

VILLAGE RECORD.



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By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.

HOME IN THE SKIES.

When up to nightly skies we gaze,
We here stars pursue their endless ways,
We think we see from earth's low clod,
The wide and shining home of God.

But could we rise to moon or sun,
Or path where planets duly run,
Still heaven-would spread above us far,
And earth remote would seem a star.

'Tis vain to dream those tracts of space,
With all their worlds, approach his face;
One glory fills each rolling ball—
One love has shaped and moved them all.

This earth, with all its dust and tears,
Is no less than yonder spheres;
And rain-drops weak, and grains of sand,
Are stamped by his immediate hand.

The rock, the wave, the little flower,
All fed by streams of living power,
That spring from one Almighty Will,
What e'er his thoughts conceive, fulfill.

And is this all that man can claim?
Is this our longing's final aim?
To be like all things round—no more
Than pebbles cast on Time's grey shore?

Can man, no more than beast aspire
To know his being's awful Sire?
And, born and lost on Nature's breast,
No blessing seek but there to rest?

Not this our doom, tho' God benign!
Whose rays on us unclouded shine,
Thy breath sustains you fiery dome,
But may be most thy favored home.

We view these halls of painted air,
And own thy presence makes them fair.
But dearest still to thee, O Lord!
Is he whose thoughts to thee accord.

THE GENTLE WORD.

A gentle word hath a magical power,
The weary breast to beguile;
It gladdens the eye, it lightens the brow,
And changes the heart to a rose;
In the gentle sunshine it sheds around,
The shadow of care departs,
And we feel in its soothing and friendly tone,
There's a balm for the wounded heart.

Oh! hither, then, then, that thy lips ne'er breathe
A bitter, ungentle word,
For that which is lightly and idly said,
Is often too deeply heard.
And though, for the moment, it leaves no trace,
For pride will its woes conceal,
Remember, the spirit that's calm and still
Is always the first to feel.

It may not be in thy power, perchance,
To secure a lofty place,
And bless thy name upon History's page
As a friend to the human race;
But on the daily tasks of life,
Though the world behold thee not,
Thy gentle and kindly words may soothe
A despairing brother's lot.

'Tis well to walk with a cheerful heart,
Where'er our fortune calls,
With a friendly glance, and an open hand,
And a gentle word for all;
Since life is a thorny and difficult path,
Where toil is the portion of man,
We all should endeavor while passing along,
To make it as smooth as we can.

MISCELLANY.

The Smooths and the "Roughs."

Every day we hear of the lawless acts of the "Roughs," while comparatively little is said of the doings of the Smooths. Yet your oily, soft-spoken gentlemen who glide noiselessly through society, unobjectional but fascinating, do more mischief than the bolder rascals. The Rough has sometimes a touch of rude generosity in his nature, but your Smooth villain of society, with whom scoundrelism is a fine art, is utterly remorseless. He is like the Vampire bat of Surinam, that is said to drain the life blood of the traveller whom it has lulled into a profound slumber with the fanning of its wings. Against the highwayman, the burglar, the street rowdy, an honest man may arm himself; but what defence is there against the smiling, courteous, self-possessed individual who, having discovered the weak points of his intended victim's character, plays upon them with the skill of a consummate artist. Suspicion, it may be said, is a good safeguard; but mistrust is not a characteristic of the candid and honorable, and it is only bitter experience that teaches it to true men. And besides, think what a set of miserable wretches we should be if we had no faith in one another, and looked upon every act of courtesy as a snare. Is there no way then for good and simple-hearted men to escape the coils of polished scoundrels? Yes, there are two safeguards against the arts of the Smooths—Prudence and Duty. There is a point in generosity beyond which a man's duty to himself, his family and to society at large, forbids him to go. There stop. Let no flattery, no representation, however plausible, induce you to take one step beyond it. Lay down common sense rules for your philanthropy; and let them be absolute laws. Do this, and you will never be seriously victimized by the Smooths.

A GREAT ATTAINMENT.—How difficult it is to be of a meek and forgiving spirit when deeply used! To love an enemy and forgive an evil speaker is a higher attainment than is commonly believed. It is easy to talk of Christian forbearance among neighbors, but to practice it ourselves proves to be a Christian indeed.

