VILLAGE RECORD.

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POETICAL.

SPEAK SOFTLY AND SWEETLY.

When weary, tired, and needing rest
I reach the spot that I love best—
My home, sweet home, my resting place,
Where many a smiling, cheerful face
I wish to meet, I hope to find,
And word and look, both sweet and kind.—
Speak softly, speak sweetly,
You'll rest me completely.

When through a day of toil and care,
And many an hour of work and wear,
I reach my home, there let me see
Affection, yes, pure love for me—
Oh! let me feel at home a bliss
Which in all places else I miss—
Speak softly, speak sweetly,
You'll bless me completely.

When all my hours and days I spend
For loved ones who on me depend,
When I have used my strength and mind
For those dear loved ones, let me find—
Yes, let me feel those loved ones dear,
Solicitous my heart to cheer—
Speak softly, speak sweetly,
You'll cheer me completely.

When I'm o'erwhelmed with doubt and grief
And seek from others heart relief,
Which others have me will of power
To give me in the needy hour;
Then home I turn, to loved ones there,
Who speak with me the heartfelt prayer,
So softly and sweetly,
They bless me completely.

Sounds sweet may often fill the ear—
May cause our gloom to disappear—
Sounds struck from instruments of art,
That charm and soothe the gloomy heart;
But instrumental music's power,
Nor stranger's voice, in gloomy hour,
Can't reach the soul like her I love,
Who speaks like one just from above,
So softly, so sweetly,
She charms me completely.

The soul has power to know and feel
A bliss which words cannot reveal—
A bliss on earth sent from above—
A bliss which mortals here call love—
A bliss in essence pure, divine—
A bliss that does our souls refine—
'Tis heard in sweet affection's tone,
'Tis seen in love's bright face alone,
Where softly and sweetly,
It o'erwhelms me completely.

HYMN.

There's not a flower upon the plain
That drinks the dew of summer's rain
But as it spreads its tints abroad
Doth speak the goodness of our God.

On every leaf and springing blade
That rustles thro' the forest glade,
Some trace or vestige fair is shown,
By which His touch Divine is known.

The warblings in the lone woods heard.
The deep notes by the tempest stirred,
In voice of wrath or tenderness
Alike His will supreme express.

The sombre night doth Him proclaim,
It utters forth His dreadful name;
Morn doth those gloomy shades dispel
And of triumphing mercy tell.

The spreading skies of spotless blue
Bear witness, and the thick clouds too;
Earth doth her testimony bring
In wintry robes or dress of spring.

All nature's works, oh, Lord, combine
T' exalt thy name, for they are thine,
May we, with hearts to love Thy ways
From deeper source bring loftier praise!

MISCELLANY.

Flowers.

If there is one passion more innocent than another in the human heart, it is the love of flowers. Of all the gentle children of the the soil, from the first delicate blossoms of April to the queenly rose of mid summer, there is not a solitary blossom which may not waken some pleasant association or gentle thought in the mind. There is something so delightful in the cultivation of plants, so much of poetry and tranquil feeling aroused by the budding and putting forth of a blossom we have fostered; something so melancholy, and yet so sweet, in the fragrant decay and fall of the over-ripe petals, that it is difficult to believe any human heart entirely senseless to an enjoyment so tranquil. A love of flowers seems so natural to women—so necessarily a portion of her nature, that we should feel as if a most lovely attribute of the heart were wanting in one who did not possess it. There must be a deficiency of taste and intellect in the woman who cannot make flowers a pleasant resource, and even a theme for deep and holy thought. How dreary would this earth be without its gentle race of flowers, how difficult it would be to imagine a heaven without such flowers as make even our world heavenly.

INFLUENCE OF MOTHERS.—John Randolph never ceased till his dying day, to remember, with unutterable affection, the pious care of his mother, in teaching him to kneel at her side, and, with his little hands pressed together, and raised upward to repeat, in slow and measured accent, the pattern prayer.

"My mother," said Mr. Benton, not long before he died, "asked me not to drink liquor, and I never did. She desired me not to swear, and I never did. She hoped I never would use tobacco, and it never passed my lips."

