

VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

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WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 7, 1870.

NUMBER 26.

MACHINE SHOP

AND

LUMBERYARD!

THE subscribers having enlarged their shops and added the latest improved machinery for working wood and iron, are now prepared to do all kinds of work in their line and are manufacturing the

Willoughby's Gum-Spring Grain and Fertilizer Drill, Greatly Improved; The Celebrated Brinkerhoff Cornsheller; Gibsons' Champion Washing Machine; John Riddesberger's Patent Lifting-Jack.

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE WAYNESBORO SASH AND DOOR FACTORY

having furnished their shops with the latest improved machinery for this branch of business, they are now prepared to manufacture and furnish all kinds of

BUILDING MATERIAL, such as Sash, Doors, Frames, Shutters, Blinds, Mouldings, some Eighteen Different Styles; Cornice, Stairing, Porticoes, &c. &c., Flooring, Weatherboarding, and

ALL KINDS LUMBER, furnished at short notice.

We tender our thanks to the community for their liberal patronage bestowed upon us and hope by strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the same. Also agents for the sale of Dodge & Stevenson's Kirby, Valley Chief, and World Combined Reaping and Mowing Machines, and the celebrated Clapper Mower.

LIDY, FRICK & CO.

THE "CORNER DRUG STORE," WAYNESBORO, PA., **DR. J. BURNS AMBERSON** PROPRIETOR.

SONG!

At the Drug Store on the Corner. I'm true love was sick to death, Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la, I'd tell her at her latest breath, Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la, Her race of life could not be run, Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la, I'd buy some Drugs of Amberson At the Drug Store on the Corner.

If I was held without a hair, Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la, I'd laugh at that, I would not care, Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la, I'd bring them back, yes, every one, Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la, By Drugs I bought of Amberson At the Drug Store on the Corner.

If I was tanned to darkest dye, Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la, I would not care, I would not cry, Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la, For soon a bleaching would be done, Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la, By Drugs I'd buy of Amberson At the Drug Store on the Corner.

Then three times three and tiger to, Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la, For what we know that they can do, Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la, With chorus loud, the vict'ry won, Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la, By Drugs, I bought of Amberson At the Drug Store on the Corner.

DRUGS—THE BEST AND PUREST ALWAYS ON HAND AT DRAIN'S, CHEMICAL AND MINERAL, Pink, White Lead and Colors, the best assortment in town at

ROSINE, OILS, VARNISHES, DYES all kinds at **BRUSHES, PAINT, VARNISH, SASH, HAIR** Band Tooth Brushes at

TRUSSES AND SUPPORTERS AT BRANDY, WHISKY, WINES AND RUM for medicinal use on hand. **PATENT MEDICINES—ALL THE STAND** and Patent Medicines of the day at **EXTRACTS, FOR FLAVORING, PERFUMERY,** and toilet articles generally at **PHYSICIANS PRESCRIPTIONS CARE-** fully compounded at "The Corner Drug Store," July 16

FIRST "FALL ARRIVAL!"

WELSH has just received a full assortment of Goods, in the line of business. His stock consists in part, of all the latest styles of Men's and boys

HATS AND CAPS, Men's, Women's, Misses', Boy's, and Children's

BOOTS, GAITERS, SHOES and Slippers of every description. Ladies and Misses'

BOYS' BOONETS, Bonnet Frames, Trimmings, Sundowns and Hats Dress Trimmings, Hoop Skirts, Hair Nets, Hair Collar, Hair Ribbons, Parasols, Sun Umbrellas, Fans, etc. Also, all kinds of Miscellaneous Goods, Stationery of all kinds, and every variety of Goods. All of which will be sold as cheap as the cheapest. J. R. WELSH

POETICAL.



THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death! The stars go down, To rise upon some fairer shore, And bright in heaven's jeweled crown, They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread Shall change 'neath summer showers The golden grain, or mellow fruit, Of rain-bow tinted flowers.

There is no death! The leaves may fall; The flowers may fade and pass away! They only wait, through wintry hours, The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angle form Walks o'er the earth with silent tread; He bears our best loved ones away, And then we call them "dead."

