VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair. A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics and Religion. $2.00 Per Year

VOLUME XVIII WAYNESBRO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, SEP. 16, 1864. NUMBER 14.

POETICAL.

I PRAY FOR THEE.

When evening's shadow's softly fall,
And all beside is still,
When sunset's mellow beam delays
Upon the lonely hill,
I stand upon the mysty shore
And gaze far out to sea,
The waves have each a tale to tell,
And then I pray for thee,
Beloved,
I weep and pray for thee.

When morning glimmers in the East,
With hope renewed I rise,
The robin, wren and thrush's hymn
Are filling all the skies;
And, sitting on the cold gray rocks,
My gaze is on the sea,
Still watching each far shining sail,
I yearn and pray for thee,
Beloved,
I watch and pray for thee.

And through the long, long golden day
The stately ships go by,
Their starry pennants proudly float
Against the quiet sky;
Some fold their weary wings and rest,
Some fade far out to sea,
And still with fond and tearful gaze
I watch and pray for thee,
Beloved,
I watch and pray for thee.

My waiting heart is blest at last—
Past grief is nought to me—
Earth seems a heaven of bliss and love
This gracious day to me;
The happy ship that brings thee back,
With tears I cannot see,
But now I feel, as well I may,
My prayers were heard for thee,
Beloved,
My prayers were heard for thee.

COPPERHEAD SNAKES.

Humble your bodies in sackcloth and ashes,
Hide your mean heads from the light of the sun,
Smite your base hearts with conscience's lashes,
Blush if you can for the deeds you have done.
Weep for the aid you have given to traitors,
Do let repentance illumine your souls:
Souls? if you had them your crimes would be greater,
Snakes of humanity crawl to your holes.
Brazen-faced Copperheads,
White-livered Copperheads,
Crawl to your holes!

You that incited rebellion and treason;
You that have aided it all that you can;
You that have fought against conscience and reason,
And all of the rights that are sacred to man,
Hark!—through the land, from each tower and steeple,
The knell of rebellion most solemnly tolls!
Flee from the scorn of intelligent people:
Noisome serpents—hah! crawl to your holes.
Crimson-faced Copperheads,
Rum-sucking Copperheads,
Traitorous Copperheads,
Crawl to you holes!

Now when the moon of rebellion is setting,
Why do you struggle and fight against fate?
Can you not cease your complaining and fretting?
Try to be men ere you find it too late.
The tide running northward in haste is retiring,
The wave urged by freemen triumphantly rolls,
The time has gone by for your plots and conspiring—
Reptiles and renegrades return to your holes.
Venemous Copperheads,
Low, sneaking Copperheads,
Vile, hissing Copperheads,
Crawl to your holes!

MISCELLANY.

Proverbs.

Learning procures respect to good fortune, and helps the bad.

Look always upon life as a thing that is lent you.

Marry your son when you will, but your daughter when you can.

Marry your daughters betimes, lest they marry themselves.

Mettle is dangerous in a blind horse.

Marry in haste, and repent at leisure.

Manners make the man.

Man doth what he can, God doth what he pleases.

Money is a good servant but a bad master.

Much better lose a jest than a friend.

Much coin usually much care.

Mention not a rope in the house of one whose father was hanged.

Many a little makes a mickle.

Money is his servant who knows how to use it as he should, his master who doth not.

Mercy or goodness alone makes us like to God.

Men's years and their faults are always more than they are willing to own.

Men's sines and debts are more than they take them to be.

Men toil, and take pains, in order to live easily at last.

Mother-in-law and daughter-in-law are a tempest and hail-storm.

Many hath too much, but nobody hath enough.

Make a slow answer to a hasty question.

Many men's estates come in at the door, and go out at the chimney.

Many things grow in the garden, which were never sown there.

Many ventures make a full freight.

March wind and May sun, make clothes white and maids dun.

Maidens may be seen, and not heard.

Many things fall between the cup and the lip.

Love can do much, but scorn or disdain can do more.

It is a good horse that never stumbles, and a good wife that never grumbles.

Idle folks have the most labor.

It is too late to spare. when the bottom is bare.

If you trust before you try, you may repent before you die.

