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POETICAL.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

The loyal Blue and the traitor Gray
Alone in the grave are sleeping,
Lying side by side in the sunlight's ray,
And the storm clouds weeping.

'Tis well to forgive the past—
God giving us grace we may,
But never, while life shall last,
Can we honor or love the Gray.

Our Boys in Blue were loyal and true,
For their God and their country dying,
With a grateful pride that is ever new
We garland the graves where they're lying.

They were murdered by rebel hands,
They fell in the fearful fray,
Guarding our flag from traitor hands,
We do not love the Gray.

We would not hate them—our hearts would
Crest a veil over their shameful story,
It will not bring back our loyal slain
To recall their treason goy.

But barriers deep and wide
Divide the false from the true!
Shall treason and honor stand side by side?
Is the Gray the peer of the Blue?

Answers each loyal heart to-day,
'They are peers and equals never,
No wreaths on a traitor's grave we lay,
Let shame be his weed forever.'

Give love where love is due,
To the loyal all honor pay;
Love and honor belong to the Blue,
But what do we owe to the Gray?

We owe them three hundred thousand graves,
Where the loved and the lost are lying;
We owe them, wherever our banner waves,
Homes filled with tears and sighing.

Do they think we forgot our dead,
Our boys who wore the Blue?
That because they sleep in the same cold bed
We know not the false from the true?

Believe it not! where our heroes lie
The very ground is holy.
His name who dared for the right to die
Is sacred, however lowly.

But honor the TRAITOR GRAY!
—Make us the peer of the Blue!
One flower at the feet of treason lay!
Never! while God is true!

THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH.

There are three lessons I would write—
Three words as with a burning pen—
In tracings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put them the shadow from thy brow;
No night but hath its morn.

Have faith. When'er thy bark is driven—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this: God rules the host of heaven,
—The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. And not alone for one,
But man, as man, thy brother call;
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

A FOOL AND HIS MONEY.

[From the Fitzburg Leader.]

'JOHNNY STEEL,' THE LATE OIL PRINCE.

John W. Steel, familiarly known as 'Johnny Steel,' and somewhat distinguished as an 'oil prince,' having for a considerable length of time enjoyed the princely income of \$3,000 per day, fled, in the United States District Court, a voluntary petition in bankruptcy. Many of our readers will remember his romantic exploits in the east, published some time ago, during which he is reported to have squandered several hundred thousand dollars. After having 'soured his wild oats,' and losing his oil farm, he found himself in rather straitened circumstances, and was recently compelled to earn a living by driving an oil team. His indebtedness, as set forth in his petition, amounts to over \$100,000.

Steel is a Pennsylvanian by birth, and is now in the neighborhood of twenty three years of age. He has had but little education, has no business qualifications or shrewdness, and seems especially cut out by Dame Nature to attest the truth of the proverb that 'A fool and his money are soon parted.'

Of his early youth we know very little; manhood and riches sprang upon him about the same time. His interest in the famous McClintock farm and oil wells, in Venango county, bequeathed him by his father, for a number of years yielded him an income of \$3,000 per day. This princely income was the means of awakening in 'Johnny' an ambition to seek other fields and sources of amusement than those offered in the wilds of Venango county. We heard of him first by his lavish waste of wealth in Philadelphia. Here he made the acquaintance of Messrs Skiff & Gaylord, of minstrel fame, and one of his first rash purchases was an entire new outfit for the minstrels, composed of velvet coats and vests and plaid trousers (many of our readers will remember the troupe in this uniform.) To those eccentric costumes he added diamond breast-pins of the first water, and a new suit of clothes for each member for the street.—Several members of Garaross & Dixey's minstrels, of Philadelphia, were also favored in the same manner.

