



By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

\$2.00 Per Year

VOLUME XXI.

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 25, 1867.

NUMBER 15

POETICAL.



THE LAND OF DREAMS.

There's a land, a radiant land,
That the spirit often seeks,
Upon whose golden strand
The waves of fancy break;
There the skies are ever fair,
And the sunlight ever beams,
And the flowers are bright and rare,
In that land—the Land of Dreams.

In that land—that radiant land,
Is many a dwelling place,
Whose beauty human mind
Could never, never trace;
There joyous songs are heard,
In the vales of crystal streams,
From breeze and voice and bird,
In that land—the Land of Dreams.

To that land, that radiant land,
Whose spirit hath not sailed,
To seek the golden strand,
When the joy of earth-life failed;
In Thought's grave dark alone,
To the realm of changeless beams,
For the radiance only know
In that land—the land of dreams,
That spirit-land of dreams?

AUTUMN.

The dying year! the dying year!
The heaven is clear and mild,
And withering all the fields appear
Where once the verdure smiled.

The summer ends its short career,
The zephyr breathes farewell;
And now upon the closing year
The yellow glories dwell.

The radiant clouds float slow above
The lake's transparent breast;
In splendid foliage all the grove,
Is fancifully dressed.

On many a tree the autumn throws,
Its brilliant robes of red;
As sickness lights the cheeks of those
It hastens to the dead.

That time is fading and bright,
But tells of death like this;
And they, that see its gathering light
Their lingering hopes dismiss.

O, thus serene, and free from fear,
Shall be our last repose;
Thus, like the sabbath of the year,
Our latest evening close.

MISCELLANY.

Honor the Strongest Bond.

Two centuries ago it was thought an insult in the Highlands of Scotland to ask a note from a debtor. It was considered the same as saying, "I doubt your honor." If parties had small business matters to transact together, they stepped out into open air, fixed their eyes upon the heavens and each repeated his obligation with no mortal witness. A mark was then carved in some rock or tree near by to be a remembrance of the compact. Such a thing as a breach of contract, or they are told, was then very rarely met with, so highly did the people regard their honor, and so truly did they fear Him beneath whose eye they performed such acts.

When the march of improvement brought the new mode of doing business, they were often pained by these innovations. An anecdote is handed down of a farmer who had been to the Lowlands and learned worldly wisdom. On returning to the native parish he had need of a sum of money, and made bold to ask a loan of a gentleman of means, named Stewart. This was cheerfully granted, and Mr. Stewart counted out the gold on his library table. This done, the farmer took a pen and wrote a receipt, and offered it to the gentleman.

"What is this, man?" cried Mr. Stewart sternly eyeing the slip of paper.

"It is a receipt, sir, binding me to give you back yer gold at the right time," replied Sandy.

"Binding for?" Well, my man, if ye canna trust yerself I'm sure I'll na trust ye! Ye canna ha' my gold! and gathering it up, he put it back in his desk and turned his key on it.

"But, sir, I might die," replied the canny Scotchman, bringing up an argument in favor of his new wisdom, "and my sons might refuse it to ye. But this bit o' paper wad compel them."

"Compel them to sustain a dead father's honor!" cried the high minded Scot—"They'll need compelling to do right if this is the road yer leading them; I'll neither trust ye nor them. Ye can gang elsewhere for money! But ye'll find none in this parish that'll put more faith in a bit o' paper than in a neighbor's word o' honor and his o' God!"

PROFANITY.—In New York city, recently, a man was fined ten dollars for using twenty oaths, the law in that State assessing the utterance of an oath at fifty cents. The profanity of the people of the United States is of a milder type than formerly, but still it is an American peculiarity to back up a statement by language which "savours more of strength than righteousness," as a deceased clergyman once mildly described words unfit for polite ears. An exchange suggests that if the laws making swearing a final offence were enforced throughout the whole country, we might improve the morals of the community and pay off the national debt in a very short time.

BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

"Ah Jacob, now you see how all your hopes are gone. Here you are, worn out with age—all our children removed from us by the hand of death, and ere long we must be the inmates of the poor house.—Where, now, is all the bread that you have cast upon the waters?"

