

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

\$2.00 Per Year

VOLUME XXI.

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 18, 1867.

NUMBER 14

POETICAL.



ALWAYS LOVE.

Because Love's sigh is but a sigh,
Doth it the less Love's heart disclose?
Because the rose must fade and die,
Is it the less the lovely rose?
Because black night must shroud the day,
Shall the brave sun no more be gay?
Because chill autumn frights the birds,
Shall we distrust that spring will come?
Because sweet words are only words,
Shall love for ever more be dumb?
Because our bliss is fleeting bliss,
Shall we who love forebear to kiss?
Because those eyes of gentle myth
Must sometime cease my heart to thrill,
Because the sweetest voice on earth
Soner or later must be still,
Because its idol is unsure,
Shall my strong love the less endure?
Ah, no! let lovers breathe their sighs,
And roses bloom, and music sound,
And passion burn on lips and eyes,
And Plesure's world go ever round;
Let golden sunshine flood the sky,
And let me love or let me die!

THE DEATH OF SUMMER.

By the length'ning twilight hours,
By the chill and fragrant showers,
By the flowers pale and faded;
By the leaves with russet shaded;
By the grey and clouded morn;
By the dropping ears of corn;
By the meadows, overgrown
With the spiller's wavy thread;
By the soft and shadowy sky;
By the thousand tears that lie
Every weeping herb beneath
Summer, we perceive thy death!
Summer, all thy charms are past;
Summer, thou art wasting fast;
Scarcely one of all thy roses
On thy faded bow reposes
Thrush and Nightingale no long
Ceased to woo thee with their song;
And on every lonely height
Swallows gather for their flight;
When the wild wind's dreary tone,
Sweeping through the valleys lone,
Sighs, with mournful breath,
Requies for Summer's death.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Wouldn't Take Twenty Dollars.

Some waggish students at Yale College, a few years since, were regaling themselves one evening at the "Tontine," when an old farmer from the country entered the room (taking it for the bar room) and inquired if he could obtain lodging. The young chaps immediately answered in the affirmative, inviting him to take a glass of punch. The old fellow, who was a shrewd Yankee, saw at once that he was to be made the butt of their jests, but quietly laying off his hat and telling a worthless little dog he had with him to lie under the chair, he took a glass of the proffered beverage. The students anxiously inquired after the health of the old man's wife and children, and the farmer, with affected simplicity, gave them the whole pedigree, with numerous anecdotes about his farm, stock, &c.
"Do you belong to the church?" asked one of the wags.
"Yes, the Lord be praised, and so did my father before me."
"Well, I suppose you would not tell a lie?" replied the student.
"Not for the world," added the farmer.
"Now what will you take for that dog?" pointing to the farmer's cur, who was not worth his weight in Jersey mud.
"I would not take twenty dollars for that dog."
"Twenty dollars? why he is not worth twenty cents."
"Well, I assure you I would not take twenty dollars for him."
"Come my friend," said the student, who with his companions was bent on having some capital fun with the old man. "Now you say you won't tell a lie for the world, let me see if you will do it for twenty dollars. I'll give you twenty dollars for your dog."
"I'll not take it," replied the farmer.
"You will not? Here let us see if this will tempt you to tell a lie," added the student, producing a small bag of half dollars, from which he counted small piles on the table, where the farmer sat with his hat in his hand, apparently unconcerned. "There," added the student, "there are twenty dollars all in silver. I will give you that for your dog."
The old farmer quietly raised his hat to the edge of the table, and then as quick as thought scraped all the money into it except one half dollar, at the same time exclaiming, "I won't take your twenty dollars! Nineteen and a half is as much as the dog is worth—he is your property!"
A tremendous laugh from his fellow students showed the would-be wag that he was completely "done up," and that he need not look for help from that quarter; so the good naturedly acknowledged bad, insisted on the old farmer taking another glass, and they parted in great glee—the student retaining his dog, which he kept to this day, as a lesson to him never to attempt to play tricks on men older than himself, and especially to be careful how he tries to wheedle a Yankee farmer.
An impudent husbandman—one who harrows his wife's feelings.

(From the Sunday-School Times.)

A Love of Nature.

