

# 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 23, 1866.

NUMBER 40

## 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.

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

## QUEENSWARE AND GLASSWARE,

a very heavy stock, to which special attention is invited. Fine ware in sets or by the single piece, of the latest styles; Cut Glass Goblets, Tumblers, &c.

## KEROSENE LAMPS

of every pattern, a large assortment. Shades, (new style) wicks, chimneys, spring hinge burners, always on hand. Also No. 1 Kerosene Oil.

## NOTIONS, VARIETIES, &C.

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

## TOBACCO, CIGARS AND PIPES.

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

## SALT AND FISH.

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

## 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.

## NEW FIRM AND NEW GOODS!

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

## 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 RUNDELL'S PREMIUM HAY FORK. for the sale of which we are the sole agents. Scythes, Rakes, Forks, Shovels, Grain Cradles, &c., &c.

## CASH paid for Butter and Eggs.

LIQUID Rennet, Corn Starch, Rice Flour, Tapioca, Sage, Pearl Barley and Cooper's Gelatin

## POETICAL.



NO TIME LIKE THE OLD TIME.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

There is no time like the old time, when you and I were young,  
When the buds of April blossomed and the birds of spring time sung!  
The garden's brightest glories by summer suns are nursed,  
But oh! the sweet, sweet violets, the flowers that opened first.

There is no place like the old place where you and I were born,  
Where we lifted first our eyelids on the splendours of the morn;  
From the milk-white breast that warmed us, from the clinging arm that bore,  
Where the dear eyes glistened o'er us that will look on us no more.

There is no friend like the old friend who has shared our morning days,  
No greeting like his welcome, no homage—like his praise:  
Fame is too scentless sunflower, with gaudy crown of gold,  
But friendship is the breathing rose, with sweets in every fold.

There is no love like the old love that we courted in our pride,  
Though our leaves are falling, falling, and we're fading side by side,  
There are blossoms all around us with the color of our dawn,  
And we live in borrowed sunshine when the light of day is gone.

There are no times like the old time—they shall never be forgot!  
There is no place like the old place—keep green the dear old spot!  
There are no friends like our old friends—may heaven prolong their lives!  
There are no loves like our old loves—God bless our loving wives!

For the Record,  
L I F E .  
BY J. E.

When the toil of day is done,  
When the sun sinks gently down,  
'Tis then my heart would tell its tale,  
Before the shades of night prevail.

When youth with beauty touched my form,  
And hid me from the raging storm,  
'Tis then my heart was light and gay,  
Before time stole my youth away.

But now I have my daily care,  
And with others sorrow share;  
For when the morn of life is fled,  
Soon we're numbered with the dead.

The stars that deck the clear blue sky,  
Emblems of that world on high  
Twinkling as they seem to say,  
All on earth must pass away.

Pass away, yes pass away,  
Soon we'll leave three forms of clay,  
Either for that world of light,  
Or lost forever in the night.

O saviour guide my erring feet,  
That I with joy my end shall meet  
That when the toil of life is done,  
I shall have thy Kingdom won.

## MISCELLANY.

### The Minister and the Quaker.

An amusing story under this title has long been current, in various forms and among good people. An authentic statement of it, with name and place, is given in the *Presbyterian Standard*, by the Hon. J. R. Snowden. He says that the minister in question was the Rev. Dr. Robert Smith, whose fame as a learned and eloquent divine has been overshadowed by that of his sons John Blair Smith and Samuel Stanhope Smith, President of Princeton College.

Dr. Robert Smith, before he became President of Hampton Sydney College, was principal of a very successful classical academy at Pequesa, Pennsylvania. While here he had a near neighbor, a Friend, whom Mr. Snowden, having forgotten his real name, calls William Jones.

Dr. Smith and Mr. Jones were very good friends, and often visited each other. One day Dr. Smith said, "Friend Jones, I notice that although we are good friends and neighbors, yet I have never seen you at my church, or meeting house, as you call it." "That is very true, my friend Robert, but that's the reason. We Quakers, as we are called, are not in favor of a hiring ministry, who are educated especially for that purpose. We favor those only who preach by the spirit."

text by the sexton after these has made the long prayer, which I learn thee makes."—"That is not quite what I expected when you made the proposition," says Dr. Smith, "but I except it, and will expect to see you at the Pequesa church next Sunday morning."