The old white-haired man looked up at his wife. He was, indeed, bent-down with years, and age sat tremblingly upon him. Jacob Manfred had been a comparatively wealthy man, and while fortune had smiled upon him, he had ever been among the first to lend a listening ear and a helping hand to the call of distress. But now misfortune was his. Of his four boys not one was left. Sickness and failing strength found him with but little, and they left him penniless.

An oppressive embargo upon the shipping business had been the first weight upon his head, and other misfortunes came in painful succession. Jacob and his wife were all alone, and gaunt poverty looked them coldly in the face.

"Don't repine, Susan," said the old man. "True, we are poor, but we are not yet forsaken."

"Not forsaken, Jacob? Who is there to help us now?"

Jacob Manfred raised his trembling fingers toward heaven.

"Ah, Jacob, I know God is our friend; but we ought to have friends here. Look back, and see how many you have befriended in days long past. You cast your bread upon the waters with a free hand, but it has not returned to you."

"Hush, Susan, you forget what you say. To be sure, I may have hoped that some kind hand of earth would lift me from the depth of utter woe; but I do not expect it as a reward for anything I may have done. If I have helped the unfortunate in days gone by, I have had my full reward in knowing that I have done my duty to my fellows. Of all the kind deeds I have done to my suffering fellows, I would not, for gold, have one of them blotted from my memory.—Ah, my fond wife, 'tis the memory of the good done in life that makes old age happy. Even now I can hear the warm thanks of those whom I have befriended, and again I can see their smiles."

"Yes, Jacob," returned the wife, in a lower tone, "I know you have been good and in your memory you can be happy; but, alas! there is a present upon which we must look;—there is a reality upon which we must dwell. We must beg for food or starve."

The old man started, and a deep mark of pain was drawn across his features.

"Beg!" he replied, with a quick shudder.

"No, Susan, we are—"

He hesitated, and a big tear rolled down his furrowed cheek.

"We are what, Jacob?"

"We are going to the poor house!"

"O, God! I thought so!" fell from the poor wife's lips, as she covered her face with her hands. "I have—thought so—and I have tried to school myself to the thought;—but my poor heart will not bear it."

"Do not give up, Susan," softly urged the old man, laying his hand upon her arm. "It makes but little difference to us now. We have not long to remain upon earth, and let us not wear out our last days in fruitless repinings. Come, come."

"But when—when shall we go?"

"Now—to-day."

"Then God have mercy on us!"

"He will," murmured Jacob.

The old couple sat for a while in silence when they were aroused from their painful thoughts, it was by the stopping of a wagon in front of their door. A man entered the room where they sat. He was the keeper of the poor house.

"Come, Mr. Manfred," he said, "the select men have managed to crowd you into the poor house. The wagon is at the door, and you must get ready as soon as is possible."

Jacob Manfred had not calculated the strength he should need for this ordeal. There was a coldness in the very tone and manner of the man who had come for him that went like an ice-bolt to his heart, and with a deep groan, he sank into his seat.

"Come, be in a hurry," impatiently urged the keeper.

At that moment a heavy covered carryall drove up to the door.

"Is this the house of Jacob Manfred?"

The question was asked by a man who entered from the carryall. He was a kind-looking man, about forty years of age.

"That's my name," said Jacob.

"Then they told me 'true,' uttered the new comer.

"Are you from the almshouse?" he continued, turning towards the keeper.

"Yes."

"Are you after these people?"

"Yes."

"Then you may return. Jacob Manfred goes to no poor house while I am living."

The keeper gazed inquisitively into the features of the stranger, and left the house.

"Don't you remember me?" exclaimed the new comer, grasping the old man by the hand.

"I cannot call you to my memory now. Do you remember Lucius Williams?"

"Williams?" repeated Jacob, starting up and gazing earnestly into the stranger's face.

"Yes, Jacob Manfred—Lucius Williams. That little boy, whom thirty years ago, you saved from the house of correction; that poor boy whom you so kindly took from the bonds of the law, and placed on board one of your vessels."

"An dare you?"

