

VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper, Neutral in Politics and Religion.

\$1.50 Per Year.

VOLUME XVII

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 18, 1863.

NUMBER 18.

POETICAL.



AUTUMN SONG.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

The ripened grapes in clusters,
Are hanging on the wall;
The winds blow cool from the woodland,
And the leaves begin to fall;
Dearly,
Weenily,
The leaves of the forest fall.
The shadows grow darker and deeper,
The shadows grow darker and deeper,
And cheerily sing the bluebird
Among the sheaves of corn;
Merrily,
Among the sheaves of corn.
Fall gently, O ye leaves—
Ye fruits so fresh and fair,
And gently, O ye breezes,
Wait music through the air;
Gently, O,
Breezes, flow,
For death is everywhere.

TO ONE IN THE COUNTRY.

The summer time has come, dear one—
The sweet, bright, summer weather—
And now once more upon the stream
We row and roam together.
I see the shady, wood-crowned hill,
I hear the ruffling fall,
As rest the lilac current leaves
The lilies by the wall.
Again I bend the beechen oar,
Then, drifting with the tide,
I pause to gaze and smile upon
The maiden by my side.
Ah! no, 'tis but a passing dream,
I hear no ruffling fall,
I see no maiden by my side,
No lilies by the wall.
The skies are still unclouded, dear one,
The stream rolls on as ever,
But I no longer meet you there
In sweet, bright, summer weather.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We know Her.

There is a person whose harmonious voice gives to her conversation a charm found equally in her manners. She knows how to speak and to keep silence; how dutifully to engage herself to you, and use only proper subjects of conversation. Her words are happily chosen, her language is pure, her witty caresses, and her criticism does not wound. Far from contradicting with the important assurance of a fool, she seems to seek your company good sense or truth. She indulges in dissertations as little as she does in disputes; she delights to lead a discussion, which she stops when she pleases. Of an amiable temper, her air is affable and gay. Her politeness has nothing forced in it; her reserve is never servile; she reduces respect to nothing more than a delicate shade; she never tires you; but leaves you satisfied with her and yourself. Attracted to her sphere by an unexpressed power, you find her wit and grace expressed upon the things with which she surrounds herself; everything that pleases the sight, and while here, you seem to breathe the fresh air of the country. In intimacy, she seduces you by a tone of fresh simplicity. She is natural. She never makes an effort at luxury or display. Her sentiments are simply rendered because they are true. She is frank, without offending any one's self love. She accepts men as God made them, pardoning their faults and ridiculous qualities; countering all ages, and vexing herself about nothing, since she has tact enough to love everything. She obliges rather than wounds; she is tender and gay; therefore you will love her irresistibly. You will take her for a type, and you will worship her.

Don't Break the Sabbath.

A young man lay tossing from side to side in a straw bed, in one corner of a dark room in a prison. "What brought you in here?" said one who went to visit him in his distress. "Breaking the Sabbath," said he, "breaking the Sabbath. Instead of going to the Sabbath school, I was in bed on the Sabbath. When I was going wrong, my mother taught me better; my Sabbath school teacher taught me better; my minister taught me better; my Bible taught me better; my conscience reproved me all the time I was wrong; but I hated instruction, and despised reproof—and there I am in prison. I did not shirk the Sabbath, but I was wrong. I had no idea that it would come to this, as here I am. Lost! Undone!"
But I hear some one say, "What harm is there in taking a stroll in the woods on the Sabbath? What harm in just sitting on the bank to fish? What harm in that way?" Why, this is God's day, and he says, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." The moment you resolve to keep your own way, and seek your own pleasures, instead of obeying God, you let go of compass, ruler, and chart. Nothing but God's word can guide you safely through life. Forsake that, refuse to obey its teachings, and you are lost.

It is better to tread the path of life cheerily, skipping lightly over all the obstacles and hardships, rather than sit down and lament our hard fate. The cheerful man's life is spun out longer than that of a man who continually sobs and desponds. If disease comes upon us, desponding and despairing will not afford relief. The best thing to do is to rise and make a vigorous effort to shake a remedy.

Atheism and Copperheadism.

