

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

\$2.00 Per Year

VOLUME XXI.

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY, 10 1868.

NUMBER 27

FOR PURE DRUGS

AND

MEDICINES,

AND

OILS

AND

PAINTS,

AND

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 Paper Smell, Candles, Nuts, Cheese, Minnemon, Peppermint, Baking Soda, Ginger, Baking Soda, Stone and Stone Blacking, Essence of Coffee, Paper Col- lars and Collar, Supper, Hose, Paper, Ink and Steel pens.

THE METALIC SHOE SOLE.

Soaps, Lilly White, Hair Oil, Perfumery, Matches, Kerosene, &c. &c. Government Blankets, Also Gun 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 County will find a large and well selected stock of first class goods at as low figures as can be sold in the county.

Sept. 20 1867.

PAIN'S FOR FARMERS and others.—The Great Mineral Paint Co. are now manufacturing the Best, Cheapest, and most Durable Paint in use; two coats will 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 Wooden-ware, Agricultural Implements, Canal Boats, Trunks, and Ship's Bottoms, Canvas, Metal and Shingle Roofs, (it being fire and Water proof), Flour Oil Cloths, (one Manufacturer having used 5000 lbs. the past year) and as a paint for any purpose is unsurpassed for beauty, durability, elasticity, and adhesion. Worked in all cases as above. Send for a circular which gives full particulars. None genuine unless branded in a trade mark Great Mineral Paint.

Address DANIEL BOWEN, 254 Pearl St. N. Y.

For sale at the Hardware store of GEISEL & RICHARD, 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. 6-6f. GEISEL, PRIOR & 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 is in town at the store of

J. HANCOCK, BEXLEY & CO

PRIME N. O. Molasses at the store of J. HANCOCK, BEXLEY & CO.

POETICAL.

THE VISION.

Dear voice, whose murmurs in mine ear,
In dreamy lapse I seem to hear;
Dear form, whose increscent grace,
Nor grief, nor time can ere efface.

Why, in this lonely still of night,
Retain ye thus to ear and sight,
As dear and fair as when I knew
Her presence and her love through you?

Say, what impels the yearning soul,
Exercising fancy's strong control,
These visions o'er youth to call
From passion's spring to sorrow's fall?

Why, in the dull decline of years,
When faded hopes are stained with tears,
When love, with many a wound, lies dead,
And reigns pale sadness in his stead.

Appear ye, like the pallid light,
That flares across the stormy night?
A moment seen, then lost, ye leave
My soul in deeper gloom to grieve!

And yet, again, I'd joyful greet
The moments of such visions sweet;
And drive with scorn the coward thought,
To fly all joys with sorrow fought.

Ah, could the dear delusion stay—
With forms of light in living day,
Such joy to mortal nature given,
Would banish eye all thought of heaven.

MISCELLANY.

THE MAIL ROBBER.

Fourteen years ago, I drove from Littleton, a distance of forty-two miles, and as I had to wait the arrival of two or three coaches, did not start until after dinner, so I very often had a good distance to drive after dark. It was in the dead of winter, and the season had been a tough one. A great deal of snow had fallen, and the drifts were plenty and deep. The mail that I carried was not due at Littleton, but the contract, until one o'clock in the morning, but that winter the postmaster was very often obliged to sit up a little later than that for me.

One day in January, when I drove up for my mail at Danbury, the postmaster called me into his office.

"Pete," said he, with an important, serious look, "there's some pretty heavy money packages in that bag," and he pointed to the bag as he spoke. He said the money was from Boston to some had agents up near the Canada line. Then he asked me if I'd got any passengers who were going through to Littleton. I told him I did not know, but "Supposed I haven't?" says I.

"Why," said he, the agent of the lower route come in to-day, and he says that there have been two suspicious characters on the stage that came up last night; and he suspects that they have an eye on this mail, so that it will stand you in hand to be a little careful."

He said the agent had described one of them as being a short, thick set fellow, about forty years of age, with long hair, and of thick heavy clump of beard under the chin, but none on the side of his face. He didn't know anything about the other. I told the old fellow I guessed there was not much danger.

"O, no, not if you have got passengers through, but I only told you this so you might look out for your mail, and look out for it when you change horses."

I answered that I should do so, and then took the bag under my arm and left the office. I stowed the mail under my seat a little more carefully than usual, placing it so that I could keep my feet against it; but beyond this I did not feel any concern. It was past one when I started, and I had four passengers, two of whom rode on to a first stopping place. I reached Gowen's Mills at dark, when we stopped for supper, and where my two passengers concluded to stop for the night.

