

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper, Independent upon all Subjects.

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VOLUME XX

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

NUMBER 12

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 amount to be credited to said policies, and 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 Whitlind. Secretary and Treasurer—John S. Wilson. Actuary—John C. Sims.

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

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

Jos. Douglas, Agent for Waynesboro' and vicinity.

REFERENCES.—John Phillips and William H. Hornor.

Call and get a pamphlet. JOS. DOUGLAS, Agent. Oct. 13, 1866, ly.

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 Osters always ready to accommodate customers.

JOHN FISHER, Proprietor. Hagerstown, June 2—16. 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 T. W. Thompson's Annual Groove—Burr Dress—with improved draft without quarrels. This Dress will cause Burrs to grind one third to one half faster with the same quantity of water, grind cool and hot free, make better flour and more of it. For particulars call on the subscriber. June 15—2m. W. J. GAMBRAITH, J

POETICAL.



THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

Six thousand years has passed o'er earth, While science, like a stripling, bore The trophies of its timid birth

In various forms from shore to shore. But now, her latest, mightiest child, Which Franklin viewed and Morse caressed, With glory ripe and undefiled, Is laid within the ocean's breast!

The mighty lightning herald sleeps Till human fancy wakes its fires, To send beyond ten morning's reach, New tidings ere a pulse expires.

'Tis laid! Old ocean feels a thrill Throughout her time sealed bosom now, And yields to man's victorious will The crown long placed on Neptune's brow!

Calm as the deep in summer's reign, And wild as in its wintry wrath Shall he, with varied joy or pain, Each message through its ocean path,

Within its grave beneath the storm, It lives a breathing thing of life, As they shall live who gave it form, In fame, when called from mortal strife!

Soon, like Orion's belt of fire, Its broad electric arm shall hold, With all a monarch's strong desire, The World, in all its varied fold!

And from its tongue, through every sphere, 'Till time and earth together cease, Mankind the glorious tale shall hear— Of commerce, brotherhood and peace.

EDWARD J. O'REILLY.

THEY ARE GOING ONE BY ONE.

BY I AUGUSTUS JONES.

They are going one by one, The friends I fondly love; They are going to their home In a brighter world above.

There is sorrow in my heart, And the tear-drops dim my eyes, As I watch them all depart To their home beyond the skies.

They are going one by one, The young, the fair, the brave, Their work on earth is done— Their rest is in the grave.

We see the vacant chair— We hear their voice no more— We miss their love and care, And their early loss deplore.

They are going one by one, The father and the mother, The wife, the child, companion, friend, The sister and the brother.

But we shall meet again, When life's ties are riven; Nor sorrow, sickness, death or pain, Can mar our joy in Heaven.

MISCELLANY.

THE DEAD GAMBLER.

BY JAMES REYNOLDS.

Among the thousands of gold seekers who landed in Sacramento in the summer of the year 1849, on their way to the placers on the South, Middle and North forks of the American river, was a prepossessing looking gentleman by the name of Hardie. His only companion was his son, a lad of some fourteen years, but who, notwithstanding his extreme youth, was sharp, shrewd and intelligent. Mr. Hardie was what might be called, on the fashionable phrase goes, a "reticent man." He had at one time been wealthy; but his passion for gaming had ruined him. He was not a professional. Indeed, he looked with contempt upon all who kept games of chance, but his personal dislike for such characters did not prevent him from risking his money upon the turn of a card or the cast of the dice. His son, fully aware of his father's only failing, sought by every possible means to keep him from the table, in the hope, vain thought it was, that the passion would lose its hold upon him, and that eventually he would be thoroughly weaned from cards.

Hardie landed in Sacramento with about a hundred dollars in money, the last of his once ample fortune, and without an hour's delay, pushed to the mines which had just been discovered to the eastward of Coloma, where it was rumored very rich veins had been discovered.

By a fortunate chance, Hardie and his son made the acquaintance on the road of two honest-hearted adventurous sailors, and they determined to prospect the country together.

On the fourth day from their leaving Sacramento, the little company entered a gulch, which subsequently became famous as the "Oregon," and there succeeded in securing a claim that amply repaid the adventurers for their time and labor. At the expiration of four months the company had realized twenty thousand dollars. This was equally divided, one half being handed to Hardie and his son, while the other moiety was retained by their co-laborers. When the division had been satisfactorily made Hardie became suddenly restless. He intimated a desire to return to Sacramento, there to engage in some mercantile pursuit for which his early

education had fitted him; and he offered to sell his own and his son's interest to the sailors.

