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BY W. BLAIR.

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By W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.



THE PILLAR OF BEAUTY.

"Scatter the gems of the beautiful!
By the wayside let them fall,
That the rose may spring by the cottage gate
And the vine on the garden wall;
Cover the rough and rude of earth
With a veil of leaves and flowers,
And mark with the opening bud and cup
The march of Summer's hours.

Scatter the gems of the beautiful!
In the holy shrine of home!
Let the pure, the fair, and the gracious there,
In the loveliest lustre come;
Love not a trace of deformity
In the temple of the heart,
But gather about the earth its germs
Of nature and of art.

Scatter the gems of the beautiful
In the temple of our God—
The God who starreth the uplifted sky,
And flowered the trampled sod;
When he built a temple for Himself,
And a home for His priestly race,
He raised each arm in symmetry
And curved each line in grace.

Scatter the gems of the beautiful
In the depths of the human soul;
They bud and blossom, and bear the fruit,
While the endless ages roll,
Plant with the flowers of charity
The portals of the tomb,
And the fair and pure about His path
In Paradise shall bloom."

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE DIAMOND BREAST PIN.

"It will cost two hundred dollars, Anna," said George Blakely to his young, proud and extravagant wife. The tone in which he said this showed that her request had started him.

"I know it will, but what are two hundred dollars for a diamond pin?" Mrs. Blakely's remark was half contemptuous. "Mrs. Harry Edgar's diamonds cost over one thousand dollars."

"Just one thousand more than her husband could afford to pay for them," said Mr. Blakely.

"He's the best judge of that, I presume," retorted his wife.

"But what does that signify. You cannot, Anna."

"What do you do with your money, pray?"

The young wife turned sharply upon her husband and her words and tone stung him into rather a harsh reply. But this only aroused her anger and made her the more unreasonable and persistent.

"O very well," said her too yielding husband at last, "go to Canfield's to-morrow and get the pin. Tell him to send in the account on the first of January and he will be paid."

Mrs. Blakely was in earnest. There was not one of her fashionable acquaintances but had a diamond ring or breast-pin, and until the owner of one or both, she could not hold up her head in society.

Her husband was a receiving teller in a bank, at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars per annum, when he married, which was about a year before, and he still occupied the same post with the same income as before. For a young man in his position he had not married wisely. The handsome face and captivating manners of a dashing belle bewildered his fancy. He proposed in haste, was promptly accepted, and led to the marriage altar, not a true wife, but a weak, capricious creature, incapable of genuine love, and too selfish and narrow-minded to feel the influence of honorable principle.

An extravagant love for dress and ornament characterized her from the beginning, and she would hearken to none of her husband's gently offered remonstrances. Nearly half his income she spent in dress and ornaments.

The demand for a two hundred dollar breast pin, coming upon young Blakely as it did, at a time when he had just made the unpleasant discovery of a deficit in his income, when compared with his expenses, of several hundred dollars, sadly disheartened him. But he was not brave enough to meet the exigency, and, therefore, weakly yielded to a demand that should have been met with an unflinching refusal.

The first of January found Blakely short of funds by considerable more than the price he had paid for the diamond pin. Canfield's bill came in and must be settled. It would not do for him to back in the matter of payment, for the jeweler was an acquaintance of more than one of the directors of the bank, and questions

might be asked, and inferences drawn prejudicial to his standing.

In an evil hour, under distress of mind and strong temptation, the young man made a false entry which enabled him to abstract two hundred dollars from the funds of the bank.

This was only the beginning of a series of defalcations, which ran through many years before the exposure came which is sure to follow such a crime. It was easier now to supply the extravagant demands of his wife, whose annual wardrobe and jewelry, for which she had the passion which is characteristic of a weak mind, almost reached the full amount of his salary.

But the end came at last. One morning seven years from the day of the marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Blakely were about leaving for the opera, when the bell was rung violently. Mr. Blakely started and turned pale.

"What's the matter?" asked his wife, who saw the singular change in countenance.

Mr. Blakely did not answer, but stood listening at the door. Men's voices were now heard, and the heavy tread of feet along the passage. There was a start, a hurried movement by Blakely; then he stood still as riveted to the spot.

"Who are they? and what is the meaning of this?" asked Mrs. Blakely in alarm. At the same moment two men entered the room.

