

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper, Independent upon all Subjects.

\$2.00 Per Year.

VOLUME XX

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 5, 1866.

NUMBER 14

NEW SPRING

SUMMER GOODS!

GEORGE STOVER

HAS RETURNED FROM PHILADELPHIA WITH A SUPPLY OF

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, QUEENSWARE

GROCERIES,

To which he invites the attention of his patrons and the public generally. March 31st, 1866.

AMERICAN LIFE INSURANCE AND TRUST CO.

Corner Fourth and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia incorporated 1851. 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 premium on said Policies are received.

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

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

Wm. G. REXD, 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 PHILIPS and WILLIAM H. BROOKBANK.

Call and get a pamphlet. JOS. 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 bountifully 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—1t. BARBERING! BARBERING! THE subscriber would inform his customers and the public generally, that he purpose continuing the Barbering business, next door to the New Grocery, having purchased the interest of C. G. Rhoads in the Shop and is now prepared to do hair cutting, shaving, shampooing, etc., in the best style. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. WM. A. PATRICE. March 2, 1866.

POETICAL.



MEMORIE'S VOICE.

"I know a voice, so soft, so clear,
'Tis like the echo of a dream;
So far away, and yet so near;
It is—it is not, yet doth seem.
Its mellow music floateth by
As siren singeth, soft and low;
It telleth me of joys that lie
O'er hearts' broad ocean, Long Ago.
Yes, Long Ago; though but one sun
Hath strode the sky and sunk to rest;
Content to sleep, his toiling done,
Clasped by the ruddy, red-lipped West.
Yes, Long Ago; though but one train
Of stars hath swept athwart the blue,
And gemm'd the wide, effulgent plain,
With myriad-rays of heaven's hue.
For doth it speak? then can I bend—
Like one transfixed by spellful power—
Dwelling in it, till it shall end,
Nor deem a century an hour.
But shall it cease? ah, woeful day,
That strikes all music from the spheres;
Prolonging, in life's weary way,
Each moment for an hundred years.
But if it speaks no words to cheer,
What it hath spoken shall remain;
Held by the widowed soul most dear,
'Till Eden's portal open again.
Yet list! with silvery cadence low,
It whispers mine enraptured soul;
And while I listen to its flow,
Off to the mystic realm doth roll.
I wonder, if I haste to meet,
Will that voice whisper there for me!
Or will its cadence, soft and sweet,
Another spirit's charming be.
I wonder; and I dare to wait;
To wait—and waiting to believe
Then when I pass the trying gate
What I desire I shall receive.
And though Fate make me bankrupt there,
I'm rich in Memory alone;
'Tis mine! No rival heart can share
This bright possession—all my own.

MISCELLANY.

Autumn.

