VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair. An Independent Family Newspaper. $2.00 Per Year.

VOLUME XXI. WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 3, 1868 NUMBER 26

FOR PURE

DRUGS

AND

MEDICINES,

OILS

AND

PAINTS,

&c. &c.,

Go to Fourthman's

DRUG STORE.

Waynesboro, May 24 1867

J BEAVER,

DEALER IN

Ladies, Misses, Children, Men and Boys

BOOTS & SHOES,

Hats, Caps, Trunks, etc

Segars, Tobacco, the very same old kind of Rappee Snuff, Candies, Nuts, Cloves, Cinnamon, Pepper, Baking Soda, Ginger, Baking Mollasses; Shoe and Stove Blacking, Essence of Coffee, Paper Collars and Cuffs, Suspenders, Hose, Paper, Ink and Steel pens

THE METALIC SHOE SOLE.

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

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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 well put on, mixed with pure Linseed 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 consumer. It is valuable for Houses, Barns, Fences, Carriage and Car makers, Pails, and Woodenware, Agricultural Implements Canal Boats, Vessels, and Ships' Bottoms, Canvas, Metal and Shingle Roofs, (it being fire and Water proof), Floor Oil Cloths, (one Manufacturer having used 5000 bbls. the past year,) and as a paint for any purpose is unsurpassed for body, durability, elasticity and adhesiveness. Warranted in all cases as above. Send for a circular which gives full particulars. None genuine unless branded in a trade mark Grafton Mineral Paint Adress

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For sale at the Hardware store of GEISER & RHINEHART, who are also agents for Bidwell's Carriage Grease.

Oct. 4—6m.

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-tf, GEISER, PRICE & CO.

BIG RED HAT, Main Street, Chambersburg, Pa, is a *sure sign* that you are near the Cheap and Fashionable Hat Emporium of

DECHERT,

THE largest assortment of CARPETS in town at the store of

AMBERSON, BENEDICT & CO

PRIME N. O. Molasses at the store of

AMBERSON, BENEDICT & CO.

POETICAL.

THE FARMER'S FIRESIDE.

Around the fire, one wintry night,
The farmer's rosy children sat,
The fagot lent its blazing light
And mirth went round, and harmless chat.

When, hark! a gentle hand they hear,
Low tapping at the bolted door,
And thus to gain the willing ear,
A feeble voice was heard implore:

"Cold blows the blast across the moor,
The sleet drives hissing in the wind,
Yon toilsome mountain lies before,
A dreary treeless waste behind,

"My eyes are dim and weak with age,
No road no path can I descry;
And these poor rags ill stand the rage,
Of such a keen inclement sky

"So faint I am these tottering feet,
No more my palsied frame can bear;
My freezing heart forgets to beat,
And drifting snows my tomb prepare.

"Open your hospitable door,
And shield me from the biting blast;
Cold, cold it blows across the moor
The weary moor that I have passed."

With hasty steps the former ran,
And close beside the fire they place,
The poor half-frozen beggar-man
With shaking limbs and pale-blue face.

The little children flocking came,
And chafed his frozen hands in theirs;
And busily the good old dame,
A comfortable mess prepares.

Their kindness cheered his drooping soul,
And slowly down his wrinkled cheek.
The big round tear was seen to roll,
And told the thanks he could not speak.

The children then began to sigh,
And all their merry chat was o'er,
And yet they felt, they knew not why,
More glad than they had done before.

MISCELLANY.

Slanderers.

