

# VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics and Religion.

\$2.00 Per Year

VOLUME XIX

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

NUMBER 17

## NEW STORE.

HOSTETTER, REID & CO.,

WOULD respectfully inform the citizens of Waynesboro' and vicinity that they have received a new and extensive stock of

## GROCERIES,

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 sets, 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, always on hand. Also No. 1 Kerosene Oil.

## NOTIONS, VARIETIES, &C.

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

## TOBACCO, CIGARS AND PIPES.

Willet's Cong. Navy, Nat. Leaf, Mich Fine Cut, and all the best chewing and smoking tobaccos—Havana Cigars, good common do. Sanitary and Neoteric Pipes, latest thing out.

## SALT AND FISH.

G. A. Salt, Liverpool, large size scks. Pickled Shad, Mackerel, No. 1 and 3, bbl, half bbl., quarter bbl., &c.

## MARKET CAR.

Being in connection with Hostetter & Co., of Greensdale, 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.

By strict attention to business, furnishing 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 ship goods.

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## POETICAL.



### THE DEAD SOLDIER.

BY EDWARD P. NOWELL.

Rest, valiant soldier, rest!

Rest from heart-rending strife;

No more shall shriek 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.

His 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 loud!

The deadlier reared 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 throes!

### SUMMER IS GONE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Across the fields the gloaming

Of Autumn stealth slow—

The maple flush with crimson heat—

The stamens' fervid glow—

The morning airs are damp and cool,

At night the skies are gay—

The wildwood silence tells the tale—

Sweet Summer's gone away.

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 shades

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 tells us mournfully

That Summer's gone away.

## MISCELLANY.

[Written for the Village Record.]

### IMOGENE;

OR

### THE BANDIT'S DOOM.

BY PAUL IRVING.

On the rock-bound coast of the Southern part of Italy, bordering on the Mediterranean sea stood Marmora Castle, a magnificent edifice of ancient workmanship. It was built upon solid rock, so near the sea that its base was washed by the foamy waves. The owner of the castle was Count Rosetta, an Italian nobleman, whose ancestors had been very distinguished, and immensely wealthy. He was the only remaining representative of the once noble family, whose proud title he disgraced by becoming a bandit. The "Rosetta Brigands" were known as the most desperate characters that inhabited Italy. Their real residence was never known. The situation of the castle was such that vast forests had to be traversed before reaching the seashore, which was never traveled, as no person would attempt to wander through the depths of the unknown wilderness, for fear of being waylaid and murdered.

Twelve men constituted the band. They were not scrupulous in their actions; strange stories were whispered about as regarded their actions, a cavalcade of darkly mantled cavaliers, wearing masks, and mounted on fiery chargers, were occasionally seen, at midnight dashing over the country, headed by the towering form of their mail clad chieftain, armed with lance, battleaxe and falchion.

While in Rome one day Count Rosetta chanced to meet with the daughter of an illustrious Senator. The exceeding great grace and loveliness of the young lady completely fascinated him; he paid his addresses to the lady, but was unfortunately compelled to finally retire as she was the betrothed of a celebrated Roman General. So desperate was the Count's passion that he conceived a plan to have the lady conveyed to his castle, which was accordingly done with such skill as to baffle pursuit. There he kept her confined in a high tower overlooking the sea.

It was a glorious night. The canopy a-

bove blazed with unusual splendor, the millions of distant stars peered forth unveiled by a single cloud, the moon cast its brilliant beams down upon the restless sea, and the beautiful castle of Marmora.

Imogene Metellus the lovely captive of Count Rosetta was seated at a window, in a gorgeous apartment of the tower, where he had placed her, when she arrived at the castle. She was surrounded by all the luxuries of life, the Count who passionately adored her, was very kind to her, but persisted in keeping her confined until she would accept his proposals.

On the evening that we before alluded to, Imogen had been seated at the window, gazing out upon the grand and brilliant scene before her; the waves of the sea rolled over the gray rocks, and dashed against the base of the castle, accompanied by a low murmuring sound. "Ten o'clock" was chimed by the elegant ornamental golden time-piece on the mantle; as the last notes died away the heavy folds of tapestry, that was suspended on one side of the chamber slowly parted to admit Count Rosetta into the presence of his Imogene.

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 Zeus! 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 donor," replied Imogen in tones slightly sarcastic.

"You are surrounded, 'fair lady' by a fortress of love, over which cupid presides."

"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 accommodating this evening Rosetta; will you have the goodness to touch the bell cord and order cups and flask, my throat is parched and a queer sensation seems to overpower me."

She turned her expressive and glittering eyes upon him, with a gaze so wild and ghastly, that it almost caused his blood to curdle, while his heart throbbed violently, and his cheeks bleached to a deathly hue, he touched the bell-cord with a trembling hand, 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 bore upon a silver salver, a flask of bohemian glass, containing the rich and sparkling wine; and two silver cups lined with gold, placing them upon a small table he instantly retired.

The count filled one of the goblets, and offered 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." The 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 that the tower apparently shook, sounded from the now dark and dismal firmament.

A tempest had suddenly arose.

Imogen arose and walked to the low window, the storm had already begun to rage, gigantic billows had begun 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 she perceived the outlines of a ship; another crash of thunder sounded, a ghastly gleam of lightning followed.

