

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, MARCH 2, 1866.

NUMBER 37

NEW STORE.

HOSSETTER, 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—Hyon, 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 hanging burners, always on hand. Also No. 1 Kerosene Oil.

NOTIONS, VARIETIES, &C.

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

TOBACCO, CIGARS AND PIPES.

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

SALT AND FISH.

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

MARKET CAR.

Being in connection with Hossetter & Co., of Greensboro, 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 change goods.

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,

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.

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

GENTLEMEN'S under-clothing of Price & Quality. FINE APPLE CHEESE, Lemons, Figs, and Almonds, at Hossetter, Reid & Co's.

POETICAL



'TIS VAIN ALL THIS REPINING.

'Tis vain all this repining,
The past is nought to me;
The present sun is shining,
And brighter yet may be.

The land marks still I'll follow
Where braver feet have trod,
Though Friendship's smile be hollow
And sorrow bears her rod.

The heart must brave each sorrow,
Win back the smiles of Hope;
And from the Past not borrow,
But with the Present cope.

And those who now are watching
Our passage o'er the sea,
Some hope will still be catching
If bravely on press we.

To day the sun in darkness
Behind the clouds may hide,
To-morrow light and brightness
He'll scatter far and wide.

And on the road we're moving
Rich gems of thought will spring;
For those who're truly loving
The prize at last shall win.

Then banish all repining,
For though the road is rough,
Above the sun is shining
And there there's joy enough.

THE GLOAMING.

Twilight mantles in the woods,
Dew clat rocks and dell,
'Mid the shadows silence broods,
Nestling like a spell.

'Tho' the gloom where phantoms linger,
Keeping spectral guard,
Startled note of woodland singer
Pierceth,—like a sword.

Day-hid beams are now descending,
Linking earth and sky;
Star and dew are gently blending
Mutual parity.

Weeping soul, this hour renew
Holy vows once given,
Brightly then will star and dew
Re-unite in heaven.

MISCELLANY.

IS TREASON A CRIME.

"Traitors must be punished and treason made odious." So spoke Andrew Johnson when the assassin's hand struck down the noble Lincoln, and placed him in the Presidential Chair. And every loyal heart responded Amen! How has that pledge been kept? Have traitors been punished? Is treason made odious? Is not a premium offered for treason? Jeff Davis is in prison—well fed, and takes his daily promenade with the commander at Fort Monroe. No doubt, that officer feels himself honored. The arch-traitors—the wholesale murderers—the head and front of the Rebellion, stalk abroad, free, untrammelled, defiant, through our land, east, west, north or south, and seem to pride in the leading part they took in the late drama of blood! The people of the South fete and applaud them—elect them to office, and send them with hands yet reeking with fratricidal blood to insult a loyal Congress with demands for admission! Southern presses spit forth treason as defiantly as ever, and Gen. Early, the man who ordered the burning of Chambersburg, goes into a newspaper discussion with Gen. Sheridan on the merits of the campaign in the Shenandoah! Conciliation, that base and cowardly word, when applied to dealings with traitors, has come easily into vogue again, and reminds us too vividly of the pusillanimous conduct of our rulers in the beginning of '61, when treason was boldly proclaimed in the House and Senate, and in the very face of James Buchanan. That ruler was consigned to infamy for allowing Floyd, Hunter, Mason, Wigfall and Jeff Davis to leave their official positions with treason on their lips, without being arrested and tried as traitors—incipient traitors they were then—full grown, blood-red dyed and accursed traitors they are now. They have struck deadly blows at the Nation's heart for four years, and slain tens of thousands of her noblest sons. Shall they go scot free, and we in our unaccountable lethargy acquiesce in this worse than judicial blindness, without raising a voice in protest?

But they tell us they have now submitted and are anxious to return to their allegiance. When did they submit? When the last remnants of their disheartened, demoralized ruffians refused, utterly refused, to shed any more loyal blood. How many of them will own that they were wrong? How many are truly repentant? What prevents Lee, Johnston, Forest or Hood from murdering loyal men to-day? We answer—want of men and means to do it! But mercy, sympathy, forsooth! for our erring brethren, is the catchword now! For the deluded masses let heaven-born sympathy flow. But for knowing, educated, premeditated, self-convicted traitors and wicked fratricides, mercy is cruelty, and Justice stands indignant and demands vengeance. Have we no fitter subjects for sympathy than wholesale murderers, a demi-demon? What of the fathers, mothers, widows and orphans of the half a million noble men fallen by their hands—now left desolate, mourning, and in want? What of our brothers, friends, or comrades of our

bosoms, dead, maimed, diseased for life, or starved by slow tortures in Rebel prisons? Is there no voice comes from them to-day, asking for sympathy for them and vengeance on their murderers? One man's life suffices for all. Capt. Wirt, a miserable compound of ignorance and brutality. A fit tool to do the hellish work of Jeff Davis.

