

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



[From the Cincinnati Commercial.]

LIBERTY, NOT DEAD.

Written in reply to a poem, "Liberty Dead," which appeared recently in the Cincinnati Enquirer, by Mrs. ALICE KEY PENNINGTON, daughter of the author of the "Star Spangled Banner."

What, though the daughter of a sire
Who gave the noblest song,
To grace a nation's poetry?
That echo shall prolong,
Whose matchless words and trumpet tones
Make dying soldiers strong!

What, though the soldier in cadenced verse,
That Liberty is dead,
And softly chides the gathering crowd
By whom no tears are shed,
Though powerless seems the snowy hand,
And malleable like the lead?

She wrongs the men who, fearless stood
By dark Anitama's side,
And those whose patriot-blood, outpoured,
The plain of Shiloh dyed—
And those who braved the iron hail
On Mississippi's tide.

She wrongs the fathers, mothers, who
Their children send to war;
For them great Liberty still lives—
Still shines as the star,
Which passing clouds a moment hide,
Without the power to mar.

What, though a moment pallid now,
And lustreless her eye,
The people's will her mighty breath,
She can not, dare not die,
In homes like ours, her glorious lot,
Is immortal.

Thus living, and to live for aye,
On mountain or in hall,
In vain will rhythmic verse essay
To spread her funeral pall,
And tell her children, Liberty,
Alas! is dead to all.

Ah no! her march o'er mountain tops,
Shall be from sea to sea,
Her music as she sweeps along,
The glorious song of Ke!'
The patriot's steeman's stirring song,
The Anthem of the Free! L. A. G.

AUNT SALLY'S MUFF.

Aunt Sally, as the village usually called her, had received the bulk of her property from a deceased aunt, which her shrewd business qualities had enabled her to invest so advantageously that she increased in wealth as she died in years, and like many other people, well advanced in life, had scores of affectionate young relatives. Her cold, gray eyes were too shrewd not to see through their eager attentions to the selfishness of their source.

One nephew, however, did not belong to this class of schemers. On the contrary, the old lady was often the victim of his jokes, and he would dispute with her just for the fun of having a hot argument. Yet, for any real service, she would apply to him oftener than to any one else. She had even lent him a sum sufficient to stock a fine store, but still this Frederick so often annoyed and vexed her that public opinion was pretty evenly divided as to whether he would be the favorite heir, or be cut off with a shilling.

One evening, upon the meeting of the parish sewing circle at the house of the clergyman, this nephew perpetrated a joke upon his aunt, the result of which she never forgot. She, unlike many maiden ladies, considered these gatherings a sort of fashionable nuisance, but usually was present for the sake of indulging in her sarcastic remarks. Her nephew was there ostensibly to wait upon his aunt, but the fair Lucy, daughter of the worthy practitioner, Dr. Blood, particularly allured him with her charms.

The evening passed off pleasantly, and when the party broke up, as Frederick was taking leave of his friends, with his aunt upon one arm and Lucy upon the other, the old lady suddenly remembered that she had left her muff.

"O, never mind, aunt," said the young man, "I will get it and send it to you in the morning."

"But I do mind, Fred Strong; for it is not my way to leave things about in this manner. But where can it be? I certainly left it with my bonnet and cloak."

Search was immediately made, and after awhile it was found stuffed into a deacon's hat.

"O, see upon you aunt! Such a hint, and the deacon only a recent widower!" exclaimed the laughing nephew.

Aunt Sally seized her muff, but the hat adhered most effectually to it. By an angry wrench it was liberated, and the unoffending hat flew across the entry, projected by the incensed maiden. When it arrived at the termination of its short journey, it had assumed a most questionable shape and its condition might certainly have been termed "shocking bad."

"I will pay you for this, young man."

"Don't trouble yourself, dear aunt. So far as I am concerned, you are entirely welcome."

"You will perhaps tell me you had no hand in this matter?"

"No, I will tell you no falsehood about it; but I intended it as a joke upon our stiff deacon as much or more than yourself."

