VILLAGE RECORD.

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

VOLUME XXI. | WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 21, 1868. | NUMBER 33

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.

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 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

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.

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.

THE largest assortment of CARPETS in town at the store of

ARMSTRONG, BENEDICT & Co.

PRIME N. O. Molasses at the store of

ARMSTRONG, BENEDICT & Co.

10 BALES Seamless Grain Bags in store and for sale cheap by

WALKER, NILI & Co

Hagerstown.

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

DECHERT,

POETICAL.

THE FLAG OF WASHINGTON!

[From the Tribune.]

Dear banner of my native land! ye gleaming, silver stars,
Broad spotless ground of purity, crossed with your azure bars—
Clasp'd by the hero-father's hand—watched over in his might,
Through battle hour and day of peace, bright morn and moonless night,
Because, within your clustering folds, he knew you surely bore
Dear Freedom's hope for human souls to every sea and shore!
Oh precious Flag! beneath whose folds such noble deeds are done—
The dear old Flag! the starry Flag! the Flag of Washington!
Unfurl, bright stripes—shine forth clear stars—swing outward to the breeze:—
Go bear your message to the wilds—go tell it on the seas,
That poor men sit within your shade, and rich men in their pride—
That beggar boys and statesmen's sons walk 'neath you, side by side:
You guard the school-house on the green, the church upon the hill,
And fold your precious blessings 'round the cabin on the rill,
While weary hearts from every land beneath the shining sun
Find work, and rest, and home, beneath the Flag of Washington.
And never, never on the earth, however brave they be,
Shall friends or foes bear down this great, proud standard of the Free,
Though they around its staff may pour red blood in rushing waves,
And build beneath its starry folds great pyramids of graves;
For God looks out, with sleepless eye, upon His children's deeds,
And sees, through all their good and ill, their sufferings and their needs;
And He will watch, and He will keep, 'till human rights have won
The dear old Flag! the starry Flag! the Flag of Washington!

F. W. GILLETT.

[For the VILLAGE RECORD.

THE BATTLE OF WILSON'S CREEK.

BY V. R.

'Twas on the banks of Wilson Creek where
Our gallant heroes fearless stood,
And bravely fought for freedom there
But lost treasures of noble blood;

Who would dare to assail these freemen,
All crowned with glory and honor they stand,
With freedom's bright armor girded around them
To defend their home and dear native land.

There with brave hearts they await the danger,
With sinew strong and soldiers true,
And liberty shewn by their emblem
Of red, white, and blue.

Aye, 'twas the traitor's treacherous plan,
Who without cause their Nation deride,
With numerous hosts they fiercely assailed them
'Till their brave, gallant leader fell at their side.

When the battle raged with terrific fury,
When our heroes fall from their murderous gun
They call to their chieftain, come lead us to glory,
Lead us to charge them and the battle is won.

With a proud spirit he starts forward to meet them,
When amidst peril and strife, onward cried he;
With sabers drawn all ready to defeat them
Boldly rushed forth the sons of liberty.

But 'twas the last charge he led on the foemen,
Ere they returned with victory's crown,
Laid their gallant leader dead on the bosom of freedom
Pierced by the ball of a traiter he fell to the ground.

Who mourns not the loss of brave gallant Lyon,
While fighting for the freedom of others he fell,
And for freedom lay bleeding and dying,
And for his country bade the world farewell.

Yes every true lover of the soil of Columbia
Will ever lament one so gallant and brave,
And to his memory erect emblems of glory
To that true patriot who lies in the grave.

MISCELLANY.

SHUTTING HIM UP.—We once had an acquaintance who was forever pestering somebody with conundrums Indeed, his mind seemed to settle upon no other topic, go where he would—the everlasting 'Why is,' was ever the uppermost thought of his day dreams or night slumbers Going into a church of a Sunday, he took a seat under the 'droppings of the sanctuary' and braced himself to the task of listening. He sat quietly for a time, and after a little went off into the land of dreams. Presently the minister had occasion to utter the scriptural passage. 'How are the mighty fallen?' and to make it emphatic, repeated the sentence in loud and distinct tones. Where-upon the slumberer opened his eyes, and looking up inquiringly to the preacher replied, in the meekest possible tone of voice, 'I give it up!'

[Written for the RECORD.]

THE CAPTAIN'S BRIDE.

BY S. T. Y.

