

# LOCAL RECORD.

A Liberal and Independent Newspaper, devoted to Home Interests, and the Dissemination of Local News.

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## The Local Record,

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### Terms.

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### Poetry.

#### LEARNING TO WALK.

Only beginning the journey  
Many a mile is to go;  
Life's path is a long one,  
Wandering to and fro.  
Please don't be hard with her,  
Lullaby in baby's ear,  
Holding its face in the lap,  
It's out as a baby can be.  
"Talking the odd language  
Ever but no words heard,  
Be in that you hardly think so,  
Understand a very word.  
Trotting now and alling,  
Be that a thing to cry,  
Kisses and plenty of love-words,  
Willing a man to try.  
Father of all the world,  
He's the father of the hill road,  
While the deer is on the up hill road,  
Beating the dust and heat.  
Aid them when they are weary,  
By the path ways he set,  
And when the journey ended,  
Savior! I give them rest.

The Bill introduced into the last session of Congress for taxing coats of arms, gave rise to many sharp and good natured hits in the press, against those people who have lately had armorial bearings made up to order. Among other things it was slyly hinted that the devices and mottoes collected were chosen or invented for the world's patrons entirely with regard to artistic effect, and not for any special appropriateness. We have lately heard a story of the same general sort, which might appear incredible but for its unquestionable authority. A man, whom we will charitably call John, having unexpectedly received a great deal of money by a happy turn of fortune, thought it necessary forthwith to set up his own carriage, and accordingly gave the necessary orders to the carriage maker. In due time, a magnificent equipage appeared, with Mr. and Mrs. Jones, radiant within, and a magnificent horse in the highest style of service, worn on the panel. "What an astonishing friend, whom the delighted owner stopped and greeted. "Why good gradations, Jones, don't your name begin with a J?" "Yes of course," replied Jones, with conscious superiority, but then W looks a much handsomer, than I and the put on instead."

A tribe of my last week in the western part of the State. The grasshoppers have utterly destroyed the crops of the farmers, while, by an unprecedented combination of misfortunes, the hunters who constitute a large part of the population have returned from the plains without their usual supplies of buffalo meat. The buffaloes have disappeared from their usual haunts while the fruits of the earth have been consumed by this terrible irruption of grasshoppers. They are thus cut off from all sources of supply, except fish, upon which they are now subsisting. Before November it is not improbable that these starving people may be wallowed in by 500 miles of snow from any possible and except what may likely be through on dog teams. The problem before the people of Minnesota and the benevolent of other States is within the next six weeks, to place at Four (4) States, to support a population of 15,000 souls for six or seven months.

An Alderney cow, recently imported by Mr. Sharpless, of Pitholepita, on two separate trials, made 13 pounds of butter per week, giving 21 quarts of milk per day, without other feed than grass in the pasture.

Honesty is the best policy.

## SIX LOVE LETTERS.

"Are there any more of these letters?"  
When her father asked this question in an awful tone, Lucilla Richmond could not say "No" and dared not say "Yes" but, as an intermeddled course burst into tears, and sobbed behind her handkerchief.

"Bring them to me, Lucilla," said her father, as if she had answered him, as, indeed she had, and the girl, trembling and weeping, arose to obey him.

"In a Mrs. Richmond her daughter's very self grown older, came behind her father's chair and patted him on the cheek."  
"Please don't be hard with her, my dear," she said coaxingly. "He's a nice young man and it is our fault after all as much as hers, and you won't break her young heart I am sure."

"Perhaps you approve of the whole affair, my dear," said Mr. Richmond.  
"I do not—that is, I only,"—said the little woman; and hearing Lucilla coming, she sank into a chair, blushing to herself dreadfully for not having been present at all her daughter's music lessons during the past year.

For all this, the urbanity arose from a music teacher who had given music lessons to Miss Lucilla for twelve months and who had taken the liberty of falling in love with her, knowing well that she was the daughter of one of the richest men in York hire.

"It was inexpressible in a poor music teacher, who should have known his place," Mr. Richmond declared and he snatched the little puffed ballet when he had finished his lesson as he might a scorpion and wanted for the others with a look upon his face which told of no softening. Then came at last six little white envelopes tied together with blue ribbon and were laid at his elbow by his departing daughter.

"Lock these up, and I return this evening," he said to his wife; "I will read them then. Meanwhile, Lucilla is not to see this music-master on any pretence."

And then Miss Lucilla went down upon her knees.  
"Oh, dear papa!" she cried, "dearest papa, please don't say I must never see him again. I couldn't bear it. Indeed I can't. He's poor, I know, but he is a gentleman, and I like him so much papa."

"No more of this absurdity, my dear," said Mr. Richmond. "He has been artful enough to make you think him perfect. I suppose you parents know what is best for your happiness. A music teacher is not a match for Miss Richmond."

