

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, NOVEMBER 3, 1865.

NUMBER 20

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, CHEESE,
SUGARS, COFFEE,
MOLASSES, CHOCOLATE,
HAMS, 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.

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

SALT AND FISH.

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

MARKET CAR.

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.

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 show goods.

TERMS. POSITIVELY CASH. We buy our goods for cash and sell them in the same way—Country dealers supplied at wholesale prices.
HOSTETTER, REID & CO.
Waynesboro', Aug. 25, '65.

EAGLE HOTEL.

Central Square, Hagerstown, Md.

THE above well-known and established Hotel has been re-opened and entirely renovated, by the undersigned, and now offers to the public every comfort and attraction found in the best hotels.—THE TABLE is bountifully supplied with every delicacy the market will afford, and is constantly and skillfully attended. THE STABLE is thoroughly repaired, and careful Outlets always ready to accommodate customers.
JOHN FISHER, Proprietor.
Hagerstown, June 2—14.
FIRST ARRIVAL!

MISS M. C. RESSER announces to the Ladies of Waynesboro' and vicinity that she has just returned from the Eastern Cities with a fine assortment of new

MILLINERY GOODS, such as Bonnets, Bonnet Trimmings of every description, Ladies and Misses Hats &c. &c. Ladies are invited to call and examine her new stock, sep 29—14.

PINE APPLE CHEESE, Lemons, Figs and Almonds, at Hostetter, Reid & Co's

BAOON, bought and sold by Hostetter, Reid & Co.

FOR a cake of fine Soap, you must go to KURTZ's

PATENT FLASKS—Just the thing for boiling wine and catsup, at Hostetter, Reid & Co's

SPEEM OIL—A good article for sale by Hostetter, Reid & Co.

WANTED—Bacon and Lard, for which the highest market price will be paid. Call on KURTZ's

If you want to remove those pimples and blotches from your face, go to KURTZ's and get a bottle of Apt's Sarsaparilla.

POETICAL.



THE NATION'S DEAD.

Four hundred thousand men,
The brave, the good, the true,
In tangled wood, in mountain glen,
On battle plain, in prison pen,
Lied dead for me and you!
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Have made our ransomed soil their grave,
For me and you!
Good friends, for me and you!

In many a fevered swamp,
By many a black bayou,
In many a cold and frozen camp,
The weary sentinel ceased his tramp;
And died for me and you!
From western plain to ocean tide
Are streched the graves of those who died
For you and me!
Good friends, for you and me!

On many a bloody plain
Their ready swords they drew,
And poured their life-blood, like the rain,
A home, a heritage to gain,
To gain for me and you!
Our brothers mustered by our side,
They marched, and fought, and bravely died!
For me and you!
Good friends, for me and you!

Up many a fortress wall
They charged—those boys in blue;
'Mid surging smoke and volley'd ball
The bravest were the first to fall!
To fall for me and you!
These noble men—the nation's pride—
Four hundred thousand men have died
For me and you!
Good friends, for me and you!

In treason's prison hole
Their martyr spirits grew
To stare like the saints of old,
While amid agonies untold,
They starved for me and you!
The good, the patient, and the tried,
Four hundred thousand men have died,
For me and you!
Good friends, for me and you!

A debt we ne'er can pay
To them is justly due,
And to the nation's latest day
Our children's children still shall say,
'They died for me and you!
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Made this, our ransomed soil, their grave,
For me and you!
Good friends, for me and you!

OCTOBER.

Solemn, yet beautiful to view,
Month of my heart, thou dawnest here,
With e'er and faded leaves to strew
The Summer's melancholy bier;
The moaning of thy winds I hear,
As the red sunset dies afar,
And bars of purple clouds appear,
Obscuring e'ery western star.

Thou solemn month! I hear thy voice,
It tells my soul of other days,
When but to live was to rejoice,
When earth was lovely to my gaze,
O, visions bright! O, blessed hours!
Where are those living raptures now?
I ask my spirit's worried powers,
I ask my pale and fevered brow.

Alas! for Time, and Death and Care,
What gloom around my way they fling,
Like clouds in Autumn's gusty air,
The burial pageant of the Spring,
The dreams that e'en succeeding year,
Seemed bathed in hues of living pride,
At last, like withered leaves, appear,
And sleep in darkness, side by side.

MISCELLANY.

THE LOCK OF HAIR.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

Evelyn Hargrave had just returned from a walk, in the bracing atmosphere of the frosty December noon.
She stood before the fire, the rich sables unfastened from her throat, and the fresh roses of youth and health blossoming in her round cheeks, while the soft new light of some inner thought gave new brightness to her blue eyes.

