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POETICAL.



A CUP OF TEA

There's nothing like a cup of tea, to cheer my spirit;
And that favorite beverage, I often freely sip,
If sorrow's saddening chain, by earth's born care
Oppress'd, a cup of tea is good for me, and of all draughts the best.

This comfort innocent indeed, pray gentlemen do try—
For sake the Ale-house, drink the tea, and cheerful be as I.
And what is better, better far, good conduct lengthens life
And renders home your paradise, and gives peace to your wife.

False pleasure always turns to pain, to shame, disgrace
And sorrow, Repent to-day, make no delay, you're not sure of tomorrow.
Tea will sadden, but I'm sure 'twill brighten all your wits,
And drive dull care, far, far away, and lighten many debts.

You often boast of judgment and pique yourself at reason,
You're blind to everything that's good and always out of reason,
For he who will not guide himself, he cannot guide another,
Take this advice, repent and, then you'll find a friend forever.

*This poem was taken from an old MS. of twenty-five years old. It was composed by a Catholic Lady, who resided in the City of Baltimore, but is now dead.—PAUL LEVISO.

WHERE IS THE CHARM OF MUSIC?

Inscribed to MOZART.

Where! is the charm of Music, on the earth—
Where vocal strains, and incense rise to Heaven
Where God eternal grants us second birth,
Where sinners pray, and hope to be forgiven.

Where is the charm of music in the host,
That breathes, soft, responsive to the God of love,
Where is that soul who could with music part,
Since Saints and Angels, chant in realms above.

Where is the charm of Music, in the soul,
O, yes! for inmates of that second Heaven
Ye dwell in spirits chanting anthems' role;
In prayer, in prayer, in ecstasy thou given.

Blest innocence with Music ne'er compare,
It raises thoughts divine, dispels all care,
A precious gift to us, who's offering small—
To Him who gave by conquering, conquered all.

MISCELLANY.

THE MOTHER'S LAST GIFT.

Thirty years ago there was seen to enter the city of London a lad about fourteen years of age. He was dressed in a dark frock that hid his under apparel, and which appeared to have been made for a person evidently taller than the wearer. His boots were covered with dust from the high road. He had on an old hat with a black band, which contrasted strangely with the color of the covering of his head. A small bundle, fastened to the end of a stick, and thrown over the shoulder was the whole of his equipment. As he approached the Mansion House, he paused to look at the building, and seated himself on the steps of one of the doors. He was about to rest awhile; but the coming in and going out of half-a-dozen persons, before he had time to finish untying his bundle made him leave that spot for the next open space, where the doors were in part closed.

Having taken from the bundle a large quantity of bread and cheese, which he seemed to eat with a ravenous appetite, he amused himself by looking at the building before him, with all the eager curiosity of one unaccustomed to see similar objects.

The appearance of the youth soon attracted my curiosity, and gently opening the door, I stood behind him without his being the least conscious of my presence. He now began rummaging his pockets, and after a deal of trouble brought out a roll of paper, which he opened. After satisfying himself that a large copper coin was safe, he carefully put it back again, saying to himself in a low voice, 'Mother, I will remember your last words: 'A penny saved is twopence earned.' It shall go hard with me before I part with you, old friend!'

Pleased with his remark, I gently touched the lad on the shoulder. He started, and was about to move away, when I said: 'My good lad, you seem tired, and like-wise a stranger in the city.'

'Yes, sir,' he answered, putting his hand to his hat. He was again about to move on, when I said: 'You need not hurry away, my boy, I'm not a thief. Indeed, if you are a stranger, and don't know the way, I can, perhaps, help to find what you require.'

The boy stood mute with astonishment; and coloring to such an extent as to show all the freckles of a sunburnt face, stammered out: 'Yes, sir.'

'I wish to know,' I added, with all the kindness of manner I could assume, 'whether you are anxious to find work, for I am in want of a youth to assist my coachman.'

The poor boy twisted his bundle about, and after having duly placed his hand to his head, managed to utter an awkward kind of an answer, that he would be very thankful, I mentioned not a word about what I had overheard with regard to the penny, but inviting him into the house, I sent for the coachman, to whose care I entrusted the new comer.

Nearly a month had passed after this meeting and conversation occurred, when I resolved to make some inquiries of the coachman regarding the conduct of the lad.

