

# VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

\$2.00 Per Year

VOLUME XX

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 21, 1866.

NUMBER 25

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 last decline, 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, Cinnamon, Cayenne Pepper, Mustard, &c. These are all pure and ground expressly for ourselves. B. Soda, Cr. Tartar, Raisens, Dried Currants, and other Baking articles of best quality. Pepper Sauce, Tomato Catsup, Pickles, Cider Vinegar.

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

From our connection with Market Cars running to the Eastern cities, we receive regularly

## 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 short-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

AND

## GROCERIES,

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

### POETICAL.



#### THE VOICELESS.

We count the broken lyres that rest  
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,  
But o'er their silent sister's breast  
The wild flowers who will stoop to cumber!  
A few may touch the magic string,  
And noisy fame be proud to win them;  
Alas for those who never sing,  
But die with all their music in them.  
Nay, grieve not for the dead alone,  
Whose song has told their hearts' sad story,  
Weep for the voiceless who have known  
The cross without the crown of glory!  
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep  
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted pillow,  
But where the glistening night dews weep  
O'er nuptial sorrow's church-yard pillow.  
O, hearts that break and give no sign  
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,  
Till death pours out his corial wine,  
Slow-trodden-foam-misery's-crushing-presses  
If singing breath or echoing chord  
To every hidden pang were given,  
What endless melodies were poured  
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven.

### IT IS NOT YOUR BUSINESS WHY.

Would you like to know the secrets  
Of your neighbor's house and life?  
How he lives or how he doesn't,  
And just how he treats his wife?  
How he spends his time or leisure,  
Whether sorrowful or gay,  
And where he goes for pleasure,  
To the concert or the play?  
If you wish it, I will tell you—  
Let me whisper to you sly—  
If your neighbor is but civil,  
It is not your business why.

In short, instead of prying  
Into other men's affairs,  
If you do your own best justice,  
You will have no time for theirs.  
Be attentive to such matters  
As concerns yourself alone,  
And whatever fortune flatters,  
Let your business be your own.  
One word by way of finis—  
Let me whisper to you sly—  
If you wish to be respected,  
You must cease to be a pry.

### MISCELLANY.

#### What One Woman Did.

At the outbreak of the rebellion, a Northern born woman of firm Union principles lived in Alabama. Her situation was so critical that her husband sent her to her friends, promising that he would not take up arms against his country. During the whole four years of the war she was unable to hear from him, until on returning to Alabama she learned that he had fallen in the first battle of Bull Run. She then resolved in her desolation to devote herself to the welfare of the freedmen by becoming their teacher. The *Christian Register* tells the story: "Often was she hooted at and even stoned in her walks to and from school, by rude boys or the students of an academy in the town, though the sad veil of her widowhood drawn closely around her might have invited pity instead of insult. The good woman who protected and lodged her was persecuted and shunned because she sheltered a Yankee schoolmaster. Insult, danger, complete social isolation and hatred, Mrs. — could bear unmoved, till they threatened her only white friend. Then she took refuge in a black man's home. Finally an order from President Johnson threatened the removal of the Freedman's Bureau from the town. The officer in charge warned Mrs. — that her life would not be safe one moment after the slight protection of the Bureau was withdrawn. With a sad heart she bade her colored friends 'good bye,' packed her trunk, and sat waiting one morning for the stage. The door of her room was suddenly opened. Looking up she recognized Mr. —, one of the most influential men in the country. He greeted her respectfully, and coming hastily to where she was seated on an old box, earnestly begged her to stay among them. For months he had watched her closely, and observed her great influence for good over the colored people. He would do all in his power to protect her from insult; she should continue her labors henceforth shielded by his authority. A stranger so long to kindness and sympathy from a white man, no wonder she was overpowered, and tears were her only answer to this unlooked-for reward of her patient endurance. She stayed. What a regiment of soldiers could not have accomplished, this one weak woman has done. Through weakness she was made strong. She had revolutionized public sentiment in the whole country. Unflinching courage and steadfast devotion have won the victory."

THE WARMTH OF MOONSHINE—One very cold night a jolly old fellow, who had been drinking too freely at a tavern, started for home in a gig, and on the way was upset and left by the side of the road. Some persons passing a short time after, discovered him holding his feet up to the moon, and ejaculating to some invisible persons. "Pile on the wood—it's a miserable cold fire!"

"What a blessing whiskey punch would be to the human family if there never was a 'to-morrow mornin'!" said an old toper, who was enjoying his customary headache after a night's debauch.

