THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL.

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

NEW SERIES.---VOL. 7, NO. 19. RAVENNA, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1860. WHOLE NUMBER 807.

THE PORTAGE SENTINEL.

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JAMES W. SOMERVILLE.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

ALPHONSO HART,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office in Seymour's Block, over Poe & Brother's store, Ravenna, Ohio. [January 4, 1860.

J. L. & H. C. RANNEY,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Office on Main st., one door west of the bank. Ravenna, Ohio

P. B. CONANT,
Attorney at Law. Office No. 3 Phœnix Block Ravenna, Ohio.

J. DEMPSTER HORTON,
Attorney at Law and Justice of the Peace. Also, General Collection and Insurance Agent. Office in the Court House, Ravenna, O. [Apl. 14, '59-y

LUTHER DAY,
Attorney at Law. Office in Phœnix Block, Main Street, second entrance up stairs, over H. L. Day' Store, Ravenna, O. March 17-1y.

S. W. M'CLURE.] [E. SPALDING.
McCLURE & SPALDING,
Attorneys at Law, Ravenna, Ohio. Office over Robinson, King & Co., No. 1 Phœnix Block. March 24, 1859.

E. B. TAYLOR.] [H. H. WILLARD
TAYLOR & WILLARD,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. Ravenna, Ohio. Office in Phœnix Block, over Coffin & Pinney's Store. [Oct. 21, '58-1y.

O. P. BROWN.] [L. D. WOODWORTH.
BROWN & WOODWORTH,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. Office in Phœnix Block, directly over the Store of A. G. Coffin & Co., Ravenna, Ohio. [Feb. 24, 1859-1y.

MICHAEL STUART,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Notary Public, Ravenna, Ohio. Office in the east end of the large brick block, over E. Bradshaw's Grocery Store.—Deeds, mortgages and all legal instruments carefully and plainly drawn or acknowledged. Pensions and Land Warrants obtained. April 15, 1858.

C. S. LEONARD, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence on the south side and east end of Main street, Ravenna, Ohio. [July 11, 1860.

E. L. MUNGER, M. D.] [G. M. PROCTOR, M. D.
MUNGER & PROCTOR,
Physicians and Surgeons, Shalersville, Portage co., Ohio. [April 11, 1860-1y

A. BELDING, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon. Office over D K. Wheeler's Drug Store, opposite the Court House, on Main Street. Residence on Cedar Street. Ravenna, November 23, 1859.

G. W. ESSIG,
Mason, Plasterer and Cementer, is prepared to perform all kinds of work in his line on short notice and reasonable terms. White-washing attended to. He may be found at his residence on Chestnut st. Ravenna, April 18, 1860-1y

BAIRD & WAIT,
Dealers in Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, &c., &c., Swift's Building, Main street, Ravenna, Ohio.

H. L. DAY.
Dealer in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Groceries etc., No. 2 Phœnix Block, Ravenna, Ohio.

J. T. GREEN,
Dealer in Hats, Caps, Straw Goods, Ladies' Furs, etc., No. 3 Phœnix Block, Ravenna, Ohio.

JOHN C. BEATTY,
Dealers in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Groceries carpets, etc., No. 5 Phœnix Block, Ravenna, O.

VANCE & HINMAN,
Dealers in Furniture, Upholstery, Pictures, Looking Glasses, etc., No. 7 Phœnix Block, Ravenna, O.

L. W. HALL & SON.
Dealers in Books, Stationery, Periodicals, Fancy Goods, etc., Democrat Building, Ravenna, O.

D. W. GOSS & BRO.,
Dealers in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Groceries Hardware, etc., Edinburg, Portage co., Ohio.

POE & BROTHER,
Dealers in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Ready Made Clothing, &c., north side of public square, Ravenna

STREATOR, DAILY & CO.,
Dealers in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery Hadware, &c. Shalersville, Portage county, Ohio.

CURTIS HATCH,
Dealer in Drugs and Medicines, together with Flour Salt, etc., No. 6 Phœnix Block, Ravenna, Ohio.

CHARLES E. SWIFT,
Dealer in Drugs and Medicines, north side of public square, Ravenna, Ohio.

