

# VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

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NUMBER 13

## NEW SPRING

### POETICAL.



#### OH! LET ME BE YOUR BOY AGAIN.

[The following lines were suggested on Learning of the death of a young man of great wealth, who, on the night of his death, laid his head in his mother's lap, and said: "Let me be your boy again, mother; let me be your little boy again; kiss me, dear mother." Continuing this strain of pure emotional sentiment for a few minutes, he suddenly rose, threw back his head, and died on the instant.]

Roll back, ye years of youth's bright joys—  
Roll back, proud manhood's riper years;  
Roll back, 'e'en let my childish fears,  
Come to me with these pleasant toys;  
Which whiled my happy hours away,  
When dawned my early childhood's days.

Steal o'er me once again, those dreams  
Of childhood's pure and holy love,  
Which lighted from the realms above,  
My path above clear as limpid streams,  
Which sparkling in the noontide sun,  
My life reflected as they run.

Kiss me, my mother dear, once more,  
Oh! let me be your boy again—  
Let me but hear that soft, sweet strain,  
And soothe my spirit as of yore;  
Now fold me in your loved embrace,  
From my sad soul each sorrow chase.

Am I, dear mother, loved by thee,  
As well, as when in childhood's time  
My love was purely, fondly thine,  
I knelt in prayer beside thy knee;  
And asked for mercy, grace and light,  
To guide my youthful steps aright?

He rose and stretched his hand towards heaven,  
With upturned face—he gasped for breath,  
While on his brow the seal of death  
Was fixed; the vital cord was riven,  
And his pure spirit rose above  
To the Angel world of light and love.

Thus do we see, through all life's way,  
That mystic cord—a woman's love,  
Unchanging as the powers above,  
Which points the soul to endless day—  
That holy love, which felt from birth,  
Still lives, when earth returns to earth.

### MISCELLANY.

#### WHAT LITTLE FOXES DID.

I was on a visit to my grandfather, one of the pioneer farmers of Central New York, and we had started out for a ride. The first house we passed was in no way respects like my grandfather's that it drew my attention.

Your good neighbor seems to have had some ideas like yours, grandfather," I said. "The man that built this house had, no neighbor of mine now, poor man?" and my grandfather drew a long breath.

Then after a pause his voice changed. "These foxes! these little foxes, I hate them! Nobody fears them, nobody minds them, yet they ruin everything. The boasts of prey are not half so dangerous. The little foxes!" he repeated with emphasis, and his tone was bitter.

"What little foxes, grandfather?" "Any little foxes, all little foxes; little sins, little weaknesses little slanders, little debts, I hate them all. They do such mischief; they are so treacherous and ruinous!"

"When they are so little?" "Yes, and because they are so little. My grandfather paused. I waited in silence, and he went on.

"I never ride by that house without pain and indignation. You see what a fine place it is; a good house, a hundred and fifty acres of rich land, and yet I went for a silk gown."

"That was the little fox?" "A silk gown?" "Yes, it went for a silk gown. And there went with it what was worth greatly more than all of it a whole family's happiness and hope."

"What is the story, grandfather?" "I'll tell you. When I first came to this part of the country, a young couple of the name of Brown were settled here in a log house. They were hard-working, self-denying people, and everything prospered with them for many years. They paid for their farm, and kept adding to it, till, as I told you, they had a hundred and fifty acres—Then when I had built me a new house, neighbor Brown had to build him one, somewhat like mine, as you see, for he did not like to be behind. I sent my oldest children to an academy in the next town, where they could have better opportunities for learning than were here. After a time, neighbor Brown thought it would be a good thing to educate his children, and sent his oldest daughter to the same academy."

It was a new expense to him, but he met it cheerfully, and for a time, all went well. The young woman made him stare with her philosophy, the fond father was more than repaid for all his sacrifices on her account. But as she increased in knowledge, so did she in love of dress, and nothing would do for her but an expensive silk gown. Her mother put her off.

"We can't afford it Susan," "Why not mother?" "Because we have no money to pay for it."

"But father can pay for it in things from off the farm." "Nothing can be spared now. Last year's grain is all sold; so is every thing else from last year."

"But father might sell something a cow, if nothing else." "No, he needs all the stock he has." The father entered. "What is it, Susan?" "I want a silk dress, father. Mary Stiles has one."

