

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, FEBRUARY 16, 1866.

NUMBER 35

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.

TRAYS—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 kerosene 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.

Willett's Cong. Navy, Nat. Leaf, Mich. 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 Haddock, Mackerel, No. 1 and 3, hbl, half hbl, quarter hbl, &c.

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 clean goods.

Cash 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 RINEHART'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 28, 1865. GEISER & RINEHART.

GENTLEMEN'S under clothing at
PAROZ & HAZLITT'S.

FINE APPLE CHEESE, Lemons, Figs and Almonds, at
HOSTETTER, REID & CO.'S.

METCALFE & BISHOP go East every month, the year round, to purchase goods; they therefore have fresh stock and latest styles all the time.

POETICAL.



I KNOW THY HEART REMEMBERS ME.

BY JAS. G. CLARK.

I know thy heart remembers me
In all its pain and pleasure—
And oft mine own goes back to thee,
Its last and dearest treasure;
'Tis mine to gaze on stormy seas,
And view its wreck of glory there,
And thine to feel life's morning breeze
Emmixed with all its chill despair.

I sometimes call the world my home,
The world which hath bereft me;
And dream awhile that joys will come
As bright as those that left me!
And thou some wounded bird wilt stray
From memory's track of withered flowers,
To flutter o'er my future way,
And sing the dirge of holier hours.

The day that died on yonder height
Shall live again to-morrow—
But when the heart goes down in night,
It finds a mourn from sorrow;
The frown of night, the smile of dawn,
Will vainly grieve or gild the sky—
'Tis always night when thou art gone,
'Tis ever day when thou art nigh.

Thou may'st not feel that I have loved
As man no more may love thee—
Until the vows of men have proved,
Vain as the clouds above thee;
But down the burial vale of years
My words will rise with memory's rife,
Like grave-stones wet with useless tears,
Which cannot call the dead to life.

SABBATH EVE.

Sweet Sabbath Eve, thy peaceful hours,
Are fading fast away,
The deepening shades of twilight soon,
Will shut the closing day—
I love this hour, so calm, so still,
Unmixed with anxious care,
So peaceful, and serene, it seems
The breath of holy prayer.

Oh fitting hour of sweet repose,
The soul from fetters free,
Is deaf to earth, and only lists,
To Heavenly melody—
Sweet foretaste of celestial bliss,
Emblem of promised rest,
Thy holy charm doth emanate,
From mansions of the blest.

MISCELLANY.

Health.

Heaven never granted a richer boon than health, and without which all other blessings are comparatively valueless. Yet it is often lightly estimated and carelessly thrown away, and never fully appreciated until it is gone. I have seen the mistress of a splendid mansion surrounded by every luxury which wealth can command, lying upon her couch pale and miserable, fretful and unhappy. Within her reach were the most delicate viands and exquisite fruits, yet she could partake of none. Health was no longer hers. She had parted with it for the sake of gratifying her vanity, by wearing thin shoes to display the beauty of her foot, and now when consumption was preying upon her she regretted her folly, but it was too late, and though she would willingly have given all she possessed, the priceless treasure could not be recalled. The thin ghastly looking gentleman, reclines in his luxurious egg chair, with his gouty feet upon a pillow, sighs and groans in anguish, and thinks of the many weary nights of pain, when the bed of down and the silken covering could bring him no repose. How he envies the plow boy who whistles on the green fields, whose step is elastic, and whose heart is light and gay at his toils, while his sleep is sound and refreshing.

What is wealth to the invalid but a bitter mockery, which can yield no happiness? Then prize the rich boon of health, ye who possess it, and lift your heart in gratitude to God, even though your lot may be one of poverty and toil.

Observance of the Sabbath.

"In the whole course of our recollection," says an eminent divine, "we never met with a Christian who bore upon his character every other evidence of the Spirit's operation, who did not remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Rest assured that the Christian, having the love of God in his heart, and denying the Sabbath a place in his affections, is an anomaly nowhere to be found. Every Sabbath image, and every Sabbath circumstance, is dear to him. He loves the quietness of that hallowed morn. He loves the chorus of devotion, and to sit and listen to the voice of persuasion, which is lifted in the hearing of an assembled multitude. He loves the retirement of his day from the din of worldly business, and the inroads of worldly men. He loves the leisure it brings along with it; and sweet to his soul is the exercise of that hallowed hour, when there is no eye to witness but the eye of Heaven; and when in solemn audience with the Father, who seeth in secret; he can, on the wings of celestial contemplation, leave all the cares, and all the vexations, and all secularities of an alienated world behind him. Reader, is this your case?"

