

VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper, Neutral in Politics and Religion.

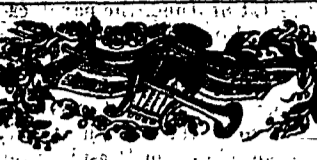
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NUMBER 5

POETICAL.



OUR DEAD.

Wrap the stately banner round him;
Comrades, gently lay him low;
Breathe a mournful dirge above him
Softly, sadly ere we go!

To and fro the pine trees swayings,
Bend with reverence to the graves;
Seem to chant, amid their sighings,
Mournful requiems for the brave.

Wrap the flag he swore to cherish
Round his noble, manly form;
Sad, that one like him should perish
In the first burst of the storm.

For our country needs such spirits
To sustain her till the end;
And bring back those crying children
Who have sworn our land to tend.

As of old the Christian Martyrs,
Go these young hearts to the strife;
Sacrifice to love of country
All that they hold dear in life.

Mid our tears and great affliction,
Feel we that they from above,
Like the ancient Christian Heroes,
Still watch o'er the cause they love.

Let us leave him, comrades, sleeping
In this Southern forest dim;
While tall pines their watch are keeping,
Standing guardians over him.

BE STRONG.

Be strong to Hope, O Heart!
Though day is bright,
The stars can only shine
In the dark night,
Be strong, O Heart of mine,
Look toward the light!

Be strong to DEAR, O Heart!
Nothing is vain;
Strive not, for life is care
And God sends pain;
Heaven is above, and there
Rest will remain!

Be strong to LOVE, O Heart!
Love knows not wrong;
Didst thou love—creatures even,
Life were not long;
Didst thou love God in heaven,
Thou wouldst be strong!

MISCELLANY.

BISHOP SIMPSON'S SPEECH

Bishop Simpson at the Philadelphia Fair said:

MR. PRESIDENT: At the request of the President of the United States, and on his behalf, I accept from the hands of the Executive Committee the vast treasures contained in this immense building, the generous offerings of the people of New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware, dedicated in their name to the sick and wounded of our army and navy. No one, sir, more than myself regards and honors our Chief Magistrate. The noble end in view, the unparalleled magnificence of these arrangements, are worthy of his presence. He would have been delighted to be here, for his heart beats in sympathy with our great purpose, and inspires in our souls confidence in the result of our national struggle. He cannot be with us, for his eyes are bent upon Richmond. [Applause.] He is listening for tidings from his brave generals, and the equally brave men of his advancing hosts. While he is not with us, he is of us. He sympathizes with the wounded soldier and sailor, and with all the means that are taken for increasing the resources of the Sanitary Commission. [Applause.] When I look round the multitude and magnitude of the offerings—equal to the best display in other cities in the taste and skill of the arrangements—at the patient and persevering labor expended in producing this grand result. Why this outpouring of treasure? Why this universal stirring of the national heart? We are in earnest, terrible war—against people of the same race, former brethren, breathing the same air of freedom, taught together in the same schools of learning, owing the same ancestry of their noble deeds. But the leaders of the South have torn them from us. They were weary of constitutional forms.—They seized a portion of our heritage and have sought to found a government whose corner-stone is human slavery. To this dark Moloch they have erected their altars, and vainly they have made their sons to pass through a terrible fire. Never were so many victims sacrificed to that angry deity of old, as the South has given to her idolized institution.

But the suffering stops not there. The friends of the Union have risen in their might, and have rushed to the rescue. The farmer has left his plough, and the mechanic his shop, the man of letters his desk; and the merchant his office; the noblest of our brave young men have been foremost in the thickest fight; and though amid the smoke and carnage of battle some of the stars have been dimmed, and some of the stripes have been torn, yet the Starspangled Banner still waves; and the millions rally round the flag.

But, alas! how many brave ones sleep; how many are wounded to-day in camp, and in hospital, on the battle field, multiplied thousands of our fathers, brothers, and sons, are among the sick and wounded. Shall their comrades cease the battle-strife to care

for them, or shall other hands, less able and less skillful in war, perform these offices of kindness? Shall they be left to suffer and to die neglected, or shall every attention which humanity can suggest be freely given? You with others are answering this question by your donations and your labors.

