

VILLAGE RECORD

Waynesboro, Franklin County, Pennsylvania, Friday Morning, August 10, 1866. Volume XX, Number 6. \$4.00 Per Year.

NEW SPRING

SUMMER GOODS!

GEORGE STOVER

HAS RETURNED FROM PHILADELPHIA WITH A SUPPLY OF

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, QUEENSWARE

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 1854. 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 Whittlin. Secretary and Treasurer—John S. Wilson. Actuary—John C. Kings.

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

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

JOSEPH DOUGLAS, Agent. Call and get a pamphlet. 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 bountifully supplied with every delicacy the market will afford, THE SALOON contains the choicest liquors, and is constantly and skillfully attended. THE STABLES are thoroughly repaired, and careful Oastlers always ready to accommodate customers.

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

TO MILLERS AND MILL OWNERS.

THE undersigned (Miller at J. Carluigh's Mill, near Waynesboro) has the right for Franklin County, and is prepared to give instructions, or put on D. W. Thompson's Angular Groves—Dress Dress—with improved draft without gears. The Dress will cause flares to grind one third to one half faster with the same quantity of water, grind cool and better, make better flour and more of it. For particulars call on the subscriber. W. J. GALBRAITH. June 15—2m.

POSTICAL.



GOOD TEMPER.

There's not a cheaper thing on earth,
Nor yet one half so dear,
'Tis worth more than distinguished birth,
Or thousands gained a year,
It leads the day a new delight,
'Tis Virtue's firmest shield;
And adds more beauty to the night
Than all the stars can yield.
It maketh poverty content,
To sorrow, whispers peace;
It is a gift from heaven sent
For mortals to increase.
It meets you with a smile at morn,
It tells you to repose;
A flower for peer and peasant-born
An everlasting rose.
A charm to banish grief away,
To snatch from brow the care;
Turns tears to smiles, makes dullest gay,
Spreads gladness everywhere;
And yet 'tis cheap as summer dew
That gems the lily's breast;
A talisman for love, as true
As ever man possessed.
As smiles the rain bow thro' the cloud,
When threaten'g storm begins—
As music 'mid the tempest loud,
That still its sweet way wins—
As spans an arch across the tide
Where waves, conflicting, form,
So comes this seraph to our side,
'This angel to our home.
What may this wondrous spirit be,
With power unheard before—
This charm, this bright divinity?
Good Temper—nothing more.
Good Temper—'tis the choicest gift
That woman homeward brings,
And can the poorest peasant lift
To bliss unknown to kings.

THE SONG OF THE SORROWFUL.

BY ANDREW DOWNING.

I am sad and I am lonely,
O'er the long lone path I tread
Clouds and darkness hover only—
Oh, I would that I were dead!
For the clouds will ne'er be riven,
Nor the darkness disappear,
Nor the calm blue fields of Heaven
Brightly bend o'er me here.
All the world is dark and dreary,
Life a toilsome march at best,
And my sad heart, worn and weary,
Sighs for peace and longs for rest!
Hope and joy have fled forever—
Love lies low, with bleeding wings,
By my pathway never, never,
Pleasure's wild flowers will withering.
Oh! the past was bright and pleasant,
But the future cannot be,
And the waters of the present
Leave the vale of misery!
All around is darkness only—
All around the path I tread;
I am sad, and I am lonely,
Oh, I would that I were dead!

MISCELLANY.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

We question whether in the history of hair-breadth escapes a parallel to the following can be found. The story was told to us by an old and valued friend, now residing in the country, but whose early days were spent near the scene of the tragic adventure recorded here.

We give the story as it was related to us in the words of the hero.

It was about the year 1805, that I settled in Virginia, near the Falls of Kanawha. The country at that time was an unbroken wilderness. But few settlements had been made by the whites, and they were so far apart as to render vain all hopes of assistance, in case of an attack from the hostile Indians, numbers of whom still infested the immediate neighborhood.

I lived there alone with my wife for several months unmolested, and by dint of perseverance, then young and hardy, had succeeded in making quite a clearing in the forest, which I planted in corn, and promised an abundant yield.

One morning after we had dispatched our humble meal and had just prepared to venture forth upon my accustomed routine, my attention was arrested by the tinkling of a cow bell in the corn-field.

"There," said my wife, "the cow is in the field."
But the ear of a backwoodsman becomes very acute, especially so from the fact that his safety often depends upon the nice cultivation of that sense. I was not so easily deceived. I listened. The sound was a gain repeated.

