

VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.

HOW THE PRIVATES TALK.

BY PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY.

We have heard the Rebel yell,
We have heard the Union shout,
We have weigh'd the matter very well
And mean to fight it out;
In victory's happy glow,
In the gleam of utter rout,
We have pledged ourselves, "Come weal or woe,
By Heaven! we fight it out."
'Tis now too late to question
What brought the war about;
'Tis a thing of pride and passion,
And we mean to fight it out.
Let the "big-wigs" use the pen,
Let them caucus, let them spout,
We are half a million weaponed men,
And mean to fight it out.
Our dead, our loved are crying,
From many a storm'd redoubt,
In the swamps and trenches lying—
"Oh, comrades, fight it out!"
'Twas our comfort as we fell
To hear your gathering shout,
Rolling back the Rebels' weaker yell—
"God speed you, fight it out!"
The negro—free or slave—
We care no pin about,
But for the dog our fathers gave
We mean to fight it out,
And while that banner brave
One Rebel rag shall float,
With volleys arm and flushing glaive
By Heaven! we fight it out.
Oh, we have heard the Rebel yell,
We have heard the Union shout,
We have weigh'd the matter very well,
And mean to fight it out;
In the flush of perfect triumph,
And the gloom of utter rout,
We have sworn on many a bloody field
"We mean to fight it out!"

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

Just before the battle, Mother,
I'm thinking much of you;
While upon the field we're watching,
With the enemy in view;
Comrades brave are round me lying:
Filled with thoughts of home and God;
For well they know, that on the morrow,
Some will sleep beneath the sod.
Chorus.—Farewell, mother, you may never
Press me to your heart again;
But, oh, you'll not forget me, Mother,
If I'm numbered with the slain.
Oh, I long to see you, mother,
And the loving ones at home;
But I'll never leave our banner,
Till in honor I can come!
Tell the traitors all around you,
That their cruel words we know,
In ev'ry battle kill our soldiers
By the help they give the foe. Chorus.
Hark! I hear the bugles sounding,
'Tis the signal for the fight;
Now may God protect us, mother,
As he ever does the right;
Hear the "Battle-cry of Freedom,"
How it swells upon the air:
Oh, yes we'll rally round our standard,
Or we'll perish nobly there. Chorus.

MISCELLANY.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT—A letter by B. F. Taylor to the *Chicago Journal*, from Washington, closes with this beautiful thought: "Leaving the gate of the Capital to-night I met an old man hastening to the Baltimore cars. He carried a sword tenderly upon his arm as if it had been an infant. And yet he was no soldier, and the weapon was a new toy. He was fresh from the Juno fields of the West. The scabbard was battered and the hilt was stained. He had given a son to God and liberty, and was going home with the sword! It was not the first time I had seen old swords borne home northward by hands unsteady to wield them, but it was the first time its full meaning had come to me. It was sadder than a dirge, it was grander than a psalm. "Old man!" I thought, "it is worth the price you paid—the price he paid!" And, as if he had spaded it out in words, I seemed to hear him say: "Priceless! The sword withers, but the truth abideth forever!"

WOMAN'S LAUGH—A woman has no natural grace more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It leaps from her heart in a clear, sparkling rill; and the hearts that hear it feel as if bathed in the exhilarating spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen fugitive through trees, led on by her airy laugh—now here, now lost, now found? We have. And we are pursuing that wandering voice to this day. Sometimes it comes to us in the midst of care, or sorrow, or irksome business, and then we turn away and listen, and hear it ringing through the room like a silver bell, with power to scare away the ill spirits of the mind. How much we owe to that sweet laugh! It turns the prose of our life into poetry, it flings showers of sunshine over the darksome wood in which we are traveling, it touches with light even our sleep, which is no more the image of death, but is consumed with dreams that are the shadows of mortality.

THE TWO PLATFORMS.

REPUBLICAN.

Resolved, That the highest duty of every American citizen is to maintain against all their enemies the integrity of the Union, and the paramount authority of the Constitution and laws of the United States; and that, laying aside all differences and political opinions, we pledge ourselves as Union men, animated by a common sentiment and aiming at a common object, to do everything in our power to aid the Government in quelling by force of arms, the Rebellion now raging against its authority, and bringing to the punishment due to their crimes the Rebels and traitors arrayed against it.

