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The Oregon Argus.

—A Weekly Newspaper, devoted to the Interests of the Laboring Classes, and advocating the side of Truth in every issue.—

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Eventide. Who loves not eventide, When great Hyperion, his long journey o'er, Trends down the ocean wide, Pines his dilations on the cloudy floor, From that gold chalice of Olympian wine Which long ago he lent to Hercules divine! A murmurous even-song Rings the brown thicket ere he seeks his nest; A carol loud and long Usters the merry merle; the stained west O'erflows bright seas which, ere the world grow dim, Bring to the listening shore a mighty vesper hymn. Kneels down the weary child, Weary of wild sport in the summer air; In red lips, soft-lipped, Lay forth the sweet and simple words of prayer; Happy the dream which hover o'er the rest, Of those young lambs who lie on Jesus' loving breast. Then comes the mystic night, Whose brow sublime is dusted by no scars— Whose crown of glory, in the evening splendor of the stars; Its royal march may no cessation know, But ever in silent joy their glories come and go. —Dublin University Magazine.

Thoughts Suggested during the evening service at the Congregational Church, Jan. 1, 1860. Coming so thoroughly, looking so longingly, What is it draweth the multitude there? Toward those two midwives, so graceful and fair? Sad in duty, earth of a surety Faithful no picture of beauty more rare; Yet maidens as beautiful, lovelier as dutiful, Often are met and passed without care. A change full of mystery, in life's changing history, These four are awaiting—no wonder that we Gather so longingly, look on so lovingly, While they launch forth on life's happiest sea. Many sweet kisses are given each Mrs. While friends wish them both all manner of joy; 'May kind Fortune bless 'em, while husbands careen 'em, And each have hereafter a bouncing big —' OREGON CITY, Jan. 2, 1860. SOTER GRAEFEN.

A Wealthy Man. The New York correspondent of the New Orleans Crescent gives the following description of George Law: "If anything don't pay, George Law respectfully drops it. He now owns nine-tenths of the Eighth-avenue railroad, which alone is an income of a prince, and growing more valuable every day. He also owns nearly all the stock of the Ninth-avenue, which, when completed, will run from the Battery through Greenwich street to the Ninth-avenue, and thence to Harlem river—a nine-mile concern. Half the ferries belong to Law. He owns the Dry-dock Bank, and the Bank owns about forty acres of docks, houses and lands almost in the heart of the city. Law owns the Staten Island ferry boats and two miles of water front, nearest New York, that in a few years will be worth docks ten millions. He really owns the Flushing railroad, and heaven knows how much more he owns. That immense thinking brain keeps accumulating. I don't think he goes into large operations now for the purpose of making money. I think he works to keep from stagnating. Though not a politician, he wields a very powerful influence upon politics, especially upon local affairs. Most persons have an idea that he is an old man. No such thing. He is only fifty-one years old, and possesses one of those vigorous constitutions that will last him forty-nine years longer."

THE WAY TO STOP DUKLING.—If every State in the Union would follow the example of Illinois, the time would soon come when such tragedies as that in which Senator Broderick lost his life would be unknown. The Chicago Tribune reviews the history of the first and last duel ever fought in that State. In the year 1820, Alphonso Stewart and William Bennett fought with rifles in St. Clair county, and Stewart fell mortally wounded on the first fire. Bennett made his escape into Arkansas where he remained two years. His whereabouts was discovered, he was arrested, brought back, indicted, tried, convicted of murder and executed. Bond, who was then Governor of Illinois, was constantly besieged by the friends of Bennett and the advocates of the "gentlemen's code," who prayed for his pardon. But the Governor turned a deaf ear to all their clamorings, and the majesty of the "fenced law" was vindicated. Bennett was publicly hung, and duelling in Illinois was crushed out. It is a bloody practice and requires rigid treatment.

