

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 8 1866.

NUMBER 51

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 1850. 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 Whittlin.
Secretary and Treasurer—John S. Wilson.
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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. BROTHERTON.
Call and get a pamphlet.

JOS. DOUGLAS, Agent.
Oct. 13, 1865, 1y.

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 beautifully 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 Ostlers always ready to accommodate customers.

JOHN FISHER, Proprietor.
Hagerstown, June 2—t.

Mentzer's Horse and Cattle Powder.

M. STONER 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.



FAITH.

Have confidence, dear friend, in love,
And let thy doubts depart;
'Tis born in the bright realms above,
Close keep it in thy heart.
'Twill soothe thee, when distress'd with pain,
To know loved ones are near,
'Twill drive pale sorrow from the brain,
And dry the falling tear.
Oh, trust in friendship's storied might,
It hath strange healing powers;
Its flow of sympathy is bright,
Will soften life's sad hours.
Cast not the precious pearl aside,
Friends are not easy won—
But follow her, whate'er betide,
Her light's a radiant sun.
Centre thy faith in the Divine,
Look 'ward a home on high,
Where joy and peace serenely reign,
Where friendship's never die.
In Heaven's ark of safety rest,
Till summoned hence away,
Then mayst thou dwell among the blest,
And bask in endless day.

TIME'S CURE.

Mourn, O rejoicing heart!
The hours are flying,
Each one some treasure takes,
Each one some blossom breaks,
And leaves it dying;
The child dark night draws near,
Thy sun will soon depart,
And leave thee sighing;
Then mourn, rejoicing heart,
The hours are flying!
Rejoice, O grieving heart,
The hours fly fast,
With each some sorrow dies,
With each some shadow flies,
Until at last
The red dawn in the east,
Bids weary night depart,
And pain is past.
Rejoice, then, grieving heart,
The hours fly fast.

MISCELLANY.

THE REWARD OF COURTESY.

A TRUE ACCOUNT.

A few years since, on a radiant spring afternoon, two men, who from their conversation appeared to be foreigners stopped before the gate of one of the large work-shops in Philadelphia for the manufacture of locomotive engines. Entering a small office, the elder of the two men inquired of the superintendent in attendance if he would permit him to inspect the works.

"You can pass in and look about if you please," said the Superintendent, vexed apparently at being interrupted in the perusal of his newspaper. He scanned the two strangers more closely. They were respectably but plainly clad, and evidently made no pretensions to official dignity of any kind.

"Is there any one who can show us over the establishment and explain matters to us?" asked Mr. Wolf, the elder of the two strangers.

"You must pick your own way, gentlemen," replied the Superintendent;—"we are all too busy to attend every party that comes along. I'll thank you not to interrupt the workmen by asking questions."

It was not so much the matter as the manner of the reply, that was offensive to Mr. Wolf and his companion. It was spoken with a certain official assumption of superiority, mingled with contempt for the visitors, indicating a haughty and selfish temper on the part of the speaker.

"I think we will not trouble you," said Mr. Wolf, bowing; and taking his companion's arm, they passed out.

"If there is anything I dislike, it is incivility," said Mr. Wolf, when they were in the street. "I do not blame the man for not wishing to show us over his establishment;—he is no doubt annoyed and interrupted by many heedless visitors, but he might have dismissed us with courtesy. He might have sent us away better content with a gracious refusal than with an ungracious consent."

"Perhaps," said the other stranger, "we shall have better luck here;" and they stopped before another workshop of a similar kind. They were received by a brisk little man, the head clerk apparently, who in reply to their request to be shown over the establishment, answered: "O, yes! come with me, gentlemen. This way." So saying, he hurried them along the area strowed with iron, brass, broken and rusty heels of iron, fragments of old boilers and cylinders into the principal workshop.

"Here, without stopping to explain any one thing, he led the strangers along, with the evident intention of getting rid of them as soon as possible. When they passed where the workmen were riveting the external casing of a boiler, the clerk looked at his watch, tapped his foot against an iron tube, and showed other signs of impatience, whereupon Mr. Wolf remarked: "We will not detain you any longer, sir;" and with his friend took leave.

"This man is an improvement on the other," said Mr. Wolf, "but all the civility he has is on the surface; it does not come from the heart. We must look further."

Deal honestly if you would prosper.

