VILLAGE RECORD.

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POETICAL.

BEREAVEMENT AND CONSOLATION.

It is not in the parting hour, when those we fondly love.
Have breathed to us their last farewell, and winged their way above;
Nor yet, when in the darksome grave we lay them to their rest,
The sharpest pang of sorrow rends the stricken mother's breast.

'Tis when we seek our lonely home, and meet no more to smile,
Which could the darkest cloud dispel, and every care beguile;
And when we meet around the board, or at the hour of prayer,
'Tis then the heart most feels its loss,—the loved ones are not there.

And thus while days and months steal on, as memory brings to view
The vision of departed joys, our grief is stirred anew;
Though faith may own a Father's hand, yet nature will rebel,
And feel how hard it is to say, "He hath done all things well."

O mournful memories of the past! ye wear our lives away;
Ye haunt us in our dreams by night, and through each weary day;
The home which late like Eden's bower, in blooming beauty smiled,
Ye make a barren wilderness, a desert waste and wild.

But why thus yield to fruitless grief? are they not happier far?
The sainted ones for whom we mourn, than those who linger here?
Our hearts should glow with grateful love to Him whose watchful eye,
Saw dangers gathering round their path, and called them to the sky.

Not long shall we their loss deplore, for soon the hour will come
When we, with those so fondly loved, shall slumber in the tomb;
Then let the remnant of our days be to his service given,
Who hid our idols in the grave, lest we should fail of Heaven.

Not willingly the Lord afflicts, nor grieves the souls of men;
'Tis but to wean our souls from earth, and break the power of sin;
He saw us wandering from His paths, and sent the chastening rod,
To turn our feet from error's way, and bring us home to God.

Shall we defeat his wise design, and waste our days in tears,
Ungrateful for the numerous gifts that Heaven in mercy spares?
Let faith and hope be cherished still, and brighter days shall dawn,
And plants of peace shall spring anew from seeds of sorrow sown.

MISCELLANY.

The Art of Not Hearing.

The art of not hearing is fully as important to domestic happiness as a cultivated ear, for which so much money and time are expended There are so many things which if heard will disturb the temper, and detract from contentment and happiness, that every one should be educated to take in or shut out sounds at will.

If a man falls into a violent passion and calls me all manner of names, the first word shuts my ears, and I hear no more. If in my quiet voyage of life I am caught in one of those domestic whirlwinds of scolding, I shut my ears, as a sailor would furl his sails, and, making all tight, scud before the gale. If a hot and restless man begins to inflame my feelings, I consider what mischief these sparks might do in the magazine below, where my temper is kept, and instantly close the door.

Does a gadding, mischief making fellow begin to inform me what people are saying about me, down drops the portcullis of my ear, and he cannot get in any further Some people feel very anxious to hear everything that will vex or annoy them If it is hinted that any one has spoken ill of them, they set about searching and finding out. If all the petty things said of one by heedless or ill-natured idlers were to be brought home to him, he would become a mere walking pincushion, stuck full of sharp remarks. I should as soon thank a man for emptying on my bed a bushel of nettles, or setting loose a swarm of mosquitoes in my chamber, or raising a pungent dust in my house generally, as to bring upon me all the tattle of spiteful people. If you would be happy when among good men, open your ears; when among bad, shut them. It is not worth your while to hear what your servants say when they are angry; what your children say after they slammed the door; what a beggar says whose petition you have rejected; what your neighbors say about your children; what your rivals say about your business or dress.

An old gentleman recently attempted to remove a large bug from the bonnet of a lady who sat in front of him at the theatre.—The result was, he uprooted all her back hair. Deeply chagrined, he hastily apologized, but soon learned the bug was artificial, and was used to hold the head and hair together. A scene was the consequence.

Purchasing a Farm.

Collector David Henshaw was a kind-hearted man as well as able; but smart as he was, on once occasion in doing a generous act, he was sadly taken in. An old customer doing business in Eaton, N. H., had failed, owing Mr. H.'s firm about $2,000.—After settling with his other creditors, he came to see Mr. H.

'Well, sir,' said the latter, 'what can you do for us.'

'Have saved my farm for you, sir,' replied the unfortunate.

