

Vile thoughts only bloom on the dung-hills
of depravity.

Coarseness is as akin to vice as the flame
to the candle.

Indolence lolls in luxury while energy goes
hungry to bed.

Toil with recompense is sweeter than
recompense without toil.

Is the African heathen more precious than
a sick child in a London garret?

The ashes of a bad woman cannot be
cleansed with the waters of an ocean.

She who walks the street by night is an out-
cast. She who seduces a Prince may die a
Queen.

Princes on sale for gold, women for titles,
virtue for bread, statesmen for place, and
priests for salary.

Monopoly. A whip in the hands of
plutocrats, which bites the backs of men and
saddens the hearts of women.