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July 1st, 1866. 14tf

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N. B.—All kinds of Job Work done to order.
Middlebury, May 16, 1866. 71f

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AND
Solicitor in Chancery
Particular attention paid to Bankruptcy. Relief to insolvents and protection to Creditors.
Middlebury, Vt. Jan. 8th, A. D., 1866. 41t

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July 18th, 1866. 16tf

J. S. BUSHNELL,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
At Office of L. D. Eldridge, Esq. formerly occupied by P. Starr.
Middlebury, Vt., March 26th 18 4.

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES.
I select and put up all kinds of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, for all my customers and deliver them myself.
☞Make out your Orders and I will call on you.
F. D. TAYLOR.
West Salisbury, Dec. 13, 1865. 37tf

NEW GRAIN AND FEED STORE.
The Subscriber will keep constantly on hand
OATS,
CORN,
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MIXED FEEDS,
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BUCKWHEAT FLOUR
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FLOUR OF BONE.
And various other articles. Will sell at small margin from cost, for cash.
V. V. CLAY.
Middlebury. April 17th, 1866. 3tf

LUMBER!
We shall endeavor to fill all orders for Lumber, and will deliver the same at ruling prices.
JOSEPH BATTELL.
Ripton, Vt., February 16th, 1867. 47tf

CASH PAID FOR
WOOL.
The Wool Market is such that we are obliged to reduce our figures to 45c and 48c for good clean washed Wool, and 28c for medium and 30c for good lots of unwashed. Taken every day of the week at V. V. Clay's Store.
8tf TWITCHELL & CLAY.

Middlebury Register.

VOL. XXXII. MIDDLEBURY, VT., TUESDAY, JUNE 18, 1867. NO. 12.

POETRY.

Prayer in Sickness.

BY OLIVE E. THOMAS.

Oh thou! whose peace upon my spirit fell,
Even as I walked in childhood's flowery hall,
With changeless faith that thou o'er rulest well,
Upon thy name my waiting heart would call.

Not with the stricken cry, "be pitiful to me!"
That human lips repeat when loved ones die,
Not with a prayer for light; e'en now I see
The shining pathway leading up on high.

I stand upon the boundary of th' unknown,
And fast recede earth's mingling care and strife,
But oh! I lift pale hands unto thy throne,
And fervent crave the blessed boon of life.

I do not fear to cross the waters cold,
To stand alone within the vale of death,
Where shadowy wings await my form to fold,
And claim the feeble remnant of my breath.

But there are those beside me, forms so dear
That looking outward where their faces shine
Dim on my vision lies the beacon clear
That lures me onward to the Home Divine.

The apple blooms that loving hands have bro't
Into my darkened room bear tales of spring,
And oft my listening ear the tones have caught,
Of brown-winged birds that in the roof-tree sing.

The buds are bursting in the fragrant vale,
Glad music thrills the wood, the wave, the sky.
Oh it were methinks that lips should pale
'Twere sad in such a radiant hour to die.

For I have loved the May in days agone,
My pulses bounded 'neath her waking smile
But now she hears this prayer, 'thy will be done,
But oh, my Father, spare me yet awhile!'

And pardon grant the heart for earth that pines
Throbbing so near the endless life and thee,
If health and joy in coming years be mine,
Thine shall the honor and the glory be!

MISCELLANY.

Cast into a Corn Bin.

"If it hadn't been for England and Chicago, I dont think my left sleeve would be empty. There's a riddle you can't guess. Perhaps you'll not think much of my riddle when the story's told: but you mustn't forget that it cost me my arm, and you'd put a big price on *your* arm—yes! upon a little bit of your little finger!

"My parents, a buxom, hale and hearty couple, with a heartiness of life and living that sweetened their food with wholesome flavor, were small farmers in England. They were poor and had six children. Children are the teeth of poverty, and bite hard.

"Even now I cannot decide whether I was right or wrong in going to another country. At that time we had lots of stories of how poor people thrived in America; how they had a little ease and comfort and independence in that country before they died.

"It was all arranged among ourselves: and father out of his little savings, gave me money which I was to return to him if I got along finely in my new home. But I did not intend to set out on this long and lonesome journey without taking with me as my wife, a little fair-haired lass; as modest and industious a girl as could be found in the country. This lass was Bessie Tillott. One day I spoke out my love.