If there be one class of human beings on the face of the earth who should be detested by honest men more than another, it is those vile creatures who slander their neighbors for the purpose of accomplishing their own ends; those who speak of another behind his back that which they fear to speak before his face. You will always find such persons mean and cowardly in the extreme who would not stop to pick a man's pocket if an opportunity presented. Whenever and wherever these loath some creatures are found, they should be spurned from the presence of decent society; and if it be ascertained that their object in slandering another is for the purpose of carrying out their own ends, and thus defeating him whom they slander, then should every lover of morals, of decency and of right, discountenance the unprincipled coward who thus attempts to accomplish his plans by such base and wicked means. The slanderer is more dangerous than the common thief, because the first tries to rob you of your good name, which is the first pride of yourself and of your posterity, while the other only appropriates to himself your goods and your money. Far more preferable is it to lose your property than it is to lose your well-earned character. Whenever it is suspected that a man is slandering his neighbors, ask him for the proof of his assertion, and if he fails to produce it, then treat him as you would a common thief or a fugitive from justice.

The person and character of a malevolent slanderer are the best reflectors of his base slang. His fangs contain the venom of the lurking serpent, and the poison is emitted from his hiding place at every passer by possessing the form of humanity. He is scorpion-tongued towards all of God's creatures, and is prompted by envy, self interest or malice, to secretly attempt the destruction of their proudest treasure—reputation.

There is no beast so defiled, nor demon so inhuman, no devil so well polished and determined upon mischief, as the slanderer With a hatred towards morality and philanthropy, he schools himself in iniquity, and employs the base passions to destroy the dearest idols of the virtuous He prostitutes himself to every species of corruption and his rankled mind is forever devising vicious schemes to spread the ill-feeling amongst friends and neighbors, and destroy the character of those whom he envies. He delights in the misery and ruin of others; but wretchedness and obloquy must eventually be the just reward of his base villainy. Like the snake, he strikes from concealed quarters; and like that cowardly reptile he dreads the foot of man As the miser, he lives in his loathsomeness; and as a devil, he goes forth seeking whom he may destory; such is the slanderer.

Reader, should you meet such a creature in human shape, avoid him as you would an ambassador from the dominions of the Prince of Darkness—for his heart is more desperately wicked than the midnight assassin, and he fosters more deadly poison than the upas tree.

Never indulge in what appears to be a little sin; it will harden the heart, and lead to greater.

Killed by his Insane Son.

The telegraph announced a few days since the dreadful intelligence of the killing of Hon J S Hamilton, Republican member of Congress from the Eighth district of Ohio, by his own son, who had become deranged. Mr W. C. Barnett, of Marysville, related to us last evening the particulars of this melancholy affair, an epitome of which we present our readers.

Mr. Hamilton received a telegraphic dispatch at Washington last week, desiring him to return home immediately, as his son Thomas, aged about seventeen years, had exhibited symptoms of lunacy of a character decidedly dangerous. Mr H. returned home at once, and took the unfortunate son under his immediate charge. On Sunday morning last, after early breakfast, Mr. Hamilton went to the stable yard, a few rods from the house, to superintend the feeding, taking Thomas with him. While the father was stooping down to pick up some corn, Thomas picked up a strip of ash plank, and struck him a blow over the top of the head, frightfully crushing the skull, and doubtless killing him instantly! The maniac son then covered the body with fodder, and started for the house.

On the way there he passed the wood-house, where he caught up an axe; and, seeing his mother near the kitchen door, he sprang towards her with the drawn axe. At this moment, his brother, a lad aged about 12 years, ran towards them, and the maniac seeing him, left the mother, and ran after him. The boy ran for the house, intending to get into a room and lock the door after him, but the maniac pursued him too closely; and he ran through a room, and was just passing out of the hall door into the yard, when the former struck him a glancing blow with the axe, inflicting a wound about three inches long, and two inches deep, in the left shoulder—a blow which would have cut him in two, had it struck him squarely At this instant a still younger brother ran through the hall, screaming murder! and the attention of the maniac was diverted to him, and the wounded boy crawled out of sight. By this time a neighbor who had heard the screams, appeared on the scene, and confronted the maniac with a club Thomas hesitated a moment, at the new-comer, and the neighbor not wishing to injure the young man, suddenly rushed in on him, bore him to the ground, and held him firmly while Hon Mr. Lawrence—who appeared in the vicinity—wrested the axe from his grasp. He was then bound, and removed to the jail for safe keeping.

