

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



THE SMALL BECOMING GREAT.

A traveler through a dusty road,
Sweeps across on the sea
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree:
Love sought its shades at evening time,
To breathe its earlier vows,
And age was pleased, in heart of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs;
The dromouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.
A little spring had lost its way
Among the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might thirst,
He walked in it, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink—
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again—and lo! the well,
By summers never dried
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life besides!
A dreamer dropped a random thought;
'Twas old, and yet 'twas new—
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind,
A lamp to light his way,
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monetary flame.
The thought was small—its issues great;
A watch-fire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far and wide,
And cheers the valley still.
A nameless man amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall the word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart.
A whisper on the tumult thrown—
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O gem! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were, but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

STANZAS.

Oh! how the human heart will cling
To joys that fade, to hopes that die,
To friends that change when sorrows bring
Their dark'ning shadows o'er our sky.
Ah, yes! the golden dreams we weave,
When airy fancy takes the wing,
Are all ideal, changing as
The skies and flowers of early Spring.
We seem to live for earth alone,
Its passing shadows seek to clasp;
And as the phantoms we pursue,
We find them perish in our grasp.
Then oh, let holier thoughts be ours,
And higher aspirations given,
To place our thoughts, our hopes, our joys,
Where naught can fade—above in Heaven.

MISCELLANY.

THE WIDOW'S STRATAGEM.

Deacon Bancroft, though a very good man in the main, and looked up to with respect by the inhabitants of the little village of Centerville, was rumored to have, in Yankee parlance, a pretty sharp look out for the main chance, a peculiarity from which deacons are not always exempt.
In worldly matters he was well to do, having inherited a fine farm from his father which was growing yearly more valuable. It might be supposed that under these circumstances the deacon, who was fully able to do so, would have found a helpmate to share his house and name. But the deacon was wary. Matrimony was to him in some measure, a matter of money, and it was his firm resolve not to marry unless he could thereby enhance his worldly prosperity. Unhappily, the little village of Centerville and the town in the immediate vicinity, contained few who were qualified in this important particular, and of these there were probably some with whom the deacon's suit would have prospered.
So it happened that years passed away, until deacon Bancroft was in the prime of life—forty-five or thereabouts—and still unmarried, and in all probability likely to remain so. But in all human calculations of this kind they reckon ill who leave widows out.
Deacon Bancroft's nearest neighbor was a widow.
The widow Wells, who had passed through one matrimonial experience, was some three or four years younger than deacon Bancroft. She was a buxom, comely woman, as widows are apt to be. Unfortunately, the late Mr. Wells had not been able to leave her sufficient to make her independent of the world.—All that she possessed was the small old-fashioned house in which she lived, and a small amount of money, which was insufficient to support her, and a little son of seven, likewise to be enumerated in the schedule of her property, though hardly to be classed as 'productive' of anything but mischief.
The widow was therefore obliged to take three or four boarders, to eke out her scanty income, which, of course, imposed upon her considerable labor and anxiety.
It is surprising that under these circumstances she would now and then bethink her-

