

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, DECEMBER 29, 1865.

NUMBER 28

NEW FALL

AND

WINTER GOODS!

GEORGE STOVER

HAS RETURNED FROM PHILADELPHIA WITH A SUPPLY OF

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, QUEENSWARE

AND

GROCERIES,

To which he invites the attention of his patrons and the public generally. September 22, 1865.

DR. J. A. ROYER,



(SUCCESSOR TO F. FOURTHMAN)

DEALER IN

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Fine hair and Tooth Brushes, **PERFUMERY,** Fancy and Toilet Articles, Paints, Oils, Varnishes and Dye Stuffs; Toys and Yankee Notions; Glass, Putty, Kerosene Oil and Lamps. **MANUFACTURED** Tobacco, Segars and Snuffs; Wines and Brandy for Medical purposes; Foreign and Domestic Fruit. **CONFECTIONARIES,** &c. All the Patent Medicines of the day, together with other articles in my line too numerous to mention, all of which will be sold at the lowest prices for cash. I invite those wishing articles in my line to call as I feel assured I can make it to their interest to purchase of me. N. B. Physicians' Prescriptions carefully Com-pounded.

The undersigned avails himself of the opportunity to tender his thanks to his former patrons of Waynesboro' and vicinity for their kind and continued support in his business, and would regard it as an additional favor to have them continue to patronize his successor, Dr. John A. Royer, who is well worthy their confidence. F. FOURTHMAN.

October 13, 1865.

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 29-11.

BACON, bought and sold by **HORTWATER, RISS & Co.**

When you want to smoke a fine Segar, go to **KURTZ'S** for it.

SPEARM OIL—A good article for sale by **SEP 8**

PINEAPPLE CHEESE—Fresh lot, just received by **HORTWATER, RISS & Co.**

NICKARDY'S Cattle Powder at **KURTZ'S** Feb. 5, '64

POETICAL.



WASTED TIME

Alone in the dark and silent night,
With the heavy thought of a vanished year,
When evil deeds come back to sight,
And good deeds rise with a welcome cheer;
Alone with the spectres of the past,
That comes with the old year's dying chime,
There gloms one shadow dark and vast,
The shadow of Wasted Time.

The chances of happiness cast away,
The opportunities never sought,
The good resolves that every day
Have died in the impotence of thought;
The slow advance and the backward step
In the rugged path we have striven to climb;
How they furrow the brow and pale the lip,
When we talk with Wasted Time.

What are we now? what had we been,
Had we hoarded time as the miser's gold,
Striving our need to win,
Through the Summer's heat and the Winter's cold;

Sinking from nought that the world could do,
Fearing nought but the touch of crime;
Laboring, struggling, all seasons through,
And knowing no Wasted Time!

Who shall recall the vanished years?
Who shall hold back this ebbing tide
That leaves us remorse, and shame, and tears,
And washed away all things beside,
Who shall give us the strength e'en now
To leave forever this holiday rhyme,
To shake off this sloth from heart and brow,
And battle with Wasted Time?

The years that pass come not again,
The things that die no life renew;
But e'en from the rust of his cankering chain
A golden truth is glimmering through:
That to him who learns from errors past,
And turns away with strength sublime,
And makes each year outdo the last,
There is no Wasted Time.

"WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY!"

There are lonely hearts to cherish
While the days are going by;
There are weary souls who perish
While the days are going by;
If a smile we can renew,
As our journey we pursue,
O! the good we all may do
While the days are going by.

There's no time for idle scolding
While the days are going by;
Let our face be like the morning,
While the days are going by.
O! the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes,
Help your fallen brother rise
While the days are going by.

All the loving links that bind us
While the days are going by,
One by one we leave behind us
While the days are going by;
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow
While the days are going by.

MISCELLANY.

[ORIGINAL]

BEATRIX; OR, THE PRIEST'S PLOT.

By Antowelli del Sartos Coebesto pulset octium.