Dr. Smith entered his pulpit the next Sabbath with some anxiety. A glance over the congregation showed him that his Quaker neighbor was there, and at the appointed time he expected the text. He commenced his services in his usual manner, and after the "long prayer" he commenced a very long psalm. I believe it was not the 119th Psalm throughout, but it was quite a long psalm. As soon as the preceptor, or fine singer, rose, the sexton came up the aisle, and handed the preacher the text, it was from the book of Ezra, 1st chapter, and latter clause of the 9th verse: "NINE AND TWENTY KNIVES." A sharp, as well as a hard text, thought the Doctor. The singing of the long psalm gave him a few minutes for reflection; when that was ended he arose and announced his text, noticed many a smile upon the faces of his congregation—even some venerable elders could not preserve the usual solemnity of their countenances. But the preacher proceeded with his discourse. He spoke briefly of the captivity of the Jews in Babylon; of their condition there; the proclamation of Cyrus; of the wonderful preservation of the utensils of the Temple, which had been taken from Jerusalem by the conquerors of Judea; none of the knives which were used for slaying and preparing the sacrifices were lost, mislaid, or destroyed. They were, said Dr. Smith, under the special care and protection of God, and were in due time restored to the Temple.

He then enlarged upon the special providence of God. "Not a sparrow falls without his notice;" "and the very hairs of our heads are numbered."—"The Lord know them that are his, and none of them shall perish." The Quaker was not only pleased, but he was aroused and delighted.

The next day he sent for Dr. Smith to dine with him. After dinner he invited Dr. Smith to take a walk around his farm, and coming to a pasture field in which were his cattle, he stopped abruptly, and said, "I was much pleased with thy discourse, friend Robert, last first day. Now, thee knows, we follow our leader, Geo. Fox, who bore his testimony against a hiring ministry; we never pay our public friends, but we sometimes give them presents. I wish to give thee a present. I have many good milk cows. I wish thee to select one for thyself."

Dr. Smith wished to decline the gift, but the Quaker insisted, and said, "I will be of fended at thee if thee refuse." The Doctor having noticed a small and ill-looking cow, said "Well, if I must take one of the cows, I will take that small red cow," pointing to the one he had noticed, and which he supposed to be the least valuable. "Well I do profess," says Friend Jones, "thee does not only preach by the Spirit but thee can choose by the Spirit: that little red cow is the best one I have; my wife would not sell it for one hundred dollars; but thee shall have it."—And accordingly the same evening the little cow was driven to the "manse," and proved to be a valuable acquisition to the dominion's dairy.—*Chris. Intelligencer.*

### The Lark.

Take it for all, no bird in either hemisphere equals the English lark in heart or voice; for both unite to make it the sweetest, happiest, the welcome singer that was winged like the high angels of God's love. It is the living ecstasy of joy when it mounts upon its "glorious privacy of light." On earth it is timid, silent and bashful, as if not at home, and not sure of its right to be there at all. It is rather homely withal, having nothing in feather, feature or form to attract notice. It is seemingly made to be heard, not seen—reversing the old axiom addressed to children when getting noisy. Its mission is music, and it floods a thousand acres of the blue sky with its several times a day.—Out of that palpitating speck of living joy there swells forth a sea of twittering ecstasy upon the morning and evening air.—It does not ascend by gyrations, like the eagle or birds of prey. It mounts up like a human aspiration. It seems to spread out its wings and to be lifted straight upward out of sight by the effluvia of its own happy heart.

To pour out this in undulating rivulets of rhapsody is apparently the only motive of its ascension. This it is that has made it so loved of all generations. It is the singing angel of man's nearest heaven, whose vital breath is music. Its sweet warbling is only the metrical palpitation of its life of joy. It goes up over the roof-tree of the rural hamlet, on the wings of its song, as if to train the human soul to trial flights heavenward. Never did the Creator put a voice of such volume into so small a living thing. It is a marvel, almost a miracle. In a still hour, you can hear it almost a mile's distance.—When its form is lost in the hazy haze upon the sun's rays above, it pours down upon you all the thrilling semitones of its song as distinctly as if it were warbling to you in your window.—*Ethna Burritt.*

LOOKING FOR A BERTH.—While the boat was lying at Cincinnati, just ready to start for Louisville, a young man came on board, leading a blushing damsel by the hand, and approaching the clerk, in a surprised voice: "I say," he exclaimed, "me and my wife has just got married, and I'm looking for accommodations." "Looking for a berth?" hastily inquired the clerk—passing tickets out to another passenger. "A berth?" thunder and lightning, no! gasped the young man, "we ain't but just got married! we want a place to stay all night, you know, and a bed."