self of a second marriage to better her condition! Or again, need we esteem it a special wonder, if, in her reflection on this point, she should have cast her eyes on her next neighbor, deacon Bancroft? The deacon, as we already said, was in flourishing circumstances. He would be able to maintain a wife in great comfort; and being one of the chief personages in the village, could afford her a prominent social position. He was not especially handsome, or calculated to make a profound impression on the female heart—this was true—but he was good dispositioned, kind-hearted and would no doubt make a good sort of husband. Widows are, I take it, (if they do me the honor to read this story, I trust that they will forgive the remark,) less disposed to weigh sentiment in a second marriage than at first, and so, in a widow's point of view, deacon Bancroft was a desirable match.
Some sagacious person, however, has observed that it takes two to make a match, a fact to be seriously considered, for in the present case it was exceedingly doubtful whether the worthy deacon, even if he had known the favorable opinion of his next neighbor, would have been inclined to propose changing her name to Bancroft, unless indeed a suitable motive was brought to bear upon him.
Here was a superb chance for finessing wherein widows are said, as a general thing, to be expert.
One evening after a day of fatiguing labor, the widow Wells sat at the fire in the sitting-room with her feet resting on the tender.
"If I am ever so situated as not to have to work so hard, I should be happy. It's a hard life keeping boarders. If I was only as deacon Bancroft—"
Still the widow kept up her thinking, and by and by her face brightened up. She had an idea which she was resolved to put into execution at the very earliest moment. What it was the reader will discover in the sequel.
"Henry," said she to her son the next morning, "I want you to stop at deacon Bancroft's as you go to school, and ask him if he will call and see me in the morning or afternoon, just as he finds it most convenient."
Deacon Bancroft was a little surprised at this summons. However, about eleven o'clock he called in. The widow had got on the dinner, and had leisure to sit down. She appeared a little embarrassed.
"Henry told me you would like to see me," he commenced.
"Yes, deacon, I do. But I am very much afraid you will think strange—at least of what I have to say to you."
The deacon very politely promised not to be surprised, though at the same time his curiosity was very much excited.
"Suppose," said the widow, casting down her eyes, "my mind I was only supposing a case—suppose a person should find a pot of gold pieces in their cellar, would the law have a right to touch it, or would it belong to them?"
The deacon pricked up his ears. "A pot of gold pieces, widow? Why, unquestionably the law would have nothing to do with it!"
"And the one who had formerly owned the house couldn't come forward and claim it, could he, deacon?" inquired the widow with apparent anxiety.
"No, madam, unquestionably not; when the house was disposed of everything went with it, as a matter of course."
"I am glad to hear it, deacon. You won't think strange of the question, but it happened to my mind, and I thought I would like to have it satisfied."
"Certainly, certainly," said the deacon abstractedly.
"And, deacon, as you are here, I hope you will stay to dinner with us. It will be ready punctually at twelve."
"Well, no," said the deacon, rising, "I'm obliged to ye, but they'll be expecting me home."
"At any rate, deacon," said the widow, taking a steaming mince-pie from the oven, "you won't object to take a piece of mince-pie. You must know that I rather pride myself on my mince-pies."
The warm pie sent forth such a delicious odor, that the deacon was sorely tempted, and after saying, "Well, really, with the intention of refusing, he finished by saying, 'on the whole I guess I will, as it looks so nice.'"
The widow was really a good cook, and the deacon ate with much gusto the generous slice which the widow cut for him, and after chatting upon unimportant subjects, withdrew in some mental perplexity.
"Was it possible," thought he, "that the widow could have found a pot of gold in her cellar?—she did not say so, to be sure, but why should she have shown so much anxiety to know as to the proprietorship of the treasure thus found if she had not happened upon some? To be sure, so far as his knowledge extended, there was no one who occupied the house who would be at the least likely to lay up such an amount of gold; but then the house was one hundred and fifty years old, at the very least, and had many occupants of which he knew nothing. It might be after all. The widow's earnest desire to have him think it was only curiosity, likewise gave additional probability to the supposition entertained."
"I will wait and watch," thought the worthy deacon.
It so happened that deacon Bancroft was one of the directors in a saving institution situated in the next town, and accordingly rode over once or twice a month, to attend meetings of the Board.
On the next occasion of this kind, the widow Wells sent over to know if he could carry her over with him, as she had a little business to attend there.
The request was readily granted. Arriving at the village, Mrs. Wells requested to be set down at the bank.

