

# VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

\$2.00 Per Year.

VOLUME XXII.

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 16, 1870.

NUMBER 31.

JAMES BELL, G. P. ADY, JACOB PRICE, D. S. HUSSELL.

## MACHINE SHOP AND LUMBER YARD!

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

## 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; Cornices, Siding, Partitions, &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 Clippert Mower.

LIDY, FRICK & CO.

## THE "CORNER DRUG STORE,"

WAYNESBORO, PA., DR. J. BURNS AMBERSON PROPRIETOR.

## SONG:

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

## DRUGS - THE BEST AND PUREST ALL

DRUGS - THE BEST AND PUREST ALL - CHEMICAL AND MINERAL PAINTS, White Lead and Colors, the best assortment in town at

## FIRST "FALL ARRIVAL!"

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

## POETICAL.



### DON'T STAY LATE TO-NIGHT.

Husbands, Fathers, Brothers, Sons, Loveys, Neighbors, and the rest of mankind, here is a little bit of a song, which (like a good almanac), is of almost universal application, with a little variation. Each of you pick out the portion applicable to your own case, and don't give it all away to others:

The hearth of home is beaming  
With light of rosy light;  
And lovely eyes are gleaming,  
As fall the shades of night.

And while thy steps are leaving  
The circle pure and bright,  
A tender voice, half grieving,  
Says, "Don't stay late to-night."

The world in which thou movest  
Is busy, brave and wide;  
The world of her thou lovest  
Is by the ingle-side.

She waits for thy warm greeting;  
Thy smile is her delight;  
Her gentle voice, entreating,  
Says, "Don't stay late to-night."

The world is cold, inhuman,  
Will spurn thee in thy fall;  
The love of one poor woman  
Outlasts and shames them all.

Thy child will cling around thee,  
Let fate be dark or bright;  
At home no staff will wound thee,  
Then, "Don't stay late to-night."

## MISCELLANY:

### COLUMBIA AND CHAMBERSBURG.

Under this caption, we find a very interesting letter from the pen of Col. A. K. McClure, published in the Repository and Transcript, from which we take the following extract:

The blow of the Vandal that doomed Chambersburg in the summer of 1864 was terrible in its rebound, and its fatal fury fell upon the most beautiful city of the South. Columbia is the capital of the State that gave birth to the monster Secession. It was here, in the midst of her green oaks, almost arching the broad streets with their boughs, that the first convention was called to inaugurate the dismemberment of the Union, and it was here that the first ordinance of secession was fashioned and considered. As if to foreshadow the fearful retribution that was to follow the attempt to destroy the government, the passage of the secession ordinance was interrupted, and the convention driven to Charleston, by the appearance of a malignant epidemic in this usually most healthy city. In the winter of 1863 Gen. Sherman came, and his footsteps were marked by desolation. By whose order the capital of the chivalry was doomed to the flames. I will not attempt to decide, but it is not questioned that released prisoners, long tortured and starved in Southern prison-pens, and portions of the legions of Sherman, especially the sons of the Keystone State, flung the torch into many of the palatial and forest shaded mansions of the sublime varieties of disunion. On that dreadful day and night, when the flames were kissing each other above the house tops of Columbia, the cry—"In memory of Chambersburg," carried despair to the inmates of every home at whose door it was uttered. It was the signal of desolation, and the flying mother and children of the South cursed the name of M. Causland as they bowed in agony before the consuming retribution that had fallen upon them. No vain did brigade and division commanders attempt to stop the work of destruction, and Gen. Sherman himself finally appeared amidst the flames and saved a considerable portion of the city.—The Convent was swept down in the stream of fire, and the onus appealed to Gen. Sherman for protection. "Go," said he, "select a retreat and I will guard it." They opened the gates of the Hampton Mansion, and thus saved the parental home of the brilliant confederate trooper. It stands in the middle of a full square, surrounded by a forest of oaks and shrubbery, but it has not escaped the rust and depredation that reign throughout the South. On the main business street, extending from the capital a mile or more to the North-west, not a tenement survived the flames, and for several squares in almost every direction, the escape of a building was exceptional. A beautiful church was fired because it was supposed to be the place the secession convention met, but its parishioners suffered for the sake of another. The old weather-beaten brick church that entertained the fathers of secession, still stands in painful solitude, surrounded by charred walls and the blackened trunks of the once graceful shade trees that beautified the streets. I have walked through the ruins of the main street in Chambersburg, and heard the shrill greeting of the owl from the broken columns and withered bowers of the faded village, and felt that sorrow had reaped its fullest harvest there; but I then did not know how greatly the people of the North were blessed above the people of the South. Chambersburg has recovered. Her people had energy, industry and hope, and they reared new homes over the ashes of their old ones. Here and there the blow was crushing, but as a rule the same people are there enjoying the beautiful structures they have reared to retrieve their adversity. Not so in Columbia. Her people still sit in despair in the midst of their desolation. Her men walk the streets from day to day in sullen, hopeless helplessness, and her mothers and