About six o'clock in the evening I left Gowen's Mills alone, having two horses and an open wagon.

I had seventeen miles to go—and a hard seventeen it was too. The night was quite clear, but the wind was sharp and cold, the loose snow flying in all directions while the drifts were deep and closely packed.

It was slow, tedious work, and my horses soon became leg weary and restive. At the distance of six miles I came to a little settlement called Bull's Corner, where I took fresh horses. I'd been two hours going that distance. Just as I was going to start a man came up and asked me if I was going to Littleton. I told him I should go through if the thing could be done. He said he was very anxious to go, and as he had no baggage, I told him to jump in, and make himself as comfortable as possible. I was gathering up my lines when the hostler came up and asked me if I knew that one of my horses had cut himself badly? I jumped out and went with him, and found that one of the animals had got a deep cut on the off fore-foot. I gave such directions as I considered necessary, and was about to turn away, when the hostler remarked that he thought I came alone. I told him I did.

"Then where did you get that passenger?"

"He just got in," I answered.

"Got in from where?"

"I don't know."

"Well, now," said the hostler, "that's kind o' curious. There ain't no such a man been

at the house, and I know there ain't been none at any of the neighbors."

"Let's have a look at his face," said I.

"We can get that much at any rate. Do you go back with me, and when I get into the puge, just hold your lantern so that the light will shine into his face."

He did as I wished, and as I stepped into the puge I got a fair view of such portions of the passenger's face as were not muffled up. I saw a short, thick frame, full, hard features, and I could see that there was a heavy beard under his chin. I thought of the man whom the postmaster had described to me, but I didn't think seriously upon it until I had started. Perhaps I had got half a mile, when I noticed that the mail bag wasn't in its old place under my feet.

"Halloo!" said I, holding up my horse a little, "worked any mail?"

"My passenger sat on the seat behind me, and I turned towards him."

"Here is a bag of some kind slipped back under my feet," he said, giving it a kick, as though he'd shove it forward.

Just at that moment my horses lumbered into a deep snow-drift, and I was forced to get out and tread down the snow ahead of them, and lead them through it.

This took me all of fifteen minutes, and when I got in again I pulled the mail bag forward, and got my feet upon it. As I was doing this, I saw the man take something from his lap, beneath the buffalo robe and put it in his breast pocket. At this I thought to be a pistol. I had caught a gleam of the barrel in the starlight, and when I had time to reflect, I knew I could not be mistaken.

About this time I began to think somewhat seriously. From what I had heard and seen, I soon made up my mind that the individual behind me not only meant to rob the mail, but he was prepared to rob me of my life. If I resisted him he would shoot me, and perhaps he meant to perform that delicate job at any rate. While I was pondering, the horses fell into another deep snow drift, and I was again forced to get out and tread down the snow before them. I asked my passenger if he would help me, but he said he did not feel very well, and wouldn't try so I worked alone, and was all of a quarter of an hour getting my team all through the drifts. When I got into the sleigh again I began to feel for the mail bag with my feet, and found it where I had left it, but when I attempted to withdraw my foot I discovered that it had become entangled in something—though it the buffalo, and tried to kick it clear, but the more I kicked the more closely was it held. I reached down my hand, and after feeling about a few moments, I found that my foot was in the mail bag! I felt again, and found my hand in among the packages of letters and papers! I ran my fingers over the edges of the opening and became assured that the stout leather had been cut with a knife.

Here was a discovery. I began to wish I had taken a little more forethought before leaving Danbury, but as I knew that such wishes were only a waste of time, I quickly gave it up, and began to consider what I had best do under the existing circumstances. I wasn't long in making up my mind upon a few essential points:—First, the man behind me was a villain; second, he had cut open the mail bag, and robbed it of some valuable matter—he must have known the money letters by their size and shape, third, he meant to leave the stage on the first opportunity; and fourthly, he was prepared to shoot me if I attempted to arrest or detain him.

I resolved these things over in my mind and pretty soon I thought of a course to pursue. I knew that to get my hands safely upon the mail, I must take him unawares, and this I could not do while he was behind me—for his eyes were upon me all the time—so I must resort to stratagem. Only a little distance ahead of us was a house. An old farmer named Lougee lived there, and directly in front of it was a huge snow bank, stretched across the road, through which a track for wagons had been cleared with shovels.

As we approached the cut I saw a light in the front room, as I felt confident I should, for the old man generally sat up until the stove went by. I drove on, and when nearly opposite the dwelling, stood up, as I had frequently done when approaching difficult places. I saw the snow-bank ahead, and could distinguish the cut which had been shoveled through it. I urged my horses to a good speed and when near the bank forced them into it.