"You are arrested," said one of them, "on charge of defalcation."

Mrs. Blakely shrieked, but her husband stood still and statue-like, his face of an ashen hue.

"George, George! This is false," said Mrs. Blakely, recovering herself. "You certainly would not stoop low enough to commit crime!"

"It is true," he answered in a low and despairing voice. Then laying one of his fingers on the diamond pin that glittered on her bosom, he added, speaking to her privately:

"You gained that at the price of your husband's dishonor! You demanded it, I remonstrated, and said I could not afford so costly an ornament. You repeated your demand, and I, weak fool that I was, permitted the contraction of a debt that could only be cancelled by dishonest means. I thought when I married you, that I had obtained a wife whose virtues might help me upwards towards Heaven, but you have proved a tempting fiend, dragging me nearer and nearer the brink of destruction, over which I know fall to hopeless ruin."

Then turning to the officers he said in a calm voice:

"I am at your service."

The words of her husband had stunned Mrs. Blakely. She never saw him afterwards. That night he passed to a higher tribunal than an earthly one, and she was left in poverty and disgrace.

The story is one of every day life.—George Blakely is the representative of a class. Not all them rob banks, or defraud their employers. But all of them do support idle, extravagant wives in costly establishments—costly in comparison with their means—spend more than their earnings or profit, and fall in the end to pay their obligations, and thus become disgraced.

A modern young lady, fashionably educated and with modern notions of style, fashion and modern equipments is altogether too costly an article for a young man of small means or a moderate salary.

Diamond pins, rich silks and laces, rose-wood furniture, six, seven, eight or nine hundred dollar houses, operas, bells, fashionable parties, Saratoga and Newport, and success in business are altogether out of the question.

If young men would unite in matrimony, they must look into another circle for wives.

A girl who is independent enough to earn her own living as a teacher or with the needle, is a wife worth a score of the butterflies of fashion, and a rising young man, who has only his industry to rest upon his success in life, is a fool to marry any one. Useful industry is always honorable, and difference of sex makes no difference, in this particular.

FIRST PLEASURES.—Truly, novelty is the spice of life. No secondary sensations are like the primaries; and habit, in the end, "stales every luxury." Repetition is the thief of employment, as surely as prostration is the thief of time. It is with pleasure as with sparkling wines; you can have the flashing globules, the rushing foam, the rare bouquet, but once cork up for after use, and the next draught will be flat and tasteless.

And, Oh! middle-aged reader, do you remember the pride with which you wore your first watch? It was a cheap affair, always at odds with the correct time, and the golden hunting-case that now rests in your pocket is of the finest workmanship, richly jeweled. But what a contrast between the indifference of to-day and the exultation of boyhood marks the exhibition of your respective treasures. The full beard which graces your maturity falls now utterly to excite the admiration and emotional anxiety, with which you first regarded the incipient mustache of twenty years ago; and which was probably contemptuous when with your first love. Ah! that first love; do you not recall, with a smile now, as Jack clatters up your knee, those thrilling moments? Of course you do; the tide of passion may ebb and flow, but your memory still retains an ineffaceable impression of that first bliss.

Leisure is sweet to those who have earned it, but burdensome to those who get it for nothing.

Camp-meetings.

Nathan Rothschild of London.

The high-priest of the exchange was not happy even in the midst of his overflowing coffers. Naturally enough, he had few friends and numberless enemies. In his later years he suffered from constant dread of assassination. He was always receiving threatening letters, declaring that his life depended on his sending certain sums of money to certain addresses. He suspected murder in every breeze, suspected poison in every cup. In sleep, he had nightmare visions of crouching things, in waking hours, he started at every unexpected noise.

One morning two strangers were announced as having important business with the banker, and they were shown into his private office. He bowed to them and inquired the nature of their negotiation. They bowed and said nothing, but advanced toward him, thrusting their fingers nervously into their pockets. Rothschild's alarm was excited at once. They must be searching for concealed weapons; their bearded faces made it clear to his frightened fancy that they were homicidal ruffians. He retreated in terror behind a large desk, seized a ponderous ledger, hurled it at their heads and screamed "Murder!" at the top of his voice. A small army of clerks poured into the room, and laid violent hands on the strangers who proved to be wealthy Polish bankers bringing letters of introduction to the (physically timid) lion of loans. Embarrassed by his audaciously angry presence—what is there in a breathing money-bag capable of inspiring awe?—they forgot their speech and their common coolness of conduct.—They were nearly as much terrified as the renowned Israelite; and as it was their initial visit to England, they imagined at first that all foreigners were deemed robbers and desperadoes until the contrary was established.

