THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL.

JAMES W. SOMERVILLE, PROPRIETOR. THE UNION—IT MUST BE PRESERVED. OFFICE IN PHOENIX BLOCK THIRD STORY.

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Poetical.

At the Last.

Man goeth forth unto his work, and to his labor, until the evening.—Psalms, 104; 23.

The stream is calmest when it nears the tide,
And flowers are sweetest at the eventide,
And birds most musical at close of day,
And saints divinest when they pass away.

Morning is lovely, but a holier charm
Lies folded close in evening's robe of balm;
And weary man must ever love her best,
For morning calls to toil, but night brings rest.

She comes from Heaven, and on her wings doth bear
A holy fragrance like the breath of prayer;
Footsteps of angels follow in her trace,
To shut the weary eyes of day in peace.

All things are hushed before her, as she throws
O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose;
There is a calm, a beauty, and a power,
That morning knows not, in the evening hour.

"Until the evening," we must weep and toil,
Plough Life's stern furrows, dig the weedy soil,
Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny way,
And bear the heat and burden of the day.

Oh! when our sun is setting, may we glide,
Like summer evening, down the golden tide;
And leave behind us, as we pass away,
Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping clay!

Miscellaneous.

Avalanches.

One cannot command any language to convey an adequate idea of their magnificence. You are standing far below, gazing up to where the great disc of the glistening Alps cuts the heavens, and drinking in the influence of the silent scene around. Suddenly an enormous mass of snow and ice, in itself a mountain, seems to move; it breaks from a toppling outmost mountain ridge of snow, where it is hundreds of feet in depth, and in its first fall of perhaps two thousand feet is broken into millions of fragments.—As you first see the flash of distant artillery by night, and then hear the roar, so here you may see the white flashing mass majestically bowing, then hear the astounding din. A cloud of dusty, misty, dry snow rises into the air from the concussion, forming a white volume of fleecy smoke, or misty light, from the bosom of which thunders forth the icy torrent like the second prodigious fall over the rocky battlements.

The eye follows the torrent delighted, as it ploughs through the path which preceeding avalanches have worn, till it comes to the brink of a vast ridge of bare rock, perhaps more than two thousand feet perpendicular. Then flows the whole cataract over the gulf with a still louder roar of echoing thunder. Another fall of still greater depth ensues, over a second similar castellated ridge or reef in the face of the mountain, with an awful majestic slowness and a tremendous crash in its concussion, awaking again the reverberating peals of thunder.—Then the torrent rolls on to another smaller fall, till at length it reaches a mighty grove of snow and ice, like the slide down the Pilatus, of which Playfair has given so powerfully graphic a description. Here its progress is slower, and last of all you listen to the roar of the falling fragments as they drop out of sight, with a dead weight into the bottom of the gulf.—*Cheever's Wanderings of a Pilgrim in the Shadows of Mount Blanc.*

The Beauty of the Sky.

It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered in every part of their organization—but every essential purpose of the sky might, as far as we know, be answered, if once in three days, or thereabouts, a great black, ugly rain-cloud were broken up over the blue, and everything well-watered, and so all left blue again until the next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew. But, instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, intended for our perpetual pleasure by the Great Being who made all worlds.

An Ingenious Device.

In an old volume, "A Miscellany of Serious and Merriment," there is a story told of an English sea captain who was bound on a considerable voyage, having on board thirty passengers—fifteen Jews and fifteen Christians. Being overtaken by a violent storm, it was deemed a mater of safety to toss overboard half the passengers in order to lighten the frail vessel. A dispute arose as to whether the Jews or Christians should be the victims; but at last they mutually agreed to leave it to the captain, who decided that he would place them in a circle and throw over every ninth man until the half were overboard. This was satisfactory. He placed them in the following order—the C's being Christians, the J's Jews:

CCCCJJJJJCCJCCCJCJJCCJJJCJJCCJ.

By counting from the first C, and marking out every ninth letter the ingeniousness of the captain's plan will be seen at once.

HARD TO BEAT.—A boiled egg.

"Walking the Plank."

The history of the West is one long record of bloody and atrocious deeds. Not the least in the dark and interminable catalogue is the little event we are now about to lay before our kind readers. We heard the story from the lips of one who professed—and we had no reason to doubt his word—to have played a prominent part in the thrilling occurrence, and we give it to the reader just as we heard it.

