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THE MONEYLESS MAN.

[This beautiful poem was composed years ago by Henry Stanton, of Mageville, Kentucky. Such gems of poetry are often met with, written by authors whose names are never known in history:]

Is there no place on the face of the earth
Where charity dwelleth where virtue has birth?
Where bosoms in mercy and kindness will heave,
And the poor and the wretched shall ask and receive?
Is there no place on earth, where a knock from the poor
Will bring a kind angel to open the door?
Ah! search the wide world wherever you can,
There is no open door for the moneyless man!

Go look in your hall, where the chandelier light
Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night;
Where the rich hanging velvet, in shadowy fold,
Sweeps gracefully down with its trimming of gold,
And the mirrors of silver take up and renew
In long tighted vistas the 'wildering view;
Go there in your patches, and find if you can,
A welcoming smile for the moneyless man!

Go look in yon church of the cloud-reaching spire,
Which gives back to the sun his same look of red fire;
Where the arches and columns are gorgeous within,
And the walls seem as pure as a soul without sin;
Go down the long aisle—see the rich and the great,
In the pomp and pride of their worldly estate;
Walk down in your patches and find if you can
Who opens a pew for a moneyless man.

Go look to your judge in dark flowing gown,
With the scales wherein law weigheth quietly down;
Where he frowns on the weak and smiles on the strong,
And punishes right while he justifies wrong;
Where jurors their lips on the Bible have laid,
To render a verdict they've already made;
Go there in the court room, and find if you can,
Any law for the cause of a moneyless man.

Go look in the banks, where Mammon has told
His hundreds and thousands of silver and gold,
Where safe from the hands of the starving and poor,
Lies pile upon pile of the glittering ore;
Walk up to the counter—ah, there you may stay
Till your limbs grow old and your hairs turn gray—
And you'll find at the bank not one of the clan
With money to lend to a moneyless man.

Then go to your hovel—no raven has fed
The wife who has suffered so long for her bread—
Kneel down by her pallet and kiss the death frost
From the lips of the angel your poverty lost—
Then turn in your agony upward to God
And bless while it smites you the chastening rod,
And you'll find at the end of your life's little span
There's a welcome above for the moneyless man.

FASHION GOSSIP.

Velvet cloaks are being revived.

Black lace collarettes are fashionable.

Fish-scale bracelets is extremely fashionable.

Silver coiffures are going out of fashion.

Cardinal red cashmere not in demanded fashion.

Sable turbans will be worn this winter.

Slate blue is a new color in marine stockings.

The skirts of walking dresses will remain long.

Kid gauntlets are as much in demand as ever.

Black lace is trimming to worn on dress skirts.

Navy blue and cardinal red are worn together.

Knitted fascinators are used for tending the fringes.

Lace will be used for trimming evening dresses.

Myrtle is the shade of dark green most suited for.

Cardinal red was the fashionable colour of last season.

Double-point shoes are the most fashionable for children.

Silver gray and rose are the favorite colors of the season.

THE LETTER.

'Any letters?' asked the Widow Wadsworth, turning from the counter to the corner of the window over which swung a placard bearing the legend "Post Office" upon it, and glancing through her spectacles at the small row of jars which were made to do duty as letter-holders. 'Any letters for our house, to-day, Mr. Bristol?'

Mr. Bristol, the senior of that name, who was too rheumatic to weigh groceries, was deaf as a post, and had perhaps the least natural talent for the reading of dubious scrip that could be found in the person of any living man; and besides this, could never find his spectacles—roused himself from a nap in which he had been indulging, looked bewildered, and seemed for a moment dubious as to what he should do next.

But seeing that Mrs. Wadsworth's eyes were fixed upon the jars, decided that she wanted a letter, and reaching up, slowly took a few of them down, and with much deliberation, spread them before her like a pack of cards.

'I've put my specks some'rs,' he said, 'but where I dunno. Look 'em over and sort out for yourself what's yourn, Mrs. Wadsworth.'

This was old Mr. Bristol's usual style of performing the business of country post-master.

And as it was an honest place, little harm came of it.

Often people carried their neighbors' letters to them, when they happened to pass their gates, and the only registered letter that ever yet had been sent to Kornhill was considered an insult to the community at large.

'They might ha' knowed no one would ha' meddled with it' said the post-master.

And the farmers talked the matter over as they jogged home side by side in their wagons, and the Summer visitor who did the strange thing was made to feel the indignation of her hostess.