'I wonder what can detain him,' exclaimed Carrie Weston, as she stood in her little parlor, absorbed in sad and dreary thoughts; 'two weeks ago to-day he should have returned, and yet I mourn his absence without a word of intelligence from him; certainly he might have been here ere now had he made the proper endeavors,' and thus saying Carrie sank into a chair and wept bitterly.—'But why should I censure him?' continued Carrie sadly; 'he has always been loving, kind, and attentive to me, he always tried to make my life happy; and a truer man than Walter Weston this sinful world does not contain; oh sinful, erring woman that I am, thus to heap unmerited censure upon him; oh Walter! my own dear husband, how I sigh for thy return! Holy mother of Jesus preserve him and restore him again to the arms of his devoted wife' And Carrie gave way to her feelings in a flood of tears which flowed profusely down her cheeks. Carrie Weston, a darkeyed beauty of nineteen, had only assumed the latter name by marriage with Walter Weston about five months since. Walter was a tall, well-formed man of twenty-three; and, although he had spent the early part of his life in mercantile pursuits in Boston, he had passed the three last years of it at sea; and had lately come in possession of the large ship 'Arcadia' of which he was Captain at the date of his marriage—Carrie's marriage with Walter Weston was the result of quite a limited acquaintance, but Carrie had every reason to believe that her choice was not amiss, for Walter, unlike most persons who 'go down to the sea in ships,' was a noble man, and possessed a true and kind heart; he loved Carrie with the most ardent devotion, and his love having been met with a fond return, two loving true hearts had thus been joined in one, and a worthy couple looked forward to a life of happiness and love which only death might terminate. Carrie, fearing that amid the toils and dangers of a sailors life some accident might happen her Walter, entreated him to dispose of his ship and engage in mercantile pursuits; Walter, having no particular love for the sea; and not wishing to be absent from his young wife, was quite easily persuaded, and had made up his mind to do as Carrie wished after he had made one more voyage to New Orleans, at which place his personal attention was demanded by some important business matters. Carrie, between her selfish love for Walter, and fear of something happening him, was not even willing for him to go one voyage; but after some persuasion on the part of her husband she consented for him to go. Only the short space of two months had passed since Walter and Carrie had been married, and the time for Walter's departure was near at hand, they had been passing happy since their marriage, and neither of them had had the least cause of regret having taken that step; and they found it quite hard to part, even for a short time; particularly was this true of the fair Carrie who was extremely sad to part with her loving husband whom she loved more than life 'Tis time I was on board, my love' exclaimed Walter rather sadly as he entered the apartment where Carrie reposed on a sofa weeping bitterly; 'Yes darling, but how—oh how can I part with you?' Walter's strong heart was almost melted at this question 'My loving wife, we shall meet ere long again and that to part no more till death shall part us'

'God grant it so' replied Carrie more composed; and Walter folded her gently to his heart, and pressed upon her rosy lip a parting kiss, and after bidding her a loving fare well, he was soon on board of the 'Arcadia.' Carrie, having a fair view of the harbor, carefully watched the departing vessel until it was lost in the distance, and then entering her little *boudior* she shed a few tears, and commending him to the vigilant care of the holy saints she endeavored to forget her sorrow and make herself happy. Captain Weston had fair weather and consequently a pleasant voyage and the 'Arcadia' made her way into New Orleans all sound, in good time. The Captain soon transacted his business and being all ready he set sail again for Boston, but unfortunately the 'Arcadia' never entered the Boston harbor again, having encountered a storm at sea, the ship was driven against a rock and dashed to pieces; and the crew thrown upon the vast deep, might be seen clinging to pieces of the wreck, struggling between life and death. Captain Weston clung to a large piece of timber and survived long enough to have the good fortune of being picked up by a British steamer and carried to Liverpool. Walter now found himself in a strange city—in a strange country—and reduced almost to poverty. He now determined to remain in Liverpool for several months, and endeavor to rebuild his fortunes by earnest application to business, or at least to obtain a new start in the world, on a basis more reliable than the Ocean.—In this intention he at once wrote a letter to Carrie and told her of the sad misfortune, and of his timely rescue from a watery grave, and also of his intention to remain in England for some time, promising to be with her in a few months. Walter now connected himself with a large mercantile house and realized a handsome salary, and he *yet* looked forward to a happy future with his dear Carrie.

