

VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair.

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PORTICOAL.



ALL EARTH IS BEAUTIFUL.

Oh, tell me not this earth is all
A scene of foul decay,
That o'er its joys a funeral pall
Is spread in dark array,
Oh, tell me not there is no love,
No beauty here below,
For God, from higher courts above,
Hath blessed all things below.

There's beauty in each tiny flower
That blooms along the way,
Or decks the cool and shady bower
In rich and bright array!
There's beauty in each forest tree
That shades the passer-by,
There's music in the tiny bee
That hums his busy lay.

There's beauty in the mountain rill
That flows along the glade,
There's beauty in the rugged hill
And in the forest shade;
There's beauty in the summer day,
There's beauty in the night
That comes to us with gentle lay
And happy visions bright.

There's beauty in the summer cloud
And in the April showers,
For these our All-Wise Father gives
To gladden leaf and flower!
Oh, yes, all earth is beautiful
With every varied scene,
For whoso'er the eye may gaze
The Hand of God is seen!

THE TRIUMPH OF FREEDOM.

Lead sound the conquering trump of Freedom,
Through every land, o'er every sea!
Take for mankind, ye rising nations,
World-wide, our country's Jubilee!
Now heaven's angelic choirs are singing
Celestial Peace renewed on earth,
Good will to man and joy upspringing,
In Freedom's universal birth.

Fling to the pit each hateful fetter,
From power the proud oppressor hurled,
Our States by freedom reunited,
In God may stand against the world.
Sound forth the conquering trump of Freedom
O'er every sea, through every land
God-quickened, let the rising nations
Regenerate in Justice stand.

From age to age rehearse the story
Of earth's sublimest Jubilee!
And sound abroad Jehovah's glory,
Who speaks the enslaved millions free.

MISCELLANY.

THE LADY PREACHER.

All over the beautiful earth lies the rich
paraphernalia of summer. Her flower gems
lie scattered in profusion, her countless min-
strels are abroad, her winds laden with per-
fume, cool our fevered brows, and we cease
to dream of Paradise.

For a while, man forgets his cares and re-
veals like a child amid nature's bounties, the
temptations to sin are weakened, for the mind
is occupied with the simple pleasures of the
genial season; and sorrow sits less heavily
upon the mourner's heart, for hope flourishes
as new the promise of earth.

How marvelously has God wrought the
great change since Winter sat throned upon
the hills, and ruled the valleys and the floods.
He called the south wind from the tropic
isles, laid His hand upon the tempestuous
sea, and bade it sleep beneath serene skies,
breathed into dormant seeds the breath of
life, and they came forth into the sunshine,
and his work stands before us, "very good,"
challenging every noble, loving and grateful
sentiment of our hearts.

There is a voice coming to us from all this
majesty and beauty, a voice pleading with us
to keep ourselves worthy the dwelling-place
so richly dowered. All evil passions are at
variance with the spirit of nature, which is
love, unflinching, all-pervading, pure without
spot or blemish. How are pride and selfish-
ness rebuked, by the lesson of the sunlight
and the rain! Where is there room for en-
vy, when all alike are the children of Him
who made this fair temple, and draped it
with ever-changing skies and clouds? Who
dare hate his brother, participant in that
love that hath no bound to its giving?

When we remember the untold centuries
that have rolled away since Spring time and
harvest, Summer and Winter first commen-
ced their round, when we think upon the
countless generations of men that have read
these mystic leaves in God's great volume,
when we realize how short the amplex of
life, we take to our hearts as their divinest
hopes and richest treasure, the great lesson
of immortality. All the wonder and beauty
around us, is only the repetition of years that
no man can number, witnessed by eyes, count-
less as the stars, that wake no more at the
coming of the Spring. Their too brief days
were ended, and then others filled their
places on earth, but where are the "gone be-
fore?"

And for ourselves, we feel that time glides
on with resistless progress, and bears us up
to the silent bourne, but we may not stop
there in our belief. Our faith in Christ is
unshaken by the terrors of the grave, and
that points us to a world where this incom-
plete mortality shall inherit immortality.—
The restless yearning that earth never sat-
isfies the sorrows that time never heals the

thirst for knowledge never quenched at earth-
ly fountains, all point to a fruition some-
where in God's universe, some time in the
future that is as certain as the present hour.
Therefore we take hold of eternal life with
unflinching trust.

