

A REPRIMAND.

Behold my soul! She sits so far above you,
Your wildest dream may never soar so high;
Yet in the old time when you said "I love you,"
How fairly we were mated, eye to eye.
How long we dallied on the flowery meadows,
By languid lakes of purely sensuous dreams,
Sleeping in enchanted mists, beguiled by shadows,
Casting sweet flowers upon loitering streams,
My memory owns, and yours—mine with deep
shame—
Yours with a sigh that life is not the same.

What parted us, to leave you in the valley,
And send me struggling to the mountain top?
Too weak for duty, even love failed to rally
The maudlin that should float your pinions up.
On my spent feet are many half-healed bruises,
My limbs are wasted with their heavy toil,
But I have learned "adversity's sweet news,"
And brought my soul up pure through every soil:
Have I no right to scorn the man's dead power?
That leaves you far below me at this hour.

Scorn you I do, while pitying even more
The ignoble weakness of a strength debased.
Do I yet mount the faith that died of yore—
The trust by timorous treachery effaced?
Through all, and over all, my soul mounts free,
To heights of peace you cannot hope to gain;
Sings to the stars her mountain minstrelsy,
And smiles down proudly on your murky plain:
'Tis vain to invite you—yet come up, come up,
Conquer your way towards the mountain top!
F. F. VICTOR.

"HARVEST HOME."

BY H. A. VAN STICKLE.

The beautiful summer sunlight,
Is fading from earth away,
And heaven's blue vault above us
Will soon be somber and gray;
The grasses green on the hillside,
Are turning to luscious gold,
And deep in the leafy forest
The shadows are growing cold.

Down where the brooklet murmurs,
Flowing so peacefully on,
The last of the summer's songsters
Are singing the farewell song,
And out from its leafy eyes
On the parent stem alone,
Blushing so sweetly modest
Summer's last rose has blown.

Over the waving cornfield
Hunting its leaves of gold,
The floatingephyes softly
Hipple each silky fold,
And the song of the happy rustic
Is borne on a lively tune
As he gathers his plentiful harvest
By the light of the "harvest moon."

Away on the mountain summit
Where the "whispering pine" trees grow,
The gathering clouds are building
"Air castles" of drifting snow,
And far in the western heavens
They are floating softly by
Tinged with the gorgeous color
That glow in the sunset sky.

Down by the sandy seashore
And high o'er the rocky steep,
The breezes are gently sighing
As the summer is wafted to sleep,
And swiftly our youth is floating
With each passing summer's day,
Like clouds on the far off heavens
Forever are floating away.

And the angels above are weeping
As out with the summer's breath,
The children of men are drifting
On the dark cold river of death;
For the summer of hope will perish,
And the harvest of joy be o'er,
And nothing for winter be gathered
From out of God's beautiful store.

A recent San Francisco correspondent of the *Oregonian*, states that owing to reading a series of articles on ship-building published in the *WEST SHORE*, a Maine ship-builder is now on his way to this State to further examine into the subject. We could cite hundreds of cases, where people abroad have been induced by reading our truthful articles on the resources of the Pacific Northwest, to visit our country and in many cases have become permanent settlers. The *WEST SHORE* is the only paper especially devoted to the resources of the Pacific northwest. Every resident should, therefore, strive to increase our circulation and usefulness.

Our last city Directory contains an amusing blunder: "One of our prominent dentist's being put down as a dealer in molasses; it may be, however owing to the fact that he produces sorghum (sore gum).

WANTED—A SITUATION.

THE EXPERIENCE OF AN ENERGETIC
FEMALE IN SEARCH OF SOMETHING
TO DO.

In these days of prosaic reality one would hardly expect to find much matter for amusement, or serious thought, in the advertising columns of the daily papers, although there are numberless bright eyes that turn to the "Personals," immediately after the "Marriages and Deaths" have been duly honored by their notice. Those same bright eyes very often ignore the list headed "Wants," yet that column frequently contains curiosities in the way of literary matter worthy of more than a passing thought.