It was a wild and gloomy part of the Apennines mountains where the monastery of St. Ildof stood. On the summit of one of the highest peaks, it proudly reared its lofty stone turrets and battlements.

In the rear of the buildings huge rocks were piled one above the other, until they reached a horrid height, and seemed to penetrate the molten gold and purple tinted sky. A hundred feet down the mountain a mighty cataract rolled over the rocks with a hissing sound.

Tall majestic trees, which grow out of the side of the mountain, occasionally cast their magnificent foliage to the sirocco, and were wafted down, down into the unknown depths of awful chasms.

It was evening. The sun descended slowly towards the horizon, which was of a brilliant crimson and golden hue. The summits of the distant mountains appeared to be on fire.

There was one who gazed upon the magnificent scene from one of the loftiest turrets of the monastery of St. Ildofous.

A bell rang from another tower.
As its last notes echoed through the mountains, she descended to answer the call to evening prayers.

It was sister Beatrix.

"Beatrix are you sincere, do you really, passionately and devotedly love me?"

And the priest's voice grew strongly passionate.

"Love you Vitalis, and dare you doubt the sincerity of my vows?"

"I do not beautiful one," but hark there is the sound of footsteps. I must away, take this—handing her a small phial filled with a golden colored liquid—when the bells chime for morning prayers again, drink but one drop of it, dissolved in a tumbler of wa-

ter, and it will cause instant repose—a sleep like death—then you know what shall follow—adieu loved one, may success crown our efforts!"

And with a noiseless step he glided away, like a spectral figure.

As the faint sound of his footsteps died away Beatrix turned to leave the corridor, as she did so she beheld standing in an open space, the dusky form of the abbot, who was gazing upon her.

She felt her blood slowly congeal, her limbs refused to move, the hair seemed to raise from the scalp, and a voice seemed to hiss in her ears. "You have broken your vow!" With a convulsive shudder, and a cry of horror, she suddenly fell upon the stone floor insensible.

* * * * *

"Midnight!"

A bell from one of the towers of the monastery was tolling, its clear, sharp notes resounded along the mountains, with a mournful sound, it seemed to proclaim, death! and who was its victim?

Within the chapel of the cloister, in front of the sacred altar, in a magnificently draped coffin, lay the cold, rigid, and marble-like form of the beautiful Italian Nun Beatrix. Her countenance was of a waxen tint, its expression was strange.

It was not like death. It was not like life. Almost enchantment—But only repose.

No one was in the chapel. The dead one was alone; the silvery moonbeams shown through the oriental windows, and were cast upon her lovely face—a face of noble beauty, exquisite, as the countenance of a Grecian statue. But look! a muffled figure bends over the lifeless Nun—it is gone—it must have been a spirit, to depart so quickly.

Hark! the rich toned organ sounds, its notes are low and pensive, now they swell; how beautiful—and float up to the gilded arches and ramble to the distant chambers.

The chapel is rapidly being filled, dark forms move silently along the marble aisles; they tread as if fearful of breaking the slumber of the dead one. It is the Nuns.

The music ceases. The priest's appear robed for the midnight mass.

They dedicate the spirit of the departed Nun to Christ, it is sprinkled with the holy oil. Now they say the Latin prayer for the repose of the soul.

As the prayers of the devoted ones ascend to heaven, the responses were sung by the choir, in pathetic strains, wild and beautiful. Again the organs thrilling tones thundered through the cloister, and penetrated the silent and dismal vaults, where mouldered the dust of those, who had from time to time been placed within the solitary vaults, and crumbling sepulchers, there to lie until the final day.

Again the clear and melodious voices of the choir sounded above the deep toned organ, and in wild harmony soared aloft, and warbled through the lofty and sacred old edifice. It is done; the mass was said, four of the attendants of the priests lifted the coffin from off the chancel steps, while others bore lighted torches as the procession of Nuns—dark and ghastly—moved out of the chapel, and entered the long dark corridors where, in grand and stately old tombs, bearing name, station, and period of deceased—reposed the ashes of ancient Abbesses. As the priests and their attendants, and the Nuns—moved along the marble aisles, the lurid rays from the torches, lit up the ghastly place.

