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Poetical Selections.

From the Home Journal.
THE DUMB CHILD.
She is my only girl.
I asked for her as some most precious thing—
For all unfeeling was Love's jeweled ring,
"Till set with this soft pearl!
The shades that time brought forth I could not see.
How pure, how perfect, seemed the gift to me!
Oh! many a soft old tone
I used to sing unto that dimpled ear,
And smile I not the slightest footstep near,
"Till that bright smile to you:
"All innocent her mother's daughter while she lay,
Ah, needless care! I might have let them play."
"I was long ere I believed
That this one daughter might not speak to me;
I asked her name, and she knew how patiently!
How willingly doctored.
Vain Love was long the stirring nurse of Faith,
And tended Hope until it starved to death.
Oh! if she could but hear
For me short hour, till I her tongue might reach
To call me mother, in the broken speech
That thrills the mother's ear!
Alas! those soiled lips never may be stirred
To the deep music of that holy word!
My heart it sorely tells,
To see her hand with such a reverent air
Beside her brothers at their evening prayer;
Or lift those earnest eyes
To watch our lips, as though our words she knew,
That move her own, as she were speaking, too.
I've watched her kneeling up
To the bright wonder of a sunset sky,
Wish such a depth of meaning in her eye,
That I could almost hope
The struggling soul would burst its binding cords,
And the long-kept-up thoughts flow forth in words.
The song of bird and bee,
The chorus of the breezes, streams and groves,
All the grand music to which Nature moves,
Are wafted melody
To her; the world of sound a tuneless choir,
While even silence hath its charm destroyed.
Her face is very fair;
Her blue eye beautiful; of finest mould
The soft white brow, o'er which, in waves of gold,
Ripples her shining hair.
Alas! this lovely temple closed must be,
For life who made it keeps the master-key.
Wills she the maid within
Should from earth's Rebel-chains be kept free,
Even that his will, small voice and step might be
Heard, at its inner shrine,
Through that deep hush of soul, with clearer
Than?
Then should I grieve? O, murmuring heart, be
Still!
She seems to have a quiet sense
Of quiet glances, in her soul's own play,
She hath a pleasant smile, a gentle way,
Whose cooing eloquence
Touches all hearts, though I had once the fear
That ever her father would not care for her.
Thank God it is not so!
And, when his sons are playing merrily,
She comes and leans her head upon his knee.
"O, at such times, I know,
By his fallows, and tones subdued and mild,
How the heart yearns over his silent child.
Not of all gifts best,
Even now, how could I say she did not speak?
What real language lights her eye and cheek,
And renders thanks to him who left
Unto her soul, yet open avenues
For joy to enter, and for love to use!
And God in love doth give
To her a beauty of his own;
And we a deeper tenderness have known
Through that for which we grieve.
Yet shall the soul be melted from her ear,
Yes; and my voice shall fill it—'not but here.
With that new sense is given,
What rapture will its first experience be,
That never robs to meander melody
"Till the rich song of heaven—
To hear the full-throated anthem swelling round,
While angel teach the ecstasies of sound!"

Literary Selections.

THE LONE OLD MAN.
AN ARGUMENT FOR THE MAINE LAW.
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Passing a few days in the village of P—, my observation was attracted by the air of neglect apparent in and around a tastefully built cottage, that seemed once to have been the pride and pleasure of its owner. Choice roses and fragrant honey-suckles clambered up the waste columns of the porch, prodigal of sweetness; but the vigorous shoots of the one, and the long twining branches of the other, swayed in the air, or drooped towards the ground, vainly seeking for support. Evidently not for months had the pruning-knife or training hand been busy there. Near by the entrance gate stood two cone-like cedars, tall and cleanly cut—but dead! their brown needle-shaped leaves shivering down under the touch of every passing breeze, and covering the verdureless ground beneath. Grass was springing up in all the pleasant walks, and the untrimmed box-borders were ragged and neglected. Vine trellises had broken panels here and there. All over the garden were seen weeds and tangled undergrowth. Only a single shutter in front of the cottage was unfastened, and that stood always open, early or late. Twice I had gone by without seeing any evidence of life about the neglected dwelling; but in passing the third time, I observed a white haired old man, walking with his hands behind him and his eyes upon the ground, backward and forward, slowly, in one of the grass-grown walks. There was something in his appearance that was incessantly sad. I looked at him for a few moments, and then kept on; but so fixed was his image in my mind in that brief period, that the vivid impression still remains.

