

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



UNDER THE VIOLETS.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Her hands are cold; her face is white
No more her pulses come and go
Her eyes are shut to life and light;
Faded the vesture, snow on snow,
And she lies beneath the violet bloom.

But not beneath a gilded stone,
To plead for tears with alien eyes,
A slender cross of wood alone
Shall mark that here a maiden lies,
In peace beneath the peaceful skies.

And grey old trees of hugest limb
Shall wheel their circling shadows round
To make the scorching sunlight dim
That drinks its greenness from the ground
And drop the dead leaves on her mound.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,
And thro' their leaves the robins call,
And ripening in the autumn sun,
The acorns and the chestnuts fall,
Doubt not that she will heed them all.

For her the morning choir shall sing
Its matins from the branches high,
And every minstrel voice of spring
That trills beneath the April sky
Shall greet her with its early cry.

When turning round their dial track,
Eastward the lengthening shadows pass,
Her little mourners, clad in black,
The trickles sliding through the grass
Shall pipe for her an evening mass.

At last the rosetts of the trees
Shall find the prison where she lies,
And fear the buried dust they seize
In leaves and blossoms to the skies,
So may the soul that warmed it rise!

I am born of kinder blood,
Should I ask what midnights sleep below?
Say only this: A tender bud,
That tried to blossom in the snow,
Lies withered where the violets blow.

A SONG OF CHEER.

The skies are blue above us,
The earth is green and glad;
And friends there be who love us,
Then why should we be sad?

Sweet flowers are freshly springing;
Their fragrance in the air;
Glad birds are gayly singing,
Then banish every care.

Oh, not in gloom and sorrow
Should I spend the hours away,
But some new pleasures borrow
From every fleeting day.

The bright sun still is shining,
Though darkness doth it shroud;
And "There's a river flowing"
To every sabbie cloud.

Out in the breezy meadows
The brook goes singing now,
Then why should gloomy shadows
Sit darkly on the brow?

A thousand tuneful voices
Are trilling all the air;
If nature thus rejoices,
Then banish every care.

There are angel guards above us,
Who joy to make us glad;
And a Father who doth love us
Then why should we be sad?

O ye in grief repining,
And ye with sorrow bowed,
"There is a silver lining"
To every sabbie cloud.

MISCELLANY.

'Deal Gently'

Only a few nights ago a drunken man reeling off our office, with a crowd of boys hooting after him; and men laughing contemptuously and making jeering remarks to each other about him. We never look upon a fallen man thus without our heart being moved to real compassion.

A wayback on the green hillside of some pleasant New England home, very likely, that the same man once played, a guileless, little joyous, fair-haired boy. How much a father's prayers may have ascended, and a fond mother's heart been bound up in the welfare of that little child, long ago, none may know; how bright may have been the career of which he gave youthful promise, many years gone by, none can tell. How he wooed and won an angle girl, and promised through every vicissitude to befriend her, somebody probably remembers.

And how, this night, as he lies here crazed by alcoholic poison, an object for the thoughtless crowd to make sport of, an anxious, careworn wife, looks wistfully out of the window for his coming, and little children look inquiringly into her face, and wonder why mother is so sorrowful. All this very likely, the world does not know. How this same man may have struggled with a vicious appetite inherited; how he may have prayed and resolved to live above his temptation; how good and noble he has shown himself in times gone by; how good and kind, how great and warm his heart has ever been—all this, as the crowd looks jeeringly on him now, the world forgets, but a just God will not forget who destroyed this man. Soon or later all things come even.

A GOOD STORY.

In one of the small towns of New England, where the superstitions ancestors still possess a hold on the people, the facts occurred a few years since, of which the following is a true narrative:

An honest farmer and his family preparing to celebrate Thanksgiving at his wife's father's in an adjacent town, were hurried and confused extremely on the day preceding that festival, by the multiplicity of things which must be done before they could leave home with safety. The house was to be 'baked up,' and the gleanings of the harvest, cabbage, turnips, and so forth, put in the cellar, that the external entrance there might be closed up for the season. Having called in the vegetables, the boys were dispatched to the barn for straw to fill the passage with, while the good man himself was busied on the opposite side of the house.

