

THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL.

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THE UNION—IT MUST BE PRESERVED.

OFFICE IN PHOENIX BLOCK THIRD STORY.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. 6, NO. 37.

RAVENNA, WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, 1860.

WHOLE NUMBER 631.

Poetical.

Times Go by Turns.

The leopards in time may grow again;
The most asked plasters both fruits and flowers;
The sorriest storm a calm may soon bring;
The driest soil sucks in some moistening shower;
Times go by turns, and chances change by courses;
From foul to fair, from bitter hap to worse.

The sea of fortune doth not ever flow;
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
Her web doth weave the fine and coarsest web;
No joy so great but runs to an end,
No hap so hard but may in time amend.

Not always fall of leaf, not even spring;
Not endless night, nor yet eternal day;
The saddest birds a season find to sing;
The roughest storm a calm may soon ally;
Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win what by mischance was lost;
The net that holds no great takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none, are crossed;
Few all they need, but none have all they wish;
Unmingle with joys here to no man befall;
Who feasted, hath some; who most, hath never all.

Miscellaneous.

How Bob C. Sold his Horse for the Purpose of Leaving the City.

Those gentlemen who are familiar with Boston as it stood some fifteen years since, will recollect that it was entirely connected with other parts of the known world by bridges. Those not familiar with it must take the aversion of this reporter as a sad and sober reality.

In a Boston paper of blessed memory, it said aboriginal and medieval period of Boston existence, the following advertisement appeared one morning.

Horse for sale.—A fine sorrel horse, sixteen hands high; excellent for carriage and broken to the saddle, is now offered on advantageous terms to any one wishing to purchase. Sole reason for the sale, that the owner wishes to leave the city. Address Robert C., No. 1, Tremont street.

On the following day, as Robert C. was walking up Chestnut street en route for his counting-room, he was overtaken by a friend, who, after passing the usual compliments of the season, remarked—

"I see you wish to dispose of your sorrel."

"Yes," replied Bob leisurely in a monotone.

"Good horse!" ventured his friend.

"Sublime!" returned Bob.

"I presume you'll warrant him?"

"Warrant him!" and Bob took a long puff at his cigar. "Of course, I shall warrant him literally to my advertisement."

"And you will guarantee him good and sound? Do you know Bob, I've half a mind to invest personally? I think the only reason you have for selling is that you wish to leave the city."

"Correct to the letter."

After a few moments thought, the bargain was struck, and in half an hour Bob smiled pleasantly to see his friend gallop down the street astride the sorrel.

Afternoon came round, and the "purchaser" came with it.

"Bob," he said dismally, "Bob."

"Yours to command, sir."

"Bob, I don't want to get in a fine frenzy about my sorrel. I entertain great respect for that sorrel, when I remember his pedigree, and all that sort of thing—"

"Dammed by Lady Suffolk."

"And damned by myself! Bob by thunder. Now I swear, Bob, you know that I am not apt to—"

"I should say not," was the meek rejoinder.

"But I swear, Bob, it's too bad."

"No; you don't tell me so."

"But I insist that I do tell you so. The miserable brute won't—Ah! now own up, Bob, you're swindled me. You know he won't worth his feed."

"Splendid animal! But I'll abide by my warranty."

"And literally to your advertisement?"

"Literally."

"Well, Bob, he goes very well till he comes to a bridge, and then he stops. 'Pon my word, I've done everything but prying him over with a fence rail."

Bad Company.

A Sketch for Young People.

BY AUSTIN C. BURBANK.

It is an old saying that "a man is known by the company he keeps," and a saying more true was never uttered. This means that the person is judged by such company, and such judgment, must have powerful weight against the character and interests of any person. A simple life picture—one drawn from actual observation—will illustrate my meaning.

In a small country village lived a wealthy machinist named Clark. By industry and perseverance he had collected a handsome property, but he still carried on the business the same as before—save that he did not now work at the bench, having as much other business as he could attend to. Among his workmen was a youth named Nathan Wilder. Nathan was almost twenty-one years of age, and had been in Mr. Clark's employ nearly seven years, having been bound to him as an apprentice. He was a young man of more than ordinary intelligence, and was respected and loved by all who knew him. His direct qualities were all gone, and his personal appearance was not only manly, but eminently handsome.

