

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper Independent upon all Subjects.

\$2.00 Per Year

VOLUME XX

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 7, 1866.

NUMBER 10

NEW SPRING

AND

SUMMER GOODS!

GEORGE STOVER

HAS RETURNED FROM PHILADELPHIA WITH A SUPPLY OF

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, QUEENSWARE

AND

GROCERIES,

To which he invites the attention of his patrons and the public generally. March 30, 1866

AMERICAN LIFE INSURANCE AND TRUST CO.

Corner Fourth and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia Incorporated 1850. Charter Perpetual. Authorized Capital, \$500,000. Paid Up Capital, \$250,000 Philadelphia, Feb. 4, 1864.

The Trustees have this day declared a Dividend of FIFTY PER CENT, on all premiums received upon Mutual Policies during the year ending December 31st, 1865, and in force at that date, the above amount to be credited to said Policies, and have also ordered the Dividend of 1860 on Policies issued during that year to be paid, as the annual premiums on said Policies are received.

OFFICERS: President—Alexander 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 C. Roberts, P. B. Mingle, Samuel Work, William J. Howard, Hon. Joseph Allison, Samuel T. Bodine, John Aikman, Charles F. Hazlett, Isaac Hazlett.

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

JOHN H. DOUGLAS, Agent for Waynesboro' and vicinity. Call and get a pamphlet. JOS. DOUGLAS, Agent. Oct. 13, 1865, ly.

EAGLE HOTEL.

Central Square, Hagerstown, Md.

THE above well-known and established Hotel has been renovated 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 Osters always ready to accommodate customers.

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

TO MILLERS AND MILL OWNERS.

THE undersigned (Miller at J. Carbaugh's Mill, near Waynesboro'), has the right for Franklin County, and is prepared to give instructions, or put on D. W. Thompson's Annular Groove Burr Dress with improved draft without quarters. This Dress will cause burrs to grind one-third to one-half faster with the same gate of water, grind cool and bolt finer, make better flour, and, more of it.—For particulars call on the subscriber. June 15—2m.

POETICAL.



THE YOUNG WIDOW.

She is modest, but not bashful, Free and easy, but not bold; Like an apple, ripe and mellow, Not too young and not too old. Half inviting, half repulsive, Now advancing, and now shy— There is mischief in her dimple, There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature, She is schooled in all arts; She has taken her diplomas, As the mistress of all hearts; She can tell the very moment, When to sigh and when to smile; O, a maid is sometimes charming, But a widow all the while.

Are you sad? how very serious, Will her handsome face become! Are you angry? she is wretched, Lone, friendless, fearful, dumb! Are you mirthful? how her laughter, Silver sounding, will ring out!

She can lure, and catch and play you, As the angler does the trout.

Ye old bachelors of forty, Who have grown so bald and wise, Young America of twenty, With love-looks in your eyes, You may practice all the lessons Taught by Cupid since the fall; But I know a little widow Who could win and fool you all.

A LESSON FROM THE LARK.

Uprising, as the day awakes, The lark goes forth to soar and sing; Bathed in the hues of morn, he shakes The pearly dew drop from his wing.

Borne up on waves of melody, He mingles with the sunbeam's rays; He trills along the peaceful sky, His joyous matin-song of praise.

Till hues of even paint the west, The joyous songster warbles on, Then, sinking to his lowly nest, He chants his evening orison.

Thus may we cheer life's onward way While fleet-wing'd moments steal along; Begin and end each passing day With hearts attuned to thankful song.

MISCELLANY.

UNCOMFORTABLE QUARTERS

A SEA SKETCH.

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

Daylight was fading; the shadows of evening troubled upon the waves, and the masts of our ship, the Mermaid, looming up in the gathering gloom, looked like three great sentinels watching for signs of a tempest.

Leaning over the weather-rail forward, old Tom Wendels suddenly heard behind him a noise which resembled the groan of some human being in distress. He turned, but saw no person near him. His shipmates of the watch had all gone aft, and were seated under the round-house, spinning yarns, playing cards, and otherwise amusing themselves.