An old ram, the horned patriarch of the flock of sheep kept on the farm, having got a taste of the scattered cabbage leaves, unobserved entered the cellar, and silently continued the feast. The avenue through which he entered was immediately closed up, and all the necessary works and arrangements being completed, the boys and girls set off on foot in high glee the dog running and barking before them.

Soon after, the parents and the little ones, having put out the fires and fastened the door and windows to keep out thieves, started for the same destination.

On the afternoon of the day following the festival, the family returned home accompanied by some young cousins. Some of their youthful neighbors of both sexes were invited in, and a merry Thanksgiving carousal was in full tide of successful operation, when one of the boys who had been sent in the cellar with a little two wick candle, which gave just enough light to make darkness visible, to draw cider, and back into the room with eyes glaring widely, uttering the half-suffocating exclamation:

"The devil is in the cellar!"

"Pooh," said the father, "you have only been frightened by your own shadow, give me the light."

Saying this he seized the candle—leaving the candlestick in the boy's hands, boldly rushed to the cellar stairs, but before he had descended half the steps, the large saucer eyes caused him to retreat as much terrified as his son, exclaiming:

"Sure enough, the devil is in the cellar!"

The good man seized the great Bible and attempted to read, but the candle sputtered, burned blue, and threw such a feeble light on the sacred pages and the book trembled so much in the hands of the reader, that he could not distinguish one word from another. The little children cried and clung to the mother, the girls nestled close to their favorite beaux, and the whole house was shaken with the agitation of its half-demented inhabitants. One bright thought, however occurred, and a message was sent for the minister to come and 'slay the devil.'

The parson, a man more celebrated for good nature, piety and credulity, than for talent and heroism, slipped a small Bible into his pocket, put on his band and surplice so he should appear as formidable as possible to his great antagonist, and hastened to the relief of his distressed parishioners.

On coming to the house the reverend was hailed as a deliverer, and implored by at least a dozen persons at the same moment to drive the devil away.

But few moments were lost in asking that which no one knew, before the parson pushed forward as a leader with the same puerile light, into the cellar, the most courageous of the company keeping close behind him. He reached the foot of the stairs, the eyes of fire, and the shadowy outline of the enormous horse, magnified ten fold at least, by the terror of those who beheld them, removed all doubt if any had existed in his mind as to the infernal nature of the being with whom he had to contend.

The divine instantly fell on his knees and with uplifted hands, began to pray in the most fervent manner. The ram not understanding the pious man's motives, but supposing by the motion of his hands that he was daring him to a butting contest, made a pass with his might at his supposed adversary, but deceived by the swelling dimensions of his drapery, missed the slender body of the priest and drawing hastily back to renew the assault, hooked one of its horns into the being of the sartrice and pulled the priest with him into the cellar.

While in the power of his victorious foe, he lost hope so far as it regarded himself, and the natural benevolence of his disposition burst forth in the exclamation:

"Brethren, take care of yourselves the devil has got me!"

This exhortation was better obeyed than any he had ever delivered from the pulpit, his friends all fled and left him to his fate.

Among the company was a shrewd young farmer, who had, from the first supposed the fiend to be some domestic animal, but being a lover of fun, and willing to see a comedy, kept his thoughts to himself and pretended to sympathize with others in their fears. He thought it time to interfere, and snatching a pitch pine knot from the blazing fire, expressed his determination to rescue the preacher, or perish in the attempt.

"Don't I don't!" shouted several.

"What does the devil care for fire?" said another.

But, unheeding the suggestion, and the manifestations of concern for his safety, he pushed into the cellar, seized the animal by one of its horns, dragged the struggling ram up stairs, calling to the astonished parson, "Follow me!" The horned devil was led in triumph, followed by the ecclesiastic, into the midst of the company. A momentary silence and hanging down of heads ensued, but the parson was so ludicrous to admit of sober reflection, loud peals of laughter burst forth from every side during which the ram was turned out at the door, the parson absented himself without ceremony, and the sports of the evening were resumed with better spirits than before.

Religion in Politics.

However men differ as to introducing politics into religion, none deny that religion should be brought into politics.

National questions, especially as managed by professional politicians, need the infusion of Christian principle, to prevent their utter perversion to selfish ends. And now, when the passions are excited and the nation is passing through a vital crisis in its existence, there is imperative need of the restraining and elevating power of religion in every act which bears upon our destiny as a people.