"That noise," said I in reply to my wife's remark, "was not the tinkling of a bell upon the neck of a cow, but a dewy from some Indian, who wished to draw me into ambush."

Believing this to be the case, I took down my old musket, and seeing that it was properly loaded, I stole cautiously around the field towards the spot from which the sound proceeded.

As I expected, there, in a clump of bushes crouched an Indian, waiting for me to appear in answer to his decoy call, that he might send the fatal bullet to my heart. I

approached without observing myself to him until within shooting distance, then, I raised my piece and fired. The bullet sped true to its mark, and the Indian fell down dead.

Not knowing but he might be accompanied by others, I returned with all speed to my cabin, and having firmly barricaded the door, I watched all day from the post-hole, in anticipation of an attack from the hands of the Indian I had killed.

To add to the danger and the seeming helplessness of my situation, I discovered I had but one shot left. If attacked by numbers, I should be entirely in their power. Determined to do the best with what I had, I poured out the last charge of powder, and put it into the musket, and then waited for the approach of night, sure of an attack.

Night came at last. A beautiful moonlight night it was too, and this favored me greatly, as I would thereby observe the movements of the enemy as they approached the cabin.

It was some two hours after midnight, and I had neither heard nor seen a sign of the Indians, when suddenly I was startled by the baying of my dog at the stable. I knew that the Indians were coming. The stable stood a little to the west of the cabin, and between the two was a patch of cleared ground upon which the light of the full moon fell unobstructed. Judging from the noise at the stable that they would advance from that direction I posted myself at the port-hole on that side of the cabin.

I had previously placed my wife on the cross pole in the chimney so that in case our enemies effected an entrance into our cabin, she might climb out through the low chimney, and effect her escape. For myself, I entertained no hope, but determined not to be taken alive, and to sell my life as dearly as possible.

With breathless anxiety I watched at the port-hole. At length I saw men emerge from the shadow of the stable, and advance across the open ground toward my cabin.—One—two—three—great heavens! six stalwart Indians armed to the teeth, and urged on by the hope of revenge, and I alone to oppose them with one charge of powder.—My case was desperate indeed.—With quick and steady step in close single file, they approached and were already within a few yards of the house, when a slight movement of the forward Indian change the position of the six, so that a portion of the left side of each was uncovered. They were in range, and my aim would cover all. Quick as thought, I aimed and fired. As the smoke cleared away, I could hardly credit what my own senses showed me as the result of my shot.—The fifteen slugs which I had loaded the musket had done their work well, five of the six Indians lay dead upon the ground, and the sixth had disappeared.

Although no enemy was now in sight, I did not venture forth until morning. There lay the bodies of the five Indians, undisturbed, together with the rifle of the other.—Securing the arms and ammunition of the fallen Indians, I followed up the trail of the missing one, until it reached the river, beyond which point I could discover no trail, whatever. From the amount of blood which marked his trail, together with the unmistakable evidence that he had picked his way with difficulty, I was led to believe that he was mortally wounded, and in order to prevent his body falling into the hands of his white foes, he had groped his way to the river and thrown himself into the current which had borne it away.

The Indians had killed my cow, and that you may be assured was no trifling loss, yet in my gratitude for my escape from the merciless savages, I would have been entirely willing to have made greater sacrifices. I was provided thus with arms and ammunition taken from the six Indians, in case of a second attack; but this, fortunately, proved to be my last adventure with the savages.

Not one of the band had escaped: to tell the tale, and incite his brothers to revenge the death of his comrades.

"Ah!" exclaimed the old man, while the tears stood in his eyes, at the memory of that eventful night, "that was a glorious shot—the best shot I ever made!"

The hero of this adventure lived to see the rude wilderness, where he had pitched his lonely cabin, transformed into smiling fields, and peopled with hardy and enterprising white faces, among whom his last days were passed in peace and plenty, undisturbed by his old foes, but he don't tell us whether his wife ever came from out the chimney, or how he disposed of the five Indians.

He had Him There.

A traveler once arrived at a village inn after a hard day's travel, and being very tired, requested a room to sleep in, but the landlord said they were entirely full, and that it was utterly impossible to accommodate him; that his wife had to sleep on the sofa and himself on the floor; but he would see what his wife could do for him. The good woman on being applied to, said there was a room which he might occupy, provided he would agree to the conditions, viz.: to enter the room late in the dark and leave it early in the morning to prevent scandal, as the room was occupied by a lady. This he agreed to do. About two o'clock in the morning, an awful noise was heard in the house, and our friend the traveler was heard tumbling heels over head down stairs. The landlord, on arriving at the spot, inquired what the matter was; the traveler ejaculated, as soon as he was able to speak.

