

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



A WAIL FROM REBELDON.

BY M. S. N.

Scene—Secret caucus of the Rebel authorities at Richmond.

Foot.—Country on: Had I the strong herculean arm, which Leads the fawning lamb, or drives The lion to his wild lair, methinks I'd check my life an atom, in the Scale of mightiest monarchies, and Shout ten thousand thunders in your Ear ears, that I might startle men To wisdom—

Davis.—What I heard the lion in his Den: Down traitor! Thou miserable spawn Of treason, knowest thou not, this is The road to royalty—

Foot.—Aye, and a merited gibbet.

Davis.—Thou fittest ignoble wretch! And—

Webster.—Peace, good friends, Bragg—Yes, and a merited gibbet.

While I speak, the fiery comet, war, Blazes upon a thousand hills, Full bright as star or lit the Heavens, or orient hues bedecked

The low at even, when the clouds O'ercast, hung as the sable badge Of gloom, upon a mourning world. Give me but seven legions of The brave, and by this sword, which But for the foul crimes of tyrants, Had never been unshathed; I swear, A Caesar's palm shall grace this brow!

Foot.—Oh, the Past! the Past! thou art The veriest sting of all.

Stephens.—I did not think to speak, but Gods and men, adjure me to the task. Ye stars, red with weeping; be witness All ye rolling spheres, and ye flying Clouds, ye waves, that lift your heads As Alpine snows, ye rocks, and everlasting Hills; ye graves, where sleep our mighty Fallen; speak! Shall this dark strain Ever still these warning hands!

Davis.—Am I alone in crime!

Foot.—Let these widows and orphans Answer

Davis.—Thou impudent villain—

Webster.—Peace, gentlemen! Peace!

Davis.—Thou speckled adder. Thou Hast cried "peace," "peace," until thou art Strangled with the choking foe! Now Back to thy filthy den.

Bragg.—Beware my seething lord! 'tis Easier far to chide a fawning slave Than save a crown. Thine empire shakes, While chaos holds high carnival throughout Thy realm! But follow me,—prudent Leads on to fortune.

Foot.—Oh! what magic in an unflushed Blade.

Stephens.—Why upbraid thy rulers? Heaven Knows I sought, with earnest voice And willing hands, to stay this rushing Belt of fire, but how vain! oh tears! Oh graves! why flaunt thy mocking Lies into their hot eyes?

Davis.—Ah, justice! wilt thou claim me As thine own?

Bragg.—Fly apathy, upon thy craven Wings, soar to the mean fount of Bestial hopes.—Let demons mock The fainting charlatans—I am for War.

Foot.—My fate were sealed, had blood been Linked with thunder—

Davis.—'Tis now too late to speak; The tempest howls as pent up furies, Sent from might's ethereal fires, full Well supplied with screams and Groans of tortured ghosts, and Bloody demons, who come chattering Round my bed, in sportive mimicry Of hell, that they may taunt a Guiltless soul—

Foot.—When the sicken cherub wings Of peace, flapped this ether blue, and The dulcet choirs of heaven, hymned: The choral symphonies of eve in Our delighted ears, thou didst assume The shape of fiend, and with a brand From Tophet's fires, lit thy funeral pile, Which thou hadst reared of angel's crowns, To serve thee for a throne. Back to thy Native fire, thou monster! with demoniac Hissing round thy ears, and wildest Screaming "vengeance" at thy heels, 'tis Fitting sequel to thy crimes. Monarch of Air, The meanest worm, that ever with Polluted slime, marked tortuous path Through bog or glen, would turn its Glance from airy height, upon thee, with Contemptuous smile. Now speak! thou Dumb abortive spawn of murder! Fiends, if thou canst aught for Devil feed!

PROVIDENCE.

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, But trust him for his grace; Behind a frowning Providence, He hides a smiling face."

It was in the depth of winter, at a time when want and distress among the poor are most felt. Near a certain forest there stood a little cottage, where Joseph and Ann and their eight children lived; and love and industry and gentle pious minds, were to be found also. The children, however, did not look merry and happy as formerly, but sorrowful and pale. Their parents had been many days without work or wages; and all their industry could not procure food for their children.

One Sunday morning, Ann called her little ones together and said, "Come and divide the last morsel of bread we have left. I know not where we shall find any more, or how we shall obtain any help."