WILLIAM FRAZER,
Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, Saddlery etc., Wheeler's Block, directly opposite the Court House, Main st., Ravenna, O.

R. B. WITTER,
Sadle, Harness and Trunk Manufacturer, three door east of Phœnix Block Main street, Ravenna Ohio

HENRY JAMES,
Barber and Hair-dresser. Shop opposite Phœnix Block. Shaving, Hair-cutting, and Shampooing done promptly and in the most fashionable style.

E. G. RUSSELL,
Sign and Ornamental Painter and Gilder. Carved Letters furnished to order. Stencil plates of any desired pattern cut with neatness and dispatch. Shop one Building west of the Democrat office, up stairs.

BARRED and Embroidered Curtain Mull Paper Curtains, Oil Shades, etc., at April 30, 1857 FOE & BRO'S.

AT SWIFT'S DRUG STORE,
SNOW WHITE ZINC,
PURE WHITE LEAD,
GREEN COLORS, FOR BLINDS,
PAINTS, BRUSHES & PUTTY,
SUPERIOR LINSEED OIL.
VARNISH & TURPENTINE,
Very cheap for cash,
June 26, 1860. By CHARLES E. SWIFT.

AT SWIFT'S DRUG STORE,
PINT FRUIT JARS,
QUART FRUIT JARS,
HALF GALLON FRUIT JARS,
June 26, 1860. By CHARLES E. SWIFT.

Meat Market.

THE subscriber would inform the public that he still continues to supply his customers daily with FRESH MEAT of all descriptions at his Market, under the Grocery of C. A. Pitkin, on Main street. J. A. DAVIDSON.
Ravenna J ly 11, 1860 1y.

JOCKEY CLUB, Verbena and Citronelle Perfumes, for sale by the ounce, at October 26, 1859. SWIFT'S.

CARBON OIL, colorless, and free from offensive odor, for sale by sept. 12, 1860. CHARLES E. SWIFT.

Poetical.

The Union.

BY MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.

THE UNION—It must be preserved.—JACKSON.

Dissolve the Union—let the blush of shame
Hide, with its crimson glow, the brazen cheek
Of him who dare avow the traitorous aim.
'Tis not the true, the wise, the good who speak
Words of such fearful import; but the weak,
Drunk with fanaticism's poisonous wine,
And reckless of the future, madly seek
To hold their saturnalia at the shrine
That noble souls have held, and still must hold divine.

Dissolve the Union—madmen, would ye rend
The glorious motto from our country's crest?
Would ye despoil the stars and stripes, that lend
Home, food, protection to the world's oppress?
Have ye no reverence for the high bequest
That our immortal sires bestowed erewhile?
Has sin defaced the image God impress
On your humanity, that ye could smile
To see the lurid flames of Freedom's funeral pile.

Dissolve the Union—in the day, the hour
Ye rend the blood-cemented tie in twain,
The fearful cloud of civil war will lower
O'er every old blue hill and sunny plain,
From torrid Mexico to frigid Maine;
And men will arm, and strange, new banners wave,
And pallid women look on kindred slain;
Brothers will battle, and the life-blood lave
The threshold noble sires and husbands died to save.

Dissolve the Union!—no ye cannot part,
With idle words, the blessed ties that bind
In one, the interests of that mighty heart
That treasures up the hopes of all mankind.
Awhile, perchance, the blind may lead the blind,
And men may follow phosphorescent light,
From beaten paths to quagmires, ere they find
The ray that shone, so beautiful and bright,
Was but a phantom-lure to deeper, darker night.

Dissolve the Union!—never! ye may sow
The seeds of vile dissension o'er the land,
That men may reap in sorrow; ye may show
The world your disregard of all its grand
Eternal interests; but a noble band
Of patriots, tried and true, who still remain,
With heart to heart, and sinewy hand to hand,
To guard, from foul dishonor's cankering stain,
The jewel God has shrined in Freedom's holy fane.

Dissolve the Union! no; destroy the page
That gives to human sight the hideous scrawl;
Let not the freemen, of a future age,
Read these detested words; they would recall
Shame, madness, imbecility, and all
That mars the noon-tide glory of our time,
True to the undivided, stand or fall;
To waver now is little less than crime—
To battle for the right, is glorious, sublime.

