

THE PORTAGE SENTINEL

VOL. 9, NO. 45.

RAVENNA, WEDNESDAY, MAY 3, 1854.

WHOLE NO. 462.

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One year, payable within six months, \$1.50
Use year, payable after the expiration of six months, 2.00
Cash on delivery, 1.00
No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

POETRY.

BIRTH-DAY OF WASHINGTON.

Why swell a million hearts as one
With memories of the past?
Why ring out you deep thunder gun
Upon the ringing blast?
Why hold the beautiful and brave
The jubilee of earth?
It is, it is the day that gave
Our patriot hero birth.

Our only hero's sacrifice
Of hearts to him who came
To guard young Freedom's paradise
With sword of living flame
To him who in the whirlwind led
The hosts of an angel's train
And set his glory on the cloud,
A halo of the stern.

A hundred years, with all their train
Of shadow, have gone by,
And yet his glorious name remains
A sound that cannot die
His grave on the hill, the vale,
And on the mountain fall,
And speaks in every sounding gale
And rousing water-fall.

No marble on his resting spot
His sculptured column rear,
But his is still a nobler lot
A grateful nation's tear.

Old Time, that bids the marble bow,
Makes green each laurel leaf
That blooms upon the sainted brow
Of our immortal chief!

His deeds were ours—but through the world
That mighty name will be
Where glory's banner is unfurled,
The watchword of the Free
And as they bend their eagle eyes
On Victory's burning sun
Their shout will echo to the skies,
"Our God and Washington!"

MISCELLANY.

The Kind of People on the Isthmus.

A correspondent from Darien writes an interesting account for the New York Evening Post, in which he describes the Isthmus and its people: Among the common people, marriage is scarcely ever solemnized. The parties live together as man and wife, each reserving the right to leave the other as interest or caprice may dictate. Now and then a case occurs where the parties continue faithful to each other for life. These, however, are exceptions to the rule. In a great majority of cases, women are left, after a few years, with a brood of helpless children, to meet the vicissitudes of life as best they can; and the chances of children so situated, to become reputable men and women, or useful citizens, is small indeed. I have seen women with two, three, or more children, who, when asked, "Is the father of your children living?" answered, "Yes; each child has a father living."

It is only very recently that marriages performed by others than ecclesiastics have been legal, and the force established by the church has been so enormous as to place them beyond the reach of the poorer classes. It is doubtful, however, whether the people will avail themselves of the recent law—they prefer the present arrangement.

Along the line of the railroad, as well as of the Chagres river, and about all of the principal towns, the inhabitants are made up of a motley assemblage of West India negroes and natives of Central and South America. These people are generally dissipated, filthy, treacherous, untrustworthy, and beastly in the worst sense of the word. There are, of course, exceptions to this, their general character. From this class of population come most of the desperadoes who have perpetrated thefts, robberies, and murders, along the route between Navy Bay and Panama.

Most of the boatmen upon the Chagres river are of this class, and so also are the muleteers and guides with whom the traveler meets and by whom he is imposed upon in crossing "the Isthmus."

As we recede from the great line of travel and approach the rural districts, there is a much more marked tendency to a predominance of Indian feature; and the population of these rural districts are regarded as much more honest, faithful, kind and obliging, possessing, however, very little energy or industry. They are simple, contented, temperate, and with few wants, and those easily supplied. Many of the land holders in this country lay claim to enormous tracts, often several miles in extent, and without any definite line of demarcation or boundary—sometimes no sign of any clearing except a few acres about the residence of the land lord; and yet no person is allowed to pasture cattle or erect any sort of edifice on this claim without permission from the pretended owner.

There are no fences, and I have not seen twenty rods of the road that a carriage with more than one wheel could pass over, independent of the railroad.

The use of the plough is unknown; the machete serving its use, saw, hoe, plough and sickle, as well as weapon of warfare.

The native, with his machete clears the timber from the land, and with its point makes a hole in the ground where he deposits his seeds, using the same for cutting down weeds, as well as for harvesting the grain.