If folly were pain, we should have great crying out in every house.

I will never jest with my eye, nor with my religion.

High Prices in War Time.

HOW TO BEAR THEM AND HOW TO AVOID THEM.

We shall suffer from high and from uncertain prices while the war lasts, it is the loss which those who do not fight in the field suffer for their country's sake. This disarrangement of prices may be increased by the errors of those who have the conduct of the national finances; it may be diminished by the maintenance of sound financial principles; but more or less of it there will be, as there has been in every country engaged in a great war. If the people live economically, they will by that themselves prevent a great many of the evils from which the country now suffers; if they live extravagantly, or even if they refuse to practice rigid economy, they will increase the general disturbance of prices. If any man, however, of those who whine about the high prices, desires to avoid them, let him enlist in the army. There, while he is fighting for the country, the country will feed him, regardless of the price of sugar, coffee, flour, pork or beef.

Wages have risen with prices, though perhaps not in proportion. Men working for wages or salaries are forced to economise, even though they get much more than formerly. Here, too, let it not be forgotten that they still receive much more than the soldiers in the field; and that no right minded man should grumble at the sacrifices he makes at home, when so many thousands are giving up home, ease, business prospects career, comfortable salaries or wages, and suffering toilsome marches, exposing themselves to danger and death in the field for wages much less. Let every one remember that it is the duty of all to contribute to the general welfare; and that whatever taxes we pay who stay at home, or whatever economies we are obliged to practice, we are still making infinitely smaller sacrifices than our brethern in the field, and we are paying to secure to our children and ourselves freedom and free lawful government. If it takes all we have, the price is still not high.

A Dutchman and the Currency.

Of all the close dealers among us, the Dutchman lives on the least and shaves the closest. It is astonishing how soon they learn our currency. A good thing occurred *however in this connection*, with the keeper of a small lager beer saloon, in a certain neighborhood who undertook to teach his assistant, a thick-headed sprout of "Faderland," the difference between fivepence and sixpence, when such things were in circulation, and before they were bought up and hoarded.

"Yah," said John, "I understand."

A wag of a loafer, who overheard the lecture, immediately conceived the idea of a "saw" and "lager beer" gratis, for that day at least. Procuring a three cent piece, he watched the departure of the "boss," and going up to John, he called for a "beer," throwing down the coin and looking as if he expected the change John, who remembered his recent lesson, took up the piece, and muttering to himself, "mitout te vomans—tish von sixpence," he handed over three coppers, change. How often the aforesaid drank that day, we know not; it depended upon his thirst and the number of times he could exchange three coppers for three cent pieces; but when the boss came home at night, the number of small coin astonished him.

"Vat ish dese, Shon, you dake so many?"

"Sixpence," replied John, with a peculiar satisfied leer.

'Sixpence! Dunder and blitzen! You dake all dese for sixpence! Who from?"

"De man mit peared like Kossuth; he drink all day mit himself."

"Der teufel! You give him change every *time, Shon?*"

"Y-a-h!" said John, with a vacant stare.

"Der teufel catch de Yankees! was all the astonished Dutchman could say.

In a speech at the Grant gratitude meeting in New York, *Judge Daly* deprecated the use of the designation Copperhead in the present political controversies. If any man does not want to be called a Copperhead, let him not behave like one. When a man is so much of a snake and a sneak, a crawling creature, and a venomous reptile as to wound the the flag in the house of its friends, and to lift up his hand against the security of his home and the bread upon his table, there is no name in the vocabulary of scorn, derision and contempt, which he does not richly deserve to be known by as long as he lives and after he dies.

A beggar's threadbare suit may be a fine court dress—a dress for the court of Heaven.

The winds and waters have myriad voices, and all of them are solemn.

If you undertake to oversee too many jobs, you will overlook a part.

"What a Dirty Set they Are!"

