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By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



IN PEACE.

Come, let us make his pleasant grave
Upon this shady shore,
Where the sad river, woe on wave
Shall grieve for ever more;
Oh! long and sweet shall be his dream,
Lulled by its soothing flow—
Sigh softly, softly, shining stream, because he loved
you so!

Fair blossomed-daughters of the May,
So lovely in their bloom,
Your ranks must stand aside to-day
To give your darling room;
These dew-drops which you shed in showers
Are loving tears, I know—
Bloom brightly, brightly, grateful flowers because
he loved you so!

Here, all alone warm summer days,
The yellow bees shall come,
Coquetting down the blossomy ways
With fond and ringing hum;
While warbling in the sunny trees,
The birds fit to and fro—
Sing sweetly, sweetly, birds and bees, because he
loved you so!

Here, with their softened, cautious tread,
The light feet of the shower
Shall walk about his grassy bed,
And cool the sultry hour;
Yet may not wake to smile again
The eyes which sleep below—
Fall lightly, lightly, pleasant rain, because he loved
you so!

And when the summer's voice is dumb
And lost her bloomy grace,
When sobbing autumn's tempests come
To weep above the place
Till all the forest boughs are thinned,
Their leafy pride laid low—
Grieve gently, gently, waiting wind, because he loved
you so!

And when, beneath the chilly light
That crowns the winter day,
The storm shall fold his grave in white,
And shut the world away;
Above his sweet, untroubled rest,
Fall soft, caressing snow—
Drift tenderly across his breast, because he loved
you so!

PUT YOUR SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL.

There's a voice that speaks within us,
If we own no craven heart,
As we press along life's pathway,
Taking our appointed part:
And it bids us bear our burden,
Heavy though it seem and feel,
And with strong and hopeful vigor
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

What though clouds are darkening o'er us,
They but hide a tranquil sky;
Or should storm drops fall around us,
Soon the sunshine bids them dry,
Never doubt, and faint and falter,
Heart be stout and true as steel;
Fortune smiles on brave endeavor—
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

Folded hands will never aid us,
To uplift the load of care;
Up and stirring be your motto,
Meek to suffer, strong to bear,
"Tis not chance that guides our footsteps,
Or our destiny can seal;
With a will then strong and steady
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

Men of worth have conned the lesson,
Men of might have tried its truth,
Aged lips have breathed its maxim
In the listening ear of youth;
And be sure throughout life's journey
Many a wounded heart would heal,
If we all as friends and brothers
Put our shoulder to the wheel.

MISCELLANY.

CATCHING A PICKPOCKET.

A lady traveling by the land road between New York and Boston, was unfortunately enough to lose her purse, containing a considerable amount of money, which was undoubtedly appropriated by a gentlemanly person who occupied the seat next to her, but who left during the time the train was passing the city, having managed to pick the lady's pocket during that time undetected, as half an hour previous the purse was known to be safe.

In recounting her loss to a friend who was soon after about to make the same journey, the danger of gentlemanly appearing men occupying the next seat to unprotected females, and in fact the danger of trusting to appearances at all, was strongly dwelt upon.

The new tourist was particularly cautioned to beware on going through the tunnel at New York, and being thoroughly admonished, concluded to keep her pocket book grasped in her hand during that perilous passage.

The lady started, sure enough, a gentlemanly looking person, on the arrival of the train at Springfield, solicited permission to fill the unoccupied seat beside the fair traveler, who, according to the rules of travel, could not refuse. The stranger's manners were those of gentlemanly ease, (pickpockets in novels are always so), his costume was plain, serviceable and adapted to travel.

ing. He was polite; he offered the lady his newspaper—it was coldly declined; he volunteered a few remarks, which received only chilling monosyllable responses. In fact he made no progress whatever in becoming better acquainted with his neighbor and evidently giving it up in despair, occupied himself with his newspaper and a cheap novel. The lady had almost forgotten her traveling companion, as well as the advice of her friend, when the recollections of both suddenly flashed upon her, as the train entered the Cimmerian darkness of the tunnel. She hurriedly fumbled for her pocket, but the finding of a lady's pocket amid the folds of her dress is often a matter of difficulty, and now in the impenetrable darkness it seemed doubtful, so nervously she felt in the direction where she supposed that appendage was, till at last the aperture was reached, and her hand thrust in to grasp and hold her pocket book safely till the train should again emerge into daylight, when horror of horrors she encountered the gentleman's hand in her pocket!

