

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, JUNE 1, 1866.

NUMBER 50

NEW SPRING

AND

SUMMER GOODS!

GEORGE STOVER

HAS RETURNED FROM PHILADELPHIA WITH A SUPPLY OF

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, QUEENSWARE

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 1853. Charter Perpetual. Authorized Capital, \$500,000. Paid Up Capital, \$250,000 Philadelphia, Feb. 4, 1861.

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 Whittin. Secretary and Treasurer—John S. Wilson. Actuary—John C. Sims.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES—Alexander Whittin, J. Edgar Thomson, George Nugent, Hon. Jas. Pollock, Albert C. Roberts, P. B. Mingle, Samuel Wark, William J. Howard, Hon. Joseph Allison, Samuel T. Bodine, John Aikman, Charles F. Heazlit, Isaac Hazlehurst.

Wm. G. Reed, 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. BRETHERTON. 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 careful Outlets always ready to accommodate customers.

JOHN FISHER, Proprietor. Hagerstown, June 2-11.

Meitzer's Horse & Cattle Powder.

M. M. STONER having purchased of Mr. Meitzer, 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.



IN MEMORIAM.

When withering on its drooping stem,
Too soon the tender rose bud dies,
The gentle airs of summer blow
The sweeter for its fragrant sighs—
Thus she—a flower so beautiful—

Forever from the world is gone;
But all her beauty is not dead,
Her spirit not withdrawn.

The love that lit her childish face
Still makes the darkened world more bright;
The star is very far away,
Yet pierces through the night.
For those who loved her oft shall hear
The music of her voice in dreams,
For many a vision of the lost
Is truer than it seems.

Be happier, then, because she lived,
Though sadder that so young she died,
And know that spirits joined in love
The gloomy grave cannot divide.
For unto love the power to cross
That dark and drear abyss is given,
And tears, and smiles, and prayers, and hopes,
Bring earth more near to heaven.

SINCERITY.

Oh, would our hearts were fingers fair
That o'er the chords of passion play,
To teach our lips alone the air
Awakened when those fingers stray.

No chill deceit would ever doom
The rose of love, that bloomed so fair,
To wither in an early tomb,
And breathe no more life's perfumed air.

Nor would the vine affection weave,
In tendrils fond, around our form
By factious phrase, where malice breathes,
Be ruthless wrecked 'mid passion's storm.

Or want or woe, when seeking cheer
From friendship, in her deep distress,
Be fated oft to shed a tear
O'er balmy words that feigned to bless.

Truth has her seat in heaven alone—
This world is but contested ground,
Where falsehood oft usurps her throne,
And in her glistening robes sits crowned.

MISCELLANY.

GETTING RID OF SPIRITS

When spiritualism first made its appearance in the village of N—, old Deacon Isaacs, a wealthy man who had stood by the church for nearly three score years, was exceedingly bitter against all believers in the "devil's work" as he called it, and denounced spiritualists and spiritualism in a very gentle language.

Imagine the deacon's anger, then, when, six months afterwards it had worked its way into his own family, and not only were his wife and daughters believers in it, but one of them was a medium, and possessed full powers to converse with the spirits of those who had departed to that "bourn whence no traveler returns."

Deacon Isaacs was mad—dreadfully mad—but he had wit enough not to show it, and he bore the taunts of the ungodly with a meek spirit. He knew that it would be useless to declare open war, for Mrs. Isaacs alone had always proved more than a match for him, and he was sure to be defeated.

He must "circumvent the critter," as he expressed it, and to this end he set himself to work. He was of sound judgment, and his worldly experience of fifty years was not thrown away.

From the day it first came to his knowledge that his wife and daughters were spiritualists, he never spoke a word against, nor did he ever allude to it except in general terms in his morning papers, but any one could see that it troubled him, for he was absent minded, his eyes wandered restlessly, and his countenance looked careworn.

The deacon witnessed one or two sittings at his house, and was satisfied that if he possessed a little more knowledge he could get rid of them. So one morning he went to the city, determined to thoroughly investigate the subject before he returned. After visiting two of the most popular mediums, and paying his money, he returned home satisfied that he could see through it.