There was no mistaking the tones. The words were scornfully—almost bitterly—spoken, and the speaker pressed the skirts of her costly dress close to her person so as to escape the touch of "the boys in blue."—Tone, look, and manner could not have expressed more, had each soldier as he tramped wearly by, been the embodiment of infection. We were angered at first, and then grew sad as we looked upon the beautiful and richly arrayed speaker. Such was not the type of womanhood which gave us the *fathers, husbands, brothers, sons,* and *lovers* who trod the wilderness of carnage for seven long years that their children might enter into and possess the land of Freedom. She was fair to look upon, but we turned from her with pity and loathing. With life would end her history. Like the worthless bauble that she was, she would be forgotten when the Nightengales of our hospitals and the mothers of our Gracchi shall live in the scripture of Fame. The costly pin that rose and fell upon her indignant bosom, was a mockery by the side of the broken plumes of the cavalrymen from the war. And, as we turned from her costly trappings to the worn and faded ones of the troopers each of the latter grew into knight of more than kingly main, and the begrimed blue was touched with the kindling halo of the glory of heroism. They were the weary, worn, soiled children of the Republic, seamed in conflict, bronzed with battle glare; the fragments of a history whose chapters shall record the highest and holiest sacrifices of heroic devotion and patriotic martyrdom.—"Dirty set!" God forgive the unworthy daughter of a periled republic. We could have kissed each swarthy cheek, and with brow reverently bowed in their iron hardened palms, wept our gratitude for what they had suffered. The blue *was* soiled—dirty call it, but it was soiled in the camp, the march, the battle, the long night-watch, the breach and the bivouac. They went on their way home to spend a month, all too brief, with loved ones, and then again to follow the old standard to the music of musketry and cannon. Dirty now, madam, but soon to cast their faded gear, and burst into the beauty of vestures which are fadeless. Brothers! may the God of battles—of our fathers—*march with you.* Whether you again return in faded blue and with these weather-beaten knapsacks. He only knows. You are of the common soldiery, but each the loved child of the Republic. Monuments which landmark the proudest events of time are builded of the *lives* of such. They make history. The laurel of battle-triumph bears the deepened bloom of blood from the ranks. The common soldier saves the Republic and Freedom.—*Wisconsin Chief.*

The Swearer and the Priest.

In the Summer of 18—I was employed for a time by one of our neighbors, whose hired man was an Irish Roman Catholic, and a very profane swearer. Often his employer remonstrated with him, but to no avail.—At last I could no longer remain silent, and as he was pouring forth the full current of his profane eloquence against the heat of the day, I said, "Richard, are you a Roman Catholic?" "Yes," was the prompt reply. "Do you *love the priest?*" "Yes," "Does he allow you to swear?" "No." "Then why do you do it, when he tells you it is wrong?" "O, he is not here now, and I do as I please." "Then you do not swear in his presence?" "No, indeed." "Which do you love best, God or the priest?" "God, of course."—"How is it, then, if you love God better than the priest, that you would swear so in the presence of God, whom you know is always with you?"

He said no more, but I believe it had the desired effect, for I never heard him swear afterwards. How many are there who, like this poor man, would blush to take God's name in vain in the presence of their friends, yet do it daily without fear or shame in the presence of Him who has said, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.—*Am. Messenger.*

A CONDUCTOR DEAD BEAT.—A corpulent and good natured conductor on the Columbus and Cleveland railroad, and one of the best in the country, was sold the other day in a singular manner. His train, the morning express, was rolling towards Cleveland at the rate of forty miles an hour, when several men were noticed on the track ahead, who, upon the approach of the train, ran up the embankment and commenced gesticulating in the most energetic manner. The engineer supposing that the men intended to warn him of a broken rail or a ruined bridge whistled down the brakes and stopped the engine, but the train was running so fast that it could not be stopped until the men were passed. The clever conductor, in order to save time, leaped from the train and ran back to inquire "what in thunder was the matter, that they should gesticulate in that manner, and stop the train." "The devil take your train," responded one of the men, as he danced about and struck out at the air. "We didn't stop your train—We ran into a *blasted humble bees' nest, and are fightin' 'em!*" The conductor regained his train as speedily as possible, the whistle was sounded and the train dashed away to make up time, leaving the men on the track behind, still fighting the enraged bees.

LOVE.—Love is the weapon which Omnipotence reserved to conquer rebel man, when all else had failed. Reason the parrot; fear he answers blow to blow; but love—that sun against whose melting beams winter cannot stand—that soft, subduing slumber which wrestles with the giant—there is not one human creature in a million, not a thousand men on earth's large population, whose clacy heart is hardened against love.

