

VILLAGE RECORD



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NUMBER 9

ALEX. LEEDS,

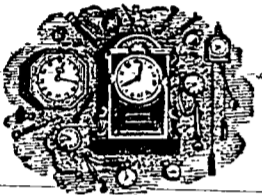
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ALEX. LEEDS,

July 31.

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Waynesboro Hotel Building,

WAYNESBORO, PA.

March 27, 1869.

POETICAL.



THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN WITHIN.

Around each earth-bound spirit
A world of beauty lies—
Of fragrant flowers and golden fruit
Seen by the spirit's eyes.

And music deep and wondrous sweet
Among these flowers move;
Singing the heavenly melodies
Which the watching spirits love.

A world of beauty wholly made
Of man's interior life,
His holy thoughts, these "fragrant flowers"
Which do not grow in strife.

The "fruit," his deeds of love on earth,
That "music sweet," the breath
Of the immortal soul to God,
And harmony receiving.

O ye who tread God's beautiful earth,
And dwell before His face,
O ye who build Him a dwelling place,
Your own abiding place.

Your words of love, your gentlest thoughts,
Your slightest acts are there—
And the breath of life which all must breathe
Is the answer unto prayer.

Then fill your hearts with heavenly thoughts,
Your lives with deeds of love,
And beautiful beyond compare,
They'll bloom for you above.

Thus may ye build a world of light,
Of wondrous sights and sounds,
Where, amid the joys which angels know,
The peace of God abounds.

MISCELLANY.

THE FALL OF RICHMOND.

The last scene in the fall of Richmond is thus described by E. P. Pollard, editor of the Richmond *Enquirer* during the war, in his life of Jefferson Davis, just issued from the press. It is entirely new, and strikingly interesting:

"At 11 o'clock in the morning General Lee wrote a dispatch to President Davis, at Richmond, advising him that the army could not hold its position, and that preparations should be made to evacuate the capitol that night. He might have added in the dispatch what he remarked to one of his staff officers, as with embittered, but lofty face, he saw his army breaking up in the broad sunshine: 'It has happened as I told them it would at Richmond; the line has been stretched until it has broke.'

No sound of the battle—not an echo, not a breath—had yet reached the 'doomed city. It was a lovely Sabbath day, and Richmond basked in its beauty and enjoyed more than usual remission from the cares of the week. There were no sounds as of the varied thoroughfare; the long streets laid open, not a vehicle upon them; the murmur of the river gave tones only to soothe the ear, and the silent pulses of the sunshine beat slowly in the misty, warm air that laid on the landscape. It was a day of careless thoughts.

The usual Sunday crowd lounged near the Post Office, exchanging rumors of war, or the latest depraved gossip of Richmond society. Hundreds wended their way to the churches, while not a few of 'their country's hope trod the paths beaten as sheep leads to the back entrances of the whiskey shops on Main street, and sought consolation in the flowing bowl. Ladies dressed in old finery, in which the fashions of many years were mingled, were satisfied to make a display at St. Paul's Church about equal to the holiday wardrobe in better days of the negroes at the African Church. At the former church worshipped Mr. Davis. He now sat still and aloof in the President's pew—where no one outside his family had ever dared to intrude since Mrs. Davis had ordered the sexton to remove two ladies who had ventured there, and who, on turning their faces to the admission to leave, delivered before the whole congregation, had proved, to the dismay and well-deserved mortification of the President's wife, to be the daughters of General Lee. Mr. Davis was an honest worshipper. But a Sunday before this memorable one, Davis, Gen. Lee, and Secretary Trevelyan had gone together to the communion table, and many eyes in the congregation had been moistened to see these three men, on whom depended so many human hopes, kneeling side by side to partake of the most precious and comforting sacrament of the church. Now a very different scene was to be witnessed.

In the midst of the service, a man walked noiselessly into the church, and handed the President a slip of paper. Mr. Davis read the paper, rose, and walked out of the church without agitation, but his face and manner evidently constrained; an uneasy whisper ran through the crowd of worshippers, and many hastened into the street. The congregation was soon dismissed. The rumor had already gained the street that Richmond was to be evacuated; it was confined to a few who penetrated the closed doors of the War Department, or made inquiries at the telegraph office; but, although the Government had no motive now to suppress the sad truth, but, on the contrary, was in duty bound to inform the people and prepare them for the exigency, it is remarkable that there was no authentic announcement of the intended evacuation, no published order on the subject, no official notification of any sort; and that news in which every man's household was involved was left to wander all day as a vague rumor in the streets, only to be con-

cluded by the actual, visible fact of the authorities leaving the city.

