

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper, Neutral in Politics and Religion.

\$2.00 Per Year.

VOLUME XIX

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 27, 1866.

NUMBER 45

POETICAL.



MY BROTHER.

Oh, brier rose clamber,
And cover the chamber—
The chamber so dreary and lone—
Where with meekly closed lips,
And eyes in eclipse,
My brother lies under the stone.

Oh, violets, cover
The narrow roof over,
Oh, cover the window and door!
For never the lights,
Through the long days and nights,
Make shadows across the floor!

The lilies are blooming—
The lilies are white,
Where his elfin-haunts used to be;
And the sweet cherry blossoms
Blow over the bosoms
Of birds in the old roof trees.

When I hear on the hills
The shout of the storm—
In the valley the roar of the river—
I shiver and shake
On the heath stone warm,
As I think of him cold—"forever!"

His white hands are folded,
And never again,
With song of the robin or plover,
When the Summer has come,
With her bees and her grain,
Will he play in the meadow clover.

Oh, dear little brother—
My sweet little brother,
In the place above the sun,
Oh, pray the good angels,
The glorious evangelists,
To take me—when life is done.

SPRING.

Year after year we hail the spring—
A time of hope and gladness—
The pleasure that around it cling
To bid all budding sadness.

The teeming life that re-appears,
As early skies grow lighter
Reveals the joy of other years,
And makes the world seem brighter.

The voice of budding nature, too,
Invites to fresh endeavor;
Now all things, bursting forth a new,
Look fair and bright as ever.

Though cherishes hopes may die away,
Though joy seem evanescent,
New life uprises from decay
To animate the present.

So, year by year, man's inner life
Reveals in freshened vigor,
The winter blasts of storm and strife,
With cold affliction's rigor,
Prepare the soul for new delight,
And usher in its dawning;
Though grief endure throughout the night,
Joy comes in the morning.

The varied seasons roll away
Fill life grows old and hoary;
When death, with cold and wintry ray,
Gives place to springtide glory,
The wondrous beauty then displayed
Remains forever vernal,
And life and joy no more can fade
Where all things are eternal.

MISCELLANY.

To-Morrow.

A noble ship was nearing home after a long voyage. On her deck, white deck stood many a rough, weather-beaten sailor, looking anxiously at the white cliffs of his native land, and a smile of joy passed over his sun-burnt face at the pleasing thought, "We shall anchor to-morrow!" And there were old men who had not seen their childhood's home for long, long years, and the tears stood in their eyes as they looked at the distant shores and said, "We shall land to-morrow!" And there, too, was a mother, lifting up her little one to look at the far-off land, and whispering, "We shall be at home to-morrow!"

But their to-morrow never came. That evening the gentle breeze became a furious storm; the rippling waves became foaming, angry billows; the sails were split into ribbons; the rudder was broken; the vessel became unmanageable; she drifted upon the terrible quicksands, became a wreck, and all on board perished.

And are not many of us expecting a to-morrow that may never come? Do we not lay plans for the future, forgetting that at any moment our frail bark may be destroyed, and the dark waters of death close over us forever?

Are our young friends prepared for this sudden change? Should the King's messenger arrive to-day, and summon us to appear before his Master's throne, would he be received with fear or with joy? If with fear, waste not an hour before earnestly seeking the salvation which Jesus offers you.

A little boy four or five years old was much vexed with his grand mother for slapping his ears, but not daring to "sauce" her directly, he took up his favorite cat, and stroking her back, thus addressed her: "Well, pussy, I wish one of these was dead—add it all to you, pussy, and it ain't no pussy."

Save what you spend when old.

The Ants of Africa.

I do not think that they build a nest or home of any kind. At any rate, they carry nothing away, but eat all their prey on the spot. It is their habit to march through the forests in long regular lines; a line about two inches broad, and often several miles in length. All along this line are larger ants, who set as officers, stand outside the ranks to keep this singular army in order. If they come to a place where there are no trees to shelter them from the sun, whose heat they cannot bear, they immediately build underground tunnels, through which the whole army passes in columns to the forest beyond. These tunnels are four or five feet underground and are only used in the heat of the day or during a storm.