The wretchedly rich Nathan never went out alone after dark, never entered an unlighted room, had servants within call of his bed-chamber and slept with loaded pistols under his pillow.

A fellow-Frankforter, dining with him one evening, and observing the luxury of his household, remarked, "You must be happy, baron, with the power to gratify every wish."

"Happy, indeed!" was the response.—"Do you think it happiness to be haunted always by a dread of murder—to have your appetite for breakfast sharpened by a threat to stab you to the heart unless you inclose a thousand guineas to some unknown villain?"

On one occasion, when the great financier had been to an evening party, and had gotten into his carriage to go home, a friend, wishing to make an appointment, stepped out to speak to him. The timorous banker mistook his familiar friend for a highwayman, and thrust a pistol out of the carriage window, with his favorite cry of "murder!" before he could be acquainted with the situation.

As Rothschild grew richer and older his fears increased. He became almost a fanatic on the subject of assassination, and many of his relatives thought him in serious danger of insanity through his constant apprehensions. Most of the menacing messages were unquestionably sent him by his enemies, with whom he was plentifully supplied. Conscious of his weakness, they revenged themselves upon him by inspiring him with baseless terrors. He was repeatedly told so, but he could not be induced to believe that he did not dwell in an atmosphere of poisonous, poniards and pistols.

The Bliss of Marriage.

Time whirls us along the downhill path of life with the velocity of a locomotive, but we have one comfort—we can make love on the road. What the negro preacher said of Satan may be said of love: "Where he finds a weaker place, there he creeps in." There is a warm corner even in the coldest heart; and somebody, if that somebody can only be found, was made expressly to fill it. Thousands of both sexes live and die unmarried simply for want of a proper introduction to one another. What an absurdity! There is not a woman nor a man of any age who might not find a suitable partner by using the proper means. The fact is, that affection is smothered, choked down, subdued and paralyzed by the forms and conventionalities of this etiquette world. "Society" attaches a ball and chain to the natural feelings of the heart. The fair girl with her bosom running over with the purest love for a worthy object must take as much pains to conceal the fact as if it were a deadly sin, and Heaven had not implanted within our bosoms the tender spark and bade us "to love and be loved." Is this natural? No, it is artificial. Why should innumerable marriages be prevented by chilling rules and penalties? Nature is modest, but she is not a starved up prude! Look at the birds. There are no old bachelors and old maids among them. The hearts that flutter under their feather jackets follow the instinct of love, and they take to billing and cooing without the slightest idea that courtship should be a formal affair. Why should there be forlorn bachelors and disappointed old maids, and lonely widows and widowers among the unfeathered bipeds? Oceans of happiness are lost to both sexes every year, simply because parties who wish to be married and are not permitted by etiquette to make the fact known. These unfortunate might very properly say to the happy married folks, as the frogs said to the boys who pelted them with stones—"This may be fun to you, but it is death to us."—N. Y. Hebrew Leader.

If a man has a great idea of himself it is apt to be the only great idea he'll ever have.

PEACE BE UNTO THIS HOUSE.

The fragrance of that wonderful life,
Floats softly down the years,
Sweet now, as when so long ago,
Christ walked this "vale of tears."

And now as then, to burdened souls
He gives divine release
From bond of sin; and yet he says,
"Unto this house be peace."

His peace not as the world He gives,
But peace, abiding, free;
And like the river, broad and full,
And like the unfathomed sea.

Home grows more sacred, as we think
How in that Eastern land,
He tarried in those humble homes,
And blessed in the household band.

The house was sacred, where His feet,
Had entered at the door;
And humble cot or lordly hall,
Was hallowed evermore.

At our door He stands and knocks;
Where He doth enter, jarring cease;
And storms are hushed, as Jesus says
To hearts or homes, "Be peace."

A Husband's Ghost.