THE MILITIA LAW.

The following is a summary, for popular use, of the principal points of the malitia law of this State, as amended by the Legislature which has just adjourned:

THE MILITIA.

The militia consists of able bodied white citizens between twenty-one and forty-five years, except idiots, lunities, drunkards, vagabonds, paupers, and criminals.

EXEMPTS.

The citizens exempt from enrollment are those physically disabled, members and officers of Legislature, heads of State departments at Harrisburg, judges and clerks of of courts, sheriffs, recorders of deeds, registers of wills, prothonotaries, and district attorneys; militia officers who have served seven, or volunteers who have served three years.

DRILLING.

The enrolled militia must drill by companies thrice, and by regiments at least twice a year. The penalty for non-attendance is five dollars perdium for officers, and thee dollars for privates.

DIVISIONS AND BRIGADES.

The State is divided into twenty militia "Divisions." Each county is a seperate "Brigade," except Philadelphia (which is *four*) and Pittsburg (which is *one*).

UNIFORM.

The enrolled militia must uniform themselves. The State allows for each uniform $6 The penalty for neglect or refusal is $25.

ACTIVE SERVICE.

The militia is not liable to be called into active service, except in case of invasion, insurrection, riot or tumult made or threatened, or in obedience to the orders of the Governor. When in service the militia receive the same pay as United States troops, and the families of dead or wounded are entitled to pensions.

A SPECIAL STATE GUARD.

The Governor possesses all needful powers to organize the entire State militia, and in addition has special power to organize as many regiments as he may think proper (not exceeding fifteen), to be called the Pennsylvania State Guard. The companies of this organization elect their own officers. This State Guard may be kept in service as long as deemed necessary, not exceeding three years, and the men may be raised by draft in the whole or any particular part of the Commonwealth. When drafted either into the State Guard or the regular militia, the man must appear in person, or by substitute, or else "suffer such punishment as a court martial may determine."

GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE LAW.

The militia bill and its two supplements comprehend an immense mass of details, and define the duties and powers of officers, enrollers and assessors, the method of arming, equipping, etc. The three laws, consisting in the aggregate of about two hundred sections, are in the hands of the State Printer, will be printed by authority of the Legislature, at an early day. The militia of Pennsylvania, like those of any other State, are made subject to the call of the General Government at any time.

Rules for Home Education.

The following rules are worthy of being printed in letters of gold, and placed in a conspicuous position in every household:

1 From your children's earliest infancy inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.

2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean exactly what you say.

3. Never promise them anything unless you are sure you can give them what you promise.

4. If you tell a child to do anything show him how to do it, and see that it is done.

5. Always punish your children for willfully disobeying you, but never punish in anger.

6. Never let them see that they can vex you, or make you lose your self-command.

7. If they give way to petulance and temper wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.

8. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening a greater punishment should the fault be renewed.

9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.

10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances, at another.

11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good is to be good.

12. Accustom them to make their little recitals in perfect truth.

13. Never allow tale bearing.

14. Teach them that self-denial, not self-indulgence, is the appointed and sure method of obtaining happiness.

The Seneca Advertiser tells the following "The good pastor of a certain church not a thousand miles from this place, a few sabbaths ago, when about to baptize a child reproved the flock after the following fashion: —My dear people, I fear you are neglecting parental duties, as this is only the second child presented for baptism, during my pastoral connection with this church." (Consternation among the crinoline.)

A young lady down East advertises for the young man that "embraced an opportunity," and says that if he will come over to their town he can do much better.

Terrible Accident.

