

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

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VOLUME XX

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 14, 1866.

NUMBER 24

1866. FOR SUMMER. 1866.

Hostetter, Reid & Co.

WOULD respectfully announce to their customers and the public generally that they have just received a new and complete stock of goods in their line, purchased at the best prices, and which they offer at panic prices. Their stock of

GROCERIES,

Embracing in part

RIO COFFEE,

P. R. SUGAR,

SUGAR @ 10, 12,

WHITE SUGAR,

PULV. DO.,

BEST SYRUPS,

PRIME BAK. MOLASSES,

MOLASSES @ 50 CENTS,

TEA—H., IMP., BLK,

SUGAR CURED HAMS,

CHEESE—MASON'S CRACKERS.

Queensware

and

Glassware

of the newest and most beautiful patterns, in sets and otherwise. Common ware, good assortment and prices reasonable.

SPICES, &c.—Ground Ginger, Pepper, Allspice, Cloves, Cinamon, Cayenne Pepper, Mustard, &c. These are all pure and ground expressly for ourselves. B. Soda, Cr. Tartar, Raisins, Dried Currants, and other Baking articles of best quality. Pepper Sauce, Tomato Catsup, Pickles, Cider Vinegar.

WOODEN WARE.—Buckets, Tubs, Boxes, &c. FISH.—Mackerel, all grades, Shad, P. Herring.

VEGETABLES, FRESH FISH, FRUITS, &c. Everything in this line in their proper season. We will order goods of this class for parties and deliver them at shortest notice. Country Produce bought and the highest market price paid. Terms positively Cash. N. B. Thankful for the liberal share of custom we have received, we trust by fair dealing, and earnest efforts to please and accommodate, to increase our trade still further. May 18] HOSTETTER, REID & CO.

NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS!

GEORGE STOVER HAS RETURNED FROM PHILADELPHIA WITH A SUPPLY OF

DRY GOODS!

BOOTS AND SHOES.

NOTIONS, QUEENSWARE

GROCERIES,

To which he invites the attention of his patrons and the public generally. October 26, 1866.

POETICAL.



I KNOW THY HEART, REMEMBERS ME.

BY JAMES 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
Unmixed 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 then some wounded bird will 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 no morn 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—
Vain as the clouds above thee;
But down the burial vale of years
My words will rise with mem'ries rife,
Like grave-stones wet with useless tears,
Which cannot call the dead to life.

THE LOVED NOT LOST.

"How strange it seems with so much gone
Of life and love; to still live on!
Ah brother only I and thou
Are left of that dear circle now—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fiftieth freight pale and shone,
Henceforward listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces shine no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear like them the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er;
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet love will dream and faith will trust,
(Since he who knows our need is just),
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who hopeless lays his head away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marble clay!
Who hath not learned in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever Love of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!"
—Whittier's Snow-Bound.

MISCELLANY.

THE REJECTED BANK NOTE.

"What is the price of this dressing gown, sir?" asked a sweet faced girl, entering the elegant store of Huntly & Warner, in a city, and a street of a city, which shall be nameless.
It was a cloudy day. The clerks lounged over the counter and yawned. The man to whom Alice Locke addressed herself was jaunty and middle aged. He was head clerk of the extensive establishment of Huntly & Warner, and extremely consequential in manner.
"This dressing gown we value at six dollars—you can have it for five as trade is dull to day."
"Five dollars!" Alice looked at the dressing gown longingly, and the clerk looked at her. He saw that her clothes, though made and worn genteelly, were common enough in texture, and that her face was very much out of the common line. How it changed! now shaded, now lighted by the varied play of her emotions. The clerk would almost have sworn that she had no more than that sum, five dollars, in her possession.
The gown was a very good one for the price. It was of common shade, a tolerable merino, and lined with the same material.
"I think I'll take it," she said; then seeing in the face before her, an expression she did not like, she blushed, and she handed out the bill the clerk had made up his mind not to take.
"Dennis," cried Torment, the head clerk, in a quick, pompous tone, "pass up the bank note detector."
Up ran the tow-headed boy with the detector, and down ran the clerk's eye from column to column. Then he looked over with a sharp glance, and exclaimed:
"That's a counterfeit bill, Miss."
"Counterfeit! Oh, no—it cannot be!—The man who sent it could not have been so careless; you must be mistaken, sir."
"I am not mistaken; I am never mistaken, Miss. The bill is a counterfeit. I must presume, of course, that you did not know it, although so much bad money has been offered us of late that we intend to secure such persons as pass it. Who did you say sent it!"

