

VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper, Independent upon all Subjects.

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VOLUME XX

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 3, 1866.

NUMBER 5

NEW SPRING

POETICAL.



IN ABSENCE.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

Watch her kindly, stars—
From the sweet protecting skies
Follow her with tender eyes,
Look so lovingly that she
Cannot choose but think of me;
Watch her kindly, stars!

Soothe her sweetly, night—
On her eyes, overworn, press
The tired lids with light caress;
Let that shadowy hand of thine
Ever in her dreams seem mine;
Soothe her sweetly, night!

Wake her gently, morn—
Let the notes of early birds
Seem like love's melodious words;
Every pleasant sound my dear,
When she stirs from sleep, should hear;
Wake her gently, morn!

Kiss her softly, night!
Softly, that she may not miss
Any sweet, accustomed bliss!
On her lips, her eyes, her face,
Till I come to take your place,
Kiss her softly, night!

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 29, 1866.

AMERICAN LIFE INSURANCE AND TRUST CO.

Corner Fourth and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia
Incorporated 1859. 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 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 G. Roberts, F. B. Minch, Samuel Work, William J. Howard, Hon. Joseph Allison, Samuel T. Bodine, John Aikman, Charles F. Hazlett, Isaac Hazlehurst.

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

JOE DOUGLAS, Agent for Waynesboro' and vicinity.

REFERENCES.—JOHN PHILIPS and WILLIAM H. BROTHERS.
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 repaired 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 our fall Outlets always ready to accommodate customers.

JOHN FISHER, Proprietor.
Hagerstown, June 2, 1866.

Mentzer's Horse & Cattle Powder.

M. M. STONER having purchased of Mr. Mentzer, the recipe for making the above famous 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 quantity. He will sell on commission or for cash. Orders will be punctually attended to.
January 31.

tion to gubernatorial clemency and a light sentence. So I painted this picture:

A young man entered into life, wedded an angel, beautiful in person, possessing every noble and gentle attribute. Temptation was before and all around him. He kept a tavern. Guests there were many; it was not for him to inquire into their business; they were well dressed; made large bills and paid promptly. At an unguarded hour, when he was insane with the liquor they had urged upon him, he had deviated from the path of rectitude. The demon of alcohol had reigned in his brain, and it was his first offense. Mercy pleaded for another chance to save him from ruin. Justice did not require that his young wife should go down sorrowing to the grave, and that the shadow and disgrace and taunt of a felon father should cross the path of that sweet child—O, how earnestly did I plead for them. The woman wept; the husband did the same; the judge fidgeted and rubbed his eyes; the jury looked melting. If I could have had the closing speech he would have been cleared; but the prosecutor had the close, and threw ice on the fire I had kindled. But that did not quite put it out.

The judge charged according to law and evidence, but evidently leaned on the side of mercy. The jury found a verdict of guilty, but unanimously recommended the prisoner to the mercy of the court. My client was sentenced to the shortest imprisonment the court was empowered to give, and both jury and court signed a petition to the Government for an unconditional pardon, which has since been granted, but not before the following incident occurred:

Some three months after this I received an account for collection from a wholesale house in New York. The parties to collect from were hard ones, but they had property, and before they had an idea of the trap laid, I had the property, which they were about to assign before they broke, under attachment. Finding I was neck and head and bound to win, they 'caved in' and 'forked over' three thousand seven hundred and ninety-four dollars and eighteen cents (per memorandum book) in good money.

They lived in Shawnoctown, about thirty-five or forty miles Southeast of Moore's prairie. I received the funds just after bank opening, but other business detained me, until after dinner. I then started for C—, intending to go as far as the village of Mt. Vernon that night.

I had gone about ten or twelve miles, when I noticed a splendid double team of horses attached to a light wagon, in which were seated four men, evidently of the high strung order. They swept as if to show how easily they could do it. They shortened in and allowed me to come up with them and hailing me, asked me to 'wet,' or in other words to diminish the contents of a jug of old rye they had aboard. They asked me how far I was going. I told them as far as Mt. Vernon, if my horse didn't tire out.—They mentioned a pleasant tavern ten or twelve miles ahead as a nice stopping place and then drove on.

I did not like the looks of those fellows, nor their motions. But I had a brace of revolvers and a nice knife; my money was not in value or in my sulky but in a belt around my body. I drove slow in hope that they would go on and I would see them no more. It was nearly dark when I saw a tavern sign ahead. At the same time saw their own wagon standing before the door. I would have pressed on, but my horse needed rest. I hauled up and a woman came to the door. She turned as pale as a sheet when she saw me; she did not speak, but with a meaning look she put her finger on her lips and beckoned me in—she was the wife of my late client.