The surmises of a few credulous persons need not trouble that man who knows his cause is soon to be tried in Court, and he to be openly acquitted. So the evil language of the times need not disturb me, since my judgment shall be brought forth as the noon day.

If we are always looking back, we shall be sure to go as we look.

Keep the Conscience Clear.

Whoever believes that knavery, cruelty, hypocrisy, or any other vice, can, under any circumstances, prompt even the temporal happiness of him who practices it, is but a superficial observer and a shallow reasoner. In the world's parlance, men who acquire wealth and influence by unwarrantable means are called prosperous. But what is prosperity in the true and legitimate sense of the word? Webster tells us: "Advance or gain in anything good." No man can be deemed truly prosperous whose conscience is ill at ease; and whoever enriches himself at the expense of justice, duty and honor, plunges his soul, even here, into a state of adversity which no indulgence of the senses, no adulation of time-servers and parasites, nothing that money can buy or power command, will effectually or permanently relieve.

Another strong argument in favor of doing right is, that out of every hundred men who seek wealth by dishonest roads, ninety-nine come to poverty and shame. This is a statistical fact, and taken in combination with the other undeniable truth, that the small per centage of aspiring knaves who win their game feel in their souls that it has been dearly won at the sacrifice of inward peace and self-esteem, should long ago have made all the world honest, on selfish principles.

The retrospect review of a disappointed scheme must be melancholy in the extreme. He sees, of course, with terrible distinctness, how each departure from rectitude helped to cloud his life, sink him deeper in misery and alienate from him the sympathies of the noble and the good. He is conscious of the besotted blindness which led him to put his trust in cunning and chicanery, instead of choosing the path of duty and leaving the consequences to Providence, and is compelled to acknowledge to himself that roguery is the twin of folly, and a pure life the best evidence of a sound brain as well as of a Christian spirit.

Be assured, therefore, that it is good worldly policy to keep the conscience clear. It tends to comfort, content, real happiness; nor can this fair earth, and the excellent things with which it abounds, be thoroughly enjoyed by any Cressus to whose gold cling the curses of the wronged. The closing scenes of a life are, however, the grand test of the wisdom or folly which shaped its course. Sir Walter Scott's dying words tell the whole story: "Be a good man, Lookhart, nothing else will comfort you when you come to lie here."

Pretty Incident.

We have heard of a very pretty little incident the other day, which we cannot help relating. A young lady from the North, it seems, was wooed and won, by a youthful physician, living in California. When the engagement was made, the doctor was rich having been very successful at San Francisco. It had not existed six months, however, when by an unfortunate investment, he lost the entire "heap." This event came upon him, it should be added, just as he was making ready to come and claim his bride—What does he do? Why like an honorable, chivalrous young fellow as he is, he sits down and writes the lady every particular of the unhappy turn which had taken place in his fortunes, assuring her that if the effect produces any change in her feeling towards him, she is released from every promise of pure gold, which her lover had sent her when in prosperity, as a keepsake, and having it manufactured into a ring, forwards it to him, with the following bible inscription, engraved in distinct characters on the inside:—"Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whether thou goest, will I go; and where thou lodgest, will I lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me and more also, if I ought but death part thee and me."

The lover idolized his sweetheart more than ever when he received this precious evidence of her devotion to him, both in storm and in sunshine. We may add that fortune soon again smiled upon the physician, and that he subsequently returned to the North, to wed the sweet girl he loved, and who loved him with such an undying affection. Nay, more, the happy bride and bridegroom passed through our city, not long since, on their way to the home of the latter in the golden State. Reader, this is all true. Young ladies who read the bible as closely as the heroine of our incident seems to have done, are pretty sure to make good sweethearts, and better wives.—*Church's Bazaar.*

Quiet Virtues.

It is the bubbling spring which flows gently, the little rivulet which runs along day and night by the farm-house, that is useful, rather than the swollen flood or warbling cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God there, as He "pours it from the hollow of His hand." But one Niagara is enough for the continent of the world; while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gently flowing rivulets, that water every farm and meadow, and every garden, and that shall flow on, every day and night, with their gentle, quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds, like those of the martyrs, that good is to be done; it is by the daily, quiet virtues of life, the Christian temper, the good qualities of relatives and friends, and all that good is to be done.

An unhappy death is God's frown, a happy one is God's smile.