The children eagerly took the bread, and divided it, but begged that their father and mother would take a share. "We shall feel less hungry," they said, "if you will eat some too."

Many tears were shed while the last morsels of bread were eaten; only one little boy still smiled, and was too young to know anything of the distress, or have any of the fears which the others had for the future, which seemed so dark before them. Should we not all strive, like little children, to trust the future to our heavenly Father's care?

The morning was bright and clear; and little Elizabeth, as she ate her portion, opened the door, and went out. It was bitterly cold; but she thought it pleasant, as she looked at the pure blue sky, and the trees in the forest, all white and glittering in their dress of snow. As she stood, she heard a faint chirping sound; and looking about, she saw a little bird upon the ground. It seemed almost dead, as if with hunger, and could not move its wearied wings. It was trying in vain to free itself from the cold deep snow, which for many days had been falling heavily.

Poor little bird! said the little girl; "are you cold and hungry, too?" She took it up, and pressed it to her face tenderly, trying to warm it. She fed it with her last crumbs of bread, and then carefully carried it into the house. "See, mother," said she, "this poor little bird must not die of hunger and cold. I found it shivering in the snow."

Then a bright thought of hope, like a gleam of light, came into the mother's heart; and with a glad and trusting look, she said, "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Father sees it." I believe the words of our Saviour. All the hairs of our heads are numbered. Shall I be so sad and anxious, since he cares for the birds? Children, let us pray to Him."

She had scarcely said these words when her husband came in; and, directly following him, came a rich gentleman, who lived not far distant. He was rich in lands and possession; and rich, too, in charity.

"God comfort you, he said, as he came in; "the help of man is not sufficient.—Why, Joseph, did you not tell me of such need as I see in among you? I am alone, and have abundance, which God has entrusted to me. I was coming from church, and still thinking of words I had heard there, how we ought to love each other; as I was passing near this cottage, I saw your little child, half naked and pale with hunger, how she cared for a little bird, and gave it her last crumb of bread; and I took it as a sign to myself what I ought to do.—I hastened home, and made still greater haste to return, and overtook her father at the door, and could see how heavy his heart was with care. And now, little one, come here—come, and I will repay you for what you did for the bird." And he took from the fold of his cloak a basket filled with provisions of different kinds; and giving it to Elizabeth, he said, "Now divide these."

How her bright eyes, sparkled with delight! How the children rejoiced! and all began to partake of the food which the little girl rejoiced in having to give.

"Ah! see," said Ann, "how God has heard our prayers."

Tears filled the eyes of the good man.—"Listen," said he to Joseph; I will give you work from this time on my own land; and just remember, when you are in need, I have enough for you." And then he hastened from the door, leaving behind him the sound of thanks and joyful weeping.

From that time the cottage beside the forest was never destitute of food, though want still lay heavily on the country around. The gentle little Elizabeth nursed her bird till spring returned, and then set free the little messenger, which had seemed to bring them tidings that help was at hand.

"Fly away, now," said Ann; "you brought us a happy promise; and well it was fulfilled. O my children, forget it not! Every word of our Saviour is truth indeed."

The world must be amused. It is entirely false reasoning to suppose that any human being can devote himself exclusively to labor of any description. It will not do. Rest will not only give him adequate relief. He must be amused. He must enjoy himself. He must laugh, sing, dance, eat, drink and be merry. He must chat with his friends, exercise his mind in exciting gentle emotions, and his body in agreeable demonstrations of activity. The constitution of the human system demands this. It exacts variety of influences and motion. It will not remain in health if it cannot obtain that variety. Too much permanent affects it as injuriously as too much sadness; too much relaxation is as pernicious as none at all. But to the industrious toiler, the sunshine of the heart is just as indispensable as the material sunshine is to the flower, both soon pine away and die if deprived of it.

Beauty will buy no beef.

ONLY A JOKE.

"I say, Lotty," (my aunt always called me Lotty for Nat'laria), "what are you writing there?"

"A letter, aunt," I replied. "A letter, who to?"

"It is an anonymous letter, aunt."

"Ah! my child," said she gravely, "you should not do it, it is very wrong."

"Wrong, aunt, why, I don't think it is when it is only a joke."

