

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

\$2.00 Per Year

VOLUME XXI.

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 12, 1868.

NUMBER 52

POETICAL.



UNFORGOTTEN.

BY LILA LINDENWOOD.

They tell, me, love, that years will come
Between thy memory and my heart,
That time will bring the healing balm,
And soothe at last the bitter smart.

But no—I would not have it so;
I never—never would forget;
The weary years may come and go,
They'll find thy memory dearer yet.

Alone—alone I still must be
In a gayest throng or crowded mart,
Unless a whisper comes from thee,
Thou dear lost idle of my heart.

Since thou art gone, my precious one,
The birds sing but a mournful tune,
The brightness from the sky has gone—
The fragrance from the breath of June.

The voice of rippling streamlets flow
In sadness to my ear is borne,
For these—the flowers—droop in woe,
For thee all nature seems to mourn.

Yet, darling, might the boon be given,
I could not call thee back to me,
Away from the pure clime of Heaven,
Back to earth's sin and misery.

I would not take thy harp of gold,
And give thee in its place earth's tears—
Nor for thy crown of joys untold,
Give thee a mortal's griefs and fears.

But I would have thee sometimes come,
When shadows thicken round my way,
And whisper of that better home,
With thee, in the bright realms of day.

And when this weary, aching heart
Feels its slow pulses throbbing low,
And near my feet, with joyful start,
I hear the sullen river's flow.

My angel daughter, be thou there
To meet me on earth's fading shore,
And guide to that land so fair,
Where sorrowing mortals weep no more.

THE SPRING JOURNEY.

Oh, green was the corn, as I rode on my way,
And bright were the dew on the blossoms of May,
And dark was the sycamore's shade to behold,
And the oak's tender leaf was of emerald and gold.

The thrush from his holly, the lark from his cloud,
Their chorus of rapture sang jovial and loud;
From the soft vernal sky to the soft grassy ground
There was beauty above me, beneath and around.

The mild Southern breeze brought a shower from
The hill,
And yet, though it left me all dripping and chill,
I felt a new pleasure as onward I sped,
To gaze where the rainbow gleamed broad over
The id.

Oh I such be life's journey, and such be our skill,
To lose in its blessings the sense of its ill;
Through sunshine and shower may our progress
Be even,
And our tears add a charm to the prospect of Heav-
en.

MISCELLANY.

ROMANTIC REALITY.

An Episode in the Life of a Prominent Merchant.

A New York paper of a recent date has the following romantic sketch:

About fifteen years ago there went to Cincinnati from this city, a very young man, who engaged himself as a light porter in the establishment of a firm, then doing a large grocery and commission business on Walnut street. It has now changed hands: one of the former proprietors has retired, another has removed to this section and the third is dead; but it is of the last, and young A., that the present sketch concerns. The latter was barely twenty years of age when he engaged with the firm, and he occupied his position for more than a year working diligently and to the satisfaction of his employers. In the meantime, during his leisure hours, he made himself a proficient book-keeper, and at this period, there being a vacancy, he was promoted to this position.

Mr. B., the youngest partner in the firm, took especial notice of A., whom he frequently invited to the house, of which a younger sister constituted, in the estimation of the impressive youth, one of the most attractive features. But Miss Carolina—her name—was somewhat of a haughty beauty, and poor Mr. A. was soon taught the disagreeable truth that her aspirations went far above the state of a poor book-keeper's mate. Thus being brought to appreciate the value of money, he set his thoughts upon procuring it, but with only a scanty salary there was no avenue for speculation, and it seemed a hopeless case. Unfortunately an acquaintance at this time chanced to draw a prize in the Havana lottery, an event which must have gone far to prove that the age of miracles was not past. It presented the hopeful young man an easy and rapid path to wealth, so that every dollar that he could raise was invested in lottery speculations. Alas! blank after blank met his gaze, and still, with the proverbial desperation of a gambler, he continued the game, until in his case, as in that of thousands before and thousands who are to come after, he abused his responsible po-

sition, and the almost inevitable fate in such cases was realized: he was discovered and disgraced.

The elder member of the firm was a stern, unflinching man, who would have made an example of the unfortunate young fellow, but for the intercession of the juvenile partner, Mr. B., who, from his own purse, made up the deficiency in his accounts, and provided him with means to leave Cincinnati and seek his fortune elsewhere; unburdened with the disgraceful load which would attach to him in that city.