Don't confide your money, your secrets, or your wife, to a friend evidently anxious for the trust.

### Keep the Loaf under your Arm.

The following is copied from a New York paper printed in the year 1776, and is related as a fact. Similar cases often occur in these days, where a parent, having given all into the hands of his children, is obliged to spend the remainder of his days in poverty:—

At this time there is living in Harlem an old man who relates the following story of himself. He was possessed of a pretty good farm with everything necessary for his business, and had one child, a son, who having married it was agreed that the young couple should live in the house with the parent, as he was a widower. These things went on exceedingly well for some time, when the son proposed to his parent that he should make over to him his estate, promising to build a new house and otherwise improve the farm. The father through persuasion, gave him a deed or gift of it, and everything belonging to it.

After a few years, as the father grew old he grew a little fretful and dissatisfied, while the son, thinking he had nothing more to expect from him, forgot his filial duty and used his old father worse than his servants. The old man was no longer permitted to sit at the table with his son and wife, but compelled to take his meals in the chimney-corner, and was continually ill-used by them.—The ill-usage of the old man was at length carried to such a height that he could no longer bear it, but left the house and went to a neighbor, and relation of his, declaring that if his friend could not help him get his farm back again, he should be obliged to come and live with them.

His friend answered that he might come and live with him, and if he would follow his directions, he would help him to get his estate back again.

Take this bag of dollars, carry it to your room at your son's, shut it up well in your chest, and about the time you expect they will call you to dinner, shut your door, and have all your dollars spread on the table in the middle of the room. When they call you, make a noise with them by sweeping them into the bag again.

The bait took completely. The wife had peeped through the key-hole, and saw the dollars spread out on the table and told it to her husband. When the old man came down, they insisted on his sitting at the table with them, and treated him with uncommon civility.

The old man related to his friend what he had done, who gave him directions what to do if his son asked for the money. After a few days the son discovered the old man very busily engaged in counting out his money, and at the next meal time asked him what money it was he had been counting.

"Only some money I have received for the discharge of one of the bonds I had standing on. I expect more in a few days, and I fear I shall be obliged to take Mr. N's. farm, upon which I have a mortgage, as he is not able to raise the money, and if the farm is sold it will not fetch as much as will discharge the mortgage."

After a few days the son told his father he intended to build a house on the farm, if he would let him have that money. "Yes, child, all I have is coming to you. I intend giving you the bonds and mortgages I have, but then I think it will be the best to have it put all together in a new deed of gift. I will get neighbor L. to call here and draw a new one."

Accordingly his friend and cousin, who had devised the scheme, came to the house, and the son gave the father the deed, that another might be drawn off it. When the old man had got the instrument into his hands, in the presence of his friend he broke off the seal, and committed the writing to the fire, saying:

"Burn, cursed instrument of my folly and misery! And you, my dutiful children, as this estate is all my own again, must remove immediately, unless you will be content to be my tenants. I have learned, by sad experience, that it is best for the parent to hold the loaf under his arm. That one father can better maintain ten children than ten children can a father."

### HINTS.

If you invest your money for tools, and then leave them exposed to the weather, it is the same as loaning money to a spendthrift without security—a dead loss in both cases.

If you invest your money in fine stock, and do not feed and protect them and properly care for them, it is the same as dressing your wife in silk to do the kitchen work.

If you invest your money in choice fruit trees, and do not guard and give them a chance to grow and prove their value, it is the same as putting a good hand into the field with poor tools to work with.

If you invest your money in a good farm, and do not cultivate it well it is the same as marrying a good wife, and so abusing and enslaving her as to crush her energies and break her heart.

If you invest your money in a fine house and do not cultivate your mind and tastes so as to adorn it with intelligence and refinement, it is as if you were to wear broadcloth and a silk hat to the mill.

### FOR THE RECORD.

Mr. Editor.—I find in your last issue, a communication upon the subject of temperance, from R. E. C. Who this R. E. C. is, I don't know, and therefore it is not for his, or her sake, that I think the article merits a reply, but for the sake of the sentiment itself.