One of the runners mounted the edge of the bank, after which the other ran into the cut, thus throwing the sleigh as quick as though lightning had struck it. My passenger had not calculated on any such movement, and wasn't prepared for it, but I had calculated and was prepared. He rolled out into the deep snow with a heavy buffalo robe about him, while I lighted on my feet directly in front of him. I plunged his head in the snow, and then sang out for Lougee. I did not have to call a second time, for the farmer had come to the window to see me pass, and as soon as he saw my sleigh overturned, he had lighted his lantern and hurried out.

"What's to pay," asked the old man, as he hurried out.

"Load the horses into the track, and then come here," said I.

As I spoke I partially loosened my hold upon the villain's throat, and he drew a pistol from his bosom, but I saw it in season, and jammed his head into the snow again, and got the weapon away from him. By this time Lougee had led his horses out and come back, and I explained the matter in as few words as possible. We hauled the rascal out into the road, and upon examination, we found about twenty packages of letters which he had stolen from the mail bag and stowed away in his pockets. He swore, and threatened and prayed; but we paid no attention

to his blarney. Lougee got some stout cord, and when we had securely bound the villain, we tumbled him into the puge. I asked the old man if he would accompany me to Littleton, and he said "of course." So he got his overcoat and muffler, and ere long we started.

I reached the end of the route with my mail all safe, though not as snug as it might have been, and my mail bag a little worse for the game he had played upon it. However the mail robber was secure, and within a week was identified by some officers from Concord as an old offender; and I'm rather inclined to the opinion that he's in the State prison at the present moment. At any rate, he was there the last I heard of him.

That's the only time I ever had any mail troubled; and I think that under all circumstances I came off pretty well.

Eloquent Passage.

For the greatest human intellects there is no exception to the common doom. I have sometimes thought how sublime must have been the emotions of that man whose privilege it was to stand by the coffin of Shakespeare and gaze on the sweet and noble face, when death has called out all the strange beauty which never lives there. It was worth a lifetime to have stood there one minute, to have laid your hand on that broad brow, and started at the cold chill, and so pause to have called up in memory all the magnificent creation of his genius, and worshipped him there in the silence and the gloom.

But he is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

So they all go. Man dies, but nature is eternal. The seasons keep their appointed time; day returns with its golden splendor, and night with its eloquent mystery. The same stars which lit the ghastly battle-field of Troy, rough with the dead bodies of ancient heroes—which shone on the marble streets of imperial Rome, and on the sad eyes of vigil sleepers in the living glow of inspiration—the watch-fires of the angels which, through centuries of devastation and change, have still burned on unceasingly—speak to us as they did to Dante, Shakespeare and Milton of the divine glory, the omnipotence, the everlasting love and beauty of God.

THE BIRTH PLACE OF GENIUS.—It is one of the mysteries of life that genius, that noble gift of God to man, is nourished in poverty. Its greatest works have been achieved by the sorrowing ones of the world in tears and despair. Not in the brilliant saloon, furnished with every comfort and elegance—not in the library, well fitted, softly carpeted, and looking out upon a smooth green lawn or a broad expanse of scenery—not in ease and competence is genius born and nurtured, but more frequently in adversity and destitution, amidst the harassing cares of a straitened household, in bare and flowerless garrets, with the noise of squalid children, in the midst of the turbulence of domestic contentions, and in the deep gloom of uncheered despair is genius born and reared. This is its birth place, and in scenes like these, unpropitious, repulsive, wretched, have men labored, studied, and trained themselves, until they have at last emanated out of the gloom of that obscurity, the shining lights of their times—become the companions of Kings, the guides and teachers of their kind, and exercised an influence upon the thought of the world, amounting to a species of intellectual legislation.

OUR LOST YOUTH.—How often, amid the turmoil of busy life, come, like the balmy breath from some fairy land, the enchanting visions of our youthful days; the days when our hearts knew nothing of the wounds of slighted friendship or betrayed trust, and when all the earth seemed perfection, unmarred by blemish.—Truly, childhood is the Eden of life, the sunny verdurous Paradise among lovely bowers, blowing none but the most subtle and enrapturing breezes; full of bright flowers, blissful hopes, and pure desires, and which no reality of mature life can quell.