Loyal or Disloyal.

I lately dined in company with one of these insane young gentlemen who, as Theodore Winthrop says in "Cecil Dreams," praise slavery and think they are aristocratic. The young gentleman went on for some time when Mrs. _____ said to him politely: "If you sympathize with the rebels, why don't you go and join them?" "I, madame? I assure you I am perfectly loyal."

"Indeed?"

"Why, certainly, only I stand by the government not by the administration."

"So Vallandigham says."

"I mean I am no abolitionist."

"So Brooks says."

"That is, I am afraid we are alienating the South."

"So Tom Seymour says."

"In other words, I am a Union man, but I don't think war can restore it."

"So Toucey says."

"But, my dear madame, the war is constitutionally carried on."

"So George Ticknor Curtis says!"

"I mean that our liberties are in danger."

"So Fernando Wood says."

"Come, then, isn't it hopeless?"

"So the *London Times* says."

"Yes, my dear madame, but what on earth do you say?"

"I say that whoever stands against the administration in this war stands against the government. I say that whoever says he is no abolitionist means that he intends to embarrass the war. I say that whoever is afraid of alienating the South is afraid of irritating a snake that has already stung him. I say that whoever thinks that force cannot restore the Union does not know that Union is the most irresistible instinct of the American people. I say that whoever says the war is unconstitutionally carried on is in danger of being split by the tempest in which he is trying to split hairs. I say that whoever says our liberties are imperiled by the government and not by the rebellion, works and prays for the rebellion and the annihilation of all civil liberty and order. I say that whoever calls the war fratricidal has no more conception of national honor than lottery dealers are said to have of honesty. I say that whoever considers the cause of the United States hopeless hates that cause in his heart, and is utterly ignorant of the character of the people and the facts of the situation. That is what I say, and that is what every truly American man and woman says and believes."

The young gentleman made no reply; but the next day, at the club, he said to a friend "I dined yesterday at Mrs. _____'s. What an awful abolitionist she is!"—*Harper's Weekly.*

A Model Speech.

A Captain in an Iowa regiment, having been informed that his company had subscribed a handsome sum for the purchase of arms and equipment, called his men together, and delivered himself of the following model speech. It is full of straightforward common sense and pure disinterested patriotism combined:—"Boys, if you have any money to spare send it home to your families, if they need it; if not keep it until you need it yourself. I will buy my own sword. Should you do it, and should it come to disgrace in these hands, you could but regret the gift; or should I accept it from you, and some day find it my imperative duty to kick some one of the donors out of this company, it might be unpleasant to think I was under obligations to that person as a contributor to the elegant sword fund. For these reasons I must firmly and kindly decline the favor which your loyal hearts prompt you to bestow. Wait until the war is over. Wait until the tide of battle shall have been stayed—until the raging billows of this cursed rebellion shall have been rolled back; wait until I have proved myself worthy to receive so noble a gift—until you have shown yourselves by deeds of daring and feats of bravery worthy to bestow it upon me; then, perchance, I may be happy to accept, at your hands, a lasting testimonial of your confidence and esteem.—Till then, wait."

Love.

Oh, bliss without compare! for which man would give up all his dreams of ambition and glory in any one of the thousand shapes in which Fame presents herself to the ardent imagination—to feel the dawn of a new light and a new life breaking upon the heart, gradually and beautifully expanding as the moments creep on—to feel that a new and hitherto undiscovered world of sensation has been laid open to us. True it is that others have written on the theme, have endeavored to explain it away, have declared that all is vanity; but what matters this? The adventurers of old still sallied forth in search of new discoveries and conquests. After Columbus had planted the flag of Spain in a new world, and Cortez had founded a province where an empire had stood, they still sought, despite the disappointments and broken hopes of the many, fresh spots of virgin beauty where the sun should never shine, and where the smallest streams were impregnated with gold; and ye adventurers in the heart's hidden mines of wealth, ye who faint not in your search after the priceless good, what avails it to tell you of countless disappointments, of exhausted energies, of long labor lost, of broken hearts, and wasted hopes! Ye will ever struggle on—the hope is in the heart, the energy is in the youth which blooms within you, your faith is in the omnipotence of love.

The sword drawn is a righteous war, cuts through the dense forest and the tangled undergrowth, a highway for the Prince of Peace.