Mrs. Eliza Green, aged about thirty years, now living in this place (Springfield, Ky.), a lady of irreproachable character and of decided courage, with a fair English education, and in possession of only tolerable good health, details the following curious incidents as having occurred at her residence since the death of her husband last spring:

On the 18th of March, 1874, Mr. Green died after a protracted illness, leaving Mrs. Green with a family of six children, with little means of support. A short time after Mr. Green's death, Mrs. Green heard about the house after night and sometimes in the day time, heavy breathings and moans resembling a person in the agonies of death; at one time she heard a person in very great agony; another time she heard a noise under the house like a horse rolling and pawing violently. Again she saw frequently in her room at night after the lamp was lighted, a shadowy figure resembling the head and shoulders of a medium-sized man moving around the wall next to the ceiling, and uniformly as the shadow reached the lamp the flame was extinguished, and this phenomenon happened often as four or five times in a night. At one time when she and her family with some visitors were sitting quietly in the room the front door, without any visible cause, was seen to fly violently open and shut, and so violently as to jar boxes of flowers placed in the window out of it. At other times when the lights were burning, footsteps were heard by her in the room, as though a grown person in slippers was walking over the floor, and yet no object could be seen. At one time she thought she heard some person noisily approach the front door as if about to enter. Upon opening the door, however, no one could be seen. Again near the steps of the back door she thought she saw, after dark, a small white dog, resembling one she knew in the neighborhood; that she approached it with the view of taking it up and carrying it into the house, but it eluded her grasp and mysteriously passed away. At another time the back door of her room seemed half-filled with a white, gauzy cloud, not resembling anything only a white figure, which alarmed her, and she ran out of the house. The apparition disappeared.

Other people, friends and relatives, have been present on some of these occasions, and corroborate Mrs. Green's statements.

The most mysterious and crowning development related by her is said to have occurred on the 30th ult., about 11 o'clock, A. M. She was in the cellar of the house getting kindling wood, and in stooping down thought she saw the lower limbs and feet of Mr. Green standing by her, and immediately felt the pressure of a cold hand upon her shoulder. She turned and looked, and reports that her husband stood before her just as he appeared when she saw him in his burial clothes. When she exclaimed, "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, who redeemed me, Dick, what do you want?" and that he spoke audibly to her in his natural tone of voice and language, telling her that the sufferings of this life were in no way to be compared to those of the other world, and that he was permitted to come back to her to advise her of her neglect of duty and to urge her to act otherwise. He also sent messages to his brother Charles Green, Mrs. Rachel Walker, and to Miss Edgerton, all living near. He further requested to have three masses said for the repose of his soul; one on the first Saturday in this month, and the others on the two following Saturdays. He further informed her that he would not visibly appear to her again, but could have appeared twice more had he desired to do so, but not to her, but to other persons named by him—his kindred. Then repeating the word "friend" three times he vanished from sight. Mrs. Gr. says she has heard loud knockings on the floor, and heard groanings, as of persons in distress, since, but has seen nothing more.—Springfield, Kentucky.

The rose of Florida, the most beautiful of flowers, emits no fragrance; the bird of Paradise, the most beautiful of birds, gives no song; the cypress of Greece, the finest of trees, yields no fruit; dandies, the shiniest of men, have no sense; and ball-room belles, the loveliest creatures in the world, are often equally deficient.

Suspicion is the companion of mean souls, and the bane of all good society.

Cruelty is the result of baseness and of cowardice.

The Mennonites.

The New York Herald is speaking of the six hundred Mennonites, just arrived from Russia, says: "If these are a fair sample of those who are to follow we may expect the great body of emigrant Mennonites about to come to the United States from Russia to rival their brethren in Pennsylvania and Maryland and the States of the Northwest, whose ancestors came here before the Revolution. Most readers will recall the singular historical fact that even Franklin opposed the emigration of these people to the Province of Pennsylvania, and yet they are to-day the bone and sinew of that great Commonwealth. The so-called Scotch-Irish, though proverbially a thrifty race, had no chance in contending with the steady industry and economy of the German religionists, and to-day many of the most magnificent farms in the State are owned by the Mennonites. One fact as significant as it is remarkable is that such a thing as poverty is, and has always been, unknown among them. A poor Mennonite is harder to find than a fish gambler. The reason of this is that they teach their children industry and frugality as a religious duty, and laziness and thriftlessness are, among them, vices to be particularly avoided.—They are not what the Yankees call intelligent, neither are they cute, but they are extremely honest, eminently active in caring for their own interests, without detriment to those of their neighbors, and so industrious that they not only enrich themselves, but as they have increased in numbers and wealth they have conferred incalculable blessings upon the whole country. They do not believe in war, but if all men were like them in developing the natural resources of the soil by honest toil the country would soon become so rich that nobody could afford to fight.—They are a simple, modest, earnest, industrious and frugal people, and, though opposed to war and taking no part in politics, there are no better or more useful citizens. We have had five or six generations of Mennonites born in this country, and the stock has proved so satisfactory that we cannot but receive the new supply with a special and hearty welcome."