If we would provide in youth for an earthly enjoyment which will not fail us in old age, we cannot find one more fruitful in pleasure than a love of the beautiful in nature.

The day will come when all artificial amusements will tire, and then annoy us. Our soul is not in harmony with them. But where a love of beautiful scenery has been early and deeply implanted in the heart, it clings to it through all of life's changes, and is a never failing spring of joy.

Hannah More, at eighty-two, thus writes: "The only one of my youthful, fond attachments, which exists still in its full force, is a passion for scenery, raising flowers and landscape gardening."

Who has not seen the face of the weary invalid tossing upon a restless pillow, brightened as if by magic by the entrance of some friend with a saucer of violets, or a single rose-bud in a glass? They are better than medicine to the heart that loves them.

A friend, who was long an invalid, used to have laid on her table every morning a fresh sod of earth, which she would analyze with the point of a knife, searching out every little plant and rootlet, and unearthing every insect in its little cell of masonry. It would often call up a smile to see the enthusiasm with which she explored this little mine of wonders, and to those who could not appreciate this source of relief and enjoyment, it seemed like child's-play. But a cultivated man of science can find a feast of soul where the common observer sees only a stable-field.

Our friend was restored at length to perfect health, and she always regarded her recovery as largely due to this morning recreation.

It is not a trifle to teach your children to love flowers, and watch with delight, the fading glories of the sunset sky, or to look up with awe and admiration at the gems of night, as they come out one by one. Let your memory, mother, be associated with every one of these, and you have thrown a cord about the youthful spirit which will hold it back from much of evil.

Natural science is too much neglected in our schools, or if cultivated at all, is cast decidedly into the back-ground. It is true that arithmetic, grammar, history, and all these are very important, yet there should be combined with them instruction in zoology, botany, and geology. The child's nature hangs for its usual daily tasks. The intelligent mother can, in a measure, supply this want in our schools by taking her children abroad with her, in the field or wood, or little home garden, and there teaching the young eyes to observe the wonders nature has strewed so lavishly about them. Time and labor thus expended are most profitably employed. Let not a day pass without some new thing being learned. No fear of the subject ever being exhausted. Every new season has its new beauties and wonders, and, indeed, so has every recurring day.

Such a wise course, faithfully pursued, will not fail to make your children happier all their lives. It will soften and refine their natures, and fit them for higher, nobler positions in life. It will also tend to lead their thoughts upward to the great Author of all these wonders.

A Confirmed Grumbler.

Some time ago there lived in Edinburg a well-known grumbler, named Sandy Black, whose often recurring fits of spleen or indigestion produced some amusing scenes of senseless irritability, which were highly relished by all except the brute's good, patient little wife. One morning Sandy rose bent on a quarrel; the haddies and eggs were excellent, done to a turn, and had been ordered by himself the previous evening, and breakfast passed without the looked-for cause of complaint.

"What will you have for dinner, Sandy?" said Mrs. Black.
"A chicken, madam," said the husband.
"Roast or boiled," asked the wife.
"Confound it, madam, if you had been a good and considerate wife, you'd have known before this what I liked," Sandy growled out, and, slamming the door behind him, left the house.

It was in the spring, and a friend who was present heard the little wife say, "Sandy's bent on a disturbance to-day; I shall not please him, do what I can."
The dinner-time came and Sandy and his friend sat down to dinner; the fish was eaten in silence, and, on raising the cover of the dish before him, in a towering passion he called out, "Boiled chicken! I hate it, madam. A chicken boiled is a chicken spoiled."

Immediately the cover was raised from another chicken, roasted to a turn.
"Madam, I won't eat roast chicken!" roared Sandy; "you know how it should have been cooked!"
At that instant a "broiled chicken, with mushrooms, was placed on the table."
"Without green peas!" roared the grumbler.

"Here they are, dear," said Mrs. Black.
"How dare you spend my money in that way?"
"They were a present," said the wife interrupting him.

Rising from his chair and rushing from the room, amidst a roar of laughter from his friend, he clucked his fist and shouted, "How dare you receive a present without my leave!"

Just not the oath of the profane; be sure, they are epithets of honor. They who fear not God will hardly keep inviolate a covenant with man, and no occasional sacredness can attach to an habitual jest. The motto of their faith is—"Lightly spoken, lightly broken."

