

# VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

\$2.00 Per Year

VOLUME XX

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 22, 1867.

NUMBER 34

## SECOND ARRIVAL

### AT THE CHEAP CORNER OF PRICE & HOEFLICH,

In the way of a large and handsome stock of New Winter Goods just received from the East

The firm tender their thanks to the community for their very liberal patronage, and now ask them to call and see their present assortment of desirable

## WINTER GOODS,

which they feel confident that they will pronounce cheap compared to former prices and quality

We ask the ladies to call and look over the array of

Silks, Poplins, Merinos, Delaines, Alpaca, Mohair Regs.

Plaid goods, Cassimeres, Cashmeres, All-wool Delaines

The gentlemen are directed to the beautiful line of Cassimeres Fancy, Cassimeres Plain, Clothes & Vestings.

Satinets, Cords, Fustians, Tweeds, Jeans, Flannels.

With a complete line of Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, Gum Shoes, Children's Shoes.

Gum Sandals and Buskins, Ladies Buffalo Over Shoes, Ladies will please notice our fine assortment of

Bradleys Hoop Skirts, Balmorals, Skirts for Misses & Children.

Shaker and Ballardale Flannels, Opera, Army and Grey Flannels,

Wool and Cotton Yarns, all colors, Colored and White Cotton Flannels, Men's Undershirts and Drawers, Men's Roundabouts,

Ladies Breakfast Shaws, Long and square Shaws, Fancy Blankets, Horse Blankets, Whips.

Blankets, Conrlias, Hugs, Gum Cloth, Yarns,

Rail Road Bags, Baskets, Tubbs, Pails, Kegs,

Buckets, Butter Prints, Bowls, Spoons, Ladles,

Brooms; Coffee, Sugar, Teas, Rice, Chocolate,

Spices, &c. Grain Bags, Bagging, &c.

The subscribers kindly ask the community to call and see their handsome stock of goods now open and will vouch that persons will be convinced that prices have fallen, and greatly too, and to convince yourselves of the facts just drop in and make an inspection of goods and prices.

PRICE & HOEFLICH.

Nov 23, 1866.

### 1867. JUST RETURNED.

## Mr. Metcalf, Senior Partner of the firm of METCALFE & HITESHEW

### CHAMBERSBURG,

Has just returned from the East where he has been since last week buying all such goods as they are out of, and also buying all bargains offered. The new goods will be opened on Monday, Saturday January 26th. Those who want bargains in the Dry Goods and Notion line go to No. 15 Main St. where you will be sure to find them.

Goods of every description Wholesale at City Jobbers prices. M. & H. Chambersburg, Jan. 4, 1867. CHEAP, Elegant and beautiful Cakes for 125 cents. Good for 10 cents at M. & H. Chambersburg, May 18.

## POETICAL.



### "SOME DAY."

Sooths the dreamy eyes to rest, Fold him closer to thy breast, Coax the childish tears away— Care will come to him some day.

Twine the wand'ring waves of gold, Round the brow of matchless mold, Kiss the cheek where dimples play— He will cease to laugh some day.

Fold the night-robe pure and white, Sleep will soon have dimmed his sight In thy arms he will not stay, Softly pillowed thus "some day."

Calm his breathing, soft and slow— None save God his fate may know; Never then forget to pray He be good and great some day.

### MAN'S HEART.

Man's Heart, 'tis said, 'tis like a Harp, With many and many a string; That from its chords the matter hand, Of Time doth music bring.

A stranger-like Harp, indeed it is, We're laughing now, now weeping; Tears and smiles, This harp beguiles, Just as the hand is sweeping.

Is it wrong to call our life a song? Some songs there are of sadness; Too many give a sigh for grief, And sing a song for gladness.

I'd have my Harp strings wet with tears Sometimes—and sing of sorrow; The darkest day Will soon away— And gladness come to-morrow.

## MISCELLANY.

### A DAUGHTER'S STRATAGEM

Judge Rose lived in Belleville, on the bank of a great river in the West. Every year he went to Washington, and his voice was often heard in the halls of Congress. Yet though he was called great he was not good, because he was very fond of drinking wine, brandy, &c. and frequented the gambling rooms so numerous in that city. These habits gained upon him daily, until they conquered all his moral strength. His townsmen refused to send him as their delegate any longer.