Yet Nathan had one fault. He had contracted a habit of associating with some of the reckless, unprincipled youths of the town. He loved to go away in the evening and meet them at some store or hall, spending it in laugh, story and jest; and his social nature was of that ardent, impulsive nature which leads one to join in just such sports as may chance to be started. Such a youth would never project a bad plan, but should his companions do so, he would be almost sure to join them. Some of these youths were low and degraded in character; yet managed to hold on to a certain degree of respectability, through the influence of respectable connections. Young Wilder knew that they were "jolly good fellows," because he had heard others say so, and he had looked at nothing beyond this. He felt sure that nothing could induce him to do an evil deed, and with this self-assurance he was satisfied.

"Where now?" said Mr. Clark, as Nathan was preparing to go out one evening. The young man lived with his master, and had been a member of the family during the whole term, thus far of his apprenticeship. "Oh, just going out to spend the evening with a few friends," replied Nathan with a faint smile.

"Anything particular going on?" pursued Mr. Clark.

"Why, I believe that some of the boys think of going over to the village," answered the youth with some hesitation.

"For what?"

"Well—there is a sort of a frolic over there to-night."

"Where?"

"At Billy McWayne's."

"And did you think of going with them?"

"Why," answered Nathan looking down upon the floor. "I thought if the rest went I should go. I didn't suppose you would forbid it."

"No, Nathan, I should not forbid it, but I should not give my consent. I should hope that you would not go."

"But why? A lot of my friends are going, and they are only going for a little sport."

"But you know what kind of sport they will have before they get back! Now mark me, Nathan, I do not wish to deprive you of any real pleasure, but I do wish to keep you from danger. You know the character of those that are going, and you know they will be very sure to commit some evil deeds before they get back. I heard some of the boys in the blacksmith's department talking about it this afternoon. The Peterkin boys will be there, and so will the Hamptons and Lombys. You know they will get rum at McWayne's, and that they will disturb the peace."

It was but last week, poor Johnny Eastman's fence was torn down, and his barn doors carried off, besides several other tricks of the same sort. Perhaps you know of this."

Nathan Wilder hung his head and blushed, and a faint "yes, sir" escaped his lips.

"You were there, were you not?" pursued Mr. Clark.

"Yes, sir, I was; but I had nothing to do with that—not a thing."

"But you stood by and laughed to see it done."

"I could not help laughing, sir."

"I am sorry, Nathan, that you should have thus helped the evil-disposed ones in their work. You needn't look so wonderingly at me for I mean just what I say. These wicked rakes ask for no other pleasure than to cause poor people pain, and make their companions laugh. Anything at which you would laugh they would do. Now, I cannot conceive of a more niggardly act than that. Had they come and torn down my fence, it would not have been half so criminal, morally speaking, for Eastman is poor, and must feel such a loss very much."

"I know it was a mean trick, and I would not join them," said Nathan.

"But you stood by and saw them do it."

"Yes, sir; because I did not want to come home alone."

"I understand it, Nathan; and let me assure you that the best way to avoid coming home alone is never to go in the company of any one that may do that of which you may be ashamed. Just as sure as you continue to be seen in that company, just as

sure will be judged with them. Now I am going to give you a bit of information. Only yesterday, a gentleman asked me what kind of a young man 'that Nathan Wilder was.' Of course I told him you were a good youth, and asked him what he meant. He then informed me that you were with the party who tore down Eastman's fence, and did other things of equal shame and sin. He did not know that you lived in my family, and he only asked for information, as he had seen you often, and supposed you were a fine young man. I hope you will not go out this evening."

"Of course I shall not, if you do not wish it."

"But do you wish to go?"

The youth hesitated. The fact was, he had been anticipating the sport for two days and he could not immediately give it up.

"Cooper is going," he said after a few moments of thought.

"Joseph, do you mean?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am sorry for it, then, for Joseph Cooper I know is a kind, generous, honest youth, and he ought not thus to ruin his reputation. No man, be he ever so pure, can associate long with evil companions without losing standing among respectable people. Why are you looked upon by some as having had a hand in the mischief of which I have spoken?"

"But people who know me would know better," uttered Nathan quite confidently.

"How should they know better? You seek those evil companions, and are present at their work. You know who pulled down Eastman's fence, of course. I don't mean to ask you who did it, but I say you know."

"Yes, sir, I do."

"And you, were you asked who did it, you would not tell."

"Of course not. I would not expose a companion."