"Do you know I've had charming news while you were gone, Evelyn?" said Jeanie Marston, who sat in the sunny window, idling over a basket of bright-colored Berlin wools. "Dear me! how fresh you look! I do believe morning walks are better than rouge for the complexion. But as I was saying, I've something delightful to tell you—guess what it is!"

"You know I never could guess anything in my life," said Jeanie, nodding her head. "The Eighteenth are coming home—what do you think of that?"

"Why, I am very glad, of course!"

"Glad! In that all you've got to say, after going all the way to nurse the wounded soldiers of the regiment! Evelyn, you are past my comprehension!"

"Nay," said Evelyn, "you misunderstand

the case, Jeanie. I did not go particularly to devote myself to these men. I went to be useful, as a nurse, wherever duty might call me, and duty assigned me to that particular ward."

"To think how dreadfully practical she is," said Jeanie, with a comical arch of her eyebrows, "just as though it wasn't the most charmingly romantic thing in the world to bind up the wounds of those poor privates and sprinkle eau de cologne over those dear delightful officers!"

Evelyn laughed. "If you had ever been in hospital, Jeanie, you would perceive how far your fancies differ from the prosaic reality. Meantime, I have half a dozen notes and letters to write; so au revoir!"

She went gayly out of the room, leaving Jeanie to muse on her cool indifference.

"How can she be always so cool and self-confident," thought impetuous little Jeanie to herself. "I wonder—how I wish I knew—if Evelyn ever was in love!"

Those words—those very identical words—were in Captain Melford's mind at that self-same moment, as he leaned back in the cushioned seats of the Express train! For he remembered those weary hours of fevered pain when the sound of Evelyn Hargrave's light step on the echoing board floor of the Convalescent Ward had seemed like pulses of new life.

"Shall I call there," he asked himself—"I can do no loss, after her kind care of me, after the battle. Yes—hang it, didn't she evince equal solicitude for Private Mike Higgins, who lay in the next bed? I don't care—I will go there, and have one more glance into those superb eyes of hers! Mother-like, I cannot be contented without scorching my wings in the flame of regal loveliness!"

The short furlough glided away almost ere the officers of the Eighteenth Regiment were aware, and the sunset was piling its mausoleum of fire and gold on the tomb of the brief January day, when Captain Melford sat in Evelyn Hargrave's drawing-room, dejected and pensive, even though the presence of his idol should have inspired him with spirit and fervor!

"She don't care a straw for me," he thought with despairing energy, "and I'll go back to-morrow, and get myself shot with all reasonable dispatch! How strange it is that a strong man's whole destiny should turn on the pivot of a woman's smile! I wish I never had seen her—I wish I had died before she came to wash the matted, bloody hair away from that wound on my temples—no, I don't either! Confound it, I don't know what I do wish!"

"Miss Hargrave, might I speak to you for a few moments?" said the housekeeper, putting her slate-colored cap-ribbons into the room, and Evelyn rose to attend her behest. She did not observe that a little golden ornament had become loosed from her *chaîne* and slipped to the ground as she rose. Melford sprang to his feet to recover and restore it, but Evelyn was gone.

A locket of plain gold, the spring jeered by the fall, gave way in his hand, revealing a single lock of bright brown hair; waved in sunny ripples and touched with gold.—Charles Melford's eyes dilated with strange light, as he gazed on the tell-tale lock—for he knew that it was his own hair.

He turned to see Evelyn Hargrave standing in the doorway with downcast lids and cheeks burning with vivid scarlet.

"Give it to me, Captain Melford!" she exclaimed passionately. "I never dreamed that you would know it—I never thought

But Charles Melford, armed with a new courage, walked boldly up to "storm the entrenchments." "What would he not have done or dared, with the voiceless disclosure of that fairly locket to urge him on.

"Evelyn," he said, taking both the fluttering hands in his, "you never would have cut that lock of hair from the sick soldier's brow had you not cared for him, and now I am no longer afraid to tell you how deeply and truly I have loved you ever since those days of weary pain. Of all the world, Evelyn, you are dearest and most prized in my sight—will you promise, one day to become my wife?"

"Oh, Charles, I fancied you did not care for me—I thought it was so unmanly to keep that hair, and yet—it was such a comfort to me!"

Capt. Melford's heart gave a joyful leap under the gold army buttons that decorated his breast—it seemed like a strange, bright dream!

