# VILLAGE RECORD.

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## POETICAL.

### DEDICATION HYMN.

Thou dwellest not, O Lord of all!
In temples which Thy children raise;
Our work to Thine is mean and small,
And brief to Thy eternal days.

Forgive the weakness and the pride,
If marred thereby our gift may be;
For love, at least, has sanctified
The alter which we rear to Thee.

The heart, and not the hand, has wrought,
From sunken base to tower above,
The image of a tender thought,
The memory of a deathless love.

Though here should never sound a speach
Or organ anthem rise and fall,
Its stones would pious lessons teach,
Its shades in benedictions fall.

Here should the dove of peace be found,
And blessings free as dew-fall given,
Nor strife profane, nor hatred wound,
The mingled loves of earth and heaven.

Thou who didst soothe with dying breath
The dear one watching by Thy cross,
Forgetful of the pains of death,
In sorrow for her mighty loss!

In memory of her sacred claim,
O Mary's Son, our offering take,
And make it worthy of Thy name,
And bless it for a mother's sake!

—*Whittier.*

## MISCELLANY.

### A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The following incident of travel is narrated by a correspondent of the 'Daily Saratogain.' It took place on the Rensselear and Saratoga railroad, on one of the Northern trains, between Saratoga and Whitehall:

When the train halted at Saratoga, among the passengers from the West came a man of about thirty years of age, elbowing his way through the crowd, and bearing in his arms a child. He was a poor man, his clothes were poor, he looked poor. Around his hat was worn a piece of soiled, worn crape. It was evidently all the mourning his scanty means would permit, for the mother of the child was dead. The man was rough in exterior, yet his face was an honest one.—He handled the baby awkwardly, yet there was a tenderness in his sad look that showed the purity of a father's love. The little fellow lay asleep on his coarsely clad knee; a stray sunbeam glanced across its tired face. They were both tired, the father and the child, for they had come from the far west, and as he placed his hard, toil-worn hand to shield it from the golden rays, there was in his look a mixture of sadness and care, as if his pent up feelings had been so crowded back into the inner cells of his heart that even tears could have been no relief to the hidden anguish that was making his life a misery. The poor child cried; it might be the little thing was tired, it might be it missed its mother; perhaps it was hungry; perhaps it was sick, and so it cried. The tears rolled down its baby cheeks; the father wiped away the dew-drops as they fell, and then tried to feed it. He was so awkward with the bottle—his had been a life of toil and hardship—and he knew not how to give his darling its nourishment. As he made effort after effort to stifle the cries and check the tears of his motherless babe, how he must have missed her who in his life of labor and privation had been his solace and comfort! An unbidden tear started to his eye, but he brushed it quickly away. All who saw him pitied him. At length a woman, richly appareled, with an infant resting on the lap of her nurse beside her—she had been watching the man—said in a gentle tone, 'Give me the child.' The poor fellow looked at her with a look of gratitude, for there was a mother's tenderness in her voice. With humble resignation, as though it were pain to part with him, even for a moment, he gave her his boy. The woman took it; its soiled clothes rested on her costly silk; its tiny head was soon beneath her shawl, and in a moment all was still. Like the Grecian daughter who, through the iron bars fed her starving father, so did this high-born lady from her breast feed the hungry child, and when, on her gentle bosom, the little one lay in calm and unvexed sleep, she put aside the shawl. The father's heart swelled with gratitude. He said, as a tear welled in his eye, and his voice was thick with emotion, 'Thank you. I'll take him now.' Then the woman's nature spoke forth, as she gently answered, 'Not yet; you will wake him,' and for mile after mile that noble hearted woman held that poor man's child, and it was not until her own babe required such nourishment as only a mother can give, she gently rose and placed the stranger boy with its father.

An old gentleman was relating a story of one of the St. Lawrence boatmen: 'He is a hard head,' said he, 'for he stood under an oak in a thunder storm, when the lightning struck the tree, and he dodged it seventeen times, when finding he could not dodge it any longer, he stood and took nine claps in succession on his head and never even flinched.'

