



By W. Blair.

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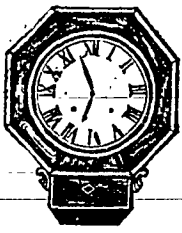
WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 28, 1869.

NUMBER 6

ALEX. LEEDS,

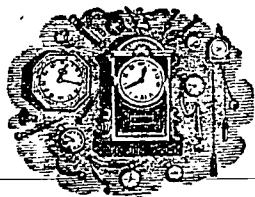
Next door to the Town Hall, has now on hand a fine assortment of

CLOCKS,



Selected by himself with great care, a large and well selected assortment of

WATCHES,



of Swiss, English, and American Manufacture:

JEWELRY

Cheaper than ever before sold in Waynesboro', all the latest styles kept constantly on hand. Every variety of Cuff buttons. A fine assortment of

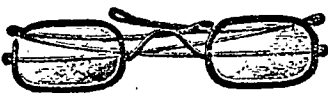
FINGER AND EAR RINGS.

Solid Gold. Engagement and

WEDDING RINGS,

Silver Thimbles and sheaths, Castors, Forks, and Spoons, Salt Cellars, and Butter Knives of the celebrated Roger Manufacture, at reduced rates.

SPECTACLES



To suit everybody's eyes. New glasses put in old frames. Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry promptly and neatly repaired and warranted.

ALEX. LEEDS, Next door to the Town Hall, under the Photograph Gallery, July 31.

A. S. BONEBRAKE

DEALER IN

DRUGS,

Chemicals,

PATENT MEDICINES,

PREPARATIONS FOR THE HAIR,

OILS, PAINTS,

VARNISHES,

&c. &c.

Physicians dealt with

at 20 per cent. discount.

Waynesboro' Hotel Building,

WAYNESBORO', PA.

March 27, 1868.

POETICAL.



[For the Record.]

LINES

Inscribed to the memory of a dear departed daughter on the first anniversary of that sad event.

Farewell dearest now I leave thee
'Neath the damp and grassy sod,
Whilst thy spirit now is basking
In the presence of its God.

I am lonely now, my daughter,
But I would not wish thee back,
Where the storms of life beat over us,
And the lowering clouds look black.

Ah! methinks I see thee darling,
In yon bright and heavenly home,
Where no storms of life can reach thee,
And death's darkness cannot come.

And methinks I see thee, darling,
With a crown that angels wear,
In thy hand thou gaily bearest,
A palm that only angels bear.

And methinks I hear thee, darling,
Sing the songs that only angels sing;
Whilst thy lovely angel fingers
Tune a harp of golden strings.

And methinks I see thee, darling,
With an angel's smile look down,
And beckon on thy Father—Mother,
To an angel's home and crown.

And methinks I see thee, darling,
With thy lovely arms outspread,
Call thy brother and thy sister,
To walk the paths that angels tread.

And methinks I hear thee, darling,
Bid me "cease to mourn and weep,"
Let no tears disturb my slumber,
Let no grieving wake my sleep.

I will listen to thee, darling,
And will cease to weep and sigh,
I'll rejoice that thou'rt in Heaven,
Where I'll meet thee when I die.
Waynesboro', Pa., May 22, 1869.

LOST.

BY JOSEPH L. BUTLER.

Lost—many sunless years
Upon the road of life;
Old, faded relics, stained with tears,
And scarred by fruitless strife.
Lost, never, to be found—
Gone, gone for evermore;
Sweet on the ebbing spring of time,
To an eternal shore.

They vanished one by one,
Each bearing on its breast
A life not lived, a work undone,
A treasure not possessed;
Something for which, it seems,
My soul has vainly sought,
The waking truth of happy dreams,
That time has never brought.

Alas! the weary days,
Unwelcome in the past,
Are with me yet; my skies are dark,
And night is gathering fast.
I strain my tearless eyes
To pierce the thickening gloom;
And, 'mid the shadows, seems to rise
A vision of the tomb.

MISCELLANY.