Medical aid was procured for the wounded boy, and search was made for the father, who was missing, and for whose safety the worst fears were entertained His body was discovered under a pile of fodder, where it had been secreted by the maniac son, after death.

After being secured and taken to jail the maniac was silent and moody, and refused to speak on any subject until Monday morning, when he confessed to having committed the terrible deed He said he struck his father twice with the piece of plank; but he did not seem to have the least comprehension of the enormity of the act.

Mr. Hamilton was an estimable gentleman, of fine culture, and brilliant talents and he had been long in public life. In private life, as well as in public station he had the sincere esteem of friends, and respect of those who differed with him in politics.

"THAT'S HOW!"—After a great snow storm, a little fellow began to shovel a path through a large snow-bank before his grandmother's door. He had nothing but a small shovel to work with.

"How do you expect to get through that drift?" asked a man passing along.

By keeping *at it*," said the boy cheerfully; "that's how!"

That is the secret of mastering almost every difficulty under the sun. If a hard task is before you, stick to it. Do not keep thinking how large or hard it is; but go at it, and little by little it will grow smaller and smaller until it is done.

If a hard lesson is to be learned, do not spend a moment in fretting; do not lose a breath in saying "I can't," or "I do not see how;" but go at it, and *keep at it*. *Study*. That is the only way to conquer it.

If a fault is to be cured, or a bad habit broken up, it cannot be done by merely being sorry, or only trying a little. You must keep *fighting it*, and not give up fighting until it is got rid of.

If you have entered your Master's service, and are trying to *be* good and to *do* good, you will sometimes find hill's of difficulty in the way. Things will often look discouraging, and you will not seem to make any progress at all; but keep at it. Never forget "that's how!"

DOLLS.—That human nature is the same in every age and country, and that the child of to-day is akin to the child of yesterday, even though the yesterday go back to the time of Abraham, is a truism or text which might be learned by books if it could not be got in any other way; but we have a commentary on it in a doll actually found in the catacomb at Rome A child in its last sound sleep had been put to rest with its doll placed by its side, the little grave was sealed up, some ages of repose supervened, and all was forgotten, but in these latter times the workmen employed in the crypts broke into the tomb, and taking away the outer stone, revealed the plaything lying in company with the dust of the little maiden

The latest improvement in stock is a new breed of cats in Vermont, with tails only an inch long. The advantages claimed for such tails is that they cannot get under a rocking chair or be stepped upon, and that the door can be closed quicker when they go out

Subscribe for the RECORD.

The Initiatory.

All drunkards have to be initiated There must be a beginning, and this beginning must be the result of some influence. What influence is it that will induce a young man to take the initiatory? Is it the example of that bloated, blear-eyed, loathsome specimen of humanity that he saw picked out of the gutter last evening? Is there such a seductive power in the sight that he must go and do likewise? We should think not, most decidedly. It is one of the most repulsive spectacles a young man can set his eyes upon, and his involuntary ejaculation is, 'God preserve me from such a fate.' What is it, then? In a recent address of Rev Dr. Eddy, of Boston, he remarked that, in assailing intemperance, we oppose three of the most active elements of humanity—Appetite, Avarice and Custom' Of these our opinion is that custom is the strongest. The one million drunkards in the United States were all made such by custom, and the custom of moderate drinking will continue to breed drunkards as fast as carrion breed magots, and as long as the custom lasts. Those who seduce the young to drink must be moderate drinkers themselves. The more repulsive sots have no such power. The vast multitude of youth in our country who have not yet defiled themselves with the drunkard's beverage, would every one of them grow up teetotalers were it not for the pestilent influence of moderate drinkers. Excessive drinkers are loathsome and disgusting to a child or youth untainted by drink, and such persons could not seduce them, if they would.—Moderate drinkers alone are able to initiate new victims. Their very moderation and respectability give them the knack of entrapping the youth. Let the fact be well pondered. It should sink deep into all hearts—The whole world should understand that every one of the rising generation, now pure and sober as God made them, would continue so to the end of their virtuous and happy lives, were it not for the contamination of moderate drinkers.