Time passed and the sister of Mr. B. married a wealthy Kentuckian, who took her to Europe, where it is said she for some time figured as the most prominent belle from this side of the water; but her husband was as 'fast' as she was thoughtless, his fortune was soon squandered, and he returned to this city, where his brother-in-law was at this time located, only to become a burden upon him, until three years ago he died of cholera, leaving his widow with two children.

In the meantime matters had not gone well with Mr. B., who, in his turn, had been compelled to obtain a situation in a prominent shipping house, and in the course of some Halifax, Nova Scotia, correspondence, he often met with the name of A., one of the members of the well known firm of Cunard & Co., the world-renowned head of the ocean navigators. He at first deemed it a coincidence, but at length, determined to satisfy himself, he wrote to Halifax, and received in reply a letter from another party, stating that Mr. A.—was then at Liverpool on business connected with the company. Poor B.—'s health, which had for some time been failing, compelled him shortly after to resign his position, and with his sister and children he retired to Stonington, Connecticut, where, when he first went eastward, he had purchased a cozy place for a summer residence, which at much sacrifice, he was enabled to retain.

Three months ago he died, and was buried, and thus we are coming to the denouement of this simple, yet romantic, life sketch. A., for it was he, upon his return to Halifax, saw the letter, and, first replying, afterward visited this city in search of the writer, but he had left his situation, and the parties were not informed of his then abiding place. He subsequently made several business visits here, but up to the last time failed to hear anything of his old friend and benefactor.—This was in January, when one of the clerks, remembering his inquiries, told him of the death of Mr. B. and how his sister, a widow lady, was keeping a juvenile school in Stonington. It is needless to state that mingled feelings of curiosity, friendship, and a remembrance of the old love, led him to the place, and our tale is ended with the following nuptial announcement, copied from the Halifax, N. S., papers:

Married, by the Rev. Alexander Ross, M. A., of this province, to Mrs. Caroline —, late of the United States of America. The newly married pair, immediately after the ceremony, left in the packe ship for Liverpool.

Was in the habit of Paying.
Near the village of Oswego resides a veteran retired merchant, a man of great wealth and benevolence, but matter of fact as to eccentricity. Sentiment is entirely foreign to his composition, and all poetry, to his practical mind, is an abomination.

Although through a long mercantile career he had been eminently prosperous in money matters, he had invariably met with poor success in matrimony. Dry goods had blessed him with a rich basket and a full store, and experience pronounced him a good judge of such materials; but every mortal 'piece of calico' in which he invested soon faded and failed.

He had reached a ripe old age when the 'weaker vessel,' his fourth female venture—stranded and sunk.
With the promptness and enterprise which had ever characterized his commercial career he soon selected another partner for life.

As usual, a numerous circle of relatives and friends were bidden to celebrate the nuptials.
A distinguished Presbyterian divine was summoned to 'boss the job.'

The solemn ceremony concluded, friends crowded around the happy pair to offer their congratulations, when our hero of the five weddings drew forth his ancient calf skin wallet, coolly counted out twenty five dollars, and handing the goodly greenbacks to his reverence, blandly but distinctly remarked:

'That's what I have been in the habit of paying!'
Fancy the feelings of the blushing bride.

ANGER.—Verily, what reason is there for hating those who fall into the hands of the law, or into sins of any kind? It is not the part of the wise man to hate those who err; indeed, if he does, he himself should hate himself. Let him think how much of what he does is based, how many of his actions call for pardon. Will he hate himself then?—Yet a just judge does not give one decision in his own case, another in a stranger's. No one is found who can absolve himself. Who over says he is innocent, looks at the proof rather than his conscience. How much more human is it to show a mild, kind spirit to those who do wrong; not to drive them headlong, but to draw them back. If a man wanders out of his path through ignorance of the country, it is better to set him right a gain than to urge him on further.—Seneca.

Aunt Susan, about seventy years of age is 'unanimous' on man. She says:
'If all the men were taken off, she'd make arrangements for her funeral forthwith.'
She also says:
'Suppose all the men were in one country, and all the women in another, with a big river between them. Good gracious! what lots of poor women would be drowned!'

THE RELIGIOUS CARDPLAYER.

