VILLAGE RECORD

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VOLUME XXII. WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 24, 1869. NUMBER 11.

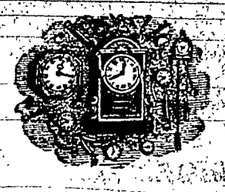
ALEX. LEEDS,

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 Coat buttons. A fine assortment of

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Solid Gold. Engagement and

WEDDING RINGS,

Silver Thimbles and shields, 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,

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PREPARATIONS FOR THE HAIR,

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☞ Physicians dealt with at 20 per cent. discount.

Waynesboro' Hotel Building,

WAYNESBORO', PA.

POETICAL.

ASPIRATIONS.

Our aims are all too high; we try
To gain the summit at a bound,
When we should reach it step by step,
And climb the ladder round by round.
He who would climb the heights sublime
Or breathe the purer air of life,
Must not expect to rest in ease,
But brace himself for toil or strife.

We should not in our blindness seek
To grasp alone for grand and great,
Disdaining every smaller good,
For trifles make the aggregate.
And if a cloud should hover o'er
Our weary pathway like a pall,
Remember God permits it there,
And his good purpose reigns o'er all.

Life should be full of earnest work,
Or hearts undashed by fortune's frown;
Let perseverance conquer fate,
And merit seize the victor's crown.
The battle is not to the strong,
The race not always to the fleet;
And he who seeks to pluck the stars
Will lose the jewels at his feet.

OH! 'TIS ONLY MUSIC'S STRAIN.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

When the' life unblest we rove
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we used to love
In days of boyhood, meet our ear—
Oh! how welcome breaths the strain,
Waking thoughts that long have slept;
Kindling form[illegible]ofiles again
In faded eye[illegible] long have wept.

Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of orient flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in music's breath.

Music, oh how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well!
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are e'en more false than they;
Oh! 'tis only music's strain
Can sweetly sooth and not betray.

MISCELLANY.

A JURYMAN'S STORY.

BY JUDGE CLARK.

We had been out twenty-four hours and stood eleven to one. The case was a very plain one—at least we eleven thought so.

A murder of peculiar atrocity had been committed; and though no eye had witnessed the deed, circumstances pointed to the prisoner's guilt with unfailing certainty.

The recusant juror had stood out from the first. He acknowledged the cogency of the proofs, confessed his inability to reconcile the facts with the defendant's innocence, and yet, on every vote went steadily for acquittal.

His conduct was inexplicable. It could not result from a lack of intelligence; for, while he spoke but little his words were well chosen, and evinced a thorough understanding of the case.

Though still in the prime of manhood, his locks were prematurely white, and his face wore a singularly sad and thoughtful expression.

He might be one of those who entertained scruples as to the right of society to inflict the death penalty. But no, it was not that; for, in reply to such a suggestion, he frankly admitted that brutal men, like the vicious brutes they resemble, must be controlled through fear, and that dread of death, the supreme terror, is, in many cases the only adequate restraint.

At the prospect of another night of fruitless imprisonment we began to grow impatient, and expostulated warmly against what seemed an unreasonable captiousness, and some not over kind remarks were indulged in as to the impropriety of trifling with an oath like that under which we were acting.

'And yet,' the man answered, as though communing with himself rather than repelling the imputation. 'It is *conscience* that hinders my concurrence in a verdict approved by my judgment.'

'How can that be?' queried several at once.

Conscience may not always *dare* to follow judgment.'

But *here* she can know no other guide.'

'I once would have said the same.

'And what has changed your opinion?'

'EXPERIENCE.'

The speaker's manner was visibly agitated, and we waited in silence the explanation which he seemed ready to give.

Mastering his emotion, as if in answer to our looks of inquiry, he continued:

'Twenty years ago I was a young man just beginning life. Few had brighter prospects, and none brighter hopes.

'An attachment, dating from childhood, had ripened with its object. There had been no verbal declaration and acceptance of love—no formal plighting of troth, but when I took my departure to seek a home in the distant West, it was nothing needed, that when I had found it and got it in order, she was to share it.

'Life in the forest, though solitary, is not necessarily lonesome. The kind of society afforded by Nature, depends much on one's self. As for me, I lived more in the future than in the present, and Hope is an ever-cheerful companion.

'At length came the time for making the final payment on the home which I had bought. It would, henceforward, be my own and, in a few more months, my simple dwelling, which I had spared no pains to render inviting, would be graced by its mistress.

