THE VERMONT TRANSCRIPT.

Vol. 3. ST. ALBANS, VT., FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1866. No. 122.

THE TRANSCRIPT,

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

WILBUR P. DAVIS, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

To those receiving the paper through the Post-Office, $2.00 per annum. To Village subscribers receiving the paper by the carrier, 50 cents in addition will be charged.

Fifty Cents a year will be added when payment is delayed beyond six months.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Publisher.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS.—Per square of 12 lines or less, of this type, for first insertion $1, for each subsequent insertion, 25 cents.

The number of insertions must be marked on all advertisements, or they will be continued until ordered out. Transient advertisements to be paid for in advance.

☞ A liberal discount will be made on the above rates to those advertising by the year.

LEGAL NOTICES will be inserted at 15 cents per line.

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

BY GRACE H. HORR.

How sweetly falls upon the ears
Of those who would recall the years,
Who wistful and repentant weep,
He giveth His Beloved sleep!

For wounded hearts no cure is found
On earth; but O, the balmy sound
Of those few words, so full, so deep—
He giveth His Beloved sleep!

We calmly on His power rely,
Though angry floods were rolling high;
And pathless were the watery heap—
He giveth His Beloved sleep!

We gaze upon the western sky,
Relax each worldly, earth-born tie;
There's rest beyond the rugged steep—
He giveth His Beloved sleep.

Ah, now behold yon setting sun,
Our little day is almost gone;
As softly on the shadows creep—
He giveth His Beloved sleep.

O rest! how sweetly falls that rest
On every weary, panting breast!
No longer loiter we to weep—
He giveth His Beloved sleep!

The Little Blue Boat.

I was always afraid of the water—always, from a child. Perhaps it was because my grandfather was lost at sea, and the first story I heard that ever made me cry was that of his ship going down within sight of land and of his body floating to the shore with my grandmother's picture still around his neck. That happened when my grandmother was a young woman and my grandfather himself not five-and-twenty; but when I was a little thing I used to think of that ship, wrecked so long before I was born, until I could almost see the sinking vessel land the boiling waves and the dead bodies floating, floating, floating shoreward, and used to wake out of terrible dreams of drowning with my baby face bathed in tears.

Afraid of the water, I said, but only of going on it. I loved to sit close by the margin of the river, or down upon the sandy sea shore, and watch the waves sparkling and gleaming in the sunlight, and, if ever any one saw water spirits, I did when the little ripples played in and out amongst the tall green reeds and rushes like so many elfin heads. I'd stay in such a place for hours, though nothing they could say could make me willing to join any party of pleasure on the water, where it seemed to me my sisters and my tall broad-shouldered cousins spent the best of their time.

It was a trial, too, to stay at home, for I was sociable and fond of being with them; and more than once I sat on the shore looking after the merry boat full and almost crying to think that I could not muster up courage to go also.

Once I sat thus, thinking myself quite alone, for our garden ran down to the water's edge and no strangers had a right to pass that way, when I heard a rustling amongst the bushes, and looking up, saw a dark-skinned woman in odd garments making her way towards me as though she had something to say to me. Probably, I thought, she meant to beg, and though she had no right to be there, I had not the heart to speak harshly to a poor wandering creature like that. I had been taught to be charitable, and I felt in my pocket for some loose silver to give her when she asked alms.

But, when she came close, instead of begging, she put her head on one side and looked at me in the oddest way out of her big black eyes, and said in a kind of whine, but with a sweet voice in spite of that:

"Will you have your fortune told, pretty lady? Cross my palm with a bit of silver and you shall know what your luck is and who is the gentleman that's coming to marry you. 'Tisn't often you have such a chance, for I can read the stars, and I'll tell you true, my pretty lady."

Well, I was a wild young thing, and curious, as all girls are, about that future time of wooing and wedding we all expect to have, and though I knew my mother would have called it wicked, and my uncle, who was a deacon in the church, would scarcely have owned relationship with one who could listen to such sinful words and give heed to them, I couldn't for the life of me shake my head and tell the woman to go on.

I looked about to be sure no one was coming from the house, and then I put a silver shilling in her hand and held out mine.

"It's soft as silk and white as milk," said she. "The kind of hand to wear a rick gentleman's wedding-ring."

And then she pored over it as though she really saw something there besides the little lines and wrinkles.

"You'll see your lover before night," said she.

"Likely," said I, with a laugh.