"At the very best it is but an ill trick you have played upon me, and now mark my words—you shall have reason to remember this to the latest days of your existence."

"As you please, aunt, since you take it so seriously; but I didn't think a silly joke would thus offend you."

Time passed on, and young Strong prospered amazingly in his business. He had amassed sufficient means to pay his aunt the sum she lent him, but she declined receiving it, alleging that she preferred to have it remaining on interest. In the meantime he had persuaded the gentle Lucy to share his fortunes. As for Aunt Sally, a singular mania seemed to possess her. In matters of real estate, stocks &c., she had become a perfect alchemist, turning all into gold.

The neighbors looked on in wonder, but none ventured to remonstrate with her. She was often seen to visit the office of Squire A., and it was rumored that she was making her final arrangements for the bestowal of her property after her decease. The affair of the muff was not forgotten, and it was current with the villagers that Fred would have to pay dearly for his joke.

One morning the village was all in action. During the night the spirit of the redoubtable lady had taken its flight. She was found dead in her arm-chair, and died as she had lived—alone. She had alarmed no one during the night, nor had she suffered previous illness. Curiosity, of course, was intense upon the subject of her will, and it was produced as soon as decency would allow. All her connections were present, and their eager, hopeful, anxious countenances would have furnished a rare subject for the pencil of an artist. The reading of the will proceeded until it was finished, except a single codicil. Each of her relatives, excepting her nephew, had been remembered—some to a greater extent, but none very considerably.

At all events, not one-third of her fortune had been disposed of, and only the codicil remained. All eyes were turned to Frederick Strong as the lucky one, after all. But what was their surprise when they found it only made him the recipient of her old sable muff and earrings. The word "codicil" again excited their curiosity, and to satisfy them the article was produced and found to contain only a simple paper sewed upon the lining. When detached and opened, in the bold hand-writing of Aunt Sally were found these words:

"DEAR NEPHEW—You will doubtless appreciate this, the last joke I shall ever be guilty of, as I appreciate yours on a certain time you will remember. God bless you and yours. Farewell!"

Frederick declared he was satisfied. The old lady had fairly returned upon him, and he certainly deserved nothing better at her hands.

But what had become of Aunt Sally's money? That was the mystery, and it became a mystery to the worthy villagers, who discussed it on every occasion. She was known to have large sums of money at the various banks, but all this the anxious relatives ascertained was drawn out a few days before her death. Squire A. was consulted, who drafted the will but he stoutly maintained that the will covered the entire amount of her property, and he would have no more to do with it.

"That was a costly joke of yours, dear Fred," said his wife, gaily.

"But I got the muff, at all events, Lucy, and what is better, no one has come forward to claim the three thousand dollars she lent me. I feel confident that she intended to present it to me and therefore destroyed my note."

"Let us have a look at the old relic, Fred; if the moths have not eaten it up entirely—I will return it to you in a few moments."

The muff was brought out, and, as Lucy predicted, the lining was found to be woefully moth-eaten.

"My dear wife, you must look to this, for I prize it very much on Aunt Sally's account. I think you had better rip out the lining, and renovate the whole with camphor."

Lucy took her scissors and commenced at once upon the task.

"What can the old lady have stuffed it with,—I wonder? Why, Fred, instead of cotton, she wadded it with dirty brown paper."

"Dirty brown paper, indeed," exclaimed her husband, springing from his chair, and catching her hand as she was about to fling a bunch into the grate: "Why, its bank notes, or I am dreaming."

The mystery of the "contents" was now explained; note after note was drawn out until over thirty thousand dollars lay on the table before them. A letter was also found from the aunt stating that she had always intended him for her heir. His own note also came to light, from which his name had been torn off. This new revelation of course, created an immense excitement amongst the villagers. Frederick and his wife kept on in the even tenor of their way, respected by all not for their wealth simply, but for themselves. One evening in each year they open their splendid mansion to all. It is a famous affair with the villagers, and it is known as the anniversary of Aunt Sally's muff.

The Deacon and the Ram.