## THE MYSTIC SIGN;

### OR, THE WIDOW'S STORY.

BY ANNA RAYMOND.

The cathedral clock tolls the hour of three. Looking across Chartres street, I see the gray cathedral walls, that seem to stand as a gloomy sentinel, keeping guard over the monumental statue of the hero of New Orleans. Day and night bring no change to these, there is the dim old cathedral, its dial-plate counting the minutes of our lives, while here is the statue, so firmly poised that neither wind nor storm can move it, while constant mutability is written on all around.

It is a bright afternoon, near the close of January, and the sun shines with the warmth of a Northern May-day, while roses, violets, and kindred flowers cast their perfume on the air, and the shrubbery wears its livery of personal green. Yet my heart is sad; my husband, sitting beside me, is becoming weaker day by day, and I know his frail life-bark is drifting away from me, toward that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler e'er returns.

Our home is far away among the New Hampshire hills. When the first frost cried the foliage of the forest, we left that home to seek health in the warm, sunny clime of New Orleans; but one by one the weeks roll by, and the fitful, hectic flush on his cheek deepens, his eye grows brighter, until it seems the soul is looking through it, anxious to burst its prison walls and be forever at rest, and I feel there is no hope.

Every pleasant day finds us in Jackson square, and while we sit looking at the flowers, and talking of hope and friends far away, Eva, our little four year old, and all that death has left us, runs about amusing herself.

"I shall come here, but a few times more, perhaps never again. I wish I could go home to die; it will be easier to leave you and Eva in the dear old place, among kind friends and neighbors; and his eye wanders over flower and shrub, as though he is taking the last look of all things earthly.

I have no words of reply—hope no longer nerves me—we are alone, among strangers, with no one to whisper a word of sympathy, no kind hand to lighten my burden, while our small purse is growing lighter each day, and into my heart there steals such a feeling of desolation, that it is only by a strong effort of the will I force back the tears rushing to my eyes. He has to brave death alone, and must not be unnerved by my tears.

Just then Eva comes bounding towards us, her hands filled with oranges, and calling out:

"See, see what the gentleman gave me, placing them on the seat.

She then ran back to the monument, and taking the hand of the man, we heard her say: "Come and see papa; he is sick."

He speaks kindly to the child, but does not seem inclined to come. She is impatient, so he bows and is passing on, but quickly turns, and advancing, greets my husband warmly, sitting down and conversing with him meanwhile.

From that hour we have a friend—brought to us by the MYSTIC SIGN, and others come with him, until my husband feels that he is no longer a stranger in a strange land, but is surrounded by brothers true and good, who will lighten my burden, and smooth his pathway to the cold stream which divides this from that better land beyond. But I cannot dwell upon the days and weeks that follow; when the last sad hour is come, and earthly ties are breaking, brothers are there whispering of that happier clime, where death never enters, and where they shall meet again, in an immortal home, and worship forever in the Mystic Temple.

When the last sad rite is over, each brother dropping a sprig of evergreen—emblem of immortality—into the grave, and I, holding Eva by the hand, turn away heart-broken; they have kind words, saying they will care for me while there. And these are no idle words; every arrangement is made for our homeward voyage; and with grateful heart, praying Heaven to bless the mystic brotherhood, I say "good-by." Nor is this all.—Since my return to our northern home, those who called my husband "brother" here, do not forget their kindness and influence I have a lucrative employment that places us beyond want.—Have I not cause to bless the MYSTIC SIGN?