'Your farm, hey,' said Mr. H, and what have you got left?

'Well, sir, a horse, a pig and cow, and altogether I think they may bring me in about seventy-five dollars—sufficient I hope to get myself and family out West, where I intend to settle; by-the-way, here's the deed of the farm, sir,' said the poor but honest debtor, as he passed the document which certified Mr H.'s legal right to two hundred acres of land, 'more or less,' and long known as the 'Cold Stream Farm.'

'Oh, that will never do' says Mr. H., and drawing his check for $500, he handed it to his customer, remarking at the same time that he 'was sorry for his misfortunes, and appreciating his integrity, it gave him great pleasure to be able to afford him a little help at starting again.'

The poor fellow was greatly surprised, and reluctantly taking the check, 'with a tear drop in each eye,' heartily thanked his over generous creditor and departed, but to be seen by Mr. H never more.

About the first of the April following, Mr. Henshaw thought he would go up to Eaton and take a look at his real estate there. Arriving at about dusk, he 'put up' at the tavern kept by his old friend March, who, on learning his guest's errand, said he would go out with him next morning and show him where the farm lay.

Next day, soon after breakfast, the two sallied out to see it. After proceeding a few rods the old tavern-keeper halted, and directed his companion's attention to a bare but very steep and rough-looking mountain, that stood a few miles off, remarked that 'that was called Bald Mountain.'

'That's a rough-looking place,' said the other.

'Well,' continued the tavern keeper, 'the location of your property—the 'Cold Stream Farm'—is on the top of that mountain.'

'Yes, but how do you get there?'

'Why, you don't suppose anybody was ever up there, do you, Mr. Henshaw?'

'Well, what's the good of it—what is done with it?' ruefully inquired the amazed merchant.

'The town sells it every year for the taxes,' replied the tavern keeper.

'They do, hey?' says Mr. Henshaw, 'and pray tell me who in these parts is fool enough to buy that style of property?'

'Why any of our chaps around here who get into trouble or fail, buy it for the purpose of settling with their Boston creditors.'

Mr. Henshaw took the first opportunity to return home, and perhaps would not have told the story, had not a friend, in asking him as collector, to give a man a place in the Custom House, for one reason, among and above others, that he was from New Hampshire—when he gave this little bit of experience with one of the Granite State men.

Touching Incident.

The people of the North, says the Dubuque *Times*, still have a vivid recollection of the Indian massacre in Minnesota, when Inkpadutah, with his fiends of warriors, decked out in paint and feathers, went from settlement to settlement, spreading terror and desolation in their path, and murdering, without remorse, green old age and helpless infancy. Many of the victims of that tragedy are now sleeping in unknown but honored graves, while many children, deprived of their natural protectors are still to be found in the country, sad witnesses of the catastrophe which at once deprived them of parents, home and all the attractions dear to childhood. The truth of this was well illustrated on the 16th inst. On the cars coming eastward from Manchester to this point, was a gentleman, now residing at Lyons, who was driven out of Minnesota at the time of the Indian massacre, five or six years ago. He had with him a little girl, whom he found in a deserted cabin, she being at the time only two weeks old. She is now a loveable little creature, and while on the train sang some beautiful Sunday School hymns with touching pathos. When the history of the child was learned, much interest was manifested, and the little one was the recipient of several small favors from the passengers. Her preserver is of the opinion that the child was left in the cabin by the red skins to trap some one, for hardly had he entered the house before the savages made their appearance, and he had the hardest foot-race on record, with the little one in his arms, to make his escape. Who the parents of the child were he has never been able to ascertain, and there is no doubt but that they were murdered by the savages.

In a town in Connecticut resides a man who made a fortune in the milk business by not giving full measure. As he grew rich he thought he would change his occupation to something more respectable, and accordingly bought a grist-mill. In conversation with his wife, he said he did not feel right about the cheating which he had practised in the milk business, and wished some way could be devised whereby he could repay in the grist mill what he had cheated in the other. At last they settled on the following plan, which was to have the measures made which they took toll with as much too large as the milk measures were too small.

Say little, think much, do more.

'Death Valley.'