A short distance from the line which divides Massachusetts and New Hampshire, lives a pious old deacon, who fears the Lord and detests levity. The deacon owns a ram, a savage fellow, always ready for a fight, and this belligerent spirit the old gentleman's two sons took advantage of.

The deacon's farm has a stream of water running through it on the bank of which there is a rock extending close to the water for some distance, and about ten feet above it, and which cannot be seen from the house. The boys were in the habit of driving their father's sheep to this spot, and then vexing the old ram, until he would pitch at them, with all his might, when they would drop flat down and let the old ram go headlong over them, from the top of the rock into the deep water below.

This was rare sport for the boys, but one day the deacon caught them in the very act of giving old "Thumper" a bath, and dealt with them as he felt in duty bound to do for such wicked-mindedness. Some time afterwards, the deacon chanced to go to the afore said rock, and seeing the sheep feeding near it, he felt a strong inclination to see his ram make another plunge into the water.

After looking about to make sure that no other was in sight to witness his folly he crunched down on the edge of the rock, and made a show of fight against old "Thumper" who accepted the challenge, and charged with all his force so rapidly that, the deacon being rather slow, and failing to drop in time, went over the rock headlong into the water along with him.

Here was a fix for a deacon to be caught in, sure enough; and, to add to his mortification, by the time he and his ram got out of the water, the boys were standing on the rock above him, laughing most boisterously. The deacon went off home—the boys told of his mishap—and the old man is called "Deacon Slow" to this day.

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quite small and a beautiful figure. She has auburn hair, which she wears quite short, and huge blue eyes, beaming with brightness and intelligence. Her complexion is naturally very fair, though slightly bronzed at present from the effects of exposure. She is exceedingly pretty, and very amiable. Her conversation denotes more than ordinary accomplishments, and what is stranger than all, she appears very refined in her manners giving no evidence whatever of the rudeness which might naturally be expected from her late associations.

"Frank" informs us that she has discovered a great many females in the army and is now intimately acquainted with a young lady who is a lieutenant in the army. She had assisted in burying three female soldiers at different times whose sex was unknown to any but herself.

Women in China.

Woman is in a more degraded position in China than in any other part of the globe, and her humiliation is rendered more conspicuous by the extent to which civilization and education have been carried in the empire. In no rank is she regarded as the companion of man, but is treated solely as the slave of his caprice and passions. Even amongst the females of the highest ranks, few are found who can read or write; their education is confined to the art of embroidery, playing on a horrid three-stringed guitar, and the obligation of obedience to man is early inculcated, and the greater portion of their time is spent in smoking and playing cards. The women of the lower classes have no education, and can be considered but little better than beasts of burden. A man of that rank will walk deliberately by his wife's side, while she totters unyoked to a plough, while her husband guides it. Those of the lower classes who are good looking, according to Chinese ideas of beauty, are purchased by the rich at about twelve or fourteen years, for concubines, and are then instructed according to their master's ideas.

These Chinese cannot at all comprehend the European mode of treating ladies with respect and deference, and being naturally superstitious, attribute to devilish arts practiced by the fair sex, the just appreciation we entertain of their value; in short, they consider European ladies have an influence somewhat similar to that ascribed to an evil eye by Italian superstition. Chinese domestics have a great objection to residing in a European family, over which a lady presides and a tradition of their concubines with their superstition about females. "That China should never be conquered until a woman reigned in the far West." Some say that this prophesy was never heard of until they were conquered by the army of Queen Victoria. Be this as it may, they all contend that it is to be found in some of their oldest works.—*Travels in China.*

A Beautiful City.