When they grow hungry, the long file spreads itself through the forest in a front line, and attacks and devours all it overtakes with a fury that is quite irresistible. The elephant and gorilla fly before this attack. The black men run for their lives. Every animal that lives in their line of march is chased. They seem to understand and act upon the tactics of Napoleon, and concentrate, with great speed, their heaviest forces upon the point of attack. In an incredibly short space of time, the mouse, or dog, or leopard, or deer, is overwhelmed, killed, eaten, and the bare skeleton only left.

They seem to travel night and day. Many a time have I been awakened out of my sleep, and obliged to rush from my hut and into the water to save my life, and after all suffered intolerable agony from the bites of the advance guard, who had got into my clothes. When they enter a house they clear it of all living things. Cockroaches are devoured in an instant. Rats and mice spring round the room in vain. An overwhelming force of ants kill a rat in less than a minute in spite of the most frantic struggles, and in less than another minute its bones are stripped. Every living thing in the house is devoured. They will not touch vegetable matter. Thus they are, in reality, very useful (as well as dangerous) to the negroes, who have their little hives cleared of all the abounding vermin, such as immense cockroaches and centipedes, at least several times a year.

When on their march the whole of the insect world flies before them, and I have often had the approach of a bashikouay army heralded to me by this means. Whenever they go they make a clean sweep, even ascending to the tops of the highest trees in pursuit of prey. Their manner of attack is an impetuous leap. Instantly the strong pinners are fastened, and they only let go when the pieces give way. At such times this little animal seems animated by a kind of fury which causes it to disregard entirely its own safety, and to seek only the conquest of its prey. The bit is very painful.

The negroes relate that originals were in former times exposed in the path of the ants, as the most cruel manner of putting them to death.—*Dr. Chaille's Work.*

Too Much Land.

The desire to own a very large farm is natural, but often proves unwise in its results. When a man wishes to practice a mixed husbandry, and his present acres are too few and unsuitable, it is doubtless wise to annex more territory. Neighbor Jones has twenty acres of good meadow land which is suitable only for hay, or grain, or hoed crops. But as he finds a small dairy would be profitable, and sheep would bring in good returns, it would be advisable for him to buy several acres of hilly land adjoining. But this accomplished, let him stop, and be careful to buy no more than he actually needs for his special purpose. For this new land will have to pay taxes, will have to be fenced, and may need other expenses laid out upon it. At any rate, it will add to his cares, and perhaps bring him no adequate return. We know a farmer who, ten years ago, owned 150 acres, and was doing very well; he now owns five hundred, and is worse than before.

And why? Because this large farm is a great bill of expense to him; he cannot afford to keep it up in good condition, and it hangs a millstone of care about his neck. His wife and children, both sons and daughters, are obliged to work hard to keep the great machine a running. We presume his boys declare they will leave home as soon as they are old enough; and the girls say they will die before they will marry farmers. Neither sons nor daughters are educated as they deserve to be; they cannot be spared for this farm work on the big farm.

Now, we declare that such a farm is a curse to its possessor and his family, and an injury to the whole agricultural interest. If that man wants to save himself and his household, he should sell at least one half of his land, improve the remainder to make it more productive, release his children from bondage, and try to make his home a place of comfort. He will live longer, lay up as good a property, and will train up a more intelligent and a happier family.—*American Agriculturist.*

REVENUE ON MATCHES.—One cent per box is imposed on each bunch of matches. This seems insignificant when it is compared with the other branches of manufacture, yet an immense revenue is the result. There can be no great fraud or evasion of the law, owing to the fact that a stamp must be affixed on each bunch sold, and the law imposes a heavy penalty, not only on the manufacturer but on the vendor for disposing of a single box without the stamp. From the returns submitted to the Commission of the match manufacture of the United States, it appears that there are now in the country fifty large establishments, and that from the present demand for the consumption of matches, they anticipate it will require for the next fiscal year a production of 2,400,000 gross; or \$45,000,000 bunches, which will yield a revenue of \$3,450,000.

Commandments.

THE HUSBANDS.—1. Thou shalt love no other but me.
2. Thou shalt have no ambrotype or any other likeness of any man but thy husband.
3. Thou shalt not keep it a secret, and worship it; for I, thy husband, am a jealous husband.
4. Thou shalt not speak thy husband's name with levity.
5. Remember thy husband's commands to keep them sacred.