Tom was therefore much surprised; and the mysterious noise being repeated, he quickly crossed himself—for, being of Spanish descent, he was superstitious, and believed that the cross was a 'safeguard' against all evils, both spiritual and temporal.

Meanwhile the groaning continued; it seemed to proceed from the forehold, and mustered courage, Tom concluded that the noise, after all, was not that of a spirit, as he had at first supposed, but simply an expression of pain from some poor fellow who was jammed between a couple of casks or barrels in the hold.

Accordingly, he threw off the hatches, and springing through the opening, glanced round him.

'Who's making that noise?' he inquired. 'Anybody hurt?'

'Help! help! for God's sake, help!' shrieked a half smothered voice. 'I—I—am—'

The speaker suddenly paused; neither words nor groans came from him again.—Tom's inquiries, as he continued his search, were unanswered.

He shuddered, and again superstitious feelings crept into his heart. The sweat came out upon his brow; he procured a lantern and lighted it with a trembling hand. The lurid rays streamed over every part of the hold, but the old sailor saw nothing except ropes, barrels, casks, &c. He listened for a repetition of the noises mentioned, but in vain; and shuddering, he extinguished his lantern, and scrambled to the deck, fully convinced that he had been 'victimized' by some evil spirit.

Knowing, however, that his shipmates, if he should relate his story to them, would only laugh at him, and accuse him of allowing his imagination to deceive him, he said nothing of what had happened when all hands met in the fore-cabin.

He passed a sleepless night. In the morning it was discovered that one of the crew—the little Kanaka steerage boy—a lad of thirteen, was missing.

The fore-cabin, the steerage and cabin were thoroughly searched, but the boy was not

wick, as the lad was termed, could not be found. He had been a great favorite, with all hands, having always showed a willingness to obey orders without hesitation. He was as active as a squirrel; had been seen to climb the leeches of the sails in a gale of wind, and to run along the yard-arms, when the ship was rolling heavily, with the activity of a cat or monkey.

The men mourned for him as they would have done for a little brother; they all believed that he had fallen overboard and been lost during the night.

Suddenly, it struck old Tom that the groans he had heard might have come from the spirit of the poor lad after he was drowned, and with this idea in his mind, he became very silent and thoughtful.

'What are you thinking of?' inquired a shipmate; 'I never saw you in such a brown study before.'

Tom explained in a few words. His companions who had gathered around him, then exchanged dismal glances. The mate, who was an eccentric man, 'clapped' a hand to his brow and staggered back as if he had been shot.

'God help him! God help the lad!' he gasped; 'I—I—am afraid that—' He paused and motioned toward the hold. 'Away you go, men!' he exclaimed, 'away you go, and take a look into the lower hold.—I sent the boy there last night, to knock the head away from a half-filled liquor cask, and get a jug full of brandy for the steerage!'

Shrugging their shoulders, the men with heavy hearts rushed forward, and throwing off the hatches were soon peering into the lower hold.

A cry of horror broke from all: for their worst fears seemed realized the feet of little Lampwick projected from the opening in the top of the cask.

'Ay, it's as I thought!' cried the mate, 'he has fallen head foremost into the liquor and is drowned! God have mercy on his poor little soul!'

The men seized the protruding ankles, and pulling the body from the cask, were surprised to perceive that the eyes moved and the lips trembled.—All the spectators shouted for joy; ten minutes after they assisted the boy to his feet.

'Thank God! thank God!' cried the mate 'he is alive! he is saved! but how he contrived to live in that liquor—'

'My face did not touch the liquor,' interrupted Lampwick. 'Owing to the cask being partly turned over upon its lower edge, I was able with my hands and arms to keep my head from going under although owing to the way my limbs were cramped in that narrow opening, I found it impossible to get out of my uncomfortable situation.'