I have preserved many of these advertisements, clipped chiefly from the "Want" columns, as I would occasionally find one draped in slightly different garb from its companions or predecessors; and in several instances I have sought the writers and learned something of them and of their success in the advertising venture. Here is one of the first:

"A widow of refinement desires a position as companion to a lady or invalid; is an excellent nurse, reader or music teacher; is invaluable in sickness, and gifted in entertaining children; will instruct in languages, vocal or instrumental music; will go any distance. A good home more an object than salary. Address A—B—"

This notice appeared for some time, and I at last asked for and obtained an interview with the lady. She had received several answers, and gave me an account of some of her experiences. Almost the first lady she saw was one who desired to obtain a governess for her children; she seemed much pleased with the applicant, but after talking a long time, acknowledged at last that she was expecting a visit from an unmarried brother, whom she had not seen for a long time. She thought it would hardly do to have so attractive a lady beneath her roof, at the same time of his sojourn there. "He might, you know," added the lady, with the most engaging frankness, "he might fall in love with you, and that would be very unpleasant indeed." "Yes, madam," answered his impecunious heroine, "if your brother is at all like you in character, it certainly would be very unpleasant and most mortifying to me! Good morning, madam," and she was off. Now there was a want of what the New Englanders call "faculty." A—B— might have suggested to madam the propriety of wearing goggles, and covering her beautiful hair with a cap, and going without collars or cuffs, in a generally slipshod and untidy manner, until after the brother's arrival, and the successful allaying of madam's jealous fears. Then, watching her opportunity, she could have shown herself in all the glory of luxuriant hair, and beautiful clear eyes, and a dainty toilet, and in the role of a distressed beauty would have taken the surprised brother's inflammable heart by storm, and the curtain would have fallen upon the happy denouement! But, as I said before, she had no "faculty."

Another desired to know if she could cut and make dresses and boys' clothes, as well as teach the children! "And I suppose, my dear, you understand dressing hair, of course; for that is quite necessary, as I go out a great deal. I am quite willing to give you twenty dollars a month; you know, you'll be just like one of the family, and can sleep in the same room with Laura and Minnie—poor little Minnie isn't strong, you see, and must have some grown person with her." This woman evidently thought her offer liberal.

Another lady inquired suspiciously, "Have you never met my husband, now, really?" And after a series of rebuffs and insults from ladies of position

and respectability, poor A—B— was nearly driven wild, and at last accepted a position in a popular candy store, where no woman has authority over her, and where her knowledge of languages, the proprietor hopes, may be turned to account. And A—B— had, in happier days, been the mistress of an elegantly appointed house, and the idolized wife of an indulgent husband. Misfortunes had fallen upon them, and the husband, unable to bear their pressure, had committed suicide; while the wife—the "weaker vessel"—lived on to sell candy to dirty-facedurchins! I could write a volume of the trials and rebuffs that delicately nurtured women have met with at the hands of their sisters. R.

"WHITE SQUAWS."

Here is a "A Little Boy's" composition:

A squaw is an Ingin woman. She is generally the wife of a big Ingin man. She does all the hard work. She raises corn, beans, potatoes, whisky, babies and other vegetables for her Ingin. She carries wood, makes the fire, cooks the victuals and blacks his boots, while the big Ingin sits in the parlor and reads his papers, or loafs at a grocery and talks "hoss" to other loafers. When he comes home late at night, drunk, he whips his squaw because supper is not ready. A squaw works like a horse and gets a lickin' for her pains. But I suppose she likes it; else why does she put up with it?

But I know a good many squaws among white people. They do all the work at home, take in washing or sewing, and support the family, including the big Ingin, while he is very busy drinking or gambling or fishing. The white squaw generally has a house full of young ones. And they soon learn to treat her as their father treats her. She drudges in the kitchen, while her daughters gad about the streets, or sit at the window and look at the people.

But the white squaw does not want them to work. She wants them to be ladies. They don't go to school—they don't work. They have no money, but they will dress well; and after while they turn out something else than ladies.