Ours is a wonderful land. The Government has called for men, and they have come from every plain, and mountain, and valley, until more than a million have been in martial array. And yet vast crops are sown and gathered—the sound of the hammer is heard in the shop—and the hum of machinery in our factories—our wharves are laden with goods—and our cars crowded with passengers—every village and town is growing—the city streets are full—whole blocks are added to our buildings, and yet the crowded population cry for room.

Money has been called for, and Government loans by hundreds of millions have been readily taken. We have been taxed, and the taxes have been unanimously paid. And, in addition, the people come bringing their spontaneous offerings by millions to aid and comfort the wounded and dying. The Sanitary Commission has already collected in money and in value more than ten millions of dollars, and the Christian Commission is also receiving large amounts for its noble work. [Applause.]

Nor are these sums merely the offerings of the wealthy; many of them have done nobly, but the poorest vie with the richest in devotion to this cause. Families of limited means, laboring-men and working-women, teachers and children in our schools, artists and amateurs, all have given freely. The old grandmother, with failing eyes, has spout her winter evenings busily knitting for the poor soldier-boy, and the little prattler has gathered a flower to add to your collections of the lovely and the beautiful. All have given, for all have felt. All have friends who have suffered, or who may suffer, and images of loved ones cheer them on to labor. God has touched all hearts. He has written a lesson to be read by ages, that great wrongs must terminate in great catastrophes. And the people have resolved that, cost what it may, that system which would not live within the Constitution, shall die beyond it. [Loud applause.]

I remember to have seen them travelling on the Pacific coast, rivers taken from their beds half way up the mountain sides, and their waters distributed all over the hillsides and plains, wherever golden sands were found and miners, by the aid of the little rills, were gathering with care the precious particles.—That same river, ere this it was parted, had been made up of hundreds of springs from near the mountain tops. So it is with your great agencies. In the great centre you have gathered all the little rills, from country and from village, until they swelled into a deep, broad river. Chicago and Baltimore, New York and Brooklyn, St. Louis and Pittsburg, all gathered their tributaries and concentrate their vast treasures. Philadelphia comes last, but not least. Here are the gathering rills from Delaware and New Jersey, and from the mountain heights of Pennsylvania, pouring their volumes in this vast reservoir. Here by fairy hands they shall be transformed, commingled, and distributed until some little rill shall flow beside every sick and wounded one, and returning life, and health, and love shall far outweigh all the golden sands of California's coasts.

Other cities have done nobly, but no arrangements equal to these, for a single purpose, have ever graced any city on the face of the earth in any age of the world. [Applause.] I may say with the wise man, "Many daughters have done well, but this has excelled them all."

And who remembers the scenes of a year ago, when she listened for the tramp of an invading enemy? She looked for the devastation and fire that marked his pathway.—Who that held his breath as tidings came, hour by hour, from Gettysburg, does not know that Pennsylvania poured forth her treasures for those who formed a living rampart around her? [Cheers.]

While much of the credit is due to the gentlemen of the various committees, we must not forget that still more belongs to the ladies. And yet why need I mention this? Who would suppose it to be otherwise? for it is woman's nature to be kind. She is full of sympathy everywhere. She is lovely when amid the circle of friends, and in robes of beauty she is the centre of admiring eyes.—But when, with ceaseless care, she plans and labors for the poor and the suffering—when by example and persuasion she gathers resources from every quarter—when, as I have seen her move with silent steps among the couches of the sick and dying in the hospital, giving now the cordial and now the word of comfort and of hope—it is then she becomes in her mission an angel of mercy, a worthy sister of the beloved Mary whom angels hailed.

As we turn to desecrate the signs of the times, I think the light is dawning over the mountain tops. Our resources seem undiminished, while the rebellion is becoming exhausted. Its borders are contracting—its vitality waning. With its new fields of wealth are opening. Our vast territories—from Arizona to Montana, from California to Colorado—are unveiling their mines of boundless wealth and are waiting only for the miner's toil. When this strife is over our national colors will be green and gold, for greenbacks and gold will everywhere be par. [Cheers.] Just now there may be wild speculation.—Some may distrust and depreciate our national currency; but this I aver, that the ladies, always firm friends of Union, will ever encourage notes of legal tender. [Laughter.]

