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By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



FATHER ABRAHAM'S REPLY.

[We published a few weeks ago a beautiful poem entitled "we are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more," to which the following has been added:]

I welcome you, my gallant boys,
From Maine's resounding shore—
From far New Hampshire's granite hills
I see your legions pour;
From Massachusetts' fertile vales,
From old Vermont they come;
Connecticut wheels into line
At rolling of the drum;
And little Rhode springs to arms
Like David in his might,
Upon rebellion's giant front
To strike one blow for right.
One blow for right, my hero boys,
For right and Uncle Sam—
Strike and receive the blessings
Of the God of Abraham.

I see from all her boundaries
The glorious Empire State
A countless host is sending forth
With freedom's hopes elate
From Delaware there comes a gleam
Of white and crimson bars,
New Jersey answers to the call,
As if along her shore,
Each grain of sand had said, we come,
Six hundred thousand more;
We come to strike for liberty,
For right and Uncle Sam,
Who gives all the blessings
Of the God of Abraham.

And Pennsylvania, keystone of
This glorious Union arch,
Is sounding through her thousand caves
The thrilling word, MARCH!
I see her dusky sons come forth
From every darkened mine,
And, like the clouds along her hills
Swift forming into line;
Their eyes have caught a fiery gleam
From glowing forges caught,
Their arms such strength as if they were
Of iron sinews wrought.
I think when on Secessians' head
They strike for Uncle Sam,
Each blow will fall like vengeance
From the God of Abraham.

I see down our Western vales
Your legions pour my boys,
Ohio, Indiana, Iowa,
My own loved Illinois,
And Iowa, and Michigan,
And Minnesota too,
And far Wisconsin's prairies send
Their heroes tried and true.
Come on, O living avalanche!
Break into folds of light,
And roll your waves of truth along
Secessians' shore of night,
Down on rebellion as of old,
And then with Uncle Sam,
Safe in the Ark of State,
We'll praise the GOD OF ABRAHAM.

WHEN WEARY.

When weary with the ills of life,
With sorrow and with care,
'Tis sweet to come to Jesus' feet
And lay our burdens there.
When hearts grow faint with fear and doubt
And grope in darkest gloom,
'Tis sweet to know there is a ray
That lights beyond the tomb.
When adverse clouds obscure life's way
And darken future years,
'Tis sweet to know there is a rest
Beyond this vale of tears.
When we've obeyed the gospel truth,
And know our sins forgiven,
'Tis sweet to tell of joys that wait
The faithful ones, in heaven.

MISCELLANY.

VALLEY FORGE.

BY R. B. POOLE, A. B.

The dreadful struggle through which we are passing for the maintenance of liberty and union, will render memorable many spots on our soil. They will remain as monuments of our freedom and institutions, and be endeared to thousands as the soil on which they fought for the integrity of our government, and the cause of liberty. They will be remembered by some in sadness, as the last resting-place of a brother, or father, or son; but they rest on hallowed soil, and in patriots' graves.

These new battle-grounds, the scenes of so much suffering and heroism, carry us back in thought to the fields on which our fathers struggled and fought. The recital of their privations, self-sacrifice, and bravery, inspires us with a fresher courage, and a nobler enthusiasm. Every scene, every relic, and every incident connected with the Revolution is invested with interest. The eventful winter of 1777-8, at Valley Forge, will be remembered as long as our Republic exists. Its trials are ineffaceably recorded on the enduring page of history. We will not recite them here, but endeavor to draw lessons from its associations, incidents, and relics.

We rode immediately to the intrenchments which lie on the hill-side beyond the Valley. Driving to the edge of the woods, we alighted from our carriage, and hitching our horse began to ascend the hill by a winding foot-path. This road is formed along the slope of a hill, extending a mile and a half. The breastwork, which has stood a life-time, is still two or three feet high, and has been trod by many curious feet.

The position of this road is commanding, and overlooks a beautiful and extended plain. The old forest trees that sheltered the heroes of Valley Forge have decayed and fallen, like most of them, but a younger growth covers these grounds, protecting these works, while the laurels spring up as if to perpetuate the memory of the dead.