Resolved, That we approve the determination of the Government of the United States not to compromise with rebels, or to offer any terms of peace except such as may be based upon an "unconditional surrender" of their hostility and a return to their just allegiance to the Constitution and laws of the United States, and that we call upon the Government to maintain this position and to prosecute the war with the utmost possible vigor to the complete suppression of the rebellion, in full reliance upon the self sacrifice, the patriotism, the heroic valor, and the undying devotion of the American people to their country and its free institutions.

Resolved, That as slavery was the cause, and now constitutes the strength of this Rebellion, and as it must be always and everywhere hostile to the principles of Republican Government, justice and the national safety demand its utter and complete extinction from the soil of the republic, and that we uphold and maintain the acts and proclamations by which the Government, in its own defense, has aimed a death blow at this gigantic evil. We are in favor, furthermore, of such an amendment to the Constitution, to be made by the people in conformity with its provisions, as shall terminate and forever prohibit the existence of slavery within the limits of the jurisdiction of the United States.

Resolved, That the thanks of the American people are due to the soldiers and sailors of the army and navy, who periled their lives in defense of their country, and in vindication of the honor of the flag; that the Nation owes to them some permanent recognition of their patriotism and valor, and ample and permanent provisions for those of their survivors who have received disabling and honorable wounds in the service of the country; and that the memories of those who have fallen in its defense shall be held in grateful and everlasting remembrance.

Resolved, That we approve and applaud the practical wisdom, the unselfish patriotism and unwavering fidelity to the Constitution and the principles of liberty, with which Abraham Lincoln has discharged, under circumstances of unparalleled difficulty, the great duties and responsibilities of the presidential office, that we approve and endorse, as demanded by the emergencies and essential to the preservation of the nation, and as within the Constitution, the measures and acts which he has adopted to defend the nation against its open and secret foes; that we approve especially the proclamations of emancipation, and the employment as Union soldiers of men heretofore held in slavery; and that we have full confidence in his determination to carry these and other constitutional measures essential to the salvation of the country into full and complete effect.

Resolved, That we deem it essential to the general welfare that harmony should prevail in the national councils, and we regard as worthy of public confidence and official trust those only who cordially indorse the principles proclaimed in these resolutions, and which should characterize the administration of the Government.

Resolved, That the Government owes to all men employed in its armies, without regard to distinction or color, the full protection of the laws of war, and that any violation of these laws or of the usages of civilized nations in the time of war by the Rebels now in arms, should be made the subject of full and prompt redress.

Resolved, That the foreign emigration which in the past has added so much to the wealth and development of resources and increase of power to the nation, the asylum of the oppressed of all nations, should be fostered and encouraged by a liberal and just policy.

Resolved, That the national faith pledged for the redemption of the public debt must be kept inviolate, and that for this purpose we recommend economy and rigid responsibility in the public expenditures, and a vigorous and just system of taxation; that it is the duty of any loyal State to sustain the credit and promote the use of the national currency.

Resolved, That we approve the position taken by the Government that the people of the United States never regarded with indifference the attempt of any European power to overthrow by force, or to supplant by fraud, the institutions of any Republican Government on the western continent, and that they view with extreme jealousy, as menacing to the peace and independence of this our country, the efforts of any such power to obtain new footholds for monarchial Governments, sustained by a foreign military force in near proximity to the United States.

DEMOCRATIC.

Resolved, That in the future, as in the past, we will adhere with unwavering fidelity to the Union under the Constitution as the only solid foundation of our strength, security and happiness as a people, and as a framework of Government equally conducive to the welfare and prosperity of all the States, both Northern and Southern.

Resolved, That this Convention does ex-

plcitly declare as the sense of the American people that after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war, during which, under the pretense of a military necessity or war power higher than the Constitution, the Constitution itself has been disregarded in every part, and public liberty and private rights alike trodden down, and the material prosperity of the country essentially impaired, justice, humanity, liberty and the public welfare demand that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities, with a view to an ultimate convention of all the States, or other peaceable means, to the end that, at the earliest practicable moment, peace may be restored on the basis of the Federal Union of the States.