OUR SEA COAST.—The line of coast belonging to the United States is very extensive. According to the report of the Coast Survey, there are 6,821 miles of Atlantic coast, 3,467 miles of Gulf coast, and 2,281 miles on the Pacific, making a total of 12,569 miles. The main shore line of the Atlantic, including bays, &c., is twice the extent of the Gulf, three times that of the Pacific and Gulf combined. The Southern States have three times as much sea coast as the Northern.

SPAIN AND MOROCCO.—Our State Department has been officially advised that war has been declared by Spain against Morocco, and the blockade of the ports of the latter country is announced.

Intense mental activity, steadily directed to some leading pursuit, is the source of all distinction.

Zeal not rightly directed, is pernicious, for as it makes a good cause better, so it makes a bad cause worse.

For the Argus. The Rumored Coalition. Mr. Editor: For several weeks past I have heard of a negotiation said to be going on between the leaders of the Republican party and of the Bush, Nesmith, and Grover faction of the Sham Democracy, to effect a coalition in the coming spring elections which shall defeat Jo Lane and Delusion Smith, and elect a Republican and some Bushite to the U. S. Senate. I am assured that the Bushites have actually offered this plan of the campaign, with a little proviso that the Republican Senator must be David Logan. Who of the Republican leaders have been entrusted with this precious piece of information, or how the voting is to be done, whether by an open coalition ticket or all in the name of the Shams, I am not informed.

It would be well enough, in the outset of such a joint-stock concern, to know, at least, one thing, which is, that although we Republicans have prominent men in our ranks whom you may term educators or leaders, yet every man thinks for himself. There is no man or set of men in the Republican party authorized to enunciate principles, concoct measures, or construct platforms for the party, much less to negotiate such a silly bargain as this I have mentioned.

It is said that "whatever Bush will agree to, will be all right with his men."—This may be so, but what a pitiable condition of mind it discloses. Surely Bush meant something when he spoke of "political excitement."

Suppose the writings drawn and signed, would the contract be carried out in good faith? How do we know that Bush would not electorally for Logan and vote for Stout, as he did last spring? For my part, I should not like to enter into a compact with persons who are known to be guilty of such political eccentricities. I am in favor of labor-saving machines and like advantages generally, but these do not include those misnamed advantages which are sure to compromise a party and its cherished principles. Our duty and policy are plain. With the facts and experiences of the nation for the last quarter of a century at our disposal, we can no doubt convince public mind of the necessity of freeing the Government from the control of the slave-driving Democracy if we expect to perpetuate our free institutions.

Let us to the work. NO COALITION. MARION COUNTY, Dec. 25, 1859.

Steamboat Meeting. SALISBURY, Dec. 24, 1859.

R. M. May was appointed chairman and M. Myers secretary.

On motion, the chair appointed C. Hoel, G. P. Newell, and J. Cartwright a committee to furnish resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting.

The committee reported the following, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the practicability of putting a line of steamboats upon the Willamette river, to be owned and controlled for the purpose of lowering the present high rates of freight, may be considered under the following views:

1. High freights prevent the exportation of large quantities of produce, causing the loss of the otherwise proceeds of that amount to the country. 2. They prevent the raising of large quantities of wheat and other produce, thereby putting the balance of trade against the country in advance. This is evident, because whenever our farmers become satisfied by the experience of the present that they realize three cents less per bushel than cost of production, they will raise less the ensuing year by thousands of bushels. High freights cause this result by increasing the cost of the iron in the farmer's plow, in his wagon, and of every article of clothing he wears, and of the sugar, coffee, tobacco, and foreign whisky he uses while engaged in producing the wheat, and finally by taxing more for carrying the wheat off than it is worth. Low freights (the same holds true of other non-speculations) will tend to remedy these evils. 3. The interests of the working men of our country require that they protect themselves as well for the noble purpose of developing intelligence, good morals, and genuine manliness, as for the dollars and cents. To degradation is the tendency of that people who submit to known wrong, whether it be the tyranny of common government or the unjust rule of monopoly in steamboating.

