

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

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NUMBER 93

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, Cinnamon, 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.

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 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 15] 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 28, 1866.

POETICAL.



HOMER.

The world is all before me
To choose where'er I will—
The blue sky bending o'er me
Lights valley, plain and hill!
Oh! many a nook enchanted,
In virgin beauty dress—
With Eden freshness haunted—
Is wooing in the West.

And many a fount is flowing
With none to hear its tale,
And only wild flowers showing
Its pathway in the vale!
Like some remember'd scene,
In boyhood's dream of fairy—
Where man has rarely been!

And many a sunny highland,
Is gleaming far away—
And many a spicy island,
Where summer-loves to stay—
And straggles, bright birds are courting,
The warm and balmy breeze,
Like winged lustre sporting,
Amidst the gorgeous trees!

And lands that live in story,
Where deeds of old renown:
In lay and legend glory,
Have won a deathless crown;
Where gray tradition lingers,
O'er tomb and classic fame,
Which time's effacing fingers,
Have touched with hallow'd strain!

But oh! to me far dearer,
And lovelier each morn,
The homely landscape nearer,
The spot where I was born!
And were I like the swallow,
The wide world doom'd to roam,
My heart unchang'd would follow,
The path that leads to home!

OUR SERENADE.

[The following lines were composed by C. F. Spick, of the U. S. Navy, formerly of the vicinity of Waynesboro, after a serenade given the officers and crew of the U. S. Ship Vanderbilt, by the choir of the King's Chapel of Kawasabau.]

List! oh list! my island friends,
To you my lays I'll tune.
Who sweetly sang to us last night,
Beneath the midnight moon.

In accents sweet and notes so mild,
That fell as soft as snow
Upon the cool and fragrant air,
You sang, from toasts below.

Our ears the tender strains did catch,
Our griefs were soon allayed,
Forgot our duties and our cares,
With joy our breasts were sway'd.

The hammock too, soon lost its charms,
And sleep its balmy power,
When list'ning to those dulcet tones,
Those songs at night's still hour.

Merrily followed tune after tune,
Harmonious with the breaker's roar,
Full-measured and melodious,
While lying on the oar.

Too soon the silvery hum did cease,
Of music's gentle strain,
Come in the cool soft evening hours
And sing those songs again.

MISCELLANY.

One Man Left to tell the Truth.

It is related of Latimer that when he once preached before that tyrant Henry VIII he took a plain, straight-forward text, and in his sermon assailed those very sins for which the monarch was notorious, and he was stung to the quick, for the truth always finds a response in the worst man's conscience. He would not bend beneath the authority of God, and he therefore sent for Latimer, and said: "Your life is in jeopardy, if you do not recant all you said to-day when you preach next Sunday. The trimming courtiers were anxious to know the consequence of this, and the chapel was crowded. Latimer took his text, and after a pause, began with a soliloquy, thus: Now, Hugh Latimer, bethink thee, thou art in the presence of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, who hath told thee 'fear not them that kill the body, and then can do no more, but rather fear him who can kill both the body and soul, and cast thee into hell for ever.' Yea, Hugh Latimer, fear Him!" He then went on and not only repeated what he had before advanced, but if possible, enforced it with greater emphasis. What was the consequence? Henry sent for him and said, "How durst thou insult thy monarch so?" Latimer replied, "I thought if I were unfaithful to my earthly king, how could I serve the King of Kings?" The king embraced the good old Bishop, exclaiming, "and is there one man left who is bold and honest enough to tell the truth?"

QUEENS.—Of sixty-seven queens of France, only thirteen have died without leaving their histories a record of misery and sin. Eleven were divorced, two executed, nine died young, seven were soon widowed, three cruelly treated; three exiled; the poisoned and broken-hearted make up the rest. The pillow of royalty is indeed filled with thorns.

A person who is never in love is sure to be fat.

The Way to Speak to Boys.

Many years ago a certain minister was going one Sunday morning to his school room. He walked through a number of streets; as he turned a corner, he saw assembled around a pump a party of little boys who were playing at marbles. On seeing him approach, they began to pick up their marbles and run away as fast as they could. One little fellow, not having seen him as soon as the rest, could not accomplish this so soon, and before he had succeeded in gathering up his marbles, the minister had closed on him and placed his hand upon his shoulder. They were face to face, the minister of God and the poor little ragged boy who had been in the act of playing marbles on Sunday morning. And how did the minister deal with the boy? for that is what I want you to observe.

