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POPTICAL:



LANGUAGE OF A TEAR.

Oh, the strong and searching language What can speak the soul's deep anguish But a tear? What can speak of heart strings broken, And of cruel words we've spoken? Of all these, what better token Than a tear

What can speak of lost affection And of love's entire rejection But a tear ! What can speak when friends are parted? What can ease the broken hearted What can mourn for the departed,

Lurks the tear; Then it issues forth unbidden. How it speaks of love fraternal, Or of joys that are eternal! Of strong hope, like flowers vernal, Speaks the tear!

Of behind the eyelids hidden,

But thy words are not all radness, Sparkling tear! Very oft they speak of gladness Joyful tear When the heart is overflowing, And the face with kindness glowing, Sympathy to all thou'rt showing, Precious tear!

W 0-R D 8:

If words could satisfy the heart, The heart might find less care : But words, like Summer-birds, depatt, And leave but empty air. The heart, a pilgrim upon the earth Finds often, when it needs, That words are of as little worth As just so many weeds.

A little said-and truly said-Can deeper joy impart
Than hosts or words, which reach the head, But never touch the beart. The voice that wins its sunny way, Hath oft the fewest words to say, Bit O! those few-how dear!

MISCELLANY

A HAPPY WOMAN .- What spectacle more pleasing does the world afford than a happy woman, contented in her sphere, ready all the time to benefit her little world by her exertions, and transforming the briars and thorns of me into the roses of paradise by the magic of her touch? There are those who are thus happy because they cannot | help it-no mistortune dampens their sweet smiles, and they diffuse a cheerful glow around them as they pursue the even tenor tentment, whose value is above the philosopher's stone; for without seeking the baser of pleasure, they convert everything they breath. souch into joy. What their condition is makes no difference. They may be rich or poor, high or low, admired or torsaken by the fickle world—but the sparking fountain of happiness bubbles up in their hearts and makes them radiantly beautiful. Though they live in a log cabin, they make it shine , with a lustre which Kings and Queens may covet, and they make wealth a fountain of blessing to the children of poverty. Happy women are the highest types of humanity, and we cannot say how much we owe to them for the progress of the race. Would there were enough to go round!

FEMALE CHARACTER.—Ladies are great 'ly deceived when they think that they recommend themselves to the other sex by an indifference to religion. Every man who knows human nature, connects a religious At least we always consider the want of it a night. Will you pray for me and forgive feeling with softness and sensibility of heart proof of that masculine spirit, which of all me? The gentleman wept too, and promisyour faults, we dislike the most. Beside, men consider your religion as the best security for that female virtue in which they are most sensibly interested. Never indulge yourselves in ridicule on religious subjects, Music and Light on the Battle nor give countenance to it in others by seem ing diverted with what they say. This, to people of good understanding, will be a sufficient check.

approach of everything brutal.

THANKFULNESS .- I hope, friend, you and I are not too proud to ask for our daily bread, and to be thankful for getting it. It is a singing, of love, and thanks, and prayer. Day tells to-day the wondrous story, and night recounts it all night. How do I come to think of sunrise which I saw near twenty years ago on the Nile, when the river and sky flashed and glowed with dawning light, and as the luminary appeared the boatmen kuelt on the rosy deck and advred Allah ? So, as you sun rises, friend, over the humble housetops round about your home, shall you wake many a day to duty and labor. May the task have been honestly done when the night comes, and the steward deals kindly with the laborer .- Thuckeray.

The Sea-Captain's Story. BY REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

fast she drifted before the storm, toward the racy. rocky shores of Labrador; but no human power could manage the vessel. All day and all night she drifted and then about survise els grabbed the last letter I wrote to you, struck upon a little island. There for a few but they will draw very little consolation moments she was lifted over rocks, till at from its contents * * * I am happy to see last a huge wave placed her on a great rock, the splendid stand you took in The Telegaph where she swung, and writhed. All knew against slavery, with its horrors, barbarities that she must soon go to pieces; so they and base immoralities. Slavery is dead. went to work to make a raft, hoping that possibly they might thus reach land, hardly fully, you should pay us a visit. There is had they got it done, when the poor, groan- not a negro in the South who does not know ing vessel went all to pieces. The men he is free. Around here they have squatted shouted, "To the raft!" Alus! on the plantations, and refuse to work for the captain was the only one who got on to any one but themselves. They have sown it and had tied himself to it. With many little cropsouths he told how awful the scene was-how the poor fellows struggled and tried to grasp As an indication I will cite a strong case. the raft, but the waves dashed them off to The lady of the house where I am staying atrise no more:

"And there," said the captain, "I was afood, not a drop of water! For three days belaboring her with a stick intended for her and three nights I was on the raft, till I own punishment. "Ex uno dice omnes." It was nearly gone, when a ship came near.— is needless for me to say that I applaud eve-I had just strength enough to hold up my ry sentiment you have expressed in the Tenred flaunch shirt, which they saw, and came EGRAPH. Your course is that of a prudent to my relief. I was too much exhausted to stand or even to speak. My life hung by a hair. But here I am, on my way home; having lost all I had in the world.

The passengers were much interested in the captain's narrative, and one silent gentleman got them to contribute a handsome sum, he giving the lion's share, which was delicately given the captain. He seemed very grateful; and showed a great sense of

'In going up a long hill; just before night, the passengers all got out and walked up the It was then that the silent gentleman found himself walking alone with the cap-

"Captain may I ask you a question; and not give offence ?" "Certainty, sir, and I'll be happy to answer

"Well, sir, when you was on that raft alone, during these long days and nights, didn't you soleanly promise the bord that

of their way. They have the secret of con- if he would spare you and save you, you would live a different lite and serve him?" exchange of soul, which may buy some sorts captain, reddening and drawing in his

They got into the stage, and soon came to their lodging village. The captain was silent and so was the silent man. The was silent and so was the short turn off in a take captain was to stop there and turn off in a ket. different direction At day break the stage

and the rest were to go on.
Just before the break of day, there was a knock at the chamber door of the silent kindled a light, and there stood the captain. His eyes were red and his noble face was finshed, and his great bosom was heaving. He took the hand of the gentleman and sobhed, and heaved and sobbed and spoke.

"Sir. I treated you rudely yesterday. and promise and vow to God on that ratt that if he would spare me I would live a different life, and I would serve him ! O, what a sinner I am! I have not slept a wink all ed all that he asked, and then the stage drove up. They grasped each other's hands and parted never to meet again in this world Will they meet in the next?—S. S Times,

Field: A brave and goodly captain in one of our Western regiments told one of us his story, as we were removing him to the hospital. Let a woman be decked with all the embelishments of art and the gifts of nature, rifle bullet—a wound from which he could yet, if boldness is to be read in her face, it not recover. While lying on the field, he blots all the lines of beauty. Modesty is not suffered intense agony from thirst. He suponly an ornament, but also a guard to virtue ported his head upon his hand, and the rain It is a delicate feeling in the soul, which from heaven was falling around him. In a makes her shrink and withdraw herself from little while a pool of water formed under his little while a pool of water formed under his the appearance of danger. It is an exqui-elbow, and he thought if he could only get site sensibility, that warns her to shun the to the puddle he might que or nis thirst He tried to get into a position to suck up a mouthful of muldy water, but he was unable to reach within a feot of it. Said he, "I never felt so much the loss of any carthly blessing." By and by night fell, and the thought to me awful and beautiful, that of stars shore out clear and beautiful above the the daily prayer, and of the myriads of fe low dark field; and I began to think of the great men uttering it, in care and sickness, in God who had given his Son to die a death doubt and poverty, in health and wealth, all of ngony for me, and that he was up thereover the world, what an endless chorus is ap above the scenes of suffering, and above those glorious stars; and I felt that I was going home to meet him, and praise him there; and I felt that I ought to praise God, even the wounded and on the battle-field. 1 could not help singing that beautiful hymn,

When I can read my title clear To munsions in the skies,

And wipe my weeping eyes." "And," said he, "there was a Christian brother in the brush near me. I could not see him, but I could hear him. He took up

Mai.-Gen. Rosecrans on Slavery. For some weeks past a controversy has been The sea-captain was a large, frank, noble- going on between The Catholic Telegraph, looking man. There was no one in the of Cincinnati, edited by the Very Rev. E. stage who could talk faster, laugh louder, or Purcell, brother of the distinguished Arch. swear more fearfully. The stage was full, bishop of Cincinnati, and a pro slavery Cathand all day they travelled together. Among olic journal of that city. The learned editor other topics of conversation, the captain re. of The Telegraph insists and proves that the not only essentially distinct, but utterly inlated an account of a terrible storm he had Catholic Church and slavery never got along met with in the Gulf of St. Lawrence .- | well together; that the Church abolished When the st.rm met them unexpectedly, that peculiar institution wherever she came and has been all along, in its first springs as ning of last week.