Soldiers! comrades! for what have we fought? For what did your blood enrich the soil of the South? For what do your brothers and comrades now lie in bloody, hostile graves, beneath the spurring tread of Rebels who so lately fought us? For what do we groan under our billions of tax?—They told you it was to save the Union—to restore, the Government. You thought the Union of paramount importance to you and the whole people. You loved your Government, better even than your life. You went out freely, and punished, as far as you could those who sought its destruction. You killed many of them and deemed all worthy of death who lifted arms against your Government. In your simplicity, you imagined that treason to so good a Government was one of the most foul and damning of crimes, and would surely be punished as such. You desolated the country and homes of traitors—poor and rich—even of non-combatants.—You believed they fully deserved it. You punished them as far as you could.—But you could not punish the leaders—the prime movers and true cause of this effort to destroy your Government. The really guilty parties you could not reach, but you fondly cherished the idea that "time at last makes all things even," and you would see these deep-dyed traitors adequately punished; for you believed that treason was a crime. It seems that you were deluded—mistaken. You were engaged in a cruel, unjust crusade against an innocent people! You have given your service and blood and treasure for naught. Your brothers have fallen in vain, and their wives and orphans mourn for deluded fanatics. It seems that to attempt to destroy this Government and break up this Union was no wrong, and treason is no crime! Leading traitors walk the land in bloated insolence and the freest freedom—take pride in their late acts—and our rulers, Ahab-like take them by the hand and exclaim "verily is he not my brother?" And to crown all your Attorney-General coolly tells you that, he does not see fit to try Jeff Davis for treason!

The Remains of President Lincoln

A letter dated Springfield, Ill., February 10, says:

The vault recently constructed at Oak Ridge Cemetery, near this city under the direction of the National Monument Association, and to which the mortal remains of the late President were removed a short time since, was visited a few days ago by a committee of the association, consisting of Gov. Oglesby, Hon. Newton Bateman, LL. D., and ex-Secretary of State Hatch, when the casket containing the sacred ashes was opened, and for the last time, till the great trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, were the features of the lamented Lincoln viewed by mortal eye.

The visit of the committee was an official one, and made in pursuance of a resolution of the board of directors of the association the object being to enable them to certify to the actual presence of the body in the casket. The face was examined through the glass covering which underlies the outer strata of the case by the several gentlemen above named, and identified by each of them as that of the martyred President. The sad ceremony ended, the lid was again nailed down and sealed with the signet of the association. The great stone or slab was subsequently rolled to the door of the sepulchre and fitted into its place, the finishing stroke imparted to the solid masonry, which was in like manner as the casket, impressed with the great seal of the corporation.

The remains will now rest undisturbed till the national monument shall be completed, when they will be deposited in their final resting place, nor ever to be removed hence "till the heavens are no more." The features of the deceased were scarcely discernible, the embalment seeming to have offered but little, if any resistance to the encroachments of corruption; and the piece of clay that once lived and moved talked, and was known as Abraham Lincoln, is being fast dissolved, "rafter from rafter, and beam from beam," and the particles of which it was curiously compounded are rapidly returning to their original elements.

Days of Childhood.

They are gone! Who can call to mind this painful fact, without feeling in their inmost heart the deepest pangs of sorrow?—The happy days of youth have fled, and age, with its train of troubles and afflictions is fast creeping upon us. Many of our cherished friends and youthful associates, who, seemingly, but a few months ago were with us in all the vigor and freshness of youth, have long been slumbering in the tomb.

Sad experience has taught us that the hardships and stern realities of life are monstrous, and that it is our duty to meet them with good cheer, for we, too, will soon pass from earth—leaving those who are now growing up in our midst to battle with misfortune—to be noble or ignoble, till they pass away and another generation shall succeed them.