The strangers walked on for nearly a half mile in silence, when one of them pointed to a humble sign, with a picture of a locomotive engine with a train of cars underneath. It overtopped a small building not more than ten feet in height, communicating with a yard and workshop. "Look," said the observer, "here is a machinist whose name is not on our list. Probably it was thought too small a concern for our purpose," said his companion. "Nevertheless let us try," said Mr. Wolf.

They entered, and found at the desk a middle-aged man, whose somewhat grimy aspect and apron around his waist, showed that he divided his labors between the workshop and counting room.

"We want to look over your works, if you have no objection," said Mr. Wolf.
"It will give me great pleasure to show you all that is to be seen," said the mechanic, with a pleased alacrity, ringing a bell, telling the boy who entered to take charge of the office.

He then led the way, and explained to the strangers the whole process of constructing a locomotive engine. He showed them how the various parts of the machinery were manufactured, and patiently answered all their questions. He told them of an improved mode of tubing boilers, by which the power of generating steam was increased, and showed with what care he provided for security from bursting.

Two hours passed rapidly away. The strangers were delighted with the intelligence displayed by the mechanic, and with his frank, attentive and unsuspecting manners.

"Here is a man who loves his profession so well, that he takes pleasure in explaining its mysteries to all who can understand them," said Mr. Wolf.

"I am afraid we have given you a deal of trouble," said the other stranger.

"Indeed, gentlemen, I have enjoyed your visit," said the mechanic, "and I shall be glad to see you again."

"Perhaps you may," said Mr. Wolf, and the strangers departed.

Five months afterwards, as the mechanic, whose means were quite limited, sat in his office meditating how hard it was to get business by the side of such large establishments as were his competitors, the two strangers entered. He gave them a hearty welcome, handed chairs, and all sat down.

"We come," said Mr. Wolf, "with a proposition to you from the Emperor of Russia, to visit St. Petersburg."

"From the Emperor? Impossible!"
"Here are your credentials."

"But, gentlemen," said the now agitated mechanic, "what does this mean? How have I earned such an honor?"

"Simply by your straightforward courtesy and frankness, combined with professional intelligence," said Mr. Wolf. "Because we were strangers you did not think it necessary to treat us with coldness or distrust. You saw we were really interested in acquainting ourselves with your works, and you did not ask us, before extending to us your civilities, what letters of introduction we brought. You measured us by the spirit we showed, and not by the dignities we might have exhibited."

The mechanic visited St. Petersburg, and soon afterwards removed his whole establishment there. He had imperial orders there for as many locomotive engines as he could construct. He has lately returned to his own country, and is still receiving large returns from his Russian workshop. And all this prosperity grew out of his unselfish civility to two strangers, one of whom was the secret Agent of the Czar of Russia.

Rich and Poor.

It is a matter of shame that any journal, or anybody claiming intelligence and respectability, should in this country attempt to create distinctions of classes, and put the rich against the poor, or the poor against the rich. Yet there are such, whose labors are as contemptible as they are wicked. In this country there are no material distinctions of classes. Every man who earns a comfortable honest living, and is intelligent and virtuous, is independently rich, and may command respect and esteem, and aspire to all the honors and dignities incident to sovereign citizenship. We have no titles here, or entitles, nor hereditary estates, and all wealth merely in money and in goods, in the average of classes, however accumulated to day, will return to its original sources in two or three generations. It seldom needs more than the children to scatter the father's estate—earned by enterprise and industry.

It is all nonsense to talk about aristocracy here. Every honest and industrious man is an aristocrat in his trade, or ought to be. By this we mean that every honest calling is of superlative dignity in itself; that its professor can make it just as respectable, fit not profitable as he pleases. Let even the chimney sweeper stand on the dignity of his trade, and he can be as laughy as the Wall street shaver with his bonds and coupons? The comparative few men and women, apex of extremes in fashions and refinements, are not properly a class among Republican people—they are drones and butterflies, whose gaudy plumage and disdainful airs are all they can boast, and whom to envy, ridicule or deery, is unworthy the real man or woman.

A gentleman living in Norwich, N. York, and his pocket picked thirty-three years ago of \$360. At intervals of thirteen, seventeen and three years he has received the whole amount back in mysterious instalments by mail, with request to forgive the theft.—The robbed gentleman is now eighty seven years old.

This world and the next resemble the east and the west; you cannot draw near to one without turning your back on the other.

Deal honestly if you would prosper.

How Deacon Brown Fell.