"Yes—yes. I am the man you made. You found me a rough stone from the hands of poverty and example. It was you who

brushed off the evil, and who first led me to the sweet water of moral life and happiness. I have profited by the lessons you gave me in early youth, and the warm spark which your kindness lighted up in my bosom has grown brighter and brighter ever since. With affluence for life I have settled down to enjoy the remainder of my days in peace and quietness. I have heard of your losses and your bereavements. Come, I have a home and a heart, and your presence will make them both brighter and happier.—Come, my more than father—and you, my mother, come. You made my youth all bright, and I will not see your old age doomed to darkness."

Jacob Manfred tottered forward, and sank upon the bosom of his preserver. He could not speak his thanks, for they were too heavy for words. When he looked up again he sought his wife.

"Susan," he said, in a choking, trembling tone, "my bread has come back to me."

"Forgive me Jacob."

"No, Susan. It is not I who must forgive—God holds us in His hand."

"Ah," murmured the wife, as she raised her streaming eyes to heaven, "I will never doubt him again."

Courtship in Greenland.

There is something exceedingly melancholy in the accounts which are given of the customs of courtship in Greenland. Generally women enter upon the blessed estate with more willingness and less solitude than the men. The women of Greenland are an exception to this rule. A Greenland, having fixed his affections upon some female, acquaints his parents with the state of his heart. They apply to the parents of the girl, and if the parties so far agreed, the next proceeding is to broach the subject to the young lady. The lady's ambassadors do not shock the young lady by any sudden or abrupt avowal of the awful subject of their mission. Instead of this, they launch out in praises of the gentleman who seeks her hand. They speak of the splendor of his house, the sumptuousness of his courage in catching seals, and other like accomplishments. The lady, pretending to be affronted even at these remote hints, runs away, tearing the ringlets of her hair as she retires, while the ambassadors, having got the consent of her parents, pursue her, drag her from her concealment, take her by force to the house of her destined husband, and there leave her.

Compelled to remain there, she sits for days with disheveled hair, silent and dejected, refusing every kind of sustenance, till at last, if kind entreaties do not prevail, she is compelled by force, and even blows, to submit to the union. In some cases, Greenland women faint at the proposal of marriage; in others, they fly to the mountains, and return when compelled by cold and hunger. If one cuts off her hair, it is a sign that she intends to resist till death. All this seems so unnatural to us that we seek for a reason for such an apparent violation of the first principle of human nature. The Greenland wife is the slave of her husband, doomed to a life of toil, drudgery, and privation, and, if he die she and her children have no resource against starvation.

One Man too Many in a Mercia.

Rev. George Hepworth, in his oration before the people of Boston, on the 4th of July, had an illusion to Jeff. Davis, which will find an echo in millions of loyal hearts:

"Ah! I am not cruel. I do not like to speak about the merited punishment of a bad man. But this I say: There is one man too many in America. America ever busy and eager, filled with the hope of the morrow more than with the memory of any past, holds the great offender, the man who stood at the head of the organized rebellion, and cheered his soldiers to their bloody work, within her fortified walls. The people cry for justice with thunder tones that echo from the Pacific to the Atlantic slope. But policy or cowardice, I know not which, finds excuse for delay, and by slow degrees the people's cry grows fainter and fainter, until at last when the prisoner is released, scarce a ripple of surprise or interest ruffles the surface of the nation's daily life. Posterity shall read this terrible sentence, written on the bloody page of our time. A republic attaches no penalty to a great crime. Only a petty guilt is punished; while colossal crime finds an apologist, if not an eulogist, and holds its court in Canada. God grant it may not be the seed-corn of another rebellion."

WHAT A DIME CAN DO.—As a weary traveler was wending his way through the mud in a far-west region of the country, he discovered a young maiden seated in front of the door of a small log house. He rode up in front of the cabin, and asked the girl for a drink of water. He drank it, and, she being the first woman he had seen for several days, offered her a dime for a kiss. The young maiden accepted the offer, and received both the dime and the kiss. The traveler was about to resume his journey, but the girl, never before had seen a dime, asked: "What am I to do with the dime?" "You may use it in any way you wish," he replied, "it is yours." "If that's the case," said she, "I will give you back the dime and take another kiss."

An Irish fair one wrote to her lover, begging him to send her some money. She added by way of post script, "I am so ashamed of the request I have made in this letter, that I sent after the postman to get it back, but the servant could not overtake him."