"'Ho! ho!' thought the deacon, "that means something."
He said nothing, however, but determined to come back and find out, as he could readily from the cashier, what business the had with the bank.
The widow passed into the office, pretending to look very nonchalant.
"Can you give me small bills for a five dollar gold piece?" she inquired.
"With pleasure," was the reply.
"By the way," she said, "the bank is in a very flourishing condition, is it not?"
"None in the State on a better footing was the prompt response.
"You receive deposits, do you not?"
"Yes, madam, we are receiving them every day."
"Do you receive any as high as—as five thousand dollars?"
"No," said the cashier, "or rather, we do not allow interest on so large a sum. One thousand dollars is our limit. Do you know of any one who—"
"It is of no consequence," said the widow hurriedly, "I only ask for curiosity. By the way, did you say how much interest you allow on deposits that come within your limits?"
"Five per cent, madam."
"Thank you. I only ask for curiosity.—What a beautiful morning it is!"
And the widow tripped lightly out.
Shortly afterwards the deacon entered.
"How's business, Mr. Cashier?" was his first inquiry.
"About as usual."
"Many deposits lately?"
"None of any magnitude."
"I brought over a lady who seemed to have business with you?"
"The widow Wells?"
"Yes."
"Do you know," asked the cashier, "whether she has had any money left her lately?"
"None that I know of," said the deacon, pricking up his ears. "Why, did she deposit any?"
"No, but she inquired whether we received deposits as high as five thousand dollars?"
"Indeed!" ejaculated the deacon. "Was that all she came for?" he inquired a moment afterwards.
"No, she exchanged a gold piece for small bills."
"Ha!" pondered the deacon reflectively. "Did she give any reason for the inquiries?"
"No; she only asked for curiosity."
The deacon left the bank in deep thought. He came to the conclusion that this curiosity only veiled a deeper motive. He no longer entertained a doubt that the widow had found a pot of gold in her cellar, and appearances seemed to indicate that its probable value was at least five thousand dollars. The gold piece she had exchanged at the bank appeared to confirm the story.
"I rather think," said the deacon complacently, "I can see into a millstone about as far as most people—a statement the literal truth of which I defy any one to question, although as to the prime fact of people being able to see into a millstone at all doubts have now and then intruded themselves upon my mind."
Next Sunday widow Wells appeared at church in a new and stylish bonnet, which led to some such remarks as these:
"How much vanity some people have, to be sure."
"How a woman who has kept boarders for a living can afford to dash out with such a bonnet on is more than I can tell. I should think she was old enough to know better."
The last remark was made by a young lady just six months younger than the widow whose attempt to catch a husband hitherto had proved unavailing.
"I suppose she is trying to catch a second husband with her finery. Before I'd descend to such means, I'd—'I'd drown myself," continued the lady.
In the last amiable speech the young lady had unwittingly hit upon the true motive.—The widow was intent upon catching Deacon Bancroft, and she indulged in a costly bonnet, not because she supposed he would be caught with finery, but because this would strengthen in his mind the idea that she had stumbled upon the hidden wealth.
The widow calculated shrewdly, and the display had the desired effect.
On Monday afternoon the deacon found an errand that called him over to the widow's. It chanced to be just about tea time. He was importuned to stay to tea and somewhat to his own surprise he did. The polite widow, who knew the deacon's weak point, brought out one of her best mince pies, a slice of which her guest partook of with a zest.
"You'll take another piece, I know," said she persuasively.
"Really, I am ashamed," said the deacon, but he passed his plate. "The fact is," said he, apologetically, "your pies are so nice, I don't know when to stop."
"Do you call these nice?" said the widow, modestly. "I call them common. I can make nice pies when I set out to do, but this time I didn't have as good luck as usual."
"I shouldn't want any better," said the deacon, emphatically.
"Then I hope if you like them you will drop in to tea often. We ought to be more neighborly, Deacon Bancroft."
Deacon Bancroft assented, and he meant what he said. The fact is, the deacon began to think that the widow was a very charming woman. She was very comely and then she was such an excellent cook. Besides he had no doubt in his mind that she had a considerable sum of money. What objections would there be to her becoming Mrs. Bancroft? He brought this question before her one evening.
"The widow blushed; professed to be greatly surprised—in fact, she never thought of such a thing in her life—but, on the whole she had always thought highly of the deacon, and to out the matter short, she accepted him.
A month after she was installed as mis-