As a gentleman was walking in his garden the other day, on the edge of the heights, he became lost in a reverie, and on going further, he discovered two clothes horses which he took into his stable and quickly broke; he then put the yolk of an egg on their necks and secured them to a wagon by the bonds of matrimony; then he covered them with sheet lightning to protect them from the fire—after which he jumped at a conclusion and into the wagon at the same time, sat on the seat of Government, seized the reigns of several kings in one hand, and the whip of top in the other, and drove dull care away. After passing through the gait of a Buffalo, and over ground coffee for three miles, he crossed the track of a snail, where he was run into by a train of thought, by which he was dashed head over heels into a stream of eloquence, and nearly drowned in metaphors; his wagon was broken to pieces against the rock of a cradle; by industry he soon gained the Dime Saving's Bank, where he made a boat from the bark of a pidric wolf, and fitted it up with a mast made of the north pole and two auction sales.—After fishing around for ideas for two or three days, he then sailed down the stream of time to its mouth where he landed on a tongue of land; he was here but a short time when he was seized with a curious sensation, and thrown into the goal of love, and secured by a chain of lightning, which was fastened by a thunderbolt to the rock of ages. Here he was occupied some time in catching cold.—On the next Fourth of July gave him his liberty in a tobacco box for a Christmas present, and read him the report of two hundred pound Parrot, after which he returned home in a quandary, and has ever since sat in a brown study, from which it is hoped he will recover before the laps of many ladies shall pass of over his head.

A Battle that was not Fought.

Many years ago two boys differed about some trifling matter, while at play, and one of them challenged the other to fight. The challenge was accepted, and the heroes went into an adjoining field to settle the quarrel. Jackets and caps were thrown on the ground, and all was in readiness, but each appeared unwilling to strike the first blow.

"Now, then, strike me if you dare," said the younger boy, with a fierce countenance.

His companion looked at him, but did not strike. At length he said:

"Nay, I'm sure I have nothing to strike you for."

"Well, then," said the other, who had provided the quarrel at first, "let us be good friends again, for I have nothing to strike for either."

They dressed, and left the field, without striking each other a blow, and never quarreled again.

One of them now holds a very respectable position as a teacher of youth. How few battles would be fought, either among young people or old, if, in imitation of these boys, the disputants would try to find a reason for a quarrel before they strike a blow.

A PREACHER ARRESTED FOR STEALING HORSES.—The Rev. Daniel Nishwander, Late of the "Tunker" persuasion was arrested in this county, on Thursday, by several farmers residing in the Broad Fording District, upon the charge of steeling horses.—It appears that these farmers were passing through the pines, when they discovered several horses secreted there which they knew had been stolen from some of their neighbors a few days before,—after consultation among the farmers it was determined that they should remain near where the horses were secreted and watch to see who would call to take the animals away. They had not waited long, however, before Nishwander was seen to approach cautiously through the bushes. He had not proceeded far before he found he was discovered, when he immediately started to run, but upon several shots being fired at him he "brought up" with a "round turn." Nishwander was secured, and brought to this town where he was held to bail in the sum of $900 for his appearance at the November term of court.—*Hagerstown Herald.*

EVENING MEDITATION.—In the stillness of the hour, away from the busy crowd, we should listen to the voice that speaks from within, and to those who, having gone hence now from the abodes of the blest, call us to come on high. Still are they with us—those departed ones—to rebuke us for our earthliness and sin, to elevate our affections and to secure our allegiance to virtue and to God. Then conscience speaks; how severe its rebuke when we have yielded to the force of evil. How blest its benedictions, when we overcome temptation, and prove true to the aspirations of our noble nature! Then we are better prepared to estimate the true value of existance, and to consider its only worthy aims, to scrutinize our own hearts and detect the sophistries of sin; and then we can trace up to their various sources the streams which feed our inner life, and if we give ourselves with a good degree of faithfulness to this work we may rest assured that these solitary musings will make us purer and better men.

WELL PUT.—On the occasion of the National Fast, the Rev. Dr. Robinson, of the theological Seminary, preached in the Central Presbyterion Church of Rochester N. Y., and very pertinently asked:

What man can write his will and say, this goes down to my posterity, that I helped to arrest this war before its work is done? I should be ashamed to have it said of me, that for property or any other selfish consideration, I proved false to the issues of this Civil War of 1861. We are not exhausted—We cannot be exhausted, even if it is carried down to the next generation. And we ought to carry it to the next generation, rather than abandon it before its work is done.

Duties of a Wife.

The first duty of a wife is submission, reverence and deference to the husband.

The Bible commands the husband to love the wife, but it does not say one word of the wife's loving the husband: that is taken for granted.

