

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



LOVE.

BY M. S. N.

The sunlight breaks the clouded day,
The whispering winds retire to rest,
And Fortune girls the gloomy way,
That makes man's fate forlorn or blest—
Ah! too fond hopes and laughing eyes,
Whose well the giddy hearts assault,
Until the wanton, mute surprise
It withers, bleeds, and rashly quails.

This Love, sweet messenger of joy!
Bright herald! born on Angel wings,
That stoops from Heaven to save, destroy,
The object of its cunning flings;
For who can thwart the fatal dart,
That Cupid's quiver merrily gives,
Not he that has a human heart,
Or talks, and breathes, and surely lives.

How oft in levity and mirth,
This precious gem of sacred mould,
Assumes its power and takes its birth,
And then how brief its fleeting hold!
How cold and passive is the soul,
When cradled in love's enchanting years—
And sorrow's eyes without control,
Break forth in floods of briny tears.

How vain to trust—the gaudy show,
Of fancied love's bewitching grace,
Since man's misfortune is to know,
Love's beaming eye and Delpheic face;
But how much cruder is this base love,
When hope has fled its fleeting wings,
And brighter stars are seen above,
Than twinkled 'mid earth's offerings.

But yet another love as free,
As mountain air, and pure as gold,
Will brighten through eternity,
And all its beauties there unfold;
It is the love of kindred hearts,
Without the false and formal show,
That flatters while preparing darts,
To strike a friend and not a foe.

This love is that which Angels feel,
And happy mortals smile to see,
Diffused in little hearts that kneel,
Around the kind maternal knee.
Oh! that this love would bind the world,
In one great brotherhood of peace,
And Vice be torn and rudely hurled,
From earth—the throne of its increase.

THE LAST CHARGE.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Now, men of the North! will you join in the strife,
For country, for freedom, for honor, for life!
The giant grows blind, in his fury and spite—
One blow on his forehead will settle the fight!

Flash still in his eyes, the blue lightning of steel
And stun him with cannon-boats, leap upon peal!
Mount, trooper, and follow your game to its lair
As the bound tracks the wolf and the beagle the hare!

Blow true—pets, your summons, till slugs rids a-
wake!
Beat, drums, till the roofs of the faint-hearted shake!
Yet, yet, ere the signal is stamped on the scroll,
Their names may be traced in the blood sprinkled
roll

Trust not the false herald that painted your shield;
True honor to day, must be sought on the field,
Her escutcheon shows white with a blazon of red
The life-drops of crimson for liberty shed!

The hour is at hand, and the moment draws nigh!
The dog-star of treason grows dim in the sky!
Shine forth from the battle-clouds light of the morn,
Call back the bright hour when the Nation was born!

The rivers of peace through our valleys shall run,
As the glaciers of tyranny melt in the sun;
Smite, smite the proud parasite down from his
throne—
His sceptre once broken, the world is our own!

MISCELLANY.

Fun at home.

Don't be afraid of a little fun at home,
good people! Don't shut up your houses,
lest the sun should fade your carpets; and
your hearts, least a hearty laugh should take
down some of the dusty cobwebs there!—
If you want to ruin your sons, let them think
that all mirth and social enjoyment must be
left on the threshold when they come home at
night. When once a home is regarded as
only a place to eat, drink, and sleep in, the
work is begun that ends in gambling-houses
and reckless degradation. Young people
must have fun and relaxation somewhere.—
If they do not have it at their own hearth-
stones it will be sought in other, and less
profitable places. Therefore, let the fire
burn brightly at night, and make the home
ever delightful with those little arts which
parents so perfectly understand. Don't re-
press the buoyant spirit of your children;
half an hour of merriment round the lamp
and freight of home, wets out the remem-
brance of many a care and annoyance during
the day.

DAILY CROSS.—An old fellow who was
saddled with an ill-natured "rib," being visit-
ed by his pastor, the latter said he was not
a good Christian unless he took up his daily
cross, whereat he caught up his wife and be-
gan lugging her about the room.

SLAVERY IN NEW ORLEANS.

The two following anecdotes from Mr. Parton's forthcoming book, on Gen. Butler's government in New Orleans have a painful interest as recent and authentic records by eye witnesses of the shame which a kind God is wiping away from our nation.

