VILLAGE RECORD.

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JASON BELL, G. F. LIDY, JACOB FRICK, D. B. RUSSELL,

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Sept 20 J. R. WELSH

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Feb 3

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POETICAL.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

Forgive and forget—it is better
To fling every feeling aside
Than allow the deep cankering fetter
Of revenge in they breast to abide;
For thy step thro' life's path will be lighter,
When the load from thy bosom is cast,
And the sky that's above thee be brighter
When the cloud of displeasure is past.

Though thy spirit swell high with emotion
To give back injustice again,
Let it sink in oblivion's ocean
For the remembrance increases the pain
And why should we linger in sorrow,
When its shadow is passing away,
Or seek to encounter to-morrow
The blast that o'er swept us to-day?

Oh, memory is a varying river,
And though it may placidly glide,
When the sunbeams of Joy o'er it quiver,
It foams when it reaches the tide.
Then stir not the current to madness,
For it's wrath thou wilt ever regret;
Though the morning beams break on thy sadness,
Ere the sunset, Forgive and Forget.

THE THREE CALLERS.

MORN.

Morn calleth fondly to a fair boy, straying
'Mid golden meadows rich with clover-dew;
She calls—but he still thinks of naught save playing;
And so she smiles and waves him an adieu;
While he still merry with his flowery store,
Dreams not that Morn, sweet Morn, returns no more!

NOON.

Noon cometh—but the boy, to manhood growing,
Heeds not the time—he sees but one sweet form,
One young, fair face, from bower of jasamine glowing.
And all his loving heart with blisses warm;
So Noon, unnoticed, seeks the western shore,
And man forgets that Noon returns no more.

NIGHT.

Night tappeth gently at a casement, gleaming
With the thin fire-light, flickering faint and low,
By which a gray-haired man is sadly dreaming
O'er pleasures gone, as all life's pleasures go;
Night calls him to her, and he leaves his door
Silent and dark—and he returns no more.

MISCELLANY.

A TRADE IN RIDDLES.

Nine persons sailed from Basle down the Rhine. A Jew who wished to go to Schlampi was allowed to come on board and journey with them, on condition that he would conduct himself with propriety, and give the Captain eighteen kreutzers for his passage.

'Now, it is true something jingled in the Jew's pocket when he struck his hand against it; but the only money there was a twelve kreutzer piece, for the other was a brass button. Notwithstanding this he accepted the offer with gratitude. For he thought to himself, "Something may be earned even upon the water. There is many a man who has grown rich upon the Rhine."

During the first part of the voyage the passengers were very talkative and merry, and the Jew, with his wallet under his arm, for he did not lay it aside, was an object of much mirth and mockery, as, alas, is often the case with those of his nation. But as the vessel sailed onward, and passed Thuringen and St. Velt, the passengers, one after another, grew silent and gazed listlessly down the river, until one cried:

'Come, Jew! Do you know any pastime that will amuse us? Your fathers must have contrived many a one during their journey in the wilderness.'

'Now is the time,' thought the Jew 'to shear my sheep!' And he proposed that they should sit around in a circle, and he, with their permission, would sit with them. Those who could not answer the questions, should pay the one who propounded them a twelve kreutzer piece.

This proposal pleased the company, and hoping to divert themselves with the Jew's wit or stupidity, each one asked at random whatever chanced to enter his head.

Thus for example, the first asked:

'How many soft boiled eggs could the giant Goliah eat on an empty stomach?'

All said it was impossible to answer that question and each paid the twelve kreutzers.

But the Jew said, 'One, for he who has eaten one egg, cannot put a second upon an empty stomach;' and the others paid him twelve kreutzers.

The second thought, 'Wait, Jew, I will try you out of the New Testament, and I think I shall win my piece. Why did the Apostle Paul write the Second Epistle to the Corinthians?'

The Jew said, 'Because he was not in Corinth; otherwise he would have spoken to them' So he won another twelve kreutzer piece.

When the third saw that the Jew was so well versed in the Bible, he tried him a different way. 'Who prolongs his work to as great length as possible, and completes it in time?'

'The ropemaker, if he be industrious,' said the Jew.

In the meantime they drew near to a village, and one said to another, 'That is Bamluch'

Then the fourth asked, 'In what month do the people of Bamluch eat the least?'

The Jew said, 'In February, for it has only twenty-eight days.'

The fifth said, 'There are two natural brothers, and still but one of them is my uncle.'