Resolved, That the direct interference of the military authority of the United States in the recent elections held in Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri and Delaware was a shameful violation of the Constitution, and a repetition of such acts in the approaching election will be held as revolutionary, and resisted with all the means and power under our control.

Resolved, That the aim and object of the Democratic party is to preserve the Federal Union and the rights of the States unimpaired, and they hereby declare that they consider the administrative usurpation of extraordinary and dangerous powers, not granted by the Constitution; the subversion of the civil by military law in States not in insurrection; the arbitrary military arrest, imprisonment, trial and sentence of American citizens in States where civil law exists in full force; the denial of the right of the people to bear arms, as calculated to prevent a restoration of the Union, and the perpetuation of a Government deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed.

Resolved, That the shameful disregard of the Administration in its duty in respect to our fellow-citizens, who now and long have been prisoners of war, in a suffering condition, deserves the severest reprobation on the score alike of public and common humanity.

Resolved, That the sympathy of the Democratic party is heartily and earnestly extended to the soldiers of our army who are and have been in the field, under the flag of our country, and, in the event of our attaining the power, they will receive all the care, protection, regard and kindness that the brave soldiers of the republic so nobly earned.

WHO ARE THE WIDOW-MAKERS?

A scurrilous newspaper in this State felicitates itself upon having added the epithet of "widow-makers" to the general stock of approbrious name which the Northern sympathizers with the cause of treason and rebellion apply to the President of the United States.

Let us see what pertinence there is in the epithet. How is Mr. Lincoln a widow-maker? Is it because he has resisted the armed and aggressive treason of the Southern States? Is it because he has refused to withdraw from the National Capital and surrender it to the hordes led by Jefferson Davis? Is it because he has sought in accordance with the solemn oath taken at his inauguration to maintain and defend the Republic?

Neither he nor his friends began this war. No man ever sought with more solicitude to accomplish an object, than did Mr. Lincoln to avert the war. His inaugural address was a most eloquent and touching appeal for peace. Who does not remember the solemn and pathetic earnestness of his closing passages? "In your hands," said he to those who were threatening to destroy the Union, after he had pointed out the madness and evils of a course so utterly unjustifiable, "in your hands is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assent to it. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Government, while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect and defend it."

Faithful to that pledge, he and his true supporters sought, by every honorable means to conciliate the disaffected South, and to avert the terrible calamity of a civil war. It was in vain. The South revolted. The national authority was defied, its flag fired on and its Capital threatened. All this occurred before a hostile measure was adopted, or a soldier called for by the Administration. A protracted and bloody war has followed. Brave men have fallen by thousands, and many a widow and orphan has been made. "But is the guilt of war to rest upon those who sought to avert it, or on the bloody handed traitors who forced it upon the country? And what must be the character of the man who, professing to be loyal to the Republic seeks to relieve the burden of guilt, the monstrous bulk of which not any size of words can cover, from the perfidious miscreants who have taken up arms to destroy the Union, and to place it upon the brave and faithful President, who, through unexampled difficulties and trials, has steadfastly labored to defend and preserve our country?"

No, it is not Abraham Lincoln who is the widow maker. The traitors of the South and their allies and sympathizers at the North are the widow-makers. Not alone the men who are in arms to destroy the Union, but those who encourage them and stimulate them with sympathy and the hope of aid, must bear a portion of this monstrous burden of inexcusable guilt. What now sustains the rebel cause? What feeds it with hope? Who hesses in the ear of its supporters: "Persevere; don't yield; assume a bold front and summon all your energies; murder and maim as many Union soldiers as possible; hold out till after November!" What intelligent man does not know that the sole hope of rebellion lies in the defeat of Mr. Lincoln and the election of a peace man, ready to purchase peace at the price of national integrity and honor. Their men are all in the field and are insufficient. They have ceased

to look for foreign intervention. Their sole hope now lies in aid from the North; in divisions and bickerings in the loyal States, and the triumph of the peace faction. They know that with anything like unity in the North they cannot succeed. But for the expectation of aid from the copperhead faction, they would ere now have given over the hopeless conflict. But for this, thousands of lives upon either side would have been spared, and thousands of families saved from the sorrow that has overwhelmed them. Upon the canting, false, hypocritical and clamorous peace faction of the North then—upon the vile partisan leaders who are ready to sacrifice the country on the unhallowed altar of their selfish ambition—rests the bloody stain of this great guilt. They are the widow makers. They are the orphan makers. It is their hands that are ensanguined. It is they who, crying peace when there is no peace, protract the war, and its sufferings and sorrows.