It must be a happy thought to a lover that his blood and that of his sweetheart mingle in the same—*mosquito*

### Fashionable Weddings.

There was a time when a something holy clung about the breathing of marital vows,—when the mutual pledges which two souls chose to make were too sacred to be spoken in the midst of a curious, gaping crowd.—There are yet a few quaint, old-fashioned people, who believe the holiness of those vows not all departed, and who question the appropriateness of transforming the wedding occasion into a free exhibition of fineries for the gratification of the inquisitive.—These old-fashioned ones are not up to the age, perhaps, and present notions and customs may be correct and worthy.

But do not our better sensibilities cry out against fashionable marriage extravagances? Is there aught of sacred solemnity attaching to a ceremony to which the public flock as to a criminal's trial or the opera? When bridal trousseaus are opened to popular inspection, and are elaborately described and commented upon in the public prints, and bridal parties stand before the altar arrayed in splendor wholly inconsistant with the place, are not the vows breathed robbed of their deepest and purest meaning?

In our opinion the boastful, brilliant attendant upon a fashionable wedding is unmaidenly and indelicate. The bride who allows it may be very lovely and charming, but we fear she lacks the one crowning grace of womanhood—true modesty. She makes, at least, a very common thing of an event that should be held as the most profoundly sacred of all her life. And it will not be strange if, entering the marriage relation with so light a regard for its true import, she shall manifest no deep concern for its obligations throughout life.

An article written by Mrs. Lucia G. Calhoun, which recently appeared in the New York Ledger, contains some very pertinent remarks upon this subject. One appeal that the lady makes to her young friends is so forcible and womanly that we cannot refrain from copying it:

'Oh, girls! are you children of revolutionary mothers? Are you daughters and sisters and sweethearts of men who fought our late battles, and found life other than a joke and a sham? Are you akin to the woman who unheld their hands and nursed them, living, and buried them, dead, and can you make your lives a wretched pretense from maidenhood to death?

'If you love a man with heart and soul, marry him, (provided, of course, that he loves you, and asks you.) If you don't love him, don't marry him though you die an old maid at ninety in the Asylum for Indigent Old Maids. But let your wedding be simple, and quiet, and beautiful with love, but not with money. If you are rich, do this in the name of grace, and for the sake of example. If you are poor, do it in the name of honesty, and for the sake of a pure conscience And in either event, do it as an offering to delicacy, and the fitness of things.

'If you have wedding presents, then most of them will come because the givers love you, and, loving, desire to give the gifts of love. Treasure them sacredly, but on the wedding day send them to the bank, or hide them in the attic, or push them under the bed, or put them in the refrigerator, or do anything but shake them in the face of the public and say, 'behold how pleased I am with my rattle—how tickled with my straw.'"—*Rural New Yorker.*

RUST ON WHEAT.—A farmer writing on this subject says:—This is a question that has for along time agitated the minds of intelligent farmers, but it has been settled to my mind, at least, by a series of experiments. I am satisfied that it does in at least ninety cases out of one hundred.

I have sown the wheat with and without the grass seed, and have never seen rust when there was no grass; whilst in the same field the rust has affected the wheat. The grass holds the dampness at the roots of the wheat, and when the sun shines out very warm, produces the blight. Besides, the wheat standing alone will produce five bushels more to the acre than when the grass is sown. I mean now, that this will be the average difference.

But the question arises, when shall the grasse be sown? I answer after the wheat harvest. Plow the field and prepare it smoothly, and sow the grass seed of whatever kind you desire, and your crop of grass the coming season will be equally as good, if not better than if it were sown with the wheat.

Farmers, try the above, and my word for it, the result will be satisfactory.

OUT AT NIGHT.—Fathers and mothers, look out for your boys when the shades of evening have gathered around you! Where are they then? Are they at home, at the pleasant, social fireside, or are they running the streets? Are they gaining a street education? If so, take care; the chances of their ruin are many. There is scarcely anything so destructive to their morals as running abroad at night. Under cover of darkness they acquire the education of crime;—they learn to be rowdyish, if not absolutely vicious; they catch up loose talk, they hear sinful thoughts and they see obscene things, and they become reckless and riotous. If you would save them from vulgarity, save them from ruin, save them from prison, see to it that night finds them at home More than one young man has told the chaplain of the State Prison that here was the beginning of his downward course that finally brought him to the felon's cell. Let parents solemnly ponder this matter, and do all they can to make home attractive for all the children, so attractive that the boys will prefer it to roaming in the streets. There is no place like home in more senses than one—certainly no place like home for boys in the evenings.

