



By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



KEEP TOILING.

Ho! traveller, o'er the mountain steep, Why sink beside the way? The night is dark, but never weep, Soon will arise the day. Toil on with firm undaunted heart, Until the top is won; Strive on and fill the worker's part, Until the toil is done. Ho, eagle, soaring in the sky, Sink not again to earth, But toward the clouds of heaven fly, Where had thy spirit birth. Fly on, with strong, undrooping wing, And give no look below, Until you hear the angels sing, And see God's roses blow. Oh! toil up the steep of Fame, Look straight toward the prize, And win for thee a hero's name. To live when others die, Have faith in God and toil on, And never sit these down, And say, 'I shall not see the dawn,' Toil on and win the crown!

UNION SONG.

Hail! brightest banner that floats on the gale! Flag of the country of Washington hail! Red are thy stripes with the blood of the brave, Bright are thy stars as the sun on the wave; Wrapt in thy folds are the hopes of the Free, Banner of Washington! blessings on thee! Mountain tops mingle the sky with their snow; Prairies lay smiling in sunshine below; Rivers as broad as the sea in their pride, Border thine Empires, but do not divide; Niagara's voice far out-anthems the sea; Land of Sublimity! blessings on thee! Hope of the world! on thy mission sublime, When thou didst burst on the pathway of time Millions from darkness and bondage awake; Music was born when Liberty spoke; Millions to come yet shall join in the glee; Land of the Pilgrims! blessings on thee! Traitors shall perish, and treason shall fall; Kingdoms and thrones in thy glory grow pale; Thou shall live on, and thy people shall own, Loyalty's sweet, where each heart is thy throne; Union and freedom thine heritage be; Country of Washington! blessings on thee!

MISCELLANY.

A Startling Scene in Church. There were many thrilling scenes in the New England churches during the Revolutionary War. The following one occurred in Sharon, Conn., under the ministry of Rev. Cotton Mather Smith. It is found in Headley's "Chaplain of the Revolution." Mr. Smith one Sunday took for his text a part of Isaiah xxi. 11:—"Watchman, what of the night?" The watchman said—"The morning cometh." The question in the first part of this passage had been the daily, almost the hourly inquiry for nearly a month, of every one of that congregation, and hence its appropriateness was keenly felt, by the startling announcement, "The morning cometh," took them by surprise; and they could not at first comprehend its significance, or how it could be adapted to the present prospect. Had he heard any good news? What had happened that he could say so confidently, "The morning cometh?" No he had nothing new to tell them, only to proclaim over again his unshaken confidence in God's promises. He did not attempt to conceal or lessen the calamities that had befallen the country, nor deny that a fearful crisis was at hand. He acknowledged that to human appearance "clouds and darkness were round about God's throne;" but said that the eye of faith could pierce the gloom. The throne was there, though wrapped in impenetrable darkness. In all the disasters that had successively overwhelmed them, he traced the hand of God, and declared that to his mind, they clearly indicated some striking interposition of Divine Providence about to take place in their behalf. Man's extremity had come, and now was the time for him to make bare "his arm for the deliverance of the people." Prophet-like, kindling with the vision on which the eyes of his faith rested, he boldly dropped the general subject of God's faithfulness, and told his astonished hearers that he believed they were on the point of hearing extraordinary news of victory to our arms. He would not wait, for an indefinite future to prove his faith to be well founded—he was willing to bring it to the test of the present. They might judge whether he was right or wrong, for, said he, "The morning cometh." I see its beams already gilding the mountain tops, and you shall soon behold its brightness bursting over the land." One cannot imagine the effect of such a time of doubts and suspense. He ceased, and as he closed the Bible and exclaimed "Amen so let it be," a silence profound and death-like rested on the audience; each one seemed to feel as if an invisible presence was there, and some weighty announcement was just at hand. Suddenly the deep hush was broken by the distant clatter of a horse's hoof along the road. The sharp and rapid strokes told of swift riding and urgent haste. They knew at once what it meant. For days and weeks their eyes had strained up the streets that led northward, to catch sight of the messenger of good or evil tidings that was