"Some years ago," said the narrator, "a friend and myself agreed to take a tramp, hunter fashion, through the great wilderness of the Northwest. Having provided ourselves with what things we thought actually necessary, and nothing more, we started on our perilous journey; for that it was perilous we were fully aware, and every reader will admit.

"After encountering innumerable hardships and many dangers, we found ourselves in the wildest kind of a region, many miles distant from the haunts of civilization. Already we had passed through enough to have discouraged the most of men, but we were young and full of blood, and not easily put out or frightened. This was particularly the case with my companion, whose name was Andrew Huff.

"Both of us were perfectly healthy, as strong as iron, and considerably experienced in the use of such articles as rifles, pistols, and bowie knives. In all these respects we could hold our own with the best: had it been otherwise, we should never have lived to reach the point at which we finally arrived.

"Just about dark one evening in the latter part of July, after a hard day's tramp, we halted for the night. A darker, deeper, lonelier solitude than that which surrounded us, it would be hard to imagine. Silently we built a little fire and got supper; silently we ate it. Worn out, and for the time being slightly dispirited, we were in no humor for conversation.

"For some time we sat by our camp fire without uttering a single word, and almost without moving. I was thinking of home and absent friends, and it is only reasonable to suppose that Huff was similarly occupied.

"After the lapse of some time, our fire burnt low, and I arose to replenish it. The bark of wolf startled me, and I involuntarily addressed my companion.

"Huff did not answer me, however, but, without noticing the circumstance, I threw a quantity of faggots on the fire and addressed him.

"Take a few hours rest, Andy, and I'll keep watch," said I, "and after that you can do the same by me."

"Still I got no answer, and then I began notice my companion's unusual taciturnity.

"Anything the matter, Andy?" said I, regarding him closely.

No answer again.

"That's a little strange," I muttered, moving over toward my companion.

"Huff was sitting facing the fire, with his head bent upon his knees. I shook him without arousing him. Finally I raised his head, and at once became conscious that he was soundly, deeply asleep.

"Laughing off the fears which had for a few moments oppressed me, I left Huff to enjoy his nap, and settled myself down as comfortably as the circumstances would permit.

"I was dreadful drowsy, and despite our perilous situation, despite every effort I made to the contrary, I could not entirely resist the overpowering influence of sleep. Occasionally I started up suddenly, and found that I had been dozing. The last time I was aroused, I was awoke by the bark of a wolf. Jumping to my feet, I beheld the fierce animal not a dozen paces distant, his ravenous eyes glaring upon me from the darkness. Seizing up a brand, I flung it at the rapacious monster with all my strength. It struck him full in the face, and with a terrible howl he darted off into the forest. Huff did not awake, did not even stir, so sound was his repose.

"After that I did not feel much inclined to sleep, though nothing more was to be seen or heard. I examined my rifles and pistols, piled more faggots on the fire, and kept on the move, my eyes and ears open for any more nocturnal visitors.

"Some time passed quietly, and I began to grow insufferably weary. Every muscle relaxed, and a drowsy torpor stole over me.—My eyes closed unconsciously—my knees bent beneath me, and I was about dropping to the ground, when I was suddenly aroused by the sound of a man's voice:

"Hello, fellers, how d'yer do?" were the words which fell upon my ears and aroused me to full consciousness.

"I looked around in bewilderment. Our little camping ground was encircled by a dozen or more brawny, fierce looking desperadoes. It was a complete surprise, and on the spur of the moment, I yelled aloud:

"Andy, Andy, wake up!"

"Yes, wake up, Andy!" echoed the outlaws, loudly and derisively.

"Aroused at last, my comrade sprang to his feet, and the next moment was standing by my side.

"Instantly, a dozen or more rifles were leveled at us with deadly aim.

"Yer ain't goin' to show fight, ar ye?" demanded one of the outlaws, a brutal looking wretch, and the leader of the band, as it afterwards appeared.

"That depends on circumstances," responded Andy, unhesitatingly. "We're two good men, afraid of neither man or beast—and if your intentions are hostile, as they appear to be, you may take my word for it that we'll give you all the trouble we can."

"Yer won't now, will yer?" rejoined the desperado, tauntingly. "Guess ye'll have yer hands full ef yer try that sort uv a game."

"Well, what do you want here, anyhow?" I demanded, boldly, fully satisfied in my own mind that if we got out of our present scrape we had to fight it out.