Life and Death

Life is but Death's vestibule, and our pilgrimage on earth is but a journey to the grave, the pulse that preserves our being beats our dead march, and the blood which circulates our life is floating it onward to the depths of death. To-day we see our friends in health; to-morrow we hear of their decease. We clasped the hand of the strong man but yesterday, and to-day we closed his eyes. We rode in a chariot of comfort but an hour ago, and in a few more hours the last black chariot must convey us to the home of all the living. Oh, how closely allied is death to life! The lamb that sports in the field must soon feel the knife. The ox that is in the pasture is fattening for the slaughter. Trees do but grow that they may be felled. Yes, and greater things than these feel death. Empires rise and flourish, they flourish but to decay, they rise but to fall.

How often do we take up a volume of history and read of the rise and fall of empires? We hear of the coronation and death of Kings. Death is the black servant who rides behind the chariot of life. See life and death is close behind it. Death reaches far throughout this world and has stamped terrestrial things with the broad arrows of the grave. Stars die mayhap, it is said that conflagrations have been star off in the ether, and astronomers have marked the funerals of other worlds—the decay of those mighty orbs that we have imagined set forever in sockets of silver to glisten as the lamps of eternity. Blessed be God there is one place where death is not life's brother, where life reigns alone, and 'to live' is not the first syllable which is to be followed by the next, 'to die.' There is a land where the death-knells are never tolled, where winding sheets are never woven, where graves are never dug. Blessed land beyond the skies. To reach it we must die.—Spurgeon.

A strong-minded woman was heard to remark, the other day, that she would marry a man who had plenty of money, though he was so ugly she had to scream every time she looked at him.

Touching Incident.

Some days after one of the English steamers had left Liverpool, a bright looking boy, about eight years old, was found aboard, who had been concealed in the vessel's hold since left port. (which, by the way, is quite a common occurrence.) He was questioned by the officers as to how he came there. He stated that he was an orphan, and had an aunt living in Halifax, and that his uncle in Liverpool being poor and unable to support him, had hid him in the vessel just before sailing, so that he might go up to Halifax and live with his aunt.

It seemed like the old story to the officers of the vessel and they accused him of being helped by the crew, and tried their utmost by coaxing and threatening to have him divulge that some of the sailors had taken him aboard and gave him food. But they availed nothing—the little fellow would tell no other story. At last one of the officers, feeling sure that the boy was deceiving them, took him by the arm, and said, "I am going to make you tell the truth," and taking him to what is called the bridge, says, "In one half hour I shall hang you unless you tell me which of the sailors has been feeding you."

It was of no use—the boy would not lie; and when the officer told him sternly that he had only two minutes to live, the little fellow said, "Sir, may I pray?" and immediately snuk on his knees, and lifting his little hands in an attitude of prayer, slowly repeated the Lord's Prayer, amid the upturned faces of the passengers and crew of the vessel, who had anxiously been watching the result of the officer's experiment; but on seeing the brave boy whose love of truth was stronger than that of life and hearing him so firmly repeat his prayer, it was too much for their doubts, and caused a very affecting scene.

The apparently rough officer burst into tears and caught the little fellow in his arms and hugged him as though in reality he had just escaped death. After this event the boy was a young hero in the ship. He was praised and treated with deference, each one anxious to do something for such a noble boy; and when he arrived in Halifax, he was taken by the same officer who had doubted him, and fitted with a nice suit of clothes, and carried to his aunt with a hearty God's blessing for his future career.

To-day and To-morrow.

To-day we gather bright and beautiful flowers—to-morrow they are faded and dead. To-day a wealth of leaves shades us—to-morrow, serene and fallen, they crumble beneath our tread.

To-day the earth is covered with a carpet of green—to-morrow it is brown with the withered grass.

To-day the vigorous stalk only bends before the gale—to-morrow leafless and sapless, a child may break the brittle stem.

To-day the ripening fruit and waving grain—to-morrow the land is taking its rest after the toil.

