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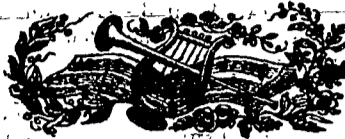
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POETICAL.



TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Don't tell me of to-morrow;
Give me the men who'll say,
That, when a good deed's to be done,
Let's do the deed to-day.
We may all command the present,
If we act and never wait;
But repentance is the phantom,
Of a past that comes too late.

Don't tell me of to-morrow,
There is much to do to-day,
That can never be accomplished
If we throw the hours away.
Every moment has its duty,
Who the future can foresee?
Then, why put off till to-morrow
What to-day can do as well!

Don't tell me of to-morrow;
If we look upon the past,
How much that we have left to do,
We cannot do at last;
To-day, it is the only time,
For all on this frail earth,
It takes an age to form a life,
A moment gives it birth.

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

Be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!
Then midst our dejection,
How sweet to have earned
The best recollection—
Of kindness returned!

When day bath departed,
And Memory keeps
Her watch, broken-hearted,
Where all she loves sleeps!
Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy disprove—
Let trifles prevail not
Against those you love!

Nor change with to-morrow,
Should fortune take wing,
But the deeper the sorrow
The closer still cling!
Oh! be kind to each other,
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!

MISCELLANY.

THE TRAITOR'S CHILD.

The energies of the American troops stationed at Fort Washington after their evacuation of New York, were fully taxed to repel the many sorties made against them by the enemy. It required a constant and careful watch upon the part of the Commander in chief to prevent a surprise, and the more surely to effect this, a system of observation was maintained along the road, so that information passed from point to point was sure to reach the camp ere the British could carry out their designs. The majority of persons living on the line from the city to Kingsbridge gladly aided in this plan of police, and thus rendered essential service to the cause. One of this number, however, a Mr. Jennings, at least took umbrage at some order of Washington or his superiors, and with a reprehensible cunning, he determined to abandon the Americans and serve the interests of the foe. So secretly were these plans concocted and carried out, that no one outside his own family suspected his disaffection.

The British general accepted the offered services, and pledged himself to pay largely for them. It was proposed that a number of his troops should march as far as his neighbor's, who would of course communicate their movements to Jennings, who in his turn instead of passing the warning was to conceal the forces until reinforcements could arrive, and a formidable demonstration could be made against the fort.

"And for this service, in any event, you shall have a thousand pounds," said the British General to the traitor. "Should it eventuate in the entire overthrow of the rebels, the sum shall be trebled, while other rewards shall be freely bestowed. You are certain that you have confided the matter to no one?"

"Not a soul save those of my family know of it," said Jennings.

"Of whom does your family consist?"

"Of my wife, who is an invalid, and an only daughter."

"How are they affected by your change?"

"I know not, nor do I care. But of course they will follow my wishes, which have ever been law to them. My daughter is the only one who would think of a difference of opinion, and even she would never dare to give it expression."

"I have heard that the majority of your American females have imbibed a sort of romantic attachment to George Washington, which might lead them to sympathy with him. But of course you are sure of your child and can answer for her?"

"With my life!"

"Suppose you allow me to invite her here. It would be a safe thing, and at the same time remove her from the suspicion of collusion should you be discovered."

"I cannot part with her, sir. She has aided me heretofore, and can do so again. She is very obedient, so we need not fear her."

"Enough! manage the matter yourself—I am content. Now for our plans. At dusk

to-morrow, a company of Captain Trevor's command will be put in motion and arrive about midnight at your house. You will conceal them and await the others. When all are gathered, you will guide them to the attack. The rebels, being off their guard, will fall an easy prey."

So far as the intentions of the British officer were concerned, the meditated plan was carried out. A number of picked men were concealed at Jennings's house, and at the proper time marched toward their destination. Under cover of the night they had proceeded to the next station on the road, when their advance was suddenly checked.