All the Leigh Richmond was he attributed to the simplicity and propriety with which his mother endeavored to win his attention, and store his memory with religious truths, when yet almost an infant.

If Christian mothers would but wake up to the use of their influence, a Gospel might rise out of every family, and Leigh Richmonds be numbered by thousands.

A Shrewd Trick.

A shrewd trick was recently practiced in London.

A dandy, dressed up in the most faultless style, called at a large jewelry store, and, after a short examination, bought a gold watch for £20, and handed the rejoiced salesman a £100 note. He examined it carefully, and finding it to be genuine, he gave him back the required change £80. Just as he was stepping out of the Store, he was met by another dandy, equally as well dressed, and whom he seemed to recognise. He exhibited his newly bought watch to his friend, and was very profuse in his praises about it and its fine finish. Both stepped back into the store, and a short persuasion on the part of the first dandy induced the new comer to buy a similar watch for the same price.

He also paid for his with a £100 note (the English dandies do not trouble themselves with small change) and received his change, after the experienced dealer had satisfied himself that the note was genuine. But just as the last dandy was in the act of of pocketing the money and the watch, both dandies suddenly appeared very much agitated; they looked into the street, wispered to each other, then suddenly made a dash for the door. But to the dismay and discomfiture of both, a constable jumped out of a carriage, collared them both, and, with a triumphant "I have got you at last, you scoundrels," led them back into the store. Here he informs the dealer that these two gentleman are two of the sharpest swindlers in London (which is saying a good deal,) and asked the jeweler what business he had with them.

"These gentlemen have bought two gold watches for £40 and paid for them in good money," said the now frightened dealer.—The constable laughed right out, and asked him if he had not been paid in hundred pound notes. The jeweler said he had, a fearful light beginning to dawn upon him The constable then demanded to see the notes. They were produced, and the constable informed the now thunder stricken dealer that the notes were forged, and the culprits, overwhelmed with the weight of their guilt, silently acknowledged the deed. The vigilant officer jubilant over this important catch, siezes watches, money and prisoners, and summoning the jeweler to attend the police bureau in an hour, put the prisoners in a carriage and drives off on a gallop.

Just as the last sound of the carriage had died away in the distance the jeweler recovered from his surprise. It now occurred to him that perhaps it would have been better if he had accompanied the strange expedition. Almost breathless, he dashed out, but the cab had vanished, and neither cab nor men were ever seen again. Deeply hurt at the immorality of the times, which even made the sacred uniforms of the police serve them in their nefarious schemes, the compatriot, of the great McDonald returned home a sadder, but a wiser man.

Personal Influence.

Every one is endowed, each for himself, with a special gift of salutary influence, a peculiar, benign power, which he can no more get another to employ for him than one flower can get another to breath forth its fragrance, or one star depute to another star its shining. Your individual character, the special mould and temper of your being is different from that of all other beings, and God, in creating it, designed it for a particular use in his church. Your relations to your fellow men are peculiar to yourself, and over some minds—some little group or circle of moral beings—you can wield an influence which it is given to no other man to wield. Your place and lot in life, too, is one which has been assigned to you alone. For no other has the same part been cast. On your particular path no other footsteps shall ever leave their print. Through that one course, winding or straight, rapid or slow, brief or long protracted, in any other course shall the stream of life flow on to the great Ocean. And so to you it is given to shed blessings around you, to do good to others, to communicate, as you pass through life, to those whose moral history borders or crosses yours, a heavenly influence, which is all your own. If this power be not used by you, it will never be used. There is work in God's Church which, if not done by you, will be undone.

Glory from Ruin.

Science has distinctly traced the doom written on the solar system. It is destined to pass away. The machine is running down. The central fire will at last be exhausted.—The planets and satelites in their spiral courses will come to stand still. But are we to arrive at the conclusion that God's glory shall no longer be manifested in the heavens or that this system is to rush into annihilation? No, there is no ground in science for the belief that a particle of matter will ever be annihilated; but there is every ground for the belief that the passing away of the solar system is only one phase of some grander revolution, and that from the ashes of the present system more glorious works and systems may arise. All this is in perfect, almost literal accordance with the Scriptures, which we present the heavens passing away as a scroll.—"They shall wax old as a garment, as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed."—It represents the phenomenal world as ever changing—in a state of unceasing fluctuation—while the great and absolute I AM remains ever the same!