'A better boy never came into the house, sir; and for wanting anything, bless me, sir, I know not where he had been brought up, but I really believe he would consider it a sin if he did not give the crumbs of bread to the poor birds every morning.'

'I am glad to hear such a good account,' I replied.

'And as for his good nature, sir, there is not a servant among us that doesn't speak well of Joseph. He reads to us while we sup, and he writes all our letters for us. Oh, sir, he has got more learning than all of us put together; and what's more, he doesn't mind work, and he never talks about our secrets after he writes our letters.'

Determined to seek Joseph myself I requested the coachman to send him to the parlor.

'I understand, Joseph, that you can read and write.'

'Yes, sir; thanks to my poor, dear mother.'

'You have lately lost your mother, then?'

'A month that very day when you were kind enough to take me into your house, an unprotected orphan, answered Joseph.

'Where did you go to school?'

'Sir, my mother had been a widow ever since I can remember. She was a daughter of the village schoolmaster, and having to maintain me and herself with her needle, she took the opportunity of her leisure moments to teach me not only to read and write, but to cast-up accounts.'

'And did she give you that penny, which was in the paper I saw you unfold so carefully at the door?'

Joseph stood amazed, but at length replied with emotion, and a tear started from his eye.

'Yes, sir, it was the very last penny she gave me.'

'Well, Joseph, so satisfied am I with your conduct, that not only do I pay you a month's wages willingly for the time you have been here, but I must beg of you to fulfil the duties of collecting clerk to our firm, which situation has become vacant by the death of a very old and faithful assistant.'

Joseph thanked me in the most unassuming manner, and I was asked to take care of his money, since I had promised to provide him with suitable clothing for his new occupation.

It will be unnecessary to relate how, step by step, this poor lad proceeded to win the confidence of myself and partner. The accounts were always correct to a penny; and whenever his salary became due, he drew out of my hands no more than he absolutely wanted, even to a penny. At length he had saved a sufficient sum of money to be deposited in the bank.

It so happened that one of our chief customers, who carried on a successful business, required an active partner. This person was of eccentric habits, and considerably advanced in years. Scrupulously just, he looked to every penny, and invariably discharged his workmen if they were not equally scrupulous in their dealings with him.

Aware of this peculiarity of temper, there was no person I could recommend but Joseph; and after overcoming the repugnance of my partner who was unwilling to be deprived of so valuable an assistant, Joseph was duly received into the firm of Richard Fairbrothers & Co. Prosperity attended Joseph in this new undertaking, and never suffering a penny's difference to appear in his transactions, he so completely won the confidence of his senior partner, that he left him the whole of his business as he expressed it in his will, even to the very last penny.'

Shadows.

I cannot but realize, sometimes, when alone and quietly smoking my cigar, how some of us mortals go through life with shadows following close behind us. Shadow of the dead companions of our younger days, whom we half-recognize and are reminded of by some passing stranger. Shadows of the living who have shared from the fulness of our heart's best, first emotions, who come no more to us now. All hope—of the great written past! Shadows quietly stealing behind your chair when the reverie of gathering twilight mellow the sharp corners of your eventful life; it is then you feel the gentle touch of your invisible guest on the shoulder, and an arm extended round your neck—beautiful shadow! your breath came slow and hushed lest you mar the harmony of the hour—beautiful shadow, stealing away to leave a void in the heart. Shadows falling across the pages on which you write dollars and cents. Shadows that linger for your attention on the first respite from business, or when the laughter and merriment of a jovial hour has died away. 'Tisid shadow, lingering after you light is out to hover over your pillow and guard the night like angel watchman. You wake at dead of night, and the shadow of some dear old fellow appears in the dark background, and you lazily turn a more comfortable position, and fall asleep with your companion's happiest smile uppermost in your mind. Shadows, not burdens! Love's shadows, that go to make the story of 'who and what we are,'—of what we have been, not what we may be. Ourselves—our identity.

'I can't find bread for my family,' said a lazy fellow in company. 'Nor I,' replied an industrious miller; 'I'm obliged to work for it.'

Earth's Partings.

The earth is full of sad partings; the silent stars seem to whisper them in their constant watchings, and the gentle zephyrs chant them in every passing breeze; lightly, carelessly they fall when none are nigh to tell us they are the last, and we bid adieu to those which glow flatters us we soon shall meet again. Sadly, bitterly when we clasp the hand we know we ne'er shall clasp again, and some loved one's presence, like a cherished sunbeam to our vision, dies out forever.