And O, let the weary heart take up anew
its burden and bear it on, nerved by the
thought that it shall one day lay down fore-
ver. O, disappointed heart, the cloud shall
be lifted off thee when thou shalt reach the
other side of death's dark river. O, repent-
ant heart, thy sins shall be forgiven and for-
gotten when the veil parts to usher thee
where no temptation ever cometh.

Let us live, that God shall walk with us
on the earth, that His presence may be a re-
ality, that his voice may find echo from the
depths of our spirits; at last let us close our
eyes on all conviction that the soul can know
no death. God grant to each of us a por-
tion of faith as shall carry us triumphantly
through the portal of death; and then may
His mercy and love be our inheritance for-
ever and ever.

PROVERBS.

Heaven is not to be had by men's barely
wishing for it.
He who gets, doth much; but he who
keeps, doth more.

He who will not be counseled, cannot be
helped.
He who converses with nobody, knows noth-
ing.

He is the wise man, who is the honest
man.
He who lives in hopes dies a fool.
Home is home, be it ever so homely.

He is a rich man, who hath God for his
friend.
He is the best scholar, who hath learned to
live well.

Hear reason, or she will make herself be
heard.
He who hath no wisdom, hath no worth.
He who resolves to amend, hath God on his
side.

He who hath done ill once, will do it a-
gain.
Have many acquaintances, and but few
friends.

He who will avenge every affront means
not to live long.
He who hath no ill fortune, is tired out
with good.

BLESSED.

1. Blessed is he who does not make
a cent, for he will have no income tax to
pay.

2. Blessed is the bald-headed man for his
wife cannot pull his hair.

3. Blessed is the homely man, for the girls
shall not molest him; yea, thrice blessed is
he, for when he shall ask a lady to dance, she
will answer him, saying, "I am engaged for
the next set."

4. Blessed is he who polisheth his boots
and not his morals, who maketh the outside
of his head to shine, but neglecteth the in-
side thereof, for all the girls shall rise up at
his coming and call him beautiful.

5. Blessed is the man who hath no brains,
but brass in abundance, for he shall be the
ladies' favorite. Selah.

6. Blessed is the man who giveth many
and costly presents to young ladies, for great
shall be his reward—in a horn.

7. Blessed is the man who is always flat
broke, for no man saith unto him, lead me
five dollars.

8. Blessed is the Digger Indian, for unto
him no man presenteth a subscription pa-
per.

THE FATE OF SAM HOUSTEN.—The Pitts-
burg Commercial of Saturday says:—A cor-
respondent at Cleveland signing himself "A
Texan Refugee," writes us in answer to our
query, made a few days ago, concerning the
fate of Gen. Sam Houston. He said, "Governor
Houston is dead, having deceased early
in the year 1863, about two years after the
inauguration of the rebellion. And I may
add, he died of a broken heart." Our cor-
respondent corroborates the statements that
have appeared in the press of Gen. Houston's
resistance to the last of the schemes of the
secessionists. He says, a short time before
the death of Gen. H., "a party or mob pro-
ceeded to his house for the purpose of hang-
ing him, because of his opposition to seces-
sion, and especially on account of his Union
sentiments, promulgated a short time pre-
viously, in a speech delivered by him at Hous-
ton. A few of his neighbors banded to-
gether, and succeeded in staying the intentions
of the mob, representing to them that he was
in bed and not likely to survive long. A
few days after he passed away, a martyr to
his beloved country."

HOW TRUE.—A young person once men-
tioned to Dr. Franklin his surprise that the
possession of great riches should ever be at-
tended with undue solicitude; and instanced
a merchant who in possession of abundant
wealth was as busy and much more anxious
than the most assiduous clerk in his coun-
ting-house. The Doctor, in reply, took an ap-
ple from the fruit basket, and presented it to
a child in the room, who could scarcely grasp
it in his hand. He then gave it a second,
which filled the other hand, and choosing a
third, remarkable for its beauty, he presented
that also. The child, after many ineffectual
attempts to hold the three apples, dropped
the last on the carpet, and burst into
tears. "See," said the philosopher, "here is
a man with more riches in the world than
he can enjoy."