An honest man is the noblest work of God but the edition is small.

### Hints to young Gentlemen.

Don't give up your seat in the cars, when you are tired out with your day's work, to a pretty young miss who has been amusing herself with a little shopping—she won't even thank you for it, and if a man is going to sacrifice his comfort, he has a reason to expect, at least, a little gratitude. No use being polite to some ladies—there's an old proverb about casting pearls before—what's their names?'

Don't submit to be crowded off the pavement into a muddy gutter by two advancing balloons of silk and whale-bone. Haven't your newly blackened boots as good a claim to respect as their skirts? Look straight before you, and stand up for your rights like a man—the ladies can contract themselves a little if they see there's no help for it!

Don't say complimentary things to a young lady at a party without first making sure that her 'intended' is not standing behind you the whole time.

Don't accept a lady's invitation to go shopping with her, unless you have previously measured the length of your purse.

Don't stay later than eleven o'clock when you spend the evening with a pretty friend—the wisest and wittiest man in Christendom becomes a bore after that hour.

Don't believe any woman to be an angel. If you feel any symptoms of that disease, take a dose of sage tea and go to bed—it is as much a malady as the small pox, and it is your business to get over it as quickly as possible. An angel, indeed! If you don't find out pretty soon that she lacks considerably more than the wings, you are mistaken.

Don't make up your mind about any creature in a belt ribbon and velvet rosettes without first asking your sister's advice. Depend upon it, one woman can read another better in five minutes than you can in five years!

And, above all, don't think that you must keep your lady-talk and gentleman-talk in separate budgets, labeled and sorted, unless you want the girls to laugh in their sleeves at your wishy washy sentimentalisms. Talk to them in a frank, manly style, as you would to an intelligent gentleman. Don't suppose because they are women they don't know anything.

Remember all these advices, sir, and you may make rather less of a fool of yourself than you would otherwise.

### Old Bride and Young Groom.

A few days ago a wedding took place on the South Side which has created something of a sensation, a lady of eighty-four years of age being united to a gushing youth of about twenty. It is certainly a singular affair. The lady is a widow and wealthy, owning considerable property, and having besides the sum of about nine thousand dollars in gold, and a number of government bonds laid away. The property was left by her husband, who died some years ago, leaving a large family. The property of the husband was divided between the widow and the children. The widow of late years has not been on good terms with the children, and has threatened more than once that she would marry again rather than leave them the property. Three years ago she came very near carrying the threat into execution but on that occasion the would be bridegroom considered it was a little too much, even with the money—that difference of over fifty years between their ages. Some weeks ago, a young man boarding at the house of a relative of the old lady was taken sick. During his illness the old lady attended him, and when he had nearly recovered, intimated to him that she had a large amount of property, and that she wanted to get married. If he would marry her and take care of her for the few years she lived, the property should be his.

We know not how much persuasion it took to accomplish the object—if, indeed, any was needed. This we do know—a few days ago Justice Tucker, of the Eighth ward united the two in holy bonds of wedlock—the anxious bride of eighty four summers, and the gushing youth of twenty. The wedding took place at a residence on the South Side, in the presence of only a few friends.

As soon as they learned of the affair, the relatives of the lady were naturally very indignant, and well they might be. They consider the affair a most scandalous one, and have threatened to arrest the Justice who married the parties and the gentleman at whose house they were married. Meanwhile the happy pair live as cozily as a brace of turtle doves, their whole souls apparently wrapped up in each other.—*Milwaukee, Wis, July 14.*

ALWAYS BEAUTIFUL.—At a fireside party of old and young, the question was asked, which season of life is the most happy? After being freely discussed by the guests, it was referred for answer to the host, upon whom was the burden of four-score years.—He asked if they had noticed a grove of trees before the dwelling, and said:

'When the spring comes, and in the soft air the buds are breaking on the trees and they are covered with blossoms, I think, how beautiful is spring! And when the summer comes, and covers, the trees with its foliage, and singing birds are all among the branches, I think, how beautiful is summer! When autumn loads them with golden fruit, and the leaves bear the gorgeous tint of frost I think, how beautiful is autumn! And when it is bear winter and there is neither foliage nor fruit, I look up, and through the leafless branches as I never could until now, I see the stars shine through.'