'If I had only known it was you; if you'd only been able, in fact, to groan and sing out a little longer last night!' cried old Tom, now somewhat ashamed of his superstitious fears. 'I'd soon have had you out of your uncomfortable quarters.'

We will add that for weeks afterward Lampwick's adventure was the principle topic of conversation in the ship.—New York Weekly.

Very Good.

The Richmond Religious Herald tells the following good story:

Many years ago, a Baptist minister was called to the pastoral care of a church in a famous old Baptist Association. He had just preached his first sermon, and the body had gone into conference with the young minister presiding. It was suggested by an aged brother that it might be well for the church to fix upon some amount as the salary of the pastor, so that he might know what to depend upon; but instantly objection was made all over the house. 'It is time enough,' said they, 'to think about that.—We might fix upon a sum and not be able to raise it. Let that remain undetermined, and the church uncommitted.' With this disposal of the salary question they passed to the next item of business, which was to decide on what days the regular service of the church should be held. All eyes were now turned to the new pastor, expecting that he would state definitely what days he could be with them. In answer to their inquiries on this point, he remarked, in a careless manner: 'Brethren, I want my preaching days to stand on the same footing on which you have put the salary. I can't commit myself to come any particular day, for it may not be convenient always to do so.—Sometimes I will come the first Sunday in the month, then again I may happen here on the second or fourth, and then again, I may not find it convenient to come at all.—Just leave this matter as you have done: the salary—unsettled.' In a few moments, a specified amount had been fixed upon as the pastor's salary, and the pastor himself had announced definitely the days upon which he would officiate.

ABOUT ADVERTISING.—There are now and then business men to be found in every community who do not or will not recognize the benefits to be derived from liberal advertising. They remind us of the boy in Groton, Conn., who was sent one morning last summer by his employer to New London with a bag of green corn to dispose of. The boy was gone all day, and at night returned with the bag unopened, which he dumped on the floor, saying, 'There's your green corn; go and sell it yourself—I can't.—'Why?' said the grocer, 'haven't you sold any?' 'Sold any, no,' said the boy. 'I've been all over New London with it, and nobody said anything about green corn. Two or three fellows asked me what I had in my bag, and I told them it was none of their business.'

These men who keep their 'bags' and will not take pains to inform the public what they have to sell are about as sagacious as the boy referred to.

False Caresses. (Ladies definition)—deceitful lovers.

The Cheerful Voice.

The comfort and happiness of home and home intercourse depend very much on the kind and affectionate training of the voice.—Trouble, and care, and vexation will and must, of course, come, but let them not creep into our voices. Let only our kindly and happier feelings be vocal in our homes.—Let them be so, if for no other reason, for the little children's sake. These sensitive little beings are exceedingly susceptible to the tones. Let us have consideration for them. They hear so much that we have forgotten to hear. For as we advance in years our lives become more interior. We are abstracted from outward scenes and sounds. We think, we reflect, we begin gradually to deal with the past as we have formerly vividly lived in the present. Our ears grow dull to external sound; it is turned inward, and listens chiefly to the echoes of the past voices.

We catch no more the merry laughter of children. We hear no more the note of the morning bird. The brood, that used to prattle so gaily to us, rushes by unheeded,—we have forgotten to hear such things.—But little children remember, sensitively hear them all. Mark how, at every sound, the young child starts, and turns, and listens! And thus, with equal sensitiveness, does it catch the tones of human voices. How were it possible that the sharp and hasty word, the fretful and complaining tone, should not startle and pain, even depress the sensitive little being whose harp of life so newly and delicately strung, vibrating even to the gentle breeze, and thrilling sensitively ever to the tones of such voices as sweep across it? Let us be kind and cheerful spoken, then, in our homes.

A Safe House to Sleep In.