To such as are not in the habit of tracing causes to effect, but make up their opinions upon naked facts, there is one argument against the Copperhead party that ought to be conclusive. Among the numerous churches of the North, and as far as they have spoken of the whole Christian world, there is not one whose testimony has not been recorded emphatically against the Rebellion, and in favor of sustaining the government, in its efforts to restore unity and peace. All strictly moral associations, where they have given any expression to their sentiments on the subject, have proclaimed their allegiance to the government and their approval of the means which it has deemed necessary for the suppression of the Rebellion. All educational assemblages, have done the same thing; every religious newspaper, and ninety-nine out of every hundred clergyman in the land, of every denomination, are on the side of the Administration, unqualifiedly and without reservation. The actively wise and good almost without exception, are bold in the expression of their loyalty to the cause of the North, and earnest in their endeavors to render the measures of the government effectual to the putting down of the Rebellion and the restoration of peace.

On the other hand, we find the vicious and the ignorant, the profligate and abandoned, the riotous and infidel, the corrupt and sordid politician, and the proud and overly-despising aristocrat, marshaled under the banners of the opposition and flaunting the copperhead symbols of their treason. Men who desire good government and its attendant blessings, give their influence for the means which are being employed to preserve the most perfect one ever devised by man. Those who would prefer no government at all, are found co-operating with those who would have one based upon a distinction of classes, themselves being the privileged class, in favor of an oligarchy which proclaims Slavery as its chief corner stone.

As an evidence of the kind of stuff of which the opposition is composed, and of the species of argument that is expected to have weight with its supporters, we quote the following choice excerpts from *The Divinity Physician*, a paper published in Benton, Crawford County, Ohio, by one, D. Tuttle, and devoted conjointly to the advocacy of Atheism, and the claims of C. C. Vallandigham for Governor of Ohio:—

"This Tuttle, having heard that some of the Christian public were shocked at his impious blasphemies, uttered in a speech of his, some time before, said:—

"Now, I will hereby inform those pukes of Abe Lincoln that they have not by their threats or anathemas moved me one iota from my old political or religious landmarks, neither can they do it so long as I have my senses. I have been arrested and imprisoned by the infernal whelps, but they have not silenced my tongue nor my press, neither will they do it while I live."
* * * I now repeat my wicked speech again: I owe no allegiance to Abe Lincoln or his scoundrel, Governor David Todd, or Jesus Christ. And will add further, I owe no allegiance to any King or theological god in the universe. Now, ye political, religious or hypocritical saints, whoever you are, you may chaw over it, you may smoke it, you may snuff it, or you may growl and grunt or wag your head over what I have said."

Again of the ministers of the Gospel, he says they are—

—revered hell-whips of their so-called Zion. They are nothing but wolves in sheep's clothing, thieves and robbers."
And, in another article, the vile blasphemer says:—

"From all the facts in the case, I cannot but come to the conclusion that for the peace of the country, and for the peace and happiness of the whole world, that all kinds of religion shall be banished from among men."
And, once more:—

"The Christian priests are the only human blood-hounds in this country and throughout the world."
Next to the members and ministers of Christian Churches, the Divinity Physician pours out its fiercest invectives against President Lincoln. Here is a specimen of the "free speech" which the Copperheads claim as among their rights:—

"I said publicly, eight months ago, that I owed no allegiance to Abe Lincoln. My God! I would as soon pay homage, respect or allegiance, to old Lucifer, or to all the devils while holding mass-meeting in hell, as to Abe Lincoln, President of the United States."
"Does the old fool, though he is lawyer and law-maker for the freemen of Ohio, does he think because he is a knave, that all other men are fools? * * * I now charge old Abe with being guilty of all the crimes known in the catalogue of perjury, stealing, murder, kidnapping, house-breaking, burglary, fraud, falsehood, and other acts, which could fill the measure heaping full and running over of one man's villainies."
"I, therefore, sentence old Abe Lincoln to be hung by the neck and heels until he is dead, DEAD, DEAD, and if there is any God

who has a disposition to have mercy on his infernal, black soul, then there is no need of a devil or a theological hell."