hourly expected. He had come at last and as nearer, clearer, rang the sound of that wild gallop on the listening ear, each looked in mute and earnest inquiry into his neighbor's face. Right on through the place, straight for the meeting house hasted the swift rider, and drawing rein at the door, leaped from the saddle, and leaving his foaming steed unattended, strode into the main aisle. On the deep silence that filled the building like a sensible presence, his armed heel rung like the blows of a hammer. As he passed along a sudden pallor spread over the crowd of faces turned with a painful eagerness toward him. But looking neither to the right hand nor left, the dread messenger passed on, and mounting the pulpit stairs handed the pastor a letter. Notwithstanding the good man's faith, his hand trembled and an ashy hue overspread his face as he reached out to receive it. "Burgoyne has surrendered," were the first words that met his eye. He staggered under them as under a blow.—The next moment a radiance like that of the morning broke over his countenance, and he burst into tears. Rising to read the incredible tidings, such a tide of emotion flooded his heart that he could scarcely utter them aloud. The audience sat for a moment overwhelmed and stupefied, then, as their pastor folded his hands and turned his eyes to heaven in thankful prayer impelled by a simultaneous movement they fell like one man upon their knees and wept aloud. Sobs, sighs, and fervently uttered "Amen's" were heard on every side, attesting the depth of their gratitude and ecstasy of their joy. "The morning" had come; bright and glorious, and its radiance filled all the house. Man doubts all the evils of his fate by pondering over them. A scratch becomes a wound, a slight becomes an injury, a just an insult, a small peril a great danger, and a slight-sickness often ends in death by the brooding apprehensions of the sick. We should always look on the bright side of life's picture.

Too Proud to Work.

Some people are ashamed to work. They are too proud to be seen carrying a market basket, or helping to wash, or wheeling a barrow, or putting in coal, or digging in the garden. They are afraid to let others see that they work. And whenever they must do anything of this kind they wait until it is night, or go where nobody can see them, or they go round the back way. If there are any boys or girls who take the S. S. Messenger, I wish to tell them a story of a great man who was not ashamed to work. On one occasion, during the Revolutionary war, Washington was going round in disguise, to visit some log forts that were being built. In the course of his walk, he met with a company of men who were hard at work under the command of a corporal. This petty officer, proud of his elevation above the common soldiers, was walking about, full of the thought of his own importance and crying out, every now and then, "come, work away boys," but he never offered to help them. But, Washington, when he saw that the men had more work than they could well do, took off his coat at once and began to help them saying, "Spring to it, my brave fellows we are working for our country; let us do it with a good will. In this way he worked with them till they had finished; and then when he was putting on his coat, he asked the officer why he did not help the men when he saw that they had more work than they could well do.—Standing up straight with a proud look on his face, the officer replied, "I would have you know, sir, that I am a corporal, I don't work." "Oh, are you sir?" said Washington, "you are a corporal and don't work.—Well, I would have you know that I am General Washington, Commander-in-Chief, and I do work."

THE HUMAN EYE.—The language of the eye is very hard to counterfeit. You can read in the eyes of your companion, while you talk, whether your argument hits him, though his tongue will not confess it. There is a look by which a man shows when he is going to say a good thing, and a look when he has said it. Vain and forgotten are all the fine offices of hospitality, if there be no holiday in the eye. How many furtive invitations are avowed by the eye, though dissembled by the lips. A man comes away from a company; he has heard no important remark; but if in sympathy with the society, he is cognizant of such a stream of life as has been flowing to him through the eye. There are eyes which give no more admission into them than blue berries; others are liquid, and deep wells that men fall into; and others are oppressive and devouring, and take too much notice.—There are asking and asserting eyes, eyes full of faith—some of good and some sinister omen.

Many persons of smart business qualities, enter into business, but do not meet with success, simply because they do not publish to the world their locality, stock of goods, and facilities for doing business. Goods once bought must be sold, and the only way to dispose of them is to advertise—informing the people where they can find the cheapest and best articles. Get ahead of your neighbors, if you can, through the press, and there will be no lack of sale. Common sense and observation of large business establishments dictate this. Many establishments acknowledge their success to have been sustained through the public prints. A word to the wise is sufficient.

"Uncasy lies the head that wears a crown." This may be the reason why the ladies have discarded the crowns of their bonnets.

STRIDING.

