

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper, Neutral in Politics and Religion.

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WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 15, 1866.

NUMBER 52

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, 1863, 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, P. B. Mingle, Samuel Wood, William J. Howard, Hon. Joseph Allison, Samuel T. Bodine, John Aikman, Charles F. Hazlett, Isaac Hazlett.

Wm. G. Bisco, 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. BURTONSON.
Call and get a pamphlet.
Oct. 13, 1865, 1y.

EAGLE HOTEL.

Central Square, Hagerstown, Md.

THE above well-known and established Hotel has been 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 equipped, and careful Ostlers always ready to accommodate customers.

JOHN FISHER, Proprietor.
Hagerstown, June 2—1y.

Mentzer's Horse & Cattle Powder.

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MISCELLANY.

The Bane of our Country.

Not only is intemperance, or the use of ardent spirits as a beverage, fast ruining us as a people and nation, but the Government itself is likely to suffer detriment, and it may be, great injury, from the intemperate habits of those high in official authority. A contemporary, in speaking of this great evil as it now exists, in the nation's Capitol, says—we fear with too much truth—that the country will probably never know how many of the measures that are fraught with so much danger to our national peace and welfare, owe their inspiration to the wine cup, or how far the strange tergiversations of some men once regarded as the friends of freedom, is due to their intemperate habits. A man commits himself over the social glass, among boon companions, to a political course from which, in his sober moments, every feeling of his heart recoils, and to which every principle of his past life is abhorrent. But, once committed, he finds it difficult to retrace his steps. How else can we account for the fact that one of the oldest, and long deemed one of the ablest statesmen of this country, one who, for a quarter of a century carried on the irrepressible conflict with the enemies of freedom, should to-day be found one of their most supple tools, ready to compromise everything to the South? Would he have done this if his intellect had not become beclouded, and his moral sensibilities benumbed by strong drink?

Of course the secretary of State is the one here referred to. How else, men may well ask, can the conduct and course of William H. Seward be accounted for, during the last five years, if not upon the ground of strong drink and intemperance? Alas, for that nation whose chief rulers are drunkards!

The United States Senate has, we are pleased to learn, resolved to put a stop to the sale of intoxicating liquor in the Capitol building. It would do still better if it would expel from its body the two notoriously drunken Senators—Saulsbury and McDougal—who have so long disgraced the States which they profess to represent and the body to which they belong. Sitting—sometimes lying—in the highest legislative body of the nation, among the representatives of its wisdom and its dignity, in a state of beastly intoxication, they are a disgrace not only to the Senate but to the American name and character.

But there is need of a deeper, and more radical reform in the high places of our nation. Not only in Congress, but in other high places of honor and trust, this deadly bane is felt. To this, we have no doubt, the misdirection of our national affairs is in a

great measure due. What else but disaster can be expected, if, in the midst of a storm, when breakers are near, and it requires the utmost coolness and skill to avoid them, you place the helm in the hands of a drunken pilot? And, what but national disaster can we look for, if in a time of so much peril to the country, the highest executive, diplomatic and legislative powers are entrusted to men stupefied, bewildered, or maddened with such intoxicating drinks?

Thoughts of Rural Affairs.

Did it ever occur to you, kind reader, how much the happiness of children depends upon their surroundings? how much the growth of character and intellect is influenced by the associations of early life? Who will doubt that the child, reared among the beauties of the natural world, surrounded by the refining influences of rare and lovely flowers, of singing birds, and the graceful forms of shrubs and trees, will more readily respond to the promptings of the higher and nobler attributes of our nature, than one raised among the unlovely surroundings which too many homes display. How can habits of system, order and neatness be formed, where nothing, but dirt and slovenly disorder meet the eye outside of the farmer's domicile?

My friends, clean and adorn your doorways, plant a few flowers; their beauty and perfume will amply repay you for your trouble; set out some flowering shrubs and climbing roses, and train some vines over your windows; and the increased brightness of your children's smiles will pay a good interest on the investment; and besides, those children will, in after years, when perchance the world has grown cold and dark to them, have something bright to look back upon—that HOME will be the brightest gem among their treasured childhood's memories, like a far-off star shining pure and high above earthly strife, it will point them to a better land, or seem like a sweet dream of a lost eden.