A girl that has lost her beau may as hang up her fiddle.

A Wonderful Story.

The following wonderful story is said to have been taken from the logbook of a vessel which arrived in New York:

In the course of the voyage, that dreadful disease, ship-fever, broke out among the crew. One of the sailors, among the first victims, was accompanied by his son, a lad of fourteen years, who was strongly attached to his father, and remained with him day and night, and never could be persuaded to leave him for a moment.

A large shark was every day following the vessel, evidently for the purpose of devouring any one who should die and be committed to the deep.

After lingering a few days, the sailor died. As was the custom at sea, he was sewed up in a blanket and for the purpose of sinking him, and old grindstone and a carpenter's axe were put in with him. The very impressive service of the Episcopal Church was then read, and his body committed to the deep.

The poor boy, who had watched the proceedings closely, plunged in after his father, when the enormous shark swallowed them both. The second day after this dreadful scene, as the shark continued to follow the vessel—for there were others sick in the ship—one of the sailors proposed as they had a shark hook on board, to make an effort to take him.

They fastened the hook on a long rope and baiting it with a piece of pork, threw it into the sea, and the shark instantly swallowed it. Having thus hooked him, by means of a windlass they hoisted him on board. After he was dead they prepared to open him, when one of the sailors, stooping down for that purpose, suddenly paused, and after listening a few moments declared most solemnly he heard a low guttural sound, which appeared to proceed from the shark.

The sailors, after enjoying a hearty laugh at his expense, proceeded to listen for themselves, when they were compelled to admit they heard a similar sound. They then proceeded to open the shark when the mystery was explained.

It appears that the sailor was not dead, but on a trance; and his son in making this discovery when inside the shark, had by means of a knife, ripped the blanket. Having thus liberated his father, they both went to work and righted up the old grindstone—the boy was turning, the father was holding on to the old ship carpenter's axe; sharpening it for the purpose of cutting their way out of their Jonah like prison, which occasioned the noise heard by the sailor. As it was the hottest season of the year, and very little air stirring where they were at work, they were both sweating tremendously.

The New Fan.

While traveling in Western Virginia happening one day to be in a dry goods store, situated in a small village, an old lady from the country came in. She purchased several articles from the clerk, and at length observing a small but neatly painted and varnished bellows hanging by a post, she inquired what it was. The clerk perceiving that the old lady was rather ignorant, and being somewhat of a wag, informed her that it was a new fan he had lately received from the East, at the same time taking the bellows down and pulling with it in his face, telling her that was the mode of operation.

The lady repeated the operation on herself, and was so delighted with the new fan that she purchased it forthwith and departed.

On the next day our informant, the minister, had an appointment to preach at a school house in the neighboring county. The congregation being assembled, while the minister was in the act of reading the hymn, who should pop in but the old woman with her new fashioned fan, and having her seat she immediately commenced puffing away in cool earnest. The congregation knew not what to make of it, some smiled, and some looked astonished, but the ladies prevailed over every thing else and to such an extent that the minister was obliged to stop reading and to hand the book to his brother in the desk. After the usual preliminary services, he rose to preach, but there sat conspicuously the old lady, with the bellows in front, a hand hold of each handle, the nose turned up towards her face, and with much self-complacency pulling the breeze into her face. What to do, or how to proceed he knew not, for he could not cast his eyes over the congregation without meeting the old lady. At length summoning resolution, and trying to feel the solemnity of the duty imposed upon him, he proceeded. He finished his discourse, but it cost him more effort than any before or since.

A prudent man will invest in neither horse nor land, until the title of such be clear. A prudent woman should call no man friend or acquaintance until his title to the name of gentleman be as clear as honesty can make it. There may be romance in new acquaintances, but romantic young men desert their inamoratas when romance ceases to be profitable.

Brothers and fathers owe it, no less a duty to their daughters and sisters than to themselves, to find out the character of the young men who come into their houses. Only rarely will a young man be what he seems to be, and it is better to know the truth than to be deceived.

If daughters would be more careful selection of their friends, there would be fewer divorces and broken hearts, and more peace and contentment in the world.