The old gentleman who thought a man could do as he liked with his own servant.

A lieutenant searched a certain house in New Orleans, in which Confederate arms were reported to be concealed. Arms and tents were found stowed in the garret, which were removed to that grand repository of contraband articles, the Custom-House. A gentleman of venerable aspect, with long white hair, and a form bent with premature old age, was the occupant of the house from which the arms and tents were taken.

In the twilight of an evening soon after the search, the most fearful screams were heard proceeding from the yard of the house, as if a human being was suffering there the utmost that a mortal can endure of agony. A sentinel, who was pacing his beat near by; ran into the yard, where he beheld a hideous spectacle. A young mulatto girl was stretched upon the ground on her face, her feet tied to a stake, her hands held by a black man, her back uncovered from neck to heels. The venerable old gentleman with the flowing white hair was seated in an arm-chair by the side of the girl, at a distance convenient for his purpose. He held in his hand a powerful horse-whip, with which he was lashing the delicate and sensitive flesh of the young girl. Her back was covered with blood. Every stroke of the infernal instrument of torture tore up her flesh in long dark ridges. The soldier, aghast at the sight, rushed to the guard-house, and reported what he had seen to his sergeant, and the sergeant ran to headquarters and told the general. General Butler sent him flying back to stop the old miscreant, and ordered him to bring the torturer and his victim to headquarters the next morning.

The sergeant hurried back and rescued the girl from the lash.

About nine of the same evening, the sergeant came again to headquarters, breathless, reporting that they were torturing the girl again, as the most heart rending shrieks were heard coming from an upper room of the house. General Butler ordered him to arrest all the inmates of the house, and keep them in the guard-house all night, and bring them before him in the morning. On returning to the house, the sergeant found that the lacerated back of the poor girl with strong brine. They do this at the South on the pretence that it causes the wounds of the lash to heal more quickly and with less pain. The real object is to make them heal without such scars as would lessen the value of the slave at the auction-block. It is said really to have that effect; and the operation has the farther charm of being more exquisitely painful than the punishment itself, since the flooding of the back with brine revives the dull sensitiveness of the nerves, calls back the dead agony to life, renews in one instant, the anguish of each severe stroke, and that anguish intensified.—The whole extent of the sufferer's back is one biting, burning, piercing, maddening pain.

In the morning, the hoary wretch and his tortured slave were brought to the general's office. The upper part of her dress was open. It was a hideous and horrible sight.

"What have you to say, sir?" said Gen. Butler to the old man.

He said the girl had given information respecting the arms and tents in his garret, and she was going to run away.

"It is false, sir," said the general, "so far as the information is concerned. We had our information from another source. What was the cause of the second outcry?"

The old man said he did not know.—The general asked the girl. She said it was master washing her with brine.

"Is this so?" asked the general.

"Yes."

"You d— old rascal! What could tempt you to treat a human being so?"

"She is my servant, and I suppose I may do what I like with her. I washed her to relieve her from pain."

"To relieve her? Well, I shall commit you to Fort Jackson."

"General, I am a native of South Carolina; my health is infirm. It will kill me."

"I can't help that. And see that you behave well, or you shall have precisely the same punishment that you have given this poor girl, and to relieve your pain, you shall be washed down with brine."

The old native of South Carolina went to Fort Jackson, where, I am happy to be able to state, he died in a month. Gen. Butler gave the girl her freedom, and assigned her a sum of money sufficient to set her up in some little business, such as colored girls carry on in New Orleans.

The "high toned" Mr. Landry and his slave daughter.

One Sunday morning, while Gen. Butler was seated at the breakfast table, Major Strong, a gentleman who was not given to undue emotion, rushed into the room, pale with rage and horror:

"General," he exclaimed, "there is the most damnable thing yet done!"

The general followed him to the office.—There he found the staff assembled, standing round a woman, gazing upon her with flashing eyes, their countenances betraying mingled pity and fury. The servants of the house were crowding about the doors of the room. The woman who was the object of so much attention was nearly white, aged about twenty-seven. Her face showed at the first glance that she was one of those unfortunate creatures whom some savages regard with a kind of religious awe, and whom civilized beings are accustomed to consider pe-

cially entitled to tenderness and forbearance. She was simple-minded. Not absolutely an idiot, but imbecile, vacant, half silly.