THE TWO VOICES.—When Guttenburg, the first printer, was working in his cell, in the monastery of St. Aboisport, he tells us that he heard two voices address him. The one bade him desist; told him the power his invention would put in the hands of bad men to propagate their wickedness; told him how men would profane the art he had created, and how prosperity would have cause to curse the man who gave it to the world. So impressed was Guttenburg with what he heard, that he took a hammer, and broke to pieces the types he had so laboriously put together. His work of destruction was only stayed by another voice, sweet and musical, that fell on his ear, telling him to go on, and to rejoice in his work; that all good might be made the cause of evil, but that God would bless the right in the end. So to all of us still come those voices that came to Guttenburg; the one calling us to work, while it is called to-day—to try to leave this world better than we found it; and the other tempting us to give over and take our ease—to leave the plough in mid-furrow, and to rest on our oars when we should be pulling against the stream.

False Calves have made their advent in Cleveland, Ohio. The Plaindealer says:—"We have a very startling arrival to chronicle. False calves for female legs have come to town! They arrived a day or two ago.—There are two kinds. One is stuffed with hair—the other with saw dust, the latter, of course, being the cheaper. Yesterday afternoon, a young lady with tilting hoops and false calves was perambulating through the park, when suddenly one of the calves burst. Our readers can imagine the result. The poor young lady could be traced by a trail of saw-dust from Rouse's Block to the Post office. Thus the maiden, who entered the park in form resembling the Venus de Medicis, emerged therefrom in a state of spin-dlo-shanked angularity! Her great mistake consisted in not getting hair calves—they being less liable to burst, and of a more pliable nature. Believe us, dear ladies, if you will wear the new-fangled improvement on nature's pattern, that the hair style is the cheaper. We presume the aforesaid young lady fainted when she learned the extent of her misfortune. But, as an exchange says, what's the use of railing at false calves—they are a mere matter of form!"

MEDICAL USE OF SALT.—The Medical World says that in many cases of disordered stomach, a tablespoonful of salt is a certain cure. In a violent and internal pain termed colic, a teaspoonful of salt dissolved in a pint of water, taken as soon as possible, with a short nap immediately after, is one of the most effectual and speedy remedies known. The same will relieve a person who seems almost dead from a heavy fall. In an apoplectic fit, no time should be lost in pouring down salt water, if sufficient sensibility remain to allow of swallowing; if not, the head must be sponged with cold water until the senses return, when salt will completely restore the patient from the lethargy. In a fit, the feet should be placed in warm water with mustard added, and the legs briskly rubbed, all the bandages removed from the neck, and a cool aperient procured, if possible. In case of severe bleeding at the lungs when other remedies failed, Dr. Rush found that two teaspoonful of salt stayed the blood.

MUTUAL SYMPATHY.—We would make it a principle to extend the hand of friendship to every man who discharges faithfully his duties and maintains good order—who manifests a deep interest in the welfare of society—whose deportment is upright, whose mind is intelligent, without stopping to ascertain whether he swings a hammer or draws a thread. There is nothing so distant from all natural claims as the reluctant, the backward sympathy, the forced smile, the checked conversation, the hesitating compliance, the well off are apt to manifest to those a little lower down.

A Ward at a Fenian Meeting.

The great showman has been to a Fenian meeting and delivered an address on that occasion to his "Irish frens," concluding as follows:

"I was in Mr. Delmonico's eatin' house the other night, and I saw my fren Mr. Terrence McFadden, who is a elekent and enterprisin' deputy Center. He was sittin' at a table, eatin' canvas back duck. Poultry of that kind, as you know, is rather high just now. I think about five dollars per poult. And a bottle of green seal stood before him.

"How are you, Mr. McFadden?" I said.