We do not believe with the poet, that Autumn is a "sad and melancholy season of the year." On the contrary, when properly appreciated, it is the most enlivening and delightful. The fading of leaves and flowers, and the dreary aspect of the fields and woods, ought not to throw a gloom over the mind, for the heavens still remain bright and cheerful, and the pure and balmy air is strengthening and invigorating. The changes of the seasons are a part of the ceremony of nature, and without them neither tree, nor grass, nor shrub nor flower would ever spring into life and beauty. The grain which is sown in the earth must first die before it vegetates, and leafless forests and withered fields are just as essential to spring and summer loveliness as the cast-off feathers of the bird or fowl are to its being re clothed in more glossy and attractive plumage. Besides this, the changes of the seasons are necessary in the Divine economy, for purposes of instruction and exhortation. Who so dull as not to perceive the resemblance between spring and that young and buoyant time of life we call youth, summer, and that ripen and more advanced state of manhood, autumn and full and mellow maturity of mind and body, and winter with the dull, cold, listlessness, and chilled and wasted energies of old age. As nature teaches us these changes, we ought to profit by them, and they should be to us a source of delight instead of melancholy and despondency. Knowing as we do that death is inevitable and unavoidable, why should we shrink from it or indulge in sad and gloomy reflections, as we contemplate its speedy approach? To cherish nervous and alarmed anticipations as we advance in life, will not make the grave less dreary or the sod to press less heavily upon our bosoms. We can scarcely realize why it is that men fear to die. We cannot see the propriety of that miserly tenacity of life which induces them to cling to this world as though it were the only habitable circle in the vast universe of God. Whether any particular bright star shall be our home when we have done with the affairs of earth, or we will have a place assigned us familiar only to angels, or sleep on in dull and senseless obscurity, in either case we should be ashamed to tremble when death comes. Our fathers and our grand-fathers died before us. Our cemeteries are peopled with myriads who were once as young and buoyant as ourselves. Kindred and friends have long since resolved themselves into dust, and more than all and infinitely encouraging, the Saviour, though he shrunk from the pains of crucifixion, deared not the gloom of the grave, for it was the end of His mission and sufferings. Let us therefore abide our time. Whether we live to see the flowers spring up again on the hill side, or fall by the way like the withered leaves from lifeless branches; whether we perish by sea or land, at home or abroad, surrounded by friends or under the cold patronage of strangers; in either case let us be thankful that we have a firm and enduring refuge in Him who died for all, and through whose intercession and mercy we are preserved in faith and hope "unto the morning of the resurrection."

A Romance in Ireland.

The Irish papers contain a romantic story, substantially as follows:
About twelve months ago a gentleman who resides in the county of Galway dreamed that he had been instrumental in saving the life of a lovely and accomplished young lady, who would have been dashed to pieces were it not for his timely aid. The face of the fair one was so deeply engraven on his mind that when he awoke, being a tolerably good artist, his first impulse was to make a sketch of it, which he improved on from day to day until it was rendered as perfect as possible.
On a bitter cold night, some months subsequently, while the dreamer was comfortably ensconced in an arm chair before a blazing fire, he was startled by the scream of a female. In a moment his overcoat was hurried on, and he shortly arrived on the spot whence the cries proceeded. In a deep ditch by the side of the road, a horse was kicking and plunging in a fearful manner, attached to a jaunting car, which was turned upside down. Three persons were quickly rescued from beneath it, and conveyed to the house, where they soon recovered from the effects of the accident. The gentleman who had saved their lives appeared all at once struck with one of the party, a young lady, whom he felt certain he had seen before. The dream was brought forcibly to his recollection, and on entering another apartment, his visitors were more than astonished to perceive the portrait of one of themselves suspended from the wall. The mystery was soon explained, and in two months from that date the dreamer and the fair young lady were married in Dublin.

"BITE BIGGER BILLY."—One day a gentleman saw two boys going along the streets of a great city. They were bare footed.— Their clothes were ragged and dirty, and tied together by pieces of string. One of the boys was perfectly happy over a half withered bunch of flowers which he had picked up in the street.
"I say, Billy," said he to his companion, "wasn't somebody very kind to drop these rare posies where I could find them—and they are so pooty and nice? Look sharp, Billy, mebbe you'll find something bimbeby."
Presently the gentleman heard the merry voice again, saying, "Oh jolly, Billy, if here ain't most half a peach, and 'tain't much dirty neither, 'cause you han't found nothin', you may bite first."
Billy was going to take a very little taste of it, when his companion said, "Bite Bigger, Billy; mebbe we'll find another 'fore long."

What a noble heart that boy had in spite of his rags and dirt! He was "doing good." There was nobody for him to be kind to but his companion in poverty—the poor ragged boy at his side. But he was showing him all the kindness in his power when he said, "Bite Bigger, Billy." There was nothing greedy, nothing selfish about the boy.— His conduct shows us how even a poor, ragged begger boy can do good, by showing kindness.
"Bite Bigger, Billy, mebbe we'll find another 'fore long." Who can help admiring the noble heart of that poor boy? I would rather have that boy's kind and generous spirit than have a merchant's crown without it.
Bite Bigger, Billy." Think of these words if you are ever tempted to be unkind or selfish to your companions.

