

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



THE COPPERHEADS.

There is a snake we all should dread,
It is the southern copperhead,
Its head is big, its heart is black,
In treacherous deeds it nothing lacks.

It's laid concealed for many years,
And of this snake we've had our fears,
And when the south commenced to rout
This southern snake came crawling out.

And now it creeps both high and low
To see what mischief it can do,
And if northern men would not be bit
They must always watch for it.

Along our path it lays concealed,
To bite the traveler in the heel,
It takes him with great surprise,
And when he looks around it flies.

It opens its treacherous mouth
To corrupt our armies in the south,
Causing many to withdraw
And die as rebels by our law.

There is a king over this clan,
His name is spelled Vallandigham,
His men are all a butternut hue,
What he commands they all will do.

They all are of a southern breed,
Of old Jeff. Davis' cursed seed,
Rebellion, treason is in their heart,
South and north they wish to part.

In South Carolina they first were known,
Their great grand-pap was John Calhoun—
When Jackson saw his rebel head
He struck, and wished he'd killed him dead.

But in his hole he crawled away
And there he coiled until the day
That James Buchanan took his seat,
He then crawled out on his feet.

When old Buck saw this southern snake
He kissed and coiled him around his neck,
And in his bosom let him sleep,
And when he eat the snake did eat.

If Buck had stamped him with his power,
He would have killed this monster in an hour,
Killed and destroyed that cursed nest,
These States would now have been at rest.

Buck loved this serpent as his life,
It's said he had no other wife,
And from this snake raised up a clan
That is now called Vallandigham.

They have no rattles on their tails
Scarce leave a mark in their trails,
With secret signs they crawl along
Sticking out their forked tongues.

Deware! beware! ye northern States,
Kill and destroy these southern snakes
This fall will be the very day
These southern serpents a li to slay.

Ye Union men meet at the polls
Where these snakes will show their folds,
Union votes will be the shot
To kill these snakes and let them rot.

As old Buck long ago has died
His flesh has into venison dried,
Around his neck those serpents hang,
As victims o'er Vallandigham.

May the great God protect our arms,
Union victories for the crown,
Till in this free republic land
A copperhead cannot be found.

ALONE, YET ALWAYS FRIENDS AROUND.

In sorrow's darkest hour,
When all around is drear,
I muse on days gone by
And straightway dies despair.

For those pure forms draw nigh
Who once were by my side,
Whose faith and truth, and love
In weal and woe were tried;

As blissful thoughts like these abound,
Alone, yet always friends around.

'Tis true they're in the tomb,
Their mortal weaker part,
But still I have them near,
In mind, in soul, in heart.

We talk as once we did,
When eyes no tears betrayed,
When roses deck'd the cheeks,
And ringlets round them played;

As blissful thoughts like these abound,
Alone, yet always friends around.

Ob, memory, sweetest gift
On mortals e'er bestowed!
Oh, joy unspeakable
Which from your fount hath flow'd!

While memory yet is mine,
And I the past can trace
Though in a desert land,
I'm in a peopled place.

As blissful thoughts like these abound,
Alone, yet always friends around.

We have some doctors in our midst,
Whose talents they should use,
By practicing the healing art—
Healing boots and shoes.

The minister, whose sage advice
A useful moral teaches,
Should mind and watch as pray—
And practice what he preaches.

Life is a great poem, and pure and happy
Life is the sweetest of its stanzas.

Constitutional Rights.

So much has been said by the Copperheads in the press and before the people, that many well-disposed citizens have come to entertain the belief that the rebels are entitled to certain constitutional rights and privileges, which are withheld from them by the Government of the United States. Now let us see how the matter stands.

What constitutional rights can they claim? By rebelling against the Government they cast off its protection. They reject its authority in every thing which concerns their political obligations and privileges. They repudiate its authority, and have set up a new rule by which they profess to be governed. Upon their own theory they stand excluded from its purview.

This they profess; this they openly declare, and they laugh to scorn the mistaken sympathies and support of the Northern men with Southern principles, who disturb the atmosphere of loyalty with their echoes of treason.