The Jew said, 'The uncle is your father's brother, and your father is not your uncle'

A fish now leaped out of the water, and a sixth asked, 'What fish have their eyes nearest together?'

The Jew said, 'The smallest.'

The seventh asked, 'How can a man ride from Basle to Berne in the shade, in the summer time, when the sun shines?'

The Jew said, 'When he comes to a place where there is no shade, he must dismount and go on foot.'

The eighth asked, 'When a man rides in the winter time from Berne to Basle, and has forgotten his gloves, how must he manage so that his hands shall not freeze?'

The Jew said, He must make fists out of them.'

The ninth was the last. This one asked, 'How shall five persons divide five eggs so that each man shall receive one, and still one remain in the dish?'

The Jew said, 'the last must take the dish with the egg, and he can let it lie there as long as he pleases.'

But now it came his turn, and he determined to make a good sweep. After many preliminary compliments, he asked with an air of mischievous friendliness, 'How can a man fry two trout in three pans, so that a trout may lie in each pan?'

No one could answer this, and one after the other gave him a twelve kreutzer piece.

But when the ninth desired that he should solve the riddle, he rocked to and fro, shrugged his shoulders, and rolled his eyes. 'I am a poor Jew,' he said at last.

The rest cried, 'What has that to do with it? Give us the answer?'

'You must not take it amiss for I am a poor Jew.'

At last, after much persuasion and many promises that they would do him no harm, he thrust his hand into his pocket, took out one of the twelve kreutzer pieces that he had won, laid it upon the table, and said, 'I do not know the answer any more than you.—Here are my kreutzers.'

When the others heard these words, they opened their eyes and said that this was scarcely according to the agreement. But as they could not control their laughter, and were wealthy and good-natured men, and as the Jew had helped them to while away the time from St. Velt to Schlampi, they let it pass; and the Jew took with him from the vessel—let a good arithmetician reckon up for me how much the Jew carried home with him. He had nine twelve kreutzer pieces by his answer, nine with his own riddle, one he paid back, and eighteen kreutzers he gave to the Captain.

Treasures

Every man is treasuring up stores for eternity:—the good are laying up treasures in heaven, where moth and rust doth not corrupt;—the evil and impenitent are treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath'—What an idea is this! Treasures of wrath! Whatever the impenitent man is doing, he is treasuring up wrath. He may be getting wealth; but he is treasuring up wrath. He may be getting fame; but he is treasuring up wrath. He may be forming pleasing connections; but he is also treasuring up wrath. Every day adds something to the heap.—Every oath the swearer utters, there is something gone to the heap of wrath. Every lie a liar tells, every licentious act the lewd man commits, adds something to the treasure of wrath. The sinner has a weighter treasure of wrath to-day than he had yesterday; he will have a weightier one to-morrow than he had to-day. When he lies down at night he is richer in vengeance then when he arose in the morning. He is continually deepening and darkening his eternal portion. Every neglected Sabbath increases his store of wrath; every forgotten sermon adds something to the weight of punishment. All the checks of conscience, all the remonstrances of friends, all the advice and prayers, will be taken into account, and all will tend to increase the treasures of wrath laid up against the day of wrath.—*J. A. Janics.*

A GOOD SCHOOLMASTER.—What a well assorted union of qualities is required to constitute a good schoolmaster! A good schoolmaster ought to be a man who knows much more than he is called upon to teach, that he may teach with intelligence and taste;—who has a noble and elevated mind, that he may preserve that dignity of mind and deportment without which he will never obtain the respect and confidence of families; who possesses a rare mixture of gentleness and firmness, a man not ignorant of his rights, but thinking much more of his duties; showing to all a good example, and serving to all as a counselor; not given to change his condition, but satisfied with his situation because it gives him the power of doing good; and who has made up his mind to live and die in the service of primary instruction, which, to him, is the service of God and his fellow-creatures.—*Guizot.*

One of the hours of each day wasted on trifles or indolence, saved and daily devoted to improvement, is enough to make an ignorant man wise in ten years—to provide the luxury of intelligence to a mind torbid from lack of thought—to brighten up faculties perishing with rust—to make life a fruitful field, and death a harvester of glorious deeds.

The father of Thomas H. Benton lies just four miles west of Hiiboro', Missouri, buried amidst a patch of pines. And a score or more of country people pass by the spot each day, and little regard that the father of one of the greatest statesmen of this country lies buried there. Such is fame.

Serious fun—humors in the blood.

A PHANTOM.