A gentleman at a public table, who had
exercised his jaws for some fifteen minutes
upon a small morsel of steak, turned to a
neighbor and said:
"What a pity to kill this animal."
"Why?" responded his friend.
"Because," replied the other, "it would have
made such an excellent working creature."

The Disciples of Christ.

The growth of this body of Christians,
sometimes called Campbellites, is unparalleled
in the annals of religious history. They
had their origin, in this country, only about
forty years ago; but they number now, in the
United States alone, over six hundred thou-
sand communicants—while they are growing
rapidly in Great Britain, the Canadas, the
West Indies, and Australia.

As a denomination, they have always been
devoted to the interest of education and the
diffusion of general intelligence. They have
now under their control thirteen first class
Colleges, and in addition a large number of
Academies and higher Seminaries of learn-
ing. They now publish a Quarterly, four
Weekly and eleven Monthly papers, besides
innumerable tracts, pamphlets and miscel-
laneous matter.

Their statistics show that they have 4,200
preachers in the field in this country, many
of whom are men of high intellectual culture
and talent.

Their great strength lies in the "Valley
of the Mississippi," the State of Kentucky
alone having 130,000 persons belonging to
that Church.

They claim to have no creed but the Bible,
—and to call Bible things by Bible names.
They contend that they occupy the ground
held by the primitive Christians, and teach
that all Christians should unite upon the
Word of God. However much in error their
doctrinal tenets may be regarded by their
religious friends, the fact cannot be dis-
guised that during the past 30 or 40 years they
have made more rapid progress than any other
denomination in the United States.—*Exchange
paper.*

How Scholars are Made.

Costly apparatus and splendid cabinets
have no magical powers to make scholars.—
In all circumstances, as a man is under God
the maker of his fortune, so is he the maker
of his own mind. The creator has consti-
tuted the human intellect that it can grow
only by its own action, and by its own action
it will most certainly and necessarily grow.—
Every man must therefore in an important
sense educate himself. His book and teacher
are but helps; the work is his. A man is
not educated until he has the ability to
summon, as an act of emergency, all his men-
tal powers in vigorous exercise to effect his
proposed object. It is not the man that has
seen most, or heard most, who can do this;
such a one is in danger of being borne down,
like a beast of burden, by an overloaded mass
of other men's thoughts. Nor is it the man
who can boast merely of native vigor and ca-
pacity; the greatest of all the warriors that
went to the siege of Troy, had not the pre-
eminence because nature had given him
strength, and he carried the largest bow, but
because self-discipline had taught him how
to bend it.

Rare.

Years ago, a blunt Vermont farmer, not
altogether versed in the public literature of
fashionable cookery, and having by hard
knocks acquired considerable property, took
it into his head to visit Boston, and started
accordingly in his best one-horse gig. Stop-
ping near noon at one of the "smart" vil-
lages on the route, he put up for a time and
ordered dinner. When asked what he pre-
ferred, he mentioned beef steak, and the land-
lord inquired whether he would have it rare
or well done. This was a stumper for our
friend, but thinking there might be some-
thing "glorious" in the "uncertainty," he as-
sumed the air of one who "knew the bricks"
and ordered it rare. All things in readiness,
our hero took a seat at the table, and com-
menced a vigorous onslaught on the smoking
viands placed before him. At the first cut
of the steak, blood very profusely followed
the knife, at which he started back in aston-
ishment, and rang the bell furiously. Di-
rectly a waiter answered the summons, and
inquired what he wished.

"I want the beef cooked," said the guest.

"But you ordered it rare," replied the waiter.

"I know it," said the guest, assuming to
understand the matter fully, "but it is not
quite right; you may take it out and *rare it
over again!*"

BISHOP LYNCH, OF CHARLESTON.—A
correspondent of the Cincinnati Catholic Tel-
egraph says:
The papers state that Bishop Lynch, of
Charleston, has applied for pardon, and he
may get it for his political offenses from
President Johnson; but for his abolition
from his higher crime of prostituting his sa-
cred office and dignity, and attempting to
drag down the church to the infamous pur-
poses of the Southern slave breeders, he will
have to appeal to a higher Judge, incorrupt-
ible, who tempers justice with mercy. Per-
haps the Bishop may learn a salutary lesson
from the eloquent ruins of his cathedral.—
God Grant it; if he forgives him, the Catho-
lics of America surely can.