Our Flag when we Part.

The following lines were recenty found posted on the walls of an old house in Newark, N. J., and were probably written many years ago:

Oh! what will become of that flag when we part?
Shall it droop o'er the tomb of our national fame?
Shall it stream o'er the wreck, when each hope of the heart
Has abandoned the wreck to oblivion and shame?

When that banner of glory forever is furled,
Shall each gem be re-set and translated afar?
Shall the bright constellation that lighted a world,
Be replaced by a distant and desolate star?

Rather heap its proud trophies, and over them cast
This all of our honor—this shroud of our shame;
Fire the pile! fling the ashes abroad on the blast—
It was born amid storm—let it perish in flame!

Miscellaneous.

One Hundred Years Ago.

One hundred years ago there was not a single white man in Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana or Illinois Territories. Then, what is now the most flourishing part of America was as little known as the country around the Mountains of the Moon. It was not until 1769 that the Hunter of Kentucky, the gallant and adventurous Boone, left his home in North Carolina to become the first settler of Kentucky. The first pioneer of Ohio did not settle till twenty years after that time. A hundred years ago Canada belonged to France, and the whole population of the United States did not exceed a million and a half of people. A hundred years ago the great Frederick of Prussia was performing those great exploits which have made him immortal in military annals, and, with his little monarchy, was sustaining a single handed contest with Russia, Austria and France, the three great Powers of Europe combined. A hundred years ago the United States was the most loyal part of the British Empire, and on the political horizon no speck indicated the struggle which a score of years thereafter established the greatest republic of the world. A hundred years ago there were but four newspapers in America; steam engines had not been imagined, and railroads and telegraphs had not entered into the remotest conceptions of man. When we come to look back at it through the vista of history, we find that the century which has passed has been allotted to more important events, in their bearing upon the happiness of the world, than almost any other which has happened since the creation. A hundred years hence, what will be the developments?

☞"Sonny, where's your father."
"Father's dead, sir."
"Have you any mother?"
"Yes, I had one, but she got married to Joe Danklin, and don't be my mother any more, 'cause she says she's got enough to tend to his young uns."
"Smart boy! here's a dime for you."
"That's ye, sir; it's the way I get my livin."
"How!"
"Why, by tellin' big yarns to green uns like you, at a dime a pop."

☞The Utica *Telegraph* has found the meanest man in the world. It says that a man in its city, who was requested to act as pall bearer at the funeral of a friend's wife, presented the bereaved husband *with a bill of 56 cents for his services in that capacity*, and received his pay.

Squire Richer's Cow.

"All's fair in trade."—SPECULATOR'S BIBLE.

'Good lookin' cow, that, Squire Richer.—Want to sell?'

'Well, I dunno. Want to buy?'

'That depends on the price. What'll you sell her for?'

'Make me an offer.'

'Wall, I 'spose she's worth eighteen or twenty dollars. Somewhere about that.'

'Eighteen or twenty dollars! Land soul, Mr. Smith! Why, that cow is the real Durham, Cheshire short horn—the best breed in the world, you know.'

'She! you don't say so, though, do ye?—Strange, now, I didn't notice it. Come from the town of Short Horn, eh?'

'Land soul, no, Mr. Smith. She was owned by a man by the name of Short Horny, and they called her Short Horn, you know, 'cause Horny was too long to speak. The man that raised her was an English or Irish, I forgot which. So you see the cow's a furriner. I reported her myself from the continent.'

'She! Why, I never ha' heard a word of it. Kept it private, didn't ye, Squire?'

'Wall, yes, rather. Ye see it's the times of the Know Nothing agitation, and ye know I'm a candidate for selectman in my town, so I was afraid if the people found out that I was bringin' a furren cow over here, they'd turn right out and spile my election. You know they're down on furriners.'

'Wall, I declare, Squire, you're sharp.—But the cow can speak—that is, roar English, can't she?'