The bird like voice whose joyous tones! Make glad this scene of sin and strife, Sing now in everlasting song Amid the tree of life.

Born in that andying life, They leave us but to come again; With joy we welcome them—the same Except in sin and pain.

And ever, near us, though unseen, The dear immortal spirit tread, For as the boundless universe Is life—there is no death.

THE NEW YEAR.

Joy! joy! a year is born; A year to man is given, For hope, and peace, and love, For faith, and truth, and heaven, 'Though earth be dark with care, With death and sorrow, yet, Yet toil, and pain, and prayer, Lead to a higher life.

Behold, the fields are white! No longer idly stand! Go forth in love and might Men needs thy helping aid; Thus may each day and year To prayer and toil be given Till man to God draws near, And earth becomes like heaven.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ALLEN'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

John Allen sat alone in his study, gazing thoughtfully into the glowing coals before him. Outside the storm was raging fiercely, and the shutters creaked and groaned beneath the blasts of the wind. The wealthy banker rose from his chair as the storm grew louder, and, going to the window, raised the heavy damask curtain and looked out. All was dark, and sleet and snow fell heavily against the panes.

"A dreadful night," he muttered, resuming his seat. "A dreadful night, I pity the poor wretch who is compelled to face this wind and rain. I wonder if Agatha—a half-pain fluttered from his lips, and a look of pain lingered in his eyes. Many people believed John Allen to be without a heart, and supposed that whatever affection he was capable of feeling had given years ago to the shining gold which lay piled in glittering heaps in his coffers, and in so believing were wiser right than the banker cared to have them.

Once—long ago—a fair-haired daughter had filled the stately house with sunshine and song. A merry voice rang with laughter through the wide parlors, and the patter of dancing feet re-echoed from stairway and hall. Agatha Allen was the banker's only child; his pride and his treasure. In her he had centered all his hopes; and when she married a poor book keeper without his sanction, and even against his express commands, his rage knew no bounds, and he cast her off.

That was long before, and he never heard from her after; but often, as the months glided by, and were linked in the chain of years, memory reverted to the happier past, and the resolve was half formed to search and discover her whereabouts, if it were possible. And now, as he sat alone in his study, there came a great yearning to have his daughter again with him. All the night long John Allen sat dreaming before the fire, and the chimnies of the Christmas bells awoke him from the doze into which he had fallen.

"Christmas morning, he mused early—"Christmas morning, I will begin at once. Oh God! what it I am now too late!" He opened the door and stepped out on the piazza. The air was clear and piercingly cold while all over the earth and the housetops the snow had fallen, wrapping the whole in a garment of the purest white. The banker buttoned his coat more closely around him as the keen air penetrated to his person.

"A penny, please, sir." The voice was half drowned in tears, and a little, blue, pinched hand was held out entreatingly. "Something in the totes started him, and bending down he peered curiously into the large, sad eyes, which gave the little beggar a weird, uncanny look. "What is your name, little one," he asked, kindly. "Agatha—Agatha Allen Stewart," was the tremulous reply.

"May God forgive me!" said, catching the child into his arms, he hurried into the study.

"And your mamma, how is she?" queried he, as he seated the weeping child before the fire, and ordered a generous meal to be prepared. The brown eyes were filled with tears to overflowing, and between the choking sobs, John Allen gleaned the facts that his once beautiful daughter was starving by inches in a hired tenement, while his hoarded gold lay unused in its hiding places.

When the child was warmed and fed, he ordered the dainty little sleigh and sleek ponies, packed a basket with good, substantial food and wine, and drove in the direction of his daughter's residence of squalor and poverty hardly to be conceived. Up, up the creaking stairs, through a narrow, dark passage way, and then pointing to a door, the child said simply: "It's in there, sir. We live here."

He at once pushed open the door, and went in. Upon a bed in one corner of the room lay an attenuated figure. The eyes were closed as if in sleep, and one thin, transparent hand clasped tightly the worn counterpane. "Wake, mamma, wake! See, the gentleman has fetched us bread, a basketful," and the girl laid her own small palm upon the thinner one of her mother.