P— numbered one thousand inhabitants, all told, had three taverns, or places of "entertainment for man and beast," and twelve shops for the retail of liquor. These last were all kept by Irishmen and Germans. At one of the taverns—the best in the place, and that isn't saying much in its favor—I was staying. The bar was well furnished with bad liquors, and the bar room never free from idlers and tavern loungers, mostly belonging to the village, as could be readily inferred from the tenor of their conversation. I did not fail to remark that scarcely one of those persons spoke half a dozen words without an oath or profane expression; and I also noted the fact that they were never so animated in conversation as when referring to something obscene, vile, or cruel. At temperance virtue they scouted, and even went so far as to allege scandals against a clergyman in the village, whom I know to be one of the purest of men. Worst of all was the presence of two or three lads in the bar room, who listened to corrupt conversation eagerly, and drank in all that was said with too evident pleasure.

"Who lives in the brown cottage at the upper end of the street, on this side?" I asked of the landlord.
"Judge Williams," he answered coldly, as he turned away.
"Who is Judge Williams?" I enquired, as soon as I got the landlord's ear again.
"He's one of the Judges," was curtly replied, and again he turned from me.

This only piqued my curiosity.
"Do you know Judge Williams?" I asked of a rough looking man whom I had observed lounging about the tavern ever since my arrival there, and who had just turned from the bar where he had been drinking.
"I ought to know him, curse his picture!" answered the man, frowning.
He looked at me for a few moments, evidently to see whether I meant to insult him by the question, and he turned, muttering something that I could not make out, and left the bar room.
"No good blood in him for Judge Williams," said a man who had overheard my question.
"Why not?" was my natural inquiry.
"The Judge gave him a year in the State Prison, for biting off his brother's ear in a drunken quarrel."
"Eh! that explains it. But what of Judge Williams? There's something wrong about him, is there not?"
The man shrugged his shoulders. As he was about replying some one called him. He left me.

