

# VILLAGE RECORD.

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## POETICAL.

### OUR COUNTRY—RIGHT OR WRONG.

Our Country, right or wrong!  
What many hearts can doubt,  
That thus should swell the patriot's song,  
This ring the patriot's shout!

Oh, but the day is over,  
And we're wild trumpets blown,  
God were the heart that hath not failed,  
His country's cause his own!

Where's that flag unrolled,  
Whose saluted breeze,  
Streams on the plain its starry fold,  
Or floats on stormy seas?

All desert thoughts are there,  
All that makes life divine—  
Home, faith, the brave, the true, the fair,  
Ging to the flowing sign!

Oh! is this thought a dream?  
No! by the gallant deed,  
Who sleep by river, lake or stream,  
Or deep in ocean's bed!

By every glorious name,  
By every sacred name,  
By all we know or love of fame,  
Our Country, Right or Wrong!

## STANZAS.

Leaf by leaf the roses fall,  
Droop by droop the petals run dry;  
One by one, beyond recall,  
Summer beauties fade and die;  
But the roses bloom again,  
And the spring will gush anew,  
In the pleasant April rain,  
And the summer sun and dew.

So in hours of deepest gloom,  
When the springs of gladness fail,  
And the roses on the bloom,  
Droop like maidens woe and pale;  
We shall find some hopes that live,  
Like a silent gem apart,  
Hidden far from careless eyes,  
In the garden of the heart.

## MISCELLANY.

### The Hand that Saved us.

Two painters were employed to fresco the walls of a magnificent cathedral. Both stood on a rude scaffolding, constructed for the purpose, some forty feet from the floor.

One of them was so intent upon his work that he became wholly absorbed, and in admiration stood off from the picture, gazing at it with intense delight. Forgetting where he was, he moved back slowly, surveying critically the work of his pencil, until he had reached the edge of the plank upon which he stood.

At this critical moment, his companion turned suddenly, and almost paralyzed with horror, beheld his imminent peril; another instant, and the enthusiast would be precipitated upon the pavement beneath. If he spoke to him, it was certain death; if he held his peace, death was equally sure. Suddenly he regained his presence of mind, and, seizing a wet brush, flung it against the wall, spattering the picture with unsightly blotches of coloring!

The painter flew forward and turned upon his friend with fierce upbraidings; but, started at his ghastly face, he listened to his recital of danger, looked shudderingly over the dread space below, and with tears of gratitude blessed the hand that saved him.

Just so we sometimes get absorbed upon the pictures of the world, and, in contemplating them, step backward, unconscious of our peril, when the Almighty in mercy dashes out the beautiful image, and draws us, at the time we are complaining of his dealings, into his outstretched arms of compassion and love.

### Power of Gentleness.

No bad man is ever brought to repentance by angry words; by bitter, scornful reproaches. He fortifies himself against reproof, and hurls back foul charges in the face of his accuser. Yet guilty and hardened as he seems, he has a heart in his bosom, and may be melted to tears by a gentle voice. Whoso therefore, can restrain his disposition to blame and find fault, and can bring himself down to a fallen brother, will soon find a way to better feelings within. Pity and patience are the two keys that unlock the human heart. They who have been the most successful laborers among the poor and vicious, have been the most forbearing. Said the celebrated St. Vincent de Paul, "If it has pleased Heaven to employ the most miserable of men for the conversion of some souls, they have themselves confessed that it was by the patience and sympathy which he had for them. Even the convicts, among whom I have lived, can be gained in no other way. When I have kissed their chains, and showed compassion for their distress, and keen sensibility for their disgrace, then have they listened to me, and placed themselves in the way of salvation."