The heroine of the following ludicrous incident—which we take from 'Before the Footlights and Behind the Scenes,'—is the author herself, Olive Logan:

A lonely path to the left looked inviting because of its loneliness, and I took it.

'Ah,' thought I, here is peace! Who would be a dweller in the city's busy maze, when tranquility and quiet joy may be had in such abodes as these?'

For now I have reached some little cottages which lay contiguous to the railway, and were occupied, no doubt, by its employes. Surrounded by trees, which only awaited the warm breath of spring to make them start forth into lovliness and verdure, fronted by a little garden, whose well-kept beds showed both care and taste, with bright green shutters and newly painted front, one little cottage in particular attracted my attention. 'Oh, for a little home like this!' I sighed; but even as I did so, the sound of angry voices issuing from an inner room reached my ear. A man in rage; a woman in invective. Frightened, I hurried on.

Peace? Mockery!

No peace where rush the surging waters of the turbid passions of Man. Peace may come when these have subsided in the eternal quiet of the grave.

The grave! As usual, there are some not far off. A quiet inviting spot. Thither I bend my steps, and pushing aside the swinging gate, I enter the churchyard.

The same old story on all the headstones. No wicked people buried here! All 'respected for their virtues;' honored for their benevolence;' 'beloved and regretted by all.' Faugh on the lying records!

I sink on a mound and think of that grave whose headstone bears, beyond the name and date of birth and death but one line:

'Our Father which art in Heaven.'

No mention of the large mind, the brilliant intellect, the culture of the study, or the poetic heart which lies there now forever hushed. Better so. We, who knew and loved him, know all this; and those who knew him not, need not be told.

The cold night wind sighs mournfully through the gaunt trees and chills me; hot tears trickle through my fingers as I cover my face with my ungloved hands and a few convulsive sobs, which relieve a heart full of melancholy remembrances, where many more such have fallen, reverberating with a hollow echo on the dull churchyard air. Mysterious spot! My flesh creeps as I survey the numberless tenements of the dead, which lie on every side, and old stories that I have not thought of since childhood now force themselves on my brain with horrible distinctness The rising and the walking of the dead! Their midnight revels, their capture of the living for interment with themselves.

Terrified, I rise to go; but as I do so a sight meets my gaze which to my dying day I shall never forget. A dark, uncertain mass advancing toward me rapidly, irrespective of their sanctity, up and over the graves with a strange and uncouth mode of locomotion; a headless, trunkless body, with two unnaturally long arms, borne, now straight upright, now distended wide on either side of the Nothing to which they were attached.

To fly or to remain—which?

Flight! Impossible!

What progress can I make against this lithe thing—I, with my trembling limbs stiffended with cold, and my whole body paralyzed with terror!

Remain? For what!

Great Heaven, how do I know! For the doom which mortals meet when they meddle with the immortal—for torture—for agony—for despair! Tremblingly and with averted eyes I await my fate, for it is close upon me! As it nears me it *speaks*—my blood freezes at the voice of Nothing!

'Sa-ay, Ma'am, can't I walk on my hands bully?'

A ragged, saucy brat, offspring, perhaps, of the angry father and the invective mother, walking on his hands across the churchyard on a dark Sunday night for a wager of one cent with a timid urchin!

Disgusted, I rise. Disgusted with all things, particularly myself. Annoyed that the phantom was not what I had prayed it might not be, wishing it had been what I was overjoyed to find it was not, humiliated into blushes, fallen into the ridiculous, myself a laughing stock to myself, ashamed of my fright, laughing through tears, biting my lips with annoyance, while their corners were distended into smiles, I leave the churchyard and walk back to the hotel.

THE PEACAN NUT.—Doubtless many of our readers are familiar with an oblong brown nut, offered for sale in most of our fruit and confectionary stores, and known as the peacan nut. It belongs to the hickory family, and is a native of the extreme Southern States, being found in the greatest abundance in Southern Louisisana and Texas Within the past few years considerable attention has been paid to its cultivation in the States named. It is a very productive fruit, a tree at full maturity yielding from one to two barrels, which sell readily at from twenty-five to thirty five dollars per barrel. It thrives well in any good hickory soil, and succeeds admirably in the 'bottoms' or rich ridge soils of Florida, Texas, Louisiana, and other Southern States.

Some rash fellow says that the giving of the ballot to women would not amount to much; for none of them would admit that they were old enough to vote until they were too old to take any interest in politics.