they made all haste to take in sail, to get in contact with it, and that it is only in A- well as in its last issues, the battle of free Soldiers:—In the spars down from their heights, to get merica Catholics have ever been found advo-every movable thing lashed. How the storm cating slavery. The controversy has called swept over the waters; making the waves forth the following letter from Maj. Gen. Rose curl and quiver as if in a continued shudder! crans, which appears in a late number of The Every thing was made taut and trim, the Telegraph. The editor says; " He (Rosestorm-sail set, the holm lashed, and then the crans) has never been an Abolitionist, and men had done all they could. Surely and has, like ourselves, stood up for the Democ-

Murfreesboro, April 27, 1863. -My Dear Father Edward :- The reb-

As an indication 1 will cite a strong case. tempted to punish a negro woman this morning. I had to step in to save the mistress lone. Not a thing saved; not a mouthful of from being badly used up, as the darkey was navigator, who, watching the black speck ou the horizon, sees it expand into a portentous storm, and calls up his crew to take, in sail and prepare for a contest with the elements. The storm will pass away and you will be found sailing under full sail, while those who took not heed will be scattered by the gale. * * I am heart and hand with you in was right, natural and necessary irrespective faithfully served your full term, and we ordained its destruction in this country, don News. where it has been more offensive and immoral than in any other, and until it is utterly extinct this war cannot, from the nature of things, cease. I am in favor of a cessation therefore I am in favor of the President's white people and free labor, and when slavery no longer blights its borders we may extake the place of the slave pen and the mar-

Honoring Parents.

between poverty and their afflictions.

when the stranger thus addressed them:

which you are so busily engaged?" 'Mother's grave sir,' said the boy.

'And did your father send you to place these flowers around your mother's grave? 'No, sir, tather lies here too, and little Willie and sister, Jane.' When did they die?"

'Mother was buried a fortnight yesterday, sir, but father died last winter; they all lie here.

'Then who told you to do this?' 'Nobody, sir,' replied the girl.

'Then why do you do it?' They appeared at a loss for an answer: but the stranger looked so kindly at them that at leaght the eldest replied as the tears started to her eyes:

'O we do love them, sir.' Then you put these grass turis and wild you love them?'

Yes, sir,' they all eagerly replied. Ever remember their parental kindness .-Honor their memory by doing those things en. I have an antipathy to such people. which you know would please them when alive, by a particular regard to their dying commands, and carrying on their plans of miliating, to think how much there is in the usefulness. Are your parents spared? Ev-| common on-going of domestic and social life, or treat them as you will wish you had done which deserves nothing but to be instantly life. There are dear friends, perhaps, who when you stand a lonely orphan at their and forever forgotten. Yet it is equally ama- are stricken with grief when a loved one is that cup is common new-it contains afrong

Free Against Servile Labor. No classes are so directly and vitally interested in the great conflict now waging in the United States as the working classes, not only in this but in every civilized country throughout the world. Two forces, two forms of civilization, two systems of society, rewards. In the Slave States, on the other creduess of the vow. pendence and respect, in the South deprives their chief organs of opinions they have de- deportment, to satisfy the mind of clared implacable hostility to free industry that your promises have been fully and free society in every shape. Of late, ed.

however, they have become still more, out- While you have had much to disco spoken and aggressive in their crusade a you remember that there were traitor, gainst free industry and on behalf of their tyrants in the days of the Revolution part of the world, and that it must become their pestilential breath. the defence of slavery on the narrow ground your State imperishable renown.