"Oh, Lord that woman's dead."
"I know that," replied the landlord; "but how did you find it out?"

Never trust a man for the vehemence of his assertions, whose bare word you would not trust; a 'knew' will make no more of swearing to a falsehood than of affirming it.

Constant occupation prevents temperance.

The Memphis Riots.

Forty-eight Persons Murdered.

The report of the select committee, appointed to investigate all matters connected with the Memphis riots, and massacres, was made to the House on the 25th ult. It is signed by Representatives Washburne, of Illinois, and Broomall, of Pennsylvania. The other member, Representative Shanklin, of Kentucky, dissenting. They say the outbreak of the disturbance resulted from collision between some policemen and discharged colored soldiers, and was seized upon as a pretext for an organized and bloody massacre of the colored people of Memphis, regardless of age, sex or condition, inspired by the teachings of the press, and led on by sworn officers of the law composing the city government and others. The whole evidence discloses the killing of men, women and children—the innocent, unarmed and defenseless, pleading for their lives and trying for mercy, the wounding, beating and maltreating of still greater numbers; burning, pillaging and robbing; the consuming of dead bodies in the flames; the burning of dwellings; and attempts to burn up whole families in their houses, and the brutal and revolting ravishings of defenseless and terror-stricken women.

The report gives a circumstantial account of the commencement of the difficulties, the renewal of the disturbances, shooting negroes, brutal murders, what the riot was, the cowardice of the mob, burning of the Lincoln chapel, and other features of the mob, and recapitulates the number of colored persons killed at forty-six, and writes they wounded 75; rape on colored women, 5; maimed, 10; robberies, 100; houses and cabins burned, 91; churches, 4; school houses, 12; value of property destroyed, \$130,000.

The committee say, in their general conclusions, that from the testimony taken from personal observation, and from what they could learn in regard to the state of feeling in Memphis, and indeed through that entire section of the country, they are of opinion that there is but little loyalty to the Government and flag. The state of things in the city of Memphis is very much now as it was before the breaking out of the rebellion.

A Thirty Years' Mystery Cleared Up.

Over thirty years ago there was considerable excitement in Cecil county, Maryland, on account of the sudden disappearance of a widow lady, named Polly, who resided about four miles from Elkton. She was last seen going into a thicket near her house, where two men had just passed. All search for her was fruitless. After a reasonable time had elapsed letters of administration on her effects were issued, and in settling up the estate the administrator was unable to find a note drawn by one of the men who had been seen to go into the thicket. The note, was known to have been in her possession a short time before her disappearance. This aroused the suspicions of some of the people, and the two men were arrested; but nothing could be proved against them and they were discharged.

A number of years ago one of the suspected parties died, and last week it is reported that the other, being very ill, sent for a minister, to whom he made a free confession.—According to popular rumor, the confession was to the effect that he, with the other party, sent to Mrs. Polly to meet them in a certain place, where they would pay the money on the notes, and they then failed to meet her, that they saw her on her way home, and knowing that she would pass through the thicket, they went into it and laid in ambush, and as soon as she appeared one knocked her on the head with a stick of wood, killing her. That they then placed her body in the midst of a wood pile, where they intended to let it remain, but it becoming suspicious, they went to the pile with a box, to remove the body, and found that the dog of the deceased had taken his place to watch over the corpse, and they were compelled to kill him before they could get the body, and that after succeeding, they carried it in the box to where the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad was being built, and placed it in the embankment.

It is also stated that as soon as the man had made this disclosure he commenced to improve and that he is now in a fair way of recovery.

Dutch Reasoning.

A drunken Dutchman was recently arrested by a baloon keeper and sued for "unpaid drinks." He scorned the advice of counsel, or assistance of attorneys, and delivered himself for the edification of the Court of the following ingenious plea:

"May it please you honor! To borrow is the first principle of nature. Does not the river borrow from the brook, and the ocean from the air, and the earth from the clouds? Does not the moon borrow her light from the sun, and the night borrow it again from the moon? Was not man taken from the earth and his 'raw' borrowed from his side? Since, then, all nature has established this grand system of universal credit, why should not man, made in the image of God, have a natural claim on the credit system? And since the mighty ocean is not ashamed to borrow of the puny river, why, then, should not a lean 'chummer' borrow from a fat bar-keeper? Now, you honor knows the feeble-minded mood never returns the borrowed light to the sun, why then should a poor beer-drinker pay a 'rich' beer-seller? It is contrary to natural law, it is an absurdity. But what does the river do when it has borrowed too much from the brooks and streams? It runs away. Nature, then, has set me an example. I will follow it and run away."