But the inevitable changes and uncertainties of life, its unfolding scenes of anxiety and pain, throw a veil of sadness about farewell greetings and we seldom speak them without a pang. Farewell we tear it off without a tear, perchance a sigh amid the selfish swaying multitude that throng the great thoroughfare of life; but 'tis a lonely word, and there is an indescribable solemnity about it, the oft unheeded, that chills the pleasures and mars the joys of life's rosy hours. Congenial Hope may hold out to us her most glorious anticipations, and brighten the anguish of the moment with her golden promises; but, alas! too often we find them fleeting as fair, and as evanescent as the periods they illuminate.

Yes, life is one series of greetings and valedictions. We meet to-day; elated with most sanguine expectations of joy and happiness; to-morrow with a parting word, the last, it may be, that's heard on earth. But 'tis well that there is a mystic curtain obscuring the future from us—its unseen, undeveloped world that must attend the coming years of our existence. And 'tis best that the parting word is thus often unconsciously given, and we know not that it is the last that's heard ere we shall meet around the Throne above.

'A word, a word, a parting word,
How light its accents fall
Upon the ear, when none are near
To tell that it is all
No warning voice is heard to say
It is the last—the last
One moment then we smile away,
And 'tis forever past!

'Tis strange—'tis strange! we clasp the hand
We ne'er may clasp again;
One passing thrill and all is still
Forever to remain.
'Tis best—'tis best! and they are blest
Who have unconscious given
The parting word, the last that's heard
Before they meet in heaven.'

The best of all Schools.

The fireside is a seminary of infinite importance. It is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven in with the wool of childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life. There are few who can receive the honors of a college, but all are the graduates of the hearth. The learning of the university may fade from the recollection, its classic lore may moulder in the halls of memory, but the simple lessons of home, enameled upon the heart of childhood, defy the rust of years, and outlive the mature but less vivid picture of after years.

So deep, so lasting, indeed, are the impressions of early life, that you often see a man in the imbecility of age, holding fresh in his recollections the events of childhood, while all the wide space between that and the present hour is blasted and forgotten waste. You have, perchance, seen an old obliterated portrait, and in the attempt to have seen it fade away, while a brighter and more perfect picture, painted beneath is revealed to view. This portrait, first drawn upon canvass, is no faint illustration of youth; and though it may be concealed by some after design, still the original traits will shine through the outward picture, giving it tone while fresh, and surviving it in decay. Such is the fireside—the great institution of Providence for the education of man.

How to avoid a bad Husband.

- 1 Never marry a man for wealth. A woman's life consisteth not in the things she possesses.
- 2 Never marry a fop who struts about dandy-like in his gloves and ruffles, with a silver top'd cane and rings on his fingers.
- 3 Never marry a niggard, close-fisted; mean, sordid wretch, who saves every penny, or spends it grudgingly. Take care lest he stint you to death.
- 4 Never marry a stranger, whose character is not known or tested. Some females jump right into the fire with their eyes wide open.
- 5 Never marry a mope, or a drone, one who crawls and draggles through life one foot after another, and lets things take their own course.
- 6 Never marry a man who treats his mother or sister unkindly or indifferently. Such treatment is a sure indication of a mean and wicked man.
- 7 Never on any account marry a gambler, a profane person, one who in the least speaks lightly of God or religion. Such a man can never make a good husband.
- 8 Never marry a sloven; a man who is negligent of his person or his dress, and is filthy in his habits. The external appearance is an infallible index to the heart.
- 9 Shun the rake as a snake, a viper, a very demon.
- 10 Finally, never marry a man who is addicted to the use of ardent spirits. Depend upon it, your life better off alone, than you would be tied to a man whose breath is polluted, and whose vitals are being gnawed out by alcohol.

The following notice was posted in the postoffice recently: 'Lost a red kat; he had spot on his behind legs; he was a she kat. I will give everyboddy 3 cts to bring him home.'

HUMILITY.

BY MONTGOMERY.

The bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest,
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest,
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.

Among the many good stories made of the late Judge Cooper, Cooperstown, father of the novelist, is the following:—Judge Cooper was one of the first, if not the very first, to break the wilderness in that region; and was possessed of large tracts of land in and about Cooperstown, which he sold out, sometimes on very liberal terms to actual settlers.