"Look, here, general," said Major Strong, as he opened the dress of this poor creature.

Her back was cut to pieces with the infernal cowhide. It was all black and red—red where the infernal instrument of torture had broken the skin, black where it had not. To convey an idea of its appearance, Major Strong used to say that it resembled a very rare beefsteak, with the black marks of the gridiron across it.

No one ever saw General Butler so profoundly moved as he was while gazing upon this pitiful spectacle.

"Who did this?" he asked the girl.

"Master," she replied.

"Who is your master?"

"Mr. Landry."

Landry was a respectable merchant living near headquarters, not unknown to the members of the staff.

"What did he do it for," asked the general.

"I went out after the clothes from the wash," said she, "and I stayed out late.—When I came home master kicked me and said he would teach me to run away."

"Orderly go to Landry's house and bring him before me."

"In a few minutes, Landry entered the office—a spare, tall gentlemanlike person of fifty-five.

"Mr. Landry," said the general, "this is infamous.—This girl is evidently simple.—It is the awfullest spectacle I ever beheld in my life."

At this moment Major Strong whispered in the general's ear a piece of information which caused him to compare the faces of the master and the slave. The resemblance was then striking.

"Is this woman your daughter?" asked the general.

"There are reports to that effect," said Landry.

The insolent nonchalance of the man, as he replied to the last question, so inflamed the rage of all who witnessed it, that it needed but a wink from the general to have set a dozen infuriated men at his throat. The general merely said:

"I am answered, sir."

The general, for once, seemed deprived of his power to judge with promptness. "He remained for some time," says an eyewitness, "apparently lost in abstraction. I shall never forget the singular expression on his face."

"I had been accustomed to see him in a storm of passion at any instance of oppression or flagrant injustice; but on this occasion he was too deeply affected to obtain relief in the usual way."

"His whole air was one of dejection, almost listlessness; his indignation too intense, and his anger too stern, to find expression even in his countenance."

"Never have I seen that peculiar look but on three or four occasions similar to the one I am narrating, when I knew he was pondering upon the fearful curse that had cast its withering blight upon all around, until the manhood and humanity were crushed out of the people, and outrages such as the above were looked upon with complacency, and the perpetrators treated as respectable and worthy citizens—and that he was realizing the great truth, that however man might endeavor to guide this world to the advantage of a favored idea or sagacious policy, the Almighty was directing it surely and steadily for the purification of our country from this greatest of national sins."

"After sitting in the mood which I have described, the general again turned to the prisoner, and said, in a quiet, subdued tone of voice:

"Mr. Landry, I dare not trust myself to decide to day what punishment would be meet for your offense, for I am in that state of mind that I fear I might exceed the strict demands of justice. I shall, therefore, put you under guard for the present, until I conclude upon your sentence."

The next day came troops of Landry's friends to tell the general what an honorable, what a "high toned," what an amiable gentleman Mr. Landry was, and how highly he was respected by all who knew him. They said that he had his losses; the war had half ruined him; his friends had observed that he had been irritable of late, poor man; and, no doubt, he had struck his daughter harder than he intended. His wife and his other children came to plead for him in the way of argument.

General Butler decided the case thus:—Landry should give his daughter her freedom, and settle upon her a thousand dollars.

Being in mortal terror of Fort Jackson, he gladly complied with these terms. The poor girl went forth that day a free woman, and a trustee was appointed to administer her little fortune and see that no further harm befall her.

It was a light penalty for such a crime.—I wish the general had treated the case of *la Wellington*—ranged for three poles and a rope, and had the wretch hanged, that Sunday morning, in the nearest public square. God and man would have applauded the deed, and there would have been no more woman whipping in New Orleans while the flag of the United States floated over the Custom House.

"DIED POOR"—As if anybody could die rich, and in that act of dying did not lose the grasp upon title, deed and bond, and go away a pauper out of time. No gold, no jewels, no land or tenements. And yet men have been buried who die rich—died worth a thousand thoughts of beauty, a thousand pleasant memories, and a thousand pleasant hopes of glory.

Why is a fool like a needle?—He has an eye, but no head.

It's What You Spend.

