

# VILLAGE RECORD.



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## POETICAL.



### LIFE.

Life is a lengthened dream of joy and care—  
A cup of poison'd bliss and mirth  
Who watched the waves rise from the surging sea;  
Happy as babes we walk the dew-damp Earth,  
And sip the honey that the moments wear;  
But small white haunse are stretch'd to lead us,  
Where  
Old Age makes sad the hours that smiled at birth.  
I saw a merry child walk by the shore,  
Who watched the waves rise from the surging sea;  
Rich shells with shiv'ring cover fell in glee  
From out the river's mouth; 'till pass'd them o'er—  
He saw the hue without was dark they wore,  
—The pearl within, the blind child did not see!  
A bee sat on the heaving bosom of a flower,  
And press'd its tempting lips with many a kiss;  
The child looked quickly up, and seeing this  
He chased the bright thing thro' a perfume'd bowser,  
And thoughtless caught it! Ah! the bright was sour,  
And venom'd pains the things he thought was bliss.  
'Tis so in life; we leave the Shells of Hope  
That by the streams of Truth lie hidden there,  
And chase the empty shadows thro' the air,  
Of pleasure, beauty and our fancied scope!  
Oh! why were we not form'd, as trees from care,  
As man's whose wish is but a sk'ping top!  
We who do live to-day, to-morrow die,  
We are frail as the tyrant Death,  
Whose voice is God-like, and whose lightest breath  
Can turn the laugh of childhood to a sigh;  
Can bring salt tears to many a beaming eye,  
And make the aged all their cares forget.  
Sleep is its kindred spirit; as we wake,  
When morn's rich tears of dew are falling o'er,  
Refresh'd and free, as in the home-land's fold,  
When bubbled life's hollow smile will break,  
We'll wake to float upon a silver lake,  
More rich and fair than comes in dreams full oft.

### ON MURDER NOT.

Oh! murmur not at cruel fate—  
Thy Father's wisdom knew  
Why in this lowly sphere of life,  
Thy foot-steps must pursue;  
'Twas He, not fate, decreed thy lot—  
He knew thy wayward mind,  
And mark'd thy path 'midst lowlier scenes  
Thy heart to Heaven to bind!  
Repine not that the murky clouds  
Adversity must wear,  
Have circled in thy spirit's hopes,  
And nurtured not but care—  
'Twas He who spread the gloomy cloud  
And blighted sensual dreams;  
But see! the silvery lining bright  
Beyond! His shadow gleams!

### MISCELLANY.

#### THE NEW YORK CLERK, OR HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

A young man by the name of Ames was a clerk for a merchant in New York, and was entrusted with the bills of account to collect, which service he performed honestly so far as his employer could discover; but Mr. Smith (that was the name of the merchant) was a very cautious man, and often laid traps to catch his clerks in defrauding him, if any of them were not proof against dishonesty. In this way he ascertained which of them could be trusted and when he found one of them to be dishonest, he would discharge him.  
Mr. Smith kept a wholesale and retail dry goods store, doing an immense business; and after he had accumulated a fortune, and had begun to think of retiring from business, he said, "Now, I am going to give up my business to such of my clerks as I know to be honest. I shall test them, one by one, and to-morrow I am going to see what Ames is an honest young man, or a rascal!"  
The next morning he called on a friend who was his intimate, with young Ames, and arranged a "trap" to test his honesty. A large number of accounts were to be given to him to collect that day, and Robert R. (Mr. Smith's friend's son) was to meet him as by accident, and propose to him to spend some of the money collected, for nuts, oranges, ice cream, &c.  
Well, Robert managed to meet Ames just as he had completed his collections, and had a large roll of bills, in his pocket, and "lots of fractional currency," when the following conversation ensued:  
Robert:—Good morning, Ames.—been out collecting? Got lots of money, I suppose?  
Ames:—Yes, I've got over a thousand dollars, and I must hurry back to the store, I'm afraid I may get robbed. One don't know who may be dogging his steps, in such a city as New York, to rob him even in day time.  
Robert:—Don't be in a hurry. Let's go into Taylor's, and get some ice cream, &c.—I'll pay the bill.  
So into Taylor's they went, and sat down to a beautiful marble table. "Now, Ames," said Robert, "you have a pocket full of money, and I am rather short, just take a dollar out of that roll of greenbacks, and pay the bill. Nobody need know it. You can turn over your money to the cashier, and if he discovers it short one dollar, you can say you can't account for it—some mistake somewhere. Such errors occur often, and nobody thinks one dishonest. I tell you, Ames such change as you don't get more than half paid for their services, and it would not be wrong, occasionally, to take a few shillings; what can be done without being detected. I know a young fellow who pays all his

