

# THE PORTAGE SENTINEL

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## THE PORTAGE SENTINEL

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### POETRY.

#### SPURN NOT THE POOR.

Spurn not the poor man, spurn him not,  
Though hoary be his head;  
For gold he never has, nor silver,  
Nor horses, nor, nor land;  
Yet cast not thou that scornful glance  
Upon his shaven head;  
For though he's poor, his poverty  
Can never thee disgrace.

His coat may of the coarsest be,  
Made out of hessian-grass;  
And like the coat of the poor man,  
And trimmed so fine and gay;  
Thy polished boots may brightly shine,  
Upon his shaven head;  
And his poor clogs be dingy brown,  
And shapless on his feet.

Yes, his exterior may be rude,  
And his attractions show;  
And his complexion be among  
The lowest of the low;  
But in the closet rough to view,  
A gem may be concealed;  
As bright a gem as ever yet  
Was to the world revealed.

Full many a mind of priceless worth  
Is hid within the breast  
Of many a poor, neglected one,  
Cast down, and sore oppressed;  
Among the poorest of the poor,  
Earth's nobles stand around;  
The best, the purest, greatest still  
The cottage hearth surround.

### SELECT MISCELLANY.

#### THE ARKANSAS COWARD.

##### A WESTERN SKETCH.

The beautiful little town of Van Buren, on the Arkansas river, near the Cherokee line, during its early history, was famous for the number and ferocity of its desperadoes, being the principal meridian and focus of rendezvous for gamblers, Indian traders, and all sorts of adventurers who had found it necessary to change their domicile from lands governed by the administration of a rigid criminal code. The half-breed "braves" from the Cherokee nation also flocked to the same site, to drink, carouse, take a hand at cards, and exhibit their powers in sanguinary "set-to's" with pistols and long knives. Such a state of society may be imagined—it cannot be described. Not a sun performed its circuit that did not witness some dreadful single combat with or without murderous weapons, while now and then dozens at a time, and by mutual agreement, marched from the ramshack into a public square, and engaged in mortal strife.

At this period, Thomas A. Myers emigrated to Arkansas, and opened a large grocery store in Van Buren, acting himself as keeper and retailer. Such an occupation, at that time, required a man of the most determined courage, as the store had always a back room attached, specially appropriated to gambling, both by day and night, and where players were supplied with the choicest liquors at the bar, and would be sure to bully the grocer out of his reasonable charges, unless restrained by fear.

For a while, however, Myers succeeded admirably. The half-breeds, loafers, and "chartered fighters," as they called themselves, held a caucus, and unanimously voted that the new arrival was a dangerous subject, and had better be left alone. The verdict was altogether owing to the stranger's personal appearance, as might well be conceived. Tall, manly, and symmetrical in shape, with great endowments both in strength and agility, he would have had few equals in the arms of naked nature. But the cunning inventions of art, iron, steel and lead, the thunder and lightning of gunpowder are made to fight for the feeblest booby; and thus dwarfs and giants, provided both alike are the heirs of true courage, now stand on the same level. It was believed, also, that Myers possessed the resource will to handle those awful engines of destruction, where life and death hung upon the touch of a trigger. His countenance betokened the perfection of bravery. His face wore generally a stern expression, and when that melted into a smile, the smile seemed sterner still. His eyes were exceedingly black, wild, penetrating, and restless, and had that cold, gleaming, metallic look, which may be regarded as the sure sign of desperation. Besides, he carried an appalling supply of pistols, and a bowie-knife fourteen inches in the blade. Hence, everybody was respectful and obliging to the ostensible hero for a period of several weeks, during which an unusual calm reigned in the village.

At length a terrible affray occurred at Myers' grocery. Half a dozen fire arms exploded in quick succession, and the deafening roar so frightened the keeper that he took to his heels and fled from his own establishment. The fact settled public opinion as to his character.

"What a chicken-hearted coward to run from his own castle," exclaimed General Cole, the Napoleon of frontier duellists and gamblers.

"Why, he hasn't the spunk of a dead possum," lisped Bill Green, the dandy loafer, combing his 'soap locks' with his long rosy nails.

