

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

\$2.00 Per Year

VOLUME XXI.

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 29, 1867.

NUMBER 20

FAMILY GROCERY!

W. A. REID,

SUCCESSOR TO
Hostetter, Reid & Co.

CALLS the attention of buyers to his stock of goods just received, viz:

- TEA,
- COFFEE,
- SUGAR,
- SYRUPS,
- MOLASSES,
- KEROSENE OIL,
- GLASS AND QUEENSWARE,
- WOODEN WARE,
- PURE SPICES,
- NOTIONS,
- LAMPS,
- S. C. HAMS,
- BACON,
- CHEESE,
- SALT,
- MASON'S CRACKERS.

Steamed Cove and Spiced Oysters.

The "celebrated A. FIELD Brand" in 1 lb and 2 lb Cans. MEMURRAY'S Bilt. Oyster. Lunch Oysters, and a lot of things for Pic Nic and Private Parties. All sold by the case, dozen, or single can.

J. BEAVER,

DEALER IN

Ladies, Misses, Children, Men and Boys

BOOTS & SHOES,

Hats, Caps, Trunks, etc.

Segars, Tobacco, the very same old kind of Rappoe Small, Candles, Nuts, Cloves, Mincan, Pepper, Baking Soda, Ginger, Baking Molasses, Shoe and Stove Blacking, Essence of Coffee, Paper Collars and Collars, Suspenders, Hose, Paper, Ink and Steel pens.

THE METALIC SHOE SOLE.

Soaps, Tally White, Hair Oil, Perfumeries, Matches, Kerosene, &c. &c. Government Blankets. Also Gum Blankets. Many more articles needed and used by everybody.

Room on the north-east Corner in the Diamond, WAYNESBORO.

Citizens and persons living in the Country will find a large and well selected stock of first class goods at as low figures as can be sold in the country.

Sept. 20 1867.

PAINTS FOR FARMERS and others.

The Grafton Mineral Paint Co., are now manufacturing the Best, Cheapest, and most Durable Paint in use: two coats will put on, mixed with pure Linsseed Oil, will last 10 or 15 years: it is of a light brown or beautiful chocolate color, and can be changed to green, lead, stone, drab, olive or cream, to suit the customer. It is valuable for Houses, Barns, Fences, Carriage and Car makers, Pails, and Woodware, Agricultural Implements, Canal Boats, Vessels, and Ships' Bottoms, Canvas, Metal and Shingle Roofs, (it being fire and water proof). Floor Oil (both, one Manufacturer having used 5000 lbs. the past year) and as a paint for any purpose is unsurpassed for body, durability, elasticity, and adhesion. Wanted in all cases as above. Send for a circular which gives full particulars. None genuine unless branded in a trade mark Grafton Mineral Paint Address DANIEL BIDWELL, 254 Pearl St. N. Y. For sale at the Hardware store of GEISER & RHINEHART, who are also agents for Bidwell's Carriage Grease.

LUMBER WANTED.

THE subscribers will pay the highest cash price for Lumber, to be delivered this season, and will also want a large lot for next season.

Sept. 6-67. GEISER, PRICE & CO.

GRAND EXHIBITION of Spring Styles of HATS and CAPS at DECHERT'S, Big Red Hat, Chambersburg, Pa. BIG RED HAT!—St. Cloud, Jerome, Baulerdel, Cabell, Howard, Broad Brim, Plush, &c. at DECHERT'S, Main Street Chambersburg.QUEENSWARE A new lot of beautiful styles REID'S

POSTICAL.

DEAD VIOLETS.

Let them lie—ah! let them lie!
—Plucked flow'rs—dead to-morrow;
Lift the lid up quietly,
As you'd lift the mystery,
Of a buried sorrow.

Let them lie—the fragrant things,
All their souls thus giving,
Let no breeze' Ambient wings,
And no useless water-springs,
Mock hem into living.

They have lived—they live no more;
Nothing can requite them,
For the gentle life they bore—
Which to up yield in full store
It did so delight them.