A little past noon some regiments of Long-street's command, on the north of James river, were seen marching to the city, on their way to reinforce Gen. Lee in the battle; he was then supposed, to be making to save or recover his lines before Petersburg. The soldiers moved with a slouching step; and, once on their disordered march, groans were called for Jefferson Davis. Formerly, when Confederate soldiers had passed through Richmond, there had been music, cheers, crowds of shouting spectators, throngs of ladies standing on the balconies of the principal hotels on Main street, to wave their adious, perchance to scatter flowers on them, at least to bestow upon them sweet and inspiring countenances. Now, as they passed through the thoroughfare, only a few spectators looked on sadly and cynically; no note of music cheered the sullen procession of men marching sadly and wearily to Death; a few blank faces appeared at the windows, and on the balcony of the American Hotel only two or three ladies stood. It was melancholy to see one of them simply wave a single handkerchief in a hesitating way, and then stop, pale and wounded, as not a single soldier cheered or recognized the compliment.

As the day wore on, it was noticed that wagons were driven to the doors of the Departments, and to the public store-houses—many of them branded as Government wagons, many nondescript—and all moving toward the Danville depot. The accumulation of army stores there, and of ticketed boxes, left no doubt that the city was to be evacuated. Signs of hurry increased; wagons, no longer driven in order, tore through the streets; men seemed possessed with a mania to run to their houses, to snatch from them some hasty baggage, and to rush to the nearest exit from the city. In less than an hour from the first appearance of the wagon trains on the streets, the whole population of Richmond was involved in a panic.

What scenes ensued it is impossible to describe. What a change fell upon this city, paled its wonted and hitherto unabashed revelry, and spread terror through its wretched streets, like a thunderbolt from the unclouded expanse of heaven, can only be imagined, as the comparison indicates, in the light of some sudden wrath visited from the skies.

For four years Richmond had lived in the easy riot of the war. Now it appeared as if the day of judgement had been called upon it. Now there was hurrying to and fro.—Now the panic-stricken city broke up, as if riven by lightning, into black, torn crowds of maddened men, conscience-stricken fugitives, sobered revelers, blanched women and children, fleeing wildly through the streets, over the bridges of the river, through every avenue of escape from the terrible day of judgment—the chariots of fire and wrath that were next day to enter the doomed city. It was a scene never to be forgotten in the memory of Richmond. The night was hoarse with the roar of the great fight.

The reporter of the Associated Press who was aware that eight o'clock had begun designated by General Lee as the hour for evacuation, unless in the meantime he succeeded in re-establishing his lines, in which event he would telegraph again, attended the room of General Breckinridge at that hour, and was admitted. He came out with a blank face.

"There is no hope," said Gen. Breckinridge, and he walked quietly from the building to the house where President Davis was then concealed, making private preparations for his flight. There was no last council or conference. All that remained of the once proud and loquacious Government of Jefferson Davis—was to appoint the rendezvous and time for flight, the Cabinet members being instructed to meet the President at the Danville depot a little before midnight.

The Capitol appeared deserted, but as night fell it was noticed that the main door was ajar. It did away in an obscure room in the third story, the City Council was anxiously debating what ceremonies were necessary for the surrender of the city, since the President was supposed to have already fled, or to be concealed for the present in Manchester, and the duty of surrendering the Capitol was thus developed upon its municipal authorities. It was a cowardly debate, removed from the observation of the citizens. One of the councillors was ostentatiously dressed in a Confederate uniform. So extreme was their concern for the safety of the city, such the anxiety for its readiest humiliation, that it was arranged that a notification of surrender should be given before the next day broke, and three hours past midnight, the Mayor, despite his eighty years of age, was started in a dilapidated vehicle on the mission of surrendering Richmond before the enemy could get in sight of it.

Before the Mayor could mount on his mission to the enemy, a new and surprising terror fell upon the city. It had been fired in various quarters, and there were already gleams of conflagration on the dark horizon. While the heaving and tumultuous city was even at this hour of the night filled with pilgers and marauders—and convicts from the penitentiary, who had escaped, their guards having fled, and lawless soldiers who were no longer under control, the main command of General Ewell having already tramped across the bridges over the river—the wailing and anxious eyes of thousands of terrified citizens looking from their windows beheld this new apparition of horror rising from the black wastes of the night. Word came that the Shookoe Warehouse was fired; then, again, that three other large warehouses that contained tobacco, had been given to the flames. It was too late; the hand of the Government was recognized in it.