'At the land-office, which was some sixty miles off, I met my old friend, George C. He, too had come to seek his fortune in the West, and we were both delighted at the meeting. He had brought with him, he said, a sum of money which he desired to invest in land, on which it was his purpose to settle.

'I expressed a strong wish to have him for a neighbor, and gave him a cordial invitation to accompany me home, giving it as my belief, that he could nowhere make a better selection than in that vicinity.

'He readily consented, and we set out together. We had not ridden many miles, when George suddenly recollected a commission he had undertaken for a friend, which would require his attendance at a public land-sale on the following day.

'Exacting a promise that he would not delay his visit longer than necessary, and having given minute directions as to the route, I continued my way homeward, while he turned back.

'I was about retiring to bed on the night of my return, when a summons from without called me to the door. A stranger asked shelter for himself and his horse for the night.

'I invited him in. Though a stranger, his face seemed not unfamiliar. He was probably one of the men I had seen at the land office, a place at that time much frequented.

'Offering him a seat, I went to see to his horse. The poor animal, as well as I could see by the dim starlight, seemed to have been hardly used. His panting sides bore witness of merciless riding, and a tremulous shrinking, at the slightest touch, betokened recent fright.

'On re-entering the house, I found the stranger was not there. His absence excited no surprise, he would doubtless soon return. It was a little singular, however, that he should have left his watch lying on the table.

'At the end of half an hour, my guest not returning, I went again to the stable, thinking he might have found his way thither to give personal attention to the wants of his horse.

'Before going out, from mere force of habit—for we were as yet unaffected by either thieves or policemen—I took the precaution of putting the stranger's watch in a drawer in which I kept my own valuables.

'I found the horse as I had left him and gave him food which he was now sufficiently cooled to be allowed to eat, but his master was nowhere to be seen.

'As I approached the house, a crowd of men on horseback dashed up, and I was commanded, in no gentle tone, to stand!' In another moment I was in the clutches of those who claimed me as their prisoner.'

'I was too much stupefied at first to ask what it all meant. I did so at last, and the explanation came. It was terrible!

'My friend with whom I had so lately set out in company, had been found murdered and robbed near the spot at which I, but I alone, knew we had separated. I was the last person known to be with him, and I was now arrested on suspicion of his murder.

'A search of the premises was immediately instituted. The watch was found in the drawer in which I had placed it, and was identified as the property of the murdered man. His horse, too, was found in my stable, for the animal I had just put there was none other. I recognized him myself when I saw him in the light.

'What I said I know not. My confusion was taken as additional evidence. And when, at length, I did command language to give an intelligible statement, it was received with sneers of incredulity.

'The mob spirit is inherent in man—at least in crowds of men. It may not always manifest itself in physical violence. It sometimes contents itself with lynching a character.' But, whatever its form, it is always relentless, pitiless, cruel.

'As the proofs of my guilt, one after another, came to light, low mutterings gradually grew into a clamor for vengeance, and but for the firmness of one man—the officer who had me in charge—I would doubtless have paid the penalty of my supposed offense on the spot.

'It was not sympathy for me that actuated my protector. His heart was as hard as his office; but he represented the majesty of the law, and took a sort of grim pride in the position.

'As much under the glance of his eye as before the muzzle of his pistol the cowardly clamorers drew back. Perhaps they were not sufficiently numerous to feel the full effect of that mysterious reflex influence which makes a crowd of men so much worse, and at times so much better, than any one of them singly.

* * * * *

'At the end of some months my trial came. It could have but one result. Circumstances too plain declared my guilt. I alone knew they lied.

'The absence of the jury was very brief. To their verdict I paid but little heed. It was a single hideous word; but it had long anticipated it, and it made no impression.

'As little impression was made by the words of the judge which following it, and his solemn invocation that God might have mercy upon me which man was too just to pronounce, sounded like the bellowing of hollow mockeries.

'It may be hard for the condemned criminal to meet death; it is still harder for him who is innocent. The one, when the first shock is over acquiesces to his doom, and gives himself to repentance; the heart of the other, filled with rebellion against man's injustice, can scarce bring itself to ask pardon of God.

'I had gradually overcome this feeling, in spite of the good clergyman's irritating efforts, which were mainly directed towards extracting a confession, without which, he assured me, he had no hope to offer.

