

VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



THANKSGIVING.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

We are all here,
Father, Mother,
Sister, Brother,
All who hold each other dear.
Each chair is filled; we're all at home!
To-night let no cold stranger come.
It is not often thus around
Our old familiar hearth we're found.
For once be every care forgot;
Let gentle peace assert her power,
And kind affection rule the hour.
We're all—
We're all—
We're all—

We're not all here,
Some are away—the dead ones dear,
Who thronged with us the ancient hearth,
And gave the hour to guiltless mirth,
Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,
Looked in, and thinned our little band;
Some like a night flash passed away,
And some sank lingering day by day;
The quiet grave-yard—some lie there—
The cruel ocean has its share.
We're not all here.

We're all here.
Even they—the dead—though dead so dear—
Fond memory, to her lot true,
Brings back their faded faces to view.
How life-like through the mist of years,
Each well remembered face appears!
We see them, as in times long past;
From each to each kind looks are cast;
We hear their words; their smiles behold;
There're round us as they were of old.
We're all—
We're all—

We're all here.
Father, Mother,
Sister, Brother,
You that I love, with love so dear.
This may not long of us be said;
Soon must we join the gathered dead;
And by the hearth we now sit round,
Some other circle will be found.
Oh! then, that wisdom may we know,
Which yields a life of peace below;
So, in the world to follow this,
May each repeat in words of bliss,
We're all—
We're all—

OUR COUNTRY.

BY WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

O Country, marvel of the Earth!
O realm, to sudden greatness grown!
The age that gloried in thy birth,
Shall it behold thee overthrown?
Shall Traitors lay that greatness low?
No, land of hope and blessings, No!
And we who wear thy glorious name,
Shall we, like cravens, stand apart
When those whom thou hast trusted aim
The death blow at thy generous heart?
Forth goes the battle cry and lo!
Hosts rise in harness, shouting, No!
And they who founded, in our land,
The power that rules from sea to sea,
Bled they in vain, or vainly planned
To leave their country great and free?
Their sleeping ashes, from below,
Send up the thrilling murmur, No!
Our humming marts, our iron ways,
Our wind-toss'd woods on mountain crest
The hoarse Atlantic, with his bays,
The calm, broad Ocean of the West,
And Mississippi's torrent flow,
And loud Niagara, answer, NO!

MISCELLANY.

Eight to Sixteen.

Lord Shaftesbury recently stated, in a public meeting in London, that he had ascertained from personal observation that of adult male criminals in that city, nearly all had fallen into a course of crime between the ages of eight and sixteen years; and that if a boy lived an honest life up to twenty years of age, there were forty-nine chances in his favor and only one against him, as to an honorable life thereafter.

This is a fact of startling importance to fathers and mothers and shows a fearful responsibility. Certainly a parent should secure and exercise absolute control over his child until sixteen—it cannot be a very difficult matter to do this, except in very rare cases; and if that control is not wisely and efficiently exercised, it must be the parent's fault—it is owing to parental neglect or remissness. Hence the real source of ninety-eight per cent of the crime in a country such as England or the United States lies at the door of the parents.

It is a fearful reflection; we throw it before the minds of the fathers and mothers of our land, and there leave it to be thought of in wisdom, remarking only, as to the early seeds of disease, that in nearly every case they are sown between sundown and bedtime in absence from the family circle, in the supply of spending money never earned by the spenders, opening the doors of confectionaries and soda fountains, or beer and tobacco and wine shops, of the circus, the negro minstrel, the restaurant, and dance; then follows the Sunday excursion, the Sunday drives, the easy transition to the company of those ways which lead down to the gates of social, physical, moral ruin.

From "eight to sixteen" in these few

years are the destinies of children fixed in forty-nine cases out of fifty—fixed by parents! Let every father and mother solemnly vow: "By God's help I'll fix my darling's destiny for good, by making home more attractive than the streets."

The Slave Mother.

Dinah was a slave mother. When her first baby was born, she did not rejoice over her darling, as other mothers do.

"Ben," she said, "dis child a'n't ourn; it may be took from us and sold any day."

"Well," said poor Ben, "it may be der Lord's chile, if it a'n't ourn."