"It's what thee'll spend, my son," said a sage old Quaker, "not what thee'll make, which will decide whether thee's to be rich or not." The advice was true, for it was Franklin's in another shape.—"Take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves." But it cannot be too often repeated. Men are continually indulging in small expenses, saying to themselves, that it's only a trifle, yet forgetting that the aggregate is serious, that even the seashore is made up of petty grains of sand. Ten cents a day is even thirty-six dollars and a half a year, and that is the interest of a capital of six hundred dollars. The man that says ten cents a day only, is so much richer than he who does not, as if he owned a life estate in a house worth six hundred dollars, and if invested quarterly, does not take half that time. But ten cents a day is child's play, some will exclaim. Well then, John Jacob Astor used to say, that when a man who wishes to be rich, has saved ten thousand dollars, he has won half the battle. Not that Astor thought ten thousand much.—But he knew that, in making such a sum, a man acquired habits of prudent economy which would keep him advancing in wealth. How many however, spend ten thousand in a few years in extra expenses and then, on looking back, cannot tell, as they say, "where the money went to."

To save, is to get rich. To squander, even in small sums, is the first step towards the poor-house.

Don't Judge by Appearances

Some years ago there arrived at the hotel erected near the Niagara Falls an old looking man, whose appearance and deportment were quite in contrast with the crowds of well-dressed and polished figures which adorned the celebrated resort. He seemed just to have sprung from the woods; his dress, which was made of leather, stood fraudulently in need of repair, apparently not having felt the touch of a needle-woman for many a long month. A worn-out blanket, that might have served for a bed, was buckled to his shoulders; a large knife hung on one side, balanced by a long, rusty tin box on the other, and his beard uncropped, tangled and coarse, fell down upon his bosom, as if to counterpoise the weight of the thick, dark locks that supported themselves on his back and shoulders. This strange being to the spectators, seemingly half civilized, half savage, had a quick-glancing eye, an elastic firm movement that would, no doubt, win its way through the brakes both of the wilderness and of society. He pushed his steps into the sitting-room, untrapped his little burden, quietly looked around for the landlord, and then modestly asked for breakfast.

The host at first drew back with evident repugnance to intrude its uncouth form among the genteel visitors, but a few words hastily whispered in his ear speedily satisfied his doubts; the stranger took his place in the company, some shrugging, some staring, some laughing outright.

Yet there was more in that single man than in all the rest of the throng. He was an American woodsman, as he said; he was a genuine son of nature, yet had been entertained with distinction at the table of princes; societies, to which the like Cuvier belonged, had bowed down to welcome his presence; kings had been complimented when he spoke to them; in short, he was one whose fame was growing brighter when the fashionable world laughed at him, and many much greater than that, shall be utterly perished. From every hilltop and deep, shady grove, the birds, those blossoms of the air, will sing his name. The little wren will pipe it with his matin hymn about our house; the oriole carol it from the slender grasses of the meadows; the turtle dove roll it through the secret forests; the many-voiced mockingbird pour it along the air; and the imperial eagle, the bird of Washington, as he sits in his craggy home far up the blue mountains, will scream it to the tempest and the stars. He was the late John J. Audubon, ornithologist.

"You Forget Me."

A good joke is told at the expense of one of our church-going citizens who is the father of an interesting family of children, and among them a bright eyed boy numbering four or five summers, the pet of the household, and unanimously voted the drollest little mischief alive. On Saturday night he had been bribed to keep peace and retire to bed in an hour earlier than usual, with the promise that on the morrow he might go with the family to church. On Sunday morning it was found inconvenient to put the youngsters through the regular course of washing and dressing necessary for his proper appearance at the sanctuary, and the family slipped off without him. They had not, however more than got comfortably seated in their pew when he walked the youngster with nothing on but a night wrapper and a cloth cape—"You forgot me." He said in a tone loud enough to be heard all over the church—"The feelings of parents can be more easily imagined than described.—*Lafayette Journal.*

I'll Do It To-Morrow.—There were two boys in a school I used to go to whom I was young, which was about forty years ago.—One was remarkable for doing with promptness and perseverance whatever he undertook. The other had the habit of putting off everything he could. "I'll do it to-morrow," was his motto "I'll do it now," was the motto of the other boy. The boy who loved to put things off had by far the best natural talents, but he was outstripped in the race by his neighbor whose motto was, "I'll do it now." Let that be your motto. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Be very lowly, humble in spirit; for man is a worm, and his ambition vanity.