"'Bessie dear, will you go to America with me? Do you love me enough for that?'

"She put her arms around my neck and looked up into my face with her great hazel eyes.

"'Robert,' she said, 'I will go with thee anywhere, and be glad all the time.' Then she kissed me.

"'But, Bessie, girl, I'm poor you know. And there's the great ocean to be crossed. When that's betwixt us and the old folks, we'll be among strangers, and have much to suffer. There's hard work to be done, and the worst of all, there's loneliness and home-sickness. Eh! Bess, can you bear hanger in many a way?'

"'Try me! I'll go with thee, Bob, and help thee all I can, and be a good wife.' I knew she was as true as steel.

"One night going home from a visit to Bess I met Tom Brinton. He was waiting for me at the big elm just at the turn of the road. An idle fellow given to beer drinking and low companions, he had more money than any one in his station in life. Where he got his money was uncertain. Learned in horses and jockying, he had a knack of tickling the hides of owners of nags in the neighborhood.—He was not a handsome fellow by any means; but his smart ways made him a favorite with both sexes. The way I came to know him was because we lived within a mile of each other, and met on the highway and at country fairs and frolics. I had seen him too half-a-dozen times at Tillott's house during the previous year. I had never liked, only endured him, knowing him as a very masculine fellow, a good wrestler, and no mean player with his fists; in fact, a bully, as you call that kind of a man in this country. He was sitting on a log by the road side.

"'Good evening, Bob,' he said as I came opposite him. 'Going away soon I hear.

"'A fortnight hence,' I replied, not stopping in my walk. Seeing this he jumped up from the log, and came after me.

"'Stop, Bob,' he commanded.—'Stop! I've something to say to you; and I want to say it to-night, now because I'm going away in the morning.'

"'Well, what is it?' I said stopping, 'I'm in a hurry.'

"'Yes, yes! And are you truly going to America?' he asked once more in a musing sort of a way, and looking at me from foot to head. 'And-and-confound you! is Bess going with you?'

"'Yes!'

"'Do you know, Bob Campbell, that I loved that girl, that I love her now? and she said--'

"'There, there, don't tell me your secrets!' I cried, with a wish in my heart to get peacefully away from the fellow, who, it was plain to me had been drinking.

"'But I *will* tell thee. Why not listen quietly until I've done. I loved her and told her so. And she refused me; but did not tell me that she loved you. That I found out yesterday. She threw me off for your baby face and the few pounds you've begged or—'

"'Stop!' I commanded, pushing him away from me. 'I'll hear no more of such vile stuff, and I walked off. But I had not gone three steps when I felt his arm clasped around my waist, holding my arms close to my side.

"'You shall hear me, curse you! he shouted, close to my ear. I have waited for you to tell you that I hate you—hate you because you are going to take away from me the only woman on earth I can love. You needn't try to get away. Be still, or I will kill you. So long as I live you shall have an enemy. You'd better remember that.'

"Just then I heard the rumbling of a wagon coming towards us. He heard it too, and for a moment stood and listened Then with an oath, he suddenly whirled me round and struck me three heavy blows fall in the face with his huge fist knocking me senseless to the ground. When I opened my eyes again, a farmer, a neighbor of ours, had my head on his knee, and was wiping the blood from my face; the rascal had given me one blow that had cut open my cheek, and left a mark until this day. Tom Brinton had run like a deer across the fields, the farmer said. Anyhow that was the last seen of him in the neighborhood as long as I remained. Bess and I were married and came to America as happy and loving a couple as ever crossed the waters. When I landed in New York my pocket was picked of all my money—a few pounds I had saved to buy me a little land—and I was friendless It was an awful time that followed.