But no sound came from the pale lips, no returning glance brightened the glazed eyes. They were, indeed, too late, for alone in the old garret she had died, and the spirit had gone to God. The banker reeled and would have fallen had he not caught at the chair standing near him. "Too late! he groaned; 'too late! O Agatha! my daughter, my daughter!"

And for the first time in years the old man knelt in prayer. How long he remained in that position he knew not, but when he arose, there reigned in his heart a holy calm. With clearer eyes, he read life's duty, and made resolves to amend his deeds. The wealth and power he once coveted was to him now only to be used to do good, and to alleviate, as far as possible, the sufferings of others. He saw the world now with different eyes, and was surprised to find how selfish and bigoted he had been through all his life. And, beside the poor couch of his dead, as the clear chimnies of the Christmas bells sounded in his ears, he cast away the old, morose, narrow-minded self, and determined, for his own sake, and that of the one still living, to be a better man. And with the resolve he felt an inner conviction that, in the future, which should be higher, holier, and therefore happier, the Great-Master would aid him.

And John Allen's "Christmas Gift" was a gift direct from God, of a warmer heart and higher purpose.

LIFE; DEATH.

"Death, plunge opaque beyond conjecture" —Young's Night Thoughts.

Oh, this restless life; how many fears, hopes, cares, anxieties it brings to us! Who that lives to maturity can be exempt from them? Oh, thou unknown ending to this life! What art thou that I must so soon experience? Death, what art thou, dread visitant, that I must so soon take by the hand and walk with intimately?

How many unanswerable questions arise! Why do I live? Whither am I tending? At any moment I may make that "plunge opaque"; then, where, how, what, shall be this restless, rest-seeking, unhappy, happiness pursuing being known to me as myself?

Here I am confined to a circumscribed sphere of knowledge and of action. Here I grope like a worm in darkness. I cannot pierce its mysteries; I cannot soar upward to those myriad worlds that mockingly smile down upon me from the sky. But there is an active principle within me constituting a part of myself, that can dive into those occult depths, picturing their unspeakable wonders; that can soar on tireless wings above, visiting those unknown worlds, giving to them form and color, peopling them with mystic intelligences; that, passing beyond these worlds as by the first few milestones upon a far-extending road, can roam on and on through the magnitudes of space to the utmost verge of the universe. Yet here I am, caged in flesh; here I remain, not having even moved from my seat in the corner of my room! This active power belonging to, constituting a part of myself; this adventurous something that inquisitively searches out things hidden from fleshy eyes; this something I call *Imagination*.

Now I turn back to the past of my life, to events of yesterday, of last year, of years ago. I picture the scenes I saw agitated. I say to myself, "Are these pictures more distinct, more real, than those you behold in the bosom of the earth, or in the immensity of space?" This other property of myself, this power that brings to life the dead past, this I name *Memory*. And I shall die. Among all the torturing uncertainties of life, this alone is sure. It may be to-night, to-morrow, it will be soon, it ever so many months or years ahead; it may, perhaps, be far hence, even if ever so near in point of time, for the soul, I think, when upon the verge of death, often in a moment, lives over a lengthened lifetime, passes through almost an infinity of perceptions and sensations.

When I die will Memory and Imagination die with me? Without them should I be myself? No. If I lose Memory I lose identity, I no longer know myself. I, to all intents and purposes, no longer am myself. I am, instead, a new being, made, perhaps, out of the dismembered parts that formerly composed the old one, but none the less a

new creation, for I know nothing, of my former self, so that, as far as my own consciousness is concerned, I am another.

But, if Memory remain to me after death, I am still myself, I shall remember the scenes of my earthly life, I shall recognize my old friends, if I meet them. Yes, that one anxious query of the human heart is answered; if I retain self-knowledge, I shall know my earthly friends in that unseen world to which we all hasten.