On returning to Sacramento, father and son, as the reader perceives, had the snug little capital of upwards of twelve thousand dollars to begin with. Had Hardie, as he honestly intended, when he left the Oregon canon, at once embarked in trade, he could have in a few months trebled if not quadrupled his capital, and perhaps in course of a couple of years returned to the Atlantic States with a fortune quite as large as he was master of before the mania for gambling came upon him.

Unfortunately for him however, before he had fully arranged his mercantile projects he renewed his acquaintance with a gentleman, who like himself, had been addicted to gambling, and was by him invited to visit the Empire Saloon, at that time the leading "hell" where miners, after months of exposure, perhaps sickness, and always hard labor, would lose in a single night all they had earned, and be compelled to return to the diggings with saddened hearts, to win from the rivers and hills those smiles which fortune had denied them at the table of the gamblers.

Hardie had barely entered the saloon when his thirst returned to him; and even before he was fully conscious of his action, he found himself seated at a faro table. Unfortunately for him, he rose from it the winner of a thousand dollars.

The passion for gaming once aroused in the man, and he could no more restrain himself from indulging in it than a broken-down, thirsty toper can keep his lips from tasting the fiery potatoes that stimulates and poisons.

The next night and the next, Hardie was at the table; now, however, accompanied by his son—who, with tears in his eyes, stood by the chair in which his father sat and trembling saw their little capital passing into the hands of the "bankers" of the game.— He, poor boy, had entreated his parent not to indulge in the wild intoxication, to save his money, and, if he would not engage in legitimate business either to return to the mines or to his home in the far east. He might as well attempt to persuade the hardened wretches who were swindling his father to return to the path of rectitude—of honest dealing.

On the third night, Hardie found himself the owner of about five hundred dollars.— His thousands had already passed out of his hands.

"I will win all back or lose the remainder before I rise," he muttered. "Poor George," he added, as he glanced at his son, "I ought not, for the boy's sake, to have given away to the besetting sin. But I could not help myself."

The next moment his mind was absorbed in the game. Fortune seemed to be against him. In a few moments he had but one hundred dollars left. This he boldly placed on the queen, and calmly awaited the result.— Thus waiting, he leaned the elbow of his left arm on the chair, and while a fresh pack of cards was being shuffled, hid his face in the open palm of his hand.

A number of spectators were at the table, but none had ventured so heavily as Hardie, and they took their losses or their winnings with some degree of equanimity.

A few seconds of silence followed the placing of the "deck" in the faro box, and then, amid the silence, might be heard the noise of the cards as they were drawn therefrom and dropped on their separate piles.

"Lost!" said the dealer, in a low, smooth monotonous tone, and ere the sound of his voice had died away all the bets on the table were either paid or swept to the other side of the banker. "The queen wins," he added, in the same indifferent tone.

But before the announcement "the queen wins" had been made, the boy observed that his father's body slightly quivered as if with suppressed emotion, and then remained passive as before. Yes! Hardie had won.— Fortune had at length smiled upon him.— His bet had been added to by the bankers; but he did not attempt to remove. Was he about to try his luck the second time? Yes! He made no negative movement.

Again the cards were dealt from the box and again Hardie's fortune was in the ascendant! But, to the surprise of bankers and spectators, he permitted his winnings to remain on the fortunate card.

For nine successive deals the queen turned up favorable to the better. Arrange the pack as the dealer might, an expert at the game, the card at each distribution, on which Hardie had placed his last hundred dollars, would turn up in his favor. The hundreds increased to thousands of dollars. At length, so exceedingly heavy had the bets become, that the entire company in the saloon gathered around the table and wondered at the temerity of the man who would dare so much—for as all knew, one adverse card and the bank would again have in its possession the enormous pile of gold that now, like a huge pyramid, glittered over and completely obscured the queen.

"The man's either asleep, drunk, or a fool," whispered a looker on, just as the winning card turned up for the eighth time, "or he would risk so much."

"Father, father," whispered the boy as he saw with nervous excitement the wealth which was each minute increasing on his parent's side, at the same time dreading with those around him its sudden loss.

Again and for the last time, the queen turned up, and to the utter amazement of the spectators on the side of the better.

For a moment the bankers and dealers consulted together, and then the latter said in a calm, but not altogether steady voice: "The bank will receive no more bets tonight. It is closed!"