But that was long after the evening on which Mrs. Wadsworth asked if there were any letters for "her house."

Peering over the little row spread before her, she saw that there was one—a small envelope—addressed in a delicate to "John Wadsworth."

'That's our John,' said the old lady. 'Who can have writ to him?'

There were no more.

She put her single epistle into her pocket, pushed the rest towards Mr. Bristol and nodded at him.

Mr. Bristol nodded in reply, rejarred the letters, perched himself upon his stool and went to sleep again.

Then the younger Bristol helped the old lady into her chaise, handed in her basket of groceries, and she drove away, with the letter in her pocket, and a queer feeling, half fear and half anger, at her heart, as she said over and over again, talking aloud to herself, as the old white horse plodded along the lonely road towards home—

'Who has writ to John, I wonder?'

Maggie, the maid, came out to carry in the basket, when Mrs. Wadsworth stopped at her own gate, and she herself walked into the kitchen.

There was a great fire there, and on it the kettle was boiling, steam rushing from its spout in one long stream.

Before this fire, Mrs. Wadsworth stood and warmed her hands.

'I wonder who has writ to John,' she said. 'If I thought it was that girl, I'd throw it into the fire.'

Then a story she had heard of some one who had feloniously opened an envelope by holding it over the steam of a kettle occurred to her mind

'I wonder whether it would open that way,' she said. 'It couldn't be of any great harm just to satisfy myself that it isn't from her. John is but a boy, and I'm his mother. I think, according to law, I'd have a right. I ought to, any how.'

Then the hand which held the letter outstretched itself.

The stream of steam beat against the flap of the envelope.

In a moment or so it hung loose, limp, and wet in her hands.

'I'll go and put my bonnet away,' she said, in an unnatural sort of tone, and hurried up stairs.

'I'm his mother,' she said again, as she sat down in her chair, and drew the letter from the envelope. 'It's right I should know.'

Then she cast her eyes over the writing.

There was not much of it.

Just this—

"DEAR JOHN: I know, after my conduct, it is my place to write first. I was naughty. Please forgive me. Isn't that humble enough? And if you do, come and take me to the picnic to-morrow.

Your own, SALLIE."

'It is from that girl,' said Mrs. Wadsworth. 'It's from her. And things have gone so far, and he hasn't told his mother a word. Oh, how hard it is to bear.—That girl I don't want John to marry; but of all girls, that one.'

And she rushed to and fro.

'There's been a quarrel,' she said at last, 'and she's written this to make up. If he never got it he'd never speak to her more. She knows of course. I hate her; she's a kind with folks which it's my duty not to give in to. I'll think it over.'

Then she sat down in the corner of her window and looked out upon the road, and thought and thought.

'Going to the picnic, John?' she asked, as they sat over their tea.

And John answered that he hadn't thought of it.

'I'd go, if I was you, and take your cousin Miranda,' said the old lady. 'She expects it, I think.'

John, only moved by the remembrance of Sallie Barlow, and a wish to make her jealous, agreed to the proposition.

He took Miranda to the picnic next day and Sallie was there, and saw them together; and remembering her note, written in a moment of softness, when the wish to recall certain angry words she had said to John, was strong upon her, she grew sick with shame.

She had held out her hand in reconciliation, and he had not taken it.

Could anything make a woman more indignant?

After that she had never even looked at him.

Old Mrs. Wadsworth, having kept John's letter a few days, felt that too much explanation would be necessary were she to give it to him after so long a delay.

Besides, it would be well for her son that he should not see it.

He would, of course, marry his cousin Miranda—only a good cousin—a girl she liked, and who would never set herself up above her mother-in-law, a girl who did not, like poor Sallie, look aggravatingly stylish.

But John did not marry Miranda.

No one will ever know now whether Miranda would have accepted him or not.

After a while she married a Mr. Wiseman, who was better off than John, and old enough to be his father.

'And Sallie, too, married.

While her heart burnt with resentment against her old lover, she chose a new one, a dark, moody, silent sort of man, who carried her away to the city, whence there came rumors now and then that she was not happy—that her husband led a wild life.

Once some one declared that he was a very madman in his jealousy, and locked her in her room at times.

But no one knew whether it was true or not.

Her parents would never say any thing about her.

As for John Wadsworth, he had gone to church to see her married, and had gone home with a headache.

The next day he was delirious.

A brain fever had set in, and the doctor's shook their heads over him.

What he said in his delirium only his mother understood, but if she could have undone the deed that she had done, she would have thanked Heaven.