"He's coming," she said, nodding. "Look out for him—he's worth looking for. I see joy and wealth and a wedding close about you, but there's sorrow beyond." Then she dropped my hand. "No matter," said she, "sorrow comes to everybody; don't look for it. You'll be married within the year, that's enough."

"No," said I, "I want to know the rest."

She shook her head.

"Beware of the water, that's all," she said, "the water may make you a widow yet."

And away she glided, not waiting for a word more, and I hid my face in the grass and cried like a silly thing as I was for drowning of a husband only the idle words of an old fortune-teller had given me.

I sobbed as if I knew him, for a while. But I ended by laughing at myself, for I was young and only knew the name of terrible, and soon I was merry as ever, helping Uncle Joshua in the long front garden to tie up the plants a last night's shower had beaten down to the earth.

One bunch of pansies I broke off and put in my hair. It was a bit of vanity I could not help, for in golden hair like mine no flower that grows looks so well as the purple pansy. I had a wealth of hair, and hard as I tried to smooth it into a great coil behind it would rimple and curl upon my forehead. Nobody ever told me I was pretty, but I had a cheek like a peach and a skin like snow, and I knew for myself that I was not ugly. Somehow I thought more of my looks than I had ever done in my life that afternoon, for though I gave no credit to to the gipsy's prophecy, I could not help thinking of that future husband she had promised me.

When I was dressed I went, with a book, back to my old place to wait for the return of the boat. It was sunset by that time, and the river was all aflame and the sky purple and gold with scarlet.

I think I never saw grass so green as that beneath my feet, nor heard the birds sing sweeter. Soon I heard the splash of oars and saw the boat I looked for coming back. There was a difference, though. When it left the shore there were five persons in it; my sisters, Prue and Olive, and my cousins, Harry and Eben and little Will. Now there were six; another masculine figure in something of a nautical dress, with an easy grace about it seldom seen, and a face as dark as that of a Cuban, and as brilliant, occupied the seat beside Prue.

My heart gave a great leap, and the gipsy's prophecy, "You'll see your lover before sundown," rushed into my mind, or rather was awakened, for I had not for a moment quite forgotten it.

They all came ashore while I stood looking at them, and Cousin Eben, who was never wondrously elegant in his manners, called to the rest:

"Here's the coward again. Captain, let me introduce you to the only coward of the Russell family, Miss Kitty. Kitty, this is Captain Marshall. Then we shook hands. Even then it was not like shaking hands with any other; and somehow as we walked back to the house, Captain Marshall offered me his arm, and we were friends before we reached the door.

He was an old school mate of Eben's, it seemed, and had but just brought his vessel into port after a long, stormy voyage, and they had met him when they made a landing down below on his way to our house, and had brought them with him in the boat.

"If you are afraid of your placid, little river here, Miss Kitty," he said, "I should have been sorry to have had you with me on this voyage of ours. What would you say to standing on a rolling deck with the waves breaking over it, in such pitchy darkness that you could not see a man within reach of your hand? and that we called pleasant sailing compared with some we had."

"How can any man be a sailor?" I cried.

"I for one love it," said he. "I shall never leave it until I marry. After that the lass I promise to love and cherish shall never lead the life most sailors' wives lead—the life my mother led—fretting her little soul out from morning till night. When *I* marry I'll leave the sea and settle down on shore—not before, though."

He gave me a look that meant something as he spoke, and I felt my cheek flush; but we were at home by that time and the conversation ended. What sweet old sea songs he sang to us that evening. I never shall forget them while I live.

Well, the fortune-teller was right in one thing, at least: my lover came that night. Captain Marshall took my heart with him when he went away, and never gave it back again, though he gave me his in its stead.

"Of all things in the world that Kitty, who would never go upon the water, should fall in love with a sailor, who would take her on voyages half around the world," cried my sister, teasing me, in our own room that night.

But I made no confessions to them. It was too soon yet.

Before Captain Marshall went on his next voyage, however, he asked me to walk in the woods with him, and down by the little landing where we had first met, told me that he loved me.

"Better than my life, Kitty," he said; "and if you cannot like me a little I'd as lief go to the bottom this voyage as not. I never thought to care as much for any woman as I care for you."

He took my hands and looked into my eyes, and though I said nothing, he found out somehow that I *did* like him, and took me in his arms and kissed me.

"I'm the happiest rascal in the world," said he. And I was happy, too, only I made him vow to keep his promise, and sail the sea no more after we were wed.