The soil in most parts of the country is of amazing fertility, and capable, when well tilled, of sustaining immense crops of all sorts of tropical fruits and grains. The fruits that grow almost spontaneously are cocoa nut, orange, plantain, banana, limes, lemons, etc., etc. Indian corn, coffee, rice, sugar-cane, yams, melons, etc., etc., have been successfully cultivated on a small scale.

Many of these landholders have immense herds of cattle roaming over their possessions. I have seen several hundred claimed as the property of one man, the only expense or trouble attending the ownership being that of herding them once

year for the purpose of marking the calves.—Goats, asses, hogs, poultry, etc., may be raised (and are) largely in some districts.

One can hardly fail of being strongly impressed with the many points of resemblance between the habits of life of these people and those of the patriarchal ages, as described in the book of Genesis. The large herds of cattle, goats and asses, and, to a certain extent, their nomadic life, continually call to mind Abraham and Lot, with their families; and the condition of families so much resembling concubinage, to which I have referred above. Women with huge jars (pitchers) filled with water on their heads—their simple attire, the sandaled feet—and groups of men, women and children squatting on the ground, at the door of their cabin, (tent), and even the manner of gathering as well as cooking their fruits, and preparing their meats, intend to impress one strongly with the idea, that oriental times and habits have come down to us in all their simplicity.

The inhabitants reside mostly in huts, made of bamboo poles, the lower ends of which are placed in a trench dug in the ground, while the upper ends are tied together with things cut from untanned hides. These huts are covered with palm leaves. They are entirely destitute of floors—a dried bullock's hide serves as a couch for the night, and a seat as well as table for day.

The attire of the men is of the simplest kind; some of the more enterprising and wealthy own a shirt; and in a very few cases I have known the luxury of pantaloons indulged in on great occasions.

The dress of a full grown boy of fourteen or fifteen consists of a broad-brimmed palm-leaf hat on his head, sandals on his feet, and a cigar in his mouth—"y no mas."

Young ladies of the same age are a trifle more elaborately dressed, sometimes wearing a garment which covers the person below the pectoral region admirably.

Children grow up in indolence and listless inaction, not the slightest effort being made by the parents to develop the mental or physical powers. Occasionally we meet a female among the more wealthy, who would fairly put to blush a North American squaw, or a New York fashionable belle, in the ingenuity manifested in grouping together gaudy ornaments about her person—the immense bouffants upon their dresses reminding one (as a friend the other day remarked) of a barrel of French brandy on end, nearly concealed by hoops—and the peculiar happy contrivances to expose to view the shoulders and upper part of the chest in front, would furnish models for the cooper.

A lady of my acquaintance, who is, by far the best looking native female I have seen, having a fair proportion of Spanish blood in her veins, known as "the Padre's sister" of San Pablo, affords a good example of the better order of New Grenadian women. Senora Juanita has several children, among whom are two well grown boys, who may be seen any day promenading in front of madam's house, stark naked, forming a most interesting pair of Cupids.

My friend, Dr. B., remarked to me the other day, that the admirers of Grecian and Roman mythology and of the innocence and grace of pastoral life, might undoubtedly refresh their aesthetic natures by a residence of a few months, among these "naked realities" of that stage of human civilization and development, upon which they bestow such warm encomiums.

The lady herself may be seen of an afternoon, swinging in her hammock, smoking her cigar, and—start not, gentle reader—spitting a *la Américaine*; and frequently with an amount of jewelry, mostly in solid gold, that has been estimated by good judges to be worth (valued at the price of gold dust) not less than three thousand dollars.—She has one chain composed entirely of gold coins, fastened together with links of the same material, the coins being mostly double eagles, doubloons, eagles, half eagles, and sovereigns, which when thrown around her neck, will hang double to below the knees.

The future destiny of this country is of course a subject of speculation. I may, in a future letter, notice the indications of an important change in the political relations of this land, which are unmistakably presenting themselves to the observer. The event may not occur suddenly, or soon, but it will come.