"Let's drink his liquor and smoke his cigars, and not pay for them, because as how he's a coward," said Jack Warhawk; a huge half-breed, and began to fill glasses and hand out cigars, crying—

"Toast to the brave, my boys! We'll never want while the world has chickens of the white feather."

The firing in the grocery having ceased for more than an hour, being replaced by a din of the most boisterous mirth, Myers, by a great effort, mustered the spirit to return. He found the customers helping themselves with a vengeance, and thought to overcome them with the assumption of heroic airs. He snatched his revolver from his pocket, and pointing it at Warhawk's breast, sternly ordered him to leave the house.

"That's what you're arter," shouted Jack, unsheathing his big bowie-knife and springing back over the counter, "here's what will give you a little full."

hand shook like a leaf in the tempest, and his very lips grew white with terror, and his feet involuntarily retreated backward by short quick steps.—The two feelings, physical fear and moral courage, were struggling for the mastery. He was endeavoring to act bravely, but his nerves refused their concurrence, and he remained, so to speak, in his equipoise—totally incapable of acting at all. He was impotent to fight, and as powerless to fly.

There was no such hesitation in the conduct of Jack Warhawk. Brandishing his big knife in his right hand, he seized the flowing locks of Myers in his left, and roared at the top of his lungs—

"Down, coward; on your marrow bones, or by the blue blazes I'll cut your throat!"

Incredible as it may seem, Myers, still holding his deadly revolver, loaded with six rounds, covered to the floor like a beaten hound, and begged most piteously for his life—a prayer which the mocking half-breed granted, on condition that he would treat the whole crowd for a whole week.

From this time, the unfortunate Myers was subject to every species of insult and outrage. The loafers would pull his nose for mere amusement, the half-breeds would spit in his face to make him treat, and Gen. Cole, when intoxicated, would strike him with his cane, to cure him of his cowardice, he said. The poor grocery-keeper brooked all these gross indignities with the patience of a martyr, and would sometimes meekly remonstrate—

"Gentlemen, it is ungenerous to abuse me thus, for I confess I have no courage—I cannot fight." This continued for a whole year, when a change occurred that caused the insulters to rue their ignominious persecutions. He had a beautiful wife, whom he loved with the tenderest passion. One day, when the husband was absent, the hideous half-breed, Jack Warhawk, instigated to the damning deed by the persuasions of Gen. Cole, went to the grocery-keeper's private residence, and maltreated his lady in the most shameful manner.

Myers returned home to find his beloved one drowned, as it were, in tears. He heard the harrowing tale without external manifestation of anger or emotion. His face, it is true, became somewhat pale—his lip quivered an instant, and settled to an expression rigid as a mouth of iron, and his wild, black eye, it may be, shot a few more beams of penetrating fire; but he did not mutter curses. He uttered not a whisper of menace; he did not condole or even sympathize with his afflicted wife. He only armed himself with a bowie-knife, fourteen inches in the blade from hilt to point, and started for the village.

He came in sight of his enemy, then pronouncing the public square, and boasting of his villainous achievement. At this vision, Myers' lip curled into a horrid smile, and his dark eye melted into a stream of tears. He approached till he stood nearly touching the half-breed, and then said, in a hurried whisper—

"Wretch, be quick; draw! for by St. Paul, one of us must die!"

And he waited till the other should be ready for the strife on equal terms. He did not have to wait long, for Jack, understanding that cold, glittering, snaky smile, and those hot gushing tears, as certain tokens of murderous madness, immediately unsheathed at the same moment with his adversary, and then began the dreadful combat, which was soon decided. Myers parried the furious blows of the hateful half-breed; and then grasping his foe's clothing with his left hand, with his other plunged the knife up to the hilt in his heart. The Cherokee expired without a groan.

And now the inward and terrible passions of Myers found vent in appalling explosions. His curses were fearful to hear. He spurned his enemy with his foot, and wished aloud he had a hundred lives, so that he could enjoy the pleasure himself of killing him an hundred times over.—His wrath then changed for his other insulters.—He flew at loafer Bill Green, and tore out his "soap locks" by handfuls. He sprang upon Gen. Cole, and pulled his nose till it was flattened between his thumb and finger—all the while that gory knife dripping with blood.

His enemies were so taken by surprise, terror stricken, stupefied, that for a space they seemed utterly incapable of voluntary motion.