Christian men should show their Christian spirit in talking upon national questions in defending the principles they adopt, in selecting their candidates for office, in conducting the canvass, and in submitting to the result. And yet do they not often seem to forget God's presence and their own accustomed moderation, when the exciting questions of national import come up for discussion? If God is universal Governor, and takes an overruling interest in the affairs of nations, as in the welfare of his church, why should we not refer to him all national questions in faith and earnest prayer, as we do the question of our own salvation or the prosperity of his spiritual kingdom? This is especially important when it is admitted that the organs governing as well as expressing political opinion are generally controlled by worldly principles, while many of them are in the interest of concealed, if not open infidelity.

Let the Christian principle, Christian feeling, and Christian action of all good people be brought to bear upon our exciting political contest, to moderate and elevate their tone of discussion and line of action, and let prayer be offered to God incessantly for his guidance, as was done during the war, and we may confidently look for the right results. There cannot be too much religion in politics.—*American Messenger.*

MR. GOUGH'S RECOVERY.—On a certain Sabbath evening, some twenty years ago, a reckless, ill-dressed young man was idly lounging under the elm trees in the public square of Worcester. He had become a wretched wastrel on the current of sin. His days were spent in the waking remorse of the drunkard; his nights were passed in the buffooneries of the ale house.

As he sauntered along—out of humor with himself and all mankind—a kind voice saluted him. A stranger laid his hand upon his shoulder, and said, in cordial tones, "Mr. Gough, go down to our meeting at the town hall to-night." A brief conversation followed, so winning in its character that the reckless youth consented to go. He went, he heard the appeals there made. With trembling hand he signed the pledge of total abstinence. By God's help he kept it, and keeps it yet. The poor boot-cripper who tapped him on the shoulder—good Joel Stratton—has lately gone to heaven. But the youth he saved is the foremost of the reformers on the face of the globe. Methinks that when I listen to the thunders of applause that greet John B. Gough, on the platform of Exeter Hall or the Academy of Music, I am hearing the echo of that tap on the shoulder, and of that kind invitation under the ancient elms of Worcester! He that winneth souls is wise.—*Cyclop.*

A GOOD STORY.—A soldier of the West, during the later war, was engaged by a landlord to dig a patch of potatoes, on condition that he should be furnished with a bottle of whiskey to begin with. The landlord accordingly took him to the field, showed him the patch, and left him a full bottle of his favorite beverage. About an hour afterward the landlord went to see how the son of Mars progressed in his business of farming. He found him holding on to an old stump, unable to stand without it, his bottle lying empty at his feet, and no potatoes dug. Being quite exasperated the landlord exclaimed:

"Halloo you scoundrell! Is this the way you dig potatoes for me?"

"Ha!" says the soldier, lapping his tongue, straggling half round, squinting and hiccupping, "if you want your potatoes dug, fetch 'em on—for I'll be hanged, if I'm going to run round the lot after 'em."

A FAIR OFFER.—"Make," said Dr. Franklin, "a full estimate of all you owe, and all that is owing to you. Reduce the same to a whole. As fast as you collect, pay over to those you owe. If you cannot collect, renew your notes every year, and get the best security you can. Go to the business diligently; waste no idle moments; be very economical in all things; discard all pride; be faithful in your duty to God, in private and in public worship, and do unto all men as you would they should do unto you. If you are too needy in your circumstances to give to the poor, do whatever else is in your power for them cheerfully; but, if you can, always help the worthy poor and unfortunate. Pursue this course diligently and sincerely for seven years, and if you are not happy and independent, in your circumstances, come to me and I will pay your debts."

They have a hog trial in Perry county, which bids fair to cost somebody a pretty sum, it has been tried twice and both times the juries failed to agree. If tried again, says the *Cantonian Reporter*, the costs will amount to \$1,300, while the hogs were not worth over \$30.

In one of Josh Billings' late papers he says: "The sun was going to bed, and the heavens far and near were a blushing at the performance."

A Touching Story.