One day a man came to him, wishing to purchase some wild land in a remote portion of the township. This tract of land lay on the banks of the river, from which an abundance of fish was taken for the supply of the villagers; and the farmer asked if Judge Cooper would not be willing to take his pay in fish—an arrangement to which the Judge consented. 'But,' said the farmer, 'you know, Judge, that there's all kinds of fish in the river—pike and trout, and large and small. You'll be willing to take them as they run, won't you, Judge?'

'Oh yes,' said the Judge, good naturedly; 'only bring your fish along. I'll take them as they run.'

And so the papers were made out, and the farmer departed. But the summer drew on, and waxed and waned, and yet none of the fish upon which the Judge had expected to regale himself made their appearance at his door. After many months had passed, the Judge, growing impatient about the promised payment for his land, mounted his horse and rode out into the region it lay. As he expected, he found the settler at work on his place. The Judge rode up to him, and asked him a little sharply about the fish he had promised to bring him.

'Fish, Judge,' said the man, rising slowly from the ox-yoke he was mending, and looking up at an amazed squint upon Judge Cooper, 'did I promise to bring you any fish?'

'To be sure you did!' said the Judge roundly; 'wasn't that the agreement? You promised to pay for your land in fish?'

'But, Judge,' said the man, 'didn't you promise to take the fish as they run?'

'To be sure,' said the Judge, 'but I have had no opportunity to take them as they run, or in any other way, for not a basket have you brought me.'

'But, Judge,' said the man, 'there's the river, there they run: you can take as many as you like!'

The Judge wheeled his horse hastily and rode homeward, and the man got his farm by his wits, for Judge Cooper never appealed to him again for his fish—as they run, or any other way. But he was accustomed to tell the story with great glee.

The Pendulum.

A few years ago a gentleman in Boston having a leisure hour, sauntered into the court room where an interesting trial was in progress. Directly over the head of the judge there was suspended a large clock. The broad face of the brass pendulum, nearly a foot in diameter, vibrated to and fro in a solemn measured movement which arrested his eye. For a moment he looked listlessly upon the precision of its oscillations, and the idea gently occurred to him of the lapse of time—its ceaseless, rapid flow, marked off so solemnly by the ticking of the clock.

The train of thought thus suggested gradually and silently absorbed his attention. His eyes were fixed upon the pendulum. He was entirely insensible to the scene passing around him, as he thought of the events occurring over the world in the interval marked by the vibration; now some are sinking into a watery grave—now the assassin plunges the dagger—now comes the fiend like shock of armies—now the cry of remorse ascends from the pillow of the dying sinner. What multitudes die at each vibration! How rapidly the vibrations cut off the moments allotted to me! How soon will the clock strike my last hour? Where shall I then be? In heaven or in hell.

Thus he stood, lost in reverie, while that noiseless pendulum preached to his soul in tones such as he had never heard before. He left the court room, mingled with the thoughtless crowds in Washington street, but the barbed arrow of religious conviction had pierced his heart, and he could not extract it. He sought his closet. He fell upon his knees, and in anguish offered the prayer which sincerely offered is never refused: 'O God! be merciful to me, a sinner!' He soon found the peace of pardon, and went on his way heavenward rejoicing. 'The wind bloweth where it listeth; and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth. So is every one that is born of the Spirit.'

Jeer not upon any occasion. If they be foolish, God has denied them understanding; if they are vicious, you ought to pity not revile them: if deformed, God framed their bodies, and you will earn his workmanship. Are you wiser than your Creator? If poor, poverty was designed for a motive to charity, and not to contempt; you cannot see what riches they have within. Especially despise not your aged parents. If they come to their second childhood, and be not so wise as for merly, they are yet your parents—your duty is not diminished.

At Lynn, Mass. a Sunday School teacher asked a little girl who the first man was. She answered that she did not know. The question was put to the next, an Irish child who answered loudly, 'Adam sir,' with apparent satisfaction.

'Law,' said the first scholar, 'you needn't feel so grand about it, he wasn't an Irishman.'

My Papa is a Tall Man.

An affair happened a day or two ago, at one of our hotels, where a child discovered a nice little arrangement to the proprietor.