"So I supposed. And now look at it; you were in the company—one of the party—the party did certain deeds, and you must bear your share of the blame. But let this pass. Your knowledge that those young men with whom you associate, are evil disposed; and you know, too, that if they go over to McWayne's to-night, they will be up to some sort of mischief. I think I have said enough to enable you to understand the rest. Now you may spend the evening with Mabel, or you may go over to the back village, just as you choose."

Nathan Wilder started at these words; but before he could make any reply, his master was gone. But he was not long left alone, for in a moment more a bright-eyed, lovely girl, of some nineteen summers, came tripping into the room. She was Mr. Clark's only child. Long had the youth loved that fair girl, and he knew that she loved him in return; but he had not yet had the courage to mention the subject to his master, for he was only an apprentice now, though a few short months would set him free. But a strange hope started to life in his bosom now. Those last words of her parent, and the peculiar tone in which they were uttered, and the look which accompanied them meant something.

"Are you going out this evening?" the girl inquired.

"No," he promptly answered.

"Then I shall have your company, for father and mother are both going out to spend the evening."

Half an hour afterwards, Joseph Cooper called for Nathan to accompany him, but his mission was fruitless. He urged and urged, but Nathan said "No."

"When will you go?" asked Cooper.

"Never again on any such scrapes, and I advise you to follow my plan."

Cooper at length found that the youth was in earnest, and with a derisive laugh went his way.

We need not tell how Nathan spent the evening nor how happy he was. But one thing we will state. Very late, and after many meaningless things had been talked about, Nathan arrived at that point when he found courage to ask Mabel if she thought her father would consent to receive him as his son-in-law.

"He has spoken with me on the subject," answered the maiden frankly and firmly, "and he told me that if you turned out as good a man, morally and socially, as you had thus far been as a boy and youth, he should be happy to see me your wife."

For some moments after that, the youth thought more than he spoke; and the glistening tears that stood in his eyes told how deep were his feelings.

On the following morning, Nathan went early to the shop, happy and buoyant.—About an hour afterwards, Joseph Cooper made his appearance, looking fatigued and sleepy, and with a pale face.

"Well, Joe," said Nathan, "what sort of a time did you have last night?"

"Glorious—glorious," cried Cooper, "I run enough, though, and I was fool enough to drink some."

This last clause was spoken in an altered tone.

"Why, I did know that you ever drank!" said Nathan, with much surprise.

"I don't like to; but I had to do so last night. They hung on so that I couldn't get rid of them."

"Ah, Joe, you had better have taken my advice last night."

"And how long is it since you have become so nice?" asked Cooper, with some irony.

"Only since last evening," kindly replied Nathan; "and even then, because of the plain advice and counsel of another."

"But we had some rare sport!"

"And what kind of sport was it?"

"O, some—I tell you." And as Cooper thus spoke, he gave a significant wink, and then went to his bench.

Joseph Cooper was only two and twenty and had been an apprentice to Mr. Clark until his majority, since which time he had been at work as a journeyman.

Nothing more was said on the subject of the last night's scrape until near the middle of the afternoon when the deputy sheriff entered the shop and inquired after Joseph Cooper.

"Where is Joseph Cooper?" the officer asked of Nathan Wilder.

"That's him at the other end of the shop," "Let's see," resumed the visitor glancing over a paper he held in his hand; "where were you last night?"

"At home, sir."

"You didn't go over to the back village?"

"No, sir. I've concluded to let that company go without me hereafter."

"Good. I'm glad of that," uttered the sheriff emphatically; "and then he went along to where Cooper was at work."

He spoke to the young man, and the latter was pale as death. There was much evident begging and praying but in vain. The officer had come for Joseph Cooper, and he could not go without him. So Joe washed his hands and put on his hat and coat, and then, with a trembling step he accompanied the officer from the shop.

When Nathan went out after his day's work was done, he learned the whole story. On the night before, a party of young men had gone over to the back village and had a carousal at Billy McWayne's and on their return they tore down fences, carried away barn doors and let cattle out, stole water-meters, and several other things of like character. News had been received there that the party were coming, and they were watched. They were seen to do these things, and though it was too dark to distinguish their faces at the time, yet all who were at McWayne's were known, and they had been traced to their mischief.

That very evening the whole party, fourteen in number, were arraigned before a justice, and the complaint was entered against them. Poor Cooper pleaded that he had nothing to do with the work, and while tears rolled down his cheeks, he asserted his innocence.

