

# The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER--DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS, ETC.

\$2.00 PER YEAR

VOLUME 24.

NUMBER 43

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1872.

## Select Poetry.



CREEDS OF THE BELLS.

BY GEO. W. BUNNAY.

How sweet the chimes of the Sabbath bells;  
Each one its creed, in music tells,  
In tones that beat upon the air,  
As soft as song, as pure as prayer;  
And I will put in simple rhyme  
The language of the gentle chime.

My happy heart with rapture swells  
Responsive to the bells—sweetest bells.

"In deeds of love excel, excel,"  
Chimed out from ivied tower a bell.

"This is the church not built on sands,  
Emblazoned of one not built with hands;  
Its forms and sacred rites revere—  
Come worship here, come worship here;

In truth and faith excel, excel,"

Chimed out the Episcopalian bell.

"Oh, heed the ancient landmarks well!"  
In solemn tones exclaimed a bell.

"No progress made by mortal man  
Can change the just, eternal plan—  
With God there can be nothing new—  
Ignore the false, embrace the true.

While all is well, well is well,"

Paled out the good old Dutch church bell.

"To all the truth we tell, we tell,"

Shouted in ecstasies a bell;

"Come all ye weary-wanderings see;

Our Lord has made salvation free;

Repent; believe, have faith, and then

Be saved and praise the Lord, Amen!

Salvation's free, we tell, we tell;"

Shouted the Methodist Bell.

"Ye purifying waters swell,"

In mellow tones rang out a bell;

"Though faith alone in Christ can save  
Man must be plunged beneath the wave,  
To show the world unfaltering faith

In what the sacred Scriptures saith.

Oh swell! ye rising waters, swell!"

Paled out the clear toned Baptist Bell.

"Farewell, farewell, base world, farewell,"

In warning notes, exclaimed a bell;

"Life is a boon to mortals given,

To fit the soul for bliss in heaven.

Do not invoke the avenging rod;

Come here and learn the will of God.

Say to the world farewell, farewell,"

Paled out the Presbyterian bell.

In after life there is no hell."

In raptures rang a cheerful bell.

"Look up to heaven this holy day.

Where angels want to cheer the way;

There are no fires, no fiends to blight

The future life; be just and right.

No hell! no hell! no hell! no hell!"

Rang out the Universalist bell.

"No Pope, no Pope to doom to hell

The Protestant!" rang out a bell;

"Great Luther left his fiery zeal,

Within his hearts that truly feel

That loyalty to God will be

The fealty that makes men free.

No images where incense fell!"

Rang out Martin Luther's bell.

"All hail, ye saints in heaven that dwell

Close by the cross!" exclaimed a bell,

"Lean o'er the battlements of bliss,

And deign to bless a world like this:

Let mortals kneel before this shrine—

Adore the water and the wine."

All hail, ye saints, the chorus swell!"

Chimed out the Roman Catholic bell.

Ye workers who have toiled so well

To save the race," said a sweet bell,

"With pledge and badge and banner come,

Each brave heart beating like a drum.

For love is holier than creeds;

Drink from the well, the well, the well."

In rapture rang the Temperance bell.

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

It was the hardest of hard times. Old, well-established houses were falling all around, no wonder the smaller concerns were easily swallowed up in the crashes going on in the business world. No wonder that Harry Tyndall, a young city merchant, sat in his office gazing with a pale face and despairing eyes at the spectre, ruin, which stared at him from no great distance. He had weathered the storms of three brief years—he had hoped to soon weather this, but the loan of a thousand pounds, held by a friend, deprived him of the means of making a payment due in three days, and he felt that all indeed was lost, for his efforts to negotiate a loan in the present state of the money market had been worse than useless.

The prospect before him was not a cheering one. It is rather hard to begin life over again at thirty, especially when one has reached that age after years of poverty, toil and self-exertion. In his younger days, Harry Tyndall had known want in its crudest, most savage form—he had battled his grim legions, and risen to independence; and now, at the threshold of a higher life, he was hurled back with just a glimpse of the enchanted grounds within.

As he sat confronting the heap of papers upon his desk, the office door opened, and a lady entered. Mechanically Harry rose and placed a chair; but as the lady threw back her veil, he exclaimed

in surprise, "Miss Berwick!"

"Pardon my intrusion, Mr. Tyndall," said the most musical of voices. "I have been on the upper floor looking for the office of Graves & Waldron, and was told they were on this floor. I wish to give Mr. Waldron this package. May I ask you to deliver it? I will remain here—All the things, I do dislike to lose myself in these dark passages hunting offices."

Harry took the package with alacrity, and was gone but a moment, and on his return found Miss Berwick standing by the window idly looking down the street. She turned at his entrance, thanked him with a smile and a bow, and then took her bright presence out of the room, and Harry was left to his meditations.

"I may just as well give it up. I have not a friend who could help me in this strait," he muttered, after half an hour's deep thought. "I will make an assignment or go into bankruptcy, and then depart for America, where toil is better recompensed.

And as he spoke, he rose to his feet, his eyes falling on the floor. He was vaguely conscious of some dark object at his feet, stooped carelessly to lift it, and saw it was a pocket-book—leather, and rather the worse for wear, but was very plethoric. He sat down again and opened it. There were various compartments—but all of them were empty save one. That one contained ten one hundred lb. notes.

Just the sum that would save him from ruin. If it were his he could pay that note falling due, sell off his stock, and seek a situation until the panic was past.