"I shall never want to leave you," he said, "and I'm rich enough to quit the sea; but I do wish you would take one last voyage with me. Marry me to-morrow and go with me to the West Indies—a short voyage and a pleasant one."

But that I couldn't hear of, even if that masculine proposal of "marrying to-morrow" had not been impossible, when there were dresses to make and wedding feast to prepare. I could not even think calmly of a journey by sea; so I could only promise to be his when he returned.

For the time that followed I knew what sailors' wives feel. I grew thin and pale with perpetual terror. Did a shutter blow to and fro in the wind or the boughs of the great butternut rattle against the roof, I fell to dreaming of wrecks and all their horrors and it seemed to me that winds never moaned so, and that waves never beat so fiercely against the shore as they did that autumn But my darling's ship weathered every storm, and he came back to me at last, and we were married, and he left the sea and settled down in a pretty little place some miles from home, but near enough for Prue and Olive to ride over every day or two, and become an amateur farmer—raising wonderful squashes and turnips for our own use, and priding himself on the rare fruit of the orchard.

There was but one drawback to my happiness and that was the little blue boat—a cunning thing he had made and painted himself, with my name on the side in gilt letters, and with cushioned seats and elegant oars. Whenever I went to the river side and saw it dancing on the water, my heart sunk; and yet Captain Marshall had made the boat for me, and had many a merry jest about asserting his authority, and compelling me to be rowed up and down the river in it until I was cured of my folly. Sometimes, too, he used to coax me to go with him until I cried to think I did not dare.

It was a standing joke with Prue and Olive, who often made the captain row them miles up the stream when they came to see us; but into the boat I never went, and never had been when a year was past and a little baby lay upon my arm, a second Kitty Marshall—a girl with my yellow hair, but with her father's splendid Spanish eyes.

I was very, very happy. I had never been so happy in all my life. When the child was old enough to be carried out into the air, we used to take it with us on our old country rambles, and the little thing loved the blue sky and fresh breeze already.

"She will love the sea too, for she is a sailor's daughter," said Captain Marshall; and I always dreading the time when he should take our little pet out upon the river in the little blue boat. He never did it, though, "I had a right to say what should be done with my own baby," he said; and the child grew to be four years old without having once had either row or sail.

Then, when she was a little toddling thing, she used to run to the water's edge, and try as best she could to get into the boat, and once came near drowning. Over and over again I said:

"I wish the blue boat had never been made. I wish you would burn it, or sell it. I'm sure it will be the death of some one I love yet."

I said this, almost crossly, one morning, and the captain turned toward me with his own kind smile.

"It's selfish of me, to keep it if it vexes you," he said. "I'll break it up to-day, Kitty, though, Lord love you, if our time is come we'll go, boat or no boat, my dear."

And I, thinking of the child, mad for the water as ever sailor was, could not help thanking him joyfully, though I knew he was fond of his boat, and would miss it, too.

"I'll do it when I come home to-night," he said, with a sigh; and though I wished it could be done that morning, I said nothing; only kissed him again, and thanked him, and he went away, kissing his hand to us—the child and I—as we stood on the porch to watch him.

We were to be all alone that day. Our servant had grown tired of country quarters, and deserted, and the captain was going up to town to engage another. I had my household work to do, and left little Kitty on the porch, after making her promise not to leave it. The child thus far was generally obedient, and I was quite easy about her. Yet I only left her a few minutes at a time. Always when I came back she sat where I had left her, playing with her doll.

At last I took my sewing, and sat down beside her. The day was warm, and I was weary. Without intending it, I fell asleep. I do not know how long I slept, but when I started awake the child was gone. Her doll lay on the floor, her little picture-book beside it. On a step below was her little round hat, but where was she? I ran into the house, calling her, and heard no answer. I ran through the garden—still no little voice replied to my scream of "Kitty! Kitty!"

At last I made my way to the river bank, straining my eyes to see the little blue boat. There it lay, dancing merrily on the silvery water; but Kitty was not near it. Perhaps she was under those purling ripples! That was the sick fear that smote my heart. Perhaps I had no child!

Then, as I wrung my hands in terror, I heard a faint, far-off cry of Mamma! Mamma!" and followed the sound around the curve of the path, I saw my darling!