We have resources also in brave men. Some of these now sleep. Lyon, and Baker, and Sedgwick, and Wadsworth, and others rest in their glory. But others still live. Sherman, as he shows by his career, is just now a Northern man with Southern proclivi-

ties. [Laughter and applause.] We have a Thomas who never doubts, and a Hancock who pushes his hosts amid the clouds. New England has given us her Howard, who once armed, is still a host; and a Butler, who is the terror of the Confederacy. [Laughter.] Pennsylvania feels that in her Hancock she has a tower of strength; [cheers]; and near her heart she bears her Meade of honor [cheers]; while the giant West, from the shores of her broad Mississippi, sends us a Grant of unconditional victory. [Laughter and applause.]

Nor are our seamen less brave. A gallant Foote has ended his labors. Peace to his memory! But Porter, Dupont, and Farragut still marshal our fleets. Our monitors have revolutionized naval warfare, and have taught the world the value of hearts of oak in hearts of iron.

But I must not delay. The assembly waits to welcome the sound of Cannon from Delaware, and to greet the rise of Pennsylvania's Curtin. [Laughter.]

And now, in the name of the people who have furnished these generous gifts, whose sympathies are with the brave men in the field; in the name of the people who ordained the Constitution under which we live, and who have sworn to defend and uphold it; in the name of the people who are determined to live or die under the stars and stripes without a bar across them—I dedicate these buildings and these treasures to the use of the sick and wounded among our soldiers and sailors, to those brave men who for us and ours have perilled their lives and have driven back the hosts of the enemy.

May God in His infinite mercy restore them to health and to their friends and their country. And may these donors realize that it is more blessed to give than to receive. The buildings were then dedicated in prayer by Bishop Stevens.

THE NEW MILITIA LAW.

The State Legislature, at its recent session passed a new militia bill which has been approved by the Governor. We give a synopsis of the main features of the law, which cannot fail to interest many of our readers at the present time:

Sec. 1. Provides that every able-bodied white male citizen, resident in the State, of the age of twenty-one and under the age of forty-five years, shall be enrolled in the militia, with the usual exemptions of idiots, lunatics, paupers, etc.

Sec. 2. That Assessors shall annually, and at the same time they are engaged in taking the assessment or valuation of real and personal property, record all names of those liable to duty, and place a certified copy in the office of the commissioners of each county of the State, and such record shall be deemed sufficient notification to all persons whose names are thus recorded that they have been enrolled in the militia. When the roll is completed assessors shall put up in public places notices similar to the United States enrollment.

Sec. 3. Provides severe penalties for any assessor, clerk, or commissioner, who shall refuse or neglect to perform any of the duties provided.

Sec. 4. The enrolled militia shall be subject to no active duty, except in case of war, invasion, the suppression of riots, and to aid the civil authorities in executing the laws of the Commonwealth, in case the commander-in-chief shall order out, for actual service by draft or otherwise as many of the militia as necessity demands.

Sec. 5. Every soldier ordered out for active duty by the proper authorities who has not some able-bodied substitute, shall serve or pay the sum of seventy-five dollars within twenty-four hours from such time.

Sec. 10. Forwards the counties into a brigade each, where they have a minimum number.

Sec. 64. Provides for armories for companies.

Sec. 66. When a commander orders his company for military duty or for election of officers, he shall order one or more commissioned officer or private to notify, if he fail to do so he shall forfeit not less than twenty dollars nor more than one hundred dollars.

Sec. 67. Provides for time of notice at least four days to call—ten days for election, and when the company is paraded, the commanding officer shall verbally notify the men to appear at a future date not exceeding thirty days from time of such parade which verbal notice shall be a sufficient warning.

Sec. 70, to section 81 provides for discipline training inspection and camp duty.

Sec. 82 to 91 provides rosters, orderly books, rolls and returns.

Sec. 92. Provides for calling out the militia in case of war, invasion, insurrection, tumult, or riots. May order out divisions, brigades, regiments, battalions, or companies, or may order to be detached, parts of companies thereof or any number of men to be drafted therefrom.

Sec. 93. Provides for compensation, giving pay and rations same as United States Government.

Sec. 97. Provides that proceedings and court martial and courts of inquiry shall be conducted in all respects as provided for in the Army of the United States, and punishments as in like cases in said army. Provided that the same are not inconsistent with the provisions of this act.

Sec. 98. Provides that all penalties, not exceeding one hundred dollars by summary conviction before any alderman of a city, shall be without exception or appeal.