Jealousy.

Jealousy is as cruel as the grave—not the grave that opens its deep bosom to receive and shelter from further storms the worn and forlorn pilgrim who "rejoices exceedingly, and is glad" when it can find its repose, but cruel as the grave is when it yawns and swallows down from the lap of luxury, from the summit of fame, from the bosom of love, the desire of many eyes and hearts. Jealousy is a two-headed asp; biting backwards and forwards. Among the deadly things upon the earth, or in the sea, or flying through the deadly night air of malarious regions, few are more noxious than is jealousy. And of all mad passions there is not one that has a vision more distorted, or a more unreasonable fury. To the jealous eyes white looks black, yellow looks green, and the very sunshine turns deadly lurid. There is no innocence, no justice, no generosity, that is not touched with suspicion, save just the jealous person's own.

And jealousy is an utter folly; for it helps nothing and saves nothing. If your friend's love is going, or gone, to another, will your making yourself hateful and vindictive stay it or bring it back? If it is not leaving you is there no risk in rendering yourself so unlovely? Commend me to all bereaved bears rather than to a jealous person, especially a jealous woman. There is neither reason nor mercy in her when once thoroughly struck through with this fearful passion.

She renders herself altogether repulsive by it; an object more of dread than affection to those who have loved her best. And if she regain not her self command, and return not to her senses, she frequently destroys utterly the attachments she most has prized.

Her friend may indeed refuse to forsake her, but it will be duty that bids him stay, and never will be able to forget what an abject thing she once appeared.

But let not any too rigorously judge the conduct of a jealous woman or a jealous man. Remember that the maniac suffers. To be sure the suffering is from selfishness; often it is without a shadow of a cause, but still it is suffering and it is intense. Pity it—bear with it. You may yourself fall into temptation. It is a sorer course, a more certain and fatal blight to the heart on which it seizes than it can be to those against whom its spite is hurled. Then, while one should bend too far to the whims of jealousy, all should be patient with its victims; and also should be watchful and careful that it enter not their own hearts.

The Dead Picket.

A correspondent in Sherman's army, says: "On the field yesterday, on the left, near Tilton, where the cavalry engaged the enemy, a beautiful garden, clothed in all the loveliness that rare plants and southern flowers could give it, attracted my attention and I was drawn to it. The house had been deserted by its owners, and the smiling magnolias and roses seemed to stand guard over the deserted premises. I entered through an open gate, stopped to pluck a rose from a bush, when I discovered one of the enemy's pickets lying partially covered by the grass and bushes—dead. He was a noble looking man, and upon his countenance there seemed to rest a remnant of a smile. The right hand had clasped a rose, which he was in the act of severing from its stem when receiving the messenger of death. In the afternoon the cavalry dug a narrow grave, and with Federal soldiers for pall-bearers, and beautiful flowers for mourners, he was laid to rest, the rose still clasped in his stiffened hand. Nothing was found to identify him, and in that lonely grave his life's history is entombed. No sister's tears will baptize the grave among the roses where the dead picket sleeps."

DON'T WRITE THERE—Don't write there, said one to a lad who was writing with a diamond pin on a pane of glass in the window of a hotel.

"Why?" said he.
"Because you can't rub it out."
There are other things which men should not do, because they cannot, rub them out. A heart is aching for sympathy, and a cold, perhaps a heartless word is spoken. The impression on the glass may be destroyed by the fracture of the glass, but the impression on the heart may last forever.

On many a mind and many a heart there are sad inscriptions, deeply engraved which no effort can erase. We should be careful what we write on the minds of others.—*Merry's Magazine*.

TOO MUCH REWARD—In a tract distributed by the Mormon preachers the following question and answer occurs:

"What shall be the reward of those who have forsaken their wives for righteousness sake?"
"A hundred fold of wives here, and wives everlasting hereafter."