Whether to scream for assistance, to seize the intruder, or in fact what to do, she scarcely knew; however, acting upon a sudden resolution, she seized the hand and held it on, determined to show the villain detected in the very act on emerging to the light.

The train rolled slowly—it seemed so slowly on, that it appeared as if the end of that terrible tunnel would never be reached—she clutched the intruding hand with a firmer grasp, which made no special effort to relieve itself, probably knowing how useless would be the struggle, or else, both were unglued, feeling content to rest in the soft, warm clasp that encircled it. At length, however, the train emerged into daylight, which found both lady and gentleman anxiously looking at each other, the lady's face wearing a frightened, anxious expression, and the gentleman's a curious and puzzled one, as he gazed into the startled eyes of his companion.

"Sir!" she began indignantly tightening her grasp, when, chancing to cast her eyes down, she found, oh, terrible circumstance, her hand in the outside pocket of his coat, desperately grasping his hand, which it had encircled.

The lady was covered with confusion at this unlooked for turn of affairs, and the gentleman, who was a man of discrimination, saw that the encounter was accidental and that each had probably received pickpocket impression of the other from it. Mutual explanations at length ensued, and cards were exchanged.

It remains for us to add that the acquaintance thus commenced was continued, and that the lady and gentleman, who are both well known in this city, were recently united in marriage. We would not, however, advise marriageable young ladies, as a general thing, to mistake gentlemen's pockets for their own, as the sequel may not always turn out to be as pleasant as in the above instance.

SHE WOULD BE MARRIED.

Mr. Watts had by industry and economy accumulated a fortune. He was a man of rather superior mind and acquisitions, but unfortunately became addicted to habits of intemperance. Naturally fond of company, and possessing superior conversational powers, his company was much sought, and he became eventually a sot. His wife was a feeble woman, without much decision of character; but an only child was the reverse, illustrating one of those singular laws of nature, that the females oftentimes take after the father in character and personal peculiarities, and the males after the mother.

Mary was well aware of the consequences that would inevitably follow her father's course, and had used every exertion of persuasion and reason in her power to induce him to alter his habits, but without avail; his resolutions and promises could not withstand temptation, and he pursued his own downward course till the poor girl despaired of reform, and grievously realized what the end must result in.

John Dunn was a young man from the East, possessed of a good education, as all our New England boys are, and possessed their indomitable industry and perseverance and was working on the farm of a neighbor by the month.

Mary, on going on some errand to the next house, met him on the road with the usual salutation—"Good morning, Mr. Dunn."

"Good morning, Miss Watts. How is your health?"

"Well, I thank you—but to tell the truth, sick at heart."

"Pray, what is the trouble?" said John. "What can affect you, a cheerful, lively girl like you, possessing everything that can make you happy?"

"On the contrary, there is enough to make me miserable. I am almost weary of life—but it is a subject I cannot explain to you; and yet I have sometimes thought I might."

"Anything that I can do for you, Miss Watts, you may freely command."

"That is promising more than you would be willing to perform. But to break the ice at once, do you want a wife?"

"A wife! Well, I don't know. Do you want a husband?"

"Indeed I do, the worst way. I don't know but you may think me bold, and deficient in that maidenly modesty becoming a woman, but if you knew my situation, and the afflictions under which I suffer, I think it would be some excuse for my course."

"Have you thought of the consequences?" said John—"my situation—I am poor—you are rich—I am a stranger—and—"

"Indeed I have, I am almost crazy. Let me explain—you and every one else know the unfortunate situation of my father. His habits are fixed beyond amendment, and his property is wasting like the dews before the sun. A lot of harpies are drinking his very heart's blood, and ruin and misery are staring us in the face. We are almost strangers, it is true; but I have observed you closely—Your habits, your industry, and the care and

prudence with which you have managed your employer's business, have always interested me."