A Lesson for Life.

and whilst wandering there, he called aloud "None of your business, sir!" said the of hostilities at as early a day as possible; to break the loneliness, and heard a voice which called to him in the same tone. He Proclamation. This State was made for called again, and as he thought, the voice again mocked him. Flushed with anger, he rushed to find the boy who insulted him, pect to see the church and the school house but could find none. He then called out to him in anger, and with all abusive epithets, all of which faithfully returned to him. Choking with rage, the child ran to his to express their wishes for his future welmother, and complained that a boy in the As a stranger went into the churchyard woods had abused and insulted him with man. He opened the door, having first of a pretty village, he beheld three children many vile words. But the mother took the of a pretty village, he beheld three children many vile words. But the mother took the assigned to the Division's manded by the at a newly made grave. A boy about ten child by the hand and said, My child these late General Whipple, in the Third army wears of age was busily engaged in placing names were but the echoes of thine own corps. plates of turf about it, while a girl who ap- voice. Whatever thou didst call was repeared a year or two younger, held in her turned to thee from the hillside. Hadst apron a few roots of wild flowers. The thou called out pleasant words, pleasant third child; still younger, was sitting on the words had returned to thee. Let this be came to ask your pardon. I did promise grass, watching with thoughtful look the thy-lesson through life. The world will be mellow years, the lusty, luseious years. movements of the other two They were the echo of thine own spirit. Treat thy One by one, the crudities of your youth are pieces of crape on their straw hats, and a fellows with unkindness, and they will an falling off from you, the vanity, the egotism few other signs of mourning, such as are swer with unkindness; with love, and thou the insolation, the bewilderment, the uncersometimes worn by the poor who struggle shalt have love Send forth sunshine from tainty. Nearer and nearer, you are apthy spirit, and thou shalt never have a clou-The girl began by planting some of her ded day; carry about a vindictive spirit, and wild flowers around the head of the grave, even in the flowers shall lurk curses. Thou your forces. Every wrong road into which shalt receive ever what thou givest, and "Whose grave is this, children, about that alone.' Always is that child in the mountain passes of life; for every reader is to the truth. You no longer draw your bow that child.

Dandies

They are mere walking sticks for female flirts, ornamented with brass heads and barely touched with the varnish of etiquite .-Brass heads did I say? Nay their caputs are only half ripe muskmelons; monstrous vast quantity of sap. Their moral government are a double breasted coat of vanity, peaks. So it is with great men. As moun-padded with the silk of self-complacency. ted fresh from the devil's wholesale and resoft soddered vanity and impudence, they flowers where your parents are laid, because are no more gentlemen than a plated spoon to have the same desires and antiphathies, is silver. I detest a dandy as a cat does a wet floor. There are some fools in this What can be more beautiful than such an world who, after a long incobation, will hatch self, and to follow its own bent; they separate exhibition of children honoring deceased out from the hot-bed of pride a sickly broad and diverge more and more; and those who, parents! Never forget the dear parents who of fuzzy ideas, and then go along in the when young, were working in concert, stand loved and cherished you in your infant days: path of pomposity with all the self-importance in their old age. tance was speckled hen with a black chick-

It is almost frightful, and altogether hu-How will a remembrance of kind, zing how large a class seem to have no other How will a remembrance of kind, business but to repeat and perpetuate these departed business but to repeat and perpetuate these friends, then help to soothe your grief and very things. That is the vocation of gossips,

ADDRESS TO THE PENNSYL-· VANIA TROOPS.

General E. B. Tyler, commanding the First brigade, Third division, Fifth army corps, made the following appropriate and excellent address to the three nine months' regiments of his brigade, consisting of the 126th, 129th 134th, all Pennsylvania troops, compatible, are engaged in mortal conflict on the occasion of bidding them adieu in and the battle between North and South is, camp near Falmouth, Va., on Monday eve-

Soldiers :- In August last you took upindustry against servile labor. In the North on yourselves an obligation to serve your industry is more honored than it has been country against the most extensive and unin any other part of the world. In the Free holy rebellion the world ever knew. To States of the Union labor met with its high- make this obligation the more binding, you est encouragements, and reaped its greatest called upon high heaven to witness the sa-

hand it is more dishonored and degraded As you are about to return to your homes, than it ever has been in any other part of it may not be imppropriate for me to allude the world. Throughout the South labor, to the manner in which you have fulfilled as the badge of a servile and despised race that obligation, and I have only to call your is branded with such infamy that no freed-attention to your march to Antietum; to man dare assert his alicented birthright. your conduct there; to your deportment The industrial life which in the North just- while in camp at Sharpsburg; to your solly earns for the laborer a position of inde- diery conduct on the reconnoissance-into-Virginnia; to your march to an exposure at him of all the rights of humanity, and de- | Snicker's Gap; to your gallant conduct at grades him to a level with the beast. The Frederickscurg; to the trials forced upon Southern States have taken ample care there you after that engagement; to your noble shall be no mistake on this vital point. O- bearing in our recent movement in the face ver and over again, in official documents, in of the enemy and on the march, and to your speeches of their leading public men, in strictly temperate, moral and gentlemanly