The proud and haughty can never have friends. In prosperity they are above everybody; in adversity everybody is above them.

There is a precipice over which thousands are virtually rushing to destruction.

Never slander an acquaintance.

Sickness not Causeless.

There never can be disease without a cause; and almost always the cause is in the person who is ill; he has either done something which he ought not to have done, or he has omitted something which he should have attended to.

Another important item is, that sickness does not, as a general thing, come on suddenly; as seldom does it thus come, as a house becomes enveloped in flames on the instant of the fire first breaking. There is generally a spark, a tiny flame, a trifling blaze. It is so with disease, and promptitude is always an important element of safety and deliverance. A little child wakes up in the night with a disturbing cough, but which, after a while, passes off, and the parents feel relieved; the second night the cough is more decided; the third, it is croup, and in a few hours more the darling is dead!

Had that child been kept warm in bed the whole of the day after the first coughing was noticed, been fed lightly, and got abundant, warm sleep, it would have had no cough the second night, and the day after would have been well.

An incalculable amount of human suffering and many lives would be saved every year, if two things were done uniformly.—First, when any uncomfortable feeling is noticed, begin at once, trace the cause of it, and avoid that cause ever after. Second, use means at once to remove the symptoms; and among these, the best, those which are most universally available and applicable, are rest, warmth, abstinence, a clean person, and a pure air. When animals are ill, they follow nature's instinct, and lie down to rest. Many a valuable life has been lost by the unwise efforts of the patient to "keep up," when the most fitting place was a warm bed and a quiet apartment.

Some persons attempt to "harden their constitutions" by exposing themselves to the causes which induced them sufferings, as if they could, by so doing, get accustomed to the exposure and ever thereafter endure it with impunity. A good constitution, like a good garment, lasts the longer by its being taken care of. If a finger has been burned by putting it in the fire, and is cured never so well, it will be burned again as often as it is put in the fire; such a result is inevitable. Their is no such thing as hardening one's self against the causes of disease.—

What gives a man a cold to-day will give him a cold to-morrow, and the next day, and the next. What lies in the stomach like a heavy weight to day will do the same to-morrow: not in a less degree, but a greater; and as we get older, or get more under the influence of disease, lesser causes have greater ill effects; so that the older we get the greater need is there for increased efforts, to favor ourselves, to avoid hardships and exposures, and be more prompt in rectifying any "symptom," by rest, warmth, and abstinence.—*Hall's Journal.*

How to treat Children.

"Anti-Heroism" in Harper, contains the following good word for children: "Pity and love the little children. To crate these pets. Comfort Nellie over her dead bird, and don't call Molly's little white kitty a "cat." It is enough to break a juvenile heart to have one's darlings snubbed. How would you like to hear your own Frederick Augustus called a 'dirty young one?' The little ones have their tragedies and comedies, and laugh and weep more sincerely than you do at Falstaff and Lear. They love, marry, keep house, have children, have weddings and funerals, and dig little graves for dead mice in the garden, and mourn into small white handkerchiefs, and get brother Jim to write an appropriate inscription for its tiny head board! Is not this human nature in little, and in its small way, as deserving of a certain respect? Cherish the children; mend the frocks; don't scold them for broken toys—for man is not more inevitably mortal than playthings. Don't strip their fat shoulders in winter, nor roast them in flannels in dog days, because somebody told you to. Don't drug them; don't yarb them; don't stuff them with pastry or starve them on chippy bread; don't send them to infant schools at three, or to fancy balls at ten, nor teach them the commandments earlier than they can remember Mother Goose. Let them have Christmas and Fairy stories; grandpa's horse-cane rather than Mr. Birch's ferule; Little Bo-Peep, not English Reader; Mary Howitt, not Jamieson's Rhetoric. Give them Wilson's Readers when they can't them, not before."

Beautiful Allegory.