Judge Rose had an amiable wife and three pretty daughters. Mary, the eldest daughter, was his especial pet. He thought more of her than he did of himself, and no wish of hers went unattended. She was of a sweet disposition, and so obedient and respectful to her parents, and kind to every one about, that she was beloved by everybody. And though her father's dwelling was the most elegant, and they had beautiful grounds, and servants, and horses and carriages, and fine clothes, she never put on airs as many do, but was modest and retiring.

Mr. Rose and his wife and daughters were all members of a Christian church. He was often suspended from its fellowship, and on promises of repentance received again. His influential position in society, and pious conduct of his wife and daughter, caused much pity for them and elicited much patience. They hoped by love and patience to restore him wholly. But all the love of his family and the church could not stop this erring man in his downward course.

At last so low did he fall as to lose all self-respect and frequent the lowest whiskey shops in the town. Daily he went out unshaven, unwashed, ragged and almost naked, and when drunk would sing a low song which would draw around him a crowd of boys to jeer and laugh and scorn the once dignified judge. In personal appearance he was now the lowest of the low.

It is not to be supposed that Christians and temperance men allowed such a man to ruin himself without efforts to save him— Earnest and persevering endeavors were put forth, prayers were offered up, and his family left no avenue to his heart unentered. But all were alike useless and hopeless. His wife and daughters wept and prayed, but despaired entirely.

Mary, his pet, often labored to save her father from open disgrace, if not private sin. She became very sad, and refused to attend church or go into society. When her father was sober he had sense enough to see the change in his once happy Mary and seemed to regret his course more for her sake than his own.

One morning he started as usual for the drinking shop. He was a horrible object, indecent to look at as well as filthy. His wife tried to hold him back and get him as least to put on some decent clothing, but he would not yield. Mary made her appearance by his side, clothed in rags, low at the neck, bare armed and bonnetless, with an old whiskey bottle in her hand. Taking her father's arm she said—

"Come, father, I'm going too."

"Going where?" said he, staring at her as if horror struck.

"To the dram shop. What is good for you is good for me."

Then she began to flourish her bottle as if to sing one of the low songs she heard him sing in the streets.

"Go back, girl, you are crazy. Mother, take her in."

"But I am going, father, with you, to ruin my soul and body. It is of no use to be good, while you are going off to the bad place. You'll be lonely there without your Mary."

"Go away, girl, you'll drive me mad." "But you have been mad for a long time, and I am going mad, too. What do I care, my father is only a poor old despoiled drunkard; his daughter may as well drink and lie in the gutter too."

So Mary pulled away at her father's arm, and went on to open the gate. He drew back, still she dragged on and sung louder. A few boys began to run towards them, and then her father broke from her hold, and went into the house. There he sat down, and putting his face in his hands, wept and sobbed aloud. Still Mary staid out.

"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Rose. "Mary is crazy, and I made her so. I wish I was dead. Do go and get her in. I won't go out to-day."

Mrs. Rose went out and told Mary what her father had said, and then she went in. She sat down with her bottle in her hand, and all day she kept on the old rags. Mr. Rose was in a terrible state for the want of his accustomed stimulus, and frequently would go to the door but Mary was ready at his side on every occasion. Mrs. Rose prepared her meals with extra care and gave her husband two cups of coffee, and the latter part of the day he laid down to sleep. When he awoke up Mary was still there in her rags and her bottle by her side.

With much trembling and shaking he put on a good suit of clothes, and asked his wife to send for a barber. Then after tea he said, "I am going out."

"Where?" "To the temperance hall. Go with me and see if I do not go there."

So Mrs. Rose went with him to the door of the hall, Mary still saying— "I must follow, for I'm afraid he'll go to the whiskey shop without me."

But his wife saw him go up stairs and enter the meeting room the door closed upon him. Then she and Mary went home to rejoice in trembling at the result of the stratagem.