With this remark Mr. Richmond put on his hat and overcoat, and departed.  
Then Lucilla and her mother took the opportunity of falling into each other's arms.

"It's so naughty, of you," said Mrs. Richmond. "But, oh dear, I can't blame you. It was exactly so with me. I ran away with your papa, you know, and my parents objected at account of his poverty. I feel the greatest sympathy for you, and Frederick has such fine eyes and is so pleasing. I wish I could soften your papa."

"When he has seen the letter, there'll be no hope, I'm very much afraid," sobbed Lucilla. "Fred is so romantic and papa hates romance."  
"He used to be very romantic himself in those old times," said Mrs. Richmond. "Such a letter as that wrote me. I have them in my desk yet. He said he would die if I refused him."

"So does Fred," said Lucilla.  
"And that line would be worthless without me, and about my being beautiful (we thought so you know) I'm sure he ought to sympathize a little," said Mrs. Richmond.  
But she dared not promise that he would.

She coaxed her darling to stop crying, and made her lie down; then went into her own room to pat the letter into her own desk, and as she placed it into one pigeon hole she saw in another a little red exactly as these were, and drew it out.  
These letters were of a beautiful blue. One who had received them twenty years before, and she was now a matron old enough to have a daughter who had heart troubles—untold them one by one wondering how it came to pass that lovers' letters are all so much alike.

Half a dozen just the same number, and much more romantic than those the music-master had written to her mother, Lucilla. A strange idea came into Mrs. Richmond's mind. She dared not oppose her husband by a look or word she had never attempted such a thing.

But she was fond of her daughter. When she left the desk she looked guilty and frightened and something in her pocket rustled as she moved. But she said nothing to any one, on the subject until the dinner hour arrived, and with came her husband angrier and more determined than ever. The meal was passed in silence, then having adjourned to the parlor, Mr. Richmond seated himself in a great arm-chair, and demanded—

"The letters," in a voice of thunder.  
Mrs. Richmond, put her hand into her pocket, and pulled it out again with a frightened look.

"Mr. Richmond again repeated, still more sternly—

"Those absurd letters, if you please my dear madam, believe—dear— I believe I have them" and gave him a pile of white envelopes encircled with a blue ribbon, with a hand that trembled like an aspen leaf.

As for Lucilla she began to weep as though the end of all things had come at last, and felt sure that it was she should prove true.

"Six letters—six shameful pieces of deception, Lucilla," said the indignant parrot. "I am shocked that a child of mine could practice such duplicity. He! let me see. Number one is to have June, and this is December. If of a year you have deceived us then Lucilla. Let me see—ah! From the first moment he added you? eh? Nonsense!—People don't fall in love in that absurd manner. It takes years of acquaintance and respect and attachment. With your smiles for his good, he would wish to tam and tam poor as he is! Fads! Lucilla! A man who is common sense would always wait until he had for commencement before he proposed to any girl. Praise of you beauty! The loveliest creature he ever saw—exaggeration my dear. You are no plain! but so in flattery is absurd. Must hear from you or die. Dear, dear how absurd!"

And Mr. Richmond dropped the fifth letter and took up another.  
"The same stuff," he commenced.  
"I hope you don't believe a word he says. A pain, earnest upright sort of a man would never go into such chapsodis I am sure. Ah! now, in number three he calls you an angel, he is romantic upon my word. And what is all this?"

"Those who would forbid me to see you can find no fault with me but my poverty. I am honest—I am earnest in my efforts. I am by birth a gentleman, and I love you from my soul. Do not let them sell you for gold, and so forth."

"Great heavens, what impertinence to your parents!"  
"I don't remember Fred's saying anything of that kind," said poor little Lucilla. "He never knew you would object."

Mr. Richmond shook his head, frowned, and read on in silence until the last sheet lay under his hand. Then with an ejaculation of rage, started to his feet.

"Infamous!" he cried; "I'll go to him this instant—I'll horsewhip him!—I'll—let me order him! As for you by Jove, I'll send you to a convent. Flop, flop with a music teacher! I'm ashamed to call you my daughter. Where's my hat? Give me my boots. Here John, call a cab!"

But here Lucilla caught one arm and Mrs. Richmond the other.  
"Oh, papa, are you crazy?" said Lucilla. "Frederick never proposed to me. Let me see the letter."  
"Oh, papa, this is not Fred's—upon my word it is not. Do not, papa; it is dated twenty years back, and Frederick's name is not Charles!"

"Papa, these are your love letters to my mother, Fred's—Fred's—Fred's name is Lucilla, you know?"

Mr. Richmond sat down in his arm chair in silence very red in the face.  
"How did this occur?" he said sternly; little Mrs. Richmond, retreating into a corner, with her handkerchief to her eyes, sobbed.

"I did not propose," and paused, as though she expected a sudden judgment. But, hearing no thing, she started at last to rise and to creep up to her husband's arm.