"What do we want har?" was the rapid reply. "I guess the forest's as free to us as it is to any one else. Don't kalkelate that you're boss here, stranger, do yer?"

"No!" was Andy's quick reply, and he took the words out of my mouth, "nor are you. But that's not the point!" he added; "what do you want with us?"

"Yer money an' yer traps! Understand that sort o' talk, don't yer?"

"Yes, we understand that you're a gang of thieves and cut-throats!" responded Andy, fiercely; "but if you get anything from us you've got to fight for it, though we are but two against a dozen. Give 'em a shot, comrade!" added the fiery fellow, addressing himself to me. "We can't make the matter worse!"

I thought so too, and raising my rifle, Andy and myself fired simultaneously.

"Immediately two of the outlaws fell dead to the ground, and the rest uttered a concerted yell, that sounded more fearfully than the howl of the wolf I had so recently driven away.

"Now, give 'em the pistols!" shouted Andy, his whole soul in the deadly conflict.

"Each of us carried a brace of double barreled pistols, which gave us eight shots between us, and quick as lightning we were discharging the loads in the faces of the outlaws. Six more of the brigands fell before our aim, while we remained uninjured, notwithstanding a number of scattering shot whistled around our ears and over our heads.

"Now charge upon the thieves, yelled Andy, in stentorian tones.

"I followed my comrade's lead, and together we charged upon the remaining five outlaws, for that number were left. A fierce and bloody fight ensued. Andy performed miracles, and I did double duty; but as fate would have it, we were both rendered *hors du combat*, my comrade by a pistol wound in the side, and I by a bowie cut in the right shoulder.

"I knew nothing more after that, for the next moment I became unconscious. When I came to myself, I found I was in a cave, and it was not long before I discovered that the cave was a haunt of robbers. This much I learned by listening, for I could see nothing, the bright light of day seemed never to penetrate that dismal cavern. It was the gloomiest, chilliest place I was ever in, and from the bottom of my heart I wished myself well out of it.

"I thought of Andy, you may be sure, but could see no way of finding out what had become of him.

"After a while, however, an old and outrageously ugly Indian Squaw made her appearance. She brought me food and medicine, and a temporary light. My wounds had already been dressed. Of course I was eager to question her.

"My good woman," said I very pleasantly, "I should like to know where I am—will you tell me?"

"She shook her head negatively, and to all I could say or do I got no other answer. I inquired about Andy, and other matters, but received no satisfaction. Finally, I gave up in despair, and let the old hag go.

"A week passed, and I was comparatively well. About the expiration of that time, the old squaw came to me one day and beckoned me to follow her. Having no reason to refuse obedience, I complied with her directions, and after traversing a number of dark passages found myself in the open air. It was a bright sunny morning, and despite my situation, I inhaled the pure atmosphere with delight.

"Assembled on the spot I beheld a gang of a score or more of the worst looking men I had ever encountered, and in the midst my friend and comrade Andrew Huff. Andy looked frightfully pale and emaciated, and appeared to have suffered much worse than myself. We had barely time to greet each other, and say 'God bless you, comrade!' when we were suddenly and roughly seized and gagged. At the same time one of the outlaws, whom I at once recognized as the leader of the party which we had first encountered, stepped forward and addressed us.

"Now, cuss yer!" cried he, passionately, "we'll make you pay for your handywork t'other night. Strip 'em!"

"In a few moments we were stripped to the skin, and we had neither the power to resist or expostulate.

"Out with the plank, hosses!" yelled the same fellow. "Fust show 'em the way they're goin' to travel."

"We were separately led to the brink of a chasm near, and made to look down into the almost unfathomable depths. A stream of water dashed along over the rocks at the bottom. It made me dizzy to look down.—We were then stationed a few feet from the brink, with a guard over us. I began to comprehend that some frightful death awaited us, and my feelings were dreadful.

"A plank about a dozen feet long and a foot wide was then brought forward and placed half way over the precipice. My blood run cold at the preparations.

On one end of the plank two men stationed themselves.

"Now, drive the chap forward!" shouted the leader pointing to Andy. "T'other fellow shall see him drop, an' then he follows arter him. Drive him on thar, hosses!"

"Every effort was made to move Andy, but the poor fellow continued obstinate.—The outlaws pricked him with their knives, and beat him with their rifles; but he refused to stir.

"Carry the man!" shouted the leader madly.