To-day we hear sweet songsters of meadows and forest, and buzz and hum of myriads of insects—to-morrow—breathes softly—all nature is hushed and silent.

To-day a stately edifice, complete in finish and surrounding, attracts the passer by—to-morrow a heap of ruins marks the site.

To-day there are cattle upon the thousand hills—to-morrow they fall in slaughter. The fashion of the world passeth away. But let Christ dwell within us, and though we may pass away like the faded leaf and the sapless stalk, we shall arise in oneness of life.

'Where everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers.'

Peter Cartwright and Wife.

Peter Cartwright, who is serving his fiftieth year as Presiding Elder in the M. E. Church, writes to the *Central Christian Advocate*, from Pleasant Plains Ill.: "I think it, quite probable that the good Lord will give me my discharge from labor as my jubilee before our Conference at Lincoln, and, if so, it is my desire that this Conference remember my aged wife, her age eighty next August, 18th day. We were married the 18th, 1808. She has, therefore, been the wife of a traveling preacher sixty-one years the 18th of next August. We have lived together sixty one years. She has borne up under all the hardships, privations and poverty of a traveling preacher for nearly sixty one years. Let the old pioneers of the early days of Methodism say what sufferings the wife of a traveling preacher must have gone through in that time, for although I have been a regular traveling preacher sixty five years next fall, I have never received my disciplinary allowance for support from the Church but three years of that long traveling life; and yet, thank God, I would rather have the comforts I have enjoyed as a poor, suffering, traveling Methodist preacher than to be the President of the United States."

BUSINESS AND RELIGION.—In a religious excitement in Boston, a person met a Christian neighbor who took him by the hand and said:

"I have become a Christian."
"You are a Christian then, all at once," said the other, "you profess to act strictly on Christian principles. I am glad of it. I congratulate you. Suppose we now have a settlement of our little accounts between us. Pay me what thou owest."

"No," said the new-born child, turning on his heel, "religion is religion, and business is business."
A sick man, slightly convalescing recently in conversation with a pious friend, congratulating him upon his recovery, and asking who his physician was, replied: "Dr. Jones brought me through." "No, no," said his friend, "God brought you out of your illness, not the Doctor." "Well, may be he did, but I am certain the Doctor will charge me for it."

The Capture of Petersburg.

On the night after the battle of Five Forks, Grant sat outside of his tent, about twenty miles west of the James, waiting for news from Sheridan. Meade's army and Ord's stretched in front of the long lines around Petersburg which had withstood them so long. Another flank movement was making, but thus far with little success. The weather had been miserable, the rains were violent, the roads almost impassable, horses and caissons and army wagons floundered in the quicksands. As far as Grant's left stretched out, so far Lee still confronted him. Sheridan had been fighting at Dinwiddie, and Lee had reached around almost to Grant's rear to strike at Sheridan,—had, indeed, dealt him a heavy blow. But to do this the enemy had to divide his own force, hoping to get back before Grant could attack the broken front. Grant, however, sent an additional corps to the support of Sheridan, and, at nine o'clock in the evening, was waiting for details of the battle.

He sat wrapped in the soldier's blue overcoat, which he wore in that campaign. Two or three staff officers were near, gathered round a camp fire in the wet woods. Two had remained all day with Sheridan, so as to report to the General in Chief the result of the fight at the earliest moment. One of them had already returned, bringing word of success,—how complete was not yet known. Finally, the other arrived with a full report from Sheridan. He was in great excitement, having ridden hard, ten miles or more, from the field of victory. Five Forks was won.