"How will she get it?" interposed the prudent mother. "I'll buy it for her." "But how will you pay for it?" "They'll trust me."

The wife said no more, and Susan had the handsomest silk to be found in the next village, and Brown had a store bill for the first time in his life. He thought nothing of it, as many others had the same, and the merchant encouraged it. It comes a great deal easier to say, "Charge it!" than to hand over the hard earned cash. They know this, and take advantage of it. And so a man who would not have spent ten dollars at the store if he had been obliged to pay down, has a store bill of perhaps five times the amount to meet at the end of the year.

"And suppose it can't be met?" "The merchant puts it into the shape of a note payable with interest, and starts a fresh account."

"Too bad?" "So it is; but Susan Brown had her fine dress, and Brown had his store bill, and once begun it soon grew too large, and how many debts are not so? The command is wise, "Owe no man anything;" most debts ought never have been. No one should have indulgences that cannot be paid for at once. Next year Brown's store bill became a note with interest, but did not trouble him. Next year another note was given, a larger one, including interest, and an unpaid balance of a second store bill. Heavier interest was now asked for money was scarce, Brown kept falling behind for several years once sliding downward, it is hard to recover one's self. At length I saw the surveyors at work on that part of his farm lying next to mine. He was with them.

"Going to sell?" I asked him. "I'm going to give Lyme a mortgage."

"Ah! how's that?" "He's got some of my notes and wants one."

I pitied him and with good reason. He was never the same man again. An incubus lay upon him, destroying his courage, his very life. If he could not pay his store bill how could he lift a mortgage. His farm must go; no help for it. The grasping usurer had done his work, had made his own the handsome farm which another man had earned by the sweat and toil of a life, without the sweat and toil of an hour, by cunning, small advantages fastened to a little store debt. How indignant I felt; how sorrowful too, when my good neighbor put his furniture into wagons, put in his axe, plow and hoe, and took his way to an humble home far from us, to begin life's toil anew; youth all gone, hope almost dead, courage almost failed, muscles and heart weakened. And all this wrong and ruin grew from a little thing, a school girl's gown. Do you wonder I hate the little foxes? Look out for their child? watch for them? don't let them spoil your vines while you are safe from them! No one is safe.

We rode on in silence, and I mused and trembled. So many little things—life is made up with them—which shall rain? which shall bless? "God of wisdom direct me," I prayed.

#### An Address to Youth.

Let not the season of youth be barren of improvements in virtue, so essential to your future felicity and honor. Now is the seed time of life, and according to what you sow you shall reap. Your character is now, under Divine assistance, of your own forming. Your fate is in some measure put into your own hands. Whatever impulse you now give to your desires and passions, the direction is likely to continue. It will form the channel in which your life is to run; nay, it may determine its everlasting issue. Consider, then, the employment of this important period, as the highest trust which shall ever be committed to you; as in a great measure decisive of your happiness, in time and in eternity. As in the succession of the seasons each, by the invariable laws of nature, affects the production of what is next in course, so in human life, every period of our age, according as it is well or ill spent, influences the happiness of that which is to follow. Virtuous youth gradually brings forward accomplished and flourishing manhood; and such manhood passes of itself, without unbusiness, into respectable and tranquil old age. But when nature is turned out of its regular course, disorder takes place in the vegetable world. If the Spring put forth no blossoms, in the Summer there will be no beauty, and in Autumn there will be no fruit. So if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will be contemptible and old age miserable. If the beginnings of life have been vanity its later end can be no other than vexation of spirit.

AN INFIDEL COW.—DEACON A—was one of the best of men, but by nature very irascible. A cow was so exceedingly disorderly, as the Deacon was attempting to milk her one morning, that the old Adam got the better of him, and he vented his excited feelings in a volley of execrations very unbecomingly in his character. At this moment the good Deacon's pastor appeared unexpectedly on the scene, and announced his presence by saying, "Why, Deacon, can it be? Are you swearing?—are you swearing?" "Well, Parson," replied the Deacon, "I didn't think of my one being near by; but the truth is, I never shall enjoy religion as long as I keep this cow!"

Tom Mear.—Do you see, Jim, that dashing lady with the expansive "tilter"? She is said to be wealthy—is it true?

Tim Spunter.—No doubt of it, Tom, for her legacy (log I see) is ample.