Yes, I ween, flower-crowns fair!
'Twas a joyful yielding;
Like some soul heroic, rare,
That wept boldly forth in air,
For its loved one's shielding.

Surely, ye were glad to die;
In the hand that slew ye;
Glad to leave the open sky,
And the air that wandered by,
And the bees that knew ye.

Giving up a small earth-pace,
And a day of blooming,
Here to lie in narrow space,
Smiling in this smileless face,
With such sweet perfumeing.

O ye little violets! dead
Coffined from all gazes,
We will also smile and shed
Out of heart-flowers withered,
Perfumed of sweet praises.

And as ye, for this poor sake,
Love with life are dying,
So, I doubt not, One will make
All our gathered flowers, to take,
Richer scent through dying.

SUMMER AND AUTUMN!

Georgine leaves are whirling down,
He toward comes the scented hay;
O'er the stubble, sea and brown,
Flout the autumn flowers gay;
Ah, alas!
—Summers pass—
Like our joys they pass away!

Fanned by many a balmy breeze,
In the spring I loved to lie;
'Neath the newly budded trees,
Gazing upward to the sky,
But, alas!
—Time will pass,
And the flowers in spring must die.

Oh my mild-mannered wife,
Lamenting to the throstle's tone,
Washed with rain from every tree,
Ere the meadow lay was mown;
But, alas!
—Summer's pass—
Now I wander all alone!

Love, like summer-time is fair,
Decked with buds and blossoms gay;
But upon this autumn air
Floats a voice which seems to say,
"Alas, pass,
As the summer's pass away!"

MISCELLANY.

WE find the following in an exchange paper:

"In 1859, Mr. K. a prosperous business man of St. Louis, captured a thief in his sleeping apartment. The culprit pleaded so hard for release that Mr. K. set him at liberty, on a promise of good behavior, giving him some money besides. In 1860, Mr. K. failed in business and became a clerk at a moderate salary. Passing the post-office a short time since, K., who was very shabbily attired, was accosted by an elegantly dressed, jeweled individual, with 'How do you do, Mr. K.? Glad to see you! Still in business on Main street?' K. vainly endeavoring to remember the stranger, replied that he was not in business, in fact, was hunting a situation. Stranger said, 'Please walk with me a short distance.' The two repaired to a hotel, where the stranger introduced himself as the repentant thief. He forced K. to accept a loan of \$10,000, with which to recommence business. He said that during the war he had made large sums of money, and he had long desired to express his gratitude to K. in some substantial manner."

COLD IN STITZENBERGEN.

No description can give an adequate idea of the intense rigor of the six months winter of this part of the world. Stones crack with the noise of thunder; in a crowded hut the breath of the occupants fall in flakes of snow; wine and spirits turn to ice, snow burns like caustic; if iron touches the skin it brings the flesh away with it; the soles of your stockings may be burnt off your feet before you feel the slightest warmth from the fire; lines taken out of boiling water instantly stiffens to the consistency of a wooden board, and heated stones will not prevent the sheets of the bed from freezing. If there are the effects of the climate within an air tight, fire warmed, crowded hut, what must it be among the dark, storm-lashed mountain peaks outside?

BURIED ALIVE.

The Cleveland *Plumbeater* of the 3d has the following thrilling narrative. We wish it had given names instead of initials:

We have before us a private letter detailing events that recently occurred in a South-western Ohio town, that gives peculiar force to the old adage that "truth is stranger than fiction." We can give the main particulars of the letter without violating confidence or giving disagreeable prominence to the chief actor in the strange incident, or his friends.

Mr. Delos W. is a wealthy and influential man, residing near the village of P. On the Thursday preceding the prize fight between Gallagher and Davis, the old gentleman was thrown into a high state of excitement at learning that his only son John had gone to Cleveland with the avowed purpose of attending the fight, and his excitement was intensified at still further discovering that John had helped himself to his (the father's) pocket-book, containing \$200. Mr. W. fumed and fretted over the conduct of his son, and went to bed with a raging headache and marked symptoms of fever.

