

VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics and Religion.

\$2.00 Per Year

VOLUME XIX

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 25, 1866.

NUMBER 49

NEW SPRING

AND

SUMMER GOODS!

GEORGE STOVER

HAS RETURNED FROM PHILADELPHIA WITH A SUPPLY OF

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, QUEENSWERE

AND

GROCERIES,

To which he invites the attention of his patrons and the public generally. March 30, 1866.

AMERICAN LIFE INSURANCE AND TRUST CO.,

Corner Fourth and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia Incorporated 1851. Charter Perpetual. Authorized Capital, \$500,000. Paid Up Capital, \$250,000 Philadelphia, Feb. 4, 1864.

The Trustees have this day declared a Dividend of FIFTY PER CENT. on all premiums received upon MUTUAL POLICIES during the year ending December 31st, 1865, and in force at that date, the above amount to be credited to said Policies, and have also ordered the Dividend of 1860 on Policies issued during that year to be paid, as the annual premiums on said Policies are received.

OFFICERS:

President—Alexander Whilldin. Secretary and Treasurer—John S. Wilson. Actuary—John C. Sims.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.—Alexander Whilldin, J. Edgar Thomson, George Nugent, Hon. Jas. Pollock, Albert C. Roberts, F. B. Mingle, Samuel W. Cook, William J. Howard, Hon. Joseph Allison, Samuel T. Bodine, John Aikman, Charles F. Heazlett, Isaac Hezletch.

Wm. G. Baxx, Chambersburg, Pa., is the general Agent of the American Life Insurance and Trust Company for Franklin Co.

Jos. Douglas, Agent for Waynesboro' and vicinity.

REFERENCES.—JOHN PHILIPS and WILLIAM H. BARTHOLOMEW.

Call and get a pamphlet.

JOS. DOUGLAS, Agent.

Oct. 13, 1865, ly.

EAGLE HOTEL.

Central Square, Hagerstown, Md.

THE above well-known and established Hotel has been re-opened and entirely renovated, by the undersigned, and now offers to the public every comfort and attraction found in the best hotels.—THE TABLE is bountifully supplied with every delicacy the market will afford, THE SALOON contains the choicest liquors, and is constantly and skillfully attended. THE STABLE is thoroughly repaired, and care-full Ostlers always ready to accommodate customers.

JOHN FISHER, Proprietor.

Hagerstown, June 2—16.

Mentzer's Horse & Cattle Powder.

M. STOVER having purchased of Mr. Mentzer the recipe for making the above far-famed Horse and Cattle Powder, for Pennsylvania and Maryland, takes this method of informing the farmers, drovers, &c., that he has on hand and intends keeping a good supply always on hand.—Country merchants and others keeping such articles for sale, would do well to supply themselves with a quantity. He will sell it on commission or for cash cheap. Orders will be punctually attended to January 31.

POETICAL.



PERISHED LOVE.

The sun that sinks into the main Shall gild another morn,
The moon with pearly band again The evening's brow adorn;
And stars, though lost in day, shall yet illumine the heavenly plain—
But love, when once its life is set, Shall never rise again.

The cuckoo far from winter flies, But with the breath of spring,
How swift she speeds from southern skies— Their blue upon her wing.
From waving boughs her song is trilled, As sweet as e'er before;
But love, when once its life is stilled, Its echoes wake no more!

Rude hands may pluck the blossoms rare That scent the air to-day;
New flowers as fragrant and as fair Shall greet another May;
But love's rich glory and perfume Withered, revives no more—
In vain your care—that tender bloom No spring will e'er restore.

MISCELLANY.

Scenes of our Childhood.

How often, in our leisure hours when seated alone in the quiet of our chamber, do our minds wander back to the days of our childhood! And, oh, with what feelings of inexpressible sadness do we wander along through the green fields and flowery vales, a seemingly fairy land! Who that does not view with mingled feelings of longing and regret, some lovely spot, away-back-in-the-past, that rises upon his memory like a vision of a land of beauty and love, where "The flowers are always blooming,"
And the grass is always green?"