### WHAT DO WE WORK FOR.

The question we desire briefly to discuss is not "why do we work?" but "what do we work for?" Some may answer at once: "For money, wages or salaries." We do not think this is a correct and full reply to the question. Labor may be the Adamite curse, but if so, the innate desires of man and his restlessness and ambition for improvement have changed the curse to a positive blessing and made the earth—thorn and thistle cured—to bloom and blossom like the rose. We work partly because we need it—We need it for health of mind as well as of body—Idleness leads to decay and decay to death. He who through years of active exertion leaves his employment and "retires from business," usually signs his death warrant. He vegetates for awhile in idleness and dies, unless he has sense enough to discover his mistake in time, and return to the paths of active usefulness. There are few more pitiable objects than the man who, after many years active service in business is decided into a belief that happiness and a reward for his labors are to be found in withdrawing from all participation in the work of life—Old age is an excuse for idleness, but the possession of money is not.  
We do not work for money alone. The mechanic who would be content to do the work of an apprentice, merely because he could earn more wages, would be hardly worthy the name of mechanic. The amount of wages or salary is a recognition of ability and a standard of value for services performed, but not the only incentive to exertion. A workman feels a pride in his work—in the results of his skill—entirely unconnected with the amount of money received for it.—If he did not, one very strong motive for improvement would be lacking. Almost every mechanic will agree with us that he has done jobs which afforded him more gratification in their success, than he derived from the possession of the pecuniary compensation therefor. How often a man will undertake a job which he knows beforehand will not "pay" in cash what it costs, but mainly for the pride of performing successfully. It is true that "the laborer is worthy of his hire," but to agree that the hire is the only or even the principal incentive is unreasonable, not sustained by facts, and derogatory to the "dignity of labor."—a phrase often misused, but a perfectly correct one. To be sure, if the efforts of the workman—and by this term we mean all who do—are not appreciated by adequate compensation, he seeks other employers who have a proper appreciation of his value.  
We work for progress; for progress individually and for the progress of the race. One means to that progress is the payment for services rendered, as it will enable the skillful workman and the inventive mechanic to carry forward their plans of improvement in manual labor or in labor saving machines. We work for the godlike pride of creation. The machine which is an offspring of the brain of the mechanic is as much, and more, his than that of his lions.—If he is ill paid for his labor, mental or physical, he has the compensation of a satisfaction in his success which cannot be assured by money only, but which must be felt in the knowledge that he has succeeded where others failed, and has secured an impregnable position as one of the pioneers in the grand march of improvement.  
There are few pursuits which demand more hard work—the work of the brain—than that of the mechanic. In no sense can he be considered an exemplar of Bunyan's "Muck-rake." He must live in order to work; but he does not work merely that he may live. He is always striving to mount the next step on the ladder, and never does he mount but that he carries with him the living moving world. It is his pride to excel; never satisfied with mediocrity, but always striving for superiority. From the workman to the inventor is but a step—a long step it may be—yet not beyond his powers, if he employs them properly; and the inventor, not a mechanic, is often dependent on the mechanic for the success of his improvement.  
Now, as individual excellence depends largely on individual exertion, although aided somewhat by the recorded efforts and failures of others, it is obvious that associations which "raise" or bring down each individual to a common level as to compensation, must retard the improvement in mechanical science and practice so imperatively demanded by the increasing wants of the age. The associations whether under the name of "trades unions" or "labor associations," have operated to bring the skillful workman down to the level of the "botch," and to elevate the half informed mechanic to their level.—The incentive of money wages received—has been the means used to give these associations power; and as the inferior workmen in all branches of industrial business, greatly outnumber the finished mechanics, they, the inferior class, rule these societies. The effect is really a lowering of the status of the mechanic. One may do more and better work—more in quantity and better in quality—than another, but because the inferior workman is on an equality as to standing in the society or union, either the superior workman must submit to be undervalued, to his pecuniary loss and to his injury by depriving him of the laudable ambition of receiving a recognition of his superiority; or the employer is compelled to pay for inferior work the same amount for which superior work could be obtained. In either case it is unjust, in one case to the conscientious and careful workman and in the other to the employer.  
The basis of these unions is wrong. They make the amount of wages, not the skill of the workman, the basis of their demands. The amount of wages paid is not really the criterion of excellence, and under these union rules, a man never has to do so, while if individuals were contracted with the individual, a skill would become, as it should, the ba-