"Only a joke, my child, sometimes jokes turn out to be very serious."

"But this won't, aunt, let me tell you Fred. Leary is in love with Nina Agleron but she does not care a straw for him; and even if she did, she would not encourage him, for he is poor. Well, Lena and I were going to send him a love-letter; he will think it came from Nina, and we will have some rare sport."

"Don't do it my dear. Let me tell you something that happened when I was a girl though it was only a joke."

I seated myself at my aunt's feet, to listen to her story. She tenderly stroked my curls and commenced:

"My room-mate and confidante at boarding school was a most beautiful girl, her name was Irene Carlton. She was the daughter of a rich southern planter, and the favorite of the whole school. She told me, one night that Henry Saffarans, the head clerk at the village confectionery, had told her that he loved her, she was so surprised she could not answer, but promised to do so at some future time. She asked my advice about it, and told me that she loved him, for, if he was poor, she was handsome and polished; but her parents would never be willing for her to marry him. I told her to do nothing which was likely to anger her parents, and to send him word to discontinue his attentions. She did so, and in a very short time the whole school by some means, found out about their love affair.

Lelia Brown, my next best friend, and myself, resolved to have some 'fun' at the expense of Irene and her lover. We wrote an anonymous letter to Henry; he, of course, supposing it came from Irene answered it.—We received it, and wrote another, and a regular correspondence was established.—We took good care to keep them from meeting for we knew if they did all would be discovered. In his letters Henry begged, and implored for an interview, and all the while Irene was wondering why he did not come, but she was too proud to ask.

Thus matters continued for two or three months, when Henry, finding an interview would not be granted, he proposed by letter. That was just what we wanted. The joke was so good that we told it to several others, after promising to keep the utmost secrecy about it. We answered in the affirmative, and told him to engage a priest and come at ten o'clock the next night and be married clandestinely. Silly, foolish girls we were, little thinking of the wrong we were doing, for we persuaded the chambermaid at the Seminary, a bright negro girl, to participate in the joke, and personate Irene, and be married to Henry Saffarans.

At the appointed hour, the girl dressed in some of our garments, and a large black lace shawl thrown over her head to disguise her, was waiting in the garden for Henry. We girls were concealed behind the shrubbery to witness the grand scene and disclosure, as we thought. We could hardly restrain our laughing as we saw Henry approach and take her by the hand, which was encased in a kid glove, he whispered a few words in her ear and kissed her through the veil. I was so convulsed with laughter that I really thought I should die. I examined my skirt in my mouth, and succeeded in keeping him from hearing me.

Presently he drew her hand within his arm, and they rapidly walked away. This was more than we expected, and the thought of their really getting married burst upon us with overwhelming force. Here was a fix. Not one of us dared to interfere, and we could plainly see, by the light of the full moon, that they had nearly reached the school church. We concluded to witness the whole thing, if we could not stop it, and we hurried to the church. Cecily, the negro girl, we all knew was very timid and would not interrupt the wedding because she thought we would take all blame.

Half-fearing, half-laughing, we witnessed the ceremony. A shudder passed over my frame when I heard the holy man pronounce Henry Saffarans and the negro girl man and wife. Henry clasped her in his arms, and raising the veil to imprint a kiss upon her brow, but with a wild yell of rage he threw the girl from him. She staggered and fell, striking her forehead upon one of the benches.

I rushed to explain; but, before I reached the priest, Henry fell heavily to the floor; the deception and marriage was too much for him—he was dead! Cecily was properly cared for, and she recovered. We confessed all, and were pardoned; but it was many years before I entirely recovered, but tragically Irene never recovered, but buried herself in a convent, and still remains there, the victim of 'only a joke.'

Breathe through the nose and keep the mouth shut when you read, when you write, when you listen, when you are in pain, when you are walking, when you are running, when you are riding, and by all means when you are angry. There is no person in society, but who will find and acknowledge improvement in health and enjoyment for even a temporary attention to this advice.

Some one says that the first weeping willow in England was planted by Pope, the Poet. He received a present of figs from Turkey, and observed a twig in the basket ready to bud, he planted it, in his garden, and it soon became a fine tree; from this stock all the weeping willows in England and America originated.

The New Year.