ANECDOTE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—
President Lincoln, having been applied to
pardon a repentant slave-trader who had
been sentenced to prison, answered the ap-
plicant: "My friend, if this man had been
guilty of the worst murder that can be con-
ceived of, I might perhaps have pardoned
him. You know the weakness of my nature,
always open to the appeals of repentance, or
of grief, and with such a touching letter and
such recommendations I could not resist.—
But any man who would go to Africa and
snatch from a mother her children, to sell
them into interminable bondage, merely for
the sake of pecuniary gain, shall never re-
ceive pardon from me."

"Father," said little Teddy, "how can the
sea run, when it's all tide?" "It sets still,
child." "How can it set when it has no
bottom?" Teddy was led out of door by
the hair of the head.

Pat Saved his Stamps.

A physician was sitting in his office, up-
town, when an Irishman came in and ad-
dressed him thus:

"Can ye pull a tooth for me, Docther?
Sure, it is the devil's own brother I've got
in my mouth, that's been kapin me awake
these three nights entirely
"I think I can; sit down and let me look
at it."

The tooth proved to be a large double one
and very sore. The instruments were brought
out to commence operations, but Pat showed
evident signs of nervousness.

"Och! sure, you will be murdering me
quite, Docther?"
"To be sure I shall hurt you," said the
Doctor in a jocular way. "If I don't I won't
charge you anything for pulling it."

Pat said not a word and the Doctor went
to work. The tooth was firmly set to the
jaw, and stuck like a Democrat to the Con-
stitution; but the Doctor tugged and pulled
and fairly lifted his patient from his chair
in the struggle, who bore it like a martyr,
"making no sign." At last the offending
molar laid upon the table.

"There," said the Doctor, "didn't I hurt
you enough?"
"Not a bit, sir," said Pat, "and sure you
are not the man to be going back from your
own word?"

The Doctor 'saw it' and Pat saved his
stamps.

Exposing the Cotton.

A feminine rebel, a Memphisian and a wid-
ow, who shall go by the name of Mrs. C—
was recently going up the river on one of
the Cairo packets, when she got into an ex-
cited discussion with Colonel S— on
the subject of the war. It took place in the
ladies' cabin and soon brought around them
a crowd of eager listeners. She poured
whole broadsides into the colonel who receiv-
ed them with his characteristic good humor.
The closing scene of the discussion is given
by the informant as follows:

"You may ever run the whole South,"
said Mrs. C—, "you may burn our houses,
lay waste our plantations, maim or kill
the last man, but then, sir, we will arm our
boys with squirrel rifles and shot guns, and
put one behind every stump in the land.—
What will you do then?"

"O," replied the colonel, "in that case
we will be compelled to call out and arm
enough of your niggers to surround all the
stumps."

"But when you have accomplished all that,
we, the women of the South, will bare our
breasts to the Federal bayonets."

"You dare not do that, madam."
"Why not, sir?"
"For the simple reason, madam, it is un-
lawful. Your Confederate Congress has made
it criminal for you to expose your cotton to
the Yankee forces."

The lady retired suddenly, while the lis-
teners laughed uproariously.

Pat and his Pig.

A rollicking Hibernian of the light divi-
sion in the Peninsula, was trudging along
the road with a pig tied to a string behind
him, when, as bad luck would have it, he
was overtaken by Gen. Canford. The salu-
tion, as may be supposed, was not the most
cordial.

"Where did you steal that pig, you plun-
dering rascal?"
"What pig, general?" exclaimed Paddy,
turning around with the most innocent sur-
prise.

"Why, that pig you have behind you,
you villain."
"Well, then, I protest, general," rejoined
Paddy, nothing abashed, and turning round
to his four-tooted companion, as if he had
never seen him before, "it is scandalous to
think what a wicked world we live in, and
how ready folks are to take away an honest
boy's character. Some blackguard wanting
to get me into trouble, has tied that baste to
my cartouch box."

The general smiled and rode on.

A number of young rascals in Troy col-
lected some roses and bought a quantity of
Scotch snuff. The snuff was delicately in-
serted among the rose leaves, so as to be in-
visible. When a lady came along, one of
the party would step forward and say, very
gallantly: "Won't you have a rose?" The
flower was usually accepted, and the most
natural impulse in the world was for the re-
cipient to apply it to the nose, to inhale its
delicate perfume. The result may be imag-
ined. Away would go the rose, and the lady
would hasten along, either blushing amid
the sneeze, or wondering where the police
were.