6. Honor thy husband and obey him, that thou mayest be long in the house he hath given thee.
7. Thou shalt not find fault when thy husband smokes or chews.
8. Thou shalt not scold.
9. Thou shalt not permit thy husband to wear a buttonless shirt, but shall keep his clothes in good repair.
10. Thou shalt not continually gad about, neglecting thy husband and family.
11. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, nor his fine furniture, nor his wife's thousand dollar shawl, nor her fifty dollar handkerchief, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.
12. Thou shalt not go to woman's rights meetings, neither to speak thyself nor to hear others speak.
13. Thou shalt not scold if thy husband stays out after 10 o'clock at night.
14. Thou shalt not run up large bills at the stores which thy husband is unable to foot, for verily thou knowest his means.

THE WIFE'S COMMANDMENTS.—1. Thou shalt have no other wife but me.
2. Thou shalt not take into thy house any beautiful brazen image of a servant girl, to bow down to and serve her, for I am a jealous wife.
3. Thou shalt not take the name of thy wife in vain.
4. Remember thy wife to keep her respectable.
5. Honor thy wife's father and mother.
6. Thou shalt not fret.
7. Thou shalt not find fault with thy dinner.
8. Thou shalt not chew tobacco nor smoke.
9. Thou shalt not go behind thy neighbor.

10. Thou shalt not visit the rum shop, nor covet the tavern keeper's rum, nor his brandy, nor his gin, nor his whiskey, nor his wine, nor anything that is behind the bar of the rumrunner.
11. Thou shalt not stay out after nine o'clock at night.
12. Thou shalt not set at naught the commandments of thy wife.

It Won't Do.

It won't do when riding in a stage coach, to talk of another man you have never personally seen, as being an all-fired scoundrel until you are absolutely sure he is not sitting before you.

It won't do when snow drifts are piled mountains high, and sleighs are eternally upsetting, to ride out with a beautiful, lively, fascinating young girl, and not expect to get mashed with her.

It won't do for a man, when a horse kicks him to kick back at the horse in return.

It won't do to crack jokes on old maids in presence of unmarried ladies who have passed the age of forty.

It won't do to imagine a legislature, fed at the public crib, will sit but six weeks, when two thirds of the members have not the capacity to earn a decent living at home.

It won't do for a man to imagine a girl is indifferent to him because she studiously avoids him in company.

It won't do for a young lady to presume that more than a third of the gentlemen who show her pointed attention have the most distant idea of marrying her.

It won't do for a man to fancy a lady is in love with him because she treats him civilly, or that she has virtually engaged herself to him because she has always endured his company.

It won't do to be desperately enamored over a pretty face until you have seen it at the breakfast table.

It won't do to be so devoted to a tender hearted wife as to comply implicitly with her request when she asks you, "Now tumble over your cradle, and break your neck, my dear, won't you?"

A SURPRISED FATHER.—A fine looking man, clad in overcoat, gloves and stout boots, was walking on the other day with his little three year old daughter, a pale faced child with bare neck and arms and morocco slippers. A neighbor, meeting them, began to ask, with great apparent concern, after the father's health, adding:

"But I'm glad your little one does not inherit your feeble constitution."
"Feeble constitution?" exclaimed the astonished parent, "Why, I was never sick a day in my life, while as to my daughter you fear she has her mother's consumptive tendencies."
"Indeed!" replied his friend, with a sly twinkle of the eye, you took such extra care to protect yourself from the cold, while she goes bare-necked and in pasteboard shoes, I inferred that it was you that inherited the mother's consumptive tendencies, and not she."

RANDOM EXPRESSIONS.—"I am tired to death." So you have said very often, and are still alive and in very good health.
"I had not a wink of sleep all night." And yet your bed-fellow heard you snore several times.
"I would not do it for all the world." And yet you have done many things equally bad for a wife.

"We were up to our knees in mud." You know very well the mud was not over your shoes.

There is no safe path beside that of duty.

A Startling Prophecy.