Another of 'Johnny's' eccentric acts in Philadelphia is related as follows. Walking along Chestnut street one day with a friend, he espied a beautiful span of horses attached to a splendid carriage, just turning down from Second. To see was to envy; so, halting the driver, Sam M., who as it happened, was also the owner, 'Johnny' coolly asked him if he would sell his establishment. Sam looked incredulously at his customer, wondering if he were drunk or crazy, when 'Johnny' again put forward the question: 'What will you take for the whole rig?' Sam with a wink, and while knocking the ashes from his cigar, doubtless thinking to frighten his unknown customer, replied: 'Well, I guess about \$7,000 will take the lot.' 'Johnny' answered by laying seven one thousand dollar bills on the seat of the vehicle, and taking hold of the reins, coolly said, 'Hop out; and 'hop out' Sam did, while 'Johnny' drove off, leaving Sam standing in amazement on the corner. The day was spent in riding about the city, and spending money lavishly; toward evening he had employed a man to drive, and finally while winding up the day, he reached the Girard House, alighting on the pavement, he asked the driver as to his circumstances, and learning that he knew 'the grip of poverty,' 'Johnny' made him a present of the horses and carriage, telling the driver not to offer thanks, but to 'drive off quick.'

While in Philadelphia, one of the eccentricities of his morning walks on Market or Walnut Streets, was to watch for a man with a shabby hat. He would then follow him until he got in front of a hat store, and then, with a swoop, he would land the offending hat into the middle of the street, at the same time apologizing to the wearer, and asking him the best to be had.

'Johnny' never carried any baggage with him while traveling, purchasing everything as he required it. Having resolved one day to stop at the Continental hotel, instead of his usual retreat—the Girard—he was driven there in company with a friend, Mr. Wm. B., a noted merchant, of our own city. Sauntering up to the office, he made known his desire to 'stop a while.' The clerk asked him as to the whereabouts of his baggage; 'Johnny' replied that he had none. 'Then,' says the clerk, 'you must pay in advance; that is our rule.' 'Johnny' cast a glance at him, and wondered that he was not known. So, winking at his friend B., he asked the clerk if the proprietor was in; receiving a reply in the affirmative, the landlord soon made his appearance, when a conversation of the following tenor ensued:

J. S.—'You are the proprietor, I believe, sir—the responsible man?'

Mr. K.—'Yes, sir.'

J. S.—'I wanted to make a short stay with you, but that gentleman (pointing to the clerk) says I must pay in advance.'

Mr. K.—'Well, sir.'

J. S.—'How much do you consider your whole house worth for a day?'

Mr. K.—'About \$3,000.'

J. S.—'I'll take 24 hours anyhow, and see how it goes.'

'Johnny' then counted out the money, and turning to his friend, says: 'Now, Bill, jump in and play clerk.' Rumor says this was B's first and only experience in hotel keeping.

There are many anecdotes related about him, but the above will suffice to show the general character of the man. When, more recently, the avalanche of money had exhausted itself, we hear of 'Johnny' acting in the capacity of floor-keeper for the very same band of minstrels the members of which he had given the diamond pins and costumes.

IRENE—A STORY FOR SISTERS.

[From the Fitzburg Leader.]

Oh, little darlings who read this true story, be kind to your sisters! An unkind word may cause the pleasant orchard smells to give you pain a quarter of a century to come.

Be good to your sisters.

Shutting Doors.

'Don't look so cross, Edward, when I call you back to shut the door; grandpa feels the March wind. You have got to spend your life shutting doors, and might as well begin to learn now, Edward.'

'Do forgive me, grandpa. I ought to be ashamed. But what do you mean? I am going to college, and then I'm going to be a lawyer.'

'Well, admitting all that, I imagine 'Squire Edward Carter' will have a good many doors to shut, if he ever makes much of a man.'

'What kind of doors? Do tell me, grandpa.'

'Sit down a minute, and I'll give you a list. In the first place, the door of your ears must be closed against the bad language and vile counsel of the boys and young men you will meet at school and college, or you will be undone. Let them once get possession of the door, and I would not give much for Edward Carter's future prospects.'

The door of your eyes, too, must be shut against bad books, idle novels, and low, wicked newspapers; or your studies will be neglected, and you will grow up a useless, ignorant man. You will have to close them sometimes against the fine things exposed for sale in the store windows, or you will never learn to lay up money, or have any left to give away.