Grant listened calmly, only now and then interrupting the officer to ask a question.—When all was told, he rose, without saying a word, entered his tent, where a candle flickered on the table, invited no one to join him, but wrote a despatch in sight of the officers outside, and gave it to an orderly. Then, coming out to the fire again, he remarked, as calmly as if he were saying, "It is a windy night,"—"I have ordered an attack all along the lines to-morrow at daybreak." When one remembers what that meant,—how many such attacks had been made and how often with little result; in what light the North had come to regard these assaults upon fortified works, how disastrous repulse would have been at that juncture to Grant, with a part of his army ten miles away,—the promptness of the decision can be better appreciated.—But Grant felt that the hour and the opportunity had arrived; he had that intuitive sympathy with his soldiers which every great commander feels. He knew that they must be inspired by Sheridan's victory as much as the Rebels would be depressed, and now was the time to take advantage of this feeling, and make the final assault. At four o'clock next day, the works of Petersburg were carried.—*Atlic Mon. for May.*

The Population of the Globe.

There are on the globe about 1,288,000,000 souls, of which
360,000,000 are of the Caucasian race,
552,000,000 are of the Mongol race,
190,000,000 are of the Ethiopian race,
176,000,000 are of the Malay race,
1,000,000 are of the Indo American race.

There are 3,642 languages spoken, and 1,000 different religions.

The yearly mortality of the globe is 333,333,333 persons. This is at the rate of 91,504 per day, 3,730 per hour, 60 per minute. So each pulsation of our heart marks the decease of some human creature.

The average of human life is 33 years. One-fourth of the population dies at or before the age of 7 years.

One half at or before 17 years. Among 10,000 persons one arrives at the age of 100 years, one in 500 attains the age of 90, and one in 100 lives to the age of 60.

Married men live longer than single ones. In 1,000 persons, 65 marry, and more marriages occur in June and December than any other month of the year.

One-eighth of the whole population is military.

Professions exercise a great influence on longevity. In 1,000 individuals who arrive at the age of 70 years, 42 are priests, orators or public speakers, 40 are agriculturists, 33 are workmen, 32 are soldiers or military employees, 20 are advocates or engineers, 27 professors, and 24 are doctors. Those who devote their lives to the prolongation of others die the soonest.

There are 335,000,000 Christians.

There are 5,000,000 Israelites.

There are 6,000,000 Asiatic religions.

There are 160,000,000 Mohammedans.

There are 200,000,000 Pagans.

170,000,000 profess the Roman Catholic faith.

75,000,000 profess the Greek faith.

80,000,000 profess the protestant.

HINTS.—The London *Horse Book* furnishes the following hints, which owners of horses would do well to heed:

"Many horses are made vicious from cruel treatment.

"More horses fall from weariness than any other cause.

"When a horse falls, he is more frightened than his rider.

"A frightened animal cannot use its senses aright, it must first be reassured by gentle treatment.

"It is speed that kills the horse.

"Never strike an animal upon the head.

"Careless application of the whip has blinded many horses.

"More horses are lamed from bad shoeing than from all other causes together.

"Never kick nor scream at a horse, nor jerk the bit in his mouth."

It is said that there is a man down east whose feet are so large that he cannot get a glimpse of the ground without throwing a somersault—a feat rather difficult for him to perform.

[Correspondence of the VILLAGE RECORD.]

SEA AND LAND.

Guyana—By whom settled—The Climate—Traditions—Two Seasons—Annual Life—Valuable Trees—Cotton—Government Offers—Scenery—A place of Exile—The Convicts—An attempt to Escape—Death and Burial.

There are few countries in the world less written about than Guyana. Although remaining there almost a week I acquired a less knowledge of it than of any other I have ever visited. By looking at the map you observe that it is a large tract, more than twice the size of Pennsylvania. It is politically divided into Venezuelan, British, Dutch, French and Brazilian Guyana. Of the French colony I only propose to write.

It is said by some that Christopher Columbus discovered Guyana, while others claim that Vasco Nunez is entitled to that honor. Whether Columbus himself ever actually landed seems not to be positively ascertained. It is certain however that the Spaniards settled here early in the sixteenth century, for in 1530 the Dutch tried to establish a colony and were driven out by the Spaniards.