For weeks he lay at death's door, and then a pale shadow crept about the house the wreck of bright, handsome John Wadsworth

His beauty was gone, and no one felt quite sure about his mind.

He answered sensibly enough when he was spoken to, but voluntarily he never spoke.

After a while he felt strong enough to go and work at his trade once more, and did what his mother suggested, and she grew used to his altered ways.

And so matters rested when, ten years from her wedding-day, Sallie came back to her father's home in a widow's cap.

And the people of Kornhill then learned that her husband was dead, and began to wonder whether he had left her any money.

John, working in the office, saw her as she passed on the opposite side of the street, and he stood for a moment staring at her.

Then he left his work, and started for home.

His mother saw him coming.

He tramped over the beds of flowers, and trod down the young corn

He sought no path.

As the bee flies, he sought the doorway at which his mother stood staring at him, and walked into the kitchen past her without a look.

'John, my boy,' said the old woman, 'what is it?'

He made no answer, but went to his room and straight to bed.

For hours he never spoke to her.

Then he began to babble.

He uttered Sallie's name.

He reproached her with inconstancy.

He called her tender names in one breath, and cursed her in the next.

Then he gave one wild cry and sprang up in his bed and dropped back again, with his eyes staring towards heaven.

He was dead.

The mother knew that before they told her so.

The next day a coffin stood in the low-ceiled parlor, and in it lay a pale statue with closed eyes, all that was left of John Wadsworth.

One by one the friends and neighbors came softly in to look at him, and went away more softly, often in tears.

At last came the woman—a fair woman, in a widow's cap and veil,—who stood longer than the rest looking at the still, white face, and at her own request, was left alone with it, while curious people in the other room wondered whether it was true that Sallie and John were once engaged and had quarrelled—for this was known to her gossips.

And as she stood there, with drooping head, there fell on the waxen fingers of her dead love one warm tear, through her veil, as lower down upon her cheek and on all common sense in.

It rolled on till it hung in her hand, and it rustled, as she slowly crossed the room and stood beside the coffin.

'John,' she said, 'here's your letter.—I've been thinking it over, and since you take it so hard, you'd better have it. I only kept it for your own good, John.—She ain't the girl for you—but you take it so hard. Wake up, John; here's your letter.'

But the white frozen hands lay still upon the chest, and other small, living, woman's hands grasped it instead.

Sallie knew her letter, and knew all the story now.

'Here is your letter, John,' she whispered. 'Oh, John, John!' and she laid it softly under the white flowers upon the bosom, and stooping, kissed the waxen hands and brow. 'Oh, John, John!' she said again, and let her black veil down over her face, and went her way.

And the gossips who stared after her, as she passed down the street, wondered again if she had ever been engaged to John Wadsworth.

But none of them ever knew.

The grave keeps its secret.

So also does a woman's heart.

THE ONION.

I am quite ashamed to take people into my garden and have them notice the absence of onions. It is very marked.—In onions is strength; and a garden without its lacks flavor. The onion in its satin wrappings is among the most beautiful of vegetables, and it is the only one that represents the essence of thing. It can almost be said to have a soul. You take off coat after coat, and the onions is still there; and, when the last one is removed, who dare say that the onion itself is destroyed, though you can weep over its departed spirit? I know that there is supposed to be a prejudice against the onion, but I think there is rather a cowardice in regard to it.

I doubt not that all men and women love the onion; but few confess their love. Affection for it is concealed.—Good New Englanders are as shy of owning it as they are of talking about religion. Some people have days on which they eat onion—what you might call 'retreats," or their "Thursdays." The act is in the nature of a religious ceremony, an Eleusinian mystery; not a breath of it must be got abroad. On that day they see no company, they deny the kiss of greeting to the dearest friend; they retire within themselves and hold communion with one of the most pungent and penetrating manifestations of the moral vegetable world. Happy is said to be the family who can eat onions together.—They are for the time being separate from the world, and have a harmony of aspiration. There is a hint here for the reformers. Let them become apostles of the onions; let them eat and preach it to their fellows, and circulate tracts of it in the form of seeds.