"Mr. C—, sir, of New York. He could not send me bad money," said the trembling frightened girl.
"Hump!" said the clerk. "Well, there's no doubt about this; you can look for yourself. Now, don't let me see you here again until you can bring good money, for we always suspect such persons as you who come on dark days with a well made story."
"But, sir—"
"You need make no explanations, Miss," said the man insultingly. "Take your bill and the next time you want to buy a dressing gown don't try to pass your counterfeit money, and as he handed it, the bill fell from his hand.
Alice caught it up from the floor and hurried into the street.
Such a shock the girl had never received. She hurried to a banking establishment, found her way in, and presented the bill to a noble looking man with gray hair, faltering out, "Is this a bad one, sir?"
The cashier and his son happened to be the only persons present. Both noticed her extreme youth, beauty and agitation.
"It's a good bill, young lady."
"I know it was," cried Alice, with a quivering lip—"And he dared—"
She could go no further, but entirely overcome, she bent her head, and the hot tears had their way.
"I beg your pardon, have you had any trouble with it?" asked the cashier.
"Oh, sir, you will excuse me for giving way to my feelings—but you spoke so kindly, and I felt so sure that it was good. And I think, sir, such men as one of the clerks in Huntly & Warner's store should be removed. He told me that it was counterfeit, and added something which I am glad my father did not hear. I know the publisher would not send me bad money."
"Who is your father?" asked the cashier becoming interested.
"Mr. Benjamin Locke, sir?"
"Benjamin—Ben Locke—was he ever a clerk in the Navy Department at Washington?"
"Yes, sir, we removed from there," replied Alice. "Since the—she hesitated, "he has not been well—and we are somewhat reduced. Oh, why do I tell these things sir?"
"Ben Locke reduced!" murmured the cashier; "the man who was the making of me. Give me his number and street, my child. Your father was one of the best—perhaps the only friend I had. I have not forgotten him. No. 4 Liberty street. I will call this evening. Meantime let me have the bill—let me see—I'll give you a note."
"Since I come to look, I haven't got a five; here's a ten, we'll make it all right."
That evening the inmates of a shabby, genteel house received the cashier of the Navy Bank. Mr. Locke, a man of gray hair, though numbering but fifty years, rose from his arm chair, and much affected, greeted the familiar face. The son of the cashier accompanied him, and while the elders talked together, Alice and the young man became quite chatty.
"Yes, sir, I have been unfortunate," said Mr. Locke, in a low tone, "I have just recovered, as you see, from a rheumatic fever, caused by undue exertion—and had it not been for that sweet girl of mine, I know not what I should have done. She by giving lessons in music and French, and by writing for periodicals, has kept so far, above want."
"You shall not want, my old friend," said the cashier. "It was a kind Providence that sent your daughter to me. There's a place in the bank just made vacant by the death of a valuable clerk, and it is at your disposal. It is my gift and valued at twelve hundred a year."
Pen cannot describe the joy with which this kind offer was accepted. The day of deliverance had come.