"After this misfortune I tried to obtain work. Now and then I got a job that gave me enough to buy us a little food. But what could I, a farmer and a farmer's son, do in a great city that needs artisans, not farmers! It was a hard and bitter struggle for life. I had got a place as porter, at good wages, when my dear, darling Bessie died. After Bessie's death, he continued with a shudder, "I took to liquor just to stop thinking, to have an easy spell. But I only made matters worse, and finally, after a touch of the tremens, I went on board ship and sailed to Cape town, in Africa. It was five years before I got back to America. I was tired of sailing and of life; but not having the courage to commit suicide though I was always wishing myself dead, I struggled along as of old to get my daily bread. Drifting hither and thither, working a week in one place, a month in another, I finally brought up as a laborer in an elevator in Chicago. It is not nice work I must say; but one grows to be proud of the great things that dot the wharves along the nasty creek. To me an elevator always seemed a monster, restless with hungry life; and we poor follows did nothing but tend to its wants, running up and down stairs through clouds of choking dust and deafened with the din of rattling machinery—no light job I can assure you, seeing that an elevator is seven, eight, ten stories high and big enough to hold the houses of a small village. Ah! they are wonderful things, those elevators! And now that I am away from them I feel the strength of their size, and what a little thing I was in such a place. Then the rattle of the cups going up or down with their fill of grain, made music to my ears, and started many a queer thought through my mind as I went through my hours of day or night at work.

"It was strange to see how quick their armies of handed cups would drink to emptiness, a car or a vessel loaded with grain, and carry it up to giddy heights to be tumbled into huge bins. These bins, sir, are forty to sixty feet deep, and funnel shaped at the bottom, where there is a sort of valve or gate which when open, lets the grain into a spout. If a gate lowered when a bin has six or seven thousand bushels in it, you can imagine there would be a whirlpool that would suck down the strongest man to a horible death. Wonderful, terrible monsters these elevators, with their hums of houses on their roofs, their awkward spouts, their dizzy heights, and dismal, dusty chasms of empty bins It makes me sick to think of them now."

The man really did look a little whiter in the face and nervously fingered the empty sleeve of his jacket; but he was over with the feeling in a moment and went on with his story.

"*I* had been to work about a week in one of the largest of these elevators when one afternoon, *I* was sent in company with another laborer, a big, whiskered, swearing, ruffian fellow to tend another bin that was to be emptied. We were sitting on the edge of the bin, waiting for the grain to run, when my companion who seemed to be under the influence of liquor, called out:

"'I say, Mike!'

"As I have said, the fellow was a ruffian in appearance. He seemed to have quite a liking for me as he tried to be with me in my work as much as possible; but *I* could not bear him, and did everything to be rid of him. He knew my name well enough, and it angered me to have him call me in this way so *I* said sharply:

"'My name is not Mike!'

"'How should *I* know," he asked, looking angrily into my face, as if he wished to make a quarrel with me.

"'You have heard it more than once,' I said. 'You know very well what it is, Joe, and there is no sense in giving a man a name as does n't belong to him.'

"'Then don't call me Joe! That ain't my name. *It's* a counterfeit.—*I'm* Tom, which is a better name.'

"He had a piece of chalk in his hand and began to print with it on the big beam where we were sitting. Tom, he scratched in large scraggly letters, all the while looking at me from under his heavy eye-brows. Then he made a B, and rubbed his hand across it as soon as it was made.

'Bob, its a long way down there, pointing into the half filled bin.

"'Twenty feet, perhaps.'

"'Twouldn't kill a man, the fall, eh?' moving closer to me.

"'No!'

"'But it's as good as water to drown him if the grain be moving, and the dust and chaff flying?'

"He wouldn't live long, that's sure,"

"Then go down there?' he yelled, giving me a blow and push that hurled me headlong from my seat. 'Go down there! stay there! die there! rot there! Bob Campbell; and don't forget, when you are dying, that Tom Brinton sent you there!'

'The fall did not hurt me a bit, and I began to crawl toward the rope ladder hanging against the side of the bin, thanking God that the grain had not begun to move, for then I'd be a dead man in no time. But as soon as the ruffian saw what I was after, he went round and pulled up the ladder.

"Let that alone,' I shouted, feeling how little hope of escape I had with the ladder out of my reach.

'He laughed and flung the ropes over a beam.

"'Do you mean to murder me?' I cried.

"'No, I'm going to leave you there, Bob. You have fallen in you see. That'll be the verdict when they find your body. You'll want your shovel, man, to make the thing look natural. I'll show it to you in a minute!

