

# 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, JANUARY 26, 1866.

NUMBER 32

## 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.—Hvon, Imperial and Oolong, of the finest flavor. SPICES, ground and unground, and BAKING articles, warranted fresh and pure, and of the best quality

## QUEENWARE 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. Shaded (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.

Willitt'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 sacks. Pickled Shad, Mackerel, No. 1 and 3, hbl., half hbl., quarter hbl., saw.

## MARKET CAR.

Being in connection with Hostetter & Co., of Greenacres, 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 must sell them in the same way. Country dealers supplied at wholesale prices. HOSTETTER, REID & CO. Waynesboro', Aug. 25, '65.

## NEW FIRM AND NEW GOODS!

GEISER & RINEHART, Successors to H. Stonehouse in the Hardware and Cutlery Business.

THE subscribers having purchased of H. Stonehouse his Hardware Store they would inform the old customers of the establishment, and others, that in addition to the large stock on hand, they are just receiving a large and well selected stock, consisting in part of

IRON AND STEEL, SHOE FINDINGS, SADDLERY AND CARRIAGE WARE, CEDAR WARE, OIL CLOTHS, HOLLOW WARE, PAINTS, GLASS AND VARNISHES, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

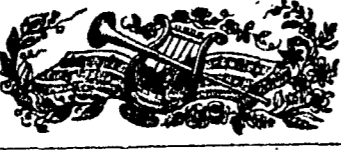
We invite the attention of the Farmers to the RUNDALL'S PREMIUM HAY FORK, for the sale of which we are the sole agents. Scythes, Rakes, Forks, Shovels, Grain Cradles, &c., &c.

All our goods were selected with great care and we invite an examination of them. May 26, 1865. GEISER & RINEHART.

FINE APPLE CHEESE, Lemons, Figs and Almonds, at Hostetter, Reid & Co's. METCALFE & HITCHESON go East every month, the year round, to purchase goods; they therefore have fresh stock and latest styles all the time. [Aug. 4]

WATERMELONS, Cantaloupes, watermelons and retail at The Greenacres Store.

## POETICAL.



### THE GRAVE OF THE HEART.

There is in every heart a grave;  
A secret, holy spot,  
Filled with the memory of one  
This busy life knows not.

Low down and deeply dug it lies,  
This cherished grave unseen,  
And years of blighting care that pass  
Make not this grave less green.

With jealous love we keep it fresh  
Thro' man's wintry years;  
And when the world believes us gay,  
We water it with tears.

Not for one cause alike do each  
Their secret sorrow bear,  
Perchance some mourn a living death,  
Yet still a grave is there.

There is within my heart a shrine,  
All wholly given to him;  
No dearer treasure e'er can make  
Its lights burn low or dim.

Oh! there are things within this life  
Which strangely, deeply thrill;  
In music's softest, sweetest notes,  
We hear a voice long still.

We deem the art a wanton one  
Upon a grave to tread;  
We pass in silent reverence  
The resting of the dead.

Then on the sacred, hidden spot,  
Let us not press too near,  
Remembering that to every heart  
Its secret grave is dear.

### GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Has not each one who tarries here  
Some guardian in yon upper sphere,  
Some gentle one, some spirit bright,  
To guard them in the path of light?

To save them from each danger-nigh,  
Cause sorrow from their hearts to fly,  
To soothe us when our false friends wound,  
To shed their peaceful influence 'round:

To fit our hearts with worthy thought,  
And bless us with its love unought,  
Oh, tell us from that bright sphere  
No guardian spirit lingers here!

They do! They pour their healing balm,  
And make our troubled spirits calm,  
Preserve us from temptation's power,  
And guard, and watch us, every hour.

They linger near when sorrow weighs,  
Rejoice with us in joy's bright days,  
And teach us through the good that's given  
To turn our waiting hearts to Heaven.