The late John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, was at one time engaged in defending a man who had been indicted for a capital offence. After an elaborate and powerful defence, he closed his effort by the following striking and beautiful allegory:

When God in his eternal counsel conceived the thought of man's creation, he called to him the three ministers who wait constantly upon the throne—Justice, Truth and Mercy—and thus addressed them: "Shall we make man?" Thou said Justice: "O, God, make him not, for he will trample upon thy laws." Truth made an answer also: "O, God make him not, for he will pollute thy sanctuaries." But Mercy, dropping down upon her knees and looking up through her tears, exclaimed: "O God, make him, I will watch over him with my care through all the dark paths which he may have to tread." Then God made man and said to him: "O man, thou art the child of Mercy; go and deal with thy brother."

The jury, when he had finished, were drowned in tears and gave a verdict of acquittal.

On most occasions, the importance of calmness is in exact proportion to its difficulty.

The Art of Cousining.

A country gentleman lately arrived at Boston, and immediately repaired to the house of a relative, a lady who had married a merchant. The parties were glad to see him, and invited him to make their house his home, as he declared his intention of remaining in the city only a day or two. The husband of the lady, anxious to show his attention to a relative and friend of his wife, took the gentleman's horse to a livery stable in Hanover street. Finally his visit became a visitation, and the merchant found, after the lapse of eleven days, besides lodging and boarding the gentleman, a pretty considerable bill had run up at the livery stable. Accordingly he went to the man who kept the livery stable, and told him when the gentleman took his horse he would pay the bill.

"Very well," said the stable-keeper, "I understand you."

Accordingly in a short time, the country gentleman went to the stable and ordered his horse to be got ready. The bill, of course, was presented to him.

"O," said the gentleman, "Mr. —, my relative will pay this."

"Very good, sir," said the stable-keeper, "please get an order from Mr. —. It will be same as money."

The horse was put up again, and down went the country gentleman to Long Wharf, where the merchant kept.

"Well," said he, "I am going now."

"Are you?" said the gentleman. "Well good bye, sir."

"Well, about my horse; the man said the bill must be paid for his keeping."

"Well, I suppose that is all right, sir."

"Yes—well, but you know I'm your wife's cousin."

"Yes," said the merchant, "I know you are, but your horse is not."

Parental Horology.

A son, like a watch should be very carefully regulated; if he be too fast, do not attempt to make him suddenly slow, and if too slow, do not too violently urge him to rapidity. Slowness engenderath quiet; whilst rapidity frequently leadeth to ruin. Wind him up carefully with the key of thy council; and take care that thou dost not break the spirit of thy offspring by the haste of thy temper. The night air damageth the most excellent works—so doth the hitch-key often open the door to mischief. Good hours are the nucleus of good days, and he who goeth to bed early will early rise in his profession. Look after the doings of thy son rather with the lantern of love than with the bull's eye of duty; for as the clock is said to be slower than the sun, so is a son sometimes faster for a watch.

The Dead on the Gettysburg Battle-field.

The following is a letter written by Mr. David Wills, agent for A. G. Curtin, Governor of this State, relative to the removal of the remains of Union soldiers scattered over the battle field of Gettysburg. He says:

The arrangements are now nearly completed for the removal of the remains of the Union soldiers scattered over the Gettysburg battle field to the burial ground which is being prepared by the several States interested for their reception and proper burial.

All the dead will be disinterred, and their remains placed in coffins and buried, and the graves, where marked or known, will be carefully and permanently re-marked in the soldiers cemetery.

If it is the intention of the friends of any deceased soldier to take his remains home for burial, they will confer a favor by immediately making known to me that intention. After the bodies are removed to this cemetery, it will be very desirable not to disarrange the order of the graves by any removals.

PLEASING EVERYBODY.—Do not delude yourself with the idea that you can please everybody. Who ever saw anybody that was worth anything that had nobody to find fault with him. You would have to do evil in many cases to please the evil; submit to the tyrannical; be a tool for the ambitious, and be careful not to have anything as good as those who desire to have everything superior to their neighbor. If you are a public man, should you be diligent, you must expect to have many secretly dislike you, and talk against you for your success; and if you accomplish little, though many show themselves friendly, it often leaks out that some who appear pleasant, do thus because they do not fear your rivalry; they may smile upon you outwardly and yet inwardly entertain contempt for your inefficiency. Always do that which is right, be diligent, do the most you can, paying no regard to "faultfinders," and you will find as many friends as any sensible man may desire.