An Interview With the President.

BY REV. W. K. MARSHALL.

A desire to see the Chief Magistrate of the nation, and to shake the hand that once split rails, but now guides the ship of State, led three of us to the White House. We soon obtained access to the President's room. A gentleman first approached him on some business. "Not coming directly to the point," the President said, "Look here, sir, you want me to do something." "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Well, sir, come right to the point, then, and tell me what it is." His business was soon despatched. The next case was a widow woman, who desired to have her son released from the draft. The President said he couldn't do that. "If he did, others would demand the same thing, and thus the whole army would be broken up." "But he is my only son and my only support," said the widow. "Then the law exempts him," replied the President. "But he has been drafted," continued the importunate mother. "Well, then, there is something wrong in the case," said the President, and he wrote on the back of her papers to the provost marshal to investigate the matter, and have her son released if drafted contrary to law. The next case was an Irish woman. "What do you want?" She handed him a petition. After reading it the President said, "Why, madam, you want me to release this man from the penitentiary, and he's been stealing; I can't do that." "But, I'm a very poor woman, and have nothing to live on." "Can't he get that?" replied the President; he oughtn't to get to stealing, and then you wouldn't get into trouble. Good afternoon, madam." Excuse turned next. We approached his Excellency with the remark: "We have no particular business, Mr. President, but merely wish the pleasure of shaking hands with you." He rose to his feet and received us quite cordially, and conversed freely for some minutes, when we retired well pleased with the interview, and favorably impressed with the President. I had supposed from the representation made that he was a slow, grumbling, dragging kind of man in his talk and motions, but I found I was mistaken in this. He is quite quick in his movements, and his articulation is distinct, sharp, and rapid rather than slow. When not engaged in conversation he presents the appearance of being careworn and painfully anxious; but when approached by any one he seems for the time to forget the great responsibility that presses so heavily on him, and his countenance at once becomes brilliant and pleasant. The most prominent feature of his character, as read in his physiognomy, is indomitable energy, accompanied with honest and truthfulness. These, doubtless, are the secret of his success in life. In most public men who have risen from obscurity you see the same characteristics. Young men may learn from this an important lesson. Energy, honesty, truthfulness, will ensure success in any profession or calling.

Brought Down a Deluge.

Speaking of overdoing matters, reminds us that there was a Methodist preacher once traveling in the summer. There had been a protracted drought; the earth was parched and dry, and vegetation withered. At night our friend stopped in front of a house which belonged to a widow lady, and asked permission to stay all night. The old lady told him bread was scarce, and that corn was still more scarce, and that she did not know whether she could spare enough to feed him and horse. The traveler answered that he was a minister and if she would allow him to stay all night he would pray for rain. Upon this she consented; so that night and next morning the minister put up long and fervent prayers for rain, and again went on his way rejoicing. The night after he left there came a tremendous storm. The old lady, on getting up in the morning, found her garden flooded, her fences swept away, her plantation washed in to gullies, while ruin and devastation stared her in the face. Turning to one she was standing by, she said: "Plague take these Methodist preachers; they always overdo the thing." I was afraid of this the night before last when that fellow kept praying so loud!

The Dangerous Pet.

An English gentleman had a tame young lion, which seemed to have become a lamb in gentleness, and was a favorite pet in moments of leisure. One day, falling asleep, his hand hung over the side of his couch. The lion came to his side and commenced licking the hand. Soon the fleecy surface of the animal's tongue swept off the cuticle, and brought blood to the surface. The sleeper was disturbed, and moved his hand, when a savage growl startled him from his dreaming half-consciousness to realize the terrible fact that the pet was a lion after all. With great self-possession, with the other hand he carefully drew from the pillow a revolver, and shot his pet through the head. It was no trivial sacrifice to his feelings, but a moment's delay might have cost him his life. A striking illustration of the folly and madness of men in their moral experience. A vice which men call harmless, in the face of conscience, reason, and history is caressed until it gains the mastery. The pet sin at length eats its way so deeply into the soul that its wages of pain begin to be felt. The victim starts up resolved to escape; but how seldom has he the will or power left—the moral courage to stay the disguised destroyer of his immortality.