great fundamental institution of servile lathere was an Arnold and a Burr if those bor. No longer restricting their advocacy days, and although their degenerate offspring of the system to a single race, or a single now disgrace our land, the cause of our bethe only true foundation of society, in any though the atmosphere was not polluted by

the basis of every powerful State, of every Your good conduct has woven a wreath of well-ordered social system—in word, of civ- honor around the names of officers in whose shouts angrily to the fireman who would save ilization throughout the world. We lately hands you have been intrusted, and their quoted from a leading Southern organ the hearts should throb with pride for the fame Richmond Inquirer, the instructive state and standing your gallantry has given them, ment that the time had come for abandoning while you have also won for yourselves and

this cause. Slavery is doomed, and those of race or complexion. Another Southern have no further claim upon your service who would now uphold it will be held up in organ the Southside Democrat, more ex- here. In bidding you adieu, may I not add a very short time to public odium and exe pheitly urges that all whites in the Southern one word of caution. May I not ask that ration. No statesman will vindicate it, no States incapable of supporting their children you ever remember the proud name you have friend of human progress will stretch forth a at school should be reduced to a condition earned for yourselves, and that you guard hand to break its fall, no lover of humanity of legal bondage. This is a direct challenge, against committing a single act that will tarand religion will greeve for its overthrow.

an open defiance to free industry all over nish your fair fame. Shun, I beg of you, I have lived long enough in the South to the world. It is a gauntlet thrown down to the "tempting bowl." Meet those who will see its workings, its disgusting features, de the working men of every country. In this greet you as you pass homeward as becomes basing the higher principles of nature, warring with religion, and patronizing vice and
immorality. Almighty God has certainly
immorality. Almighty God has certainly
immorality in this country
in the working men of every country. In this
great conflict between free and service labor
the working men of every country. In this
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the working men of every country.

to leave the premises, and nesitating, the
copperhead received the honest farmer's foot
in his rear with a force that started him
some yards in advance, and made him think And rest assured, wherever you may go, my best heartfelt wishes will follow you, and I that instead of being a bearer of a peace peshall ever regard the time we have spent to-A child went forth into a mountain ravine, gether as among the most pleasant days of Father of all guide, shield and protect every a beaver, and has since, we are told, let one of you, and permit us to meet soon again, peace petitions alone.

with our now distracted country at peace. At the close the General was vociterously cheered, and during the evening preceeding the departure of the regiments, each company visited his quarters to acknowledge the kind feelings they entertained for him, and

It is understood that the General is to be

ADVANTAGES OF YEARS.—You ate "get- scarcity. ting into years." Yes but years are getting into you—the ripe, rich years, the genial proaching yourself. You are becoming mas lowing definition of a ram. "A ram is an ter of the situation. You are consolidating animal whose butt is on the wrong end of you have wandered has brought you, by the knowledge of that mistake, so much closer at a venture, but shoot strait at the 'mark. Your possibilities concentrate, and your path is cleared. On the ruins of shattered plans, you find your vantage ground. Your broken hopes, your thwarted purpose, your defeated aspirations become a staff of strength with which you go to sublime hights.

Mountains never sluke hands. Their thick minds, all hollow inside, containing the roots may touch; they may keep together seed of foolishness, swimming about with a some way up, but at length they part company and rise into individual, insulated tains mostly ren in chains and clusters, Their appared is all in keeping, and is impor- crossing the plain at wider and narrower intervals, in like manuer are these epochs in tail clothing establishment. Tinkered up history when great men appear in clusters with broadcloth, finger-rings, safety chains, also. At first, too, they grow up together, seeming to be animated by the same spirit, apt to be cut ourselves. the same purposes and ends. But after a-while the genius of each begins to know itand diverge more and more; and those who,

How Soon we Forger.—A leaf is term from the tree by the rude gale, and borne far away to some desert spot to perish. Who the plate article takes the placed of the real misses it from amongst its fellows? Who metal. is sad that it has gone? Thus with human taken; and for many days the grave is wa- whiskey. tered with tears of anguish. But by and by the crystal fountain is drawn dry the last and the steward deals kindhe night comes, and the steward deals kindhe night comes, and the steward deals kindhe wight to go of the steril and beyond him another and another chapter.—Thuckeray.