The announcement that the bank had been broken seemed to release the tongues of the spectators, who instantly set up a cheer at the unwonted event.

"Father, father," cried the lad, "the bank

is broken. All this is yours. Come! There was no movement.

A stranger took hold of the hand Hardie had placed on the table, and, with an oath declared that he believed the man was stupidly drunk and didn't know what he was about. As he attempted to remove the hand he started suddenly back, but before he could open his lips to express his astonishment, Hardie's head fell heavily forward and struck the table.

A slight examination told the tale. The poor gambler was dead!

Subsequent inquiry proved that he had died of disease of the heart, brought about by undue excitement.

The bankers, not forgetting their interests, set up a claim for the money they had lost, but this was over-ruled. It was given to the boy, who, without unnecessary delay returned with it to the "States." What became of him afterwards I never learned.

The body of the Dead Gambler lies a little ways out of Sacramento. No tombstone marks the spot where the infatuated man sleeps his last sleep.

HON. HANNIBAL HAMLIN.

STRONG UNION ADDRESS.

BANGOR, ME., Sept. 9.—Hon Hannibal Hamlin addressed a great meeting of his fellow-citizens here last evening, being enthusiastically received and welcomed. He spoke earnestly for an hour and a half.

He commenced by saying that he intended to assail no man; neither did he intend to use any honeyed words to soothe any rebel ear. No commentary he could make on the President could have half the force of the commentary he makes on himself.

In the course of his remarks he said the Government must be restored on the basis of the immutable principles of justice, equality and liberty. The rebels fought for four long years to get out of the Union, and now with their allies at the North, they demand the immediate return to their former position. God forbid that they should ever resume their place but on principles of equality and justice to all. He would rather continue the struggle and transmit it to our sons than that the question should be settled on any other terms. We cannot afford to have it settled on any other.

We have poured out blood and treasure enough to have it right. We cannot consent to any restoration that does not protect the loyal men of the South who stood by the flag when it needed support.

Speaking of the proper treatment of the rebels, Mr. Hamlin said he did not care to come up to the revolutionary standard. He was willing the traitors and their allies should remain in the country; but, so help him God, had he the power, he would hang some half a dozen of the leading rebels who got up the rebellion and murdered three hundred thousand of our loyal soldiers. He believed in Andrew Johnson as he was, and in our Congressional Representatives as they are.

Under the head of what had been done the speaker denounced the recreancy of the President. He wished to speak with caution; he had weighed his words. The President has presented the issue whether loyal men shall govern or rebels with their allies; secondly, whether the Government should be controlled by Executive ordinances or legislative enactments. On this head he charged the President, with the usurpation of powers not delegated to him by the Constitution, in support of which he cited the Congress, the Executive and the Judiciary.— Congress had the sole power to make laws, and the President was but its instrument to administer them. He was but a servant, not the master he assumes to be, in his administration of affairs he had ignored Congress, taken the reins into his own hands, and undertaken to run the machine himself.

Where did he obtain the power of appointing provisional Governors in the rebel States, and making conditions by which to come back into the Union? Not in the Constitution. Congress alone possesses this power. Yet he rises above Congress, and the people, if they respect themselves, will vindicate their manhood and stand by their Representatives.— Having usurped power not belonging to him, he turns round and declares that the people, through their Representatives, have no right to interfere.

Upon what merit does this our Czar declare that he has grown so great? Had the President submitted his acts, and the conditions he would impose on the States, the speaker would not complain, for then Congress would have been the final arbitrator, but the President instead of doing that declared the work of Congress an interference. He assumes to make the conditions and denies the right of Congress. If this usurpation is not a high crime within the meaning of the Constitution, it certainly comes up to a misdemeanor. The New Orleans massacre is all to be laid largely at his door, instigated undoubtedly by his despatches. Instead of communicating with Gov. Wells, the lawful chief magistrate of Louisiana, he held correspondence with Gen. Herro, a man whose hands were red with the blood of Union men.

Now the President is trying to make a party composed of rebels and copperheads, and such as could be purchased at the auction of office—hirelings covered all over with political leprosy.— The Philadelphia Convention was filled with men with pardons sticking out of their pockets, and the ratification meeting at Memphis was presided over by General Forrest, who ordered the slaughter of Union soldiers after surrender. If the new party can stand the recreancy of the President, certainly the Union party can.