A green, mossy dell, warmed up by sunlight of a soft and golden hue, that he never more may visit? Oh, what untold heaps of treasures would we not give, could we but emigrate to that land once more! But money will not buy us a passage to that fairy land, where the laughing playmates of our youth are playfully chasing the butterfly that is ever on the wing, and beckoning us to come! Skill may not convey us to that far off land, that fancy has painted so bright. Such visions often break in upon my musing hours as vivid as if for the time being I was enacting them over again, and the little playmates of my early years rise up and pass, one by one, before my mind like little angel boys and girls that have flitted away to some unknown sphere, I remember a laughing, romping little girl, with sunny hair and sky-blue eyes. She is sleeping—somewhere sleeping—and the grass is growing over her little grave in the green fields of Kentucky. Another and yet another! Little angel forms are lying side by side, beneath a green, mossy mound on the sunny banks of the Ohio river. One found a grave in Central America; another lies buried in Louisiana; one crossed over the Rock mountains, and is silently sleeping in 'the land of gold'; another is taking a long, long rest in the Oregon; two are taking their last sleep mid the solitude of the plains; some are buried in South-west Missouri; while one lies deep mid the coral groves beneath the dark blue waves of the Southern Ocean. One is wandering in the land of Idaho; and others are scattered broadcast over the land, I know not whither. But such is life, from the cradle to the grave. From all that is lovely, all that is dear, all that we appreciate, sooner or later we are doomed to part, by the universal law of change. The world is one vast theatre, in which is momentarily presented to us 'change of scene' all the days of our life.

But for this we should not murmur, for by this universal law of change we live. It is this that makes man an intellectual being, and by it we appreciate life. It is this that bids the shipwrecked mariner hope, that enables the captive to endure his captivity; that carries hope to the sick chamber; that enables the suffering poor, the down-trodden and oppressed of every clime to hope with confidence for change. It is by this universal law of change, that the sunshine descends upon the earth and the rain from heaven; that makes the grass to grow, and the flowers to bloom, and the birds to sing. It is this that gives the wonderful—as well as beautiful—play of the countenance, and the melodies of the human voice. In fact, it is this that gives us all we feel or know of enjoyment or happiness on earth. Then let us not repine, if the same universal law produces some changes that fill our hearts with sadness, upon which we cannot look with a smile.

MATRIMONIAL ADVICE.—Our young women are daily cautioned against marrying dissipated and reckless young men; but with equal, if not greater propriety, may young men be cautioned against marrying idle and extravagant young women. For a great many unhappy marriages are the result of the latter, as well as of the former. Foolish mothers think they act affectionately by indulging their daughters in fondness for the giddy pleasures of life, and allowing them to contract habits of indolence, not dreaming that they are thereby unfitted for the stern realities of life, which must surely await them. Let them marry wealth or poverty, they will be unable to support either condition. Let them remain single, and life will become more and more burdensome as it advances.

Gov. Oglesby and President Johnson.

At a meeting lately held at Jacksonville, Illinois, Governor Oglesby addressed the vast assemblage in an able manner, and we extract the following, having reference to President Johnson's present position:

"Well, they say, 'Oglesby, what have you got to say about Congress and the President?' That's the nub. I say, when Congress passed the Freedmen's bureau bill, Congress did right. When the President vetoed it, he did wrong. When Congress passed it over the veto, Congress did doubly right. [Tremendous applause.] I came here to endorse Congress. I say let Congress go on. We look to you, because you are the law making power. The President has nothing to do with it. We have got no one man power in this country. We don't want any vain excoomb to talk about maintaining the rights of the people.—[Hear.] Who in the name of common sense is there but people. [Cheers.] I tell Mr. Johnson he insults the people by talking to them in this way. [Applause.] They don't want anybody to stand up and feed them.—[Laughter.] The world never gazed on such a demagogue, but like all enormities it contains within itself the seeds of destruction. His egotism before the American people makes him powerless for harm. He leads the American people! I tell you the American people can lead themselves and are his superiors. [Great applause.] If he wants to lead anybody why don't he arouse himself up to the trying times—to the dignity of a noble emotion, and say, I will elevate the colored masses of the South, who need support. [Applause.] But no, he turned his back on them, and goes snuffing around some platform and talks about taking care of the American people. They ask, 'what will you do if he comes back?' I will take him, but I tell you frankly, I will never respect him again. NEVER! NEVER!!! We elected him because he said he was in favor of freedom. He received your votes and mine and them took counsel from the worst men of the nation. From Vallandigham, from Sam Cox, and Stephens of Georgia. He takes counsel from every rascal that goes and visits Washington, and excludes every loyal man from his councils, because they will not flatter and fawn upon and cater to his egotism and vanity. I tell him plainly I don't want him to stand by me.—I say: 'Satan get thee behind me.' [Laughter.] He appointed Governors of the rebel States and they called elections, and members have been chosen for Congress, and Mr. Johnson says 'let them go in.' I say to Mr. Johnson, 'I don't care if they never get into Congress. It will be no loss to the nation if they don't. Did we fight this war for the benefit of the rebels? Did we specially consult their happiness? Not a bit of it. We fought this war for the preservation of the Union of our fore-fathers. Are we to rush down there and hurry them up into Congress? Why should we? They hate us and despise us. It is unsafe to trust them. I don't care if they never get into Congress.'

Bottles have been carried to land nineteen months after they were trusted to the waves, as the following remarkable anecdote will testify: "In March, 1825, the Kent East Indian took fire in the Bay of Biscay, during a storm, while six hundred and forty-one persons were on board, most of them soldiers of the 31st Regiment. When all hope was gone, and before a little vessel was seen, which ultimately saved more than five hundred people, Maj. wrote a few lines, and enclosed the paper in a bottle, which was left in the cabin. Nineteen months after this, the Major arrived in the Island of Barbadoes, in command of another regiment, and he was amazed to find that the bottle (cast in to the sea by the explosion which destroyed the Kent) had been washed ashore on that very island! The paper is still preserved. The facts are authenticated by some of those saved from the Kent."

A PUNGENT SERMON.—St. Jerome, in one of his sermons, gave a rebuke to the women of his day, which has seemed to be so appropos to our own, that it is circulated just now in Paris quite universally: "Ah! I shall tell you who are the women that scandalize Christians. They are those who daub their cheeks with red, and their eyes with black—those who plaster faces, too white to be human, reminding us of idols—those who cannot shed a tear without tracing a furrow on the painted surface of their faces—those whose ripe years fail to teach them that they are growing old—those who chalk wrinkles in to the counterfeited presentment of youth; and those who affect the demeanor of bashful maidens in the presence of grandchildren"

GENTLEMEN.—Perhaps these are rarer personages than some of us think for. Who can point out any such in his circle? Men, whose aims are generous, whose truth is constant, and not only constant in kind, but elevated in degree; whose want of meanness makes them simple; who can look the world honestly in the face, with an equal manly sympathy for great and small? We all know a hundred whose coats are very well made, and a score who have excellent manners, and one or two happy beings who are what they call in the inner circles and have shot into the very centre of the bull's eye of fashion; but of gentlemen how many? Let us take a little scrap of paper and each make out his list.—Thackeray.

An old fellow out West, on seeing the remains of his late wife lowered into the grave exclaimed, with tears in his eyes: "Well, I have lost hogs, and I have lost cows, but I never had anything to cut me up like this!"

Things a Farmer Should Not Do.