Keep Your Eyes Open.

A one legged soldier, walking up the Bowers yesterday, was accosted by a clothing merchant with the usual "Sell you somedings to day?" Entering the store the veteran was invited to inspect the large stock, but having looked through the array of coats and vests and trousers, he turned to go, saying that he saw nothing there that would suit him.

"Vat, vat you vants?"
"I want a pair of one-legged pantaloons."

"Vos dot all! Yacob, bring me one of dem one-legged gray pants on dot pile in de corner."

In a few minutes Jacob returned and reported that the pair had been sold.

Meanwhile the partner next door who had been listening through the thin partition had mapped out a plan of campaign against the one-legged cripple. "Yohu," he whispered to an attendant, "cut me off de leg of one of dem gray pants. Send him up quick."

By the time this had been done the soldier had hobbled out of the first store only to be inveigled into the second.—Again he went through the inspection of odds and ends, and again demanded one-legged trousers, intimating that he didn't believe the trader had them.

"Not have one-legged pants! Fadder Moses, vat you take me for? Yohn, bring me one of dem one-legged gray pants in dot pile in de back ob de store."

The newly-altered trousers were produced, and the waggish soldier gave himself up for lost. But as he spread them before him he became conscious, as did the dealer, of something wrong.

"Mein Gott! Fadder Abraham! John! you haf ruin me! You haf cut off the wrong leg!"

This was probably the same dealer who was recently called upon by a young man for a coat. A fit was made in due time, and then came the haggling about the price. First twenty dollars was fixed, then the clothing abated dollar after dollar, fighting his way inch by inch, until at length he had offered the garment for eight dollars.

"Do you think I'm made of money?" asked the young man indignantly as he turned to depart.

"Say, you come pack! I sell you dot coat of it cost me a leg. Vat you gif for him, say now?"

"Two dollars!"
"Two dollars! Vy, de buttons is more wort as dat. Split de difference—make it twenty shillings!"

"No, I'll give you two dollars."

"Vell, take him. It was a poety coat. You gif me two and a quarter, eh?"

Producing the two dollars the young man moved away with his purchase; but as he reached the door he heard the dealer exclaim, with uplifted hands:

"Gott help me! I only make one dollar on dot coat!"

Another of the Chatham street dealers had what he called army brogans and cavalry boots. An ex-soldier purchased a pair of the latter one rainy day, but returned to the store within a few minutes, complaining that the soles were of paste-board and had already soaked to a pulp.

"Vot you vos done mit dem boots?" asked the dealer.

"Why, I walked two or three blocks."

"Valk! You walk in dem boots! Vy, dem was gavalry boots!"—N. Y. Sun.

Anecdote of Alexander Hamilton.

Hamilton was once applied to for professional assistance by a man in New York city, who held the guardianship of several orphan children. These children, then very young, would on coming of age, if they had their rights, succeed to the possession of a large and valuable estate, the title deeds of which estate, the guardian had discovered material defects, and he thought he saw a way, with the assistance of an able lawyer, by which he could secure the title of the property to himself. He opened to Hamilton the whole deeds, and exhibited copies of the title deeds, and explained how he would like to proceed. And he promised to the great jurist a large reward if he would undertake the business. Hamilton said he must give to a matter so important due thought before he decided, and set a time for his client to call again. The guardian called again according to appointment. Hamilton had put in writing faithful minutes of their former conversation, which upon his second visit, he read aloud.

"I think, sir," said Hamilton, when he had finished reading, "that is a true statement of plans."