The annexed appears in the New Orleans True Delta, of Sunday, March 25th:
"On this quiet Sunday morning we have not the least desire to frighten our readers into the belief that the world is approaching a speedy termination notwithstanding Mrs. E. Bill, of Philadelphia, Pa., prophesies that such is the case. We are indebted to Postmaster Tallafarro for the annexed precious documents, for they came through the mail addressed to him. The letter of the lady we give *verbatim et punctuatum* (and we may add *aptem*):

"Sir: Send this to a printer of your city as it wants to be in circulation. Please don't fail granting this. Printer put this in your paper, it will then be copied and so spread; don't hide this from the people, but scatter as far as you can, for it is true. I, sir, received it by revelation last May, and was ten days under it before it ended. Hide not the vision lest thou be guilty and the blood of souls be found in thy skirts."
Mas E. S. BILLIE,
Philadelphia Penn.

Enclosed in he above was the subjoined in the shape of a printed handbill:
I PROPHESY.—To every kindred tribe and tongue, to the ends of the earth, that in 1869, February 9th, at 9 o'clock in the morning, will be the ushering in of the Millennium, or the commencement of a new Era in our world. Saturday is the Sabbath, or the seventh day—Satan is bound.

Baptism should be administered with communications upon their knees by dipping them forward throughout all our different denominations, in order that we may be united on this point; as our isms and cisms are to fall away. Sectarianism must go to its author—*The Devil.*

What is an Old Maid?

Never be afraid of becoming an "old maid" fair reader. An old maid is far more honorable than a heartless wife; and "single blessedness" is greatly superior, in point of happiness, to wedded love. "Fall not in love dear girls, beware," says the song. But we do not agree with said song on this question. On the contrary, we hold that it is a good thing to fall in love, if the loved object be a worthy one. To fall in love with an honorable man is as proper as it is for an honorable man to fall in love with a virtuous and amiable woman; and what could be a more gratifying spectacle, even to the angels in heaven, than a sight so pure so approaching in its devotion to the celestial?

No; fall in love as soon as you please, ladies, provided it be with a suitable person.—Fall in love and then marry; but never marry unless you do love. That's the great point. Never marry for "a home" or "a husband." Never degrade yourself by becoming a party to such an alliance. Never sell yourself, body and soul, on terms so contemptible. Love dignifies all things; it ennobles all conditions. With love, the marriage rite is truly a sacrament. Without it the ceremony is a base fraud and the act a human desecration. Marry for love, or not at all. Be an "old maid," if fortune throw not in your way the man of your heart; and though the witless may sneer, and the jester may laugh you will still have your reward in an approving conscience and a comparatively peaceful life.

HOW THEY DO IN MAINE.—Quaker young ladies in the Maine Law State, it is said still continue to kiss the lips of the young temperance men to see if they have been tampering with liquor. Just imagine a beautiful young temperance woman, with all the dignity of an executive officer, and the innocence of a dove, with the charge: "Mr. —, the ladies believe you are in the habit of tampering with liquor, and they have appointed me to examine you according to our established rules: are you willing?" You nod acquiescence. She gently steps closer up to you, lays her soft white arm around your neck, dashes back her raven curls, raises her sylph like form upon tiptoe, her snowy, heaving bosom against your own, and with her angelic features lit up with a smile as sweet as heaven, places her rich, rosy, pouty, sweet, sugar, molasses, lily, roscodul, cream, tart, apple-pie, peach-pudding, apple-dumpling, gingerbread, noctar lips against yours, and (O, Jerusalem hold us) kisses you, by crack-cyl! Hurrah for the gals and the Maine Law, and death to opposition.

Close Preaching.

The following illustration of some revivals of religion and of the piety of some people, as given several years ago by a colored preacher in Montgomery, Ala., is forcible and instructive:

"My brethren," said he, "God bless your souls, 'ligion is like de Alabama river! In Spring come fresh, an' bring in all de logs, slabs an' sticks, dat hab been lyin' on de bank, an' carry dem down in de current. Bymeby de water go down—den a log catch here on de island, den a slab gets cotched on de shore, an' de sticks on de bushes—an' dere dey lie, withrin' an' dryin' till come dere dey fresh. Jus' so dare come 'vival of 'ligion—dis ole sinner brought in, dat ole backslider brought back, an' de old folk seem comin', an' mighty good times. But, brethren, God bless your souls! bymeby 'vival's gone—den dis ole sinner is stuck on his ole sin, den dat ole backslider is cotched where he was afore, on jus' such a rock; den one after 'noder dat had got 'ligion lies all along de shore, an' dere dey lie till 'noder 'vival. Belubed brethren, God bless your souls, keep in de current."