A farmer should not break up more land than he can cultivate thoroughly; half tilled land is always growing poorer, while well-tilled land is constantly improving. A thrifty and prudent farmer will not devote his sole attention to the improvement of certain fields on his farm, because the land is 'easy to work at,' and let other portions of his premises go uncultivated, and grow nothing but brush, bogs, briars and stones.

A farmer should never have more cattle, horses or other animal stock than he can keep in good order. An animal in good order at the beginning of winter is already half wintered. Nor should he let his cattle endure the chilling storms of winter in an open yard or field, whilst a few dollars expended in the way of making comfortable stables would amply repay him in saving of fodder, and afford a greater amount of milk.

A farmer should never depend too much on his neighbors for what he can, by careful management, produce on his own land. He should not make it a common practice to either buy or beg fruit while he can plant trees and cultivate them on his own ground nor annoy his neighbors by borrowing tools to work with, while he can make or buy them. "The borrower is servant to the lender."

A farmer should never be so immersed in political matters as to neglect doing his various kinds of work in due season, and to snug up matters and things for winter; nor should he be so inattentive to politics as to remain ignorant of those great questions of national and State policy which will always agitate, more or less, a free people.

A farmer should not be continually borrowing his neighbor's newspaper, while he can easily save money enough, by curtailing some little extravagance, to subscribe and pay for one of his own.

A farmer should never refuse a fair price for anything he wishes to sell. I have known men to refuse a dollar and a half for a bushel of corn, and after keeping it five or six months they were glad to get a dollar for it. I have known farmers to refuse to take a fair, marketable price for their dairies of butter, and after keeping it three or four months, they concluded to sell the butter for only two-thirds of the price which they were first offered. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

A farmer should not allow his woodpile to be reduced down to the 'shorts,' merely drawing a little by piece-meal, and green at that. He must expect to encounter the sour looks of his wife and family, and perhaps be compelled (in a series of lectures) to learn that the man who provides green wood to burn in winter, has not measured the first rules of domestic economy. Nor should he employ some 'botch' to build his chimney 'upside down,' so that his family will be nearly smoked out of the house, and the walls of the room become as yellow as saffron.

A farmer should not let his buildings look as old as the hills, and go to decay, while he could easily afford the means to keep them in good repair; nor should he allow tattered clothes and old hats to be stuffed in the windows, in the place of glass. If he does, he need not be alarmed if he acquires the reputation of a mean man, or one who carries long where liquor is sold by the glass.

A farmer should not be contented with dilapidated looking fences on his farm, so as to tempt his cattle to become unruly and destroy his crops, while he has plenty of opportunities and materials to make or keep them in repair.—[Working Farmer.

'Eight More as Twelve.'

A Dutchman in Pennsylvania leased his lands to an oil company in Pennsylvania last Spring, on condition of receiving one-eighth of the oil procured. The well proved to be a pretty good one, and the Dutch farmer began to think that the oil men should give him a better chance, and ventured to tell them so. They asked him what he wanted. He said they ought to give him one-twelfth. The agreement was finally made, with the understanding that the Dutchman was not to tell any one.

All went smooth until the next division day came, when our friend was early on hand to see how much better he would be off under the new bargain. Eleven barrels were rolled to one side for the oil men, and one for him. This did not suit him.

"How's this?" says he, "I think I was to get more as before; by jinks you make mistake."

The matter was explained to him, that he formerly got one barrel out of every eight, but it was his own proposition to only take one of every twelve.

This revelation took him aback. He scratched his head, looked cross, and relieved his feelings of self reproach by indignantly remarking: "Well, dat, ish great; dish ish the first time as ever I knowed eight vash more ash twelve."

ABOUT MIDDLING.—Old Rev. Mr. R. was one day attending the funeral of one of the members of his church, when after praising the many virtues of the deceased he turned to the bereaved husband and said: "My beloved brother, you have been called to part with one of the best and loveliest of wives—"

Up jumped the sorrow-stricken husband, interrupting the tearful minister by sorrowfully exclaiming:—

"O, no, Brother B, not the best; but about middling—about middling, Brother B."