The press, the pulpit, the petticoats—the three ruling powers of the day. The first spreads knowledge, the second, morals, and the third spreads considerably.

Social Honor.

Every person should cultivate a nice sense of honor. In a hundred different ways the most fitting adjunct of the true lady or gentleman is often tried. For instance, one is a guest in a family where, perhaps, the domestic machinery does not run smoothly. There is a sorrow in the house unsuspected by the outer world. Sometimes it is a dissipated son, whose conduct is a shame and grief to his parents; sometimes a relative whose eccentricities and peculiarities are a cloud on the home. Or worst of all, husband and wife may not be in accord, and there may be often bitter words spoken, and harsh recriminations. In any of these cases the guest is in honor bound to be blind and deaf, so far as people without are concerned. If a gentle word within can do any good, it may well be said, but to go forth and reveal the shadow of an unhappy secret to any one, even your nearest friend, is an act of indelicacy and meanness almost unparalleled. Once in the sacred precincts of any home, admitted to its privacy, sharing its life, all that you see and hear is a sacred trust. It is as really contemptible to gossip of such things as it would be to steal the silver or borrow the books and forget to return them.

A WORD TO GIRLS.—There is a practice quite prevalent among the young of the present day, which we consider very improper. We allude to their giving photographs of themselves to young men who are merely acquaintances. We consider it indelicate to the highest degree. We are astonished that any young girl should hold herself so cheap as this. With an accepted lover it is of course all right. Even in that case the likeness should be returned if the engagement should, by any misunderstanding, cease. If this little paragraph should meet the eye of any young lady who is about to give her photograph to any gentleman acquaintance, let her know that the remarks made by many young men, when together, concerning what is, perhaps, on her part, a piece of ignorance or imprudence, would, if she heard them, cause her cheeks to crimson with shame and anger. 'Were it a sister of ours,' and we have often said, 'were it a sister of ours'—but that not being the case, we give this advice to anybody's sister who needs it, most anxiously desiring that she should at all times preserve her self-respect.

A lady was recently out walking, accompanied by her nurse and two children near St Louis, when one of the latter was missed for a few moments. On being called, he answered from a little distance, 'Here I am, mamma, behind the stump. I'm playing with a big beautiful worm. I've got a chip, and it opens its mouth ever so wide when I touch its teeth with the chip.'

Anxious to see the character of the child's playmate, the two women went to the spot, when, behold! they saw a rattle snake, two feet long, coiled against the butt of the stump, and the child thrusting the chip against its head. The snake appeared perfectly passive, not even giving the usual warning with its rattles. It is needless, perhaps, to say that the mother was frightened beyond the power of motion The nurse quickly removed the child, and one of the hands despatched the dangerous playmate.

A little five-year-old boy was being instructed in morals by his mother. The old lady told him that all such terms as 'by golley!' 'by jingo!' 'by thunder!' etc., were only minced oaths, and but little better than any other profanity. In fact, she said, he could tell a profane oath by the prefix 'by'—all such were oaths.

'Well then, mother,' said the little hopeful, 'there's a big oath in the newspapers—'By Telegraph.'

The old lady gave it up, and the boy is bewildered on morals.

They have had cold weather in Vermont. An exchange says a little boy up there went out one evening, after getting a whipping, to have a good cry on the woodpile. An hour afterwards, when his mother went to hunt him, she found him pinned down to a white-oak log by icicles which had been formed from the tears as they ran from his eyes.—He cries in the house now when he feels sad.

Josh Billings gives some advice to young ladies as to how they should receive proposals of marriage:

'You oughter take it kinder lookin' down hill, with an expreshun about half tickled and ½ skeered. After the pop is over, if your lover wants to kiss you, I don't think that I would say yes or no, but jist let the thing kinder take its own course.'

An Illinois pastor received at a donation party eighty-nine dozen of eggs. A Maine donation party rivals that instance, a pastor there having received thirty-one bushels of potatoes, seven bushels of corn, a beef tongue, seventeen mince pies, four pounds of cheese, a pair of guinea pigs, one pair of mittens, five hanks of stocking yarn, and one dollar and eighty-four cents in money.

A Louisiana planter delighted his hands last week by paying them in silver quarters. One old negro exclaimed: 'Federit money come and done gone, and greenbacks is played out, but dis is de stuff that rats can't chew. De old time is come agin, hoo ray?' And then he went away and buried his money.

A young 'buck' nowadays is curiously compounded; he has a beaver on his head, a goat-ee on his chin, kids on his hands, doe-skin on his legs, casts sheep's eyes, and is looked upon by his dos-ting duck as dear.