A bill was introduced in the lower House of Congress, a few days ago, to punish counterfeiting with death.

THRILLING SCENES.

A SINKING STEAMER.

The ships supposed to have been lost during the late gales on the British coast number between three and four hundred. One of the Liverpool papers says that a letter from Torboj states that thirty-one fine vessels and eleven fishing sloops were dashed to pieces on the shore. It is feared that one hundred and fifty men must have perished. The Liverpool journals give further particulars of the wreck of the Australian steamship London, (built of iron,) in the Bay of Biscay, and the loss of 270 lives. The vessel, which was bound from London to Melbourne, had been for some time in a furious gale, and had suffered severe damage, but the fatal incident was when the engine-room hatch was carried away and the water rushed into the engine room, put out the fires and stopped the engines. The scene that ensued when Captain Martin, of the London, informed the passengers that the steamer was sinking, and that they must prepare for the worst is thus described:

The whole of the passengers and crew gathered, as with one consent, in the chief saloon, and having been calmly told by Captain Martin that there was no hope left, a remarkable spirit of resignation came over them, at once. There was no screaming or shrieking by women or men, no rushing on deck or frantic cries. All calmly resorted to the saloon, where Rev. Mr. Draper, one of the passengers prayed aloud, and exhorted the unhappy creatures by whom he was surrounded. Dismay was present to every heart, but disorder to none. Mothers were weeping sadly over the little ones about, with them, to be engulfed, and the children ignorant of their coming death, were pitifully inquiring the cause of so much woe. Friends were taking leave of friends, as if preparing for a long journey; others were crouching down with Bibles in their hands, endeavoring to snatch consolation from passages long known or long neglected. Incredible, we are told, was the composure which, under such circumstances, reigned around. Captain Martin stationed himself in the poop, going occasionally forward or into the saloon; but to none could he offer a word of comfort by telling them that their safety was even probable. He joined now and then for a few moments in the public devotions, but his place to the last was on the deck.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, the water-gaining fast on the ship and no signs of the storm subsiding being apparent, a small band of men determined to trust themselves to the mercy of the waves in a boat rather than go down without a struggle.— Leaving the saloon, therefore, they got out and lowered away the port cutter, into which sixteen of the crew and three of the passengers succeeded in getting and in launching her clear of the ship. These nineteen men shouted for the captain to come with them, but with that heroic courage which was his chief characteristic, he declined to go with them, saying: "No, I will go down with the passengers; but I wish you God speed and safe to land." The boat then pulled away, tossing about helplessly on the crest of the gigantic waves. Scarcely had they gone eighty yards, or been five minutes off the deck, when the fine steamer went down stern foremost with her crew of human beings, from whom one confused cry of helpless terror arose, and all was silent forever.

Brownlow on Reconstruction.

At the opening of the Fisk Free Schools for colored persons in Nashville, recently, Governor Brownlow was one of the speakers. The following is an extract of his speech:

"But allow me, through friendship, to advise you, my colored friends, for your good, both young and old. Avail yourselves of all occasions to learn to read the word of God, and then study it close and practice its holy precepts. In all your intercourse in life, be mild and prudent, and give no offense to your former owners by either words or deeds.— To you who are teachers, white teachers from the North, male and female, be prudent, and give no unnecessary offense to even rebels, for they already hate you with a perfect hatred. And if General Thomas were to withdraw his bayonets from this city, this colored school could not exist one week—nay, more, if the Federal bayonets were all withdrawn from this State, a rebel mob would drive me and this Legislature out of Nashville in one week. Our civil and military functionaries, and secret agents, may make their flying visits through the South and return and report the South all right, all reconstructed, and all accepting the results of the war.—Those of you who are green enough to believe it, may do so, but pardon me for saying I don't believe one word of it. The South is still rebellious, and the people of this city and State, to a great extent, are displeased with what you are doing now.— Why, if the Saviour of men were to descend from the clouds, with the shoulder straps of a Lieutenant General, and bring with him as a military staff the old Apostles, they could not please these reconstructed rebels and gaudy Union men, provided they held the principles we have all announced here to-day!