Surprise, joy and some distrust provided the minds of the assembly of temperance brothers when Mr. Rose walked in. He was invited forward and asked to speak whatever he wished.

He rose and told the tale of the day, and then added— "When I saw how my angel daughter was transformed into a low, filthy creature; when I know how much lower she would have to descend if she went with me, I abhorred myself. She vowed to go everywhere I went and do everything I did. Could I see her do that? Her loveliness stained, her character ruined? No, sir! if it kills me I will leave off and never touch, taste, or handle more from this night henceforward and forever. And, now, gentlemen help me to be a man again."

The building vibrated with the cheering, stamping and clapping, and a gush of sorrow from those many hearts which might have been heard for miles. Oh! "there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth," and should there not be joy on earth?

We hope God converted the soul of Mr. Rose, for he became a good man, and his family were very happy. But we hope no other daughter will have to resort to so painful a remedy to save a father.

**Let the Forgiven Fear.** A soldier whose regiment lay in a garrison town in England was about to be brought before his commanding officer for some offence. He was an old offender, and had often been punished. "Here he is again," said the officer, on his name being mentioned; "everything—flogging, disgrace, imprisonment—has been tried with him. Whereupon the sergeant stepped forward, and apologizing for the liberty he took, said—

"There is one thing which has never been done with him yet, sir."

"What is that?" was the answer. "Well, sir," said the sergeant, "he has never been forgiven."

"Forgiven!" exclaimed the colonel, surprised at the suggestion.

He reflected for a few moments, ordered the culprit to be brought in, and asked him what he had to say to the charge.

"Nothing, sir," was the reply; "only I am sorry for what I have done."

"Turning a kind and pitiful look on the man, who expected nothing else than his punishment would be increased with the repetition of his offence, the colonel addressed him, saying, 'Well, we have decided to forgive you!'

The soldier was struck dumb with astonishment; the tears started in his eyes, and he wept like a child. He was humbled to the dust; he thanked his officer and retired; to be the old refractory, incorrigible man? No; he was another man from that day forward.

He who tells the story had him for years under his eye, and a better conducted man never wore the queen's colors. In him kindness bent one whom harshness would break; he was conquered by mercy, and, forgiven, ever after feared to offend.

A thousand years hence, and what will it matter? With what a power this thought sometimes strikes at the root of our earthly hopes and plans. How it relaxes our clenching grasp of the things for which we are so hotly contending. What then will have become of our racking fears, our smiles of joy, our bitter tears of pain? Over insects will occupy our places, and be toiling up hills, as we did, with their one mighty grain of sand; shrinking fearfully, as we did, from the crushing heel of fate; saying, as we do, that they believe in another life—after this; acting, as we do, as if this life were the end of all.

**QUESTIONS FOR A LYCEUM:** If 20 grains make a scruple, how many will make a denar? If 7 days make one week, how many will make one strong? If 52 yards make a pole, how many will make a Turk? If 4 quarters make a yard, how many will make a garden?

## HOPE.

Hope is the morning star of youth, the sun of manhood, and the solace of old age. It gilds the wild imagery of youth with the fairy pencil of fancy, clothes the terrors of relentless fate with the sunny smiles of ambitious dreams, and wraps the night-fall of mortality in the ruset hues of calm security. Its author is God, man its exponent, and eternity its throne! It weaves the smiles of the sleeping babe into circling wreaths of triumph, which cluster around the maternal heart, until the uncertainty of the Future, becomes the central orb of the Present. It is indelibly written upon the tablet of every loving father's heart, and though his wayward child may wander far away, into the dark mazes of sin, nothing but the frigid hand of death can sever the heart-strings that clasp this mighty anchor of the soul. Man is mortal, and if such the power of Hope when operating upon the grovelling sensibilities of the natural heart, how glorious must it be when reaching far beyond this transitory state, it grasps the heavenly and divine. If it fringes the dark drapery of life with hues of minute gold, how bright must be its softening tints of mellow light, when illuming the labyrinth of the eternal world! Here, it goes to action, there it points to rest. Ambition trembles, avarice halts, and fame sinks into chaotic night, before the nontic glory of the christian's hope. It soothes the agonies of dissolution, calms the surging billows of the dark river, and responsive to the anthems of the cherubic host, attunes the harp of victory to the melody of the skies. It lights the torch of immortality, and through gloom, disaster and death, it waves this beacon light of triumph, and crowns the battlements of heaven with the glories of celestial day!