He was about the place in a more composed state of mind on Friday, but the interview with John on Monday afternoon immediately after the son's return threw the old gentleman into a paroxysm of rage and grief, which was rendered doubly severe by John's insolence and his acknowledgment that he had lost \$150 of the money in a bet on Gallagher. Mr. W.'s frenzied feelings finally got the better of him, and he led his son to the floor with a blow of his fist, and immediately thereafter fell down himself in a senseless condition. Great excitement in the family ensued. The mother ran screaming for assistance, which was soon forthcoming in the persons of several of the neighbors. Mr. W. was found in an apparently lifeless condition, with blood flowing from his mouth and nose. A subsequent examination by a physician led to the announcement by him that Mr. W. had died from the bursting of a blood vessel. So evidently had the vital spark fled that no efforts at resuscitation were made, and the "remains" were prepared for burial as promptly as possible.

The funeral of the "deceased" took place the following Wednesday. Mr. W.'s body had only been in the shroud for a few days, so that it had not lost its original appearance. The color in the face, it occurred to no one to suggest a postponement of the burial till death was absolutely certain. The funeral was very largely attended and everybody remarked the life-like appearance of the deceased.

The "remains" were temporarily placed in one of the vaults of the cemetery, owing to the fact that a brick tomb, commenced for their reception, had not been completed.

At ten o'clock on Thursday night, the village was thrown into great excitement by the report that a ghost had been seen in the cemetery, a short time before, and that the old lady who had first seen it had been frightened into a fit, from which it was doubtful whether she would recover.

Thinking that probably the ghost was personated by some scoundrel, who had played the same trick several times before, a number of troops armed themselves with shot-guns, proceeded to the cemetery and commenced a cautious inspection—their hearts keeping up an anxious thumping in their bosoms, in spite of their assumed bravado. They had not long to wait, for there, flitting among the tombs, was a white object plainly to be seen. With trembling hands their guns were raised and fired, when a strange fact for a ghost—they saw the white creature fall between a couple of graves. Picking up courage, they cautiously approached the object, and turned a dark lantern upon it. Their feelings can be better imagined than described when they found that the ghost was the lately deceased Mr. Delos W.

While a portion of the party picked up the bleeding and senseless body of the old gentleman, and started home with it, the remainder hastened to the vault. There they found Mr. W.'s coffin broken open and lying upon the floor, and the coffin of a deceased lady that had been placed upon it likewise thrown down from the shell and standing open, partly broken open, displaying its ghastly inmate. The vault door, which was rather a weak affair had been forced open by the resuscitated W.

The party then went to Mr. W.'s house, where they found that his wounds were not serious and that he had recovered his senses.

His story was briefly told: He had been carried to the cemetery in a trance, early on Thursday evening consciousness returned to him, and the horrid truth flashed upon his mind that he was coffined alive. This lent additional strength to his struggles to get free, and he finally succeeded in bursting the coffin.

Mr. W. is now recovering, and is good for long lease of life yet.

A FRENCH ROMANCE.

About a month ago, a young man, Parisian in one of the leading houses in Paris, saw a young lady enter, to whom during the past eight or ten days, he had sold a number of dresses, shawls, gloves, &c. By her account he surmised she must be a New York lady. The stranger was very pretty and naturally the young man made himself agreeable and attentive. Whenever she visited the store she always addressed him, and while examining the articles he placed before her, talked much. The day we speak of, she was far less communicative than usual; and having made a somewhat hurried selection, she said to the clerk:

"I shall be at the hotel in one hour, here is the address. Be kind enough to accompany the porter when he brings these articles."

With these words she bowed reservedly, and hastily left the store.