I speak plainly, and so I intend to speak. I am in for the war, and I propose to fight it out on this line.

Fortuity.

Fortuity.—Our feelings and thoughts lead us always onwards, and will not rest in the present. Just as when drops of rain fall in to some dark well a scarcely audible sound comes from below. So our thoughts fall into the dark hereafter, and their mysterious echo reaches us.

A poor Irishman who applied for a license to sell ardent spirits, being questioned as to his moral fitness for the trust, replied, "Ah! sure it is not much of a character that a man needs to sell liquor!"

A Hundred Years Since

How melancholy the contemplation, when one allows the mind to wander back through the dim vista of bygone days, a hundred years ago. But if this is melancholy, how unutterably so when we suffer the imagination to launch out into the mazy depths of the undiscovered future, "a hundred years hence." What solemn thoughts are suggested! Where, then, will be the countless myriads who now throng the busy streets, and to whose ringing tread these pavements now echo a still small voice, stealing up from the misty shades of the past, in hollow tones replying

"As you are now so once was I,
As I am now so you must be."

Yes, dear reader, together we are fast traveling down to "that bourne whence no traveler returns." Soon will we have to bid adieu to kindred, friends, loved ones, and all that we hold dear upon this terrestrial ball, and go down to mingle with our kindred dust. Then death will level all ranks. Pain racks the brow of the rich man as well as that of the beggar, and then the palatial residence will be exchanged for a darkened chamber six feet by two of mother earth, while the diadem flashing upon the brow of royalty, and the gems blazing upon the breast will be exchanged for no other ornaments than the winding sheet of death.

Where, then, will be the haughty aristocrat, with his chilling sneer, or the mighty potentate, with whose name the world resounds, and at whose nod millions notice and obey? Ah, then, the rich and the poor; the high and the low; the king and the subject; the wily statesman and his silly dupes; the warrior and the vanquished; the plot, the counterplot and the victim; the smiles of beauty and her sighing lover; the bright birds singing in the forest, and the sweet flowers now blooming in the valley, will all have gone to share the fate of all things mortal, while "Eterna Quiesca" will be written high over all that remains of them "a hundred years hence." Then what matters our petty strifes and contentions, our jealousies and heart burnings, our hopes and fears, our joys and sorrows? What matters it, when all is over, that the polished tongue of slander, envy and jealousy now blight our fair hopes, and blast our brightest prospects with poisonous mildew of their envenomed hearts? What matters the plot that now works our ruin and misery, or the pangs of unrequited love born by the breaking, bleeding heart, amid the taunts, the jeers and scoffs of envious enemies, with no friendly bosom nigh whereon to lay the head and find sympathy and comfort in the hour of grief and woe? What matters it that we have trusted and been deceived; that we have built up bright visions of hope, but to see through tears of woe their brightness fade away? What matters it that clouds of grief now hover darkly over our pathway, and that love, hope, friendship, joy and happiness are all hidden from our longings vision by its leaden lining? "It will all be the same a hundred years hence," as, side by side, we lie down together in the cold and silent grave, with the wild winds chanting requiems through the branches of the cypress and weeping willows as they wave over the dull cold marble which, taught by the sculptor's hand to weep, will be the only mourner over our ashes "a hundred years hence."—W. Magazine.

A Word for Newspapers.

We clip the following article from an exchange. It is true and we commend it to every man who has an interest where he resides:—

Nothing is more common than to hear folks talk of what they pay for newspapers for advertising &c., as so much given in charity.

Newspapers by enhancing the value of property in their neighborhood, and giving the localities in which they are published a reputation abroad, benefit all such, particularly if they are merchants or real estate owners, thrice the amount yearly of the meager sum they pay for their support. Besides, every public spirited citizen has a laudable pride in having a paper of which he is not ashamed, even if he should pick it up in New York or Washington.

A good looking thriving sheet helps to sell property, gives character to the locality, and in all respects is a desirable public convenience. If from any cause, the matter in the local or editorial columns should not be quite up to your standard, do not cast it aside and pronounce it of no account, until you are satisfied that there has been no more labor bestowed upon it than has been paid for. If you want a good readable sheet it must not be supported in a spirit of charity, either, but because you feel a necessity to support it. The local press is the "power that moves the people."

Sayings of Josh Billings.

It is highly important when a man makes up his mind to become a rascal that he would examine himself closely, and see if he ain't better constituted for a fool.