This must be so if I lose not memory and identity. But suppose I lose both? suppose I cease to remember my former self; what then has the present myself to do with the future one? The one bears as close a relation to the other, as the present living generation of mankind to the antediluvians.—The former descended from the latter; hence must be 'bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh'; but what avails it, since they have never seen, never known, never regarded each other?

Oh, my soul, wilt thou thus become a stranger to thine own self? No. Thou wilt know thyself, thou wilt recognize thy friends, thou wilt remember the mingled guilt and innocence of thine earthly life, thy momentary relishes of the bitter-sweet morals, sin, thy tears and agonies of repentance and self-loathing, thy cries to the Infinite for help, for pardon. Ah, yes, thou wilt remember all these, else how shouldst thou know thy Saviour? how shouldst be grateful to Him? how shouldst thou perceive from what horrible depths of corruption He hath snatched thee? how shouldst thou imagine from what severity of suffering He hath saved thee?

And if, after death, memory and imagination continue to be parts of my being, will not my other powers of mind continue to be mine also? Shall I not be capable of acquiring knowledge, of applying that knowledge, also, in some way, to the promotion of God's glory and perfection of my own being?

And, the more knowledge, the more purity I attain to here, will not so much the more be my progress there?

Lost Women.

With all their vagaries and absurdities it must be admitted that the "strong-minded" women sometimes say things well worthy to be read and pondered. Read this from the speech of Mrs. Burleigh at the Woman's Suffrage Convention in New Jersey: "My friends, has it ever occurred to you what a commentary upon our civilization are these lost women and the attitude of society toward them? A little child strays from the house enclosure and a whole community is on the alert to find the wanderer and restore it to its mother's arms. What rejoicing when it is found, what tearful sympathy, what heartiness of congratulation? There are no harsh comments upon the poor, tired feet, be they ever so muddy, no reprimand for the soiled and torn garments, no lack of kisses for the tear stained face. But let the child be grown to womanhood, let her be led from the inclosure of morality by the voice of affection, or driven from it by the strong scourge of want—what happens then? Do Christian men and women go in quest of her? Do they provide all possible help for her return, or if she returns of her own motion, do they receive her with such kindness and delicacy as to secure her against wandering again? Far from it. At the first false step she is denounced as lost—lost, false friends and relatives—we disown you, don't ever come near us to disgrace us. Lost, says society indifferently. How bad these girls are! And lost—irrevocably lost—is the prompt verdict of Conventional Morality, while one and all unite in bolting every door between her and respectability. Ah! will not these lost ones be required at our hands in the great Hereafter?"

THAT OLD FASHIONED MOTHER.—One in all the world, the law of whose law is love; one who is the divinity of our infancy, and the sacred presence in the shrine of our first earthly idolatry; one whose heart is far below the frosts that gather so thickly on her brow; one to whom we never grow old, but in the plumed troupe, or in the grave council are children still; one who welcomed us going, and never forgoes us—never. And when in some closet, some drawer, some corner, she finds a garment or a toy that once was ours, how does she weep as she thinks we may be suffering or sad? Does the battle of life drive the wanderer to the old homestead at last? Her hand is upon his shoulder, her dim and fading eyes are kindled with something of the "light of other days," as she gazes upon his worn and troubled face. "Be of stout heart, my son! No harm can reach you here." But sometime that arm-chair is set back against the wall, the corner is vacant, and they seek the dear old occupant in the graveyard.

PROVERBS.—A woman's work is never at an end. A man's best fortune—or his worst—is a wife. All are good losses, but where come the ill-wives from?

You may know a foolish woman by her flattery. Far fetched, and dear bought, is good for the ladies. Three women and a goose make a market. The rich widow cries with one eye and rejoices with the other.

He that tells his wife news is but newly married. She that has an ill-husband shows it in her dress. She who is born handsome is born married.

The young man who parts his hair in the middle is about to marry the young lady with the Grecian bend, and they will be well matched.

BE KIND TO LITTLE ONES.

On a bright and lovely day in the month of May, a band of gayly dressed and blossoming girls issued from the house of one of the party, and proceeding a little further down the lane, stopped at the house of another companion, where they were joined by her; and they entered the neighboring wood to enjoy themselves in gathering wild flowers.