'Sartin! Just like any other cow. And now, neighbor Smith, if you want to buy a grand, good cow, one that'll give twenty-five quarts of milk a day, and make ten pounds of butter a week, you'll never get such another chance. I wouldn't part with her at no price to any other man, but you and I have allers been good friends, and I don't mind sacrificing a few paltry dollars to oblige you. You may have that Durham Cheshier short horn cow, bred somewhere in Victoria's dominions, for the sum of forty-five dollars. Dog cheap.'

'Forty-five dollars! Oh! Squire, you must think I'm made of money. I never can afford to give that. Say forty, and I'll think about it.'

'Wall, Mr. Smith, you're a tight hand at a bargain, but I won't stand with you for a few paltry dollars. You may have the cow for forty!'

'The money's yourn.'

'The cow's your'n.'

There, reader, that's the way Mr. John Smith happened to become the owner of the Durham, short horn 'furren' cow 'reported' from the Continent by James Richer, justice of the peace for Stafford county, State of New Hampshire. Now for further particulars.

Mr. Smith drove his purchase home much elated with the acquisition, and when night came he would not permit his daughter Jane to milk the short horn with the other cows; he must perform the pleasure and highly interesting job himself on a three legged stool at the side of the short horn, and placing a fifteen quart wooden pail at the proper angle, commenced the process. In less than a second he had the pail brim full, for the short horn not probably relishing the slow, old fashioned method of filling the pail with milk, concluded to save Mr. Smith considerable trouble, and accordingly set both her hind feet into the devoted pail, giving Mr. Smith a smart whisk with her stub tail at the same time!

Mr. Smith tried to dislodge the obtruding feet, but to his dismay he found them a fixture. On further examination, he ascertained that the feet had quietly knocked out the bottom of the pail, and the legs of the short horn were firmly hooped together. He pulled and hauled at the refractory legs, but all to no purpose; they were bound to stick. So Mr. Smith, as a last resort, applied a hatchet to the pail, and rent it in twain. Out flew short horn's understandings, and by way of examination into their safety, she let go first one and then the other whack against Mr. Smith's ankle bone. Over went Smith and the three-legged milk stool bouncing after him—his head in a fragrant mud puddle, and his feet elevated in 'the elastic fluid which surrounds the earth.' He screamed to Simon Mildmay, his hired man, to come to the rescue; but Simon was engaged just then in the interesting business of kissing Jane Smith behind the brindle cow she was milking, and it was some time before he responded to the call.

When Mr. Smith was once more raised to the perpendicular, he swore a few easy words, looked sadly at the Durham Cheshier short horn, and went to Mrs. Smith to get the wounded limb bound up. From that worthy lady he received but little consolation.

'I allers told you, Smith," said she, 'to keep clear of Squire Richer; he's a tormented speculator and allers will get the best end of a bargain. He got cheated once, when he married his wife, and that's some comfort.' He wanted to have me once; but good luck! I'd as soon thrown myself into the mill pond and committed suicide. Dear sake, this cloth ain't half big enough to reach round yer leg now. Wait till I sew it together. I allers knowed—it has been beat into me for mor'n a year, that Squire Richer would get the better of you somehow, and now——'

'Better of me or not,' put in Mr. Smith, as his wife paused for breath, 'you'll see if I don't fix him. I'll let him know that I ain't a fool yet.'

'She! You don't pretend to say you'll try to cheat him! Remember, Mr. Smith, you're a member of the church.'

'I'll fix him, I said—ain't that enuff? I'll have my money back again afore next month this time—if I dont then I'll give you a gown.'

'Wall, why not tell how you calculate to do it?'

'Wall, I mean to. Pshaw! a woman can't keep a secret to rest easy without knowing everything. I'll fix him—that's all.'

With a wonderfully knowing air, Mr. Smith limped out of the house, and going to the milk yard, desired Simon Mildmay to step into the sheep's house with him a minute—he wanted to have a little talk.

Simon, frightened half to death lest the kissing affair behind the brindle cow had been discovered, obeyed with fear and trembling.

'Simon,' says Smith, to the point at once, 'can you keep a secret?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Wall, do you love my daughter, Jane?'

'How! Ah—hem—oh—oh, sir I—I——.' Poor Simon's knees began to knock together, and his teeth chattered in his head.

'Don't be a fool, simon, nobody's goin' to kill ye. Speak out.'