Affairing Incident.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat, in describing a stage ride from Sodus to Springfield, Missouri, during the cold term in January, when the mercury stood fourteen degrees below zero, relates the following touching incident which befell one of the female passengers who had an infant with her.

Every few miles we stopped to warm, and at each place, until within about five miles of her destination, the mother took the babe, an infant of fifteen months, into the different houses. It was nearly four o'clock in the morning, and we were within five miles of Bolivar, when the stage drew up at a rude cabin, where the driver informed us we could get warm, and that we would not halt again before reaching town.

I got out and assisted the lady to alight, when we entered the domicile I noticed that she was not carrying the child, and asked her where it was. "I have wrapped it up and laid it on the seat, as I was afraid if the wind blew on it it might catch cold," was her reply. I told her she had better bring it in, as it would most certainly freeze. She said, "No, it is warm and will sleep." We remained in the house half an hour and waited the stage. The baby was still lying on the seat, and the mother after she picked him up, remarked, "He is asleep yet."

Not a whimper, not a cry proceeded from that child during the remainder of the trip. The wind moaned pitiously. Closely the mother nestled her babe to her bosom. We reached Bolivar before it was yet day, cold, chilled almost beyond the endurance of nature. I went into the tavern, accompanied by mother and child. Walking up the lane, the mother said to me, "Did you ever see such a good baby? he hasn't cried tonight!" It was half an hour before the fire was made, no one being out of bed when we went in.

We drew chairs to the cold fireplace and awaited the kindling, which in time followed.—The fire was lighted and soon gave out its grateful offering of heat. The child remained wrapped up; it was quiet. His mother repeated, "He is asleep yet." He was asleep—"he is asleep yet"—the child was frozen to death, and in this world "he is asleep yet." Death spared him the colds of earth—he was frozen into Paradise.

The School House.

Teachers and parents should make it a duty to see that the circumstances under which children study are such as shall leave a happy impression upon their minds.—Young scholars will gradually and unconsciously become like what they most look upon. Little children are wonderfully susceptible for good or evil.

Shabby school-houses induce slovenly habits. Unwashed floors indicate cobwebby brains. Ill-made benches not only warp and dwarf the body, but by reflex influence, the mind as well. Why are children so often discouraged and even disgusted at school? Because the school house seems as a prison, and the furniture as instruments of torture.

3. No matter how old or unfashionable your school house—keep it clean. Hide its sombre walls with pictures, embower its weather beaten exterior with flower vines, and decorate its yards with shrubbery. Then the birds will come singing welcome to your children. Then the young immortals that enter its door will be won by love and beauty. They will be enchainèd as if by sweet magic, and their minds will be awakened to learning and virtuous instructions, with links of gold brightening and strengthening for good and ever.

The Deacon and the Wasps.

A worthy deacon in a town of Maine was remarkable for the facility with which he quoted Scripture on all occasions. The Divine Word was ever on his tongue's end, and all the trivial, as well as the important occurrences of life furnished occasions for quoting the language of the Bible. What was better, however, the exemplary man always made the quotation his standard of action. One hot day, he was engaged in mowing with his hired man, who was leading off the deacon following in his swath just in time to escape a wasp's nest.

"What is the matter?" hurriedly inquired the deacon.

"Wasps" was the laconic reply.

"Pooh!" said the deacon, "the wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion!" and taking the workman's swath he mowed a step when a swarm of brisk insects settled about his ears and he was forced to retreat, with many a painful sting, and in great discomfiture.

"Ah!" shouted the other with a chuckle, "the prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself, but the simple pass on and are punished."

The good deacon had found his equal in making application of the sacred writings, and thereafter was not known to quote scripture in a mowing field.

NOAH'S ARK A MODEL SHIP.—The largest ocean steamships now plying on the Atlantic, bear precisely the proportion in length, breadth and depth, that are recorded concerning Noah's Ark.—The dimensions of the Atlantic steamers are:—length, 324 feet, breadth of beam, 50 feet, depth, 28½ feet. The dimensions of the Ark were:—length 300 cubits, breadth, 50 cubits, depth, 30 cubits. The Ark, therefore, was nearly twice the size in length and breadth of these vessels, the depth being 22 inches; both had upper, lower, and middle stories. After all the equipments of 42 centuries, which have elapsed since the deluge, the ship builders have to return to the model afforded by Noah's Ark.