The door of your lips will need especial care, for they guard an unruly member, which makes great use of the bad company let in at the door of the eyes and ears.—That door is very apt to blow open, and if not constantly watched, will let out angry, trifling, or vulgar words. It will backbite sometimes worse than a March wind if it is left open too long. I would advise you to keep it shut much of the time till you have laid up a store of knowledge, or, at least, till you have something valuable to say.

The inner door of your heart must be well shut against temptation; for conscience the doorkeeper, grows very indifferent if you disregard her call, and sometimes drops asleep at her post; and when you may think you are doing very well, you are fast going down to ruin.

If you carefully guard the outside doors of the eyes and ears and lips, you will keep out many cold blasts of sin—which get in before you think.

'This shutting doors, you see, Eddie, will be a serious business—one on which your well-doing in this life and the next depends.'

Romance in Real Life.

Some two years since there arrived in Illinois, from Switzerland, a young man of goodly appearance and fair educational acquirements. So well was he pleased with his new home that he soon reported to his friends across the water the many advantages that an honest, industrious immigrant found here. A young lady in Switzerland—an entire stranger to him—learning from a lady friend of his happy situation in America, wrote to him through the friend that she would like to visit his adopted home, and along with the letter she forwarded her photograph. He was pleased with the picture—the features were rare to look upon, and the letter indicated a well educated mind, so he sent her his photograph. This commenced a correspondence that in a few months attracted her across the ocean to meet the man she had learned to love, though had never seen.

With a friend she arrived the last of October, when her unknown lover met her as she alighted from the cars—inquiring, like one of old, if she were his Katharine; and there he first saw and kissed her as his affianced. Within two days the couple, thus strangely and romantically brought together, were married, both seemingly as happy as if there had been a five years courtship.

Humanity.

All are striving after wealth, honor and power. The poor are claiming wealth only that they may be above want, the rich are seeking to add thousands to their millions. So we move. No one appears to think how soon he may sink into oblivion—that we are one generation of millions.—Yet such is the fact. Time and progress have through countless ages come marching hand in hand—the one destroying, the other building up.—They seem to create little or no commotion, and the work of destruction is as easily and silently accomplished as a child will pull to pieces a rose. A hundred years hence and much of that we now see around us, will, too, pass away. It is but the simple repetition of life's story. We are born—we live—we die—and hence we will not grieve over those venerable piles finding the common level of their prototypes in nature—an ultimate death.

It is pleasant to say to all the brotherhood and sisterhood of ugliness and lameness, that there is every reason to believe that there is no such thing in Heaven as a one-legged or club-footed soul—no such thing as an ugly or misshapen soul—no such thing as a blind or deaf soul—no such thing as a soul with tainted blood in its veins; and that out of those imperfect bodies will spring spirits of consummate perfection and angelic beauty—a beauty obscured and ennobled by the humiliations that were visited upon their earthly habitations.—Dr. Zolland.

A Mrs. Back, living out West, named her first baby *Green*. An editor in speaking of it, said he hoped the little *green-back* was a legal tender.

It is a curiosity to find a politician who will hold an argument with an opponent for half an hour without getting angry.

It is a curiosity to find a person who does not think his own children possessed of more talent and accomplishments, than those of his neighbors.

It is a curiosity to find an artist who does not think himself perfect in his profession.

It is a curiosity to find a Miss of fifteen who has not begun to think of getting a husband. It is a curiosity to find an old maid who does not wonder that she has not long before been married.

It is a curiosity to receive a letter from a lady which has not a P. S. attached to it.

It is a curiosity to meet with a woman who stammers in conversation.

It is a curiosity to find a lawyer who pleads a case successfully for you and then docks a portion of his fees.

It is a curiosity to find a physician who, having restored you to health does not wish you to think he has performed a wonderful cure.

It is a curiosity to find a dentist who will not tell you he can extract a tooth and cause less pain than any one else.

It is a curiosity to find a school-master who does not wish to be understood that he knows more than anybody else.

It is a curiosity to find an editor who does not know every thing, and more too.

