

# VILLAGE RECORD.

A Family Newspaper Independent upon all Subjects.

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VOLUME XX

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 26, 1866.

NUMBER 17

## LATEST ARRIVAL OF GROCERIES.

### LIDY & DICKEL

HAVING just received from the Eastern market a fresh supply of Groceries, etc., they are now prepared to sell at reduced prices. Their stock embraces in part the following:

Syraps, Cheese, Teas—Young Hyacin  
Sugars, Coffees, Imperial,  
Molasses, Chocolate, Oolong,

Spices, ground and unground, Baking articles of all kinds, warranted fresh and of the best quality. Kerosene Lamps, shades, wicks and chimneys. Also No 1 Kerosene Oil.

### TOBACCO.

H. B. Navy, Nat. Leaf, Fine Cut, and all the best "Con." Brands of Chewing and Smoking "Spans, Tobaccos of sixteen different kinds. "Oys. shell.

### Salt and Fish.

G. A. Salt, Dairy, large and small sack, Mackerel No 1 and 3 by the barrel.

### Confections. Sundries.

Cakes and Candies, Water and Su. Crackers, Oranges, Lemons, Raisins, Figs, Prunes, Almonds, Walnuts, Cream Nuts, Pea Nuts, Pepper, Tomato Catsup, Pepper Sauce, Brown's Troches, Habbit's Soap, Harrison's "Bubbin's Electric Soap, Castle Soap, Barlow's Indigo, Paper Collars, Robert's Embrocation, Hoover's Luk, Matches, Gun Caps, Machine "Twist, Black Cotton Thread, Needles and Pins, Singer Machine Needles, Shoe Strings, Steel Pens, Pen Holders, Long Combs, Ladies' Dress Combs, Hair Oils, Nerve and Bone Liment, Cocoa Nuts. And connected with the Grocery we have Flour and Feed which we will deliver at Mill prices. The highest prices paid for Butter and Eggs and all kinds of Country Produce. We are thankful for past favors, and by strict attention to business and a desire to please all, hope to receive a liberal share of the public's patronage, for we feel confident that our goods and prices will compare favorably with those of any other house. LIDY & DICKEL.

## POETICAL.



### THE WORLD IS BRIGHT.

The world is bright before thee, Its summer flowers are thine; Its calm blue sky is o'er thee— Thy bosom nature's shrine. And thine the sunbeams given, To nature's morning hour, Pure, warm, as when from heaven It burst on Eden's bowers. There is a song of sorrow— The death dirge of the sky— That tells, ere dawn of morrow, These charms may fade and die, The sun's bright beam be shaded, The sky be blue no more, The summer flowers be faded, And youth's warm promise o'er. Believe it not; though lonely Thy evening home may be; Though Beauty's barque can only Float on a summer sea; Though time thy bloom is stealing, There's still beyond his art The wild flower wreath of feeling— The sunbeam of the heart.

### HOLLANDIN.

On Linden, when the sun was low, All bloodless lay the untrodden snow; And dark as winter was the flow Of Isar, rolling rapidly. But Linden saw another sight, When the drum beat at the dead of night Commanding fires of death to light The darkness of her scenery. By torch and trumpet fast arrayed, Each horseman drew his battle blade, And furious every charger neighed To join the dreadful revelry. Then shook the hills with thunder riven; Then rushed the steel to battle driven; And louder than the booms of heaven For flashed the red artillery. The combat deepens. On, ye brave Who rush to glory, or the grave! Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave, And charge with all thy chivalry! Few, few shall part, when many meet! The snow shall be their winding sheet, And every turf beneath their feet Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE SLIGHTED SCHOLAR

Cases like the one I am about to relate are much too frequent in our country, and they are such too as should be guarded against by all who have an interest in education. This incident was brought to my mind by the parent of a boy, who had been grossly neglected simply because he was very poor and comparatively without friends: Many years ago, when I was a small boy, I attended school in the town of ——. Among other scholars there was one named George Henry. His father was a poor, drinking man, and the unfortunate boy had to suffer in consequence. George came to school habited in ragged garments—but they were all he had. He was rough and uncouth in manners, for he had been brought up in this way. He was very ignorant, for the simple reason that he never had the opportunity of education.