A gentleman of high standing, from Philadelphia, was once travelling in one of the Southern States, and being belated one evening after a long day's ride, was compelled to turn into a house on a solitary plantation, and ask for shelter and hospitality for the night. His request was granted. In the course of the evening he thought he noticed something reserved in the master of the house, which awakened his suspicions. At length he was conducted to his chamber, which was next to the family room. There he thought over the circumstances which alarmed him, till his excited imagination was filled with thoughts of nightly robbery and assassination. He proceeded to barricade the room as well as he could. He fastened down the windows and pilled up against the doors the tables, chairs, and everything that was moveable in the room. While thus engaged, words uttered in a low voice caught his ear at the keyhole, and listened. The man of the house was engaged in family prayer. Among other intercessions, he was praying for 'the stranger whom the Providence of God had unexpectedly brought to lodge beneath his roof that night.' Though not himself a Christian, the traveller knew that the prayers of Christians are like guardian angels to the abode in which they are offered up, and a sure pledge of safety while with those who offer them; and he went to bed, and slept soundly and sweetly, feeling that he was in no danger in a house where God was feared and worshipped.

Words of Wisdom.

The mornings and evenings are just at this time decidedly cool. During the day the sun is warm, and hence, persons who have regard for their health, should be particularly careful about their clothing. Sudden chills or severe colds caught through carelessness, may result in serious if not fatal consequences. The ripening corn and yellow fruit herald the rapid approach of autumn, and in a little time, the summer will be ended, 'the time for the singing of the birds will be passed, and the voice of the turtle heard no more in the land.' Thus our days and years glide rapidly away, mature manhood with its cares and anxieties is upon us, and old age and its infirmities, and finally the night of death, will come in their order. It is a sad and solemn reflection, yet nevertheless true, that of the great mass of living and moving humanity around us, but little will be left a quarter of a century hence. The green earth and the golden sky, with the changing seasons, will be greeted by other eyes; other hands will pluck flowers from the wayside, and other voices tune their notes of praise and rejoicing. We should make all we can of the brief period allotted to us here, always having in view the importance of a strict observance of those rules which will meet the approval of our fellow men and the favor of heaven.

THE TILTING HOOPS.—Tilting hoops, so popular among the fair sex, have called out the following piece of sarcasm:

I saw her but a moment—
I saw her but a moment—
How prettily she smiled along,
The charming little flirt!
I saw her but a moment—
Ah! 'twas a pretty sight
To see her tread the crowded streets
With footsteps free and light.

I saw her but a moment—
Yet I swore by the 'old Harry,'
Though a pretty thing to look at,
She would never do to marry!

Though I knew she was a flirt,
Yet I knew she was a flirt,
By the jaunty airs she put on
As she swung her tilting skirt.

A modest old maid visiting a newly married friend recently, saw her husband's shirt on the bed, and exclaimed, 'Oh, mercy! a man's shirt on your bed! Such a thing on my bed would give me the nightmare!'

'Very likely,' responded the wife, 'unless a man was inside of it.'

The Schoolmaster's in that Bed.

The following is one of the many incidents that befall a 'boarding round schoolmaster.' I have been teaching in Pettis county, in this State, and this term was boarding round. One evening after school one of my scholars stepped up to me and said: 'Mr. Jones, father said you would come home with me.'

'Very well, I replied, and forthwith set out for my patron's house which was distant some two miles. Now, be it known James McHenry—for such was his name—had two daughters, the pride and envy of the community, I had heard so much about them I was anxious to see them.

It seemed, however, I was to be disappointed. When we arrived I learned the girls had gone to a party on the other side of the creek; so I went to bed exclaiming, 'luck which deprived me of seeing them that night. The night had well advanced when I heard one of the girls come home and passing into the adjoining room, she warmed herself before some coals which were alive on the hearth. It seemed the old lady and gentleman slept in the same room which I was not aware of then. Having warmed herself, she turned to leave the room when the old man: 'Girls,' said he, 'the schoolmaster is in your bed.'

'Very well,' said Sarah, and passing through the room I slept in, went up stairs. About an hour had elapsed when I heard Judy, the other one come. She stood at the door a long time talking with her sweet-heart, then entered the room where I lay, in her stocking feet, carefully undressed herself, and coming to the side of the bed, prepared to get in. Now it happened I lay in the middle, and turning back the clothes she gave me a shake, said in a suppressed whisper, 'Lay over, Sarah.'