The configuration had proceeded from a strange negligence of President Davis. It was a standing order, in the Confederacy, that cotton and tobacco should be burned on

the approach of the enemy; and some weeks before in a general discussion in the newspapers, as to what might possibly take place at Richmond, it was suggested that the little there was of these staples in the city, should be removed, and repositioned in the Fair Grounds outside the city, where they might be convenient and clearly destroyed in case of necessity. The suggestion was never heeded by President Davis. The cotton and tobacco remained stored in large and scattered warehouses in the most thickly built parts of the city. In the trepidation of his flight, and in the excessive concern of his own safety, Mr. Davis appears to have left the order for burning the cotton and tobacco unchanged; at least the supposition of neglect is most charitable, for it is hardly to be supposed that he would have deliberately imperiled the homes of 60,000 people, to destroy and deprive the enemy of some insignificant stores of the total value of which it has been computed, that it would not furnish one day's rations for the whole of Grant's army.

The acquisition of riches seems, from the beginning of time, to have been one of man's universal passions. Many causes have tended to inspire it. In the hands of the good, riches have been a blessing; but who will say that, in the hands of the majority, riches have not been a corrupter—and a curse?—The maddest and the saddest lives have been spent in the accumulation of riches. Yet there is no evil in wealth. It is not money but the love of money that is the root of evil. When the pursuit of fortune does not curtail humanity, and its possession enlarges rather than diminishes man's aspirations to do good and be useful among men, riches are fair and lovely as the wings of ministering angels. It is a noble feeling, and worthy of his exalted character, that man should desire to surround himself with comfort and independence.—This feeling may be cherished without undue selfishness or hardening of the heart, and the more of this world's goods the true man possesses, the more suffering and want he can relieve. Sought rightly as a means, riches are a noble pursuit; sought and honored as an end, they are base and contemptible.

LABOR.—There is much truth in the statement that none so little enjoy life, and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do. The active only have the true relish of life. He who knows not what it is to labor, knows not what it is to enjoy. Recreation is only enjoyable as it unbends us. The idle know nothing of it. It is exertion that renders rest delightful, and sleep sweet and undisturbed. That the happiness of life depends on the regular prosecution of some laudable purpose, or lawful calling, which engaged, helps and enlivens all our powers, let those bear witness who, after spending years in active usefulness, retire to enjoy themselves; they then find leisure a burden rather than a pleasure.

THE GRAVE OF HAWTHORNE.—He lies buried close to Thoreau, on the highest point of the sleepy Hollow cemetery. Two small, oval stones bear the simple name, "Hawthorne," without date or anything else. The grave is covered with thick growing myrtle, and in one corner of the evergreen hedge which surrounds the lot is a Hawthorn tree. It is a poet's grave, and nothing in the surroundings of his home can compare with it.—*Concord Letter.*

HOW TO KEEP POOR.—There is no man but who would rejoice to have a way pointed out by which he might honestly attain riches. No one would thank us for a prescription to insure poverty, and yet there is many a man who keeps himself poor by indulging in the following: Two glasses of ale a day at ten cents, seventy-three dollars; three cigars, one after each meal, one hundred and nine dollars and fifty cents; board for a big dog, thirty dollars—all in one year, two hundred and twelve dollars and fifty cents—sufficient to buy six barrels of flour, one barrel of sugar, one sack of coffee, a good coat, a respectable dress, a frock for the baby, and half a dozen pairs of shoes.

Diogenes wrote: "There is nothing beautiful 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, 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 there." Dead! Oh, if the good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful would even death appear; for how much charity, mercy, purified affection would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves.

As daylight can be seen through very small holes, so little things will illustrate a person's character. Indeed, character consists in little acts, habitually and honorably performed, daily life being the quarry from which we build it up and rough how the habits that form it.

Dr. Tyng met an emigrant family going West. On one of the wagons there hung a jug with the bottom knocked out. "What is that?" asked the Doctor. "Why, it is my Taylor jug," said the man. "And what is it?" "Taylor jug?" asked the Doctor again. "I had a son in Taylor's army in Mexico, and the General always told him to carry his whiskey jug with a hole in the bottom, and that's it. It is the best invention I ever met with for hard drinkers."