Season after season poor George Henry occupied the same seat in the school-room, it was a back corner seat, away from the rest of the scholars—and there he thumbed his tattered primer. The ragged condition of his garb gave a homely cast to his whole appearance, and what intelligence there was in his countenance was beclouded by the "outer coverings" of the boy. He seldom played with other children, for they seemed to shun him, but when he for a while joined with them in their sport, he was so rough that he was soon shoved out of the way. The teacher passed the poor boy coldly in the street, while other boys in better attire were kindly noticed. In the school, young Henry was coldly treated. The teacher neglected him and called him an "idle block-head," because he did not learn. The boy received no incentive to study, and consequently he was most of the time idle, an idleness which begat his disposition to while away his time in mischief. For this he was whipped and the more idle he became. He knew that he was neglected by the teacher, simply because he was poor and ragged, and with a sort of sullen indifference, sharpened at times by feelings of bitterness, he plodded on his dark and pathless way. Thus matters went on for several years, most of the scholars who were Henry's age had passed the higher branches of study, while he, poor fellow, still kept his distant seat in the corner. His father had sunk deeper into the pit of inebriety, and the unfortunate boy was more wretched than ever. The look of clownish indifference which had marked his countenance, was now giving away to a shape of unhappy thought and feeling, and it was evident that the great turning point of life was at hand. He stood now in the step of life from which the fate of after years must take rest.

At this time a man by the name of Kelly, took charge of the school. He was an old teacher and a careful observer of human nature, and really a good man. Long years of guardianship over wild youths had given him a bluff, authoritative way, and in his discipline he was strict and unwavering. The day he passed at the teacher's desk of our school, he was mostly devoted to watching the movements of the scholars, and studying the disposition of those with whom he had to deal. Upon George Henry his eyes rested with a keen searching glance, but evidently made little of him during the first day, yet on the second day he paid more attention. It was during the afternoon of the second day that Mr. Kelly observed young Henry engaged in stringing flies upon a pin. He went to the boy's seat and reprimanded him for his idleness and took up the tattered book from the desk. "Have you never learned more than is in this book?" asked the teacher. "No sir," said the boy. "How long have you been attending school?" "Ever since I can remember," said the teacher with much severity. "Do you realize how many years you have thrown away? What sort of a man do you think of making in this way? One of these days you will be too old to go to school, and then, while your companions are seeking some honorable employment, you will be good for nothing. Have you a father and mother?" "Yes, sir," said the boy in a hoarse subdued voice. "And do they wish you to grow up in ignorance?" The boy hung down his head and was silent, but Mr. Kelly saw two great tears roll down his cheeks. In an instant the teacher saw that he had something more than an idle, stubborn mind to deal with in the ragged scholar before him. He laid his hand on his head and in a kind tone said: "I wish you to stop after school is dismissed. Don't be afraid, I wish to assist you if I can." George looked wonderingly into the master's face, for there was something in the tone of the voice that fell upon his ear that sounded strange to him and he thought as he looked around that the rest of the scholars regarded him with kinder countenances than usual. A dim thought broke in upon his mind that for some cause he was going to be happier than he was before. After school was dismissed, George remained in his seat till the teacher called him up to his desk. "Now," said Mr. Kelly, "I wish to know why it is that you have never learned any more. You look bright, and you look as though you might make a smart man. Why is it that I find you so ignorant?" "Because no one ever helps me," replied the boy. "No body cares for me sir, for I am poor." By degrees the kind-hearted teacher got the whole of the poor boy's history, and while the generous tears bedewed his eyes, he said: "You have been wrongly treated, George, but there is time for redemption. If I will try to teach you, will you try to learn?" "Yes—Oh yes," quickly uttered the boy, in earnest tone. "Yes—I should like to learn, I don't want to be a bad boy," he thrillingly added, while his face glowed with animation.

## Fighting the Devil.

One night at a late hour, Dr. Bently was disturbed at his studies by a rattling sound among some wood, which sawed and split, had been left by the teamster; the afternoon previous, too late to be properly housed. He arose, went cautiously to the window, and saw a woman filling her apron with wood, which she hastily carried away. He resumed his seat, and commenced his study.—Shortly after, the same noise occurred, and on looking out saw a similar operation; the woman filling her great apron to the utmost limits of its capacity. When she had gone, he returned to his book with a tender pity in his heart for a destitution which sought relief in this lonely, dreary, not to say sinful manner. By and by he was startled by a heavy crash of falling wood, and, hurrying up to the window, beheld the poor woman casting the very dust of the wood from her apron.—He remained motionless, his gentle heart filled with commiseration. She swiftly departed, and soon returned heavily laden with wood, which she threw on the pile as if it were the "accursed thing." The Doctor's compassion and curiosity were now intensely excited. He followed her retreating figure till he discovered her residence, and thus ascertained who she was. What she was, was no mystery to him. The last hour had shown him her virtue's lofty height. He called early the next morning on Mr. B., the wood dealer, and directed him to send half a cord of his best wood, sawed and split, to Mrs. —, but by no means to let her know from whom it came, which was readily promised. Mr. B.'s teamster, who happened to be within earshot, though out of sight was not so bound, and when he tipped the wood into the poor widow's yard, replied to her eager inquiry, who had sent it, by relating the conversation he had overheard. The conscience-stricken mother, feeling that her sin and repentance, in the lonely darkness of that midnight hour, were known and understood by another heart beside her own, hastened to the house of the benevolent man, to express her gratitude and her sorrow, and with deep humility and bitterness, told him the temptation to which her extreme poverty had reduced her, of breaking the eighth commandment. "Though my house was dark and cold, though my heart was wrung with anguish at the sight of my poor, shivering little ones, I could not keep it; my conscience would not let me." "Say no more about it, madam," said the good man. "I saw you conquer the Devil in two fair fights."