The Lord's Day.

Gail Hamilton, in her new book entitled "Summer Rest," thus eloquently apostrophizes the Lord's day:
"So long as the sable earth blossoms under the tread of human feet, let human hearts celebrate this glorious day which saw the Lord arise. It is no sabbath of restriction and penalty, but the Redeemer's gift, sacred and over full with joy of birthday and thanksgiving. The bud of every anniversary flowers in the bright hope of this weekly festival. It is a day for congratulation and jubilee, for songs of praise and adoration—a day of triumph and of victory. Day of days, that saw the Lord arise! Never enough to be exulted over and rejoiced in. Let thy mountains and hills break forth into singing, oh, earth, that thrilled once to the tread of the Redeemer's feet, and let all the trees of the field clap their hands. Rejoice, oh man, forever exalted, in bending thy form to the Son of God, rejoice on this His resurrection morn. Go up into His courts with palms and hymns and spiritual songs. Let the whole earth be garlanded with gladness; and the breath of her life ascend, a sweet incense to the Holy One, the Blessed, the Beloved, our Friend, our Redeemer."

TERRIBLY SUDDEN DEATH.—A man named Rosenouts, in Chicago, Illinois, was suspected of stealing some missing articles by his landlady, and she called all the boarders together about a week ago, and before them accused him of the crime. He denied it.— She insisted that he was the culprit, and the man repeated the assertion of his innocence, and, placing his hand on his heart, he appealed to Heaven to verify his rectitude, saying that if he was guilty he hoped "the tongue would cleave to his mouth, the top of his head fall in and drop from his shoulders, and that God would strike him dead." As he uttered the last word he was observed to stagger, and, throwing up his arms, he dropped dead on the floor, to the horror of those in the room.

Guilt, though it may attain temporal splendor, can never confer real happiness; the evil consequences of our crimes long survive their commission, and like the ghost of the murdered, forever haunt the steps of the malefactor; while the paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace.

A SOLDIER'S WIDOW TO A. JOHNSON.

