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POETICAL.



WHO WON THE WIDOW'S HEART.

In a bower a window dwelt,
At her feet three suitors knelt;
Each adored the maiden much,
Each essayed her heart to touch;
One had wit and one had gold,
And one was cast in beauty's mould;
Guess which won it - won the prize -
Pearl, or tongue, or handsome eyes!

First offered the handsome man,
Proudly peeping o'er her fan;
Red his lips and white his skin,
Could such beauty fail to win?
Then stepped forth the man of gold,
Cash he counted, coin he told,
Wealth the burden of his tale -
Could such golden projects fail!

Then the man of wit and sense,
Wooded her with his eloquence;
Now she blushed, she knew not why,
Then she heaved an ardent sigh,
Then she said to hear him speak,
Then the tear was on her cheek;
Heavenly vanish, gold depart,
Wit had won the widow's heart.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

Judge not the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-worn field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight,
May be a token that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some internal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face!

The fall thou darest to despise
May be the slackened angel's hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to free its wings.

And judge none lost, but wait and see
With hopeful pity, not disdain,
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain,
And love and glory that may raise
This soul to God in after days.

MISCELLANY.

NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR HER.

In the days of the good colony of Virginia, the distinction between rich and poor were based upon laws which, like those of the Modes and Persians, altered not. One of the most devout followers of this code was a wealthy planter, living in what is known as the Northern Neck. He was in all other respects a frank, open hearted, manly gentleman; but his estimate of his fellow men was rounded upon the principles that governed his selection of horses—blood, wealth, too, was by no means an unimportant feature with him. He had our human weakness, and like all of us, was influenced more than he even believed by pounds, shillings and pence.

This Mr. G. had quite a large family, and among them was a daughter whose beauty was the standing toast of the country. She was just eighteen, and budding into a lovely womanhood. Not only was she beautiful in person, but her amiable disposition and many accomplishments made her more than ordinarily attractive, and half the gentlemen of the Northern Neck were already sighing for her love.

There was in the country at this time a young man who was already rising high in the esteem of his neighbors. He came of a good family, but was, as yet, a poor young surveyor, who had taught himself his profession, and who had spent much of his time in traversing unknown forests, with nothing but his compass for his guide, and his chain for his companion, locating lands and settling disputed titles. He was a model of manly beauty, and excelled in all the various tests of strength in which the old time American took such pride. He was calm and reserved, and there was about him a dignified sweetness of demeanor that accorded well with his frank independence of character. He was a great favorite with all who knew him, and there was no gathering to which he was not asked.

Mr. G. seemed especially to like the young man, and it was not long before he insisted that the latter should abandon all ceremony in his visits to him, and come and go when he pleased. The invitation was heartily given, and as promptly accepted. The young man liked the planter, and he found the society of the beautiful Mary G. a very strong attraction. The result was that he was frequently at the planter's residence; so frequently, indeed, that Mrs. G. felt called upon to ask her husband if he did not think it wrong to permit him to enjoy such unreserved intercourse with their daughter. The father only laughed at the idea, and said he hoped his daughter knew her position too well to allow anything like love for a poor surveyor to bind her to the duty to her family.

Nevertheless Mary G. was not so fully impressed with this conviction of duty as was her father. She found more to admire in the poor surveyor than in all her wealthy and aristocratic suitors; and, almost before she knew it her heart passed out of her keep-

A Gambler's Fate.

Among innumerable anecdotes related of the ruin of persons at play, there is one worth relating which refers to a Mr. Porter, a gentleman who in the reign of Queen Anne, possessed one of the best estates in the county of Northumberland, England, the whole of which he lost at hazard in twelve months.

According to the story told of this madman, for we call him nothing else, when he had just completed the loss of his last acre at a gambling house in London, and was proceeding down stairs to throw himself into his carriage to carry him home to his house in town, he resolved to have one throw more to try to retrieve his losses, and immediately returned to the room where the play was going on.