### Nothing but a Man.

In the spring of 1864, I attended the last morning reception of the season, at the White House; taking with me my little daughter, who had an intense desire to see the good President who had set the poor slaves free. I had not seen Mr. Lincoln for more than a year, and as I drew near where he stood, going patiently through his weary monotonous task of hand-shaking, I wondered if he would remember my face among the countless faces that beset and besieged him, since the pleasant evening on which I had conversed most freely with him, and heard most of his easy, charming, cordial-talk. But before I could be presented, he gave me a shock of pleasant surprise by stretching his hand over the shoulder of a gentleman with whom he was conversing, and greeting me by name with the smile and tone of an old friend. When he perceived little A., the pleased look of a true child love came into his sad eyes. "Is this your little daughter?" he said. "How do you do dear?" As he took her hand, the child raised to his face, large brown eyes, full of tender reverence. The look seemed to touch him; he smiled a smile that was a benediction, then bent, and kissed her. She blushed, but said nothing till he had passed on a step or two, when she exclaimed, "Why, he is only a man, after all!" Something in the tone struck the President and he asked what she had said. When I repeated the native remark, his face again lit by that sudden smile of quaint, kindly humor so peculiar to him—that flash of soul-sunshine that once seen, could never be forgotten.

I had not the opportunity to tell Mr. Lincoln of a scene in the past which this little incident brought to my mind. In a noble old New England town, years ago, there was once a great gathering of people, to see no less a personage than the first great President of the republic, who was to be received and entertained by the noble Governor of the State—The "Brother Jonathan" of the Revolution. At last he came—the beloved ruler, the hero without stain, the patriot without flaw, the matchless gentleman, slowly riding beside the good Governor, between ranks of soldiers and crowds of citizens, bowing graciously, though somewhat coldly, to the right and left of him. "Oh, father," cried a little dark-eyed boy to a gentleman who held him by the hand, "I can't see him!—Please lift me up so that I can look over the people's heads." The kind gentleman lifted him high up in his arms, and the child looked full in the face of Washington. As he did so his own eager countenance fell, and he exclaimed, "Why father, he is nothing but a man, after all!" Washington heard, paused a moment, and with an amused smile replied to the child: "Yes, my lad; nothing but a man." It seemed to me an odd coincidence that, at the sight of our second Washington, my little daughter had repeated the simple thought and almost the words of her grandfather.—*Grace Greenwood.*

### A Lively Encounter.

The Washington correspondent of the Worcester Spy relates the following: Last evening I was witness to a little encounter which will illustrate the spirit of loyal men and the insolence of the reactionaries. The gentlemen, elderly men both were in conversation at a leading hotel.—Both are well known citizens. Both are Northern nays, New England, by birth.—One is a pro-slavery lawyer, originally from Connecticut, who a number of years ago, came South and married some slaves and a lady. Ever since he has been intensely pro-Slavery. Outside of this he is a pleasant gentleman of good culture. Two sons of his fought on the rebel side. We call him colonel. The other is known as the doctor, originally a minister I believe; he at one time held a high political position in a New England State. He has been an editor here and is now connected with the press. This gentleman is a large stout man full of fun and good humor, with great knowledge of men and affairs, thoroughly radical, slow to anger but mighty in his wrath. The colonel was insisting as I came up last evening, upon discussing political topics with the doctor.

"It's no use, colonel," said the latter, "you know I can't stand your secession proclivities."

But the colonel continued talking, and the doctor warmed in his replies, till in the midst of a bitter denunciation of the "Rump Congress," the colonel turned with a laugh and ejaculated:

"But, doctor, we shall beat you so bad this fall that you'll never know what hurt you."

"Not a bit of it," was the doctor's cool reply, "the Fortieth Congress will be more radical than this one."

"It will, eh?" was the angry shout of the old reactionary, as he arose wrathfully to his feet. "Then, by G—d, old as I am, I'll take a man-ket and help drive it out."

"You will," said the doctor, raising his big body to his feet, and extended his right arm slowly while his eyes flashed and his voice pealed with the great passion of the moment. "You will, eh? You and yours tried that before when we beat you with the ballot. You forced us to take the bayonet, and we drove you to the wall. We will beat you again with the ballot, and if you make us take the bayonet once more by the God in Heaven, this time we'll drive you through the wall!"

The old gentleman's face was grand in its passion, as he turned away from the startled and subdued lawyer, with the closing remark: "In the last fight I thought I was too old to go into the army, but in the one you threaten I'm going to take a hand. The old North spirit flamed out. It was typical. I saw the long enduring Northerner represented here. We betide those who shall again set the currents of that blood moving to the wild music of war!"

"The 'emp may be set in diam nde, yet die without oil."