Let moderate drinkers think of these things and ponder over their responsibility They are, emphatically, the drunkard makers, acting in conjunction with the liquor sellers—*New Republic*

Why He went to Church

Judge———, of a city not a thousand miles from here is an able judge and a pious man. He knows for what the island of Jamaica is chiefly celebrated. Disdaining to imbibe perpendicularly in bar-rooms, he keeps a demijohn of conceded Otard in his office, and their slakes his thirst as inclination prompts. The Judge has a son, who knows his father's habits, and emulates them with filial assiduity On Sunday morning the Judge would say:

'Well Rufus, going to the First Presbyterian with me this morning.'

'No, father; I recon I'll go to the Second Methodist.'

But on his way to the edifice, Rufus uniformly stopped at the office, unlocked the old gentleman's private closet, and indulged himself with the pleasant fluid.

Every Sunday morning the Judge repeated his laudable inquiry, but Rufus preferred the Second Methodist. The Judge soon began to notice a marked dimunition in the contents of the demijohn, and rightly suspected who was the culprit. The Judge emptied the remaining liquid into another vessel and placed it in a secluded place. Next Sunday morning came the usual interrogatory.

'Going with me this morning, Rufus?'

'No, father, I reckon I'll go to the Second Methodist.'

On reaching the office and taking hold of the demijohn, he not only saw with disgust the empty jug, but noticed a small piece of white paper attached to the handle, on which was legibly inscribed the words: 'Second Methodist closed for repairs.'

After church, father and son met and looking curiously at each other, smiled a little, but said nothing The 'repairs' on the Methodist building have not yet been completed.

CAUSE OF BALDNESS.—Men become bald. Why? Because they wear close hats and caps Women are never bald, except by disease They do not wear close hats and caps Men never lose a hair below where the hat touches the head, not if they have been bald twenty years The close hat holds the heat and perspiration. Thereby the hair glands become weak, and the hair falls out. What will restore it? Nothing, after the scalp becomes shiny. But in process of falling out, or recently lost, the following is best: Wash the head freely with cold water once or twice a day. Wear a thoroughly ventilated hat. This is the best means to arrest the loss and restore what is susceptible of restoration.

A HUGE CLAIM.—Mr. Charles L. Neale stone-mason, of Alexandria, has been notified by a Washington lawyer that he is the heir, through his aunt, Mrs Lee, to about one hundred million dollars worth of real estate in that city. The ground claimed to belong to the lady in question, and to Mr Neale as her heir, has on it some of the most valuable property in the general capital, including the Treasury building, Lafayette Square, President's house and grounds, and all the large and small buildings within the circumference of a mile around the President's house.—*Alexandria Journal.*

POLITE.—A queer-looking customer inserted his head into an auction store, and looking gravely at the knight of the hammer, inquired: "Can I bid, sir?" "Certainly," replied the auctioneer, "you can bid." "Well, then, said the wag, walking of, "I bid you good night."

'I love thee still,' as the quiet husband said to the chattering wife.

General Grant's Private Letter.

The following is the celebrated private letter of Gen. Grant to President Johnson, protesting against the removal of Secretary Stanton and General Sheridan:

His Excellency Andrew Johnson, President of the United States.

SIR: I take the liberty of addressing you privately on the subject of the conversation we had this morning, feeling, as I do, the great danger to the welfare of the country should you carry out the designs then expressed. First, on the subject of the displacement of the Secretary of War. His removal cannot be effected against his will without the consent of the Senate. It is but a short time since the U. S. Senate was in session, and why not then have asked for his removal if it was desired? It certainly was the intention of the legislative branch of the Government to place Cabinet ministers beyond the power of Executive removal, and it is pretty well understood that, so far as Cabinet ministers are affected by the Tenure of Office Bill, it was intended especially to protect the Secretary of War, whom the country felt great confidence in The meaning of the law may be explained away by an astute lawyer, but common sense and the views of loyal people will give it the effect intended by its framers.