I remember, though somewhat imperfectly, a touching story connected with the church bells of a town in Italy, which had become famous all over Europe for their peculiar solemnity and sweetness. They were made by a young Italian, and were his heart's pride. During the war the palace was sacked, and the bells carried off, no one knew whither. After the tumult was over, the poor fellow returned to his work, but it had been the solace of his life to wander about an evening and listen to the chime of his bells, and he grew despondent and sick and pined for them until he could no longer bear it, and left his home, determined to wander over the world, and bear them once again before he died. He went from land to land, stopping in every village till the hope that alone sustained him began to falter, and he knew that he was dying. He lay one evening almost insensible in a boat that was slowly floating down the Rhine. He scarcely ever expected to see the sun rise again, that was now setting gloriously over the vine-covered hills of Germany. Presently the vesper-bells of a village began to ring; and as the chimes stole faintly over the river with the evening breeze, he started with his lethargy. He was not mistaken, it was the deep solemn, heavenly music of his own bells, and the sounds that he had thirsted for years to hear were melting over the waters. He leaped from the boat, with his ear close to the calm surface of the river and listened. They rang out their hymn and ceased, he still lay motionless in his painful posture; his companions spoke to him, he gave no answer—his spirit had followed the last sound of the vesper chime.

BE CIVIL.—"My young friend," said a gentleman on horseback, one day, to a lad who was standing near a well, "will you do me the favor to draw a pail of water for my horse, as I find it rather difficult to get off."

Instead of giving a gruff reply, as many boys would do, the boy drew the water and gave it to the horse. His manner was so pleasant and cheerful, that the stranger, delighted with his spirit, asked his name and residence, and then, after thanking him, rode on.

The good natured lad thought no more of his act of civility, until, some months later, he received a letter from the gentleman offering him a clerkship in his store. The offer was accepted. The lad prospered, and finally became chief magistrate of a large city.

Thus you see that this little act of civility to a stranger was the first round in the ladder by which that boy climbed to honor and wealth. Now, I do not say that civility will always lead to such honor, but I say that it always raises its possessor in the opinion of others and in his own self-respect. Be civil, therefore, my boys and girls. Civility is an ornament all should possess.

THE OLD MAN.—How low the head, boy; do reverence to the old man. Once like you, the vicissitudes of life have silvered the hair and changed the round merry face to the worn visage before you. Once that heart beat with aspiration equal to any that you have felt, aspiration crushed by disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be.—Once that form stalked proudly through the gay scenes of pleasure, the beau-ideal of grace; now the head of time that withers the flowers of yesterday, has wrapt that figure and destroyed the noble carriage.—Once, at your age, he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to a book in fame; anon imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream very near through. The time to awaken is very near at hand; yet his eye ever kindles at old deeds of daring, and the hand takes a firmer grasp of the staff. Bow low the head boy as you would, in your old age, be revered.

A MARVELLOUS STORY.—The Montana Post says that an exploring party, which has been to the headwaters of the Yellowstone river, has just returned, and reports seeing one of the greatest wonders of the world. For eight days the party traveled through a volcanic country, emitting blue flame and a living stream of molten brimstone. The country was smooth and rolling, long level plains intervening between rolling mounds. On the summits of these mounds were craters, from four to eight feet in diameter, and everywhere on the level plains were smaller from four to six inches in diameter, from which streamed a blaze and a constant whistling sound. The hollow ground resounded beneath their feet as they traveled, and every moment seemed to break through. Not a living thing was seen in the vicinity. The explorers gave it the significant appellation of hell.

BECOMING SENSIBLE.—The Richmond *Whig* is becoming sensible. It states that a volume of immigration from the Northern States is now reaching Virginia, and adds: "If we treat the new settlers kindly, and if we secure restoration and tranquility by going through reconstruction process without delay or disturbance, we may at once begin to reap the benefits of an immense emigration, with all the capital, skill, enterprise, and development that will accompany it. If we pursue an opposite policy we must linger on indefinitely in poverty, weakness and stagnation."

That is truth so obvious that all men would see it if they did not allow passion and prejudice to close their eyes. Let the Southern people accept the Congressional plan, and the Union will be fully restored, with all the States represented in the two Houses, before the close of the next session of Congress.

Why is a room full of married folks like a room that is empty? Because there is not a single person in it.

Revelations of the Microscope.

