

# VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper, Neutral in Politics and Religion.

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## POETICAL.



### MY TREASURES.

I've a casket of treasures  
From a dearly loved one,  
And in memory's light  
I'm counting them o'er;  
Oh! long they've been garnered  
In my heart's chamber-room,  
With the relics of by-gones,  
Mid its grief and its gloom.  
There's a smile like the sun-bam,  
As soft, and as light,  
And bright as the star-beams  
That smile on the night.  
A tear from a loved one,  
(At parting was given),  
Now stainless, and spotless,  
An angel in heaven.  
A word kindly spoken,  
A look and a sigh,  
Though earth may all perish,  
These never can die;  
To me they are richer  
Than treasures of gold,  
More precious than diamonds—  
Their value untold.

### THE TEAR OF GRATITUDE.

There is a gem more purely bright,  
More dear to mercy's eye,  
Than love's sweet star, whose mellow light  
First cheers the evening sky.  
A liquid pearl that glisters where  
No sorrows can intrude;  
A richer gem than monarchs wear,  
The tear of gratitude.  
But ne'er shall narrow love of wealth  
Invite this tribute forth;  
Nor can the sordid slave of self  
Appreciate its worth.  
But ye who soothe the widow's woe  
And give the orphan food,  
For you the liquid pearl shall flow—  
The tear of gratitude.  
Ye who but stake an infant's thirst  
In heavenly mercy's name,  
Or proffer penny a crust,  
The sweet reward may claim.  
Then, while you rove life's sunny banks,  
With sweet-scented flowers strewn;  
Still may you claim the widow's thanks,  
And the orphan's gratitude.

## MISCELLANY.

### What is Respectability.

There are so many different opinions as to what is respectable, that evidently, a portion of them must be erroneous. Some people, not a few in number suppose it lies in fine clothes, fine houses and furniture, fine horses and carriages, and all that sort of thing, without the smallest regard to moral worth or character whatever. Others believe it to consist in associating with a certain set of exclusives, who seem to speak a civil word to those they think beneath them in the social scale; respectability with them consisted in living isolated in their own heartless, narrow circle, outside of which all is mean and degraded in their eyes. The Saviour of Mankind, were he again on earth, would be to them a low-born, vulgar person, unfit for their exalted society, because he hesitated not to eat with publicans and sinners.—That man or woman who does most to promote the happiness of his or her fellow beings, is in truth the most respectable, in the proper sense of the word. It matters not if they are clad in the coarsest vestments, and are brought in contact with the vilest of the vile—so long as they keep themselves pure, it does not detract from their respectability in the slightest degree. When we all learn that our own individual conduct is the measure of our respectability, and not the clothes we wear, or the set with whom we associate, we shall have learned a lesson which will save us from many mistakes. For ourselves we hold that society the most respectable which does the most to reform the erring, and most to keep all from straying from the path of virtue. The poor may be respectable as well as the rich. You cannot buy respectability; it's a commodity that is not in the market, although some shallow-pated fools imagine that the possession of a few dollars is requisite to obtain a supply and consequently give them a high stand amongst quasi respectable people. To those in the same category as themselves it is evident, but amongst people of sense true moral character and an evincing desire to do right is the only passport to true respectability.

**A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.**—A writer whose life has passed its meridian thus discourses upon the flight of time:  
Forty years once seemed a long and weary pilgrimage to make. It now seems but a step. And yet along the way are broken shrines where a thousand hopes are wasted into ashes; footprints sacred and their drifting dust, green mounds whose grass is fresh with the watering of tears; shadows even which we would not forget. We will garner the sunshine of these years, and with chaste steps and hopes, push on toward the opening whose signal lights will soon be swinging where the waters are still, and the storms never beat.

The Louisville Journal hopes that Jeff. Davis "may die of his own free will and a cord."