M. S. N.

## The Clock of Life.

The clock of life is compared to time—that time which is not our own, but given us to improve every moment. How few remember that every beat of our pulse makes one less in our lives, and will sooner or later place us in eternity. Then let us begin to improve the time God has given us.

A father having taught his son how to tell the hour by the clock, said to him—

"There is another clock—the clock of life. I mean," said he, "the beatings of your pulse; for it may often remind you of the value of time; and the necessity of turning it to good account. Time is worth more than the finest gold."

"My pulse is the clock of life; It shows how minutes are flying; It marks the departure of time, And it tells me how fast I am dying."

He who lives a day without doing good, loses a day; and he who makes another happy, is sure to be all the happier for it himself.

Place your finger on your pulse, as it beats; remember every beat makes one less in your life.

You may think it will be a long time before it will stop beating, but it may stop very suddenly. If God does not keep it wound up, the clock would stop at any moment—Very little disturbance of the running works of a clock would stop it. So a cold, fever, or a fall, or a blow, or ten thousand accidents that might happen, would stop the beating of your heart and pulse. We ought to observe daily, and try to improve the time while it passes. We will soon be in eternity, where they will no longer reckon by hours and minutes, or the beating of our pulse.

How long has your clock been running? You count it by years and months, but it runs its round by minutes, and even seconds. Each tick tells of a change, and announces to you that so much more of life is gone, and that you are so much nearer eternity.

**The Evening Before Marriage.** "I'll tell you," continued her aunt to Louisa, "two things which I have fully proved. The first will go far towards preventing the possibility of any discord after marriage; the second, the best and surest preservative of feminine character."

"Tell me," said Louisa, anxiously. The first is this: "Demand of your bridegroom, as soon as the marriage ceremony is over, a solemn vow, and promise yourself, never, even in jest, to dispute or express any disagreement. I tell you never!—for what disagreements in mere bantering will lead to serious earnest. Avoid expressing any irritation at one another's words. Mutual forbearance is the one great secret of domestic happiness. If you have erred, confess it freely, even if confession costs you some tears. Further, promise faithfully and solemnly, never, upon any pretext or excuse, to have any secrets or concealments from each other, but to keep your private affairs from father, mother, brother, sister, and the world. Let them be known only to each other and your God. Remember that any third person admitted into your confidence becomes a party to stand between you, and will naturally side with one or the other. Promise to avoid this, and renew the vow upon every temptation. It will preserve that perfect confidence, that union, which will indeed make you as one. O, if the newly married would but practice this spring of conjugal peace, how many unions would be happy which are now miserable."—KNICKENBUCKER.

**ROMANTIC EPISODE OF THE WAR.**—General Sheridan sent, a few days ago, to Miss Rebecca Wright, of Winchester, Virginia, an elegant gold watch, an exquisitely wrought chain, a brooch and charms. The brooch is of gold, beautifully wrought into a gauntlet, and set with pearls. One of the charms, as a correspondent informs us, is a sword set with diamonds. Accompanying this magnificent gift was an autograph letter from General Sheridan, acknowledging Miss Wright's services, which led to the General's success at Winchester, in the battle of the 19th September, 1861. Miss Wright was a young Quakeress, well known for her faith in a united nationality, and understood to be willing to aid the cause at any sacrifice.

When General Sheridan was in great doubt how to act he sent a scout to the lady, who, writing upon a slip of paper, which she enclosed in tin foil, directed the scout to place it in his mouth, that it might escape the enemy's search, and thus furnished the information that enabled the General to achieve his victory.