In Sangamon county, Illinois, lived Deacon Brown, a very staid, dignified sort of Christian, and a perfect model of propriety. Deacon Brown had the misfortune to lose his wife, and at the age of forty found himself with a fortune and four small children; without a mistress to his farmhouse. As he could not immediately take another wife and escape scandle, and could not get along without a person to take charge of the kitchen and nursery, he had recourse to employing a young woman as an housemaid. Nancy Stearns was a laughing-romping beauty, who delighted in experimenting on the Deacon, by way of testing the strength of human nature, but, at last in a moment of unguarded weakness, he was led into temptation—into committing a slight indiscretion with his beautiful housemaid. When, in his wonted coolness and presence of mind, he was horrified at the enormity of his sin, in vain he repented and grieved over lost virtue. Finally, as a last resort for easing his conscience, at the conclusion of services on the following Sabbath morning, he arose, and requested the forbearance of the brethren and sisters a few minutes, and elucidated them by making the following confession.

"My Christian friends, you all are aware that I lost my wife some time ago, [sobs and tears] and that Nancy Stearns has been keeping house for me; and you know that I have a child not a year old. Well that little child would cry in the night, and it would be a long time before I could quiet it; and last Tuesday night, God forgive me—the child cried so hard that Nancy arose and came into the room, and leaned over the bed to hush the child; and brothers and sisters, her leaning over me made me forget Christ!

And hereupon the worthy Deacon broke down entirely, and stood weeping, wailing and blowing his nose.

"What did you do?" sternly demanded the minister.

"I—ki—ki—kissed her!" stammered out the deacon between loud sobs; "But I have been very sorry about it, and prayed to be forgiven; and pray for me brothers and sisters."

As the Deacon bowed himself upon his seat, like the mighty oak before the tornado, Deacon Goodfellow arose from his pew, and astonished the wondering audience still more by saying:

"Brothers and sisters, you have all heard what Brother Brown has said, and now he wants our forgiveness. For my own part, I think Brother Brown is truly penitent; and I am willing to forgive him with my whole heart. And brothers and sisters, I will add still further, that if I had no wife, and a pretty girl like Nancy Stearns should come to my room and lean over me, I'd kiss her, and abide the consequences."

Put a Good Face Upon it.

If you wish to succeed in life, if you wish to find friends, if you wish your relatives or associates to enjoy your company, wear a cheerful face; everybody dislikes and shuns a sad one, if it is habitually sad. Everybody but God grows weary of being reminded of sorrow, and the heart that is always full of bitter waters will be left alone. Pretend to be happy if you can do no more. Coax sunshine to your eyes, smiles to your lips.—Speak hopeful, yea words as often as you can; make fun if you never feel it. Get the name of being cheerful, and it will be as incense to you. Wherever the glad face goes it is welcome; whatever the laughing lips ask is apt to be granted. If you are starving for want of either food for body or spirit it is better to laugh than to cry as you tell the tale. There was once one who, with a face like a tombstone, told and told her wants, and met with repulse after repulse from those whose faces fell at sight of her; but at last, laughing in strange mirth at her own misery, she told it once again. Tears started into the eyes of her hearers, and instant relief was given. Men are impatient of tears, and women are weary of them.—Don't give way to them, no matter what the case may be get back the smiles as quickly as you can. Let them be but "hollow smiles," if that's the best you can do. Keep at that. By and by you will do better.—Laugh to keep from crying. Never give up to gloom. It is a wrong to those about you. Sad faces add to the weight of trouble that life lays upon every heart. We to us if we cannot look about us and see bravely cheerful faces to encourage our hearts! Let us be careful that each one of us has one of these faces. A man who carries a glad face does an amount of good in the world impossible to compute, even if he be too poor to give one cent in charity, and a man whose face is generally sad, does every day of his life, more harm than can be reckoned. This is a hard world, full of all manner of troubles; but every one of them can, for much of the time, be wrestled out of sight; and every living man and woman, as soon as the first distress is a little past, at the very least, assume cheerfulness. This is decent. More than this, 'tis duty. Nobody has any right to go about a perpetual dampener of enjoyment. And no one has just reason for habitual sadness till he has lost his soul.

A CORN FED BOY.—A gentleman, who was traveling through the western part of Massachusetts, last summer, saw a boy at work in a corn field by the road-side, and being of an inquiring turn of mind, he stopped his horse and thus addressed the young farmer:

"My son, whose farm is this?"
"Dad's."
"Does your father raise any stock?"
"Yes, lots of 'em."
"What kind?"

"Corn-stalks, mostly," was the reply, as he proceeded to hoe a hill of the article.

The gentleman went on his way wondering at the effect which corn has on boys.