Although it calls to our mind sad recollections of the happy past, when father and mother were with us, watching our steps as guardian angels, and directing our course in the path of light and learning, that we might be honorable in ourselves and useful to others on the great arena of life. They now are no more, and we have but their example before us, which is as a beacon light, guiding us through life from this world of sorrow to one of eternal happiness.

"My Mother—Mother—Mother."

It is said that these were among the last words of the great lamented Henry Clay.

Mothers learn here a lesson. Look at your sons and daughters, and realize this important truth, that in the nursery is laid the foundation of your child's future life. Instead of teaching them to play the empty headed oxcrowd, and to *lete a lete* a lifetime away in nonsense, teach them the path of true greatness and usefulness. Who are the men who adorned human nature, and reflected a halo of glory upon their country?—They are, with few exceptions, those who in infancy learned to clasp their tiny hands and kneel at a mother's side, and dedicated their hearts to the Father of spirits.

A mother's hallowed influences never dies. The boy never forgets the mother's love.—Though he may wander far from home, and be engaged in many vices, yet that mother's voice, soft and tender, that fell upon his ear in infancy is borne upon many a passing breeze, and whispers, "My son, my son, remember a mother's love; how she has taught you to pray and reverence the God of mercy."

Seventy-five long years have been numbered with the past; scenes, political and national, warm and exciting, had passed away; near fifty years had marked the resting place of that Christian woman, when her noble son, upon the bed of death is heard calling for "my mother, mother, mother." Sweet words for the lips of one who owed his greatness to the maternal care of a mother's love!

Mothers, do you wish your sons to honor you in the busy conflicts of life, to be ornaments to society, to call upon you in the cold hour of death? Then act to them a mother's part—teach them the way of virtue, of morality, and of religion.

Power of Imagination

A wealthy lady had a tickling in her throat, and thought that a bristle of her tooth-brush had gone down and lodged in her gullet. Her throat daily grew worse.—It was badly inflamed, and she sent for the family doctor. He examined it carefully and finally assured her that nothing was the matter—it was a mere nervous delusion he said. Still her throat troubled her, and she became so much alarmed that she was sure she should die. A friend suggested that she should call in Dr. Jones, a young man just commencing practice. She did not like at first-like the idea, but finally consented, and Dr. Jones was called. He was a person of good address and polite manners. He looked carefully at her throat and asked her several questions as to the sensation at the seat of the alarming malady, and finally announced that he thought he could relieve her in a short time. On his second visit he brought with him a delicate pair of forceps, in the teeth of which he had inserted a bristle taken from an ordinary tooth-brush. The rest can be imagined. The lady threw back her head; the forceps were introduced into her mouth, a prick—a loud scream and 'twas all over; and the young physician, with a smiling face, was holding up to the light, and inspecting with lively curiosity, the extracted bristle. The patient was in raptures. She immediately recovered her health and spirits, and went about everywhere sounding the praises of "her saviour," as she persisted in calling the dextrous operator.

Ducking Women.

The Legislature of Virginia, in the good old days, two centuries and a half ago, enacted the following law for the punishment of women.

"At a grand assembly held in James Cittie in the year 1616, were passed many acts to the glory of Almighty God, and the public good of this his Majesty's colony of Virginia." Among them was the following, entitled: "Women causing scandalous suits to be ducked:

"Whereas oftentimes many babbling women often scandalize their neighbors, for which their poor husbands are often brought into chargeable and vexatious suits and cost in great damage:

"Be it therefore enacted by the authority aforesaid that in actions of slander occasioned by the wife, as aforesaid, after judgment passed by the damages the woman shall be punished by ducking; and if the slander be so erroneous as to be adjudged at a greater damage than five hundred pounds of tobacco, then the woman to suffer a ducking for each five hundred pounds of tobacco so adjudged against her husband, he refuses to pay the tobacco:

If a similar law was to be passed now, what an uproar it would cause. The negro question and "restoration" would sink into insignificance.

Why are Women Weak?

The first reason is, that they are hurried to death, they have no time for recreation, or improvement; they have to work until they are completely exhausted, and then, when they would sit down in order to gain a little rest, the baby cries for "Mamma" to take it, and another child is crying, because it is cold, or has a sore finger, or something of the kind. The mother has the washing to do herself, without even a clothes wringer to help her along; she has the cooking to do on washing days, the same as at any other time, her sewing and knitting to do by hand, and never hires any work done, except when she is sick abed.—I say sick abed, for a woman's illness is too often not noticed until she is sick abed or quite ill. Thus matters are allowed to run along until the "sands of life are run out," and "mother" dies an ignorant old woman, who had done nothing, except to raise her children, and keep the house in order. Is it any wonder that there are so many broken down, ignorant young mothers at the present day?