The coward had suddenly become the bravest of the brave. The equipoise of opposite feeling was destroyed forever; the sheer power of pure will had conquered physical fear.

Does any one doubt our strange story? Let him address a letter of inquiry to Hon. G. W. Patchel, Van Buren, late Judge of the Supreme Court of Arkansas, and the fullest confirmation may be obtained.

On the same evening, Gen. Cole called a special council of his friends, to consult on the course he should pursue. There was but one opinion—that he had been insulted by a direct and gross public indignity, and must call his foe to the field of honor.

Accordingly, on the following day, a challenge was despatched, which Myers promptly accepted, and fixed the time to noon of the same day—the weapons to be double-barreled shot-guns—distance ten paces.

The parties met on the sand-beach, under the bank of the river, above the village, and hundreds collected to witness the issue. The mortal beligerents were placed in position by their seconds, and the death-dealing guns—enormous double-barreled—rested with dark, yawning muzzles, on the sand, in their hands. The spectators were much astonished by the strange contrast exhibited in their appearance. Gen. Cole was an old experienced duelist, who had shot his man before he was eighteen, and had often been engaged in affairs of the kind.

On the contrary, Myers was unacquainted with fire-arms, and had always hitherto been deemed an unmitigated paltroof. And yet, singular to record, the duelist stood up nervous and agitated, almost trembling, while the reputed coward was calm, firm, steady as a rock, with that appalling smile on his curling lip, and a few scattered beads gleaming in the sun, on his cheek.

ed so many, for with the echo of the fire, Myers elevated his piece as quick as thought, and touched the trigger. There was a tremendous roar, and Gen. Cole, the duelist, fell dead. His head was pierced with twenty buckshot.

No one ever again called Myers a coward in Arkansas—no one ever thought of the term as his shadow gleamed in the sunlight. He had taken his degree in the college of desperation, and his diploma was written in blood!

He became a politician of great notoriety—a leader in that part of the State; was repeatedly elected to the Legislature, where he acquired distinction by his talents, but more by his fearless daring, and he is said to be in the progress of ascension, having recently obtained the commission of Major General of the Militia. We hope before long, to see his name on the roll of Members of Congress. Nature made him a coward; love for his insulted wife made him brave; and bravery has conferred honor.

#### Music bath Charms.

We were somewhat amused and edified by a "bit of a joke" told us the other day for new, and given a locality in the cider-making regions of Kentucky. Our informant said that there resided in some little ilk of that State, two individuals of different tastes and abilities in most matters, but nearly upon a level as respected their fondness for old cider. The one was a well-to-do farmer, a deacon in the church, an selectman of the town, and a leader in the village choir. The other was a "ne'er do well" sort of a fellow, with considerable native humor, correct musical taste, and general ability, but sadly broken down by strong drink. The deacon's foible was sacred music, toper's was old cider. On account of the toper's acknowledged musical merit, the deacon was fain to endure his much drinking—on account of the deacon's capital cider, the toper was fain to endure his much bad singing.

On one comfortable afternoon, the twin were gathered together in the deacon's best room, the deacon singing, the toper drinking; the deacon trying to sound the bottom of the toper's heart—the toper trying to sound the bottom of the deacon's big mug. The meeting continued very pleasantly until the toper was about filled with music and cider, and prepared to depart. But the deacon was not satisfied. Although the commendation of his cider had been ample and honest, the commendation of his singing had not been at all, and the commendation of that, was the desire of his soul. Therefore, ordering the jug to be replenished, he requested his visitor to sit down and listen to just one more tune, a tune said to be the oldest tune extant, a tune descended from the time of the Apostles and primitive martyrs, a tune which he must appreciate and couldn't fail of commending.

By reason of more cider, the toper was fain to endure the more singing, and sat very quietly and drank very copiously, while the deacon poured forth with all the quavers and shakes, figures and force at his command, a psalm that seemed without an end. Finally, however, finishing with an outburst like that of ten gulls fresh from feed, the triumphant deacon turned to his waiting auditor and said:

"Sir, that tune is said to be the identical one sung by Paul and Silas in jail, when the jailor let them free."