A sharp rattle of musket balls, which seemed to have been designedly fired above their heads, brought them to an immediate halt. A second discharge gave them to understand that their further progress would be dangerous. Captain Trevor, who was in command, immediately gave orders for a countermarch, and in less than ten minutes the whole body was in retrograde position.

We can hardly venture to describe the feelings of chagrin entertained by the original plotter of this expedition, when informed by Trevor of the unsatisfactory result. As that officer handed him the gold which had been promised, he threw it to the ground with a violent gesture and, with an oath, swore that he would murder the informer; whoever it might be, that had thus defeated his hopes. In vain the king's officer strove to calm him; the dark passions of his nature were roused, and would not be exercised. While he was thus storming and invoking malediction, upon the head of the culprit, a fair girl entered the apartment. There was a look of intelligent firmness upon her pale countenance, as her eyes met those of her father and quailed not.

"Come hither, Hester!" he cried. "Do you know aught of this matter? Can you tell me who sent word to Washington, respecting this expedition?"

Hester cast an appealing look upon the officer, who however did not interfere between them.

"Did you hear my question?" roared Jennings. "Tell me, do you know aught of this?"

"I do," replied the girl, in a low tone.

"I thought so! Now, tell me the person's name."

"It was I!"

"You! Serpent! You betray me!"

"Father! hear me. I did send word to our general that the enemy were to make an attack upon the fort, but your name was not mentioned as being a party to the expedition. No harm can come to you, I know how ardently and long our countrymen had struggled against oppression; how nobly they had contended against superior forces; how true was their devotion to the cause in which they were engaged, and I could not quietly look on and see their destruction attempted. I sent word of this, but in saving them I did not betray you."

"Enough that you have come between me and my revenge. This be your reward!"

He drew from his pocket a pistol and deliberately aimed it at his child. She moved not—did not even tremble—but Trevor, shocked beyond measure at the horror of the meditated deed, sprang towards the wretch and raised his arm. The ball grazed her head, and was buried in the waistcoat.

"Shame on you man!" cried the officer with indignation. "Would you have her blood on your hands! Of what are you composed! Is she not your child?"

"No!" cried Hester, with startling emphasis. "I am not, or at least shall not be for the future. I will not own a parent who to the crime of treason can add that of murder! I did expose your villainy, and would do it again. Nay, you may frown, I fear you not. This last base act has frozen up the natural current of my heart."

Then in a calmer and more feeling tone, she continued:

"Father—'tis the last time I shall call you so—I bid you farewell forever. Your malediction may be hurled against me, but never again will you look upon my face. Ere another day has passed, Washington shall know of your treachery. Your only safety is in flight. In England you may enjoy the fruit of your baseness, but here you cannot remain farewell forever!"

She passed from the room, as the tears, which she could no longer control, coursed rapidly down her cheeks. She repaired at once to the bedside of her mother, in whose body the last flickerings of life were fast failing. She knelt beside her, and even as she prayed the worn spirit was released from bondage.

"Alone! an orphan! God help me!" she exclaimed, as she pressed her trembling lips to those which had so often met hers in love.

Jennings lingered not long. Soon after he was on his way to England, where he lived as a traitor should, in splendid disgrace. Hester became the wife of a young Revolutionary officer, and lived long enough to give to her descendants the valuable example of the Christian and patriot mother.

THE GREAT RULE OF CONDUCT.—The rule of conduct followed by Lord Erskine, a man of sterling independence of principle and scrupulous adherence to truth—is worthy of being engraven on every young man's heart. "It was a first command and counsel of my earliest youth, he said, always to do what my conscience told me to do, my duty, and to leave the consequence to God. I shall carry with me the memory, and I trust, the practice of this parental lesson, to the grave. I have hitherto followed it, and I have no reason to complain that my obedience to it has been a temporal sacrifice. I have found it, on the contrary, the road to prosperity, and I shall point out the same path to my children for their pursuit. And there can be no doubt, after all, that the only safe rule of conduct is to follow implicitly the guidance of an enlightened conscience."

Adams Fall.