But let us return to Boston and see how Carrie does in the protracted absence of her husband. We enter her little parlor just in time to witness the sad scene presented in the first part of our story. A few days glide by and the sad news of the wreck of the 'Arcadia' are circulated by the press; and what is worst, only one man is known to be saved, viz. 'George Preston of New York, who was picked up by a New York steamer.' We will not pain the reader with a rehearsal of the fair Carrie's sufferings when she received this sad intelligence; but it may be necessary to say that her young heart was almost crushed with grief, too much for one so young to bear. Days and weeks passed sadly on, but, cruel voyagers, they brought no news to lighten the sad countenance of our heroine, and the 'red and white which cunning nature had so beautifully blended in her cheeks,' were losing their brightness from very grief. Carrie had now no alternative but to believe that Walter was drowned and interred in the deep

Now all that she loved was gone; her happiness in the past, her hopes in the future; all—all gone, and now the world was to her nothing, and nothing in it could serve to make her happy. Having given up all hopes of ever seeing her husband again, she finally accepted a home with a kind uncle in New York City; and bidding farewell to Boston—the scene of her marriage—her former happiness—her present grief; she arrived in the metropolis about six months after her marriage.

Her friends were very kind to the afflicted Carrie and gave her every thing they could to make her happy; but with all their kindness Carrie still suffered from the loss which she sustained in being separated from her husband; the world now seemed to her a blank with nothing in it worth living for; and her life was one of sadness and gloom.

Every thing gay was alike distasteful to her, and the many who sought her society were equally unsuccessful, for she wished now to make her life one of seclusion. Let us now leave Carrie with kind friends, hoping that time will heal her wounded heart, and wear away her grief; and finally afford her such happiness and felicity as will more than compensate for her present grief.

'I wonder why she does not write" exclaimed Walter Weston as he sat in the counting room, of a large mercantile house in Liverpool engaged in sad thoughts, about two months after his arrival in that city.—'Perhaps she did not get my letters, and thinks that I am dead,' continued Walter thoughtfully; 'at all events my mind is made, and I will embark for Boston on the next departing vessel. I cannot live thus separated from her; oh Carrie, my darling, how can I live without thee! Holy virgin preserve her until we meet again.' We next find Walter walking impatiently toward his former home in Boston, he arrives at the house but his 'rap' is answered by a stranger.—'Where is Mrs. Weston?' inquired Walter surprised. 'I know no one of that name' answered the strange lady 'What can have become of her' thought Walter, sadly. 'I will make inquiry concerning her,' continued Walter as he walked hastily away from his former home. Walter made inquiries and finally inserted 'personals' in the principal dailies, but all efforts to find her proved alike fruitless, and Walter was compelled to give up the search in despair. Walter was now as sad and hopeless as his loving wife.—Oh cruel Fortune thus to hold separated such loving hearts, and deny them that which alone can make them happy.

Walter had not remained in Boston more than three weeks, when he came in possession of a large sum of money left him by a dying relative. He now determined to leave the scene of his past happiness, his present trouble, and again cross the Ocean, and establish himself in business in Liverpool. He left on the first ship, and arriving in Liverpool he was not long in connecting himself with an active mercantile house with fair prospects. His life here was not one of happiness, for he could not but think of the fair Carrie whom he never expected to see again.

Three years had passed and Walter was still at the business in which he had engaged when he arrived in the city. To Walter they had been years of unprecedented success and prosperity; and his accumulations were much larger than he had ever *hoped* they would be

Walter now concluded to retire from business and return to the United States to spend the remainder of his life. In this intention he disposed of his interest in the business for the neat sum of £15000. We next find him at his hotel in New York, carefully scanning the pages of a late copy of the *Herald*. 'What can this mean' exclaimed Walter in surprise as the following advertisement caught his eye: Wanted, by a young woman, a situation as governess in a respectable family in this city; call or address: Carrie Weston, 128 Gibson street.'—A strange feeling came over Walter as he perused the above. 'Can it possibly be *my* Carrie? Oh Heaven smile upon me and grant me to realize this blessed hope! Dearest Carrie could I but look upon thy sweet face again and call thee mine, my troubles would then have an end, and in their end would date a happy future. I can but fail being met by bitter disappointment; whose alternative must prove to me the sweetest pleasure, thus in dread fear, mingled with sweet hope, I go to realize the greatest pleasure, or to experience the saddest disappointment,' and so saying Walter walked hurriedly toward the house referred to in the advertisement, and ere long he stood before the door numbered '128.' He ascended the marble steps and tremblingly pulled the door bell. 'Can I see Mrs. Weston?' inquired Walter as a servant appeared at the door.—'Yes, sir; walk in' answered the girl, at the same time conducting him to the parlor, which being done she disappeared to summon Carrie. Restless between fear and hope Walter sat down and awaited her coming—A familiar footstep was ere long heard in the hall, and Carrie entered.