Josh Billings says that "Trying tew live on the reputashon uv a ded father is just about as enterprising' a business as tryin' tew hatch out rotten eggs under a tin weathercock.

Powerful 'grain elevator'—Rye whisky.

### THE GREAT FLOOD.

A correspondent of the Baltimore American thus alludes to the flood at Ellicott's City, Md:—

'On Saturday afternoon we visited the scene of destruction at Ellicott City, and found the approaches to this once charming spot all obliterated—even the turnpike was gone. The buildings not only on the banks of the river are gone, but the very granite of which they were built. There had been some rain during Thursday night and a brisk shower on Friday morning, but up to 9 o'clock the Patapsco had risen but slightly, and as there was no cause for a flood none was anticipated, but before 10 o'clock the rise was fully twenty-five feet, and the work of destruction was at its height. The river makes a sudden bend a little above the Railroad Hotel, and the Granite Mill, owned by Benj Deford, formed a kind of breakwater at one side, which, with the rocks on the other side, had hitherto combined to hold the stream in check, but the water now rose sixteen feet higher than it had ever been known to reach before At this time the immense granite walls of Mr. Deford's cotton mill commenced to totter, and the outer or water wall soon gave way, carrying with it the roof. The entire contents of the immense building, with all its magnificent machinery, fell out into the current with a crash that drowned the roar of the elements, and thus, property valued at $250,000 was swept out of existence as in a moment. About this time commenced a scene of terror that overwhelmed the whole community. In the first place, all the workmen but eight escaped from the Granite Mill before the water rose above the floors, and as these began to find that the structure was in danger, they all made their escape by swimming or by being drawn to the shore by the aid of ropes, except a man by the name of McCauley, who not being able to swim was afraid to venture. He went up in the mill, determining to remain, but finding the walls to be cracking, and the immense structure rocking under the force of the water, he climbed out on the stone tower, surmounting the roof, and in a moment after the whole building, except a part of the east side, fell into the water. Mr. Cauley was observed still on the tower, great efforts were made to rescue him, as he was swaying to and fro like a reed—ropes were thrown to him, and he was urged to jump into the water as the only chance of saving his life, but he declined, and in a few moments the tower rocked and fell carrying him down with it, and the unfortunate man was seen no more.

House after house adjoining, 14 or 15 in number went down' and the victims fled before the wrath of the flood, from roof to roof until but one roof remained on which survivors to the number of 15 had gathered. Some were seen in the attitude of prayer, and others in desperation, but all were distinctly recognized and identified by the spectators as relatives or personal acquaintances. No aid could be given to them and none was anticipated by them amid their terrible surroundings. Finally this last house went down, and the fifteen who were congregated on the roof were engulfed in the ruthless element, in which it seemed impossible for man to live, loaded as it was with drifting timbers, trees, houses, cattle, and every variety of debris gathered in its destructive course. A few of them sustained themselves for a few minutes on some floating articles that they had grasped but all attempts to rescue them as they passed down the stream proved futile. A swift death overtook them all.

LIST OF THE VICTIMS.

The first of the victims was Mr. Matthias McCauley, who went down with the tower of Mr. Deford's mill, as above described.

Mr. John Reese and his daughter Caroline—two persons.

Mr. Smith-Murphy, with his wife and child—three in all.

Mrs. Dr. T. B. Owings, with six children and a colored man and woman, servants, numbering nine in all.

Mr. William Hamilton, his wife and four children—six in all.

Mrs. Farrow, and her two nieces, the Misses Duval, and servant—four in all.

Mr. Wm. Patterson, his wife and four children—six in all.

Mr. Wm. Partridge, his wife and granddaughter—three in all.

Mr. Wm. Steele was also lost from the Chesapeake Mill when it was swept away.