"Despite his struggles, Andy was picked up and carried to the plank. As the outlaws let him down they gave him a violent push which sent him forward to the end of the plank over the precipice. Andy swayed from side to side, and struggled wildly to regain his balance. He failed, however, and fell over, in his fall desperately clutching at the plank. There he held with his finger nails buried in the wood. It was a horrid scene, and my blood runs cold at the bare recollection of it.

"Let him go!" shouted the fiendish leader.

"The men who were standing on the other end of the plank jumped off, and plank and Andy whirled down into the seething depths below. Despite the gag in his mouth, the poor fellow uttered a loud and terrifying shriek before he disappeared from sight forever. The cry rings in my ears now, though years have passed since then. I shall never forget it.

"The outlaws sprang to the edge of the cliff, and with a savage exultation watched Andy's descent.

"Now fur t'other one!" shouted the leader, after the lapse of a few minutes.

"At that instant a loud report of firearms suddenly reverberated far and near, and half of the bandits, at least, fell dead to the earth. The balls whistled around me as thick as hail, but I escaped unhurt. Instantly afterward a party of trappers rushed upon the scene and charged at the outlaws. The fight was short but desperate. In the end not an outlaw of them all remained alive, though they fought like incarnate devils.

"In the first moments of the melee I got away out of the reach of harm. Pinioned and gagged, I would have been of no use to myself or anybody. After the conflict was over, I made my appearance and gave a statement of all that had transpired. From the trappers I learned that the cry of Andy had directed them to the spot; but, poor fellow, they came too late to save him.

"I thanked God and the mountaineers for my own preservation, and quitted the scene with a sense of relief mingled with a feeling of sadness.

"Gentlemen, that was about the worst situation I was ever placed in, and may you never have a similar experience."

Anecdote of Astor.

The following amusing anecdote is told of John Jacob Astor, in the double character of a patron of literature and parsimonious money-holder, which appears to be exceedingly characteristic: Among the subscribers to Audubon's magnificent work on ornithology, the subscription price of which was $1,000 a copy, appeared the name of John Jacob Astor. During the progress of the work, the prosecution of which was exceedingly expensive, Mr. Audubon of course called upon several of his subscribers for payments. It so happened that Mr. Astor (probably that he might not be troubled about small matters) was not applied to before the delivery of all the letter-press and plates. Then, however, Audubon asked for his thousand dollars; but he was put off with one excuse or another. "Ah, Mr. Audubon," would the owner of millions observe, "you come at a bad time; money is very scarce; I have nothing in bank; I have invested all my funds." At length, the sixth time, Audubon called upon Astor for his thousand dollars. As he was ushered into his presence, he found William B. Astor, the son, conversing with the father. No sooner did the rich man see the man of art, than he begun, "Ah, Mr. Audubon, so you have come again after your money. Hard times, Mr. Audubon, money very scarce." But just then, catching an enquiring look from his son, he changed his tone: "However, Mr. Audubon, I suppose we must contrive to let you have some of your money, if possible. William," he added, calling to his son, who had walked into an adjoining parlor, "have we any money at all in bank?" "Yes, father," replied the son, supposing he was asked an earnest question pertinent to what they had been talking about when the ornithologist came in, "we have $22,000 in the Bank of New York, $70,000 in the City Bank, $90,000 in the Merchants', $98,400 in the Mechanics', $83,000——."—"That'll do," exclaimed John Jacob, interrupting him. "It seems that William can give you a check for your money."—*Commercial Bulletin.*

A Roland for an Oliver.

A wag of a fellow, by the name of Thornton, one day got up during service and walked out of church making rather a prominent display of a gold-headed cane. The preacher, a well known eccentric character, with a wooden leg—the result of his love of fox hunting—immediately pounced upon him in this wise: "Pull that cane from under your arm, my young friend, and throw it away.—There are no gold headed canes in heaven!" Whereupon Thornton, turning around, replied: "Pull that stick of wood out of your pants, my old friend, and throw it away.—There are no wooden legs in heaven!"

☞"In short, ladies and gentlemen," said an overpowered orator, "I can only say—I beg leave to add—I desire to assure you, that I wish I had a window in my bosom that you might see the emotion of my heart." Nigger boy in the gallery: "Won't a pain in the stomach do this time."

Facts about the Body.