What fishes have their eyes nearest to God's? The smallest.

PERILS OF KEEPING BAD COMPANY.—

Two men, Wm. Kennison and George Burrell, were before the Circuit Court yesterday, on a joint indictment for larceny, and when the case was called a severance was asked; which was allowed, and Kennison went upon trial. The testimony was heard, which plainly indicated that both parties were guilty of the larceny, and the case was submitted to the jury. After this case had been given to the jury and they retired to their room, Burrell was put on his trial and plead guilty. He made a short speech to the jury, during which he stated that he alone, was guilty of the larceny, and although Kennison was with him at the time, he had nothing to do with the robbery, and was entirely innocent of the charge brought against him. The two juries returned their verdicts, Kennison being convicted for two years, while the verdict in the Burrell case was one year with a recommendation for pardon to the Governor. The jury which had the case of Kennison under hearing, of course knew nothing of the statement of Burrell, and they did nothing but their duty upon the proof laid before them. Thus an innocent man, for being in bad company, is convicted for two years, while a guilty party, by pleading guilty and appealing to the sympathies of the jury, gets off with one year.

Not what He Bargained for.

A rich occurrence recently took place in St. Louis. A fancy fashionable and fast young married man became enamored of a gay widow, and sought to make a conquest of her. The intended victim soon saw the drift of his intentions and prepared a punishment for his audacity not equalled since the "Merry Wives of Windsor." She apparently listened to the soft persuasions of his winning voice, and made an appointment to receive him at her house.

Here however, the justly indignant lady had prepared for him a reception different from that of his dreams. He was received and taken into a darkened parlor, with hushed whispers, carrying boots in hand. Left for a moment with the low beatings of his heart, the folding doors were thrown wide, admitting a flood of light, and exhibiting a crowd of gentlemen and ladies, among whom was the wife whom he thought was unsuspectingly at his home. The denouement of the scene is said to have been rich in the extreme, though the bootless Knight remained but a few minutes to enjoy it.

The Church in Mexico.

This consists of one Archbishop, eight Bishops, and about 10,000 inferior clergy of all orders. It is the richest church established in the world. Its landed property, mortgages, and rents are estimated to be worth about \$150,000,000, to say nothing of the untold millions invested in cathedrals and church edifices, which are all of the most solid and costly construction, and are said to be as valuable now as the day they were built. With their gold and silver vessels, candlesticks, and other ornaments, these buildings (of which there are 108 in the city of Mexico alone) are estimated at \$150,000,000. The landed property is continually increasing in value, in the same measure that the silver mines are becoming more productive. The revenues of the clergy are still very large, though not so enormous as they were when Mexico was a Spanish colony.—At that time the annual income of the Archbishop was \$130,000, and that of the eight Bishops united \$400,000. The Archbishop is the financial as well as the ecclesiastical head of the church, and subordinate to him there is a single person in each diocese, by whom this vast property is controlled.

WOOLEN CLOTHING.—The most healthful clothing for our climate the year round is made of wool. If worn next the skin by all classes, in summer as well as winter, an incalculable amount of coughs, colds, diarrhoeas, dysenteries, and fevers would be prevented, as also many sudden and premature deaths from croup, diphtheria, and lung diseases. Winter maladies would be prevented by the ability of a woollen garment to keep the natural heat about the body more perfectly, instead of conveying it away as fast as generated, as linen and flaxen garments do; as also cotton and silk, although these are less cooling than Irish linen, as any one can prove by noticing the different degrees of coldness on the application of a surface of six inches square of flannel, cotton, and linen to the skin the moment the clothing is removed. The reason is, that wool is a bad conductor of heat, and linen is a good conductor of heat.—Dr. Hall.

QUEER MATRIMONIAL FREAK.—A letter from a citizen of Livingston county, Ky., to the Danville Tribune, relates the following bit of family history in that neighborhood:—

"A widow lady took an orphan boy to raise, quite small, and when arrived at the age of eighteen, she married him, she then being in her fiftieth year. They lived many years together, happy as any couple. Ten years ago they took an orphan girl to raise. This fall the old lady died, being 96 years of age, and in seven weeks after, the old man married the girl they had raised, he being 68 years old, and she 18."