Near by the road is Fort Washington. It is in the form of an oblong square, with a division running through the middle. It is

probable that this was the location of Washington's quarters; for it is known that he lived in a tent on his arrival at Valley Forge and shared in his soldiers' privations. His own language will illustrate this, as well as exhibit his own magnanimous nature. The army arrived at Valley Forge near Christmas, amid the frosts of winter. They commenced to found their military city, composed of huts. The exposure which the soldiers must endure, while constructing their huts, was not ignored by the Commander-in-chief, but nerves their arms and warms their hearts with the assurance that, "he himself will share in the hardships, and partake every in convenience." Noble words, and worthy such a patriot! High honors and superior powers did not paralyze the finer qualities of our noble Washington.

Washington afterwards had his headquarters in the village. The building still stands an object of curiosity and interest. It is near the mouth of Valley Creek, is a two-story, stone edifice, quite substantial, and was formerly owned by Isaac Potts, a Friend. The house preserves its ancient appearance almost entire. The curious stranger may feel that he is treading the same floor that echoed to the feet of Washington and Lafayette; that he is in the identical apartments once occupied by the Father of our country.

The lower, front room, it is supposed, was occupied as his reception-room; the one in the rear as his business office. There are some arrangements about the office which were evidently designed for greater secrecy. The windows are framed with deep embrasures. In the broad sill of one is constructed a box, the lid forming part of the carpeting of the sill. This was the depository of Washington's papers. In another part of this room you observe what appears to be a closet; on opening it you find a place of egress by one door, and by another a communication with the reception room. Though this property has changed hands, we are glad to see this honored building preserved unchanged. In this age of innovations it is well to have something to remind us of the past—something that shall be a realization of history. We are indebted to the present occupants for kind attentions while there.

We lingered long at this place which had been honored by so noble a presence. The associations that cluster about this relic of the Revolution are many and distinguished. Mrs. Washington resided here for a while. Lafayette and Stuen were doubtless guests at this humble habitation. It was the scene of much trial; of sympathy for a distressed soldiery, and forbearance with aspiring enemies. Many of those official communications, and letters of friendship, which enrich and dignify the correspondence of Washington, were penned here. The winter of 1777-8 was one of severe trial, both for power of endurance and patriotism. Lack of proper food, a want of clothing, and the inclemency of the season, tested the energies of the yeoman soldiers, and the generalship of Washington. But the Commander-in-chief was stayed by a Higher Power. A touching incident is related of him, which will show whence he derived his strength.

One day Isaac Potts was strolling up the creek, when in a retired spot he heard solemn tones, and, as he proceeded, observed the horse of Washington hitched to a small tree; but what was his surprise when he observed the object of these solemn tones to be the General-in-chief of the American army. On his bonded knees, his cheeks trickling with tears, the hero of American Independence was holding secret communion with a Being who could sympathize with his distressed army. The scene was too sacred for Potts longer to observe. He retired much affected, and related what he had seen to his wife, adding, "If there is any one on this earth whom the Lord will listen to, it is Geo. Washington, and I feel a presentiment that under such a commander there can be no doubt of our eventually establishing our independence, and that God in his providence, willed it so."

"Oh, who shall know the might
Of the words he uttered there!
The fate of nations there was turned
By the fervor of his prayer."

We are experiencing, to-day, the sad results of war, mourning for the slain, and sympathizing with the sick, wounded, and distressed; but we are struggling to preserve a heritage transmitted to us by our fathers, by such endurance as Valley Forge witnessed, and in answer to the prayers of the faithful. We feel that we have the same God on our side to-day, who will not forget the cries of his children. Greater sacrifices may yet be before us ere our liberties shall be established; we are not prepared to make them as were the heroes of Valley Forge? We have not exhausted our resources or patriotism. We believe there are depths that have not yet been mined. The times are stirring, trying, and disciplining. They demand our energies on the battle-field, our aid in the hospital, our prayers at home.

Let Valley Forge inspire us with a loftier feeling of self-sacrifice and patriotism, and the praying Washington with a fervent spirit of devotion; remembering that "His right arm doeth valiantly."—*Charles School Visitor.*

MANLY.—What a rare gift is that of manners! how difficult to define—how much more difficult to impart. Better for a man to possess them, than wealth, beauty, or talent; they will more than supply all. No attention is too minute, no labor too exaggerated, which tends to perfect them. He who enjoys their advantages in the highest degree, viz., he who can please, penetrate, persuade as the object may require, possesses the subtlest secret of the diplomatist and the statesman; and wants nothing but opportunity to become "great."