There are about two hundred bones in the human body, exclusive of the teeth. These bones are composed of animal and earthy materials, the former predominating in youth and the latter in old age, rendering the bones brittle. The most important of these bones is the spine, which is composed of twenty-four bones, called the vertebræ, one on top of the other, curiously hooked together and fastened by elastic ligaments, forming a pillar by which the human body is supported.

The bones are moved by the muscles of which there are more than 500. The red meat in beef, the fat being excluded, is the muscular fabric of the ox. There are two sets of muscles, one to draw the bones one way, and another to draw them back again. We cannot better describe the muscles than by comparing them to fine elastic thread bound up in their cases of skin. Many muscles terminate in tendons, which are stout cords, such as may be seen traversing the back of the hand, just without the skin, and which can be observed to move when the hand is open or shut. Every motion we make, even the involuntary one of breathing, is performed through the agency of muscles.

In adults there are fifteen quarts of blood, each weighing about two pounds. This blood is of two kinds, arterial and venous.—The first is the pure blood, as it leaves the heart to nourish the frame, and is of a bright vermillion color. The last is the blood as it runs to the heart loaded with the impurities of the body, to be there refined, and is of a purple hue. Every pulsation of the heart sends out two ounces of arterial blood, and as there are from 70 to 80 beats in a minute, a hogshead of blood passes through the heart every hour. In fevers the pulsations are accelerated and consequently death ensues if the fever is not checked.

The stomach is a boiler, if we may use such a figure, which drives the human engine. Two sets of muscles, crossing each other, turn the food over and over, churning it up in the gastric juice till it has been reduced to the consistency of paste. This process requires from two to four hours.

Emerging from the stomach the food enters the small intestines, where it is mixed with the bile and pancreatic juice, and converted into chyle. These small intestines are twenty-four feet long, closely packed of course, and surrounded through their whole length with small tubes, which are like sockets, and drawing off the chyle, empty into a large tube named the thorax duct, which runs up the back and discharges the contents into the jugular vein, whence it passes to the heart to assist in forming the arterial blood.

The lungs are two bags connected with the open air by the windpipe which branches into innumerable small tubes, all over the inside of the lungs, each terminating in a minute air cell. The outer surface of these air cells is full of small capillaries, infinitely small veins, a thin membrane only dividing the air from the blood.

The impure portion of venous blood is carbonic acid, which, having a stronger affinity for air than for blood, passes through this membrane to a gaseous state, combines, with the next respiration. Meanwhile the oxygen of the air unites with the blood, and becomes purified; passing into the heart, being mixed with chyle, it is forced through the body as life-giving and arterial blood.

The skin serves an important purpose in carrying off impurities of the system. It is traversed with capillaries of the body. It is also perforated with countless perspiration tubes, the united length of which amounts to twenty-eight miles, and which drains away from three to four pounds of waste matter every twenty-four hours or five-eighths of all the body discharges.

The nerves are another curious feature of the animal economy. They are, however, but little understood. They act as feelers to tell the wants of the body, and also as conductors to will the muscles to act. They branch out from the brain and spine over the whole frame in infinitely fine fibres, like branches or twigs to trees.

Mrs. Partington at the Female Medical College.

The venerable Mrs. Partington recently paid a visit to the Female Medical College, where the mannikins and other anatomical apparatus were to her explained. "And that's the accidental bone," said she, resting the tip of her black-glove finger upon the back part of the head of the skeleton which was hanging in the lecture room. "Very proper name too, for Ike always bumps his aquarium about in that spot when he gets hilaricous a turning somersets or a skating." "Oracles and Canticles," and she pushed her spectacles a little nearer her eyes as Dr. Gregory opened the heart of the manikin. "Lal the heart is made of oracles and canticles, is it? How proportionate the hymn, 'O, may my heart in tune be found!' And don't the desecrators (she probably meant the dissecters) of the human body find more than a complimental number of these oracles in the hearts of spiritual meteors, for they are as full of oracles as the pitying dames were that they used to keep shut up in the old heathen templars."—*Boston Journal.*

☞A writer in the *American Medical Gazette* furnishes the following lucid description of the cause of blushes in young ladies: "The mind communicates with the central ganglion; the latter, by reflex action through the brain and facial nerve, to the organic nerves in the face, with which it branches inosculate." Clear as mud.

John C. Calhoun's Dream.