Sure thing on the toothache: Take equal quantities of alum and common salt, pulverize and mix them, and apply them to the hollow tooth on a piece of cotton.

What is the difference between a Catholic priest and a Baptist? One uses wax candles and the other tipp.

Jim Smiley's Jumping Frog.

"Mark Twain," a San Francisco contributor to the New York Saturday Press, discourses on a queer California genius named Jim Smiley, who was always ready to bet.—Here is a specimen:

Well, this here Smiley had rat-barriers, and chicken coocks and Tom cats, and all them kind of things till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't sleep, and you couldn't fetch him nothing to bet on but he'd match you. He ketches a frog one day and fetches him home, and said he cal'lated to educate him, and so he never done nothing for three months but set in the back yard and learn the frog how to jump. And you bet he did learn him, too. He'd give him a little hunch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut, and he'd catch it in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do most anything—and I believe him. Why, I have seen him set Daniel Webster down here on this floor—Daniel Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out "Flies, Daniel, flies," and quicker'n you could wink, he'd spring straight up and shake a fly off the counter there, and flop down on the floor again as solid as a job of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he done no more'n any frog might. You never see a frog so modest and straightforward as he was. And when he come to a fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand, and when it come to that, Smiley would auto up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might, for fellers that had traveled and had been everywhere, said he laid over any frog they ever see.

Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little box, and he used to bring him down town sometimes, and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp, he was—come across him with his box, and says:

"What might it be that you've got in the box?"

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent like, "It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary may be, but it ain't its only just a frog."

And the feller took it, looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says "I'm—so 'tis. Well what's he good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "He's good enough for one thing I should think—he can out jump any frog in Calaveras county."

And the feller studied a minute and then says, kinder sad like, "Well 't'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog I'd bet you."

And then Smiley snaps, "That's all right—that's all right—if you'll hold my box a minute I'll go and get you a frog," and so the feller took the box and put up the forty dollars along with Smiley's and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to himself, and then he got the frog out and pried his mouth open, and took a felled him and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin—and set him on the floor. Smiley went to the swamp and slopped and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketches a frog and fetches him in and gave him to this feller and says: "Now, you're ready set him alongside of Dan's, with his fore paws just even with Dan's, and I'll give you the word." Then he says, "One—two—three—jump!" and him and the feller touched up their frogs from behind and the new frog hopped off lively, but Dan's gave a heave and hysted up his shoulder—so—like a Frenchman, but it was no use—he couldn't budge; he was plained as solid as an anvil, and he could no more stir than he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted, too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away, and when he was going out at the door he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder—this way—at Dan's and says again, very deliberate, "Well I don't see no points about that frog that's any better'n any other frog?"

Smiley, he stood scratchin' his head and looking at Dan's a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog play'd off for—I wonder if there aint something the matter with him; he pears to look mighty boggy, somehow," and he ketches Dan's by the nape of the neck, and lifted him up and says, "Why, blame my cats if he don't weigh about five pounds!" and turned him upside down, and he belched out about a double handful of shot.—And then he saw how it was, and then he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and put out after the feller, but he never ketches him.

The oldest church now existing in this county is situated near Smithfield, Isle of Wight county, Virginia. It was built in the reign of Charles I, between the years of 1630 and 1635. The bricks, lime and timber were imported from England. The timber is English oak, and was framed in England. The structure is of brick, erected in the most substantial manner. The mortar has become so hardened that it will strike fire in collision with steel.

She who can compose a cross baby is greater than she who composes books.