When I entered the party recognized me, and hailed me as an old traveling friend, and asked me to drink. I respectfully, but firmly declined to do so.

"By thunder, you shall drink or fight!" said the noisiest of the party.

"Just as you please—drink I shall not," said I, purposely showing the but of a Colt which kicks six times in rapid succession. The party interposed and very easily quelled the assailant. One offered me a cigar, which I was reluctantly refusing but a glance from the woman induced me to accept. She advanced and proffered me a light, and in doing so, slipped a note in my hand, which she must have written a moment before. Never shall I forget the words. They were: "Beware, they are of the gang. They mean to rob and murder you! Leave soon; I will detain them."

I did not feel comfortable just then, but tried to do so.

"Have you any room to put my horse?" I asked, turning to the woman.

"What—are you not going on to night?" asked one of the men; "we are."

"No," said I. "I shall stay here to-night."

"We'll all stay, then, I guess, and make a night of it," said another of the cut-throats.

"You'll have to put up your own horse, here's a lantern," said the woman.

"I am used to that," I said, Gentlemen, excuse me a minute, I'll join you in a drink when I come in."

heard a crash—a horrible shriek. The wheels came off. Then came the rush of the horses, tearing along with the wreck of the wagon. Finally they seem to fetch up in the woods. One or two shrieks I heard as I swept on, leaving them far behind.—For some time I hurried my horse—you'd better believe I did. It was a little after midnight when I got to Mt. Vernon.

The next day I heard that a Moore's prairie team had run away, and that two men out of four had been so badly hurt that their lives were despaired of, but I didn't cry.—My clients got their money. I didn't travel that road any more.

The Rights of Citizenship.

Hon. John A. Logan, in a speech delivered at Salem, Illinois, on the 4th of July, in advocating the constitutional amendment, stated that the election conferring the rights of citizenship upon freedmen did not confer the right of suffrages, but only protection of great natural rights, being equivalent to a declaration that "every man is a human being" and that "you have no right to go out and murder him; you have no right to take his work without paying him his wages; you have no right to abuse that man or trifle with his rights and privileges." He explained, why he, a Douglas Democrat of 1860, advocated this provision in the following emphatic and eloquent language:

Sir, when you ask me how I became such a great advocate of universal citizenship, I can answer the question. I have had my prejudices, just as other men in this land, but when I marched with the columns of loyal men on southern soil, and saw the flag of treason defiantly flaunted in our faces; when I looked around me and asked for friends, I appealed to the white man in vain; he was the friend of the traitor, the sympathizer with rebellion; he owed allegiance, he thought, to treason, and not to the Government of the United States. But at the deep, dark hour of night, the poor colored man, bowed down by the chains of slavery, would crawl through thickets, wade the rivers and come into our picket lines, into our camps, and tell you where the rebel forces lay, and how you might attack treason and destroy it. [Cheers.] That is the reason why I cared not when I found a man that was my friend—a friend to my country, though his skin black, I could trust him sooner than I could the white traitor. ["That's so."]

Hence I want him to have the protection of the law; I am in favor of his having it, and ever shall be until he gets it. I ask you, my countrymen, I ask you, mothers, who are sitting around in this little group, that have found sons that lie away far off beneath the hot burning sands of Georgia, whose faces you will see no more on earth, whose graves you can never visit again, perhaps, and the old fathers, too, and the little, prattling babe that often asks his mother, "Mother, when will my father again return to me?" to have the laws of this land so modified, that while traitors in the South have their gatherings, day after day, to strew garlands of flowers upon the graves of rebel soldiers, that they may live in their memory as long as life shall last, if some poor, old, decrepit negro, who has gained his liberty by the march and prowess of American arms, shall come along with a little basket of flowers to strew upon the grave of some poor loyal soldier, that he shall have the right to do it, and that no person shall have the right to interfere, and that he is to be protected. [Emotion.] These rights they ought to have. We ought to be willing to give them to every human being on top of God's earth. I hope this is not treason—at least I don't believe it is. [Laughter.] I believe it is! But doing justice to those people and to ourselves. It is a Christian act on our part, and we should not fail to perform it. If we do, we fail to perform a duty that is incumbent upon us toward men who have saved the Government, and wreathed it from the hands of treason, when they were fastened upon its throat.