It is difficult at times not to feel that we are living in a land of dreams. Good old-fashioned thinkers moralize about "the even pace" of nations; but in the latter days it seems that nations stride, and that over the whole world there is one continuous rush and roar. This month of July ended the most magnificent hundred days in history. The hundred days of 1815 are memorable for the multitude of events that crowned them, although nothing remained but a Government which took no root and lasted thirty years, and the exile of man who only wanted that exile to turn the world's hatred into the world's pity. In those Hundred Days Europe was thrown back a century. Tyranny and superstition and oppression were all sustained and protected by the great name of Wellington. The tinged, expensive and dusty robes that England calls royalty, and which cover and clog and check everything like free thought and tree deed, were burnt and wrapped tighter around the growing limbs of a struggling people. In our Hundred Days we have completed the overthrow of the rebellion; we have reduced our armies to a mere contingent; disarmed a navy and sent ships-of-war back to the better duties of carrying corn and cotton; hurled a victorious army into the mines and canons of the Western Territories, and raised money enough out of our own farms and looms to pay the extraordinary expense of the Government.—Our victories of peace are even greater than the victories of war. On one side our pioneers are girding the Rocky Mountains with railroads—on the other we stand waiting to grasp the hand of the Englishman who brings us within an hour of London. There is something uneasy in our victory newly conquered—unsettled, and sadly wanting "Reconstruction"—and yet we begin to look longingly to the North, and to covet the St. Lawrence and the vast Canadian Countries, and chafe at any boundary this side of the Polar Sea. In the majesty of newly asserted strength we stride toward a dazzling destiny.

Do we feel that every step brings us more important and burdensome duties? For the second time in the world's history we are called upon to rise up and control the destiny of the world. This is no vain thought. Men are but representatives of ideas—and ideas are not bounded by religion, race, or territory. Cromwell, Washington, Franklin, Mirabeau, Napoleon, Hugo, John Brown, Lincoln—step by step the idea of Resistance to Tyranny has traveled over the world—saved England, revolutionized France—destroyed Slavery in America. Those who look at these men and their times, and see what they call the ebb and flow of ideas—Cromwell followed by Charles, Mirabeau by Napoleon, Franklin by Calhoun, Hugo banished by a Bonaparte, and Brown hanged by a Buchanan—forget that generations are but as days—that whatever temporary ebb may come the tide always rises—that Cromwell dead was as powerful as in life—and that when John Brown's body went down to moulder in the dust, his soul still marched on. Nor is our work done. It is merely beginning. When John Stuart Mill triumphed over palace and treasury, aided by "a hundred workmen," it was the logical result of Grant's success. Those workmen took comfort from America, and were strong and bold when they saw men of their own blood and lineage defending their flag and giving up their lives for a government with more devotion than royalty ever commanded. America has not triumphed in vain. There is not a desponding Republican that crouches under the Hapsburgs and Bonapartes or eats hard bread away down in a dismal mine that my Lord of Westminster may carry a stick before Her Majesty and eat up thousands of broad acres in feeding oxen, hounds and deers, who does not feel stronger, and more resolute, and more anxious for the hour to strike. Men call this a selfish, sensual, mercenary age, but only in our moments of petulance and impatience. It is a grand old Nineteenth Century, full of good deeds and hard endeavors, and proudly to be remembered in song and story and over many a cup of generous wine in the good days coming.—Exchange.

A Religious General.

A letter from Nashville says: "General Fiske held a very pleasant meeting last evening at Cumberland Hospital.—The capacious church was filled, and while the General talked in his quiet, kindly way, tears dropped like rain." The General began something like this: "Fellow soldiers: I came to speak a few words in behalf of the Saviour. I love my Saviour, and I love to speak of Him, and especially to my fellow soldiers. I have spoken of Him to many thousands of them through all this great and bloody struggle for freedom. When I entered the army I believed that it was not necessary to give up religion. I have loved the Saviour ever since I have been old enough to know, and I do not think that when we enlist in the army, and swear to support the old flag, with its stripes of red, white and blue, it is necessary or expedient to forswear obedience to that blessed banner which is red with the Redeemer's precious blood, and striped with the love of God. I know that many have forgotten the solemn covenants made with father, mother and wives—men who have had the physical courage to face the cannon, have lacked the moral courage to resist temptation. "The whole address was most wholesome, simple and touching.

From the single County of Bergen, New Jersey, there were sent to the New York market 4,500,000 baskets of strawberries this season. At the average rate of five cents per basket, the value of these would be \$225,000.

POLYGAMY.