#### Rebel Outrage in Maryland.

A meeting of Methodists was recently held in Baltimore with reference to an outrage perpetrated upon a Camp Meeting in Montgomery County. The following comments upon the subject we copy from the American:

The meeting originated among the law-abiding and liberty-loving citizens, and was intended to awaken a public sentiment that would secure justice to the negroes in our midst. It was by no fault of theirs that they came here, and while they remain among us, Christianity, humanity and justice demand that they should be protected. The laws are already upon the statute book to secure them in all their rights, but these are of no avail unless they are supported and enforced by a high moral sentiment. In this respect this community is not deficient, but till this moment its indignation has never been aroused by any gross outrage. Some of the leading men have shrunk from that odium which the vulgar endeavor to cast upon those who advocate the rights of the negroes, and others have looked upon with indifference. A few have been outspoken, but hitherto they have accomplished but very little. A gross outrage, however, committed almost in our very midst, and in the presence of some of our most respectable citizens, has at last aroused the attention of all just men to the wrongs of this despised race.

All we ask is, that our readers will look over the evidence for themselves. The men whose affidavits are given are all members of the Methodist Church, and are known to be above suspicion. From this testimony it appears that the negroes patiently endured insults and even blows, till endurance ceased to be a virtue. Whether the first shot was fired by them we leave each one to decide for himself. One thing, however, is certain, the whites began the assault. They sought the negroes—left the part assigned to the whites and sought the part specially given up to the blacks. Here they commenced a course of proceedings that was both irreverent and riotous. When these indignities reached such a pitch as to be unendurable, the blacks rose in self-defence and drove off their persecutors. This is a plain, unvarnished tale. It is in the sum and substance of the riot. Now we cannot perceive how such proceedings can meet with palliation or extenuation. They were unlawful and sacrilegious; they violated the sanctity of public worship, interfered with religious liberty, and ignored every principle of right. Occasion was also taken to call the attention of the public to outrages of various kinds that have been committed in various parts of the State. Teachers have been fired upon and driven off school houses and churches have been burned.

Every means have been used to baffle and thwart the efforts to educate and elevate the negroes. Upon looking over this long list of outrages we began to wonder if we were not living in Spain or the Sandwich Islands. We venture the assertion that but very few of our missionaries among the heathen meet with more obstacles than those who are trying to teach and convert the blacks in this State. We are told, upon reliable authority, that more than thirteen school houses have been burned during the past year. And all this has happened in the nineteenth century, among an intelligent and Christian people. It is a burning shame; a disgrace to the community; a stain upon our character.

Yet this is a land of liberty—a country that boasts of its schools and its churches. Every one knows that these outrages can be traced directly to a base and unfounded prejudice against the negro. No reason can be assigned for it whatever. No man can offer a single argument to show why the blacks ought not to learn and preach and pray. No one is compelled to teach or to hear them. If he does not like them he can keep away. On the other hand, education and religion will make the black man a better laborer and a better citizen. Religion will make him honest, virtuous and industrious, and education will show him why he should always continue so. They will keep him from crime, and drive poverty from his door. The blacks then will crowd the churches and school houses instead of filling the jails and almshouses. Property will be more secure; capital will be more venturesome, for it will find more safety. As there will be less theft and robbery, the uncertainty of gain will be less and the profits will be greater. There is not a single man in the community who is not directly interested in the elevation of the negroes. They will hang like an incubus upon enterprise until they are transformed from ignorant pagans to educated Christians. We must place the foundations of society upon the principles of eternal justice, for it is written, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a curse to any people." There is something strange, inconsistent and wayward in prejudice. The members of our churches annually contribute thousands of dollars to foreign missions. A larger portion of this is spent upon benighted Africa, and some of the brightest examples of missionary heroism and devotion have occurred among those black pagans. Reports of these are made at every missionary meeting, and men listen to them not only with complacency, but with real pleasure, for they are really pleased to think that God's kingdom is being advanced there, and that new regions of the globe are being redeemed to Christianity and civilization. If an attempt, however, is made to call the attention of these same men to the condition of persons of the same race and color in this country, they listen, not with indifference, but with displeasure. Why are heathen abroad better than heathen at home? Why should charity seek remote climes, in preference to scenes of degradation in our own midst? Why should we burn with indignation at an outrage committed in foreign lands, and not resent one committed in our own State? The last tarishes our own fair name. It

places us among semi-civilized States, where laws are violated with impunity—where public sentiment is too weak to check crime—where liberty and property are held at the mercy of outlaws.

