

VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper, Independent upon all Subjects.

\$2.00 Per Year

VOLUME XX

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 21, 1866.

NUMBER 8

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.

President—Alexander Williams. Secretary and Treasurer—John S. Wilson. Actuary—John C. Sims.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.—Alexander Williams, J. Edgar Thomson, George Nugent, Hon. Jas. Pollock, Albert C. Roberts, P. B. Mingle, Samuel Work, William J. Howard, Hon. Charles Allison, Samuel T. Bolling, John Aikman, Charles F. Heazlett, Isaac Hulsebush.

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

JOHN FISHER, Proprietor, Hagerstown, June 2—4.

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 Outlets always ready to accommodate customers.

JOHN FISHER, Proprietor, Hagerstown, June 2—4.

TO MILLERS AND MILL OWNERS.

THE undersigned (Miller of J. C. Campbell's Mill near Waynesboro) has the right for Franklin County, and is prepared to give instructions, or put up D. W. Thompson's Annual Groove Bars with improved teeth without quarters. This Dress will cause Burns to grind one third to one half faster with the same quantity of water, and will last longer, make better sugar and more of it. For particulars call on the undersigned. June 15—2m

POETICAL.



TOUCH NOT THE TEMPTING CUP.

Touch not the tempting cup, my boy,
Touch not the sparkling wine,
Praise not the pleasures of the bowl,
The glories of the vine.
The bloated face, the blood-shot eye
Shall let you know the reason why.

Touch not the tempting cup, my boy,
Beer, brandy, wine or gin,
Let toppers praise their foolish ways
Who make a mock at sin.
The drunkard's wild, delicious cry
Shall let you know the reason why.

Touch not the tempting cup, my boy,
Though urged by friend or foe;
Dare when tempter urges most,
Dare nobly—say No, No.
The joyous angels from on high
Will glory in your brave reply.

Touch not the tempting cup, my boy,
In righteous sneer be brave;
Take not the rarer, a single sip—
Toward the drunkard's grave.
The widow's tears, the orphan's sigh
Shall let you know the reason why.

LIFE'S BETTER MOMENTS.

Life has its moments
Of beauty and bloom;
But they hang like sweet roses,
On the edge of the tomb.
Blessings they bring us,
As lovely as brief,
They meet us when happy,
And leave us in grief.

Hues of the morning,
Tinging the sky,
Come on the sunbeams,
And off with them fly.
Shadows of evening,
Hang soft on the shore,
Darkness creeps them,
We see them no more.
So life's better moments,
In brilliance appear,
Dawning in beauty,
Our journey to cheer.
Round us they linger,
Like shadows of even,
Would that we, like them,
Would melt into heaven!

MISCELLANY.

THE PROMISE REDEEMED.

My friend, Mrs. H. recounted to me the following remarkable incident in her life: She was married at a somewhat early age, and, shortly thereafter, accompanied her husband to India, where she remained until delicate health compelled her, after the birth of the second child, to return to England.

A deep despondency seized her at the idea of the approaching painful separation from her husband; but there was no alternative, and, at the appointed time, the latter accompanied her to the ship, doing his utmost to cheer and reassure her with the hope of a happy reunion.

"It is vain, William," was her persistent rejoinder. "I feel convinced that in this world I shall never see you again."

"You shall see me, love," replied H. "I feel that I can make you that promise.—Nothing—no, not death itself—shall prevent your seeing me again. Be comforted with that assurance."

On her arrival in England, Mrs. H. joined her father and sisters at Brighton, where the salubrious air restored her health and strength. A twelve month elapsed, during which period the accounts from India were regular and satisfactory, and Mr. H. in his later letters, expressed his joy at her recovery, and his hope that she would return to him at the first moment her health permitted.

Her father was an early riser, and somewhat imperative on that subject with his household. His daughters, consequently, were sometimes compelled to defer the more elaborate touches of their toilet until after the maternal meal, and it was upon one of these occasions that all three had returned to their dressing rooms—Mrs. H. and one of her sisters in a large apartment looking to the front, the other lady in a room adjoining.

Praise Your Wife.

Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake give her some little encouragement; it won't hurt her. She has made your home comfortable, your hearth bright and shining, your food agreeable; for pity's sake let her you thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have these ten years, but it will do her good for all, and you, too.