Life is a beautiful night, in which, as some stars go down others rise.

"My dear Nicholas," said Lord Strangford, "I am very stupid this morning; my brains have all gone to the dogs." "Poor dogs!" replied his friend.

A Pious and a Daring—One of the young countesses, under the training of a Christian Commission teacher, had a penance for lying, which, for courage, annoyed the good teacher very much. In one of her lessons, she told the boy that all liars would have their portion in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone, upon the following dialogue ensued:

Darkey.—"What's dat you say, Missis?"
Teacher.—"I say fire and brimstone."
D.—"What, biffin' all de time?"
T.—"Yes, all one bof of life."
D.—"Wa, wa, wa; Missis; dis darkey couldn't stand it a minute—he burn' all up to roast meat and bones."
T.—"Oh! Tommy, but you'll be made to stand it and live there continually."
D.—"We made to stand it, eh?"
T.—"Yes, most certainly you will."
D.—"Well, den, Missis, if I can only stan it, I don't care a ting about it; dis chile ain't scared of nothin, he can stan, no how."

The Negro Faith—Chaplain Tainter relates the following as occurring in his experience:

"One day, after a brisk skirmish in the Bayou Lege country, an old gray-headed negro came into camp. His first salutation was:

"Thank the Lord, Massa Yank, I know de time would come."

"What time?"

"De time for de Lord to deliver his people."

Unfortunately, two days afterwards a lot of us, including my old colored friend, were picked up by the rebels. In the evening, I asked him what he thought of being delivered now?

"De promise 'ob de Lord' am certain," he replied.

And sure enough in less than a week we were all safely back in the Union camp, and the old man is now rejoicing in freedom.

DRILL FOR VOLUNTEERS—Call in—to good ways and habits, which will likely conduce to your benefit.

Attention—to your own business, and never mind other people's.

Right Face—Manfully do your duty, and don't be glad of a petty excuse for shirking it.

Quick March—From temptation to do anything which is mean or unmanly.

Halt—When conscience tells you that you are not doing as you would like to be done by.

Right about Face—From dishonesty and falsehood.

Present Arms—Cheerfully, when your wife asks you to carry the baby for her.

Break Off—Bad habits, and everything which is likely to retard your advancement in the world.

"What a censorious liar!" exclaimed old Mrs. Partington, as she read in a certain paper an account of a new counterfeit, which was said to contain three women and a bust of Washington on each end. "What!" said she, "General Washington on a bust?—'Tis not so?" And the old lady lifted her specs, and declared she had known the old gentleman for the last thirty years, and had never heard of his being on a bust—much less with three women.

A Maine paper says that a few Sundays ago a clergyman, on entering a pulpit in the town of Gray, in that State, remarked to his auditors: "It is not often I occupy this pulpit, and now I am here I shall say just what pleases me, and if there is a single copperhead present I advise him to rise and walk out." No one dared to rise.

A quaint writer says—"I have seen women so delicate that they are afraid to ride for fear of the horse, running away; afraid to sail for fear the boat should overset; and afraid to walk for fear the dew might fall; but I never saw one afraid to get married!"

A gentleman employed an Irishman to trim a number of fruit trees. He went on in the morning, and on returning at noon was asked whether he had completed his work. No, was his reply, but he had cut them all down, and was going to trim them in the afternoon.

"I like you," said a girl to her suitor, "but I cannot leave—I am a widow's only darling. No husband can equal my parent in kindness."

"She is kind," replied the wooer, "but be my wife; we will all live together, and see, if I don't bear your mother."

The door between us and heaven cannot be opened if that between us and our fellow-men is shut.

Many men and women have had occasion to know that two do not necessarily make a pair.

If there be no hints of affection in the morning haze of life, it will be in vain to seek them in the staring light of the late noon.

Why is it difficult to keep a blacksmith in custody? Because he can generally make a successful bolt.

The barbers of Hartford, Conn., have bound themselves unto each other in the penalty of \$500 to shave no man on a Sunday. Bally for them barbers.

Confront difficulties with unflinching perseverance, and they will die at last; though you should fail in the struggle, you will be honored—but shrink from the task and you will be despised.

We should not forget that life is a flower, which is no sooner fully blown than it begins to wither.