The Philadelphia Press of Friday morning publishes the following letter addressed to Mr. Andrew Johnson, President of the United States of America:
Dear Sir—In the speech delivered by you at Cleveland, Ohio, on your way to Chicago, and which I suppose, was reported correctly, you ask: "Who made greater sacrifices in the war than I? Who suffered more than I?" &c. Now, I take for granted that to these questions you expect not from some quarter, a reply, or you would not have propounded them. So far as my knowledge extends, up to this time, no one has undertaken the task. Therefore, I myself, although but a very humble woman, scarcely known beyond the street I live in, will venture to furnish an answer. And when I have done so, I will submit to the just judgement of the world whether, on the score of "sufferings" and "sacrifices" (if there be nothing else), your claims to popular sympathy and support bear any comparison to mine.
Before the rebellion, sir, I had a husband, kind, loving, industrious, economical, who, for myself and our four little ones, made comfortable provision. Our home was the abode of peace and plenty. What has become of him? He was starved to death at Andersonville, and that by the "oblivious" men whom your "policy" would fain restore, without repentance, to the head of our Government. Since then I have been trying my best to earn bread for little ones by plying the needle. At times, when that kind of employment has failed me, I have even been obliged to stand, from early morn till night, over the wash tub. I had two brothers, steady men, kind and generous.— Had the rebellion left them as it found them pinching poverty I should have never known. Alas! one of them perished from exposure and want on Belle Island, and the other had his arm taken off by a Rebel shell at Antietam. He cannot assist me. The privations and hardships I have had to endure have so shattered my own health and strength that I feel, at times, unable even to endure the fatigue of plying the needle. So that, except my trust in a merciful God, I have sacrificed for my country my ALL—husband, brothers, house, home, living—and I am cast, a beggar, on the cold charity of the world. And all this I owe to the Southern slaveholders, and to their iniquitous attempt to murder my beloved country, as they did murder my husband and my brothers.
Now, Mr. Johnson, since you invite a campaign, what have you suffered? Exhibit your scars, and wounds, and bruises! Did you lose a leg or an arm or were you even so much as scratched or bruised?— Where is the blood you shed? Would it stain a white cambric pocket handkerchief? How much property did you lose? Why, if report speaks true, during most of the time of the war you were living on the "fat of the land," in Nashville, out of harm's way protected, as you were, by Union bayonets.— Out of Uncle Sam's overflowing commissary stores you drew plenty to eat and to drink—the best of meats, and, what was of still more consequence to you, the choicest of liquors. Add to this your handsome salary as Military Governor. Then the great Union party, whom you have since so foully betrayed, made you Vice President, with a salary of \$8,000 per annum. Then, to crown it all, John Wilkes Booth made you President, and there you are yet, to the tune of \$25,000 a year, with "foxins." The rebellion found you, I learn, comparatively a poor man. Now you are rich, with a sound body not to speak of your mind, whose soundness is not so certain.
You Andrew Johnson, talk of your sacrifices and your sufferings, and challenge a comparison. Fie fie upon you! Why, sir, on that score, I ought to be America's Queen, and you ought to be sweating over the wash tub! And now, sir, are your questions as to who suffered more than you, who sacrificed more than you, by reason of the war, answered? I did, sir, and I know hundreds of poor women, tossed from the heights of affluence into the vale of penury and want, who suffered and sacrificed ten thousand times more than you, and are making no ostentatious parade of it either.
Yours, respectfully,
MARY JANE CATHERWAITE,
A Soldier's Widow, and the mother of four fatherless children,
Philadelphia, September 7, 1866.

I WON'T PLAY WITH SWEARERS.—A man, looking up from sawing his wood, saw his little son turning two boys out of the yard.
"See here, what are you about, George?" asked the man.
"I'm turning two swearers out of my yard, sir," said George. "I said I would not play with swearers, and I won't!"
"That is the right time and place to say 'I won't.' I wish every boy would take the stand, no play with swearers. 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.'"
After hypocrites, the greatest dupes the devil has are those who exhaust an anxious existence in the disappointments and vexations of business, and live miserably and meanly only to die magnificently and rich.

An Irish peasant being asked why he permitted his pig to take up his quarters with his family, replied: "Why not? Doesn't the place afford every convenience that a pig can require?"

BAD NEWS.—Massa, Sambo, 'one of your oxen is dead, toder too. Fraid to tell you of buff at once for fear 'you could'n't bore it.'

ANDREW JOHNSON'S SPEECH.