A Western editor thinks if the proper way of spelling tho is 'thouch', and hos beaux; the proper way of spelling potatoes must be 'boughlightaux'. The new way of spelling softly is 'prougthleigh'.

Woman should rule, but not govern.

An Adventure in the Cars.

There were five of us—yes, five as happy fellows as were let loose from college. It was "vacation," and we concluded to take a trip to the Falls. We got on board of the cars at N., and were soon traveling very rapidly toward our destination.

We had just seated ourselves and prepared for a comfortable smoke, when in came the conductor, and who should it be but our friend Fred B. After the common salutations, "How are you old fellow?" &c., had passed, Fred said he had some business for us to attend to. "Out with it, old chum!" said we, "anything at all will be acceptable, so let us have it!"

"Well, boys," said Fred, in a confidential tone, "in the next car there is as lovin' a pair as it was ever my lot to see. They are going down to H. to get married, and now, if you can have any fun over it just pitch in. They must be cared for and I don't know who can do it better than you."

In a moment Fred was gone and we set our heads together to form a plan for 'taking care of the lovers.'

"I have it boys!" said Bill Stevens: "we must make the girl think that her lover is married."

"That's it, that's it!" said we, not giving him time to finish his sentence.

"That he is a married man and the father of children," said Bill.

"That's the game, boys; now let us play it!"

It devolved upon me to commence operations. Accordingly, I entered the car in which we were informed the lovers were. The girl, thinking, I suppose, that she must give her lover all the seat, sat on his knee; and, he for the purpose of protecting her, of course, had thrown his arms around her waist; and so they sat, in real soft lover's style.

All this I gathered at the glance. Stepping up to them, I said:

"Why, Jones, what in the deuce are you doing with that girl?"

The girl rose hastily and seated herself on the seat.

"See here stranger! said the fellow, 'you're a bit mistaken; my name isn't Jones.'

"Why, Jones," said I, "you certainly haven't left your wife and children, and tried to palm yourself off for a single man, have you?"

"I tell you my name ain't Jones, it's Harper. It never was Jones; 'taint agoin to be neither!"

I merely shook my head and passed to another seat to see the rest of the fun.—The girl looked wild after I sat down, but Jones alias Harper, soon convinced her that I was mistaken.

About the time they had got feeling right again, in came Elliott Gregg. Walking up to Harper, he accosted him with:

"Why, Jones, you here? How did you leave your wife and babies?"

"See here, stranger, you ain't the first man that's called me Jones to day, an' I reckon I must look awfully like him, but I ain't Jones. I hain't got any wife nor babies either; but this gal and me is going to splice, an' then you can talk about my wife—and I wouldn't wonder but in the course of time you might talk about babies too, but you musn't call me Jones."

The retort brought forth vociferous laughter from the spectators, and it also brought blushes to the face of the girl.

"Ah, Jones," said Gregg, "you will regret this in the future. I pity your wife and this poor girl."

"So, Harper, your real name is Jones, is it?—an' you've been foolin' me, have you? Well, we ain't spliced yet, an' I don't think we will be soon," said the girl, and her eyes fairly flashed fire.

"Jane, Jane!" said Harper, "don't you know I'm Bill Harper. There ain't a darn drop of Jones blood in me, an' I'll prove it."

At this moment Jeff Jackson, Bill Stevens and Jim Byers entered, and, of course their attention was called to Harper by his loud talking. They stepped up to him, and said:

"Why, Jones, what is all this fuss about?"

This was more than Harper could stand. He leaped upon a seat.

"No," said he, "my name is not Jones, and I can lick the fellow that says it is."

By this time we had got to H., and our friend Fred came into the car and Harper kept quiet. The girl that wouldn't be spliced requested Fred to help her on the train that was going back to—while he, and the notorious Jones, alias Harper, followed her. We learned afterwards that he proved himself to be Bill Harper, instead of Jones, and he and his gal Jane 'got spliced.'