MINOR SORROWS.—The prick of a pin often gives more acute pain than the gash inflicted by a lanceet. So we pass through life; our minor sorrows are frequently harder to bear than our greater afflictions. Every trouble either deadens our sense of suffering by the violence of the shock, or else excites an unwonted and unnatural strength, which enables us to stand firm against the blow.—But the minor evils of life annoy us—irritate us; we chafe against them. And thus it is that we often see those whom we had most reverenced for having nobly borne great trials, the first to sink under lesser ones.

The Girls.

Alas! alas! for us poor girls,
The times are all-amas,
We sigh and sigh, and twist our curls,
And hope for that and this.

Our trammals seek to keep the style,
While papa grows "pooch" pool!
And we're the victims all the while,
What will we poor girls do?

What will we do? Why get married, to be sure, and sew buttons on your husbands' shirts. That is the first thing to be done, and that requires no great sacrifice. The second requires more effort and greater heroism, but a proper respect for their husbands' tastes, and dutiful deference to their wishes, should make

The married women all,
Whether great or small,
Whether short or tall,
Give up the "waterfall."

A pious old farmer reading Governor Fenton's proclamation for the seventh of December as a day of prayer and thanksgiving to be observed throughout the State of New York, read, by reason of misprint of the word toiler, as follows:—Never before had a people so much cause for thanksgiving.—Ever tailor in the realm of honorable industry is inspired with new encouragement and confidence. 'But why tailors inspired with new encouragement, interrupted his better half, 'more than other people?' 'Oh, I suppose, replied the pious parent, 'because the President was once a tailor, and every tailor yet may become a President.' 'Oh!' replied the pious old lady, 'how I wish you was a tailor.'

The Portage (Wis.) Register announces the death of Joseph Crele, the aged veteran of one hundred and forty-one years, which occurred on the 27th of January, after a brief illness, at the residence of his granddaughter, Mrs. Brisbois, in Caledonia, about four miles from Portage. During the past year Mr. Crele obtained a world wide notoriety through the newspapers, on account of his extreme longevity. He was born near the City of Detroit, in the year 1725, as shown by the records of the Catholic Church of that city, and was probably the oldest man in the world.

A good laugh is often as good as a dose of medicine. With the late Dr. Chapman, of Philadelphia, the plesantry was as certain as the opportunity. Even in extremis it would come out of him. He was walking the street, and a baker's cart, driven furiously, was about to run him down. The baker reined up suddenly, and just in time to spare the Doctor, who instantly took off his hat, and bowing politely, exclaimed, "You are the best bred man in town."

Woman requires more sleep than men, and farmers less than those of any other occupation. Editors, reporters, and telegraph operators need not sleep at all. Lawyers can sleep as much as they choose, as they will thus be kept out of mischief. Clergymen are allowed to sleep twenty-four hours, and to put their hearers to sleep once a week.

"My dear Horatio, I had a very mysterious dream about you."

"What was it, dear?"
I dreamed that I saw you carried up to heaven in a golden chariot, surrounded by angels clothed in white and purple. What is that a sign of, dear?"
"It is a sign of a foul stomach, my dear."

"Drinks" are now called "leg-stretchers" in Vermont. It is an every day occurrence for some passengers in the stage coaches, while the latter are waiting at the hotels to say, "I guess I will get out and stretch my legs," which always ends in their having a drink somewhere in the hotel.

When Lord Erskine heard that somebody had died worth two hundred thousand pounds, he observed "Well that's a pretty sum to begin the next world with."

A lady correspondent asks our opinion about a new kind of hoop-skirt, and asks if we think it is dangerous. That depends entirely on who wears it.

Swift says that when a man avers that he is of no party, he certainly belongs to a party, but it is one of which he is ashamed.

Three things only are essential to happiness, namely, something to do; something to love; and something to hope for.

What is that which occurs once in a minute, twice in a moment, and not once in a hundred years? The letter m.

What stands and goes without legs? A clock.

What thing is that which the more we eat it, the longer it grows? A ditch.

When is a young lady like a wagon wheel? When she is tired! (which don't often occur from work.)

Stand upright pretty girl. Don't have a stoop; but it is well enough for your lover to have one.

Which travels at a greater speed, heat or cold? Heat, because you can catch cold.

When has a man four hands? When he doubles his fists.

What is that which works when it plays, and plays when it works? A fountain.

Why is a baker like a beggar? He kneads bread.