'I felt quite sure that it was so dark in the bin that he could not see plainly, if at all, and that he would try to hit me with the shovel. I crawled close to the side with one check against the wood; looking up, I could see him directly above me, peering down into the gloom, and with the shovel in his out-stretched arm, ready to spear at me, as if I were a fish. Then followed a stillness that continued for five minutes, during which he stood on his guard. Suddenly I heard a muffled rattle of machinery and felt a strange power pulling at my feet, while my whole body seemed to be sliding down a bottomless pit. In an instant I knew what was happening.

'The grain was running!

'I madly flung out my arms and my fingers clutched one of the upright beams. As I drew myself up against the receding torrent, I heard a laugh above me and the words—

"Remember Bessie Tillott, Bob Campbell, and that I loved her, and the words I spoke to you by the big elm Good by.'

'When I looked up, the man was gone from my sight. I don't exactly know how I managed to climb that huge beam. I think there were nails here and there that helped my feet and hands; for after I was rescued, my body was found to be covered from head to foot with great gashes or scratches. Anyhow, slowly and painfully I managed to reach the top, and threw my left arm over the edge of the bin, and gasped for breath. Then, when I was so near to safety, to life, to hope, I felt a horrible sickening blow from something neither dull nor sharp. I seemed to feel the cutting of the flesh and hear the breaking of the bone. The arm, battered and broken, lost its grasp, and I fell back into the horror of the bin. Hardly had I touched the yielding wheat when my shovel was thrown from above and struck within a few inches of my head. Though my arm pained me terribly, I didn't faint. I was helpless. The dust was stifling. The grain was whirling and hissing as it slid toward the vortex, a few feet distant. I heard the murmuring of the machinery in motion and the rushing sound of the wheat as it rushed into the spout Where I lay the grain had not yet begun to move into the whirlpool; but I knew it would be only a minute or two before I should be tossing and struggling in the treacherous quicksands, and then stifled mutilated and dead, at the spout. The dust seemed to circle about me and leave me a little air to gasp.

'Lying thus, hopeless and helpless, a carelessness of death came upon me. My life came to me again in all its details, its joys and sorrows. I had visions of green fields, and heard the soft gurgle of brooks, and the songs of birds, and the rustling of leaves.

Then Bessie's sweet face, as it was when we were married, smiling and pretty with dimples, seemed to be above and close to mine, as if waiting for a kiss, as in the olden time before she was taken from me I forgot all else but her face. I had only a consciousness that I was going to her, that she was waiting for my release that she might go with me on the last great journey It seemed as if the great relief would never come and give me to my darling.

'I must have been growing unconscious, I think for a sudden throb of pain in my arm robbed me of my wife's face and brought back the old feeling of resistance against death. I felt that I was going downward, slowly, but irresistibly; that every grain beneath me was moving, and shifting and slowly descending. The circle of the whirlpool had reached me, and was dragging me down to torture and to death. *I* couldn't, *I* wouldn't submit to such a death. *I* must live. *It* was horrible agony of soul and of body. *I* screamed for help; but the dust entered my mouth, nose and eyes, strangled and blinded me. *I* looked for the shovel. *It* had disappeared. *I* was going too. Maimed, and gasping for breath, *I* fought against that power that was slowly, but surely, dragging me down. *I* plunged my arm deep into the wheat and tried to pull myself up. *In* the dismal, murky light of this hideous den, *I* struggled. *I* was a giant in my battle for life. *I* thought no more of my broken arm. *I* was burning with heat, parched with thirst, blinded and choked with the fine dust but I fought and shrieked for help all the time. In my fierceness, I tore my clothes from my body and flung them away, and the grains of wheat scraped my wounds and pierced my naked flesh as I tried to spring forward; but nothing hurt me, not even my arm.

'Hard as I struggled, I could not get clean away from the whirlpool. If *I* leaped forward, or crawled a little way over the treacherous surface, I found when I stopped, that *I* was swiftly sliding back again to the old place. It seemed as if I struggled in this way for hours; yet I accomplished nothing. Tired and breathless, I looked around, and felt sure that in less than five minutes I should be in the spout and a dead man. My efforts were in vain. There was a certain circle beyond which I could not go. Once the thought came to my mind that to save myself from the horrors of the death before me, I had better open a vein and bleed to death; but I could not find my knife, and had I found it, I might not have been able to use it. Well! I saw everything plainly. There was no hope for me. *I* must die, and must look and wait for my death. When hope deserted me, a kind resignation to my fate succeeded, and I closed my eyes weardy, never thinking to open them again.