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, with Gen. Palmer's engineer corps of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, writing from Camp Cody, on the Mohave river, California, gives the following description of a remarkable valley in that region:

Eighty miles northwest of this camp is the well known and much-dreaded 'Death Valley.' It is said to be lower than the level of the sea, and wholly destitute of water. Mr. Spears, our intelligent guide, who visited this remarkable valley several times, gave me the following account of it, with the reason for its terrible name.

The valley is some fifty miles long by thirty in breadth, and save at two points, it is wholly encircled by mountains, up whose steep sides it is impossible for any but expert climbers to ascend. It is devoid of vegetation, and the shadow of bird or wild beast never darkened its white, glaring sand. In the early days, trains of emigrants bound for California passed, under the direction of guides, to the south of Death Valley, by what is now known as the 'old Mormon road.' In the year 1850, a large train, with some three hundred emigrants mostly from Illinois and Missouri, came south from Salt Lake, guided by a Mormon. When near Death Valley, a dissent broke out in a part of the train, and twenty-one families came to the conclusion that the Mormon knew nothing about the country, so they appointed one of their number a leader, and broke off from the main party. This leader determined to turn due west; so with the families and wagons and flocks he traveled for 3 days, and then descended into the broad valley, whose treacherous mirage promised water. They reached the centre, but only the white gailing sand, bounded by the scorched peaks, met their gaze on every hand. Around the valley they wandered, and one by one the men died, and the panting flocks stretched themselves in death under the hot sun. Then the children, crying for water, died at their mother's breasts, and with swollen tongues and burning vitals, the mothers followed. Wagon after wagon was abandoned; and strong men tottered and raved and died After a week's wandering a dozen survivors found some water in the hollow of a rock in the mountains. It lasted a short time, then all perished but two, who, through some miraculous means, got out of the valley and followed the trail of their former companions. Eighty-seven persons, with hundreds of animals, perished in this fearful place, and since then the name of Death Valley has been applied to it. Mr. Spears says that when he visited it last winter, after the lapse of eighteen years, he found the wagons still complete, the iron work and tires bright, and the shriveled skeletons lying in many places side by side.

The Elements of Success.

Success is the true criterion of ability.—Though often won without merit and lost without dishonor, men persist in thinking they are indissolubly connected. And men are right. Though some fortunate accident may raise a drone to eminence, or gain for dullness a brilliant position, yet great achievements are the result only of work and exalted merit.

Some men gather rags and waste from the streets; other build cities, found empires, and revolutionize the world. One earns his bread by the hardest toil, and is supremely happy if night finds him sheltered from the cold and the storm; another plans adventures which yield him millions, or directs the course of squadrons on seas thousands of miles away. Both are men—nothing more, nothing less. Each has bones, nerves, muscles; and perhaps in all physical respects, the rag-picker is the superior of the merchant. Whence, then, this difference? It is from mind. One is a sort of thinking animal—the other has called into exercise his higher faculties, that sublime intelligence which controls events, sees the end from the beginning, and moulds the future to its will.

To achieve success in any pursuit, there must be a mind to plan and energy to execute. Without these, a man is like a ship without a rudder, tossed about by chance and uncertainty. With these success is as sure as destiny. But to achieve great results, a man must not waste his energies on small things.

He must lay out large plans, pursue noble aims, and force them to successful issues. He must have boldness to conceive, vigor and intelligence to execute. And above all, he must be actuated by high motives, and aim at objects which others have not the courage or the virtue to adventure.

The man who does this has nothing to dread. Unforseen events may frustrate his plans; unlooked for disasters may bear him down; and envy or malignity may conspire to smash him; yet he will rise, by the irresistable energy of his own will, above all opposition from men and things. Let no man, therefore, despond. Success is within his reach, if he will but grasp it. If he has the vigorous stamina of intellect and will, the ultimate result is certain. The force of his talents will raise him from obscurity, and place him in his proper rank in the estimation of the world.

How Sam was Caught.—An Old lady who was making some jam was called upon by a neighbor. 'Sam, you rascal,' she said, 'you'll be eating my jam when I'm away.' Sam protested he'd die first; but the whites of his eyes rolled hungrily towards the bubbling crimson. 'See, her, Sam,' said the old lady, taking up a piece of chalk, 'I'll chalk your lips, and then on my return I'll know if you've eaten any.' So saying, she passed her forefinger over the thick lip of her darkey, holding the chalk in the palm of her hand, and not letting it touch him. When she came back, she did not need to ask any questions, for Sam's lips were chalked a quarter of an inch thick.