### MISCELLANY.

#### From the New York Observer

#### A MOTHER'S SELF SACRIFICE.

There is hardly another town in Vermont so forbidding in its features as the town of Stratton. Situated on the summit of the Green Mountains, cold, unfruitful, and but partially reclaimed from the forest primeval, it is almost the last place where one would look for anything grand or heroic. But in that wild region, which then was even wilder than it now is, there occurred, forty-four years ago to day, an instance of maternal self-sacrifice well worthy to be recorded in the "book of golden deeds."

On the evening of the 20th of December, 1821, Mr. Harrison G. Blake, of Marlboro, Vt., with his wife, a young woman of about 22 years of age, and their infant daughter of 7 months, was returning home from Salem, N. Y., whither they had been on a visit. Before they reached the summit of the Green Mountains they were overtaken by a violent snow storm and a furious wind, which heaped up the snow in drifts so deep as to be almost impassable. The already tired horse struggled through the drifts till his strength was quite exhausted, and at 10 P. M., he could go no further. Mr. Blake, being convinced that they must all perish before morning unless help were procured, made his wife and child as comfortable as possible, and left them there while he went for help.

But the nearest house on that road was four miles distant, and Mr. Blake's strength gave out long before he had traversed half the distance. About 11 o'clock his cries for help were heard by a resident of Stratton, but they were supposed to come from a person who had previously disturbed the neighborhood by his drunken howlings, and no attention was paid to them. In the meantime, Mrs. Blake, becoming alarmed at his protracted absence, took the child and attempted to follow him. But the snow dashed in her face, the piercing wind chilled her through and through, and it soon became evident that mother and child must soon perish, unless the child's life could be prolonged by the shortening of her own. She did not hesitate at the sacrifice, but taking off all her outer garments, she wrapped them around the child, laid it down on the snow, and expended the brief remainder of her life and strength in struggling towards her husband.

The next day it was ascertained that the cries which were heard in the night came from some other than their supposed source, and a party of men started to the rescue. It was not till nearly noon that they reached Mr. Blake, alive, and crawling on his elbows and knees, but with feet and hands badly frozen. He made known the circumstances in which he had left his wife and child, and

### A portion pressed on to their relief.

About half a mile further on they found Mrs. Blake, a frozen corpse, and not far beyond was the child covered with snow, but alive and uninjured, save that one or two of its fingers were frost-bitten. The offices of charity to the living and the dead were faithfully performed. Mr. Blake, after a long period of suffering and the loss of parts of both feet, recovered from the injury sustained on that fearful night. The child, whose life was preserved by so great a sacrifice, suffered no material detriment and grew up to womanhood.

The circumstances were soon made known in the newspapers, and Seba Smith, then in the full vigor of his poetical genius, embalmed them in a poem, which was very popular with the men and women of the past generation. It will bear to be reproduced:

The cold winds swept the mountain height,  
And pathless was the dreary wild,  
And 'mid the cheerless hours of night  
A mother wandered with her child;

As through the drifting snow she pressed,  
The babe was sleeping on her breast.  
And colder still the winds did blow,  
And darker hours of night came on,  
And deeper grew the drifting snow;

Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone;  
"Oh, God!" she cried, in accents wild,  
"If I must perish, save my child!"

She stripped her mantle from her breast,  
And bared her bosom to the storm,  
And round the child she wrapped the rest,  
And smiled to think her babe was warm;

With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,  
And sunk upon a snowy bed.

At dawn a traveler came by,  
And saw her 'neath a snowy veil,  
The frost of death was in her eye,  
Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale;

He moved the robe that wrapped the child,  
The babe looked up and sweetly smiled.

After considering such an act of maternal love and self-sacrifice as this, what force and beauty there appears in the language in which God expresses his love to his redeemed children: "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? YEA, THEY MAY FORGET; YET WILL I NOT FORGET THEE."