The effigies upon the sepulchres seemed to wave; phantoms forms seemed to glide from tomb to tomb, and glare from their spectral eyes, upon the passing priests, then bound away among the obscure vaults, shouting—

Another victim comes!
Another tomb to fill!
Ha! ha! ha! and they laughed until the vast edifice seemed to be filled with the horrid yelling.

The priests halt before a large vault, they force back a rusty iron bolt, an iron door swings slowly open, revealing the interior of the tomb—filled with decayed coffins and fleshless skeletons.

The coffin is swung into the vault, the iron door closes, with an awful sound, that reverberates fearfully through the halls of death.

The priests turn and slowly wend their way out of the gloomy place, followed by their attendants and the nuns.

And again the phantom figures seemed to wildly chaunt—

They go! they go! they go!
But shortly to return.

* * * * *

Swiftly, but silently, Vitalis the priest traversed the interior labiriths of the cloister.

He almost rushed impetuously on, so eager was he to reach the tomb of Beatrix.

And now he is there, he stoops, listens, all is quiet, he opens the iron door, peers in, but involuntarily recoils—how horrid is its awful silence—a fearful thought rushes through his brain, perhaps he is too late, oh! horror!

With the frenzy of a maniac he rushed within the tomb, tore off the coffin lid and beheld, the lovely form of Beatrix. But it was white and frozen, as if carved in alabaster, the face was beautiful, fascinatingly lovely, and bore no trace of agony.

The priest gazed upon it for a moment; as he gazed he seemed to be enchanted to the spot—he remained as motionless as a statue.

For many hours Vitalis remained bent over the inanimate form of the beautiful nun, the faint glimmering light, which was shed from a small silver lamp, which Vitalis had brought to the vault, had after burning many hours, grew fainter and fainter, and finally went entirely out.

shrill and thrilling, notes through the massive edifice, but failed to arouse the spirit.

It was morning, when as the sun's brilliant rays penetrated the high old oak framed windows, and illumined the silent vault, that the priest, with glaring eyes raised his ghastly face, and encountered the sun's gleaming beams. With a horrid yell, he drew back, kissed (for the last time) the brow of Beatrix and rushed out of the sepulchre.

He had become a maniac.

* * * * *

It was a tempestuous night, the wind howled fearfully around the monastery, the lightning gleamed while the thunder roared.

As terrible thunder-bolts rolled through the mountain, sounding like the shouting of many demons, and ghastly flashes lit up the dismal forest, while with startling fury the very mountain seemed to quake, before the wrath of the offended Gods, Vitalis, the maniac, stood within a small apartment, at the top of one of the monastery towers.

He was standing near a high window, below which, at the base of the tower, was a horrid chasm. When the vivid glares of lightning illumined the forest its lurid light also lit up its dreary depth.

Vitalis stood silent and motionless, as he gazed out upon the turbulent scene, and down, down upon the grey, and moss-covered rocks beneath the tower, and heard the roaring and hissing waters, of the mighty cataract roll down the mountain side.

The tempest raged on, with increased fury each hour. Amid the storm the pale and terrified sisterhood prayed that it might cease—but they prayed in vain, as the God's cruel vengeance, and they had it.

A violent sound was heard—the cloister was illumined, and its inmates heard the fragments of the lightning stricken tower strike the rocks of the abyss, as they fell to its bottom.

And Vitalis the maniac priest was dashed to atoms by the falling tower. Thus the Gods had revenge.

MAKE THE HOMESTEAD ATTRACTIVE.—It need not cost much money to adorn the place one lives in. Begin by digging out the briars and thistles of the door-yard.