In his last letter from Salt Lake City, A. D. Richardson says: "The cordial hospitalities we have enjoyed have enabled me to see something of home and family life among the Mormons. With them are no Mistresses or Esquires; everybody is "Brother A." or "Sister B." The brethren all assure me that the women acquiesce cheerfully in Polygamy—from religious conviction, not from feeling—(frequently urging their husbands to take additional wives. I am convinced that this is often true—a wonderful triumph of faith over nature. But the only Mormon wife with whom I conversed alone on the subject—a lady of intelligence and culture—spoke of it with earnest, undisguised abhorrence. Many, she said, accepted it from a sense of religious duty; but even they regarded it as a trial, to be compensated for only by the happiness of eternity. Two or three sisters often have the same husband; some men are married to a mother and her daughters; and some, I am told, to their own half sisters. When possible, each wife occupies a separate house or room; but poverty sometimes compels three or four to live in the same apartments. I think they never bring in the mother-in-law! Even Mormon grace would hardly suffice that! Not more than one man in four is a practical polygamist. The first wife nearly always deems herself superior to the rest, sometimes refusing to speak with them, or to recognize the legitimacy of their marriage. Are you Mr. ———'s only wife?" asked a Gentle lady of a Mormon sister. "I am," was the reply, though several other women call themselves his wives. But I know one husband whose two spouses dress precisely alike, go out much together, and really seem to regard each other with sisterly affection. The latter wives are a little addicted to running away with Gentiles: Our military authorities receive all who go to them—for protection. There are now between forty and fifty recanting Mormon women at the fort. In many cases the soldiers marry them. Only yesterday a father told Colonel George, commanding, that the bishops were urging marriage upon his young daughters who opposed polygamy, and that he wished to remove his family to the fort. Here is the natural solution of the Mormon problem.—While it is grossly inconsistent for the Government (as now) to appoint to lucrative and responsible offices, men who have taken second and third wives since the anti polygamy act became the law of the land, I see no special advantage in actively enforcing that act. Within two or three years there will be a great mining population here, in which men will largely preponderate. Human nature will triumph. The majority of these women will no longer accept one undivided half or sixth of a husband—in some cases a very vulgar fraction indeed—when a full unit is attainable.

How Should we Regard our Enemies.

[FROM THE GERMAN.] Have you enemies? Pursue the even tenor of your way, without heeding them. If they attempt to obstruct your path, avoid the opposing obstacles, without noticing their laying the road. The man who has no enemies is seldom worth much. Burger says, "That is not the worst fruit which is gnawed by the wasps." He who has no enemies at all is usually formed of such material that he passively gives way to every impression, and is therefore not worthy of a friend. Whilst, on the other hand, a noble and worthy man, who thinks, and speaks, and acts openly for himself and others, and abides by the truth without respect of persons, cannot possibly remain without enemies: They are, moreover, as necessary to him as the air he breathes. He can scarcely exist without them.—They keep him employed, and spur him on to noble deeds. A celebrated man, who was surrounded by as many enemies as a pot of honey is by wasps, was in the habit of remarking about them, "They are like the spattering sparks of a burning brand, which die of themselves, if left alone!" Let this saying be your guide in your conduct toward those who, by their calumnies, seek to degrade you; for if you stoop to contend with or defend yourself against them, you will only do what they wish you to do—place yourself on a level with them, and supply them with matter for fresh calumnies. Only let the mean soul quietly talk on, and they will, if you continue faithful in the discharge of your duty, accomplish just the opposite of what they intend, inasmuch as they will thus turn the attention of those who have hitherto regarded you with indifference more directly upon you and raise up friends and defenders for you, of which you would otherwise have been deprived.—Lutheran and Missionary.

SELF-DENIAL.—It is a matter that cannot be too often considered, that real happiness, health, order, peace and bounty depend on self-denial. "In nature, in its wild state, and wishes, and indulgent sensualities, is to be humored, a dose of poison is brewing, a scourge for the fool's back is preparing—like drunkards who sit down in good humor to tattle but soon proceed to black-eyes. No man ever found a happy life by chance, or yawned it into being with a wish. Even the kingdom of Heaven suffers violence, and the violent only take it by force. So that perfect peace can be won by perpetual war, and the health of the spirit by the death of the flesh. My old maxim is: 'that religion' will cost us something, but the want of it infinitely more.—Rev. R. Cecil.