P. H. W.

### COVENTRY, Vt., Dec. 20, 1865.

### Twilight Musings.

In the calm still hour of Twilight, when each "separate ember makes bright shadows on the wall," who does not love, while gazing on the burning embers, to indulge in a retrospect of the past? Burn on, little fire; for as I look upon thee, I remember, when a little child, I used to sit upon my mother's knee, loving arms enfolding me; soft lips pressing kisses on my forehead, and hands (that now are mouldering into dust) smoothing the hair from off my brow, while softly, in sweet measured tones, she sang to me of that Heaven to which she since has gone; but here to night I could fancy myself a child again, cradled in the same embrace.

Other loves have come and blest me; God has been very good to his wayward child; but a mother's love my heart has thrilled for; and never can the void be filled till her and I join hands in that blessed home where "God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes."

Many days have passed since then, but as I gaze upon the fire and think over the past, my heart should not be weary. Many rods in the embers a sadder story; of young hopes—fond hearts perchance broken—but see places long since grown cold, "and dare not listen to the voice which tenderly at twilight whispers, 'I will come again.'"

God be with the heart-stricken ones; and when the longing comes for the absent faces that return not back again, the loving hearts we trusted so fondly, and willing hands to lead us on our way: then ask in faith that

"If God's name be love, as we are told,  
He will not leave us to unequal strife,  
But to the city with the streets of gold  
Bring us, and give us, everlasting life."

HOME.—Home, a place of rest, of security, within whose sacred precincts calumny dare not enter with its blighting breath; where loving hearts would fain shield us from all temptation and danger without, and where for us the hallowed voice of prayer, like incense, ascendeth to heaven. It is the place where the mind receives its first impressions—those that go with us through life, and shall be the last to fade—if fate they can—when evening shall gather round us, and the brow grow cold and pale with the chilling view of the dark valley.

Home should be a place where gentle words and loving deeds make the heart rejoice; where kind encouragement is given to the timid, words of cheer and comfort to the erring. Thus shall we find it what God designed—a substitute for our long lost Eden. We pity those who find it not such.—God pity them!

Stiff hair is sometimes the sign of obstinacy; sleek locks denote patience; a curly head is always accompanied by wit and love of pleasure. Premature gray hair denotes melancholy, continued suffering, whether physical or moral, excessive labor or dissipation. With regard to those abundant locks which time is powerless to bleach, they are the badge of an even disposition, and a mediocre intellect.

A person was relating to a son of the Emerald Isle how one of our generals had gained a victory with only a few hundred men on his side, when Pat said: "An' he had several hundred men on his side?" "Yes," "Be Gott, wasn't his ribs strong?"

### BURNING OF NEGROES.

Correspondence of the Chicago Republican.]

JACKSON, Miss., Dec. 20.—Some time since the newspapers briefly noticed the perpetration by the whites of an outrage upon negroes at Shangalo, Carroll county, in this State.

An investigation was ordered by Major-General Wood, commanding Department of Mississippi. From official reports just received from the officers conducting this investigation, I am permitted to condense the following account:

A number of colored families were occupying several buildings at Shangalo, for which they have paid rent from time to time. The owner of the building was well pleased with his tenants, and nothing could be alleged against them, except that they were "free niggers" and "living alone." This simple fact seemed to sting the pride of certain slaveowners and liberty haters. They threatened the negroes with burning out, and on one occasion white men gathered around the buildings and endeavored by firing guns and revolvers to frighten them away. Those threats and menaces were unavailing. The negroes still remained.

On the evening of the 25th of November they had a quilting party, followed by a dancing party. About ten or eleven o'clock, while all were enjoying themselves very pleasantly, about twenty white men suddenly surrounded the buildings and set them on fire, and refused egress to all the inmates.—Shots were fired into the burning buildings. Great consternation prevailed. It is not known that any failed to escape from the buildings, mostly by breaking through the windows. Notwithstanding so horrible a fright and excitement, some had presence of mind enough to endeavor to save some bundles of clothing or other property. These were seized by the white men, and thrown back into the flames. One man, in escaping, called to a woman, saying, "Follow me, there is no danger this way." "—you, I'll show you whether there's danger," said a white man.