### THE HUMAN EYE.

The language of the eye is very hard to counterfeit. You can read in the eyes of your companion, while you talk, whether your argument has hit him, though his tongue will not confess it. There is a look by which a man shows he is going to say a good thing, and a look when he has said it. Vain and forgotten are all the fine offices of hospitality, if there be no holiday in the eye. How many furious invitations are avowed by the eye though disembodied by the lips. A man comes away from a company; he has heard no important remark, but if in sympathy with the society, he is cognizant of such a stream of life as has been flowing to him through the eye. There are eyes which give no more admission into them than blue berries; others are liquid, and deep wells that man might fall into; and others are oppressive and devouring, and take too much notice. There are asking eyes, and asserting eyes, and prowling eyes, and eyes full of faith, some of good and some of sinister omen.—*Emerson.*

## THE LITTLE ORPHAN.

The day was gloomy and chilly. At the fresh-upturned grave stood a little, delicate girl of five years, the only mourner for the silent heart beneath—friendless, hopeless, homeless, she had wept till she had no more tears to shed, and now she stood with her scanty clothing fluttering in the chill wind, pressing her little hands tightly over her heart, as if to still its beating.

"It's no use fretting," said the rough man, as he stamped the last shovelful of earth over all; the child had left to love; "fretting" won't bring dead folks to life; pity you hadn't got no ship's cousins somewhere to take you; it's a tough world, this 'ere, I can tell ye; I don't see how ye're going to weather it. Guess I'll take you around to Miss Fetherbee's; she's got a power of children and wants a hand to help her, so come along. If you cry enough to float the ark, it won't do you no good." Allie obeyed him mechanically, turning her head every few minutes to take another and yet another look where her mother lay buried.

The morning sun shone in upon an underground kitchen in the crowded city. Mrs. Fetherbee, attired in a gay-colored calico dress, with any quantity of finsel jewelry, sat sewing some showy cotton lace on a cheap pocket handkerchief. A boy of six years was disputing with a little girl of three, about an apple; from big words they had come to fists, blows, and peace was finally declared at the price of an orange apiece, and a stick of candy—each candidate "putting in" for the biggest. Poor Allie, with pouting cheeks and swollen eyelids, was staggering up and down the floor under the weight of a mammoth baby, who was amusing himself, pulling out at intervals little handfuls of her hair.

"Quiet that child! can't ye see?" said Mrs. Fetherbee, in no very gentle tone; "I don't wonder the darling is so cross, to see such a solemn face. Ye must get a little life into ye somehow, or you won't earn the salt to our porridge here. There, I declare, ye've half put his eyes out with those long curls dangling around; come here, and have 'em cut off; they don't look proper for a clergy child" (and she glanced at the short, stubby curls on the heads of the little Fetherbees).

Allie's lips quivered, as she said, "Mother, I used to love to brush them smooth every morning; she said they were like little dead sisters; please don't!" said she beseechingly. "But I tell you to cut 'em off, so there's an end of that," said she as the several ringlets fell in a shining heap on the kitchen floor; "and do, for creation's sake, stop talking about dead folks, and eat your breakfast if you want it; I forgot you hadn't any—there's some, the children left; if you're hungry it will go down, and if you ain't, you can go without."

"Poor Allie! The daintiest wouldn't have 'gone down,'" her eyes filled with tears that wouldn't be forced back, and she sobbed out, "I must cry; if you beat me for it—my heart pains me so bad."

"H-t-y—T-i-e! what's all that?" said a broad-faced, rosy milkman, as he set his shining can down on the kitchen table; "What's all this, Mrs. Fetherbee? I'd as lief eat peas and needles as hear a child cry. Who is she?" pointing to Allie, "and what's the matter of her?"

"Why, the long and short of it is, she's a poor pauper that we've taken in out of charity, and she's crying at her good luck; that's all," said the lady, with a vexed toss of her head. "That is the way benevolence is always rewarded; noth'ng on earth to do here but tend the baby, amuse the children, and run to the door, and wash the dishes, and dust the furniture, and tidy the kitchen; and go off a few errands; ungrateful little baggage!"

Jenny's heart was as big as his farm, and that covered considerable ground; placing pitifully at the little weeper, he said skillfully, "That child's going to be sick, Mrs. Fetherbee, and then what are you going to do with her? Besides she's too young to be of much use to you—better let me take her."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you was a 'arf right," said the frightened woman; "she's been trouble enough, already; I'll give her a quit claim."