### ONE HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

Who'll press for gold this crowded street,  
A hundred years to come?  
Who'll tread your church yard with willing feet,  
A hundred years to come?  
Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth,  
And childhood with his brow of truth;  
The rich and poor, on land and sea;  
Where will the mighty millions be  
A hundred years to come?  
We all within our graves shall sleep  
A hundred years to come;  
No living soul for us shall weep  
A hundred years to come;  
But other men our land shall till,  
And others then our streets will fill,  
And other birds will sing as gay,  
And bright the sunshine as to-day,  
A hundred years to come.

### A Jersey Anecdote.

A good many years ago, a man stole a cow from Morristown, N. J. and drove her to Philadelphia for sale. She was a common cow enough, except that she had lost her tail but about six inches. The thief, fearing by the shortness of her tail he might be traced, had procured in some way, probably from a slaughter-house, another cow's tail, which he fastened so ingeniously to the short tail that it was not to be known that it had not regularly grown there.

As soon as the Jerseyman had missed his cow, he set off for Philadelphia, thinking she would probably be carried there for sale, and it happened that when he came to the ferry he got into the same boat that was conveying over his cow and the fellow that stole her. As it was natural that he should have his thoughts very much upon cows, he began to look at this one with great attention. She was indeed very much like his cow, he thought. Her marks agreed wonderfully and she had exactly the same expression of face, but then the expression of her tail was so very different. It must be supposed that the new owner of the cow felt rather uncomfortable during the examination, for he soon saw that this was the person whose property he had stolen, and he was very uneasy lest he should take hold of the tail which he looked at so continually. Upon the whole he thought it best to direct his attention in some way, if possible, and therefore steps up to him and says:

"Neighbor, this is a fine cow of mine; won't you buy her? You seem to know what a good cow is."

"Oh? dear me," says the other. "I've just had a cow stolen from me."

"Well, says the thief, "I'm sorry to hear that they've got to stealing cattle, but I'll sell off, and you could not better replace your loss than by buying this cow; I will warrant she's as good as your's."

"Why," says the Jerseyman, "she was exactly like this one, only that she had no tail to speak of, and if this one had not such a long tail, I'd swear it was my cow."

Everybody now began to look at the cow's tail, but the thief stood nearer to it than anybody, and taking hold of it so as just to conceal the splicing with his left hand, and with a jack-knife in his right hand, pointing to the tail, he said: "So if that cow's tail were only so long, you'd swear she was your's?"

"That I would," said the other, who began to be very much confused at the perfect resemblance to his cow except in this one particular, when the thief, with a sudden out of his knife, he took off the tail just about an inch above splicing, and throwing it overboard, bloody as it was, turned to the other and said: "Now swear it's your cow!"

The bewilderment of the poor man was now complete, as he had seen the tail cut off, and saw the blood trickling from it, he could of course lay no claim to the animal from the shortness of her tail, indeed, here was proof positive that this was not his cow, so the thief going over with him sold the cow without any further fear of detection.

### Mysterious Impressions.

The following curious story is told in connection with the death of Lord Francis Douglas, who was recently lost in ascending the Alps. It belongs to a class of facts which are difficult of explanation by our common philosophy:

During the halt which took place, one of the guides, says an account, stated that he was frightened. What really passed, was, that the guide to whom Lord Francis was attached, said, "Gentlemen, there is great reason to fear that we shall not be able to effect our descent without an accident; therefore, let each of us think about his soul." Then Mr. Hudson took out his Bible and read. Lord Francis went apart from the others and remained in silence and meditation for a whole hour. On the same day the Marchioness of Queensbury was in her garden in the Isle of Wight.

She was working and praying, according to her usual custom. All at once experienced a sudden revulsion of the heart; she thought, she felt that her soul was in danger, and she uttered a fervent prayer to his Heavenly Father to protect him. For three days the impression remained on her mind that Lord Francis was dying of famine. The same day a domestic had a vision in which she saw the young man covered with wounds and in the last stage of inanition. It was remarkable that while the remains of the other travelers were found, nothing of Lord Francis could be recovered except his boots, which were unlaced, as if he had thrown these down a precipice. What was the fate of the young man? Could he have fallen down a crevasse, and there have perished of hunger?

Mrs. Lucy Cupps, living in B., Ill., recently gave birth to three fine looking male children. That's having the *he* Cupps with a vengeance.