There are many women to-day thirsting for the words of praise, the language of encouragement. Through summer's heat, through winter's toil, they have drudged uncomplainingly; and so accustomed have their fathers, brothers and husbands become to their monotonous labors that they look for and on them as they do on the daily rising of the sun, and its daily going down. Home, every day, may be made beautiful by an appreciation of its very holiness.

You know that, if the floor is clean, manual labor has been performed to make it so. You know, if you can take from your drawer a clean shirt whenever you want it, that somebody's fingers have in the toil of making it so fresh and agreeable, so smooth and lustrous. Everything that pleases the eye and the sense has been produced by constant work, much thought, great care, and untiring efforts, bodily and mentally.

It is not that many men do not appreciate these things and feel a glow of gratitude for the numberless attentions bestowed upon them in sickness and health; but they don't come out with a hearty "Why how pleasant you make things look, wife!" or, "I am much obliged to you for taking so much pains!" They thank the tailor for giving them "fits," they thank the man in a full omnibus who gives them a seat; they thank the young lady who moves along in the concert room; in short they thank everything out of doors because it is the custom, and come home, tip their chair back, and their heels up, pull out the newspaper, grumble if wife asks them to take the baby, scold if the fire is gone down, or if everything is just right, shut their mouths with a smack of satisfaction, but never say, "I thank you."

I tell you what, men, young and old, if you did but show an ordinary civility toward the common articles of house-keeping, your wives—if you gave them the hundred and sixteenth part of the compliments you always choketh them with before you were married—fewer women would seek for other sources of affection. Praise your wife, then, for all good qualities she has, and you may rest assured that her deficiencies are fully counterbalanced.

A Paradise in Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Eloise Hunt, of Heiser's Run, Clinton county, Pa., writes thus: "My home has been for six years in a little rocky basin, shut in on every side by the Alleghenies without a neighbor, a church or school, seeing no human face for weeks—aye, even for months sometimes—except those of my husband and child. Living thus I have come to love in a strange, all absorbing way, all that nature has thrown a round me. Earth, with its varied growth of trees and shrubs, plants and mosses, rocks and water, the clouds, blue sky and stars, everything is beautiful to me, even the dead leaves, the old decayed trees and bare rocks are beloved. Think, then, how inexpressibly dear the living trees and flowers and moving waters."

General Dick Taylor.

The following reference to this distinguished delegate to the Fourteenth-of-August Convention, is from the Washington Chronicle of Saturday:

The rebel organ of the President rushes to the defence of that emaciated Unionist and patriot DICK TAYLOR, late a general in the rebel army. This is quite natural.—In the meantime a colonel who belongs to the South, but who served in the Union army during the war, sends us the following:

To the Editor of the Chronicle: The name of the man who heads this article is, as above stated, the murderer of Union men in cold blood.

There were seven Union men of Louisiana who escaped through DICK TAYLOR'S lines and enlisted in the 8th Vermont regiment as Federal soldiers, after which they were captured in battle by DICK TAYLOR'S command, tried by his court-martial, and sentenced to be shot to death. DICK TAYLOR having the execution of the sentence, ordered them first to dig their own graves, one sufficient to contain four men, the other to contain three. In these two holes they stood up and were shot by DICK TAYLOR'S rebels. In regard to the facts in detail I refer to Col. THOMAS, commanding the 8th Vermont volunteer regiment, General BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, commanding the department, and Major GREEN, of New Orleans, now in this city.

WEAR A SMILE.—Which will you do, smile and make others happy, or be crabbed and make everybody around you miserable? You can live among beautiful flowers and singing birds, or in the mire surrounded by fogs and frogs. The amount of happiness which you can produce is incalculable, if you will show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, by sour looks, cross words, and a fretful disposition, you can make hundreds unhappy almost beyond endurance. Which will you do? Wear a pleasant countenance, let joy beam in your eye, and love glow on your forehead. There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind and pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest, and at morning when you rise, and through the day when about your daily business.

A plain-spoken western preacher delivered the following from his desk: "I would announce to the congregation that, probably by mistake, there was left at this meeting house, this morning, a small cotton umbrella, much damaged by time and tear, and of an exceedingly pale color, in the place whereof was taken a very large black silk umbrella, and of great beauty.—Blessings of this sort, brethren and sisters, are getting a little too common."