stress of the deacon's large house, somewhat to the surprise of the village people, who could not conceive how she had brought him over.
Some weeks after the ceremony, the deacon ventured to inquire about the pot of gold which she had found in the cellar.
"Pot of gold!" she exclaimed, in surprise, "I know of none."
"But," said the deacon, disconcerted, "you asked me about whether the law could claim it."
"Oh, lor! deacon, I only asked you from curiosity."
"And was that the reason you made the inquiry at the bank?"
"Certainly. What else could it be?"
The deacon went out to the barn, and for half an hour sat in silent meditation. At the end of this time, he ejaculated as a closing consideration. "After all, she makes good mince pies!"
It gives me pleasure to state that the union between the deacon and the widow proved a happy one, although to the end of his life, he never could quite make up his mind about the 'pot of gold.'
Maryland's New Constitution.
Our patriotic neighbors of "My Maryland" have, in State Convention, just completed a State Constitution, which will be submitted to the people of that State, for their adoption or rejection, at an election to be held in October next.
The organic law, as proposed by the late Convention, in addition to the two prominent principles incorporated in the new constitution, to wit: the declaration of the paramount allegiance to the General Government on the part of every citizen of the State and the clause in the Bill of Rights abolishing slavery on the first of November next provides that the elective franchise shall be limited and restricted to those only who have continued "loyal to the Government of the United States," and, by a provision of the Constitution itself, those who "vote" for or against the Constitution are required to take a stringent oath that they have never "aided those in rebellion," and that they will "defend the Union of the United States," etc. It also provides for taking the votes of Maryland soldiers out of the State on the adoption of the Constitution, and at all elections for State officers.
The adoption of the foregoing principles in the new constitution of Maryland will effectively exclude traitorous Copperheads and open rebels from the polls. Bradley Johnson, Kane, Gilmore, and other "shining lights" of the Vallandigham, Reed, Wood, Wall, and Hughes school, will be made to feel and appreciate the loss of the elective franchise. Of the adoption of the new Constitution by an overwhelming majority of the loyal people of Maryland, no doubt exists. Its ratification is assured and certain. The *physic* just described will operate like a charm in expelling traitors beyond the territorial boundaries of Maryland.
Silence in Nature.
It is a remarkable and very instructive fact, that many of the most important operations of nature are carried on in unbroken silence. There is no rushing sound when the broad tide of sunlight breaks on a dark world and floods it with light, as one bright wave over another falls from the fountain, millions of millions of miles away. There is no creaking of axes, or groaning of cumbersome machinery as the solid earth wheels on its way, and every planet and system performs its revolutions. The great trees bring forth their boughs and shadow the earth beneath them—the plants cover themselves with buds burst into flowers, but the whole transaction is unheard. The change from snow and winter winds, to blossoms and fruits, and the sunshine of summer, is seen in its slow development, but there is scarcely a sound to tell of the mighty transformation. The solemn chant of the ocean, as it raises its unchanging and its unceasing voice, the roar of the hurricane, and the mighty river, and the thunder of the blackwood storm; all this is the music of nature—a great and swelling anthem of praise, breaking in on the universal calm. There is a lesson for us here. The mightiest worker in the universe is the most unobtrusive.—*Brutus.*
INSECTS AS FOOD.—In Africa they eat ants stewed in butter. In Sweden they distill them with rye, to give a peculiar flavor to brandy. Pressed ant-eggs yield a mixture resembling chocolate with milk, of which the chemical composition really resembles that of ordinary milk. The large termites, or white ants, which are so destructive to the houses and furniture, are roasted by the Africans in iron pots, and eaten by handfuls as sugarplums. They are said to be very nourishing, and to taste like sugared cream or sweet almond paste. As for locusts, "the Africans," says Dr. Phipson, "far from dreading their invasions, look upon a dense cloud of locusts as we should so much bread and butter in the air. They smoke them, or boil them, or salt them, or stew them, or grind them down as corn, and get fat upon them."
The Rev. Dr. Breckenridge, one of those saintly gentlemen whose devotion to the Union is only surpassed by their devotion to God, thus gives his views of the peace copperheads would bring:
"We love peace—love it for its own sake. They love peace because they are afraid we will first whip the rebels and then punish them. They want peace that they may make new conspiracies and the peace they propose is, disunion peace, which means separation of the States and endless ruin to the whole country. Ten thousand times better would it have been to have acquiesced at first, and never shed a drop of blood than under these circumstances and at this time to make such a peace as that."