And the toper, rising with some difficulty to his feet replied:

"If that is the i-dentical tune sung by P-P-Paul and Silas w-when they were in jail, and if they sung it as d-d-damnably as you did, I'll be kicked if I see any w-wonder why the j-j-jailor kicked them out!"

The deacon followed the example of the jailor and kicked his musical critic out.

#### McFudd's Irish Letter.

Dere Murther, I'm wondering what the devil kapes the veshill which Peggy is cumin over in. Ef that big-darg Kaplin has run off wid her, be the powers of Moll Kelly I'll take the kurl out his wig, of ivir I lay me hands on him.

Ef Peggy was to be taken from me, I shud die wid greefe, and be berryd in the arms uv widdy Casey. If the ralerode they're talkin uv bildin across the say, betwene here and Galway, was redy, I'd sune see what's keepin me darlint.

But it's me own fault, of anything happens to hur, fur instead uv lettin hur cum in may be sum ould tub, why didnt I send a balloone, and bring hur over in stile. Bad cess to me for a num-buk-ol, I niver think iv anything till it's 2 late.

Ye see, murther avick, I wouldn't kare so much about the delay, but that I have, gisht an Peggy's account, wened meself aff from lovin the widdy; and havin noboddy to bestow me affeccion, and I have to kettie bottled up in me buzzum, till hur arrival, and I'm neryly kilt wid the pressure.

Kape yer self warm, murther dere, fur I suppose it's gettin to be as cold wid yu as wid us.—I send yu a cupple uv blankits to warm yer outside, and a keg uv potheen to kape yer inside from freezing. Make a warm place under the bed fur the pigs and chickens to pertect them from the cold, the cratures.

I am goin to be marryd the moment Peggy arrives; and Fatter Flail sez he'll marry me fur nauthin; bring a peecce iv the kake nothin more nor less than a round uv bafu. Won't yer mouth water whin ye hear it minshaned, fur it's a lang time, I suppose, sence ye tsakted the likes.

In adiduum to what I towld ye I had bawt fur house kapin, I have layed in a haf dozen iv cryin bodys. What'd ye think iv that? Shure it musht be a convaynt country that will furnish ye wid a family redy made, and that, too, before yer married at all.

Yours,  
SHAMUS.

AS EDROS in California lately received a long document, which he was requested to publish gratis, under his editorial head. He placed it under the pillow that night, and expressed his unwillingness to insert similar communications in the same way, on the same terms.

#### The Mormons of Salt Lake.

A gentleman who has recently been among the Mormons of Salt Lake furnishing the New York Journal of Commerce with the following:

1st, They are Pantheists. They believe there are many gods. The three Gods of this world, they say, are revealed in the Bible, (which is a book made under their direction,) and are the Father, the Son, and the Spirit. Other worlds have other gods. Jupiter is a large world, and may have five or six gods.

Matter is eternal, and gods are great minds that preside over matter and rule it. Hence the need of many gods.

2d, Gods and men must use means to grow greater. Marriage and birth are great means of advancement. Hence, God the Father has been married, which is proven by the fact that he had a son, Jesus Christ, and by such passages as, "Are not his angels ministering spirits?" which passage they interpret as follows: Who naturally ministers to man? Ans. A wife. Now, God has married of such, as they are therefore myriads of wives to Him. Men imitate God when they marry.

3d, Polygamy. The Patriarchs, and others of early age, had many wives. Only when despots and oppressors ruled, did the Bible law of many wives become disregarded. It is only human enactments that prevent the right use of universal marriage now. They argue from the difference of the sexes, which exists without their consent, that God ordains that all shall marry, whether they desire it or not. There is no more power of choice in this, than there is whether we eat or not, sleep or not, and other necessary functions of life and health. Hence, to refuse to marry, or neglect it when of suitable age, is disobedience of God's authority.

Reason on which marriage is founded. They argue again, that mind is only matter; and this material mind is always struggling to develop itself. God having provided so liberally for its development, by the sexuality of each individual, we sin if we prevent mind from developing itself; and hence, as no one can be saved in his sins that person is not religious—cannot be happy in a future state—who is not married. To this they add tortured Scripture without end. And as the sinner must marry only the "latter day saints," it becomes the duty of every masculine "saint" to receive every woman who offers herself; as he thus "saves a soul from death, and hides a multitude of sins."