It tempts for us to show who is the standard bearer of this defiler of God and man; who is his political leader; whose cause does he serve by such a course. This is announced by himself. He says in one place: "I am a Democrat, and an infidel too," and elsewhere he hoists his ticket: "For Governor—C. L. Vallandigham," and then puts in his claim to share with the Chattanooga Rebel the honor of having nominated him: "Almost a year ago I published the name of this patriotic and moral hero as a candidate for the next Governor of Ohio. One hundred thousand of the freemen of the state, on the 11th of June last, ratified my nomination. * * * This coming man is destined to be not only Governor of Ohio, but also President of the United States! Put that in your pipe and smoke it you damned minions of hell."

"Too Much Preaching."
So think the laymen in the churches of Richmond. They begin to see that the loud vapors of such men as the Rev. Doctors Palmer, Moore, Layburn, Polk, Converse, Winston and Wise have availed but little, save in hurrying their hearers to dishonored deaths. Before the firing upon Sumpter, these precious preachers were violating the sanctity of the pulpit, by urging resistance to the constituted authorities of the nation. They exhorted their people to embrace treason as they would "saving grace." The divine injunctions, commanding them to "render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's," to "submit themselves to every ordinance of man," were for the time blotted from their Scriptures. Suborned by Davis and his co-plotters, they entered into the wicked scheme of destroying their Government with a zeal which they had never known in the cause of religion. Davis was shrewd. He knew the influence of the pulpit, and he secured it as did the chief priests and Scribes when they bargained with Judas for thirty pieces of silver—instead of discouraging upon the principles of brotherly love and christian peace and fellowship, we hear "their mouths speaking great swelling words," "dotting about questions and strifes," and calling upon their flocks to take up the sword, shutting their ears to the sacred agreement that "they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

When reverses came to the Rebel arms, Davis, thinking that men who had helped to fill his armies would also have influence at the Court of Heaven, implored them to pray, and pray, to the end that its aid and favor should be vouchsafed him and his iniquitous cause. After a number of Fast Days and innumerable blasphemous appeals to Heaven, the laymen have wisely concluded that their preachers come short of what they were expected to do. Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, and Helena having required another "Fast," the laymen of Richmond flew to the rescue, interfered with the prepared sermons of the city divines, and suggested, thro' the columns of the *Whig* of last Thursday, that as "heretofore there had been too much preaching and too little praying on Fast days, discourses would be dispensed with on the following day, and "the people" should assemble everywhere, to perform that duty for which their pastors appeared incapacitated.

What a comment on these rebellious divines! What a sarcasm is contained in the brief paragraph! If they have any feelings it must cut keenly as a Damascus blade—There is nothing more severe in all the satires of JUVENAL. And how it must pierce their haughty hearts to the quick, to know that their power and influence and occupation, all are gone, the "people," the humble people, being called in to fill their places.—And a bold set of laymen were those who could stand up and tell the great modern Achan that his prophets had failed him. If they doubt his ministers, how long will it be before they doubt himself and his "mission" to set up a "Confederacy"? They evidently entertain a suspicion that a certain lying spirit fills the mouths of the Southern prophets, who so glowingly predicted the future of the Rebellion from their pulpits.—The laymen exhibit alarm, and dread the consequences of "too much preaching," and they might have added, too much deception. While they were observing DAVIS' last Fast-day, the walls of Sumpter were crumbling beneath the avenging bolts of justice, and perhaps the laymen have already concluded that even the prayers of the people are not available before God to sustain the most stupendous and hideous crime, in the sight of man and angel, that ever blurred with blood, and fouled with disgrace, the records of time.—*Phil. Inquirer.*

FREE WORDS IN A SLAVE STATE.—In allusion to the frequent escape of slaves from Missouri, the *Nashville Union* says:—

"Whatever weakens the abominable system of slavery weakens the rebellion." Every blow at slavery is a blow at the Southern Confederacy. Every wound inflicted on the heaven-defying and man-degrading system of human bondage is a dagger thrust at the heart of the Richmond dynasty.—When the night of death and damnation closes over the Southern rebellion, may not a slave be found on our continent to kindle the flame of another rebellion, and bring down the wrath of God anew upon the nation.

Practise thinks that, on the receipt of the news of the capture of Morgan's horse, the statute of one man should be fixed before the door of every stable in the land, all the equine race, horse, mare and gelding, should whinny and kick up their heels with joy. Even the jackasses and mules might Bray out their delight at their good fortune.