A jealous husband in Memphis recently returned home in the night, and to his horror discovered a pair of boots near his bed-room door. Seizing the obnoxious articles, he locked them in a chest and then stealthily crept to his wife's bed-room, but she was a sleeper. Not satisfied with this fact, he then searched the house through and found absolutely nothing to confirm his suspicions. He charged the lady with infidelity, nevertheless, and spent the night abusing her in spite of her protestations. He had the lover's boots and was determined to know the name of the owner. In the morning he went to the closet and got them, and to his confusion they proved to be his own! Since that time his wife has only to say "boots" when he gets into a passion, and he becomes quiet as a lamb, instantaneously.

**WOMAN'S LOVE.**—No woman ever loved to the full extent of the passion, who did not venerate where she loved, and who did not feel humbled (delighted in that humility) by her exaggerated and overweening estimate of the superiority of the object of her worship.

What state could fall, what liberty decay, if the zeal of man's noisy patriotism was as pure as the silent loyalty of a woman's love? Woman's love is a robe that wraps her from wany a storm.

## LOG-ROLLING.

An Englishman who was travelling on the Mississippi river, told some rather tough stories to the London thieves. A Cincinnati chap named Chase, heard these narratives with a silent but expressive humph, and then remarked that he thought the Western thieves beat the London operators all hollow.

"Why so?" inquired the Englishman, with surprise. "They have you lived much in the West?"

"Not a great deal. I undertook to set up business in Des Moines Rapids a while ago, but the rascally people stole nearly everything I had, and finally a Welch miner ran off with my wife."

"Good God!" said the Englishman, "and you never found her?"

"Never to this day. But that was not the worst of it."

"Worst? Why what could be worse than stealing a man's wife?"

"Stealing his children, I should say," said the implacable Chase.

"Children?"

"Yes, a nigger woman, who had none of her own, abducted my youngest daughter and stowed and jined the fugens."

"Great Heavens! Did you see her do it?" "See her? Yes, and she hadn't ten rods the start on me; and she plunged into the lake and swam like a duck—and there was no canoe to follow with."

The Englishman laid back in his chair and called for another mug of 'aff and 'aff, while Chase smoked his cigar and credulous friend at the same time most remorselessly.

"I—I shan't go any further west—I think at length observed the excited John Bull.

"I shouldn't advise any one to go," said Chase, quietly. "My poor brother once lived out there, but had to leave, although his business was the best in the country."

"What business was he in?" "Lumbering—had a saw mill."

"And they stole his lumber?" "Yes and his saw-logs too."

"Saw-logs?"

"Yes. Whole dozens of fine black walnut logs were carried off in a single night. True, upon my honor, sir. He tried every way to prevent it, hired men to watch his logs, but it was all no use. They whipped 'em away as easy as if there had been no one there. They'd steal 'em out of the ricks, out of the covers, and even out of the mill ways."

"Good gracious?"

"Just to give you an idea of how they can steal out there," continued Chase, sending a sly wink at the listening company, "just to give you an idea—did you ever work in a saw mill?"

"Never."

"Well, my brother one day bought an all-fired black walnut log—four feet three at the butt and not a knot in it. He was determined to keep that log, and hired two Scotchmen to watch it all night. Well, they took a small demijohn of whiskey with them, snaked the log up the side of a hill, and sat down on the log to play keards just to keep them awake, you see. 'Twas a monstrous big log—bark four inches thick. Well as I was saying, they played keards and drank whiskey all night—and as it began to grow dark they went asleep antraddle of the log. About a minute after daylight my brother went over to the mill to see how they got on, and the log was gone!"

"And they sitting on it?"

"Sitting on the bark! The thieves had drove an iron wedge into the butt end which pointed down the hill, and hitched a yoke of oxen on and pulled it out, leaving the shell and Scotchmen setting astraddle of it fast asleep."

The Englishman here arose, dropped his cigar stump into the spittoon, and looked at his watch, said he thought he would go on deck and see how far he'd be down the river in the morning.

**FOUND WANTING.**—A renowned clergyman lately preached rather a long sermon from the text, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." After the congregation had listened about an hour, some began to get weary and went out; others soon followed, greatly to the annoyance of the minister. Another person started, whereupon the parson stopped in his sermon, and said: "That is right, gentlemen; as fast as you are weighed pass out."