A private soldier, by the name of Richard Lee, was taken before the magistrates of Glasgow for playing cards during divine service. The following account is given:
A sergeant commanded the soldiers at the Church, and when the parson had read the prayer, he took the text. Those who had a Bible took it out, but the soldier had neither Bible nor common prayer book, and pulled out a pack of cards, and spread them before him. He first looked at one and then another. The sergeant of the company seeing him, said—

'Richard, put up the cards; this is no place for them.'
'Never mind that,' said Richard.

When services were over, a constable took Richard prisoner, and brought him before the Mayor.

'Well,' said the Mayor, 'what have you brought the Soldier here for?'
'For playing cards in Church.'

'Well, soldier, what have you to say for yourself?'
'Much, sir, I hope.'

'Very good; if not, I will punish you, severely.'
'I have been, said the soldier, 'about six weeks on the march. I have neither Bible nor common prayer book. I have nothing but a pack of cards, and I hope to satisfy your worship of the purity of my motives.'

Then spreading the cards before the Mayor, he began with the ace.

'When I see the ace it reminds me that there is but one God.'

'When I see the deuce it reminds me of Father and Son.'

'When I see the tray it reminds me of Father, Son and Holy Ghost.'

'When I see the four it reminds me of the four Evangelists that preached—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.'

'When I see the five it reminds me of the five wise virgins that trimmed their lamps; there were ten, but five were wise, and five were foolish, and were shut out.'

'When I see the six it reminds me that in six days God made heaven and earth.'

'When I see the seven it reminds me that on the seventh day God rested from the great work which he had made, and hallowed it.'

'When I see the eight it reminds me of the eight righteous persons that were saved when God destroyed the world, viz: Noah and his wife, his three sons and their wives.'

'When I see the nine it reminds me of the nine lepers that were cleansed by our Savior; there were nine out of ten who never returned thanks.'

'When I see the ten it reminds me of the ten commandments which God handed down to Moses on the tables of stone.'

'When I see the king it reminds me of the Great King of Heaven, which is God Almighty.'

'When I see the queen it reminds me of the Queen of Sheba, who visited Solomon, for she was a woman as he was a man. She brought with her fifty boys and fifty girls, all dressed in boys' apparel, for King Solomon to tell which was which.'

'He sent for water for them to wash. The girls washed to the elbow, and the boys to the wrist, so King Solomon knew by that.'

'Well,' said the Mayor, 'you have described every card in the deck except one.'
'What is that?'

'The knave,' said the Mayor.
'I will give your honor a description of that too, if you promise not to get angry.'

'I will not, if you do not term me the knave.'

'The greatest knave I know of is the constable that brought me here before you.'

'I do not know, said the Mayor, 'if he is the greatest knave, but I know he is the greatest fool.'

The soldier continued:
'When I count how many spots there are in a pack of cards, I find three hundred and sixty-five, as many days as in a year.'

When I count the number of cards in a pack, I find fifty-two, the number of weeks in a year.'

Romance of a Street Singer.

One of the most interesting events in the musical world was brought to light in London, Eng., some time since, in regard to the fate, fortune and final fortune of a cantatrice, as will be found by reading the following narration by a contributor to *Once a Week*:

'Some time ago a mysterious paragraph went the rounds of the press, in regard to a young and beautiful woman made her appearance every night at ten o'clock, in one of the west end squares, and that after a superb vocal display she disappeared no one knew how or where, exactly as the clock struck eleven. Some of the papers professed to give special and exclusive particulars of this anonymous nightingale, as she was termed, and went so far as to hint broadly that she was a celebrated vocalist married to a penniless lord, who took this mode of enlarging an insufficient income. Of course this piece of family history proved to be an invention. I had the good fortune to hear her once in Berkeley Square. Seeing a large crowd waiting in an expectant attitude just where a fashionable hotel is located, I inquired the cause, and was told that the mysterious vocalist, the nightingale, was about to show herself. As the clock struck ten, a lady dressed in deep mourning, and having the upper part of her face concealed by a thick veil, glided forward and took her place in the centre of a space purposely kept clear for her. I decided, from noticing the beautiful formation of the mouth and chin, and finely rounded fair throat, that she must be both young and more than commonly attractive. She was accompanied by a little boy, also in deep mourning, who carried an open reticule. Without delay, the night-