Twelve children were born to Dinah, bright, handsome, healthy frolicsome babies—dear to Dinah's tender and loving heart, and they grew up children that a mother might well be proud of; but she had no part or lot in them. Home with its treasured affections was not for her. As they grew up, one boy and one girl another were rent from her. Her mistress was often pressed for money; and when she had two or three hundred dollars to pay for the education and accomplishment of her children, the slave-trade would call, and laying down six or eight hundred dollars in gold bills for Dinah's Lucy, or George or Tom, they were sold.

"Selling my chillen to pay for her chillen," cried poor Dinah in an agony of spirit.

"What is your gal worth?" asked the trader, eyeing one of Dinah's beautiful girls of fourteen years.

"Sir," said Dinah bitterly, "she's worth to me what your daughter is worth to you."

But the trader took no account of that. A slave mother's heart, a slave mother's tears, a slave mother's grief had no entry in his calculations. Then her husband's master sold out and moved away. He had lived on a neighboring plantation, and he took Ben with him, and Dinah heard of him no more. "Der don't no letters go 'tween us," sobbed poor grief-stricken Dinah. "We can't write, and it is as good as being dead; no, no, nor so good."—The poor woman hugged her last little one to her bosom, and looking up to the sky, her whole face wore the look of that agonizing prayer of the Savior. "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Al, thou poor slave mother, God has neither forgotten nor forsaken thee or thy suffering people. Thy wrongs have come up before Him. The blood of the poor orphans unto Him.

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him, and His righteousness unto children's children."

Feminine Devotedness.

At Lyons, when that city became the theatre of daily executions, a woman learned by chance that her husband's name was on the list of the proscribed, and instantly ran to avert the impending destruction, by securing his immediate flight. She compelled him to assume her dress, gave him her money and jewels, and had the inexpressible happiness of seeing him pass unsuspected. A few hours afterwards the officers of justice came to seize him. She had prepared herself to receive them, by putting on a suit of her husband's clothes, and answering also to his name. She was led before the revolutionary committee. In the course of the examination her disguise was discovered, and they demanded her husband. "My husband," she answered, in a tone of exultation, "is out of the reach of your power. I planned his escape, and I glory in risking my own life for the preservation of his." They displayed before her the instrument of punishment, and charged her to reveal the route her husband had taken. "Strike!" she replied; "I am prepared." "But it is the interest of your country that commands you to speak," said one of the committee. "Barbarians!" she answered, "my country cannot command me to outrage the sacred laws of nature."

Her dignity and firmness swayed even the members of the revolutionary committee, and a noble action for once overcame their spirit of desolating cruelty.

MORAL COURAGE.—Young man, would you become morally strong? Would you grow up perfectly competent to resist every foe to your happiness, every enemy which may dispute your progress in the way of noble manhood?—Would you fit yourself for usefulness in this world, and for happiness in the next? Then listen to the feeblest voice of conscience, calling you to duty and to right. There is no more certain method of cultivating and promoting moral strength than by heeding continually that light which "lighteth every man into the world." When some specious temptation is presented before you, when there is thrown over it the witching gauze of fashion and show, do you not hear that gentle and precious voice bidding you look away and shun the specious temptation? That voice is soft, as the whispers of angels, and as kind as the melting tenderness of a mourner's pure love. You cannot disregard it but as you listen with attention, your ear becomes keener to hear, and your strength more competent to resist temptation. It will soon become easy to do right. The charm of temptation would lose its power over you.—*Morning Star.*

PRESERVE SOME TORY PAPERS.—Months ago, we gave this advice—and now we repeat it. The Tory papers of the Revolution, and the Federal papers of 1812, were models of decency compared with some of the Copperhead sheets of 1864. Gather up, label, and lay carefully away a few of these, for future generations to read with wonder. It will appear a marvel that such things were tolerated. But the President had confidence in the people, and went on with his own work, trusting in God for support.

Bridesmaids.

Next to being a bride herself, every good looking young woman likes to be a bride's maid. Wedlock is thought by a large proportion of the blooming sex to be contagious, and much to the credit of their courage, fair spinsters are not all afraid of catching it.—Perhaps the theory that the affection is communicated by contact is correct. Certainly we have known one marriage to lead to another, and sometimes to such a series of happy events as to favor the belief that matrimony, as John Van Buren might say, "runs like the cholera."