And before the sheriff could reach him he had cleared the entire house and was out of reach. The most ingenious way to get drunk, clearly, surely!

Time—A Sketch.

"I saw a temple reared by the hands of man, standing with the high pinnacles in the distant plain. The streams beat upon its base, the God of nature hurled his thunderbolts against it, and yet it stood firm and undimmed."

I returned, and lo! the temple was no more! Its high walls lay in scattered ruins; moss and wild grass grew rankly there; and at midnight-hour, the owl's long cry added to the deep solitude—the young and gay who revelled there had passed away. I saw a child rejoicing in his youth—the idol of his mother, and the pride of his father—I returned, and that child had become old. Trembling with the weight of years, he stood, the last of his generation, a stranger amidst the desolations around him.

"Who is this destroyer?" said I to my guardian angel.

"It is Time," said he. "When the morning stars sang together with joy over the new world, he commenced his course, and when he shall have destroyed all that is beautiful on earth, plucked the sun from his sphere, scolded the moon in blood—yea, when he shall have rolled the heavens and earth away as a scroll, then shall an angel from the throne of God come forth, and with one foot toward heaven, and swear by his eternal Time is Time, but Time shall be no longer."

"Is there no way," said I, "to tender Time a blessing instead of a curse?"

"Yes," said the angel. "By laying hold of him as he passes by, he will wait you swiftly to a blessed immortality; but by neglecting him, and suffering him to pass unheeded, he will bear you swiftly through waves of trouble to a deep gulf of woe. He rolls on most rapidly, and will reward you for your conduct towards him. If you would be happy, you must esteem him of infinitely more value than gold or silver. Grasp each moment as it flies, and spend it in doing good."

Pleasant Homes.

The homes of America will not become what they should be until a true idea of life shall become more widely implanted. The worship of the dollar does more to degrade American homes than all else. The chief end of life is to gather gold, and that gold is counted best which hangs a picture upon the wall, which purchases flowers for the yard, which buys a book for the eager hand of childhood. Is this the whole of human life? Then it is a mean, meagre, and most undesirable thing. A child will go forth from a stall, glad to find free air and wider pasture. The instincts of such a home upon him: in after life will be nothing good. Thousands are rushing from homes like these every year. They crowd into cities, they crowd into villages. They swarm into all places where life is clothed with a higher significance, and the old shell of home is deserted by every bird as soon as it can fly. Ancestral homesteads and patrimonial acres have no sacredness; and when the father and mother die, the stranger's money and the stranger's presence obliterate associations that should be among the most sacred of all things.

I would have you build up for yourselves and for your children, a home that will never be lightly parted with—a home which will be to all whose lives have been associated with it the most interesting, precious spot on earth. I would have that home the abode of dignity, beauty, grace, love, genial fellowship, and happy associations. Out from such a home I would have good influence flow into neighborhoods. In such a home I would see ambition taking root, and receiving generous culture. And then I would see your young husbands and your young wives live happily. Do not deprive yourselves of such influences as will come through an institution like this. No money can pay you for such a deprivation. No circumstances, but those of utter poverty can justify you in denying these influences to your children.—*Tilcomb.*

A young man in England having entertained a tender passion for a young woman felt such insurmountable diffidence as to prevent his ever disclosing the same to the fair object of his heart, and resolved on an expedient which would bring the business to an issue. He went to the clergyman and requested that the bans of marriage might be published according to law. When the publication was brought to her ears, she was filled with astonishment, and went to him to vent her resentment. He bore the sally with fortitude, observing that if she did not think proper to have him, she could go to the clergyman and forbid the bans. After a moment's pause, she took wit in her anger, and said, "As it has been done, it is a pity that the shilling should be thrown away."

A DECISIVE RETURN.—There is a magistrate in a town in Indiana named Hessler. A clergyman in the same place was called upon by a young couple, not long since, who wished him to join them in the holy bonds of matrimony. He asked the bridegroom (a soldier by the way) for his marriage license. The man in blue responded by saying that he had been engaged to the girl for four years, and thought that would do. The clergyman thought not, and remarked as the speediest way to obtain a license—

"You had better take your girl and go to Hessler."

"You can go to hell yourself," retorted the angry veteran.