gale commenced a ballad, and sang with such surpassing taste and feeling as to hold the miscellaneous crowd in mute and wrapt attention. The song was followed by several favorite scenes from popular operas, all exhibiting the talent and culture of an accomplished artist. A collection was made; few gave coppers—all who could afford it gave silver. The little boy sent in his bag to the hotel, the balcony of which was crowded with visitors, and it was returned apparently heavy with precious coin. The sum total must have been considerable, and this I was informed was the usual reward of the hour's work. When I struck, the unknown stopped her song, made a slight courtesy and threaded her way quickly through the crowd. Her real history, I afterwards learned, was a pitiful one. She was the daughter of a celebrated teacher of music, and had been educated for the stage; she married against the wishes of her parents, a clerk in a post-office, who, detected in the unpardonable sin of having forged a bank note, was tried, convicted and hanged. With three little helpless infants and no means of earning a sufficient income, the bereaved young wife adopted the plan of making her fine voice and scientific attainments furnish the means of subsistence. The close of this story is more hopeful. Her beauty, misfortune and accomplishments attracted the attention of a clergyman in one of the eastern counties—He married her, and she disappeared from public view.'

A MYSTERY EXPLAINED.—Rev. Mr. —, of Lawrence, Mass., is a bachelor. Noticing early in the season, that one of his members a married lady, was not at meeting for several Sabbaths, he called to ask the reason. As her reply was somewhat evasive, he surmised that she had 'nothing to wear,' and said, 'you are waiting for your Spring bonnet, I suppose.' Weeks passed, and still she did not make her appearance. He therefore, thought he would call again. Approaching the house, he saw her sitting at the open window, and blandly remarked, 'I haven't seen you at church yet, hasn't that bonnet come?'

'Yes, sir,' she archly replied. 'Shall I show it to you?'

'If you please,' answered the wondering pastor.

Holding up a wee bit of a baby, she said blushing, 'this is the Spring bonnet I was waiting for, did I do right?'

BEGAN TO LAUGH.—A clerical friend at a celebrated watering place met a lady who seemed, however, on the brink of the grave. Her cheeks were hollow and wan, her manner listless, her step languid, and her brow wore the severe contraction so indicative both of mental and physical suffering, so that she was to all observers an object of pity.

Some years afterward he encountered the same lady, but so fresh and youthful, so full of healthful buoyancy, and joyous in expression, that he questioned himself if he was not mistaken with regard to identity.

'Is it possible,' said he, 'that I see before me Mrs. B., who presented such a dolorful appearance at the springs several years ago?'

'The very same.'

'And pray tell me, madam, the secret of your cure. What means did you use to attain such vigor of body and mind, to such cheerfulness and rejuvenation?'

'A very simple remedy,' returned she with a beaming face. 'I stopped worrying and began to laugh; that was all!'

The latest swindle is a Rochester invention. When hay is sold by the ton, a man conceals himself in the load and is weighed with it. While the load is driven to the barn of the purchaser, the man goes back to the hay market to be sold over. The *Union* of that city says: 'This trick was not discovered until a few weeks ago, though it is now understood that it has been practiced for years. It might have remained undiscovered for years to come but for the boldness of the operators, who exposed themselves and were noticed by mechanics employed in laying up the walls of buildings adjacent to the hay-market.'

A philosopher explains the science of getting rich in our world—grab; how to keep rich—keep what you grab.

Always speak well of your friends.

Forgot his Name.

'Girls' send us the following: A conceited fellow by the name of Head in making New Year's calls in a certain city, made the acquaintance of a young lady upon whom he flattered himself he had effected a very decided impression. He felt that he was irresistible to the sex, anyhow, but in this particular instance he was confident that he had accomplished a complete conquest. Not to be cruel to the damsel whom he imagined to be languishing over his absence, he called upon her again after the new year was a week or so old. That he might feast upon the surprise and joy she would evince on discovering who her caller was, he refrained from giving his name to the servant who answered his ring, but instructed her to tell Miss — that a very particular friend desired an interview. He was ushered into the parlor and after a brief delay the young lady whom he supposed to be rapidly approaching dissolution, on his account, entered.

She paused on the threshold and looked embarrassed. He expected that, but contrary to his expectations no blush of emotion or gleam of recognition, even, lighted up her countenance.

'Don't you remember me?' said he putting on the smile which he imagined had melted her young and susceptible heart upon their first meeting. 'You know I called here last New Year's with a party in a four-horse sleigh?'

'Oh, yes,' said the young lady, who didn't appear in the least crushed by the recollection, 'I remember. Your face did look familiar, but your name—'

'Don't you remember my name?' inquired the heart pulverizer, with an air of deep chagrin.