On the subject of the removal of the very able commander of the Fifth military district, let me ask you to consider the effect it would have upon the public. He is universally and deservedly beloved by the people who sustained this Government through its trials, and feared by those who would still be the enemies of the Government.

It fell to the lot of but few men to do as much against an armed enemy as General Sheridan did during the rebellion, and it is within the scope of the ability of but few in this or any other country to do what he has done. His civil administration has given equal satisfaction; he has had difficulties to contend with which no other district commander has ever encountered. Almost, if not quite, from the day he was appointed district commander to the present time, the press has given out that he was to be removed; that the administration was dissatisfied with him. This has emboldened the opponents to the laws of Congress to oppose him in every way in their power, and has rendered necessary measures which otherwise may never have been necessary. In conclusion allow me to say as a friend desiring peace and quiet and the welfare of the whole country, North and South, that it is in my opinion more than the loyal people (I mean those who supported the Government during the rebellion) will quietly submit to see the very man of all others whom they have expressed confidence in removed. I would not have taken the liberty of addressing the executive of the United States, but for the conversation on the subject alluded to in this letter, and from a sense of duty, feeling that I know I am right in the matter.

With great respect, your obedient servant, U. S. GRANT.

"Jacob," said a father, "yesterday, I forbade you associating with the neighbor's children any more, and to-day you disobeyed me The next time I catch you there I'll punish you.'

The next day Jake was over there again totally oblivious of the interdiction until he saw his father enter the yard with a rod in his hand. Jake made for the fence, over which he leaped, pursued by his father, and ran home and there he was caught.

"Now, my son." said the irritated father, what did I tell you I would do yesterday."

"You told me, father, that if you caught me there again, you would punish me."

"Well," said the father.

"Hold on, father," said the little reprobate, who knew that if he could make his father laugh the matter would be all right "you didn't catch me there, you caught me here!"

The end was produced, and the rod dropped.

A gay young spark, of a deistical turn, travelling in a stage-coach, forced his sentiments upon the company, by attempting to ridicule the Scriptures, and, among other topics, made himself merry with the story of David and Goliah; strongly urging the impossibility of a youth like David being able to throw a stone with sufficient force to sink into a giant's forehead On this he appealed to the company, and in particular to a grave gentleman of the denomination called Quakers, who sat silent in one corner of the carriage 'Indeed, friend,' replied he, 'I do not think it at all improbable, if the Philistine's head was as *soft as thine.*'

A raw Irishman, just over, went into a restaurant, and was asked by the waiter what he would have? 'Why, wittles to ate, ov coorse, was the reply. A plate of hash was placed before him. 'Fat's that?' demanded Mickey. 'That's wittles,' was the answer. Mickey eyed the compound suspiciously for some time, and finally exclaimed—"Be jabers, the man that chew'd that can ATE it!"

WALKING ON ALL FOURS.—A singular match against time came off recently at North Parma, N. York. One Hezekiah Billings made a wager of $10 00 that he could walk two miles and a quarter, on all-fours, in two hours and a half, the condition of the bet being that he must not straighten up till it was accomplished He won the money by doing it in 2 hours and 6 minutes.

CUFFY said he'd rather die in a railroad smash up than a steamboat burst-up, for this reason:

"If you gits off and smashed up; dar you is, but if you gits blowed up on the boat, whar is you?"

Pay the Printer.

Farmer Smith and Ma'am Jones.