If we had choice of a wife with ten thousand pounds and a bad temper, and one with a sixpence, and a sweet, good temper, we should take the latter at once, or we are a bigger fool than we suspect ourselves of being. We deliberately believe that ten thousand pounds five times told could not be made to procure as much happiness as a sweet tempered wife yields. And as much as men love money, the greater and best part of them will judge as we do. So girls, cultivate a sweet temper, as the best dowry you can bring a husband.

A lad was called to the witness-stand in court whose tender years raised doubts as to his competency as a witness, from not understanding the nature of an oath. The first question put was, "Are you a son of the plaintiff?" The little fellow, crossing his legs, and deliberately putting about half a paper of tobacco in his mouth, replied with the utmost coolness, "Well, so it's reported." He testified.

How Nature covers up Battle-fields.

Did I tell you ever, among the affecting little things one is always seeing in these stirring war times, how I saw on the Bull Run battle-field pretty, pure, delicate flowers growing out of emptied ammunition boxes, a rose thrusting up its graceful head through the head of a Union drum—which doubtless sounded its last charge, or retreat, as the case may have been, in that battle—and a cunning scarlet verbena peeping out of a fragment of bursted shell in which strange cup it had been planted? Wasn't that peace growing out of war? Even so shall the graceful and beautiful ever grow out of the horrid and terrible things that transpire in this changing but ever advancing world. Nature covers even battle grounds with verdure and bloom. Peace and plenty soon spring up in the track of devastating campaigns, and all things in nature and society shall work out the progress of mankind and harmony of God's great designs.

A married woman, named Clayton, has been passed to her home in Minnesota having enlisted two years since in the same Minnesota regiment as her husband, and been considered a good soldier for a year before she was found out. At the battle of Stone River her husband was killed five paces in front of her, and she herself was wounded in a desperate bayonet charge immediately afterward. Another female, twelve years old, who had enlisted from Bucks co., Pa., and served two years as a drummer, and was present at five battles, has also been detected, and will be sent home. She is now ill of typhoid fever in the Pennsylvania Hospital, Philadelphia.

THE END OF A TRAITOR.—The rebel Captain Fuller, commander of the gunboats Cotton and the Queen of the West, who recently died in hospital, near Sandusky, Ohio, during his sickness sent a request for his sisters to come and see him, but they refused to hold communion with a traitor. Even after his death their abhorrence of his crime was so great that they would not attend his funeral, and objected to placing his rebellious bones by the side of his loyal father's grave.

THE Rev. John Gilbert, of Clay co., Ky., propounds a theory about the duration of the war. Corn blades had seven points to them during the Revolutionary war, which lasted seven years; this year many of them have but three points, and the war therefore is to last three years. 'Tis a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

ANGELS.—Little Susie, poring over a book in which angels were represented as winged beings suddenly remarked with vehemence:

'Mamma, I don't want to be an angel; and I needn't—need I?'

'Why Susie?' questioned her mother.

'Humph! leave off all my pretty clothes and wear *feathers* like a *hen!*'

THEOLOGICAL.—Two juvenile disputants discussed as follows, in our hearing a day or two since: "I tell you God is everywhere." "*Ain't*—neither." "I know better; my mother says so." "Don't care if she does. He ain't in that wire," (pointing up to the telegraph) "cos that ain't *holler!*" This rather staggered his little reverence for a moment, but ere a minute had elapsed a triumphant smile lit up his face as he responded: "Well, I don't care, *he is all around it!*" How many a skeptic of larger growth might put of the mouth of that "suckling" learn wisdom.

REBEL LOSSES AT GETTYSBURG.—The truth as to the Rebel losses at Gettysburg is gradually coming out. A Richmond correspondent of the Mobile Register says their loss in killed and wounded was at least twenty-five thousand men, and gives statistics confirming this estimate. The authority for his statement is a gentleman with Gen. Lee, and intimately associated with him.

Never marry a woman for her beauty, as she will be sure to think more of it than you.

Flattery if not cunningly used will, like the flail, be almost sure to thrash your own head instead of that of the grain.

A change of heart now-a-days is brought about by the change in the pocket.