Batavia—the capital city of the island of Java—according to the description of a newspaper correspondent, is a brilliant specimen of oriental splendor. "The houses" which are as white as snow—are placed one hundred feet back from the street, the intervening space being filled with trees, literally alive with birds, and every variety of plants and flowers. Every house a piazza in front, and is decorated with beautiful pictures, elegant lamps, cages, &c., while rocking chairs, lounges, and ottomans, of the nicest description furnish luxurious accommodations for the family—who sit here mornings and evenings. At night the city is one blaze of light from the lamps. The hotels have grounds of eight and ten acres in extent around them covered with fine shade trees, with fountains, flower gardens, &c.—Indeed, so numerous are the trees, the city almost resembles a forest. The rooms are very high and spacious, without carpets and but few curtains. Meals are served up about the same as at first class hotels in the United States, although the habits of living are quite different. At daylight coffee and tea are taken to the guest's room and again at eight o'clock light refreshments. At twelve breakfast is served, and at seven, dinner. Coffee and tea are always ready, day and night. No business is done in the streets in the middle of the day, on account of the heat. The nights and mornings are cool and delightful; birds are singing all night. The island of Java contains a population of 10,000. The island abounds with tigers, leopards, anacondas, and poisonous insects of all kinds. The finest fruits in the world are produced in great profusion.

The Heroism of a Pottsville Lady.

A correspondent writing to the Louisville Journal from Murfreesboro', relates the following incident:

Recently as the cars were coming from Nashville, and when about ten miles from the city, we were attacked by a party of guerrillas. Their number was perhaps, forty or fifty. For a few moments the bullets whistled about us, but the guard of the train soon drove them away. We had two men wounded—generally the other slightly. An incident occurred on the cars during the fight that is worthy of note. A lady with three small children, from Pennsylvania, was in the car with the writer. When the firing commenced, most of the officers and men laid down on the floor of the car. Some gentlemen called to her and requested her to get down also. She replied in a pleasant yet firm voice, "Did you ever hear of any that had the blood of the Wyankees running thro' their veins dodging a bullet?" I was struck with her reply, and begged the privilege of asking her name. She kindly informed me that she was a daughter of Col. Wyancko, of the 7th Pennsylvania Cavalry, and the wife of Lieut. Ward of the same cavalry regiment. "All honor to such indomitable daughters and wives."

Dead Subscribers.

A long-winded subscriber to a newspaper after repeated dunnings, promised that the bill should be paid by a certain day, if he were alive. The day passed over and no money reached the office. In the next number, therefore, of the newspaper, the editor inserted among the deaths a notice of his subscriber's departure from this life. Pretty soon after the announcement the subject of it appeared to the editor—not with the pale and ghastly countenance usually ascribed to apparitions, nor did he wait to be spoken to, but broke silence:

"What sir, did you mean by publishing my death?"

"Why, sir, I meant what I mean when I publish the death of any other person, viz: to let the world know that you were dead."

"But I am not dead."

"Not dead! then it is your own fault; for you told me you would positively pay your bill by such a day, if you lived to that time. The day passed, the bill is not paid, and you positively must be dead; for I will not believe that you would forfeit your word."

"Oh, ho! I see that you have got round me, Mr. Editor, but no more about it; here's the money. And harko, my wag; you'll contradict my death next week?"

"O, certainly, sir, just to please you; but upon my word I can't help thinking you were dead at the time specified, and that you have come back to pay this bill on account of your friendship for me."

ZE NAME OF ZE STREET.—A Frenchman stopped a lad in the street to make some inquiry of his whereabouts.

"Mon du fren, what is ze name of zis street?"

"Well, who said 'twinn't?"

"Of course you do."

"Pardonnez! I have not got ze name vot you call him."

"Yes, Waits we call it?"

"How do you call de name of zis street?"

"Watts street, old fellow; and don't yer go to make game of me."

"Sacre man du! I ask you one, two, three several times, villy you tell ze name of zis street, eh?"

"Watts street, I told yer. Yer drunk, ain't yer?"

"In Vandom street."

"Eh bin! you live in von dam street, and you is von dam fool—by dam!"