'On the morning of the day fixed for my execution, I felt measurably resigned. I had so long stood face to face with death, had so accustomed myself to look upon it as a merely momentary pang, that I no longer felt solicitous save that my memory should one day be vindicated. The one for whom I had gone to prepare a home had already found one in heaven. The tidings of my calamity had broken her heart. She alone of all the world believed me innocent; and she had died with a prayer upon her lips, that the truth might yet be brought to light.

'All this I had heard, and it had soothed as with sweet incense my troubled spirit. Death, however unwelcome the shape, was now a portal beyond which I could see *one* angel waiting to receive me.

'I had heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and nerved myself to meet the expected summons. The door of my cell opened, and the sheriff and his attendants entered. He held in his hand a paper. It was doubtless my death-warrant. He began to read it. My thoughts were busied elsewise. The words FULL AND FREE PARDON were the first to strike my preoccupied senses. They affected the bystanders more than myself. Yet so it was: *I was pardoned for an offense I had never committed.*

'The real culprit, none other, it is needless to say, than he who had sought and abused my hospitality, had been mortally wounded in a recent affray in a distant city, but had lived long enough to make a disclosure, which had been laid before the Governor barely in time to save me from a shameful death, and condemn me to a cheerless and burdensome life.

'This is my EXPERIENCE. My judgment as yours, in the case before us, leads to but one conclusion, that of the prisoner's guilt; but *not less confidently* and apparently unerring was the judgment that falsely pronounced my own.

We no longer importuned our fellow juror, but patiently awaited our discharge on the ground of inability to agree, which came at last.

The prisoner was tried and convicted at a subsequent term, and at the last moment confessed his crime on the scaffold.

Let us be More Sociable.

In order to increase the sum of human happiness, we should cultivate kind and fraternal feelings one with another. A true life consists in something else than simply accummulating property. We do not, and can not live 'by bread alone.' A writer in the *Journal of Agriculture* discourses on this subject most beautifully as follows:

The sole object and aim of too many individuals seems to get gain, 'grab all,' let the consequence be what they may to others. The desire to accumulate wealth, regardless of the comfort and social happiness of our neighbors and the interchange of friendly sentiments, should be ignored. On the other hand, we should so live and act that the generous impulses of our own heart would prompt us to extend the hand fellowship to all our neighbors, and looking them squarely in the eye, feel that glorious inward consciousness that we had never wronged them in thought or deed. Then, too, let words of kindness be spoken; let little deeds of love be done; let the principles of the golden rule be exemplified in our daily lives; let us be more sociable, and cultivate our convivial qualities by frequent interchanges of friendly greetings at social gatherings; let no aristocracy be acknowledged, save that of intellect; let us beautify our homes; Let us make them what they should be by cherishing a love for the beautiful, so that

Blessings may attend us forever,
And whatever we pray for or to do;
May our lives be one grand endeavor
Of the pure, the good and the true.

THE HARDEST LESSON.—The hardest lesson a human being can learn is that of self conquest. That once learned, all the rest is easy. Perhaps it is more difficult for a woman, for women are more impulsive than men. It is terrible for any one to set aside all things for the sake of duty; to say this hope, this joy, this thing that makes life beautiful stands in the way of what ought to be first, and turn one's back upon it; but it can be done and will be done by every one at some time. One must learn, also, the suppression of emotions which it is not wise to express. If they cannot be killed, then bury them alive, and say nothing. One almost dies in the attempt, but the proudest moment of any life is when it can be said with truth: 'I can do what I will with myself, I have no habit I cannot in an instant break; I have no thought I cannot refuse expression; I can forbid myself *to be angry*, to seek vengeance, to present even uncalled-for insult and impertinence, and I can take even love, the strongest of all human emotions, from my heart, and strangle it, when to love would be either wrong or foolish.'

The men who drink to excess, the men who gamble, and the women who die of love for some fellow incapable of appreciating them, are people incapable of self conquest. Think of that, and learn to conquer your heart, your mind, and your appetite.

Make friends of none in whom you have not implicit confidence—whom you cannot trust in all places and at all seasons. The best friendship you can make, is that which is based on those feelings which spring from the observance of sacred truths.

[Original.]

GIVING THE MITTEN.