## WISE COUNSEL.

When the enrollment bill was under discussion in the United States Senate, Mr. Foot of Vermont made a few general remarks on the state of the country, which were unusually weighty, just and pertinent. The following brief extracts are particularly worthy of every man's profound study at this crisis in our national affairs:

### NO COMPROMISE WITH TRAITORS.

"Whatever may be the cost or whatever may be the sacrifices of saving your country, it will be infinitely less than the cost and sacrifices of losing your country. If the Republic be saved, all else, comparatively speaking, is saved with it. If the Republic be lost, all else of this world's goods or of this world's hopes which are worth living for, or worth dying for, are lost with it, and lost irretrievably and forever.  
There can, in the nature of things be no terms of settlement; there can be no terms of compromise; there can be no proffers of negotiation to traitors in arms against your assailed and betrayed country, short of their entire subjection, the complete overthrow of their military power, or their unconditional surrender and absolute and unequalled submission to the authority and the laws of the government they have attempted to destroy, and with ample sureties for keeping the peace forever thereafter. Would you concede anything more? Would you accept anything less?"

### BUT ONE COURSE TO PURSUE.

"There is but one plain and palpable course for us, and that is to prosecute the war with all the vigor and with all the energy and by all the means that God and nature have placed in our hands, and within the recognized limits of civilized warfare, to put down this rebellion. Sir this Republic must conquer the rebellion, or the rebellion will conquer the Republic, and there is no other alternative. Trusting that the God of battles, through the agency and the instrumentality of our gallant and heroic officers and men now fighting in the field for the cause of the Union and of free republican government, will soon crown our arms with triumph and give us victory and peace, we wait in patience, we wait in hope and in confidence, the final issue of the contest.

### THE UNION MUST BE RESTORED.

"Never despair of the Republic. This rebellion must be put down. The Union must be restored. This Republic of ours, with all its promises and with all its hopes for the future and for the world, must be saved. I repeat, this monster rebellion must be put down; this foul conspiracy against the life of the best and most beneficent government the world has ever seen must be crushed out. We are not at liberty to doubt about it, we are not at liberty to speculate about it; I had almost said we were not at liberty to debate about it. It is simply and all events, to be done at all hazards, to be done at all sacrifices. If more men are wanted to save the government, more men will be had. If more men are needed whether it be one hundred thousand or two hundred thousand or five hundred thousand to save this Republic of ours, my life upon it you have only to make that necessity known and they will not be found wanting in the day of their country's peril."

### New Style of Religion.

Some one, whose head is usually "level," has written out his ideas of religion as follows. It will do to think about:  
We want a religion that goes into the family and keeps the husband from being spiteful when the dinner is late; keeps the wife from being spiteful when the husband tracks the newly washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and door mat; amuses the children as well as instructs them; wins as well as governs them, projects the honeymoon into the harvest moon and makes the happy hours like the eastern fig-tree, bearing in its bosom at once the beauty of the tender blossoms and the glory of the ripened fruit. We want a religion that not only bears on the sinfulness of sin, but on the falsity of lying and stealing; a religion that banishes all small measures from the counters, small baskets from the stalls, pebbles from cotton bags, clay from paper, sand from sugar, chicory from coffee, beer-rot from vinegar, alum from bread, lead from butter, strychnine from wine, and water from milk cans.  
The religion that is to advance the world will not put all the big straw-berries and peaches on top, and all the bad ones at the bottom. It will not offer more baskets of foreign wines than the vineyards ever produced bottles. The religion that is to sanctify the world pays its debts. It does not consider forty cents returned for one hundred given, according to Gospel, though it is according to law. It looks upon the man who has failed in trade and who continues to live in luxury, as a thief. It looks upon a man who promises to pay, and who fails to pay it on demand, with or without interest, as a liar.  
The impressions of childhood, how ineffaceable they are! How, amid the confusion and dissipation of after life, do they still abide—though concealed—like burning coals, smothered, but not extinguished, amid the rubbish that afterwards they consume! Search the records of Christian biography, especially of the Christian ministry, and you will find that a striking proportion were the children of Christian parents, or at least of Christian mothers. If there are any prayers which more than others must prevail with God, they are those of the devoted mother, pleading for her wandering child.

The greatest part of mankind use their first years to make their last miserable.