Just then a boy came in and scattered half a dozen small printed handbills 'round the bar.
"What are them?" gruffly asked the landlord.
"There's to be a Maine Law meeting at the Lyceum Hall to-night," replied the boy, looking sideways at the landlord as he spoke. "Won't you come? Judge Williams is going to speak."
There was impertinence as well as humor in the boy's manner. The landlord, hot with uncontrollable anger, on the instant uttered a wicked imprecation, and hurried an empty glass at his head. The missile passed him within an inch, and striking the wall, was shattered into a hundred fragments. As the frightened lad scampered away, some of the bar room inmates laughed, some looked grave, and one or two rebuked the passionate man for an act which might have resulted in murder.
"Give me them bills," said the landlord, coming hastily from behind the bar. Gathering up as many of the printed slips of paper as he could get his hands upon, he tore them into shreds, with violent gestures and oaths, and then threw them into the street. Two or three remained in possession of those who, like myself, declined yielding them up to the licensed individual who considered himself particularly insulted by the intrusion on his premises.
Next came, as a very natural result, a discussion, among the bar room loungers, on the Maine Law question. The landlord was too much excited to think clearly or talk coherently; so he only used profane expletives. Some ridiculed the whole movement as preposterous. Some cursed the leaders; and some made themselves merry at the expense of cold water men. Nearly all present had indulged their particular humor on the subject, and conversation was beginning to flag, when a young man whom I had noticed as sadly fallen, yet retaining traces of better condition and higher intelligence than any around him, arose by a table at which he had been half crouching, and extending one hand in an energetic manner, said—
"You may all talk as you please, but I see no hope but in the Maine Law."
"There, now, Dick Thomas! do you just hush up. Nobody asked for your opinion, and nobody wants it."
The man turned quickly to the landlord, who had thus roughly interrupted him; and after fixing his eyes sharply upon him for some moments, retorted—
"You may rob us of reason and virtue; but of free speech—never! You have all had your say, and now I am going to have mine. If you don't wish to listen, you can retire."
"You've got to retire, young man!" exclaimed the landlord, his face again hot with anger; and as he said this, he came hastily from behind the bar, and advancing towards the object of his wrath, assumed a menacing attitude.
"Go this instant, or I will pitch you head foremost into the street."
"I wish you would put a hand on me," said the other, in a hissing voice. There was murder in his eyes, and an iron resolution in his tone. For several moments the two men glanced savagely at each other. Then the landlord retired behind the bar.
"Be content with your place there, and your work there, old fellow!" said the young man, with a bitter sneer, "but don't attempt what is beyond your ability." Then turning to the company, he repeated the words spoken a little while before, and in the earnest impressive manner, at first apparent.
"You may all talk as you please," he said, "but I see no hope but in the Maine Law. And there is no other hope for such as me. Ten times have I taken the pledge, and God knows it was taken in all sincerity! But with vitiated appetite, and temptation ever in my path, how was I to stand? Keep liquor out of my sight, and I can do well enough; but with a tavern or groggery at every corner, the case is hopeless. I voted for the Maine Law at last election. My ballot shall be cast on the side of virtue, order and sobriety. What a cursed infatuation—what a blinding folly this drinking is! Are you, or you, or you, any the better for it?" turning quickly from one to another, as he uttered these words. "I will not pause for your answer, 'no—your faces give a feeble negative; but your whole appearance responds, trumpet-tongued, 'No—no.'—Ah, my friends! I know how it is with you. While this man trap is ever in the way, our feet must stumble. What hope for us is there here? None—none.—There sits the great lazy spider, his web nicely spread abroad, and we, poor victims, cannot pass without getting hopelessly entangled. All over the land are these spiders and their webs; and there is no broom to sweep them aside. Give

us the Maine Law, and we have the broom that will do the work effectually. I go for this law, gentlemen. And I am going to the meeting to-night. Judge Williams is to speak. Poor man! He will not speak in vain, for all the good speaking will do him; but if he does not stir all hearts to their lowest depths, call Dick Thomas a fool."
"You'll give 'em a speech, too, won't you?" said the landlord, in impotent contempt.
"If you're there, I will," retorted Thomas. "I could have a better subject than the spider and the fly."
A shout of applause from the rude inmates of the bar room answered the cutting speech, and under the governing impulse of the moment, it was voted to attend the Maine Law meeting in a body.
"You'd better drink all round to bolster up good resolution," said the landlord, forcing a smile. He had sense enough to see the folly of quarrelling with his customers, and so repressed his irritation.
"Not a bad idea," quickly answered one of the company; and in a moment the fiddle crew were at the counter, and the landlord as busy as he could be in mixing the tempting poisons for their lips. I turned off, sad at the sight, and left the bar room.

At an early hour in the evening, I was at Lyceum Hall. The room was nearly filled on my arrival, but I managed to get a place near the speaker's stand.
"Judge Williams is to speak," I heard whispered behind me. This seemed the leading attraction of the evening. Who Judge Williams was, or what particular interest attaching to him, I had not yet learned. That a blight was on him in his old age, was plain; but where and what the blight was, I could only infer but vaguely.