[*For the Record.*

ABSENT.

BY S. T. Y.

Of sadness, and of grief, how much
This little word implies;
Absent! how the thought doth touch
And draw the true heart forth in sighs.

Absent! hear the mother's prayer,
As on her knees she sadly weeps,
Whilst recollection, twin with care,
Of loved ones o'er her memory creeps.

Absent! see the sisters pining
For an absent brother's love;
The father in white hair declining,
Dream sadly of dear friends above.

Absent! mark the lover's sighs,
Whilst in some fond and fancied dream,
True love can ne'er forget the ties
That bind two hearts in unity.

Absent! what a world of grief
Does this, but little word, convey;
Absence, oh thou heartless thief,
Our joys thou'lt ever take away.

Absent loved ones gone before,
Teach us as you hover near;
Absence shall be known no more
In our *home*—which is not here.

Reasonable Objections.

Plaintive statement of a Man who didn't Want to be either Married or Murdered.

The infelicity and frequent separations of the married at Chicago seems to have caused a horror of matrimony among the bachelor fraternity in that city, which is well illustrated by the means taken by one to break off an engagement made when he was drunk. He told his own story in court, where he appeared to have the "big brothers" of his affianced put under bonds to keep the peace towards him:

"Until a week ago, your honor, I was engaged to be married to Sally, the sister of the prisoners. I will not speak ill of her, though we are enemies now; for it is owing to my engagement that I took the pledge and am a sober man. You see, I was drunk when I proposed and was accepted. This showed me to what liquor could bring a man, and I at once took the pledge. I was engaged to her for three months, and during that time I did my duty. I visited her daily, took her to places of amusement, and told her sweet lies. In fact, I did everything required except to name the marriage day.—In that I procrastinated.

"She insisted that we should be married at once; she had sworn she would be married before Mary B——, and she would be.—I became desperate I had no intention of marrying her or any one else. I know what matrimony is;—I have been whipped by my father because my mother has happened to caress me. Not knowing what else to do, I pretended to be drunk when visiting Sally ten days ago. She had some friends with her in the parlor, and that pleased me. I kissed her and tried to kiss them, male and female. Then I told her in a hiccoughy way, that I had been unable to get the false hair she wished; that they cost too much.—That did the business.

"Indignant at thus apparently having her dearest secrets exposed to the young ladies and gentlemen there, she angrily told me to go—that I must never come near her again. Believe me, Judge, I was happy to hear it, and I left at once. I did not visit her, and three days afterward I received a note from her telling me she was sick and wished to see me. Not being a doctor, I stayed away.

"On the next day I received a similar note; my answer was the same. Then I received a note telling me I was a faithless brute and cruel wretch; and she had two big brothers, (I knew it,) and they would at once avenge her wounded honor and broken heart by beating me. I believed her, and carefully avoided the big brothers.

"I am a law-abiding man, and do not wish to fight They have been to see me eight times already; made the servant tell them a lie, (may God forgive me,) and say I was out. But I know they will catch me, and then I shall feel very bad. To prevent that I have had them arrested. I wish them bound over to keep the peace; they can keep their sister Sally. They have said they would kill me."

Justice.—"You were right to have them arrested. They must each give bonds in the sum of $500 to keep the peace. As for you, your conduct has been disgraceful. The name of my first love was Sally, and no one shall go back on a girl of that name. You are fined just $15."

Mechanical Genius.—A youth aged eighteen, belonging to a respectable family of Paris, had, about a year ago, been condemned for theft to five years imprisonment. His conduct in prison being quite exemplary, he gained the good opinion of the director, who soon remarked in him a peculiar aptness for mechanical contrivances. A few days ago he begged him to tell him what o'clock it was that he might set his watch—'You have a watch, then?' asked the director.