On the following morning the cashier entered the handsome store of Huntly & Warner, and enquired for the head clerk. He came obsequiously.
"Sir," said the cashier sternly, "is this a bad note?"
"I—I think not, sir," stammeringly replied the clerk.
The cashier went to the door. From his carriage stepped out a young girl in company with his daughter.
"Did you not tell this young lady, my ward, that this note was counterfeit. And did you not so far forget your self-respect and the interest of your employers as to offer insult?"
The man stood confounded—he dared not deny—he could say nothing for himself.
"If your employers keep you, sir, they shall no longer have my custom," said the cashier sternly. "You deserve to be horse whipped, sir."
The firm parted with their unworthy clerk that very day, and he left the store disgraced, but punished justly.
Alice Locke became the daughter of the good cashier. All of which grew out of calling a genuine bill counterfeit.

Books.—Give us a house furnished with books rather than furniture! Both if you can, but books at any rate! To spend several days in a friend's house, and hunger for something to read, while you are treating on costly carpets and sitting down upon luxurious chairs and sleeping upon down, is as if one were bribing your body for the sake of cheating your mind. Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A house without books is like a room without windows. A book is good company; it is full of conversation without loquacity. It talks to you, not through ear, but another way.
Trifles, with no direct object, are too frequently magnified into mountains of intentional offense.

"That Feels Like Mother's Hand"

During the last year of the conflict a young officer in a Rhode Island battery received a fearful wound in his right leg from a fragment of a shell. A week of dreadful pain and hardship ensued, during which he was transported from the front, near Richmond, to Washington. The surgeons here, upon consultation, advised an amputation. He telegraphed home that all was well, and composed himself to bear whatever might be in the future, with the fortitude of a true soldier. The operation was performed, but the condition of the patient was critical. His constitution did not rally after the shock, and he was carefully nursed by one of those angels of mercy whose presence illuminated so many of our military hospitals.
His mother, in Rhode Island, who, with the intuition of a woman, had apprehended the extent of the danger, left home on the receipt of the telegraph, and reached Washington at midnight. As the surgeon had enjoined the utmost calmness and quiet as indispensable to the wounded hero, the mother was not allowed to see her suffering boy at once, but sat in an adjoining room patiently waiting for daylight and the permission of the surgeon to enter the ward where he lay.
As the nurse sat there fanning the patient and resting her fingers on the fluttering and feverish pulse, she was thinking every moment of that heavy-hearted mother in the next room, every fibre of whose heart was yearning to come and sit where she was sitting, and lay her hand on her boy. At length, when the ward was still and dark, she slipped out, and told his mother that she might go in very softly and take her place; that he seemed to be sleeping, and probably would not know the difference. Gently and without uttering a word, she moved to his bedside, and laid her fingers on the wrist, as the nurse had directed; but the patient, though apparently asleep, perceived a change in the character of the touch. Nature was too strong to be deceived; opening his eyes, he said, "That feels like my mother's hand.—Who is this beside me? It is my mother!—Turn up the gas, and let me see mother!"
The gas was turned up. The true-hearted boy saw that he was right, and their faces now met in a long, joyful, sobbing embrace.
He rallied a little after she came, and seemed to try very hard, on her account, to feel stronger. But the stump showed bad symptoms, and another amputation, nearer the body, was decided upon, after which he sank.
As the end approached, weeping friends told him that it only remained to make his condition comfortable. He said that he had looked death in the face too many times to be afraid now. He had just completed his twenty-first year, and the third of his service in the United States army, when the final bugle-call reached his ears, and the mother laid away the mutilated form of her soldier boy in a sleep from which no electrical touch of maternal love can ever awaken him.—Frank More's Women of the War.

Revenge

Two men in the south of Africa swore eternal hatred to each other. One of them found, one day, the little daughter of his enemy in the wood. He ran quickly to the young girl, cut off two of her fingers, and sent her home bleeding, whilst he, with brutal joy, shouted, "I have had my revenge!"
Years passed, and the little girl was grown up to a woman, when, one day, a poor grey-headed beggar came to her door, earnestly begging for food. The young woman recognized him immediately as being the same horrible man who had cut off her fingers when she was a child. She went into the cottage instantly, and desired her servant to bring him bread and milk, as much as he wanted. She sat down near him, and watched him while he ate. When he had finished, and was ready to go, she pointed to her hand, and said to him—
"I, too, have had my revenge!"
The poor man was quite perplexed and confounded at this; for he did not know that that little girl had become a Christian, and had learned the meaning of that sweet verse, the last in the twelfth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans.
Which revenge was the sweetest?