MEMORY AND HOPE.

On at the hour when evening throws
In gathering shades of hill and dale,
While not the scene in twilight glows
And half in sunlight glories still:
The thought of all that we have been,
And hoped and feared, on Life's long way
(Remembrances of joy or pain)
Come mingling with the close of day.
But soft, dear, each reviving scene
The chast'ning hues of Memory spread;
And smiling each dark thought between,
Hope's softness every tear we shed.
O, thus, when Death's long night comes on
And its dark shades round us lie,
May parting beams from Memory's sun
Blend softly in our evening sky!

Temptations to Dishonesty.

There are temptations to dishonesty that spring from extravagance. Our society is very vicious in its whole structure in this regard. We make no provision for the respectability of people who are in humble circumstances. We hold out inducements to them to live beyond their means. In European society, people that are intelligent and refined can entertain their friends in a plain room, with plain furniture, and treat them to a plain repast, and nothing will be thought of it. A German will invite his friends to come and see him, and they together will sit in common fellowship and in pleasing conversation, and make their repast from a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water, and there will be no thought but that the host is respectable. And I think that if a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water were a more frequent meal, there would be less dissipation. In Europe they are not ashamed to live plainly, even for economic reasons; and men respect each other for it. But in American society we have a vicious tendency to make men ashamed to live within their means. They say, "I will not have company unless I can have it as my neighbors do." They are slaves to other people's opinions. They have not the courage to say, "This is my place, here are my means, and I can afford to entertain my friends in my way; but if they cannot come to see me as I am, they need not come at all."

Young people want to begin further along than they are able to. They want to keep house as twenty years of successful and fruitful industry have enabled men to do it. They measure everything on the pattern of somebody else. There is a want of self-respect founded on one's good breeding and fundamental honesty. And extravagance is almost invariably married to dishonesty.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

This Hand Never Struck me.

We recently heard the following most touching incident: A little boy had died. His body was laid out in a darkened, retired room, waiting to be laid away in the lone, cold grave. His afflicted mother and beloved little sister went in to look at the sweet face of the precious sleeper, for his face was beautiful even in death. As they stood gazing upon the form of the one so beloved and cherished, the little girl asked to take his hand. The mother at first did not think it best, but as the child repeated the request, and seemed very anxious about it, she took the cold, bloodless hand of her sleeping boy, and placed it in the hand of his weeping sister.

The dear child looked at it a moment, caressed it fondly, and then looked up to her mother through her tears of affection and love, and said:—
"Mother, this little hand never struck me."
What could be more touching and lovely. Young readers, have you always been so gentle to brothers and sisters, that were you to die, such a tribute as the brother or sister take your hand, were it cold in death, and say, "This hand never struck me?"

AN INSTANCE OF MERCHANTILE INTEGRITY.

The *Boston Journal* records the following: "About twenty years ago a young man, named Thomas Hardy, of South Danvers, in this State, meeting with misfortune in business, determined to leave his native town, and seek his fortune in the West, with the firm resolve that, if Providence smiled upon his efforts, he would return and pay his debts to the utmost farthing. After struggling for a long time at the West with varied success, he proceeded to California a boat six years ago, and there accumulated a handsome fortune. Having thus accomplished his desires, he recently returned to South Danvers for the purpose of cancelling the claims of his old creditors. This he did in full, paying both principal and interest, amounting to twenty-five thousand dollars. While doing business in South Danvers, he had a partner, whose share of the debts of the firm he has liquidated as well as his own. Not satisfied with this, he made a number of generous gifts, and on Monday evening, gave a splendid entertainment to his old friends and associates.
"Such incidents as this are an honor to human nature, and furnish a bright example for young merchants and business men to imitate."

THE SOUL'S BLOSSOMING.

The sunlight makes the violet blossom. No organ's instrument can make flowers blossom, and the hammer can drive them forth. But the sweet, persuading sun can call them out. A seed is planted. The sun looks and kisses the plant again, and a green plant appears above the ground. It looks once more, and a beautiful white blossom unfolds itself. And thus it is with the soul. No logic can pry out these devout aspirations. No philosophy can drive them forth. But let God's sweet, persuading soul rest upon ours, while, and they come and blossom. The soul is the garden of the Lord.