"Yes, sir, I do love her. I——.'

"Wall, Simon, if you do love her, that's well; but if you marry her, you've got to work for her. Will you be willing to do that?'

'Try me.'

"Wall, I want you to show your love by doing me a little service in an affair that I've got into, and want to get out of.'

'Anything in the world, Mr. Smith, from fighting a duel to killing a wild cat.'

'You know Squire Jim Richer?'

'To be sure.'

'He's a speculator and a cheat, you know?'

'Your short horn cow shows that plainly enough,'

"That's it exactly, Simon, and to tell you the truth, I don't feel over and above well pleased about that bargain, and if I could only get the better of the Squire in some way, I should be delighted. I've got a plan fixed that I think will be just the thing, and all I want is you to carry it out for me.'

'Say on. I'm ready for anything, if Jane's to be my reward.'

'Well, now harken. The Squire thinks a sight of nice cattle, and will give a'most any price afore he'll lose the chance of getting a valuable animal. Now, I want you to take some paint—and paint short horn's white and spots of black just like the rest of her. Then get a sharp file and file her horns off even with her head, and after you have got her fixed, take her into the cars, and don't stop till you get to Boston. After you get there, write me a letter that you are the Earl of Derby's herdsman—an English name takes you know—and that you have taken the trouble to come to America for a purpose to buy up fine cattle. Pretend you have heard of me as one that takes a powerful interest in the improvement of stock, and that you would like for me to come to Boston and see a splendid cow of the no horn breed, which the earl had sent to the Mayor of Boston as a present. Just hint that, for a consideration, you would be willing to part with her to any American farmer, and palm off an inferior animal upon the Mayor. Do you understand me, Mildmay?'

'Perfectly. sir. Go ahead.'

'Well, when I see Squire Richer, he'll ask me how I like that short horn, and where she is. I'll tell him that my wife thinks she is a handsome critter, and that I have sent her up into Belknap county for better pasturing. Talking of her will bring in this other affair handy, and then I will show him your letter and invite him to go to Boston with me and see the celebrated no horn. I'll tell him I'm set on havin' the cow, if she don't cost more than I'm worth, and that'll make him determined to have her himself. You must ask an enormous price at first, but fall down a hundred dollars or so, just to make him think hh's cheated ye. Now, Simon, do you think you can do the thing up brown?'

'Yes, sir. If, well, I believe you said something about Jane when you first began?'

'So I did. Well, if you can make it go, you may have Jane before cold weather, and the money you get for short horn will help to set you up a housekeepin'. Mind, though, and keep it all to yourself.'

'I'll be mum.' And off bounded Simon to give Jane an infinite number of busses, as he took the foaming pails from her hand to carry them into the spring room.

The very next morning, before any of the family were stirring, Simon, with the painted cow, was on board the cars for Boston. The next day's mail brought to Mr. Smith the following letter:

'*To John Smith, Esq., of Rockhill, Strafford county, N. H.:*

'DEAR SIR: I beg leave to introduce myself as Wm. Bell, the herdsman of the Earl of Derby, Derbyshire, England. I am on a journey through the United States for the purpose of purchasing choice American cattle, the Earl having taken it into his head that a mixture of the English and American breeds is desirable. I have now at the stable on Green street a magnificent black cow—of the no horn royal stock—which my master has sent by me as a present to his honor the Mayor of Boston. Having heard through your highly respected friend, Richard Stevens, of this place, that you are much interested in the improvement of the American stock, I have thought that it would do no harm to dispose of this beautiful no horn to you, and purchase a good American animal for the Mayor. Of course you understand this is in confidence, as I make the offer solely from the disinterested wish of serving American cattle. If you should think it worth your while, I shall be very happy to see you at the American House some time during the present week.

'With the highest respect,
Your obedient servant,
'WILLIAM BELL.'

'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed John Smith, as he finished reading the note. 'Simon's in for it, no mistake. Good—yes, that will do. Now I will harness up and make an errand over to the Squire's after some cabbage plants—he said he had a slew of 'em.'

Mr. Smith was soon on the road behind the gray mare, and on arriving at the Squire's he found that worthy man at work in the garden. Mr. Smith tied up his horse and sprang over the fence where his friend was hoeing corn.