A favorite temperance lecturer down south used to relate the following anecdote to illustrate the bad example in the formation of habits ruinous in their effect:

Adam and Mary his wife were very good members of the church; good sort of folks any way, quite industrious and thriving in the world.

Whenever the minister called to make Mary a visit, which was often, she contrived to have a glass of good toddy made, and the minister never refused to imbibe.

After a while Adam got to following the example of the minister to such an extent that he became a drunkard—drank up everything he had and all he could get. Mary and Adam became very poor in consequence of his following the minister's example so closely, but the good minister continued still to get his glass of toddy. One day he called in and told Mary he was going away for a week—should return on Friday—and handed her a book containing the catechism, and told her when he returned he should expect her to answer the questions. Mary said yes, and laid away the book carefully. But Mary, like a good many others, forgot it until the very Friday the good minister was to return. "What shall I do?" said she; "the minister is to be here to-day, and I haven't looked in the book he gave me! how can I answer the questions?"

"I can tell you," said Adam; "give me a quarter, and let me go over to Smith's and get some good rum, and you can answer him with a glass of toddy."

Mary took the advice, gave Adam a quarter and a jug, and off he started. After getting his jug filled, and on his way back Adam concluded to taste the rum.

One taste followed another, until he tumbled over a pile of rocks, and broke the jug and lost all the rum. Adam managed to stagger home.

Soon as he got into the house Mary asked very anxiously for the rum.

Poor Adam managed to stammer out that he stumbled over a pile of rocks, and broke the jug, and spilled the rum.

Mary was in a fix—Adam drunk—the minister coming—rum gone—and the questions unlearnt. But here comes the minister! "I won't do for the man of God to see Adam drunk, so she for want of a better place to hide him put him under the bed."

By the time he was fairly under, in came the minister. After sitting a few moments, he asked Mary if she could answer the question, "How did Adam fall?"

Mary turned her head first one way, and then the other, finally stammered out: "He fell over a pile of rocks."

It was now the minister's turn to look blank, but he ventured another question.—"Where did he hide himself after the fall?"

Mary looked at the minister, then at the bed, but finally she spoke out with: "Under the bed, sir! There, Adam, you may come out; he knows all about it."

The good minister retired—not even waiting for his glass of toddy.

Remarkable Escape.

The following beats all the stories of remarkable escapes which we remember ever to have seen: "On" the passage of the ship Alexander from New Orleans to New York, a young lad, about fourteen years of age, from a naturally frolicsome and mischievous disposition, became so troublesome in his pranks that he was threatened by the captain, if they were continued, that he would confine him in a water cask. Our youngster took no heed, however, and at his next offence, he was put in the cask, which was headed up, leaving a large bung-hole for the admission of air. That night the ship encountered a violent storm, and, in a sudden lurch, the cask containing the boy rolled over into the sea. Fortunately, the cask struck buoy up, and floated about thirty hours, when it was thrown upon the beach at St. Bias. Here the boy made desperate efforts to extricate himself from his prison, without success, and, in despair, gave up to die. Some cows, however strolling on the beach, were attracted to the cask, and in walking round it, one of them, it being flytime switched her tail into the bung hole which the lad grasped with a desperate resolution. The cow bellowed, and set off for life, and after running some two hundred yards with the cask, struck it against a log on the beach and knocked it to smash. The boy was discovered by some fishermen on the Point, and taken into Appalacheicola, where, a small collection being made for him, he was enabled to proceed on his journey homeward."

COOL.—San Francisco boasts of a saloon called the Bank Exchange, where the finest wines and liquors are dispensed at twenty-five cents a glass, with lunches thrown in free. A plain looking person went in one morning and called for a brandy cocktail, and wanted it strong. Mr. Parker, as is usual with him, was very considerate, and mixed the drink in his best style, setting it down for his customer. After the cocktail had disappeared the party leaned over the bar and said that he had no change about him, but would have soon, when he would pay for the drink. Parker politely remarked that he should have mentioned that fact before he got the drink; when his customer remarked, "I tried that on yesterday morning with one of your men, but he would not let me have the whiskey, so you could not play that dodge on me again!" This was too good for Parker, and he told the customer he was welcome to his drink, and was entitled to his hat in the bargain, if he wanted it.