The meeting was organized in due form, and resolutions offered approving the Maine Law, and calling upon the Legislature of the State to enact one similar in its provisions. Then came a pause of expectation. The old man I had thought to see on the stand was not there. I looked around the room, but failed to recognize him. Others seemed in like expectation with myself. There was now a movement near the door. I turned with the rest of the audience, and saw the pale, thin, intelligent face of the old man I had noticed at the brown cottage.
"There is Judge Williams," I heard passing from lip to lip. He moved slowly along the aisle until he reached the platform, which he ascended, and took a chair near the President of the meeting.
"The Secretary will read the resolutions again," said the chairman.
The resolutions were accordingly read. A brief silence followed, and Judge Williams arose in a slow, dignified manner. A little while he stood; his fine eyes that seemed to light up his whole face, wandering over the audience. All was still as if there had not been a living soul in the room.
"My friends,"—his voice was low and trembled slightly,—"I meet you this evening in a public assemblage, for the first time in many months. I may never meet you again. A lonely old man, with all hope in life gone, I am a lingerer here only for a little while. Soon, the faces that have seen me will see me no more. I shall pass the bourne from which no traveler returns—and pass it, I feel, right early. I have been among you many years; and in all my public life, have in the fear of God, sought to judge rightly between my fellow men.—To err is human; therefore I have not been free from error; but the merit of good intention, I must in justice claim."
"My friends, look at me as I stand before you to-night," and he advanced a few paces on the platform. "This head is whiter than it was a year ago—this hand not so steady—this poor body less firm and erect. I am a shattered wreck on the sea of life—the last frail vessel of a goodly fleet that went down in the phylloxera tempest. How vainly did I search for a harbor when I saw the storm gathering; but there was none in which we might ride in safety."
"Fellow citizens!" his form was now more erect, and his tone firmer and deeper.—"turn your thoughts back for twenty years, such of you as can recall events for so long a period. Did I not then say to you that licensed drinking houses would be a curse to our village? Did I not then urge, warn, implore you on the subject, and with all the little eloquence I possessed. Did I not then declare it as my belief that, as a body of citizens, united in corporate form to secure our

mutual well-being, it was our duty to guard the weak and the youthful from the fascination of drink, by prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks in our village? We had as much the right to do this, as the right to restrain or prohibit the sale of poison. It was a measure of self-protection as legitimate as any other. Who was to be wronged by it? The man who, too idle to work, sought to live by corrupting his neighbors, and sowing broadcast the seeds of vice, crime, depravity and eternal death? No—not even he was to suffer wrong. Better far, even for him, that he should be compelled to do service in society in order to get his bread. In every view therefore, the restriction I then urged was the right one. But you, my fellow citizens, called my reasoning fallacious, and me visionary or tyrannical.
"Well, in the twenty years which have passed since I first advocated an entire restriction of the sale here, I have seen more than twenty of our most promising young men—some of their gray haired fathers are here to-night—thrust down into drunkards' graves. Why, my friends,—he spoke now with a sudden, indignant energy,—one of those young men, with his intellect undimmed, would have been worth a thousand of the miserable wretches who destroyed them, and for whose maintenance you so generously provided the trade of dram-selling.—How my heart swells and throbs, and almost suffocates me with indignation at the very thought. But ah, how impotently!"
Mourningly, very mournfully and low, were these last words.
"Well, my friends," he resumed after a pause, "to support the idle, vicious dram-seller, you sacrifice the rising hope of your village. Unto the bloody Molech you brought your sons. For twenty years I have set on the bench, and I will say now before God and man, that in nine cases out of ten, every crime and outrage which has taken place within that period, in this county, was traceable, directly or indirectly, to the use of intoxicating drinks.
And the history of crime all over our land gives but a parallel testimony.—And yet the rum-seller is protected in his roused traffic—is regularly licensed to destroy the bodies and souls of your neighbors and children; and if we all, whose hopes in life are blasted by the evil, lift our voices against it, and ask for its suppression by the firm hand of the law, we are branded with coarse epithets, and called visionary and fanatical disturbers of settled order, &c.
"Show me any good that has been done in P—, by dram-drinking.—Show me a man made more thrifty and virtuous—a better husband, father and citizen. Bring him here to-night and let us look upon him. Where is he? Alas, he is not to be found. You cannot show the good, but the evil. God help us—it is everywhere."
"My friends, you all know that I and mine have been cursed with this curse; but how deeply, few have imagined.—Let me lift the curtain for you to-night—lift it for a moment, and then let it fall forever. Three sons grew up to manhood. True hearted, clear minded, they were, and full of promise for the future. One studied law, one medicine, and the other chose the life of a farmer. I used no intoxicating drinks in my house, and yet these three goodly sons sleep in drunkards' graves. Beyond my own house I could not protect them. Temptation was, on every hand—temptation sanctioned by law, and made respectable through the blind favor of men whose position gave influence to their precept and example. Like other young men, they had their weakness; like other young men they moved pleasantly along in the smooth current of the world, all unheeding the danger by which they were surrounded, until resistance to the downward course was hopeless.
"Three years ago the eldest was thrust from one of our taverns at a late hour in the night, and falling upon the pavement received a wound on the head that produced insanity. He is since dead. The second after six months' abstinence, was enticed into the same den of evil, by some wicked men who knew his weakness. He fell never to rise again. Unhappy young man! How hard he struggled with his appetite. Oh, how bitterly I have seen him weep—how earnestly I have heard him pray in the lonely night watch, for strength. Yet he died while the mad fever of intemperance was on his brain.
"The third, my youngest son—his mother's idol—his, too, was about married. The parent, sweet, fondled of woman was