There was a "sitting" at the deacon's house on the night that he returned, and his daughter Mary—the medium—invited the deacon to take a seat at the table, which to her gratification was accepted. The spirits were in good tune and so exceedingly communicative that the deacon was induced to ask a few questions which were readily answered, and wife and daughters were in ecstasies at the thought that father would yet be a believer, and urged the deacon on in his inquiries.

"Has my wife always been true to her marriage vows?" asked the deacon.

To this question there were no raps in return, while Mrs. Isaacs stood transfixed with holy horror that such a thought should enter her husband's mind.

"How many years has it been since she was untrue?"

Answer by single raps. They came slowly and solemnly, one, two, three, four, and so on until they reached twenty.

"How many who claim to be, are not my children?"

Again the spirit rapped—once, two. Mrs. Isaacs looked dumfounded.

now seemed so intent on the subject that he paid no attention to his companions.

"Mary—Sarah," rapped the spirits, the names of the two daughters, the older of whom was under twenty.

Mrs. Isaacs could stand it no longer. "It's a lie! I didn't! they are your children, Deacon Isaacs, and God knows it!" she shrieked, raising from the table.

"But the spirits affirm differently," said the deacon in a solemn voice.

"Then they lie!" said the wife.

"But if you believe them in everything else, why not in this?"

"But I don't believe them at all; it is foolery."

"Nor I," shouted Mary.

"Nor I," added Sarah.

"Then," said the deacon, with a smile, "we will bid them good bye, and leave those things which God has wisely hid from us, to be revealed in His own good time."

The deacon's evening devotions were characterized with more earnestness than usual, and the family retired to bed fully satisfied that the spirits did not always reveal the truth.

Mrs. Isaacs was glad that none of the neighbors were present; but somehow the story got out, and so fearful were the spirit dames of N—, that they might be caught in the same trap which the deacon had set that spiritualism and its concomitant evils were driven entirely from the village.

Forty Years Old.

The lady who has been described as the most graceful and charming woman in Europe was forty years old on the fifth of this month. She is not only distinguished for her personal attractions, but she sits on the loftiest throne in the world, and is the reigning queen of another world whose limit is as boundless as civilization. This lady, of course, is the Empress Eugenie of France. With all her power she is powerless in the grasp of Time. Years accumulate, leaving on her handsome countenance their ineffable marks and queen as she is, she cannot wipe one from the score. By a caprice of taste she can set the female world in a flutter, but she cannot possess of the youth of the humblest of her worshippers. Poor Empress! Less fortunate than her obscure sisters, she cannot even practice a little harmless deception in the matter of age. The world knew when she was born and, having been kind enough to remember the event, is now too cruel to forget. It is a question whether it is worth while to be a queen at such a penalty. In point of fact, forty years is not a great age. A maiden of forty might properly be called an ancient maiden, but a monarch at forty is young. Daniel Webster was forty when he made his celebrated speech in reply to Hayne, yet nearly all the greatness of his life came after. We question, however, if the Empress will find consolation in the study of history. Hees was the reign of beauty, the most imperious but evanescent reign that mortal can aspire to gain. The real life of beauty is generally compressed into ten fleeting years. After that, the Deluge.

Impure Water.

An exchange furnishes us with the following facts, which are of interest and importance to every one—

Set a pitcher of ice water in a room inhabited, and in a few hours it will have absorbed from the room nearly all the respired and perspired gases of the room, the air of which will become purer, but the water of which is utterly filthy. This depends on the fact that water has the faculty of condensing, and thereby absorbing all the gases, which it does without increasing its own bulk. The colder the water is, the greater is its capacity to contain a pint of carbonic acid gas, and several pints of ammonia. The capacity is nearly doubled by reducing the temperature to that of ice—

Hence water kept in a room awhile, is always unfit for use, and should be always renewed, whether it becomes warm or not.—

And for the same reason, the water in a pump-stock should all be pumped out in the morning, before any is used. That fit for coffee water in the morning impure water is more injurious to the health than pure air, and every person should provide the means of obtaining fresh pure water for domestic use.