She should acquiesce in the authority of her husband.

She should have submission to the reasonable authority of the husband, not like that of the servant to the master, but a quiet submission which tends to her own advantage more than her husbands.

Some women are weak enough to marry husband's to rule them.

Such marriages are always unhappy, as the wife acknowledges she marries a fool, and is obliged to drag him after all her life, and in the end finds she has less advantage over him than she supposed.

Women should submit as our first mother Eve had the sentence passed on her that her husband should be her desire, and should rule over her.

CURE OF SMALL-POX.—The treatment of small pox in the State Almshouse in Massachusetts, where the disease has prevailed during the last three months, has been singularly successful. Out of about sixty cases but one fatal result has occurred, and that was in the case of a man who was taken to the house from a neighboring town in the last stage of the disease. The remedy used was a tea made from a plant known in the Materia Medica as Sarracenia purpurea, familiarly called Ladies, Saddle or water cup, the medicinal virtue lies in the root. The effect of the remedy, which has been newly discovered and found remarkable efficient whenever tried, is to allay the feaver and irritation caused by the formation of pustules, which are rapidly dried up, leaving but slight, if any traces of the malady.

CHRONICLES.—Who weareth long faces? Who curseth the times and calleth them hard? Who openeth his house of business and placeth his goods, wares and merchandise in the door, and seeth the multitude pass by and none buyeth? Who is obliged to sell inferior articles at large prices? Who feeleth chagrined at beholding the prosperity of others around him, while Fortune evades his house? He who advertiseth not; and the people say: He hath a penurious soul, and they avoid his place of business, and buy not his wares.

COPPERHEAD HOWLING.—You often hear Copperhead grog-shop keepers, generally the worst of the class, talk loudly about the destruction of life in the war for preserving the best Government the sun ever shone upon. Now the rum sellers slaughter more people by their infernal traffic in a year than are killed in all the armies, but you never hear them howling about their murdering the people to the tune of *forty thousand annually.*

A broth of an Irish boy ran off with an old Dutchman's daughter, at Markleville.—The old fellow waxed exceedingly wroth, but, being very fat, and unable to catch the Irishman and Katrina, he swore that he had a notion to go and "fight mit Sigel."

In an Eastern town the postmaster has, by skilful manoevering, managed to retain his office from the time of Harrison and Tylor, down to the present day. Being asked how he managed to keep his office through so many changes of Administration, he repiled that "it would take a mighty smart Administration to change quicker than he could."

An old clergyman one Sunday, at the close of the sermon, gave notice to the congregation that in the course of the week he expected to go on a mission to the heathens. One of his parishioners, in great agitation exclaimed. "Why my dear, Sir, you never told us one word of this before! what shall we do?" "Oh, brother," said the parson, "I don't expect to go out of this town!"

'O, dear me!' exclaimed Henricita, throwing herself into the rocking chair, 'I'll never go to the post-office again to be looked out of countenance by all those provoking men on the corner. What can I do, Sarah Jane, to stop those awful men staring me so in the face?'

"Do as I do,' replied Sarah Jane, with a sly look, 'show your anklo.'

'Humble as I am,' said a bullying old spouter, 'I still remember that I'm a fraction of this magnificent republic.' 'You are, indeed,' said a bystander, 'and a vulgar one at that.'

Oh! whistle, daughter, whistle, and you shall have a cow. I never whistled in my life, and I can't whistle now Oh! whistle, daughter, whistle, and you shall have a man. I never whistled in my life, but I'll whistle if I can.

News from the Nursery.—The child who cried for an hour, one day last week, didn't get it.

Why is a pudding like a siege? Because fire and batter, are necessary for both.

A new sign for a tavern has recently been invented—Dewdrop Inn (do drop in.)

Why is the letter H like the dying words of Adam? Ans.—"This is the end of earth."

Why is the letter J like the end of spring? Ans.—Because it is the beginning of June.

Why is the letter K like a pig's tail?—Ans.—Because it is the end of pork.

Why is the letter L like a young lady giving away her sweetheart to another? Ans.—Because it makes *over a lover.*

A military definition of a kiss would be a report at headquarters.