Widower Smith's wagon stopped one morning before Widow Jones door and he gave the usual country signal, that he wanted to see somebody in the house by dropping the reins, and sitting double, with his elbow on his knees. Out tripped the widow, lively as a cricket, with a tremendous black ribbon on her snow white cap. Good-morning was soon said on both sides, and the widow waited for what was further to be said,

'Well, Ma'am Jones perhaps you don't want to sell one of your cows, no how, for nothing any way do you?'

'Well, there, Mr. Smith you couldn't have spoke my mind better. A poor lone woman like me, doesn't know what to do with so many creatures, and I should be glad to trade, if we can fix it.

So they adjourned to the meadow Farmer Smith looked at Roan, then at the widow, at Brindle, then at the widow again, and through the whole forty. The same call was made every day for a week, but Farmer Smith could not decide which cow he wanted. At length, on Saturday, when the Widow Jones was in a hurry to get through with her baking for Sunday, and had ever so much to do in the house as all farmers wives and widows have on Saturday, she was a little impatient—Farmer Smith was as irresolute as ever.

'That ere Downing cow is a pretty fair creature,' but he stopped to glance at the widow's face, and then walked round her—not the widow, but the cow.

That ear short horn Durham is not a bad looking beast, but I don't know—a notion look at the widow

'The Downing cow I knew before the late Mr Jones bought her.' Here he did not like the allusion to the late Mr. Jones, she sighed and both looked at each other it was a highly interesting moment

'Old Roan is an old milch, and so is Brindle but I have known better.' A long stare followed this speech, and the pause was getting awkward, and last Mrs Jones broke out;

'Lor Mr. Smith, if *I'm* the one you want *do say so!*'

The intentions of Widower Smith and the Widow Jones were duly published the next day, as is the law and custom in Massachusetts, and as soon as they were published, they were married.

Rules on Health

Never hang yourself out of an open window when you go to bed at night

In cold weather always wear thick, warm clothing about your body If you haven't got money enough to buy it, attend an extinguishable conflagrations in the vicinity of a first-class clothing shop.

If you are quite a small baby be careful that there are no pins in your clothes, and always take a drink of milk-punch out of a bottle with a little gum thing on the nozzle before you get into your cradle.

In eating raw oysters always peel the shells off before swallowing. The shells are indigestible and very apt to lie on the stomach.

Abstain entirely from alcoholic drinks.—The best way to do this is not to drink any alcohol.

Never travel on the railroad trains. Many persons have died quite unexpecedly by this imprudence.

Always come in when it rains. If a rattlesnake bites you in the leg cut it off, unless you wear false calves or a wooden leg, in that case just untie it and take it off.

I don't say that those who follow these instructions will never die and let their friends enjoy a ride to the cemetery, but they won't get choked off in the bloom of their youth and beauty.

"There is this difference," says a recent Scotch writer, "between doctors and lawyers: The more lawyers there are the longer the cases continue while the more doctors there are the less chance there is for the patient to last. The first lead you from one judgment to another; the latter send you double-quick to your final judgement."

'Have you a fellow feeling in your bosom for the poor woman of Utah' asked a speaker of the sister of Mrs. Partington.

'Get out,' you insulting rascal, said she, I'll have you know I don't allow fellows to be feeling in my bosom.'

GOING ON.—Seeing a great crowd gathered in the street, a gentlemen meeting a boy said to him:—

'Is there any thing goin' on?'

'Yes, sir,' was the ready reply 'There's two things going on, you're goin' on, and I m goin' on.'

'Papa, please buy me a muff when you go to Boston,' said little three year old Ruth, Her sister Minie, hearing said:

'You are too little to have a muff.'

'Am I too little to be *cold*' rejoined the indignant little Ruth

Cultivate impudence—it is a good substitute for bravery—only be a little keerful to pick your customers when you try it on—*Billings.*

Why are young ladies like arrows? Because they never go off without a bow (beau) and they are always in a quiver till they get one.

What style of hat is the easiest to wear? That which is not felt.

Some men are great by chance, but a thundering sight more are mean from choice

He who in this world would thrive,
Must take the RECORD and advertise.