"Will you go with me, little maid?" said Jenny with a bright good-natured smile.

"If you please," said Allie, laying her little hand confidently in her rough palm.

"Sit up closer," said Jenny, as she put one arm around her, to steady her fragile figure, as they rattled over the stony pavements; "we shall soon be out of this smoky old city, and then we'll see what sweet hay-fields, and new milk, and clover blossoms, and kind hearts will do for you, you poor little plucked chicken. Where did you come from when you came to live with that old Jesabel?"

"From my mother's grave," said Allie.

"Poor thing!" said Jenny wiping away a tear with her coat sleeve. "Well, never mind, I wish I hadn't asked you; I'm always running my head agin' a beam. Do you like to feed chickens, hey? Did you ever milk a cow, or ride on top of a hay cart, or go a berrying? Do you love bouncing red apples and peaches as big as your fist? It shall go hard if you don't have 'em all—What's come of your hair, child? have you had your head shaved?"

"Miss Fetherbee cut it off," said Allie.

"The old serpent! I wish I'd come a little quicker. Was it your curls, then; them young 'uns was playing with 'em, well, never mind," said she, looking admiringly at the sweet young face before her. "You don't need 'em, and they might get you to looking in the glass often than was good for you."

"Well, here we are, I declare, and there stands my old woman in the doorway, shading her eyes from the sun. I guess she wonders where I rained you! Look, Boty, do you see this child?" The earth is fresh

## A Beautiful Extract.

It was night; Jerusalem slept in a holy and her hills as a child upon the breast of its mother. The noiseless night, though like a statue at his post, and the philosopher's lamp burned dimly in the recesses of his chamber.

But a mortal darkness involved the nations in its unlighted shadows. Reason shed a faint glimmering over the minds of men, like the cold and insistent "shining of a distant star." The immortality of man's spiritual nature was unknown; his relation into heaven undiscovered, and his future destiny obscured in a cloud of mystery.

It was at this period that forms of etherial mould hovered about the laud of God's chosen people. They rebuked like sister angels sent to earth on some embassy of love. The one of majestic stature and well-formed limbs, which her snowy drapery hardly concealed, in her erect bearing and steady eye, exhibited the highest degree of strength and confidence. Her right arm was extended in an impressive gesture upward, where night appeared to have placed her darkest pavilion, while on the left reclined her delicate companion in form and countenance the contrast of the other, for she was drooping like a flower when moistened with refreshing dew, and her bright but troubled eyes scanned the air with varying glances. Suddenly a light, like the sun, flashed out from the heavens, and Faith and Hope hailed with exulting songs the ascending star of Bethlehem.

Years rolled away, and the stranger was seen in Jerusalem. He was a meek, unassuming man, whose happiness seemed to consist in acts of benevolence to the human race. There were deep traces of sorrow on his countenance, though no one knew why he grieved, for he lived in the practice of every virtue, and was loved by all the good and wise. By and by it was rumored that the stranger worked miracles; that the blind saw, and the dumb spoke, the dead leaped, the ocean moderated its churning tide; and the very thunders assailed him to doth.

Slowly and thickly girded, he ascended the hill of Calvary. A heavy cross bent him to the earth. But faith leaned on his arm, and Hope dipped her pinions in his blood and mounted to the skies.

## The Lamb that Built a College.

"What a beautiful building!" said I, as we paused—a my friend and I, in our walk under the trees in the college grounds, and looked at a new building, just finished. It was handsome and useful, and will probably stand there for generations to come.

"That building," said my friend, "was built by a little lamb."

"Do explain yourself!"