I argy in this way: If a man is right he kant be too radical; if he is rong, he kant be too konservativ.

"Tell the truth, and shame the devil." I kno lots of people who can shame the devil easy enuff, but the other thing bothers them.

It is a verry delicate job tew forgive a man without lowering him in hiz own estimation and yors too.

As a general thing, when a woman wares the britches, she has a good right tew them.

It is admitted now by everybody, that the man who kan git fat on berlony sassage, has a good deal of dog in him.

Woman's influence is powerful—especially when she wats enything.

It is sed, that a boss don't know his strength—and I don't suppose a skunk does neither.

Woman will sometimes confess her sins; but I never knoe one tew confess her fault.

Don't mistake arrogance for wisdom; many people thought they were wise when they wuz only windy.

Men ain't apt tew get kicked out ov good society for being ritsh.

The road to ruin is always in good repair, and the tavern pays the expense ov it.

The unla profit there is in keeping more than one dog, is what you can make on the board.

Honesty is the poor man's pork and the rich man's pudding.

There is a luxury in sometimes feeling lonely.

There is onla one advantage, that I knoe, in going tew the devil, and that is the rode is easy and you are sure to git there.

Lastly—I am violently opposed tew ardent speeritis as a beverage, but for manufacturing purposes I think a leetle of it tastes good.

Popular Fallacies.

That out door exercise before breakfast is healthful. It is never so. And, from the very nature of things is hurtful, especially to persons of poor health; although the very vigorous may practice it with impunity.— In winter the body is easily chilled through and through unless the stomach has been fortified with a good warm breakfast; and in warm weather, miasmatic and malarious gases and emanations speedily act upon the empty and weak stomach in a way to vitiate the circulation, and induce fever and ague, diarrhoea, and dysentery. Entire families, who have arranged to take supper before sundown, have had a complete exemption from fever and ague, while the whole community around them was suffering from it from having neglected these precautions.

That whatever lessens cough is "good" for it, and, if persevered in, will cure it.— On the contrary, all coughs are sooner cured by promoting and increasing them, because nature endeavors by the cough to help bring up the phlegm and yellow matter which is in the lungs, as the lungs cannot heal while that matter is there. And as it cannot be got rid of without coughing, the more coughing there is the sooner it is got rid of—the sooner are the lungs cleared out for the fuller and freer reception of pure air, which is their natural food. The only remedies which can do any good in coughs are such as loosen the phlegm, and thus less cough is required to bring it up. These remedies are warmth, outdoor exercise, and anything which slightly nauseates.

The Old Methodist Circuit Riders were very plain, blunt, earnest men.

Many years ago Old Brother H—, was preaching in the Methodist Church in our village. One of his auditors, a very worthy young man, had purchased a music-box and placed it in his coat-pocket just as he started for church.— Unfortunately the instrument was not in good order, and would sometimes stop before it ran down, and then a slight jar would set it going again.

Old Brother H—, was preaching a way, in no very low tone of voice, when our musical friend struck his coat-tail against the seat as he changed position, and away started the music-box, grinding out that unmethodistic tune "Pop goes the weasel."— His owner, nearly mortified to death, clutched his coat-tail with both hands, and tried to choke it into silence. Finding he could not stop it, by any means, he rushed for the door. The old preacher not comprehending the situation, yelled after him, "Young man, you'll make another kind of music in another world if you don't repent."

A Long Look Ahead.

A contemporary turns his visage to the future, and through the misty distance of two hundred years sees and describes the following:

Scene—House of a citizen in New York. Time—A. D. 2056. A telegraphic message has been sent to a servant, who presents himself at the window in a balloon.

Master—John, go to South America, and tell Mr. Johnson I shall be happy to have him sup with me this evening. In five minutes John returns.

John—Mr. Johnson says he will come.— He is obliged to go to the North Pole for a moment, and will call here as he comes back.

Master—Very well, John. Now you may wind up the machine for setting the table, and telegraph to my wife that Mr. Johnson will be here presently. After that, John you may dust out my balloon. I will have an appointment in London at 12 o'clock.

John disappears to execute these orders, while his master steps down to the West Indies to get a fresh orange.

The sympathy of a true heart is worth possessing.

A Short Love Story.

Here is a story by one Morgan, a sea captain, concerning a husband at sea, which may afford a comfortable hint to young ladies.