He shot. The negro fell. His head or wounded body was picked up and thrown into the flames. To further show the desperate and petty malignity of these incarnate fiends, they caught and burned the poultry of these poor people, and shot the fat hogs in the pen. Without shelter, without food, without clothing, except what was on their persons, they took refuge in an old abandoned church. This, too, was burned.—Being fully possessed of the devil, to complete their iniquitous carnival, they caught an unoffending and favorite servant boy and cut his throat, with intent to kill. But, as if to be a living monument of these infernal deeds, he still survives, and his ghastly wounds are slowly healing.

This midnight auto-da-fe and butchery seemed to be generally acquiesced in. What a fearful, deplorable state of morals do not these acts denote! Could savages be guilty of more dreadful crimes? What must the enlightened and Christian world think of the public sentiment of such a community? This out-throat barbarism this riot of fiends not simply tolerated, but approved! We stand appalled at the damning atrocity of such crimes; but more at the moral sentiment of a community which lends to such crimes a sanction. She that hath seen right in baring in human flesh that hath seen justice in dealing in the souls of men; that hath seen mercy in the unrelenting lash; that hath seen divinity in all that pertains to slavery, may see charity in these accursed deeds!—She hath lost her reason; she is become mad!

To shield the scoundrels of Shangalo, the civil authorities went through the farce of an investigation. The coroner's jury could neither distinguish the "age, race or sex" of the man burned; and decided that he came to his death "from some cause unknown." Enlightened, sagacious and Christian jurists! Live forever, ye illustrious jurors! Even while here on earth, the spirit of the holy gods hath descended upon you, and light celestial sheds a glorious halo round your brows!

Five white men, supposed to be actors in the drama of bloodshed and arson, were on trial before a magistrate for part of two days (the report does not state what part) and acquitted. Acquitted! Of course they were acquitted. Acquitted with oaths! no matter if they were guilty!

THE FINAL CONFLAGRATION.—It is not a little remarkable, that the predicted burning of the world, and the circumstances attending it, as foretold in the Scripture, are both natural, and have a strict coincidence with scientific probability. It is computed by French astronomers that more than 1,500 fixed stars have disappeared within the last three centuries. La Place says that of these stars, situated in the northern hemisphere, one gave the most undisputed evidence of having been consumed. It was so bright as to be visible to the naked eye at mid day; "first of a dazzling white, then reddish yellow, and lastly of an ashy pale color. The conflagration lasted and was visible sixteen months, when the star forever disappeared.

A gentleman in Alabama, in exhorting himself, one day, felt a sudden pain, and fearing that his internal machinery had been thrown out of gear, sent for a negro on his plantation, who made some pretensions to medical skill, to prescribe for him. The negro having investigated the case, prepared and administered a dose to his patient with the utmost confidence of a speedy cure. No relief being experienced, however, the gentleman sent for a physician, who, on arriving, inquired of the negro what medicine he had given his master. Bob promptly responded, "Rosin and alum, sir!" "What did you give them for?" continued the doctor.—"Why," replied Bob, "do alum to draw do parts together, and do rosin to redder um." The patient eventually recovered.

### Not an "Ugly" Face.

One day the Hon. Thaddeus Stephens called upon Mr. Lincoln with an elderly lady in great trouble, whose son had been in the army, but for some offence had been court-martialed and sentenced to death or imprisonment at hard labor for a long time, I do not recollect which. There was some extenuating circumstances, and after a full hearing, the President turned to the Representative and said—"Mr. Stephens, do you think this is a case which will warrant my interference?" "With my knowledge of the facts and parties," was the reply. "I should have no hesitation in granting a pardon." "Then," returned Mr. Lincoln, "I will pardon him," and he proceeded forthwith to execute the paper. The gratitude of the mother was too deep for expression, save by tears, and not a word was said between her and Mr. Stephens until they were half way down the stairs on their passage out when she suddenly broke forth in an excited manner with the words, "I knew it was a falsehood!"—"What do you refer to, madam?" asked Mr. Stephens. "Why, they told me was an ugly looking man," she replied with vehemence "He is the handsomest man I ever saw in my life!" And surely for that mother, and many others throughout the land no carved statue of ancient or modern art, in all its symmetry, ever can have the charm which will forevermore encircle that care-worn, but gentle face, expressions as was never expressed before—"Malice towards none—Charity for all."

