Lamoille Newsdealer.

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—BY—

CHAS. C. MORSE.

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Poetry.

SWORD AND PLOW.

There once was a count—so I've heard it said—
Who felt that his end drew near,
And he called his sons before his bed
To part them his goods and gear.

He called for his plow, he called for his sword,
That gallant, good and brave;
They brought him both at their father's word,
And thus he his blessings gave:

"My first-born Son, my pride and might,
Do thou my sword retain,
My castle on the lordly hight
And all my broad domain.

"On thee, my well-loved younger boy,
My plow I here bestow;
A peaceful life shalt thou enjoy,
In the quiet vale below."

Contented sank the sire to rest,
Now all was given away;
The sons held true his last behest,
E'en on their dying day.

"Now tell us what came of the steel of flame,
Of the castle and its knight?
And tell us what came of the vale so tame,
And the humble peasant wight?"

Oh ask not of me what the end may be!
Ask of the country round!
The castle is dust, the sword is rust,
The hight is but desert ground.

But the vale spreads wide in the golden pride
Of the autumn sunlight now;
It teems and it ripens far and wide,
And the honor abides with the plow.

—*Wolfhang Muller.*

—The following exquisite bucolic is familliar to all, but will bear reprinting. Mary was the proprietress of a diminutive incipient sheep, whose outer covering was as devoid of color as congealed atmospheric vapor, and to all localities to which Mary perambulated, her young southdown was morally certain to follow. It tagged her to the dispensary of learning one diurnal section of time, which was contrary to all precedent, and exciting the cachinnation of the seminary attendants when they perceived the presence of a young mutton at the establisment for instruction. Consequently the preceptor expelled him from the interior, but he continued to remain in the immediate vicinity, and continued in the neighborhood without fretfulness until Mary once more became visible. "What caused this specimen of the genus ovis to bestow so much affection on Mary?" the impetuous progeny vociferate. "Because Mary reciprocated the wool-producer's esteem, you understand," the tutor answered back.

Miscellany.

Upper Crust.

AN ESSA.

BY GRIZZLY GRAY.

I don't hev much confidence in the upper crust as bein better than the rest ov the dish when you come to make a fine thing ov its merits, and look at it sensibly.

If I hev any knowledge of upper crust, its claims to superiority rest on the fact ov its bein shorter and more scaly than the under crust, and if a man reared under superior advantages plays the knave, as he often does, he is more scaly than a poor and ignorant man kan be, and goes a much shorter road to ruin.

I hev seen an upper crust so short as to be spoilt for all practical use, and when a man gits so shortened up with his pedigree, or his welth, or posishun as one of the upper crust ov sosiety, as to look with scorn upon the worthy poor, I cant see what he is good for as fur as humanity is conserned.

I think mi landlady told me that it was more apt to get scorched than the under crust, and looks worse for tryin to be sumthing extra and failin, and when an upper crust man gits smutted he looks worse on ackount ov the airs he has put on than tho he hed ben nobody but an under crust man.

The cook always takes more pains with the upper crust, and spends a great deal ov time and haru labor, and puts in large quantities of rancid butter to improve it, and then it is n't the most substantial sort of food, and it wouldn't be ov much consequence if the filling and under crust didn't give it a body and relish; and after all the care and expense bestowed upon the upper classes in their manners and education, it is often only to work in the poor butter that can be bought for sixpense a pound, and are tasteless at best, and often insipid or stale, or taste ov the shortning. The plums and the sugar and the meat are never in the upper crust but are in the fillin covered by it, and if the men who claim the highest place on ackount ov sixpenny butter in their composition, serve as a covering for the really worthy class, they will not hev lived in vasn.

I hev ben readin this over to the cook in the hotel where I drink my morning coffee, and she says that she sumtimes puts in the very best ov butter shortning and adding her skill to good material, makes an upper crust fit to cover the best dish in the whole course; which proves that an upper crust man may bee made ov the best quality stuff, and be an honor to Humanity, and more so on account of skill bestowed on his education and the choice of material.

A REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCE.—Just after the war broke out, the steward of she Manor of Livingston had been gained over to the royal cause, and carried most of the tenants in that direction. They had secretly taken the oath of allegiance to King George, and had engaged to join the British standard in arms as soon as a royal force should appear to protect them. As a reward, they were promised the fee-simple of their lands. Information of this intrigue and treachery was given to the board of war, of which Mr. Morris was a member. The steward was apprehended, his crime proved, and he was condemned to death. Upon the question of his execution, it was proposed that it should immediately take place to prevent escape or rescue. Mr. Morris dissuaded this course. "Fit out a sloop here at Albany," he recommended, "take the man down in it to the Manor of Livingston, call out the tenants, and hang him in their presence." This was done. The next week a draft was ordered throughout by the board of war, and the Manor of Livingston was the only place in it that turned out, at a moment's warning, every man that was required.—*Old and New.*

—Aples should be examined, and those commencing to decay removed from the shelves or barrels, and placed by themselves, for immediate use. It should be not be forgotten that a decayed apple that touches another apple will soon rot it; but, more than this, the presence of decaying fruit in a cellar has a tendency to induce decay even in fruit that is not in direct contact with it. Remove all affected fruit from the cellar as soon as possible.

—The Pluto Indians recently burned a young squaw of their tribe for jilting several admiring braves.

Our Dog Jerry as School-Master.

A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

"O papa," said my boy Ned to me as we were starting for a walk, one morning, with Jerry, "I have taught Jerry such a lot of things since you have been away; he can fetch sticks out of the water, and beg splendidly—come here, Jerry," (taking a piece of bread from the breakfast table) "and show papa how you can beg."

Jerry accordingly, a beautiful black retriever, which I had bought for Ned, a few months before, sat up and looked as demure as a four-legged stoic can do, till he got the bread, when he thanked Ned by a wag of his tail.

"I taught him that, papa," cried Ned. "Good dog, Jerry! But Lizzie" (Ned's sister) "helped to make him fetch the sticks."

"Well, but," said I, rather amused, "if you teach him all this, Ned, does he never teach you anything in return?"

"He, indeed! Come now papa, what can a dog teach me? And I am very glad, dear old Jerry," (bending down and clasping Jerry, who returned the salute by licking the boy's face) "you, at any rate, can come the school-master over one; it is enough to have old Goggles" (this was Ned's dreadfully irreverent name for his master, who wore spectacles) "bothering one from morning to night with his x y z's and his *tupto*, isn't it? What do you think, papa? old Goggles positively makes us learn half a page of irregular Greek verbs every morning now; but we always slip them when we can."

"Ah, well my dear boy," was my mild answered, "we have all of us had to go through with the same hard experiences, I suppose. But as to Jerry, do you know I think he tries to teach you a good deal, if you have only the wit to learn? Only Jerry is wiser than most masters; he teaches chiefly by example."

Now this, as I thought it would, pivued Ned, whose great failing was to think himself immensely clever.

"Indeed, papa!" he cried, rather scornfully. "And pray what is he teaching me now, as he is jumping about like that?" For since we have got out of the house, Jerry was running about like a mad dog, now running back to us and leaping up, barking all the time and waging his tail, till I thought it would come off.

"Oh, can't you see, Ned?" I replied coolly. "It is his way of giving you a lesson against cruelty to animals."

"I don't see it a bit."

"Why, he is barking out as loud as he can. See how how delighted I am at getting out of doors, just as you are, Ned, when you rush out of school! You see there is as much difference as you thought between you and me; I, and all other animals, can feel pleasure and pain as yourself; so remember that, the next time you pull a poor fly's wings off."

"Well, come, papa, I am not cruel to animals, whatever else I may be," protested Ned.

"I don't think you are, Ned, intentionally," I answered. "By the way, how is the last of those little bullfinches you and Tom Fucie brought home, a few days ago?"

"Oh, it tumbled into a pan of hot water, yesterday, papa, so we were obliged to kill it," said the boy.