Single ladies cross the water under the special care of the captain of the ship, and if love-affair occurs among the passengers, the captain is usually a confidante of one or both parties. A very fascinating young lady had been placed under Morgan's care, and three young gentlemen fell desperately in love with her. They were all equally agreeable, and the young lady was puzzled which to encourage. She asked the captain's advice. "Come on deck," he said, "the first day it is perfectly calm." The gentlemen all of course be near you. I shall have a boat lowered, and go you jump overboard, and see which of the gentlemen will jump after you. I will take care of you."

A calm day soon came, the captain's suggestions were followed, and two of the lovers jumped after the lady at an instant. But between these two the lady could not decide, so exactly had been their devotion. She had again consulted the captain. "Take the one that didn't jump; he is the most sensible fellow, and will make you the best husband."—Chambers Journal.

DEATH OF THE "OLDEST INHABITANT."

The oldest inhabitant of this part of the country, and probably the oldest person in Pennsylvania, died on Sunday morning, the 24th of December, at Morgantown, Berks county. Her name was Martha Barefoot, or rather Patty Barefoot, as she was familiarly known for the last three quarters of a century. She was born in Amity township, Berks Co., on the 15th of February, 1759, and at the time of her decease was one hundred and six years, nine months and nine days old.— The names of her parents were Samuel and Jean Barefoot, two of the early settlers of Amity township. In the church register of the Morattip Episcopal Church at Douglassville, we find a record of Patty's baptism, by Rev. Alexander Murray, an English Missionary, and at the time pastor of the congregation there. The baptism took place on the 13th of September, 1778, when she was in her 20th year.—Potstown Ledger.

THE LOSS OF THE SOUL.—What—if it be lawful to indulge such a thought—what would be the funeral obsequies of a lost soul? Where shall we find the tears fit to be wept at such a spectacle? or could we realize the calamity in all its extent, what tokens of commiseration and concern would be deemed equal to the occasion? Would it suffice for the sun to veil his light, and the moon her brightness? to cover the ocean with mourning, and the heavens with sackcloth? Or, were the whole fabric of nature to become animated and vocal, would it be possible for her to utter a groan too deep, or a cry too piercing to express the magnitude and extent of such a catastrophe?—Robert Hall.

LITTLE THINGS.—Springs are little things

but they are sources of large streams; a helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of a ship; a bridle-bit is a little thing, but its use and power; nails and pegs are little things, but they hold the parts of large buildings together; a word, a look, a smile, a frown, are all little things, but powerful for good or evil. Think of this, and mind the little things. Pay that little debt; it is a promise, redeem it—it is a shilling, hand it over; you know not what important events hang upon it. Keep your word sacredly—keep it to children; they will mark it sooner than any one else; and the effects will probably be as lasting as life.—Mind the little things.

MONEY.—Men work for it, fight for it, beg for it, starve for it, and die for it. And all the while, from the cradle to the grave, nature and God are thundering in our ears the solemn question—"What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" This madness for money is the strongest and lowest of the human heart, before whose remorseless altar all the finer attributes of humanity are sacrificed. It makes merchandise of all that is sacred in human affections, and even traffics in the awful solemnities of the eternal.

SHUT YOUR MOUTH.—We heard a lad, in anger, use this expression to another. It was not very bad advice, though given somewhat roughly.

When we hear some of our mizzling misses singing, now away up and now away down, tossing their heads and rolling their eyes, we think, well miss, if you knew what folks thought of you, you'd shut your mouth.

We have seen many men ruined because they did not know how to shut their mouth when tempted to say "Yes" to a bad business.

When we see a man standing before the bar just ready to drink, we think, Ah! my fine fellow, if you would but keep your mouth shut before that bar, you will, by and by, find yourself before a Bar where it will be shut tight enough.

When we hear a fine lady scolding till every room rings, or tattling from house to house, or scandal-mongering, we think, Ah, young lady, with all your schooling, you never learned to shut your mouth.—Henry Ward Beecher.

A youngster, while pursuing a chapter in Genesis, turning to his mother, inquired if the people in those days used to do sums on the ground? It was discovered that he had been reading the passage, "And the sons of men multiplied upon the face of the earth."

As our bodily health cannot be improved

from any cause, without producing, at the same time, a beneficial effect on the mind, so we cannot be out of health, without our mental powers being at the same time impaired in a corresponding degree.