Who would have thought there was such an unwritten chapter of romance in your Hospital experience?" laughed Jeanie Marston, when Captain Charles Melford was gone, and Evelyn cried out her mingled happiness and sorrow on her little cousin's shoulder.—"For all your stately ways, Evelyn, you're every bit as sentimental as the worst of us."

Evelyn Hargrave did not answer, she only pressed closer to her breast the little locket that held the golden shrine of Charles Melford's hair, for somehow she felt as if it had been an electric link of fire between her heart and that of the brave soldier she was so proud to call hers!

A COWARD.—All brutes are cowards.—Witz, who, at Andersonville could starve soldiers to skeletons, and then walk about their unarmed ranks, shooting them down like dogs, at Washington covers like a whipped spaniel in the presence of the court, and hardly dares to look his own counsel in the eye. On Monday, two soldiers drew near from curiosity to see the villain, when he clutched the guard frantically, and exclaimed: "What a terrible thing is a guilty conscience! The pale ghosts of the murdered brave who died at Andersonville, must make the cell in which Witz cowers at night awful as Tartarus."

A fellow who got drunk on election day, said it was owing to his efforts to put down party spirit!

DIED POOR.

"It was a sad funeral to me," said the speaker, "the saddest I have attended for years."

"That of Edmonson?"

"Yes."

"How did he die?"

"Poor, poor as poverty, his life was one long struggle with the world, at every disadvantage. Fortune mocked him all the while with golden promises that were destined to never know fulfillment."

"Yet he was patient and enduring," remarked one of the company.

"Patient as a Christian—enduring as a martyr," was answered. "Poor man! He was worthy of a better fate. He ought to have succeeded; for he served success."

"He did not succeed?" questioned the one who had spoken of his perseverance and endurance.

"No, sir; he died poor, as I have just said. Nothing that he put his hand to ever succeeded. A strange fatality seemed to attend every enterprise."

"I was with him in his last moments," said the other, "and thought he died rich."

"No, he has left nothing behind," was replied. "The heirs will have no concern for the administration of the estate."

"He has left a good name," said one, "and that is something."

"And a legacy of good deeds, that were done in the name of humanity," remarked another.

"And precious examples," said another.

"Lessons of patience in suffering; of hope in adversity; of heavenly confidence when no sunbeams fell upon his bewildered path," was the testimony of another.

"And high trust, manly courage, heroic fortitude."

"Then he died rich!" was the emphatic declaration; "richer than the millionaire, who went to his long home the same day a miserable pauper in all but gold. A sad funeral did you say? No, my friend it was rather a triumphant procession! Not the burial of a human clod, but the ceremonial attendant on the translation of an angel.—Did he not succeed? Why, his whole life was a series of successes. In every conflict he came off victor, and now the victor's crown is on his brow. Any grasping, selfish soul, may gather in money, and learn the art of keeping it, but not one in a hundred can bravely conquer in the battle of life, as Edmonson has conquered, and step forth from the ranks of men a Christian hero. No, no; he did not die poor, but rich—rich in neighborly love, and rich in celestial affections. And his heirs have an interest in the administration of the estate. A large property has been left, and let them see to it that they do not lose the precious things through false estimation and ignorant depreciation."

"You have a new way of estimating the wealth of a man," said the one who had first expressed sympathy for the deceased.

"Is it not the right way? There are higher things to gain in this world than wealth that perishes; riches of priceless value, that ever reward the true merchant who trades for wisdom, buying in with the silver of truth and the gold of love. He dies rich who can take his treasure with him to the new land where he is to abide forever; and he he who has to leave all behind on which he has placed affection, dies poor indeed. Our friend dies richer than a Girard or an Astor; his monument is built of good deeds and examples. It will abide forever.—T. S. Arthur.

A FEW HINTS.—Reader, do you want employment of any kind? If you do, advertise in the *Record*. It is a cheap and effectual mode of reaching employers, and, if you are properly qualified for the position you seek you will not make the trial in vain.—Have you houses to let out, property for sale, or any particular article to dispose of? If so, and you want a customer, try an advertisement in the *Record*. It is read by hundreds of people weekly, and from among this vast number you are certain to secure a customer. Do you want help, laborers or mechanics to work for you? If you do, you will find an advertisement in the *Record* the quickest, surest and cheapest mode of getting them. Are you in business, and do you desire to let the public generally know where you keep, and what you keep? If so, make known the fact through the *Record*, and the entire community will see it. It is taken in almost every household in this section of country. It is a paper, in short, which every body reads, and as such, unequalled as an advertising medium. If therefore, you want either to buy or sell, to employ or be employed or to effect anything that publicity can accomplish, advertise in the *Record*.