ONLY ONE BRICK UPON ANOTHER.—A boy watched a large building, as the workmen from day to day carried up bricks and mortar.
"My son," said his father, "you seem taken with the bricklayers. Do you think of learning the trade?"
"No, sir; I was thinking what a little thing a brick is, and what great houses are built by laying one brick on another."
"Very true, my son; never forget it. So it is in all great works. All your learning is one lesson added to another. If a man could walk all around the world, it would be by putting one foot before another. Your whole life will be made up of one moment upon another. Drop added to drop makes the ocean. Learn from this not to despise little things. Be not discouraged by great labors. They become easy if divided into parts. You could not jump over a mountain, but step by step takes you to the other side. Do not fear, therefore, to attempt great things.—Always remember that the large building went up only one brick upon another."

A Southern paper tells of a visit to a cave near Augusta, Georgia. While the party were investigating the gloomy interior, there was noticed an old colored man standing on the outside, and he was asked,
"Say, uncle, why don't you go in?"
"Ah, my master," said he, "de Lord knows I see trouble enough top of de earth, I don't go in dat hole a searching arter misery."

Georgia lost \$700,000,000 by the war.—This seems incredible, but it is true.

The Dutch Widower.

"Mine frow vos no better as she ort to be, till she bust before she died; then she was so good as before," remarked Mr. Vanderhod to his neighbor.
"Your wife was an amiable woman, and you do great injustice to her memory," said Mr. Pluggings.
"Vel, vat you know so much 'bout mine frow for?"
"I was not intimately acquainted with her, but I am sure that all her acquaintances loved her."
"Vot right had they to love her?—May be—"
"May be what?"
"May be you loved mine frow, too?"
"Why do you speak so strangely?"
"Vy, von day, a pig, ugly man, shust like you, came into our house and kissed mine frow right before her face."
"Were you present at the time?"
"To be sure I vos."
"Well, what did you do?"
"I kicked him right behind his pack."
"Did he resent it?"
"Yaw, he proke me two looking glass, and all te rest of te crockery in te house 'cept te foddor bed, into tam smash!"
"What did you go then?"
"Then I cried murder! murder! and called for te shudge, and te shury, and te police office, and te constable to come, and he run away."
"Do you intend to charge me with taking such unwarrantable liberties with the companion of your bosom?"
"Me no charge nothing; for it now; because she pe tead and perried!"
"I will not allow you to make such insinuations. You are an old tyrant, and everybody said you were glad your wife died."
"Everybody pe von liar."
"I saw no symptoms of sorrow."
"Me felt more wash, tan if my pest dow had died."
"Your cow! What a comparison!"
"She vos a great loss—a heavy loss—for she vos pig as dat, (spreading out his arms) and she weighed more tan two hundred pounds."
"Look out old man, or you will see trouble. I doubt if your wife was ever kissed by any man after her marriage. At all events you must apologize for what you have said to me."
"Vot is poligisef?"
"You must beg my pardon and say you are sorry, if you do not I will enter a complaint against you and have you arrested."
"I pe sorry ton!"
"Sorry for what?"
"Sorry you kissed mine frow."
"You incorrigible idiot! That is not what you must say, for I never did such a thing in my life."
"Must I say you pe sorry that you never did such a thing?"
"No you must take back what you have said."
While the Dutchman was in this dilemma, his friend Hans Haubarger came along, and finally succeeded in reconciling the parties, when the trio adjourned to a neighboring coffee-house.

ENCOURAGING WORDS.

It was the remark of a distinguished moralist to one who lamented how small was the influence he had been enabled to exercise in a long life, that no man had lived in vain who benefitted a single human being. We often forsake the daily task, humble it may be in character, which is appropriate to our condition, regarding only those primal duties which shine aloft like stars, and forgetting that the charities which soothe and heal and bless are scattered at the feet of man like flowers.—Sir Thomas Phillips.