### Wealth of our Statesmen.

Jefferson died comparatively poor. Indeed, if Congress had not purchased his library, giving him five times its value, he would with difficulty have kept the wolf from the door. Madison saved his money and was comparatively rich. To add to his fortune, however, or rather to that of his widow, Congress purchased his manuscript papers, and paid \$30,000 for them. James Madison fifth President of the United States died so poor that his remains found a resting place through the charity of his friends.—They repose in a cemetery, but no stone marks the spot where they lie. John Quincy Adams left some \$50,000, the result of industry, prudence and inheritance. He was a man of method and economy. Martin Van Buren died rich. Throughout his political life, he studiously looked out for his own interest. Henry Clay left a very handsome estate. It probably exceeded \$100,000.—He was a prudent manager and a scrupulous ally. He was a prudent manager and a scrupulous ally. He was a prudent manager and a scrupulous ally.

### Anecdote of Stephen Girard.

Old Girard had a favorite clerk, and he always said he intended to do well by Ben Lippincott? So when Ben got to be twenty-one, he expected to see the Governor say something of his future prospects, and perhaps lend a helping hand in starting him in the world. But the old fox carefully avoided the subject. Ben mustered courage. "I suppose I am now free sir," said he, and I thought I would say something to you as to my course. What do you think I had better do?" "Yes, yes, I know you are," said the old millionaire, "and my advice is that you go and learn the cooper's trade."  
This application of ice nearly froze Ben out; but recovering his equilibrium, he said to Mr. Girard in earnest, he would do so "I am in earnest, and Ben forthwith sought the best cooper in Spring Garden, he became an apprentice, and in due time could make as good a barrel as the best. He announced to old Stephen that he had graduated, and was ready to set up in business. The old man seemed gratified, and immediately ordered three of the best barrels he could turn out. Ben did his prettiest, and wheeled them out to the old man's counting room.—Old Girard pronounced them first rate, and demanded the price. "One dollar," said Ben, "is as low as I can live by. Cheap enough; make out your bill."  
The bill was made out and Old Steve settled it with a check for \$20,000, which he accompanied with this little moral to the story: "There take that and invest it in the best possible manner; and if you are unfortunate and lose it, you have a good trade to fall back upon, which will afford you a good living!"  
Why is a man that gets down on his knees and cries before the girl who has sacked him like hot butter? Ans. Because he is soft.

### No One Like a Mother.

A poor old woman lay upon her sick bed in a close, uncomfortable room, with a daughter and a little grand-child to take care of. But who do you think this aged woman called for all the time, and longed to have come and nurse her?  
It was "mother—her own mother."  
"O! there's nobody like a mother to take care of you when you are sick she said.  
A person present asked her how long her mother had been dead.  
"About fifty years, I reckon," she answered.  
Do you think you will remember your mother's loving care for fifty years? No doubt you will, if God spares your life. You may think but little of it now, but you will think a great deal of it then. The woman's children and grand-children had grown up about her, but her heart reached back over all that waste of years to the time when she was at her mother's side.  
It was for "mother," "mother," that our boys, in tent and hospital, called and prayed when, sick and wounded, they were laid down to die.  
"O! there is nobody like a mother to love and care for us." What return are you making every day for all she does for you? Do your feet run willingly to do her bidding, as soon as it is known? Do you try to save her trouble, and lighten all her burdens?—O! nothing in this world can do it so effectually as to know that her children are growing up good, and noble, and useful in the world.  
And yet with all her love and care  
"There's one more kind than a mother,  
In heaven watching over you."