"You have been in the same company before!" said the justice.

"Yes, sir," hesitatingly answered Cooper.

"And you have known their character for mischief and disturbance?"

"Yes, sir; but I—"

"Never mind, now," interrupted the judge. "You should have thought of all this before. No one man of this party would have ever gone alone and done that work. It takes a gang to make such doings worth while, and you have been a member of that gang some time. If you would be pure and above suspicion, you must beware what company you keep."

After this the justice went on to speak of the many wicked deeds which had been done in times past, and which, for the sake of the friends of the perpetrators, had been overlooked; but the thing could not be passed over now. The crime may have been sport to the doers, but the poor people had suffered heavily. A stop should be put to it.

"I," said the judge, "can only impose a fine of twenty dollars, as I think its enormity demands a heavier penalty. I must commit you to be tried at the next term of the Superior Court."

Each of them was required to give bail in the sum of one hundred dollars. Nathan Wilder became bail for Cooper, and others found bail among their friends.

That night Nathan went home a wiser man, and in his heart he thanked Mr. Clark for the counsel he had given. Joseph Cooper, went home wiser, too, but he was miserable and unhappy. He now saw what evil company had done for him, and he wished that he had been wiser before.

Within a week, eleven of the guilty party went and saw the people whose property had been abused, and not only confessed their error, but they also implored forgiveness, and promised to do no more. The consequence was that at the next term of court no complaint was made against the contrite erring youths. Only three ring-leaders—three low, reckless, hardened youths—were tried, and were sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the county jail.

It was a good lesson to many a youth in that town, and from that time forth there was no more such disturbances of the peace, and injury of property; for the more virtuous of the youths had learned how dangerous it was to be found in bad company, and had consequently withdrawn from all connection with such, while the few who were evil in mind and wish, dared not go alone upon any such work, having lost the respectable cloak which the presence of decent people had formerly thrown over their deeds.

In time, Nathan Wilder became the husband of Mabel, and a partner in business with Mr. Clark. He is now a middle-aged man, and has a family of noble children, and no lesson of social life does he urge more strongly upon his children than the simple truth—

"A man is known by the company he keeps."

A correspondent says that besides generally die old maids. They set such a value on themselves, that they don't find a purchaser until the market is closed. Out of a dozen beauties who have come out within the past eighteen years, eleven, he says, still occupy single beds.

Miss Green's Accomplishments.

Miss Georgiana Aurelia Atkins Green was an intimate friend of mine, or rather, perhaps, I should say, her mother's brother boarded my horse, and I bought my meat of her father. It was the determination of Mrs. Green that she should be a finished lady. During the finishing process I saw but little of her. It occupied three years, and was performed at a fashionable boarding school, between the age of fifteen and eighteen, regardless of expense. When she was finished off, she was brought home in triumph, and exhibited on various occasions to crowds of admiring friends. I went one evening to see her. She was really very pretty, and took her role with spirit, and acted admirably. I saw a port folio lying upon the piano, and knowing that I was expected to seize upon it at once, I did so; against Miss Green's protestation, which she was expected to make, of course. I found in it various pencil drawings, a crayon head of the infant Samuel, and a veritable shipwreck in India ink. The sketches were not without merit. These were all looked over and praised, of course.

Then came the music. This was some years ago; and the most that I remember is that she played "O Dolce Concerto," with the variations, and the "Battle of Prague," the latter of which the mother explained to me during its progress. The pieces were cleverly executed, and then I undertook to talk to the young woman. I gathered from her conversation that Mrs. Martine, the principal of the school where she had finished was a lady of "so much style," that Miss Kittleton of New York was the dearest girl in the school, and that Georgiana and the said "Kittleton" were such friends that they always dressed alike, and that Miss Kittleton's brother, Fred, is such a magnificent fellow. The last was said with a blush, and an embarrassment of which she escaped gracefully, by saying Kittleton was a banker and rolled in money.

It was easy to see that the parents of this dear girl admired her profoundly. I pitied her and them, and determined, as a matter of duty, that I would show her just how much her accomplishments were worth. I accordingly asked of my wife the favor to invite the whole family to tea in a quiet way. They all came on the appointed evening and after tea was over, I expressed my delight that there was one young lady in our neighborhood who could do something to elevate the tone of society. I then drew out, in a careless way, a letter I had just received from a Frenchman, and asked of Miss Green the favor to read it to me. She took the letter, blushed, went half through the first line correctly, and then broke down on a simple word, and confessed that she could not read it. It was a little cruel; but I wished to do her a little good, and proceeded with my experiment. I took a piece of music, and asked her if she had seen it.