Ringling Him In.

A few weeks since, a tall, awkward looking chap, just from the mountains, of Vermont, came on board one of the North River boats at Albany. His curiosity was amazingly excited at once, and he commenced "peeking," as he called it, into every nook and corner of the boat. The captain's office, the engine room, the water-closet, the barber shop, all underwent an inspection; and then he went on deck, and stood in amazement at the lever-beam, the chimneys, and various "fixings," till at last he got sight of the bell. This was the crowning wonder, and he viewed it from every position, walked around it, got down on his knees and looked up into it, and exclaimed:

"Wall, it's a darned sight!" By this time the attention of the Captain and several of the passengers was attracted to this genius:

"How much would you ask to let a fellow ring this bell?"

"You may ring it for a dollar," said the Captain.

"Wall, it's a bargain, all fair and agreed, and no backing out."

"It's a bargain, sir," said the Captain. Our hero went deliberately, and brought a seat, and took hold of the bell rope, and having arranged everything, to his satisfaction, commenced ringing slowly at first, and gradually faster and faster, till every body on board thought the boat on fire, and rushed on deck screaming with alarm.

There stood the Captain, and there stood the "monster," ringing away, first slow and fast and then two or three taps at a time. The passengers began to expostulate.—The Captain said it was a bargain. But the passengers became urgent that the eternal clangor should be stopped.

All the while there set our hero, undisturbed, ringing away more ways than a cockney chime-ringer ever dreamt of.

At last the Captain began to think it time to stop the simpleton, but his answer was: "A fair bargain, and no backing out." And he rang away for dear life.

"Well," says the Captain, "what will you take to stop?"

"Well, Cap'n, I guess I shan't lose nothing if I take five dollars and a free passage to New York, but not a darned cent less."

"Well, walk down to the office and get your money and passage ticket," said the Captain.

Learn to "Spout."

This is the first advice that a female whale gives to her young, and it is just the advice that every American mother should give her boys. In no country in the world is there such a field for or hand-speakers to operate as in the United States. A man capable of stirring up a multitude at a mass meeting can reach any office in the gift of the people, beginning with the Presidency. In the present Congress there are fifty-six Senators forty-three are or have been lawyers, leaving only thirteen for all the other professions. Now, why is this? Why should twenty thousand lawyers have eight times as many representatives in the Senate as the whole twenty-five millions of other people? For no other reason in the world than that lawyers are good speakers. But why should good speakers be limited to one profession? We know not of a single good reason.

Every school should have a declamation club connected with it. Boys of all classes should be initiated into the art and mystery of persuasion. With early training the mechanic and farmer would become as successful "on the stump," as gentlemen who consume their oil in poring over the old fogginess of Coke and Littleton. To be a good speaker, all that is required is a first class memory and a little manly confidence. The former can be obtained by practice at any time; the latter, however can only be obtained by "breaking the ice," during our school-boy days. Again we say "learn to spout."

A Romance in Real Life.

About four years ago, a young married man, residing in the vicinity of Hempstead, and about fifteen miles from this place, enlisted in the Union army and left his wife and home to try the hardships of war. The division to which he belonged, became engaged in the severely contested battle of Antietam. Among the reports as having been killed, his wife found the name of her husband. True to her plighted love, she repaired to the battle-ground, and, as she thought, found the corpse of her husband. Time rolling on, she laid aside the widow's weeds and contracted another matrimonial alliance, laboring under the impression that she had really buried her first husband. Strange to say, a few weeks ago he returned, hale and hearty. What was now to be done—two husbands to whom she was legally married stood before her: What could or should she do? Like a true and devoted woman, she clung to her first love and resolved to live with her first husband. This war has really brought forth many singular incidents. A occurrence of the same character took place some time since in Ohio, where the woman made a similar decision, but not before the two husbands had a very severe fistfight.

Hansen (Pa.) Citizen.

John Randolph is said, upon one occasion, to have visited a free-course near the City of New York. A flash looking stranger offered to bet him five hundred dollars on the result of the race; and, introducing his companion, said, "Mr. Randolph, my friend here, Squire Tomkins will hold stakes. Bet six." Squeaked the dealer of Tomkins, who will hold Squire Tomkins after he gives his money.

