

# VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair.

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## POETICAL.

### WASHINGTON'S PRAYER AT VALLEY FORGE.

"Father! the hour is dark and gloomy,  
Humbly I bow before thy throne,  
And if this bitter cup my doom be,  
I only say, "Thy will do done."  
But for my bleeding country near  
One prayer. Unseen by mortal eyes,  
I come to offer all that's dear  
To man—a willing sacrifice,  
"If I have erred, spare not thy hand,  
Let all the punis'ment be mine,  
But from my loved—my native land,  
Father! withhold thy wrath divine!  
'Gainst me let enemies prevail,  
And all my hard-won honors take,  
But hearken, Father to the wail  
Thy suffering children make  
"If on the deathless roll of fame  
I had too fondly hoped to place,  
By honest deeds, my humble name,  
The record let thy hand efface—  
Purge pride, ambition from my heart,  
And make me feel thy awful power—  
Let not thy countenance depart  
From Freedom's cause in this dark hour!"  
Thus kneeling on the frozen sod,  
Beneath the dark and wintry sky,  
The chief poured out his soul to God,  
And wrestled with his agony.  
Then as he prayed the clouds were riven,  
And through their gloom a star was seen;  
It seemed a messenger from heaven  
And in its light he grew serene.

## SPRING.

BY E. H. GOULD.

Spring comes in sweet and soft array,  
And throws her mantle o'er the hills:  
Breathes on the air a sweet perfume,  
And with new life the woodland fills.  
The tender blade waves in the sun,  
The trembling leaves dance on the tree;  
The birds are glad with songs of joy,  
And streams go rippling glad and free.  
So gladness, come, and o'er our hearts  
Thy radiant charms a halo fling;  
Bid hope and joy eternal shine,  
And love its wealth of pleasure bring.  
Let vain regret for pleasure past,  
And timed fear of future woe,  
(Which rob the present of its joys)  
Forever melt like Winter's snow.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE BEGGAR BOY.

"Get away with you, you dirty old beggar. I'd like to know what right you have to look over the fence at our flowers?" The speaker was a little boy not more than eleven years old and though people sometimes called it handsome, his face looked very harsh and disagreeable just then.  
He stood in a beautiful garden, just in the suburbs of the city; and it was in June time, and the tulips were opening themselves to the sunshine. O! it was a great joy to look at them as they bowed gracefully to the light with their necks of crimson, of yellow, and carnation. The beds flanked either side of the path that curved around a small arbor, where the young grape clusters that lay hidden among the large leaves, wrote a beautiful prophecy for the autumn.  
A white paling ran in front of the garden, and over this the little beggar boy, so rudely addressed was leaning. He was very lean, very dirty, very ragged. I am afraid you would have turned away in disgust from so repulsive a spectacle, and yet God and the angels loved him!  
He was looking with all his soul in his eyes on the beautiful blossoms, as they swayed to and fro in the summer wind, and his heart softened while he leaned his arm on the fence railing, and forgot everything in that long absorbed gaze! Ah! it was seldom the beggar boy saw anything that was either very good or beautiful, and it was sad his dream should have such a rude awakening.  
The blood rushed up to his face, and a glance full of evil and defiance flashed into his eyes. But before the boy could retort a little girl sprang out from the arbor and looked eagerly from one child to the other.—She was very fair, with soft hazel eyes, over which drooped long shining lashes. Rich curls hung over her almost bare, white shoulders; and her lips were the color of the crimson tulip blossoms.  
"How could you speak so cross to the boy Hinton?" she asked, with a tone of sad reproach quivering through the sweetness of her voice. "I'm sure it doesn't do us any harm to have him look at the flowers if he likes."  
"Well Helen," urged her brother, slightly mortified and ashamed, "I don't like to have beggars gazing over the fence. It looks so low."  
"Now that's a notion of yours, Hinton I'm sure, if the flowers can do any body any good, we ought to be very glad. Little boy (and the child turned to the beggar boy and addressed him a prince), "I'll pick you some of the tulips, if you'll wait a moment."  
"Helen, I do believe you're the funniest girl that ever lived!" ejaculated the child's brother, as he turned away, and with a low whistle sauntered down the path, feeling very uncomfortable; for her conduct was a strong-

er reproof to him than any words could have been.