He might have said to the boy, "What are you doing here? You are breaking the Sabbath? Don't you deserve to be punished for breaking the command of God?" But he did nothing of the kind. He simply said, "Have you found all your marbles?" "No," said the little boy, "I have not." Then said the minister, "I will help you to find them," whereupon he knelt down and helped to look for the marbles, and as he did so, remarked, "I liked to play marbles when a little boy, very much, and I think I can beat you, but I never played marbles on Sunday."

The little boy's attention was arrested—He liked his friend's face, and began to wonder who he was. The minister of the Gospel said:

"I am going to a place where I think you would like to be—will you come with me?" "Where do you live?" asked the little boy.

"Why, in such and such a place," was the reply.

"Why, that is the minister's house," exclaimed the boy, as if he did not suppose that kind of a man and the minister of the Gospel could be one and the same person.

"Why," said the man, "I am the minister myself, and if you will come with me I think I can do you some good."

Said the boy, "My hands are dirty; I cannot go."

Said the minister, "Here is a pump—why not wash?"

Said the boy, "I am so little that I can't pump and wash at the same time."

Said the minister, "If you will wash I will pump."

He at once set to work, and pumped, and pumped, and pumped; and as he pumped the little boy washed his hands and face till they were quite clean.

Said the boy, "My hands are wringing wet and I do not know how to dry them."

The minister pulled out of his pocket a clean handkerchief and offered it to the little boy.

Said the boy, "But it is clean."

"Yes," was the reply, "but it was made to be dirtied."

The little boy dried his face and hands with the handkerchief, and then accompanied the minister to the house of worship.

Twenty years after, the minister was walking in the street of a large city, when a tall gentleman tapped him on the shoulder, and looking into his face, said "You can't remember me."

"No," said the minister, "I don't."

"Do you remember, twenty years ago, finding a little boy playing marbles around a pump? Do you remember that boy being too dirty to go to school, and your pumping for him, and you speaking kindly to him, and taking him to school?"

"Oh," said the minister, "I do remember."

"Sir," said the gentleman, "I was that boy. I rose in business and became a leading man. I have attained a good position in society; and on seeing you to-day in the street, I felt bound to come to you, and say it is to your kindness and Christian discretion that I owe, under God, all I have attained and all that I am at the present worth."

The Silent Tongue
The art of silence, if it be not one of the fine, is certainly one of the useful arts. It is art attained by few. How seldom do we meet with a man who speaks only when he ought to speak, and says only what he ought to say! That the Bible enjoins its attainment is most manifest. It commands us to make a door and bar for the mouth. It declares that if a man brideth not his tongue, his religion is in vain. The attainment of this art will enable us to avoid saying foolish things. We often speak without reflection, and, of consequence, foolish thoughts, or expressions destitute of thought are uttered. Possessed of the art of silence, we shall not speak what ought not to be spoken. Again, it will enable us to avoid saying hurtful things. Since we are placed in the world to do good, and since the endowment of speech is one of the greatest means of influence, it is most unbecomingly for us to utter that which shall do injury. He whose business it is to root out the tares should not scatter their seed. It will enable us to govern our feelings and direct our trains of thought. He who gives expression to his feelings increases their strength. He who gives expression to anger for example, increases its power over him. He who gives utterance to improper thoughts will increase their number. It will increase our influence with our fellow men. A fool uttereth all his mind, but a wise man keepeth it until afterward. Gravity and reserve are associated with wisdom. Even an affected gravity is sometimes affective—the true art of silence ever. We can be useful only as we are influential.

A Frenchman who has been in India, speaking of tiger hunts, pleasantly remarks: When ze Frenchman hunts ze igare, ah! ze sport is grand, magnifique! but, when ze igare hunt ze Frenchman—ou! zeze is ze very devil to pay!

Tenacity of Life.

A remarkable instance of the preservation of life without sustenance for a lengthened period has lately occurred at Ponkikau, near Grossenhayn, in Saxony. On the 8th of December last, two brothers, named Muschter, were engaged in digging a deep well, when the earth fell in and completely buried them. A third brother went down immediately, but was not able to perceive the slightest sound. Some miners were then set to work, and dug for some days, but without success; and it was so generally believed that the poor fellows could not possibly be alive, that orders had been given that, unless the relatives insisted on proceeding further, the well should be filled up, and a monument to the memory of the Muschters erected over it. Eight days had already elapsed since the accident, but the mother of the entombed would not give up all hope, and some fresh hands began to work again, though only in the expectation of finding the corpses. To their astonishment, however, they suddenly heard from below the words, "Do not strike so hard." A conversation commenced, the work was pushed forward with renewed diligence, and at length crowned with success.