### Curtain Lectures.

Been out all night again. I'd like to know where you keep yourself until this time in the morning; it's not ten minutes since I heard the clock strike four. You didn't hear it? No of course you didn't. You wouldn't hear the last trump—the noise would have to travel through an acre or two of beer before it would get to your hearing. Had to go among your friends? Had to go I'd like to know how you had to go. Some folks are very willing to 'had' to go. Yes, I know it's coming on election times; that's a good excuse to get away from your family and home. I wish there were no election in the whole country—it would be much better off if we hadn't any. Who did you elect? Who did you vote for? Theatre and dance. Now turn over here. Oh, Lord! am I in a hog-ward or a distillery, or where am I? What have you got outside of you? Didn't drink much? You must have got into a bear barrel, then, for it's coming out all over you, and how it smells! You danced eh? You must have out a pretty figure—guess it was a large real. Do you think I'll stand this going off to dance all night? Who did you dance with? I'll bet she was as homely as a pumpkin with two holes in it. Look here! you needn't pretend to sleep; I want to have a little domestic conversation with you. I am your better half, and your better half proposes to discuss matters a little. Late. How do you know it's late? It's early enough to give you a piece of a woman's tongue Tongue? Yes I am tonguey—that's part of a woman's prerogative, and I am going to use some of it on you. Let you alone? Did you say that to the girl you danced with? Oh, no! nothing of the sort; it was Miss; shall I have the pleasure of your beautiful person for the next coalition? I wish I could see her—I'd take the beautiful out of her at a jerk. Can't get no peace? Yes you can get plenty of it—go to the theatre, go electioneering, dance with the girls till morning, and come home and I'll give you peace by the long measure—I'll give you a piece of my mind.—Come back here, where are you going? Get into another bed? Not exactly; this bed has been large enough heretofore, and has not grown any smaller lately. You danced did you? I'd like to see you dance with me. I'm too old, I suppose. I ain't too old to give you fits, you can bet your life on that, fellow, if you don't conduct yourself properly hereafter.

### An Infidel Women.

Very rarely do we find one of the gentler sex an infidel. Though woman was first in the transgression, she was last at the cross, and first at the tomb of Jesus. Generally, her heart is more open to the gospel than man's. Only occasionally do we find a woman living in the light of truth an avowed infidel.  
The following sad incident occurred in one of our Western cities. A Bible distributor one day called on a German woman, who, with her son, a fine boy of ten years, was busy at work. Said the Bible agent.  
"Would you like to buy a Bible?"  
"No, indeed!" said the woman, angrily, "what use could I make of one, when I don't believe a word of it?"  
"What, not believe God's holy Word?"  
"No, I don't believe it. My father and mother did not believe it; they are dead—My husband did not believe it, neither."  
"My friend, who made yonder sun?"  
"I don't know, and I don't care."  
"Did it make itself, or how came it there?"  
"I don't trouble myself about those things!"  
"The boy instantly spoke out, saying,  
"Mother, you know that God made the sun."  
The mother looked angrily at him. But he repeated the words, "God made the sun and moon and stars."  
The infidel mother was silenced by her own child. The Bible distributor then uttered some earnest words of solemn warning; but her heart seemed closed against his appeals. The little boy's answer reminds one of that Scripture, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies; that thou mightest still the enemy and the strong."

### Who is Safe.

Who is safe.—God has never created a mind yet that safely challenges combat with the appetite of drink. Earth has no ambition that is not engulfed, no hope which is not blasted, no tie which is not broken, no sanctuary which is not invaded, no friend, no kinsman, brother, wife or child that is not forgotten; no fibre of human agency which is not wrung. Minds of common mould will go through life without excess, while those gifted with God-like powers are smitten with weakness. The gifted author of C. Harold walked in fetters, and died at Misaloung of a drunken debauch. He who led the prosecution in the British Parliament against Hastings, was hurried to the grave to escape the clutch of his landlords. Poor Charles Fox! And the author of Gertrude of Wyoming died a drivelling imbecile. How the "gentle Flia" wept over the habits that enthralled him. Ah! how these tragedies of human individual history—of temptation and fall—start before us. The history of the best minds of our land is darkened by these episodes of weakness and ruin.—T. M. Brown.

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