"And yet, my dear young lady, what can you know of me to warrant you in taking such an important step?"

"It is enough for me that I am satisfied with your character and habits—your person and manners. I am a woman and have eyes. We are about the same age; so, if you know me and like me well enough to take me, I know my mind."

"And, my dear Mary, there's mine with all my heart in it. Now, when do you desire it to be settled?"

"Now, this minute; give me your arm and we will go to 'Squire Beaton's, and have the bargain finished at once. I don't want to enter our house of distress again, until I have one on whom I can rely, to control and direct the affairs of my desolate home, and to support me in my desolate home, and to support me in my determination to turn over a new leaf in our domestic affairs."

"But not in this old hat, and in my shirt sleeves, Mary?"

"Yes—and in my old sun bonnet and dirty apron. If you are content let it be done at once. I hope you will think I am not so hard pushed as that comes; but I want a master. I am willing to be mistress. I will then take you home and introduce you as my own dear husband—signed, sealed, and delivered."

"So be it—permit me to say, that I have always admired you from the first minute I saw you, for your beauty and energy, and industrious, amiable deportment."

"Now, John, if this is sincere, this is the happiest moment of my life, and I trust our union will be long and happy. I am the only one my father hears to—but, alas! his resolutions are like ropes of sand. I can manage him on all other subjects; you must take charge of his business, and have sole control; there will be no difficulty—I am confident of the result."

They were married, and a more happy match never was consummated. Everything prospered; houses and barns were repaired, fences and gates were regulated, and the extensive fields smiled and flourished like an Eden. The unfortunate father in a few years sank into a drunkard's grave. Mary and John raised a large family, and they still live respected and wealthy—all from an energetic girl's resolution, forethought and courage.

Swearing Alone.

A gentleman once heard a laboring man swearing dreadfully in the presence of companions. He told him it was a cowardly thing to swear in company with others, when he dare not do it by himself. The man said he was not afraid to swear at any time or in any place.

"I'll give you ten dollars," said the gentleman, "if you will go to the village graveyard at twelve o'clock to night, and swear the oaths you have uttered here, when you are alone with God."

"Agreed," said the man, "it's an easy way of earning ten dollars."

"Well, you come to me to-morrow and say that you have done it, and the money is yours."

The time passed on; midnight came. The man went to the graveyard. It was a night of pitchy darkness. As he entered the graveyard not a sound was heard; all was still as death. Then the gentleman's words, "alone with God," came over him with wonderful power. The thought of the wickedness of what he had been doing and what he had come to do, darted across his mind like a flash of lightning. He trembled at his folly. Afraid to take another step, he fell upon his knees, and instead of the dreadful oaths he came to utter, the earnest cry went up—"God be merciful to me a sinner."

The next day he went to the gentleman and thanked him for what he had done, and said he had resolved not to swear another oath as long as he lived.

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.—High up the mountain slopes of Chamouni there is a beautiful plain, covered with verdure and flowers. Thither the shepherds of the Alps drive their flocks to partake of the rich pasture and breathe the pure mountain air.

The ascent is difficult, over icebergs and torrents. At one point the rocks rise almost perpendicular; when the flock arrives at this point, none appears bold enough to venture but the shepherds gather the lambs in their arms, and toss them up on the plain; the whole flock clambers after him and soon is feeding upon the rich herbage, or browsing beneath the "rose tree of the Alps."

Bereaved parents, the lamb of your love has been carried up, and beckons you to follow where all flowers sweeter than those of the Alps, and air and sunshine purer and brighter than is found up in Chamouni.—It is the greenwood of love in the spirit land.

BRIGHT YOUTH.—A teacher one day endeavoring to make a pupil understand the nature and application of a passive verb, said, "A passive verb is expressive of the nature of receiving an action, Peter is beaten, Now, what did Peter do? The boy, pausing a moment with the gravest countenance imaginable, replied, "Well, I don't know, without he hollored."