About two weeks ago a gentleman, lady, and a little girl stopped at one of our hotels and registered as Mr., and wife, and for quite a long time everything passed on smoothly. They were as loving and attentive to each other and child as would be expected, and might have continued the nice little arrangement but for a little error. Truly it has been said, a child and a fool always tell the truth, and here was a cause just to the point. One day last week the gentleman and lady shut the child out in the hall, for reasons unknown to us and the child not liking this treatment began to cry and make a great noise through the house, and it reaching the ears of the proprietor, he went up stairs and found the crying child and endeavored to pacify it, but still it continued to fret, when he told it to go into the room to its papa, when the child looking up into his face with a half surprised expression, said to him, 'That ain't my papa; my papa is a tall man, and he is home.' Here was a revelation; 'papa at home, a tall man,' the man here with the mother of the child was a short man.

The proprietor hesitated a moment what to do. One thing certain, they must leave; so leaving the child, he went down and sent word up to the man to come down to the office. He came, all smiles, as a man would, having a good thing all hid from everybody's eye, and was considerably surprised when the landlord handed him his bill and requested immediate payment; and was still more surprised to hear the proprietor say, 'Pack up and leave within ten minutes.' He protested, but the unyielding proprietor only replied that, 'children and fools always tell the truth,' and threatened him with arrest and disgrace if he did not travel. The man made all haste possible, and went out from the hotel, considerably crestfallen.

We are expecting every day to see a tall man running along these streets, carrying a seven-shooter and two cups of coffee, looking for a stray wife, lamb, and a short man; but if he had an atom of common sense he will remain at home and leave the stray wife to her fate.—Cleveland Herald.

The *Trioga-Agitor* truly remarks: 'You may know a man by the company he keeps, is an old saying, and as true as ancient. There is a law of social gravitation as well as a physical law of gravitation. Men, and combinations of men, always gravitate to their proper places. Put a thief in a community where there are ten thieves, and he will make the acquaintance of every man of them before he has been there two days.'

It is said that the practice of calling the Copperheads rebels and traitors is a harsh one. It may be harsh, but is it not just? Mark who these men quote when they want to make a point. If a fight is on a Union General, they search the rebel newspapers for evidence against him. Just now, Copperhead papers are lying away at Don. Butler. Robert Ould, the Richmond rebel Commissioner of Exchange of prisoners during the war, writes a letter stating that he offered to exchange fifteen thousand sick and wounded Union prisoners for an equivalent. This was in 1864. The inference is that Gen. Butler refused to accept the proposition. But Gen. Butler makes an official statement denying that Mr. Ould ever addressed him such a proposition. The Copperheads publish Ould's charge, and do not publish the fact that Butler has officially denied its truth.—They use Ould's letter to batter Butler. Of course we all know that any Copperhead will sooner believe a traitor than a man who fought traitors. It is the most natural thing in the world for them to do it.

POPULAR NAMES OF STATES.—Virginia, the Old Dominion.
Massachusetts, the Bay State.
Main, the Border State.
Rhode Island, the Little Rhydy.
New York, the Empire State.
New Hampshire, the Granite State.
Vermont, the Green Mountain State.
Connecticut, the Land of steady habits.
Pennsylvania, the Keystone State.
North Carolina, the Old North State.
Ohio, the Buckeye State.
South Carolina, the Palmetto State.
Michigan, the Wolverine State.
Kentucky, the Corn Cracker.
Delaware, the Blue Hen's Chicken.
Missouri, the Pike State.
Indiana, the Hoosier's State.
Illinois, the Sucker State.
Iowa, the Hawkeye State.
Wisconsin, the Badger State.
Florida, the Peninsular State.
Texas, the Lone Star State.

A DAY.—It has risen upon us from the great deep of eternity, girl round with wonder; emerging from the womb of darkness, a new creation of life and light spoken into being by the word of God. In itself our entire and perfect sphere of space and time, filled and emptied of the sun. Every past generation is represented in it, is the flowering of all history, and in so much it is richer and better than all other days which have preceded it. And we have been recreated to new opportunities, with new powers—called to this utmost promontory of actual times, this centre of all coming life. And it is for today's work we have been endowed; it is for this we are pressed and surrounded with these facilities. The sum of our entire being is concentrated here; and to-day is all the time we absolutely have.—*Chapin*.

Oh, pa, Mr. Jones was here this morning, and when he told him that you would not be home till late, he said her lips were like honey, and that he wished he was a bee, and then he kissed her. They gave me a stick of candy not to tell any one, but I don't think they'd mind you, you are so well acquainted with us.