"Ah, then, that makes up the six, does it not? Let us see; there was this: and one you said fell out of the nest; two the cat got; and two would't eat, you told me, because you could not feed them as well as the old bird did. So the whole six are disposed of now. Oh no, you are not cruel intentionally."

Ned began to see that I was poking fun at him, so he did not answers but walked on sulkily, kicking down the thistles which happened to be rank along the lane-side. By and by we got to the river, where Jerry bounded in after the sticks and stones Ned kept throwing for him in the water. We had amused ourselves for some time with watching him pawing for the stones or snatching the sticks in his mouth, and after shaking himself when he got back to land, bringing us the recovered treasure.

At last Ned, who never sulked for a long time at once, laughed and cried out to me; "there, papa, now; what lesson is Jerry giving me now? To fetch sticks out of the river, I suppose; but you surely don't want me to learn to do that?"

No, Ned, I do not. But Jerry is trying you now on quite a different tack, because he sees you have forgot already his last lesson to you about cruelty to animals."

"Well, how am I cruel now?"

"By not remembering, Ned, that it is a cold day for him to be so long in the water. The sport was very well at first both for us and the dog, but you never noticed that for the last five minutes poor Jerry has been shivering violently with cold every time he came out of the water. I did notice it, but I thought I would see how long you would go on?"

"Oh, papa, I did not think of it. Poor Jerry!" said Ned, blushing, and then, caressing his dog, who galloped off a hundred yards a moment afterward and soon raced himself warm.

"So you see that Jerry, observing you did not mind his first lesson, was trying to give you another of quite a different kind," I went on.

"What was that, papa?"

"Why, I think he must have heard you when you were talking about Mr Wilson," (this was the name by which 'Old Goggles' was known to all the world except his pupils) "and saying how much you hated learning those Greek verbs. So Jerry said to himself, 'Now, I'll just show Ned practically what he ought to do about these verbs, and—'"

"Well? Ah, papa, you are sticking fast!"

"Not at all. 'I'll give him,' says Jerry, 'a right good example once for all of obedience, and cheerful obedience, too—to show him he ought to do things he does not like, when he knows it is right.' So Jerry plunged in time after time because you were his master and told him. And though he hated the business, and it made him as cold and miserable as was possible, still he went on as long as you thought proper, and never even murmured. But I've no doubt he said to himself, as he gave himself that last shake, 'There! if Ned dosen't see what he ought to do about those verbs after all this, he is a duller Ned than I take him to be. He will surely never let himself he beaten by a dog.'"

"Well, papa, I won't either," said Ned, hanging down his head. "I promise you I won't slip them again."

"Bravo, Jerry!" I cried, patting the poor dog's head. "You will be Ned's best master yet, I can see. But halloa, what is this? Oh, Jerry, I did not expect this from you," I said a minute afterward, as Jerry rushed up to a beggar he saw, and began barking furiously at him, and snapping at his heels. "Come away, Jerry, do you hear? Bad dog!" and Jerry came back, looking very miserable and with his tail between his legs, while Ned began dancing about in glee and laughing slyly in my face.

"Ha, ha, papa!" he exclaimed at last "Then Jerry does not always teach right—I have caught you now."

"Why, no, Ned," I replied; "I am sorry to see that Jerry, after all, is like all other master—he makes mistakes sometimes. He has made one now, I suppose. He is evidently a dog of aristocratic tendencies, who dislike rags and tatters, and thinks such things have no business in the world; so it is the proper thing in his opinion to show a superb contempt for poverty. I think I have heare young fellows—in fact, I am not quite certain that I have not heard you, Ned—talking about roughs and cads, meaning people probably quite as good as themselves, only poorer. Yes you were telling me the other day about your cricket-match with the national school, and how indignant you all were to be beaten by the cads. And perhaps, after all, Jerry only wishes to show you the absurdity of this feeling, by letting you see how silly it looks in a dog."