## High Prices—the True Cause.

It is quite the custom just now to attribute the present high prices to an expanded currency. We are flippantly told that this is the one cause of commercial derangement, and that if the currency were only reduced to the standard of three years ago, prices would come down in the same proportion. Let us think a moment, and we shall see the utter absurdity of such a conclusion. No matter what is the medium for making exchanges, or what is currency, or what is lawful money—whether it be gold, or bank notes, or treasury notes—war prices always were and always must be high prices. Europe learned it during her Napoleonic wars; we learned it in the war of 1812; and the same stern teacher compels us to submit to it now. The reason is clear and simple—Production is diminished, and by the waste of war, consumption is increased. The war draws the farmer's sons from the plow, and fewer acres are sown and smaller harvests are reaped. The mechanic arts suffer in proportion. Scarcely less than two fifths of our adult male population are now devoting all their time and energy to putting down the rebellion. Of these, a vast number are in the field with our brave generals, a large part man-our ships of war, now counted by hundreds, and many are in hospitals, while those employed in the navy yards, ironworks, machine-shops, and in the manufacture of military clothing and equipments, and in producing munitions and supplies, swell the aggregate to the limit we have named. This great class of producers cannot be withdrawn from their ordinary pursuits without a great diminution in the products of the country. When the supply is greatly diminished, and the demand not only continued but increased, prices must advance. There is no possible help for it. If we could return to a specie basis to-morrow, it would still be a war basis, at war prices.

There is but one exception to this advance in prices, and that is Government bonds, and they are no exception to the rule, and only follow the general law of supply and demand. The necessities of war have made them abundant, and therefore they are cheap; but when the war ends the supply will cease and they will be dear—and the man who invests in them now is sure of a liberal profit.

A reduction of the currency will be well, and we have the official assurance of the Secretary of the Treasury that it is now taking place; but it is not the infallible panacea for financial disorder that many suppose. Mr. Cisco, the Assistant Treasurer of the United States at New York, states that he has cancelled forty-one millions of interest-bearing legal tenders within two weeks, and that he now holds thirty millions of greenbacks—and yet bread and butter, wheat and cloth are no cheaper.

The first cause of the increased cost of all commodities, gold included, is altogether out side of the currency. A redundant currency increases the misfortune, but does not create it. But suppose the government does contract the currency; what is to prevent the State banks; that give no security for circulation, from quadrupling their paper issues, as they have already done in many parts of the country? What, then, can be more absurd than to make the government or Treasury Department the scape goat for evils that are simply consequent upon the most gigantic war the world ever knew. If the body has a fever, is it just to make the hand that supplies its wants responsible for its unnatural condition?—*N. Y. Examiner, of June 28d.*

### The Speculators.

The mere rumor, predicated upon so slight a foundation, as that to which we have alluded elsewhere, that propositions of peace were being made, sent down gold and produce, in New York, to a much lower figure than that which they had occupied a day or two before. This shows how sensitive credit is at the present moment, and how slight a matter may cause an overwhelming avalanche upon the whole country. Thousands of speculators have bought up the necessities of life, and are holding them for still higher prices than even what they will now command but the time will come, and it may be without a moment's warning, when the walling of ruin will be heard from them, for there is a heavy denunciation against those who withhold food from the poor. As remarked by another, "peace" or anything like an approach to it would be death to the speculators and the kite flyers. Hence the exceeding sensitiveness in Wall street when ever that blessed monosyllable is mentioned.

**SYMPATHY FOR THE FALLEN.**—For my part, I confess I have not the heart to take an offending man or woman from the general crowd of sinful erring beings, and judge harshly. The little I have seen of the world, and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has stunk and suffered, represent to myself the brief pulsation of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope, and fear, the tears of regret, the feebleness of purpose, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, the scorn of the world that has but little charity, the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and the threatening voice within; health gone, even hope, that stays longest with us, gone. I have but little heart for ought else but thankfulness that it is not so with me, and would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow being with him from whose hands it came.

Intelligence of the death of Gen. McPherson was telegraphed to Gen. Grant on Sunday last. The war hero, after finishing the reading of the dispatch, retired to his tent weeping like a child, and with tears streaming down his bronzed cheeks, declared that the country had lost its ablest soldier, and his best friend.