—*Shan Ron and Rebel Women.*

For What are we Living.

How few break from the stern behests of business to ask themselves this simple question. Simple, we said, and yet fraught with as mighty interest as eternity itself. Every day we are winding the chains of destiny about us; every hour taking from life some spice to embalm our memory, or gall and vinegar to make bitter the recollection of our sojourn on earth.

For what are you living, followers of fashion? The night wears away, the rout is ended, the faded face turns languidly from the mirror, and the beating temples are pillowed on down; but where is the heart? Back in the heated room, throbbing in the glare of the gas light, drinking in the wine of the flatterer, feasting on the empty froth of vanity. For the utter annihilation of all good and virtuous deeds—the earth of heaven's sweetest blessings. To sing the death dirge of hope, not as the mother sings her cradle song with busy hands, and the beauty of maternity mantling before her face, but as the friendless stranger waits the coronation above the sleeper, whose eyes before they closed were the only ones that ever smiled on him.

Was it only to wear elegant garments, only to add acre to acre, only to think all the time of ourselves and our interests that God gave us being?

Some time ago an old man died in Boston. All his life he had been living for a bag of gold. And to see that old man on his death bed, how his yellow eyes and bony fingers fastened to the bag.

Poor old wretch! It was very hard that what had given him so much joy in life should thus forsake him. Better have been a beggar with the consolation of having spoken a kind word to a brother in misfortune! then would he have lived to some purpose.

For what are we living? Settle this all important question for yourself before you sleep. Glean from the reapers of the hour at least one hour from every twenty-four, of which you can say, "I gave it to my neighbor and he blessed me."

Agitation of the Slavery Question.

Strange as it may seem, there are persons and newspapers that still utter lamentations over the "agitation of the slavery question" whenever allusion is made to the cause of this war. Notwithstanding the whole rebellion—according to the declaration of the rebels themselves—is for the extension and the establishment of a purely slavholding confederacy; notwithstanding every gun fired by the rebels declares this war to be for slavery there are still men in the loyal States who condemn any allusion to it on the part of loyal tongue or press. The absurdity is manifest. It is like the puny arm of man attempting to stay the whirlwind or to direct the war of elements.

Suppose the war ends and slavery remains the same way it is? Will that terminate agitation? Is there any possible way in which a compromise could prevent free discussion on the subject? The very idea is an absurdity. Whoever advocates a settlement that will leave slavery untouched, does his part towards continuing an agitation on the subject, which will increase in intensity and gain strength by the cruelties and the sacrifices of the war. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," and every northern soldier who has met death at the hands of slavery's defenders, will produce an hundred fold in the shape of undisguised opponents of the whole system: As long as slavery exists agitation will continue. This country cannot exist "half slave and half free." It must become all one or the other. No greater truth was ever uttered. It will be a work of time, but the result must be, freedom for every human being in the land. Until that time arrives opponents of slavery will continue.—*Chester County Times.*

Patriotism.

"Our city," writes a patriotic correspondent, "you must know, is a great place for Union people, Union speeches, Union flag raising etc. The boys are even more vociferous in cheering for the Union than their parents, and when the Stars and Stripes, are to be unfurled to the breeze, specimens of Young America may always be seen honoring the occasion with their presence. Lately, at one of these gatherings, were assembled the staunch Union men of our city; one among the latter class was chosen to address the assembly. Accordingly, he arose upon the platform, and amidst a deep silence of the audience began, 'slowly, but surely,' as follows:—

"Countrymen!—friends!—fellow-citizens!—why are we here assembled this evening?"

"Scarcely had this question been put to the listening crowd, when an impatient juvenile patriot, indignant at the very thought that the man selected to address the people should be ignorant of the reason why they had assembled, answered, in a drawing, whining, but perfectly audible voice,

"To raise that flag, ye big fool ye!"

This information was applauded by a general laugh; and I can assure you the orator asked no more such provoking question: during that address."

OLD AB'S LAST.—Somebody—some inquisitive Yankee, likely as not—asked the President "what number of men have the enemy in the field?" "Old Abe" looked serious, and replied: "Twelve hundred thousand, according to the best authority." That interrogator blinched in the face and ejaculated, "My God!" The President continued, "Sir, sir, twelve hundred thousand—no doubt of it. You see, all of our Generals, when they get whipped, say the enemy outnumbered them from three to five to one; and I must believe them. We have four hundred thousand men in the field, three times four make twelve. Don't you see it?" Can't see it," said the bore, as he brightened up and started for his hat.