However, Jerry retrieved his character before long; for as we passed some farmhouses on our return, a little terrier came rushing out, and in the most insolent way began barking and snapping at our dog. But Jerry, though at first he made a pause and began wagging his tail by way of salute to the small stranger, yet when he saw the other's cantankerous, unfriendly spirit, trotted gently on again in a dignified way, moving neither faster nor slower than before, and never taking the trouble to look aside at the barking cur. When a big sheep-dog, however, bigger than our dog, and evidently wakened by the noise the terrier made, came bounding out of the yard and flew at Jerry, the latter's whole demeanor changed. At first indeed he gave a gentle wag of the tail, as much as to say, "Now, let us be friends and don't be silly," but when he saw the sheep-dog also meant to annoy him he rushed on him like lightning, rolled him over, and in a moment sent him back again faster than he came, and howling from a bite in the leg. After this and a short pursuit, he resumed his stately trot while the terrier contented himself for the future with growling from within the gate.

"Good dog, Jerry!" cried Ned, enraptured at his friend's triumph. "I can tell what he meant to teach me there, papa," he continued, laughing. "He was showing me that a really brave fellow won't touch a little boy, if the little one is rather impudent; but the instant a big fellow meddles with him he goes at him like a brick."

"No bullying, eh?" I replied. Well, Ned, I perceive you are begining to find out this cunning old Jerry for yourself; so as I see the postman coming with the letters, I'll leave you to your lessons with him."—*Good Words for the Young.*

Confession of Mrs. Sherman, the Connecticut Borgia.

Respectable women, of honorable and chaste life and exemplary piety, who poison people at the average rate of one a year for eight years, are happily so rare in the annals of crime that we cannot pass by such an one without a moment's consideration. The full confession of Mrs. Sherman gives a pretty complete history of her career as a murderess, though her motives are stated with a baldness which at the same time carries conviction and yet staggers that conviction by the very honor of the deed. We will briefly state the leading facts. She was born, Christmas eve, 1824, at Burlington, N. J., and her mother died nine months after. She was treated kindly in her girlhood, living in an uncle's family, with occasional visits to brothers. When about 20, she began to learn the tailoress's trade and, being employed by a Mr. Owen, through his efforts became a member of the Methodist church. In her class she met Edward Struck, a widower with six children, and married him. He was a blacksmith, but soon after they moved into New York and he became one of the first metropolitan police. He was discharged for alleged cowardice in making an arrest and apparently had the hybpochondria in consequence. His old employer urged him to return to work in the old shop, but he refused, fretted all the time, become morose and took to his bed. He refused medicine, once or twice threatened suicide and she had to lock up a razor and pistol for fear he would use them. Finally he became quite imbecile and helpless, and wanted she should find places for the children. "I told him I could take care of them and he needn't worry, she says.

This first case is the interesting one, but seems to be all there was in it. Apparently this man and wife had stood by each other faithfully for 18 years, and seven children were growing up as the fruit of their wedded life. They were no more unfortunate than thousands have been before and since, and there is enough heroism in the common run of humna nature to have enabled the then Mrs. Struck to have supported an imbecile husband, put the children out, and struggled along, painfully and hardly, to be sure, but guiltless. Perhaps she would have done it, but a "Sergeant Mc——," a neighbor, who called to see her husband, advised her "to put him out of the way, as he would never be any better or of any use to himself or anybody else." He told her where and how much arsenic to get, She thoght of it a few days. Then she followed Sergeant Mc——'s directions, gave her husband the portion in gruel, tended him tenderly all night, and in the morning see him die. Why, what an easy thing to do! What she thought, or whether she thought at all does not now occur to this coarse-grained wife, now eight years older. That careless sergeant little kuew the devil he had unchained in that womans heart, or rather the angel he had there smitten down, leaving mere human cunning regnant.