Suddenly had they gone when a little prattler of three years old came from the last mentioned dwelling and following the retreating party, with a sweet childish voice cried: "Sister Katie, let me go too." But sister Katie was too much occupied to hear the little darling, and again the pleading voice was heard: "Please, sister, take me; I'll be good." This time she was heard, and turning from the rest of the party, Katie went back and commanded Grace to go home.

Onward they went, joyous and happy, gathering their flowers and sending forth merry bursts of laughter; none more than Kate, who, forgetting the fearful face of little Grace, was the brightest and gayest among the party.

They continued their sport until the dark clouds and rolling thunder warned them to hasten home. They returned with safety, but oh, the anguish which was awaiting Katie upon her arrival! Grace was nowhere to be found.—Search had been made in many directions, but in vain. Oh, the self reproach, the agony under which she labored when she remembered that through her unkindness Grace had been lost!

At last the searchers returned, bearing the child in their arms. After being left alone, she, not knowing what to do, thought she would follow her sister, but getting into the wrong path, had wandered far away until she came to a babbling brook, which pleased her childish fancy very much. There she remained a long time unconscious of the sorrow her absence might cause, until, frightened by the roar of thunder, she tried to find her way back. But that was now impossible, and sitting down upon a rock near a stream, the little one wept as if her heart would break. But the rain coming with great violence, and the wind blowing very furiously, Grace wandered back to the brook, where, after a long search, she was found by the neighbors.

She was borne to her home, where for many weeks she was each hour expected to die. But God, in his merciful providence, raised the darling child from the bed of sickness to cheer the hearts of all around her.

O sisters, learn from this simple story to be kind to the little ones. You know not how soon your Heavenly Father may see fit to cause you to suffer, in one way or another, through your unkindness.

THE USES OF ADVERSITY.—You wear out your clothes. You are not troubled with visitors. You are exonerated from making calls. Bored do not bore you. Tax-gatherers hurry past your door. Intemperant bands do not play opposite your windows.

You avoid the nuisance of serving on juries. No one thinks of presenting you with a testimonial. No tradesman irritates by asking: "Is there any other little article you wish to-day, sir?"

Impostors know it is no use to bleed you. You practice temperance. You swallow infinitely less poison than others. Flatterers do not shoot their rubbish into your ears.

You are saved many a debt, many a deception, many a headache. And, lastly, if you have a true friend in the world, you are sure, in a very short space of time, to know it.—Punch.

LAWYER TAPPIN'S DOG.—A certain butcher of Steubenville (call him Mr. B.) had been much annoyed by a large dog which had several times stolen meat from his stall. Going to lawyer Tappan, he presented his case thus: "Mr. Tappan, I have had my beef stolen at various times by a dog in the town. What shall I do?"

"See the owner of the dog and recover the price of the beef," was the answer. "Mr. Tappan, it was your dog," said Mr. B., exultingly.

"Ah! it was—well, what is the value of the beef?" "Three dollars," replied the butcher. "Very well," said Mr. Tappan, and paid the money.

With a smiling countenance the butcher was closing the office door, when he was startled by Mr. B., I charge you five dollars for consultation.

Here is a funeral speech which a Paris paper assures us was actually pronounced at Montreuil the other day by a father at the grave of his son: "Gentlemen," said the father, in a voice full of emotion, "the body before me was that of my son. He was a young man in the prime of life, with a sound constitution which ought to have insured him a hundred years. But misconduct, drunkenness and debauchery of the most disgraceful kind brought him, in the flower of age, to the ditch which you see before you. Let this be an example to you and your children. Let us go hence.

"Stop your crying!" said an enraged father to his son, who had kept up an intolerable yell for the last five minutes. "Stop! I say, do you hear?" again repeated the father after a few minutes, the boy still crying. "You don't suppose I can check off in a minute, do you?" laughed the hopeful orator.

For the Village Record.

Christmas Thoughts.