Then, upon the profession of the rebels, they are entitled to no rights under the Constitution, and it is unkind on the part of their Copperhead friends to use in their behalf grounds of support which they reject with disdain.

But aside from their own pretensions, why should they be treated differently from other violators of the law? We seek to bring them to an account for their misdeeds, and propose to give them a fair trial in pursuance of the principles of justice. To this as offenders they may be considered as entitled, but nothing more. The thief has no just claim to the property he has stolen and carried away, and the absurdity of allowing his pretensions to hold in pursuance of his imaginary notions of equality, is not more apparent than the idea of the Copperheads in attempting to invoke for traitors the sanction of the Constitution, which they continually spurn, for their crimes.

It is clear that the rebels have forfeited their political rights. They are excluded by their own deliberate actions, from the ranks of good citizens, and until they lay down their arms and give up unconditionally their opposition to the Government, they must be regarded as outlaws beyond the pale of the Constitution, and the just subjects of pursuit and punishment by the military and civil power of the country.

The Election.

Our whole country is profoundly excited by the approaching Presidential election, and few of either sex or of any age are not earnestly enlisted as partisans, and look with hope and fear to its political results. It is, by the confession of all, a momentous issue which is involved, each party loudly asserting that the salvation of the country depends on their respective success. We participate in the general anxiety. Much, very much, must instrumentally depend on the direction which the November election may take. The national weal is concerned, yet it is not to be feared that the great masses of the community, carried away by the excitement, look more to themselves than to God, to secure a happy result? Who, retiring daily from the surrounded commotion, seeks his closet, and shutting the door to the outward din, appeals to God, who holds the hearts of all men in his hand, to give a right direction to the contest at the polls? While all are zealously at work in strengthening their respective parties, do they suppose that the Supreme Ruler of nations is an unconcerned spectator, who is wholly regardless of the result? Is it not by Him that the question is to be settled in judgement or in love? If the great political parties into which the nation is divided, instead of relying on their party organizations, and indulging in foregone conclusions, would submit the whole to the arbitration of God, they would act more reasonably and wisely. He has a purpose to accomplish, which, as yet, is inscrutable to us; and it is best to commit the whole to His disposal. Prayer, humble and fervent, can never be useless—and especially at a time like the present; and if it alter not the purpose of God, it will, at least, have the happy effect of rendering us submissive. Now, then, is the time for prayer. Our beloved country is in a labyrinth of difficulties and dangers, and the Most High alone can bring us safely through. While the ungodly may scoff at this, Christians may well be exhorted to spend much of the interval in private supplications that God would move the hearts of voters to make a right selection of their candidate, and help to a happy decision.—*Presbyterian.*

THE HUMAN PULSE—The human pulse has, in all ages, been consulted as to an index of health or disease. It is a kind of dial which gives us both the measure of time and health. The pulse of a person in health beats about seventy times a minute. In seventy years the pulse of a temperate person beats two billion, five hundred and seventy-four million, four hundred and forty thousand times. If no actual disorganization should happen, a drunken person might live until his pulse beats this number of times; but by the constant stimulus of ardent spirits, or by pulse quickening food, the pulse becomes greatly accelerated, and the two billion, five hundred and seventy-four million, four hundred and forty thousand pulsations, are performed in little more than half the ordinary term of human life, and a life goes out in forty or forty-five years instead of seventy. This application of numbers is given to show that the acceleration of these forces diminishes the term of human life.—*Medical Journal.*

When a man is happy, every effort to express his happiness mars its completeness. The letters of the dead, friends whom we dearly loved look dim, but maybe the dimness is near the eyes after all.

The Moon and the Weather.