"Well, many years ago there was a poor boy who lived in the south part of the country. He was a motherless boy, his mother having died when he was four months old. He was living with a married sister at the age of twelve years, when a young law student agreed with him that if he would catch and put out his horse for a given length of time, he might ride his horse to see his friends at Thanksgiving. So they made the bargain. In the same spring there was a beautiful lamb born, and sporting on the hills near by. When Thanksgiving had arrived, and young Nathan, the boy, was mounted for his journey, his friend, the student, called to him, "Nathan, have you any money to spend, if you need?"

"Yes, sir, I have three nice penny pieces," "The student knew that he had been very faithful, and handed him a silver half dollar. Nathan took it, surprised, glad, wondering! How large it looked! He had never been so rich before! How carefully he put it in his pocket, and how often he let the horse walk that he might thrust his hand in his pocket, and feel of it and turn it over, and then take it out and look at it! What should he do with it? At last he thought of the beautiful lamb, and determined to buy it—And buy it he did. But he had no home and no place to keep it, and so he tied a string around its neck and led it to an honest man, who took it and who agreed to give him half the increase. For just forty years he held on to his sheep, letting them out here and there to people who wanted them. Then he found how he could increase his property if he had his sheep in money. The little lamb had increased to one thousand and sixty-four! and he sold them for fifteen thousand and ninety-six dollars! From that time his property increased very fast. He is now an old man; but at his own expense he has just reared that beautiful building, and has done much more for the college besides."

My friend paused, and we walked on silently.

"Ah!" said I to myself, "if that boy had spent his first dollar on something to eat, or drink, or to smoke, how different might have been his whole life! How much may have turned on the skip of the lamb that drew his eye to it, or on a word dropped by some friend! He might have wasted his dollar, but now that building will stand and be doing good long after he is dead and gone! The babe now in his mother's arms will come here and be a student, and bless that man."

"Such a way of doing good is like that of Jacob in digging his well. It gave drink to himself, and his children, but it remained, to give drink to every generation, till Christ came to it, and met the poor, wicked Samaritan woman there, and preached to it first Gospel sermon there, and gave to those who drank of that well the waters of Eternal life."

As I mused and thought of it, I seemed to hear a voice say, "Write out this story;" perhaps it may fall under the eye of some boy who will take his first dollar, and so use it that it may yet found a school, rear a college building, or endow a Professorship, where there will be faithful teaching, and immortal minds trained up for God's glory, long after he has gone to the dead!"

So I write it and send it out with a prayer. Who can tell the results?—*Rev. John Todd.*

## AMERICAN EDUCATION.

In a Timothy Titcomb's new book, "Lessons in Life," we find the following: "What we greatly need in this country is the inculcation of sober views of life. Boys and girls are bred to discontent. Everybody is after a high place, and nearly everybody fails to get one; and falling, loses heart, temper, and contentment. The multitude dress beyond their means, and live beyond their necessities, to keep up a show of being what they are not. Farmers' daughters do not love to become farmers' wives, and even their fathers and mothers stimulate their ambition to exchange their station for one which stands higher in the world's estimation. Humble employments are held in contempt, and humble powers are everywhere making high employments contemptible. Our children need to be educated to fill, in Christian humility the subordinate offices of life which they must occupy, and taught to respect humble callings, and to be contented and glorify them by lives of contented and just industry."

Bound to be a soldier—when I am drafted.

## The Captain and the Copperhead.

A few days ago a young Captain in the army of the Potomac, who had been one of the northern Counties of Pennsylvania, happened to be standing in a store in Harrisburg, when there entered a spruce young man wearing one of these copperhead devices with which some of the rebel sympathizers of the North delight to disgrace themselves. Some one in the store spoke to the new-comer about his copperhead ornament, and thus attracted the attention of the Captain to it. "What," said he, "do you wear such a thing as that?" "Yes," said the dandy, "Does that represent your principles?" "Yes," "Well, sir, I belong to the army of the Potomac; and I tell you to take that thing off and throw it into the street," "You must be joking," said Copperhead, "No, sir, I am not joking. I insist on your doing it." Copperhead turned a white; but the more he "bowl" the more emphatic became the commands of the Captain; and finally, when the latter put his hand into his pocket as if to enforce his orders with the revolver he carried there, Copperhead succumbed, and flung the disgraceful trinket into the street. It is doubtful whether he will take pains to flout the evidences of his love of treason in public quite so freely in future.