'Gradually my body slid downward The noise of the grain rushing through the valve or gate became louder and louder; the stifling dust was thicker and heavier. A thousand unseen, irresistible forces were drawing me to destruction. Suddenly my body fell several feet *I* felt the tremendous suction of the whirlpool. The grain crept up my legs; it reached and pressed heavily upon my breast, as if to squeeze the life out of me; it ascended higher, and clasped my throat Then *I* closed my eyes and waited death. *I* no longer feared its terrors.

At this moment *I* felt that there was a strange silence; even in my half conscious condition *I* realized a change in my surroundings The dust began to settle. *I* realized what happened.

"The valve was closed!

"At the very gate of death opened to receive me there was an obstacle, and I fainted away with joy. When I became consious again I heard a voice crying out.

"Is anybody down there?' said this voice. That question was twice repeated before I could answer, and so faintly that it was but a husky whisper.

"It's all a humbug,' said the one who had first spoken. 'You saw, as I, the shovel, hat and skirts come thro' the spout. There's a man to follow this way or that. Hello, there!'

'It seemed to me as if I had the night mare, so hard did I try to speak out, but I didn't make a noise. Yet, when I heard them going away, leaving me to my horrible death, the noise in me got the better of my throat, and I yelled so that I myself was frightened. The men came back.

"'I knew he was there;' are you hurt man? Of course he is, or he wouldn't be there. Where is the ladder? That looks strange—it's hanging over the beam. Give me the rope and lantern?'

'I saw the light, a blessed star of relief, come slowly down against the wall of the bin. A little later, I was raised as tenderly as possible to the top of the bin, and thence carried to earth. A surgeon was soon obtained. He looked at my arm, that was making me cry with pain.

"Mortification! Amputation?' was the judgement, and the arm was cut off. That is how I lost my arm. Tom Brinton I have never seen since.—Whether he waited to see the result of his hellish attempt, and discovered that I had been almost miraculously saved, or whether he left at once, feeling sure that I never should be heard of alive in this world, I know not.—God knows. 'Vengeance is mine. I will repay, saith the Lord."

A gentleman in P——, Pa, who had a taste for "improved stock," purchased a pair of Bremen geese, from Hare Powell, of Philadelphia. That the speculation might be sure to answer, and to preserve the future race from contamination, all the native geese on his farm were duly decapitated, and the foreigners waddled abroad, lords of the yard and goose-pond. But the golden eggs of hope proved to be no eggs at all, and two or three years were passed in vain expectation. At length some shrewd goose obst discovered that the purchaser had staked his hopes on a pair of ganders!

Conquering a Sea Dog.

Some years ago, when the old ship "Lightheart" was new and staunch, and when I had command of her, there happened on board an incident, over which I have laughed many a time, when memory has brought it back to me. I loaded at Mobile with cotton and ran to Liverpool. Among my crew was a man named Rannot—Sam, we always called him. He was one of the largest formed men I ever saw, and came from somewhere in New England. He stood six feet and five inches in his bare feet, and was stout and bulky in proportion. He had one fault, and that was an inordinate pride of strength. He was not quarrelsome, nor had he a revengeful point in his character, and yet he was continually pestering and annoying the crew. Hardly a day passed that he did not give one or more of them bodily pain by his freaks. He would catch a poor fellow by the legs, and swing him over his head, at the imminent risk of smashing his brains out against the mast or bulwarks, and then he would laugh hugely at the poor man's fright. Sometimes he would seize a man by the arms and lay him upon the deck, and in no easy manner, either. *It* was no use for a man to remonstrate, for he would be sure to punish them in some way.