"Oh, Mr. Ward! I am miserable—miserable. The wrongs we Irishmen suffer!—Oh, Ireland! Will a troo history of your sufferin's ever be written? Must we be forever ground under by the iron heel of despotic Briton?—but, Mr. Ward, won't you eat suthin'?"

"Well," I said, "if there's another canvas-back and a spare bottle of that green seal in the house, I wouldn't mind jinin' you in bein' ground under by Briton's iron heel."

"Green turtle soup first?" he said.

"Well, yes. If I am to share the wrongs of Ireland with you, I don't care if I do hav' a bowl of soup. Put a bean into it," I said to the waiter. "It will remind me of my childhood days, when we had 'um baked in conjunction with pork every Sunday mornin', and then all went up to the village church, and had a refreshin' nap in the family pew."

Mr. McFadden, who was sufferin' so thurly for Ireland, was of the Mahony wing.—I've no doubt that some ekally patriotic member of the Roberts wing was sufferin' in the same way over to the Mason-Dory eatin' house.

They say, feller citizens, soon you will see a Blow struck for Irish liberty! We hain't seen nothin' 'ut a Blow so far—it's bin all blow, and the blowers in New York won't get out of Bellusses as long as Irish frens in the rooral districts send them money.

Let the Green float over the red, if that'll make it feel any better, but don't you be the Green. Don't never go into anything till you know whereabouts you're goin' to."

My Courtship.

When I was sixteen, I fell in love. There is nothing remarkable in that, for most all young men at that age do the same thing.—But what I am going to tell you is, how my courtship terminated.

It was at a party I saw Sallie B.— who was one of the sweetest girls in Ticktown; and I tell you she looked sweet in her white muslin ball-dress, with her hair falling loosely over her shoulders.

I got an introduction, danced with her once, twice, thrice, and I was just the happiest man in all Ticktown.

Well, at last the party broke up; but I had an invitation to call on Miss B.— That was all I wanted, and I didn't sleep much before Sunday evening—for that was the time I'd fixed to call.

I called; saw Miss Sallie to church—saw her home; and when I left I had a pressing invitation to call again, and I did not forget it, I assure you.

At the end of a month I was completely gone. At last I resolved to "pop the question," and fixed on my next visit for the time, studied "Courtship Made Easy," thoroughly, and concluded I was ready for the task.

The time arrived. Here I was, sitting by the side of my beloved, with my arm around her waist! I took her hand in mine, and screwed up courage to say, "Dear Sallie, do you love me?"

She made no answer; but her eyes were cast down, and I hoped—yes, I was certain she loved me, I put both my arms around her neck, and pressed one, two, three kisses on her rosy lips. She did not resist, but raised her head and said:

"You're as bad as Sam Simmon's!"

A thin, cadaverous looking German about 50 years of age, entered the office of a Health Insurance Company in Indiana recently and inquired:

"Ish de man in vat insures de people helts."

The agent politely answered, "I attend to that business sir."

"Vell, I vant mine helts insured; vat you charge?"

"Different prices," answered the agent, "from three to ten dollars a year, and you get ten dollars a week in ease of sickness."

"Vell, said Myner, 'I wants ten dollars wort.'"

"Vell, I ish sick all the time. I'sh shust out of ped two or three hours a day, and the doctor says he can't do nothin' good for me. If that's the state of your health, my friend," returned the agent, "we can't take the risk. We only insure persons in good health."

At this Myner bristled up in great anger.

"You must tink I'se a tam fool; vat you tink I come pay you ten dollars for insure my helts, ven I vas well?"

WHITE BLOOD PREDOMINATES.—The accredited correspondent of the New York Nation, who so graphically delineates the "South as it is," tells us in his thirty-fourth letter, that in Mississippi, the seventy teachers in the colored schools are requested to report every month to the Freedmen's Bureau, specifying, among other things, the number of pupils of mixed blood. In the 12 schools which happened to stand at the head of the list, there are returned 257 children of mixed blood.

The "fine old Southern gentlemen" must have generally fallen from grace, to have brought about such a mixture. Just think of it! This is worse than "negro equality," about which they howl so much.