Is there any book entitled "Rules for Bridesmaids?" in secret circulation among young ladies? It seems as if there must be, for all the pretty bench-women act precisely alike. So far as official conduct is concerned, when you have seen one bridesmaid you have seen the whole fascinating tribe. Their leading duty seems to be to treat the bride as "a victim led with garlands to the sacrifice." They consider it necessary to exhort her to "cheer up and stand by." It is assumed by a poetic fiction, that she goes in a state of fearful trepidation to the altar, and upon the whole would rather not. Her fair aids provide themselves with pungent essences, lest she should faint at the "trying moment," which—between you and us, reader, she has no more idea of doing than she has of flying. It is true she sometimes tells them that she "feels as if she should sink into the earth," and thus they respond "poor dear soul," and apply the smelling-bottle; but she goes through her nuptial martyrdom with great fortitude, nevertheless. In nine cases out of ten the bridegroom is more "battered" than the fragile and lovely creature at his side; but nobody thinks of pitying him, poor fellow! All sympathy, compassion, interest, is concentrated upon the bride, and if one of the groomsman does recommend him to take a glass of wine—before the ceremony, to steady his nerves, the advice is given superciliously—as who should say "what a spoony you are, old fellow!"

Bridesmaids may be considered as brides-in-what-the-lawyers-call-the-sinuate—or incipient state. They are looking forward to that day of triumphant weakness when it shall be their turn to be "poor, dear, creature," and Preston saluted, and otherwise sustained and supported as the law of nuptial pretences directs. Let us hope they may not be disappointed.

The Married State

It is considered a noteworthy circumstance for a man or woman to have been married three times; but of old this number would have been thought but little of. St. Jerome mentions a widow that married her twenty-second husband, who in his turn had been married to twenty wives—surely an experienced couple.

A woman named Elizabeth Mast, who died at Florence in 1768, had been married to seven husbands, all of whom she outlived. She married the last of the seven at the age of 70. When on her death bed she recalled the good and bad points in each of her husbands, and having impartially weighed them in the balance, she singled out her fifth spouse as the favorite, and desired that her remains might be interred near his.

The death of a soldier is recorded, in 1784, who had had five wives, and his widow aged 30, wept over the grave of her fourth husband. The writer who mentioned these facts gravely added: "The said soldier was much attached to the marriage state."

There is an account of a gentleman who had been married to four wives, and who lived to be 115 years old. When he died he left twenty-three children alive and well, some of the said children being from three to four score.

A gentleman died at Bordeaux in 1772 who had been married sixteen times.

In July, 1708, a couple were living in Essex, who had been married eighty-one years, the husband being 107 and the wife 103 years of age.

At the church of St. Clement, Danes, in 1772, a woman of 85 was married to her fifth husband.

No Good from Passion.

Will putting thee's self in a passion mend the matter? said an old man to a boy, who had picked up a stone to throw at a dog.—The dog only looked at him in play.

Yes, it will mend the matter, said the passionate boy, and quickly dashed the stone at the dog.

The animal, thus enraged, sprang at the boy and bit his leg, while the stone bounded against a shop window and broke a pane of glass.

Out ran the shop-keeper, and seized the boy, and made him pay for the broken pane. He had mended the matter finely, indeed! Take my word for it, it never did; and it never will mend the matter to get into a passion about it. If the thing be hard to bear when you are calm, it will be harder to bear when you are in anger.

If you have met with a loss, you will only increase it by losing your temper.

There is something which is very little minded and silly in giving way to sudden passion. Do set yourself away against it with all your hearts.

Try, then, to be calm, especially in trifling troubles; and when greater ones come try to bear them bravely.

A young lady remarked to a fop that his pen-knife, in one respect resembled him.—The ladies in the room commenced guessing what it could be. At last a smart-looking little boy, who, until now, sat in one corner, silent, was asked to guess. After examining the knife very closely, he turned around, and in a cunning manner said: "Well, I don't know, unless because it's awful dull."

In what esol is a secret best kept? In silence.

NOVEMBER FANCIES.

Sunshine glimmers on the hill,
Lighting up its rugged brow,
Though the birds of song are still,
And the leaves have left the bough.
Brightness on the brook is shed,
Like soft gleams of golden ore,
Though the water-flows are dead,
And the marge is green no more.