Joy! Joy! a year is born: A year to man is given,

For hope, and peace, and love, For faith, and truth, and heaven,

Though earth be dark with care, With death and sorrow rife,

Yet toil, and pain, and prayer, Lead to a higher life.

Behold, the fields are white! No longer idly stand!

Go forth in love and might; Men needs thy helping hand.

Thus may each day and year To prayer and toil be given,

Till man to God draws near, And earth becomes like heaven.

Jackson on Speculators.

Just before President Jackson retired from the presidency, he told Hon. James Guthrie of his characteristic method of dealing with men who undertook to deal improperly with the exigencies of their country. Contractors followed General Jackson's army far into the Indian country, and when the army began to suffer for provisions, some of these dealers began to ask fabulous prices for their provisions. Jackson was a faithful informed of their extortionate demands, and summoned them before him and attempted an appeal to their patriotism. He found the soil perfectly sterile. At length he ordered a body of officers to appraise the goods, and allow the owners a liberal profit. This being done he showed the owners the list of appraisement. He offered to take their provisions at this appraisement. They refused to sell, and Jackson determined that his soldiers should not starve, ordered the rations to be distributed, and a faithful account to be kept.

As soon as the owners saw their provisions disappearing they waited upon General Jackson and agreed to accept his terms.—Everything went on until he offered in payment United States Treasury notes. They refused to take them, and demanded gold.—Jackson reasoned with them until he found they were inexorable in their demand. He then ordered a file of soldiers to be detailed two of them with axes, to place the unpatriotic owners on the flatboats on which their goods had been stored. General Jackson said that after he had placed them on the boats he made what he had told them was his last appeal and at the last moment they consented to take the Treasury notes. He paused at this part of the statement until Mr Guthrie asked him what he intended to do in case of persistent refusal. The old patriot replied that he "would have ordered the two soldiers armed with axes to cut the cables and the fellows on board might have floated to hell or Texas, he would not have cared which." He said, "A man who would not trust his country when engaged in war was not fit to live." We heartily say amen to Old Hickory's patriotic sentiment. We regret that he is not here now to pack unpatriotic currency gamblers on flatboats and float them to unknown shores.

How the Devil Lost.

The following is too good to be lost:—A young man who ardently desired wealth, was visited by his Satanic Majesty, who tempted him to promise his soul for eternity if he could be supplied on this earth with all the money he could use. The bargain was concluded; the devil was to supply the money, and was at last to have the soul unless the young man could spend more money than the devil could furnish. Years passed away; the man married, was extravagant in his living, built palaces, speculated widely, lost and gave away fortunes and yet his coffers were always full. He turned politician and bribed his way to power and fame, without reducing his 'pile' of gold. He became a 'filibuster,' and fitted out ships and armies but his banker honored all his drafts. He went to St. Paul to live, and paid the usual rates of interest for all the money he could borrow; but though the devil made wry faces when he came to pay the bills, yet they were all paid. One expedient after another failed; the devil counted the time, only two years, that he must wait for the soul, and mocked the effort of the despairing man.—One more trial was resolved upon—the man started a newspaper! The devil growled at the bill at the end of the first quarter, was savage in six months, melancholy in nine, and broke—'dead broke'—at the end of the year. So the newspaper went down, but the soul was saved.

In a satirical poem by Rev. J. H. Lozier, the author makes the following "dig" at "the Ohio martyr":—

And after the beer came a dolorous train, Led on by Vallandigham—whose surname was Ham: 'Tis due to the race that I pause to explain. 'Twas not of the ancient Ham family he came: For tho' Ham's descendants must bear the disgrace Of a feeble complexion and ill-shaped figure, To say that Vallandigham came of that race, Is rather too heavy a joke for the niggar!

Example is a living lesson. The life speaks. Every action has a sign. Words are but articulate breath. Deeds are the fac-similes of the soul; they proclaim what is within. The child notices the life. It should be in harmony with goodness. Keen is the vision of youth; every mark is transparent. If a word is thrown into one balance, a deed is thrown into the other.—Nothing is more important than that parents should be consistent. A sinners' word is never lost; but advice, counter to example, is always suspected. Both cannot be true one is false.

A good thrashing machine for family use—the broomstick. Every wife should have one.

PEGGING AWAY.