"Yes, sir," answered the client. "That is correct. And now if I may ask, what have you decided?"

"I will tell you sir," replied Hamilton, sternly, "you are now completely in my power, and I consider myself the future guardian of these unfortunate orphans. I have decided that you will settle with them honorably, to the very last penny, or I will hunt you from the surface of the earth!"

It may be unnecessary to add that the false-hearted guardian did not pursue his nefarious scheme any further.

Wit and Humor.

Mrs. Sheets, of India, has twenty-four children. Twenty-four sheets make one cloth.

An Iowa saloon displays a sign with the simple but impressive words, "nose paint."

A Buffalo woman was let off with a fine of \$30 for throwing pepper in the eyes of another woman.

Why can a person who has run away from his creditors be said to be a man of integrity? Because he is a non est man.

Young gentlemen who have presents to make, will be interested to know that alligators can be bought in Georgia for a dollar apiece.

"Who was the meekest man?" asked a Sunday School teacher. "Moses." "Very well, who was the meekest woman?" "Never was any."

Composition by a little boy. Subject: The Horse.—The horse is a very useful animal. It has four legs—one on each corner.

The Snake Indians are gradually becoming converted to the Mormon faith.—The Minnesota grasshoppers will be coming forward for baptism next.

A darkey, left in charge of a telegraph office while the operator went to dinner, heard some one "call" over the wires, and began shouting at the instrument: "De operator isn't yer!" The noise ceased.

Susan Liberty, of La Crosse, has thirteen lovers, and every one of them exclaims, "Give me Liberty or give me death!" And she's a read-headed girl at that.

The Western papers are full of "The Man with the Branded Hand," but no attention is paid to the men with "branded" noses, though they are as ten thousand to one.

An Albany man who was excitedly demonstrating to a crowd that there is no such thing as hydrophobia was the first to shun up a barber's pole when a small yellow dog came rushing down the street.

The Tennessee lawyer who resorted to the insanity dodge in behalf of his negro client, and expiated at some length upon the absolute idiocy of the poor fellow, who exclaimed: "You can hang me, or send me to the penitentiary or say I'm a rascal; but, Mister, please don't say I'm a fool again."

A youth who attended a Scotch revival meeting, for the fun of the thing ironically inquired of the minister "whether he could work a miracle or not?" The young man's curiosity was fully satisfied by the minister kicking him out of church, with the maledictory, "We cannot work miracle, but we can cast out devils!"

In a Nevada Sunday School the lady teacher pronounced this conundrum to her class: "Who betrayed our Saviour?" This was too much for the little ones, and one after the other gave it up. The question was repeated, when one little seven-year-old answered: "Oh! I know; it was Boss Tweed; he's a bad man."

The candles you sold me last night were very bad," said Suet to a tallow chandler.

"Indeed, sir," said he, "I'm very sorry for that."

"Yes, sir; do you know they burnt to the middle, and then wouldn't burn any longer?"

"You surprise me; what sir? did they go out?"

"No, sir."

"What then?"

"They burnt shorter."

Thoughts for Saturday Night.

Happiness is unrepented pleasure. Our enemies are outward consciences. The great artist is the slave of his ideal.

Morality is but the vestibule of religion. Purity is the feminine, truth the masculine of honor.

What is virtue but a medicine and vice but a wound.

There appears to exist a greater desire to live long than to live well.

We take greater pains to persuade others that we are happy than in endeavoring to think so ourselves.

Light as a gossamer is the circumstance which can bring enjoyment to a conscience which is not its own accuser. Secrecy is for the happy—misery, hopeless misery, needs no veil; under a thousand suns it dares act openly. In every village there will arise a miscreant to establish the most grinding tyranny by calling himself the people. Memory is not wisdom: idiots can rote volumes; yet what is wisdom without memory? A babe that is strangled in its birth. The way to conquer men is by their passions; catch but the ruling foible of their hearts and all their boasted virtues shrink before you. The best of lessons, for a good many people, would be to listen at a keyhole. It is pity for such that the practice is dishonorable. Emulation looks out for merit that she may exert herself by a victory; envy spies out blemishes that she may have another by a defeat. He who freely praises what he means to purchase, and who ever enumerates the faults of what he means to sell, may set up a partnership with honesty.