or evil, are placed in your hands for weal or woe.

"Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the instruction and fear of the Lord;" is the injunction of the Anostle to parents, and when the parental authority is delegated for the time being to the Teacher, the trust and responsibility also passes with it, and we would under no consideration place our children under the charge of an immoral or unchristian teacher. We could not do it in view of the account we must one day render of the discharge of our duties to the judge of all the earth .-Fellow Teacher, do you think often and seriously of your position and your responsibility, and do you do the best for the good of those under your charge, for time and for eternity?

"Teacher, O be wise; Be every measure of thy choise to aid In forming deathless intellect; the fruit Of earnest study, and of zealous care E'en looking to the boundless future of Its destiny. Thou may'st be popular Perchance; but seek not popularity As motive spring in any act of thy Protession. Valiant be and ever dare To do the right, though all the gathered hosts Of error may oppose. Then if thou fail On earth, thy well earned measure of applause To gain; that noble tribute from the skies, "Welldone thou good and faithful servant," shall Thy glorious mission crown."

–5, September 232 1865.

Woman is said to be a mere delusion, but it is sometimes pleasant to hug delusions.

He tast would have no trouble in

world must not be born in it