### The English Lower Classes at Liverpool.

There have been of late some frightful revelations of the moral degeneracy of the "lower order" in England, but a picture more appalling than that presented to us of the state of things in Liverpool is hardly possible to conceive. An inquiry was a short time back instituted by the Town Council into the cause of the extensive mortality in that town, and the report of the Commissioners draws a picture at which humanity must shudder. The following extract, from a London paper, will give some idea of the "Slough of Despond" into which that celebrated emporium has been converted:

For four years has an epidemic of typhus raged with increasing virulence among the working population of Liverpool. Let cholera once take hold of these masses of fallen humanity, and it can scarcely be expected to leave them until it has sucked the life blood from thousands. Children go drunk to school—ragged schools, of course. Women, for love of drink, sell every stitch they wear, saving just the last shred of linen, and then heaven help the wretches—they sell their hair! This is the evidence of the Rev. Father Nugent, who speaks of one woman, the mother of seven children, who sold her hair to a barber for a pot of ale. Women have been "had up" for drunkenness eleven times and more. In one court the women were discovered "all drunk" one Sunday afternoon. The children elab their pence together on Saturday night to have a spree and get gloriously inebriated like their seniors. The master of the Hibernian School says: "You might as well attempt to empty Mersey with a bucket as to apply Christian instruction while this flood of intemperance is overwhelming us." Chaos has come over the people. There seems to be neither law, order nor decency among them. "Children die which are never born," says Father Nugent. Rents go unpaid, for the landlords fear to be pressing, lest the tenants should "pull the house down!" "I have four houses in Henderson street, says an agent, and there is not a piece of timber left in them—They (the occupants) will take away the cupboards, the staircases and the very slats of the roof, and we cannot catch them."—We just quote one more horror. A tradesman and his wife ruined themselves by drink.—The woman fell ill and lay in indescribable filth on her sick bed for months. On a Saturday she died and remained untouched till Thursday. The husband that day obtained 10s. to secure the necessary attendance, but instead of devoting the money to its proper purposes, went and got drunk with it. He went home in that state, and slept with the corpse. On Friday some persons sent a hearse to take away the body, but when the men saw no person to go with the funeral they took her out and threw her down in the room again, where she lay till the police had her buried on the following Saturday." As a sequel we are told, "an old woman, who lived underneath was so much shocked that she died the same night." Such is the account that Liverpool gives of itself.

### Much in Little.

Little martin-bones of homes are generally the most happy and cozy; little villages are nearer to being atoms of a shattered paradise than anything we know of; and little fortunes bring the most content, and little hopes the least disappointments. Little words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly farthest and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest, little hearts the fullest, and little farms the best tilled. Little books are the most read, and little songs the most loved. And when Nature would make anything especially rare beautiful, she makes it little—like pearls, like diamonds, like dew. Everybody calls that little that they love best on earth. We once heard a good sort of a man speak of his little wife, and we fancied that she must be a perfect little bijou of a wife. We saw her, and she weighed 210; we were surprised. But then it was no joke; the man meant it. He could put his wife in his heart and have room for other things beside, and what was she but precious, and what was she but *Martin in parvo*—much in little—is the great beauty of all that we love best, hope for most, and remember the longest.

### Week of Prayer For 1867.

The British Evangelical Alliance, in accordance with the custom which has been observed for several years past, have again issued a circular, recommending the universal observance of a week of special and united prayer, at the commencement of the new year. The following is the schedule of the time and topics for the exercises of the week:

Sabbath, January 6—Sermons on the Presence of Christ with His Universal Church.

Monday, January 7—Thanksgiving and Confession of Sin.

Tuesday, January 8—Prayer for Nations; for "kings and all in authority," for the increase of righteousness, the prevalence of peace, and the holy observance of the Sabbath.

Wednesday, January 9—Prayer for the success of missions among the Jews and Gentiles, and for a Divine blessing to accompany the efforts to evangelize the unconverted of all lands and classes.

Thursday, January 10—Prayer for all who have suffered from the recent war; for our brethren emancipated from slavery, and for our fellow Christians persecuted for the gospel's sake.

Friday, January 11—Prayers for Christian families, for schools, colleges and universities.

Saturday, January 12—Prayer for the Catholic Church (the universal Christian Church) for all the ministers of the gospel, and for the increase of holiness, fidelity, and Christian character among its members.

Sabbath, January 13—Sermons on the unity of the Church and the duty of believers to manifest it by mutual recognition and active operation.

"Pat," said a builder to an Irishman engaged in carrying slate to the top of a four-story building, "have you any houses in Ireland as tall as this one?"

"Ya, as, me mither's cabin."

"How many rooms had it?"

"There was the stin' room, the slapping-room, and the pig pen—four rooms."

"That's a story," said the builder.

"Ya, as, four a'ories," says Pat.

The Maryland Union will contest before Congress the validity of the late election.

Tell evry, when she would annoy, That thousands wait what you enjoy.