What ought we to do now? We should stand by Congress and the constitutional amendments it proposes, preliminary to the admission of rebel States Congress has done the best it could, although not all we would desire. Impartial suffrage, without direct

tion of race or color, would have been our wish. Congress has done the next best thing. If the States will not accord this the class so excluded from suffrage is not to be counted in the basis of congressional representation. Without this amendment the South will gain a dozen representatives in consequence of the abolition of slavery. In that case who will have been the victor in the late contest? Did we fight the rebellion down only to give the South more power in our Government?

The Philadelphia Convention did give an opinion that the national debt should be held sacred. If it was really honest in this, why not agree with Congress and put it into the Constitution beyond the reach of political agitation. Only recently the Democratic State Convention of Maine called for repudiation of the Government obligations to its bondholders. There was no immediate danger if the new party should have the power of repudiation of the Union debt, but there could be no doubt it would assume the rebel debt.

The Little Cup of Tears.

We find the following North German legend in "Thorpe's Yule-tide Stories," one of Bohus Antiquated Stories. It is too beautiful to remain in the sole keeping of Antiquaries. There was a mother who loved her first child with her whole heart, and thought she could not live without it; but the Almighty sent a great sickness among children, which seized this little one who lay on his sick bed even to death. Three days and three nights the mother watched and wept, and prayed by the side of her darling child, but it died. The mother, now alone in the wide world, gave way to the most violent and unspeakable grief; she ate nothing and drank nothing, and wept, wept, three long days and three long nights. This the mother did without ceasing, calling constantly on her child. The third night, as she thus sat, overcome with suffering, in the place where her child had died, her eyes bathed in tears, and faint from grief, the door softly opened, and the mother started, for before her stood her departed child. It had become a heavenly angel, and smiled sweetly as innocently, and as beautifully like the blessed. It had in its hand a small cup that was almost running over, so full was it. And the child spoke: "O! dearest mother, weep no more for me; the angel of mourning has collected in this little cup the tears which you have shed for me. If for me you shed but one tear more, it will overflow, and I shall have no more rest in the grave and no joy in Heaven. Therefore, O dearest mother! weep no more for your child; for it is well and happy, and angels are its companions. It then vanished. The mother shed no more tears, that she might not disturb her child's joy in heaven."

An Eccentric Divine.

Some years since there resided in R., an eccentric but most worthy divine of the Baptist persuasion, by the name of Driver, yet more familiarly known by the name of Tom Driver, who loved a good joke, no matter whom it hit, provided it wounded not too deeply.

One day while returning from a visit to a brother clergyman of an adjacent town, meeting a man with an exceedingly poor yoke of oxen, and an unusually large load of hay, which was so deeply in the mire that the united efforts of the cattle could not start it from its position, he accosted him with— "Well, friend, what is the matter?" "Matter enough, I'm in the mud and can't get out."

"Your oxen are too lean for the load.— You should give them more to eat, for you know the Bible says, 'Whoso giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord.'"

The farmer replied that was not the reason.

"Well, what is it then?" asked the Divine.

"Why, they are just like the North Baptist Church at R., replied the farmer pettishly, 'they want a darn'd sight better Driver than they've got now.'"

MAN'S DUTY TO WOMAN.

Let him learn to be grateful to woman for this undoubted achievement of her sex that it is she—the far more than he, and she too often in despite of him—who has kept mercy and truth from being utterly overborne by these greedy monsters, money and war. Let him be grateful for this, that almost every great soul that has led forward or lifted up the race, has been furnished for each nobler deed, and inspired with each patriotic and holy aspiration, by the untiring fortitude of some Spartan, some Christian woman. Moses, the deliverer of his people, drawn out of the Nile by the Kings daughter, some one has hinted, is only a symbol of the way that women's better instinct always outwit the tyrannical diplomacy of man. Let him cheerfully remember, that though the sinny sex achieves enterprise on public theatres, it is the nerve and sensibility of the other, that arm the mind and inflame the soul in secret. Everywhere a man executes the performance, but woman trains the man.

"Pray," inquired one minister of another seeing so many ladies attend his church, "why do you invariably address your congregation as 'dear brethren?'" "Oh, the answer is easily given," he replied; "the brethren embrace the sisters."

The three events which causes us to think most profoundly, and which make the most decided impression on the character, are thwarted ambition, unsuccessful love, and the approach of death.

"Have you a fellow feeling in your bosom for the poor woman of Utah?" asked a speaker of the sister of Mrs Partington.