Mr. Meriam lately deceased, who probably watched the weather, and made more close and accurate observations with instruments, for over thirty years, than any man living, declares that in all his experience he has never been able to perceive that the moon has the least influence upon the weather. And yet what multitudes believe in this rank heresy! How they run to the almanacs to see when the moon is "new," when it "quarters," and when it is "full," and predict changes in the weather at these points. The fact is, the moon is new, or quarter, or full, once a week the year round; and in our variable climate, the weather changes often—about once a week—when it does not remain unaltered for weeks; and so, if a change in the weather takes place anywhere near the change in the moon, she is the author of the change. I have known educated men cling to this notion instilled into their childhood. I have known men who are careful not to plant—especially beans, in the old of the moon. And I put it to my reader, who, as I have no doubt, is wise and well educated, and free from all superstition, had you not a "jeetle" rather see the new moon over the right shoulder than over the left?—Don't you always think of it when you see the new moon? Can you tell why? It is one of those old roots which time and Christianity have not removed. So many had rather see a crow fly over the right shoulder, than over the left—a remnant of the old Roman notions and omens. The number and variety of superstition which still linger and burrow in the world, like the remnant of the old Canaanites whom Israel "could not drive out," is far larger than most suppose. My wonder is, not that there are so many roots of the old tree remaining, but that Christianity has done so much toward removing them. I see no time when we may expect them all to be removed.—*Dr. Todd.*

The Fading Leaf.

"We all do fade as a leaf." Sometimes all the glory, all the gorgeous beauty of the year seems centered in the season of the fading leaf. Who has not admired the beauty of our late autumn landscapes? Hills and mountains are clothed in colored robes, whose tints rival God's bow of promise. The verdure and freshness of early spring, the shades of the sultry summer are forgotten in the richness of the autumn's coloring. The former seasons are beautiful, but the latter is more beautiful. Every forest and tree and shrub clothes itself for death in its richest garments and every fading leaf dies in a blaze of glory.

This is a beautiful emblem of Christian life, and the Christian death. The Christian life is beautiful, and as we look at one living such a life, we are apt to think that it is the highest possible earthly manifestation of heavenly beauty. Can anything surpass the Christian life—a life with Christ—a life in God—a life of trust and faith, of love and hope—a life sustained by promises and strengthened by trials and purified by afflictions—can anything surpass the Christian life? Aye, a Christian death can surpass it. The beauties of living well are eclipsed by the beauties of dying well. As the dying believer goes down into the dark valley of the shadow of death with unshaken faith and unflinching hope, as he steps down into the swelling waters, leaning upon the Beloved's arm, the terrors of death are almost forgotten in the beauty and sublimity of dying.—Like the autumn tree the Christian is most beautiful as he fades. Like the setting sun the Christian is most glorious as he sinks to rest. The believer's best hours are his last. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

But herein we do not fade like a leaf.—We know when to expect the coming of autumn, with its biting frost and its "sere and yellow leaf," but we know not when to expect the coming of death. All days and months are alike to him. The old man of an hundred years may die no sooner than the child of yesterday. Death makes no discrimination between different periods of life and different seasons of the year. The Summer and the Autumn, the bleak Winter and the genial Spring are alike harvest seasons for the King of Terrors.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North winds breath,
And stars to set—but all
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain
But who shall teach us where to look for thee?"
—*Christian Instructor.*

October.

With dyed garments of crimson and sandals of gold the prophet walks once more upon the hills, and proclaims the feast of the year to the inhabitants of the earth. The orchards are mighty tables bending under the weight of the great banquet which October has piled upon them. The air is delicious nectar, which we can quaff without measure or price. Then there is the wonderful architecture and paintings of the sunsets; the white embroideries of mists veiled with gold upon the hills; the stately splendor of the trees as the frost fishes them into their last glory; and the tender, serene, solemn light that has a parting in its smile, not exactly sad, but yearning and tender, as the last smile of one who goes home to heaven.

"October!" It is the farewell of the year—its "Pisno" of beauty. Beyond it lies decay and death, but the face of October is not one that mourns, it is a face which says, serene and victorious, "I have finished the work which Thou givest me to do!" Oh, readers, if our lines fall into autumn, may their last days be calm, serene, rejoicing, like October's.

Your oldest story becomes now when you have a new auditor.

How Gen. Grant First Entered the Service for the War.