Like all the countries bounded by the placid Caribbean and scarcely raised above its level, it is almost unsuitable to live.—Though tempered by a breeze from the sea the thermometer ranges from 90 to 100 in the shade. Farther inland towards the slopes of the Andes the climate is more endurable, and towards these mountains are a series of Savannas indicating with the geological structure of the region that it was once the bed of a lake which by some means burst its barriers and forced for its waters a passage to the sea. This supposition may account for the origin of the tradition of the "White Sea" and the "Golden City" which inflamed the ardour of the Chivalric Raleigh and led him to the pursuit of those discoveries by which his name has been immortalized.

They have two wet and two dry seasons here during the year, and when it rains it continues with such violence causing the rivers to rise forty and fifty feet widening into inland seas which disappear with the droughts that follow. It has been known to rain twenty-one inches in a single day which would seem scarcely conceivable to a citizen of the United States. Animal life abounds and the variety competes with the wonders of the vegetable creation, which is luxuriant and universal. The hills are overgrown with timber, Mahogany iron wood, the gigantic mountain Cabbage, India rubber and hundreds of others valued for their hardness and prized for their fruits. Saw most of our domestic animals, but the cattle are large and black and their flesh very tough. Wheat is not raised, but coffee, rice and spices grow to perfection. Here one planting of cotton lasts five years and produces two crops annually. The mighty rivers and their tributaries render the various parts of the country accessible and a thousand marketable commodities are to be secured with no greater difficulty than the labor involved in the collection. But white labor is unequal to the task. Slavery is now unknown and the natives alone have the power of endurance. Children born of European parentage in this country if allowed to remain generally die in early youth, or having arrived at the age of manhood retain but a portion of their vital energies. Here the cheapness of the land is held out by the government as a tempting offer, with freedom from taxation for five years and no conscription for ten years but this very fact will make an American hesitate.

Guyana woos the voyager to land with many a glorious bit of scenery but after there it is uninviting—A swampy forest as big as France and Spain with a huge muddy river running through it, that's Guyana and the Orinoco. Yet Raleigh cruised about in search of palaces filled with gold in this vast howling wilderness filled with snakes, jaguars and alligators with a sprinkling of wretched human savages who think but paste a luxury.

The imperial decree of 1854 made Guyana the principal seat of the penal settlements, and here is where Louis Napoleon sends many of his political offenders. Unless especially pardoned by the Emperor all convicts sent here sentenced to hard labor are condemned after serving their time to reside forever in the colony. Every day we could see this army of exiles mustered and file their way under a strong guard to the government works. They were building docks, quays cutting down hills and filling in the small bays. One evening after work one of the persons managed to conceal himself in some way and under cover of darkness attempted to swim to our vessel. He was an expert swimmer but the strong tide would have carried him out to sea. When within fifty yards of the vessel he cried out for help and in an instant one of our boats was being rowed in the direction of the cries. When brought on board he told a pitiful story. His term of service was originally twenty-seven years and ten yet remained—charge, contempt of some petty official. He begged us not to send him back saying he would be immediately beheaded. The captain told him he could not keep him, but would give him a chance for his life. He silently towed him back to within a few yards of the shore, he slipped quietly into the water and tried to get back among his fellow-prisoners. But the poor fellow was not successful, and the next morning he and five others were decapitated. I counted them as their bodies were placed in the boat bearing the black flag, rowed a little way from shore and dropped into the sea,—inhumanity and religion going hand in hand. What a burial! gliding from the earth dishonored and unknown, as a flower falls in the pathless wilderness; but a sunny cave of the ocean is their grave, and they have no mourner!

"The mermaid whose elegiac shell
Shall pour its tender strains,
In many a wild and fond farewell
Around their sea-green grave."

Cut this Out.