It is not men of might that we want, but men who use their might—men who work with zeal and energy at whatever they set themselves to do. It is not the strong "Samsons" and the big "Goliaths" that do the most good; but ladies, like David, Earnest, active, and strong of purpose; doing one thing at a time, but doing that thing well.

THE GRAVE OF WASHINGTON.

Disturb not his slumbers, let Washington sleep,
Nestle the thoughts of the willow that o'er him weep,
His urn is undisturbed, but his deeds remain bright
As the stars in the dark vaulted Heaven at night;
Oh! wake not the hero, his battles are o'er,
Let him rest undisturbed on Potomac's fair shore,
On the river's green border so flow'ry and bright,
With the hearts he loved fondly, let Washington rest.

Awake not his slumbers, tread lightly around,
'Tis the grave of a freeman, 'tis liberty's mound;
Thy name is immortal—our freedom is won—
Brave sire of Columbia, our own Washington,
Oh! wake not the hero, his battles are o'er,
Let him rest, calmly rest, on his dear native shore,
While the stars and the stripes of our country shall wave,
O'er the land than can boast of a Washington's grave.

Did Yesterday.

Every day some flower is plucked from a sunny home, a breach made in some happy circle, a jewel stolen from some treasury of love. Each day, from the summer fields of life some harvest disappears! Yes, every hour some sentinel falls from his post, and is thrown from the ramparts of time into the surging billows of eternity. "Died Yesterday." Who died! Was it a gentle babe, senseless as an angel, pure as the zephyr's hymn—one whose laugh was the gush of summer rills loitering in a bower of roses, whose lips were a perpetual lily? Or was it a youth hopeful, generous—one whose soul was hummed by flowers, no wily serpent lurking underneath; one whose spirit panted after the great and good, and reached forth with earnest struggle, for the good, in the distance.

"Died Yesterday." Was it a young girl pure as the orange buds that clasped her forehead, stricken down as she stood at the altar? No, it was none of these. But a strong man who has sunk into dreamless slumber, and is now being borne to the gardens of the slumberer. One whose love of country was paramount and whose life was in the end a sacrifice to his zeal in the performance of good works. A faithful Teacher of the Word, he has now gone to receive the great reward—"Blessed are the Dead." Daily, men, women and children are passing away, and hourly in some graveyard the soil is flung upon the dead. As oft as the morn, we find some flower that blushed sweetly at sunset has withered up forever. Daily, when we rise, some one has been borne from our midst. Each day some pearl drops from the jeweled threads of friendship, some lyric to which we have been wont to listen has been hushed forever.

Power of a Word.

Wendell Phillips, in his lecture last winter, before the Parent Washington Society, told the following story:

A mother on the green hills of Vermont stood at her garden-gate, holding by her right hand a son sixteen years old, and with love of sea. "Edward," said she, "they tell me that the great temptation of seamen's life is drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you will never drink." Said he, for he told me the story, "I gave her the promise. I went the broad globe over, Calcutta, the Mediterranean, San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope—and during forty years, whenever I saw a glass filled with the sparkling liquor my mother's form by the garden gate, on the hill-side of Vermont, rose up before me; and to-day at sixty, my lips are innocent of the taste of liquor."

Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? And yet it was but half; "for," said he, "yesterday there came into my counting-room a young man forty, and asked me, 'Do you know me?' 'No,' said I. 'I was brought once,' said he to my informant, 'drunk, into your presence, on a ship-board; you were a passenger; the captain kicked me aside; you took me into your berth, kept me there until I had slept off the intoxication, and then you asked me if I had a mother. I said, never that I know of; I never had heard a mother's voice. You told me of yours at the garden-gate, and to-day twenty years later I am master of one of the finest packets in New York, and I came to ask you to come and see me.'"

How far back that little candle throws its beam—the mother's word on the green hill-side of Vermont! God be thanked for the almighty power of a single word.

Enemies.

Go straight on, and do not mind them; if they get in your way walk round them, regardless of their spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything; he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every one has a hand in it. A sterling character is one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks; he is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air. They keep him alive and active. A celebrated character, who was surrounded by enemies, used to remark: "They are sparks, which if we do not blow, will go out by themselves." "Live down prejudice," was the iron Duke's motto. Let this be your feeling while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellow talk.—There will be a reaction if you perform but your duty, and hundreds who are alienated from you will flock to you and acknowledge their error.