Ben. Butler had a negro servant who was always losing his market basket. Ben. told him to get it marked, so that he would know it. He got seven big B's painted on it, when he was asked what they were for. "Why, massa, dey's for Ben. Butler's Black Boy's Big Bushel Basket."

A Negro Discussion About Eggs.

Geneva, the lovely village on Seneca Lake, furnishes the following specimen of Parliamentary riling:
In the fairest village of Western New York the quilled persons, in imitation of their white brethren, forced a debating society for the purpose of improving their minds by the discussion of instructive and entertaining topics. The deliberations of the society were presided over by a venerable darkey, who performed his duties with the utmost dignity peculiar to his color. The subject for discussion on the occasion on which we write was—
"What am de mudder ob de chickens—de hen wat lay de eggs or de hen wat hatch de chicks?"

The question was warmly debated, and many reasons *pro* and *con* were urged and combated by the excited disputants. Those in favor of the latter proposition were evidently in the majority, and the President made no attempt to conceal that his sympathies were with the dominant party. At length an intelligent darkey rose from the minority side, and begged leave to state a proposition to this effect:

"Spose," said he, "dat you set one dozen duck eggs under a hen, and dey hatch, which am de mudder—de duck or de hen?"

"This was a poser, was well put, and non-plussed the other side, even 'staggering' the President; who plainly saw the force of the argument; and had committed himself too far to yield without a struggle; so, after cogitating and scratching his wool a few moments, a bright idea struck him. Rising in his chair, with all the consciousness of superiority, he announced:

"Ducks am not before de house; chickens am de question; herefore I rule de ducks' out; and do it he did, to the complete overthrow of his opponents."

Side-Walk Etiquette.

1. Any well-bred gentleman will recognize another person who bows to him, however humble his social position—a snob will not.

2. A discreet person will wait for the recognition of his superior in social or official position before he bows to him. None but fools will court the compliments of the street; but all well behaved persons will observe the rules of politeness everywhere.

3. No man should bow to a lady in the street, unless an intimate acquaintance exists, until she makes the first advances; for she has according to the laws of etiquette, a right to cut him off on the side walk, and leave his heart bleeding without a smile to heal the wound.

4. The air of snobs who countenance spurious gentility, are unworthy of notice, and should excite no emotion but that of mirthfulness.

5. Ladies, and all aged persons, should have the inside of the walk and the choice of the way.

6. A gentleman should not smoke while walking with a lady, and what is worse, he should not spit tobacco juices upon the pavement; the filthy spray may fly in her face, or spoil her dress.

7. It is no discredit to a man however vast his fortune, or splendid his talent, or broad his influence, or lofty his position—to carry a package through the street, to walk by a poor and obscure neighbor, or to speak to any one who may solicit his advice.

These laws belong to the code of honor, and he is not a gentleman who violates them.

PATERNAL DUTY.—The father who plunges into business so deeply that he has no leisure for domestic duties and pleasures, and whose intercourse with his children consists in a brief word of authority, or a surly lamentation over their intolerable expensiveness, is equally to be pitied and to be blamed.

What right has he to devote to other pursuits the time which God has allotted to his children? Nor is it any excuse to say that he cannot support his family in their present style of living, without this effort. I ask by what right can his family depend to live in a manner which requires him to neglect his most solemn and important duties? Nor is it an excuse to say that he wishes to leave them that competence which he desires? Is it an advantage to them to be relieved from the necessity of labor? Besides is money the only desirable bequest which a father can leave to his children? Surely, he cultivated intellects; hearts sensible to domestic affection; the love of parents, and brethren, and sisters; a taste for home pleasures; habits of order and regularity, and industry; hatred of vice and vicious men; and a lively sensibility to the excellence of virtue—are as valuable a legacy as an inheritance of property—simple property purchased by the loss of every habit which could render that property a blessing.—*Wagner.*

SOME TRUTH IN IT.—The man who has never had a sister is at first entrance into life far more the slave of feminine captivations than he who has been brought up in a house full of girls. He who has not had sisters has had no experience of the behind scenes life of the female world. He has never heard one syllable about the plans, schemes and devices by which hearts are snared.