The Way to Wealth.
The way to wealth, observes an old author, is open to all who are industrious and frugal, both with respect to their money and time; for time well employed is certain to bring money, as money well spent is certain of gaining more. Lay down a regular estimate of your time, and what you must do in every particular hour and every particular day, and you will in one month acquire habits of punctuality which will be astonishing even to yourself, and which will gain for you a character for accuracy that cannot fail to raise your credit the prize that all aim at though but few obtain. A punctual man is sure to be respected, and he is almost sure of thriving and becoming rich, for punctuality comprehends industry and foresight, two of the most powerful instruments of prouing wealth.
On the same subject, Dr. Franklin says: Remember this—the good paymaster is lord of another man's purse; he that is known to pay punctually, and exactly to the time he promises, may at any time and on any occasion raise all the money his friends can spare. This is sometimes of great use. After industry and frugality, nothing contributes more to the raising of a young man in the world than punctuality and justice in all his dealings; therefore never keep borrowed money an hour beyond the time you promised, lest a disappointment shut up your friend's purse forever.
Beware of thinking all your own that you possess and live accordingly. It is a mistake that many people who have credit fall into. To prevent this, keep an exact account for some time, both of your expenses and your income. If you take the pains at first to mention particulars, it will have this good effect—you will discover how wonderfully small, trifling expenses mount up to large sums, and will discern what might have been and may for the future be saved without occasioning any great inconvenience.
In short, the way to wealth, if you desire it, is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words—industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both.—Without industry and frugality nothing will do and with them everything. He that gets all he can honestly, and saves all he gets (necessary expenses excepted) will certainly become rich if that Being who governs the world, to whom all should look for a blessing on their honest endeavors, doth not in His wise providence, otherwise determine.
Draft Suggestions.
Since the authorities have discovered that men who are drafted and are unfit for soldiers, may yet be made to serve their country as hospital nurses and in various other capacities, I have reflected deeply upon the subject, and am at length enabled to submit the following suggestions which the government is at liberty to adopt or reject as it pleases:
It is a well known fact that blind men have the sense of touch more finely developed than those who can see. Draft a few regiments of blind men to feel the position and strength of the enemy. No exemptions granted on the ground that they "can't see it."
Men who have lost one, or even both of their arms, should no longer be exempt.—Government is prepared to arm any quantity of men on the shortest possible notice.
Idiot should be debarred the privilege of saving the country, in the ranks, when we have so many among our generals.
Draft all the lunatic asylums—the madmen get the better they fight.
Dumb men ought to make the most serviceable soldiers; as they can't cry 'quarter,' their motto must be 'no surrender.'
It is absurd to exempt fat men, they are so well calculated to fill the depleted ranks of the army. If you want to crush the enemy by precipitating upon them large bodies of troops let fat men be drafted by all means.
Confirmed drunkards have been objected to because they are not so anxious to whip the enemy as they are to have the enemy to treat a regiment of them armed with rifle whiskey, and sustained by a battery of delirium tremens, would do great execution—to somebody.
I have not heretofore favored the idea of drafting the other sex, but a brigade of old maids would certainly be useful in repulsing the enemy. They are sometimes good in an attack.
By all means draft Congressmen. They might do a little good in the army, and they are of no possible good where they are.
Conscript all lawyers—their charges would be most disastrous to enemy.
SOLITUDE.—More and greater sins are committed when men are alone than when they keep themselves in fellowship. When Eve in Paradise walked alone, then came the evil one and deceived her. Whosoever is amongst men and in honest company, is ashamed to sin, or, at least, he had no place or opportunity to do so. When David was alone and idle, and went not to the wars, he fell into adultery and murder; and I have myself found that I have never fallen into more sin than when I was alone. Solitude inviteth to melancholy, and a person alone has often some heavy and evil thoughts and constructs everything in the worst sense. Melancholy is an instrument of the devil, by which he accomplishes his wicked purposes. The deeper a person is plunged into that state the more power the devil hath over him.—To live in an open, public state, is the safest. Openly and amongst other persons; a man must live civilly and honestly, must appear to fear God, and do his duty towards men.—*Luther.*
A deacon once said to a Spartan "You cannot stand on one leg as long as I can." "Perhaps not," said the Spartan; "but any goose cut