At the great Union meeting held in Washington City, General Logan made a speech, in the course of which he said:

Sir, tell me where your Jeff Davises, your Stephenses, your Toombses, your Lees, your Beauregards—men who have lived on the fat of the land, men who have been educated at the charity schools of the nation, men who never had a spear of grass grow or a flower bloom in their gardens that was not watered by the droppings from the Treasury of the United States, men who have lived in luxury and wealth, who have had given them the highest honors the people could confer upon them, and men, who, while their emblems of honor were on them, could break their oaths, violate their obligations, and trample under foot the laws of the land are!

They could make truth squirm beneath their feet as they kissed the Bible and swore by the over-living God that they would sustain the Government against all its enemies and oppressors; these are the men who filled the land from one end to the other with widows and orphans, who have caused rivers of blood to course the rich soil of the South, and the very land itself to groan under the distress and burthen brought upon the land by the horrors of war! When you look upon this picture, I ask you as a loyal man, as a good man, as a conscientious man, as a good mother, a good wife or a good sister, to tell me, is the man who has assisted in bringing on you all these sorrows to be accorded as many rights and as many privileges in the Government under which we live as the man who has fought for and sustained the Government in the dark hour of its necessity? [Cries of "No!" "No!" and applause.] If this, fellow-countrymen, is what this new policy of restoration means, then for one I beg to be excused from being brought into the great tribunal in which it is to be worked out. I do not believe the great Davis, or the great Stephens, who paraded the streets of Washington a short time ago, is entitled to the same rights that I am, nor will I ever believe it. [Cheers.] And whenever you give to them the same rights you give to me, or to any other man who fought with me for four years to suppress this rebellion, then I want you to tell me what has been gained by being a loyal man to this government during the war that has been waged. I want you to tell me what difference there is between a loyal man and a traitor, or what difference there is to be hereafter.

A Cross Woman.

The idea of a woman getting cross and ugly when things in the family do not run quite as smoothly as they should, is simply ridiculous. She makes herself an object of loathing and contempt whenever she is guilty of such nonsense. The Almighty has created her for a purpose entirely different to this insane and foolish indulgence in angry passions. He has made her beautiful and attractive in her person, endowed her with sensibilities and refinements of mind and manner which, when properly cultivated, lead to the elevation of the higher and holier feelings of our nature. Think of a boisterous constitution getting cross on every trifling occasion. How she insults her Creator, and prostitutes those excellent qualities which the Lord has bestowed upon her, when she seems to be reserved by heaven for her alone. Think of this, fair woman, whenever the devil tempts you thus to sin. You may forfeit all within your grasp; worldly happiness, worldly esteem, domestic felicity, that peace of mind which arises from a consciousness of duty well and faithfully performed, and what is more than all, you may forfeit the favor of your God.

What they Won't Own To.

There are several things which you never own, by any accident, get a lady—be she young or old—to confess to. Here are some of them:

- That she laces tight.
- That her shoes are too small for her.
- That she is tired at a ball.
- That she paints.
- That she is as old as she looks.
- That she has been more than five minutes dressing.
- That she blushed upon hearing a certain person's name mentioned.
- That she ever says a thing she doesn't mean.
- That she is fond of scandal.
- That she cannot keep a secret.
- That she—above all persons in the wide world—is in love.
- That she doesn't want a new bonnet.
- That she does not know everything.
- That she can do with one single thing less when she is about to travel.
- That she has not the disposition of an angel, or the temper of a saint, or how else could she go through one half of what she does.
- That she doesn't know better than any one else what is best for her.
- That she is a flirt or coquette.

TAXATION.—A grumbler explains the present system of raising revenue, as follows: "Now, you see, in the first place, they get the amount of a feller's business. That is taxed. Then they find out how much he earns every month, and that's taxed. Then they find out all about his profits and on that they lay their tax. Then they manage to get some tax on what he owes. Next comes what they call income, and that's taxed. Then, if anything is left, the preacher calls around, and gets it to sustain the church and convert the heathen."

Bad thoughts quickly ripen into bad actions.