INTRODUCING THE EMPEROR.—An American gentleman in Paris, writing to the National Intelligencer, speaks of Mr. Mason, our Minister to France, as an estimable man, highly respected by Americans in Paris, but singularly queer in some things. The writer relates the following:

At a recent levee our good-tibered Minister, at the head of some thirty or more of his countrymen, said to the Emperor, as he stopped before the group, "Permit me to introduce your Majesty to my countrymen; they are all Americans."

This turning of tables, by introducing the Emperor, only created a smile; but one of the group made a much more unfortunate error. He was a New Yorker, and had been, it appears, personally acquainted with Louis Napoleon, when, in former days, the latter was in that city. Of this, in very bad taste, he reminded the Emperor, and then added, "I hope to have the pleasure of again seeing your Majesty in New York." This was almost as bad as the speech of a lady to George the Third, "that the thing she most wanted to see was a coronation!"

ACCOUNTED FOR.—The New Haven Register says this unseasonable weather can only be accounted for, on the supposition that the persons in search of Sir John Franklin have gone through the Northwest passage, and neglected to shut the door after them.

A beautiful woman once said to Gen. Shields, who by the by is an Irishman: "How is it, that having obtained so much glory, you still seek for more?" "Ah, madam," he replied, "how is it, that you who have so much beauty, should still put on the paint?"

Way to fix a Tale Bearer.

FROM THE ANNALS OF FROGTOWN.

"I dunno where I here'd it, but I know it's true, I experienced it long ago, I told Jones it'd come out so."

"Why, uncle Josh, you don't pretend to say that Miller's wife has run off with Bob Tape, Yardstick's Clerk, do you?"

"Yes I do too, haint it been the talk of the neighborhood for a year past, that Miller's wife and that feller—Bob Tape—were a leetle too thick?"

"Well, uncle Josh," says neighbor Brown, "I don't recollect any-body saying anything about it but you, and for my part I don't believe a word of it."

"Why, haint Miller's wife gone," says uncle Josh.

"I don't know—is she?" says Brown.

"Because she is; I went over to the store this morning, the first thing, to see if Bob Tape was about—he wasn't there—they said he'd gone to Boston on business for old Yardstick. O, oh! says I, and then I started off for Heeltap's shop, we allers said how things would turn out. He was out seain' me go to the shop, he came running and says he: 'uncle Josh, they're gone, sure enough! I've been over to old Mammy Gabbles, and she sent her Suke over to Miller's on pretence of borrowin' some lard, but told Suke to look round and see if Miller's wife wur about; by Nebbynezer, Miller's wife wur gone. Marm Gabbles couldn't rest, so she sent back Suke, and told her to ask the children where their Marm was; Miller hearing Suke, ordered her to skoot, so Suke left without hearin' the facts of the case, as Squire Black says. But Heeltap swears and I know Miller's wife and Bob Tape have sloped, as they say in the papers."

"Well," says Brown, "I am sorry if it's true, I don't believe a word of it though, and as it is none of my business, I shall have nothing to say about it."

Uncle Josh was one of those inordinate peets which almost every village, town and hamlet in the country is more or less accursed with. He was a great tall bony sharp nosed, grinning genius, who being in possession of a large farm, with plenty of boys and girls to work it, did not do anything but eat, sleep and lounge around, a gatherer of scan mag, a news and scandal monger, a great guesser and strong suspitioner of everybody's motives and intentions, one of course, never imputed a good motive or movement to anybody.

You've seen those wretches, male and female, havn't you dear reader? Such people are great nuisances—half the discomforts of life are bred by them; they contaminate and poison the air they breathe with their noisome breath, like the odor of the Upas tree. Uncle Josh had annoyed many,—he was the dread and disgust of seven-eighths of the town he lived in. He caused more ill-feelings between friends, neighbors and acquaintances than all else besides in the community of Frogtown. Uncle Josh was voted a great bore by all the men, and a sneaking, meddling old granny by the women. So at last the young women of the town did agree that the very next time uncle Josh carried, concocted, or circulated any slanderous or otherwise mischievous stories, that they would duck him in the mill-race.