## ADVISE TO YOUNG MEN.

When serving your apprenticeship, you will have time and opportunity to store your mind with useful information. The only way for a young man to prepare himself for usefulness is to devote himself to study during his leisure hours. First, be economical; never complain that you are obliged to work; go to it with alacrity and cheerfulness, and it will become a habit which will make you respected and beloved by your master or employer; make it your business to go to and promote his interests; by taking care of his you will learn to take care of your own. Young men of the present day are too fond of getting rid of work. They seek for easy and lazy employments, and frequently turn out poor miserable lazy vagabonds. You must avoid all wishes to live without labor; labor is a blessing instead of a curse; it makes your food, clothing, and every other thing necessary, and frees you from temptation to be dishonest.

## WHY MARRIAGE IS DYING OUT.

Much of the careless morality of the present day is owing to the way in which women dress. There is no coiling at the feet or pretending to ignore it, but the moderately dressed wife and mother is fast disappearing from our shores.

The domestic daughter has long since become a myth, and in her place we have a creature of hair and humps—wasp-hips, Grecian-boned, high-heeled, chignon-necked young lady, who laughs loud and talks fast, and writes herself "Marie" or "Julie," and who is a complete success in doing nothing, except the slang literature of the day.

I think the reason young men do not marry is because girls have ceased to be domestic, and spend a great deal of money upon dress. They are not content to live in a quiet way and dress moderately; they must go out, dress and ride, and frequent places of amusement; have suppers and bouquets, and receive adulation. It costs a great deal of money, which the young man furnishes, and he never gets ahead enough to marry; so they repeat and try their luck over again, it is the easiest thing in the world to do with less luxury, but it involves a little self sacrifice and economy, and these virtues are fast becoming extinct.

Fully one-half of the girls who are now filling situations in stores, offices, etc., go there in the first place in order to be able to dress better. They live in a plain but comfortable home, and must help with the housework or the children of their own kin; but they hear glowing accounts of the city; they want the finery that is denied them, and they want to go from those peaceful homes, from the kind guardianship of parents, to the toil and temptation of the town hour system. They go plain country girls, with modest, blushing cheeks and smooth shining hair. They stay there a year or two, and their cheeks are pale and their hair is frizzed. They have lost the gauziness of blushing, and are had at raptee. They dress somehow and are somehow; but they have hours of despondency that make them old. It is one long struggle with labor and temptation, and how they preserve their integrity God only knows.

Now, would not these girls be happier as the wives of farmers and mechanics? would not one word of genuine love outweigh a ton of admiration? would not the smile of a little child be a thousand times better, than the gaze of the libertine? is it not easier to work for one's own than for strangers? To feel that you are king in your castle, if it is only a one-story cottage!

Woman's independence will work her a deadlier wrong than any bond she has ever worn. When she steps beyond the fair threshold of womanly power—the archetypal home, where God has made her supreme, to fight the demons of political or commercial life, she lays down a scepter to take up a chain, whose iron canker will eat into her soul.

Some negroes that had mastered the Irish brogue played a trick on a boat load of immigrants, who were so eager to set foot on the soil of the new world that they had left the ship before their companions. "An' are ye just over, boys?" said a jet black African, in the richest possible brogue, and with the warmest interest, as he bent over the wharf where he and his comrades were working. The strangers regarded him with a look of mingled astonishment and terror, while one of them found breath to inquire. "An' how is it that ye're black?" "It's the climate," boys, it's all the climate," was the answer. "Ah, how long did it take?" said the anxious spokesman, "to make ye this color?" "Three years, an' d'iver a bit longer." "This, bedad boys," said the Paddy to his countryman, "bedad boys, let's go back, it's too soon to be divil's jintles."

An English clergyman thus accented a London street Arab, whom he fogged playing marbles on Sunday: "Do you know what happens to little boys who play marbles on Sunday?" "They must either win or lose," said the boy. "No, my little man, that's not all; the devil comes and carries them away." "Oh, but," says the boy, "the Scripture says that he is chained up." "Yes, but his chains reach all over the world," said the clergyman. Quick as lightning came the answer, "Why, if that's the case, the devil might as well be loose."

Napoleon once entered a cathedral and saw twelve silver statues. "What are these?" said the emperor. "The twelve Apostles," was the reply. "Well," said the great captain, "take them down, melt them, and cast them into money, and let them go about doing good, as their Master did."

A Paddy, reading not very remote from this page, in a sk. His pants were made so tight for him that he could not sit down, and it was the bottom of his pants that got the pants on.