I disagree with the author of that communication, as I will show in the lines that follow. R. E. C. begins by saying, "I do not wish to discourage or throw any obstacle in the way of what is being done to retard the progress of intemperance." Now, in these words R. E. C. admits the laudable desire of the temperance movement in Waynesboro', and that good is being done. So much for his admission, whether it was designed or not. This encourages us to persevere in the cause. In the next place he indicates that he would not willingly do anything to "discourage" what is being done in this good work. Now, if R. E. C. is anxious to do nothing unfavorable to the temperance movement, he evidently committed a grave error when he wrote that little communication. If a man were to tell me that he did not wish to hurt me, but were striking me with a stick or pelting me with stones, I would be forced to the conclusion that, at least, he said one thing and thought another. R. E. C. professes great friendship for the cause of temperance, but he throws all the weight of his communication against it. In the next place, in the article of R. E. C. we find these words: "The R. E. C. has a disposition to make the societies sectarian." This is a grave charge, and one that its author can't prove. All the churches in Waynesboro' are represented in the movement, and if they were not, the fault would be with themselves, as the door is open for all. If there is a "disposition" to make the "societies sectarian," that disposition is with R. E. C., and persons of like stamp, who are ransacking heaven and earth to find an objection to justify them in the unholy work of throwing their influence against the temperance cause. The sectarian idea is not with the Good Templars, but it has its abode in the morbidly excited brain of the enemies of the temperance reform.

The next objection urged is secrecy:—"Secrecy is not a consistent companion of the effort." We answer that as a temperance society we have no secret. Our object is to promote temperance, and this we do openly. We have private matters pertaining to the modus operandi, as churches and families have private matters, or matters which immediately concern them as societies or families. But who would call a church a "secret society" because its council, or even the entire congregation met privately to transact business which belonged to their mode of operations as a society or organization?

No one. Well so it is with this secret society called the "Good Templars." Her light is not under a bushel as charged. Her pledge is blazoned abroad. Her great idea upon which she is founded, and for the development of which she lives and labors, is written upon the "house tops." And at the same time, as to the part that is prudential or private, the doors are open and R. E. C. or any other honest person is invited to come in and see the goat. But in short, this objection is not what might be called a *milk and water* excuse, but one that has its generation and birth in wine and cider.

R. E. C. next objects upon the ground that "little children should not be asked to sign the pledge. They do not understand it, and when they do sign it, it is done thro' the influence of their parents or some other older person. Let the children go, but set the parents right if necessary." To all this I would answer, that if we would benefit the community permanently, we must reach the young. There is but little hope for men who have formed the habit of excessive drinking. But if the principal of temperance is instilled into the heart of childhood, it will live with them and strengthen with their growth, and when they become old they will not depart from it." Never before in a christian country, has it been said to be wrong to teach children temperance.—"Let the children go," is the language of R. E. C. Such a precept never before came from the lips of a civilized man, and we cannot find language adequate to express our abhorrence of the unchristian and anti scriptural sentiment. The most charitable view for the author, that we can take, is, that R. E. C. is an old bachelor or an old maid—some person who instinctively dislikes *little folks*. Nothing but this view of the case can screen the author of that remarkable procept, from the merited charge of hallucination, or wickedness.

Again R. E. C. says:—"The efficiency of any society founded on a pledge, at best, is to be doubted. To this I would reply, that the Church of Christ is founded on a pledge. God has made a covenant with his people.—God is bound on one hand, and all professing christians on the other, and they renew their pledge or oath every time they come to his table. Practical christianity is founded on a pledge, and therefore if the strange doctrine of R. E. C. be true, christian churches or societies are not to be trusted. If a man's honor is not to be trusted, what is?—Would R. E. C. intimate that men have no honor, or those perhaps who have taken the temperance pledge in Waynesboro'? O! what does he mean? To my mind his logic and ethics are equally at fault, and sound like the words of a man who speaks before he thinks.

But at last R. E. C. gives us a remedy for intemperance. It was long coming but it came at last, and here it is.—Let the effort be made to eradicate the cause and the evils flowing from it must disappear. Put a stop to the selling of liquors and see if this won't do more for the cause of temperance than anything else." Now is this original with R. E. C.? Is he the first person wise enough to see that if legislation did away the traffic

in intoxicating drinks, that the evil of intemperance would cease? I suppose others saw this before R. E. C. was born; nor does it require a Solomon to see a truth so self-evident, so that if he were the first to see into the millstone, he don't deserve so much credit after all.

