

Job Printing!!

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE ARGUS IS HAPPY to inform the public that he has just received a large stock of JOB TYPE and other new printing material, and will be in the speedy receipt of additions suited to all the requirements of this locality. HANDBILLS, POSTERS, BLANKS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLET-WORK and other kinds, done to order, on short notice.

What the Ladies think of it.

The following has been sent to us at a very late date, but it must be published.

We want to have the world see the names of that bright galaxy of beauty, which trace to the instinct of woman's heart, has so nobly breast the wave of intemperance, misery and woe, which the Salem grocery-keepers begged the Commissioners of Marion to permit them to pour over that county.

This brings to our mind a toast which on a Fourth of July occasion was drunk in some town in Oregon, where Salem was complimented with the palm of beauty for the Territory.

At the time we only thought it a puff from some love-stricken swain, whose sweet-heart happened to live there. The sentiment contained in the remonstrance below, signed by such an array of names, has forced us to the conclusion however, that the action of these fair signers lately taken in reference to temperance in their vicinity, must have proceeded from just such kind and sympathizing hearts, as invariably throw a lustre of beauty over the countenances of their fair possessors.

Let the ladies of Oregon do their duty and all will be well. They possess a mightier influence for good than the tallest orators and statesmen, and so long as we continue to receive their approving smiles, we shall toil on, boldly facing all adverse circumstances, regardless of all opposition from men, the "world, the flesh and the Devil." By the blessing of God, and the influence of the ladies, victory will sooner or later perch upon our flagstaff!

"Oh woman! lovely woman! nature made you To temper man; we had been brutish without you. Angels are painted fair, to look like you. There's in you, all that we believe of Heaven: Amazing brightness, purity and truth, Eternal joy, and everlasting love."

To the Hon. Board of Commissioners for the County of Marion, Oregon.

WHEREAS we the ladies of Salem precinct are most essentially interested in the moral, intellectual, and social prosperity of this community, and feel a deep anxiety that in no respect shall it be in the least inferior to any other community; and being denied the right to express our sentiments at the Ballot-Box, except through the influence we may exert over our husbands, brothers and sweet-hearts, which deny us cheerfully assent to being left in possession of a sweeter and holier influence, and

WHEREAS, we hold that morals are not upheld by Whisky, Rum, Brandy, or any ardent spirits whatsoever; and that intellect stimulated by these unnatural aids becomes lethargic, dull, and more and more in need of this all-devouring stimulus, and that social intercourse is destroyed; that our firesides are often deserted, not to speak of the awful scenes of desolation, despair, poverty, disease and death produced by the monster intemperance, and

WHEREAS, we cheerfully offer to our husbands, brothers, sweethearts and friends our cordial efforts to make the domestic circle one of attraction, where smiles and kindness shall ever welcome them, and where influence, as far as on us depends, shall render the attractions of the "saloon" of no avail—lastly,

WHEREAS, we place so high an estimate upon the moral worth and dignity of man, the noblest work of the Creator of all good; that our hearts are pained when we behold him so degraded as to pander to man's worst passions.

We therefore most sincerely desire, and fondly cherish the hope, that your Honorable Court will hear our petition, made in the name of temperance, and abstain from the granting of licenses to vend spirituous liquors in any form whatsoever, and that our remonstrance may be granted.

Cathia Strang, Leah M. Robb, Sarah F. Knight, Mary J. Durbin, Jane E. Ritter, Paulina M. Caldwell, Sarah Strang, P. Martha Hoyt, Nancy Belt, Anna C. Stone, Elizabeth Small, Julia Watson, Elizabeth Spooks, Mary Ann Craine, Mary

The Oregon Argus.

W. L. ADAMS, Editor and Proprietor. AMERICA—Knows sought of golden promises of Kings—Knows sought of Coronets, and Stars, and Stripes. VOL. 1. OREGON CITY, OREGON TERRITORY, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1855. NO. 4.