On the 19th of December, after they had been eleven days and four hours in this living grave, the two Muschters were rescued and brought to the surface. The earth that had fallen in had left a cave above them. Their only sustenance during this long period, had been the water that oozed through the earth and a little tobacco which they had chewed. They had a watch with them, which they wound regularly, and were, therefore, able to keep an account of the time of their burial. At first they lighted lucifer matches to see the time, but when these were all used they felt the hands. They had heard the conversation above them, respecting the filling up the well, and shouted, but could not make themselves heard. They had also sung hymns together, and the people at the surface had heard it faintly, but being not a little superstitious had attributed it to angels in the air.

[From the Evansville (Ind.) Sentinel, Jan. 23.]

The Mad Stone.

Whatever may be said regarding the qualities of the mad stone, certain it is a great deal of confidence is reposed in it, and its application is resorted to with wonderful results.

We have a case in hand. The party is a lady by the name of Adams, from the vicinity of Uniontown, Ky. On Sunday, the 13th, a rabid dog entered her house and made a ferocious attack upon a child, her daughter, who escaped harm through the lady's interposition, but she was herself bitten on the finger. Knowing the dog to have been rabid, she accepted the company of a friend and repaired to the residence of Mr. Carlos Johnson, in Warwick county, in this State, soon after, to avail herself of the medical properties supposed, and by some believed, to be possessed by a stone, so called, in that gentleman's possession. The mad stone was not on the premises at the time, having just been used in this city in a similar case, with perfect success. She then came on to this city, and the stone was yesterday applied to her finger at the Crescent City Hotel, where she is trying.

The stone immediately adhered with the tenacity of a leech, and then fell off, as is supposed, only when the poison was absorbed or the pores filled with excrement drawn from the wound. This stone was originally brought from England, and is of the appearance of a bone, or rather pumice stone, being porous, and of a grayish color. When the mad stone is applied and kept on the wound for a short period, it is taken off and boiled in sweet milk, and again applied.

Those who have had the stone applied assert that it produces a peculiar feeling, as if some electric influence.

Mrs. Anderson has been suffering with the pain and suspense, not knowing what would be her fate, but now feels more cheerful and confident. As soon as this case is satisfied, two children, lately bitten by the same rabid dog, will have the stone applied. They are awaiting its use.

We believe physicians generally do not admit of the efficacy of the mad stone yet its success staggers the unbelievers. Surely, there is something very remarkable about it, as hundreds of terrible deaths are, to all appearances, avoided by its use. Is this another proof of the power of mind over matter or is it a triumph of matter over mind.

HONESTY.—The following anecdote of an Indian teaches a good lesson to some people that are more enlightened:

An Indian, being among his white neighbors, asked for a little tobacco to smoke; and one of them, having some loose in his pocket, gave him a handful. The day following, the Indian came back, inquiring for the doctor, saying he had found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco. Being told that it was given to him, he might as well keep it, he answered, pointing to his breast, "I got a good man and a bad man here, and the good man say, 'It is not mine—I must return it to the owner.' The bad man say, 'Why he gave it to you, and it is your own now.' The good man say, 'That's not right; the tobacco is yours, not the money.' The bad man say, 'never mind, you got it; go buy some dram.' The good man say, 'No, no, you must not do so.' So I don't know what to do, and think to go to sleep, but the good and the bad man keep talking all night, and trouble me; and now I bring the money back I feel good."

"I think," said a wife who could not agree with her husband, "I think Mr. Jibbs, we had better divide the house. You shall live on one side and I on the other."

"Very well, my dear," replied he, "you take the outside and I'll have the inside."

A Suggestive Contrast.