'Only since yesterday, sir,' said the prisoner, and to the astonishment of the director one made of straw? The little masterpiece is two and a half inches in diameter, about half an inch thick and will go for three hours without winding up. The dial plate is of paper, and a pretty straw chain is attached to the whole. The instruments the youth had at his command were two needles, a pin, a little straw and thread. Several persons of distinction, moved by his surprising genius for mechanics, are endeavoring to obtain his liberation.

He who interferes between man and wife must be prepared to fight *two*.

A Heroic Engineer.

By a little presence of mind, one may often save not only his own life, but the lives of many others. In the following case the tremendous risk run in the line of his duty enhances immensely the value of the man's deed:

During the war, an incident occurred on the Pennsylvania Central. A regiment of soldiers were going from Pittsburg to Harrisburg in a special train. Between Johnstown and the summit they were delayed by a freight train off the track, or part of its cars off.—This they learned at one of the stations and remained there until they should be informed that the track was clear. It was in the night, and most of the thousand men on the train were asleep, unconscious of their danger. Four heavily loaded coal cars, belonging to a train ahead, had, by accident, become detached, and began the descent of the heavy grade at a speed which soon became terrible. The engineer of the special train heard the roar of the descending cars, and surmised what was the matter. In an instant he ordered his engine to be detached from the train, and put on steam to meet the runaway cars if possible, to break their force, and save his train. His locomotive was a large freight, and he had moved several yards ahead when the coal cars struck him like a thunderbolt, and crushed him back on the train; but his heroic courage had saved many lives. His engine was utterly demolished, and many of his cars were also crushed; but so had he broken the force of the shock, that no lives were lost. The man's name was Story, and his grateful beneficiaries presented him some elegant silver plate, with the deed itself and their names engraved on it.—*Scientific American.*

Be ye also Ready.

This is an age of sudden deaths. By sea and land, by accident and by disaster, men and women are unexpectedly hurried away to the retributions of the eternal world. Some time ago a steamer left New York for New Orleans. She was a strong, staunch vessel, nearly new. A gay and giddy throng—and most of them open, flagrant sinners—went on board, anticipating a pleasant and safe voyage. A storm arose—the ship went to the bottom of the ocean, and nearly three hundred human beings found a watery grave. Reader, what would have been your fate if you had been among the number?

Do you ride upon the cars? Then you have need to be ready for death, for every now and then we are startled by the intelligence that a railroad accident has happened, and some of our fellow beings have been suddenly killed. Do you stay at home? The angle of death will find you there. He invades the domestic sanctuary, and bears away his victims. He comes unbidden to the happy home, and takes young and old from the embrace of friends. No favored place can screen you from the shafts of the fell destroyer.

Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

"No Place."—A great many boys and young men complain there is no chance for them. They cannot get places It is hard to find anything to do. Perhaps it is hard to get just such places as they like. That is not the point, however. When you get a place—and there are places, this big country I am sure has need of every good boy and girl and man and woman in it—when you get a place, I say, make yourself useful in it; make yourself necessary to employers, make yourself so necessary, by your fidelity and good behavior, that they cannot do without you. Be willing to take a low place at first, no matter what the work, if it be honest work. Do it well, do it the very best you can. Begin at the lowest round of the ladder, and *climb up*. The great want everywhere is faithful, capable workers.

They are never a drug in the market. Make yourself one of these, and there will always be a place for you, and a good one too.

Said a rich merchant of a clerk in his store.

'He has been so useful to us, we can't let him go; his place cannot be supplied. We must make him a partner.' That's it, boys.

The Mother,—Despise not thy mother when she is old. Age may waste a mother's beauty, strength, limbs, senses; but her relation as mother is as the sun when it goeth forth in its might, for it is always the meridian, and knoweth no evening. The person may be gray headed, but her motherly relation is ever the same. It may be autumn, yes, winter with women, but with the mother, as mother, it is always spring—Alas! how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living! How heedless we are of all her anxieties and kindness! But when she is dead and gone, when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts, when we experience how hard it is to find true sympathy, how few will befriend us in misfortune—then it is that we think of the mother we have lost.

A Beautiful Thought—Dickens wrote: "There is nothing—no, nothing beautiful and good, that dies and is forgotten. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it, play its part though its body be burned to ashes or drowned in the deepest sea. There is not an angel added to the hosts of heaven but does its blessed work on earth in those that loved it here.