Men of the deals charity make the deals of the steril and the steward deals kindMen of the deals charity make the deals of the steril and the steward deals kindmust be steward deals kindnother chapter to society that perpetuates more fold back upon the exhausted apring and the steril and the combined plagues of fold back upon the exhausted apring and the steril and the combined plagues of the door-bells are the door-bells are the door-bells are the closed sepulcher without part the closed sepulcher without part to be dead of the that the beaus of quencial, who, like a dram, are the closed sepulcher without part the steril and the combined plagues of the steril and the combined plagues of the steril and the steril and the combined plagues of the steril and the steril and the combined plagues of the steril and the combined plagues of the steril and the steril and the combined plagues of the steril and the steri

-YANKEE BATHING -- Kendall, of the New Orleans Picayune, relates the following, which occurred in his presence some time ago, at Baden Baden, in Germany :

At this junction we were joined by an En-

glish party, when the subject matter brought under discussion some bathing.

"I take a cold sponge bath every morning when at home," said John Bull. 'So do I,' retorted the Yankee.

'Winter and Summer,' continued the En-

'My system exactly,' responded the Yan-

'Is your weather and water cold?' queried John Bull.

'Right chilly,' continued Brother Jona-

'How cold?' inquired John. 'So cold that the water all freezes as I pour it down my back, and rattles upon the floor in the shape of bail!' responded the Yankee with the same cunning twinkle of the eye. Were you in the next room to me in America,' he continued, 'and could hear me as I am taking my sponge bath of a cold winter's morning you would think I was pouring dried beans down my back.'

The Englishman shrugged his shoulders as with a chill, and marveled.

'Not According to the Constitution.' -In the last issue of the "Vanity Fair," we notice among many other good things, an excelent out, illustrating the absurdity and folly of the copporhead how about the Constitution.

It represents the house of a copperhead lawyer on fire. A fireman with an axe in his hand, in the act of forcing an entrance for the purpose of suppressing the flames, but before he can carry into effect his good country, they boldly declare that slavery is loved country should be as dear to us as design, Mr. Cooperhead in a great rage rushes to the window, and with rolling eyes, open mouth, and frantic gestures-(just like all-the-copnerheads when they speak)-he his property— I know my house is on fire as well as you do. If you want to save it play on it from the outside_as_much as you choose, but I deny your right to enter without my permission : my house is my castle, and any attempt to enter it by force is clearly un-con-sti-tu-tion-al.

> A FIRE IN THE REAR.-The Lebanon Courier of the 14th inst., says that a few weeks ago, a copperhead of East Hanover, who was carrying "teace petitions" about for signatures, visited a plain farmer over the acountain and presented his petition, but was received by the loyal farmer in a way that was not agreeable to him. Being told tition there was danger of his giving a pracy tical illustration, in his own person, of sevemy military life. And now, may the good ral pieces. He mizzled with the industry of

> > A good woman called on Dr. B., one day. in a great deal of trouble, and complained that her son had swallowed a penny. 'Pray madam,' said the Doctor, 'was it a counterfeet?' 'No sir, certainly not,' was the reply. Then it will pass of course, rejoined the facetious doctor.

> > It has been suggested by a crusty old bachelor, that the talk of cotton famine is sheer nonsense, for if the women would but unbosom themselves, there would be uo

A writer on Natural history gives the tol-

Tom Hood speaks of a bird building its nest upon the ledge over the door of a doctor's office, as an attempt to rear its young in the very jaws of death.

Life is not a weary way if love shines upon our path

Many wear dignity as they do clothes all outside.

Railers at women are either weak fops, or vicious rakes.

Moral remedies will not eradicate phys-

Slander not others because they have slan-

If our clothes are not well cut we are very

Why is ice in a thaw like philanthropy?

Because it gives in all directions. It is easier for the generous to forgive

than for the offender to ask it.

Impossibilities, like vicious dogs, fly before him who is not afraid of them.

. It often happens to genius as to spoons;

The cup of Cicero changed men to swine;

The snuff taker is irreverent; she looks