Be courteous to all, intimate with few, and let those few be well tried.

Young folks grow most when in love. It increases their sighs wonderfully.

Life Near the South Pole.

Mr. Joseph Powel, Commercial agent of the United States at Port Stanley, Falkland Island, writes home as follows:

'You may be aware that this is the last sailing point next to the South Pole. Beyond this no vessel ever sails, and human footsteps are never seen. It is perpetual winter—snow every month in the year. The islands are naked of tree and bush, and very little soil—high mountains and hills of volcanic rock over nine-tenths of the surface.—Nothing of the grain kind is raised—no seed time or harvest. There are no animals except wild horses and cattle. Foxes and rabbits have been brought here and increase—much larger than those in the United States. No snakes, frogs fleas, spiders, bedbugs, or insects of any kind. The wind blows all the time—often so strong that you cannot look out The population, all told, does not exceed three hundred on all the islands, and are very poor. This is only an harbor for wrecks. Expenses are very high and living poor—no comforts of life whatever. Board and lodging annually $520. I'll come home first opportunity. I am distant from New York twelve thousand miles by sea. My voyage to my post of duty occupied one hundred and five days. I am thirty days' sail from Rio de Janeiro, two thousand five hundred miles beyond Chili and Peru, and six hundred miles off Cape Horn.'

'If ever I'm married,' said Ike, looking up from the book he was reading, and kicking the stove door to, 'If ever I'm married—' 'Don't speak of marriage Isaac,' said Mrs. Partington, ''till you are old enough to understand the bond that binds congealing souls. People mustn't think of marriage with impunity. It's the first thing children think of now-a-days, and young boys piano fortes, and young girls with their heads fricasseed into spittoon curls, are talking of marriage before they get out of their canteens. Think of such ones getting married!'

A gentleman who was very zealous on the subject of horses, but not according to knowledge, bought a mare at auction and rode her home. 'Well, Cæsar,' said he to his sable coachman, 'what do you think of her? She cost me five hundred dollars.'

'Dunno, master.'

'Yes, but what do you think?'

'Well, massa, it makes me tink ob what de preacher said yesterday—something about his money is soon parted. *I disremember de fust part!*'

OLD LADY.—'Can you tell me my good man where I can find Mr. Jones?'

Pat.—'Sure ma'am. I expect it would be at his house ye would find him.'

Lady.—'Does he live anywhere in the streets here?'

Pat.—'Sure, no indade; it's not for all the likes of him to be livin in the strate at all.'

Lady.—'You stupid fellow, I mean what number does his family step at?'

Pat.—'Now ma'am you have me, he has six boys and four girls already, but whether he means to stop at that number—'

Lady.—'Oh you blockhead!' Exit. Old lady in a tremor of indignation.

An incorrigible loafer being taken to task for his laziness, replied:

'I tell you, gentlemen, you are mistaken. I have not got a lazy bone in my body, but the fact is, *I was born tired.*

A California paper heads an article, 'Remarkable coolness of a young lady.' She passed another women and never turned around to sneer at her bonnet.

A raiser of poultry in Louisiana has dug a well at the entrance of his hen house, and placed a tilting cover on it. His catch averages one darkey a night.

There is a lawyer so excessively honest that he puts all his flowerpots out over night so determined is he that everything shall have *its dew.*

The Boston *Commercial Bulletin* says that 'old sledge was invented by Nebuchadnezzar. He got his living on 'all fours' for seven years.'

A young lady, being asked by a rich old bachelor, 'if not yourself, who would you rather be?' replied sweetly and modestly, 'Yours truly.'

Mr. Smith says that 'a lady can show anger as well by her back, in leaving a room, as by her face.' This must be when her 'back is up.'

An old lady, hearing somebody say the mails were very irregular, said: 'It was just so in my young days—no trusting any of 'em.'

Josh Billings says the man who wrote 'I would not live always, I ask not so stay,' probably had not been urged sufficiently.

Why is a man who runs away without paying his rent like an army officer? Ans.—Because he's a left tenant.

There's a man in town who keeps a list of all the banks in the country, so as to be able to say that he keeps a bank account.

We are apt to see the clouds that hang over us, forgetting the clear sky beyond them.

An unpleasant sort of arithmetic—Division among families.

The next amendment is called 'the sweet sixteenth.'

A romance of middle ages—An old maid's love letter.

Umbrellas with windows are the latest invention.