Cure for the Bite of a Mad Dog.—Franklin Dyer, a highly respectable and intelligent farmer of Galena, Kent county Maryland, gives the following as a sure cure for the bite of a mad dog. As will be seen, he has tested it with the most gratifying results:

"Elaeagnus" is a plant well known to most persons, and is to be found in many of our gardens. Immediately after being bitten, take one and a half ounce of the root of the plant—the green root is perhaps preferable, but the dried will answer and may be found in our drug stores and was used by me—slice or bruise, put into a pint of fresh milk, boil down to half a pint, strain, and when cold drink, fasting for at least six hours afterwards. The next morning, fasting, repeat the dose, using two ounces of the root. On the third morning take another dose, prepared as the last, and this will be sufficient. It is recommended that after each dose nothing be eaten for at least six hours.

"I have a son who was bitten by a mad dog eighteen years ago, and four other children in the neighborhood were also bitten; they took the above dose, and are alive and well this day. And I have known a number of others who were bitten that applied the same remedy."

"It is supposed that the root contains a principle which, being taken up by the blood in its circulation, counteracts or neutralizes the deadly effects of the virus of hydrophobia."

"I feel so much confidence in this simple remedy that I am willing you should give my name in connection with this statement."

THE COMING GIRL.—The "Church Union" says that she will vote, will be of some use in the world, will cook her own food, will earn her own living, and will not die an old maid. The coming girl will not wear the Grecian-bend, and the German, ignore all possibilities of knowing how to work; will not endeavor to break the hearts of unsophisticated young men, will spell correctly, understand English before she effects French, will preside with equal grace at the piano or wash-board, will spin more yarn for the house than for the street, will not despise her plainly dressed or honest, her poor relations, or the hand of an honest worker, will wear a bonnet; speak good, plain, unisping English; will darn her own stockings; will know how to bake doughnuts; and will not read a yellow-back novel oftener than she does her Bible. The coming girl will walk five miles a day, if need be, to keep her cheeks in a glow, will mind her health, her physical development, and her mother, will adopt a costume, both sensible and conducive to comfort and health, will not confound hypocrisy with politeness; will not place lying to please above frankness; will have courage to cut an unwelcome acquaintance; will not think that refinement is French duplicity; that assumed hospitality, where hate dwells in the heart, is better than condemnation which with silly affectation, will not regard the end of her being to have a beau—The coming girl will not look to Paris, but to reason, for her fashions, will not aim to follow a foolish fashion because milliners and dressmakers decreed it, will not torture her body; shrivel her soul with puerilities, or ruin it with wine and pleasure. In short, the coming girl will seek to glorify her Maker and to enjoy mentally His works. Duty will be her aim, and life a living reality.

A SCENE AT THE GATE OF PARADISE.—A poor tailor being released from a troublesome world and sojourn appeared at the gate of Paradise. Peter asked him if he had ever been to purgatory.

No, said the tailor, but I have been married.

Oh, said Peter, that's all the same. The tailor had scarcely got in before a fat turtle eating alderman came along puffing and blowing.

Halloo! you fellow, said he, open that gate.

Not so fast, said Peter, have you ever been to purgatory.

No, said the alderman, but what's that for the purpose? You let in that poor half-starved tailor, and he has been no more to purgatory than myself!

But he has been married, said Peter.

Married exclaimed the alderman, why I have been married twice.

Then go back again, said Peter, Paradise is not the place for fools.

RULES OF HEALTH.—1. Bathe twice each week.

2. Eat light supper, avoiding meat.

3. Never eat poor victuals to save them.

4. Never take excessively hot or cold drinks.

5. Never eat pork when other meats can be obtained.

6. Eat slowly and masticate the food thoroughly.

7. Eat three times each day, and take nothing between meals.

8. Have your meals at regular hours, and at least five hours apart.

9. See to it that the bowels move regularly once each day.

10. Retire early, and sleep as long as you can sleep soundly.

11. Keep your room well ventilated, especially your sleeping room.

12. Exercise at least two hours each day in the open air.

13. Keep the feet warm and dry, and wear flannel next to the skin, fall, winter and spring.

Keep out of bad company, for the chance is that when the devil fires into a flock he will hit somebody.

Howard says he does not know which he would rather feel, the breath of spring or the breath of a pretty girl? It is a puzzler.

If we would talk less about other people other people would talk less about us.