Honesty is the best policy.

Representation.

The following startling facts from the Doylestown (Pa.) *Intelligencer* are worthy of the candid consideration of every loyal man:

One of the public questions which comes nearest home to the minds of the people is that of equalizing the basis of Congressional representation. The Reconstruction Committee of Congress, in their report, which has just been adopted by an immense majority in the House, makes this a precedent to the admission of the Rebel communities as States into the Union. It should be constantly kept in mind that the demand of these recent Rebels, and of their Northern allies, is that they shall come back into the Union, not as equals, but as superiors; not yielding the same power as that wielded by the same number of voters in the loyal States, but a vastly greater power, so that, man for man, each late rebel shall count for nearly twice as much in influence upon all national questions as a loyal man, so that in the House of Representatives and in the election of a President he shall have two votes to the loyal man's one. How monstrous this demand is will be apparent from the consideration of a few figures, which we herewith present: The total vote cast in 1860 in the eleven Rebel States was only 807,024. They could not poll as many now within a hundred thousand. The two States of New York and Pennsylvania cast at the last Presidential election 1,303,428 votes, or 406,404 more votes than the eleven Rebel States combined. New York and Pennsylvania have four Senators; the Rebel States have twenty-two! New York and Pennsylvania have fifty-five members of Congress; the Rebel States have sixty-two! But even this does not fully show the glaring injustice of the case.—Each Rebel Congressman will represent only 14,000 voters; each Pennsylvania or New York Congressman represents 25,000 voters. At the rate upon which the Rebels will be represented, Pennsylvania and New York ought to have ninety-three Congressmen instead of only fifty-five. But after the apportionment of 1870, unless the basis of representation shall have been equalized, the Rebel States will have a still more unjust advantage, for they will have added to their basis of representation two-fifths of all the colored population of the South. This will give them from twenty to thirty more Representatives than they could claim under the old system, before emancipation. The power of one voter in the South will be greater than that of two voters in the Northern States. This is the desirable entertainment to which, under the names of justice and mercy and magnanimity, the people of Pennsylvania are invited.

A Stingy Husband.

Our train rolled out from the Union depot in the early part of the night, bound for the North. The weather was just sufficiently cool to make one feel agreeable in good company. The whistle sounded for the first station north of the Hoosier Capital. As usual, everybody "pokod" their heads out to see something, if it was there. "Just married," spoke an old lady, as she drew her head in, after satisfying woman's curiosity, and who could see further into a mill stone than any one else of our party.

Every one was satisfied that the old lady was correct, as they witnessed the "hugs and kisses" on the give and take principle, and saw the surviving relatives climbing into their country wagons. The conductor passed the new couple to a seat, and the cars rolled swiftly away. The first parting had been gone through with, and the dear old home and the loved ones there could be seen only by the eyes of memory.

The fair young bride had forsaken home, parents and all that was dear to her youthful heart, for the one she had an hour before pledged her love forever. She had given up everything for the one she believed was dearer than all the world beside. The brightest pictures of joy and life dazzled her eyes to the sorrow and grief of the future.

An hour had passed, and passengers were getting drowsy. Many began to change positions, and fold themselves up, cat fashion, on the seats. The conductor of the sleeping car soon came along, and passing from one to another, he notified them of a change for a good rest in the rear car. At length he came to the groom and bride. "Double berth in sleeping car, you can have it if you wish—nice bed and falling curtains," said the conductor. The bride blushed, dropped her eyes a moment, and then looked into the face of her chosen. Her eyes rested upon him, and spoke more love than one can write in two weeks. Her swelling bosom told of the heart that was struggling to leap from its prison house, to embrace the object of its affection. "What does it cost in sleeping cars?" asked the new husband. "Only one dollar and a half," answered the conductor. The husband commenced calculating. He was in deep study. The wife felt as any other woman would feel under the circumstances, and looked a thousand times better and sweeter than a basket full of ripe cherries. But oh! the ugly cuss that she had chosen for life. Would that some humane being had served him as a refuse pup, and drowned him when he was first born, for he had not sense enough to enjoy life, and was so mean and stingy that he would not give one dollar and a half of "rag currency" to sleep with his beautiful and loving wife the night they were married.—*Exchange.*

James Littleworth, of Plymouth, Pennsylvania, now seventy-eight years old, is the father of thirty one children, the oldest of whom is fifty years, and the youngest four months. He is living with his fourth wife whom he married at the age of fifty-nine, she being a little Lidian squaw of fourteen.