Most young ladies have it stated that it divides all things into two classes—the horrid and the splendid.

The Tunkers.

The annual gathering of that strange sect called the Dunkers or "Tunkers," was held near Waynesboro, Franklin county, Pennsylvania, recently.

This denomination originated at Schwarzenau, Germany, in 1708. The first constituents were Alexander Mack and wife, John Kipin and wife, George Grey, Andreas Bloney, Lucas Fetter, and Joanna Nethigeim. They had all been bred Presbyterians except Kipin, and being neighbors met together to read the Bible and discuss doctrinal questions. Their belief very nearly accorded with that of the Baptists; but they were unaware of the existence of any such denomination, and so resolved on founding a sect of their own. They cast lots to determine who of them should baptize the others, and thereby coincided the fact as to whom the lot fell upon. They were all baptized in the Eder, and chose Alexander Mack for their minister.

The new sect increased rapidly, and they established churches in other places. Hat persecution drove them to Holland, and finally they began to look toward America as the place where they could enjoy their peculiar religion most securely.

Their first appearance in this country was in 1719, when several families arrived at Philadelphia, and scattered thence to Germantown, Skipack, Oley and Conestoga. This dispersion prevented meeting for public worship; and they had nearly given up their religion altogether, when in the fall of 1729 it was revived by the accession of thirty more families who fled from persecution in Germany. A schism occurred in 1790, when a party who believed in universal salvation drew off under the leadership of John Hanzel from Kentucky, Southern Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, are the descendants of Ham and his adherents, and still maintain his doctrines.

There are some Tunkers in North Carolina, but the most of them still live in Pennsylvania. They number altogether about ten thousand souls, and are a peaceable, inoffensive people. The most curious feature of their ceremonies is in the literal compliance with the Savior's command to "wash one another's feet."—Exchange Paper.

A farmer recently went to Lowell with a load of poultry to sell, and had on his wagon a large owl, which one of the boys had killed a short time before. The vendor of poultry was hailed by a son of the Emerald Isle, who asked him "what he axed for the bald faced turkey?" "That is not a turkey," said the countryman, "it is an owl." "I don't care a saxonpence how old he is, I want to buy him."

A GENUINE BAPTIST.—A peasant, being at confession, accused himself of having stolen some hay. The father confessor asked him how many bundles he had taken from the stack. "That is of no consequence," replied the peasant; "you may set it down at a wagon load, for me and my wife are going to make it that."

A youth who had returned from the city, was asked by his anxious father if he had been guarded in his conduct while there. "Oh, yes, I was guarded by two policemen part of the time," was the reply.

TO CURE A FELON.—The Journal of Medicine recommends as a cure for these troublesome disorders, that as soon as the parts begin to swell, cloth saturated with the tincture of lobelia, should be wrapped around them. This kills the felon, and is said never to fail if applied in season.

"If a man die shall he live again?" And once a year have the daisies answered it, and "springs a little infant" given its testimony, and every day has the morning testified, and yet the world is murmuring still. "If a man die, shall he live again?"

Other goods may have declined, but the rise of hoop skirts on the streets is at times quite startling.

In time of great danger, our dependence cannot be placed in men; not even in good men. They cannot trust themselves.—Their good resolutions may vanish, and their courage die. There is no dependence but on God.

Happiness is less frequently found in conspicuous than in humble stations. When David said, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest," he was king of Israel and Judea—not a shepherd of Bethlehem.

In the exhuberance of his rage at some one who had offended him, a vengeful individual said: "By Jove, I'll have revenge! I'll give his little boy a tin horn."

The other day a member of Congress wishing to say, in fine English, that a friend of his had died, told the House of Representatives that "his gentlemanly spirit winged its way to its Maker."

An Irishman, on being told by his employer to grease the wagon, returned in an hour afterwards, and said, "I've greased every part of the machine but them sticks the wheels hangs on."

The wave on which many a poor fellow has been carried away, is the wave of lace; hadkerchief.

We bless the world and curse the world, according as it smiles or frowns; yet after all we are the authors of the good or ill it holds in store.

There is one thing that confounds all in reality—no one ever repented being a Christian on their death-bed.

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