It is a curiosity to find a candidate—for any office who does not think he is fully entitled to the suffrage of his fellow citizens.

All for his Child.

A short time since, a rather rough-appearing man from the remote interior walked into the Granite Bank, Augusta, Me., and inquired—

'Is this Mr. Johnson, the cashier?'

'It is, sir! what will you have?'

'Do you pay any of your old bank bills now?'

'Certainly!'

'Well, now, that is good. You see I had some of your bills, and the other day I offered them at the Sandy River Bank; but they didn't want them, and said you would take them, so here they are.'

The cashier counted the bills—about \$100. He then inquired—

'How long have you had these bills?'

'It is about six years.'

'How happened you to keep them so long?'

'Well, you see I had only one child—a girl fifteen and a half years old, and she died; and then I didn't care about the money and put it away into an old box, and there it has been.'

The lump came to his throat, and the tears streamed down his furrowed cheeks as he turned aside, in memory of his child for whom the money had been saved.

How to Raise Fruit Every Year.—

If rightly understood, few trees, unless absolutely dead or rotten, need occupy ground without yielding a plentiful crop. After a long and varied series of experiments, I gradually adopted the following mode. As soon as the winter has sufficiently disappeared, and before the sap ascends, I examine my trees; every dead bough is lopped off; when sap has risen sufficiently to show where the blossoms will be, I cut away all the other branches having none on, and also the extremity of every limb, the lower part which bears a considerable number of buds; thus concentrating the sap of the tree upon the maturation of its fruit, and saving that which would be a useless expenditure of its strength.

In the quince, apricot and peach tree, this is very important, as these are very apt to be too luxuriant in leaves and destitute of fruit. You may think this injures the trees, but it does not; for you will find trees laden with fruit, which formerly yielded nothing. Of course all other known precautions must be attended to; such as cutting out worms from the roots, placing old iron on the limbs, which act as a tonic to the sap, &c. Try it, ye who have failed in raising fruit.

Rats, says Josh Billings, originally came from Norway, and I wish they had originally staid there.

They are about as uncalculated for as a pane in the small of the back.

I suppose there is between fifty and sixty millions of rats in America—I quote now entirely from memory—and I don't suppose there is a necessary rat in the whole lot. This shows at a glance how mummy waste rats there is.

Rats enhance in numbers faster than shagpegs do by machinery.

One pair of healthy rats is all that any man wants to start the rat business with, and in 90 days, without any outlay, he will begin to have rats—few turn oph.

Rats, viewed from any platform you can build, are unspeakably cunning.

RATHER A HARD STORY.—The Salem (Ind.) Times tells the following yarn. You may believe it if you want to, but we most respectfully decline:

'Abner Fields, living in Howard township, this county, had a cow which was delivered of twenty-eight calves in one day.—The two largest are about the size of ordinary twin calves, the next about half size, and the remaining twenty-five about the size of an ordinary rat. They are all dead—mother included—except the two largest, which are doing well. We had the statement above given from Mr. Fields himself, and from several neighbors of his who witnessed the sight, and who are fully entitled to belief as any persons in the world. This is the most singular freak of nature of the kind of which we ever heard.'

The Columbia Chronicle says: As a thin man was recently walking up from Greenville depot, he found himself pertinaciously followed by a ferocious 'dog.' Not liking the eye of the beast, the traveller asked a boy, 'What that hungry looking hound was following him for?'

'Can't say, certain, stranger,' was the impudent reply of the youngster, 'but I reckon he takes you for a 'bun'.'

To correct the bitter taste that cranberries sometimes have, add to them while storing as much soda as you can take upon the point of a penknife.

The Persians have a saying that 'ten measures of talk were sent down upon earth and the women took nine.'

'Working for bare life' is defined to be making clothes for a new baby.

'Why is a lady's tongue like a hoop? Because there is no end in it.'

To stop potatoes rotting—wash 'em.

Mr. George Strodel, of Huntington, Ind., aged sixty-six years, is the father of thirty-three children—and a local sheet intimates that 'coming events' continue to 'cast their shadows before.'