Helen plucked one of each specimen of the tulips, and there was a great variety of these, and gave them to the child. His face brightened as he received them and thanked her. Oh! the little girl had dropped a "pearl of great price" into the black, turbid billows of the boy's life, and the years would bring it up, beautiful and fair again.

Twelve years had passed. The little blue-eyed girl had grown into a tall, graceful woman. One bright June afternoon she walked with her husband through the garden, for she was on a visit to her parents. The place was little changed, and the tulips had opened their lips of crimson, and gold to the sunshine, as they had twelve years before. Suddenly they observed a young man in a workman's blue overalls, leaning over the fence, his eyes following eagerly from the beautiful flowers to herself. He had a frank, pleasant countenance, and there was something in his manner that interested the gentleman and lady.

"Look here, Edward," said she, "I'll pluck some of the flowers. It always does me good to see people admiring them;" and then releasing her husband's arm, she approached the paling, (and the smile round her lips was very like the old, child one,) saying, "Are you fond of flowers, sir? It will give me great pleasure to gather you some."

The young workman looked somewhat very earnestly into the fair, sweet face.  
"Twelve years ago this very month," he said, in a voice deep and yet tremulous with feeling, "I stood here, leaning on the railing a dirty, ragged little beggar boy; and you asked me this very question. Twelve years ago you placed the bright flowers in my hands, and they made me a new boy, and they made a man of me, too. Your face has been a light to me, all along the dark hours of my life, and this day that little beggar boy can stand on the old place and say to you, though he's an humble and hard working man, yet thank God, he's an honest one."  
Tear drops trembled like morning dew on the shining lashes of the lady, as she turned to her husband, who had joined her, and listened in absorbed astonishment to the workman's words. "God," said she, "put it into my child's heart to do that little deed of kindness, and see how very great is the reward he has given me."  
And the setting sun poured a flood of rich purple light over the group that stood there, over the workman in blue overalls, over the proud looking gentleman at her side. Although it was a picture for a painter, the angels who looked down on it from heaven saw something more than a picture there.

### To married Folks.

If married people would be happy, they must inflexibly see through each other; they must know each other's faults and understand each other's weaknesses, and then learn to bear with and help mutually to eradicate them. Many husbands and wives foolishly fancy that they "should be blind to each other's faults;" but this is a pernicious fallacy; they can't be blind to them. Their faults will be constantly bubbling and bursting out, and at the most inconvenient and annoying conjunctures, too. The only proper way is clearly to see each other's faults, and then lovingly correct and generously forgive them. If a man only loves his wife for her pleasant and attractive qualities, what does he more than another? Anybody would love her for them. A husband should love his wife—*faults and all; and the wife should reciprocate the affection.*

This idea of "going it blind" in the marriage relation—this ostrich like attempt to thrust the conjugal head in the domestic sand, is utterly foolish and unphilosophical, and cannot fail to be attended with deplorable results. No woman living is an angel—(at least not after the expiration of the honeymoon)—nor is any live man overstocked with goodness. Trials and troubles abound; dishonest debtors, envious and malicious competitors, aching heads, smarting corns, indigestion, tight boots and smoking chimneys are too much for man and woman, married or single. Therefore, ye husbands and wives who would be the happiest of your race, show yourselves to each other as you really are, honestly understand each other's character, practice the most loving forbearance, and mutually help to bear each other's burdens; but let us have no "going it blind"—no ostrich artifices—no attempts to blink the inevitable facts of nature, as you value your propriety and happiness.

### Next Sabbath.

It may never come. To some persons it will never come. If it should come to you, how do you anticipate spending it—for pleasure or for profit, in the service of God? Every man should have a purpose and fixed habits, not only through the week but also on the sabbath, which has its appropriate duties. How many wisely make their calculations for the week; and leave the Sabbath to chance! They have no plan about it. The first they economize well, the second they thoughtlessly squander. Upon the one, may depend temporal interests, upon the other, his eternal condition. Then do not leave the matter to accident. Let not another Sabbath be wasted. If you are forty years old, almost six years of Sabbaths have gone, and the man of seventy has had ten. If all these were improved, what would be the result? The Jews termed the Sabbath the "day of light;" the Africans, "Ossady, the day of silence;" the Greek Indians, "the praying day;" the early Christians, "the queen of days;" all significant. It is the Lord's day, the day of rest. How will you spend the next—*Morning Star.*

"Pa, ain't I growing tall?" "Why what is your height, sonny?" "Seven feet, lacking a yard." Pa fainted.  
Affectation is a proof of vanity.