In the onion is the hope of universal brotherhood. If all men will eat onions at all times they will come into a universal sympathy. Look at Italy. I hope I am not mistaken as to the cause of her unity. It was the Reds who preached the gospel which made it possible. All the Reds of Europe, all the sworn devotees of the mystic Mary Ann eat of the common vegetable. Their oaths are strong with it. It is the food also of the common people of Italy All the social atmosphere of that delicious land is laden with it. Its odor is a practical democracy. In the churches all are alike; there is one faith one smell. The entrance of Victor Emanuel into Rome was only the pompous proclamation of a unity which garlic had already accomplished. and yet we, who boast of our democracy, eat onions in secret.

HAPPINESS WRECKED.

"Married next week, I hear, eh?" remarked a friend, slapping a good young man of Burlington in a congratulatory way on the shoulder. "Rich girl up Davenport way, I hear?"

"Well, no, said the young man, stifling a little sigh, "things was all arranged, but I've kind 'o had to put the wedding off a little while like it might be."

"What's wrong?" asked the friend, in sympathetic tones, 'old folks down on the match?"

"Well, not exactly; you see she has no parents, and she's her own boss like, but—"

"Girl didn't throw you, did she? Didn't go back on you?"

"Well," said the young man hesitatingly, "n'—not exactly: ye see, two of her husbands kind of happened to find her and come in on her sort of unexpected like, and I've just thought we'd kind of put it off like it might be."

And the subject of the conversation was delicately changed like.

☞ The sixth district has a school teacher who is decidedly clever. To a class of young lads in arithmetic he propounded the following query.

"What do four quarters make?"

'A whole,' answered several of them.

'And what else do they make?' he next inquired.

There was an unmistakable pause. He looked up and down the line of puzzled [illegible] suggested.—There was silence.

"Why, a dollar, of course," exclaimed the professional youngster.

A man we know of that [illegible] his legs cut off. They can only be [illegible] way.

☞ No one ought to be [illegible]

A Thanksgiving Dinner.

'Elder Sniffles, let me give you another piece o' the turkey?'

'I'm obleeged to you, Mr. Maguire. You probably recollect that I remarked in my discourse this morning that individuals were too prone to indulge in the excessive indulgence of creature comforts on Thanksgiving occasions. In view of the lamentable fact that the sin of gormandizing is carried to a sinful excess on this day, I, as a preacher of the Gospel, deem it my duty to be unusually abstemious on such occasions. Nevertheless, considering the peculiar circumstances under which I am placed this day, I think I will waive objections and take another small portion of the turkey.'

'That's right, Elder. What part will you take now?'

'Well, I'm not particular; a small quantity of the breast, with a part of the leg and some of the stuffing, will be quite sufficient.'

'Pass the cranberries to Elder Sniffles, Jeff. Elder, help yourself. Wife, give the Elder some turnip sass and potater.'

'Thank you, Mrs Maguire. I am an advocate for a vegetable diet and have always maintained that it is more congenial to individuals of sedentary habits and intellectual pursuits, like myself, than animal food.'

'Jeff, my son, pass the bread. Sister Bedott, send your plate for some more of the turkey.'

'No, I'm obleeged to you; I've had sufficient.'

'Jeff, cut the chicken pie.'

'Sure enough; I almost forgot that I was to carve the pie. Aunt Silly, you'll take a piece of it, won't you?'

'Well, I don't care if I dew take a little mite on't. I'm a great favoryte o' chicken pie; always thought 'twas a delightful beverage. Don't you, Elder Sniffles?'

'A very just remark, Mrs. Bedott, very, indeed. Chicken pie is truly a very desirable article of food.'

'Allow me to help you to some of it.'

'Thank you, my young friend. As I before remarked, I am entirely opposed to an immoderate indulgence of the appetite at all times, but particularly on thanksgiving occasions, and am myself somewhat abstemious. However, I consider it my duty at the present time to depart to some extent from the usual simplicity of my diet. I will therefore comply with your request and partake of the chicken pie.'

'Take some more o' the cranberry sass, Elder; cranberries is hulesome.'

'A very just remark, Mrs. Maguire—they are so. Nevertheless I maintain that we should not indulge too freely in even the most wholesome of creature comforts. However, since you desire it, I will take a small portion more of the cranberries.'

'Husband, dew pass that pickled tongue—it hain't been touched. Take some on't Elder Sniffles.'

'I'm obliged to you, Mrs. Maguire, but I confess I am somewhat fearful of taking articles of that description upon my stomach, as they create a degree of acidity which is incompatible with digestion. Is it not so, my friend? You are undoubtedly prepared to decide, as you are, I believe, pursuing the study of the medical science.'