LIFE.—How small a portion of our life it is that we really enjoy! In youth we are looking forward to things that are to come; in old age we are looking backwards to things that are gone past; in manhood, although we appear indeed to be more occupied in things that are present, yet even that is absorbed in vague determinations to be vastly happy on some future day, when we have time.

Why is a victory like a kiss? Because it is easy to Grant.

The Morning Stars.

I had occasion a few weeks since to take the early train from Providence to Boston, and for that purpose at two o'clock in the morning. Everything around was wrapped in darkness, and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene midsummer's night—the sky was a without a cloud—the winds were whist.—The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with spectral lustre but little affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the pleiades just above the horizon shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly discovered glories from the naked eye in the south; the steady Pointers, far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign.

Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften, the smaller stars like little children went first to rest; the sister-beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous change went on. Hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly grey; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till, at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from the horizon, turning the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown open, and king of the day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his course. I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient Magians, who, in the morning of the world, went up to the hill tops of Central Asia, and ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of His hand. But I am filled with amazement when I am told that in this enlightened age, and in the heart of the Christian world, there are persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the Creator, and yet say in their hearts, "There is no God."—Edward Everett.

Aims in Life—A Contrast.

Young men! are the aims of thy life such as these? Dost thou improve thy hours of leisure, such as occur in the intervals of labor and business, in reading and study, in meditation, in profitable conversation? If so, thou art acting wisely; for thou wilt thus lay up for thyself a portion that will stay by thee in every trial and conflict upon life's pilgrimage. Not so, however, with that young man who finds his chief and almost only pleasure, in the gratifying of his appetites and passions. A dark future awaits him. While the former is at home in the evenings with his books, the latter is abroad with his convivial companions, wasting his time and money, and by his vicious practice and sensual indulgence is enfeebling both body and mind. In this way his character is corrupted and destroyed, though he may for a while keep up his reputation, which however, will not last long after character, its only sure foundation, is ruined. Beware then, young man how thou spendest that time! As thy childhood, youth and early manhood, so will be thy maturer life. Three terms being given, it is nowise difficult to find the fourth or final result.

In a town in 'Old Essex County' more than half a century ago, were two lads attending the same school, the one a studious youth, who took fast hold of instruction, diligently employing every opportunity to get knowledge and wisdom and understanding. He avoided those places of amusement where the young waste so much time and form habits of dissipation—but lost thereby that charming and characteristic title, 'ladies man.' Not so, however with his companion. He did not like application to his books, did not find pleasure in their study. He was fond of company, fond of his chief and highest delight; parties, balls, etc. He was ready to accept an invitation to attend a dancing party anywhere within twenty miles. He was the idol of the young misses—was called by that sweet, charming and most endearing of titles, a 'ladies man.'

Time passed on and the young men engaged in active scenes of life. The former was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. The latter secured the place of 'street scavenger' in a village in the aforesaid county. How true it is—whatsoever one soweth that shall he also reap.—This interesting sketch is veritable history, and names could be given if necessary. It will serve just as well, however, to illustrate the lives of multitudes of young men in and out of Essex County. Remember, young man, that understanding is a well spring of life. How much better it is to get wisdom than gold; and understanding than silver.

William B. Astor is sixty-five years old; worth fifty millions; owns two thousand dwellings, and is a lenient landlord. A. T. Stewart is sixty, thin, nervous, dignified, worth thirty millions. Commodore Vanderbilt is white haired, red cheeks, seventy, worth forty millions; drives a fast horse, and gives away his money very lavishly. August Belmont, twenty millions, coarse, stout, fifty, and very German. George Opdyke, five millions, fifty, but looks younger; an agreeable gentleman. James Gordon Bennett, five millions, seventy-three years old, dignified in manner, broad Scotch accent, benevolent to the poor.

Why is the emancipation proclamation a demoralizing edict?—Because it brings so many black-legs into the Union lines.

On the Square.

"Do you make calls on New Years?"

"Never," said my friend Tom. "I use to, but I am cured."

"How so?" said I, anxious to learn his experience.