## Exciting Incident on the Cars.

Last Friday, an exciting occurrence took place on the passenger train from Toledo to this city. One of the cars was a party of soldiers returning from Dixie on furlough. When the conductor approached them, to collect fare, one of them tendered a "green-back," saying, "take your change out of that old fellow; the best currency in the world, sir."

"You may think so," responded the buttoned conductor, but I don't consider it worth any more than so much brown paper." The soldier's eyes flashed fire. "You'd—Copperhead!" he exclaimed, "How dare you speak that way before us? How dare you impeach the credit of the Government which we have been perishing our lives to uphold? You are not fit to live!" and drawing a pistol he pointed it at the trembling conductor, and was about to fire, when an officer, who had been watching the proceedings, seized his arm and restrained him. Then addressing the buttoned knave, the officer told him that if he wished to avoid trouble, he had better leave the train at the next station, he did, and the car came on without him.

The above incident may serve as a warning to all Copperheads of the treatment they may expect when our brave boys in the army, having conquered the rebels in the South, shall turn their attention to traitors at home.—*Detroit Tribune.*

## Dying Confession of a K. K. C.

A reliable correspondent, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, of yesterday, sends us the following:

A man of respectable connections, who resided for some years near Dillsburg Pa. died a few days since at his home. A few hours previous to his death he called a few friends around, and intimated to them that he could not die peacefully without relieving his conscience of all which burdened it. He confessed that he was a Knight of the Golden Circle, which order was secretly and extensively represented in most Northern cities. He stated that regular and general communication was carried on between the headquarters of the Knights and the Cabinet of Jeff Davis. That he was cognizant that the Rebel War Department had arranged with the organization of which he was a member to evacuate Richmond, for the purpose of drawing the Federal force that far South, and while their attention was there engaged, the rebel army, by a quick flank movement, would descend in full force upon Washington, and, aided by a general uprising of the Knights in Pennsylvania and other Northern States, capture the cities and seize upon the Government by force, leaving our army South at liberty to desolate at the expense of retaliation in their own State. This is no fabrication, but unquestionable authority furnishes the confession of a dying man, on a subject now familiar to the readers of the district in which he resided.

## A Copperhead Smashed.

While the branch train on the Hollidaysburg railroad was conveying a load of passengers to court in that place according to the Hollidaysburg Why, a rich incident occurred. In the front part of the car several rebel sympathizers were busily engaged discussing our National affairs, abusing in unmeasured terms the efforts of the Government to put down the rebellion, and in such loud tones as to be heard all through the car. A gentleman who had been listening to the conversation went forward and read to the party a paragraph from a warning paper as follows:

"You are promised liberty by the leaders of your affairs, but is there an individual in the enjoyment of it saving your oppressors? Who among you dare speak or write what he thinks against the tyranny which has robbed you of your property, imprisoned your sons, dragged you to the field of battle, and is daily degrading your country with blood?"

"Them's my sentiments exactly!" exclaimed one of the sympathizers.

"Sir," said the gentleman, "That is the language of Benedict Arnold in his proclamation to the citizens and soldiers of the United States appealing to them to take arms against George Washington."

That ended the conversation.

A frisky gent popping his head through a window, exclaimed, "What time is it by your lapboard?" Upon which the tailor lifted up his lapboard and struck him a blow on the head, answering, "It has just struck one."

## HUMOROUS.

A single woman has generally a single purpose, and we all know what that is.

It is a Chinese maxim that "for every man who does not work, and every woman who is idle, somebody must suffer cold or hunger." All ladies please notice.

A certain old lady, whenever she hires a servant, always asks, "Can you whistle?" On being asked the reason of this curious question she always makes them, while when they go to draw the ale until they return, thus scolding them from tasting.