I know a white squaw whose husband is a gentleman. He says he never did work, and never will work. He has no money, but he walks about the street with cane and gloves. He says he can't get into business. By that he means getting somebody to lend him the money to live on. Now and then he borrows five dollars of somebody who don't know him. His wife takes in washing and does all the work. She even saws the wood. She has two sons who are young men, but they let her saw the wood. She says that Johnny is studying so hard at his profession that he has no time to help her. But I think his only study is base ball. And she says Willy is weakly and never could stand work; it makes him wilt right down. I would let him wilt. Johnny comes home and swears at her because dinner is not ready. But she says he is in such a hurry to get back to his studies.

These are my reasons for saying there are white squaws as well as red ones.

Mr. Printer, you need not be afraid to print this, because no big Ingin will take it to himself, and other people will find a great many Ingins that it will fit.

Humility is the first lesson we learn from reflection, and self-distrust, the first proof we give of having obtained a knowledge of ourselves.

Intelligence from Kasan announces that the German Exploring Expedition to Western Siberia has arrived there.

SNUBBERY AND HERALDRY.

A dashing and gorgeous carriage made its appearance on First street, a few afternoons since, clothed in heraldry, having on its panels a crest, consisting of a crescent shield with leopards rampant, quartered with gilded bars. This is a palpable usurpation; for, except the *lunates peltus* of the Amazon warriors, we know of no other people who adopt them; and do not imagine that any of our Portland magnates can trace their lineage from such a source, especially as the Amazons did not countenance wedlock. If a coat of arms be really necessary, it should be emblematical of the virtues or business of the adopter. There is eminent expressiveness and utility in Captain Turnbull's crest, the retired whaler, who drew upon his carriage door a spouting whale, with the motto, "*Blubber forever!*" From the same consideration we might suggest the appropriate emblem for the escutcheon of any who are inclined to adopt feudal appendages. If an itinerant dealer in bivalves, for instance, falls heir to a million, and sports his own establishment, let him adorn his panels with a tin bucket quartered with Puget Sound clams, with the motto, "*Clam et Palam!*" The shoemaker, too, when he relinquishes his shop and retires with a plethoric pocket-book, might mount a sable displayed lapstone, with pegging awls rampant. The successful speculator in salmon, when he abandons the fish-stall, should eschew shields and similar trumpery also, and instead thereof hang upon his panels a mackerel *passant* upon a grid-iron *argent*, with a motto in real old Knickerbocker Dutch. And for a retired tobacconist we suggest a plug of tobacco encircled by spittoons, in azure, upon a bridle-gilt field, with device—if English be too plebeian, from the German—"*Plug muss ich haben!*" Of course we charge nothing for the suggestion.

ABSENCE PROPER FOR HUSBANDS.—A lady of our acquaintance gives it as her *sine qua non* of domestic felicity that the men of the family should be absent at least six hours in the day. And truly a mistress of a family, however strong the affection for the male members of it, cannot but acknowledge this as a great boon. A house where "papa" or "the boys" are always about, popping in and out at all hours, everlastingly wanting something, or finding fault with something else, is a considerable trial to feminine patience. And I beg to ask my sex generally—in confidence of course—if it is not the greatest comfort possible when, the masculine part of the family being cleared out for the day, the house settles down to regular work and quietness until evening? Also, it is good for them as well as for us to have all the inevitable petty domestic bothers got over in their absence; to effect which ought to be one of the principal aims of the mistress of a family. Let them, if possible, return to a quiet, smiling home, with all its small annoyances brushed away, like the dust and cinders from the grate, which, *en passant*, is one of the first requisites to make a fireside look comfortable. It might be as well, too, if the master could contrive to leave the worldly mud of the day at the scraper outside his door.

If your seat is too hard to sit on stand up. If a rock rises up before you, roll it away, or climb over it. If you wish for confidence, prove yourself worthy of it. It takes longer to skin an elephant than a mouse, but the skin is worth something. Don't be content with doing what another has done—surpass it. Deserve success, and it will come. The boy was not born a man. The sun don't rise like a rocket, or go down like a bullet fired from a gun; slowly but surely it makes its round, and never tires. It is as easy to be a leader as the wheel horse. If the job be long the pay will be greater; if the task is hard, the more competent you must be to do it.