the dear child he brought away from her warm nest, to grace and brighten our household. We had no daughter of our own; and so all the love in our hearts, a daughter would have called forth, was lavished upon this beautiful dove. I need not describe her to you, for you have seen her, and many of you loved her, but she is at rest."
The old man's voice choked. For a little while he stood silent, unable from irrefragable emotion, to proceed. At last he said in a husky whisper—
"She is at rest now. Let me as calmly as possible tell you how she passed away. It was not peacefully, and sweetly, as an infant child to rest in its mother's arms. Ah, no—no! Her death was violent."
What a thrill passed through the ashy white faces bent forward eagerly, and breaths were held in appalled expectation.
"She was murdered by her husband."
The old man sank into a chair, while a groan arose from the assembly.
"No good end is to be gained by concealment," resumed Judge Williams, as he arose and in a firmer voice went on—
"If the revelation spurs you to action, all I desire is accomplished. My son came home one night less than a year ago, intoxicated, after a longer period of sobriety than usual. He had never treated his wife with personal unkindness. If she remonstrated with him, he showed no irritation; and often, through her influence, would make temporary efforts at reformation. He had passed to her room only a short time, when I heard a momentary shuffling of feet, and a smothered exclamation. There was something in the sound that caused me to start and listen. But nothing more was heard for at least five minutes, when I was aroused by the falling of a heavy body in the chamber. I repaired thither on the instant. Sight of horror! My son lay dying in his own blood, on the floor—the fatal razor with which the deed was done, clutched in his hand.—You all remember this dreadful tragedy. But there was something more dreadful still, of which you have never been told. Ere turning his hand upon himself, my son smothered with pillows the—"
The old man staggered back and sat down again.
"God help me!" he resumed after a moment or two. "I cannot say more. We buried them side by side; but we were broken-hearted. A few weeks more and my poor wife followed them, leaving me a lonely old man, all the green branches of my tree withered, and left the root nearly useless and dead.
"What need is there for me to say more?" he added after a pause. "I have shown you the bitter fruits of the traffic. Look at them. Reason of them among yourselves, and make your own decision. If you continue to sow the seeds you are now sowing, you must expect no better harvests. On me the evil has done its worst. But for the sake of your children and neighbors, let me implore you to turn aside from your beautiful village this torrent of vice that is yearly sweeping its acres to destruction."
There were few dry eyes in that assembly when he sat down; and it hardly need be told here that the resolutions were passed by acclamation. At my next visit to P—, the bar-room cottage had found another owner, and the lonely old man was sleeping in the village graveyard.