She had not. I told her there was a treasure in store for both of us. I had heard the song once and I would try to sing it if she would play the accompaniment. She declared she could not do it without practice; but I told her she was too modest by half. So I dragged her, protesting, to the piano. I knew she would break down. She knew she would, and she did. Well, I would not let her rise; for as Mr. and Mrs. Green were fond of the good old-fashioned church music, and had been singers in their day and in their way, I selected an old tune and called them to the piano to assist. Miss Green gave up the key, and we started off in fine style. It was a race to see who would come out ahead. Georgiana won by skipping most of the notes. She rose from the piano with cheeks as red as beet.

"By the way," said I, "Georgiana, your teacher of drawing must have been an excellent one." I did not tell her that I had seen evidence of this in her own efforts of art, but I touched the right spring, and the lady gave me the teacher's credentials and told me what such and such people had said to her.

"Well," said I, "I am glad if there is one young woman who has learned drawing properly. Now you have nothing to do but to practice your delightful art, and you must do something for the benefit of your friends. I promised a sketch of my house to a particular friend at a distance, and you shall come to-morrow and make one. I remember the beautiful cottage among your sketches, and I should prize a sketch of my own, even half so well done, very highly."

The poor girl had blushed again, and from the troubled countenances of her parents, I saw that they began to comprehend, instinctively, the shallowness—the absolute worthlessness—of the "accomplishments" that had cost them so much. Georgiana acknowledged that she had never sketched from nature—that her teacher had never required it of her, and that she had no confidence that she could sketch so simple an object as my house. The Greens took an early leave, and I regret to say, a cool one. They were mortified, and there was no good sense enough in the girl to make an improvement of the hints I had given her.—The Green family resided on a street that I always took on my way to the post office, and there was rarely a pleasant evening that did not show their parlor lighted, and company within it. I heard the same old variation of "O Dolce Concerto," evening after evening. The battle of Prague was fought over and over again. The portfolio of drawings (such of them as had not been expensively framed) was exhibited, I doubt not, to admiring friends, until they were ruined with thumbing.

At last Georgiana was engaged, and then she was married—married to a very good fellow, too. He loved music, loved painting and loved his wife. Two years passed away, and I determined to ascertain how the pair got along. She was the mother of a fine boy, whom I knew she was proud to have me see. I called, was treated cordially, and saw the identical portfolio on the identical piano. I asked the favor of a tune. The husband informed me with a sigh, that Georgiana had dropped her music. I looked about the walls and saw the crayon Samuel, and the awful shipwreck in the India ink. Also! the echoes of the Battle of Prague that came back over the field of memory, and these mementoes were all that remained of the accomplishments, of Miss Georgiana Aurelia Atkins Green.

Now, young woman, I think you will not need any assurance from me that I have drawn a genuine portrait, for which any number of your acquaintances may have played the original. What do you think of accomplishments like these! How much did they amount to! My opinion of them is, that they are the shabbiest that can be associated with a woman's life and history.

I have told you this history in order to show the importance of incorporating your accomplishments with your very life. It is comparatively an easy task to learn a few tunes by rote—to get up, with the assistance of a teacher, a few drawings—to go through a few French exercises. But it is not so easy to learn the science of music, and go through the manual practice necessary to make the science available under all circumstances. It is not easy to sketch with facility from nature. It is not easy to comprehend the genius of the French language, and so familiarize yourself with it, that it shall ever remain an open language to you and give you the key to a new literature. A true accomplishment is only won by hard work; but when it is won, it is a part of you which nothing but your own neglect can take away from you.

And now let me tell you a secret. Multitudes of married men are led to seek the society of other women, or go out among their own fellows, and often bad habits, because they have drank every sweet of life which their wives can give them. They have heard all the tunes, seen all their efforts at art, sounded their minds, and measured every charm, and they see that henceforth there is nothing in the society of their wives but insipidity. They married women of accomplishments, but they never see a new development—no improvement. Their wives can do absolutely nothing. The shell is broken—the egg is eaten.

The Beauties of Cadiz and American Beauties.

