

ANECDOTE OF OLDEN TIMES.

More than fifty years ago the Supreme Court of Massachusetts commenced its session early in the autumn at Lennox, Berkshire county; thence the arrangements were to hold sessions in all the counties eastward, terminating at Nantucket and Dukes county, embracing all of Massachusetts proper. This was called "The Fall Circuit." In the succeeding spring the Circuit of the District of Maine was held, thus completing the circuit of the year.

At this early period, the late Judge P——, one of the Court, invariably traveled on horseback. On one occasion, preparatory to the meeting of the court at Lennox, Judge P——, jogging along, not knowing exactly the localities of Berkshire county, fell in with a buxom New England girl, on horseback, and inquired of her if she knew where he should turn off the main road to get to Lennox? "Certainly," said she, "I know every inch of the way, and can guide you." "Well," said Judge P——, who was not a little eccentric, and withal somewhat renowned for his gruffness and coarse manners, "if you are going that way, I will even jog on with you, for poor company is better than none." They did jog on, entered into conversation, and had a pleasant time of it, which had the effect to destroy the consciousness of distance. At length the Judge felt that it was time to have arrived at the point where she had said he must turn off, which at the time of his inquiry, she had stated to be about two miles. "Madam," said he, "have we not got near the place I am to turn off?" "La! yes," said she, "we passed it about a mile and a half back!" "You hussey," said the Judge, "why didn't you tell me?" "La! sir, the reason I didn't was, that I thought with you, that poor company was better than none!"

There is a good anecdote going the rounds, and it runneth something thus:—An old farmer had a beautiful daughter named Mary, and she had as many suitors as ever had Penelope of yore. Among them was one named Weller, who gained Mary's heart, but not the old man's. And so the gentle Mary fell sick—love-sick, we suppose, if there is such a malady. Her lover hearing it, posted off instantler to see her. At the door he met the old man, and inquired for Mary's health.

"She's very sick," said he.

"Can't I see her?" said Weller.

"No, no, what can you do for her?" asked the old man. "Can you make her well?"

"Why, yes, I'll make her Weller, in less than an hour."

This gained him admittance; and, sure enough, in less than the stipulated time, Mary was Mrs. Weller.

"Mind, John, if you go out in the yard, you will wish you had stayed in the house."

"Well, if I stay in the house, I will wish I was out in the yard; so where is the great difference, dad?"

"Never go to bed," said a father to his son, "without knowing something you did not know in the morning."

"Yes, sir," replied the youth, "I went to bed slewed last night—didn't dream of such a thing in the morning."

POSING A PEDAGOGUE—"Sally Jones, have you done that sum I set you?"

"No, thir; I can't do it."

"Can't do it! I'm ashamed of you. Why, at your age I could do any sum that was set me. I hate that word can't! for there is no sum that can't be done, I tell you."

"I think, thur, that I know a thum you can't thifer out."

"Ha! well, well, Sally, let's hear it."

"It ith thith:—If one apple cauthed the ruin of the whole human raith, how many thuch will it take to make a barrel of thider, thir?"

"Miss Sally Jones, you may turn to your paring lesson."

"Yeth, thir."