## OUR MINISTER'S TRIAL.

BY REV. W. H. HAYWARD.

A good man was our pastor, Rev. Thornton Haven, and of no common eloquence.—Our best—I had almost written good—church members loved him. I am sorry to say that a few, thorned by the words that fell from his lips when he endeavored to excite his brethren and sisters to

"A closer walk with God," regarded him with other emotions than the fruits of the spirit.

Like all other good men he was carefully watched by those who would have been transported with a fiendlike delight could they have found a flaw in his conduct.

"Well well!" said Mrs. Monroe, the wheelwright's wife to her husband, as they sat at the breakfast table one morning, "suppose Mr. Haven did kiss Fanny Lawton. She was almost one of the family what was the harm."  
"But," said the wheelwright, "I don't believe that he did kiss her."

"Fanny says that he did," replied the wife.

This seemed to be a clincher to Mr. Monroe.—He deliberately wiped his face with his handkerchief, and with a downcast, thoughtful look and much slower pace than usual, went to his shop. He had hardly taken his shave in his hand, and began to ply it on an unfinished spoke, before Deacon Brown came in. The Deacon stood awhile chewing a small fragment of a shaving and talking about this, that and nothing. Suddenly he said:

"Brother Monroe, have you heard about our minister?"

"Yes," replied the brother. Then there was not a word spoken for several minutes. The brother justly worked on the spoke, the Deacon looked out of the window.

At length Monroe asked *sotto voce*, "What is to be done?"

"Something must," was the Deacon's answer, "or the cause will suffer," and then he walked rapidly up the street.

"What's this story about Mr. Haven's improper treatment of young ladies?" asked the cynical lawyer Thompson of Woodward, the tavern keeper.

"Why," said the mixer of sherry cobbles and the drawer of strong beer, "the parson is no better than others."

"Have you heard of priest Haven's fall?" was the question of one infidel to another.

"Yes, just as I thought it would be—ha, ha, ha."

"Something must be done," were the words of Deacon Brown, and that soon, he thought but did not speak. So from the wheelwright he went to the house of another Deacon, Benton Johnston. He had heard the story, and being an enemy, believed it, and was determined to deal with the offender.

The Deacon called on the minister. Deacon Johnston was spokesman. The story in full was that Mrs. Barnard, a grass widow—that is, a woman whose husband had gone off because he could not live with her—had heard as she was passing the parsonage Fanny Lawton say to one of the children, "you lost a kiss from your father by not being in the house when he got home this afternoon, from the lower village, and I got it."

Mr. Haven denied ever having kissed the girl, and suggested that the Deacons should write to Fanny, who was teaching school about twenty miles distant, and get the truth of the matter. The Deacon did. They stepped into the minister's study and wrote. In a few days there came a reply.

"You ask me if on one occasion Rev. Mr. Haven gave me a kiss—where we were, and who were present. In answer I state—Rev. Mr. Haven did one afternoon while I was staying at his house, and in the sitting room gave me a kiss—no person but ourselves were present."

Deacon Johnson was elated, and immediately wrote to his wife's cousin, a young candidate, that there would soon be a vacant parish, where he, no doubt, could receive a call.

Deacon Brown was thunderstruck and disappointed. Fanny Lawton's word was not to be doubted; it was so plain a matter there could be no mistake. Mr. Haven, after all was a wolf in sheep's clothing. Still the minister denied the charge. He could not do such a thing without being aware of it, and knew that he had never kissed the girl, or any girl but his wife, before marriage or since, in his life.

Deacon Johnson brought the matter before the church. He was excellent in such cases. The charge contained two allegations:

I. Rev. Thornton Haven had been guilty of an impropriety, which rendered it expedient that he should be dismissed from the pastorate.

II. He had lied in the matter.

Fanny Lawton was sent for, and the church called together. Rev. Solomon Dickinson, the pastor of a neighboring church, was present to moderate the meeting. Our meeting-house was filled. Every member of the church, but old bad-riden Polly Stearns, was present. The tavern was well represented. All the scoffers and scorners within half a score of miles, who could get there, were there.