Say not, O world, there is no joy in dreaming; no pleasure in recalling the past to view, while threading the tortuous windings of the world's ways. The days gone by—the days when buoyant youth crowned our brows and laughed in our radiant eyes, and the earth seemed free from sin—are these nothing? Maturity may bring position wider experience and thorough knowledge; but of all these, all the rich inheritance of age and wisdom, cannot compare with the innocent care-free hours, so fleet-winged and sunny, of the early days gone by. Bright crown of perpetual youth you will never be done! till the pearly gates are entered in and changing mortality gives way to eternal life.—Ez.

GIVING.—I have been young, and now I am old and as I stand before God to-night I declare that nothing I have ever given in charity is regretted. O no! it is the richest we seek that perish, that which is given away abides with us forever, it impresses itself on our character, and calls on our eternal destiny; for the habit of charity for this life will accompany us to the next. The bud which begins to open here will blossom in full expansion hereafter, to delight the eyes of angels and beautify the paradise of God. Let us, then, now and on every occasion hereafter, practice that liberality which in death we shall approve, and reprobate the parsimony which we shall then condemn.

The aim of an honest man's life is not the happiness which serves only himself, but the virtue which is useful to others.

This line fills this column.

CARRIER'S ADDRESS.

Hearken ye good gentle folks to my sad tale,
For some folk they say that the banks will all fail,
And the country will be ruined for the want of gold,
For the broken they have none, they say it is cold.

But do not be alarmed at so whimsical a smack,
For we know Uncle Sam has plenty green backs
He has gold and silver in abundance in sacks,
So quiet your fears for nothing yet lack.

They say that the colored folks are kicking up high
The white gentlemen are turning up the white of
The eye,

For fear that the voting will all be done by the blacks
And elect the best men in the whole universe:

Great times are expected in the coming New Year
A President is to be elected and it makes some men
Fear,

They say that the candidate must not be fond of
Beer,

And then when he's elected they will give him three
Cheers.

Old Andy will be out and of course must stand back,
And if sober enough he may take some old back,
For the White House must be emptied of such vile
Trash,

And he may go with old Jeff, and make a grand
Smash.

What more shall I say of the happy New Year,
Many will be married and cast off all fear,
And many will die and leave loved ones alone
Who look forward and upward to Heaven's blessed
Throne.

Forewell to the old Year it is gone—so good by—
But traces of its sorrows are still very nigh,
Affliction and pain have caused many a sigh,
And the tear of lamentation has scarce left the eye.

Come let us cheer up and cast trouble aside,
And take life as it comes—whatever betide.

Be joyful and happy, whether married or single,
For when there is snow we will hear the bells
Jingle.

And now my dear friends whom I served all the
Year,

In the heat and the cold, which pinches the ear,
Will you please and remember the printer Boy's
Share,

New boots and new cloths you know are very dear.

So please open your purses and out with your
Gimes.

For so I use to be way back n often times.
A happy New Year to you all, forget not these lines,
And subscribe for the access to improve your minds.

Three Things a Woman Can't Do.

Three things a woman can't do. First, she can't sharpen a lead pencil—give her one and she'll sharpen it. Mark how jingly she backs a way every particle of gold around the lead, leaving an unsupported spike of the latter, which breaks immediately when used. You can almost forgive the male creature his compassionate contempt as chucking her under the chin, he twitches it from her awkward little paw, and rounds and tapers it in the most ravishing manner for durable use. I wish to hear no more on that point, because when I once make up my mind, "all the king's men can't change it."

Well, then, secondly—A woman can't do up a bundle. She takes a whole newspaper to do up a paper of pins, and a coil rope to tie it, and it will come undone at that. When I go shopping, which it is sometimes my hard lot to do, I look on with the fascinated gaze of a bird in the neighborhood of a magnetic serpent to watch clerks do up bundles—how the paper falls just in the right creases;—how drolly they turn it over, and tuck it under, and tie it up, and then throw it down on the counter, as they had done the most common thing in the world, instead of a deed which might, and in faith does, task the ingenuity of "angels." It is perfectly astonishing.

Thirdly—I may allude to the fact that a woman cannot carry an umbrella, or rather to a very peculiar manner in which they perform that duty; but I won't. I scorn to turn traitor to a sex who, whatever may be their faults, are always loyal to each other. So I shall not say as I might have otherwise said that when they untie the parachute alluded to, they put it down over their noses, take the middle of the sidewalk, raking men's hats and women's bonnets as they go, and walking right into the breakfast of a weight, with the disregard of consequent gasp, which to be understood is to be felt, as the offender corks up one corner of her parachute and looks defiantly at the victim who has the effrontery to come into the world and hazard the whalobone and handle of her "umbrella!" No, I won't speak as anything of the kind; besides, has not a celebrated writer remarked that when "dear woman's" is crossed, it is only because she is sick? Let us hope he is right. We all know that it is not the cause of man's crossness. Give him a favorite dish and you may dine off him after ward—if you want to.