Girls, have you ever seriously thought how much pain and mortification you sometimes cause, when you *publicly* slight the attentions of those young men, whom you may happen to dislike, upon no particular grounds? It is not to be supposed that a girl must make herself particularly agreeable to every young man who may chance to appreciate her society, yet she may not treat him disrespectfully. Many a noble fellow has been driven to dissipation and a life of perpetual misery by so-called-for cruelty, which might as easily have been kindness, and one soul more would perhaps have enjoyed life here and the felicity of an existence in Paradise. Sweet sister, stop to think before you utter a *sarcastic* refusal to *his* prayer. Pause, I say, for your reply may save him from eternal ruin. Never be heartless when a simple explanation, sweetly spoken, would suffice to explain your motives. Gentleness indicates high birth and a natural loveliness of mind; acrimony, low origin and its attending natural imperfections of heart and mind. A sensitive and weak-minded being may be overcome by mere unkindness, a truly great one never will, knowing from whom and from what causes it springs. Dr. Samuel Johnson was a memorable example of this peculiar strength of mind. Suavity of expression is one of Natures most charming gifts; those who possess it can never wound feelings, no matter how sensitive, nor appear disagreeable, even to their enemies. Graces, otherwise the most bewitching, pass unnoticed if not united to this indescribable attribute of female loveliness. Study ever to be gracious in your department, girls, and you must ever appear charming. Then will Shelley's graceful words—

"For when the power of imparting joy
Is equal to the will, the human soul
Requires no other heaven,"—

apply to you in their full force and beauty.

THEODOSIA.

What Sleep will Cure.

The cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food. Not that it is more *important*, but it is often harder to get. The best rest comes from sound sleep. Of two men or women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the best will be the most moral, healthy, and efficient.

Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness, uneasiness. It will restore to vigor an overworked brain. It will build up and make strong a weary body. It will do much to cure dyspepsia, particularly that variety known as nervous dyspepsia. It will relieve the languor and prostration felt by consumptives. It will cure hypochondria. It will cure the blues. It will cure the headache. It will cure the heartache. It will cure a broken spirit. It will cure sorrow. Indeed, we might make a long list of nervous maladies that sleep will cure.

The cure of sleeplessness, however, is not so easy, particularly in those who who carry grave responsibilities. The habit of sleeping well is one which, if broken up for any length of time, is not easily regained. Often a severe illness, treated by powerful drugs, so deranges the nervous system that sleep is never sweet after it. Or, perhaps, continued watchfulness produce the same effect; or hard study, or too little exercise of the muscular sytem, or tea and whisky drinking, and tobacco using. To break up the habits are required:

1. A clean good bed.
2. Sufficient exercise, to produce weariness, and pleasant occupation.
3. Good air, and not too warm a room.
4. *Freedom from too much care.*
5. A clean stomach.
6. A clear conscience.
7. Avoidance of stimulants and narcotics.

For those who are overworked, haggard, nervous, who pass sleepless nights, we commend the adoption of such habits as shall secure sleep, otherwise life will be short, and what there is of it is sadly imperfect.—*Herald of Health.*

Fashionable Women.

Fashion kills more women than toil and sorrow. Obedience to fashion is a greater transgression of the laws of woman's nature, a greater injury to her physical and mental constitution, than the hardships of poverty and neglect. The slave woman at her task will live and grow old, and see two or three generations of her mistresses fade and pass away. The washerwoman, with scarce a ray of hope to cheer her in her toils, will live to see her fashionable sisters all extinct. The kitchen maid is hearty and strong when her lady has to be nursed like a sick baby.

It is a sad truth that fashion-pampered women are almost worthless for all the good ends of life; they have but little force of character; they have still less power of moral will and quite as little energy. They live for no great purpose in life—they accomplish no great ends. They are dolls, formed in the hands of milliners and servants, to be dressed and fed to order. They dress nobody, they bless nobody, and save nobody. They write no books, they set no rich example of virtue in woman's life. If they rear children, servants and nurses do all, save to conceive and give them birth. And when reared what are they? What do they ever amount to, but weaker copies of old stock? Who ever heard of a fashionable woman's child exhibiting any virtue and power of mind, of which it became eminent? Read the biographies of our great men and women. Not one of them had a fashionable mother. They nearly all sprung from strong minded women, who had about as little to do with fashion as with the changing clouds.

Laziness is the right and proper name for nine-tenths of the excuses given for bad farming.

Bachelors and Flirts.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

Some old bachelors put after a flirt, and can't travel so fast as she does, and then subsidize all the female group and hire them to catch, and good for nothin' when they are ketched.