A man boasted last Saturday of having eaten forty-nine hard-boiled eggs at Levi's.

"Why did you not eat one more, and make it even fifty?" asked Pete.

"Humph! I want a man to make a hog of himself just for one egg?"

OH! ASK ME NOT.

Oh! ask me not for smiles to-night!
I can but only sigh!
Do streams reflect the moon's fair light
When clouds o'erspread the sky?
No! sorrow's cloud is on my brow,
Its shadow in my heart,
And with the gay and joyous now
I cannot act a part.

Oh! ask me not for songs to-night!
'Twere all in vain to try;
Can the shattered bells give forth sweet tone
Along the bely sky?
When winter's cold and icy chain
Hath bound, you murmuring stream,
It sings not sweetly o'er the plain,
As in the summer's beam.

My thoughts are with the loved and lost—
They're thronging round me now,
And with them come on memory's tide
Sweet dreams of long ago,
That cause my lonely heart to grieve
For hopes of by-gone years;
Then ask not smiles or songs but leave,
Oh! leave me to my tears.

A Romance of Real Life.

The following story is told concerning a party now residing near Rochester, New York:

"The narrative I am about to relate is peculiarly interesting. Although it may seem fictitious it is nevertheless true, as I can vouch, being acquainted with the parties concerned and the facts of the case.

"About the spring of the year 1850, a Mr. Gagnet, living near Auburn, New York, was arrested for forgery. He was tried, and found guilty, and sentenced to three years in the State Prison at Auburn. He denied his guilt to the end, and being a man of very sensitive feelings, and having a wife and family, it bore quite heavily upon him. He served his time and was released, a mere wreck of his former self, despised by his once loving wife, who refused to live with him, and shunned him as a guilty culprit.—Sad and broken-hearted, he disposed of his property and went to Central Pennsylvania, where he married a beautiful and excellent young wife.

"They lived happily and prospered. Several years after his departure, the first wife became fully convinced that he was innocent and had been wronged. This conviction proved true by the death-bed confession of a man who acknowledged the commission of the crime of which Mr. Gagnet had been convicted. The sorrowing woman repented her former act, and with a friend went in pursuit of her disordered husband, whom she seemed to expect to find somewhere in Pennsylvania.

"After a search of several weeks, they at length arrived in the neighborhood of the object of their search. Just at dark they drove up to the door of a snug and pleasant little cottage, when Mrs. Gagnet entered the house, and there beheld her once beloved husband apparently happy in the society of his second wife. She rushed up to him, and throwing her arms about his neck, wept bitterly. Soon the scene became afflicting, the two wives clinging to him, each claimed him as her husband."

"After calming their feelings, and candidly considering the case the second wife decided to give up the husband, believing that the first had the lawful claim. After a few days Mr. Gagnet and his first wife removed to the vicinity of Rochester, New York, where they now reside. The second wife makes them an annual visit, and Mr. Gagnet keeps her supplied with all the necessaries of life."

Friendship Among Women.

Nothing could be more severe and unjust than this picture of feminine friendship written by Lady Clara Cavendish:

"Men that is men who are worth anything—are capable of a good deal of solid friendship for each other, at all events they are governed by a certain principle of honor and you will hardly ever hear of one of the sterner sex entertaining a parlor full of guests with the foibles and failings of his most intimate friend, or with sarcastic remarks on his personal appearance. We wish we could say the same of our own sex, but alas! we cannot. Sometimes we doubt the existence of friendship in female bosoms altogether, and wonder at the revelations which women make of their own meanness to each other."

When Augusta and Amelia seek each other's society constantly, twine their arms around each other's waist, kiss at parting, and exchange the most affectionate little billets, the supposition is that they are friends; but ten to one, if you meet Augusta by herself, you discover, to your great surprise, that her opinion of Amelia is by no means a high one. She wonders what you see in her to admire, assures you she is very vain, and entertains you with an account of certain mysterious of her toilet which you must not mention to any one, but really, the idea of those curls being her own, and that color. There is something horrible in treachery. Why need women be false to each other? They are very constant as a general thing, to those of the other sex.