A correspondent of the New York Evening Post, writes from Spain, viz:

Toward the close of a delightful day's sight-seeing, I wandered into the principal Alameda to gaze upon the dark-eyed maidens whose charms, as sung by Byron, had been haunting my brain ever since my arrival. The evening was pleasant, and the beauty and fashion of Cadiz moved before my eyes. Seating myself near a beautiful fountain, I watched the light forms as they flitted past, drawing comparisons between them and those that moved in the land beyond the sea. In their beauty, as a class, I was, as all elsewhere, disappointed. Basing my expectations to the mass beheld. In my judgment the American woman, as a general thing, is superior to the vaunted Andalusian in person as she certainly is in mental attractions. I do not bear this testimony to flatter, (I believe they have too much good sense to be vain,) but because it is true.—Yet many charms has the Spanish maiden which forcibly arrest the attention of strangers. Her piquant head-dress, half revealing, half concealing her wealth of glossy hair; her free, erect carriage, and graceful, gazelle like step, all combine to invest her with interest as deep as characteristic.—Manners, too, has she essentially her own. She gives not her arm to escort in promenade; she extends not her hand to gentleman acquaintances in greeting; and he who woos her must breathe his sighs through the lattice of her chamber. She is fond of music; dancing is as a second nature, and life and grace are in every motion. She dislikes books or study; she cares but little for literature of any description; her pleasure is in the actual life.

A SON OF COLUMBUS.

Among the multitudinous attractions of Seville's great cathedral is the tomb of Fernando Columbus, son of the immortal discoverer. He lies at one end of the central aisle, under a plain and unpretentious sepulchre. He was a being of no common order, and the deeds of his life were only shaded by the greater actions of the sire. One of the last efforts of his life was the establishing of a library at Seville, which soon ceased to exist after his death. Around the sacred spot are a number of inscriptions, and close at hand are some rude representations of the caravels with which the daring navigator ploughed the then unknown sea.—How small, how trifling, how all unfit they were for the gigantic enterprise! In the narrow strait, or along the shores of the Mediterranean, I have seen just such shells of madness to attempt crossing the ocean in their even in this day of advanced navigation. But the hand of God was in the enterprise, and, standing over the grave of the son, I invoked a blessing on the memory of the sire, in the name of my native land.

The Indians—Cheyennes and Arapahoes.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat, writing from Denver city, says:

The Cheyennes and Arapahoes are modest and respectful. They have a native dignity about them that commands respect. Cool and calculating, they may well be styled the "stoics of the valleys." They live to a great old age. The squaws work, carry game and hunt up wood, and the men shrink not nor swerve, no matter how much they are cut or hurt themselves. They say but little, and consider a man of loquacity as a "trifling person." and I don't know but they are always pretty near right. They know to a cent the merits and value of horses and ponies, as well as any of your criers in the St. Louis sale stables. They read count-nances and character, and cannot be fooled any way. The squaws and young women keep themselves neat and tidy, for Indian women. Some of the chiefs' daughters are very handsome, and proud and dignified, apparently indifferent and disdainful towards the crumpled pale faces. Their children are not many hours old when they strap them on a moss lined board and hang it out of the way, while their mothers attend to their accustomed industry of cooking or collecting wood or packing water.

Poor, honest Indians! I don't know what they'll do, or where they'll go in a few years more. American progress has here warped their hunting grounds! Their arrows are broken, and their war-cry is hushed; their camp fires have gone out, and the places where they were wont to locate their lodges, now know them no more! They come and look, and talk to each other in amazement about the signs and instruments of civilization in this city here. They cast a last glance at the junction of the Platte and Cherry Creek, their favorite village grounds. They see coaches and carriages driving over their trails, and foundations and cellars digging up the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears, but they sigh with wonder! For here, where first the Buffalo wandered, and the wild deer loved to roam, they now can neither trace the one nor catch a trail of the other; for

"On Rio Chato's Swamy marge Where late the wigwags stood, Now stands the sturdy white man's axe, Bridge building 'o'er the flood."

The Ugly Family.

In one of the lower districts of the Palmetto State, there once lived a family of six or seven persons, who were known far and wide as the "ugly family." One of them, Jake, was so "unspeakably" hard favored, that it made one feel as if he had bitten a green parson to look at him, and whenever he walked through the streets, the dogs slunk their tails and sneaked off, too scared to bark.

The