A recent African traveler has discovered that the King of Ashantee is limited in the number of his wives—being not allowed to marry more than 3,333.

Who Will be the Thirteenth?

The Paris correspondent of the Chicago Times says there is in that city at this time a very lovely, very charming young lady, who is destined by extraordinary fate to go through the world without being married. She is a dark beauty, with magnificent eyes, a glowing cheek, a lively expression, a graceful figure—in fact, altogether endowed with every attraction, even to that of having in her own right \$500,000, and being an only daughter, with the prospect of inheriting millions. This lady is now about twenty-six years old, and has been engaged to be married twelve times. Each time the unfortunate lover has died within a few weeks appointed for the nuptial ceremony. Yet no suspicion of danger and bowl-can-be-cast-upon-the-lair one; a dark, mysterious fatality has carried them away. Several died of typhoid fever; one was killed in a duel; one was thrown from a horse; two were drowned; two were killed by railroad accidents, and one—hung himself. The lady has survived all these shocks. "Thirteen may be for her the fortunate, and not the fatal number.—Who will try?"

A colored man was so convinced of the lowliness of his position that labor was his natural lot that he was even indifferent as to a future state believing that "they'd make niggers work even to get him to heaven." A clergyman tried to argue him out of his opinion by representing that this could not be the case, inasmuch as there was absolutely no work for him to do in heaven. His answer was:

"Oh you g'way, massa—I knows better. If dere's no work for folks up dere, dey'll make 'em skate de clouds along."

The other day a lady fell off the Brooklyn boat into the East river, and a poor Irishman sprang over and rescued her. When she was safe on deck again, her husband, who had been a calm spectator of the accident, handed the brave fellow a shilling.—Upon some of the bystanders expressing indignation, Pat said as he pocketed the coin, "Arrah, don't blame the gintleman—he know best—mayhap if I hadn't saved her he'd have giv'n me a dollar."

LARGE FEET.—A friend of ours visiting a neighbor, found him disabled from having a horse step upon his foot. Lifting out of the stable, the sufferer explained how it happened:

"I was standing here," said he, "and the horse brought his foot right down on mine." Our friend looked at the injured member, which was of the number 14 pattern, and said very quietly:

"Well the horse must step somewhere."

An elephant's rations per day are three hundred pounds of hay and two bushels of oats, washed down with two barrels of water. His owner couldn't afford to keep him in rebellion just now.

Why do the recriminations of married couples resemble the sound of waves on the shore? Because they are murmurs of the God.

PHRENOLOGY.—Boys that are philosophers at six years of age are generally blockheads at twenty-one. By forcing children you get so much into their heads, that they become cracked in order to hold it.

It may be interesting to lady readers to know that the Empress of Austria has the smallest waist in Christendom. It measures 15½ inches, whilst the circumference of her body at the shoulders is 33½ inches.

The electors of Ohio have finally given the true definition of the old political banner motto: "The right man in the right place!" It is Vallandigham in Canada.

A Yankee on going with a friend to dine at the house of an acquaintance, in order to save time, said, "Scraps for me while I knock for both of us."

WANTED.—Twenty young ladies of sufficient age to go into company," who dare confess they ever made a heat of bread.

When the shepherd is angry with the sheep, he sends them a blind guide.

The Devil, when he tempts mankind, is sure to wear an angel's face.

Good humor is the blue sky of the soul in which every star of talent will shine more clearly.

There are more lies told in the brief sentence, "glad to see you," than in any other in the English language.

What word is that which, if you take away the first letter, all will still remain?—Ball.

Too much pleasure and too much suit are both bad women and flowers.

When does a cow become real estate?—When turned into a field.

What smells the most in a drug shop?—The nose.

There is no pride in heaven, because there is no corruption for it to thrive on.

If a lady yawns half a dozen times in succession, you may get your hat.

Men not guided by rule will prove the children of changes.

If you would have another be frank to you, be frank to him.

A dime a day saved amounts to an estate in the course of a lifetime.

Wanted, an egg from a nest of thieves.

What ring is not round? The her-ring.