A young lady once married a man by the name of Dust, against the wish of her parents. After a short time they lived unhappily together, and she returned to her father's house, but he refused to receive her, saying, "Dust thou art, and unto Dust thou shalt return."

A Wicked Prank.

Thursday night quite a fashionable wedding was celebrated in the Fourth District. The bride was pretty, as all newly married ladies are, and the groom, was the glass of fashion and the mould of form. A number of invited guests lent grace and beauty to the occasion, and hearty congratulations testified the good wishes of many friends for the happiness of the newly wedded pair. But the hours waned rapidly, and the time for parting came at last. The bride was led by laughing bridesmaids up to her chamber door. But imagine their surprise when it was opened by a lady richly and elegantly clad in a traveling suit, and evidently waiting for an interview.

"I beg pardon, madam; but you appear astonished," said the strange lady.

"I must confess I did not expect to see any one here," replied the bride.

"No, madam; I came in very privately, and wished an interview, subject to no interruption."

"It did not occur to the bride to inquire by whom she had been introduced, or by what means she had gained access to her apartment."

"It is very strange, ma'am, and I can't imagine why you wish to see me!"

"The reason is simple. The man you have just married has imposed on you. I am his wife."

"Oh! impossible—you rave!" and the lady sank into a chair almost fainting. Of course, the bridesmaids screamed. Such a succession of shrieks has rarely been heard. It speedily brought the family to the door with terror-stricken faces, and with them the bridegroom, all asking with trembling lips—

"What in the world is the matter?"

"Oh! Edward, what is the matter, 'the person says she's your wife!'"

"My wife!" shouted the astonished husband, "why she's insane!"

The strange lady stood up calm and unruffled.

"Is it possible, sir, that having perpetrated this great wickedness, you will have the hardihood to deny that I am your lawfully wedded wife?" she asked, looking the sorely troubled Edward full in the eye.

"Why, confound you, woman! I never saw you before in my life!" exclaimed the astonished man.

The lady regarded him very much as a minister would regard a person given over to total depravity.

"Oh! Edward, I'm afraid it's too true! and I love you so! I sobbed the young wife, 'how could you have treated me so?'"

"I tell you I haven't got any wife but you; this woman is an impostor!"

The strange lady uttered a low, mocking laugh. The scene was getting interesting to the last degree. The ladies were all crying, and the father of the bride stern and indignant. He had been for some time intently regarding the strange lady, when suddenly his eyes lighted up, and an amused smile played on his lips. He took a step forward, and laying his hand on the shoulder of the strange lady, said:

"Come, John; this is very cleverly played. But it's time it was over," and following the impulse of his arm the stranger was pushed into the hall.

"John—who—what?" exclaimed all at once.

It was the bride's younger brother a wicked boy, who had played a naughty prank, with the aid of his sister's traveling suit, and the obnoxious and curls.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that harmony was very speedily restored.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A couple of Yankee girls put a bull-frog into the hired man's bed to see if they could make him talk. Daniel throw the frog out the window and never said a word. Soon after he put a bushel of chestnut burrs into the girls' bed, and about the time he thought they would make the least shadow. Daniel went to the door and rattled the latch furiously. Out went the light and in went the girls; but they didn't stick; though the burrs did! Calling to them, to be quiet; he only wanted to know if they had 'seep anything of that pesky bull-frog; he'd give two dollars to find him."

A traveler called at a hotel in Albany, and asked the waiter for a bootjack. "What for?" said the astonished waiter. "To take off my boots." "Jabers! what a fut!" the waiter remarked, as he surveyed the man's anatomy, for the man had an enormous foot. At length—we may say at fall length—he gave it as his deliberate opinion that there wasn't a bootjack in all creation of any use for a fut like that, and that if the traveler wanted 'them are' hoots off he would have to go back to the fork in the road to get them off."

An elderly gentleman, accustomed to indulgence, entered the room of a certain tavern, where sat a green friend by the fire. Lifting a pair of grove spectacles upon his forehead, rubbing his inflamed eyes, and calling for brandy and water, he complained to the friend that his eyes were getting weaker, and that even spectacles didn't seem to do them any good. "I'll tell thee, friend," replied the Quaker, "what I think. If the wear thy spectacles over thy mouth for a few months, thy eyes would get well again."