One no man, the printer particularly.

The President's Emancipation Proclamation.

As was to be expected, the Breckenridge press is very much troubled about the President's Proclamation declaring the slaves free, after the 1st of January, in those States which may at that time be in rebellion. Among others, the Northumberland County Democrat is particularly noisy and indignant. It has been the custom of the Breckenridge newspapers, ever since the war began, to denounce and oppose every measure of the President adopted to put down the rebellion; it is therefore not at all surprising that this last stroke of the Administration, which will be most efficient in crippling the strength of the rebellion, should be most opposed and denounced by the sympathizing newspapers in the North.

When the President first proposed to meet this insurrection with coercion, these same Breckenridge newspapers declared that such a policy was unconstitutional—they said there was no constitutional authority for coercing a sovereign State. After the capture of Sumpter, when the President called out 75,000 volunteers to put down the insurrection, they denounced this movement as unconstitutional—the President they said, had no right to call out this force without the sanction of Congress, although at that time Congress could not have met, because Washington was surrounded by the rebels in Maryland. When the President ordered the Southern ports to be blockaded, to prevent the rebels from being supplied with arms, ammunition, and support from Europe, the Breckenridge newspapers denounced him for going beyond his Constitutional powers. When the *Libertas Corpus* was suspended in order that open enemies at Washington, in Maryland, and in our midst, who were giving the rebels information, aid and comfort, might not be exempt from arrest and punishment by skulking behind a form of law, the sympathizing press saw in it nothing but a gross infringement of the Constitution, and the President received the full measure of their abuse. When Congress passed laws authorizing the imposition of taxes to carry on the war against this rebellion, the whole country resounded with the cry of "taxes, taxes, taxes," and every effort was made by the Breckenridge leaders and newspapers to prejudice the people against the Government for this measure so necessary to sustain the struggle for the restoration of the Union, and the enforcement of the laws under the Constitution. When Congress passed the law, and the President signed it confiscating the property of those who have severed our Union, broken our laws and Constitution, plundered and destroyed our property, and slaughtered our fellow citizens, the same opposition and denunciation of the measure was indulged in by these Breckenridge journals.

Thus it has been from the beginning of the rebellion. Every movement made by the administration to suppress this most unholy revolt has met with the bitterest hostility of the secession sympathizers of the North. It is, therefore, not at all surprising that the President's Proclamation, the hardest stroke yet aimed at the rebellion, which will deprive the rebels of their means of support, cut off the right arm of rebellion, raise up enemies that will employ their attention on their own plantations, and thus save thousands of loyal lives, and prevent, in a great measure, the necessity of drafting from our farms and workshops the very bone and sinew of our people—it is, therefore, not surprising, we say, that this measure should receive the condemnation of those who have condemned every movement against the rebellious oligarchy of the South. We expected it, but we are confident this opposition will last but a few months, as the hostility to every measure of the Administration has ceased when these demagogues saw that the people were willing to sustain the government in its successive measures, and that there was no chance of making any political capital out of them. They have regularly abandoned each point of hostility to the government, assumed by them as the war progressed. We see nothing more in the Breckenridge journals about the unconstitutionality of coercion. They have nothing to say in denunciation of the despotic power of the President in calling out troops. If they howl about the Habeas Corpus, it is only semi-occasionally, when some one of their friends is snapped up for communicating with the enemy or discouraging enlistments. They have even given up that harp of a thousand strings upon which they played so industriously six months ago—"taxes, taxes, taxes." They hardly hear a growl from them in regard to the Confiscation Act; for the justice and propriety of that measure are so apparent to the people that no political capital can be made by opposition to it. Now they have laid hold of the President's Emancipation Proclamation. They rave and rant over its iniquity, its immorality, and unconstitutionality, to sink into contemptible silence in a few months, when they find that the good sense of the loyal people see in that measure the surest means of saving their money, their lives, and their country, by knocking the main prop from under the rebel structure.