Practically, many of these "saints" are zealous of their creed. Some have ten some twenty, and some have fifty wives. It is a common thing to introduce a stranger thus: "I introduce you to Mrs. Harris, and Mrs. Harris, and Mrs. Harris, on to the end of the chapter. The result is, great effeminacy of the husband. He walks a poor wretch, covered with a cloak at midsummer day, and downcast in looks. The children are numerous, as marriage unproductive is sin. It is said that the premature deaths and still-born infants are in undue proportion to the number of births. Attendant on this are jars and contentions. So that, though they satisfy lust, the Mormons are not a happy people.

Their mode of holding service is peculiar.—Their edifice is like an ancient Grecian or Roman theatre; depressed where the pulpit or desk is, some 15 or 20 feet. Next sit the dignitaries of the "latter day saints." Here, the band of instrumental music. Next, the congregation on the circular seats, one above the other. The band commences playing, and play some time. Then a prayer, which in language is much like that of an ordinary pastor. It means, however, a very different thing, as they understand the Scriptural language employed. Then comes a sermon.—Sometimes several speeches or sermons in succession, filled with such sentiments as above.—They close with instrumental music and a benediction. Their services are often long.

The book of Mormon they do not hold in as great repute as formerly. Of the Bible they make great use. In its interpretation they are the extreme literalists; and many have the whole of it at their tongue's end. So that false and absurd as their system is, it is no easy matter to discuss with them.

Lastly, they make regeneration to be,—consent to be a Latter day Saint, and a married individual, their ritual or rather Judaized modernism. Their outward law nominally under the constitution of the United States; really the whim of their leaders, modified by a sort of traditional usage, that even a few years have compelled them to adopt. They have an Ecclesiastical Court to settle disputes; allow no suits of reference to government of the State or national authority.

The valley of the Salt Lake is not the richest land that ever saw the sun, and there are physical causes that will silence all fears that a people so peculiar and debased, can ever cause the glorious prospects of the west to be seriously clouded. They are on the wane. Their own errors contain the elements of self destruction.

But how sad the picture, rather the fact, that thousands of good, sensible men and women, as many truly are, should be so deluded! Who would have thought that the basest lusts and passions,—the most downright despotism,—the most stupid hierarchy, could arise and be fostered, and attend the threatening aspect they once had, but now are losing.

Some years ago a witness was examined before a judge, in a case of slander, who required him to repeat the precise words. The witness hesitated until he riveted the attention of the whole court upon him; then fixing his eyes earnestly on the judge, began—"May it please your honor, you lie and steal, and get your living by stealing." The face of the judge reddened, and he immediately exclaimed, "Turn to the jury, sir."

Winchell tells a good story of a boy on a railroad, who imitated the whistle of a locomotive so clearly that the engineer had to get down and switch him off the track.

#### One Vacant Chair.

We were talking a few days since, with an esteemed friend of ours, who was reared after the good old New England fashion, and with whom "Thanksgiving," as a matter of course, is an institution, a day of family reunion, of domestic and social rejoicing. He is a man of noble sympathies and a big heart. In speaking of the coming Thanksgiving day a cloud passed over his features, and a tear gathered in his eyes. "I have," said he, "for many years gathered my family around me on that day. All my children have set with me at my annual feast, and it never occurred to me that it could ever be otherwise. We ate, drank, and were merry, without think that a change must one day come. But that change has already come. At our annual banquet this year there will be one vacant chair."

It was a sad, sad thought. Sorrowful memories come clustering around the heart at the mention of that "one vacant chair." The pleasant features, the happy smile, the cheerful voice of the loved and lost, come like a vision of sweetness from the sorrowful past. The pale still face the marble brow, decked with garlands of the grave, follow, and the eye dims with tears as the vision vanishes away, and the palpable presence only is left of that "one vacant chair."

And so it is, and so it will be always. Year by year those that we love drop from around us.—Some are snatched away by death, going down in the bloom of their beauty to the city of the dead. Some swing out in the world, and are borne by the currents of life far away from us. The day of annual re-union comes; we gather around the yearly banquet, we look for the cherished faces, we listen for the loved voices, but the heart swells, and the big tears tremble on the eyelids; for there, in the midst of that cherished circle, in the very place where one who nestled fondliest in our affections used to sit, is "one vacant chair."