Next: The difficulties in the way of a company arrangement: 1. Men generally are anxious to see something done for the good of the country, but are not prompt to do their part; they prefer to wait "to see how the thing will work" before they take hold; they are afraid to act in a new enterprise for fear it may not succeed; they have not the moral courage to have their names "mixed up" with the matter till it shall have become popular. 2. There are dangers from dishonest, short-sighted managers. Without the right man for the right place, success cannot reasonably be expected. 3. People seem to have a strong predisposition to be humbugged. How far the flaming announcement that after the first of January, 1860, freight will be carried from Salem to Linn City for four dollars per ton will affect the minds of our people, remains

to be seen. It is noticeable that this reduction is proposed after nearly all the freight for the present year has been carried away, and that nothing has been offered on freight up river. But if it were proposed to carry for nothing both ways, would it continue? What are the promises of such competitions worth, illustrated by experience? Still such tricks make a difficulty in the way of correction.

Lastly: The means of success according to the general idea suggested by the Portland Transportation Company:

- 1. The delegates appointed to meet in Salem on the 12th of January next, should develop a complete plan, and have it printed, so that those subscribing stock may know what they are doing. 2. Some one or two capable persons should be enlisted in each county to canvass for stock. 3. Subscriptions should be taken upon clear conditions, and payment required without remedy when those conditions be filled. The moral of contracts with some men is to pay off with excuses. 4. None should be allowed to hold stock having an interest in other boats, unless without the privilege of voting. 5. The business should be placed in the hands of one competent agent, with proper securities; so that the responsibility may not be shifted. 6. To secure the requisite capital, every one feeling the importance of the enterprise should perform his part promptly, nor wait for others to do what is the work of all. Ten or forty thousand dollars in small shares will require a good many stockholders.

With thought, prudence, energy, the line of steamboats may be built and successfully run. What say a thousand farmers, mechanics, and merchants? Shall the funds be raised?

C. Hoel was appointed delegate to meet with others in Salem on the 12th of January, 1860. If not able to attend, he was instructed to appoint a substitute.

The secretary was directed to furnish the Oregon Statesman, the Argus, and the Farmer with the proceedings of the meeting.

On motion, adjourned. R. M. MAY, Pres't. M. MYERS, Sec'y.

Editors and Printers.

'I pity the printer,' said my uncle Toby. 'He's a poor creature,' rejoined Trim. 'How so?' said my uncle. 'Because, in the first place,' continued the corporal, 'because he must endeavor to please everybody. In the negligence of a moment, perhaps a small paragraph pops in upon him; he hastily throws it to the compositor—it is inserted, and he is ruined to all intents and purposes. 'Too much the case, Trim,' said my uncle, with a deep sigh. 'Too much—too much—the case.' 'An' please your honor,' continued Trim, elevating his voice, and striking into an imposing attitude, 'an' please your honor, this is not the whole.' 'Go on, Trim,' said my uncle feelingly. 'The printer sometimes,' pursued the corporal, 'hits upon a piece that pleases him mightily, and he thinks it cannot but go down with his subscribers; but, alas! sir, who can calculate the human mind? He inserts it, and it is all over with him. They forgive others but they cannot forgive a printer. He has a host to print for, and every one sets up for a critic. The pretty miss exclaims—'Why don't he give us more poetry, marriages, and bon mots?—away with these stale pieces.' The politician claps his specs on his nose, and runs it over in search of a violent invective; he finds none; he takes his specs off, folds them, sticks them into his pocket, declaring the paper good for nothing but to burn. So it goes. Every one thinks it ought to be printed expressly for himself, as he is a subscriber; and yet, after all his complaining, would you believe it, sir,' said the honest corporal, clasping his hands beseechingly—'would you believe it, sir, there are some subscribers who do not hesitate to cheat the printer out of his pay! Our army swore terribly in Flanders, but they never did any thing so bad as that.' 'Never!' said my uncle Toby, emphatically.

THE TRUE LADY.—No girl can become a true lady without household duties. Whatever may be her literary proficiency and her social qualities, without the ability to do housework, if necessity demand, her education is defective.