AN EDITOR'S OPINION ON BILLIARDS.—Somebody wrote to the Bucyrus Journal a letter of inquiry as to billiards, to whom the editor replied as follows:

"Yes, sir, we can tell you all about billiards. It is a game consisting of two men in their shirt sleeves, punching balls about on a table and presenting the keeper of the table, with fifteen cents, or, as is commonly the case in this country, telling him to mark it down. This latter mentioned custom has given them the title of billiard markers. If you have a decided genius for the game, you may make a superior player at an expense of about \$500. Blacksmiths, carpenters, etc., play it for exercise; it was invented by a shrewd saloon keeper, who was not satisfied with the profit on whiskey, and was too much opposed to temperance to water it."

SMALL HANDS.

Many people, especially ladies and ladylike young men, seem to consider a small hand as a very desirable thing, and as in a measure establishing their claims to gentility and a high rank in the scale of humanity. Now, one distinguished characteristic of the white race of Europe from whom the people of our country have sprung is a large hand as compared with the inferior races of Asia, Africa, &c. A large hand is, therefore, in a degree, an index of great qualities; capacity for great physical and mental effort; in short, of a large calibre. When, therefore, a person appears to be proud of a small delicate hand, it may be set down as indicating that such persons come of a degenerate stock, or has the blood of an inferior race in his veins. We never heard of but one great man with a little hand, and that was Bonaparte.

DO NOT SWEAR!—Profane swearing is very justly regarded by all true gentlemen as a most debasing practice. The utterance of an oath quickly sinks a man in the estimation of all who entertain notions of true manhood. We have noticed that the habit is quite too common among mechanics; and we would urge upon them to quit it. If a man happens to pound his finger with a hammer, the injury and pain are made none the less severe by swearing about it. The tongue is an unclean member and needs constant watching lest it become fouled with immortal sediment.

ARE YOU KIND TO YOUR MOTHER?—Who guarded you in health, and comforted you when ill? Who hung over your little bed when you were fretful, and put the cooling draught to your parched lips? Who taught you how to pray and gently helped you to read? Who has borne with your faults, and been kind and patient with your childish ways? Who loves you still, and who contrives and works for you every day you live? It is your mother—your own dear mother. Now let me ask you—Are you kind to your mother?

Sometimes there passes over the fields a wind which parcels the plants, and then their withered stems will droop toward the earth; but watered by the dew, they regain their freshness, and lift up their languishing heads. So there are always burning winds which pass over the soul, and whither it. Prayer is the dew which refreshes it again.

I'm losing ground, as the fellow said when his hussian gave him the last hit.

MISCELLANY.

Life and Love.

What lessons are embodied in thy teachings! stern lessons, as we in our days of hope and happiness, could never think of encountering, as we set sail under sunny skies, and our bark glided pleasantly over smooth waters; we did not dream of the clouds, the storm, and the tempest, that come all too soon and awake us from our fond security. Time, the great monitor of all hearts, teaches us the undeniable and stern truth, that change is written on all things; but the saddest of all changes is death. Oh how terrible is the wreck of hearts and homes, when the messenger, resistless and unerring in his march, takes from our midst the brave and strong; prayer and tears are of no avail; life's lessons we must all learn, life's burdens we must bear.

Who has not seen some of their loved ones wrapped in the cold coverlets of the grave and borne to the innumerable city of the dead? When we remembered that in all our wanderings through life's paths we should meet them no more, see their kindly beaming smile, hear their loved tones no more, have we not, in anguish of soul, uttered the wail of a bleeding heart, let me die, live for but this broad earth I have nought to live for; but we cannot die when we wish to most; we may weep at many a grave before we reach our own.

Who has not wept over broken hopes and severed ties? Who has not seen, one by one life's cherished dreams depart, its golden chalice turned to bitterness; or snatched rudely from our grasp the hope and trust of years?

Oh, who cannot say, when all our hoarded hopes are crushed, our household goods are scattered and broken, I would not live always?

THE SOUL'S BLOSSOMING.—The sunlight makes the violet blossom. No surgeon's instrument can make flowers blossom, and no hammer can drive them forth. But the sweet, persuading ana can call them out. A seed is planted. The sun looks and kisses the place 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 awhile, and they come and blossom. The soul is the garden of the Lord!

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