—*Exchange.*

A DECLARATION.—Rev. Hiram Eddy, of Winsted, Conn., who has just been released after a year's captivity in the South, was received with public demonstrations of rejoicing on his arrival home. "I am for the Union ten thousand times more than ever before; my hairs have whitened during the year of my captivity, but for every white hair I have scored a black mark against this rebellion."

A Western editor hearing it remarked that persons in a drowning condition suddenly recollected all the transactions of their lives, wished that a few of his delinquent subscribers would take a bath in deep water.

A man who won't take a paper because he can borrow one, has invented a machine, with which he can cook his dinner by the smoke of his neighbor's chimney.

Stand by Your President and Government.

The President's Emancipation Proclamation is denounced by three classes, all of whom fear the crushing effect it will have upon the rebellion.

The Confederate Congress, and the journals of the South, are raving in their denunciations of the Proclamation. Why is this? If they thought it would have no effect upon them, they would take it calmly, or laugh—fear prompts their ravings. They see the tremendous engine that is about to operate upon them—they know its crushing force—they tremble at the prospect of either abandoning their Confederacy, to save their institution, before the day of grace shall expire on the 1st of January, or of having both their Confederacy and their institution swept away.

The other class that abuses the President for his Proclamation are the *London Times*, and the Tory press of England. They denounce it as atrocious and villainous. And why? For years they have hated and envied the Great Republic—for years they have longed for the breaking up of our Union. They rejoice in our present troubles. They wish to see us broken up into a dozen conflicting States. They have encouraged and sympathized with, aided, and abetted the rebellion from the start. No wonder then when they see the President aiming a thunder bolt to annihilate the insurrection at one stroke, they howl and rave like men whose cherished hopes have been dashed to the ground.

And what third class do we find in company with the rebels of the South and the Tory sympathizers of England, railing at the President's Proclamation? Is it possible that this class can be found here, where the blood and the money are furnished to put down this wicked rebellion? Yes, the echoes from the Rebel Congress and the *London Times* are heard on every Breckenridge stump, and in every Breckenridge newspaper. The President is denounced alike by all three classes; for the same reason—the Proclamation will surely kill the rebellion.

Dialogue on Newspapers.

"How does it happen, neighbor B., that your children have made so much greater progress in learning and knowledge of the world than mine? They all attend the same school, and for what I know enjoy equal advantages."

"Do you take the newspapers, neighbor A?"

"No, sir, I do not take them myself, I sometimes borrow one to read. Pray, sir, what have newspapers to do with the education of children?"

"Why, sir, they have a vast deal to do with it, I assure you. I should as soon think of keeping them from school, as to withhold from them the newspaper; it is a little school in itself. Being new every week, it attracts their attention, and they are sure to peruse it. Thus while they are storing their minds with useful knowledge, they are, at the same time, acquiring the art of reading. I have often been surprised that men of understanding should overlook the importance of a newspaper in a family."

"In truth, neighbor B., I very frequently think that I should like them, but I cannot afford the expense."

"Can't afford the expenses. What, let me ask is the value of two or three dollars a year, in comparison with the pleasures and advantages to be derived from a well conducted newspaper? As poor as I am, I would not for fifty dollars deprive myself of the happiness I now enjoy of reading and hearing my children read, and talk about what they have read in the newspapers. And then, the reflection, that they are growing up useful and intelligent members of society. Oh, don't mention the expense—pay it in advance every year, and you will think no more of it. Try it."

Nine Follies.

To think that the more a man eats the fatter and stronger he will become.

To believe that the more hours children study at school, the faster they learn.

To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

To act on the presumption that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in.

To argue that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better, is "good for" the system, without regard to no more ulterior effects.

To commit an act which is felt in itself to be prejudicial hoping that somehow or other it may be done in your case with impunity.

To advise another to take a remedy which you have not tried yourself, or without making special inquiry whether all the conditions are alike.

To eat without an appetite, or continue to eat after it has been satisfied, merely to gratify the taste.

To eat a heavy supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat, at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep, and a weary waking in the morning.

A young lady fainted at dinner, the other day, because the servant brought a roast pig on the table that showed its bare legs.

"What made you faint?" anxiously enquired her friends as soon as she came to.

"The nakedness of that horrible quadruped," sobbed this bashful piece of modesty, "Oh, ah! indeed, exclaimed the servant who had brought in the offensive pig, 'it wasn't naked at all. I dressed it myself before I brought it in here.'"