"Behold," said she to the Count, pointing across the sea, they beheld every sail of a vessel, even the shrouds, and forms of the seamen, a moment after all was veiled in darkness.

"Hark," cried Imogen, a wild shrieking cry was two or three times repeated.

"It is the hideous cry of the sea-gull; there are lives in yonder ship which the sea is craving for," said the Count.

The tempest continues to rage more furiously every moment, the Count remained as if petrified, his strong frame quaked with fear, as the waves plunged about in wild fury, threatening to sweep away some part of the castle.

"But look," exclaimed Imogen, the ship continues to drift this way, oh! it will strike those horrid rocks.

Another flash of lightning again illuminated the scene. "Count Rosetta," continues she, in thrilling tones, it is in your power to save the crew of yonder ship, will you do it? and her voice grew strangely passionate.

"And why would you have me risk the lives of my men and myself, in so hopeless an undertaking?"

"To save its crew," who are my friends—Then let the boiling surge receive them, and be laughed a horrid sardonic ha! ha! ha! Hear, the sea chanting their dirge, as

they near perditions regions." Ah see! it nears the rocks; and he laughed again, as the lightning gleamed.

Imogen stood leaning over the veranda balustrade like a figure of alabaster, she listened for the final crash, as she saw between the vivid glares, the doomed ship, drawing near the fatal rocks; the blood ran coldly through her veins, her hair seemed to be raised from the scalp, she had an insane longing to end existence by jumping down upon the rocks and perishing with the crew; but then a voice cried in her ear, "have revenge!"

A moment after the ship struck the ridge of rocks, with a tremendous crash when the sea was again lit up by another lurid glare, Imogen saw, the pale face of him whom she adored, (the Roman General) floating in the boisterous sea; she almost swooned as the voice again seemed to shriek in her ear—vengeance! vengeance! With the quickness of thought she drew a stiletto from her bosom, it was poised for an instant above her head, and was then buried in the Count's heart. He fell lifeless at her feet, again it was raised, when it descended Imogen fell by the side of her victim—dead.

END.

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 uttered to one you loved, in moments of pique.

You may carry yourself over 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 them.

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 endorse 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.

Be careful, reader when you say, "I don't care!"

Besetting Sins.

There are many sins which have this absorbing character; whose property is over to encroach more and more on the regions of the moral and spiritual life, not as yet possessed by them, never content until they have 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 us often little worse than a harmless foible; yet physicians will tell you that there is almost no sin which gives more inmates to 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 sin, 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 of him who meant indeed to allow this sin, but did not intend at the first that it should bear sway in his heart or life, as sole and absolute and tyrannous lord.

The Lust of the Flesh, indulged and allowed, proves oftentimes another such a sin; it has a fearful tendency to become such; what a workshop of unholy, impure fancies; 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 thee 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 for his fine.

"C-o-o can't do it!" muttered he; "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, sir.]"

"T-t tain't nuthin' to g-g go there," said Alice—"b-b-but when you t-t-talked about m-m-marriage, old fellow, you f-f frightened me!"

A woman in Newtown N. J., was lately saved from a violent death at the hands of her husband, by her "waterfall." He broke a Springfield rifle over her head because she would not give up her money.—The barrel striking the mass of hair at her neck prevented serious injury.

A well known lawyer in Boston, had a horse that always stopped and refused to cross the mill dam bridge leading out of the city. No whipping, no urging, would carry him over without stopping. So he advertised him, "To be sold for no other reason than that the owner wants to go out of town."

A conscript being told that it was sweet to die for his country, tried to excuse himself on the ground that he never did like sweet things.

## 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 handsome young man of considerable wealth. He sported a fine team, delighted in hunting, and kept a pack of hounds. He neither played 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 Blennerhassett's Island—a whole family in one single room, subsisting on water, fat bacon, and corn bread. The husband had no business capacity. 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 broken-hearted, care-worn, poverty-stricken widow, with a hush young man-asks you to marry 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 increasing 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 surely true celestial graces do not best thrive and bloom in the hot blaze of worldly prosperity. All success sometimes arises from a superabundance of qualities in themselves good—from 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.

PREPARE FOR MUCH SNOW.—Our oldest people, who have carefully noted the "signs of the times," say that we will have an unusual quantity of snow this winter. They say that much rain during the summer is always followed by heavy falls of snow in the winter, and claim the character of the summer of the winter in this respect. Our last wet summer was in 1855—ten years ago—and it will be recollected that the winter of 1855—'56 afforded more fine sleighing than any winter since.

COMPARATIVE LENGTH.—At Berlin and London, the longest day has 16 1/2 hours.—At Stockholm, 18 1/2, and the shortest 5 1/2.—At Hamburg 19, shortest 7. At St Petersburg, 19; shortest 5. At Finland, 21 1/2; shortest 2 1/2. In Norway the day last from May 21st to July 22nd, without interruption; and in Spitzbergen 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 breeze, but a moment of misfortune seems an age of pain.

Snooks' wife loves to make bread, because 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 sense of right and wrong.

He that is innocent, may well be confident.

Indolence is a stream that flows slowly on, yet it undermines every virtue.

Passion evaporates by words, and grief does by tears.

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

He that swells in prosperity, will shrink in adversity.

## 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