The church meeting was duly opened.—Deacon Johnson brought forward the charges.

Fanny was called to testify. Her testimony was:

"One afternoon, I think it must have been early in March, three of Mr. Haven's children and myself were alone in the sitting room; their mother had gone to the sewing circle. Mr. Haven came into the house from the other village; the children met him at the door which opens from the sitting room into the hall; as he came in they went out, and he gave one, as they met him, a kiss; then coming in gave me one."

testimony. At length Deacon Johnson asked:

"Did he close the door before he came into the sitting room?"

The answer was, "I think he did."

Had a pin fallen on the carpet it would have been heard in any part of our large and beautiful sanctuary.

Then Mr. Haven rose up and said, "Miss Lawton, what did you do with that kiss I gave you?"

"Here it is," said Fanny, holding up a specimen of that Species of confectionery sometimes called a kiss.

Then there was another pause, and silence that was oppressive. All were too much amazed, and either gratified or mortified and disappointed to move. Most held their breaths.

"Fanny," said our blessed minister, "did I ever kiss you?"

"No, never. I never said you did." So ended our minister's trial.

### Awful Occurrence.

We do not know when we have been more shocked than in perusing the following. It occurred in St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., and is given on the authority of a gentleman of undoubted veracity and unimpeachable character.

A young man addicted to intemperate habits, during one of his periodical sprees took a sudden notion to pay a visit to his sweetheart. On the evening alluded to the young lady and a female associate were the only occupants of the house where she resided.

About ten o'clock in the evening the young man arrived at the house considerably worse from the use of the beverage. His strange manner in approaching the door excited the suspicion of the young ladies, who supposed the house to be attacked by robbers. He knocked at the door and demanded admission, but his voice not being recognized from the thickness of his tongue, the ladies refused to admit him.

Determined to force an entrance, he commenced a series of assault upon the barred and bolted door by kicking and pounding. After a number of desperate kicks the panel of the door gave way, and the leg of the besieger went through the aperture, and was immediately seized by one of the ladies and firmly held, while the other, armed with a saw, commenced the work of amputation!

The grasp was firmly maintained, and the saw vigorously plied till the leg was completely severed from the body of the young man!

With the loss of his leg, the intoxicated wretch fell upon his back, and in that condition lay the remainder of the night.

In the meantime the ladies were frightened almost to death. With the dawn of morning the revelation was made that one of the ladies had participated in the amputation of the leg of her lover!

The wounded man was still alive. His friends were immediately sent for, and he was conveyed to his home, where with proper treatment, he gradually and miraculously recovered, and he is now alive and well.

"We hardly credited," says the editor of the journal from which we take the above, "the latter part of the story, and contended that the man must have bled to death on the spot, insisting, indeed, that it could not be otherwise. But we were mistaken—  
The leg was a wooden one!"

### Old Bachelors.

"Talk about old maids!" says a lady correspondent, "if there is anything that I perfectly abhor, it is an old bachelor. There's one of my acquaintances, for instance. (I am sorry to acknowledge the fact,) who has spent over fifty years of miserable bachelorhood, itinerating from place to place, until he has become so shriveled and dried that his bones rattle when he walks, like an empty barrel on a wheelbarrow. His face has become of the hue of saffron, and his hair a strange imitation of red pepper and salt."

It is not Mr. Fin's fault, the reason he has never struck a match. He has been vainly endeavoring to light one at the hymeneal altar for the last forty years. He obtained board recently at a hotel, kept by a friend of mine who knowing his forlorn condition, resolved to act accordingly. The hour for retiring came and Mr. F., was assigned to No. 74. Repairing thither, what was his surprise and delight to find sweetly slumbering there a maid, fairer to his infatuated sight than ought he had ever seen before! Long he gazed, while the hours flew swiftly by—Could he but catch a glimpse of her face—but no, that was turned away from him. He locked the door; a thought had struck him—she shouldn't escape from him now—The parson did not live far off: he would carry her there and be married before the morning revealed his age.—I will not disclose further. Suffice it to say, the landlady found in the morning he had run away with a girl made out of her nightgown, a roll of matting, a broomstick, and a pair of tongs!