'I think you are altogether mistaken, Elder Sniffles. We should always take a due proportion of acid with our food, in order to preserve the equilibrium of the internal economy, and produce that degree of effervescence which is necessary to a healthy secretion.'

'Exactly. Your view of the subject is one which never struck me before; it seems a very just one. I will partake of the pickled tongue in consideration of your remarks.'

'Take a slice on't, Sister Bedott. You seem to need some tongue to-day; you're uncommon still.'

'What a musical man you be, Brother Magwire! But it strikes me when an individual has an opportunity o' hearing intellectible conversation, they'd better keep still and improve it. Ain't it so, Elder Sniffles?'

'A just remark, Mrs. Bedott, and one which has very often occurred to my own mind.'

'Take some more of the chicken pie, Elder Sniffles.'

'Excuse me, my young friend; I will take nothing more.'

'What! you don't mean to give it up yet, I hope, Elder.'

'Indeed, Mr. Maguire, I assure you I would rather not take any more, for, as I before remarked, I am decidedly opposed to excessive eating on this day.'

'Well, then, we'll have the pies and puddings. Jeff, my son, fly around and help your maw change the plates. I'll take the puddin', Mallory, you take some pie. Elder, [illegible] pie. Here, Mary Ann, [illegible] and mind wash to-day, when Sister Bedott, you'll have some on't?'

'No, I'm obleeged to no. [illegible] of a headache to-day, [illegible] don't think.'

'Indulgence in articles of that description after eating meat is esteemed highly pernicious, and I inwardly protest against it. Furthermore, as Mrs. Bedott has very justly remarked, plum pudding is rich. However, considering the peculiar circumstances of the occasion I will for once overstep the boundaries which I have prescribed for myself.'

'Am I to understand that you'll have some or not?'

'I will partake in consideration of time and place.'

'Gracious! Wife, this is as good puddin' as I ever eat.'

'Elder Sniffles, will you take some of the pie? Here is mince pie and punkin' pie.'

'I will take a small portion of the pumpkin pie, if you please, Mrs. Maguire, as I consider it highly nutritious; but as regards the mince pie it is an article of food which I deem excessively deleterious to the constitution, inasmuch as it is composed of so many ingredients. I esteem it exceedingly difficult of digestion. Is it not so, my young friend?'

'By no means, Elder; quite the contrary, and the reason is obvious. Observe, Elder, it is cut into the most minute particles; hence it naturally follows that being, as it were, completely calcined before it enters the system, it leaves, so to speak, no labor to be performed by the digestive organs, and it is disposed of without the slightest difficulty.'

'Ah, indeed! your reasoning is quite new to me; yet I confess it to be most satisfactory and lucid. In consideration of its facility of digestion, I will partake also of the mince pie.'

'Wife, fill the Elder a glass of cider.'

'Desist! Mrs. Maguire, desist, I entreat you! I invariably set my face like a flint against the use of all intoxicating liquors as a beverage.'

'Gracious! you don't mean to call new cider an intoxicatin' liquor, I hope? Why, man alive, it's jest made—hain't begun to work.'

'Nevertheless I believe it to be exceedingly insalubrious and detrimental to the system. Is not that its nature, my young friend?'

'Far from it, Elder, far from it. Reflect a moment and you will readily perceive that, being the pure juice of the apple, wholly free from all alcoholic mixture, it possesses all the nutritive properties of the fruit, with the advantage of being in a more condensed form, which at once renders it more agreeable and facilitates assimilation.'

'Very reasonable, very reasonable, indeed. Mrs. Maguire, you may fill my glass.'

'Take another slice o' the puddin', Elder Sniffles.'

'No more, I'm obliged to you, Mrs. Maguire.'

'Well, won't you be helped to some more o' the pie?'

'No more, I thank you, Mrs. Maguire.'

'In consideration of the nutritious properties of new cider, which your son has so abundantly shown to exist, I will permit you to replenish my glass.'

'So you won't take nothing more, Elder?'

'Nothing more, my friends, nothing more whatsoever; for as I have several times remarked during the repast, I am an individual of exceedingly abstemious habits, endeavoring to enforce, by example, that which I so strenuously enjoin by precept from the pulpit, to wit, temperance in all things.'

DON'T MAKE A CENT.

An unknown man entered a hosiery store on Woodford avenue some days since and asked to be shown a few socks. When he learned the price per pair of woolen ones he put them aside and said:

'I guess I'll keep on wearing cotton ones. They say if you wear 'em right along through the winter your feet don't get cold.'