"Why, you see," said Tom, feelingly, "as I was making calls, some years back, I fell in love with a beautiful girl—that she was. Well, sir, I courted her like a trump, and tho't I had her sure, when she eloped with a tailor—yes, sir—e that lovely creature did."

"She showed bad taste," said I, compassionately.

"More than that," remarked Tom, nervously. "Downright inhumanity is the word. I could stand being gilded for a down-town broker, a captain with whiskers, or anything showy, that I could—but to be outed, like a suit of clothes by the 'sixth part' of a man—that was brutality. But I swore vengeance—that I did."

"Vengeance?" I nervously inquired.

"Yes, sir," said Tom, with earnestness, "and I took it. I patronized the robber of my happiness, and ordered a full suit of clothes, regardless of expense. He laid himself out on the job, I tell you—they were stuning you may believe it."

"But your vengeance," said I, prompting him.

"I stuck that tailor in his most vital point, that I did—I never paid that bill; no, sir, I didn't. But those infernal clothes were the cause of all my future misfortunes, that they were."

"How so?" said I, with a smile of compassion.

"Wearing them, I captivated my present wife. She told me so, and I haven't had a happy day since. But I am bound to be square with that wretched tailor, in the long run. I've left him a legacy, on condition he marries my widow."

A Little Deaf.

In the olden time, before Maine laws were invented, Wing kept the hotel at Middle Grainsville, and from his well-stocked bar, furnished "accommodation to man and beast." He was a good landlord, but terribly deaf.—Fish, the village painter, was afflicted in the same way.

One day they were sitting by themselves in the bar-room. Wing was behind the counter, waiting for the next customer; while Fish was lounging before the fire, with a thirsty look, casting sheep's eyes occasionally at Wing's decanter; and wishing devoutly that some one would come in and treat.

A traveler from the south, on his way to Brandon, stepped in to enquire the distance. Going up to the counter, he said, "Can you tell me, sir, how far it is to Brandon?"

"Brandy?" says the rosy landlord, jumping up, "yes, sir, I have some," at the same time handing down a decanter of the precious liquid.

"You misunderstood me," says the stranger, "I asked how far it was to Brandon."

"They call it pretty good brandy," says Wing. "Will you take some sugar with it?" reaching as he spoke, for the bowl and tongs.

The despairing traveler turned to Fish. "The landlord," said he, "seems to be deaf, will you tell me how far it is to Brandon?"

"Thank you," said Fish; "I don't care if do take a drink with you!"

The stranger treated and fled.

WATCHING ONE'S SELF.—"When I was a boy," said an old man, "we had a school-master who had an odd way of catching idle boys. One day he called out to us—

"Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one of you who sees another idle boy, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case."

"Ah, thought I to myself, there is Joe Simmons that I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book, I'll tell. It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book and immediately I told the master."

"Indeed," said he, "how did you know he was idle?"

"I saw him," said I.

"You did; and were your eyes on your book when you saw him?"

"I was caught, and never watched for idle boys again."

If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct, we shall have no time to find fault with the conduct of others.

A correspondent, alluding to the fact that the most of the 'calls' which modern clergyman feel so imperatively bound to obey, are from comparatively low salaries to high ones, says that those calls remind him of the honest old negro's anecdote. It was as follows:

A certain divine, having concluded to change his pastoral situation, mentioned his determination from the pulpit. After service was over, an old negro, who was one of his admirers, went up to him and desired to know his motives in leaving his flock. The parson answered, "He had a call."

"Where from, massa?" said the negro.

"The Lord," answered the parson.

"Massa, what you get for preaching here?"

"Six hundred dollars, Cessat."

"And what you get toder place?"

"A thousand."

Ab, massa, de Lord might call you all day from \$1000 to \$600—you no go."

A SUGGESTED STATEMENT.—The Petersburg (Va.) News of a late date, makes the following suggestive statement:

In this whole Commonwealth there is not as far as we know, a glass factory, a button factory, a paper mill, a broom factory, a manufactory of wooden ware, a brass foundry, a porcelain factory, a chair factory, a carpet mill, a pin machine, an agricultural implement factory, a manufactory for cutlery, a type foundry, a factory wherein a single article of printers use is made, a brewery, a calico print factory, a lock factory, a linen factory or a cotton factory above capacity for the commonest work.