We who sit at the head of these family feasts should never forget that one day we shall be absent from the banquet. The time will surely come when we shall cease to occupy a place there. We know not when the vacancy may occur, but as surely as time rolls on, as surely as human destiny is sweeping onward, always towards eternity, so surely will the day of our departure come, and struggle as we may, resist as we may, as all the aggregated energies of nature may, we must pass from among the living, and leave behind us for the next gathering "one vacant chair."

#### "Push Along—Keep Moving!"

Such is the cry of Progress everywhere. It is the watch-word of the nineteenth century; written on every banner, carved on every blade, lifted in the cause of Human Advancement.

"Push along—keep moving!" There's a whole volume of good counsel in these words. To the young, just setting out in life, they are of infinite value; they have an omniscient influence girding the soul with everlasting vigor. If the arm grows weary and the heart faint, they tinge the future with the hues of triumph, and lead on the feet with hopeful strength; if obstacles rise in the way, "Push along—keep moving," from the lips of hope, is better than a Damascus blade in hewing but a path to victory.

"Push along!" What if clouds, thick and heavy, are stretched out before you—"push along!" What if your eyes see no signs of victory, no gleams of hope—"push along!"—the wreath will yet descend. What if Death stride into your household ring, and break all the shrines of your idolatry! Mourn not hopelessly, look not always back—let the dead pest bury its dead—"push along—keep moving!"

"Keep moving!" Nature cries with her ten thousand tongues—the universe, as it rolls continually onward, echoes back the cry—"push along!" "Keep moving"—what your hand findeth to do, do it with all your might—pause not, rest not. "Push along!" It goes round the world like a trumpet-call, rousing up the slumbering, strengthening the weak, inspiring the fearful, urging the strong to continual conquest. It is every where the same—the spring and fountain of all true progress.

Young man! if you would conquer in the battle of life, write this watchword upon your banner—"Push along—keep moving."—Newark Mercury.

#### The Revolution in China.

From Amoy the most melancholy accounts have been received, and involving an amount of bloodshed that is calculated to strike terror into the hardest heart, and with any other people than Chinese would induce a reaction and a cry of vengeance on the authors of such fearful outrages as those now enacting at Amoy and in its neighborhood. The Imperialists have retaken the place, and have marked their success by slaying in cold blood nearly one thousand persons, most of whom took no part in the late movement, except on compulsion. The streets and wharves of Amoy have literally streamed with human blood; not shed in any warlike operations, but done in savage revenge, and to blind the authorities of Peking as to the bravery of the enactors.

A letter from Amoy, dated Nov. 22d, states that up to that period all was quiet, and matters were much the same appearance, as far as foreigners were concerned, as under the insurgent rulers.— Executions were of daily occurrence. The mandarins, to mark their success, were revelling in human gore, putting to death all who fell into their hands, indiscriminately. The original mover of the rebellion had been given up to the meridian; the unfortunate wretch was executed on the 17th November, together with his son, both bodies being quartered and their heads placed on the principal city gates. The villages around Amoy were made to contribute to the monster executions. Whole villages were threatened with death, unless they gave up all who took part in or sympathized with the rebels; and as a consequence of this brutal demand, the poor, weak, indolent and defenceless villagers were surrendered up as victims, to satiate the mandarins' thirst for blood.

#### Mormon Interpretation.

A good anecdote of Joe Smith, is told by the Journal of Commerce, illustrating his theological powers. It was in a conversation which he had with some eastern gentlemen who made him a visit in Illinois, not long before the violent proceedings which resulted in his death. We believe the anecdote has never before appeared in print. The conversation very naturally, under the circumstances in which the Mormons were placed, (or rather had placed themselves,) as antagonists to the rest of the State, turned upon the rights of self-defense; and Joseph was asked what he thought of the words of scripture which required him who had been smitten on one cheek, to turn the other also.

"A very remarkable passage," he answered, spoke by Jesus himself, and strikingly illustrative of his thorough acquaintance with human nature. A man may strike you at first under a mistake, or without intending any harm—and you ought not to strike back immediately, but turn the other cheek, and give him opportunity to explain, or, if he is in earnest, to repeat the offence. However, you need not turn a third time, but if a man strikes you twice, then into him like a thousand of brick."