GOD WILL NOT BE MOCKED.—We have numerous instances on record, of the judgment of the Almighty suddenly overtaking the wicked, giving practical illustration of the truth of His word, which declares that "The wicked shall not live out half his days." An instance of this kind occurred near our neighboring town of Ocasqua, last week.—

A man named Miller, about three weeks ago, made an agreement with some of his companions in vice to meet him at a certain place every Sunday, when he would administer to them the holy ordinance of Communion, giving them whiskey and crackers.—

This mock ceremony was performed every Sunday, but the hands which administered the mock emblems in derision, were so unaged by the premature discharge of a blast, last week, as to require amputation. He was also severely burned about the head.—

After two days of extreme suffering he went to meet his insulted Creator.—*Allentown Register.*

In passing down one of our back streets, a few days ago, we overheard a colloquy between a couple of darkies, and just in time to hear the following:

"Now, look'er yer' Charlie, Jim mout be an honest nigger, and then acin he moutent, but ef I was a chicken, and knowed dat he was about de yard, I tell you wat, nigger, I'd roost high, I would."

We were satisfied on the point of Jim's honesty, and therefore pursued our onward course.

"Which are they?" asked the deacon, who

DRESSING FOR CHURCH.

Has anybody heard the bell!
You have—dear me, I know full well
I'll never dress in time—
For mercy's sake, come help me, Luce,
I'll make my toilet very spruce,
This silk is quite sublime!

Here lace this gaiter for me—do;
"A hole!" you say! plague take the shoe,
Please, Luce, try and hide it—
Just think, its Sunday, and, my soul,
I cannot wear it with a hole!
The men will surely spy it.

They're always peeping at our feet,
(Tho', to be sure, they needn't peep,
The way we hold our dresses!)
I'll disappoint them though, to-day,
"And cross myself!" pray, did you say?
Don't laugh at my distress!

Now Luce, pray feel my waterfall,
Do you think it large! ain't it too small!
What bother these things give,
My Rats and Mice, do set them straight!
Please, hurry, Luce, I know I'm late—
"There's Moses!" as I live,

How splendidly the silk will rustle!
(Please hand my "self-adjusting bustle,"
My corset and my hoop.)
There now, I'll take five skirts or six—
Do hurry, Luce, and help me fix,
You know I cannot stoop.

"How shall I say my prayers?" you say,
As if girls went to church to pray!
How can you be so foolish!
Here, dump this ribbon in Cologne:
"What for?" to point you silly one!
Now Luce, don't be mulish.

Now then, my hat—how he alhors
This thing—its big as all out doors—
The fragrant sugar scoop?
Thank Heaven, my cloak is handsome, too,
It cost enough to be, I know—
(Straighten this horrid hoop.)

My handkerchief and gloves you'll find
Just in that drawer, Luce, are you blind!
(Does my dress trail?)
It's all the fashion, now, you know,
(Pray does the paint and powder show
Through my loose veil!)

Thank you my dear, I believe I'm dressed
The saints be praised! the day of rest
Comes only once in seven.
For, if on all the other six,
This trouble I should have to fix
I'd never get to Heaven!

A WORD FOR WIVES.—"Little wifes!" if ever a half suppressed sigh finds place with you, or a half-unloving word escapes you to the husband whom you love, let your heart go back to some tender words in those first love-days; remember how you loved him then, how tenderly he wooed you, how timidly you responded; and if you can feel that you have not grown unworthy, trust him for the same fond love now. If you do feel that through many cares and trials of life you have become less lovable and attractive than you then were, turn—by all that you love on earth, or hope for in heaven—turn back, and be the pattern of loveliness that won him; be the "dear one" your attractions made you then. Be the gentle, loving, winning maiden still; and doubt not, the lover you admired will live forever in your husband.—

Nestle by his side, cling to his love, and let his confidence in you never fail; and my word for it, the husband will be dearer than the lover ever was. Above all things, do not forget the love he gave you first. Do not seek to "emaniciple" yourself—do not strive to unsex yourself, and become a Lucy Stone, or a Rev. Miss Brown; but love the higher honor ordained by our Saviour of old—that of a loving wife. A happy wife, a blessed mother, can have no higher station, needs no greater honor.

Jewels and precious stones are so closely imitated by the skill of the artist, that good judges are often unable to distinguish the one from the other; and the envied possessor of numerous sparkling treasures may live and enjoy the honor bestowed upon her on account of them, and die in happy ignorance of the fact that all these were but counterfeit of the real articles. But it is scarce ever the case that virtue can thus be imitated, and pass for any lengthy period in any other character than its true one. There are too many who can judge correctly of the fruits that spring from the blossoms of a truly virtuous life, to allow a long lease to a base representation.