Plant a few trees; then add a few flowering shrubs. Perhaps that will answer for one year. Next year, make a gravel walk or two, and set a few flowering-plants by their sides. Your wife and daughter will sow some flower seeds, if you will only prepare a neat border for them. And these labors, so rewarding, will lead on to others. The fences and buildings will be kept in repair.

Trees will be set out along the roadsides.—The house will have window blinds, the rooms will be provided, and books and papers will not be missing. All these things will be regulated according to one's ability. And as a general rule, whatever our means, it is better to make improvements by degrees, from year to year, than to do them all up at once, "by the job." Be assured this is the way to find the most happiness in home adorning. And remember, the influence of such an improvement does not end with the individual family. They tell silently, but with great effect, upon society. Every neighbor and every passer-by feels them, and many are led by such examples to go themselves and do likewise.

THE GREAT MYSTERY.—The body is to die. No one who passes the charmed boundary comes back to tell. The imaginations visit the realms of shadows—sent from some window in the soul over life's restless waters, but brings its way wearily back without a live leaf in its beak, as a token of emerging life, beyond the closely bended horizon. The great sun comes and goes in the heaven, yet breathes no secret of the ethereal wilderness. The crescent moon cleaves her nightly passage across the upper deep; but tosses over-board no signals. The sentinel stars challenge each other as they walk their nightly rounds but we catch no syllable of their counter-sing which gives passage to the heavenly camp. Between this there is a great gulf fixed across which neither feet nor eye can travel. The gentle friend whose eyes we closed in their last sleep long years ago, died with rapture in her woe-stricken eyes, a smile of ineffable joy upon her lips, and hands folded over a triumphant heart, but her lips were past speech and intimated nothing of the vision that enthralled her.—*J. G. Holland*

On one occasion Mr. Webster was on his way to attend to his duties at Washington. He was compelled to proceed at night, by stage from Baltimore. He had no traveling companions, and the driver had a sort of felon look which produced no inconsiderable alarm with the Senator. "I endeavored to tranquilize myself," said Mr. Webster, "and had partially succeeded, when we reached the woods between Bladensburg and Washington (a proper scene for murder or outrage) and here, I confess, my courage again deserted me. Just then my driver turned to me, and with a gruff voice asked my name. I gave it to him. 'Where are you going?' said he. The reply was, 'to Washington. I am a Senator.' Upon this, the driver seized me ferociously by the hand, and exclaimed, 'how glad I am. I have been trembling in my seat for the last hour; for when I looked at you I took you to be a highwayman.'" Of course both parties were relieved.

A bright freedman in Richmond was striving to make a bally horse go when an ex-confederate soldier, standing by, said:

Why don't you whip him?—I can lick him into it. "Go 'way dar.—Y'use been try'n to lick some'n dese for yea's, and couldn't do it."

He that can keep his temper is better than he that can keep a carriage.

BROWN AND LEE.

The Philadelphia "Evening Bulletin" in furnishing before the close of the war, a sketch of the different Rebellions in the United States, says:

"The great rebellion which began in 1861, and which now seems to be in its last gasp, is the next outbreak in order. Strangely enough the nearest parallel to it among all former American Insurrections, is the John Brown raid. There was blood shed in the case of the latter, every soul of the raiding party, except one who made his escape, either biting the dust in the field or ending his career on the gallows. But John Brown made war upon what he honestly and enthusiastically believed to be wrong, and not in support of a crime. John Brown was not educated at the expense of Virginia; he had never sworn specially to support its constitution and its laws and he never enjoyed honors and emoluments at the hands of the Commonwealth which he made war upon—Where John Brown was innocent, R. E. Lee is guilty. He was educated at the cost of the United States; he enjoyed rank—and emoluments of his bestowal; he was bound by his oath and his honor to stand by the government, and he failed in both. Where John Brown shed rills of human blood, R. E. Lee has shed rivers;—where John Brown was merciful and kind towards the prisoners who fell into his hands, R. E. Lee allowed Belle Isle, Libby prison, and Andersonville to disgrace humanity; and where John Brown refused to tell a lie to save his life, Robert E. Lee has lent his name to statements that he must have known were false. In everything wicked and cruel, Robert E. Lee is far ahead of John Brown; in generous impulses, and manly truthfulness, and true heroism, John Brown with all great mistakes, stood a head and shoulders above Robert E. Lee.—Gen. Lee was a Lieutenant Colonel in the United States Army in 1859, and he took command of the storming party that captured what was left of Brown's force of twenty men. We have never heard that he made any effort to save the brave old enthusiast from the gallows. He must know that his own crime is as much greater than that of John Brown, as the slaveholders' rebellion is greater in its dimensions than the John Brown raid. John Brown sleeps in the grave whether he was sent by Virginia justice, or Virginia terror, Robert E. Lee is at large on the parole of a soldier.—Does he appreciate the generosity of Northern foemen? or does he feel about his throat, in his dreams, the encircling hemp which he must know his crimes entitled him to? Yet there is a party of defeated sympathizers with treason, and unmanly sentimentalists in our Northern communities, who talk about the magnanimity of Lee, of his soldierly honor, his unshaken sword, and all that sort of unqualified bosh. Lee's treason dwarfs that of Arnold;—he has been a leader in the most stupenduous political crime on record; and what adds to the enormity of his offence, is that he knew perfectly well he was doing wrong when he enlisted in the cause of rebellion, for he hesitated long about taking the step when his native State was whirling rapidly into the vortex of insurrection.—Admiration of such a crime is only worthy of the scoundrel that styled Jefferson Davis a stern statesman, and cast obliquely and reproach upon the President of the United States, in the darkest hour of the greatest peril of the republic."

Baptizing a Sinner.

Poor people have a hard time in this world of ours. Even in matters of religion there is a vast difference between Lazarus and Dives, as the following anecdote, copied from an exchange, will illustrate:

Old Billy G. had attended a great revival, and in common with many others he was "converted and baptized. Not many weeks afterwards, one of his friends met him reeling home from the court grounds with a considerable brick in his hat. "Hello, Uncle Billy," said the friend, "I thought you had joined the church?" "So I did," answered Uncle Billy, making a desperate effort to stand still, "so I die Jeemes, and would a bin a good Baptist, if they hadn't treated me so everlastin' mean at the water. Didn't you hear about it, Jeemes?" "Never did." "Then I'll tell you 'bout it. You see when we come to the baptizin' place, that was old Jinks, the rich old Squire was to be dipped at the same time. Well, the Minister took the Squire in first; but I didn't mind that much, as I thought 'twould be just as good when I came; so he led him in, and after dip-pin' him under, raised him up mitey keeful, and wiped his face and led him out.—Then came my turn; and instead of liftin' me out, as he did the Squire, he gave me one slish, and left me crawling around on the bottom like a mud turtle!"

NOT LIKE OTHER FOLKS.—In the western part of the State there lives a queer stick by the name of Starkey, who works for the farmers round about, when he works at all.

Upon one occasion he hired to an Englishman, who usually kept two or three hired men. Starkey made his appearance in due season for breakfast, and the Englishman, as usual, brought up from the cellar the morning's ration of whiskey in a mug—what he supposed sufficient for "all hands." In consideration of Starkey being the "new hand" he handed him the mug first. Starkey, nothing loth, drained it without stopping to take breath. The Englishman, amazed at the fellow's "snatchy," said, ironically: "Have some more, Mr. Starkey?" "Oh, no," said Starkey, innocently: "I never takes big drinks, like some folks."

A lawyer, on being called to account for having acted unprofessionally in taking less than the usual fees from his client, pleaded that he had taken all the man had. He was thereupon honorably acquitted.

Very Bad Liquor.