Whiskey in Richmond is a dollar and fifty cents a drink. A man is as proud of being drunk there as ever an old fellow was of having the gout.

How the Amputations are Made.

A war correspondent from Virginia writes: I was before yesterday some 3000 rebel wounded falling on my hands. Of these, twenty-one required capital operations. They were placed in a low cleft of paper pinned to each man's coat (this telling the nature of the operation that had been decided upon). Dr. Morton first passes along, and with a towel saturated with ether puts every man beyond consciousness and pain. The operatingurgeon follows, and rapidly and skillfully amputates a leg or an arm, as the case may be, till the twenty-one have been subjected to the knife and saw with out one twinge of pain. A second surgeon ties up the arteries, a third dresses the wounds. The men are taken to tents near by, and wake up to find themselves cut fit two without a torture; while a whole lot of lopped-off members attest the work. The last man had been operated upon before the first waked. Nothing could be more dramatic, and nothing could more perfectly demonstrate the value of anaesthetics. Besides, men fight better when they know that (biting does not follow a wound, and numberless lives are saved that the shock of the knife would lose to their friends and the country. I honor, then, to Morton and Jackson, the men who so opportunely for this war placed in our hands an agent that relieves the soldier from untold misery, and his friends from untold anguish.

Good Judgement.

A good story was told some years ago of old Bunce, who prided himself upon never being mistaken in his judgement of a person's character from his phiz, which we copy from an exchange:

He was in Washington market one day to get a goose for dinner. It being about he saw a lad before a young woman with a peculiar fine open countenance.

"She's honest," said Bunce to himself; and at once asked her if she had a young goose.

"Yes," said she; "here's as fine a one as you can get in the market," and she looked up into his face with a perfect sincerity that would have taken his heart, if he had not already made up his mind as to her character.

"You're sure it's young?"

"To be sure it is;" and Bunce took it home.

All efforts to eat were fruitless, it was so tough; and the next day he hastened down to the market, angry with himself, and more so with the honest-faced girl who had cheated him.

"Didn't you tell me that goose was young yesterday?" he exclaimed, striding up to the girl wrathfully.

"To be sure I did."

"You cheated me," said Bunce; "it was a tough old gander."

"You don't call me old, do you?" she asked.

"No—I should think not," he replied.

"No—I should think not, too, I am only twenty, and mother told me the goose was hatched just six months after I was born."

Bunce had forgotten that a goose lives a hundred years.

No Beans for Breakfast.

In the town of Jefferson, in this State lives Deacon M—, a very pious and exemplary man. In his family, as in most others of that locality, baked beans form the more substantial part of the breakfast on Sunday morning. It came to be after a while that the appearance of this time honored luxury for the morning past was a sort of notice to the deacon that the duties of the Sabbath had been entered upon. On one Sabbath morning, however, for some reason or other, this customary dish was omitted in the family. Immediately after breakfast, the deacon, as usual, took his hoe, went into the field, pulled off his coat, and went to work. His wife and daughters, noticing this from the house with great astonishment, despatched John, the oldest son, to the field to inquire of his father why he worked on the Lord's day. On drawing near, John cried out:—"Father, Father, what are you doing? It is Sunday—it is Sunday!" "Sunday! Sunday!" exclaimed the deacon. "That can't be; we did not have beans for breakfast."

WISDOM IN MAKING LOVE.—We know that men naturally shrink from the attempt to obtain companions who are their superiors; but they will find that really intelligent women, who possess the most desirable qualities, are uniformly modest, and hold their charms in modest estimation. Do not imagine that any disappointment in love which takes place before you are twenty-one years old will be any material damage to you.—The truth is, before a man is twenty-five years old, he does not know what he wants himself. The more of a man you become, and the more manliness you become capable of exhibiting in your association with women, the better wife you will be able to obtain; and one year's possession of the heart and hand of a really noble woman, is worth nine hundred and ninety-nine years' possession of a sweet creature with two ideas in her head, and nothing new to say about either of them.

MAKING A GREAT FUSS.—Two Dutch farmers at Kinderhook whose farms were adjacent, were out in their respective fields, when one overheard an unusual loud howling in the direction of a gap in a high stone wall, and ran with all speed to the place, and the following brief conversation occurred:

"Shon, vat ish de matter?"