Never was the quotation, "Man proposes, but God disposes," more strikingly exemplified than in the following anecdote of Gen. Grant:

At the commencement of the rebellion an Illinois representative called upon Governor Yates, to recommend to him Mr. Grant as a fit person for some military position. The Governor had received applications from some men over six feet in height and of muscular frames, and therefore curiously eyed the small man, attired in homespun, that stood before him as an applicant. He then asked his grounds for making the application.

"I was educated at West Point," said Grant, "at the country's expense. I served in Mexico, and when I went out to Oregon I thought I had returned to the country an equivalent for my education; so I resigned. The country is now in trouble, and I wish to serve her in her need."

Governor Yates had no appointment for him, and he therefore left. A short time after this occurrence, the Governor was very much distressed in regard to the raising of the quota of the State. He had plenty of offers for officers positions, but he personally did not know the merits of regimental organizations—how many privates composed a company, or how many subordinate officers there should be in a regiment. In his distress he asked the representative if that plain little man to whom he had been introduced knew anything of these matters. The representative replied by bringing Grant into the Governor's presence.

"Do you understand the organization of troops?" inquired the Governor.

The reply was in the affirmative.

"Will you accept a desk in my office for that purpose?" was the next question.

"Anything to serve my country," was Grant's reply.

And to work he at once went; and but for this, Grant might still be unknown to the world. By his energy, Illinois became noted for the speed with which she filled her quota.

When the 21st Illinois volunteers were organized, a fine looking man was chosen by the company officers as the colonel, but having no military capacity the regiment fell into disorder and became the terror of the neighborhood where it was encamped. The Governor refused to commission the nominee of the regiment, and asked Grant if he thought he could bring the turbulent mass to order if he were appointed colonel of the regiment. Grant thought he could. Half an hour afterwards an application was made to the Governor to send a regiment to Quincy—one hundred and twenty miles distant—but the trouble with the Governor was not the want of men, but the lack of transportation.

"Send my regiment," said Grant, "and I will soon find transportation."

The command was given, and before night the regiment was under orders to march.—On foot the regiment was transported to Quincy, and when the men were encamped they were reported as belonging to one of the best disciplined regiments of Illinois volunteers.

A Romance of the War.

The Memphis Argus tells the following story:

"We learn from a gentleman lately from Morganza, Louisiana, that there is now on trial at that place, by court martial, a young officer, attached as adjutant to a New York regiment, charged with attempting to betray his men into an ambuscade. It seems that the unfortunate young man became enamored of a young lady, the daughter of a wealthy planter, residing not far from the coast, and that, desiring to make her his wife, he proposed and was accepted, on condition that he would betray his command to a Confederate force to be conveniently ambushed. In an ill starred moment he accepted the proposition. Accordingly plans were laid, and the commander of the Confederate forces near was communicated with. A proper pretext given, on the day appointed the whole force at Morganza was marched up in search of the enemy, who, it had been ascertained had been deprelating upon the neighboring plantations. Before they had gone far the Colonel commanding, from the awkwardness of the traitor, suspecting that all was not right, halted the column and posting pickets secretly, immediately commenced an investigation, which resulted in the confession of a sergeant of one of the companies who had been intrusted with the secret by the adjutant. The Colonel thereupon marched his men back to quarters and promptly ordered a court martial for the officer, who there is little doubt, will be convicted. If this does not smack off the romance of war, nothing that we have heard of in the past four years can be so accounted.

A genius down East intends applying for a patent for a machine which he says, when wound up and set in motion, will chase a hog over a ten-acre lot, catch, yoke and ring him; or by a slight change in the gearing, it will chop him into sausage meat, work his bristles into shoe-brushes, and manufacture his tail into a pork-screw.

Fenelon, standing by the coffin of one he most tenderly loved, and for whom he would most cheerfully have died a thousand deaths, cried, "There he lies, and all my worldly happiness lies dead with him. But if the turning of a straw would call him back to life, I would not for ten thousand worlds, be the turner of that straw in opposition to the will of God."

No science is entirely disconnected with the rest; the feet cannot move without the hands.

Man is imitated by four things, an echo, a shadow, an ape and a mirror.