## A Rich Man

Governor Marcy of New York, used to relate an anecdote illustrating that riches do not depend upon the amount a man possesses, but upon his condition of mind; some are poor with a hundred thousand dollars, others rich with less than one-fifth of that amount. A rough backwoodsman called upon the Governor one morning, and inquired if he was "Bill Marcy that used to live in Southport." "Yes," said Mr. Marcy, who was quite curious to know who his visitor might be. "I told 'em so but they wouldn't believe it—but you don't no me, do you?" "Your face is familiar, but I can't call you by name." "My name is Jack Smith, and we used to go to school together thirty years ago, in the little school-house in Southport. Well, times have changed, and you have got rich since then, I suppose." The Governor shook his head, but the lumberman broke in, "Oh, yes you are, no use denying it for you've been in office a long time, and have got lots of money, and I'm glad of it." "I suppose," said the Governor, "fortune has smiled upon you since you left Southport." "Oh, yes, I can't complain, I must say I've got a long right smart. You see shortly after you left Southport, we moved into Vermont, and I reckon we cleared up more land than any other family in the whole State." "And so you have made a good thing of it." "How much do you consider yourself worth?" "Well," replied the satisfied man, straightening himself up, "I don't exactly know how much I'm worth, but I think if all my debts were paid, I should be worth three hundred dollars, clear cash." He was the richer man of the two, although the Governor could no doubt have counted his thousands.

## INDIAN STRATEGY

One of the fourteen New York artillery—a Seneca Indian—undertook on a wager to bring in alive a rebel sharpshooter who was perched in a tree in front of the Union lines at Petersburg, considerably in advance of his own. His manner of accomplishing this was as ingenious as successful. Procuring a quantity of pine boughs, he enveloped himself with them from head to foot, attaching them securely to a branch, which he lashed lengthwise to his body. When completed, he was as indistinguishable to a casual observer from the surrounding foliage, and resembled a tree as closely as it was possible for his artistic efforts to render him. Thus prepared, and with musket in hand, concealed likewise, he stole, by almost imperceptible movements to beneath the tree where the sharpshooter was lodged. Here he patiently waited until his prey had emptied his piece at one of our men, when he suddenly brought his musket to bear on the "reb" giving him no time to reload. The sharpshooter was taken at a disadvantage. To the demand to come down readily assented, when the Indian triumphantly marched him a prisoner into camp and won his wager.—Frank Mor's Anecdotes of the War.

## A Masonic Incident.

A little incident containing some mystical interest transpired in Wayne county, South Carolina, during the late war. It is the following: It was late at night, the husband was absent, and the wife, alone with her children had retired. Three or four soldiers rudely knocked at the door of his house, and demanded entrance and something to eat. The good lady told them that it was too late, that she had nothing cooked, but fearing they would break the door, she got out of bed and opened it to expostulate with them. They insisted that she should cook something for them, and while she was getting ready, and they were roaming about the house, one of the party who seemed to be the leader, happened to find a copy of Mackey's "Masonic Jurisprudence" lying upon the side table. Turning it over he found the name of the poor frightened woman's husband written on the fly leaf. "Is this your husband?" he inquired of the lady. "Yes, sir," was the timid reply. "Is he a mason?" "Yes, sir." "Come boys, right about—march!" and immediately the house was cleared, and quickly closed. CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.—The physical appearance of a man sometimes changes the current of events. A case occurred a few days ago. The children of two neighbors had their daily quarrels and fights, which resulted occasionally in bruised faces and torn garments. The father of one family, believing his children to have been sadly maltreated, and being a passionate man, concluded that the surest way to settle the differences between their households permanently, would be to chastise the head of the family, although, as yet, he had never seen him. He thereupon procured a rawhide, and abruptly entering his neighbor's tenement, inquired, in a threatening tone, for the man of the house. "I am here, sir," said a personage of upwards of six feet, and weighing some two hundred and twenty pounds, as he approached to learn the business of his neighbor. "Did I understand you, that you are the gentleman of the house?" "Yes, sir." "Well I just dropped in to see if this is your rawhide?" A LANDLORD "SOLD."—The Boston *Traveler* relates that in a prominent hotel in Nashua, N. H., a few weeks since, a young lady engaged board for two or three days, and at the end of that time, when about to leave, told the landlord a young gentleman would be along in a day or two and settle for her board. The obliging landlord told her she had better leave her valises for security, which she did, and took her departure. About a week afterwards the landlord opened the valise as no young man appeared, and found that it was full of sheets and pillow cases that belonged to the rooms in his hotel, and were his own property. The young lady had improved her time during her stay, and had "made over" some of the articles into garments for herself.