The young man was at a loss what to think. However, an hour later he entered the apartment of the American lady, who invited him *sans sacon*, like an acquaintance of long standing to lunch with her. Although thinking his customer's manners somewhat strange, he accepted. While partaking of tea and cakes, the young lady abruptly addressed her guest saying:

"Sir, are you brave enough to protect a woman against any insult to which she might be subjected. Answer me with truth and candor."

"Without conceit I can say yes," answered the young man.

"Very well. You work in order to make money. Is it not so?"

"Certainly."

"This is what I wish to propose. I am a lone, or almost alone, in the world, my fortune or my actions concern no one but myself; I wish to see the exhibition and know Paris. But I perceive that there is nothing more difficult than for a woman to be in your country without a protector. You please me, and if you do not object, you shall be my companion. I will repay you for the lost time."

The young man tried to speak, but she immediately resumed,

"I insist on reumerciating you, this is strictly a matter of business, I regard it in that light. Accept or decline. Which shall it be?"

"I accept," answered the clerk after a moment's hesitation.

"I am satisfied," continued the stranger, "that you are a gentleman, and will not make yourself ridiculous by making love and flattering me; for I warn you that the very first compliment you pay me ends our contract. Is it agreed?"

"Madam I am at your service."

"From to-morrow?"

"From this moment. I require only time to write to my employers."

And the terms on this extraordinary contract were entered into by the latter.

The clerk was charming, he proved himself intelligent, attractive, delicate, without all that small talk that men generally delight to inflict on women. In fact, the American lady was truly delighted with the choice she had made. Two weeks ago she handed the amiable clerk a heavy roll of bills, and they separated, mutually pleased with each other.

But it happened that as the lady was about to embark for England, thence for America, a commissioner hastened toward her and inquired if she was Miss X. Upon answering in the affirmative, he placed a small box and a letter in her hand. The box contained a diamond brooch, the letter a few words only, but so well chosen to express true affection that the young lady started, not for London but back to Paris. It is needless to say that the letter was from the young clerk, who had taken this method of returning the money forced upon him by the young lady for services rendered. He had not given her his address, thinking the matter was ended. He was not likely to have returned to his former employer. Ultimately she learned he had taken in another house a situation far inferior to the one he had formerly occupied. Probably till then she was undecided as to her course, but when she heard this her mind was made up. She wrote, he came at once.

They will be married soon.

A Day with a Medical Student.

It is 'Clinic Day.' But before proceeding further I should explain, for the benefit of some of our readers what they call Clinic Day. On Wednesday and Saturday of each week, from 10 until 2 o'clock at the colleges and hospitals patients are examined and prescribed, for in presence of the students and the symptoms and peculiarities of the different cases are pointed out and explained. This is called a clinic—clinical or bed side instruction—hence the term Clinic Day. On the day in question we took the Walnut St. cars for the hospital in West Philadelphia so as to reach that place at 10 A. M. We enter an apartment called the amphitheatre in which the seats are arranged one above the other and circularly around an open space the arena occupied by the lecturer. Thus every one present can see anything brought forward by the lecturer. The first was a 'medical case,' a colored man in the first stages of Typhoid Fever. On this the lecturer spent his whole hour explaining the different features of the disease and pointing out the different symptoms present in the patient before us. An interesting hour indeed to all present especially to those whose object in being present was not only to see but to learn. If anything were lacking in the subject to make the lecture interesting it was made up by the animation of the lecturer. At 11 o'clock this gentleman bid us good morning and a Surgeon took his place. During the next hour he presented a number 'surgical cases' for study. The first two were cases of inflammatory disease, the one of the wrist and the other of the hand. These were almost in a state of mortification and were freely lanced causing the patients considerable suffering. The third was Scrofula of the spine. A few days ago red or white hot irons were applied to each side of the affected part. At that time he had no motion in his legs, but now he is much better and has his motion a little restored. The fourth had an enormous enlargement of the upper lip, out of which a piece had been cut some time before. The dressings were removed and new ones applied. The fifth patient had his toe amputated. The sixth was the most awful case I have ever seen. It was a colored woman, who had about one-third of her whole body burned. Her arms were raw; some of the bones of her hands had fallen away and others were hanging loosely in their places. The treatment of this case may be of use to some who may read this. The burned parts were freely painted with white lead rubbed up in flax seed oil, without turpentine. The great object was to keep the parts from the air. The seventh was a case of Dropsy. His abdomen was very much enlarged, he was tapped and had a large quantity of fluid taken from him. This finishes the day at the hospital and now we hasten to return to the city. We take the Chestnut St. cars and in thirty or forty minutes we are landed within half a square of the medical college. We are about half an hour behind time as the clinic commences here at twelve o'clock and continues until two. During the hour and a half we present we saw fifteen different patients. These as at the hospital were examined and prescribed for in our presence. The peculiarities of each case was pointed out and discussed. This done the cravings of nature hurried us all to our dinners, where we eagerly satisfied our hunger. Thus it is the student of medicine learns to put into practice the theories which he hears in the lecture room and reads in his books. There it is he becomes practically acquainted with diseases; some of the rarest to you may say, never seen in private practice. Thus it is the diligent student is fitted for the active duties of a professional life.—But the above does not complete the days work. They have two lectures from four until six P. M. and another from seven until eight, after this they often dissect until ten o'clock. Thus it is week in and week out, on all days except Wednesdays, and Saturdays, the lectures take the place of the clinics.