GENERAL LOGAN ON THE TERM "ABOLITIONIST."

General John A. Logan, on arriving here at Duquoin, Ill., from Gen. Grant's army, delivered a long and interesting speech to his constituents, from which we make the following extracts: "General Logan is a Democrat of the Stephen A. Douglas school, and his remarks on the term 'Abolitionist' applied so often, to all our soldiers, will be read with interest:—

ABOUT ABOLITIONISM.

There is one other thing I want to say to you. It is this: "I want to give the folks of this country an idea about it. They say John Logan, Billy Jack, Bob, Tom, and all us chaps down in the army, are Abolitionists regular straight-outs. Why are we Abolitionists? I want them to tell me how they know I am an Abolitionist. I have never made a speech until yesterday, since the war commenced, except, once, when I spoke a short time to get some recruits. I have never made a speech since I have been in the army, of any kind, that could be called a political speech. How do they know we are all Abolitionists? Did we tell them so? Did we say so? Why is it that they consider us all Abolitionists? Why, I will tell you the reason? It is because we are in the army and Abraham Lincoln is President. That is the reason. These men don't know enough, or don't want to know, that Abraham Lincoln, because he is President, don't own the government. This is our government. This war ain't fighting for Mr. Lincoln. It is fighting for the Union for the Government. I suppose that when a man went to Mexico, as a United States soldier it didn't make him an Abolitionist."
If fighting under Abe Lincoln makes every man an Abolitionist, I suppose that fighting under Polk made everybody a Democrat. That may be true, but when they come home if you recollect, they elected General Taylor, who was a Whig. I don't care a cent what they call me. All I have to say to any man who calls me an Abolitionist, is that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," and that they can call me any name they please. If fighting for the Union of these States, with the old flag over my head, fighting for our Government, against Rebels and traitors—that makes me an Abolitionist, all right. I only wish there was a million more of them than there are. [Applause.] If that makes a man an Abolitionist, let me warn these gentlemen that there will be a great many of them. If loving the Government, fighting for the same Government and the same cause, is sufficient to these men to call such names, let them do it. We have no objection. We don't care. We laugh at it. It is only fun for us to be called such names. We care nothing about it. We know that the country knows what we are doing, and God in Heaven, who views the hearts of all men, knows we are earnest and true to our country. Would to God these gentlemen could say the same. [Applause.] No, my friends, it makes a man a patriot, nothing more, nothing less—to fight for his country. It does not make him a Democrat or a Republican or an Abolitionist. Whenever this war is over, this is a free country. If we want politics then, we will have them, that's all. If we don't nobody need get mad about it.

They had better let us alone and not call us nicknames before we get home. Let us alone until we get back, gentlemen, if you please. We will be the most peaceable and quiet men in the world. We will be perfectly well-educated in all the fine arts, and sciences and good manners. We will show these gentlemen some of the politeness we have learned in the army. We will treat you another kindly and respectfully, and if we get a little mad about anything we will just settle it right thro' [Laughter.] But I suppose folks are joking who say these things. They don't intend anything wrong. I do ask them to just let the boys alone and let the people alone."

It they don't want to be for the Government, let people alone who are for it. If they do that, there will be peace at home. We don't think it makes us Abolitionists to fight for our country. We don't think it makes us Abolitionists because niggers run away. Just here let me tell these gentlemen who talk so much about Abolitionists and nigger stealing, that all the prayers that can be sent up it makes no difference, get side of proclamation of any thing else, that mischief is gone up, played, out. It will never do a day's good again. [Applause.] There is no doubt of that, and the people of the North are not responsible. The Southern gentlemen have done it themselves. My body is responsible but themselves for the loss of their slaves.

Let me say to these men now, who have such great sympathy for the people of the South, and are crying out against soldiers—let them tell these men in the South, let more niggers in their days after the rebellion committed than they would have, let in many years by all the Abolitionists in the United States. I told you that the army, which was in front of us stole everything they could lay their hands on. The Rebels steal every nigger they see and take them to some State; they think we are not likely to go. They are afraid the Yankees will steal them. These are positive facts. The rebel soldiers, now, who never owned a nigger in their lives, steal them and run them off, and sell them for two or three hundred dollars apiece. They say that the rebel soldiers are gone, and they don't think it will ever amount to anything again. They just want to be independent of us that's all they are fighting for.