Mr. CLAY AND THE GOAT.—Almost every body in Washington City remembers an old goat who formerly inhabited Naylor's stable, on Pennsylvania Avenue. This animal was, in all probability, the most independent citizen in the metropolis; he belonged to no party, though he frequently gave passages "striking proofs" of his adhesion to the "leveling" principle; for whenever a person stopped anywhere in his vicinity, Billy was sure to make at him horns and all. The boys took delight in irritating this long bearded gentleman, and frequently annoyed him so, that he would make against lamp-posts and trees, to their great amusement.

One day the luminary of the west, Henry Clay was passing along the avenue, and seeing the boys intent on worrying Billy into a fever, stopped and with his natural humanity, expostulated with them on their cruelty. The boys listened in silent awe to the eloquent appeal of the great statesman; but it was all Cherokee to Billy, who—the ungrateful scamp, arose majestically on his hinder legs, and made a desperate plunge at his friend and advocate. Mr. Clay plunged himself too much for his horned assailant, he seized bold of both his dilemma and there was the "tag of war"—for Greek had met Greek. The struggle was long and doubtful.

"Hah!" exclaimed the statesman, "I have got you fast you rascal. I'll teach you better manners. But boys," continued he turning to the laughing urchins, "what shall I do now?"

"Why I tip up his feet Mr. Clay," said they.

Mr. Clay did as he was told, and after many severe efforts, brought Billy down on his side. Here he looked at the boys imploringly, seeming to say, "I was never in such a fix before."

The combatants were nearly exhausted, goatly had the advantage, for he was gaining breath; all the while that the statesman was losing it.

"Boys," exclaimed he, puffing and blowing, "this is rather an awkward business, 'What am I to do now?"

"Why don't you know?" said a little fellow, making preparation to run as he spoke, "all you got to do is let go and run like blazes!"

There are queer little scenes take place among the auctioneers of Chatham street. Among the unfortunate brought to the hammer yesterday, was a journeyman cordwainer, "retiring from business." His stock was divided up into various little parcels, worth from two cents a grab to a shilling an armful.

"How much shilliemens, am I bid for this last? This is no common last, my friends, not at all. It is the last of the Mohogans—the models on which Penimmoor Cooper got up his great novels. This last, shilliemens, possesses immense power. In Rhode Island it is used as a charm to cure sickness, and peoples in all health. It also works wonders, and kills der effects of rum, brandy, and intoxicating drinks. How much for the last—the last time I repeat—how much for the last of the Mohogans?"

"Ten cents,"

"Ten cents for der last of the Mohogans. My friends, I rejoice that Penimmoor Cooper is not on der grounds. Such a bid would drive him to commit murder, perhaps knock somebody dead. I vonce more ask, how much for der last?"

"Fifteen cents,"

"Vell, take it, and go to der divils. I vout throw pearls mit swines any longer. Moses, hand der shilliemens der last, and see dat der bill is gut."

Scenes closes by Moses holding a piece of blotting paper between a dirty vest and the sun.

POPULATION OF CALIFORNIA.—Our present population is composed of 250,000 Americans, 25,000 Germans, 25,000 French, 17,000 Chinese, 20,000 of Spanish blood, 5,000 miscellaneous foreigners, 20,000 Indians and 3,500 Negroes. Of these, about 65,000 are women, and perhaps 20,000 children. We can only estimate the number of children, having no reliable statistics upon that point. According to this estimate, nearly two thirds of the population are Americans, nearly one third foreign birth, one-thirtieth French, one-thirtieth German, one-thirtieth Chinese, nearly one-eleventh children, and one-sixteenth Indians. The census taken last fall represented the population to be 264,435; but the Governor, in communicating that document to the Legislature, expressed his belief that 268,507 was a more correct estimate. The census agents reported 33,000 Indians, but this was made without accurate examination, and we think it too large. According to the census, there were only 60,000 foreigners; but that we know to be too small, as there were nearly 200,000 Germans and French, without counting the Chinese, Spanish and miscellaneous foreigners who were almost as numerous. The French had nearly