Nerved for the worst that might happen, he insisted that the person he had been playing with should give him one chance of recovery, or fight with him. His proposition was this: that his carriage and horses, the trinkets and loose money in his pockets, his town-house, plate and furniture—in short, all he had left in the world except the clothes on his back, should be valued in a lump at a certain price and be thrown for at a single cast. No persuasions could avail on him to depart from his purpose. He threw and lost; then conducting the winner to the door he told his coachman that there was his master, and marched forth into the dark and dismal streets, without house, home, or any one creditable means of support.

Thus beggared, he retired to an obscure lodging in a cheap part of the town; subsisting partly on charity, sometimes acting as the marker at a billiard table, and occasionally as a helper at a livery stable. In this miserable condition, and with nakedness and famine staring him in the face, exposed to the taunts and insults of those whom he had once supported he was recognized by an old friend, who gave him ten guineas to purchase necessaries. He expended five in procuring decent apparel. With the remaining five he repaired to a common gaming-house, and increased them to fifty. He then adjourned to one of the higher order of houses, set down with his former associates, and won twenty thousand pounds.

Returning the next night, he lost it all, and was once more penniless. After subsisting many years in abject penury, he died a ragged beggar at a penny lodging-house in St. Giles.

Imagination.

The influence of imagination not only cured a girl of a painful malady, but also proved the means wherewith to wipe off a tavern score which had been run up by a set of graceless and moneyless young gents. This case occurred in the early manhood of Chief Justice Holt. One day, for a youthful frolic, Holt and a number of his young friends had put up at a country tavern. At the time for their departure they found themselves with empty pockets; not a penny could they muster with which to meet the claims of Boniface. For a while they were at a loss what to do in such an awkward predicament. Holt, however, perceived that the inn keepers daughter looked quite unwell, and on inquiry as to what was the matter with her, was informed that she had the ague. Holt now passed himself off for a medical student, and assured the girl and her parents that he possessed an infallible cure for her complaint. He then collected a number of plants, mixed them up with various ceremonies, and enclosed them in parchment, on which he scrawled divers cabalistic characters. When all was completed he suspended the amulet around the neck of the young girl, and, strange to say, the ague left her and never returned. The landlord grateful for the cure which had been effected on his daughter, not only declined to receive any payment from the young men, but pressed them to remain free of charge as long as they pleased. Many years after, when Holt was on the bench, a woman was brought before him charged with witchcraft; she was accused of curing the ague by charms. All that she said in defence, was that she did possess a ball which was a sovereign remedy in the complaint. The charm was produced and handed to the Judge, who recognized the very ball which he himself had compounded in his boyish days, when out of mere fun, or for the purpose of paying off a tavern score, he had assumed the character of medical practitioner.

"KEEP HIM DOWN."—Aye, keep him down. What business has a poor man to attempt to rise, without a name, without friends, without honorable blood in his veins? We have known him ever since he was a boy, we knew his father before him, and he was a mechanic; and what merit can there be in the young stripling? Such is the cry of the world, when a man of sterling character attempts to break away from the cords of poverty and ignorance, and rise to positions of honor and trust. The multitude excited by envy, cannot bear to be outstripped by those who grew up with them or their children, side by side; and hence the opposition a man meets with in his native place. In spite of this feeling, many noble minds have risen from obscurity and lived down their opponents, but others have yielded to discouragements, lived in obscurity, "died, and made no sign." Persevere—mount up, and you will yet startle the world.

"Mark Twain" says that to see a lovely girl of seventeen, with her saddle on her head, and her muzzel on her back, and her veil covering the end of her nose, come tripping along in her hopeless red buttoned dress, like a churn on fire, is enough to set a man wild.

Every parent is like a looking-glass for his children to dress themselves by. Therefore parents should take care to keep the glass bright and clean.

Proverbial Gleanings.