A woman in Charleston, S. C. begged for eighty dollars to bury her husband. A benevolent lady visited the house to take her the money. In a darkened apartment lay the corpse; the widow was crying and everything looked very melancholy. She felt the money and departed, forgetting her parcel. Returning she found the corpse carefully coating the money.

THE LATEST STYLE.—One of the very latest styles of ladies' hats now worn is called the "butter dish." They are a cross between the snapping turtle's shell and the wash pan. They are so nice!

"What makes you look so grim, Tom?"
"Oh, I had to endure a sad trial to my feelings."
"What on earth was it?"
"Why I had to tie on a pretty girl's bonnet while her ma was looking on."

"What is the difference 'twix a watch and a foddor bed, Sam?" "Dunno, gin it up."
"Because de ticken ob de watch is in de inside, and de ticken ob de foddor bed am on de outside. Yal ya!"

For the Draining of Lands.—Drink whiskey, and spend all your time at the saloons. This will drain you of all your lands in a short time.

When a gentleman stares at a lady, and she stares at him, they are apt to mount to the region of love by a pair of stairs.

Some philosopher advises the girls not to marry blockheads, because they all have hardened hearts.

Never confide secrets to your relatives—blood will tell.

COPPERHEADS.

The latest edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary defines "Copperhead" as follows:
COPPERHEAD (head), n. [From its color.] 1. (Herp.) A poisonous American serpent, the *Trigonoccephalus contortrix*;—called also copper-bell and red viper.
2. A Northern sympathizer with the Southern rebellion. [U. S.]
Again on page 1554 of the same work, devoted to explanations, we find the definition more at length, as follows:
COPPERHEADS.—A popular nickname originating in the time of the great civil war in the United States, and applied to a faction in the North, which was very generally considered to be in secret sympathy with the Rebellion, and to give it aid and comfort by attempting to thwart the measures of the Government. The name is derived from a poisonous serpent called the Copperhead, (*Trigonoccephalus contortrix*), whose bite is considered as deadly as that of the rattlesnake, and whose geographical range extends from 45° N. to Florida. The Copperhead, unlike the rattlesnake, gives no warning of its attack, and is, therefore, the type of concealed foe.
DEMOCRAT, n. One who adheres to a Government by the people, or favors the extension of the right of suffrage to all classes of men.

REWARD OF DISOBEDIENCE.—Detroit papers publish the sad history of a young school girl, only sixteen years of age, who managing to evade the rules of the school prohibiting male visitors, had stolen interviews with her lover, and loving this gay Lothario not wisely, but too well, at last placed her honor and her life in his hands. Her parents were promptly notified, and the father to save his child hastened on to the rescue. He found her expelled from the school, and just on the eve of elopement with her destroyer. To the young man a severe chastisement was administered, when the father and daughter took the cars for home. The seducer followed on the same train, and managed to steal the girl away—took her to Detroit, where, after living a few months she was about to become a mother, he deserted her, and in a few days mother and child were buried in a watery grave—betrayed and deserted, she destroyed herself and child.

HABITS.—There are four good habits a wise man earnestly recommends in his counsels, and which he considers to be essentially necessary for the management of temporal concerns; and these are punctuality, accuracy, steadiness and dispatch. Without the first of these time is wasted; without the second, mistakes the most hurtful to our own credit and interest and that of others may be committed; without the third nothing can be well done; and without the fourth opportunities of great interest are lost which it is impossible to recall.

Three tailors once met in the city of London, and resolved that "we the people," &c. They were certainly not very modest in their pretensions, but their coolness sinks into insignificance when compared with the picture presented in this country to-day. In the White House, at Washington, we have the remarkable spectacle of one tailor, who has the shameless effrontery to dictate to the sovereign people of this mighty nation what he egotistically terms "my policy." Had he the power—off would come the head of every man who refused to support that policy.

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