LIFE.—What is it? For durability it is like the morning cloud, the withering rose, the unsubstantial shadow. It is like the grass "which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven." How frail and uncertain is human life! Its feeble light is quenched at all seasons and hours of the day. But frail and fleeting as it is, its results no mortal can estimate. It is the forming period of the soul's existence. We are being educated for eternity, forming characters which will be as imperishable as the throne of God itself.

An invalid once sent for a physician, and after detaining him for some time with a description of his pains, aches, etc., he thus summed up. "Now doctor, you have humbugged me too long with your good-for-nothing pills and worthless syrups; they don't touch the real difficulty. I wish you now to strike at the cause of my ailments, if it is in your power to reach it." "It shall be done," said the doctor, at the same time lifting his cane and demolishing a deceiver of gin that stood on the side-board.

Why is a bald head like heaven? Because there is no parting thereo.

Literary Varieties.

If you have much, give of your goods.
If you have little, give of your heart.

Our virtue is, resignation.
Our fortune, the contempt of riches.

Our happiness, the hope of another life.
Mistrust your wife when you want to keep a secret.

Mistrust a rascally beggar when you have money.
The greatest king has never carried anything but a winding sheet out of the world.

Put not your trust in fortune, nor in women; put your trust in Him who dies not.

One rarely repents of having kept silence, one often repents of having spoken.

To pardon insult is to march along the high road to contempt.

I believe the best things are not equal to their fame.

Wanted, the receipt which is given when a gentleman "pays his respects."

When may two people be said to be half witted? When they have an understanding between them.

We once knew a young fellow who fancied he was a jacksass. The beauty of it was, he wasn't mistaken.

Heaven drops little fragments of itself here and there along our way, by way of assurance that heaven and love are one.

Men are like money and are made, some of gold, others of silver, the great majority of copper. Accept none of them for more than they are really worth.

The first institution vouchsafed to our race was the sabbath; the next, marriage. So give your first thought to heaven, the next to your wife.

Explanations are bad things. You best preserve your dignity by avoiding them.—

The character which cannot defend is not worth defending.

The Rebels' Tactics.

The *Mobile (Al.) Register* has placed at the head of its columns the name of General Robert E. Lee as the State Rights candidate for the Presidency in 1868.—

The *Memphis Argus* thinks the time has not yet come to propose the name of Gen. Lee for this high office. It says: "Surely they are no good or true friends of this grand old man, who, in the present posture of affairs, would drag his great name into the filthy arena of party strife. Not till a new and better spirit shall prevail in the politics of this country, and the country shall call for its best men to stand and serve in high places, will it be possible or appropriate to dignify the Presidential chair with a second, and greater than Washington. If, in the approaching political struggles it becomes necessary or advisable, or proper, to designate some Conservative candidate for the Presidency in 1868, in our opinion he—our present leader, the great statesman of Tennessee—is the man."

That is, "great and good" men not being wanted the *Argus* nominates Johnson. What a compliment! They want Lee, but think Johnson is "next best."

HOW TO DETERMINE WHERE WATER IS.

At a recent meeting of the American Institute Farmer's club, a member related his experience in this matter as follows: "An Irishman in his employment, in order to ascertain where he ought to dig to obtain water, soonest got a stone and buried it over night in the ground, next to the hard pan. In the morning he found it quite moist, but not sufficiently to suit his fancy. Next night he tried it in another spot and it was found very wet on the following morning.—

"There," said Patrick, "you will find water many feet deep, and plenty of it." Sure enough, in a few days digging, Patrick confirmed his prediction, notwithstanding the jeers of the workmen, finding a vein which filled the well to overflowing, and rendered it exceedingly difficult to bail out the water so as to put stone in it. The philosophy of the operation seems to be that, as great evaporation takes place from the surface of the earth during the night, the water rises up from the depths below to supply the loss, and accumulates in the vicinity of the stone, often quite a puddle.

CERTAIN CURE.—The juice of the sheep sorrel pressed, and exposed on a pewter plate, in the sun, until somewhat jellied.—

Apply it on the skin over and around the cancer, the application to be continued until the cancer and its roots loosen and drop out, which will be in the course of three or four days. The ingredients of which the pewter is composed, combining with the acid of the plant, are believed to be important in the compound. The leaves of the sheep sorrel are what botanists call esgittare, which is resembling in shape the head of an arrow.—

The writer also states that he cured his corns by an application of the leaves of the sheep sorrel to them, which, in a few hours soothed them so much that they could be peeled off, and a cure effected.