Of course *I* forbade Sam from doing such things, but he could not remember my orders longer than over one night. The love of 'fun,' as he called it, was fixed too strongly upon him, and it could not be taken out of him. He did not realize how unpleasant his pranks were, nor did he know that the rest of the crew had grown to dislike him. They had adopted many expedients to cure him, but they all failed, and though he had often been made the butt of practical jokes—such as sudden drenching in cold sea water while he slept, and other things equally unpleasant—yet he always paid his tormentors off with interest. He was, in fact, the worst practical joker *I* ever saw, and not a whit did he care, so long as he exhibited his herculean strength and broke no bones.

When my ship arrived at Mobile, on the return voyage, another cargo of cotton was ready for me, and *I* was ordered to load and be off as quick as possible. But no sooner was the ship cleared than my men—all but Sam Rannot—came and informed me that they could not go with me again unless Sam was discharged. *I* was not prepared for this. In heavy work Sam was worth any other three men on board, and always willing and ready. Yet *I* knew how the crew suffered from his thoughtless pranks, and *I* could not blame them. *I* told the men to come to me on the following day, and *I* would give them an audience.

At first I thought of promising them that I would see that the old sea dog did not annoy them any more, but I soon convinced myself that that would be of no use. Sam would cut up his capers when I could not see him, and the men would not report him every time he hurt them. But soon a new idea entered my head. I had a brother who owned a large cotton plantation on the Chickasaw. His place was not over fifteen miles from Mobile, and he had just the man I wanted. His big arms were like iron, and his breast and shoulders like a large bundle of wire done up in raw ox hide.

I bantered my brother to let me have Cato for one or two voyages.

"Take him in welcome," said he. "He's getting too important here."

"What—is he ugly?" I asked.

"O, no: just the other way. He's too good natured altogether. He sets the very sancho into the other boys. I've made too much of him."

"But will he work?"

"Yes."

So I got Cato for twelve dollars a month as long as I wanted him, with the privilege of having him for one cruise only for nothing. But I took him "for better or for worse," and agreed to pay for his services.

On the next day I went on board the ship, and when the men came to me for answer, I asked them if they would sail with Sam if *I* would produce a quiet, inoffensive man who could handle him, and take said man to sea with me. They said they would—they would have gone with me for nothing, for the sake of seeing Sam conquered I told them he should be, and enjoined them to secrecy, which they promised.

When Cato learned that he was going to sea with me, he was beside himself with joy, and when I came to tell him what I wanted of him, he laughed till the tears rolled down his great black cheeks.

On the very day of sailing I brought Cato on board. At first the men exhibited some signs of dislike, but when they found what a jolly, good-hearted old fellow he was, they gave him their hands. Sam Rannet winked prodigiously when he saw the new man, and more than once he whispered to those near him: "*There'll* be fun afore long."

On the third day out we got everything snug and trim, save clearing and covering the long boat; and now the crew could find time to mouse by daylight. It was in the afternoon, the wind was from southward and westward, and we had it upon the starboard beam, the ship bowling along at the rate of about six knots. Cato sat upon the coamings of the main hatch, and Sam was slowly approaching him, not very unlike as a dog sometimes approaches a smaller animal which it never before saw.

"Say, blackey, get up," ordered Sam, with a grin, at the same time looking around to see if the rest of the crew were ready to enjoy the sport.

"A-yah—yah—wouldn't make a poor feller h'ist now, eh?"

"Yes, get up.

"Don't."

"I say—git up."

"Wha' for?"

"Fun."

"Now you jes' look heah, Sam; you s'pose you fool wid dis chile, eh? If you do it's all right. But I s'pees you'll git hurt, and den you'll git mad, eh?"

This was spoken with the most imperturbable gravity, and the negro slowly rose while he spoke, looking as demure as a child.

"Who'll get hurt?" asked Sam, with a flourish.

"I s'pees you."

"How?"

"Foolin' wid me."

"Now you jest set right down on them com'in's agin," uttered Sam, at the same time laying both his hands on Cato's shoulders.

The negro's brown eyes sparkled, and a broad grin broke over his face as he felt Sam's hands upon him; but without speaking he placed one of his huge black paws upon the joker's jacket color, and with the other he seized him by the seat of the trousers. One deep breath came up from Cato's throat like the puff of a locomotive—then the great cords of his neck and arms started out like hawsers, and when he lifted himself up, the giant form of Sam Rannot was swayed aloft above his woolly head. A moment he looked about him, and he saw the long boat behind him, nearly half full of rain-water.