The following curious production was originally written by George Lippard, and was attributed to Mr. Calhoun as a dream, about the time of the stormy sectional agitation which preceeded the adoption of the Compromise measures of 1850:

Mr. Calhoun, it seems, was drawing up a plan for the dissolution of the Union, when, late at night, being very much exhausted, he fell asleep and had the following dream, as related by himself:

"At a late hour last night, as I was sitting in my room writing, I was surprised at the very unceremonious entrance of a visitor, who came in and took a seat opposite me.

I was more annoyed, as I had given strict orders to the servants that I should on no account be disturbed.

"The manner in which he entered—perfectly self-possessed—taking a seat opposite me—without a word, no salutation—no apology—as though my room and all within it belonged to him, excited in me as much surprise as indignation. As I raised my head to look at him over the top of the shaded lamp, I discovered that he was wrapped in a thin cloak, which completely hid his features from my view; and as I raised my head, he spoke:

'What are you writing, Senator from South Carolina?' I did not think of his impertinence at first, but answered him involuntarily—'I am drawing up a plan for the dissolution of the American Union!' To this the intruder replied in the coldest manner possible:

'Senator from South Carolina, will you allow me to look at your right hand?'

He arose, and as he did so the cloak fell, and I beheld—GREAT GOD! GENTLEMEN! I BEHELD THE FORM OF GEORGE WASHINGTON!

As though I had no power to resist, I extended my right hand. I felt a strange chill pervade me at his touch—he grasped it and held it near the light, thus affording me full time to examine every feature of his face, and particularly of his person. It was the face of Washington, and he was dressed in the uniform of the Revolution. After holding my hand for a moment, looking steadily at me, he said, in a quiet way:

'And with this right hand, Senator from South Carolina, you would sign your name to a paper declaring the Union dissolved?'

'Yes,' said I, 'if a certain contingency arises I will.' Just at this moment a black spot appeared on the back of my hand; I seem to see it even now! 'What's that?' cried I, in alarm, 'why is that black spot on my hand?'

'That,' said he, dropping my hand, 'is the mark by which Benedict Arnold is known in the next world!'

He said no more, but drew from beneath his cloak an object which he placed upon the table on the very paper on which I had been writing. The object, gentlemen, was a skeleton!

'There,' said he, with emphasis, 'there are the bones of Isaac Hayne, who was hung by the British in Charleston. *He gave his life to establish the Union.* And when you sign your name to a declaration of dissolution, you may as well have the bones of Isaac Hayne before you. He was a South Carolinian, and so are you; *but no blotch was on his hand!*'

With these words he left the room. I started from the contact with the dead man's bones and awoke! Overworn by labor, I had fallen asleep and been dreaming."

Many other instances might be recited to show that some of the most important events to man that have occurred since order was brought forth from chaos, and the Almighty rolled the planets from His palm and set the spheres in motion, have been more or less connected with dreams. May not this dream of Calhoun's have a happy influence on the perpetuity of our glorious and happy Union?

A Hard Used Word.

Worcester's new Dictionary gives the following passage in illustration of the amount of hard labor that is required of the convenient little verb *to get*:

"I *got* on horseback within ten minutes after I *got* your letter. When I *got* to Canterbury I *got* a chaise for town, but I *got* wet through before I *got* to Canterbury, and I have *got* such a cold that I shall not be able to *get* rid of it in a hurry. I *got* to the treasury about noon, but first of all I *got* shaved and dressed. I soon *got* into the secret of *getting* a memorial before the board, but I could not *get* an answer then; however, I *got* intelligence from the messenger that I should most likely *get* one the next morning. As soon as I *got* back to my inn, I *got* my supper and *got* to bed. It was not long before I *got* to sleep. When I *got* up in the morning I *got* my breakfast, and then I *got* myself dressed, that I might *get* out in time to *get* an answer to my memorial. As soon as I *got* it I *got* into the chaise, and *got* to Canterbury by three, and about three I *got* home. I have *got* nothing for you, and so adieu."

Beautiful Definition of Hope.

Among some of the South Sea Islanders the compound word for hope is beautifully expressive; it is manaolana, or the *swimming thought*—faith floating and keeping its head aloft above water, when all the waves and billows are going over one—a strikingly beautiful definition of hope worthy to be set down along with the answer which a deaf and dumb person wrote with his pencil, in reply to the question, "What was his idea of forgiveness?" "It is the odor which flowers yield when trampled on."