SHE WASN'T A HEATHEN.—Some gentlemen called upon an old woman and inquired if she had a Bible. She was very angry at being asked such a question, and replied—

"Do you think, gentlemen, that I am a heathen, that you ask me such a question? Run and fetch the Bible out of the drawer," she said to the little girl, "that I may show it to the gentlemen."

They desired that she would not take the trouble, but she insisted that they should "see that she was not a heathen." Accordingly the Bible was brought, nicely covered. On opening it, the old woman exclaimed:

"Well, how glad I am that you called and asked about the Bible! Here are my spectacles. I have been looking for them these three years, and did not know where to find them."

HARD ON PARKERSBURG.—The editor of the Wheeling Intelligencer was told the following story a few days ago by a gentleman who had just returned from Parkersburg: He had hardly got to sleep when he was awakened by a "bite." Upon lighting a match he found a bed bug about half an inch in diameter. He threw the bug with the match, into a basin of water which stood at the head of the bed. This process was repeated several times. At last he was awakened from a sound sleep by what he thought was some person singing. He threw up his window but could not find the cause of the sweet sounds, but at last he happened to look in the basin, when he found that the bugs had constructed a raft out of the matches he had thrown in, and were rowing it around the basin, singing—

"Life on the ocean wave,  
A home on the rolling deep," &c.

PORTAL.—In a certain well-known city a poetical genius was haply up before the magistrate for kissing a girl and kicking up a dust, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Is your name John Jay?"

"Yes, your honor, so the people say."

"Was it you that kissed the girl and raised the alarm?"

"Yes, your honor, but I thought it was no harm."

"You young rascal, did you come here to make rhymes?"

"No, your honor, but it will happen sometimes."

"Be off, you scamp, go out of my sight."

"Thank's your honor, then I'll bid ye good night."

THE FEMALE HEART.—To find the shortest way to a female heart under any given circumstances:

If she is married, but not a mother—Praise her husband.

If she is married, and also a mother—Praise her children.

If she is unmarried, and engaged—Praise her lover.

If she is unmarried, and disengaged—Praise herself.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.—A little girl of six years old was a little while ago called to die. About a year before her death she had a small writing desk given to her. After her death her mother unlocked it and found this writing, it looked like her first writing:

"The minute I wake in the morning, I will thank God."

"I will mind my father and mother always."

"I will try to have my lessons perfect."

"I will try to be kind and not to get cross."

"I have to behave like God's child."

"Five precious rules for a little child to make his or her own. Will you make them yours?"

A good old bachelor says that he has received a basket of peaches this season that look as though pretty girls had watched their growth and tinted them with their blushes.

Some sensible chap says, truly, that a person who undertakes to raise himself by scandalizing others, might just well sit down on a wheelbarrow and undertake to wheel himself.

A laughable story is told of a native of the "green isle of Erin, who, with a neighbor, had just landed from an emigrant ship. Noticing a brass button on the sidewalk, he picked it up, and turning to the other, exclaimed: "See here, Jamie; what a fine country this is, to be sure, where you git guineas wid handles to 'em."

"Go away," said Muggins, "you can't stuff sich nonsense in me—six feet in his boots! No man as lives, stands, more nor two feet in his boots, and no use talking 'bout it. Might as well tell me the man had six heads in his hal!"

A young lady says the reason she carries a parasol is, that the sun is of the masculine gender, and she cannot withstand his ardent glances.

A thrifty young man married a rosy young Irish girl, quite to the horror of his mother and sisters, but detested himself by the following logic: "If I marry an American girl I must have an Irish girl to take care of her, and I cannot afford to support both."

A youth declares that "his sister is so tender hearted she can't be induced to strike a light."

Punch says, "We do not believe spiritualism or magic, but the other day, a veracious witness actually saw a young man turn into a public house."

Lady.—An essay on grace, in one volume elegantly bound.

What is the only pain that we make light of? A widow pang.

## 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 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, 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 Whitlin.  
Secretary and Treasurer—John S. Wilson.  
Actuary—John C. Sims.

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

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

JOHN LITTLE, Agent for Waynesboro' and vicinity.  
REFERENCES.—JOHN PHILIPS and WILLIAM H. BROGHTON.  
Call and get a pamphlet.

JOSEPH DOUGLAS, Agent.  
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 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—1t.

## 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 Annual Groves—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 better, make better flour and, more of it. For particulars call on the subscriber.  
W. J. GALBRAITH.  
June 15—2m.