Artemus Ward in Virginia.

The renowned Artemus recently strayed over into the rebel lines, and while there had some queer adventures—of which the following is a fair specimen.—He says: "After travelling a spell, I observed a old house by the road side, and feeling faint and thirsty, I entered. The only family I found home was a likely looking young fellow gal whose Johnny had gone for a sojourn. She was weeping bitterly."

"Me-putty rose-bud, sez I, why dost thou weep?"

She made nary answer, but weepst on. I placed me hand onto her hed, brushst back the snowy ringlets from her pale brow an' kissst and passyified her.

"What caused them tears, fare maid? I arskt again?"

"What, sez she, 'brother John promist 2 bring me home some Yankee beans to make jewelry, but he had to go and git killed, & now I won't get ary a bean, and—O, its 2 bad—boo-hoo-oo-o?"

Yes, it was muchly 2 bad—an more too. A woman's teers brings the undersind, and for the time being I was a rebel sympathizer.

"Enny Father? I arskt

"Only one. But he's ded. Mother went over to see Uncle Rueb."

"Was Johnny a putty goodly brother?"

"You—John was, O so kind. He was the only bosom-I had to repose those weary head-onto."

I pitied the maid, and hinted that she might repose her head on me shirt front and she reposed. And I was her brother John for awhile, as were.

Ere we parted, I arskt for a draft of water to squench me thirst as the damsel tript gayly out of the door to procure it. As she was gone out a considerable period, I lookt out of the window, and saw her hopping briskly forth accompanied by 2 scotch-cusses, who war armed to the teeth. I begin 2 smell as many as 2 muses. The "putty dear" had discovered I was a Yankee, and gone to have me taken prisoner. I frustrated her plans a few—I lept out the back window as quick as Prestidigitater's sandich, and when she entered the domicile she found "brother John" non ester (which is latin or something,) and he I had proceeded much, I found my Time reposer non ester too. The fare maid, who was Floyd's Niece, had hooked it while reposing, on me weasit. It was a hunky watch—a family hair loom, and I would have parted with it for a dollar and sixty nine cents, (169.)

A Thoughtful Friend.

Among the incidents of April 1st in this city was the following:—Two fast friends, a merchant and a manufacturer, are neighbors. Upon the merchant's house was a mortgage of \$5000. The merchant by business losses was set back for a long time, and the mortgage was a necessity he could not avert. The manufacturer is rich. He has been liberal, and in verification of Scripture, "The liberal soul has been fat." On the 1st ult. he learned that a mortgage encumbered the house of his friend. He went to the holder, paid off the mortgage, with the interest due, amounting to \$5169, and received the papers.—He went to his friend's store, found him alone, and placed the papers before him. The merchant glanced at them, smiled a no-you-don't sort of a smile, and prepared to throw the papers in the stove.

He was told first to examine them, and he did so. The signatures were real, there was no mistaking them. "There," said the manufacturer, "we have been good friends this many a year. If I had died I should have willed this amount to you. I much prefer giving it to you now." The merchant bent his head over his book, and tears trickled down upon the paper. Language gave him no adequate form of expression. Such "April Fools" are not hard to take. To submit to the infliction all day long would be distasteful to few.—*Philadelphia North American.*

Noble Sentiments.

This is an agreeable world after all. If we would bring ourselves to look at the subjects that surround us in their true light, we should behold beauty where otherwise all is deformity, and listen to harmony where we heard nothing but discord. To be sure, there is a great deal of vexation and anxiety to meet; we cannot sail on a summer coast forever, yet if we preserve a calm eye and a steady heart, we can so trim our sails and manage our helm, as to avoid the quicksands, and weather the storms that threaten shipwreck. We are traveling the same road, and shall arrive at the same goal. We breathe the same air, are subject to the same sorrows, and shall lie down upon the bosom of our common mother. It is unbecoming, then, that brother should hate brother; it is not proper that friend should deceive friend; it is not right that neighbor should deceive neighbor.

We pity the man who can harbor enmity against his fellow; he loses half of the enjoyment of life; embitters his own existence. Let us tear from our eyes the colored medium that invests every object with the green hue of jealousy and suspicion; turn a deaf ear to scandal; breathe a spirit of charity on our hearts; let the rich gushing of human kindness swell up as a fountain, so that the "golden age" will become no fiction, and the islands of the blessed bloom in more than "Hyperborean beauty."