'Ah, ha! Good morning, good morning, neighbor Smith. Glad to see you. Fine morning.'

'Capital; the rain night afore last did the business for the crops. Things look flourishing.'

'Yes, as well as I've known 'em to be for fourteen years—corn and beans especially. Why, Smith, the corn on my Gov'nor lot is up to a man's hips.'

'Sho! Well, that is large. But how about them cabbage plants? Got any to spare, eh?'

'Plenty of 'em, Mr. Smith—there, in that bed. Help yourself. Oh!' (after a brief pause,) 'I forgot to ask you about the cow. How do you like her?'

'First rate, Squire, but our pasturing is so poor, that I've sent her up to Alton to my brother to be pastured; his pasturing is new land, you know, and the clover knee deep, he says. I was afraid if I kept her here she'd kinder lose her flesh and run down, so I've let him have her for the season, and he's to allow me for the milk and butter.'

The Squire looked somewhat surprised at this favorable account of the Durham Cheshire short horn, but he only said: 'Just as I thought, Mr. Smith. I knew you'd be pleased with the cow.'

There was a long pause, during which Smith was industriously uprooting cabbage plants and transferring them to his basket. At length as if struck with a new idea, he called out: 'Look here, Squire, I'm a good mind to tell you a little bit of a secret. Do you think you could keep still about it?'

'Sartin! Land me, I can keep anything secret. Let's know?'

'Well, Squire, I'm a goin' to have a cow that'll put every other cow in Strafford county nowhere.'

'How? Explain.'

'There, read that.' Mr. Smith pulled Simon's letter from his pocket.

The Squire read it over carefully, and when he finished, he exclaimed: 'Grand chance, I declare. Come right straight from the Earl of Derby's; and you mean to buy her, don't ye?'

'Yes, *sir*. If the cow don't go beyond two hundred dollars, she's mine."

The Squire seemed cogitating.

'Look here, Smith, said he, at length, 'I'd like to see this famous cow. How would you like to have my company down to Boston?'

'The very thing I was going to ask your advice about the critter. I ain't much of a judge about cattle.'

There was a long conversation between the two worthies there in the cabbage yard, and it was agreed that they should proceed together the following morning to Boston, to examine and decide on the merits of the wonderful cow.

Noon of the next day found Squire Richer and Mr. Smith at Boston, where they immediately sought Green Street stable and the no horn. Both the cow and Simon Mildmay were so thoroughly disguised that their owners would not have known them, (particularly no horn's,) and Squire Richer was completely deceived. To cut a long matter short, after much bargaining and bantering the no horn Earl of Derby cow, *alias*, the Durham Cheshire short horn, became the property of Squire Richer—he paying as an equivalent the sum of two hundred and seventy-five dollars.

Mr. Smith was, to all appearance, almost heart-broken at the loss of the 'splendid chance,' but he hadn't enough money, he said, to pay for her at that price.

So Squire Richer's cow came back to her old quarters, and was put in the yard with the other cows for the night.

Unfortunately for the cow, and unfortunately for her owner's peace of mind, there came up a heavy rain during the night, and, in the morning, when the Squire came out to look at his purchase, he found his *bona fide* black and white kicking cow awaiting him. The streaks of black paint revealed the trthh to the enraged Squire, and the "sell" was plainly evident. The way the baffled speculator tore round the yard, and cursed himself, the cow, Mr. Smith, and the world in general, would have astonished any one who had ever seen the devout and pious Squire Richer at church.

As for no horn short horn, her days upon earth were 'few and evil,' for on the going down of the sun the ensuing day she was lying salted down in a beef barrel in Squire Richer's cellar—a barrel of beef at two hundred and seventy-five dollars, and poor at that!

The Squire had the good sense not to lay the matter to heart; but, although he is as social with Smith as ever, he ever mentions *trade* in his presence.

Jane Smith has taken Simon Mildmay as her husband, and she is now, we believe, the mother of two little Mildmays, who are, of course, "the exact image of their father.'

Curiosities of Civilization.