UNCLE ABE'S LATEST JOKE.—During the past week a gentleman called upon the President and solicited a pass for Richmond. "Well," said the President, "I would be very happy to oblige you, if my pass were respected; but the fact is, sir, I have, within the past two years, given passes to two hundred and fifty thousand men to go to Richmond, and not one has got there yet." The applicant quietly and respectfully withdrew on his tip toes.

Some young men going from Columbus to Cincinnati, Ohio, in cars, were getting rather noisy and profane, when a gentleman in a white cravat tapped one of them on the shoulder, with the remark, "Young man do you know you are on the road to hell?" "That's my usual luck, I took a ticket to Cincinnati and I've got on the wrong train."

ONCE A DREAM.—A baneful Yokel was paying his addresses to a gay lass of the country, who had long deprecated of bringing things to a crisis. Yokel called one day, when she alone was at home. After setting the morris of the weather, Miss said, looking slyly into his face—

"I dreamed of you last night."

"Did you? Why, now?"

"Yes, I dreamed you kissed me."

"Why, now! what did you dream your mother said?"

"Oh, I dreamed she wasn't at home!"

A light dawned on Yokel's intellect, and directly something was heard to croak—perhaps Yokel's whip, and perhaps not—but in about a month more they were twin, &c.

In a small town on the Schoykill river there is a church in which the singing has completely run down.

It had been led many years by one of the deacons, whose voice and musical power had been gradually falling.

One evening the clergyman gave out the hymn, which was in metrical measure, rather harder than usual, and the deacon led off. Upon its conclusion the minister arose and said:

"Brother B— will please repeat the hymn, as I cannot conscientiously pray after such singing."

The deacon very compositely pitched in to another tune, with a manifest improvement upon the first effort, and the clergyman proceeded with his prayer. Having finished, he took up a book to give the second hymn, when he was interrupted by the deacon gravely getting up and saying, in a voice audible to the whole congregation:—

"Will Mr C—, please make another prayer? It will be impossible for me to sing after such praying as that!"

## THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A PATRIOT SOLDIER.

A surgeon in one of the military hospitals at Alexandria, writes, in a private note:

"Our wounded men bear their suffering nobly; I have hardly heard a word of complaint from one of them. A soldier, from the stern and rock bound coast of Maine—a victim of the slaughter of Fredericksburg—lay in the hospital, his life ebbing away from a fatal wound. He had a father, brothers, sisters, a wife, a little boy of two or three years of age, on whom his heart seemed set. Half an hour before he ceased to breathe, I stood by his side, holding his hand. He was in the full exercise of his intellectual faculties, and was aware that he had but a very brief time to live. He was asked if he had any message to leave for his dear ones at home, whom he loved so well. 'Tell them,' said he 'I die—do they know how I treat 'em?'"

EXPEDITIOUS BUT RATHER TRYING.—A Hibernian fresh from the green isle, having sufficient means to provide himself with a horse and cart, (the latter a kind probably he never saw before), went to work on a public road. Being directed by the conductor to move a lot of stones near by and deposit them in a gully on the other side of the road, he forthwith loaded his cart, drove up to the place and had nearly finished throwing off his load by hand, when the boss told him that was not the way—he must lift or dump his load at once. Paddy replied that he would know better the next time. After loading again, he drove to the chasm, put his shoulder to the wheel, and upset the cart, horse, and all into the gully. Scratching his head, and looking rather doubtful as his horse below him, he observed, "Beside, it's a mighty expeditious way, but it must be tryin to the baste!"

BE IN EARNEST.—If a wise man is convinced that he has not given the requisite attention to his business, he enters upon the work of reform, without delay. If the earnest student is conscious he is not making the progress which he should make, which it is in his power to make, he rouses himself to the necessary exertion without delay. Shall the men of this world continue to be miser in their generation than the children of light? Shall those who would secure the transient rewards of earth, pursue their objects more strictly and steadily than those who would secure the lasting rewards of eternity?

There are one of the many beautiful gifts of God to man.