### A Warning to Young Men.

The Jackson (Michigan) Citizen tells a good story of a young man in that city who had been in the habit of visiting the residence of a widowed lady, who had a daughter "passing fair." The young man was assiduous in his attentions, and was a constant visitor. This notice awoke in the young lady's heart the tender passion, and in her dreams she imagined she should become the wife of her Adonis. Matters kept on in the same old way. The young man continued his marked attentions, and people began to whisper among themselves: "A match, sure!" while knowing ones, with a solemn toss of the head would remark, "What did I tell you?" The young man went out to his supposed charmer's house the other evening, for the purpose of taking tea. During the meal the mother of the girl asked, "When are you and — to be married?" The young man leaned back in the chair and coolly remarked that he had no idea of marrying anybody, and that he and the daughter were only friends. He said he supposed she understood it so all the time. The young lady said not a word, but rose up and seized the teapot, which was filled with hot tea, took off the lid, and threw its boiling contents into his face, scalding him severely and leaving an ugly mark. She then furiously ordered him out of her sight. "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned" is an old saying, and this young man can attest to its truth.

DESERVED A JOB.—A gentleman from the rural districts recently accompanied his son, a delicate youth of about two hundred pounds, to the Portsmouth Navy Yard, to solicit for him a job of work, the boy having served three years in the army, and therefore was entitled to preference over those who have been doing their fighting 'at home.'—The father accordingly presented himself to the proper authorities, when the following dialogue ensued:—"What claim do you present, sir?"

"Has the young man been in the army, or elsewhere served his country?"

"Yes, sir, and he's a fighter, too. He killed every rebel he came across, licked any quantity of copperheads, and when he got home he licked me, the old woman and the young ones. If he don't deserve a job, nobody never did!"

The best anecdote of Lorenzo Dow that we have seen, is that of a conversation that occurred between him and the late General Root in the presence of one Bush, at whose house they were stopping. The dialogue is related as follows:

"You say a great deal about heaven, sir," said the General "pray tell us how it looks. Lorenzo turned his grave face and long waving beard towards the General and Mr. Bush, and replied with gravity:

"Heaven, my friends, is a vast extent of smooth territory. There is not a root or bush in it, and there never will be.

Professor W., of University, is something of a wag, and the boys seldom get the start of him in the way of practical jokes. One day, on going into the recitation room, Freshman class present, he found a sheep sitting in a chair. His sole remark, addressed politely to the sheep, "How are you Freshman?" rather turned the joke on the boys. Similarly, when at another time, opening his desk, a goose flew out, "Ah, gentlemen, another classmate, I see!"

"I SAY."—A gentleman who was in the habit of larding his discourse with the expression, "I say," having been informed by a friend that a certain individual had made ill-natured remarks upon this peculiarity, took the opportunity of addressing him in the following amusing style of rebuke:—"I say, sir! I hear you say 'I say' at every word 'I say.'—Now, sir, although I know 'I say' 'I say' at every word 'I say,' still I say, sir, it is not for you to say 'I say' at every word 'I say.'"

A German described an accident thus:—"Venoo, a long vilo ago, I vent into minio abble orchard to glimo a bear tree to get some beechus to make mino vreu a blamp-budding mit; and von I kits on der dopornest pranoh, I vall from der lowermost limb, mit von leg on bote zides of der venoo, and like to stove mine outside in."