A vaunting man's mouth is a perpetual gas bill.
Self conceit is the attendant of ignorance.
Never condemn a friend unheard, or without letting him know his accuser or his crime.
Small faults indulged are little thieves, that let in greater.
Neither purity, virtue, nor liberty can long flourish when education is neglected.
Be not afraid of hard study; it is the price of learning.
Sobriety, temperance, and tranquility are nature's best physician.
No man was ever so much deceived as by himself.
The clock of the tongue should be set by the dial of the heart.
Happy is the man when habits are his friends.
Great talkers are like broken pitchers, everything run out of them.
By reading we enrich the mind, by conversation we polish it.
Beer fills many a bottle, and the bottle fills many a bier.
Fools learn nothing from wise men, but wise men learn much from fools.
He who has to deal with a blockhead bathes in mud of his own brains.
He who hath good health is young, and he is rich who owes nothing.
Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry, all things easy.
Teach subjects and not books; principles more than facts.
One hour's sleep before midnight is worth two hours after.
No good building without a good foundation.
He is never alone who is in company of noble thoughts.
If you don't open the door to the Devil, he goes away.
Laziness travels so slowly that poverty overtakes him.
Want less than you have, and you will always have more than you want.

Home Affections.

The heart has affections that never die. The rough rubs of the world cannot obliterate them. They are the memories of home—only home; there is the old tree, under which the light-hearted boy was swung many a day; yonder is the river in which he learned to swim; there is the house in which he knew a parents protection—nay, there is the room in which he romped with brother and sister, long since laid in the yard to which he must soon be gathered, overshadowed by the old church wither with a joyous troop like himself, he had often followed his parents to worship, and hear the good old man who ministered at the altar. Even the very schoolhouse, associated in youthful days with thoughts of task, now comes to bring pleasant remembrance of many occasions that called forth some generous exhibition of noble traits of human nature. There is where he learned to feel some of the first emotions. There perchance, he first met the being, who by her love and tenderness in life has made a home for himself happier than that which his childhood has known. There are certain feelings of humanity—and those, too, among the best—that can find no appropriate place for their exercise only at one's fireside.

A MARTYR BIRD.—The following beautiful incident is recorded in the Pittsburgh Dispatch:
The noble deeds of robin-red-breast have been celebrated for generations in both song and story, and the tender sympathy which this bird is supposed to feel for stray babes has gained for it the highest opinion of the occupants of the nursery. A painful little circumstance, which will interest our young readers, and at the same time serve to confirm their regard for the robin, was brought to light after the fire at the residence of Mr. McCallum, a week or two ago. In a tree near by, a robin had built her nest, and hatched her brood. The birdlings were too young to fly, and although the flames progressed, and the heat became more and more intense the mother bird refused to forsake her nest, and perished in her efforts to protect her little ones from harm. The nest was afterwards discovered, and the parent bird was found, with her little brood still under her, but all were dead. What a wonderful instinct has the Creator bestowed upon this little creature, that would impel it thus to sacrifice its own life, in a manner so peculiarly painful, in its efforts to shield the helpless little ones committed to its charge! Surely, many men and women might learn a lesson of wisdom from this martyr bird.

A letter from Naples mentions the following curious fact:—'Lately, while excavations were being made at Pompeii, in presence of several persons of distinction, the workmen discovered a bronze vase, hermetically closed and enveloped in a thick crystallized crust, that having been broken and the lid raised, the interior of the vessel was found to contain a considerable quantity of water. As no marks of oxydation appeared within the vase, some persons present ventured to drink some of the liquid, and all unanimously agreed in pronouncing it clear, fresh, and of remarkable softness. As the destruction of Pompeii by the ashes of Vesuvius dates from the year 79 of our era, the water in question has been preserved for nearly 1,800 years.'

An Ohio paper tells a novel love story. A young couple planned an elopement, the girl descending from her room upon a traditional ladder, but at the gate they were met by the father of the girl and a minister, by whom the young couple were escorted to the parlor, where to their surprise they found all their relatives collected for the marriage ceremony, which took place at once. It was a neat paternal frock.

LUCKY DAYS.—In the Rhymes and Proverbs we find these lines on wedding-days.—
Monday for health,
Tuesday for wealth,
Wednesday the best day of all;
Thursday for crosses,
Friday for losses,
And Saturday no luck at all.

Defining his Position.