These are all the deaths that are known to have occured—thirty-eight in all. Two or three others are missing, but there is no positive assurance that they are among the victims of the flood. A number of the dead bodies have been recovered.

The number of residences destroyed and swept off, with all their furniture and contents, from the immediate vicinity of the Mills, is variously stated at 28, 29 and 30.

Dr. Owings was himself a horrified witness of the loss of his family. He saw all the dear ones of his household in imminent peril, unable to render them the slightest assistance, and watched them as they fled across the roofs, almost frantic with his great grief. When he saw them go down with the building on which they had finally obtained a foothold and engulphed in the raging waters, it was more than human nature could bear, and the sympathizing ones who surrounded him carried him to the hotel almost insensible. He is now said to be hopelessly insane, and fears are entertained that he will attempt to take his own life. He has two children still living, who were absent from home on Friday

Both of Gambrill's extensive flour Mills were destroyed.

The destruction of property in Baltimore county has also been immense; there is scarcely a bridge over a stream of any considerble size standing. The damage to Sykesville is very great, almost the entire town having been destrowed, including the large hotel and the store of Messrs. Schultz & Zimmerman, but fortunately no lives were lost. At Woodbine everything is destroyed, and the paper mill in that vicinity was entirely swept away. At Elysville several small houses were washed away, but no loss of life.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is very much damaged—portions of the track and bridges washed away—and several weeks, it is thought, will be required to put it in proper repair. The track West is uninjured, and the hotels at Frederick are crowded with passengers from the West who have no means of transportation to Baltimore.

PAT'S FEAR OF LIFE INSURANCE.—The following dialogue between an insurance agent and a well-to-do Irishman, is related:

'Pat. you are making plenty of money, why don't you insure your life?'

'And what is that?'

'Why don't you take out a policy of insurance on your life?'

'Because I don't see the policy of it.—Shure, I must die, policy or no policy.'

'You don't understand. If you insure your life now, when you die the company will pay your wife enough to keep her and your children from want and suffering.'

'And that would be insuring my life! Shure I am after thinking it would be insaring Bridget's and the childer's. And how much would they give her?'

'That would depend upon the premium. Say a thousand dollars.'

'A thousand dollars! Holy mother! Whist, man! Don't mintion it. Ye don't know Bridget O'Reilly. Wuns't she heard of it, not a wink of shlape should I get till I done it, and thin bad luck to Pat! She'd murder me with kindness; and dhrink herself to death with the money.'

### Confidence.

[redacted]

### Indian Shrewdness.

The Indians have always showed a fondness for strong drink, and have been willing to barter almost anything which they possessed for the means of gratifying their appetite. Sometimes like their white neighbors, when they have become addicted to intemperance, it happens they have nothing to barter, and then must depend upon their wits or go dry. One of this class came to a tavern and told the landlord that for a pint of whiskey he would tell him where he had just seen a bear.

The landlord produced the whiskey.

'Up at the top of the hill, where the road turns—you know where the big rock is?' said the Indian.

'Yes.'

'And beyond the rock there is a big stump—you know where that is?'

'Yes.'

'Beyond that stump is an oak bush, and under it is the bear fast asleep.'

Boniface started with men, dogs and guns, but no bear was found.

'You lieing whelp,' said he to the Indian, as he returned, 'you have deceived me; there was no bear there, and none has been there lately.'

'You found the rock, didn't you?' asked the Indian.

'Yes, I found the rock.'

'And the stump was there too, wasn't it?'

'Yes.'

'And the bush was there?'

'Yes; but there was no bear there.'

'Three truths to one lie? Pretty well for Indian. Better than white man do,' was the cool reply.

Hasty words often rankle the wound which injury gives, but soft words assuage it, forgiving cures it, and forgetting takes away the scar.

How easy and pleasant it is to assign motives for the conduct of our neighbors when we gather them unconsciously from our own hearts.

Children wouldn't cross their parents so often when they were grown up, if they were to cross their parents' knees a little oftener when they were little.

SMALL SOUL.—Said a crazy woman of a penurious, stingy man: 'Do you see this man? You could blow his soul through a humming bird's quill into a mosquito's eye, and the mosquito wouldn't wink.'

Dying prayer of a dog—guide my bark.