## CITY EDITORS VS. COUNTRY.

"Dad Lewis, of the Huntingdon Globe, goes in the following style for city editors, Country editors, of whom we are one, are not city editors, by any means; nor would we exchange boots or chairs with any such, although they do live in big houses, have princely automobiles, eat fat turkeys, and sport brocade. We are poor but proud; and live in a frame, a corner for a sanctum, a box for a desk, eat sauerkraut and sport in sladdy. City editors can write their columns any day, but we will steal their best if they laugh at their calamity; they can poke fun and big words at us, but we will grin and bear it, and mock when their feet cometh. They can sit up all night and write a leader on the latest sensation and make a hullabaloo about the last scandal, while we, who can talk as much and more about our neighbors, will keep quiet and hope that our heroes and heroines in imagination will read the dailies and draw the application for themselves and save our minds the trouble and our hides the cow-hide castigation. City editors can copy our locals, on which we spend our best 'locks, and never give us credit; we don't care so they keep mum when we steal from them. They can send around their prospectus, and blow about their large circulation, and try to steal our subscribers; but when it comes to publishing home matters, such as who has the biggest hog; the best cabbage, the finest wheat, who was elected town constable, and who died and who got married, the home matters, etc., etc., why we have got 'em.—They won't do it, and we will, and there is the big difference. We are humble, and won't try to stick our weakly productions and uninteresting locals under the nose of well informed city readers who learn so much from the highly polished ink-slingers. We are independent and don't care a penny for city patronage so far as readers are concerned; but why is it that those city chaps will send away up in the country to steal our subscribers, we can't tell. How often does a man living in the country throw aside his country paper to take up a city one. And it is all because the man who gets up that city paper wears a stove-pipe hat and smokes 10-cent cigars? We would just like to know; because if it was, we would not care a cent for expenses, but would spend our last bottom dollar but what we should do likewise. City editors 'aint got no business throwing their trash under our people's noses, and our people 'aint got no business saying they can't subscribe for a country paper when they pay five times as much for the city stuff. And we mean just what we say, and there's an end on it.

## QUICKLY.

Quickly, young man! Life is short. A great work is before you. If you would succeed in business, with your way to honor, and save your soul, you must do with your might what your hands find to do. You must work fast and well. The sluggard dies. The wheels of time roll over him, and crush him while he sleeps. Aim high and work hard. Life is worth the living, and heaven worth the gaining, and all will be well or lost while the day goes away.

Quickly, ye men of business and might! Your life is more than half gone already.— You have passed the crest of the hill, and are looking toward the setting sun. The young man who talks by your side, and calls you father, is growing tall and man-like, and begins to talk of the great things he will do. He will increase, but you will decrease. If you have anything yet to do for God or your own soul, you must do it quickly. Shadows are falling and the night cometh.

Quickly, ye aged men! Once you thought three-score and ten to be an endless time, and that so many years would never pass away. They have come and gone. They have left their mark upon you. Have you left any monuments of good done, or made a record of a God glorified? You have come to in firmities and trembling. Have you come to masterly faith, and hope that looks steadfastly to the end?

Ah! quickly, ye aged fathers and gray-haired sires! Already the messengers of death begin to tender their services, and the end is at hand.—Presbyterian.

Do not be troubled because you have no great virtues. God made a million spires of grass where he made one tree. The earth is fringed and carpeted, not with forests, but grass. Only have enough of little virtues and common fidelities, and you need not mourn because you are neither a saint nor a hero.

A New York man, who had not been out of the city for many years, faintly away in the pure air of the country. He was only resuscitated by putting a dead fish to his nose when he slowly revived, exclaiming, "that's good, it smells like home!"

An old fellow being visited by his pastor, he assured him he could not be a good Christian unless he took up his daily cross. Whereupon he caught up his wife and began lugging her about the room.

Teacher: "Boy at the foot, spell admittance." Boy: "A-d-m-i-t-t-a-n-c-e, admittance." Teacher: "Give the definition." Boy: "Fifty cents, niggers and children half price."

A southern orator, speaking of the Battle of Bull Run, said: "The Federals ran so fast that the hard tact rattled in their stomachs like beans in a sheet iron pan."

When a parson has got so far as to scound the sidewalk of a living to throw him down, it is time to go home.

A woman was recently arrested in Chicago for carrying a concealed weapon. It was her tongue.

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A Paddy, reading not very remote from this page, in a sk. His pants were made so tight for him that he could not sit down, and it was the bottom of his pants that got the pants on.