Manhood, a hat, womanhood, a bonnet.

THOUSAND YEARS.

BY S. Y. BUCHANAN.

A thousand years ago,
On many an upturned brow,
The moon shone bright as now;
And many a heart like mine
Bow'd low at beauty's shrine,
Blessing the Lord for light,
And the good gift of sight.
A thousand years from now
Where will my spirit be?
In vast Eternity
Will I be lost in night,
Or basked in God's pure light?
Thought's wings grow tremulous & weak with fears,
While hovering o'er that gulf—that gulf of years.

Let the Horses Rest.

We know a physician, in large practice, who is frequently compelled to drive his horses hard. He formerly drove the two together, and used them up in two years.—He now drives them singly, and as far as possible on alternate days. They are now, though working harder, invariably healthy and strong. He attributes this to the fact that if a hard drive strains any of the muscles, they have time to regain their tone the next day. Were the horses driven every day, a slight sprain would produce a little stiffness; the parts would rub against each other; inflammation would set in, and the horses be lamed—perhaps incurably so.—Farm horses are not so liable to injury in this respect, as those driven fast over hard roads. But a day's rest occasionally will help them materially. At all events do not work them on Sundays. Or, if any are driven far to church, or for any pressing emergency, make it a rule and adhere to it scrupulously, to let such horses rest Saturdays or Mondays. Man and beast must rest one day in seven or pay the penalty. Better work harder and rest longer.—American Agriculturist.

The following anecdote is good enough for a second reading, if any one has chance to meet it before.—When Daniel Webster was delivering his memorable speech at the dedication of Bunker Hill Monument, the crowd pressed forward to such an extent that some were fainting and some crushed. Officers strove in vain to make the crowd stand back. They said it could not be done. Some one asked Mr. Webster to make an appeal to them. The great orator came forward, stretched forth his hand, and said, in deep, stentorian tones, "Gentlemen, stand back." "It cannot be done!" they shouted. "Gentlemen stand back!" said he, without a change of voice. "It is impossible, Mr. Webster, impossible." "Impossible?" repeated Mr. Webster, "impossible? Nothing is impossible on Bunker Hill!" and the vast crowd swayed and rolled back like a mighty wave of the ocean.

A DOG STORY.—A lady residing in Camp-ton recently owned a dog which, because of age and infirmity, had ceased to be of use.—One day she remarked to a laboring man connected with the family that she would give half a dollar if he would take the old fellow off out of the way and kill him. The servant promised to do so if he might have the dog's skin to make therefrom, for his own use and comfort, a pair of gloves at this stage in the conversation the old dog, who had been lying quietly upon the hearth, arose, and giving the conspirators a look more in sorrow than in anger, left the house. On a rise of ground not far away he stopped, and gave a lingering gaze at the house and vicinity, then plunged into the woods never to return. He never was seen or heard of afterwards.—Concord Statesman.

A NOBLE ANSWER.—At a slave market in one of the Southern States a smart, active colored boy was put up for sale. A kind master, who pitied his condition, not wishing him to have a cruel owner, went up to him and said:—"If I buy you, will you be honest?" The boy, with a look that baffled description, replied, "I will be honest, whether you buy me or not." Was not this a noble reply?

Some young people do not sufficiently understand the advantage of natural charms, and how much they would gain by trusting to them entirely. They weaken these gifts of Heaven, so rare and fragile, by affected manners and an awkward imitation. Their tones and their gait are borrowed; they study their attitudes before the glass until they have lost all trace of nature's manner, and with all their pains, they please but little.

A good companion is very desirable and said to be worth his weight in gold, but a bad companion is ever to be avoided. The truth of the old proverb, "Tell me with whom you associate, and I will tell you who you are," has often been proved to be correct. Every one, and especially the young, gay and thoughtless, should carefully guard against the exposure to bad company. Beware of evil associates.

A convalescent soldier in a hospital in Paris, while stretching himself, exclaimed, "Oh, God!" A young and very pretty Sister of Charity ran up and inquired, "What would you wish God to do to you? I am his daughter." The convalescent replied, "Accept me for his son-in-law."