I rolled over and whipped the corner of the pillow in my mouth to keep from laughing. In she bounced, but the bed would squeak. The old man heard it and called 'Judy!'

'Sir?' was responded in a faint tone from the bed beside me.

'The schoolmaster's in that bed.'

With one loud yell, and 'Oh heaven!' she landed on the floor, and fled with the rapidity of a deer up stairs. She never heard the last of that I can tell you.

HELL BROKEN LOOSE.—It appears from all accounts that hell has broken loose and all the devils are roaming through the Southern States. The assassination of the officers of the Freedmen's Bureau is quite common. Murdering negroes is quite a pastime. Even shooting down negro women for stealing a few ears of corn is justified by the reconstructed (?) newspaper organs, when they know there is civil law to punish them.

These things cannot remain long. Peace and a quiet must be restored. The hell hounds of the South that drove the country into war are now inciting their deluded followers to deeds of the most hellish barbarity. The streets of New Orleans have flown with loyal blood. Union men are fleeing North for safety. The best citizens of the State have been slain by a rebel Mayor.

If we know our heart we desire peace, but we begin to fear that these rebels are in for another war. If such be their desire the Northern States and the loyal people of the Southern States are ready for it. When we conquer them again, as we assuredly will, we will have no trouble in reconstructing them. We will conquer them so effectually that they will stay conquered. All the reconstruction necessary at the close of another war, if the rebels force it on us, will be to survey and sell the lands of the rebel States. May God in his mercy keep us from another war, and may the devils, which are legion, be cast out of the South before the Government is forced to destroy their agents.—Exchange.

The Jews.

The Baltimore American, in reviewing a new work, called 'The Student's Scripture History of the Old Testament,' thus refers to the Jews as a people:

'A more wonderful nation than the Jews has never walked on the earth. Their history has been a constantly unfolding miracle. Curiously enough, for more than twenty centuries they have been a people without a country. They have been by turns, slave and ruler, prophet, priest and king, outcast often but bogger never, in every quarter of the globe but this. Question the Jew of his descent, and he would declare that the best blood of all the Howards would run muddy in his veins, and laugh to scorn the boastful claimant of Norman ancestry. His fathers created thrones and sat upon them more than a thousand years before England ceased to be a wolv's den. The ashes of dead nations lie on every page of his history. He has seen all the kingdoms of the earth vanish away like the shifting scenery of the stage, while he alone has borne a charmed life.—And still greater events await this mysterious people. Christ declared that 'the Jews shall be led away captive into all nations; and Jerusalem shall be trodden down by the Gentiles until the time of the Gentiles be fulfilled.'

Mr. Randolph, the celebrated orator and statesman, was lying on a sofa in the parlor of a tavern, waiting for the stage to come to the door. A dandified chap, stepping into the room with a whip in his hand, just came from a drive, and standing before the mirror, arranged his hair and collar, quite unconscious of the presence of the gentleman on the sofa. After attitudinizing a while he turned to go out when Mr. Randolph asked him, 'Has the stage come?' 'Stage sir? stage,' said the fellow, 'I've nothing to do with it, sir.' 'Oh, I beg your pardon,' said Randolph, quietly, 'I thought you were the driver.'

'I Cannot Sir'

A young man—we will call him Honest Frank—who loved truth, was a clerk in the office of some rich merchants. One day a letter came recalling an order for goods which had been received the day before. One of the merchants handed it to Honest Frank and, with a persuasive smile, said:—

'Frank, reply to this note. Say, 'The goods were shipped before the receipt of the letter countermanding the order.'

Frank looked into his employer's face with a sad but firm glance, and replied:—

'I cannot, sir.'

'Why not, sir?' asked the merchant angrily.

'Because the goods are now in the yard, and it would be a lie, sir.'