### POSTSCRIPT TO PRAYER.—The black minister was closing up his prayer, when some white boys in the corner had the ill manners to laugh, so that the subtle supplicant heard them. He had said but a moment before and very earnestly, "Bless all that is human," when the laugh occurred; and commencing again, just before the 'Amen,' the pious old negro said:

"O Lord, woe not in do habit of addin' postscripts to our prayer; but if the 'spres-sion, 'Bless all dat is human' won't take in dese wicked white fellers, den we pray dat do Lord will bress some dat ain't human, also besides. Amen!"

The Rochester Union says: "A man who is too mean to advertise farm land he wants to sell, has put up a written notice on a post in Arcade Hall, in that city. A man who was inquiring for a small farm, was pointed to the notice on the post. He replied, 'I can't buy land at a fair price of a man who does his advertising in that way. He'll steal the fences and the pump handle, and the barn doors before he gives possession.' That man knows a thing or two about human nature."

A gentleman who had lost his wife, whose maiden name was Little, addressed the following to a Miss Moore, a lady of diminutive stature:—

I've lost the Little once I had,  
My heart is sad and sore,  
So now I should be very glad  
To have a little Moore.

To which the lady sent the following answer:

I pity much the loss you've had;  
The grief you must endure—  
A heart by Little made so sad,  
A little Moore won't cure.

GRATEFUL.—In the summer of 1863, while a distinguished foreign officer in the service was in command at Columbus, Ky., some of his friends presented him with a horse. The able Hungarian was highly elated, and replied to the presentation speech as follows:—"Full! Solshira and Shentlemans, I tanks you for dis fine boss."

THE "FROZEN TRUTH."—A story is told of a soldier who about a hundred years ago, was frozen in Siberia. The last remark he made was, "It is ex—." He then froze as stiff as marble. In the summer of 1860, some French physicians found him. They gradually thawed him, and upon animation being restored, he concluded his sentence with "ceedingly cold."

An Irishman asks a Long Island woman the price of a pair of fowls, and is told, "A dollar."

"A dollar it is, my darlint; why, in my country you might buy them for sixpence a piece."

"And why didn't you stay in that blessed olep country?"

"Och, faith, and there was no sixpence there, to be sure!"

A pious African stumbled while walking one very dark night, and was pitched head-foremost down a cellar, which afforded him an open entrance. Springing to his feet, he exclaimed, "Bless Heaven, dat I lit on my head! If dis nigger had serped his shins so hard, I spee he broke his leg."

The man who put up a stove without any profanity has been found, and a company have scoured him for exhibition in the principal cities. He will draw better than the pipe.

Sleep soothes and arrests the fever-pulse of the soul, and its grains are the quinine for the cold fit of hate as well as for the hot fever of love.

If we would be happy in life, we should look upon the glad to-day as a long youth, and upon the sad to-morrow as a short old age.

A minor who lately came from Virginia City, says vegetation is so scarce that "two mullein stocks and a bunch of thistles is called a grove!"

John Fish advertises in the Manchester Mirror, that "he cannot live with his wife as she keeps him continually in hot water and acts like the devil." John is exorable—no fish can live in hot water.

At a church collection for missions, the preacher said: "My christian brethren, let me caution those of you who put in buttons not to break off the eyes. It spoils them for use, and they will not pass among the heathen for coins."

One of the instructive scenes daily witnessed in the South, is reconstructed confederates selling spellings books to recently enfranchised contrabands.

It is not an unusual thing, to hear sentimental young ladies singing in the parlor, "Who Will care for Mother now?" while old lady is down in the kitchen polishing up the rusty old stove, or splitting wood to cook breakfast.

"Vot you make dere?" hastily inquired a Dutchman of his daughter, who was being kissed very clamorously.

"Oh, not much, just courtin' a little—dat's all."

"Oh, dat's all, ho! I thought you be fighting."

What is that which when 'thrown out' may be caught without hands? A hint.

Why is a prudent man like a pin? Because his head prevents him from going too far.

Why is a man who walks round a green-horn, like a garter? Because he goes round the calf.

Why is an old horse put up to sell like an errand-boy? Because he'll go for what he'll fetch.