Within a few months, finding herself burdened with seven children, she "got much discouraged and down-hearted," and poisoned the two youngest, thinking "it would be better for them if they were out of the way." Edward, she says, "was a beautiful boy, and did not complain; he was very patient" She got work at sewing and nursing, and was keeping house with four children at home, when the next to the oldest boy, George Whitefield Struck, 14 years of age, having got a place to earn $2 50 per week as a painter, came home, sick with the painter's colic. He grew worse and worse, and she put arsenic in his tea, because she was discouraged. "I know now that that is not much of an excuse, but I felt so much trouble then that I did not think about that." The singular fact sticks out that her discouragement does not lighten at all, with each succeeding release from care. She now thought she could get along with her daughter Lydia, who had become betrothed, if only the little, sickly Ann Eliza were out of the way. This was soon accomplished. "She died about noon," says the mother-murderess, "and was the happiest child I ever saw." These five deaths were all wrought with the original package of arsenic procured by the direction of the Mephissopheles Sergeant Mc——. Then kind Providence took away Lidia, by feaver and unpoisoned, the girl's pastor, Rev. Mr. Payson, tending her through the whole sickness.

She now changes the manner of her life and by the aid of her son, John Wesley, a young butcher, passed into Pennsylvania as a family nurse, then back again to New York as clerk in a sewing machine store, finally into Connecticut as housekeeper for Mrs Curtiss, an old lady of Stratford. Here marriage was soon arranged between her and old Mr Hurlburt, a man of a little property then living alone. He soon died of drinking cider with saleratus, which saleratus by no connivance of hers had become mixed with arsenic on the pantry shelf. She did not know there was any in the house, and once was very sick herself with some cider that the old man gave her. She came into the possession of Hurlburt's farm, and was soon laid siege to by Horatio N. Sherman, a widower, who wanted a housekeeper, somebody who could keep the peace between his daughter Ada and his mother-in-law She refused for some time to go, and in both of these matrimonial ventures does not seem herself to have been the aggressor, but seems to have been led into them by profefsional matchmakers. Sherman was in debt. He had had sickness in the family, had to support his mother, his daughter was taking lessons on the piano, etc. They "took a walk" and she gave him her hand and loaned him $300. Before they were married she loaned him $300 more. Thereupon he began a most dissipated and debauched life, squandering all of her money that he could get, selling the piano and spending the proceeds, about $300, in a single spree. After her previous career, it was then natural that she should resort to her never-failing refuge. She arsenicked a bottle of brandy, which the sot drank up in one night, leaving it near the bed handy where he could resort to it constantly. Of course he died within a few hours, circumstances which led to a post mortem, suspicion, trial, conviction.

The utter stolidity and cold-blooded demeanor of the prisoner are almost unrivalled. Her moral sense was blunted, if any ever was. Yet no other crime was imputed to her so far as is known. She had a tender regard for nine commandments and no cognizance of the other one. She says now that "it is about six weeks since I began to feel oppressed inwardly." She lay awake nights and could not eat. The moral sense was slowly coming to life again. "Finally I made up my mind that I would give myself up to Christ and I did. I knelt down and asked him to forgive me. Then I felt better. I felt that the burden was gone and that I was forgiven." So she will spend her remaining years, like a holy nun in a cloister. Here come in the theological doctrines of penalty, to which we reverted the other day. Was this woman taught in her youth that final repentance washed away all stains? Does mere repentance and "going to Christ" so completely balance the account, that the individual soul bears none of the scars any disfigurements of sin?

KEEP STRAIGHT AHEAD.—Pay no attention to slanders and gossip-mongers. Keep straight on in your course, and let their back-biting die the death of neglect. What is the use of lying awake nights brooding over the remark of some false friend, that runs through your brain like lightning? What's the use of getting into a worry and fret over gossip that has been set afloat to your disadvantage, by some meddlesome busybody, who has more time than character? These things can't possibly injured you, unless, indeed, you take notice of them, and, in combinating them, give them standing and character. If what is said about you is true, set yourself right; if it is false, let it go for what it will fetch. If a bee stings you, would you go to hive and destroy it? Would not a thousand come upon you? It is wisdom to say little respecting the injuries you have received. We are generally lossers in the end, if we stop to refute all the back-bitings and gossipings we may hear by the way. They are annoying, it is true, but not dangerous so long as we do not stop to expostulate and scold. Our characters are formed and sustained by ourselves, by our own actions and purposes, and not by others. Let us always bear in mind that "culminators may usually be trusted to time, and the slow but steady justice of public opinion."