Every Southern man who took part with the Government in the effort to suppress the Rebellion became, during the war a decided abolitionist, while every Northern man who sympathized with treason had his love for slavery intensified in the meantime.

A Yankee Trick.

Some years ago, before railroads were invented, a cute Massachusetts Yankee was one day traveling in a stage in the State of Connecticut. The passengers stopped for breakfast at a place where the landlord was noted for his parsimony; and it was strongly suspected that he paid the driver to hurry off the stage before the passengers could get half a meal, in order to save his victuals.—The Yankee heard this talk, and he sat down to breakfast with the determination to eat his money's worth whether the stage left him or not. While, therefore, the rest of the passengers were bolting their victuals at the greatest possible haste, the Massachusetts man took his time. The passengers had scarcely finished a cup of coffee, and ate two or three mouthfuls, when they heard the sound of the horn, and the driver exclaimed, "Stage ready!" Up rose the grumbling passengers, pay their fifty cents, and take their seats. "All aboard, gents?" inquires the host. "One missing," said they. "Who's that?" finds our Yankee friend very coolly helping himself to an immense piece of steak, the size of a horse's hip. "You'll be left, sir! Stage is going to start!" "Wall, I hain't got nothing tow say agin it." "Can't wait, sir; better take your seat." "I'll be gaul darned if I dew, nuther, till I've got my breakfast! I've got tew pay my half a dollar, and I'm goin' to get the value on't; and ef you calkulate I ain't, yow air mistaken."

So the stage did start, and left the hungry New Englander, who continued his attack of the eatables. Biscuits, coffee, steaks, etc., disappeared rapidly before the eyes of the astonished landlord. "Say, squire, them there cakes is 'bout east; fetch us nuther grist on 'em. You, (to the waiter,) nuther cup uv that are coffee. Pass them eggs. Raise yewre own pork, squire?—this is amazin' nice ham.—Land 'bout yewre tolerable cheap, squire, I callate? Don't lay yewre own eggs, do yew?" and thus the Yankee kept quizzing the landlord, until he had made a hearty meal. "Say, squire, now I'm about to conclude payin' my dewours to this table, but ef yew'd just give me a bowl of bread and milk tew sorter top off with, I'd be much obliged tew yew."

So out goes the landlord and waiter for the bowl, milk and bread, and set them before the Yankee. "Spoon, tew, if you please!" But no spoon could be found. Landlord was sure that he had plenty of silver ones lying on the table when the stage stopped. "Say! dew yew think them passengers is goin' to pay yew for a breakfast and not get no compensation?" "Ah! what! do you think any of the passengers took them?" "Dew I think! No, I don't think; but I'm sartin. If they are all as green as you about here, I'm goin' tow locate immediately and tew out."

The landlord rushes out to the stable and starts a man off after the stage, which had gone about three miles. The man overtakes the stage, and says something to the driver in a low tone. He immediately turns back, and on arriving at the hotel our Yankee comes out to take his seat, and says: "How are yew? gents? I'm glad tew see yew back." "Can you point out the man you think has the spoons?" asked the landlord. "Pint him out! Sartinly, I ken. Say, Squire, I paid you four ninespences for a breakfast, and I callate I got the value on't. You'll find them spoons in the coffee pot." Which was found to be the case.

Romance on the Rail.

A pretty little bit of romance developed itself in one of the State street cars on Friday. Among the passengers was a pale, quite little woman, plainly dressed, and very pretty withal. Presently a one legged soldier labored into the car on his crutches.—The seats were crowded and the soldier had to stand. The young woman got up, pulled the blue sleeve and pointed to the seat she had vacated. For the first time, as he turned, she had a full view of his face, and neither of them paid any more attention to the empty seat. They stared at each other a minute, and then, in spite of the awkward motion of the car, embraced and kissed each other with hysterical fervor. At first, the passengers were somewhat astonished at so public a demonstration; but all of them soon joined in congratulating the delighted couple upon learning that the two persons thus suddenly brought together were man and wife, long separated by the vicissitudes of war. The soldier had been desperately wounded in Tennessee and taken prisoner. He was supposed to have been killed, and before he was restored to freedom and able to write, his wife, or widow as she supposed herself, removed to Chicago, and so his letters never reached her. The poor fellow, as soon as he could travel, set out for home with a desponding heart, to learn why his letters had never been answered. He reached Chicago on Friday on his way thither, when the generous impulse of a kind little woman to a maimed soldier, brought her back a loving husband, and threw him into the open arms of a wife who had long mourned him as among that innumerable host who have lain down their lives for the salvation of their country.—Chicago Republican.