The New York Ledger contains the following remarks, from the pen of Fanny Fern: "How often have I seen a face loitering at a church threshold, listening to the swelling notes of the organ, and longing to go in, were it not for the wide social gulf between itself and those assembled—I will not say worshipping—there. And I know if the clergyman inside that church spoke as his Master spoke when on earth, that he would soon preach to empty walls. They want husks and they get them, I say in my vexation, as the door swings on its hinges in some poor creature's face, and he wanders forth to struggle, unaided, as best he may with a poor man's temptations. Our Roman Catholic brethren are wiser. Their creed is not my creed, save this part of it: That the rich and poor meet together, and the Lord is the maker of them all. I often go there to see it. I am glad when a servant drops on her knees in the aisle, and makes the sign of the cross, that nobody bids her to rise, to make way for a silken robe that may be waiting behind. I am glad the mother of many little children may drop in for a brief moment before the altar, to recognize her spiritual wants, and then pass out to the cares she may no longer lose sight of. I do not believe as they do, but it gladdens my heart all the same that one man is as good as his neighbor, at least there—before God. I breathe freer at the thought. I can sit in a corner, and watch them pass in and out, and rejoice that every one, however humble, feels that he or she is to that church, just as much as the richest foreigner, from the cathedrals of the old world, whom they may jostle in going out."

Fortune Telling.

One of our exchanges is responsible for the following story relative to this popular and pernicious vice—

Not many evenings since it is recorded that a sinner who had escaped hanging for several years, was in company with several ladies. The subject of fortune telling was introduced. Several of the "angels" pleaded guilty to the soft impeachment of having written to Madam This and Madam That to furnish them leaves in their future history. Instances were mentioned of some very remarkable developments in a certain case heretofore.

Old R—was asked for his opinion. He replied: "So far as I am personally concerned, I know more about myself than I wish to. I don't think any good comes of those things. I had a friend who dressed himself in lady's clothes and called upon a celebrated prophetess. He did not believe she would discover the disguise, but he heard what made him exceedingly unhappy." Here the old reprobate ceased. "What did she tell him?" "She told him he was to marry soon, and become the mother of TEN CHILDREN!"

CORN AND HOGS.—From carefully conducted experiments, by different persons, it has been ascertained, that one bushel of corn will make a little over 19½ pounds of pork—gross. Taking the results as a basis, the following deductions are made, which all our farmers would do well to lay by for a convenient reference—That:

When corn sells for 12½ cents per bushel, pork costs 1½ cents per pound.

When corn costs 17 cents per bushel, pork costs 2 cents per pound.

When corn costs 25 cents per bushel, pork costs 3 cents per pound.

When corn costs 33 cents per bushel, pork costs 4 cents per pound.

When corn costs 50 cents per bushel, pork costs 5 cents per pound.

The following statement shows what the farmer realizes in his corn when sold in the form of pork:

When pork sells for 3 cents a pound it brings 25 cents per bushel in corn.

When pork sells for 4 cents per pound it brings 32 cents per bushel in corn.

When pork sells for 5 cents per pound it brings 45 cents per bushel in corn.

HOW TO GO TO BED.—Hall's Journal of Health gives the following advice how to go to bed in winter time. Those who practice retiring on the "cuddle up" plan will readily fall in with the suggestions:

"Do it in a hurry, if there is no fire in the room; and there ought not to be unless you are quite an invalid. But if a person is not in good health, it is best to undress by a good fire; warm and dry the feet well; draw on the stockings again; jump into bed, cuddle up, with head and ears under cover for a minute or more, until you feel a little warm; then uncover your head; next, draw off your stockings, straighten out, turn over on your right side, and go to sleep. If a sense of chilliness come over you on getting into bed, it always will do an injury, and its repetition increases the ill effect, without having any tendency to 'harden' you. Nature abhors violence. We are never shocked into health. Hard usage makes no garments last longer."

A YEAR OF RUM SEELING.—Carefully compiled statistics show that 60,000 lives are annually destroyed by intemperance in the United States.

100,000 men and women are yearly sent to prison on account of strong drink.

20,000 children are yearly sent to the poor house for the same reason.

300 murders are another of the yearly fruits of intemperance.

400 suicides follow these fearful catalogues of misery.

200,000 are bequeathed each year to private and public charity.

200,000,000 are yearly expended to produce this shocking amount of crime and misery, and so much more is lost from the same cause.

Subscribe for the Record.

SMOKE SUGGS AND WIDOW FLASH.