Lord M—, with no very large portion
of wit or wisdom, had a very exalted opinion
of his own powers. When once in a large
company, and expatiating about himself, he
made the following pointed remarks:

"When I happen to say a foolish thing,
I always burst out laughing!"
"I envy you your happiness, my lord, then,"
said Charles Townsend, "for you must cer-
tainly live the merriest life of any man in
England."

A letter from Edwin Booth, in reply to a
"fraternal and consoling letter from a com-
mittee of Masons in New York, has been pub-
lished. Mr. Booth says:

It has pleased God to afflict my family as
none other was ever afflicted.

"The nature, manner and extent of the
crime which has been laid at our door have
crushed me to the very earth. My detesta-
tion and abhorrence of the act, in all its at-
tributes, are inexhaustible; my grief is un-
utterable, and where it not for the sympathy
of friends such as you, would be intoler-
able."

What female should a shoemaker kick out
of his establishment? Miss Fit.

WONDERFUL TORNADO.

The LaCrosse (Wis.) Republican, of the
1st inst., contains the details of the terrible
tornado at Viroqua and vicinity, in that
State. It was a most frightful calamity.—
About 2 o'clock on the afternoon of the 29th
ult., two heavy clouds approached each other
from the North and South, and but a short
distance West of Viroqua, which contains
some 1,200 inhabitants. When the two
forces came in contact they whistled off at a
tangent in an easterly direction, and passed
through the very heart of the village, carry-
ing death and destruction in their path. In
a moment about fifty buildings were demol-
ished and scattered to the winds. Seventeen
persons were killed and about one hundred
men, women and children injured.

The tornado continued in its course for
several miles east of Viroqua. It destroyed
everything in its course. The total destruc-
tion of property is estimated at \$200,000.—
One house, a large white one, was taken so
high in the air that it was seen above the
tree tops, dashed to the ground, lifted again
higher than before, whirled around and dashed
roof down upon the earth a few rods from
its foundation, and all but a few timbers
borne away. The wife of the owner was in
the house all the time, was spilled out in the
second tumble and but slightly hurt, while
an infant who was clinging fast in her arms
escaped without a scratch or bruise! In an-
other case, a house was raised from the floor-
ing and carried away, leaving the inmates
sitting on the floor in perfect safety. A cor-
respondent of the World furnishes the fol-
lowing additional incidents:

—Mr. Phineas Drake, who was at work in
another locality, was taken from a woodpile
and hurled into a plowed field forty rods
distant, and has not spoken a word since, though
alive when this is written. A three year old
child of H. G. Weeden was in her parents'
house and killed, while the house was dashed
to fragments and borne off in flying pieces
by the storm.

A young lady named Lydia Gillett, aged
twenty years, ran up from the cellar, where
the family had gathered for safety, to close
a door which was blown open. Just as
she reached the top of the cellar stairs,
the house was caught up, whirled in the air,
dashed to the earth, and the fragments car-
ried rods away. Miss Gillett was found in
a field some distance from the cellar, so badly
injured that she died in a few moments.

The rest of the family escaped unhurt, with
the exception of slight bruises, while their
home had gone forever.

In a school-house were twenty-four chil-
dren and a young lady teacher. The build-
ing was lifted high into the air, dashed upon
the ground some distance from its founda-
tion; again lifted about forty feet and dashed
bottom up to the ground and the frag-
ments swept away. Eight children were
killed, and every other occupant badly injured.

A lumber wagon standing in front of Judge
Terhune's barn was lifted over the large barn
and set down behind it uninjured! A fence
board was carried several rods and driven
through the wall of Judge Terhune's house,
reaching into the parlor five feet; like a long
peg to hang harness on, while a picket from
a fence, in an opposite direction, was driven
through the wall, into another room of the
same house.

The Southern part of the village, for a
strip near eighty rods in width, was swept
away. Where stood handsome white houses,
 neat barns and out houses, nothing now re-
mains but ruins. Trees were torn up by the
roots and thrown rods away. Roofs, side-
floors, doors, chimneys, underpinning and
furniture of houses were pounded together,
broken into fragments and fairly sown over
the land. Log chains were twisted apart,
beds, carpets, chairs, harness, calves, sheep,
dogs, cats and poultry, dead, or writhing on
points of branches which had themselves been
broken.