The business of the Court in one of the frontier territories was drawing to a close when one morning a rough sort of a customer was arraigned on a charge of stealing.—After the clerk had read the indictment to him, he put the question:

"Guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty, but drunk, your honor," answered the prisoner.

"What's the plea?" asked the Judge, half dozing on the bench.

"He pleads guilty, but says he was drunk," replied the clerk.

"What's the case?"

"May it please your honor," said the prosecuting attorney, "the man is regularly indicted for stealing a large sum of money from the Columbus Hotel."

"He is, hey? and pleads—"

"He pleads guilty, but drunk."

"The Judge was not fully aroused," "Guilty but drunk—this is a most extraordinary plea. Young man, you are certain you were drunk?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you get your liquor?"

"At Sterritt's."

"Did you get none any where else?"

"Not a drop, sir."

"You got drunk on his liquor, and afterwards stole the money?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Prosecutor," said the judge, "do me the favor to enter in that man's case a *nolle prosequi*. That liquor at Sterritt's is enough to make a man do any thing dirty; I got drunk on it myself the other day, and stole all Sterritt's spoons! Release the prisoner, Mr. Sheriff."

Keeping the folks in Meeting.

When Mr. Moody—Handkerchief Moody—was once on a journey, in the western part of Massachusetts, he called on a brother in the ministry, one Saturday, thinking to spend the Sabbath with him, if agreeable. The man appeared very glad to see him, and said:

"I should be very glad to have you stop and preach for me to-morrow, but I feel ashamed to ask you."

"Why, what is the matter?" said Mr. Moody.

"Why, our people have got into such a habit of going out before meeting is closed, that it seems to be an imposition on a stranger."

If that is all, I must and will stop and preach for you," was Mr. Moody's reply.

"When the sabbath day had come and Mr. Moody had opened the meeting and named the text, he looked round the assembly, and said:

"My bearers, I am going to speak to two kinds of folk to-day *saints* and *sinner*. Sinners, I am going to give you your portion first, and I would have you give good attention."

When he had preached to them as long as he thought best, he paused, and said,

"There, sinners, I have done with you now; you may take your hats and go out of the meeting house as soon as you please."

But all tarried and heard him through.

After the battle of the Wilderness, there were two wounded men lying near each other and a short distance from them the dead body of a man with his head blown off. One of the men, an Irishman, was badly hurt, but bore it manfully; the other was slightly wounded and made a terrible noise. The Irishman becoming irritated at the noise of the other, called out, "ye noisy thafe, hold your noise; there's a man with his head off and he's saying nothing at all."

Richardson was an inevitable chawer of tobacco. To break himself of the habit, he took up another, which was that of making a pledge about once a month that he would never chew another piece. He kept his pledge just as often as he made it. The last time I seen him he told me he had broken off for good, but now, as I met him, he was taking another chew.

"Why, Richard," says I, "You told me you had given up that habit, but I see you are at it again."

"Yes," he replied, "I have gone to chewing and left off lying!"

Two sons of Erin were standing by a hydraulic press superintended by a friend of mine, when one called out to the other: "Jim, I'd like to put ye under and squeeze the devil out of ye." "Would you, indeed, my boy?" was the answer. "Squeeze the devil out of you, an' there'd be nothing left!"

"Do you propose to put Ike into a store, Mrs. Paington?" asked a friend. "Yes," replied the old lady,—but I am pestiverous to know which. Some tell me the 'wholesale' trade is the best, but I believe the 'retail' will be the most beneficent to him."

A negro about dying, was told by his minister that he must forgive a certain darkey against whom he seemed to entertain very bitter feelings: "Yes, sah," he replied, "if I dies, I forgive dat nigger, but if I gets well, dat nigger must take care."

Prentice says of an editor "who smelt a rat," that if he did, and the rat smelt him, the poor rat had the worst of it.

Hopeless old maidenhood or bachelorhood is matchless misery.

A fellow who doesn't benefit the world by his life does it by his death.