A writer in the New York Express writes that the winter will be a peculiarly open one, because the bees have been unusually early in coming out.

It will be what they are wont to be.

It will be what they are wont to be.

It will be what they are wont to be.

It will be what they are wont to be.

It will be what they are wont to be.

It will be what they are wont to be.

It will be what they are wont to be.

It will be what they are wont to be.

It will be what they are wont to be.

It will be what they are wont to be.

It will be what they are wont to be.

TOLL THE BELL!

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

Toll the bell! the leave are sleeping,
And their swords are sheathed forever;
With our sorrows and our weeping,
We can wake them never.
Beat the muffled drum! ye mourners,
For their proud career is o'er,
From the battle field returns
To their homes no more.

Toll the bell! the field of honor
Saw our best and bravest perish;
Let us, though a cloud is on her,
Our beloved country cherish,
Let the native land they fought for,
Rear the stainless marble high;
To the glorious realm they fought for,
They have breathed "Good-by."

Toll the bell! our dead are slumbering
On a thousand fields of glory;
Gallant victims! far outnumbering
Hosts of ancient story.
Let a solemn oath be taken,
That their names shall perish never;
Our brave Union stand unshak-
And abide forever.

Give Us this day our Daily Bread

In a miserable cottage at the bottom of a hill, two children hovered over a smouldering fire. A tempest raged without, a fearful tempest, against which man and beast were alike powerless. A poor old miser, much poorer than those children, though he had heaps of money at home, drew his ragged cloak around him as he crouched down at the threshold of the miserable door. He dared not enter for fear they should ask pay for shelter, and he could not move for the storm.

"I am hungry, Nettie."
"So am I. I've hunted for a potato paring, and can't find any."
"What an awful storm!"
"Yes, the old tree has blown down. I guess God took care that it didn't blow on the house. See, that certainly would have killed us."

"If he could do that, couldn't he send us bread?"
"I guess so—let's pray 'Our Father,' and when we come to that part, stop till we get some bread."

So they began, and the miser crouching and shivering listened. When they paused, expecting in their childish faith to see some miraculous manifestation, a human feeling stole into his heart, sent by an angel to soften it. He had bought a loaf of bread, thinking it would last him a great while, but the silence of the two children spoke louder to him than the voice of many waters. He opened the door softly, threw in the loaf, and then listened to the wild eager cry of delight that came from the half-famished little ones.

"It dropped down from Heaven didn't it?" continued the younger; "Yes, I mean to love God forever for giving us bread because we asked him. We'll ask him every day, won't we? Why, I never thought God was so good, did you?"

"Yes, I always thought so, but I never quite knew it before."
"Let's ask him to give father work to do all the time, so we need never be hungry again; he'll do it I'm sure."
The storm passed—the miser went home. A little flower had sprung up in his heart. It was no longer barren.

In a few weeks he died, but not before he had given the cottage, which was his, to the poor laboring man.

And the little children ever after felt a sweet and solemn emotion, when in their devotions they came to those trustful words: "Give us this day our daily bread."

A SECOND EVANGELISM.—On the steamer which recently passed up to Montana was a young girl of scarce eighteen, who goes to the distant land of gold to meet her affianced. Four years ago she met and loved a young student in a German university. Their trying place might not have been at "Bingen on the Rhine," but 'twas at just such a romantic spot not many leagues distant. Her attachment was reciprocated, and troth was plighted. Three years since the bridegroom came to America, and sought his fortune amid the placers of Montana, shortly securing a lucrative position as superintendent of a successful mining company. A few weeks ago a brief message darted across two continents, and three thousand miles of ocean in a day, and found this beautiful unsophisticated girl surrounded by all the endearments of a home of wealth and refinement. It told her that near the far shore of the Pacific some one was seeking upon the bosom of the broad Pacific, and later still she disembarked in strange land, the language and customs of whose people were new to her. She is now happily and happily ascending the Missouri, confident that her bridegroom is expecting her, and traveled alone from the banks of the Blue to meet him. Suppose she should have died during her journey? What then?—St. Joseph Union.