## Horrible Affair—Four Children Burned to Death.

One mile north of Queensville, distant twenty-eight miles from Madison, Indiana, says the Courier of Saturday, in a pleasant farm house, and surrounded with almost everything to render life desirable and full of earthly comfort, lived, a few days ago, Mr. Edward Maloney and family, consisting of his wife and five children—two girls and three boys—whose ages ranged from five to perhaps thirteen years. At the usual hour in the evening they all retired to rest, the father and mother sleeping in a lower room, and the children altogether in a room on the second floor, in which they locked themselves up.—Between eleven and twelve o'clock they were awakened from sweet sleep and pleasant dreams to find the mansion in flames. The alarm spreading, a few kind neighbors hastened to the spot, and with difficulty the parents escaped through the flames that had already enveloped the entire lower story of the building, which was built of wood. The children, however, it was impossible to rescue. The fire raged with fury below and all around them, cutting off all chance of those beneath getting to them, and at the same time preventing their escape by the stairway or otherwise. The cries of the poor little unfortunates for mother and father to come and save them were pitiable and heart-rending beyond description, and more than once their mother had to be dragged from the flames into which she madly plunged in the vain hope of rescuing her darling loved ones. The eldest child finally got out at a window, and threw herself to the ground from which she was taken up in a horrible mangled condition, though hopes are entertained that under good treatment she will recover.

Another of the children also in some manner succeeded in getting out upon the burning roof, through which, however, she was afterwards seen to fall, and perish with her brothers. The fire, after completing its awful work, finally died out; and the sun whose setting rays the night before illumined the mansion of that then happy family, in the morning upon a scene—O how different!—The beautiful home was a mass of smouldering ruins, in which lay buried the charred remains of four innocent children, who had been the light and joy of the household.—Another, the only remaining child, bruised and suffering in body and mind; the fond mother, deprived of her senses, her heart-strings broken and reason dethroned by the painful intensity of her mental excitement and agony; and the poor father in tears and anguish of spirit, refusing to be comforted because his dear ones were not!

As many of the bones and parts of the bodies as could be found and recognized were gathered from the ruins, put in one coffin, and buried on Friday. That the fire was the work of an incendiary, little room is left for doubt.

### To the Married.

Miss Mulock says: "A lady of my acquaintance gives it as her *sine qua non* of domestic felicity that the men of the family should be absent at least six hours in the day."—And truly a mistress of a family, however strong her affection for the male members of it, cannot but acknowledge this as a great boon. A house were 'papa' or 'the boys' are always about, popping in and out at all hours overlastingly wanting something else, is a considerable trial to feminine patience. And I beg to ask my sex generally—in confidence of course—if it is not the greatest comfort possible when, the masculine half of the family being cleared out for the day, the house settles down into regular work and quietness until evening? Also, it is good for them for us to have all the petty domestic bothers got over in their absence; to effect which ought to be one of the principal aims of the mistress of a family. Let them, if possible, return to a quiet, smiling home, with all its small annoyances brushed away, like the dust and cinders from the grate, which, in passing, is one of the first requisites to make a fireside look comfortable. It might be as well too, if the master could contrive to leave the worldly mud of the day at the scraper outside his door.

### Get Enough Sleep.

We have often heard young men remark that four or five hours was all they wanted; The habit of going without sufficient sleep is very injurious. Thousands, no doubt, permanently injure their health in this way.—We live in a fast age, when everybody seems to be trying to pervert the order of nature. If folks will persist in turning day into night, it is not to be wondered at that few last out the allotted term of life. No matter what man's occupation, physical or mental, or like Othello's "goose," and living in idleness—the constitution cannot stand it without a sufficiency of regular and refreshing sleep.—John Hunter, the great surgeon, died suddenly of spasmodic affection of the heart, a disease greatly encouraged by want of sleep. In a volume just published by medical men, there is one great lesson that may be learned by hard students and literary men and that is that Hunter probably killed himself by too little sleep. Four hours' rest at night and one after dinner cannot be deemed sufficient to recruit the exhausted powers of body and mind. Certainly not; and the consequence was that Hunter died early. If men will insist on cheating sleep, her "twin sister death" will avenge the insult.—*Home Journal.*

**TAX ON MATCHES.**—Under the new law each "block" or box of matches sold after the first day of September next requires a stamp in accordance with the number of matches it contains; and the stamp duty cannot be paid by placing the appropriate amount of stamps upon the whole package of 'block' or boxes; for the reason that every 'block' or box-sold must have the stamp or stamps upon it. Such is the decision of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

## "We Never Drink"

On the stage, were seven or eight soldiers from the 8th Maine regiment—civil, well-behaved intelligent men, as was apparent from their conversation. While at a stage-house in Lincoln, there came into the office a poor old blind man—stone blind, slowly feeling his way with his cane. He approached the soldiers and said in gentlest tones:

"Boys, I hear you belong to the 8th regiment. I have a son in that regiment."  
"What is his name?"  
"John—"

"Oh, yes, we know him well. He was a Sergeant in our company; we always liked him."  
"Where is he now?"  
"He is now a lieutenant in a colored regiment and a prisoner in Charleston."