AN IRISH MIRACLE.—Miss Cobb, in an article on "The Humor of the Various Nations," in the Victoria Magazine, tells the following story of an Irish definition of a miracle:

A priest in Ireland, having preached a sermon on miracles, was asked by one of his congregation, walking homeward, to explain a little more lucidly what a "miracle" meant. "Is it a meracle you want to understand?" said the priest. "Walk on then there forrinst me, and I think how I can explain it to you." The man walked on, and the priest came after him and gave him a tremendous kick. "Ugh!" roared the sufferer, "why did you do that?" "Did you feel it?" asked the priest. "To be sure I did," replied the man. "Well, then, it would have been a miracle if you had not," returned the priest.

Why should a thirsty man always carry a watch? Because there's a spring inside of it.

### [For the Village Record.]

#### NOTHING FORMED IN VAIN.

BY J. A. B., QUICQUID SEQUITUR CROO.  
The sun and moon that shine  
Above our heads so high,  
The little stars that twinkle,  
So brightly in the sky,  
And all the rapid rivers  
That flow with might and main,  
Were molded each for something  
And nothing formed in vain.  
Even the shrubs and lilies  
That are filled with perfume,  
The hyacinths and roses,  
That deck your yard with bloom,  
And every herb or flower  
That grows from root or grain,  
Was also formed for something  
And nothing formed in vain.  
The vast and mighty ocean,  
And the beautiful land  
Was formed and put in motion  
By One, All-powerful hand.  
He gave the winds their mission,  
The storms their wild domain,  
And all was formed for something,  
And nothing formed in vain.

#### The Fury of a Woman Scorned.

A terrible illustration of what a scorned woman's fury will lead her to do, occurred, recently, in Milwaukee. A lady of that city returning unexpectedly from a rail, imagined she heard voices in the room usually occupied by herself and husband. The door being closed, she was reduced to the keyhole, and to this aperture she applied her eye.—She saw the figure of a woman, standing by her husband's side, and she saw the husband actually engaged adjusting a shawl upon the shoulder of the female intruder. The wife went to another room, took a loaded shot gun, returned, opened the door, and deliberately shot the strange woman in the back. The husband screamed, the wife fainted. When the latter returned to consciousness, she found the wretch of a husband bending over her, with a well feigned solicitude in his glance. Mutual explanation ensued, and the body of the woman who had been shot was brought in. It was a dummy! The husband, who pursued the respectable calling of a retail dry goods dealer, was wont to use this figure to exhibit the mantillas and shawls with which he desired to charm the eyes of the Milwaukee ladies. The dummy, from long exposure and hard usage, had become shabby, and the merchant had that morning brought it from the shop for the purpose of renovating its exterior. Not finding his wife, he was trying in his awkward way to do the work, and probably swearing at his clumsy attempts, when his wife, mistaking the accents of passion, let fly the fatal shot. This tragedy in real life will teach her a lesson, perhaps.

#### Touch not my Sister's Picture.

The following incident was related by a Confederate prisoner to an attendant, who by many acts of kindness had won his confidence.

"I was searching for spoils among the dead and dying upon a deserted battle field, when I discovered a small gold locket upon the person of a dying boy, apparently about fifteen years of age. As I endeavored to loose it from his grasp, he opened his languid eyes and implored me, by all that was good and pure, by the memory of my own mother, not to rob him of his sister's picture. 'Oh!' I said, 'it was her last gift. I promised her, when she kissed my cheek at parting, that I would always wear it next my heart, in life or death.' Then, as if throwing his whole soul into the plea, he exclaimed:—'Oh! touch not my sister's picture!' As the last words faltered upon his tongue, his voice hushed in death. By the dim light of the stars I hastily scooped a shallow grave, and buried him with his sister's picture lying upon his breast."

Of all the wars of this world probably none were ever waged upon juster principles than the present. Grant the principle of secession, and there is not a nation on the earth that can stand longer than the whims and caprices of folly and ambition, will allow.—Permanence in government becomes impossible.

Secession is devised for ruin, and has no other end or tendency.—And should the children of the present century reap its fruits they will curse the heads that devised, and the hands that brought it to pass.

It is said that when Gen. Grant was going down from Washington to the front, the train, having attached to it the special car, stopped at Brandy Station. Some soldiers who were waiting to go down asked if they could not get in the car. "No," was the answer of the officer; "this is Gen. Grant's special car." Gen. Grant, who was sitting by the window said; "General Grant occupies only one seat; the soldiers can ride."