A flirt is enough thing to overhaul unless the right dog gets after her, and then they are the easiest of all to ketch, and make the best of wives.

When a flirt really falls in love she is as powerless as a mown daisy.

Her impudence then changes into modesty, her cunning into fear, her spare into halter, her pruning into a cradle.

The best way to ketch a flirt is to travel t'other way from which they are going, sit down on the ground and whistle some lively tune till the flirt comes round. Old bachelors make the flirts, and the flirts git more plentiful by making the old bachelors.

A majority of flirts get married finally, for they have a great quantity of the most dainty bits of a woman's nature, and always hav shrewdness to back up their sweetness.

Flirts don't deal in poetry and water-gruel, they hev got too hev brains, or else somebody would trade them out of their capital at the first swap.

Disappointed luv must of course be on one side, and this ain't any more excuse for being an old bachelor than it is for a man to quit all kinds of manual labor, just out of spite, and jine a poor house because he can't lift a tun at one pop.

An old bachelor will brag about his freedom to you, his relief from anxiety, his independence. This is a dead beat, past resurrection, for everybody knows there iz a more anxious dupe than he is. All his dreams are charcoal sketches of boarding-school misses; he dresses, greases his hair, cultivates buoyous and corns, to please the wimmin, and only gits laffed at for his pains.

I tried being an old bachelor until I was about twenty years old, and came very near dieing a dozen times. I had more sharp pain in one year than I have had since, put it all in a heap. I was in a lively fever all the time.

SIMPLE CURE FOR DEAFNESS.—A gentleman, who for some years was so deaf as to be utterly unable to hear conversation in an ordinary tone of voice, called upon us the other day and requested us to publish the method by which his cure was effected, for the benefit of all who may be afflicted with this infirmity, whether arising from catarrh or other cause.

After trying the remedies prescribed by his physicians, this gentleman—now over sixty years of age—was recommended to inject into the ear a mixture of castile soap and tepid water; or, it may be made as hot as the part will bear. By this simple and entirely innocent preparation, used daily for about two weeks, the hearing of the gentleman who recommends it was completely restored.

The addition of a few drops of pure oil of glycerine is also of advantage, as it softens the wax of the ear when it becomes hardened; or if the deafness is accompanied with the sense of uneasiness or pain, the addition of a few drops of laudanum will be of advantage in relieving the pain. A very large number of people are afflicted with partial deafness, and it can, we trust, do no harm to try so simple a remedy—a remedy which our informant assures us, is a certain cure in many cases.—*Exchange.*

CRAWLED UP.—Once upon a time a gentleman found in his hen roost a simple-minded soul of the vicinity, who lived without visible means of support. 'What are you doing here, you rascal? Stealing my chickens?' 'No, sir,' was the response, 'I ain't thought of doin' suthin' of the sort.' It unfortunately happened that the simple-minded individual wore a high straw hat, of the dimensions of a bee hive, and the crown thereof was dilapidated to a serious extent. Just as he had put in his denial, the head of a half grown pullet was seen to protrude from the aperture. 'See there,' said the gentleman, 'how did that chicken get in your hat?' Well exclaimed the simple-minded individual, with an air of honest suprise and embarrassment, 'that is the strangest thing that ever happened to me. I suppose the darned critter must have crawled up my trowser's leg.'

'Where's my wife?' asked Nil, coming home early one night.

'Gone to bed with the toothache,' was the reply.

'Well, said the indignant Nil, if she had rather go to bed with the toothache than with me, let her go!'

If you were to have a horse shod, which had you rather pay, five dollars for the job, or give one penny for the first nail, two for the next, and so on, doubling the amount each nail, allowing thirty-two nails for the four feet? Try it and see.

An Iowa editor takes pains to tell his readers that he has had an introduction to a young lady from Ohio, and says she is all sorts of a lovely girl, sharp as a frosty morning, as full of tricks as a deer, and happy as a flock of snow birds.

An Attorney, on being called to account for having acted unprofessionally in taking less than the usual fees from his client, pleaded that he had taken all the man had. He was thereupon honorably acquitted.

'AN IRISHMAN.—Isn't it pleasant to be surrounded by such a crowd of ladies?' said a pretty woman to a popular lecturer.

'Yes, said he; but it would be pleasanter to be surrounded by one.'