"Chuck Me Out"

Among the first class restaurants in Boston is one kept in S— street, by W—. Among the visitors who entered the place this spring was a semi-clerical looking gentleman, who ordered up a broiled quail and a dozen fried oysters. While discussing these delicacies he touched the bell and requested the waiter to send the proprietor to him. The waiter complied, and in a few minutes afterwards the semi-clerical looking gentleman was in cosy colloquy with Mr. W— about matters and things in general.

"By the way, W—, what was the trouble with that young man I saw you in an altercation with on Friday evening last?"

"He contracted a bill to the amount of two dollars and then refused to square up."

"And what did you do with him?"

"Chucked him out of doors."

"Nothing else?"

"No, going to law don't pay. To have obtained two dollars worth of money by means of litigation would have consumed ten dollars worth of time."

"Then all you do is to chuck them out, as you say? Well, that may be a wise plan, but I doubt it. By the way, what kind of wines have you got?"

"As good an article of Heidsieck as you can find in this city. Will you have a bottle?"

"On one condition, and that is, that you join me in its imbibition."

"With pleasure, sir."

The bell again tinkled—a white jacket appeared in the doorway—the white jacket vanished. In a moment the white jacket reappeared, bringing in a silver top on a javenport salver. The wine was poured out, duly iced, and disposed of. In a few moments after this W— begged to be excused, and left his friend to finish up the quail. The friend did so, and then re-appeared in the bar room.

"Where can I find a little water to dip my fingers in?"

"In the wash-bowl by the looking-glass."

The stranger crossed the room, took a wash, brushed up his whiskers, adjusted his cravat, and once more sought the proprietor.

Mr. W—, I have really enjoyed myself. I cannot recollect when I have ever relished wine and quail with a greater zest."

"Happy to hear you say so."

"As a memento of the little repast, I have one slight favor to ask."

"What is it?"

"Chuck me out."

"You don't mean to say that you have been doing me?"

"I don't mean to say anything else. I have not the first red cent; and, if you want pay for the quails, oysters and wine, you must do as I said before—chuck me out."

"W— could hear no more. He made a rush to the kitchen to get the cheese knife. While he was absent, our semi-clerical friend dashed out of the side door, and when last seen was rushing north at the rate of fourteen miles an hour.

What the Copperheads Have Done

They have embarrassed the national government at every step in the progress of the pending war.

They have sympathized with the enemy arrayed in arms against us, and seek the ruin of the Republic and the humiliation of the free States.

They have defended the conduct of the rebellious States, and charged the responsibility of the war wholly upon the anti-slavery sentiment of the North.

They have opposed every effort of the government to procure reinforcements for the army, fomenting popular disturbances to arrest the draft, and leading the people to believe that if they enlisted it would only be to aid in an abolition war, conducted by blundering and incompetent generals, and an equally untrustworthy War Department.

They have augmented the national debt by artfully depreciating the national currency, so that the government has been obliged to pay nearly three times as much for its supplies as there was any occasion for.

They have increased the burdens of the people by the same process in order to make the war unpopular, and thus compel an ignominious peace.

They have underrated every success of the Union armies in the field, and exaggerated every rebel success, however slight; they have systematically magnified the perils and troubles of our armies, depreciated the abilities and achievements of every successful Union general and extolled every rebel leader, they have made much of imaginary dangers in our path, regularly exaggerated the forces of the rebels, at the same time that they have underrated ours.

They have assailed every general of our armies who was known to have his sympathies with us in this war, whether he were Democrat or Republican, and they have defended every general known to be of pro-slavery proclivities whether successful or unsuccessful.

They have proven by their actions that they would rather save slavery than the Union.

They have defended every domestic traitor, however rank his treason.

Why are two young ladies kissing each other an emblem of Christianity? Because they are doing unto each other as they would men should do unto them.

The man who goes for the killing of all dogs is probably a thief.

To ejaculate "God help the poor," is one of the cheapest charities.

Those who teach the doctrine of total depravity are apt to live up to it.

Often the ill-set arm of humanity must be broken afresh so as to be rightly healed.