GOLDEN RULES.—Remember the golden rule: Do unto others as you would they should do unto you.

Between virtue and vice there is no middle path.

He who rises late never does a good day's work.

Defier not till to-morrow what should be done to-day.

Be not fond of change; gather a rolling stone gathers no moss.

A contented mind is a continual feast.

Waste not—want not. Willful waste makes want.

Take not even a pin that is not your own.

A civil word is as soon spoken as a rude one.

For Firs—Consult the tailor.

A Difficult Irishman.

An Irishman in a widess-box is proverbially a difficult subject. That others have found Patrick a slippery cote to chase, appears from the following anecdote:

The captain of a steambot, seeing an Irishman smoking away about the funnel, stepped up to him and said—

"Don't you see the notice stuck up there?"

"D'ye mane that lit o' painted tin?"

"To be sure I do."

"Shure I say it."

"Why don't you follow it?"

"I haven't sayn it move; it's nailed fast, I'm considerin'."

"I mean, haven't you read that notice?"

"Divil a bit shure I don't know how to read."

"Well, it says: 'no smoking allowed here!'"

"Be the power! it doesn't covars me a mite, this, for I never smoked 'toud in my life!"

A FAIR FLING AT HIM.—A teacher in a neighboring Sunday school was examining a class of little boys from a Scripture catechism.

The first question was—"Who stoned Stephen?"

Answer—"The Jews."

Second question—"Where did they stone him?"

Answer—"Beyond the limits of the city."

The third question—"Why did they take him to the limits of the city?" was not in the book, and proved a poser to the whole class; it passed from head to foot without an answer being attempted.

At length a little fellow, who had been scratching his head all the while, looked up and said:

"Well, I don't know, unless it was to get a fair fling at him?"

A railroad engineer at Harrisburg, having been discharged, applied to be reinstated.

"You were dismissed," said the superintendent, "for letting your train come twice into collision."

"The very reason," said the other party, "interrupting him, 'why I ask it to be reinstated.'"

"How so?"

"Why, sir, if I had any doubt before as to whether two trains can pass each other on the same track, I am now entirely satisfied; I have tried it twice, sir, and it can't be done, and I am not likely to try it again."

He regained the situation.

"Would you believe it, aunt?" exclaimed a pale-faced young lady of the "upper ten," "would you believe it? Uncle Solomon, here tells me that the ladies out west actually speak to the trallesses and retail stores keepers! They must be sadly in want of society, mustn't they?"

"Humph! yes," responded Uncle Solomon; "they are as badly off for society, my dear, as your father was when he pulled radishes and asparagus for a living, and your mother sold them in the old City Market—hal hal society, hump!"

Miss Polly Dolly Adeline fainted and her aunt was visible in the next room.

A little fellow, some four or five years old, who had never seen a negro, was perplexed one day when he came by where he and his father were. The youngster eyed the darky suspiciously till he had passed, and then asked his father:

"Pa, who painted that man all black so?"

"God did my son," replied his father.

"Well," said the little one, still looking after the negro, "I shouldn't 'a thought he'd a held still!"

"When I goes a shoppin', said an old lady, 'I allers ask for what I wants, and it they have it, and it's suitable, and I feel inclined to buy it, and it's cheap, and can't be got for less, I most allers takes it, with out humpin' about it all day, as soine people do."

He that hath a trade, hath an estate, and he that hath a calling, hath an office of profit and honor, but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes.

A person asked Patrick Miquire if he knew Mr. Tim Duffy. "Know him!" said Pat, "why he's a very near relation of mine. He once proposed to marry my sister."

"Capital weather, Mr. Jones, capital weather. My wile's got such a bad cold she can't speak. I like such weather."

Prentice thanks an accomplished South-country lady for a dozen apples from the tree Jeff Davis was not hanged on.

Some one says the best way for a man to train up a child in the way it should go, is to travel that way occasionally himself.

The most reluctant slave to vice that we ever saw was a poor fellow who had his fingers in one.

A Jewish proverb says, "Commit a sin twice and you will think it perfectly allowable."

WOMAN.—She spoiled us with an apple, but atoned for the wrong by forming a pair.

How do you define "black as your hat?"

Darkness that may be felt.

At what season did Eve eat the apple?

Early in the "fall."

A bad beginning—the end of the marriage service.