An old colored preacher at Port Gibson, Miss., recently baptized thirty colored converts, and charged them a dollar apiece. On the following Sunday he succeeded in inducing two to present themselves who were willing to pay. Becoming indignant at the parsimony of his congregation, he refused to baptize the two candidates for glory, saying: "He wain't gwine to slosh hisself up for no two dollars."

Some highly imaginative chap has discovered the origin of waterfalls. When Noah and his family were moving in the ark, when they were somewhat crowded up, of course, and the women had no opportunity of combing their hair, bagged it up in a great ball on the back of the neck. Noah did not like such a shiftless practice as this, and constantly urged his women to comb their hair, and their invariable reply was, "wait till the water falls." And ever since that shiftless style of bagging the hair has been called waterfalls.

The Death of Intellect.

Look at the living drunkard, and you will find him but the remnant of his former self. His immortal mind is not less blighted by this withering curse than his dying body.—His memory, once retentive and ready, has lost its wonted elasticity and power. His understanding which once could grasp and wield and elucidate almost every subject, becomes debilitated and childish. In his cups the drunkard is generally a temporary fool or madman. His very horse exhibits the outward symbols of shame for the load he carries, his dog ashamed to keep his master's company. But idiotism and insanity are not always temporary in the case of the drunkard. Both of these effects often become permanent in the future man. Idiots may be found almost every day who have brought this calamity upon themselves by the immoderate use of ardent spirits. From men of intellect and men of business, and perhaps men of preminent attainments, they have debased themselves to a common level with the swine. In some cases reason seems to be blotted out; and the miserable victim of intemperance lives and dies a literal fool. In other cases still more numerous, there is a manifest approximation to idiocy where this deplorable consequence does not follow. Who has not witnessed the wane of intellect become obtuse; the arch politician bewildered; the eagle flight of the learned advocate flag; and the precocity of genius, which, in the dawn of life attracted the steady gaze and promised a giant manhood, dwindle into mental insignificance and death? The world may, perhaps, stand and wonder at the change, and speculate upon the latent cause. But lift the curtain and the mystery is solved. There stands the bottle, and the death of intellect is in it.

An exchange correctly remarks that when a man gets mad and stops his paper, he always borrows the next number of his neighbor, to see if the withdrawal of his subscription hasn't killed the editor, and he has not dressed the columns of the paper in mourning. Such men imagine that the world—rests on their shoulders.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

Jim Ward was a conductor on the eastern division of the New York Central Railroad, running daily between Utica, and Albany.—Ward had been in the employ of the Central Railroad for a long period of years, and is one of the oldest conductors in the country. Invariably attentive to the ladies, he always managed to make himself a favorite with those of the fair sex who accompanied the train under his direction. The Buffalo Republic relates the following anecdote of what happened to Jim, because he didn't know a male from a female baby:

A short time since, when a train, under his direction, was on its way east from Utica, one of those interesting incidents occurred on board the train which add to the visible number of passengers, but scarcely ever improve the profits of the trip. Ward as soon as he discovered the condition of the lady, hustled about, and with the train running forty miles an hour, fixed up a portion of the express car and had her conveyed thereto.—A physician by the name of Beecher was on the train; his services were immediately put in requisition, and in a short time Ward had the pleasure of announcing to his anxious passengers that mother and babe were "doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances."

The mother was a poor woman, and as soon as it became known, Ward went round with a hat, and in a short time a handsome purse was collected, and Jim, with his countenance actually filtering off happiness, took it to the mother. After he reappeared the passengers proposed that the child should be named. No sooner said than done. Jim went in and got the baby, and with the consent of the delighted mother, brought it out, when it was proposed that it should be named "James Ward," after Jim and "Boecheer," after the physician who had professionally attended the mother. It was adopted with acclamation; and a general shout of approbation the babe was named "James Ward Beecher," Jim, with a smile of ill concealed delight, was jogging off his little namesake, when some of the ladies requested to see the "little baby." It was passed from hand to hand among the ladies, all admiring the little bundle, but at the same time a general disposition to smile and stuff handkerchiefs in their mouths became manifest among the women.