Now that slavery is out of the way, and there is a chance for the introduction and development of free educated labor, there is hope that some of these much needed institutions will spring up in the Old Dominion.

WATER.—What is more refreshing this hot weather than a drink of pure, cool water. Of its value and longing for, let those speak who have suffered the pangs of thirst under a broiling sun. If so necessary for man, may we not conclude that brutes stand in equal need of it? Look at the cattle which have been confined all day in a shadeless pasture with no water, and see them rush to the pond or brook for a fill at night, and puff out as they drink until the milk is actually forced out of their teats. This is all wrong. If water is not in the fields or pastures where they are confined, they should be allowed access to it morning, noon and night. Other kinds of stock are equally dependent upon water for comfort, not the least of which are the too frequently neglected barn-yard fowls.

If supplied from a vessel, the frequent visits and rapid evaporation under the hot sun, render frequent refillings necessary, and their long tarriance at the fresh supply shows how much they were in want of the article. So give all the stock plenty of fresh water—it is food, comfort and drink.

The following anecdote of Daniel Webster's boyhood was told by Mr. Lincoln:

When quite young, at school, Daniel was guilty of a gross violation of the rules, he was detected in the act, and called up by the teacher for punishment. This was to be the old fashioned 'furling' of the hand. His hands happened to be very dirty. Knowing this, on his way to the teachers desk he spit upon the palm of his right hand, wiping it off upon the side of his pantaloons.

"Give me your right hand, sir," said the teacher, very sternly. Out went the right hand, partly cleaned. The teacher looked at it a moment and said, "Daniel if you will find another hand in the school as filthy as that, I will let you off this time!" Instantly from behind his back came the left hand. Here it is, sir, was the ready reply. "That will do," said the teacher, "for this time, you can take your seat sir!"

THE TIGHT SQUEEZE.—A young man recently having succeeded, after persuasion in getting a kiss from a girl, went and told of it. One of her acquaintances met her and said:

"So, Mary, John says you let him kiss you?"

"I did let him after he had teased me an hour, but it was a tight squeeze even then."

"He did not mention that. He only spoke of the kiss but did not say anything about the squeeze."

The quantity of digestion that a German can get over is truly wonderful. We once boarded with one who disposed of six meals a day, and filled up the intervals with raw herrings and sardines. We never knew him to groan but once, and that was when he heard that the steamer "Houfer kass," loaded with sour-kraut, had foundered at sea, and nothing had been saved but officers and crew.

A rough individual whose knowledge of classical language was not quite complete had been sick and on recovery was told by his doctor that he might have a little animal food. No sir, I took your gruel easy enough, but hang me if I can go your way and oats.

What a fool! said Patty Prim, when she heard of the capture of Jeff. Davis; "Of course the men would all run after him if he was dressed as a woman, and he was sure to be caught."

A dutchman on seeing one of the posters announcing the coming of the panorama of "Paradise Lost," and reading this line, "A Rebellion in Heaven! Mein Gott! Dat laets not long now, Onkle Abe ish tare."

A talented African of the boot black persuasion, while dancing like St. Vitus over a customer's boot the other day, observed his partner poring wisely over a newspaper, whereupon the following colloquy ensued:—First member of the firm—"Julius, what you lookin' at dat paper for? You can't read." Second member—"Go way, fellah; guess I can read, I see big enough for dat."—First member—"Dat ain't maffin. A oow is big enough to catch a mice, but she can't do it."

A toast at an Irish Society's dinner at Cincinnati: "Here's to the President of the Society, Patrick O'Rafarty, and may he live to ate the hen that scratches over his grave."

What is a man like in the midst of a desert without meat or drink? Ans. Like to be starved.

The young woman who was 'driven to distraction' now fears that she will have to walk back.

From what tree was mother Eve prompted to pick the apple? Devil-tree.