SETTING AN EXAMPLE.—Children are imitative; therefore they should have the best models. And as the best models we can give are imperfect at best, they will be prone to copy the imperfections. Hence the unspeakable importance of striving to set before them a good example, in all things conformed to a high and holy standard. We might therefore do great deal of good by setting an example of the cause shall be good.

It will be what they are wont to be.

It will be what they are wont to be.

It will be what they are wont to be.

It will be what they are wont to be.

It will be what they are wont to be.

It will be what they are wont to be.

It will be what they are wont to be.

It will be what they are wont to be.

It will be what they are wont to be.

It will be what they are wont to be.

It will be what they are wont to be.

DEATH AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

Robert Bruce, a celebrated Scotch minister, sat at his breakfast table one morning. Having eaten a boiled egg, he turned to his daughter and said:

"I think I am yet hungry, you may bring me another egg."
He then grew thoughtful a moment, and, musing a little, added—
"Hold, daughter, hold! my Master calleth me."

Here his sight failed him; but calling for a Bible he requested his daughter to place his finger on Romans 9, 38, 39. This being done he repeated the verse, dwelling especially on "I am persuaded—that neither life nor death shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus my Lord." He then said:

"God be with you, my children—I have breakfasted with you, and shall sup with my Lord Jesus this night."
These were his last words, for, without a shiver or a groan, he at once started on his flight to everlasting glory.

Reader, you breakfasted with your family circle this morning. Suppose, like the good Mr. Bruce, you should die suddenly to-day, with whom would you sup to-night?

BABE IN THE WOODS.—On the evening of the 30th of June, a little daughter of Mr. L. Hahn, residing near Hickory Hill, Cole Co., Mo., wandered off into the woods and got lost. Three nights and two days afterwards she was found 12 miles from home, in Miller county, entirely safe, but thoroughly bewildered. She states that one night two hound dogs came and slept with her till morning, keeping her warm and then departed. She tells also of seeing another animal, which was supposed to be a wolf Mr. Hahn, in token of gratitude to his neighbors, who turned out en-masse in search of her, held a picnic and invited them all to be present.

Two men were at work in a hay field in Brookville, Connecticut, when a heavy shower came on, attended with very severe thunder and lightning. One of the men, who had been always noted in that locality for his wickedness, remarked to his companion that he would like to have a string of lightning around his neck. Hardly had he finished the sentence when a thunderbolt struck him on the head, tearing it completely asunder, and laying him a corpse upon the field.

HOW TO AVOID CALUMNY.—If one speaks ill of thee," said Pictetue, "consider whether he hath truth on his side, and if so return thyself, that his censures may not effect thee." When Anaximander was told that the very boys laughed at his singing, "Ah," said he, "then I must learn to sing better." Plato, being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him, said: "I shall live so that none will believe them." Hearing at another time that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractingly of him, he said: "I am sure he would not do it if he had not some reason for it." This is the surest as well as the noblest way of drawing the sting out of a reproach, and the true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief against the pains of calumny.

INNOCENT PLEASURES.—In a sermon, delivered by Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York, is the following paragraph:

"For my own part, I say it in all solemnity, I have lived to become sincerely suspicious of the piety of those who do not love pleasure in any form. I cannot trust the man that never laughs, that always sate, that has no apparent outlet for those natural springs of sportiveness and gaiety that are perennial in the human soul. I know that Nature takes her revenge on such violence. I expect to find secret vices, malignant sins, or horrid crimes spring up in this hot-bed of confined air and imprisoned space; and therefore it gives me a sincere moral gratification anywhere, and in any community, to see innocent pleasure and popular amusements resisting the religious bigotry that frowns so unwisely upon them. Anything is better than dark, dead, unhappy social life—a prey to enui and morbid excitement."

A stingy Dutchman, who was very fond of cider, and always kept good cider in his cellar, was once called upon by a stranger, who remarked to the miserly old cuss:

"I hear, Mr. Schneider, that you keep the best cider around here."
"Yaas," said Schneider, "I hash got cider—Yaas, go draw a mug."
The boy fetched the cider and handed it to his father, who drank it all at a single pull, then, turning to his astonished visitor, exclaimed:

"Pare, den—if you don't drink dat ish good cider, chust schmell of it mug!"