A work with this title has recently appeared in England, being the reproduction of various articles written for the Quarterly Reviews by Dr. Andrew Wynter, which affords much curious information on subjects of every day's experience. Speaking of newspaper advertisements, for instance, Dr. Wynter has been able to trace such advertisements further back than 1652, when a solitary one appeared, while on the 24th of May, 1855, the London *Times* alone contained two thousand five hundred and seventy-five. The earliest advertisements appear to have been of books, one of which bore the title of "Gospel Marrow," and another "A few Sighs from Hell, or the groans of a damned Soul." The proprietors of patent medicines were not long behind the authors or publishers in thus communicating with the public. Even the King used the same medium to recover lost dogs. The year of the great plague appears to have brought profit to the newspapers of the day, various antidotes being advertised, including "an excellent electuary against the plague, to be drank at the Dragon, Cheapside, at sixpence a pint." It was not until the revolution of 1688, however, that advertisements became of a general character, and revealed, as they do now, the pursuits and character of the people.

In 1692 twenty six new journals were established, and from that time advertisements rapidly multiplied, among them some of black boys for sale, or as having run away, though bearing the names of their proprietors on their *collars*. For instance, one is advertised as wearing a collar about his neck with this inscription, "Lady Bromfield's black, in Lincoln's-inn-fields." Of modern advertisements, Dr. Wynter, supplies many characteristic specimens, from those of the famed George Robins, who candidly admits that the superb estate he has to sell has two drawbacks, "the litter of the rose leaves and the noise of the nightingales," to those of Messrs. Moses & Son, who thus proclaim the promptness with which they can discount domestic grief:

"When business orders are received
From parties painfully bereaved,
Five minutes time is all we ask
To execute the mournal task;"

or those of Professor Holloway, who spends in England alone thirty thousand pounds sterling annually in commendation of his pills and ointment.

In another chapter, entitled the "London Commissariat," Dr. Wynter make some marvellous but truthful statements respecting the mode in which civilization has perfected the means of supplying London and suburbs with food and drink. Take the article of fish for instance. In the proper season one hundred tons of herrings are sent from Yarmouth every day to London by railroad, making twelve thousand tons yearly. Four thousand tons of mackerel and other fish are sent annually to Billingsgate by railroad from the South coast of England. The South-Western railway sends up annually four thousand tons of mackerel and other fish, the gatherings of the South coast. The North-Western collects over night the "catch" from Ireland, Scotland and North-East coast of England, three thousand five hundred and seventy eight tons, principally of salmon. while the Great Northern delivers three thousand two hundred and forty-eight tons of like sea produce. The Great Western takes up the harvest of the Cornish and Devonshire coasts, chiefly mackerel and pilchards, to the amount of one thousand five hundred and sixty tons in the year; and the Brighton and South Coast railway conveys fifteen thousand bushels of oysters, besides four thousand tons of other fish.—Smelts and eels are brought in Duch boats. Dutch eels, Dr. Wynter says, "constitute much of the soup which people too hungry to be critical mistake for ox-tail or calve's-head." Thirty thousand lobsters are received in London every night during the season.

To provide all the cockneys with a cut at "a joint," a million and a half of sheep, more than a quarter of a million of oxen, and calves and pigs in proportion, are sold in Smithfield during the year and slaughtered in London, and about thirty-eight thousand tons of country killed meat are brought up in addition, by railroad, to the metropolis. The quantity of game and wild birds which there find a market are equally surprising. After a few successful battues in the Highlands, it is not at all unusual for one London firm to receive five thousand head of game, and as many as twenty thousand to thirty thousand larks are often sent up to the market together. Ostend sends annually six hundred thousand rabbits. Ireland sends large flocks of plovers, and quails are brought from Egypt and the South of Europe. Some seventeen thousand quails on one occasion descended upon London via Liverpool, whither they had been brought from the Roman Campagna. Of the two million fowls that every year flank the boiled tongues on the tables of the residents of London, by far the greater number are drawn from the counties of Surry and Sussex.—Ireland also sends much poultry. Not less than fourteen hundred tons of chickens, geese and ducks are taken to London annually by the Great Western railway.

In washing these edibles down their throats the Londoners consume, in addition to wine, *nearly a thousand million tumblers of ale and porter*. How much water is used for the like purpose Dr. Wynter does not inform us.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

The Comic Side of Life.