Now, Brown—old Mr. Brown—was the very antipode of uncle Josh; he was always for taking things by the smoothest handle. Mr. Brown never told tales, backbited, or slandered anybody; everybody had a good word to say about Mr. Brown, and Mr. Brown had a good word to say about everybody. The gals tho't it prudent to give old Mr. Brown an inkling of their plans in regard to the disposition they intended to make of uncle Josh; the old man laughed and told them to duck old Josh, and perhaps they would reform him.

"Now, gals," said Mr. Brown, "uncle Josh has this very day been at his dirty work; by this time he has spread the news all over the town, that Miller's wife has gone off with Yardstick's clerk. I don't believe a single word of this tale, and if Miller's wife ain't really gone off, Uncle Josh ought to be sound in the mill-race."

Next morning Miller's wife came home; she had been down to a sister a few miles off, to see a sick child; her husband had been away tending a law suit, in neighboring town; and so Miller nor his wife knew nothing of the report of her elopement with Bob Tape until their return.

Miller was in a rage but couldn't find out the author of the report. Miller's wife was deeply mortified that such a suspicion should arise of her, she had been making Bob Tape some new clothes to go to Boston in, and here was the gist of Bob and Miller's wife's intimacy! There was a great time about it; Miller swore like a trooper, and his wife nearly cried her eyes out.

A few evenings afterwards, it being clear cold weather in October, Polly Higgins and Sally Smith called to see Miller's wife, and asked her to join them in a little party that some of the neighboring women had got up that evening, for a particular purpose. Miller's wife having not much to do that evening, her husband said she might go out a spell if she chose, and went and learned the purport of the call—old Uncle Josh was going to be ducked in the mill race and Miller's wife, disguised as the rest, was to do it. When she heard that uncle Josh had circulated the report of her elopement, Miller's wife did not require much coaxing to join the watering committee.

It was so planned that all the women, some ten or twelve in number, were to put on men's clothes and lay in wait for uncle Josh at his lane gate, about a quarter of a mile from the mill race. Old Josh always hung around the tavern, Heeltap's shoe store, or the grocery, until 9 P. M., before he started home, and the girls determined to rush out of a small thicket that stood close by old Josh's lane gate and throwing a large stout sheet over his head, neck and heels hurry him off to the mill-race, and duck him well. "Mind you, your country girls and women are not paint and pow-

der, corset laced and fragile creatures, like your delicate and more ornamented young ladies of the city; no, no, the gals of Frogtown are real flesh and blood. Venuses and Dianes of solidity and substance; and it would have taken several better men than Uncle Josh to have got away from them. It was cold moonshiny night, but to better favor the women, just as old Josh got near the gate, a large black cloud obscured the moon and all was as dark as a stack of black cats in a coal cellar. Miller's wife acted as captain; dressed in Bob Tape's old clothes he had left at her house to be repaired, she gave the word and out they rushed.

"Seize him boys!" said she in a very low whisper.

Over went the sheet, and down came old Josh Cobbin! Before he could say "lor a massa" he was dragged to the mill-race, tied hand and foot, blindfolded, his coat taken off, and he was casused into the water. Fury but the old fellow begged for his life.

"O, lor a massa don't drown be boys I—a I—" because he went.

"Give him another duck," says one; and he'd drown again.

"Now we'll learn you to carry tales," says another.

"And tell tales on me and Miller's wife," says Bob Tape—because he went.

"O, lor a mas—mas—e,—do—don't drown me, Bob, I'll promise never to do"—in they put him again, and the water was as cold as ice.

"Will you promise never to take or carry a story again?"

"I d—do promise, ye—ye—ye—ye don't doo"—and in it he went again.

"Do you promise to mind your own business, and let others alone; Uncle Josh!"

"Ye—ye—yes I do—do, I—I'll promise anything b—bo—boys, on y let me go," says Uncle Josh.

"Well boys," says Polly Higgins, a rousing critter she was too; "I owe Josh one more dip, he lied about my gal Polly Higgins, and—"

"O, Seth Jones, that's you, ain't it well we—well, I said nothing about Polly, it was Heeltap said it, 'deed it was."