An old colored preacher and school teacher was asked the other day what party he belonged to now. Like a man and a brother he replied:

"Don't b'long to no party, sah; loves all good people jes alike, and prays for all jes alike."
"Then," said the inquirer, "you are a philanthropist."
"No, sah, I isn't dat I isn't—I's a Baptist, sah; a Baptist."

"Papa, are the legs that go to Cincinnati sick?"
"No, my child, why do you ask?"
"Because the paper says they are cured there."
"Where is the nurse?"

A hypocrite is the picture of a saint, but his paint shall be washed off, and he shall appear in his own colors.

Be very slow in believing.

A Beautiful Passage.

The following is from the "Reveries of a Bachelor," by Iko Marvel:

"A poor man without some sort of religion is, at best, a poor reprobate, the foot-ball of destiny, with no tie linking him to affinity and to the wondrous eternity that is even worse—a flame without heat, a rainbow without color, a flower without perfume. A man may, in some sort, tie his hopes and his honors to this weak, shifting ground tackle to his business or the world, but a woman without that anchor called faith, is a drift and a wreck. A man may clumsily continue a sort of moral responsibility out of relation to mankind; but a woman, in her comparatively isolated sphere, where affection and not purpose is the controlling motive, can find no basis in any other system or right of action but that of faith. A man may crase his brain or his thoughts to trustfulness, in such poor harborage as fame and reputation may stretch before him, but a woman—where can she put her hopes in storms if not in heaven? And that sweet trustfulness—that abiding love—that enduring hope, following every page and scene of life—lighting them with pleasant radiance when the world's storms break like an army with cannon? Who can bestow its all but holy soul, tied to what is stronger than an army with cannon? Who has enjoyed the love of a Christian mother but will echo the thoughts with energy and hallow it with a tear?"

"How came you to lose your legs?"
"Well," said Jones, "on examining my pedigree and looking upon my descent, I found there was some Irish blood in me, and becoming convinced that it was all settled in that left leg, I had it cut off at once." "It is a pity," said an Irishman, "that it did not settle in your head."

An Irish fair one wrote to her lover, begging him to send her some money. She added by way of postscript, "I am so ashamed of the request I have made in this letter, that I sent after the postman to get it back, but the servant could not overtake him."

"I told you, said a warm friend of a newly elected senator, to an old sided politician, "your party may say what you please but you cannot deny that Mr. C. is a sound man."
"That's what we're scared on; it's our opinion," said old bees wax, "that he's all sound."

For every three days of active service General Sheridan sent me a captured rebel flag, and every five days a captured cannon.

"Nobody ever lost anything by love," said a sane-looking fellow. "That's not true," said a lady, who heard the remark, "for I once lost my rights sleep by it."

What is the difference between a Dutchman on a feather bed and a Know Nothing? One was Dutch of the town and the other down on the D.

FIN.—"I'll never yourself into the well and hullo help!"
"What for?"
"To frighten daddy, and make some fun."
"Bob did as he was desired, but got more fun 'as he bargained for. It was administered with a hickory sapling."

At the circus, women jump clean through hoops. In society they jump into them and stick there.

Who is wise? He that is forgettable. Who is mighty? He that conquers himself. Who is rich? He that is contented. Who is honored? He that honors others.

VAIN SHOWS.—A box of soap may be mistaken for a sack of corn if it is lifted, or opened.

He is a choice friend who conceals my faults from others, and discovers them to myself.

Why is a restless sleeper like a lawyer? Because he lies on one side and turns and lies on the other.

What State is high in the middle and round at both ends? Ohio

Wonderful transformation—when a young man turns into a beef saloon.

CASH ADVANCES.—Courtin' a rich widow.
Thrilling Narrative—a dog's tail under a cart wheel.

"Swells of the Ocean"—Midshipmen.

Men are like wagons; they rattle most when there's nothing in them.

Light employment—making candles.

Why is a fire paradoxical? Because the more it is cooled the hotter it gets.

The phantom of the season—cholera in fantum.

When is a flower like a rock? When it is blasted.

Glasses of liquor are the horses of Satan.

Sad domestic explosion—an injured wife lately burst into tears.

Good audience for an auctioneer—Buy-standers.

Look before you leap.