A man who won't take a paper because he can borrow one, has invented a machine, with which he can cook his dinner by the smoke of his neighbor's chimney.

Happiness.

Happiness is something which all desire, and yet few possess. It is a treasure which is hard to find, but, when once discovered, truly enriches its possessor. God alone is the source of it; and, therefore, true happiness is found existing only in the breast of the Christian.

The worldly man may boast of possessing this treasure as long as youth, health, and beauty smile upon him; but when he is bereft of these, when misfortune and affliction follow, or when the hour of death arrives, where then is all his happiness? Alas! he awakes to find it only a delusion. All the enjoyments which he once possessed, all the objects from which he once drew (as he fancied) pleasure, are then forever fled. He looks back with sorrow on his ill-spent, and in many respects, useless life. He looks forward, but sees no star to brighten the brightness of the grave. Nothing presents itself to him but dreariness and gloom. Not so with the Christian. He is enabled to remain peaceful and tranquil amidst the storm and commotions of life, although at times he experiences hours of sadness, when misfortune and bereavement assail him, yet happiness is not absent then; he knows that that hand which has inflicted the blow will sanctify it to his well-being, and he rejoices in the knowledge of it.

Happiness is within the reach of all, and yet few of us strive to grasp it; but rather content ourselves with the empty shadow, whilst we might possess the invaluable substance; we eagerly pursue everything, in the shape of earthly happiness while we neglect a richer and invaluable mine. We endeavor to draw happiness from every source but the right one, and the consequence is we remain miserable and wretched, whilst we might be peaceful and happy.

Happiness admits of two slight modifications, "true and perfect." True happiness may be enjoyed on earth, but perfect happiness is found only in heaven; for there is always something to mar the enjoyment of the Christian while on earth, caused either by struggles with his own heart, or by the cares and anxieties of life; but when he makes his glad exit from this fleeting earth to a never ending home. No thorns are there found hidden underneath his path to mar his joy, no sorrow there arises to obscure the brightness of an eternal day, but all is peace, and all is joy, and happiness reigns universal.

THE HANDSOMEST MAN IN TROY, N. Y.—At an exhibition given in Troy on Wednesday evening, a committee of ladies was appointed to make a pilgrimage through the audience to select the handsomest man in the room. The fair judges promptly discharged their duty, for which they were the recipients of the loudest plaudits of the assemblage. The lucky man, whom the decision of the ladies pronounced the handsomest present, was the Major of the Twenty-fourth regiment. The superb major received a prize as a reward for his good looks. The whole affair must have surprised the gallant major, who, it is reported, was conveyed to his residence in a hack, but whether in charge of the charming committee does not appear.

SHIRKERS.—Of course we know there are places where men ought not to go, if it can be avoided; but it strikes me that many men, who were never known to make any very remarkable exertions for the comfort of their wives and families, have been seized with a very sudden and affecting view of the duties they owe them during this war, and the utter impossibility of their leaving them to suffer! I hope every mother's son of them will be drafted; we want no such sham-manliness perpetuated in the next generation. And as to bachelors, most of whom never see their way clear to this or any other species of self-denial, they ought each to be provided with a sewing machine, and set to making soldier clothes for some relief society.—*Elmy Fern*

A young lady who was rebuked by her mother for kissing her intended, justified the act by quoting the passage—"Whatever you would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

"I say, landlord, that's a dirty towel for a man to wipe on!"

Landlord with a look of amazement replied: "Well, I swan, you're mighty particular: sixty or seventy of my boarders have wiped on that towel this morning, and you are the first one to find fault with it."

Why is a man who beats his wife like a thorough-bred animal. Because he's a perfect brute.

What is that word of one syllable which, if the first two letters are taken from it becomes a word of two syllables?—Plague.

The world is a farce, and its favors are follies; but both farces and follies are very dear to human hearts.

The angelic of our race die early. Precious gems are not for a lasting flame; they but perfume the temple and expire.

Get into no quarrel or fight with a black-guard; like chaff he isn't worth thrashing.

The best books for a child is a good mother's face and life.

If you would have a blessing upon your riches, bestow a good portion of them in charity.

When we are inclined to sin, that old pimp the Devil is ever at hand with the means.

Why is a dull and plausible man like an unried gun? Because he is a smooth bore.

Talk often, but not long.

Scorn no man for his poverty.