President Lincoln's Assassians

Saturday last, says the Washington Chronicle, was the anniversary of the execution of the conspirators—Mrs. Surratt, Payne, Herold, and Atzerot. They lay buried side by side in the grounds of the Arsenal and the wretched Wirz has been added to their number. All except the latter have painted headboards containing their names. The scaffold remains standing precisely as it appeared on the 7th of July, 1865. Portions of the trap-door have been cut off and carried away by curiosity hunters; but very few of these have been permitted access to the grounds. There is a profusion of white and blue larkspur growing within the enclosure. It is difficult for a visitor to the scene of the execution to realize that one year has rolled away since the dread sentence of the law was inflicted upon these criminals, and curious to remember that the son of the woman who participated in the conspiracy has thus far defied the vigilance of the detective force of America. We do not even hear of his whereabouts in Canada. If living in Canada or the Old World under an assumed name, if a spark of humanity remains, he must endure the tortures of the damned and die a thousand deaths daily. Murder will out, however, and although years may elapse there is every probability if John H. Surratt remains on the face of the earth, he will finally be brought to justice and compelled to undergo a thorough investigation in regard to his complicity with the fiendish Booth, whose hand fired the fatal shot and removed a President whose memory will be ever cherished and transmitted to coming generations as the leading martyr, who lived to see the dawning of the triumph of the cause of liberty, and then ushered into the presence of his Maker to receive his due reward.

The man who courts a young lady in the starlight probably expects to get a wife in a twinkling.

Family Government.

In spite of modern whims of equality, the government of a family must be absolute, mild, not tyrannical. The laws of reason have declared the dependence of the child on the parent. The weakness of youth must be repressed by experience. Parental tenderness is apt to degenerate into parental weakness. "If you please child, and 'Will you, dear?' are soon answered with 'No, I won't.' The reins of the government should be always gently drawn; not twitched, like a curb bridle, at one time, and dangled loose at another. Uniformity in parents produces uniformity in children. To whip one minute, and to caress, or let the culprit go unpunished, for the same crime, at another, cannot fail to injure the force of parental authority. Consider before you threaten; and then be as good as your word. 'I will whip you if you don't mind me,' says the parent in a passion. 'I am not afraid of it,' says the child. The parent flies toward it in a paroxysm of rage; the child pretends flight to broken bones. 'You may go now, but you shall have your punishment with interest the next time you do so.' 'I don't believe that,' thinks the child. It is experience that gives the parent the lie. 'But,' say you, 'whips and rods were the scourges of the dark ages; the present age is more enlightened; in it law is reason and authority is mildness.' Beware of that reason which makes your child dogmatical, and that mildness which makes him obstinate.

There is no such thing as the 'rod of reproof'; and it is certain that, in numberless cases arguments produce a better effect than corporal punishment. Let children be properly admonished, in case of disobedience; if ineffectual, try the harsher method. Never begin to correct till your anger has subsided; if you do, your authority over the offender is at an end. Let your commands be reasonable. Remember that scolding is directly the reverse of weighty reasoning. Never let it be heard under your roof, unless you intend your house should be a nursery of faction, which may, at some future time, rear its hydra head, not only against you, but in opposition to the parents and guardians of our country.

Medical Uses of Ice

To a person burning up with internal fevers ice is a comfort beyond expression. Swallowing ice freely in small lumps is the chief treatment in inflammation of the stomach.

The constant application of ice, pounded fine, and enveloping the head with it by means of a cushion, or other contrivance, is the most reliable remedy for that dangerous malady inflammation of the brain which so often sends its victim to the grave in a few days, or to that living death; the mad-house.

In all inflammation, whether internal, ice diminishes rapidly the size of the blood vessels, and thus relieves the pain they give when thus swollen by their pressing against the nerves which are always in the neighborhood of the arteries of the system.

Diphtheria, and some of the very worst forms of sore throat, have been arrested in a very short time by pounging a piece of ice in a bag, then laying the head back, taking the lumps and swallow them continuously until relieved, allowing them to be detained in the throat as long as possible, there to melt.

All form of diarrhea and dysentery, which there is great threat the gratification of which by drinking any liquid increases the malady are promptly controlled, and in many cases are perfectly cured, by simply swallowing as large lumps of ice as possible.

Epilepsy itself, one of the most uncontrollable of human maladies, is said to be treated successfully in London by the application of ice to the spinal portion of the system.

A piece of ice laid on the wrist will often arrest profuse and dangerous bleeding of the nose.

In croup, water as cold as ice can make it if applied freely and persistently to the throat, neck and upper part of the chest with a sponge or cloth often affords an almost miraculous relief, especially if followed by drinking copiously of ice water, wiping the wetted parts perfectly dry, then wrapping the child closely up in dry flannels, allowing it to fall into a delightful and life-giving slumber.

A first-rate joke took place quite lately in our court room. A woman was testifying in behalf of her son, and swore that he had worked on the farm ever since he was born. The lawyer who cross examined her, said: 'You assert that your son has worked on a farm ever since he was born.' Says she, 'I do.' 'Then,' said the lawyer, 'what did he do the first year?' 'He milked,' said she, and the lawyer evaporated.