There was a little rock which stood some distance from the shore, and which at low tide reared its brown breast above the water. Then you could reach it by stepping stones, but at high tide it was quite hidden. The tide was rising now; the stepping stones were hidden, and on the brown rock, up which the water crept so fast, stood Kitty! A little more and her feet would be swept from their hold, and I should see my darling drown before my eyes! This was the end of all my presentiments; this was the awful woe the river was to bring me!

I looked back over the garden. An hour's journey lay between our cottage and my old home. Stalwart Eben or quick-witted Hal might save my child were they there; but ere I reached them the water would have risen above the rock, and my little one been swept away toward the sea.

I screamed for help, I knew quite uselessly. No one answered—no one could; and there, with the sunlight on her bare head, with its golden curls, with her little arms stretched toward me, and the baby cry, "Mamma, come! mamma, come!" crossing the rising water, stood my darling. My eyes swept the desolate shore in vain hope of seeing some stranger within reach of my voice, and fell at last upon the little blue boat. An angel could scarcely have been more welcome.

I had been boating enough to know how oars were handled. All my personal fear was quite gone under the pressure of that greater terror for a dear one.

"Wait, Kitty," I cried, "mamma will come," and I sped to the boat's side, unmoored her, and with unskilled hands, taught by my mother's love alone, sped her toward the rock. It was a very short distance, but more than once I feared that I should not be able to touch the spot I must if I would save my darling. No mariner upon the stormiest voyage ever suffered more anxiety than I did in those moments, brief as they were, the water rising higher and higher all the while, and my baby's foot hold growing less and less.

The little red shoes were wet when I called to her, "Jump into the boat darling," and saw her fearless spring and felt her arms about my neck.

I rowed the little blue boat back to the shore somehow, and when I had it there I could have knelt down and kissed it. If my wish had been accomplished, and that boat had been broken, or burnt, or sold, there would have been nothing now but a little dead child at the bottom of the river, or swept away seaward, instead of these warm loving arms and beating heart about my neck and against my bosom. If it had not been for the little blue boat I should have been childless; for, looking over the water, I could see nothing where the rock was an hour before but a little troubled ripple.

So when that night, after he had heard my story, Captain Marshall said:

"Shall I destroy the boat now, Kitty?" I clung to his arm.

"No, no, no," I said "I love it. It has saved my darling's life. Think what might have been had we not had our little blue boat—our, blessed, beautiful, precious little boat."

So the boat danced on upon the water, and dances there in the sunlight still; and I have no more fear of it. Many and many a sail have I had upon its cushioned seats with my captain at the oars and Kitty by my side; and I have learnt to be ashamed of my old terror, and to know that land or sea, or calm or storm are all the same so that God holds us in his keeping.

Gipsies in England.

A man whom I knew happened to lose his way one dark night in Cambridgeshire. After wandering up and down for some time, he observed a light, at a considerable distance from him, within the skirts of a wood, and, being overjoyed at the discovery, he directed his course towards it; but before reaching the fire, he was surprised at hearing a man, a little way in advance, call out to him, in a loud voice:

"Peace, or not peace?"

The benighted traveler, glad at hearing the sound of a human voice, immediately answered:

"Peace; I am a poor Scotchman, and have lost my way in the dark."

"You can come forward, then" rejoined the sentinel.

When the Scotchman advanced, he found a family of gipsies, with only one tent; but, on being conducted further into the wood, he was introduced to a great company of gipsies. They were busily employed in roasting several whole sheep—turning their carcasses before large fires, on long wooden poles, instead of iron spits. The racks on which the spits turned were also made of wood, driven into the ground crossways, like the letter X. The gipsies were exceedingly kind to the stranger, causing him to partake of the victuals which they had prepared for their feast. He remained with them the whole night, eating and drinking, and dancing with his merry entertainers, as if he had been one of themselves. When day dawned, the Scotchman counted twelve tents within a short distance of each other. On examining his position, he found himself a long way out of his road, but a party of the gipsies voluntarily offered their services, and went with him for several miles, and, with great kindness, conducted him to the road from which he had wandered.

The gipsies, in cooking, make use of neither pot, pan, spit, nor oven. They twist a strong rope of straw, which they wind very tightly around the fowl, just as it is killed, with the whole of its feathers on, and its entrails untouched It is then covered with hot peat ashes, and a slow fire is kept up around and about the ashes till the fowl is sufficiently done. When taken out from beneath the fire, it is stripped of its hull, or shell of half-burned straw rope and feathers, and presents a very fine appearance. Those who have tasted poultry cooked by the gipsies in this manner say that it is very palatable and good. In this invisible way these ingenious people could cook stolen poultry, at the very moment, and in the very place, that a search was going on for the pilfered article.