McAlpin, Anna B. Watson, Rhoda White, Margaret E. Craine, Elize A. Cross, Hyrd Watson, Catharine O'Donald, M. A. Craine, Mary Strang, Lucy P. Brown, M. J. Ferguson, Eveline Smith, Fannie L. Davidson, Frances E. M. Campbell, Rebecca S. May, Nancy Hunt, Sarah Emery Elexseer Owens, Mary Ann Chapman, Martha Boon, Ellen Lamson, Varonica Wilson, Susannah R. Bagly, C. A. Hunt, Rhoda Chapman, Alvina Wright, Jane West, Sarah J. Ellis, Sarah Belt, Martha Wright, Paulina Phillips, Maria McMullen, Emily Belt, Lucinda Reed, Mary C. Jones, Mary J. Kendall, Hester A. Clark, F. M. Barnum, C. H. Dickinson, Catharine Enty, Elizabeth Wilson, Malvina J. Sitney, Melvina Roland, Mary Millar, Delilah Harrison, Armintha A. Starkey, Mary Ann Bennet, Jane Harrison, Caroline M. Cross, Jane Starkey, Ann Harrison, Jane O. Griswold, Virginia Moores, Aurelia A. Barker, Jane Moore, Pluma F. Cross, Rosina A. Riekey, Mary Hunt, Lydia Strang, Sarah E. Stanton, Sally Hunt, E. F. Thurston, Marietta S. Gilbert, Mary Waller, J. M. Bryant, Phebe Stanton, Ellen L. Waller, L. Hines, Susan Moore, Mary P. Waldo, A. Millar, Bell Moore, Lilly A. Parker, Lucy A. M. Lee, Eliza Moore, Hannah Allen, Susan F. Warren, Sarah J. Ramsay, Elepha Waller, Phebe Strong, Frances E. Ramsay, Sarah Watt, Kate Williams, Elizabeth Cranston, Sarah J. Kline, C. A. Wilson, Sarah Kenyon, Martha Wright.

Mass Convention in Marion County.

The citizens of Marion county met at the Court House in Salem, April 28, for the purpose of nominating a county ticket for the coming June election.

Wm. Rector, Esq., was chosen Chairman and H. Buckingham, Secretary.

The following persons were chosen as candidates for their respective offices:

- Representatives—John Denny, S. M. Black, O. Jacobs. Judge of Probate—Edwin N. Cooke. Treasurer—Wm. C. Griswold. Assessor—Mr. Keen, of Fairfield. Surveyor—John B. Greer. Coroner—Lucius Danforth. Commissioners—Wm Porter. — Case.

The committee on resolutions reported the following, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved—That the ticket nominated by this Convention, be called the Republican Reform Ticket.

Resolved—That we favor such legislation as shall effectually remedy the evils of intemperance.

Resolved—That, regardless of parties, we are opposed to the so-called democracy, now ruling in this Territory.

Resolved—That we will support the nomination of JOHN P. GAINES, for Delegate to Congress.

Resolved—That we are opposed to the present corrupt administration of our affairs, and pledge ourselves never to rest until we restore to our Territory virtue in the government, and freedom from corruption.

Resolved—That all the Editors of the Territory be requested to publish the proceedings of this Convention.

After several pertinent speeches from candidates, the Convention adjourned sine die.

WM. RECTOR, CH'N H. BUCKINGHAM, Sec'y.

Foreign Immigration.

The number of emigrants who arrived at New York in 1854 was 248,923, of whom 168,723, were Germans altogether and 80,200 Irish. This is the largest immigration for eight years past. The number of Germans were more than double the Irish, and about 50,000 more than in any previous year. German immigration has been steadily increasing for several years while Irish has been falling off.—Ex.

A Deep Well.

An artesian well has been bored in Charleston, South Carolina, in which water was reached at the depth of 1,220 feet, or nearly a quarter of a mile. It sends forth a stream of water at the rate of about 20 gallons a minute. The water is quite warm, being at the temperature of 76 degrees. The work was commenced six years ago, and in spite of many difficulties was continued till on the 16th of December last the water rose in the tubes to the heights of 25 feet above the surface of the earth.—Ex.

Wonderful Vitality.

Lord Lindsay, on examining a mummy, which by his hieroglyphics was proved to be at least two thousand years of age, found in one of its closed hands a tuberous or bulbous root. Desirous of seeing how long vegetable life could last, he planted it, and in the course of a few weeks, to his joyful astonishment, the root burst forth and bloomed into a beautiful dahlia.—Ex.

FARMER'S GIRLS.

Up early in the morning, Just at the peep of day, Straining the milk in the dairy, Turning the cows away; Sweeping the floor in the kitchen, Making the beds up stairs, Washing the breakfast dishes, Dusting the parlor chairs.