Thus the Good of Earth when age
Warps the form, and thins the hair,
And the brow becomes a page,
Wrinkled with the lines of care—
Smile, amid decay and blight,
Gently, like the dying year,
Though a long and gloomy night,
And a wintry tomb, are near.

On the perished grass and flowers,
Patterns now the blinding hail,
And, through cold and naked bowers,
Howls the loud November gale,
Fleet as swallows on the wing,
Fly abroad the shrivelled leaves,
And von oak, crownless thing,
Rocks and moans like one who grieves

Habits.

Habit is the effect of custom; the power of doing anything acquired by the frequent repetition of the same action. Habits are generally formed in childhood and youth, and may be either good or bad.

When I see children unmanly and rude, I am quite sure that they will lack manners when they become older. Their bad habits will not leave them when they become men and women. "O the dreadful power of habit!" exclaimed a professing Christian, bursting into tears, and confessing his sin. In an unguarded moment he had uttered an oath. "I began to swear when a child," he continued, "and I kept on swearing until the grace of God arrested me; and now, even now this wicked habit steals upon me when I am not thinking." Swearers in childhood and youth—and I am sorry to say there are many—make the violent swearers in manhood.

Some very small boys begin to make a whiff at the pipe, or a chew of tobacco, just because they see their father or some other person smoke or chew. They soon form a habit, and by and by they become inveterate tobacco users, when quite young, are treated to a sip of liquor by their parents or friends.—Soon they get a relish for strong drink, which lays the foundation of a habit to become confirmed drunkards, and finally they fill a drunkard's grave!

Some children relate an anecdote or a story that they have heard with a little variation; they stretch the truth a little; until after a while they cannot tell truth from falsehood, and more often utter the latter than the former.

Some commence the habit of stealing by taking little things from their parents or playmates, and they go on step by step, taking still greater things, until at last they end their days in prison!

Those who commence in early life to spend the precious Sabbath in idleness or play, instead of attending the Sabbath school or going to the house of God, are generally vicious and unhappy, and good people shun them.

Before commencing any practice or habit, however trifling it may appear, consider carefully what it may lead to; for important consequences flow from trifling beginnings.

Strive to form good habits, to store your mind with useful knowledge; to be honest, industrious, temperate, truthful, studious, and persevering. Pray for the direction and assistance of your heavenly Father, that you may be enabled to shun all bad habits in early life, for that is the only true way to escape them when you become old.

BROTHERLY LOVE.—Were all Christians to dwell on the virtues of their fellows—were they to talk of each other's excellencies and amiable traits, and throw the veil of Christian charity over each other's little faults, how much more love there would be among the followers of Christ! How much more enjoyment among Christians! And how much more success would attend the preaching of the truth! The example of Christians would then convince the world of the reality of religion, and the unanimous exclamation of the world would be: "See how these Christians love." Christians then would be one, and the world would know how to be followers of Christ. Then let us love one another, and be more anxious to see in each other something of the likeness of Christ, than to notice and talk of each other's faults.

A MAN WITHOUT MONEY.—A man without money is a body without a soul, a waiting death—a spectre that frightens everybody. His countenance is sorrowful, and his conversation languishing and tedious. If he calls upon an acquaintance he never finds him at home, and if he opens his mouth he is interrupted every moment, so that he may not finish his discourse, which is fearful and ends with asking for money. He is avoided like a person affected with disease, and is regarded as an incumbrance to the earth. Want wakes him in the morning, and misery accompanies him to his bed at night. The ladies discover that he is an awkward booby—landlords believe that he lives upon air, and if he wants anything from a tradesman, he is asked for cash before delivery.

There is a lady down east, of such a sweet temper that she turns salt into sugar by touching it. Her husband is making a fortune by selling molasses made from vinegar. He buys a barrel of the liquid, the lady looks in at the bung hole, and in two days after he sells it for "sugar house" at fifty cents a gallon.

The End of our Great Men.

The four great personages occupying the most conspicuous places in the world's history were Alexander, Hannibal, Cesar, and Bonaparte.