Then they left old Josh off, vowing they'd give Heeltap his reward next night, and the moment Josh got clear of his souses, he cut for home.—Uncle Josh now found out that he had been ducked by women, and for his own peace he moved to Iowa, and Frogtown has been a happy place ever since.

A GREAT GUN.—Our uncle Ezra had led a very remarkable life. We heard him tell some most appalling stories of his younger days, last evening, to a group of gaping boys and astonished men.

"I had a gun," said the old Erojan, in that earnest manner so characteristic of his colloquial attainments, "which was the master thing for balls that you ever did see."

"I warn't more nor twenty years old, it was as much as sixty years ago, I think—'e'en a most, any how. I tell you what, I could kill anything I wanted to. I remember now, one day I went out into the woods down by the river—'t was a holiday in May, I had my gun with me—used to carry it as a general thing when I went into the woods—didn't like to go without it—it was a royal gun. I hadn't got far into the woods before I see a gray squirrel running up a tree; I let blizzard—the bullet went through the fellow, tore off a foot and a half of the bark of the tree, besides making the splinters fly like sin, and went through the next tree. I heard an almighty buzzing inside, and pretty soon saw something running out of the hole the ball made, and I swan to pucker, I got no less than forty-six gallons and a half of honey out of that tree—real ginowine bee's honey—none of your nasty Cuba niggers sweet—it was prime, I vow."

"Well, sir, that ball ripped a crow's nest out of the next tree, killed the old ones and four young ones, besides a weazel that had just crawled up to get something to eat; I van, you never see anything like it."

"But it didn't stop there; a few rod beyond, it went through another tree, and killed a taral great raccoon that was running up on the further side, and then bro't down sixteen pigeons from a great flock that was coming down to pick berries in the woods. When I got to the river, I found that it had killed eight wild geese that I had seen in the river the night before, which were just rising to fly as I fired. I could see 'em drifting down the stream. I was afraid I should lose 'em, and so drove in after 'em, without taking off my clothes, and when I came out, feeling something cool, I vow I found five dozen shad and sixteen ale-wives in the seat of my breeches."

We stepped out just as the old gentleman arrived at this point of the narrative. We heard that the ball did farther service on the opposite of the river, but we choose to omit all but what we ourselves heard; folks are apt to stretch stories when they tell them second-hand.

THE YEAR WE LIVE IN.—According to the "American Almanac," we are in the "78th year of the Independence of the United States of America; the 5677th year of the Julian Period, the 5614th year since the creation of the world according to the Jews; the 2607th year (according to Varro) since the foundation of Rome; the 1530th year of the Olympiads at 775-1-2 years before Christ; the 1270th year (of twelve lunations) since the Hegira, or flight of Mahomet, which was supposed, took place on the 12th of July, in the year 622 of the Christian Era."

The following is the admiral's address, signalled to his crews on announcing the declaration of war:

"Lads! War is declared! We are to meet a bold and numerous enemy! Should they offer us battle, you know how to dispose of them! Should they remain in port, we must try to get at them! Success depends upon the quickness and precision of your fire! Lads, sharpen your cut-throats, and the day is your own!"

From the Pittsburgh Post.

The Sovereigns of Europe.

Nicholas, Emperor of Russia, is 59 years old, six feet one inch high, erect and soldier-like in form, haughty in demeanor, proud of his person, and, when young, was decidedly handsome. He is intelligent, shrewd, stern, resolute, and by no means wanting in personal courage. He is a good disciplinarian, but not a skillful commander in war, as was proved in his younger days. His information in regard to the condition and policy of all nations, is minute and extensive; his plans vast; and his ambition boundless. In the last respect he truly represents the Russian character and sentiment. The same disposition prevails in Russia now to pour down on the more fair and wealthy and sunny realms of the south and west of Europe, as in the days when the Roman Empire was overwhelmed.

Frederick William, King of Prussia, is the brother-in-law of the Czar, but a very different kind of a man. He is about 50 years of age, despot in feelings, but somewhat liberal by compulsion. He would gladly join the Emperor of Russia in his plans if he dared; but his people are otherwise inclined. He is fat, "a good looking," tolerably "good natured," and somewhat stupid sort of a man. Should the present war continue for some years, he will probably be found on the side of Prussia. His present declaration of neutrality is merely designed to gain time to watch the course of events for one campaign; and then shape his course according to results.

Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, is 23 years of age, and has succeeded in raising small mustachios for his handsome face; and a small loan for his exhausted treasury. He has a high broad forehead, a good form, about five feet and ten inches in height, and is an expert and excellent horseman. He exhibits no signs of extraordinary administrative capacity, and will probably add little to the reputation of the House of Hapsburgh. He fell in love with a young lady last fall, "at first sight," and it is reported, will marry her during the present season. His government is almost bankrupt in pecuniary resources; his people are discontented; and his Empire is exposed to desperate peril between the contending interests and nations now at war on the continent of Europe. He is greatly indebted to the Emperor of Russia, and would join him in the partition of Turkey, but for the dread of the vengeance of the western powers, and the opposition of his own people. His position is perilous, turn which way he will; and neutrality is almost impossible.

Abdul Medjid, Sultan of Turkey, is but thirty-three years of age, though he has one daughter married, and two more betrothed. He is rather small in stature, with a sallow, sad and mild expression of countenance. He is in favor of reforms in his empire; is just and merciful in his rule, and delights more in superintending his schools and public improvements than in marshalling his armies and navies for battle; but, forced into war for the existence of his empire, as he is, he will doubtless maintain the ancient renown of his gallant and warlike race. Thus far, in his difficulties with the Czar, he has shown a moral courage, a firmness and moderation, and an energy in preparing for war, that have enlisted on his side the sympathies of nearly all civilized nations. He has no wife. Sultans do not marry. He is evidently a sincere and zealous Mahomedan, though he has stipulated with the Western Powers that he will place the Greek and Christian population of his empire on the same footing, as to civil rights, as the Turks.

Louis Napoleon, Emperor of France, is rather below the middle stature; has a dull and drowsy eye, and a countenance that ordinarily expresses but little. He is about forty-four years of age, and has had an adventurous life. From an artillery officer in Switzerland, a rowdy in New York, a special police officer in London, and a prisoner at Ham, he is now firmly seated on the most dazzling throne of Europe, and wields a power second only to that of the Emperor of Russia. Public opinion has undergone a great change in regard to his mental capacity since he ascended the throne of France. He has manifested an ability of high order as a ruler and statesman; and, at this moment, exercises a greater influence over the affairs of Europe than any other sovereign, not even excepting the Emperor of Russia! And this influence he has wielded wisely for his own interests, and, thus far, for the honor and interests of France. He enters on the conflict with his great antagonist of Russia with a dauntless spirit, and an energy of preparation, that shows much of the true metal of his uncle "of glorious memory."

Queen Victoria of England, rules over the most populous, wealthy and powerful empire on the globe. On her dominions the sun never sets; and under her government the people of England and Scotland, at least, enjoy more freedom than under any other monarchy. Queen Victoria is now 34 years of age; of a mild amiable disposition, and is an exemplary wife and mother. But as a ruler, she exercises little real authority. Her cabinet councillors and parliament are the actual rulers of the British Empire. The naval power of England is nearly as great as that of all other nations combined; and her commerce and manufactures greater than those of any other nation.

Oscar, King of Sweden, is now in the prime of life, and, personally, is doubtless strongly inclined to side with the Czar in the present war. But his people, almost unanimously, are hostile towards Russia. An armed neutrality is his declared position, and to this position and its rights the Czar accedes.

The King of Denmark is under personal obligations to the Emperor of Russia, but is compelled by his position, and the voice of his people, to adopt the policy of neutrality.

The King of Belgium is controlled in his policy of neutrality.

The King of Belgium is controlled in his policy by dread of his powerful neighbor of France.

Christians, Queen of Spain, is fully occupied

fast now with the insurrectionary movements of her own people, who are disgusted with her open profligacy, her disregard of the welfare of her subjects, and the arbitrary principles of her government. She is young yet, but her reign will probably be short.

The King of Sardinia would be a liberal; if backed by any power that enable him to contend with the myrmidons of Austria.