'My own dearest Carrie,' exclaimed Walter passionately as she fainted in his arms.—Carrie being restored to consciousness the remainder of the evening was devoted to the rehearsal of the past and we may better imagine than describe the happiness of this loving couple who after years of bitter separation were thus happily reunited to spend the remainder of their days in such perfect happiness as must more than compensate for their past reverses.

Proverbs.

A doctor and a clown know more than a doctor alone.

A great deal of pride obscures or blemishes a thousand good qualities.

An idle man is a bolster for the devil.

A good lawyer is a bad neighbor.

Another man's bread cost very dear.

A civil answer to a rude speech costs not much, and is worth a great deal.

A wise man does that at first which a fool must do at last.

A sluggard takes a hundred steps, because he would not take one in due time.

A fair promise catches the fool.

Avoid carefully the first ill or mischief, for that will breed a hundred more.

A wise man never sets his heart upon that which he cannot have.

A little wit will serve a fortunate man.

A man never losses by doing good office to others.

A worldly joy is but a short-lived dream

A considering, careful man is half a conjuror.

A man would not be alone even in paradise.

A mighty hope is a mighty cheat.

A man cannot leave his experience or wisdom to his heirs.

A fool will be always talking right or wrong.

As soon as ever God hath a church built for Him the devil gets a tabernacle for himself.

Abate two-thirds of all the reports you hear.

A beautiful face is a pleasing traitor.

An honest man hath half as much more brains as he needs, a knave hath not half enough.

APPEARANCE AFTER DEATH.—When the coffin containing the body of Burns was opened, in 1815 there lay the body of the great poet, to appearance, nearly entire, and retaining various traces of vitality, or rather exhibiting the features of one who had but recently sunk into the sleep of death—the lordly forehead, arched and high, and the teeth perfectly firm and white. The scene was so imposing that most of the workmen stood bare and uncovered, as did Dr Gregory at the exhumation of the hero of Bannockburn, and at the same time felt their frames thrilling with some undefinable emotion, as wide as the world itself. But the effect was momentary; for, when they proceeded to insert a shell or case below the coffin, the head seperated from the trunk, and the whole body with the exception of the bones, crumbled into dust. Lord Neugent, on opening the coffin containing the body of John Hampdon, found it perfect after a burial of two hundred years, even his features were preserved. When the body of Gen Wayne, which had been buried at Erie, Pa, in 1797, was disintered forty years afterwards, the corpse had undergone so very little change as to be readily recognized by those who were familiar with the general in his life time. Its perfect preservation was attributed to the character of the soil, in which was agillacious earth, strongly impregnated with alumine.

One of the remarkable circumstances attending the fortunes of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was the tranquility in which their after lives were passed, and the late period to which they were protracted. Most of them lived to a good old age, crowned with civil honors, bestowed by the gratitude of the republic, and some of them perished by the mere decay of the powers of nature. Of the fifty-six who affixed their signatures to that document, twenty seven lived to an age exceeding sixty. Only two of the whole number, Gwinnet, of Georgia, who fell in a duel in his 45th year, and Lynch, of South Carolina, who was ship wrecked in his 60th, died a violent death. Twenty-one lived to the beginning of the present century, and three were permitted to see the great experiment of a representative confederacy confirmed by the events of fifty years. Of all the delegates from New York and New England, only one, Whipple, of New Hampshire, died at earlier age than sixty. Never in the world had the leaders in any bold and grand political movement more reason to congratulate themselves and their country on its issue. The exertions and perils of their manhood were succeeded by a peaceful, honored, and ripe old age, in which they witnessed the happy result of the institutions they had aided in devising—and they were gathered to their graves amid the regrets of the generation which was in its cradle when they laid the foundations of the republic.

Dickens wrote: There is nothing no, nothing beautiful and good, that dies and is forgotten. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who love it, and play its part, though its body be burned to ashes or drowned in the deepest sea. There is not an angel added to the hosts of Heaven but does its blessed work on earth in those that loved it here. Dead! Oh if the good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful could even death appear; for how much charity, mercy and purified affection would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves!'