Life, which is certainly the greatest "institution" that we know of, has its comic side as well as its dreary one, and we sometimes find the comic and the dreary going most strangely hand in hand. People are often made to laugh when they fain would weep. The buffoon frequently comes to us most inopportunely—the unwelcome guest on dismal occasions.

The British House of Lords are the most august body of men in the world. They never smile. They apparently regard laughter as a capital offence, and entertain a feeling of profound contempt for humorists and comedians. One afternoon when the House of Lords were uncommonly dignified and sleepy, an inebriated American, who had found his way into the gallery, uttered a startling aboriginal "whoo o-op," and asked if "some hon'r'ble (hic) lord wouldn't favor the House with a (hic) comic song!"

In a certain town in New Hampshire, a few years since, an individual borrowed a large silver waten to wear at his wife's funeral. He had not been accustomed to carrying a watch, and made rather absurd display of the time piece in question. During the funeral sermon he annoyed the other mourners exceedingly by taking out the watch with a great flourish every few moments, and replacing it with an equally extensive flourish. At the grave he took out the watch again, and in a solemn voice said: "It was just twenty minutes past three when we got her in!"

What I Begin to Believe.

"Bubbles," of the California *Golden Era*, furnishes that paper, under the head of "Notes and Cogitations," with the following:

I begin to believe now-a-days that money makes the man, and dress the gentleman.

I begin to believe that the purse is more potent than the sword and pen together.

I begin to believe that those who sin the most during the week are the most devout on Sunday.

I begin to believe that honesty is the best policy—to speculate with until you gain everybody's confidence; then line your pockets.

I begin to believe in humbugging the people out of their dollars. It is neither stealing nor begging; and those who are humbugged have themselves to blame.

I begin to believe that man was not made to enjoy life, but keep himself miserable in the pursuit and possession of riches.

I begin to believe that the surest remedy for hard times and a tight money market is an extravagant expenditure on the part of individuals—to keep the money moving.

I begin to believe that none but knaves are qualified to hold office under the Government—with the exception of a few natural born fools and lunatics.

I begin to believe that piano-fortes are more necessary in a family than meat and potatoes.

I begin to believe that a boy who doesn't swear, smoke, and chew tobacco may be a very good boy, but is naturally stupid.

I begin to believe that if the devil should die, one-half of the world would be thrown out of employment.

I begin to believe that he has most merit who makes the most noise in his own behalf; and that when Gabriel comes—not to be behind the times—he, too, will blow his own horn pretty loud.

☞Two newly-made justices of the peace met a Rev. Mr Thom, as he was riding home, and resolved to quiz him. "Ah," said one of them, you are not like your Master, for he was content to ride on an ass. "An ass!" exclaimed the minister; "there's no such a beast to be gotten now-a-days." "Ah how's that!" said the wits. "Because," replied Mr. Thom, "they now make them all justices of the peace."

☞The *Little Pilgrim* has the following:—"Little Susie H., pouring over a book in which angels were represented as winged beings, suddenly remarked with much vehemence: "Mamma, *I* don't *want* to be an angel—and *I* needn't, need *I*?" "Why, Susie?" questioned her mother. "Humph! leave off all my pretty clothes, and wear *fedders* like a *hen!*"

☞A Louisville paper has some answers to correspondents. Here is a sample:

Jenny—Ministers are not more addicted to dissipation than men of other professions. A few of the Kalloch type take gin toddies and liberties with females, but the great majority of them are as good as lawyers and doctors. If you want a true christian, marry an editor.

☞A Brute of a Husband. Wife, (anxiously). "What did that young lady observe who passed us just now?" Husband, (with a smile of calm delight). "Why, my love, she observed rather a good looking man walking with quite an elderly female—that's all. Ahem!"

☞A barber, having a very intemperate man to shave on Sunday, begged him to keep his mouth shut, as it was a punishable offence to open a rum hole on Sunday.

☞A young lady at Niagara was heard to exclaim, "What an elegant trimming that rainbow would make for a white lace over dress." Quite a poetical idea.

☞Prentice says tall gentlemen are always successful, because the ladies are all in favor of hymen.