At Lynn, a Sunday school teacher asked a little girl who the first man was. She answered that she did not know. The question was put to the next, an Irish child, who answered, 'Adam, sir,' with apparent satisfaction.

"Law," said the first scholar, "you needn't feel so grand about it, he wasn't an Irishman."

"Pap, I planted some potatoes in our garden," said one of the smart youths of this generation to his father, "and what do you suppose came up?" "Why potatoes of course." "No sir! There came up a drove of hogs and ate them all." The "old man" gave in.

A young fellow has been congratulating himself upon having recently taken a very pleasant trip. Upon inquiry it was found that he had tripped and fallen into a young lady's lap.

A Blunder-Bass—Kissing the wrong woman.

Abraham Lincoln.

BY A KENTUCKY GIRL.

Words are wholly inadequate to express my thanks for the beautiful portrait of our beloved President—Lincoln. I can not forbear to speak of his goodness and greatness. His fame is now our national heritage, one of the jewels of our Republic, and as such it will be forever cherished. He lived to see the fruition of his labors, and not only was he permitted to triumph in the correctness of his judgment by witnessing the overthrow of treason, but, as though it was destined that every virtue was to mark his career, he was permitted the opportunity of manifesting the magnanimity inherent in his nature—a magnanimity unrivaled even by that of the lion-hearted Richard, who forgave those who plotted the usurpation of his crown and destruction of his life. Mr. Lincoln proposed universal amnesty, save where it would endanger the Republic in the future. No vindictiveness could find a place in his great heart.

He fell in the very noontime of his fame. Sleep, Abraham Lincoln, for you have nobly finished your work. Sleep, Abraham Lincoln, for the most towering and sublime monument is yours—the love of America's sons and daughters. The passions and prejudices of the present day may keep some from doing him justice, but the future historian will place him in the front of every picture—the brightest star of freedom, unrivaled by any of earth's commemorated dead.

Life too Short for Strife.

Charles Dickens relates the following of Douglas Jerrold:

"Of his generosity I had proof within these two or three years, which it saddens me to think of now. There had been estrangement between us—not on any personal subject, and not involving any words—and a good many months passed without ever seeing him in the street, when it fell out that we dined, each with his own separate party, in the Stranger's Room of the Club. Our chairs were almost back to back, and I took mine after he was seated and at dinner, (I am sorry to remember) and did not look that way. Before we had sat long, he openly wheeled in his chair round, stretched out both hands in an engaging manner, and said aloud, with a bright and loving face, that I can see as I write to you:

"Let us be friends again? A life is not long enough for this!"

"Jerrold was not a Christian, but his conduct in this case was worthy of the Christian character. On a dying bed, how insignificant will appear many things about which we contend in bitterness and wrath? Life is so short, its inevitable sorrows so many, its responsibilities so vast and solemn, that there is, indeed, no time to spare in bruising and mangling one another. Let not the sun go down on your wrath. Never close your eyes to sleep with a heavy heart towards your brother and fellow sufferer. See him and be reconciled to him if you can. If you cannot see him write to him. If he is a true man and a Christian, he will listen. If he is not you will have done right, and your soul will be bright with the sunshine of Heaven."

Don't always turn back because there's danger ahead; there may be danger in the rear.

A tall fellow, standing in the parquette of a theatre, was repeatedly desired to sit down but would not; when a voice from the second circle called out, "Let him alone; he's a tailor, and he's resting himself!"

DONE FOR.—The man who was homed in by a crowd has been troubled by a stitch ever since.

Why are pen makers like inciters to evil doing? Because they make people steel pens and say they do write.

"Good morning, Mr. Jenkins; where have you kept yourself this long time?" "Kept myself," said Jenkins; "I don't keep myself, I live on credit."

When Daniel Webster was a young man, about commencing the study of the law, he was advised not to enter the legal profession, for it was already crowded. His reply was, "There is room enough at the top."

A man maketh a wry face over a gill of sour vinegar, but he taketh down a quart of whiskey without a twit of his snout.

Why is a 'tilting skirt' like a slaughter house? Because lean and fat calves are seen in them.

The greatest outmeg ever known met with a greater.

Why is a lady of fashion like a successful sportsman? Because she bags the hare.

Neither false curls, false teeth, false calves or even false eyes, are as bad as false tongues.

At the North pole, go whatever way you will, you go due south; and at the utmost height of joy you can move only toward sorrow.

The man who can make his own fire, black his own boots, carry his own wood, hoe his own garden, pay his own debts, and live without wine and tobacco, need ask no favor of him who rides in a coach and four.

A compromise with sin is a surrender to the devil.

From what did the old-fashioned horse-pistol derive its name? From its habit of kicking.

When a man is married with a bad wife, there are sure to be 'sins' in the family.