## A MORMON FAMILY.

A Salt Lake paper, noticing the death of a Mormon bishop, says: "He was thirty-seven years old, and leaves an interesting family of eleven wives and forty-seven children to mourn his death." Better be honorable and be despised, than to be despised and be honored.

## Josh Billings Defines his Position.

I got your letter by accident, and reply very much as follows: I am a black Republican, with white antecedents. I alluz wuz gin slavery of any kind, not becase it wuz konstitional, but becase it was ungodly. I don't believe the best judges uv kolor kan pick out a nigger's son in the Kingdom of Keaven. I believe in the doctrine of secession—if I don't like mi home and am 21, I hev a rite tew go old, but I haint got enny rite tew take the old man's farm, or his tinwair tew me. I voted for Ande Johnson; he is a smart man; he has sed a grate meny good things—about himself. I am in favor uv him for the next President—after he is elokted. I am in favor uv the Philadelphia Convenshun; the Bible speaks about a convenshun that wuz held at a town called Babel, out east; there wuz so much folks there, uv different ideas, trying tew talk the same language, that their tungs wuz suddenly confounded to suit their sentiments; this mite happen once more, and then we mite git at the truth. I am in favor uv the Saratogy Convention, and so are all the hotel keepers and pharoh bankers uv there too, so I am told. I am in favor uv the President's reconstruckun policy, if I only cood understand it. It works well in Louisiana, and would work the same way in Varmout. Individools of a wandering turn of mind kan git out ov the Union, but no State—any therefore I am in favor ov having all the States represented in Congress, just as soon as there kan be found enny white mails who haint been wandering tew much lately. This may be difficult to find, and it may be necessary tu admit sum niggers for a spell; in case it shood, I woud advise having them iron-clad. I am in favor ov a high tariff, so high that no forrin things cood git within 300 miles uv our Eastern coast for six years, and, if we must be eat up with hi prices, let us eat up ourselfs, and see how it tastes. I am in favor ov being made Postmaster in our city, but I am about the only man that iz, which speaks well for the disinterstedness of our citizens. I am also in favor ov short stories, when a man haint much to say. Yours tenderly, JOSH BILLINGS.

## LITTLE SINS.

There are two ways of coming down from the top of a church steeple; one is to jump down, and the other is to come down by the steps; but both will lead you to the bottom. So also there are two ways of going to hell; one is to walk into it with your eyes open,—few people do that,—the other is to go down by the steps of little sins and that way, I fear, is only too common. Put up with a few little sins, and you will soon want a few more;—even a heathen cood say "Who ever was content with only one sin?"—and then your course will be regularly worse and worse every year. Well did Jeremy Taylor describe the progress of sin in a man: "First, it startles him, then it becomes pleasing, then confirmed! Then the man is impatient; then obstinate, and then he is damned." Reader the devil only wants to get the wedge of a little allowed sin into your hearts, and you will soon be all his own. Never play with fire. Never trifle with little sins. RYZE. Horace Maynard in his speech in Boston, a few nights since, thus happily answered President Johnson's clap-trap about the twenty-five and thirty-six stars: "The question is not whether we are to have thirty-six or twenty-five Stars. The glorious army of the Union decided that no star should be obliterated. Neither is the issue whether these states are in or out of the Union, but shall the saviors of the country of traitors and their allies rule it?—[Shouts. No compromise with traitors!]—It is, shall Rebel and his boys in blue or Leo and his Rebel hordes govern us? Let no minor or other issue distract you. The question of Reconstruction is whether the ten States shall be reconstructed or whether they shall reconstruct you. [That's it, and cheers] If you decide in favor of loyal men, our situation in the South will be pleasing—treason will be odious. But if these issues are not settled it would have been better for us if the Southern Confederacy had succeeded." The issue is made up. It is simply this. Shall loyal men or rebels rule the South? Whenever you see a gal with a whole lot of sweethearts, it's an even chance if she gets married to any of 'em. One cools off, and another cools off, and before she can bring any of 'em to the right weldin' heat, the coal is gone and the fire is out. Then she may blow up a dust, but the deuce of a flame can she blow up again to save her soul alive. I never see a clever looking gal in danger of that, but what I long to whisper in her ear, "You dear little critter, you take care, you have too many irons in the fire, some of 'em will get stone cold, and 'other one's will get burnt" so they'll be no good nature.—Sam Slick. Some writer with a genius for condensation states that succinctly, the arguments in recent speeches of the President: "I. The rebel states never were out of the Union, and by no possibility could they get out." "II. The rebel States can only be brought back into the Union by means of "My Policy."