'I have almost got it,' said the lady, with a puzzled smile. 'It isn't Brown?'

'No, indeed. But really, madam, this is not very flattering to me, your forgetting my name. I imagined that I had made a decided impression.'

'So you did, so you did,' the lady hastened to say. 'Strange that your name should have escaped me, though. I was thinking of it just before your ring. Don't tell me what it is. I shall think of it in a minute.—Really, this is quite mortifying; what has become of my memory,' and she trotted her pretty little foot impatiently on the carpet.

'But let me give you a hint,' said Mr. Head whose mortification was rapidly increasing.

'Well, just a little hint. I should think of your name in a minute, anyhow—just the least hint in the world will do.'

'Now, then, what do I carry on my shoulders?' queried Head.

A moment's puzzled reflection, then her face brightened up and she advanced toward him with outstretched hand and cordially exclains:

'Why, Mr. Squash, how do you do?'

A DUTCHMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF A RAINY NIGHT.—'Well, last night wash do worst as never wash. I thought to go down the hill to mine house; but no sooner did I walk down vaser I stand still, for do darkness was so thick dat I could not see mit mine boots, and do rain—dunder and blizen! in more don tree minutes mine skin was vet troo to mine clo's, afther von lectle vils it stopped quiten, to rain something; so I kep feeling of myself all the way long; and ven I comes to mine own house to talk in, vat you tink? It belong to somebody else!'

The following anecdote of Ben. Butler, is as like him as it he had set for it:

The General, while in active practice in Massachusetts, was a terror and torment to Judges of thin calibre. On one occasion Judge Sangar having been bullied and badgered out of all patience, petulantly asked:

'What does the counsel suppose I am on the bench for?'

Scratch his head a minute, Benjamin B. replied, 'Well, I confess your Honor's got me there!'

AN IRISH FARMER.—Near the village of M — there lived a farmer who engaged a son of the Emerald to work for him. One morning in the spring Pat was sent to harrow a piece of ground. He had not worked long before all the teeth—except two or three—came out of the harrow. After a while the farmer went out in the field to see how Pat proceeded, and asked him how he liked harrowing.

'Oh,' replied Pat, 'it goes a bit smoother now since the pegs are all out.'

Many a hand that can skillfully use the sledge-hammer would not be able to regulate the machinery of a watch. Nice are the springs of immortal souls, fine are the threads woven into the web of destiny, and divinely skilled should be the hand which directs the loom. Would you trust a bungler to regulate a nice piece of mechanism? Would you trifles with the springs of natural life? How much less should they be trusted with immortal souls!

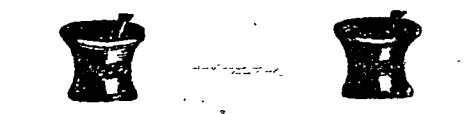
On the occasion of an eclipse a colored individual in Norfolk, Va., became greatly excited.

'Bress de Lord,' said he, 'nigger's time has come at last—and now wo's gwine to have a black sun.'

An editor says of his new paper, that it looks as clean as a school warm in a bathing tub.

An Irishman complained to his physician that he stuffed him so much with drugs, that he was sick a long time after he got well.

What is that which Adam never saw, never possessed, yet left two to each of his children? Parents.



FOR PURE

DRUGS

MEDICINES,

PILLS

PAINTS,

Go to Fourthman's

DRUG STORE.

NEW SPRING

SUMMER GOODS,

AT THE FIRM OF

STOVER & WOLFF

(SUCCESSORS TO GEO. STOVER.)

DRY GOODS,

CARPETS,

NOTIONS,

QUEENSWARE,

GROCERIES,

ROOTS AND SHOES,

CUTLERY,

CEDERWARE,

OIL CLOTHS,

& C., & C.

To which we invite the attention of all who want to buy cheap goods. May 1, 1868. STOVER & WOLFF.

NEW MILLINERY GOODS!
MRS. C. L. HOLLINBERGER
HAS just returned from Philadelphia and is now opening out the largest and most varied assortment of **SPRING AND SUMMER MILLINERY GOODS** she has ever brought to Waynesboro'. The ladies are invited to call and examine her goods. Residence on Church Street, East Side. April 10—14.

JOSEPH DOUGLAS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Real Estate and Insurance Agent,
Office in Walker's Building,
Waynesboro', Penna.

May 8—14.
PRIME N. O. Molasses at the store of
AMBESSON, BENDER & Co.