I must pity that young man who with a little finery of dress and recklessness of manner, with his coarse passions all daggered and typed upon his face, goes whooping through the street, driving an animal much nobler than himself, or swaggering into some haunts of show and calls it enjoying life! He thinks he is astonishing the world; and he is astonishing the thinking part of it, who are astonished that he is not astonished at himself. For look at that compound of flesh and impudence, and say if on all this earth there is anything more pitiable. Dose he know anything of the true joy of life?—As well say that the beauty and immensity of the universe were all enclosed in the field where the prodigal lay among the husks and swine.—*Chapin.*

How many young men are carried away by a fine, musical, charming voice—a pretty, light-footed, reeling, ballroom dancer—a lazy, lounging street-warding flirt—an oily-tongued, hollow-hearted, deceptive piano-pounder, and regret their folly when, alas, too late.

Subscribe for the RECORD.

The Significance of Legs.

Some enthusiastic Frenchman once declared the human leg to be the most philosophical of all studies. "Show me the leg," said Gantier, "and I will judge the mind," and it does seem quite as natural that the limb should indicate the temperament.

What sloth, for instance, does an obese limb betray! What a shrew is the possessor of a limb like a walking stick! But what a gentle-woman is she of the arched instep, the round ankle, and the graceful pedestal, swelling to perfection and modulation to lightness! What dogged obstinacy—the stumpy leg with the knotted calf exhibits! What an irresolute soul does the lanky limb betray! How well the strong ankle intimates the firm purpose—how the flat ankle reveals the vacant mind!

Young men about to marry—observe:—The dark girl with a large leg will become fat at thirty, and she abed reading novels till mid-day. The brunette with slender, very slender limbs, will worry your soul out with jealousy. The olive skinned maid with a pretty round leg will make you happy. The blonde with large limbs will degenerate at thirty-five into the possession of ankles double the natural size and afflicted with rheumatism. The fair-haired damsel will get up at half-past five a. m. to scold the servants, and will spend her nights talking scandal, over tea.

The light rosy girl, with a sturdy, muscular, well-turned leg, will be just the girl for you.

If you can find a red-haired girl, with a large limb, pop the question at once!

The short lady should always possess a large and ample one. These are the rules to observe in making your choice! We do not make them—Nature has established them, and we merely announce them for the benefit of mankind.

No doubt these hints are reliable, and the prevailing fashions make them quite practical and available.—*New York Sun.*

No Cause for Grumbling.

There are certain chronic grumblers who delight in predicting hard times, particularly at this season of the year, when winter is just at hand: "It is not good policy of course to color the picture of the times too highly, but it is certainly safe to say that there is no ground for special complaint, from an estimate by the Agricultural Bureau at Washington. It appears from the figures—therein that the aggregate wheat crop of the United States will this year be nearly fifty per cent larger than it was last year. Upon the supply of wheat depends the price of flour, and hence no trouble in the bread market need be apprehended. Some of the minor crops are not up to the average yield, but there is no reason to grumble about any of them. With the unusually large wheat crop, coal down to \$6 per ton, dry goods from fifty to one hundred per cent, lower than they were two years ago, general prices constantly trending downward, together with a fair business season and financial soundness—with all these encouraging circumstances, there is no cause for complaint about hard times—except from the drones.

HAPPY END TO A DEBT.—In the fall of 1847, a young man went to New York in quest of employment. After weeks of unsuccessful search, he found himself without a prospect of work, and considerably in debt for board. In despair, he made arrangements to dispose of his clothes by auction, in order to defray his debts, when a letter sent him containing a twenty-dollar bill, and directing him to the overseer of one of the corporations. The letter requested him to sign a note of hand for the amount loaned, and place it in a certain unoccupied box in the post office, where it would be called for by the lender. The young man did as directed, received the situation, the overseer stating that it had been secured for him at the earnest solicitation of a young lady.—Years past away, and all attempt to discover his creditor was unavailing. The young man prospered in business, and at length plighted his affections to an amiable young lady with whom he had been acquainted. On the day before their marriage he received a letter, requesting him to call at a certain place and pay the note of twenty dollars, with interest, which he had signed some years before. Anxious to settle an indebtedness which from the mystery of the whole affair had caused him many hours of unhappiness, he hastened to the place indicated, and was ushered by the domestic into the parlor, where to his astonishment he discovered in the person of his unknown benefactor, the lady with whom, upon the next day, he was to unite his earthly fortune. It was her first business transaction and the partnership which resulted was a long and happy one, only to be dissolved when the last debt of all—the debt of nature—had to be paid.