Alexander—after having climbed the dizzy heights of his ambition, and with his temples bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of countless millions, looked down upon a conquered world and wept that there was not another world for him to conquer—set a city on fire and died in a scene of debauch.

Hannibal—after having, to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps, and having put to flight the armies of the mistress of the world, and stripped three bushels of golden rings from the fingers of her slaughtered knights, and made her foundations quake, fled from his country, being hated by those who once exultingly united his name to that of their god, and called him Hani Baal and died at last, by poison administered by his own hand, unlamented and unwept, in a foreign land.

Cesar—after having conquered eight hundred cities, and dyeing his garments in the blood of one million of his foes—after having pursued to death the only rival he had on earth, was miserably assassinated by those whom he considered his nearest friends; and in that very place, the attainment of which had been his greatest ambition.

Bonaparte—whose mandates kings and popes obeyed, after having filled the earth with terror of his name—after having deluged Europe with tears of blood, and the world with sackcloth, closed his days in lonely banishment, almost literally exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving over the deep, but which could not bring him aid.

A Warlike World.

The Opinion Nationale of a recent date gives this dismal picture of the present beligerent condition of the world:

"If there be a dead calm in politics as well as business amongst us, it is not the same in all parts of the little planet we inhabit.—Three-quarters of humanity, in fact, are living in the barbarous state of war.

- "There is war in Poland.
 - "War in Mexico.
 - "War in the United States.
 - "War in Peru.
 - "War in New Zealand.
 - "War in China and Keetchgar.
 - "War in Japan.
 - "War in Afghanistan.
 - "War in twenty countries in Africa.
- "This is, unfortunately, enough to discourage the friends of universal peace; and who can say they will not meet with greater disappointment next year? Italy, Hungary, Poland, Denmark, and the Slavonian population of Turkey, are not, it must be confessed, in the most pacific humor; and to those who study the general situation of our continent, it is quite evident that the general situation, instead of getting better, goes on from day to day getting more complicated.

The Marriage Fee.

The late Dr. Bountou was once disputing with a farmer about the ease with which a minister earned his money.

"Now," said the farmer, "when you are called upon to marry a couple, you never exceed a sum less than three dollars—this for a few minutes' service."

"Pooh!" replied the doctor, "I would agree to give you half of my next marriage fee for a bushel of potatoes."

"Very well," said the farmer, "I'll take your offer, and send you the potatoes."

A few days afterwards the doctor was called on to splice a couple at Dogtown, a place about four miles from where he lived. When the ceremony was over the bridegroom said to the worthy minister,

"Well, parson, I s'pose I must fork something over for your trouble. What say you to taking one of my terrier pups? The best breed, I tell you, in the country. Shockin' nice to have in the barn. Worth full five dollars—and I suppose a figure '2 would do for the splice?"

The doctor took the pup with joy. The joke was too good; he hastened to the farmer, saying,

"Now, friend, here is my fee—how shall we divide it?"

The farmer relished the joke so well that he increased the potatoes to half a dozen bushels.

EMPTY NIGHTGOWNS.—Since the advent of General Logan's splendid corps at Huntsville, the rooms in the principal hotels have been in demand. A beautiful and accomplished actress had been staying at the Huntsville Hotel, and in about a "minute and a half or two minutes" after she had vacated her room, the gallant General O. was assigned to it by the landlord. The General on examining his bed previous to retiring, found a most robe de nuit neatly folded under his pillow, marked in delicate characters with the name of the fair owner. The chamber-maid was called and asked by the General, holding the garment in his hand:

"Do you know Miss Lottie Hought?"

"Yes," answered the chambermaid.

"Then carry this to her with my compliments, and say General O. is not in the habit of sleeping with empty nightgowns."

Without knowledge, without science, without education, a nation cannot long be free. A humble village schoolhouse, with the unpretending school master and ragged urchins, are more terrible to the despots than legions of armed soldiers. Rear your children in ignorance and they are ready to be made slaves; educate them, teach them how to be free, and no power on earth can enslave them.

A vacant mind invites dangerous inmates, as a deserted mansion tempts wandering outcasts to enter and take up their abode in its desolate apartments.

Desperate Scoundrel—Fearful Encounter.