The 'Fat Contributor,' while at Nashville recently, was requested to define his position, on politics, which he did in a letter to 'John Wiley,' of the Nashville Banner as follows:
"I am aware of the necessity of knowing just where a man stands in these times when try men's soles—as well as the upper leather. To begin with, I am an old Henry Clay whig of the Polk school. I believed in the hard cider platform of 1840, during which I cast a somewhat colored vote for Jackson. I voted against the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, and am in favor of the impeachment of Jefferson Davis. I favored the Main law until they fired on our flag, together with several of our flagstones, when I went in for a vigorous prosecution of peace. I am in favor of woman's rights, if it is a good looking woman, and she writes to me. I don't know much about the Monroe doctrine, and as for horse doctrine I don't know anything at all. I wouldn't vote to oblige a Mormon to have more than one wife, and am opposed to introducing cholera into the territories. I go in for a tax on waterfalls, and am willing to allow ethnographic representation on the basis of population. Finally, I am in favor of allowing the negroes to vote in the South—it is the only way to make treason odious.

Passing Away.

Men rejoice when the sun is risen; they also rejoice when it goes down, while they are unconscious of the decay of their own lives. Men rejoice at the return of a new season, as at the arrival of one greatly desired. Nevertheless, the revolution of seasons is the decay of human life. Fragments of driftwood, meeting in the wide ocean, continue together a little space, thus parents, wives, children, friends and riches, remain with us a short time, and separate, and the separation is inevitable. No mortal can escape the common lot; he who mourns for a departed relative has no power to cause them to return.
One standing on the road would readily say to a number of persons passing by, 'I will follow you.' Why, then, should a person grieve when journeying the same road which has been assuredly trodden by all our forefathers?
Life resembles a cataract, rushing down with irresistible impetuosity. Knowing that the end of life is death, every right-minded man ought to pursue that which is connected with happiness and ultimate bliss.

EXPANDING THE LUNGS.—Step out into the purest air you can find; stand perfectly erect, with the head up and the shoulders back, and then flex the lips as though you were going to whistle, draw the air, not through the nostrils, but through the lips into the lungs. When the chest is about half full, gradually raise the arms, keeping them extended, with the palms of the hands down, as you suck in the air, so as to bring them over the head just as the lungs are quite full. Then drop the thumb inward, and after gently forcing the arms backward, and the chest open, reverse the process by which you draw your breath, till the lungs are empty. This process should be repeated three or four times immediately after bathing, and also several times through the day. It is impossible to describe to any one who has never tried it, the glorious sense of vigor which follows this exercise. It is the best expectorant in the world.

EATING WHILE FATIGUED.—There are few habits more injurious to health than the common one of filling the stomach with food while the body is fatigued. Men will come from the fields, from their shops and counters, with their bodies or brains, or both, all most exhausted, sit down and hurriedly eat a hearty meal, and then go back to their labor again. If the brain, or any part or organ of the body becomes unduly fatigued, the whole system requires rest for a while, so that the nervous influence and the circulation of the blood may become equalized throughout the body before another demand is made upon the vital energies. If the stomach is filled with food while the vital forces are powerfully directed to the brain or the muscles, digestion cannot take place until equilibrium has been established, and the blood and nervous power determined to the stomach, consequently the food remains undigested, ferments and becomes sour and irritates the stomach, causing derangement and disease of the digestive organs, and through them of the whole system. If you have a care for your health and comfort never sit down to eat while either body or brain is fatigued from over exertion.

'MY BOY DRUNK.'—'Drunk,—my boy drunk!' and tears started to the mother's eye, and she beat her head in unutterable sorrow. In that moment all visions of a useful and honorable career destroyed; and one of worthlessness, if not absolute dishonor presented itself. Well did she know that intemperance walks hand in hand with poverty, shame and death, and her mother's heart was pierced as with a sharp pointed steel.
Ah, young man, if the holy love for her who bore you is not dead within you, shun that which gives her pain, adhere to that which gives her joy.
If she is with you on earth she does not desire to see her son a drunkard; if she is with her Father in Heaven, shun that course of life which shuts the gates of heaven against you, and debars you from her society forever. The drunkard cannot inherit the Kingdom of God.