The President has furnished us some phrases very forcible, if not very elegant. When asked what he would do if the Rebellion did not yield at the close of last year's campaign he replied in his dry manner, "Oh keep pegging away." The spirit that suggests that reply has been of vast advantage to the country. Nothing but persistent and patient pegging away could ever have brought us to our present condition. Untused to war, and somewhat merciful of temperament our people were inclined to yield to alternate paroxysms of hope and despair. After a great victory we waited to see the Confederate citadel tumble in ruins. After the calamitous defeat we were ready to abandon the struggle and bethought ourselves of arguments to prove the impossibility and inutility of waging war against so great a people as the rebels, scattered over so large a territory as Secession. It has been well for us that after the smoke of each battle has cleared away, no matter whether it was a triumph or a disaster—no matter whether the air was rent with the shouts of an exultant soldiery or came laden with sounds of woe and defeat, we have always heard the clink of the chief workman's chisel busy as ever at the foundation of the enemy's fortress—pegging away.

The President hesitates not to illustrate his sentences with figures from that which he is certain he understands. Whatever may be said of the homeliness of some of his phrases it has never been alleged that their meaning is doubtful. It matters little to him or the country that his blade be not a polished rapier, but a rough and homemade knife, so that it only reaches the spot and draws blood. He knew from his early experience in the rail splitting business that he who accomplished most with the knotty oaks must not expend his strength in frantic efforts to clear up a whole forest in a season. The gnarled and knotty wood yields to constant "pegging away." Rash and violent strokes effect little, and too often ruin the axe and leave the woodman exhausted and spent. But the densest forest and the knottiest oaks will yield at last before the calm, patient and steady blows of the axeman, who, undaunted and persevering, wastes not his strength in mad efforts, dulls not his axe in ill directed blows, but still keeps pegging away—pegging away.

This nation, like a youth ardent and overconfident, was too apt, after disaster to sink into gloom and despondency. It owes much to the patient man who has taught it the art and the result of pegging away. To that we owe the bright prospect now before us. We shall not forget the many hours of despondency which have gone before—the gloomy days of the first Bull Run—the long, dark night of McClellan—disaster in Texas—on Red River—on the Rappahannock—incompetency of Generals—Seymour's machinations—cabals in the Northwest—trouble everywhere. After each and every one of them, and many other sad events, in our four years of war, how has the nation's heart lightened as it stood still, fearing some new disaster, listening for the coming sounds of woe or woe, to hear the sturdy thumps of the patient, undaunted old woodsman pegging away—pegging away. It was a signal for renewed exertion and a better day coming; as such the nation accepted it, and hence, though the old world has looked for years to see us falter, stop, stand still and fall from mere weakness and exhaustion, it has been astonished to see us still pegging away. According to their philosophy we should have given up the knotty problem one—two—three years ago.—But back to old England's shores, with every steamer, goes the echo of our incessant blows, and what is yet more surprising and unaccountable, the reverberations grow louder and louder, until the whole world is filled with the appalling din. Evidently the young woodsman has grown into an old forester and become more vigorous with his labors. A very Hercules is he, who gathers strength even from his exertions.—The day is nearing when the axe and the axeman may rest. So much for constant pegging away.—Exchange.

A New Standard of Giving.

Dr. Gulick, missionary to Micronesia, recently related an incident to illustrate the ideas of benevolence which obtain among the people of some of those islands.

He was on one occasion invited to a feast or a fair held in a hamlet some miles distant from his home. The people were in debt for a little church they had lately built, to the (for them) large sum of eighty dollars.—Crimoline was beginning to be introduced among the wealthier families. Several women had just obtained hoopskirts, and as they were an entire novelty, the happy possessors volunteered to exhibit themselves arrayed in the "peculiar institution," as an additional attraction to the fair. Dr. G. had some scruples about the whole proceeding. But when he learned that those who wore to exhibit hoopskirts were to pay a double admittance fee, his scruples vanished, and he entered heartily into the festivities of the occasion. Where such a rational and Christian standard of benevolence existed, he argued, there could be no impropriety in encouraging the means used to pay the debt. He was requested to ask a blessing on the ceremonies,—the exhibition of crimoline, included,—which he did to the great satisfaction of the natives.