"Get out," you insulting rascal, said she "I'll have you know I don't allow fellows to be feeling in my bosom. Oh, dear!"

Judge Ray, the Temperance lecturer, in one of his efforts, got off the following:

"All of those who in youth acquire a habit of drinking whiskey, at forty years of age will be total abstainers or drunkards. For no one can use whiskey for years in moderation. If there is a person in the audience before me, whose own experience disputes this let him make it known; I will account for it, or acknowledge that I am mistaken.

A tall, large man arose and folding his arms in a dignified manner across his breast, said:

"I offer myself as one whose own experience contradicts your statement: 'Are you a moderate drinker?'" said the Judge.

"I am."

"How long have you drank in moderation?"

"Forty years."

"And were never intoxicated?"

"Never."

"Well," remarked the Judge, scanning his subject closely from head to foot, "yours is a singular case; yet I think it is easily accounted for. I am reminded by it of a little incident:

"A colored man, with a loaf of bread and flask of whiskey, sat down to dine by the bank of a clear stream. In breaking the bread some of the crumbs dropped into the water. These were eagerly seized and eaten by the fish. That circumstance suggested to the darkey the idea of dipping the bread in the whiskey and feeding it to them. He tried it. It worked well. Some of the fish ate it, became drunk, and floated helpless on the water. In this way he easily caught a great number. But in the stream was a large fish very unlike the rest. It partook freely of the bread and whiskey, but with no perceptible effect. It was shy of every other fish of the darkey to take it. He resolved to have it at all hazards, that he might learn its name and nature.

He procured a net, and, after much effort, caught it, carried it to a colored neighbor, and asked his opinion in the matter. The other surveyed the wonder a moment, and then said:

"Sambo, I understand this case. Dat fish is a 'mullet head;' it hain't got no brains!"

"In other words," added the Judge, "alcohol affects only the brain, and, of course, those having none may drink without injury!"

The storm of laughter that followed drove the moderate drinker suddenly from the house.

The following comes from Nebraska City: A few days ago an honest miner from Colorado had his pocket book stolen, containing sundry greenbacks and several nuggets, one of which was of a peculiar wedge shape.

Our worthy Marshal soon scented out and arrested a suspicious character, upon whose person the nuggets were found. Upon the examination the prisoner brought forward a Dutchman to prove that the nuggets found with him were his, and that the witness had seen them in his possession previous to the theft. The Dutchman was sworn and told his story, and was cross-examined by C., plaintiff's attorney, who asked him if one of these nuggets he described was thinner at one end than the other?"

"V-o-s?" says Dutchie.

"I ask you," says C.— "if one of these nuggets you describe was thinner at one end than at the other?"

"Oh! No, it vos dicker mit one end as it vos mit de odder!"

A shout was raised, and the Dutchman retired from the witness stand with a bewildered look, muttering to himself, "It vos dicker!"

FALL OF A GREAT MAN.

Coming down Chestnut street, St. Louis, one day last week, writes a correspondent, I was struck by the appearance of an old man past sixty, who wore a threadbare coat, shiny with constant wear, and whose hat was bruised and seedy. His head was bent toward the earth, and his walk was a tottering shuffle, the effect of whiskey and old age. He reeled from one side of the pavement to the other, and at last, brought up against a lamp-post on the corner, when a young looking loafer coming along saluted him with "Halloo Jim! Come and take a drink?" The old man's eyes brightened, and arm-in arm, he sauntered along to the nearest groggery with his companion. Five years ago that old man was James Green, United States Senator from Missouri, and in the days of the Kansas and Leecompton matters he was next to Stephen A. Douglas, the ablest debater in Congress. But the war broke out, Mr. Green was sent to the rebel Congress, soon lost his property, his position and his character, and now he is a poor drunkard, and carries barely a pittance of a living as a calabash shyster.

The Salt Lake *Valette* says that "funny freaks occur in Utah." A short time since, a woman was frozen between two wives.— He was engaged in hauling wood between the respective cabins of his first and second wives.

General Logan says that A. Johnson is the man made President by a single constituent.— Booth, the assassin, and that he well represents the lone constituent.

A Norwegian woman, one hundred and five years old, and seventy-eight of her descendants, are on the road to Utah. The old woman declares her intention of "setting her cap" for Brigham.

A young lady out West was charged with "putting on airs" because she refused to go to a ball barefooted.

One asked his friend why he had married so little a wife? "Why," said he, "I thought you had known that of all evils we should choose the least."