And seizing the bride by the arm, he dragged her from the house, wondering what manner of a profane minister he had met with.

A beautiful thought is suggested in the Koran.—Angels, in the grave, will no question thee as to the amount of wealth thou hast left behind thee, but what seeds thou hast done while in the world, whence thou art to be at among the blest.

Ninety Cents Saved.

Old Bogo was a miserly old fellow, who had accumulated a great wealth by life-long parsimoniousness. But even misers have to die some time, and Old Bogo was at length called upon to pay that debt which all must pay, and which is paid as easily by the man who hasn't got a cent as by the possessor of millions!

Old Bogo was sick unto death, finding a partial recompense in his sufferings from the reflection that as he couldn't eat anything something was being saved. His physician told him that his end was rapidly approaching, and as he felt within himself that he was rapidly approaching his end, it was evident to old Bogo that he must meet his end very soon.

"How long have I to live?" asked Old Bogo in a faint voice.

"Only half an hour," said the physician, taking out his watch in a business manner, and added, "Is there any one you would like to send for—a clergyman, for instance?"

Old Bogo mused in a lethargic way for a moment, raised his feeble hand and felt of his omelette chin, upon which two weeks of grey and stubbed beard had grown, then whispered hurriedly—"quick—bring me—bring me—a barber!"

"The barber came with his kit, and Old Bogo said in a voice that was rapidly growing weaker—

"You charge—ten cents to shave live men?"

"Yes, that is our price," replied the barber.

"What do you charge to shave dead men?"

"One dollar," said the barber, wondering what he meant.

"Then—shave me—quick," said Old Bogo nervously eyeing the watch which the doctor held in his hand. He was too weak to speak further, but the doctor interpreted aright the question that was in his eyes.

"Fifteen minutes," said the doctor.

Old Bogo made a feeble motion as with a lather brush, and the barber was at his work in a jiffy. He performed his task with neatness and dispatch, and although the sick man had several sinking spells of an alarming nature, yet he bore up to the end.—When the last stroke of the razor was given, Old Bogo whispered in tones of satisfaction—

"That'll do, ninety cents saved," and immediately expired.

"I say, Gumbo, I tho't I heard you 'spress yourself as odder obening to do effect dat your mudder was a white woman and your fadder a Spaniard?"

"Well, eat am a fac, what ob it?"

"Nuffin, only I tink it mighty curious how dat wool git on your head."

"Why, Eph, I git dat by acciqum on my mudder's side; she git chased by a black man and git scared."

"Now, look a hee, Gumbo, I doesn't want to be personal, but from de nature ob dat wool on your head, dar am no doubt dat de time your mudder was chased by the black man, she was ober tooked."

IMMORAL BOYS.—Look out for your boys, fathers and mothers, when night comes on. There is nothing more ruinous to their morals than running about at that time. Under cover of darkness they acquire their education in crime, they learn to be rowdyish; if not absolutely vicious, they 'catch up loose talk, they hear wicked expressions, they see obscene things—they become reckless and vicious. If you would save them from vulgarity, save them from vice, save them from prison, send to it, that night finds them at home. Parents are accountable for their bad morals.

EATING ICE CREAM.—Hall's Journal of Health says: Never eat ice cream immediately after eating a meal. It destroys all the heat of the body, which is needed to digest the food. Deaths have frequently been caused by this common practice, and disease is often bred by it. No one should eat ice cream before two hours after a meal.

Two sisters lately met in Baltimore after forty-eight years separation. They talked thirty six hours, and were still doing so at next accounts.

A Priest in New York has been preaching against filting hools. He professes his ignorance of the 'revolutions' made by the fashions at operas and theatres, as he never went there, but added, "I cannot shut my eyes to the abomination when it is in front of me on the street."

A wag says that once on a journey, he was put in a sleigh with a dozen or more passengers, not one of whom he knew, but on turning a short corner the sleigh upset, and then, said he, "I found them all out."

Said an old toper to his comrade the other day: "If one swallow make a summer what a tropical region would your stomach be; old fellow!"

Saw dust pills would effectually cure many of the diseases with which mankind are afflicted, if every individual would make his own saw-dust.

Deputies generally die old maids. They set such a value upon themselves that they seldom find a purchaser until the market is closed.

Delicious Jam.—Getting nearly accustomed to death in a crowd of angels in the middle.

Thou mayest be more happy than ever were Alexander and Caesar; it thou wilt be more virtuous.

Experience is the father, and memory the mother of wisdom.

It is a receipt given on paying your address.