"While we give in proportion to the sum expended upon our persons," said Dr. Gulick, "let us go on adorning ourselves." When ladies regulate their giving in this way, we will say no more of the breadth of the skirts or the height of bonnets. Long may they expand and increase!"—Tract Journal.

How to stuff a goose: Cut a piece of hair from a Sky terror, and send it in a letter to a coxcomb, telling him it's the lock of a young lady who has fallen in love with him.

Proverbs About Women.

A woman's work is never at an end.—

A man's best fortune—or his worst—is a wife.

All are good lasses, but where would the ill-wives from?

A woman conceals what she knows not.

Bare walls make gadding housewives.

You may know a foolish woman by her finery.

Many blame the wife for their own thriftless life.

While the tall mill is stooping, the little one hath swept the house.

Beauties without fortunes have sweethearts plenty, but husbands none at all.

Fat fetched, and dear bought, is good for the ladies.

Three women and a goose make a market.

The rich widow cries with one eye and rejoices with the other.

He that tells his wife news is but newly married.

Next to no wife, a good wife is best.

She that has an ill-husband shows it in her dress.

She who is born handsome is born married.

PLUCK.—There is a man in Maine, the owner of a piece of crinoline, who shows decided pluck. He says that when the minister was hugging and kissing his wife, he peeped through the crack of the door, and saw it all; and as long as he had the spirit of a man remaining, he would peep on such occasions!

M. Jenkins was dining at a very frugal table, and a piece of bacon near him was so very small that the lady of the house remarked to him: "Pray, Mr. Jenkins, help yourself to the bacon! Don't be afraid of it!" "No indeed, madam—I've seen a piece twice as large, and it did not scare me a bit."

A hackman of the name of Dennis Connelly had the honor of driving Lieut. Gen. Grant from the residence of Col. Hillier, in New York, to the Astor House. After depositing his illustrious passenger, Dennis of course took a drink and gave his friends the following toast: "Here's to-meseff; Dennis Connelly the biggest man in America but one. I've driven the Lieut. General of the United States—and its more than Bobby Lee ever did."

A sinful thought or feeling is like a spark of fire. It seems but a little thing, and is easily extinguished; but it has a tendency to consume and destroy; let it be fanned by the winds, and it will ruin everything destructible in the universe.

A newly-married man down East says if he had an inch more happiness, he could not possibly live. His wife is obliged to roll him on the floor and pat him to keep him from being too happy.

When Gen. Sherman was told that Gen. Corse was wounded, he remarked: "Well, if he had half his head blown off, he would still have more brains than some Generals I have under me."

The mother of a Connecticut soldier who died in the rebel stockade at Andersonville still awaits his arrival at Annapolis; still scans each haggard skeleton that debarks from the transports; still comes each day with a full suit of clothing for her boy. And when at last she finds him not, she stands wistfully, longingly looking over the waters of the bay, refusing to believe that he has joined that returning company who have passed through martyrdom to a patriot's reward.

"How dat Sambo? You say you was at de battle of Bull Run when I see you at New York on the same night?" "Yes, Julius, you did for sartins. You see, our colonel says he, 'Boys, strike for yer country and yer homes!' Well, some struck for yer country, but dis chile struck for home. Dat explains de matter, yer see!"

A respectable physician being applied to for something to produce an appetite, gave a dose for that purpose, which had such a powerful effect that the patient immediately swallowed the doctor whole.

The Cairo times tells of a young woman, only 21 years old and yet the mother of 11 children. She is a suitable woman for these times of war. We trust she will soon have a second husband.

Why is a washerwoman like grief? Because she wrings men's bosoms.

Why is a hen immortal? Because her son never sets.

The only everlasting people on earth are the shoemakers.

Why is a tobacconist a very worthless tradesman? Because he puffs his own commodities.

I wish, said an Irishman, I could find the place where men don't die, that I might go and end my days there.

Want lies in wishing; he who longs most, lacks most.

Out of every thousand men, twenty of them die annually.

MISCELLANY.

How often are the honesty and integrity of a man disposed by a smile or a shrug!—How many good and generous notions have been sunk into oblivion by a distrustful look, stamped by the imputation of proceeding from bad motives, by a mysterious and reasonable whisper.

Many a man thinks it is virtue that keeps him from turning rascal, when it is only a full stomach. One should be careful not to mistake potatoes for principles.