"Well, den," says John, "I was trying to climb to do top of dish high stone wall, and I fell off, and all do stone wall tumble down onto me and it hush broke one of mine legs off, and both of mine arms off, and smashed mine ribs in, and dese pig stone are lying onto do top of mine puddy."

"Ish dat all?" says the other, "vy you hol-low so loud? I tot you got teo fache?"

Old Abe's Last.

The latest illustration by Old Abe is this related by a New York correspondent. Its moral will be appreciated by patriotic men:

A gentleman has just returned from Washington, relates the following incident that transpired at the White House the other day. Some gentlemen were present from the West, excited and troubled about the "omissions or omissions of this Administration." The President heard them patiently, and then replied:

"Gentlemen, suppose all the property you were worth was in gold, and you had put it in the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara river on a rope: would you shake the cable, or keep shouting out to him—'Blondin, stand up a little straighter—Blondin, stoop a little more—go a little faster—lean a little more to the North—lean a little more to the South?' No, you would hold your breath as well as your tongue, and keep your hands off until he was safe over. The Government is carrying an immense weight. Untold treasures are in their hands. They are doing the very best they can. Don't badger them. Keep silence, and we'll get you safe across." This simple illustration answered the complaints of half an hour, and not only silenced but charmed the audience.

A WOMAN'S TRICK.—The last phase of the "Confidence game" was developed on Friday, by a Cincinnati female. The woman, having an earthen vessel entered a grocery store and bought a pound of coffee. Removing the lid she dropped the coffee in said vessel, replaced the lid, and was about to pay for it, when she discovered she had forgotten to bring her money along. Not to have her honesty suspected, she said she would leave her purchase till she went home and got her money, and accordingly set her crockery on the counter, where it remained until she thought something must be wrong, and on removing the lid he found there was no bottom to the vessel, and of course the woman had gone off with the coffee in her apron.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.—Keep the law of duty now ever before you; let it be your never-failing pillar of light. Be brave and on the square with your conscience to the last.—Your success in life may not be equal to your hopes or your desires; it is not in man to insure success. The best and wisest of us may fail in the struggle; but we may have our consolation even then. To gain the world's applause, and snatch its fleeting spoils is not man's sole and proper business here. Immortality smiles forth on the scene, and beckons him ever onward in the race for those eternal honors which the world can neither give nor take away—the prize which all may strive for and no one strive in vain.—Dr. Markham.

A very deaf old lady got into a state of great excitement during a sermon by Mr. Whitefield. "You cannot hear the preacher," said a friend, "and what, then, is it moves you so?" "Oh, sir," said the venerable devotee, "it is the bobbing of his blessed wig."

AN AGED TREE.—A tree has been cut down in California whose rings prove it to be one thousand two hundred and fifty-five years old. It began to grow six hundred and nine years after Christ was born, and about the time Mahomet began to preach.

An Irish girl at play on Sunday being accosted by the priest, "Good morning, daughter of the Evil Oao," meekly replied, "Good morning, father."

False fears being true vexations; the imaginary grievances of our life are more than the real ones.

Why ought a housemaid to have more lives than a cat? Because every morning she returns to dust.

We don't expect some people to recognize merit, for a man can't recognize what he knows nothing about.

A true woman is as sweet as a cherub, meek as a saint, and innocent as a dove, something between a flower and an angle.

What trees are those which after fire is applied to them, are exactly what they were before? Ashes.

Many who think themselves the pillars of the church are only its sleepers.

He who doth a kindness to a good man, doth a greater to himself.

He who will stop every man's mouth, will have a great deal of meal.

Have money, and you will find kindred enough.

Remember love is a reflected ray from a departed sunset.

Tell not your secrets in a corn field, it has thousands of ears.

Treat the butcher with respect; he is a being of flesh and blood.

The voice gets hoarse from long talking, but speaking eyes can speak forever.

Obstacles and difficulties may be melted into implements in the mould of a grey and heroic will.

Many a woman would rather have a tuft of hair in her lungs than a pimple on her nose.

Wishes are the easy pleasures and the cheap fancies of the poor.

In death we become pale. Pallor is the white bridal garment of heaven.

Often a man's own angry pride is cap and bells for a fool.