We have just heard a good story connected with a revival in a certain town. An invitation being given to those desiring to join "the army of the Lord," a half-witted fellow made his appearance at the anxious seat.—Finally he "got through," and stepping up and taking the minister by the hand, he gravely demanded his bounty.

A little ragged urchin, begging in the city the other day, was asked by a lady who filled his basket, if his parents were living?

"Only dad, warm," said the boy.

"Then you have enough in your basket now to feed the family for some time," said the lady.

"Oh, no, I haven't neither," said the lad, "for dad and me keeps five beards; he does the house work, and I do the market'n."

How to make Berleony sassage carefully prepared by Ike Billings, from the original recipe, now in possession of the family of the Duke of Catfish:

"Take eel skin and stuff it with ground oat; season it with Scotch snuff and persimmon; lay it on a hog-pen to dry, and then bang it up by the tale in a Dutch grocery for 3 months for the flies to give it the trade marks, then it is ready for use."

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

A correspondent at the West tells of a rather handsome young woman, who, during the past two or three years, made it a specialty to attend Copperhead meetings, bearing a banner inscribed, "Give us white husbands or none!" A few weeks since she eloped with a nigger as black as the ace of spades!

It is reported that a shoemaker not a thousand miles from Waynesboro, was so overcome, recently, by the birth of a daughter, that he cut out sixteen pairs of Congress boots all for one foot, broke a temperance pledge, went a fishing, and came near drowning himself.

Prentice says girls will differ. One of them lately broke her neck in trying to escape being kissed, and a great many of them are ready to break their necks to get kissed.

He who is a tiger in his own family is generally a sheep in society.

Archery, it is thought, will be an amusement among the ladies this summer. It is the most natural thing in the world for ladies to know how to manage a beau.

A magician once upon a time advertised on his bills that the evening's entertainment would conclude with a mysterious disappearance of a lady. Sure enough, after the performance he eloped with the wife of the man who owned the hall.

A little fellow, not more than five years of age, hearing some gentleman, at his father's table, discussing the familiar line, "An honest man's the noblest work of God," said he knew it wasn't true; his mother was better than any man that was ever made.

A young fellow once offered to kiss a Quakeress. "Friend," said she, "thou must not do it." "Oh by Jove! but I must," said the youth. "Well, friend, as thee hast sworn, thee may do it," but thee must not make a practice of it."

Teamsters may do a brisk business, but wheelbarrow men carry all before them.

The newspapers are all having a tilt at the tilting hoops of the ladies. One inconsiderate fellow calls their prevalent use the "hinderpest."

Milk makes a man fat, but whisky makes him lean.

An Irishman who had blistered his fingers by endeavoring to draw on a pair of new boots, exclaiming: "By St. Patrick, I believe I shall never get them on until I wear them a day or two."

A lady asked a noted doctor if he did not think the small bonnets the ladies wore had a tendency to produce a congestion of the brain. "Oh, no," replied he, "ladies who have brains don't wear them."

A full-blooded negro woman in Geneva, N. Y., who was formerly as "black as tar," has within the last six years become entirely white. She is about forty five years old, and is in perfect health. Her hair remains curled as before.

Don't be eternally at law, lest it be said of your children, while you are yet alive, that they have a father-in-law.

Young men who idolize young women always long to be "joined to their idols."

Life is like a field of blackberry and raspberry bushes. Mean people squat down and pick the fruit, no matter how they black their fingers; while genius, proud and unbending, strides fiercely on and gets nothing but scratches, and holes torn in his garments.

The Detroit Post says that all that is left of the Fenian navy is "the tug of war" between the factions of that brotherhood.

What is the use of sighing and weeping as we float down the stream of time? Why make the voyage of life a waiting voyage.

Among the advertisements in a late paper, we read that "Two sisters want washing."

In fishing for compliments, there is certain to be a fool at one end of the line;

It is said that the prettiest girls in Salt Lake City marry Young.

The right man in the right place.—A husband at home in the evening.