For a moment the old man ventured not to reply; but at last, slowly and sadly he said:  
"I feared as much, I have not heard from him for a long time."

"They did not wait for another word, but these soldiers took from their wallets a sum of money amounting to twenty dollars, and offered it to the old man, saying at the same time:  
"If our whole company were here we could give you a hundred dollars."

The old man replied:  
"Boys, you must put it in my wallet for me for I am blind."

But mark what followed. Another individual in the room, who had looked on this scene, as I had, with feelings of pride in our citizen soldiers, immediately advanced and said:  
"Boys, this is a handsome thing, and I want you to drink with me. I stand treat for the company."  
I waited with interest for the reply. It came.  
"No, sir, we thank you kindly; we appreciate your offer—but we never drink!"  
The scene was perfect—the first was noble, was generous; the last was grand!

**CONTRABANDISH.**—We have a faithful contraband (writes a lady), who has lived with us since his birth, and is very much devoted to us. He is Union in sentiment, but is silent or pretends to be silent when his mistress, who is a rebel, is by, for fear of offending her. One day last summer, about the time several ladies in this part of the State had been banished, a company of soldiers, headed by Lieut.—, was passing.—One of the soldiers called to Jim, who was looking at them, "Boy, what are your folks?" Jim scratched his head a moment very much perplexed, and anxious not to compromise his mistress, said, at length, triumphantly, "They's white folks, sah." Their united yell of laughter was deafening, and pleased Jim very much. Another soldier then called out, "What are you, boy?" Jim looked around and found his mistress was in hearing and replied: "I sah? I's a nigger!" They didn't ask him any more questions, but gave "three cheers for the contraband," and Jim walked off with the satisfying comment, "Takes dis nigger to out do the white folks."

**AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.**—Two officers, wounded in the battle of the 30th before Petersburg, were going home last Friday by the Erie route. When the train neared Oswego, a well-dressed lady, accompanied by a child and a gentleman, entered the car and took a seat in front of them.

As the officers talked over the recent engagements at Petersburg, informing each other of various acquaintances who had fallen, one remarked: "There was Captain Warwick, of the 109th New York as brave a fellow as ever lived; he was shot through the head and instantly killed." The lady referred to immediately sprang from her seat, and throwing up her hands exclaimed, "Oh, don't say that; he is my husband," and then burst into an agony of tears. This was the first intelligence she had received of her husband's death. The child with her was his daughter, and the gentleman, his brother. There were very few dry eyes in that car during the rest of the journey to Elmira.

**WELCOME.**—Papa will soon be here," said mamma, to her three years old boy, "what can George do to welcome him?" And the mother glanced at the child's playthings, which lay scattered in wild confusion on the carpet. "Make the room neat," replied the bright little one, understanding the look, and at once beginning to gather his toys into a basket. "What more can we do to welcome papa?" asked mamma, when nothing was wanting to the neatness of the room.—"Be happy to him when he comes!"—cried the dear little fellow, jumping up and down with eagerness, as he watched at the window for his father's coming. Now—as all dictionary-makers will testify—it is very hard to give good definitions; but did not little George give the very substance of a welcome? "Be happy to him when he comes."

**BURNING OF LETCHER'S HOUSE.**—The Washington Star, of Monday, tells why Gov. Letcher's house was burned:  
"On the arrival of General Hunter's troops at Lexington, the residence of Gov. Letcher was cared for and protected by his orders, as was all other private property in the town. After being there two days, there were discovered in a deserted printing office a manuscript proclamation written and signed by John Letcher, which had been set up, exhorting the citizens of the town and country to assassinate our troops from behind trees, bushes, etc. This discovery so incensed General Hunter and his army that he ordered the destruction of Letcher's house."

An old lady, 78 years old, living in Salt Lake county, Illinois, gave birth to twins—two girls—two weeks since. Mother and daughters are doing well.