'Well Mr. Snow, I want to ask you a question.'
'Propose it, den.'
'Why am a grog shop like a counterfeit dollar?'

'Well, Ginger, I gibs dat right up.'
'Does, does you gib it up?—Kase you can't pass it.'
'Yah! yah! nigger, you talk so much 'bout your counterfeit dollars, just succeed to deform me why a counterfeit dollar is like an apple pie?'

'Oh! I braps the subject, and doesn't know nothin' 'bout it.'
'Kase it 'isn't current.'
'Oh! crackie, what a nigger! Why am your head like a bag-oh-dollars?'

'Go way from me—why am I?'

'Kase dar' no sense (cents) in it.'
'Well you always was the brackest nigger I nigger seen—you always will hab de last word.'

A clergyman who enjoys the substantial benefits of a fine farm, was slightly taken down a few days ago by his Irish plowman, who was sitting at his plow in a tobacco field resting his horse. The reverend gentleman being an economist said, with great seriousness: 'John, wouldn't it be a good plan for you to have a stubbythe here and be cutting a few bushes along the fence while the horse is at resting a short time.'

John with quite as serious a countenance as the divine wore himself, said: 'Wouldn't it be well, sir-for you-to-have-a tub of potatoes in the pulpit, and when they are singin', to peel em awhile to be ready for the pot.'

The reverend gentleman laughed heartily and left.

CONTRARIES.—Steele wrote excellently on temperance—when sober, Johnson's essay on politeness is admirable, but he was himself a peevish bear; the gloomy verses of Young gave me the blues, but he was a brisk, lively man; the 'Comforts of Life,' by B. Heron, was written in prison, under the most distressing circumstances; 'Miseries of Human Life' was, on the contrary, composed in a drawing room, where the author was surrounded by every luxury; all the friends of Steele knew him to be a selfish man, yet as a writer he excelled in pathos and charity, at one time boating his wife, at another wasting his sympathies over a dead monkey. Seneca wrote in praise of poverty on a table formed of solid gold, with millions lent out at usury; some of Hood's comic effusions were written in bodily pain and mental anguish.

HORSE FLESH AS FOOD.—It is stated that Paris consumes, as butchers' meat, an average of two hundred horses per month. This meat is sold only for what it is, viz: horse flesh. It is eaten continually, and because it is palatable and nutritious. It takes all the forms of other meats such as steaks, chops, sirloins, rumps, ribs, &c., and is subjected to a similar variety of culinary treatment. The Parisians, by the-by, have lately tried to introduce the flesh of mules, also, to the tables; but this has proved too much for even the enlightened digestion of the French people. In May the number of mules slaughtered for the markets there had fallen from sixty to ninety per month.

Mr. W. J. Mills writes to the New York *Christian Advocate*, from West Virginia, as follows:—There is one man, by the name of Conway, in Cheat Mountains, who has just lately heard of the war. He lives twenty miles from any human habitation, and has not paid taxes for years. He is contented to live with his wife, ignorant even of the affairs of his country, and spends his days hunting and fishing. He said he had undertaken a few years ago there was a little fuss about something, but did not suppose it had amounted to anything.

A friend of ours visiting a neighbor found him disabled from having a horse to step upon his foot. Hobbling out of the stable, the sufferer explained how it happened. 'I was standing here,' said he, 'the horse brought his foot right down on mice.' Our friend looked at the injured member, which was of the No. 14 pattern, and said, very quietly, 'Well, the horse must step somewhat.'

The aim of an honest man's life is not the happiness which serves only himself, but the virtue which is useful to others.

When you hear a sermon, do not try how much fault you can find with it, but try how much fault you can find with yourself.

If a husband and wife are a fast couple, there is danger in their case, as in a fast team, that this coupling may break.

No one has ever been so good and so great or has been raised so high, as to be above the reach of troubles.

The proudest man, as well as the greatest, will stoop to a flower.

The best capital to begin life with is a capital wife.

It is a miserable thing to live in suspense; it is the life of a spider.

The richer a man makes his food, the poorer he makes his appetite.

A cripple upon the right road will beat a racer upon the wrong.

A man is never so apt to be crooked as when he is in a strait.

Over two hundred horses and fifty nine asses were killed and eaten in Paris in March.

Affliction is a greater enemy to the face than the small-pox.