A letter has been safely delivered to the person to whom it was addressed in Iowa, which had besides the inscription, these words: 'There is a ten dollar bill folded in this letter, and if you want it any worse than my poor old mother does take it.'

If seven days will make one week, how many will make one s'ong?

BLESSED ARE PAYING SUBSCRIBERS—Blessed is the man who doth subscribe for his country paper and pays therefor. His feet shall not stand in slippery places; he shall not be forsaken by his friends, nor his children be seen begging.

Blessed is he that walketh to the office of the printer, even ascendeth to the sanctum; and payeth a years' subscription in advance.

He shall learn wisdom day by day and be exalted above his fellows.

He shall talk knowingly upon all subjects, and his neighbors shall be astonished at the muchness of his learning.

He shall not contract bed debts or loose good bargains.

He shall not pay an additional per cent on his taxes, for his eyes shall behold the notice of the collector, and he will take warning thereby

Verily, he shall bring his produce to the market when the prices are exceedingly good, and withhold when the prices descendeth.

His children shall not vex him, nor his wife wear the breeches

He shall live to a good old age, and when his hour is at hand, his soul shall not be troubled as to its future state.

But it were better for him that doth refuse to subscribe for his village paper that he had to be bound hand and foot and cast upon a feather bed.

If perchance he has a moment's peace, it is only that he may have a little rest, ere the memory of an evil hour lacerates his mind as the goad pricks the hide of a strong ox, so that his punishment may be long drawn out.

His children shall grow up in wickedness, they shall put their hands to their noses, and vex him to wrath, and his wife shall kick him out of bed.

PRACTICAL.—A newly-married couple were lately present at a revival meeting in Pennsylvania, and during the exercises the bride fainted Intense excitement followed, in the midst of which an old gentleman, noted for his antipathy to tight lacing general hardness of heart, and a bad habit of stuttering, cried out at the top of his voice to the distressed husband, who was holding his fainting wife in his arms:

'A a a ron, darn it, man, take out your knife and cut her laces!'

A general roar of laughter followed, even from the most sedate; but the new-made husband adopted the prescription on the instant, and with success.

An eminent philosopher has said that on earth the soul is always in search of rest. Almost all mankind are constantly catching at something more than they possess, and torment themselves in vain. Nor is our rest to be found amongst those enjoyments of the world, where all things are covered with a deluge of fluctuating, restless waters and the soul flying about, looking in vain for a place on which it may set its foot, most unhappily loses its time, its labor, and itself at last, like the birds in the days of the flood, which having long sought for land till their strength was quite exhausted fell down at last and perished in the waters.

A young lady at a fashionable dinner party pestered Dr. Johnson with a conundrum—a thing which the bluff old philosopher utterly detested. 'Why is the letter 'J' like the end of spring, doctor?' was the question, and of course the doctor couldn't tell. 'Because it's the beginning of June,' was the solution. 'Now, miss, will you tell me why the letter 'K' is like a pig's tail?' sternly asked the doctor. The young lady had to give it up 'Because it's the end of pork, miss.' The Doctor was bothered with no more conundrums.

'KEEP THE DOOR OF THY LIPS.'—Let parents read the following paragraph, and mark it well: 'Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images from all around it. Remember that a profane or impure thought, uttered by a parent's lip, may operate upon a young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust, which no after scouring can efface.'

Nobody is satisfied in this world. If a legacy is left a man, he regrets it is not larger. If he finds a sum of money, he searches the spot for more. If he is elected to some high office, he wishes a better one.—If he is rich and wants for nothing, he strives for more wealth. If he is a single man, he is looking out for a wife; and if married, for children. Men are never satisfied.

Among the obituary notices of an Ohio paper, we find the following: 'Mr. ——, of Malta township, aged 83, passed peacefully away on Tuesday evening last, from single blessedness to matrimonial bliss after a short but sudden attack by Mrs. ——, a blooming widow of 35

An Irishman, a short time in this country, was eating boiled green corn After eating off all the corn, he passed the cob back to the lady who sat at the head of the table, saying: 'Would you please to be so kind as to to put some more beans on the stick?'

Pleasant voices—the musical tones of the church bells, inviting the listener to come and hear the Word of God.

When do you see what is invisible? When you see how you feel.

What roof covers the most noisy tenant? The roof of the mouth.

A high rent—A hole in your hat.

The best thing out—An aching tooth.

The divine spark—A woman's first love.