#### A NEW CAUSE FOR GRATITUDE TO GOD.

—Rev. Dr. Storrs, in his address at the anniversary exercises of Mount Holyoke Seminary, said that a returned prisoner lately remarked that while at the South he could easily endure the taunts of men, but that he had never before realized what and how terrible was the stinging hate of woman, so intense, bitter, and beyond all belief, and had come back with one additional mercy for which to thank God—that the devil was not a woman.

Religion comes from women more than from men—from mothers most of all, who carry the key of our souls in their bosoms.  
Sorrow can never wholly fill the heart that is occupied with others' welfare. Content and melancholy is rebellion.

### PADDY O'REILLY'S RETURN.—Miss O'Reilly, the soldier, who was arrested on Morris Island, S. C., for making some hard poetry, and pardoned by the President in regard to a witty poetical petition, has arrived in New York on a furlough; and met with an enthusiastic reception by his old mates. He has sent a hymn of thanks to the President, beginning:

"Long life to you, Mither Lincoln;  
May you die both late an' aisy;  
An' whin you lie wid the top of aich toe  
Turned up to the roots of a daisy,  
May this be your epitaph, nately writ:  
"Though traitors abused him vilely,  
He was honest an' kindly, he loved a joke,  
"An' he pardoned Miles O'Reilly."

High station, riches and magnificent apparel truly, in the world in which we live, give, (so it is said) many friends, for they rank us among men. Money has everywhere its charms. It is alone the sincere friend; for when, alas! it disappears, there are no more friends on earth.

### "A LITTLE TECH."

"Some months since," writes a correspondent from Rondout, on the Hudson, "our minister was impressing upon his hearers the duty of a greater regard for the services of the day of Thanksgiving; set apart by the Governor, and was informing them that on that day he would preach a sermon to that effect, and he wished them all to attend, to render, in a proper manner, acknowledgments for the many benefits of the past year—for a season of health and bountiful harvests, etc." Here a little wily man, in a blue coat, with metal buttons, and a very elevated collar, popped up from his seat and squeaked out: "Dominie, I wish you'd jest give the 'tater rot' a little tech in that sarmon o' yours. It's been dreadful bad with us!"

A restless genius, who went to a Quaker meeting, and after bearing a decorous gravity for an hour or two, at last declared he could stand it no longer.

"Why," said he, "it's enough to tire the very d—out." "Yes, friends," responded an elderly gentleman of the congregation, "doe thee know that is exactly what we want?"

Jemmy remarked to his grandmother that old Mrs. Cranshaw had the appearance of a person with one foot in the grave. "Well, really, upon my word," said the antique lady. "I thought I noticed she walked a little lame lately."

"How sharp your too-nails are," as Paddy said when he caught the hornet.

There is a lady in Boston who is habitually so sleepy that her curiosity cannot be awakened.

Our devil says that getting in love is somewhat like getting drunk, the more a fellow does it the more he wants to.

"Facts speak for themselves," as the lauffer said when he surveyed his tattered pantaloons.

The lady who was lost in amazement, has been found.

Lean liberty is better than fat slavery.

It is not easy to straighten in the oak the crook that grew in the sapling.

There is one good wife in the country, and every man thinks he hath her.

That's but an empty purse that is full of other folk's money.

One might as well be out of the world as beloved by nobody in it.

Advise not what is the most pleasant, but the most useful.

Be contented and thankful; a cheerful spirit makes labor light, sleep sweet and all-around cheerful.

If youth is a blunder, manhood is a struggle, old age a regret.

A bleeding finger is more noticed than a bleeding heart.

Friendship is the medicine for misfortune, but ingratitude dries up all goodness.

Everybody condemns scandal; yet nothing circulates more readily.

Without a rich heart, wealth is an ugly beggar.

Never do that by proxy what you can do yourself.

Woe to those preachers who listen not to themselves.

What you must do, do cheerfully and graciously.

Let a man do his best, and the world may do its worst.

Content is the wealth of nature.

Avoid a slanderer, as you would a mad dog.

The best outlay of money is on good deeds.

A long face is plaguy apt to cover a long conscience.

A spare and simple diet contributes to the prolongation of life.

Uneasy is the man that wears a bag in a gale of wind.

Thoughts of an unquiet conscience, are like the walk of a building on a shaky foundation, which soon will tumble away.