The king of Naples is an unmitigated tyrant; blood-thirsty, cruel, and resolved on maintaining the "divine rights of kings;" and such is the temper of his subjects toward him that he has a very fair chance of meeting a sudden and a violent death. A few years ago he was an accomplished horseman a chairteer; and might be seen almost daily driving through the streets of Naples, with a frequent nod of recognition to his people. He is now seldom seen, except when surrounded by his guards. He is a Bourbon of the French family, and is friendly to Russia; but his influence among the European nations is of little account.

Otho, King of Greece, is a mere cypher, a tool in the hands of England and France.

Such are the principal sovereigns of Europe at the commencement of a general war that is likely to prove one of the most sanguinary and momentous conflicts that has ever occurred on that continent; and that cannot fail to result in the end in many changes in its condition. What those changes may be, time only can reveal; but there is little doubt that despotism will suffer more than the cause of freedom. The people will gain what the despots lose.

OPPOSITION.—"A certain amount of opposition," says John Neal, "is a great help to a man—Kites rise against and not with the wind. Even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm.—Let no man wax pale, therefore because of opposition. Opposition is what he wants, and must have to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance. He that cannot abide the storm without flinching or quailing, strips himself in the sunshine, and lays down by the way side, to be overlooked and forgotten. He who but branches himself to the struggle when the wind blows, gives up when they have done and falls asleep in the stillness that follows."

Expulsion of Small Bills.

The Detroit Free Press thus comments on the enactment of a law interdicting the issue and circulation of all bank bills of a less denomination than five dollars:

"A bill is before the Ohio Legislature forbidding the use of bank notes of a less denomination than five dollars. We hope it will be passed.—We hope so, because it will help Michigan to enact a similar law. A single State cannot easily enforce such a regulation, while all surrounding States tolerate a currency. But three or four States acting in concert—as Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Illinois—could effectually do the work. Pennsylvania has such a law, and it is observed—gold and silver filling up the avenues of circulation. Virginia has likewise declared for hard money. There is plenty of specie in the country. Let us use it."

Not so poor.

Charley Jarvis, the artist, tells the following anecdote of his father's travels in the Western part of Kentucky:

At the close of a day in midsummer, Mr. Jarvis and his companion rode up to one of the most dilapidated log huts he had ever seen. The widows were stuffed full of rags, and the cracks between the logs were partially choked up with the same articles.

"What an awful shanty this is," exclaimed Jarvis as he rode up. "It is evident that they are too poor to accommodate us."

"Not so poor as you mount think, stranger," said a head that showed itself among the rags; "for I don't own this place."

"Have you anything in here to eat," said Jarvis, "any bread and ham?"

"Not a small, stranger—all gone; every bit not a crust left!"

"Have you any feed for our horses?"

"Not a corn, nor an oat, stranger; have 'at no use for them."

"Well, can you accommodate us for the night?"

"Wall, we can't stranger. There is no floor in the house, and the straw is all out."

"Why I never heard anything like it," said Jarvis, impatiently. "Why, how do you do here?"

"Patty well, I thank you," said the Kentuckian, "how's the folks down your way?"

That was enough for them, they rode on for better quarters.

The following *verbalis et literalis* was lately received by an undertaker, from an afflicted widow:

"Mr. Genimery my wief is dede, an wants to be buried. Digg a Grav for hir an shee shal com to be burid tw-morrer at wonner clock—you knoes were to digg it bi mi to other wief; lit it be deap."

A traveler asked Bod Tipple if he had ever been round the horn. "No sir," replied the innocent Bod, "I never goes around the horn, I ain't ashamed to take it, no matter who's by."

"Ah, sir," said an usher at Eaton, as he flourished the cane over a boy who struggled greatly, "you may shuffle, but I'll cut."

This is what may be called a fair deal.

It has been aptly said that a false friend is like a shadow on a dial; appearing in clear weather and vanishing as soon as it is cloudy.

A patent has just been taken out in France for making sugar from pumpkins. The quantity produced will be at least as great as could be obtained from an equal quantity of beet-root.