By a Rural Schoolteacher. Hail! hail! thou sacred morn! We greet thy kind approach with gladness hearts And feast upon the joys which it imparts: To all who welcome thy return.

Thy recollections dear Wake many a holy thought deep, deep within Of days and years bygone, when Christ had been The world's appointed Saviour here.

We celebrate thy days For thou didst bring the Son of God, foretold: To him we bring, not gifts of spice and gold, But living worship, love and praise.

Christmas day! The birthday of Christ, the Redeemer of the world! Memorable day. Far and wide, and everywhere, is this day celebrated as the anniversary birthday of the Holy Child Jesus, who left his blissful glory in the Celestial Courts of Deity, and humbled himself to assume a human body, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.

How eventful, then, is this day! It dates backward through the dim vistas of bygone centuries to a day when the "Word became flesh, and dwelled among us." Methinks it must have been an interesting and joyful time for all those who anticipated and awaited for "the consolation of Israel." The promise of a Messiah to redeem "a world lying in wickedness" was then fulfilled. Christ came. Lo, long, he did tarry. Four thousand years had elapsed before the promise of the Savior was realized; and now nearly two thousand more have passed since His incarnation. And to day we celebrate His birth. Many, many have anticipated this festal day. Not a few longed for the joys and associations of this Christmas-day. Its pleasant day break was welcomed in mansion and cottage, by rich and by poor. To-day friends have met who have been separated for the space of a long year or more. Brothers and sisters, and parents, have surrounded the home table once more to partake the Christmas festival, and hold familiar converse. Many a household was gladdened to-day in the unbroken circle of home, while many more were made to feel solemn by the recollection of the departure of those who have gone down the valley of Death's dark, quiet shadow. Parents have to-day mourned the death of an affectionate child. Brothers and sisters have wept the sympathetic tear of love for loving ones who, a year ago, participated with them in Christmas delights. The vacant seat in the home circle is still recognized. One, or more, is missing. And though the graves of the departed are to-day covered with the pale sheet of frozen snow, they still live in our memories, and are dearly remembered within the walls of home "in the midst of life," and on this day their umbrous cloud of clay mingles with the original dust. Do we think of them as we should? Can we forget them? I think I hear the universal response, *Yes*. And we should not forget them. If their lives were models of character, they being dead, speak to us.

The day is gone. The shades of night shut out the light of day. Darkness broods over all surrounding nature. The festivities and colloquies of Christmas are over. "His past, and we must look forward through the misty future for another. Near Waynesboro, December 25, 1869.

A CURIOUS TREE.—In the island of Goa, near Bombay, there is a singular vegetable called the sorrowful tree, because it only flourishes in the night. At sunset no flowers are seen, and yet after half an hour, the tree is full of them. They yield a sweet smell, but the sun no sooner begins to shine upon them, than some fall off and others close up. The tree continues to flower in the night during the whole year.

Mount Etna is on record as an active and awe inspiring volcano one thousand years before Christ. Compared with it, Vesuvius, more seen of tourists, is only a hill. Etna rises to the height of eleven thousand feet, and its base is ninety miles in circumference. Its lava streams, five miles wide, and fifty to one hundred feet deep, extend to a length of eighteen miles.

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"Hans, where was you born?" "On der Hutterbarack." "Wasst, always?" "Yah, and before too." "How old are you thou?" "Vi, ven the old school house is pilt I was two weeks more nor a year, what is painted red as you go before mit your back behind you, on der site der blacksmith shop what stands where it was parat down next year will be two weeks."

Nature teaches us that we are all dependent; that we are like cog-wheels, pushing each other along by filling up mutual voids.

A conscript being told that it was sweet to die for his country, excused himself on the grounds that he never did like sweet things.

Lawyers must sleep more comfortably than people in general—it is immaterial on which side they lie.

An appropriate hotel for old maids to stop at—The mansion (man-shun) House.

Sleep is life's nurse, sent from heaven to create us anew day by day.

Mosto for an old bachelor—Be just and fear not.

They who love to live should live to love.