But "honor to whom honor is due."—Temperance societies advocate the remedy that R. E. C. proposes, and they pursue the only course to bring it to pass, viz:—to excite the public mind upon the subject, and spread temperance abroad amongst the "little children" as well as others. To have a *prohibitory law*; public sentiment must be trained and schooled to demand such a law, as legislation can never go in advance of the public mind. And a temperance movement contributes to this result in proportion as it excites, and directs the public mind (and particularly the mind of the young, as they will soon hold the reins of power at *ballot boxes*) to the importance of temperance. But we can't have this *prohibitory law* immediately. Then what are we to do in the interval? R. E. C. would say do nothing—"Let the children go &c."—Let the demon intemperance carry his 50,000 victims to an untimely grave and to a drunkard's hell, every year—Let him do all this unrebuked and unopposed. I can't endorse the heartless policy of R. E. C. and others of the same whining school. I say we can do something in the meantime. Temperance societies have saved hundreds, and are saving men and women now. Then I say let us give the movement our countenance and our efforts, and help to save our friends and neighbors from ruin. R. E. C. may do as he thinks best, but for my part, I do not feel like waiting a hundred years for a *prohibitory law* and then organize a temperance society as an "auxiliary" as he suggests. I must close, but Mr. Editor, I would like to know what R. E. C. intends to do with his "auxiliary" when he gets that *prohibitory law*—If the evil thing is banished by law, what use will we have for temperance societies? Will not his "auxiliary" be a fifth wheel to the wagon?

What is Home?

In the common acceptation of the term, home is the place in which one resides. It may, and it may not, have reference to its surroundings. Its location may be among the verdant groves of rural life, in a city, or in some other locality. It may not only possess every requisite for enjoyment, and every resource for the necessities and comforts of life, but it may also be embellished with all that wealth, and art, and the most refined taste can command, and yet it may not come so near to our ideal of home, as a residence of much less pretension, or even the humble cottage of the day laborer.

The attractions of home are found in the genial influence which reign within. There must be the glow of affection, a tender and ever-living sympathy, an abiding and nourishing desire to please, a constant seeking of another's welfare, even at the sacrifice of one's own, and a persistent avoidance of those evils which are the prolific source of all the disquiet, and unhappiness, so common in domestic life. Such a habitation, however humble, however stinted its resources, and its luxuries, possesses the living vitality, the real attractions of home. Its members, as by some magic influence, are irresistibly drawn to it. It is the grand centre of all that is lovely and desirable in this world.—It lights up, and gilds all of life's darker shades. It hallows the memories of the past. And when in the flight of years the footsteps, and voices of others are heard in its halls, and it is no longer regarded as the real home, there is a niche in memory upon which is inscribed, "Sacred to the old Home-stead."

We are of the opinion that there are comparatively few such homes. There may be more. By a proper cultivation of the affections, the evil may, to a great extent, be remedied. Due attention to little things will keep out the "foxes which spoil the vines." Let the golden law abide in the heart, and words of kindness fall from the lips, and see how many a Babel of strife would be converted into an Eden of love.

When we consider how much early home influence have to do in the formation of character, the subject assumes a grave importance, and becomes invested with the serious responsibilities.

We say, then, to all parents, God has given us this broad land, this beautiful country, with its charming rivers and lakes, its school houses and churches, forever consecrated to liberty, that we may secure such a home for our children.

ITEMS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.—Do everything in the proper time. Keep everything in its proper place. Always mend clothes before washing them.

Alum or vinegar is good to set colors, red, green, or yellow.

If you are buying a carpet for durability, choose small figures.

Scotch snuff put in the holes where crickets run will destroy them.

Salsoda will bleach. One spoonful is enough for one kettle of clothes.

A hot shovel held over varnished furniture will take out white spots.

A bit of glue dissolved in skim-milk and water, will restore old craps.

Green should be the prevailing color for bed hangings and window drapery.

Save your suds for the garden and the plants, or to harden yards when sandy.

Wood ashes and common salt, wet with water will stop the cracks of a stove, and prevent smoke escaping.

Somebody says very beautifully:—"As small planets are nearest the sun, so are little children nearest to God."

Give your heart to your Creator, and your arms to the poor.