A bachelor returning the other evening from an assembly in a crowded coach, declared, with a groan, that he had not the slightest objection to rings on his fingers, but he had a most unequivocal aversion to buttons on his toes.

TWO HEROES.—Before the recent rebellion Col. W. during a short sojourn in Vicksburg; met there some "hot-blooded Southerner, with a spirit as fiery as his own. They quarrelled—a challenge was passed and accepted, and the next rising sun was to witness one, if not both, of their dead bodies; drenched in blood, to wash-out wounded honor. During the night, the colonel said, he heard a boat coming up the river, and it struck him, as he heard the boat puffing and blowing, that "prudence was the better part of valor." So he took his trunk upon his shoulder, and stepped in the dead of the night, very quietly out of the hotel. As he neared the boat, whom should he see but his antagonist, at the boat before him, just starting. He returned as he had gone out, and was on the ground with his second, waiting with disappointed wrath, for his antagonist, and published him as an absconding scoundrel.

A HAPPY COUPLE.—The Pattersons, (N. J.) *Guardian* says: "Mrs. Lovy, whose death on Saturday was a sad and dreadful event to a husband and seven children, before her death, called her husband to her bedside and referred to their marriage, and to the fact that they had lived together until a son had arrived at manhood and six other children had been born to them, and during all these years, she said, not a single cross word passed between them. She expressed her confidence in her husband making every effort to keep the children together, and died. There are few married people, who, dying, can thus refer to the fact that clouds of domestic bitterness have never shadowed the marital pathway."

M. MUDIE, the author of some popular works on "The Seasons," was originally a teacher in Dundee. He happened to be one of a tea-party at the house of Rev. Dr. M. The Dr. was reputed for the suavity of his manners, and his especial politeness toward the fair sex. Handing a dish of honey to one of the ladies, he said, in his wonted manner: "Do take a little honey, Miss——; 'tis so sweet—so like yourself!"

Mr. Mudie could not restrain his native tendency to humor, so, harping the battered dish to the host, he exclaimed: "Do, take a little butter, doctor, 'tis so soft—so like yourself!"

A GENTLEMAN, after having paid his addresses to a young lady for some time, "popped the question." The lady, in a frightened manner, said, "You scare me, sir!" The gentleman did not wish to frighten the lady, and consequently remained quiet for some time, when she exclaimed, "Scare me again."

People who are always innocently cheerful and good-humored are very useful in the world. They maintain peace and happiness, and spread a thankful temper around them. It has been well said that 'we have no more right to fing an unnecessary shadow over the spirits of those whom we may casually meet, than we have to fing a stone and break their windows.'

An enthusiastic old fellow and his wife recently visited Niagara Falls. They worshipped the Falls all day from the piazza in front of their room and retired talking of its wonders. At an early hour the next morning the old gentlemen was on the *qui vive*, and as soon as he saw the Falls again he sang out: "Wife! I'll be darned if the water ain't still going over that dam."

In speaking of a clerical friend, who possesses a very robust countenance, some one said, the other day, "I don't think he drinks. In fact I know he does not, for he told me so, but he probably sleeps in a bed with very red curtains."

"Talk to a woman about religion, she sighs; talk to her of love, she smiles; talk to her of science, she goes to sleep. But talk to her of a dress, and she will open her eyes, and give you the entire attention of her ears."

The five great evils of life are said to be standing collars, stove-pipe hats, tight boots, bad whiskey, and cross women. The last not the least.

A verdant Cape Codder, upon seeing a locomotive for the first time, threw up his hands, exclaiming, "By thunder, what a darned great stove!"

One of the Georgia editors objects to the proposed editorial convention in that State. It says that the affair will only be a big drunk and two can get drunk at home, on whisky that we are used to."

"Off she goes," said a lady, speaking of the train as it was starting. "You have mistaken the gender, madam," a gentleman said, "this is a mail train."

"Tom, I hear you are broke?" "Yes," said Tom, with a sigh, "and so broke that if steam-boats were selling at a cent a piece, I couldn't buy a plank!"

If running after the women be a sin, it is one which is very easily checked. All that's necessary is for the women to stop running away from the men.

Sleeping on feather beds, or with the hands raised above the head, is very bad for the lungs. So says a doctor of large experience.

Somebody says the Mississippi had raised one foot. When it raises the other, it will probably run.

Why is a violin without strings like an editor's pocket? It is minus the notes.

When does a man's case lie in a nut-shell? When he's a colonel.