JULIUS JENKINS.
Philadelphia Nov. 19th 1867.

The Moon and Babies.

The moon is thought by old wives to influence the life of a child. Thus the child born on the first day of the new moon is fortunate in all his undertakings, and will live long; one born on the fifth day will be vain and deceitful; one born on the sixth will live long; one born on the seventh will have a life of trouble; one born on the ninth will be rich; one born on the tenth will be a great traveler; one born on the eleventh will be a devotee to religion; one born on the sixteenth will be grateful and unfortunate; one born on the eighteenth will be brave; one born on the nineteenth will be full of malice; one born on the twenty first will be strong and healthy, but selfish; one born on the twenty second will be cheerful, but inclined to low society; one born on the twenty-third will be ungovernable, will forsake family and friends, and wander in a foreign country—unhappy through life; one born on the twenty-fourth will have extraordinary ability; one born on the twenty-fifth will be desperately wicked and come to a fearful death; one born on the twenty-eighth will have the acme of all good gifts, temporal and spiritual.

A baby's nails never to be cut till it is a year old, or it will be a thief. A child with a blue vein across its nose will never wear its wedding clothes; should it chance to outlive its infancy it will bring sorrow and disgrace to all belonging to it. A babe that cries at its christening will live long; if you bathe it on Sunday it will be sorrow free; if on Wednesday it will grow beautiful; if on Thursday it will grow fat; if on Friday all sins will be forgiven; if on Saturday it will be unhealthy.

There are certain other superstitions applying to grown people. If you cut your nails on Sunday, it provokes Monsieur le Diable to such a degree that he'll shave you all the week, and lead you into mischief. If you clip your hair at the new moon, it will grow long at the full; as the moon wanes your hair will fall out. If you don your new clothes on a Sunday you'll be happy; if on a Monday, they'll tear; if on a Tuesday, they'll burn; if on a Wednesday, you'll have plenty; if on a Friday, you'll be unlucky; if on a Saturday, you won't live to enjoy them.

Every one silently or openly, is a little suspicious regarding Friday, yet few could give a reason.

A young lady went out with a rather timid beau sleighing one evening, and complimented upon his sleighing, and complimented upon his sleighing but what she got chaps on the lips. The young man took the hint and chapped.

Not long since a youth older in wit than years, after being chateauised concerning the power of Nature, replied, "Ma, I think there's one thing nature can't do. She can't make Bill Jones' mouth any bigger without setting his ears back."

"Johnny," said a carpenter to a rather green apprentice, "have you ground all the tools right?" "All but the handsaw, I could not get all the nicks out of that."