The art of cooking butcher-meat among the gipsies is similar to that of making ready fowls, except that linen and clay are substituted for feathers and straw. The piece of flesh to be cooked is first carefully wrapped up in a covering of cloth or linen rags, and covered over with well-wrought clay, and either frequently turned before a strong fire or covered over with hot ashes till it is roasted, or rather, stewed. The covering or crust, of the shape of the article inclosed, and hard with the fire, is broken, and the meat separated from its inner covering of burned rags, which, with the juice of the meat, are reduced to a thick sauce or gravy. Sometimes a little vinegar is poured upon the meat. The tribe are high in their praise of flesh cooked in this manner, declaring it has a particularly fine flavor. The singular people, I am informed, also boiled the flesh of sheep in the skins of the animals, like the Scottish soldiers in their wars with the English nation, when their camp-kettles were nothing but the hides of the oxen, suspended from poles driven into the ground.

The only mode of cooking butcher-meat bearing any resemblance to that of the gipsies is practiced by some of the tribes of South America, who wrap flesh in leaves, and, covering it over with clay, cook it like the gipsies. Some of the Indians of North America roast deer of a small size in their skins among hot ashes. An individual of great respectability, who had tasted venison cooked in this fashion, said that it was extremely juicy and finely flavored. In the Sandwich Islands, pigs are baked on hot stones, in pits, or in the leaves of the bread-fruit tree, on hot stones, covered over with earth during the operation of cooking. It is probable that the gipsy art of cooking would be among the first modes of making ready animal food, in the first stage of human society, in Asia—the cradle of the human race. Substitute the leaves of trees for linen rags, and what method of cooking can be more primitive than that of our Scottish gipsies.—*Samson's History of the Gipsies.*

Recollections of Mrs. Sigourney.

The appearance of Mrs. Sigourney's posthumous volume naturally revives the memory of interesting incidents, and the publication of a few of them may do something to counteract such false impressions as some of the unworthy notices of her are likely to produce. So pure was her character, so superior in many respects to the traits of her mind and heart, that, while writing the sketches of her life contained in this volume, she followed the same rules which dictated her words and actions; she speaks of herself only to praise others, or to dwell upon the beauties of nature or the mercies of God. Her life was one of disinterested benevolence; and the good results of her labors, cares and example, have been numerous and great, beyond those of most persons. The influence of her writings is to be added to the account, and who will attempt to estimate its value? She published more than fifty volumes; and who can show a page or a word in any of them, intended or tending to do anything but good?

About the year 1811, when she began to live in Hartford, Mrs. Sigourney, (then Miss Lydia Huntly) presented herself as a teacher of a school of girls. Slender and graceful in form, with refined manners, a pleasing expression of countenance, naturally smiling lips, a soft, melodious voice, a lively style of conversation and a sincere and delicate interest in persons of all classes, she soon gained the respect and regard of a circle of young ladies and gentlemen, then coming forward, whose family education and previous intercourse had prepared them, under the old Connecticut rule of society, to improve by association, and to receive such impressions as her influence was fitted to make on such a group of friends younger than herself.

She found a powerful patron in Daniel Wardsworth, whose refined and estimable lady was a granddaughter of the Revolutionary Governor Jonathan Trumbull; and they were the first readers and admirers of Miss Huntly's earliest essays in poetry and prose. Mr. Wardsworth, with his characteristic interest in merit, exhibited to his literary neighbors specimens of Miss Huntly's neat memoriter transcripts of the sermons of Dr. Strong, and specimens of her compositions; and he soon brought to the press the first of her publications, "Miscellaneous Sketches in Prose and Verse." But for his efforts her native modesty might have prevented her publishing anything for years, perhaps for life.

About the year 1815, she formed a literary society of the circle of young friends before mentioned, the first meetings of which were held at the house of Mrs. Wardsworth, where she then resided. The first hour was devoted to the reading of selected or original papers, and the remainder of the time to conversation. The society existed several years; and among its members were persons afterwards distinguished. Mr. Samuel G. Goodrich, the author of numerous and most popular and useful juvenile works under the name of "Peter Parley," read his first literary composition at a meeting held one summer evening at the house of Mr. Thomas Chester. He was then a clerk in a store; and, having had only a school education, was almost unable to proceed from diffidence; but, being applauded, he seemed to feel encouraged to make new efforts, and his books have long been read with pleasure and profit by millions of children in many different languages. Indeed, he introduced the improved style of juvenile books. Miss Huntly's literary society had much influence in extending popular associations in this country.