Brushing the crumbs from the pantry, Hunting for eggs at the barn, Cleaning the turpins for dinner, Spinning the stocking yarn, Spreading the whitening linen Down on the bushes below, Ransacking every meadow, Where the red strawberries grow.

Starching the "fixings" for Sunday, Churning the snowy cream, Rinsing the pails and strainers Down in the running stream, Feeding the geese and turkeys, Making the pumpkin pies, Jogging the little one's cradle, Driving away the flies.

Grace in every motion, Music in every tone, Beauty of form and feature Thousands might covet to own, Cheeks that rival spring roses, Teeth the whitest of pearls— One of these country maids are worth, A score of your city girls.

We publish the following, as it contains some very good stirring sentiment. The author is evidently not a graduate in the science of prosody, although he seems to have tasted of the fabled spring.

We shall always take the liberty of making such corrections in communications, as will improve them in diction or orthography without altering the sentiment.

Those who are not willing to have us take this liberty with their communications, and wish them to be published, "verbatim et literatim et punctuatum," will please to say so, and we will either publish them, or lay them under our table, just as we think best. We must always be our own judge, as to what we ought to publish, and our correspondents everywhere must not be disappointed at many communications never coming to light:

AWAKE! YE SONS, AWAKE! For the Argus. Awake! ye Sons, the morn is beaming, The star of day is brightly gleaming; Oh, 'tis a glorious, pleasing, light That's chasing fast the clouds of night. Awake, ye Sons! the day is dawning, The night is past; 'twill soon be morning.

Awake, ye Sons, from dreamy slumber; Our foes have marshalled all their number: Awake! and let our war-cries ring, And let our banner to the breezes fling. Awake! ye Sons! the day is dawning, The night is past, 'tis almost morning.

Awake, ye Sons, both young and old, Oh, prove yourselves both true and bold; Come, haste to put our foes to flight, relying on the God of right. Awake, ye Sons! the day is dawning, The night is past, 'twill soon be morning.

Awake, ye Sons! the time's at hand, To march all our glorious band; Awake, arouse, prepare for strife; We've 'listed in the war for life. Awake, ye Sons! the day is dawning, The night is past, 'twill soon be morning.

Right on, ye Sons! and to victory rush! We'll vanquish our foes, with their leader, Bush: They're calling for quarters on every hand, And they soon must strike to the temperance band. Awake, ye Sons! the day is dawning, The night is past, 'twill soon be morning.

Southern Pacific Railroad vs. Northern.

An appropriation of fifteen thousand dollars was made by Congress, on the 31st ult., to send Capt. Pope, of the U. S. Topographical Corps of Engineers, with a detachment, to obtain information in regard to the best Southern route for a Railroad to the Pacific, through the Mesilla ten million purchase. Capt. Pope goes out under orders from Jeff. Davis, Secretary of War. His immediate destination is the region of the Pecos, and his object to ascertain whether water can be found on the plains of Escondido, by sinking Artesian wells. It will require about eight months to ascertain this fact, and the expedition will then, probably, proceed to explore the country for other purposes connected with the main enterprise.

About a year ago a company commenced building a bridge across the Mississippi, in latitude 41 degrees 40 minutes, or at the city of Rock Island, and between the free States of Illinois and Iowa, in order to further the purpose of reaching the Pacific by a Northern Railroad route, which is already known to be practicable. They proceeded quietly to work, like men knowing what they were about, and determined to succeed, asking no appropriation from the Government, engaging and paying their own engineers and detachments of workmen, and doing business in the northern practical go-ahead style, generally. They had already graded their Railroad on the Illinois shore, including a small island known as Rock Island in the jurisdiction of the same State, and had gone to work con-

structing piers in the bosom of the mighty stream beyond:

But hark! A voice from this same Jeff. Davis, Secretary of War, backed by all the lungs of the Government, reaches those busy and independent workmen, crying out, "You must stop that work! The island upon which you are building your road, and from which your bridge extends, belongs to us, although we have never resorted it from the State of Illinois, or paid her ten millions for it, but have long ago abandoned it as a military post.—Now, however, since you are going to make such use of it, as to help along with a Northern Railroad to the Pacific, we are going to claim it and let it lie as it is. Therefore stop that work forthwith." A Marshall was sent on, not with \$15,000 to further the enterprise, but with orders to clear off the "trespassers." They made such demur, however, that a suit in the Supreme Court, with its attendant costs and the possibility of defeat, is the only result.—Ex.