"Brevity the Soul of Wit."
1. He who addresses you is a Humble Individual.
2. I have filled all the offices which the nation has bestowed, from alderman up to President of the United States. I leave the Constitution in your hands.
3. I am very much abused by a subsidized, corrupt and mendacious press.
4. Pardon my alluding to myself, but I beg leave to inform you that I commenced as an alderman of one of the small towns of this nation; I went from that to mayor, from that to the Legislature, from that to the House of Representatives, from that to the Senate of the United States, from that to the Presidential chair.
5. I am no traitor; Mr. Seward is no traitor; nobody that supports "My Policy" is a traitor.
6. I have no wish to be egotistic, but I must say that I have occupied all the places from alderman up to the position I now occupy—President of the United States.
7. The members of Congress who oppose "My Policy" are all traitors; everybody who opposes "My Policy" is a traitor. I leave the Constitution in your hands.
8. It is not my habit to make mention of myself, but it is perhaps my duty to say that I have been an alderman, a mayor, a State Senator, a Representative, a Senator of the United States Senate, and now I am President. What more do I want?
9. The Union party may go to the devil.
10. My ambition is satisfied. First I was an alderman, then a mayor, then a member of a State Senate, then a member of the House of Representatives, then a member of the United States Senate, and at this moment I am President of the United States.
11. Seward is my friend and I am Seward's friend; Seward likes me and I like Seward; Seward is a good fellow and I am a good fellow; we like each other. We leave the Constitution in this town.
12. I have served my country in all capacities. I began life as an alderman, was a mayor during my infancy, was a State Senator in my childhood, became a Representative in my early youth, attained my majority as a Senator of the United States, and now, in the prime of my manhood, am President.
13. Who wants niggers to vote? If the Northern States want niggers to vote, why don't they let them vote at home? Niggers shan't vote; I desire them to have the same chance as white men.
14. Perhaps you are not aware, fellow-citizens, that I have been an alderman, a mayor, a State Senator, a Representative, a United States Senator, and finally President of the United States.
15. The Congressmen who voted for the Freedmen's Bureau bill and the civil rights bill are all fools. I'd like to fight the whole one hundred and eighty-two of them. I won't leave the Constitution with any one of them.
16. It is a matter of history that, after being an alderman, a mayor, a State Senator, a member of the House of Representatives, a United States Senator, I became President. Lincoln was assassinated and Seward butchered, and so I became President.
17. I have great confidence in the American people, all except members of Congress, Unionists and niggers; they are all traitors, and I mean to fight them, with the help of General Grant.
18. Nobody ever held so many offices as I have. I have filled all the various positions in life, such as Alderman, mayor, State Senator, member of Congress, United States Senator, and at length I was made President.
19. I repeat that Seward is a good fellow; he stands by me and I stand by him; I am not afraid of a subsidized and mendacious press; all loyal people may go to the devil; the Baltimore platform is my platform; Douglas was a friend of mine; I have been to erect a monument over him; I am not upon an electioneering tour; I haven't punished any Southern traitors, but I mean to make it up by punishing lots of Northern traitors; every man who don't go for me is a traitor; I am no traitor; I can't be a traitor, because I have been an alderman, then a mayor, then a State Senator, then a Representative, then a member of the United States Senate, and then President.
20. I leave the Constitution in your hands, where it is safer than in mine, for having been an alderman, etc.—Syracuse (N. Y.) Journal.
"I say, master, did you see a dog come by here looked as if he were a year or a year and a half, or two years old?" said a Yankee to a countryman at the roadside.
"Yes," said the countryman, thinking himself quizzed. "He passed about an hour, or an hour and a half, or two hours ago; and is now a mile, or a mile and half, or two miles ahead; and he had a tail about an inch, or an inch and a half or two inches long."
"That'll do," said the Yankee, "you're into me a foot, or a foot and a half, or two feet."
Carpenter who was always prognosticating evil to himself, was one day upon the roof of a five story building, upon which had fallen a rain. The roof being slippery he lost his footing, and, as he was descending toward the eaves, he exclaimed: "Just as I told you!" Catching, however, in the tin snout, he kicked off his shoes and regained a place of safety, from which he thus delivered himself: "I know'd it—here's a pair of shoes gone to thunder!"
"Ma!"
"Well, darling?"
"Don't little boys have the hecups?"
"Yes, pet."
"Then don't little girls have the she-cups?"

To Government Bond-Holders.