DUPIN.
Andrew Dupin was born on the first of February, 1783, at Vauxy. He has two younger brothers; one distinguished as a scientific man; the other, a lawyer of some eminence. The three brothers received an excellent elementary education at home, under their father's instruction. At the age of seventeen Andrew came to Paris to attend the law school of Fouchet. Three times a week he attended the law lectures, and the rest of the time he was studying in a law office. He delighted in work; and none of the amusements of Paris could turn him from his labors. With his indomitable perseverance, who could not succeed in any undertaking?
Before his twenty-third year he was considered the most promising young jurist in Paris. His first publication was the "Manual of Roman Law," and subsequently, he compiled several small works, to facilitate the study of law.
In 1810 he was named one of a commission to digest the decrees of Napoleon, which were to become the laws of the empire. He accomplished the entire work himself, though he was the illegitimate enemy of Bonaparte. His practice at

the bar was becoming very great and lucrative. He was accused of making exorbitant charges; but a lawyer must live by his wages, like any other man; he can't blame him, particularly when he undertakes cases that no other lawyer would have argued for any man. Assisted by Berryer he defended Marshal Ney, though his grandiloquent efforts were all of no salutary effect. This magnificence gave him excessive popularity. He appeared in defence of many illustrious culprits, and was the powerful advocate of newspaper editors in many suits against the press. But do we not see traits of selfishness and ambition in all this? Besides being handsomely rewarded by the great man and others, his practice was so good over France. Surely that was not criminal! Talent is never too richly rewarded!

We are sorry to tell our readers that Dupin was not always consistent in his principles. After having defended Berryer twice, he refused to be his counsel in a third prosecution! And can you guess why? The court forbid the press to publish the proceedings in Berryer's case! Dupin would thus lose his chance of publicity in the newspapers! The Duke of Orleans (Louis Philippe) chose him for his attorney and counselor, in 1824, with an annual salary of fifteen thousand francs. In 1828 he was elected to the Legislature for the second time. During the revolution he hid in the cellar, after having urged the populace to go into the streets and fight. The 30th of July he crept out of his hiding-place;—boosted of his heroic acts; helped his client—the Duke of Orleans—to the throne; christened him "Louis Philippe, the first king of the French;" received the office of Attorney-General, and rested from his labors!

Truly, we are in the presence of an extraordinary individual! Our readers may be surprised to see us pass from praise to blame; but Janus is represented with two faces!
Dupin is correct in the duties of his office. He is a profound lawyer, and understands everything appertaining to his business. He is a member of the French Academy. During the last revolution his house was attacked by the mob, and he would have perished in its demolition but for the intervention of the soldiers. He has several times been offered a place in the Cabinet, and always refused the honor. During the reign of Louis Philippe he was elected eight times President of the House of Representatives. He says it is the most honorable position, next to throne, in a constitutional monarchy.
Dupin has the manners of a country school-master. His hoarse voice is terribly dictatorial and disagreeable! He was asked what epithet he would have for his mother's tomb; he replied, "Let them engrave on the marble these simple words:—Here repose the mother of the three Dupins! Let Cornelia and the Gracchi hide their diminished head!"
General Clausel, the hero of Algiers, challenged him for an insulting speech.—He would not fight but apologized! An eye-witness tells the following anecdote of our Great Bear:
In 1851 a company of artists was assembled for the purpose of making portraits of the legislative members. Dupin consented to sit, but required that he should be taken in the presidential chair. The artist reminded him that the House did not adjourn till dark. "Never mind," said Dupin; "I'll fix it!" The next day he adjourned two hours earlier, to have his picture taken in the presidential chair!

Dupin passes for a very intelligent and able man on his scientific powers. His address is vulgar, and his puns are current, for the time, from the occasion and the manner in which they are uttered. He resembles on his own estate of Belgium. Although more than seventy years old, he enjoys excellent health. His dress, in the country, is plain and coarse, and he wears heavy shoes. He has become an industrious farmer; and we hope to see, through his illustrious example, the primitive days of innocent return. If Rome needs her Cicero, she will find him at the plough!

DOMESTIC LIFE IS MIDDLE AGE.
Rude were the manners then. Meat and wife ate off the same trencher. A fair wooden haddock lay on the great, candles were unknown. A servant girl held a torch of supper. Out of at most two, rings of horse brown corduroy, fanned all the drinking apparatus in a house. High gentlemen were clothed in unfaded leather. Ordinary persons wore black and red. A little can be said of the world.

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