Now, Sol., said Simon to Sol. Smith, an intimate friend, I will tell you how the lovely Julia treated me, if you will faithfully promise not to tell any person alive. You promise, do you? Well, I had been courting Julia assiduously for a year or more past, and never could bring matters to a close, so I determined to pluck up my courage, and have my fate decided at once. I therefore doctored myself in my best bib and tucker, had my hair cut, my beard and mustache trimmed, and called on my dear Julia one bright morning in May, and after cooling, I was desirous of billing, but my heart failed me to make the attempt. I placed my hand on her shoulder and said, "Widow, this is the softest place I ever put my hand in the whole course of my life." "Indeed, Mr. Suggs," said she, "I will put it on a softer place." And Sol.—now you promise you won't tell anybody.—she took my hand from her shoulder, in her own soft, delicate and plump little hand, and put it right on the top of my head.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—Life is beautifully compared to a fountain fed by a thousand streams, that perishes if one is dried. It is a silver chord twisted with a thousand strings; that parts asunder if one is broken. Pain and thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers, which make it much more strange that they escape so long, than that they all perish suddenly at last. We are encompassed with accidents every day, to crush the moulding tenements that we inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted in our constitution by nature. The earth and the atmosphere, whence we draw the breath of life, are pregnant with death—Health is made to operate its own destruction! The food that nourishes contains the elements of decay; the soul that animates it by vivifying fire, tends to wear it out by its own action; death lurks in ambush along our paths. Notwithstanding this is the truth so palpably confirmed by the daily examples before our eye, how little do we lay it to the heart! We see our friends—and neighbors perishing among us, but how seldom does it occur to our thoughts that our kneel shall, perhaps, give the next fruitless warning to the world!

How much do you charge, Maaga Magistrate, to marry us and Miss Dinah? Why, Clem, I'll marry you for two dollars. Two dollars! What you charge to marry white folks, Massa? We generally charge them five dollars, Clem. Well, you marry us like white folks, and I'll give you five dollars too. Why, Clem, that's a curious notion; but as you desire it, I will marry you like the white folks for five dollars. The ceremony being over, Clem and Dinah being one, the Magistrate asked for his fee. Oh, no, Massa, you no come up to de agreement—you no kiss the bride. Get out of my office, you rascal.

IN A SAFE PLACE.—A correspondent tells this story. A traveler is narrating his hair-breadth escapes to an admiring audience: "I once had two balls lodged in my stomach."

"Pistol-balls?" asked one.

"No."

"Ah, musket-balls, then?"

"No," returned the narrator, "they were as large as my fist."

"Why, you don't mean to say they were cannon-balls?" exclaimed one of the hearers, with distended eyes.

"No, they were not cannon balls."

"Why, what were they then?"

"Coffin balls!" returned the traveler, with a grin.

Looking at the Bible merely as a historical fact; as the power in the world which has influenced the opinions, and directed the life, and quickened the heart of millions; which has been inspiration to the greatest minds of the race; which has raised up nations from barbarism; which has been the spring of that philanthropy which is the boast of our civilization; and which is the professed guide of three hundred millions of our fellow men; surely these facts, apart from any consideration of Divine origin, of its claims to be a revelation from God, demand for it a respectful attention and diligent study, from any one who would be considered a well informed and intelligent man.

CLEVER A GRAM.—It is said that Napoleon, when he was asked by Dr. O'Mera if he really thought he could have invaded England at the time he threatened to do, so replied in the following answer: "Able was I ere I saw Elba."

Whether this is true or not, we should like to see a more ingenious or extended anagram, which the reader will observe, reads the same backward or forward.

An honest boy, whose sister was sick, and the family in want, found a wallet containing fifty dollars. The temptation was great to use the money, but he resolved to find the owner and his mother strengthened him in the resolution. When the owner found it and learned the circumstances, he gave the fifty dollars for the comfort of the family, and took the boy to live with him. That boy is now a prosperous merchant in Ohio.

Below will be found a correct table of the legal weights of grain, seeds, &c., per bushel. As selling by measure is no longer in vogue, it may be of interest to many of our readers.

Wheat, 60 lbs; Corn, 56 lbs; Rye 56 lbs; Bran, 30 lbs; Barley, 48 lbs; Buckwheat, 48 lbs; Oats, 20 lbs; Beans, 60 lbs; Clover Seed, 60 lbs; Timothy Seed, 46 lbs; Dried Peaches, 38 lbs; Dried Apples, 22 lbs; Flax Seed 56 lbs.