"Laugh if you feel like it." Smiles are tolerated by the very pink of politeness; and a laugh is but the full-blown flower of which a smile is the bud. It is a sort of vocal music, a glee in which everybody can take part.

To win love and esteem, it is far better to be gracious than graceful.

"COPPERHEADS" REBUKED.

Resolutions of the 171st Regiment P. V.

At a meeting of the officers men of the 171st Regiment Penna. Militia at their camp, near Newburn, N. O., April 1st 1863, presided over by Col. Everard Bierer, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Our Government, the wisest and best ever devised by the wisdom of man, is now struggling for the perpetuity of its glorious institutions, for the God-given right so dear to every true American heart, the great principles of Human Freedom: *And, whereas,* We hear with feelings of disappointment and indignation the howl of partisan spirit, and the open avowals of insidious demagogues that endanger our national safety, and embarrass our Federal and State authorities; and we hear of the 'sympathisers' at home and their hired correspondents in the army—the aiders and abettors of this unholy rebellion—circulating the foul slander that the drafted men of Pennsylvania are disloyal, disaffected and opposed to a further prosecution of the war; therefore,

Resolved, That the Confederate States left the Union without any just cause, and that no terms of peace, other than the unconditional surrender and return of the traitors to their allegiance, should be offered by our Government.

Resolved, That having left our peaceful homes, the hearthstones of our fathers, our wives and children, we are determined to defend the interests of our country, support its claims and uphold its war policy, until the emblem of our national power and greatness shall represent every state and territory of the Union, and every traitor, North and South, yield allegiance to the will of the people.

Resolved, That this regiment, composed of Republicans and Democrats, (but no croakers nor copperheads,) will oppose not only here, but at the "ballot box," any man who does not heartily sustain in this war, the old fashioned doctrine of all true patriots, "No terms with Traitors," but submission to the rightful authority of the Government.

Resolved, That we have no sympathy with "war parties in time of peace, or peace parties in time of war," because in our past history they have always given "aid and comfort" to our enemies, and in the present instance they are both the apologists and supporters of the traitors in their treason.

Resolved, That we spurn with contempt all propositions made by northern copperheads, that we ought to approach armed traitors with terms of compromise or offers of peace; because the only honorable compromise that we can make with them is, that they lay down their arms and return to their allegiance as loyal citizens.

Resolved, That the opinion prevalent in the Northern States, that the drafted men from the hills and valleys of the old Keystone State are becoming demoralized and will not fight, is false and slanderous, and are no doubt the malicious publications of those Northern traitors who are two cowardly to strike us in the light of day, and face to face.

Resolved, That we are willing to bear our full proportion of the sacrifices which our country demands in this crisis from every good citizen, and we are utterly opposed to any policy or party which counsels either negotiation, the withdrawing of our armies, or an armistice preparatory thereto, so long as an armed traitor to the authority of the Federal Government remains in the land.

Resolved, That our present State Executive, Gov. A. G. Curtis, deserves the thanks of all true patriots, for the energy and patriotism which he has displayed in raising, arming and equipping the troops sent forth by the old Commonwealth at her country's call, and especially for his efforts to have the sick and wounded returned to hospitals within the State and to their homes until fit for duty.

We offer our earnest and honest support to the Executive, the army, and the loyal people of the country in crushing out the unholy power that renders this the darkest day of our national existence. The power that fills our land with mourning, death and carnage, and glories in the blood and triumphs over the graves of men to whom principle and the honor of their country is dearer than life. Trusting in the power and justice of an Eternal God, we offer ourselves with the thousands of our armies, to the war that will result in the downfall of treason, whether in the North or the South, and the establishment of peace, liberty and equality in a united and glorious Republic.

HONORS OF WAR.—We see daily in our streets men halting along by the aid of canes and crutches bearing evidence of honorable action in the field. We feel on meeting them like raising our hats respectfully.—They have nobly done their duty, and those their wounds are reminders of their service. The crutch becomes thus a badge of distinction, continually pleading with us for grateful recognition. We know nothing of them beyond the mere insignia of honorable wounds, the faded uniform makes small pretension, but who would not exchange his sound limbs and best coat for the consciousness of the humble hero that limps by us?