The Prohibitory Law.

The original law, called the Maine law, was enacted by the State of Maine in June, 1851, and went into operation on the 1st of August, 1851.—Since then the States of Massachusetts, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Michigan, Illinois and Indiana, have passed prohibitory laws—all resembling the Maine law in general, but some surpassing it in stringency and efficiency. The principle has been favored by the people of New-York, New Jersey, Delaware and New Hampshire, but the machinery of legislation has failed to work in harmony, so as to secure the passage of such a law as yet, though it is believed that in New York and New Jersey the present winter will be the time of its enactment. In all the States of the Union the question of prohibition has been agitated to a considerable extent, and its firm friends are every where found to be the friends of good order and good morals. Last year the people of Washington city endorsed, by a decisive vote, the principle of prohibition. Ohio has a prohibitory law, which forbids the sale of distilled liquors as a beverage.—The principle has a strong hold on the popular mind in Minnesota and Oregon.—Alton Courier.

A Kentucky Woman the Governor of Indiana.

Some time ago, Joseph A. Wright, the able and distinguished Governor of Indiana, was invited to Kentucky by his bachelor friend, Gov. Powell of the latter. Joseph had never, in all his life before, gone into a State so full of pretty women. They bloomed around him like roses—the wheland was radiant and redolent with beauty, and overflowing with the affections of womanhood. Poor Joseph. His name was well chosen, but he couldn't stand the trial! He succumbed and married—to the great grief of maiden Indiana, and to the great uplifting of proud Kentucky.

And now, natural as the world, that Kentucky woman, with the instinct of her State for politics, is regulating Joseph, and giving law to the "Hoosiers." In fact, Indiana is, at this moment, governed by a "Kentucky clique." Let the Benton Democracy of St. Louis be reconciled. Kentuckians generally rule well, and the Indiana papers are glorying in their new lawgiver. Hear the jubilant Express, of Terre Haute:

A WOMAN.—We have a good Liquor Bill. We almost know, as we said long ago, that the Governor never would veto that bill. But almost is not quite; and our nerves did not fail of sympathizing with those of the people, for fear that something might happen to upset the good fortune of the State of Indiana. We glory in the bill; it is a workmanlike job; and we glory in our Governor, in this instance anyhow. But what, reader, do you think is the talk—the common report out of doors? Why, that the Governor had actually gotten his veto message written out with which to return the bill to the Senate; when his good wife, who had been absent, arrived home—'twas his new Kentucky wife—and she, good lady, finding out the state of affairs, and true to the (so) right, would listen to no such act. She was for staying the floods of tears daily wrung from woman by whiskey. She was for relaxing the grasp of hunger laid upon the vitals of children by the rummer; and she demanded, in a way not to be resisted, that the bill should be signed; and we have a Liquor Law.

The British glory in their Queen; but what has Victoria done to compare with this? What Governor has such a Governess as Joseph A. Wright, or needs one more, to steady his hand upon State papers? Long life, say we, to the good Queen of Indiana.

The Richest Sell we ever heard of.

We find an account, in the East Brooklyn Times, of a new method of "raising the wind," as well as the dead, in that city, which takes down anything in the diddling line of the season, and indicates the extent and pressure of the hard times. A female called a few days since on a lady of some influence in Brooklyn, and told a sad and plaintive story of suffering and privation, and moreover, that her husband had just died, and that she lacked the means of a decent burial. Her tale of woe so wrought upon the lady that she proceeded to visit her immediately, to satisfy herself there was no imposture. On entering the apartment she beheld the coffin, and was satisfied all was right, and not wishing to harrow the feelings of the bereaved woman, she left her a considerable sum of money, and immediately departed. After passing two or three blocks from the dwelling, thinking all the way of the strange complexion to which we are liable, she missed her pocket handkerchief and returned to see if she had dropped it in the house. The stairs were ascended hastily and the room entered without much ceremony, when what did she behold—the woman's husband sitting up in the coffin counting over the money!

Shields Provided For.