A lady sometimes get as much intoxicated at her glass, as a topor does at his.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—The loved ones whose loss I lament are still in existence; they are living with me at this very time; they are, like myself, dwelling in the great parental mansion of God; they still belong to me as I to them. As they are ever in my thoughts, so, perhaps, am I in their's. As I mourn for their loss, perhaps they rejoice in anticipation of our re-union. What to me is still dark, they see clearly. Why do I grieve because I can no longer enjoy their pleasant society? During their lifetime I was not discontented, because I could not always have them around me. If a journey took them from me, I was not, therefore, unhappy. And why is it different now? They have gone on a journey. Whether they are living on earth, in a far-distant city, or in some higher world in the infinite universe of God, what difference is there! Are we not still in the same house of our Father, like loving brothers who inherit separate rooms? Have we, therefore, ceased to be brothers?—Rowan.

THE RIGHT SIDE.—"We trust the Lord is on our side, Mr. Lincoln," said the speaker of a delegation of Christian men to that good man during one of the dark days of the rebellion.

"I do not regard that so essential as something else," replied Mr. Lincoln.

The pious visitors looked horror struck until the President asked:

"I am most concerned to know that we are on the Lord's side."

Mr. Lincoln was right. The right side is not my side or your side, but the Lord's side. Mark that, my children. The Lord's side is the place for every one of you to rally on. His banner has right, truth, love and holiness written upon it. Be sure you stand up for God's banner, even if you have to stand alone.

THE DIFFERENCE.—Matrimony is hot buckwheat cakes, warm beds, comfortable slippers, smoking coffee, round arms, red lips, kind words, shirts exulting in buttons, redeemed stockings, boot-jack, happiness, etc. Hurrah!

Single blessedness is sheet iron quilt, blue noses, frosty rooms, ice in the pitcher, unregenerated linen, beelzebub socks, coffee sweetened with icicles, gutta serena biscuits, flabby steak, dull razors, corns, coughs, colics, rhubarb, misery, etc. Ugh!

YOUTHFUL CONDUCT.—The line of conduct chosen by a young man during the five years from fifteen to twenty, will, in almost every instance, determine his character for life. As he is then careful or careless, prudent or imprudent, industrious or indolent, truthful or dissimulating, intelligent or ignorant, temperate or dissolute, so will he be in after years; and it needs no prophet to calculate his chances in life.

An Israelite lady, sitting in the same box at an opera with a physician, was much troubled with ennui, and happened to gape.

"Excuse me madame," said the doctor, "I am glad you did not swallow."

"Give yourself no uneasiness," replied the lady, "I am a Jewess, and never eat pork."

Read the biographies of our great and good 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 charming clouds.

Every man hath a domestic chaplain within his own bosom that preaches over the sermon to him again, and comes over him with "Thou art the man."

A marriage recently took place in South Carolina, wherein the bridegroom was eighty eight, the bride fifty-five, and the pastor eighty-five. It was a runaway match—the parents of the blushing damsel being averse to it.

"A clergyman lately travelling in the oil region, saw a child stumbling and falling.—He kindly picked her up, saying: 'Poor little dear, are you hurt?' when she cried out, 'I ain't poor. Dad has struck ile.'"

A coxcomb teasing Dr. Parr with his petty ailments, complained that he could never go out without catching cold in his head.—"No wonder," returned the doctor, "you always go out without anything in it."

A learned coroner being asked how he accounted for the great mortality this year, exclaimed: "I cannot tell; people seem to die this year that never died before."

The Boston Commercial says that since clocked stockings for ladies are in fashion, young men will be looking oftener than ever to see what time it is.

Covet not "your neighbor's house, nor his wife, nor his ox, nor his ass," but if you are a single man, you may covet his daughter.

When the blossom and leaves of a woman's beauty fall, we discover her defects, as we behold ravens' nests in the trees in winter.

By pulling your finger from the water you leave no hole in the fluid, and by dying you leave no vacancy in the world.

Extremes meet. Civilization and barbarism come together. Savage Indians and fashionable ladies paint their faces.

Henry Ward Beecher is over fifty years of age; Fanny Fern is fifty.

There were recently in Paris eleven hundred masked balls in one night.

Why is a quilt like a railroad? Because there are sleepers under it.