A WELL KEPT SECRET.—Of the descendants of the Pilgrims, there once lived an old man, who, unlike nearly all his brethren, had no particular respect for the clergy.—Going his accustomed rounds one day, he met a reverend gentleman who, after a few casual remarks on worldly topics, thus addressed him—

"Mr. B., you have lived long; very few attain your age. Would it not be the part of wisdom to attend to your soul's concerns immediately? Really, it would rejoice my soul to see you at the eleventh hour, become a praying Christian."

"Well, now, Parson B., my Bible tells me to pray in secret."

"Ah, well—yes—but do you pray in secret?"

"Why, now, Parson, you know if I should tell you, 'twouldn't be any secret anyhow."

Why is a man who has just carried his carpet bag ashore from a steamboat like an owner of the soil? Because he is possessed of landed property. Servant girl faints.

What we Like.

We like to see a man who does not perform a healthy day's labor in a year, wearing out the seat of his breeches sitting on goods boxes and complaining that negroes are running down the wages of white laboring men.

We like to hear a man who is compelled to make "his mark" when signing a note for a whiskey bill, protest against giving negroes any political rights, because of their ignorance.

We like to see a man who has probably a dozen paposes and darkey brats running around loose, ever concerned lest the granting of political rights to negroes should put them upon an equality with white people.

We like to hear a man who has not a single credit upon the book of the Recording Angel for telling the truth arguing, against allowing negroes to testify in Courts, because "negroes will lie."

We like to see a man come picking his teeth from a breakfast of stolen chicken, cooked with stolen wood, proposing to drive out all the niggers because they steal.

We like to see a man so filthy that nothing but an interposing of Providence prevents the buzzards from carrying him off; refuse to work upon the same job with negroes, because they are dirty and stink.—*White Cloud (Kansas) Chief*.

Why Men Fail.

Mrs. Stowe says that people of small incomes, if they deny the palate to please the imagination, can adorn their homes, with many gems of art. The following incident may be suggestive to many who find their incomes inadequate to their wants:

A young merchant, who had just failed in business, having spent, in four years, a legacy of ten thousand dollars, in addition to his profits realized, was met by a thrifty young mechanic, who had formerly been on terms of intimacy, with him. During the conversation that ensued, the merchant said to him: "How is it, Harry—that you have been able to live and save money on the small sum which you have received for your services, while I found it impossible to live in my business with a good round ten thousand dollars to back me?"

"Oh," said the mechanic, "that is easily understood. I have lived with reference, mostly, to the comforts and tastes of myself and family, while you lived mostly with reference to opinions and tastes of others. It costs more to please the eye than to keep the back warm and stomach full."

BETTER BURN THEM.—An old card-player, who had spent the best part of his life in this senseless employment, had become so habituated to handling these bits of paste-board, that wherever he was, or however engaged, he would be constantly moistening his thumb, and involuntarily going through the motions of dealing out cards. If the body had become such a slave to this amusement, what must have been the case of the immortal soul?

A young acquaintance, who had just learned to play, was so elated with his first success that he went out and bought a pack of cards. He called, on his way home, and showed them to the old player, who fingered them over familiarly for a moment, and then returned them, saying, "O well, you had better go home and burn them."

The young man was amazed at such advice from such a source, and it set him to thinking seriously. Surely if any one was competent to judge of the worthlessness of such pursuits he was, and his opinion made so deep an impression upon the mind of the youth that he never played again.

ONE OF PHARON'S DAUGHTERS.—Lord Lindsey states that in the course of his wanderings amid the pyramids of Egypt, he stumbled on a mummy, proved by his hieroglyphics to be at least two thousand years of age. In examining the mummy after it was unwrapped, he found in one of its closed hands a tuberous or bulbous root. He was interested in the question how long life could last; and he therefore took the tuberous root from the mummy's hand, planted it in a sunny soil, allowed the rains and dews of heaven to descend upon it, and in the course of a few weeks, to his astonishment and joy, the root burst forth and bloomed into a beautiful dahlia.