The fellow who sat down on a pin got up on the spur of the moment.

A Beautiful Extract.

However dark and desolate the path of life may seem to any man, there is an hour of deep and undisturbed repose at hand, when the body shall sink into a dreamless slumber. Let no one be disturbed that the best resting place shall be a bed of gravel instead of a bed of down. No matter where the poor remains of a man may be, the repose is deep and undisturbed, the sorrowful bosom heaves no more, the tears are dried up in the fountains; the aching heart is at rest and the stormy waves of earthly tribulations roll unheeded over the place of graves. Let armies engage in fearful conflict over the very bosom of the dead not one of the sleepers heareth spirit-stirring triumph, or responds to the thundering shouts of victory. How quietly those countless millions sleep in the arms of their mother earth!—The voice of thunder shall not awaken them—the loud cry of the elements, the winds, the waves, even the giant tread of the earthquake, shall not be able to cause an inquietude in the chamber of death. They shall rest and pass away—that last great battle shall be fought, and then a small voice at first not heard, shall rise to a tempest, and penetrate the voiceless grave. For a trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall hear his voice.

Character.

There is a glare about worldly success which is very apt to dazzle men's eyes.—When we see a man rising in the world, thriving in business, successful in his speculations, if he be a man out of our line, who does not come into competition with us, so as to make us jealous of him, we are apt to form a foolishly high opinion of his merits. We are apt to say within ourselves, "What a wonderful man this must be, to rise so rapidly! forgetting that dust and straw and feathers—things with neither weight nor value in them—rise the soonest and the easiest. In like manner it is not the truly great and good man, generally speaking, who rises the most rapidly into wealth and notice. A man may be sharp, active, quick, dexterous, cunning; he may be ever on the watch for opportunities to push his fortune; a man of this kind can hardly fail of getting on in the world, yet, with all this, he may not have a grain of real greatness about him. He may be all I have described, and yet have no greatness of mind, no greatness of soul. He may be utterly without sympathy and fellow feeling for others; he may be utterly devoid of all wisdom; he may be without piety and without charity, without love, that is either for God or man.

Artemus Ward was out late one night recently. Here is his account of his return home:

"It was late when I got home. But the children and my wife were all abed. But a candle—a candle made from taller of our own raisin—gleamed in Betsy's room; it gleamed for I! All was still. The sweet silver moon was a shinin' bright, and the beautiful stars was up in their usual doins! I felt a sentimental mood still so gently o'er me stealin', and I paged before Betsy's window and sung, in a kind of opratic vois, as follows, imprompto, to wit:

Wake, Betsy, wake,
My sweet galant!
Rise up, fair lady,
While I touch my lute!

The winder—I regret to say that the winder went up with a violent crash, and a form in spotless white exclaimed, "Cum into the house you old fool. To morrow you'll be goin round complainin' about your liver!"

HUGGING.—An editor in Iowa has been fined two hundred dollars for hugging a girl in church.—*Ex.*

Cheap enough! We once hugged a girl in church some ten years ago, and it has cost us a thousand a year ever since.—*Young American.*

That's nothing! We hugged a girl in school some twenty-five years ago, and had to support her and the family ever since.—*Tioga Democrat.*

Come to Salem, Oregon, boys! Come to Salem, Oregon; we have hugged a dozen and it haint cost a cent.—*Democratic Review.*

We commenced to hug twenty years ago, and now late to fire a stone in a school-yard for fear of hitting some one of our family.—*Times.*

We hug, and like to hug, and darn the expenses; fellows, if you enjoy luxuries, you must pay for them.—*Day Book.*

A strong, hearty, lazy fellow, who preferred begging for a precarious subsistence to working for a sure one, called at a house of a blunt Massachusetts farmer, and, in the usual language of his race, asked for "cold victuals and old clothes."

"You appear to be a stout, hearty-looking man," said the farmer, "what do you do for a living?"

"Why, not much," replied the fellow, "except traveling about from one place to another."

"Traveling about, eh?" rejoined the farmer, "can you travel well?"

"O, yes," returned the sturdy beggar, "I am pretty good at that."

"Well, then," said the farmer, coolly opening the door, "let's see you travel!"

When they went to frighten a negro down South, they tell him the Freedmen's Bureau is after him, and he will flee faster than if chased by a pack of bloodhounds.

"Belles" call a great many people to church.

The lady who fell back on her dignity was very near breaking it.

From his use of the first-personal pronoun, Mr. Johnson is evidently a man of one idea.