He continued his sermon at some considerable length after that, but no one disturbed him by leaving.

"**POOR SMITH AGAIN.**—How do you do, Mr. Smith?" "Do what?" "Why, how do you find yourself?" "I never lose myself." "Well, how have you been?" "Been been where?" "Behave how do you feel?" "Feel? Why, what do you mean?" "Good morning, Mr. Smith?" "It's not a good morning. It's quite wet and nasty."

Tom Kirkham used to tell of a friend of his dropping in about dinner time on an old lady who invited him to draw up to the table. There was a huge pie of the pot order for dinner. The old lady helped him bountifully, and being hungry, was doing justice to it. "Stranger," said the old lady, "you will find almost every sort of meat in this pie." "Yes, Madam," said he "and fish too," as he drew from his lips what he imagined was the backbone of a red horse or sucker. "Lord have mercy," exclaimed the old woman, "if there ain't our fine tooth comb that Billy lost two weeks ago!"

A young fellow was taking a sleigh ride with a pretty girl, when he met a Methodist minister who was somewhat celebrated for trying the knot matrimonial at short notice. He stopped him, and asked hurriedly: "Can you tie a knot for me?" "Yes," said Brother B. "I guess so; when do you want it done?" "Well, right away," was the reply; "is it lawful, though here in the highway?" asked the wag. "Oh, yes, this is as good a place as any—as safe as the church itself."

"Well, then, I want a knot tied in my horse's tail to keep it out of the snow!" shouted the wicked wag, as he drove rapidly away.

A pious old negro woman was once caught by her master stealing a goose, and the next Sunday she partook of the Communion, after which her master accused her as follows:—

"Why Hannah, I saw you to-day at the Communion table?" "Yes, tank the Lord, Massa, was 'lowed to be dar wid de reg'lar of my family."

"But, Hannah, I was surprised to see you there," he said; "how is it about the goose?" She looked a little surprised, as if she did not comprehend the cause of his wonder, but soon catching his meaning, exclaimed: "Why, sar, do you think I'm goin' to let an old goose stand between me and my master?"

**SHORT AND SWEET.**—"I can't speak in public; never do such a thing in all my life," said a chap the other night at a public meeting, who had been called upon to hold forth, "but if anybody in the crowd will speak for me, I'll hold his hat."

A Printer not long since, having been "flung" by his sweetheart, went to the office to commit suicide with the "shooting stick." The thing wouldn't go off. The "devil," wishing to pacify him, told him to go into the sanctum, where the editor was writing duns to delinquent subscribers. He says that picture of despair reconciled him to his fate.

**TO PROTECT SLEEP FROM DOGS.**—If sheep are kept in the same lot with cows or fat cattle, no dog will disturb them. As soon as the dogs approach the sheep, they run to the cattle who drive off the dogs. A farmer for thirty years, in Shelby county, by adopting this plan, never lost a sheep by dogs, although in the same night the same dogs killed sheep in the farms north and south of him.

At a celebration of a marriage, a large number of young ladies were present, the minister said: "Those wishing to be joined in the holy bonds of matrimony, will please stand up," and nearly all arose.

An editor, who was asked to respond to a toast to woman, declined on the ground that woman is able to speak for herself, and any man who undertakes to do it for her will get himself into trouble.

Lucy Stone once said: "There is cotton in the ears of man, and hops in the bosom of woman." Lucy made a mistake, and got the cotton in the wrong place.

Why does the eye resemble a schoolmaster in the act of flogging? It has a pupil under the lash.

**EARLY RISING.**—Jump out of bed the moment you awake. The man who hesitates, when called is lost. The mind should be made up in a minute, for early rising is one of those subjects that admit of no turning over.

**A DARK CONUNDRUM.**—"Sam, why am de hogs de most intelligent folks in de world?" "Because dey nose ev'ryting."

A woman may speak as many tongues as she will, but don't let her do it with too long a one of her own.

Why is an axe like coffee? It must be ground before it can be used.

Why is a grocer out of business like an self? Because he hasn't got any scales.