A Provost Marshal writes: The following incident happened in our office the other day. One of the provost guard brought a colored man into the office charged with stealing water-melons. The charge was proved, and I sentenced him for ten days in the provost guard-house. As he was being led away, I said to him: "I hope, Tom, that I may never see you here again."

He turned to me with a peculiarly shrewd expression and said: "You would 'at' seed me dis time, Cap'n, if de rogars hadn't a fetch me."

How to Know a Goose.—"Mother, mother!" cried a young rook, returning hurriedly from its first flight, "I'm so frightened! I've seen such a sight!"

"What sight, my son?" asked the old rook.

"O! white creturs, screaming and running, and straffing their necks; and holding their heads ever so high. See, mother, there they go!"

"Geeze, my son—merely geese," calmly replied the parent bird, looking over the common. "Through life, child, observe that when you meet any one who makes a great fuss about himself, and tries to lift his head higher than the rest of the world, you may set him down at once as a goose."

PROMPT AND PURGENT.—A benevolent lady was once threading her way at night through a back street of Philadelphia on an errand of charity. A rude fellow accosted her with the impertinent question "Where are you going?" Her ready reply was "To ETERNITY, sir; just where you are going." He got more truth than he bargained for, and carried away a heavy shot in his conscience.

A white man in St. Louis became enraged at a negro, the other day, and was about to strike him with a brickbat, when the colored man fell back on reserved rights. "Look here, white-man, don't you strike me with dat ar' rock—don't you do it, ear. I'd have you know dat when you strike me you strikes a Bureau!"

A lady, a regular shopper who had made an unfortunate clerk tumble over all the stockings in the store, objected that none were long enough. "I want," she said, "the longest hose that are made."

"Then madame," was the reply, "you had better apply to the next enginehouse."

One of our city urchins, hearing his father read an article in the paper in relation to a new invention of bricks made of glass, said: "Glass bricks! I know what them is."

"What are they?" enquired one of the family.

"Tumblers of liquor," shouted the juvenile.

A PROBLEM.—Mr. Johnson in his recent speech to a body of department clerks calling them "soldiers and sailors" used the pronoun my 15 times; we 38 times; we 11 times, and he, referring to A. Johnson, 11 times.

If our worthy President refers to himself one hundred and sixty-two times in speaking twenty minutes, may it not be said that Mr. Johnson's eloquence and worth are all in his 1?—*Sandusky Register.*

A GOOD IDEA.—The following notice is posted conspicuously in a publication office down East: "Shut this door; and as soon as you have done talking on business, serve your master the same way."

Bones would not do a slow thing to cut this out and paste it inside of their hats.

Skedaddlers, who ignominiously left their country in her hour of need and went into the British Provinces to escape duty, are now called upon to pay a tax of three hundred dollars to the crown and become liable to military duty if they do not leave the country.

Why does water boil sooner in an earthenware than a new one? Punch takes upon himself to answer this abstract question by saying, it's because the old one is used to it.

One of the lady teachers in the Industrial School at Petersburg, Va., was recently questioning her pupils from Scripture, and asked: "Who died for you?"

To which a little fellow shouted in reply, "Abraham Lincoln!"

"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."

G. Hosaphat has a plan for paying off the National debt. His plan is to convert the entire indebtedness into greenbacks, and keep them in circulation till they naturally wear out.

A poet, speaking of the moon, said: She laid her cheek upon a cloud, like a beauty on a young man's bosom. Oh!

We must pass through this world to unlock the mysteries of the next, and it is only in the next that we can find a key to unlock the mysteries of life.

GOOD REASON.—We do not hesitate to say that the reason Andrew J. does not meet the expectation of the party that elected him is that he is not Abe L.

A widow out West married a man to whom she refused her daughter, because, she said her first husband was an ugly critter, and she had learned to manage such cattle.—Kind considerate mother.

"General" Hays, a reconstructed and especially pardoned rebel, has been elected sheriff of New Orleans on the State Rights ticket.

The fellow who got intoxicated with delight, has been turned out of the temperance society.

The woman who was "buried in grief" is now alive and doing well. It was a case of premature interment.