Worldly riches, like nuts, tear many clothes in getting them, spoil many teeth in cracking them, only obstructing the stomach with toughness and filling the bowels with windiness.—Thos. Fuller.

The Indians.

There is one war in this country to which time brings no success—that of the white man against the red man. It has been waged for over two centuries—the Indians always defeated, yet never defeated. From all their vast hunting grounds on the Atlantic seaboard, in the Valley of the Mississippi, they have been driven till now in their last refuge on the great plains and under the shadows of the Rocky Mountains, they find themselves confronted and surrounded by the old white enemy, and no possibility of further retreat. The Indians are at bay. They are bewildered; they are helpless. It is not their nature to adopt the habits and follow the pursuits of the white man; and it is not in the nature or destiny of the white man to permit the Indian to follow his hereditary habits. Feuds and fights, cruelties and hatreds, wretchedness and despair, exile and extermination, constitute the present, as the past history of the poor Indian, in presence of the white settler.

It is very hard upon the Indian. And the worse of the matter is that we can see no good way in which his career is likely to close.

Deacon Johnson is a great temperance man, and sets a good example of total abstinence as far as he is seen. Not long ago he employed a carpenter to make some alterations in his parlor, and in repairing the corner near the fire place, it was found necessary to remove the wainscoting, when lo! a discovery was made that astonished everybody. A bravo of deacons, a tumbler, and a pitcher were cozily reposing there as if they had stood there from the beginning. The deacon was summoned, and as he beheld the blushing bottles, he exclaimed— "Wal, I declare, that's a curious, sure enough. It must be that old Baines left them there when he went out of this 'ere house thirty years ago."

"Perhaps he did," returned the carpenter; "but, Deacon, the ice in the pitcher must have been frozen mighty hard to stay so till this time."

The Worcester Spy prints a genuine curiosity, in a doctor's bill, dated no longer ago than 1830. The price of a visit in those days was fifteen cents, but when the conventional physician took one ride to see several patients he divided the price among them, so that the most frequent item in the bill, is "to part visit, 08." The charges for medicine range from five to twenty cents, and the highest amount in the column is "to sundry medicine, compound tincture, and tin box, 39." The total of the bill, which is for constant attendance and medicine for a period of eight months, the visits averaging as often as once a week, is less than five dollars.

Non-paying subscribers are thus talked to by an editor at West:

"Wagons cannot run without wheels—boats without steam—bull-toads jump without legs, or newspapers be carried on everlastingly without money, no more than a dog can wag his tail when he has none. Our subscribers are all good, but what good does a man's goodness do when it don't do you any good? We have no doubt every one thinks that all have paid but him and as we are a clever fellow, and his is a little matter, it will make no difference." Will some of our readers make a note of this.

A John Bull conversing with an Indian, asked him if he knew that the sun never sets on the Queen's dominions.

"No," said the Indian. "Do you know the reason why?" asked John. "Because God is afraid to trust an Englishman in the dark," was the dusky savage's reply.

VERY CONSIDERATE.—Not long since a married couple in Farmington, Van Buren county, (Iowa,) early one morning, found a cow and a calf in their lot;—the cow had a collar on with a note attached, requesting that she should be taken care of until called for. Some nights afterwards a basket was found at their door containing an infant a-tout a-week old, and a note saying that the baby was the owner of the cow.

A correspondent in Havana writes us word that if he wished to describe the island of Cuba in a single line, he should call it, "The land of the flea, and the home of the slave."

Artemus Ward says when he hears the song, "Come where my love lies dreaming," he don't go. He don't think it would be right.

A friend has a dog so very serious that even his tail has not the least bit of wag in it.

We may see at first the beauty and striae of marriage, hanging only on the sunny side of love; but the green sourside, no one sees.

To our eyes, the far distant past orbs itself into a perfect star, that we saw not when we moved therein.

One who has a butterfly taste and disposition will find enough honey-cells still open in every bush thistle-bloom of destiny.

We cannot wholly despise money, it is the metal wheel-work of human activity, the dial-plate of our values.

Music is the only earthly enjoyment that the imaginations of men have transferred to Heaven.

Lawyers are the vultures that hover over perishing fortunes.