It is stated that it is the intention of the President to appoint Gen. Shields a brigadier general, should the amendment of the army bill for raising four additional regiments be adopted by the House. This is, no doubt, one of the very objects for which these troops are to be raised.

The commissioned officers are to be distributed as rewards for services rendered. The Administration in the infamous act of repudiating the Missouri compromise. The patronage already existing is not sufficient to reward all the martyrs in that cause. Shields is one of them. He fell, like Dodge, in the foremost rank. But he cannot, like Dodge, be compensated by a foreign mission.—St. Louis Intelligencer.

How it Works.

The Norwich, Conn., Examiner thus illustrates the workings of the Maine Law in its action upon "AN OLD CUSTOMER."

There is, in a neighboring town, a colored man, whose name we could give, who, until the first of August, was accustomed to come to this city for liquor. For years he had been a drunkard, and drunkenness had made him quarrel with his wife, and had reduced him to want, and compelled him in the winter season, to go to his neighbors for help.

But for the last six months he has not been able to get liquor, and has been sober and industrious. He has laid down a hog weighing two or three hundred pounds, and a quarter of beef; has on hand seven or eight bushels of grain and as much more of corn, and not long since he came to Norwich and deposited fourteen dollars in a savings bank. And now, when he visits the city, he hires a horse and wagon, and comes "like other folks." The Maine Law has put him "above board."

Chastisement.

My mother will whip me, was the sobbing exclamation of a little boy yesterday afternoon, when his companion had the misfortune to slip upon the ice and break a jug containing vinegar, which had been entrusted to his custody. The circumstance had nothing remarkable about it, since the walk was very slippery, causing adults much trouble to traverse it in safety, yet that piteous moan in consequence of a dreaded correction for what was purely a mishap, caused a warm feeling to flit through the heart for that little boy. It raised the question of parental government, and presented the injury which that commonly exercised inflicts upon those whom it is designed to restrain, control and improve. The first idea of the little boy when he saw the jug broken, and its contents streaming along the walk, was of personal chastisement, showing that this had been the mode of training adopted, and to which he was accustomed.

Now, is this right? Is it politic even, leaving out of question the matter of parental control? The very dread of the child showed that it was not. He was conscious that no blame ought to attach to him for the accident, since, even with the aid of the boy to whom he entrusted the jug, he had as much other stuff to carry as was proper for him to manage. This little fellow knew, and said so, yet he was none the less certain that his mother would whip him. The injustice of the thing was palpable to the child, and we have related the incident, not because it is of rare occurrence, but solely for the purpose of attracting the attention of mothers to it, coupled with the suggestion whether a new system of parental government which should inspire confidence in the child, under mishaps, rather than dread, is not desirable.—Rochester Republican.

Erysipelas.

The Niles, (Michigan,) Republican says: "A lady visited our family a few days since and stated that her daughter had the erysipelas quite bad. We called to mind the remedy recommended by a New Haven editor. On returning home in the evening she found the disease was spreading rapidly, and had assumed a frightful appearance. She immediately applied a poultice made of cranberries, which seemed to arrest it at once, and the second poultice effected a complete cure. If any person wishes to know the party they can inquire at our sanatorium."

The Administration.

Hon. Lewis D. Campbell, of Ohio, in a recent speech delivered in committee of the whole, in the House of Representatives, at Washington discharged a heavy broadside into the reigning dynasty. After a discussion of some length on the subjects of "Kansas and Nebraska, Georgia and Ohio, Free labor and Slave labor," he concluded as follows: A word, sir, in conclusion, in reference to the present Administration. I do not come here this session to make war upon it. It is wrong to strike the fallen! The Administration has fallen! A year ago the fourth of last March, we witnessed in that broad and beautiful avenue the most magnificent pageant ever displayed in the capital of the nation. The President was elected by an overwhelming majority of the people's votes over the great "greatest Captain of the age"—one who had served most gallantly on many a battle field! He was borne triumphantly by the mass, amidst the joyous shouts of thousands, from the west-end of Pennsylvania avenue to the eastern front of this capitol. There, apparently in manly style, he delivered an inaugural address, which was scarcely excepted to by even those opponents who sought causes of objection. He solemnly renewed the pledge

which two years before had been signed by the gentleman from Georgia, [Mr. Stephens,] to-wit, "that slavery agitation in Congress and out of Congress should cease." Thence he was ushered into the White House with the greetings of the people's glad huzzas!