THE LOST TONGUE.—Not far from Seven Oaks there lives a man whose spouse one day got in a pet, and refused to speak for eight or ten days. Well, the husband, poor fellow, although her silence sometimes used to be most devoutly wished for, wished to hear again the clapper of that little bell that sometimes made his ears tingle.—She was inexorable. At last he hit upon an expedient that brought her to her speech again. She was very neat and tidy about her furniture and apparel. He stepped into another room, opened a bureau, and commenced throwing the contents on the floor. She came in when he had nearly completed his work of tumbling out silks, lace handkerchiefs, &c., and, without thinking, screamed out, "Mersey! what in the world are you doing?" "Nothing," he replied, quite coolly; "only looking for my wife's tongue; which I have found in the bottom of these drawers."

A midshipman asked a priest to tell the difference between a priest and a jackass. The priest gave it up.

"One wears a cross on his back, and the other on his breast," said the midshipman.

"Now," said the priest, "tell me the difference between a midshipman and a jackass."

The midshipman gave it up, and asked what it was.

The priest said he did not know any.

What is that, by putting its eye out leaves nothing but a nose?—Noise.

HOME.—The road to happiness lies over small stepping stones. Slight circumstances are the stumbling blocks of families. The prick of a pin, says the proverb, is enough to make an empire insipid. The tenderer the feelings, the more painful the wound.—A cold, unkind word checks and withers the blossom of the dearest love, as the most delicate tendrils of the vine are troubled by the faintest breeze. The misery of a life is born of a change of observation. If the true history of quarrels public and private, were honestly written, it would be silenced by an uproar of derision.

Some cute Yankee has invented a palpitating bosom for the ladies, which is set in motion by a concealed spring. A well spring of affection in the heart is a much older and more valuable invention. It don't need winding up, except twice a year with a new bosom.

A South African paper states that a wool farmer who came into town lately to sell his wool having heard that there had been no sizing of weight for four years, went into the store, and brought up the subject of weighing people. Stepping on the platform scale, he said, "I wonder what I weigh now?" His weight was quickly read off; a few similar trials were made, and away he went to the next store, and so on to others. When he came back he knew who had the lightest weight, and there he went with his wool.

A lady made her husband a present of a silver drinking cup with an angel at the bottom, and when she filled it for him, he used to drain it to the bottom, and she asked him why he drank every drop.

"Because, ducky," he said, "I long to see the dear little angel."

Upon which she had the angel taken out and had a devil engraved at the bottom, and he drank it off just the same, and she again asked him the reason.

"Why," replied he, "because I won't let the old devil have a drop."

A fellow who ought to know better has just perpetrated the following piece of uncalculated impertinence.—"Life is short and women are many. Men have no time for a close examination of each one, and to her who crowds her best goods into a show-case is often awarded the highest prize.

Sometimes there appears a scuffle between Satan and a carnal heart; but it is a mere cheat, like the fighting of two fencers on a stage.

CONTENTMENT.—They that deserve nothing should be content with anything.—Bless God for what you have, and trust for what you want. If we cannot bring our condition to our mind, we must bring our mind to our condition. If a man is not content in the state he is in, he will not be content with the state he would be in.—*Mason*.

"—Can you read smoke, ma?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, I've heard men talk about a volume of smoke, and I thought you could read any volume."

A negro preacher once observed to his hearers at the close of his sermon as follows: "My obstinacious brethren, I find it no more use to preach to you than it is for a grasshopper to wear knee-buckles."

A married man who was out at a whist party, when he proposed going home was urged to stay a little longer.

"Well," he replied "perhaps I may as well come—my wife probably is already as mad as she can be."

Present your wife with everything she wants and perhaps she will be quiet for the present.

A wave on which many a poor fellow has been carried away is the wave of a lace-edged cambric handkerchief.

An unfortunate young man is searching everywhere for his sweetheart, who was recently carried away by her feelings.

Courting is an irregular, active transitive verb, indicative mood, present tense, third person, singular number, and agrees with the girls—wonderfully.

Briggs has a great faculty for getting things cheap. The other day he had a beautiful set of teeth inserted for next to nothing. He kicked a dog.

Military buttons are very attractive to a woman, especially if they are bachelor's buttons.

It has been decided lately that a boy found on a man's door-step may not necessarily be his step-son.

"Can you return my love, dearest Julia?"

"Certainly, sir, I don't want it I am sure."

A bachelor is like a jug without a handle; there's no taking hold of him.

Not every man who grits his teeth is a man of grit.

Ladies before marrying, had better destroy old love-letters.

Experience is a pocket compass that a fool never consults until he has lost his way.

A young lady taking your arm, is no certain sign that she will take your hand.

A punctual man is never a poor man, and never a man of doubtful credit.

Drunkenness turns a man out of himself, and leaves a beast in his room.