UOly MEN.—In the eastern part of Ohio there resides a man named Brown, now a justice of the peace, and a very sensible man, but, by common consent, the ugliest man in the West, being long, gaunt, sallow and awry with a gait like a kangaroo. One day he was hunting, and on one of the mountain roads he met a man on foot and alone, who was longer and gaunter by odds, than himself. Without saying a word, Brown raised his gun and deliberately leveled it at the stranger.
"For God's sake, don't shoot!" shouted the man in alarm.
"Stranger," replied Brown, "I swore ten years ago that if ever I met a man uglier than I was I'd shoot him, and you are the first one I've seen."
The stranger, after taking a careful survey of his rival replied, "Well captain, if I look any worse than you do, shoot, I don't want to live any longer!"

YOUR HOME PAPER.—The Cleveland Plaindealer very justly says:—
"It matters not how many newspapers a man takes, his list is incomplete without his home paper. Every citizen who wishes well for his locality, should give a generous support to his home paper. If that paper is not just such as he would wish he should feel that himself and neighbors are responsible, in a measure, for its short comings. Give a paper a liberal support, an active sympathy, and it will instantly respond to such manifestations. Let an editor feel that his efforts are appreciated and he is the most responsive being on earth; his paper, being a part of himself, he is as sensitive to praise or censure as a doating father.
Nothing can supply the place of the home paper. It is the mirror in which the town, and neighborhood news is reflected; in the social, political and religious circles where printed, it fills a place that no other paper can. When a need of economy compels you to curtail your newspaper list strike off every other one, before you say to the publisher of your home journal—'stop my paper!'"

SAYINGS BY JOSH BILLINGS.—If a man begins life by being first Lieutenant—in his family, he need never look for promotion. I often hear affectionate husbands call their wives 'mi Duck.' I wonder if this ain't an allusion to their big bills.
There is one thing that I blame Adam for, and that is when he had the only woman on earth, he didn't git her warrented.
If yer have got a reel good wife, kepe perfectly still, and thank God every twenty minutes for it.

A good story is told of the President in Raleigh. While responding, in a feeling manner, to the welcome given him, he used the expression 'Let us, my friends, repair the breaches'—and before he could add 'made by the war,' an old woman exclaimed, 'Bless the dear man, he has come home again to work at his old trade!'

A happy woman! Is she not the very sparkle and sunshine of life? A woman who is happy because she can't help it—whose smile even the coldest sprinkle of misfortune can not dampen. Men make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty, for talent, or for style; the sweetest wives are those who possess the magic secret of being contented under any circumstances. Rich or poor, high or low, it makes no difference; the bright little fountain of joy bubbles up just as musical as their hearts.

WORTH TRYING.—Some of our friends who delight in flowers ought to try an experiment recommended by one of our exchanges. It says: Any lady who cultivates a rose in her apartments will find that by planting an onion in the same pot the fragrance of the rose will be increased a hundred per cent. Why this is so, is more than we can say, but it is certainly a fact.—Tallahassee (Florida) Sentinel.

A friend of ours lives next door to a not-overthiving undertaker. One day our friend's young son rushed into the parlor in a state of wild excitement, exclaiming: 'Oh, father, somebody is dead for sure, because the undertaker's children are eating candy!'
GAPS IN CHICKENS.—My chickens died in numbers, the past summer, and I tried a remedy that cured the sick; and none of them have died. I placed several of old rusty iron in the water they drank of.
RELIGION.—That is a bad religion which makes us hate the religion of other people. That is a bad sect of Christians which encourages its members to think contemptuously of all other sects of Christians.
Why is a woman mending her stockings deformed? Because her hands are where her feet ought to be.
'An' will ye be after telling what kind of a baste ye call this,' said a newly arrived Irishman, holding up a wisp between his thumb and finger.
'Ooh, murder! Spake quick, for he's biting me.'

Husbands who leave their wives alone to attend clubs, have club on the brain and ought to have it on the skull.
'Wife,' said a hon pecked husband, 'Go to bed.'
'I won't.'
'Well, then, sit up; I will be obeyed.'
It costs a good deal to be wise, but don't cost anything to be happy.
Do well, but do not boast of it, for that will lessen the commendation you might otherwise have deserved.