The oldest inhabitant in Allegheny county Maryland, was married the other day, at the ripe age of one hundred and two, to a second wife. The happy couple are now on their bridal tour northward.

To-morrow may never come to us. We cannot find it in any of our title-deeds. The man who owns whole blocks of real estate, and great ships on the sea, does not own a single minute of to-morrow! It is a mysterious possibility, not yet born. It is under the seal of midnight—behind the veil of glistening constellation.—*Chapin.*

A Milwaukee orator recently remarked that there were in that city "one hundred young men studying law who had not brains enough to wheel a wheelbarrow straight, nor common sense sufficient to know how to cross a street without getting into the deepest mudstool hole."

Trips help to save from tumbles,

Autumn Days.

"When the autumn days come," says Boecher, "Nature, like a retired merchant, changes its manner from thrift and bustling industry to languid leisure and to ostentatious luxury. The sun rises later and sets earlier than when it had all the summer's crops on hand, and was playing universal husbandman. There is no nest-building now, and no bird singing—which is a purely domestic arrangement, designed, on the birds' part, to keep peace in the family while the children are being raised, and laid aside as soon as the young birds are off their hands. Mornings come-dressed in mists, which hang over streams and low, moist places. The sun plays with them, but they perish in his arms. A few belated flowers yet keep watch, but chiefly the asters, which fringe the field—star the edges of forests, and, like a late com-er at a feast, seem bent upon making up for lost time. At night, crickets and katydid-sarape their shrill notes, and fill the air with stridulous music. Over all the shrieking fields, the trees lifted up their gorgeous foliage, and, like those who wait for the marriage bell and the bridegroom, they shine out in glorious apparel. The hills, fore-ochad, are become the Lord's younger sons, and, like Joseph, they are dressed in a coat of many colors. October days, short between horizons, reach higher-into the vault than any days of the year; and through them the season seems to look with softened sadness, as one who, in the calm of age, meditates on all the mistakes of his past life, and solemnly thinks upon the advancing future. Along the fence rows, where seeds and late berries may be found, birds hop silently, as if ashamed to be seen. Soon they will change their solitary ways and collect in flocks. To-day, the fields will swarm with them; to-morrow, there will not be one left, and they will be picking their food many degrees of latitude south.

What is the use in talking about the decrease of the colored population in the South in the face of the following fact vouched for by the *Gasper (Texas) News Boy*: The wife of our worthy colored fellow-citizen—Bill Hadnot, presented him with four babies a few days ago, one weighing eight pounds one twelve, one thirteen one fifteen—forty-eight pounds of babies at one birth. In the language of Bill, we say: "Beat dat white man! If you can't, say no more about negro inferiority."

Said Chrysothom: "If a man lose an eye, an ear, a hand, a foot, God has given these members double, so that there is another left, but the soul is one, and only one, and if that is lost you have not another to be saved with. O, therefore be restless till it be, till you know it to be, out of the reach of eternal danger."

"Bill" said Bob, "why is that tree called, a weeping willow?"

"Cause one of the nasty things grew near our school house and supplied the master with switches."

Gold gives a ready passport to any gate except to Heaven's.

Gaming is the child of avarice and father of despair.

To the wicked, the virtues of other men are always objects of terror.

To be angry with a weak man, is a proof that you are not very strong yourself.

Economy joined to industry and sobriety, is a better outfit for business than a dower.

A great many human beings dig their graves with their teeth; they over-eat.

Patriotism contemplates the good of our country; but philanthropy the good of mankind.

What is more beautiful and poetical than the child's idea of ice—Water gone to sleep?

Life consists not in existence, but in the well-spending of our time.

To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance.

What key is the hardest to turn? A donkey.

What resembles a cat looking in the window? One looking out.

What is more like a horse's shoe? A mare's shoe.

Nothing can be great which is not right.

Give to the needy, whether he asketh or not.

Praise not the unworthy, though they roll in riches.

When the night is darkest, dawn is the nearest.

What tune is that the ladies never call for? Why the spit-toon.

The way to be happy is to be good.

High words—Conversation in a balloon.

Promises are blossoms; deeds are fruits.

The slanderer differs from the assassin in murdering the reputation instead of the body.

Why is a person approaching a candle like a man getting off his horse? Because he's going to a light.