Old Things.
Give me the old songs, those exquisite bursts of melody which thrilled the lyres of the inspired poets and minstrels of long ago. Every note has born upon the air a tale of joy and rapture—of sorrow and sadness.— They tell of days gone by, and time hath given them a voice which speaks to us of those who once breathed these melodies—of what they now are, and what we soon shall be.— My heart loves melodies; may they be mine to hear till life shall end, and as I launch my boat upon the sea of eternity, may their echoes be wafted to my ear, to cheer me on my passage from the scenes of earth and earthland!
Give me the old paths, where we have wandered and eulied the flowers of love and friendship, in the days of "Auld Lang Syne," sweeter, far, the dells whose echoes have answered to our voices; whose turf is not a stranger to our footsteps, and whose rills have in childhood's days reflected back our forms, and those of our merry play-fellows, from whom we have parted, and meet no more in the old nooks we loved so well.
Give me the old house upon whose stairs we seem to hear light footsteps, and under whose porch a merry laugh seems to mingle with the winds that whistle through old trees, beneath whose branches lie the graves of those who once trod the halls, and made the chambers ring with glee.— And O above all, give me the old friends—hearts bound to mine in life's sunshiny hours, with a link so strong that all storms of earth might not break it asunder, spirits congenial, whose hearts through life have throbbled in unison with our own. O! when death shall still this heart, I would not ask for aught more sacred to hallow my dust, than a tear of an old friend. May my funeral dirge be chanted by the old friends I loved so fondly, who have not yet passed away to the spirit's bright home.
Influence of Example.
A God-fearing youth occupies the same room with several giddy scoffers—his fellow-clerks or fellow students. Night and morning he bends the knee of prayer before them. They scoff at first; but he prays on. The daily reminder of that fearless act of devotion, awakens presently in the minds of his companions the memory that they too had once been taught to pray, but now have learned to scoff. Example is an arrow of conviction; they too "remember their God and are troubled." John Angell James, of Birmingham, says, in one of his lectures, "if I have a right to consider myself a Christian, if I have attained to any usefulness in the church of Christ I owe it in the way of means and instrumentality, to the sight of a companion, who slept in the same room with me, bending his knees in prayer on retiring to rest. That scene roused my slumbering conscience, and sent an arrow to my heart; for, though I had been religiously educated, I had neglected prayer and cast off the fear of God. My conversion to God followed, and my preparation for the ministry. Nearly half a century has rolled away since then, but that little chamber and that praying youth are still present to my imagination, and will never be forgotten even amidst the splendor of heaven and through the ages of eternity."
A SUBSTITUTE FOR TEA.—As a healthful drink in the place of tea, Dr. Thompson, in a late work of his, recommends the use of dried leaves of the Red Raspberry. They cleanse the system of canker and thus act beneficially to health. The leaves should be gathered in a dry day and may be spread in a good airy chamber, on clean boards or papers to dry. When sufficiently dry they may be kept in sacks. A small handful is sufficient for tea for several persons. This tea does not require the addition of milk or sugar, and is quite as pleasant as other tea, and much cheaper and healthier.—*Rural New Yorker.*
A humorous old man fell in with an ignorant and rather impertinent minister, who proceeded to inform the old gentleman, in very proper terms, that he never could reach Heaven unless he was born again, and added: "I have experienced that change, and now feel no anxiety."
"And have you been born again?" said the old man, musingly.
"Yes, I trust I have."
"Well," said the old gentleman eyeing him attentively. "I don't think it would hurt you to be born once more."
A lawyer having some legal business to transact with a widowed lady took occasion to inquire her age. The matron, who had long doffed the "widow's weeds," attempted to look prim, and much younger than she really was, as she replied:
"Thirty-five years, sir."
Then turning to the daughter he said:
"May I be so bold, miss, as to inquire your age?"
"Certainly; I am a little over thirty-two; three years younger than mother."
A despairing man tears his hair. An enraged woman is wiser—she tears her husband's.
"The great beauty of a wife is," said a henpecked husband, "that if she abuses you herself, she won't let any one else abuse you." Well, isn't that prime consolation?
One boy, the other day, borrowed a stick of sand from a comrade, to show him, that he could pull it out of his ear. He swallowed it, and then twisted himself in various ways to extract it; but, at length informed his companion that he had forgotten that part of the trick.
When is an ox ever like an elephant? Because it can't climb a tree backwards. "A small plate stirred" for that chap.