"A yah—yah, mas'r Sam. Cool 'um off?" And as he spoke, he dumped the astonished giant over into the long boat, and as he let go his hold, the massive body splashed in the deep dirty water.

All the night before it had rained hard, and as the large boat had not been covered, and the plug being in, she was of course well filled. At any rate, there was enough water to submerge the victim. In an instant all hands gathered about the boat, myself among the rest. First we heard a terrible sputtering and puffing and blowing, like a hippopotamus just come to land, and in a moment more Sam's sandy head, all dripping and soaked, appeared above the rail. He saw us all standing there with convulsions of restrained mirth upon our faces, and for some seconds they moved not a hair. Never before did I see such utter misery, such unmitigated woe as dwelt upon that face. Edwin Forrest's

"Farewell! O hello's occupation's gone!"

is nothing to it. Most truly had Sam lost all his "pride, pomp and circumstances."

"Spect's I didn't hurt you much, he?" uttered Cato, with becoming gravity.

But it was too much for us. Poor Sam's look at the black conqueror upset the cup and we burst. With a deep groan the vanquished man crawled over on the other side of the boat and got out, and then made his way below. Half an hour afterwards he came on deck with dry clothes on, and having hung his wet ones in the rigging to dry, he turned to where Cato stood. He surveyed the negro from head to foot several times, and finally he placed his hand upon the arms that had lifted him so easily. He felt of their cabled like surface a moment, and then he said, in a sad tone, while he shook his head dubiously:

"It's no use! *You're a great nigger!*"

And that was the last of Sam Rannot's mischief. His pride of physical strength was broken, for he had found his superior, and he settled down into a quiet, orderly seaman. I feared at first that he might seek some revenge on Cato, but he was too noble for that. He knew that he had invited the attack, and as soon as the first smart of pain was gone, he and his conqueror were fast and firm friends.

A PATTERN DISPATCH.—In the works of British Essayists, may be found the following translation of the original letter of the Marshal Bonflours to the French king, after the battle in the woods: "Sire—This is to let your Majesty understand, that, to your immortal honor and the destruction of the Confederates, your troops have lost another battle. Artagnan did wonders; Rohan performed miracles Guiche did wonders; Gattion performed miracles. The whole army distinguished themselves, and everybody did wonders. And to conclude the wonders of the day, I can assure your Majesty that, though you have lost the field of battle, you have not lost an inch of ground. The enemy marched behind us with respect, and we ran away from them as bold as lions."

A newly arrived cockney tourist requested a gentleman of Philadelphia to introduce him to some distinguished foreigners with whom he might associate without compromising his dignity—some who had "*descended from great houses.*" The gentleman promised to do so, and the next day formally introduced him to three bad carriers, who were just in the act of descending from a great house in process of erection. The Irishmen were better pleased than the cockney.

"Papa," said a terrible infant at the breakfast table, "can fishes run?" "No, my son," said papa, with due dignity, "fishes do not run; they swim, by using their fins and tails." "Well, then, what did cousin Sophie mean when she said that you looked in the morning like the last run of shad?" It is believed that when cousin Sophie caught that "terrible infant" alone, her conduct toward him was not caressing.

A bishop, who was fond of shooting, in one of his excursions, met with a friend's gamekeeper, whom he sharply reproved for inattention to his religious duties, exhorting him strenuously to "go to church and read his Bible." The keeper, in an angry mood, responded, "Why, I do read my Bible, sir, but I don't find in it any mention of the apostles going a-shooting" "No, my good man, you are right," said the bishop; "the shooting was very bad in Palestine, so they went fishing instead."

When Chang and Eng, the Siamese Twins, were first exhibited in New York, a curious inquirer went up to the exhibitor and asked, "These the Siamese?" "Yes, sir." "*Brothers, I presume?*" On the whole he thought they were.

Two negroes in Richmond, Va., were so delighted at the idea of being able to ride in the street cars, that they carried their breakfast and dinner with them and remained in the cars until night.

How may a man become forehanded? Ans.—By doubling his two fists.