"You know, Charles," she said, "so long ago since, and I thought you did not exactly remember—how you fell in love with me at first sight, how you and mamma objected, and how at last we ran away together, and it seemed to me if we could bring it all back plainly to you as it was then we might let our dear Lucilla marry the man she likes, who is rich if he is not rich. I did not heed it brought back any plain, myself women have more time to remember than you—love who love."

And certainly Mr. Richmond could not deny that. So Lucilla, feeling that her interest might safely be left in her mother's keeping, slipped out of the room and heard the result of the next morning. It was favorable to the young music teacher, who had only been sentimental, and had not gone half so far as an eloquent; and in due time, the two were married with all the pomp and the grandeur, befitting the nuptials of a wealthy merchant's daughter with the perfect approbation of Lucilla's father, and to the great joy of Lucilla's mamma, who justly believed that her little rise had brought out all her daughter's happiness.

**Lying in Bed.**  
It is often a question among people who are unacquainted with the anatomy and physiology of men, whether lying with the head elevated or level with the body, is the most wholesome course, constituting their own case on this point, argue in favor of that which they prefer. Now, although many delight in bolting up their heads at night, and sleep soundly without injury, yet we declare it to be a dangerous habit. The vessels in which the blood passes from the heart to the head are always lessened in their cavities when the head is raised in bed higher than the body; therefore, in all diseases attended with fever, the head should be pretty nearly on a level with the body, and people ought to accustom themselves to sleep thus, and avoid danger.

[And John!]  
"I've heard captain," said an English traveler to a captain of a steam running on the upper Mississippi, "that your Western boats can run in very shallow water—where, in fact, the water is not more than two or three feet deep?" "Two or three feet deep!" exclaimed the captain; "why, we would not give a rap for a boat that could run on the sweat of a water ditcher."

A German editor asserts that a new metal has been discovered, the component parts of which are water, glass and copper. It is of deep orange hue and can be melted and cast, wrought under the hammer and rolled. Files will not scratch it. It is translucent, and capable of being wrought into ornaments of rare beauty.

## Be Gentle.

Be ever gentle with the children God has given you; watch over them constantly; prove them earnestly; but not in anger. In the forcible language of the scriptures "Be not bitter against him." Yet, they are good boys; I once heard a kind father: "I look to them very much, but do not like to beat my children—the world will beat them." It was a beautiful thought, though not elegantly expressed. Yes, there is not one child in the circle round the table, on whose head, if long enough spared, the storm will not beat. Adversity may wither them, sickness may fade, a cold world may frown on them, but amidst all memory carry them back to a home where the love of kindness reigned, where the mother's reproving eye was moistened by a tear, and the father frowned thence in sorrow than in anger.

The Secretary of war has inaugurated a new policy regarding Southern railroads. Many of these having been largely indebted to the government for a long time on account of material purchased at the close of the war, and most of them, though able, have persistently neglected to make payments. In all such cases it is in contemplation to appoint a Government Receiver to take possession of such roads, and control and operate them till the debt is paid. Those which are really unable to pay will be as leniently dealt with as justice to the government will allow.

If nature warns man to touch the forests with a sparing hand, she no less in figures that he shall not his own country into a desert. The quantity of rain in western Nebraska and Kansas is reported to have doubled since the early settlement of those regions, and the "doubts" doubtless is to be found both in the starting of rivers and the opening up of the soil so as to absorb more moisture. Moreover, breaks or "burches," as they call them out there, are starting up in gulches and gulches hitherto dry. Colorado, California, States generally suffer for right summer months; have this year begun to have heavy rains. The same cause are probably at work all over the "dry season" portion of our country. On the other hand Ohio and northern New York are echoing the complaints of the French Agricultural Report, that the feeling of forests is the ruin of rivers. These natural laws seem plain enough. Man should learn to follow them.

Prussian newspapers state that officials in the Postal Department have discovered a very frequent habit of Americans, in sending newspapers to Germany to conceal written matter and whole letters of many pages. Instead of single newspapers or printed pamphlets, in order to defraud the Government of the higher letter postage. The Prussian authorities, to prevent any smuggling of this kind for the future have authorized the officers of the Post office Department to open every parcel at random and make the receiver of hidden letters, pay the additional postage and a fine to boot. The postage for a single letter to any part in Germany, via Bremen or Hamburg, being now reduced to ten cents, no one should put his friends to trouble in trying to economize a few miserable cents by not fully paying his mail matter.

Ventilation is a subject of as much economic in public organized communities. Whole holoceans of people perish annually in every country for lack of a little common knowledge on this subject, and ignorance or neglect, amounting to a positive barbarism, still prevails among architects and builders, in reference to so simple a matter. When shall we make the real study of natural philosophy, its rudiment, at least a sine qua non of our seminary?