The notorious bushwacker and guerilla leader, Buck Holmes, whose name is associated with many outrageous proceedings and acts of horror, met with his death at the hands of James Skiles, a United States scout, on Tuesday night of last week, at the house of Wm. Denuubra, near Ashland, Cheatham Co., Tennessee. This bold outlaw scoundrel sailed under a number of names, and he was noted for his bitter hate towards all mankind, his utter depravity of heart, and his blood-thirsty revenge. Holmes, Hodges, Dick Thompson, Zetonia, or Delfal Higo, he was the same murdering scoundrel and robber fiend, and to the people was the evil spirit of the border of the Cumberland.

In the affray with Skiles, Holmes fought with desperation, and did not yield until eighteen pistol balls had pierced his body. With disordered costume, strained eyes, his form stained with the warm blood flowing from his many wounds, and with a wild look of despair, he sunk to the earth completely exhausted. He was raised from his prostrate condition, carried into the house, lingered a brief hour in agony, when the breast ceased to heave, and the guilty spirit passed from time to eternity. Before he died he made a confession of his many crimes of highway robbery, and acknowledged that he had murdered twenty-one Federal soldiers, (eight white and thirteen colored) and four citizens. Even in the hour of death his thirst for blood and revenge did not desert him. His only regret was that he had not lived long enough to take the life of another man, D. D. Hollman, of Springfield, for whom he had formed a bitter hatred. The thoughts of the past and future did not appal him, and he died as he had lived, a hardened criminal, a revengeful monster and a bloodthirsty scoundrel. He was well armed. On his person was found four six-shooting revolvers, three hundred dollars in greenbacks, one hundred and twenty-five dollars in Tennessee money, and about thirty dollars in Confederate scrip.

Strange to say, Mr. Skiles was not wounded in the affray. Holmes was much excited, and his aim was wild and erring. The robber, outlaw and murderer now sleeps in a rude grave, with a startling record of fearful crime and villainy to hand his name down to posterity. Mr. Skiles deserves the thanks of the people for ridding the world of such a monster.—*Louisville Journal.*

A pious old deacon used to inspire us with so much awe by the sanctity of his manner, that we would dare not say that our soul came to California, and was tempted after sinful gains. A friend and member of the same church found him one night "bucking the monie." With holy horror, he nudged the absorbed player into a knowledge of his presence. "Deacon, do I find you gambling?" With ready wit to relieve him from embarrassment, he chuckled, "No, no, friend S—, not gambling! You see, this is a corrupt institution, and I'm doing my best to break it up!"

A countryman passing along one of the streets of Baltimore a few days since when one of his wheels came off, and he discovered that a linch pin was gone. After searching for it some time, he offered to the boys who congregated a shilling to find it. They then joined in the search, and in a few minutes one of them brought him what he supposed to be the pin. Having adjusted the wheel, he started off but had not gone more than half a square before a wheel on the other side came off, when he discovered that the young rascals had stolen the pin from one of the other wheels to obtain the reward.

How little is known of what is in the bosom of those around us! We might explain many a coldness could we look into the heart concealed from us; we should often pity when we hate, love when we think we never can forgive, admire when we curl the lip with scorn and indignation. To judge without reserve of any human action is a culpable temerity, of all our sins the most unfeeling and frequent.

A young woman in Jackson, Mich., has been carrying on the recruiting business in an original and highly peculiar manner. She marries a man on condition that he will enlist and give her his bounty. She being strikingly handsome, the man consents. After he is gone she marries another. Four men has she thus wedded and sent to the army. On the fifth occasion she was detected.

According to Haller, women bear hunger longer than men; according to Plutarch, they can resist the effects of wine better, according to Pliny, they are seldom attacked by lions; according to Ugar, they grow older and are seldom bald; and according to the most people they can talk a few.

It was a happy sentiment of some devoted writer, that God carries his people when they cannot walk; he pities our weakness, but not our sloth.

Fear not to have every action of your life open to the inspection of mankind. Remember that a nicer caustic than man sees into your least actions. Answer to Him, and fear no man.

All the performances of human art at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance.

How humbling to pride is the reflection that man is the only species of the animal creation that wars upon its kind.

A cloud upon the soul shrouds and darkens the earth more than a cloud in the firmament. The spectacle is in the spectator.

Why is a cow's tail like a swan's bosom? Because it grows down.