In 1861 eleven States seceded, and twenty-three only since that time have been represented in Congress.
All the United States Bonds—5 20s, 7-30s and 10-40s—all the greenbacks and all the National Banks were created by this Congress of twenty-three States.
President Johnson says it is an "assumed Congress"—therefore not legal. His supporters and friends call it a "rump Congress," a "usurping Congress," therefore not a lawful Congress; and they are trying to elect Congressmen in the North, and admit enough from the rebel States to enforce this "Policy."
If a Congress of twenty-three States is not a lawful Congress, every United States Bond you own, and your greenbacks and Bank notes, are worth nothing; because an unlawful Congress could not make a lawful Bond, or lawful money—and your money is worthless as your Bonds.
If Johnson's "Policy" succeeds, it brings into Congress ninety-four Congressmen from the Rebel States, instead of eighty-five—as before the war—thus they gain nine Congressmen by their treason. The Northern States lose nine Congressmen by their victory over treason.
If you want to prove Congress illegal, and the Bonds illegal, vote to elect Johnson National Rebel Union Congressmen, who oppose the Constitutional Amendment, so that the National debt may be repudiated when they get into power, but be sure to sell all your Bonds first, for there will be no market for them afterwards.
If you want to prove Congress legal, vote to sustain it—the party that created the Bonds—that party that fought and won the war—that says Congress represents the people—that is pledged to keep faith with the Bondholders—and thus secure the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment, and forever prevent repudiation—but buy all the Bonds you can first.
Remember also—our L'vans are depreciated in Europe by the London Times, which defends Johnson's Policy, hoping to get Rebels back into Congress, and by their votes do what they could not do with their arms—destroy our National Credit.

The Negro Bounty Question.

The Copperjohnsonites, through the columns of their newspaper organs and the throats of their blatant orators, are making the direct charge that Congress voted an extra bounty of \$300 to the negroes, which the Paymaster General is now paying, while Congress voted only \$100 extra bounty to the white soldier, which the Paymaster General refuses to pay. On this statement, the Copperjohnsonites boldly declare that it is the policy of Congress and therefore the object of the Union party is to reward the black soldier and rob the white soldier.— Now, let us look fairly at the facts involved in this case. Every white volunteer, who enlisted between July 1st, 1861, and June 25th, 1863, also April 1st, 1864, and July 13th, 1864, for the term of three or five years, received a bounty of \$100. Those who re-enlisted, as veterans, prior to April 1st, 1864, received an additional bounty of \$400, while those white soldiers who did not re-enlist and served three years only received \$100. Congress passed an act giving them an extra bounty of \$100, while the black volunteer only received under the act of Congress \$100 bounty at the time the white soldier received \$300. Congress passed an act to give the black volunteer the same bounty that any other soldier received and no more. So it will be seen that the black volunteer does not get an extra bounty any more than the white soldier, but merely gets the same amount.
From these facts, quoted from the record, it will be seen that Congress made no distinctions in awarding its bounties to those willing to defend the country, except in favor of the white man, who having first entered (negroes at first being excluded from the army) were awarded the extra \$100.— Hereafter, then, when a Johnsonite attempts to show that the negro is getting more bounty than is the white soldier, the facts we quote in this article are sufficient to disprove the charge.—Harrisburg Telegraph.
Andy Johnson as he Was.
Is there anything in the following extract from Andy Johnson's speech accepting the Union nomination for Vice President that would make one thing of—well, say of John Tyler?
But in calling a convention to restore the State, who shall restore and re-establish it? Shall the man who gave his influence and his means to destroy the Government?— Shall he who brought this misery upon the State be permitted to control its destinies? If this be so, then all this precious blood of our brave soldiers and officers freely poured out will have been wantonly spilled. All the glorious victories won by our noble armies will go for naught, and all the battle fields which have been sown with dead heroes during the rebellion will have become mad memorials in vain.
Why all this carnage and devastation?— It was that treason which was put down and traitors punished. Therefore I say that traitors should take a back seat in the work of restoration. If there be but five thousand men in Tennessee loyal to justice, these true and faithful men should control the work of reorganization and reformation absolutely.— [Loud and prolonged applause.] I say that the traitor has ceased to be a citizen, and in joining the rebellion has become a public enemy. He forfeited his right to vote with loyal men when he renounced his citizenship and sought to destroy our Government.— We say treason must be made odious, and traitors must be punished and impoverished.— Their great plantations must be seized and divided into small farms, and sold to honest, industrious men. The day for protecting the lands and negroes of these authors of rebellion is past; it is a high time it was.