Brush a little of the fuzz from the wing of a butterfly, and let it fall upon a piece of glass. It will be seen on the glass as a fine golden dust. Slide the glass under a microscope, and each particle will reveal itself as a perfect symmetrical feather.—Give your arm a slight prick, so as to draw a small drop of blood; mix the blood with a small drop of vinegar and water, place it upon the glass slide under the microscope. You will discover that the red matter of the blood is formed of innumerable globules or disks, which, though so small as to be separately invisible to the naked eye appear under the microscope each larger than the letter of this print. Take a drop of water from a stagnant pool or ditch, or sluggish brook, dipping it from among the green vegetable matter on the surface.—On holding the water to the light it will look a little milky, but on placing the smallest drop under a microscope, you will find it swarming with hundreds of strange animals that are swimming about in it with the greatest vivacity. These animalcules exist in such multitudes that any effort to conceive of their numbers bewilders the imagination. The invisible universe of created beings is the most wonderful of all the revelations of the microscope. During the whole of a man's existence on the earth, while he has been fighting, taming, and studying the lower animals which were visible to his sight, he has been surrounded by these other multitudes of earth's inhabitants without any suspicion of their existence! In endless variety of form and structure they bustled through their active lives, pursuing their prey, and defending their persons, waging their wars, prosecuting their amours, multiplying their species, and ending their careers; countless hosts at each tick of the clock passing out of existence, and making way for new hosts that are following in endless succession! What other field of creation may yet by some inconceivable methods be revealed to our knowledge?

AN AGENT OF THE LORD.—Deacon Simes was an austere man who followed oystering and was of hardshell persuasion. The deacon 'alms made it a pin' to tell his customers that the money which he received for 'isters' did not belong to him. "The good father made the 'isters,' said the deacon, 'and the money is his, I'm only a stoat.' One Sunday morning the old fellow—was tearing round from house to house with a suspicious bit of currency in his hand, and more than a suspicion of rage in his face. Some one had given him a bad fifty cent, and he 'wasn't goin' to meetin' till that ar' was fixed up." "Why deacon," said one of his customers, whom he had tackedle about it, "what's the odds? what need you care 'bout 't' yours, you know; you are only a steward, it isn't your loss." The deacon shifted his shoulder walked to the door, unshipped his quid, and said, "Yas, that's so; but if you think that I'm goin' to stand by and see the Lord cheated out of fifty cents, you are mistaken. I don't foster no such feelin'."

WEBSTER AND HAYNE.—When Hayne, of South Carolina, urged on by his Southern friends, had made his speech which called forth that immortal reply of the great "Northern Lion," many of Webster's friends, struck with Hayne's real ability began to say to each other, "Can Webster answer that?" Mrs. Webster was present at the Capitol, and was greatly agitated at the fire and force of the hero of South Carolina. She rode home with a friend in advance of her husband. At last the "Lion" came tramping up to the door and marched in, in an easy, unconcerned way. His wife has teased into the hall just as she was, and with tears in her eyes, said to him, "Can you—can you answer Mr. Hayne?" With a sort of grunt or quiet roar her lord turned upon her. "Answer him? I'll gr-in-d him finer than that snuff in your box!"

In due time the Websterian thunder rolled through the arches of the Capitol, and Hayne was ground fine.

"What do you think now," says the General's friend to his southern acquaintance, "of our northern lion?"

The reply came quick, but rather angrily, "He's a long-jawed, strong-jawed, tough-headed devil!"

PROVERBS.—A thousand probabilities will not make one truth. A hand saw is a good thing, but not to shave with. Gentility, without ability, is worse than beggary. A man may talk like a wise man, and act like a fool. If we would succeed in anything, we must use the proper means. A liar should have a good memory. Charity begins at home but does not end there. An ounce of mother wit is worth a pound of learning. Short reckonings make long friends. Custom is the plague of wise men, and the idol of fools. Every one knows best where his own shoe pinches. A faint heart never won fair lady.

THE OTHER SIDE.—Once in a happy home, a sweet, bright baby died. On the evening of the day when the children gathered round their mother, all sitting very sorrowful, Alice, the eldest, said:

"Mother, you took all the care of baby while she was here, and you carried and held her in your arms all the while she was ill; now, mother, who took her on the other side?"

"On the other side of what, Alice?"