Jim wondered in vain what this subdued laughter meant, until the baby was handed to an old lady. She had not had it more than a minute, when she exclaimed—"Law suz!"

"Well ma'am, what's the matter?" said Jim, fearfully.

"Why, it's a gall, said the old woman, handing the babe to Jim.

Then rose a yell of laughter; the men broke out first, then the women, then they broke out together, until the universal scream filled the car. Several gentlemen threw their hats and mufflers out of the windows, while others endeavored, unsuccessfully, to "saw their legs off." The women blushed and screamed; the men shouted and held their sides. In the midst of this storm of fun and laughter, Jim made his escape from the car with his female "Jim Ward Beecher," and for the rest of the trip, on the platform of the baggage car, ruminated on the sudden changes and mutations of human life.

Happiness—How Attained.

In this busy world of strife, there stands far above all others a goal which man vainly strives to reach. Press forward with an eye to fame only, plunge madly into the vortex of dissipation, or watch nightly beside heaps of gold that will might gladden the most miserly spirit, and all will be in vain. Still as far beyond his reach happiness will taunt him with visions of supreme blessedness, of which he may not partake. Though ever doomed to disappointments, man still vainly seeks for happiness, but where will he find it?

"Ask the miser who hoards his gold as if in it were life, if it bring happiness. His restless eye and wretched countenance plainly tell you that there is no joy. And he whom the world calls wealthy, who revels in halls of pleasure, and to whom every scene of luxury is but a repetition of every-day-life ask him if in all this he finds the pearl of price, and with a bitter smile he wearily turns for a moment from the empty mirth, to tell you that this is not happiness. And the gifted few who stand highest in the niche of fame, pant for rest from all the anxious cares and wild longings that have characterized their lives.

How strange it seems that we should thus blindly search for happiness, while to us is given so noble example. The beasts of the field, and birds of the air, proclaim in every action that unalloyed joy is theirs. But man, though endowed with every noble faculty, still sighs for that balm in which the spirit can alone find relief. Reflection and our own experience tell us that as the oak sinks deep into the earth for support, so must the germ Truth reach far down into the heart, if we would have everlasting peace.

We are told that if we are faithful followers of CHRIST, happiness and eternal life will surely be our reward; and he who would win the crown, must not weary in well doing.—Rural New Yorker.

TEST OF LOVE.—As a woman was walking, a man looked at and followed her.—"Why," said she, "do you follow me?"—"Because I have fallen in love with you."—"Why so? My sister, who is coming after is much handsomer than I am, go and make love to her." The man turned back, and saw a woman with an ugly face, and being greatly displeased, turned and said: "Why did you tell me a story?" The woman answered: "Neither did you tell me the truth. If you are in love with me, why did you look for another woman?"

An exchange says that money is being collected among the Copperheads of Luzerne county, for the relief of J. Wilkes Booth, who is believed by many of them to be still alive. Couldn't they do a little towards erecting a monument to Benedict Arnold?

I want to buy a sewing machine, said an old lady, entering a shop. Do you wish for a machine with a feller? inquired the clerk. Sakes, no; don't want any of your fellows about me.

Two brothers passing a house, one remarked—"I have a brother residing here; I will give him a call." The second passed on, saying—"As I have none there, I will not stop." Who lived in the house?

A revivalist in Binghamton, N. Y., encountered a large sized African and asked him:—"My good man, have you found the Lord?" To which Sambo replied, in a surprised manner,—"Golly, massa, is de Lord lost?"

"Massa, de corn's up." "The corn's up? why I only planted it yesterday." "I koo dat, but de hogs got in last night and guv it a lift."