**PASHUNES ON JOB.**—Everybody is in the habit of bragging on Job, and Job did buy considerable bills—pashunes, that's a fact, but did he ever keep a distrik skale for 8 dollars a month, and best bound?

Did he ever keep lodged oats down hill in a hot day, and have all his gallus buttons bust open as usual?

Did he ever have the jumpin' teache and be made tend the baby while his wife was over to Perkins at a tea socially?

Did he ever get up in the morning awful drr, and surf it miles before breakfast to get a drink and find that the man keep a temperance house?

Did he ever undertake to milk a kicking heifer with a bushy tail in fit time, out in the lot?

Did he ever dock onto a litter of kittens in the old rockin' cheer, with his summer pantaloons on?

If he end do all these things and praise the Lord at the same time, all I have got to say is "Bully for Job."

**A TOWN'S STORY.**—South Troy is just now agitated by the stories told about a child that talked at birth. It is prophesied that a comet was coming in a few weeks and was going to give us a terrible drouth, and that in consequence of its disarrangement of atmospheric laws there would be a five year famine. The war was to end next year, according to the inspired baby's prophecy. There are numbers who have seen the talking child, and insist upon the truth of these stories.—*Troy Whig.*

Gen. Dix the oldest employed General now prominently before the public. He was born in New Hampshire in 1798; Hunter was born in Washington in 1802; McClelland in Kentucky in 1812; Meade in Spain of American parents in 1816; Canby in Kentucky in 1817; Butler in New Hampshire in 1818; Hooker in Massachusetts in 1819; Sherman in Ohio in 1820; Grant in Ohio in 1822; Franklin in Pennsylvania in 1823; Hancock in the same State in 1824; Sigel in Germany in 1824; and Slocum in New York in 1827; Burnside in Indiana in 1824.

It is customary in some churches for the men to be placed on one side, and the women on the other. A clergyman, in the midst of his sermon, found himself interrupted by the talking of some of the congregation of which he was obliged to take notice.—A woman immediately rose and wishing to clear her own sex from the aspersion, said, "Observe, at least, your reverence, it is not our side." "So much the better, good woman, so much the better," answered the clergyman; "it will be the sooner over."

The other day a woman assailed the local reporter of the Columbus (O.) Journal with a cowhide, and, he offering no resistance, she gave him a severe whipping. The same night the wife of the reporter, hearing of the transaction, met the woman on the street and gave her a tremendous thrashing with a wagon whip.

**GRANT'S ANSWER.**—A brother of Gen. Grant, who recently visited the General at his headquarters, asked him, "Ulysses, how many men have you?" "I have a good many," replied the wise man.

A precocious boy being asked in his geography what they raised in South Carolina, replied: "They used to raise niggers and cotton, but now they are raising the devil."

A colored woman named Phoebe Dipe died in Baltimore lately, aged 116 years.—She recollected occurrences of the colonial period, and is supposed to have been the oldest person in the State.

Somebody thinks that if nature had intended man to be a drunkard, he would have been constructed like a churn, so that the more he drank the more firmly he would stand.

Tears are the magic blossoms of the heart at parting, smiles at meeting. Sometimes they bloom at once; than joy is sorrow, and sorrow is joy.

Say what is right, and let others say what they please. You are responsible for only one tongue—even if you are a married man.

Whoso would feel the tenderest participation in joy, let him not look at happy children, but at the father and mother who rejoice to see them.

If three apple pies, two custards, and one pound of cheese, make one dessert, how many acres of land will make a prairie!

An Indianapolis paper says that Mrs. Alice Day, of that city, was lately delivered of four starchy boys. We know not what a day may bring forth.

Footie expressed the belief that a certain miser would take the beam out of his own eyes if he could sell the timber.

Why is a soldier more tired in April than any other month? Because he has just got through a march of 31-days.

Life in the spring-time is life in all its forms—life with a sweet-breath in it, life with a song in it, life with a light in it.

The greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every-time we fall.

God will, like a good name, is got by many actions, and lost by one.

In the world of childhood, all posterity stands before us, upon which we, like Moses, may gaze but cannot enter.

A shilling, spent idly by a fool, may be picked up by a wise man, who knows better what to do with it; so it is not lost.