If those persons who are always in search of news would only read the bible they would find the very latest news to them.

The quickest way to make a fortune in this age is to fail in business.

Some professors of religion thirst more after the spirit of rye, than after the spirit of grace.

When danger is over we generally forget both God and the doctor.

The greatest number of our tried friends are those who have been tried and found guilty.

We should never regret being homely, as beautiful persons are generally the most worthless.

Kindness is a language that even the dumb brutes can understand.

There is no harm in being wealthy, provided we come by it honestly.

There is a great deal dying for love now-a-days, but it is generally in the whiskers.

It is not half the trouble to learn in youth that it is to be ignorant in old age.

When the dearth of adversity comes upon our friends, our charities generally dry up.

Some men are like musical glasses, to produce their finest tones, you must keep them wet.

We sigh for the Past and long for the Future: the Past is a child, and the Future is an angel.

A sharp tongue makes deeper and more painful wounds than sharp steel.

The sunset clouds are the visible song of the day that is dead.

It is better to succeed without a precedent than to fail by example.

The great and the good, the heroes of history, the saints of the church, are more potent in their influence now than they ever were when present among men. In their deaths, they gave the world a legacy of their lives.

A strong-minded woman is apt to marry a weak-minded man. Providence has ordained that a couple shall generally have but the average amount of mind between them.

Wine and passion are racks often used to extort words from us.

The police are after the perpetrator of the following conundrum: Why is a lovely young lady like a huge? Because she is something to a-dore.

The poet says, full many a flower is born to blush unseen—and so is many a maiden, so far as our observation extends.

Many of the lions of society, like their namesakes of the forest, are unable to look a true man in the eye.

A lover must have his clothes handsomely cut out, or he may be handsomely cut out himself.

The ship upon which a lady best likes to embark on the sea of enjoyment, is courtship.

Marriage must be favorable to longevity, an old maid never lives to be more than thirty.

A small fortune is a good servant, a large one is often a bad master.

There is no fetter half than a failure in a great object.

When the night is darkest dawn is the nearest.

Folly will always find faith wherever impostors find impudence.

A good natured friend is often an enemy in disguise.

Virtue is the surest road to longevity, but vice meets with an early doom.

About one-third of those married are exempted for physical disability or other causes, a few furnish substitutes or "go in" themselves, but the great majority sing this tune:

"I'm glad my dad three hundred has
To save me from the army;
To mak's dear apron string I'll hang,
And then no one can harm me."

'Massa,' said the black steward to his captain, as they fell in with a home bound vessel, 'I wish you would write a few lines for me to de ole woman, 'cause I can't write.' The good natured skipper complied, and wrote all that Pompey dictated.

As the captain was about to seal up the letter, Pompey reminded him that he had omitted to say, 'Please scuse de bad writen and spellin.'

'He doesn't take the Papers.'

The man who doth no paper take,
Grudging two dollars once a year,
Will never a good husband make,
Because his wife will never know what is
going on in the world and his children will
ever ignorant appear.

The last line is rather long for a good jingle, but the moral is sublime.

It has been remarked that ladies have generally a great fear of lightning, and this has been superficially ascribed to their natural timidity, but the truth is, that it arises from their consciousness of being attractive.

Some young men, travelling on horse back among the White Mountains, became inordinately thirsty, and stopped for milk at a house by the roadside. They emptied every basin that was offered, and still wanted more. The woman of the house at length brought out an enormous bowl of milk, set it down on the table, saying, "One would think gentlemen, that you had never been weaned."

A gentleman who recently put up at a log tavern in Wisconsin, was awakened by a young man commencing a serenade thus:

'Oh, Sally Rice,
I've called you twice,
And yet you lie and snore;
I pray you wake,
And see your Jake,
And ope to him the door, or window; I don't care much which, for—
It makes but little difference
To either you or I—
Big pig, little pig,
Rock, hog, or die!'

If a man is murdered by his own hired man should the coroner find a verdict of killed by his own hands?

A gentleman not long since, wishing to pop the question, did it in the following singular manner: Taking up the young lady's cat, he said—'Pussy, may I have your mistress?' It was understood—she said, "Say yes, Puss."