'I hope you will always be so particular, replied the merchant, turning upon his heel, and going away.

Honest Frank did a bold as well as a right thing. What do you suppose happened to him? Lost his place? No; quite different. The merchant was too shrewd to turn away one who wouldn't write a lying letter. He knew the value of such a youth; and, instead of turning him away, made him his confidential clerk.

Samuel Maud Covert, found guilty of the murder of the Roosa family, at Deerfield, Warren county, Ohio, on the 26th of December, 1864, was executed on Friday last, at noon, at Lebanon, Ohio, the county seat of Warren county. The sheriff stepped forward and asked him if he had anything to say before dying. He said: 'Yes sir, stood erect, and made his dying declaration: 'Gentlemen, I am about to leave this world. I have had two dreadful trials. I have been treated justly, so far as I know, as to the jury and the judges, but as to the witnesses, I cannot say that they were just. While my end is near, I call God to witness that I never murdered that innocent family. As to the evidence of my speaking of it on Tuesday, I hope I may never see God if I ever heard of it till the Thursday following. I hope we may all meet in the next world.—That is all I have to say.' He died apparently without much pain.

WHAR DAT AR FENCE COME FROM.—A certain slave received license to preach. He was holding forth in presence of many of his devoted brethren, when he undertook to describe the process of Adam's creation, said he: 'When God made Adam he stooped down, scraped up a little dirt, wet it a little, warmed it a little in his hand, and squeezed it in de right shape, and den leaned it against the fence to dry.' 'Top date, said a Universalist, darkey.—'You say dat ar de fustest man ever made.' 'Yes sar,' replied the preacher with an air of dignified contempt ludicrous. 'Den jus tella feller whar dat ar fence come from.'

'Hush,' said the sable minister, 'a few more questions like dat would spoil all de feology in de world.'

A Brahmin who had quitted his wife and this world, appeared at the gate of Brahma's paradise and asked for admission. The god inquired:—'Have you been in purgatory?' 'No, but I have been married.'

'Come in, then; that is the same thing.'

Another defunct Brahmin made his appearance just at this moment, and asked Brahma to let him also into Paradise.—'Why,' said the god, 'have you been to purgatory?'

'No, but neither had the last applicant.' 'Aye, true enough, but he had been married.'

'Then I am as good; nay, a better fellow than he is; I have been married twice.'

'Then clear out with ye; this is not your destination; paradise is not made for fools.'

WORTH KNOWING.—A young lady of this city, says the Philadelphia Evening Post, while in the country, some years ago, stepped on a rusty nail, which ran through her foot. The inflammation and pain were of course very great, and lockjaw was approached. A friend of the family, however, recommended the application of a beef, taken fresh from the garden and pounded fine, to the wound. It was done, and the effect was very beneficial. Soon the inflammation began to subside, and by keeping on the crushed beef, changing it for a fresh one as its virtue seemed to become impaired, a speedy cure was effected. Simple but effectual remedies like this should be known to every one.

HIGH PRICED KISSING.—In Indiana, Hans Swackhammer was fined seven dollars for kissing Mrs. Sweithook, the other day. The deed was committed in the presence of Dieterich Sweithook, her husband, who said, 'I was so mad as I never was.' The affair led to the perpetration of some horrible poetry, of which this is a specimen:—
Mister spore mine wiv!
Touch not her pooty cheek,
For if you kiss her now
I his you mit mine stick!

'Gardener, why do you water the side walk so much?' 'Sure maister has nothing to amuse him, and so he makes me keep the sidewalk wet, while he looks out of the window at the ladies ankles.'

The last descendant of Martin Luther has just died at Mariabill. Her name was Catharine Luther. She was a Catholic, and so was her father.

A gentleman finding his servant intoxicated said:—

'What! drunk again, Sam? I scolded you for being drunk last night, and here you are drunk again.'

'No massa,' replied Sam, 'same drunk, same drunk, massa.'

When your wife is slect, hold the baby for her. Perhaps it is as much as the pax do to hold her tongue.