Anecdote of Vallandigham.

Quite recently, Hon. Clement Vallandigham, present member of Congress from Ohio, and formerly presiding judge of his district, was on a visit to New Lisbon, same State. He is a native of the latter town.—During his visit he had occasion to attend court in the adjoining county of Mahoning, town of Canfield. Several members of the New Lisbon bar were going up, and they went in company, on horseback. Judge Vallandigham was doing some business for his friend Wright, who owned a bay horse, which he offered to the Judge for the occasion. This horse was remarkable for nothing in particular—a quiet, tractable animal. Arrived at Canfield the company divided, some stopping at the American House, the others, including the Judge, went to the United States Hotel. The session was drawing to a close, and all the New Lisbon members had returned except Anson Brewer and Judge Vallandigham. At last they were ready to go, and the Judge arranged to meet Mr. Brewer at the American immediately after dinner. Dinner was dispatched, portmanteau called for, and horse ordered out. The clerk gave the orders, portmanteau was brought, but the horse was not. Impatient with delay, the hostler was again summoned and again ordered to "bring out Judge Vallandigham's horse!"

"Ay, ay! but please, yer honor, 'pon me soul I don't know which is yer honor's nag."

The clerk desired the Judge to describe the horse, remarking that, "where there are so many coming and going it is hard for the hostler always to remember to whom each belongs."

"Very true!" replied the Judge, and after reflecting a moment, continued, "and upon '*my honor*,' it will be hard for me to describe the horse. Indeed I will not attempt it, but will go into the stable and show the hostler."

Out they went, up and down the stable walked the Judge and the hostler. The Judge looked perplexed, the hostler apologized for forgetting. At last the Judge suddenly stopped behind a fine chestnut sorrel, and with much assurance said, "*That's* the horse; bring him out!"

Out went the horse, on went the Judge, and away they went together. Mr. Brewer was waiting in front of the American ready to mount so soon as the Judge came up.

The Judge came, Brewer mounted, and they were just about starting, when a countryman (a farmer) came running up almost out of breath; he had seen the Judge cross the commons. Seizing hold of the Judge's bridle rein, and looking him fiercely in the eyes, he demanded, "Where are you going to?"

"Why, what's the matter? I'm going home."

"Matter! I shall have you arrested for horse-stealing, you villain! Where did you get this horse?"

The Judge looked at the stranger as if he thought he was playing off a joke; but he saw by the fire in his eye that it was no joke. He looked at the horse, then at Brewer; he saw fun in Brewer's eye. Then at the stranger again, and replied:

"My dear Sir, this horse belongs to my friend Wright, of New Lisbon. I rode him up here several days ago, and now I am going back. Brewer, isn't it so?"

Brewer said, "No, Judge, you're caught. Stranger, arrest him! he has stolen your horse!"

Stranger smiled, said he was sorry to give the Judge any trouble, but if he would treat he would let him off. The Judge acquiesced, and then with Brewer rode back to the United States stables, and the horse was exchanged. Brewer knowing Wright's horse, pointed him out at first sight.

Sold.

Neighbor Jauber weighs about two hundred, and has a decided objection to being cheated. When he buys a pound of tea he is careful to get good weight. One day he went to the wharf to get a load of coal, and he insisted, after assuring himself the scales were all adjusted, upon seeing it weighed, for coal dealers sometimes make mistakes. The team was driven upon the platform scales. Jauber stood to watch the figures.

"Twenty-two hundred weight of coal," said the dealer, with a wink to the bystanders.

"Rather short," haggled the buyer.—"Throw in a little and I will take the load."

The obliging dealer complied, and the scales were again examined.

"All right—I am satisfied with that. You coal dealers don't always give good weight," grined Jauber.

"Drive on, John; stop in the street," added the seller, and he took Jauber into the counting room, where the bill was paid.

"Are you perfectly satisfied?"

"Perfectly; I like to look after these things myself."

"Well, sir, I would say you had cheated yourself out of two hundred pounds of coal, by looking after these things yourself."

"What do you mean?"

The dealer ordered his teamster to turn back on the scales again, and to the astonishment of Jauber the words were verified.

"I don't understand it," added the buyer.

"I do; you stood on the scales yourself while you were watching me; and I have sold you for so much coal. But you are satisfied; don't be so sharp next time," laughed the dealer.

Jauber was confounded, but he had not the assurance to demand a revision of the transaction.