A colored preacher South, recently said in a prayer, "O, Lord be pleased to shake your great rable cloth over your hungry children, dat dey may be fed wid de crumbs ob your love."

Henry Ward Beecher says that more public men of eminence have started from the business of type setting than any other occupation. Our "devil" thinks that is encouraging.

"Chim Schneider, dose you know wot for we calls our boy Hans?" "I do not really."

"Vell, I will tell you. Der reason we calls our boy Hans is, bekaso dat ish his name."

"What a fine head your boy has," said an admiring friend.

"Yes," said the fond father, "he's a chip of the old block ain't you, sonny?"

"I guess so, daddy, cause teacher said I was a young block-head."

"What are you doing?" said a father to his son, who was tinkering on an old watch.

"Improving my time," was the witty rejoinder.

The man who forgets a good deal that has happened; has a better memory than he who remembers a great deal that never happened.

When we are ready to do a thing, let us never wait for time or tide; they never wait for us.

The Chicago *Times* says with wicked wit: "It Europe the tailors are on a strike. So is one of them in this country."

A lady asked a gentleman how old he was?

He answered, (My age is what you do in everything—excel (X).)

A Dublin barber has invented a machine for cutting hair. It is a terrible affair, with revolving knives.

The siere through which the man 'strained every nerve,' is for sale at first cost.

Waste nothing; neither money, time nor talent.

Pay the Printer and be happy.

Smoothen—A galvanic battery.

A man of low extraction—A cheap Dentist.

These two lines that look so solemn,
Our 'Billy' set to fill this column.

OUR THOUGHTLESS WORDS.

Reader, did you ever think how much a word can wound? Perhaps some sorrowing mortal is near you even now, thirsting in her heart for a single gentle word. Every heart knoweth its own bitterness; but how few of us ever sympathize in another's woe. We pass and repass the mourning, sorrowing one, and perhaps a few common-place words of condolence fall with a cold, unmeaning, lifeless expression from our lips, and we think our duty done; and often, very often, a smile of derision, an unkind word, and a rankling, festering wound is inflicted which burns the heart as long as life lasts.

Ah! how little do we think how our thoughtless words influence the destiny of others for time and eternity! A single harsh expression falls from our lips, which is forgotten by us almost as soon as uttered, and a mighty blight falls upon some heart, which had our words been kindly spoken, might have budded and blossomed in an eternity of happiness.

Then, reader, let your words be those of gentleness, and your actions ever kind. The human heart is easily touched, and from its hidden fountains will gush forth such a stream of gratitude and love, that you will never regret the effort you have made, nor forget to thank God for the good you have been the means of doing.

"A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often soothed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere."

A dandy of twenty-six having been termed an 'old bachelor,' appealed to an elderly gentleman to decide whether he should be called 'old' or not, giving his age. "Twenty-six," said the elderly gentleman. "It's owing to how you take it. Now, for a man it is young enough; but for a goose's father, it is not."

He answered, 'My age is what you do in everything—excel (X).'

THE WORK OF SIX YEARS.

Six years have witnessed the emancipation of 25,000,000 serfs in Russia, the liberation of 4,000,000 slaves in the United States, and the virtual manumission of 3,000,000 of negroes in Brazil. As a contemporary says: "It is a glorious six years' work.—23,000,000 of men restore to freedom, and a curse taken off three of the largest empires in the world! The little that remains to be done cannot rest long undone. The miserable relic of barbarism lingers now only on a few islands belonging to the Spanish crown; and the slaveholder, who in the best years, hopes to retain the right to buy and sell his fellow-men even in those islands, must be sanguine indeed."

The man that forgets a good deal that has happened, has a better memory than he who remembers a great deal that never happened.

Fast relations—Railroad connections.

There is an old saying that 'a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind.' But that is not always the case. When we find a fellow feeling for our watch, we are by no means inclined to be wondrous kind.

A lady asked a gentleman how old he was.

He answered, 'My age is what you do in everything—excel (X).'