"On the other side of death, who took the baby on the other side, mother; she was so little she could not go alone."

"Jesus met her there," said the mother. "It is He who took little children into His arms to bless them, and said, 'Suffer them to come unto me and to be with me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven!'"

He is a fool that makes his debtor his heir.

'A Growing' Item.

A woman in Detroit has been arrested for smuggling tea in her stockings.—*Express.*

In North Carolina the women carry nails in their stockings.—*Raleigh Progress.*

Nothing wonderful. The ladies of Forsyth carry calves in their stockings.—*Salem Observer.*

And one of our ladies carries corn in hers.—*Rome Commercial.*

The ladies in this section who sympathize with Andy Johnson, in his fight with the Radicals, carry V toes on theirs—which are very seldom passed over their heads.—*Vincennes Sun.*

All the women down our way carry splendid elegies (legs) in their stockings.—*Kentucky News.*

The ladies here all carry 'heels in their stockings.—*St. Joe Indicator.*

Down this way some of them not only carry calves in their stockings, but they also carry bran to fatten them.—*Mexico Messenger.*

We do not know what the ladies of this section carry in their stockings, but we do know that they carry rats and mice in their hair.—*Chambersburg (Pa.) Repository.*

We do not know what the ladies here carry in their stockings, whether they pad with bran or cotton, or both, but we do know that some carry more haughtiness than is agreeable and apt "Southern airs" more than common sense warrants.

A BARBER PUZZLED.—Three brothers, bearing a remarkable resemblance to one another are in the habit of shaving at the same barber shop. Not long ago one of the brothers entered the shop early in the morning, and was duly shaved by a German who had been at work in the shop only a day or two. About noon another brother came in and underwent a similar operation at the hands of the same barber. In the evening the third brother made his appearance, when the German dropped his razor in astonishment and exclaimed: "Well, mine Gott! dat man has de fastest beard I never saw. I shaves him dis mornin', shaves him at midnights, and he comes back now, mit his beard so long as it never was."

Some close observer says that young ladies who are accustomed to read newspapers are sure to possess winning ways, bird-like dispositions, have cultivated minds, never commit suicide, nor sing "No one to love," are free from gossiping, always select good husbands, and invariably make the sweetest and best wives, and never apply for a divorce. No allusion to those who handle the *Record* with tongs.

It is officially announced that the centenary contributions of the Methodist Episcopal churches, as far as heard from, exceed four millions of dollars; and it is estimated that when the western conferences are heard from the whole sum will nearly reach six hundred and a half millions.

Two darkies met the other day, one rather more refined than the other.

"Good morning, nigger."

"You musn't say so, for we are not niggers now."

"What am we den?"

"Why, sure, we are white people of color."

"I wonder how they make lucifer matches?" said Mrs. Gaudle.

"The process is very simple," said Mr. Gaudle, "I once made one."

"How did you manage it?" she asked.

"By leading you to the altar," he replied.

An Englishman says that there is an organ in Worcester, Mass., which can be heard more than three miles. It is worked by a high pressure steam engine, and supplies music for all the churches in town.

A young lady who was reading a novel, was asked by a gentleman how she liked the style. "Revealing the incidents in her memory," she replied, "The style? the style? O, sir, I've not come to that yet."

The youth who sang "I'm lonely since my mother died," isn't quite so lonely now. The old man married again, and his step-mother makes it live enough for him.

A lady asked her gardener why the weeds always out grow and covered up the flowers. "Madam," answered he, "the soil is mother of the weeds, but only step-mother of the flowers."

Pure love is the sunshine which steals slowly and silently up the bleak hill of earth's journey, and warms us with its genial presence through a life's weary way.

A thrifty wife wonders why the men can't manage to do something useful. Might they not as well amuse themselves in smoking hams as smoking cigars?

We know a fond mother who is so exercised between love and duty, that she gives her boy chloroform before spanking him.

When is a lawyer like a donkey? When he's drawing a conveyance.

A cruel man is like a peach, because he has a heart of stone.

The man who wrote "I'm saddest when I sing," was a fool to sing much.

Beware of little expense; a small leak will sink a great ship.

The chap who sang "Ah! don't mingle, takes his whiskey straight."

Keep out of the way of bad boys, boys.