STAND BY THE ARMY.—Stand by the Army! In its brave hearts, unerring guns, and deadly bayonets is the only hope of the nation, at present.—The Rebels have appealed to the sword and by the sword only can we meet them.—Let us all be true to the Army, and the Army will be true to us.—Every good citizen will spend his money for taxes and contributions as freely as the soldier spends his "blue blood." Shame on the back guard who assists them in the rear.

Most Marvelous must think the devil is slow of foot, they so often catch him.

The amiable and gifted Jane Taylor, the last time she took up her pen (it was on the day preceding her death) wrote as follows:

"Oh, my dear friends, if you knew what thoughts I have now, you would see as I do, that the whole business of life is preparation for death."

How much time is spent in preparing to live, how little in preparing to die!

One who had lived more than fifty years said, as the hand of death was upon him, "I have all my days been getting ready to live, and now I must die."

Would men but spend as much time in preparing to die, as they spend in preparing to live, the physical agonies of death would not so frequently be heightened by the agonies of despair.

"The whole business of life is preparation for death." In view of this truth, this very day should be spent in preparing to die. Our chief attention should this day be given to those things, which shall prepare us for the day of life. In the same manner should all our coming days be spent.

It is a mournful thought that, in all probability, some reader of these lines will meet death, without being prepared for its dread realities!

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.—In California, marriage is regarded as a civil act, and no ceremony or license is required if the parties are of age. Weddings are customary, and divorce is within the reach of all. * * * * * Unkind treatment sufficient to warrant a divorce was lately defined by the Court as follows:—"His conduct must be such as to show that the inward knot of marriage, which is peace and love, is untied, and that he exercises over his wife, not the mild and salutary authority of a husband, but a harsh and cruel tyranny. * * * * * For a Mohammedan divorce, nothing is necessary but that the woman should place her slipper upside down at the door of the Cadi."

THE MAN FOR BUSINESS.—Give us the straightforward, fearless, enterprising man for business. One who is worth a dozen of those who, when anything is to be done, stop, falter, and hesitate, and are never ready to take a decided stand. One turns everything within his reach into gold—the other will be a continual drawing moth, never rising above mediocrity, but rather falling below.

Make up your mind to be firm, resolute and industrious, if you desire prosperity. There is good in that saying of the apostle, "Whosoever they had and heareth to do, do it with all thy might."

"I love you" is all the secret most women have to tell. When that is said, they are like China-crackers on the morning of the 5th of July.

The words of a great poet may flash upon the dry stubble-field of worn-out thoughts and burn over an age of lies in a single hour of passion.

More beautiful than Apollo is the soldier, lying face forward upon the battle-field, grimed with powder, and smeared with blood if for a sacred cause he dared to die.

Our fight is with abolitionism.—*Springfield Register.*

Ours with the rebellion and its aiders and abettors North and South.—*Peoria Transcript.*

Charity is ever accompanied by the other virtues, as the queen of the bees never goes into fields without being surrounded by all her little people.

Laziness kills, and drugs seldom cure. Many die from doing nothing, few taking nothing.

Mixed liquors are sold to be unhealthy, but every one's cup of life is filled with them.

Never associate with a person that doesn't pay his debts. If a fellow won't pay, his company won't.

He who could kill a tiger in combat may be bitten to death by fleas.

Relations always take the greatest liberties, and frequently give the least assistance.

A woman may raise her beautiful arms and eyes towards God simply to show them to men.

Armies don't like to be hard-pressed. We can't say how it would be with an army of women.

"I can't support you any longer," as the rotten bridge said to the elephant.

A man may go over the world and round the world without ever being in the world.

Men and women are often ruined by brilliancy than by dullness.

Single blessedness, like a man's fist, becomes stronger by being doubled.

A cook should have an eye on her pots; a writer to his pot-books.

The true man walks calmly amid the wickedness and cruelties of the world, like Daniel among the lions.

"Father, what does the printer live on?"

"Why, child?"

"Because you said you hadn't paid him for two years, and you still take the paper."

"While, put that child to bed; he's an everlasting talker."

A love-smiting young man sent a lady a rose as a declaration of love, attaching a slip of paper on which was written, "If not accepted, I go to sea." In return, she sent him a pickled mango (man).