Congress again met and opened its last session in harmony. The Administration threw this apple of discord among us. It pressed upon us the consideration of the Nebraska bill; and through its organs, sought to influence the Representatives of the people both, through fears of punishment and hopes of reward.

It vetoed the bill passed by a Congress of its own friends, granting lands to the several States to support those stricken poor whose intellects have been taken from them by the Almighty. At the same time, under very peculiar circumstances, it approved the Minnesota bill, granting near a million of acres of these lands to a New York Wall street company—a bill, sir, which, after a base forgery had been made upon it, passed the Senate on the 24th of June. The President's signature, of immediate approval, was necessary, in order to take from the pioneer people of Minnesota that immense grant, and secure it to Wall street brokers. On the 29th of June he approved it. So speaks the record.

Thousands of voices broke upon our ears, from the laborers of the interior, asking appropriations to improve their rivers and lakes—the means which God had given to bear from the arm of American industry its products to the place were not sectional, but national. The appropriations were voted by the President's friends in Congress—by wise constitutional lawyers, by statesmen of long experience in the Senate—under the solemnities of their oaths. The Administration, whilst asserting the doctrine of "popular sovereignty" to be its prominent characteristics, responded to the public will, "I veto."

It cast from high places of trust and from low ones—from the foreign court and from the village post office—men, "honest, capable, and faithful," who dared, in defiance of its dictation, to exercise, independently, the sovereign rights of American freemen; and appointed, in their stead, those who were neither fitted by birth, by education, nor by other high qualities of manhood, to fill the station:—

It repealed the Missouri Compromise. Yes, sir, it tore from the record that great act of our fathers, rendered sacred, as it had been, to the people of the North, and of the South, by the great cause of our National Union, in which it originated, and the long acquiescence of all the States. It has reopened, in violation of its solemn vows, the "bleeding wounds" which the "healing measures" of 1850 were designed to cure. It has thrown wide open the sluices of sectional strife, as the elections and this discussion fully prove.

I repeat it, sir, in no spirit of personal unkindness to its members, this Administration has fallen—"fallen like Lucifer!" The unerring pen of history will record, in small space, an account of its works, and its achievements: It repealed the Missouri Compromise—it struck at the Know Nothings, not knowing where to strike—it captured Greytown! and went down:—

"Like the snow-flake on the river, A moment white—then gone forever."

Looking at its incoming, its condition, and its approaching inevitable outgoing, I repeat, "more in pity than anger," the words of the poet:

How are the mighty fallen! And by the people's hand! Low lies the proud! And smitten with the weapons of the poor— Their tale is told; and for that they were rich, And robbed the poor; and for that they were strong, And scourged the weak; and for that they made laws Which turned the sweat of labor's brow to blood— For these, their sins, the nation cast them out!"

HOME PICTURE.

BY HENRY L. GODWIN.

One autumn night, when the wind was high; And rain fell in heavy splashes, A little boy sat by the kitchen fire, A popping corn in the ashes; And his sister, a curly haired child of three, Sat looking on just close by his knee.

The blast went howling around the house, As if to get in 'twas trying; It rattled the latch of the outer door Then seemed it a baby crying; Now and then a drop down the chimney came, And spluttered and hissed in the bright red flame.

Pop! pop! the kernels, one by one, Came out of the embers flying; The boy held a long straight stick in his hand, And kept it busily plying; He stirred the corn, and it snapped the more, And faster jumped to the clean swept floor.

A part of the kernels hopped out one way, And a part hopped out the other, Some few plump into the sister's lap, Some under the stool of the brother; The little girl gathered them into a heap, And called them a lot of milk white sheep.

All at once the boy sat still as a mouse, And into the fire kept gazing; He quite forgot he was popping corn, But looked where the fire was blazing; He looked, and fancied he could see A house and a barn, a bird and a tree.

Still steadily gazed the boy at these, And pussy's back kept streaking, Till his little sister cried, "Why, bub, Only see how the corn is smoking!"

Sure enough, when the boy looked back, The corn in the embers was burnt quite black. "Never mind," said he, "we shall have enough; Let's get on from the fire and eat it; I'll carry the stool, and you the corn— 'Tis nice—nobody could beat it." She took up the corn in her pinafore, They ate it all and wished for more.