He looked the pocket book over again. There was no clue to the owner; yet he felt convinced that it must, of course, be loaned to Clara Berwick. She was the only person who had been in his office that morning. It was a terrible temptation to Harry. Had his visitor been any other than Clara Berwick, it is hard to say whether consciousness or inclination would have prevailed; as it was, conscience and that so small a sum would save you, I was grieved at your suffering, but was rejoiced to think I might help you."

Here she opened the purse, slipped the penknife between the two compartments, and drew out a folded paper, which she handed to Harry, who read it: "Have you it yet, Harry? Well, I should like to see it. Will you go and get it?" "I have it here," he said.

Like many criminals, he had never parted with the witness of his crime.

Clara took it in her hands. "Now, Harry," said she, "I have a confession to make. I don't mind telling you that I fell in love with you at first sight; and that when I learned from my lawyer that you were on the verge of ruin, and that so small a sum would save you, I was grieved at your suffering, but was rejoiced to think I might help you."

Here she opened the purse, slipped the penknife between the two compartments, and drew out a folded paper, which she handed to Harry, who read it: "Use this money to take up that outstanding debt."

He looked on her smiling face, and a light broke in upon him. "So it was your purse, after all?"

"No; it was not my purse. I found the old thing in the garret; but it was my money. Tell me, did it save you?"

"Yes, oh, yes. And all these years I have borne about a needless burden, and laughed a merry peal of laughter." Why, Mr. Tyndall," she cried, "You must think I have poor taste to own such a purse as that. See, this is my pocket-book," and she drew out a dainty purple velvet purse, to which was appended a gold chain.

"But no one has been to my office today to day save you,"

"Indeed the pocket book certainly is not mine," she responded earnestly.

"What shall I do with it?" asked Harry in perplexity.

"Why, keep it, of course," responded Miss Berwick, with a charming smile; and she seated herself on the sofa, and began to discourse of something else.

She and Harry had often met in society, but he had never called on her before, and when he rose from his chair to go, she said, "Really, Mr. Tyndall, I ought to be grateful to the owner of that pocket-book, since it gained me the pleasure of a call. May I hope that you will repeat it sometime when you have not stray articles to dispose of?" Harry blushed, murmured something about the pleasure being on his side, and hurried away.

"O dear," he said to himself, "she actually believes I trumped up that story of the pocket-book for an excuse to call on her. Wealth privileges her to be impudent. But, oh, if I only dared to call an agent, and was as sure as could be that he had nothing to pay it with. He went, therefore, to the office, in order to lend him the money, or offer to lend it.

When the agent presented the draft, Lincoln asked the man to sit down, and sat down himself with a puzzled look upon his face. He then stepped out, went into his boarding-house, and came back with an old stocking under his arm. This he untied, and poured out on the table a quantity of small silver coins and red cents. These they counted, exactly \$17.60 just the amount called for; and moreover it was just the very money called for; for on leaving the office the young postmaster tied up the money and had kept it by him, awaiting the legal call to give it up.

That is right and true ground to take. If money is intrusted to your care, never touch it unless you are to use it. This money I know belonged to the Government, and I had no right to exchange or use it for any purpose of my own."

That is right and true ground to take. Neglecting this, and not making good the deficiency when pay-day came, many a man has lost the confidence of his fellow-men, and damaged his integrity beyond repair.

A school ma'am has adopted a new and novel mode of punishment. If the boys disobey her rules, she stands them on their heads, and pours water in their trouser legs.

If you like practical joking, just introduce two strangers, previously informing each that the other is deaf; but I wouldn't stand around.

Complaints that old maids would like to be troubled with—chaps on their lips.

## Lot and his Wife.

[From Lippincott for March.]

A correspondent in Virginia sends the following:

As I approached a pond a few days ago where some negroes were cutting some ice, I chance to hear the conclusion of a conversation between two of the hands on the subject of religion.

"What you know 'bout 'ligion? You don't know nothin' 'tall 'bout 'ligion?"

"I know 'heat 'bout 'ligion; ain't I bin done read de Bible?"

"What you read in de Bible? You can't tell me nuthin' what you read in de Bible."

"But I kin, dough, for I read 'bout Morrow."

"What sort o' Morrow—to-morrow?"

"No, Go-Morrow."

"Well, whar he go, and what he go fur?"

"Shoh, man! he didn't go nowhere, 'coz he was a town."

"Darl didn't tell you didn't know nuthin' 'bout nuthin'? You read de Bible—Hoccum (how come) de town name 'Morrow—"

"Debil dey didn't? If they stay dar today, why can't they stay dar to-morrow? Splain me dat."

"But dey all gone, an' de town too—All done bin up."

"Ef dere ain't no peopl, an' dere ain't no town, how de town name 'Morrow—Glong, nigger! Didn't I know you didn't know nuthin' 'bout 'ligion? But (sarcastically) tolle me some mo' what you read in de Bible."

"Well, 'Morrow was a big town—"

"Debil dey didn't? If they stay dar to-day, why can't they stay dar to-morrow? Splain me dat."

"He turned pale as death. Was his sin about to find him out at last?

"N'o," he said, hastily.

"Was there no clue—nothing to indicate who was the owner?"

"None at all."

"Have you it yet, Harry? Well, I should like to see it. Will you go and get it?"

"I have it here," he said.

Like many criminals, he had never parted with the witness of his crime.

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