

# The Daily Standard

JOSIAH TURNER, Jr., Editor.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

There's a beautiful land, by the border unred,  
Unscathed by man, where the sun never sets;  
It is lighted by the stars, and the moon is its light,  
Whose thinnest rays are bright; and the air is pure,  
In which the birds sing, and the flowers are fair,  
And the mountains are green, and the streams are clear,  
And the forests are full of life, and the hills are green,  
And the mountains of paper are bright and green,  
And the mountains of paper are bright and green.

Of a gallant heart has been,  
And thoughts of glad singer, with jubilant  
breath,  
Make the air with their melodies ripe;  
All known to us, as the angel of death  
Lives here, to weep over the dead.  
An infinite number of birds, and the birds are free,  
On his broad bosom, and his heart, and his soul,  
And his voice as it stirs through the depths of  
the skies;  
Is as sweet as the soprano's psalm.

Through the musical groves of this beautiful  
land  
Wants the one which were faithful to this,  
And those white foreheads by day are  
famed,

That enormous power of bliss;

The birds are rich, and the birds are free,

And the birds are the swallows of the sky,

More fragrant than ever were binned by the  
breath of the sun.

In a Abby's lovely bower.

Old prophets whose words were a spirit like  
Bazing o'er the darkness of time,  
All maters, whose courage was strong,  
And saints and confessors, a bairns' bairns,

Who were legal truth and in right,

And left as they walked through the darkness of  
wrong.

Their footprints encircled with light,

And the dear little children who went to their  
rest,

For their lives had been snuffed by sin,  
While the angel of morn still carried a great  
The spirit's pure smile.

All are here, in the sun, in the sun—the beautiful land,

And by the spoiler unred,

And their radiant foreheads, by brooses are  
fanned,

That now from the gardens of god.

My soul has looked through the gateway of  
drew,

On in all paved with pure gold,

And heard the sweet flow of its murmuring  
streams,

As through the green valleys they rolled;

And though it will wait on this decadate strand

A pilgrim, a stranger on earth,

Yet it shows, in that glimpse of the beautiful  
land.

That is gashed on the home of its birth.

THEM GOOD OLD DAYS.

How I long (once in a while) for them  
good old days.

Then daze when that was more fun for  
30 cents than that is now in 7 dollars and a  
half.

Then daze when a man married 145 lbs.  
of woman, and less than 9 lbs. (awt told) of  
anything else.

How I dew long for them good old daze  
when edckashun consisted in what man did  
well.

Then daze when devours were everywhere  
as horse, redish, and minstrels were painted  
to men's instead of their pockets.

Then daze when politics was the excep-  
tion and honestey the rule.

Then daze when lapdogs wunt knowe,  
and when brays, braw, and halid, good  
made a good dinner.

Then daze when a man who wasn't hing-  
was watched, and when women spun yars  
to knit stockings.

How I do long for the good old daze  
when now and then a gal, baby was called  
Jesusa, and a boy went up sp. It is awt  
named J. crymmer.

And ye who have the letters good of  
life, who have codfish of wealth, who have  
man under yore nose, cum benefits this tree  
and long for an hour with me for the good  
daze when men were assumed to be tools  
and wimmen were afraid to be hit.

N. B.—The part to make mine Billings  
those daze that was handy to take J. John  
Billings.

MARK TWAIN ON BEN FRANKLIN.—In  
an ardent old adventure, the subject of this  
memoir! In order to get a chance to fig his  
kite on Sunday, he used to hang a key on  
the string and let on to be fishing for light  
ning.

He invented a stove that would smoke  
your head off in four hours by the clock.  
One can see the almost devilish satisfaction  
he took in it, by giving it his name.

He was always proud of telling how he  
entered Philadelphia, for the first time, with  
nothing in the world but two shillings in  
his pocket and four rolls of bread under his  
arm.

But really, when you come to examine  
it critically, it was nothing. Anybody could  
have done it.

Franklin said in one of his inspired digests  
of malignity:

"Early to bed and early to rise,  
Make a man healthy and wealthy and wise."

If it were any object to me to be healthy  
and wealthy and wise on such terms.  
The sorrow that maxim has cost me, through  
my parents experimenting me with it,  
tongue cannot tell.

The legitimate result  
is my present state of general debility, in-  
dignence, and mental aberration. My parents  
used to have me up before nine o'clock in  
the morning, some times when I was a boy.  
If they had let me take my natural rest  
where would I have been? I am sleeping  
store, no doubt, and respected by all!

Artemus Ward, in one of his letters, thus  
gave his idea of "malignity."

I never attempted to educate myself, but once.  
I shall never attempt to do so again.  
I'd bin to a public dinner, and allowed myself  
to be betrayed into drinking excess  
people's healths; and wishin' to make  
as robust as possible. I continued drinkin'  
their healths until my own became affected.  
Coskinens was a presented myself at Bet-  
sey's bedside late at nite with considerable  
licker concealed about my person. I had  
somehow got possession of a bushwhip on  
my way home, and remembain' some  
cranky observation of Mrs. Ward's in the  
mornin', I snapt the whip purty lively and  
in a very loud voice I said:

"Darned if that isn't somebody had  
laid a hosswhip over me sev'n consecutive  
times; and when I woke up I found  
she'd haint drank much of anything  
since; and if I ever have another roganizin'  
job on hand I shall let it out."

Jean Paul Richter says: "To insure  
modesty, I would advise the educating of  
the sexes together; for two boys will conser-  
ve twelve girls, and two girls will conser-  
ve twelve boys; and amid wicks, jokers,  
impreffets, messrs. in their tunnies, which is the forerunner of matred, mother-  
in-law, will consevate nothing but  
sickly wives and dead progeny, and  
still less when there are."

THE WOMAN'S JOURNAL has been written  
by girls. Never marry a man whose manners  
or speech are offensive, and never let him  
that he is to be the master of the house.  
A "master" who is an employer, you can  
not sit on his sofa and be his slave—  
quit a husband, even for reasons that  
earth and heaven witness to, and  
dissolve him. —  
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