Some cotton socks were handed out, and he persuaded the dealer to drop from twenty cents to fifteen per pair. Then he said, 'I can buy the same kind as these in Toledo for 10 cents.'

'It doesn't seem possible,' replied the dealer. Will you swear to it?'

'I will make affidavit to the fact.'

The dealer told him to go around to a Justice, make the affidavit, and he should then have four pairs at ten cents a pair. The stranger was as good as his word, and he chuckled and cackled over his shrewdness until the document was made out and he had been sworn.

Then the Justice remarked: 'A dollar to the few.'

Something came over the [illegible] about that date. His [illegible] little, and he [illegible] hurt him. He [illegible] walked out, [illegible]

☞ Young man, if you call on a young lady, and she doesn't offer to light the fire when you come in the room, you will [illegible] some other girl the [illegible]

WISCONSIN RELICS OF THE MOUND BUILDERS.

Last week a party of scientific explorers made some very interesting discoveries in the neighborhood of Milton, Wisconsin. There are there a number of mounds which recent archæological investigation has referred to that mysterious race which inhabited the central portion of North America long before the present aborigines obtained a foothold here. Selecting the largest of these mounds the explorers dug a trench from its outer edge to the centre, thirty feet long, five feet wide and at the centre attaining the depth of ten feet. About a foot from the bottom, at the deepest part of the excavation, a layer of ashes and decayed wood was laid bare. A few inches below this was a hard deposit resembling mortar, and beneath were found the remains of four adults and two children. That they belonged to the race of mound-builders is inferred from the fact that there had previously been exhumed, only eighteen inches below the surface, a complete Indian skeleton.

The other, and vastly more important relics, were eight and a half feet lower down. The first of these, the skeleton of a man, lay with the head to the west in a reclining position. At the knees, near each head, were two ornaments, composed of the teeth of some wild animal, about four inches long, and having holes bored through for the string which attached them to the wrists. Close by was the skull, but so badly decayed as to prevent removal. A little to the south of the skull were four perfect flint arrowheads, as clearly cut as if the work had been done by the best modern machinery. Lying around and under the shoulders were twenty-nine beads, manufactured from small shells, and perforated so as to be worn as a necklace. Evidently this was the skeleton of some famous personage, for among the bones of the five others no ornaments whatever were found. The chief's companions were arranged about him to the west, northwest and east. In the jaw-bone of one was a partly developed wisdom tooth, and most of the jawbones and teeth were in good preservation.—*St. Louis Republican.*

WONDERS OF CHEMISTRY.

The tomato vine, which furnishes food so palatable to almost every one, belongs to the same family of plants as the deadly nightshade, which attains such a rank growth in the edge of swamps and by the shady roadside, and which all children are educated so cautiously to shun.—Aquafortis and the air we breathe are made of the same materials. Vinegar, sugar, and the spirits of wine are so much alike in their chemical composition that an old shirt can be converted into its own weight in sugar, and the sugar into spirits of wine. Wine is made of two substances, one of which is the [illegible] almost all combustion, and the other will burn with more rapidity than anything else in nature. Prussian [illegible], and the poisonous principle of [illegible] are found to be composed of the same materials.

☞ A remark of [illegible] minister is recommended to all preachers who are tempted to complain of a small congregation: "It is as large a congregation, perhaps, as you will want to account for at the day of judgment."

☞ One of the really golden moments of a young man's life is when he attempts to brush a banana skin off the sidewalk with his back-bone and gets up perfectly satisfied that nobody has observed his failure.

PER[illegible]

True repentance [illegible] from sin.
Reverence is the [illegible] virtue.
Divorce consecrates [illegible] crimes.
Indolence is the [illegible] of the soul.
Fine manners are [illegible] beauty of fair minds.
An angry man [illegible] mouth and shuts his eyes.
Men love to [illegible] hate to be reproved.
The world is [illegible] man see through its pretensions.
Flatterers make their nest in the [illegible]
One [illegible] is old then when [illegible]
[illegible] are the highest things.
We are [illegible] when we cannot [illegible]
[illegible] to the aged and [illegible]
[illegible] to find another [illegible]
[illegible] people's vanity, not [illegible] in the act of sin.
[illegible] way not to fall is to desert [illegible]
[illegible] to not eat bacon is to [illegible]
Some preaches better than the ear, and the eye nothing.
Affection hides three times as many virtues as charity does sins.
Guilt thou'd itself is scarcely more than a cheerful, kindly, sunshiny old age.

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