John's Love Compared with Paul's

Love in John's heart is something like a divine complacency and satisfaction, a calm unruffled lake, the reflected heaven slumbering around it. Paul's love is not like a divine complacency. It is much more like what one can fancy a scorching fever fire.—It cannot lie still.—It rests not day or night. It cannot be hid. Blaze after blaze bursts forth brighter and brighter still. John lies basking, so to speak, in the full sunshine of his Saviour's love; and so he seems as if he would fain just lie still and enjoy it. This is my rest, here will I dwell, for I have desired it.—Paul, like the skylark roused from its lonely bed by the rising sun, spreads forth its willing wing; away he soars to heaven; and as he soars, he sings, far above the world, the praises of that Saviour who hath called him out of darkness: into his marvellous light. John's love was like his life—calm, still, either leaning on Jesus' bosom, or seeing visions in the lonely sea girt Patmos. Paul's love was life too; every journeying to Damascus, or shipwrecked on his way to Rome, or fighting with wild beasts at Ephesus, or daring to carry the Gospel into the very palaces of the Cæsars.—*Rev. R. B. Nichol.*

A Long Face.

A well known frequenter of Third street, stopped yesterday in a barber's shop, close to the North American building, sat in a shaving chair, drew a newspaper from his pocket, and instructed the knight of the razor to take off his beard. The barber was an African. He simply replied "yes, boss," and produced his implements. The customer sat down. He was duly shaved. His face was wiped, and he arose, donned his coat and hat.

"How much?" he asked, in a dolorous voice, as he adjusted his shirt collar.

"Fifteen cents, boss."

"Why, I thought you shaved for ten cents at this shop?"

"Dat ar's the average, sah," was the reply.

"Four cents is de price of a shave in dis vor shop. You come in here, sah, and read de news of Sheridan's victory, and your face got about six inches longer than when you came in. If your face was like it was afore you read dat yar news, ten cents was de price."

When you commenced to read about de defeat of Early, den yar face stretched down a foot of four inches. Der's what makes it wurf fifteen cents for der shave."

The customer couldn't restrain a grin, though he was a copperhead, and the hit at him was made by a "nigger." He laid down his fee, and walked out.

HURRAH FOR CODFISH.—When we see a young man dressed in the extreme of fashion, promenading the streets, flourishing a delicate walking stick, ogling the ladies and turning up his interesting proboscis with an air at a neighbor's son or daughter when we know that his father acquired the property which his fool of a son is making himself ridiculous upon, by collecting grease and ashes, we are tempted to shout in his assinine ears, "Hurrah for codfish!"

When we see a young woman whose highest ambition appears to be a desire to eclipse her neighbors in dress, and who makes it her constant boast that she never washed a dish, or hemmed a shirt, because she regards it as a vulgar accomplishment, we feel an inclination to whisper in her ear, "Hurrah for codfish!"

When we see a young man too proud to carry a bundle in the street when we know his father was a wood sawyer, or when we see a young miss seated in the parlor, perusing a novel, while ma is doing the kitchen drudgery, we say to ourself, "Hurrah for codfish!"

Don't weary your neighbor's cats. Respect by all means, his felines.

A man who wants to make a big jump has a backward way of coming forward.

A great physician should have the freedom of cities presented to him in a pill-box.

The wanderer from home, like the land surveyor, "grabs at each remove a lengthening chain.

A child inoculated with vaccine matter may be said to have "the mark of the beast."

Nearly all beginnings are difficult and poor. At the opening of the hunt the hound limps.

God gives in nature, as in oracle, the answer before the question is asked.

The law is a poisoned mine which may at the same time yield gold and arsenic from its veins.

If a man is given to liquor, let not liquor be given to him.

Let the politician, when throwing up a bright rocket beware lest the stick fall on his head.

The worse death-rattle we know of is the rattle of musketry in battle.

Who is the longest lived man? The shoemaker—he is ever lasting.

Who is the largest man? The lover—he is a fellow of tremendous size.

Who is a good cook like a woman of fashion? Because she dresses well.

We are never satisfied that a lady understands a kiss unless we have it from her own mouth.

The worst of all kinds of eye water is a sootlet's tears.

Who are the best natured men? The surgeons—they are never out of patients.