## CITY EDITORS VS. COUNTRY.

"Dad Lewis, of the Huntingdon Globe, goes in the following style for city editors, Country editors, of whom we are one, are not city editors, by any means; nor would we exchange boots or chairs with any such, although they do live in big houses, have princely automobiles, eat fat turkeys, and sport brocade. We are poor but proud; and live in a frame, a corner for a sanctum, a box for a desk, eat sauerkraut and sport in sladdy. City editors can write their columns any day, but we will steal their best if they laugh at their calamity; they can poke fun and big words at us, but we will grin and bear it, and mock when their feet cometh. They can sit up all night and write a leader on the latest sensation and make a hullabaloo about the last scandal, while we, who can talk as much and more about our neighbors, will keep quiet and hope that our heroes and heroines in imagination will read the dailies and draw the application for themselves and save our minds the trouble and our hides the cow-hide castigation. City editors can copy our locals, on which we spend our best 'locks, and never give us credit; we don't care so they keep mum when we steal from them. They can send around their prospectus, and blow about their large circulation, and try to steal our subscribers; but when it comes to publishing home matters, such as who has the biggest hog; the best cabbage, the finest wheat, who was elected town constable, and who died and who got married, the home matters, etc., etc., why we have got 'em.—They won't do it, and we will, and there is the big difference. We are humble, and won't try to stick our weakly productions and uninteresting locals under the nose of well informed city readers who learn so much from the highly polished ink-slingers. We are independent and don't care a penny for city patronage so far as readers are concerned; but why is it that those city chaps will send away up in the country to steal our subscribers, we can't tell. How often does a man living in the country throw aside his country paper to take up a city one. And it is all because the man who gets up that city paper wears a stove-pipe hat and smokes 10-cent cigars? We would just like to know; because if it was, we would not care a cent for expenses, but would spend our last bottom dollar but what we should do likewise. City editors 'aint got no business throwing their trash under our people's noses, and our people 'aint got no business saying they can't subscribe for a country paper when they pay five times as much for the city stuff. And we mean just what we say, and there's an end on it.

## QUICKLY.

Quickly, young man! Life is short. A great work is before you. If you would succeed in business, with your way to honor, and save your soul, you must do with your might what your hands find to do. You must work fast and well. The sluggard dies. The wheels of time roll over him, and crush him while he sleeps. Aim high and work hard. Life is worth the living, and heaven worth the gaining, and all will be well or lost while the day goes away.

Quickly, ye men of business and might! Your life is more than half gone already.— You have passed the crest of the hill, and are looking toward the setting sun. The young man who talks by your side, and calls you father, is growing tall and man-like, and begins to talk of the great things he will do. He will increase, but you will decrease. If you have anything yet to do for God or your own soul, you must do it quickly. Shadows are falling and the night cometh.

Quickly, ye aged men! Once you thought three-score and ten to be an endless time, and that so many years would never pass away. They have come and gone. They have left their mark upon you. Have you left any monuments of good done, or made a record of a God glorified? You have come to in firmities and trembling. Have you come to masterly faith, and hope that looks steadfastly to the end?

Ah! quickly, ye aged fathers and gray-haired sires! Already the messengers of death begin to tender their services, and the end is at hand.—Presbyterian.

Do not be troubled because you have no great virtues. God made a million spires of grass where he made one tree. The earth is fringed and carpeted, not with forests, but grass. Only have enough of little virtues and common fidelities, and you need not mourn because you are neither a saint nor a hero.

A New York man, who had not been out of the city for many years, faintly away in the pure air of the country. He was only resuscitated by putting a dead fish to his nose when he slowly revived, exclaiming, "that's good, it smells like home!"

An old fellow being visited by his pastor, he assured him he could not be a good Christian unless he took up his daily cross. Whereupon he caught up his wife and began lugging her about the room.

Teacher: "Boy at the foot, spell admittance." Boy: "A-d-m-i-t-t-a-n-c-e, admittance." Teacher: "Give the definition." Boy: "Fifty cents, niggers and children half price."

A southern orator, speaking of the Battle of Bull Run, said: "The Federals ran so fast that the hard tact rattled in their stomachs like beans in a sheet iron pan."

When a parson has got so far as to scound the sidewalk of a living to throw him down, it is time to go home.

A woman was recently arrested in Chicago for carrying a concealed weapon. It was her tongue.