He fancies Mary stuck that moss rose in her hair in a moment of childish caprice; that Kate ran after her little sister, and showed the prettiest of ankles in doing it; out of the irrepressible gaiety of her buoyant spirits. In a word he is one who only sees the play when the house is fully lighted, and all the actors in their grand costume; he has never witnessed a rehearsal, and has not the vaguest suspicion of a prompter.

An Irishman being in church where the collection apparatus resembled a box on its being handed to him, whopeed in the carrier's ear that he was not naturalized, and could not vote.

A Puzzling Question.

A son of Erin recently addressed a reverend gentleman, and said:

"Yer honor, you say that we are all to do the same kind of work in heaven that we do here?"

"Yes, sir," replied the parson, "God is not idle, and why should his subjects be?"

"And do folks die there?" asked Pat.

"Certainly not, certainly not; they are just as immortal as the Creator himself."

"Then yer honor, could yer tell me what they would be after settin' me to doin'; for I am a grave digger in this world?"

It is necessary to say that Pat was dismissed without receiving the required information.

CONCERNING DOORS.—When you go into a neighbor's premises, be sure to leave the doors as you find them. If you find a door shut, you may reasonably suppose that your friend wanted it shut, and therefore you have no right to leave it open; and if you find it open, no matter how cold the weather is, do you leave it open, for it is reasonable to suppose that it was left open for some good purpose. And the same is good for all places, whether they be houses, stores, factories, offices, or whatever they may be.—Remember the rule—it has no exception; leave the doors as you find them. If the owner of a door does not know how he wants it, how do you know how he wants it?

Why is a yoker like an angry word?—Because it often stirs up a smoldering fire.

Why are A, E, and U, the handsomest of the vowels?—Because you cannot have beauty without them.

When do you see what is invisible?—When you see how you feel.

Why are country girls' cheeks like a good print dress?—Because they are warranted to wash and retain their color.

What two letters would destroy all the others, if allowed to do so?—D, K.

When is echo like a visiting acquaintance?—When she returns your call.

TRUE FELICITY.—If men did but know what felicity dwells in the cottage of a virtuous poor man—how sound he sleeps, how quiet his breast, how composed his mind, how free from care, how easy his provision, how healthy his morning, how sober his night, how moist his mouth and how joyful his heart—they would never admire the vices, the diseases, the throng of passions and the violence of unnatural appetites that fill the houses of the luxurious and the hearts of the ambitious.

Dr. Hall, of the Journal of Health says to his consumptive friends: "You want sir, not physic; you want pure air not medicated; you want nutrition, such as plenty of meat and bread will give, and they alone; physic has no nutrition, gasping for air cannot cure you. If you want to get well, go in for beef and out-door air, and do not be deluded into the grave by quack advertisements, and unreliable certificates." Sound advice.

The most difficult operations in the practice of surgery is said to be "taking the jaw out of a woman." The fellow who said that must be an old bachelor, of the large blue sort.

If you have gone half crazy at not having won your sweetheart as a wife, remember you might have gone the other half if you had succeeded.

Lord Chesterfield once remarked that even Adam, the first man, knew the value of politeness, allowed Eve to have the first bite at the apple.

The first institution vouchsafed to our race was the Sabbath; the next marriage.—So give your first thought to heaven, and the next to your wife.

Heaven drops little fragments of itself here and there along our way, by way of assurance that heaven and love are one.

Happiness abounds most with the lowly, there are more blossoms in the valley than on the hills.

Why does a lazy man resemble an industrious one?—Because he, hardly earns his bread.

The United States is commonly known in China as "the Kingdom of the Flowery Flag."

A rugged countenance often conceals the warmest heart; as the richest pearl sleeps in the roughest shell.

What is the height of folly?—To expend your last shilling for a purse.

When is a wave like an army doctor?—When it is a *surgeon*.

The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman.

If a man wishes to become rich, he must appear to be rich.

No snow falls lighter than the snow of age; but none is heavier, for it never melts.

Half what passes among men for talent is nothing but vigorous health.

Knowledge is the treasure, but judgment the treasurer of a wise man.

Vice stings us even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us even in our pains.

Time is money. Of course it is, or else how could you spend it.

Fear is the tax that conscience pays to guilt.