## SPIRITUAL FACTS.

That whiskey is the key by which many gain an entrance into our prisons and almshouses. That brandy brands the noses of all those who cannot govern their appetites. That wine causes many to take a winding way home. That punch is the cause of many unfriendly punches. That ale causes many ailments; while beer brings many to the Bier. That champagne is the cause of many real pains. That gin-stings have "sloped" more than the slings of old. "Mr. White, will you have the kindness to lead me ten dollars." "Certainly, upon one condition." "Name it." "That you tell me why your request is like the back of my neck." "I must give it up." "Well, it must be because I can't see it!" If your sister, while engaged with her sweetheart, asks you to bring a glass of water from an adjoining room, start on your errand, but you need not return. You will not be missed. Don't forget this, little boys. The Rocky Mountain News tells of an enthused young Missourian, who eulogising the beauty of his "gal," said "I'll be dogged if she ain't as pretty as a red wagon." "Do you propose to put Ike into a store, Mrs. Partington?" "Yes," replied the old lady, "but I am peevish to know which. Some tell me the wholesome trade is the best, but I believe the tingling will be the most beneficial in his present abdominal condition. The following new version of a Scripture passage is recommended for the use of Southern Christians: 'Let the little white children come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' A cow in Cincinnati, in mistake, the other day, took a lead of pine sawdust, instead of bran. In the evening she gave turpentine instead of milk. Put the strongest minded woman in a bonnet shop and it will instantly turn her head. There never was any seat, party or faction in which the most ignorant were not the most violent. Never chase a bullet that has gone by you

## NEW STORE.

### NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

### COON & STONEHOUSE

WOULD respectfully inform the public that they have now opened at their new room, on the south-west corner of the Diamond, in Waynesboro', a large and well selected stock of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware and Cutlery.

Iron, Steel, Nails, Coach-makers Goods of every description, Queensware, Cedarware, Shoes, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Paints, Glass, Oils, Varnish, Brushes, Fish, Salt, and all kind of Goods kept in a well regulated store. Our goods are all new and fresh and have been bought for cash at the late decline in prices. We flatter ourselves that from our long experience in business, and a determination to sell goods at small profits, we shall be able to offer unusual inducements to all buyers who desire to save money. Please call and see for yourselves. We have a large and well assorted stock of staple and fancy Dry Goods, embracing

### Cloths, Cassimeres,

Satinets, Jeans, Tweeds, Cottonades, Cords, Denims, Stripes, Checks, Gingham, Linen and Cotton Table Cloths, Dress for Towels, Colicoes, Delains, Alpaccas.

### FANCY DRESS GOODS.

Trimings, Shawls, Brown and Bleached Sheetings and Shirtings, Tickings, Linens, Flannels, White Goods, Gloves, Hosiery and Notions. We are receiving new goods every week and will supply any article wanted that we have not on hand in a few days.

We pay the highest market price for all kinds of country produce such as Bacon, Lard, Butter, Eggs, Dried Fruit, Rugs, &c. May 25, 1866.

### EAGLE HOTEL.

Central Square, Hagerstown, Md.

THE above well-known and established Hotel has been re-opened and entirely renovated, by the undersigned, and now offers to the public every comfort and attraction found in the best hotels.—THE TABLE is beautifully supplied with every delicacy the market will afford, THE SALOON contains the choicest liquors, and is constantly and skillfully attended. THE STABLE is thoroughly repaired, and car and stage always ready to accommodate customers.

JOHN FISHER, Proprietor. Hagerstown, June 2-18.

NEW MACKEREL.—New Shore Mackerel at Hagerstown, Risz & Co's. September 14