In what case is it absolutely impossible to be slow and sure? In the case of a match.

A PATRIOTIC WOMAN.

The Albany Evening Journal tells the following:—"At Plattsburg, the other day, a man of no very great loyal pretensions called on a widow and informed her that her only son was drafted, and then hastened to tell her that he could secure his exemption if she would certify that she was a widow, that he was her only son, and that she was dependent on him for support. The patriotic lady made the following reply:—"I can certify to no such thing. I am not dependent on my son for support, and I never expect to be. Besides, I think he ought to go, if he is able to perform military duty, and every other able-bodied man, till this wicked rebellion is put down. Nothing but the necessity of wearing these skirts has kept me from going."

EARLY RISING.—How ever lived to a great age, and fewer still ever became distinguished, who were not in the habit of early rising. You rise late, and, of course, commence your business at a late hour, and everything goes wrong all day. Franklin says, that he who rises late, may trot all day and not overtake his business at night. Deau Swift avers, that he never knew any man attain to eminence who lay in bed of a morning.—*Todd.*

How is it with you?—"At a prayer meeting in the Church of the Village of Spunktown, in the State of Maine, a country lad was noticed by one of the elder deacons to hold his head and wriggle in his seat, while the tears seemed to start every moment.

A clear case of repentance, thought the old deacon, as he quietly stepped to the side of the lad, and in a whisper affectionately inquired:—

"How is it with you my son?"
The boy looked up, and supposing him to be the sexton answered:—
"Oh! I very bad, and I want to go out—my inwards is kicking up a revolution and the Fourth of July is up if I ever eat a green corn nut pie again, my name ain't Jeems Billins!"

A lady made her husband a present of a silver drinking cup with an angel at the bottom, and when she filled it for him, he used to drain it to the bottom, and she asked him why he drank every drop.

"Because, ducky," he said, "I long to see the dear little angel."
Upon which she had the angel taken out, and had a devil engraved at the bottom, and he drank it off just the same, and she again asked him the reason.

"Why," he replied, "because I won't leave the old devil a drop."
GREEN CORN IN WINTER.—Those who are fond of green corn in winter do not all know that it may be preserved by packing it tightly in casks or barrels, and covering it with a brine strong enough to keep out worms. The corn should be taken with the husk on. Corn thus prepared, if kept covered with brine, will keep in good order for a year or more, and will be beautifully fresh for the table when boiled.

An Irishman in describing America said:—"I am told that you might roll England through it and it wouldn't make a dint in the ground; there's fresh water oceans inside that ye might drown old Ireland in; and as for Scotland, ye might stick in a corner, and ye'd never be able to find it out except it might be by the smell of whiskey."

"Words, words, words!" says Hamlet, despairingly. But Heaven preserve us from the destructive power of words! There are words which cut separate hearts sooner than sharp swords; there are words whose sting can remain in the heart through a whole life.

Jones complained of a bad smell about the post-office, and asked Brown what it could be? Brown didn't know, but suggested that it might be caused by "the dead letters."

Why is a cannon like a sensation newspaper? Because it makes flaming reports.

Why is a laborer who is overworked by a mean employer, like an ocean steamer? Because he is propelled by a screw.

Prejudices are like rats, and a man's mind like a trap; they get in easily, and then perhaps can't get out at all.

True poets seem as old as the stars, with blossoms of youth bursting from their heart forever and filling the world with perfume.

As long as men smell of whiskey and tobacco, the women have a right to defend themselves with musk.

What is most useful is generally least exalting. Light has no color, water no taste, air no odor.

Many persons write articles and send them to an editor to be corrected, as if an editor's office were a house of correction.

Memory is at the enchanted threshold of the Past, but Hope stands in the doorway of the Future.

It is not necessary that one's wife should be tall. It is enough if she is short and sweet.

I wonder this child don't go to sleep, said an excited mother to her female acquaintance. "Well, I don't," replied the child; "its face is so dirty it can't shut its eyes."

To expect and not to come; to be in bed and not to sleep; to serve and not to please are three things enough to kill a man.