Important Decision.
The following decisions have been render-
ed at the Pension Bureau:

A soldier discharged on account of a dis-
ease under which he was laboring when he
entered the service, is not entitled to a pen-
sion.

Actual rank in the line regulates the amount
of pension, and not brevet rank.—
This rule applies to aid-de-camps, adjutants,
and others.

If an injury results from the fault of the
soldier, he is not entitled to a pension.

A widow's pension ceases if she marries.
The minor children, under sixteen years of
age, if any, are entitled from the day of the
marriage.

No one while in the receipt of pay or com-
mencements as an officer or soldier of the
army can be placed on the pension list. The
pension will not commence until the party is
discharged.

A minor disabled in the service does not
lose his right to a pension, although he may
subsequently have been discharged because
of his being a minor.

A seaman was taken prisoner and attempt-
ed to escape, for which he was severely pun-
ished by the enemy, and disabled. It is
held that the disability was contracted while
in "the line of his duty," and for which he is
entitled to a pension.

The pension of a minor child ceases on ar-
riving at the age of sixteen years.

Quin was at a small dinner party. There
was a delicious pudding of which the master
of the house begged him to partake. A gen-
tleman had just before helped himself to an
immense piece of it.

"Pray," said Quin, looking first at the gen-
tleman's plate and then at the dish, "which is
the pudding?"

The gold mounted pistol at the Chicago San-
itary Fair, "to be awarded to the best gen-
eral," has been voted to Gen. Sheridan.

A Very Apt Scholar.

A Baltimore correspondent of Harper's
Magazine tells the following story, showing
how a pupil became too smart for his preceptor:

A rather pretentious appearing person en-
tered a store, and laying a small portfolio on
the counter, stated to the merchant that he
was giving instructions in the art of detect-
ing counterfeit money by an original and
practical method of his own. He had in-
structed several telters in leading banks, all
of whom testified to the superiority of his
method.

"Well," said Mr. B—, the proprietor,
"what is your peculiar method?" Said the
stranger:

"I show you good money and bad money
together; show and explain the difference in
the engraving; show you the difference in
the lath work and the fine lines of the vign-
ette," remarked that he was a practical en-
graver himself, and in forty minutes' time
he could instruct any person of the least ob-
servation in rules that would be infallible in
detecting the finest executed counterfeit ever
issued.

"Well, what is your terms?" said Mr.
B—, looking intently at the man, as tho'
somewhat incredulous as to the profundity
of his wisdom on the subject.

"My terms are five dollars for full instruc-
tions," he replied.

"I can't give it," responded B—, "I
would probably forget it all in a week."

"Well," replied the instructor, with an eye
to business, "I have spent some time talk-
ing with you and if you are anxious to learn,
I will charge you but three dollars."

"Well, I will go three dollars on it," said
B—, "and run the risk of all the good it
will do me."

So they proceeded to business at once.—
The stranger opened his portfolio, produced
a quantity of bank notes, good and bad, the
fine lines of the lath work were duly com-
pared, expatiated upon and explained. He
found a ready scholar in B—, who in
half an hour's time was an adept in picking
out the good from the bad ones.

The lesson ended, B— expressed him-
self well satisfied, and stepping around to his
cash drawer fumbled over some bills for a
moment with which to pay for his tuition,
remarking to the stranger that he had nothing
less than a ten, and asking him if he
could give him seven dollars, which the
stranger promptly did, B— giving him
in return a well-executed counterfeit ten dol-
lar note, which was lying in his drawer.

The stranger pocketed the bogus "ten,"
expressed his thanks, and left—leaving
B— his tuition and seven dollars in
good money.

I like to see men crowding about the bar-
room on Monday morning before sunrise; it
shows their anxiety to get at their week's
employment in good season.

I like to see women send their butter to
market in a dirty cloth; it shows economy,
and saves washing.

I like to see men pay their debts on the
back of an execution; it saves trouble here-
after.

I like to see young women stop a whole
congregation from going out of church, while
they stand chatting in the aisle; it shows
they mind their own business.

I like to see ladies and gentlemen giving
countenance and shelter to drinking sets,
merely because they wear fine clothes; it