In the year 1832, having heard that a female seminary, on a new plan, had been established in Bogota, New Granada, by Senora Cardenas, she addressed her a poetical epistle in favor of the enterprise, which was noticed with gratitude. About the same time a young Colombian exile in New York was struck with the views of education which she expressed to him; and after he had founded and conducted for twenty years the large and distinguished seminary of El Espiritu Santa in Bogota, he wrote to a friend that he had always been guided by the principles recommended by Mrs. Sigourney.

Among the many eminent traits of her life and character, which are not alluded to in Mrs. Sigourney's autobiography, is one which was fitly and comprehensively expressed by the late Bishop Burgess, while pastor of a church in Hartford: "I never," said he, "enter the abode of a poor or sick person without finding that I have been preceded by Mrs. Sigourney."

As a teacher she appeared as a model of her profession—in mild manners, uniform sweetness of disposition, sincere and permanent interest in her pupils, patience and assiduity in her labors. She held many annual rural meetings with them in a romantic grove on a rocky bluff on the bank of the Little River, which afterwards belonged to the grounds of the handsome residence of Mr. Sigourney, which was her home for several years. Long after her marriage, and the dispersion of her pupils, she continued to meet many of them annually as before; and many are still living who cannot but retain the impressions made on their minds and hearts by a teacher of so pure and exalted a character.

Mrs. Sigourney never wrote without some commendable motive and design. As she contributed to numerous publications of different classes, and composed many poetical pieces in the midst of cares and labors, there was naturally great inequality in their merits; yet it would be difficult to find in the productions of any poetess, or perhaps any poet, so many possessing real value. Her style was seldom impaired by the false taste of our day, which it would be difficult for any writer entirely to avoid.

She wrote two collections of female biographies for schools; and these will be valuable reading books also for families. Her large and elegant devotional work, published in 1859, with a text and poetical piece for every day in the year, cannot fail to be of lasting use and benefit, abounding as it does in practical Christian suggestions and admonitions, often expressed in beautiful and exalted poetry. The late Professor Silliman, one of her oldest friends, and the friend of everything good, read this work daily until his death.

A friend of Mrs. Sigourney need not desire a more severe punishment for one of her unjust and conceited depreciators than to have his eyes opened to a true view of her character and writings, and his mind and heart to a proper estimate of correct literary taste, lofty motives and superior abilities, and then to look upon his own in contrast.

Will any person do the public the favor to name the female authors of any country or language, who have greater claims than Mrs. Sigourney for celebrity, on account of the number and value of their publications. [*Cor. N. Y. Evening Post.*

☞ Plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep.

☞ A man recently wrote to a shoemaker: "Cend me a pair of esq. Toad Shooze."

☞ Dr. Franklin, speaking of education, says: "If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest."

☞ "Madam," said a gentleman to his wife, "let me tell you, facts are very stubborn things." Dearie me, you don't say so," quoth the lady; "what a fact you must be."

☞ It seems that a lawyer is something of a carpenter; he can file a bill, split a hair, make an entry, get up a case, frame an indictment, impanel a jury, put them in a box, nail a witness, hammer a judge, bore a court, and other like things.

☞ "What ails these shirt-buttons, I wonder. Just the minute I put the needle through 'em to sew 'em on, they splits and flies all to bits." "Why, grandmother, them isn't buttons, them's my peppermints, and now yon've been spiling 'em."

☞ "Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?" asked the master of an infant's school. "I have," said a six-year old at the foot of the class. "Where?" inquired the teacher, amused by his earnestness. "*On the elephant!*" was the reply.

☞ A few days since the teacher in the primary department of the graded school in Vergennes, Vermont, interrogated the pupils as to the reason of the saltness of the ocean. One little lad was confident that he could tell, and the question was put: "Well, what is it that causes the saltness of the water of the ocean?" "The codfish!" replied the little original.

☞ A young lady having "set her cap" for a rather large specimen of the opposite sex, and having failed to win, was telling her sorrows to a couple of confidants, when one of them comforted her with these words: "Never mind, Molly, there's as good fish in the sea as ever was caught." "Molly knows that," replied the other, "but she wants a whale."