Dead! oh, if the good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful would even death appear; for how much charity, mercy, purified affection would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves!

Don't forget to pay the printer.

The man who laughs heartily is a doctor without a diploma. His face does more good in a sick room than a bushel of powders or a gallon of bitter draughts. People are always glad to see him. Their hands instinctively go half-way to meet his grasp, while they turn involuntarily from the clammy touch of the dyspeptic who speaks in a groaning key. He laughs you out of your faults, while you never dream of being offended with him; and you never know what a pleasant world you are living in until he points out the sunny streaks on its pathway.

Don't keep a solitary parlor, into which you go but once a month, with your parson or sewing society. Hang round your walls pictures which shall tell stories of mercy, hope, courage, faith and charity. Make your living room the house. Let the place be such that when your boy has gone to distant lands, or even when, perhaps, he clings to a single plank in the waters of the wide ocean, the thought of the old homestead shall come to him in his desolation, bringing always light, hope and love. Have no dungeons about your house—no room you never open—no blinds that are always shut.

Nothing to hold on by.—An infidel on his death bed felt himself adrift in the terrible surges of doubt and uncertainty. Some of his friends urged him to hold on to the end.

"I have no objection to hold on," was the poor man's answer, "but will you tell me what I am to hold on by?"

There is the fatal want. Infidelity neither furnishes anchor or rope to the sinking soul. It gives nothing to hold by.

An indignant individual presented himself to the Chief of Police, in New Orleans, with a loud complaint of certain boys in the habit of throwing stones into his house.—One, he said, had only last evening struck his daughter on the breast. 'Was the young lady badly hurt?' inquired the chief. 'No, not badly hurt herself,' replied the complainant, 'but the stone broke three fingers on the hand of a young gentleman who is paying her particular attention.'

'How many genders are there?' asked a schoolmaster.

'Three, sir,' promptly replied blue eyes, 'masculine, feminine, and neuter.

'Pray, give me an example of each,' said the master.

'Why, you are masculine, because you are a man; and I am feminine, because I am a girl.'

'Very well, proceed.'

'I don't know,' said the little girl, 'but I reckon Mr. Jenkins is neuter, as he is an old bachelor.

Two centuries ago, not one in a hundred wore stockings. Fifty years ago, not a boy in a thousand was allowed to run at large at night. Fifty years ago, not one girl in a thousand made a waiting-maid of her mother.—How wonderful are the improvements in this age.

'Ven do you tink de world will come to an end?' asked a German. 'Oh, probably in about three months,' answered a joker. 'Ho, vell; I no cares for dat,' exclaimed Hans, with a smile of satisfaction, 'I pe going to Puffalo dis spring.'

An inn keeper, observing a postillion with only one spur, inquired the reason.—'Why, what is the use of another?' said he, 'If one side of the horse goes, the other cannot lag behind.'

An Irish soldier, who now and then indulges in a drop of whisky, was thus accosted by the reviewing general:

'What makes your nose so red?'

'Plaze your honor,' replied Patrick, 'I always bloush when I spake to a Gineral officer.'

A stupid fellow tried to annoy a popular preacher by asking him whether the fatted calf of the parable was male or female. 'Female, to be sure,' was the reply; 'for I see the male'—looking his questioner full in the face—'yet alive in the flesh before me.

A rural contributor says he has enlarged his establishment, and now keeps a head of oxen, a head of hen, and several head of cabbage, while he is also trying to keep ahead of the times.

The young lady who was discharged from a pickle factory because she was so sweet that the vinegar would not act, has found employment in a candy store.

In Sweden, a man who is seen drunk four times is deprived of a vote at elections. It would be a good idea to do the same in this country.

Lodgings are so scarce in Australia that men pay a dollar for lying in the gutter, and fifty cents extra for resting their heads on the curbstone.

"If you don't give me a penny," said a young hopeful to his mamma, "I know a boy that's got the measles, and I'll go catch 'em—so I will."

'I came near selling my boots the other day,' said Scuttles to a friend.

'How so?'

'Well, I had them half-soled.'

'I can't support you any longer,' as the rotton bridge said to the elephant.

How sweet to recline in the lapse of ages—say about eighteen.

Be punctual in business.