Mrs. Washington, the mother of the General, always attended to her domestic affairs, even in the presence of the most distinguished guests. Lafayette paid her visit before his departure for Europe, in the fall of 1784. He was conducted to her mansion by one of her grandsons. "There, sir, is my grandmother," said he, as they approached the house. Lafayette looked up, and saw at work in the garden, clad in her domestic clothes, and her gray hairs covered by a plain straw hat, the mother of our hero.—She gave Lafayette a warm welcome, old serving—"Ah, Marquis, you see an old woman—but, come, I can make you welcome to my poor dwelling without the parade of changing my dress."

A gentleman killed himself in Florida lately for the love of a Miss Bullitt.—The poor fellow couldn't live with a bullet in his heart.

BROWN EXECUTED!

Interview between the Husband and Wife

CHARLESTOWN, Dec. 2.—Yesterday was passed quietly, with the exception of a great military bustle on the reception of Mrs. Brown. She was escorted over from Harper's Ferry at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and the entire military force was brought out to make a demonstration.—Her companions were not allowed to accompany her from Harper's Ferry. After remaining four hours with her husband, Mrs. Brown was escorted back to Harper's Ferry, at 9 o'clock last night, where she will await the reception of her husband's body.

Dec. 2.—John Brown was hung at a quarter past 11 o'clock this morning. The military assembled at 9 o'clock, and were posted on the field leading to the place of execution, and also at various points, as laid down in the general orders. Everything was conducted under the strictest military discipline, as if the town was in a state of siege.

Mounted scouts were stationed in the woods to the left of the scaffold, and picket guards were stationed toward the Shenandoah mountains, in the rear. The military on the field formed two hollow squares. Within the inner one was the scaffold, and between the inner and the outer lines citizens were admitted.

At 11 o'clock the prisoner was brought out of the jail, accompanied by Sheriff Campbell and assistants and Capt. Avis, the jailer. A small wagon, containing a white-pine box in which was a fine oak coffin, was driven up, on which they took a seat.

Six companies of infantry, a rifle company, a company of horse, and the general and his staff (numbering twenty-five officers), headed the procession, and marched toward the place of execution.

Before leaving the jail, Brown bade adieu to all his fellow-prisoners, and was very affectionate to all, except Cook. He charged Cook with having deceived and misled him in relation to the support he was to receive from the slaves. He was led to believe that they were ripe for insurrection, and had found that his representations were false. Cook denied the charge, and made but little reply.

On reaching the field, the military had already full possession. Pickets were stationed, and the citizens kept back at the point of the bayonet from taking any position except that assigned them, nearly a quarter of a mile from the scaffold. The order for excluding the press was partially rescinded, and they were assigned a position near the general's staff.

The prisoner walked up the steps firmly, and was the first man on the scaffold.—Messrs. Avis and Campbell stood by his side, and, after shaking hands and bidding them an affectionate adieu, thanked them for their kindness, put the cap over his face and the rope around his neck. Mr. Avis asked him to step forward on the trap.—Brown replied, 'You must lead me—I can not see.'

The rope was then adjusted, and the military order given. The soldiers marched and countermarched, and took a position as if an enemy was in sight, and nearly ten minutes were thus occupied. The prisoner remained standing, and Mr. Avis asked if he was not tired. Brown replied, 'No, not tired, but don't keep me waiting longer than is necessary.'

He was swung off at fifteen minutes past 11 o'clock. There was a slight grasping of the hands and stretching of the muscles, and then all was quiet. The body was several times examined, and the pulse did not cease beating for thirty-five minutes.—It was then cut down and placed in the coffin, and conveyed, under the military escort, to the depot, and put in a car to be conveyed to the Ferry by a special train. The whole arrangement was carried out with a precision and military strictness that was most annoying. The general conviction entertained was that the excitement regarding an expected rescue was caused by egregious hoaxes.

Brown said he desired no religious ceremonies either in the jail or on the scaffold from ministers who consent to or approve of the enslavement of their fellow-creatures; and that he would prefer to be accompanied on the scaffold by a dozen slave children and a good old slave mother, with their blessings on his soul, than with all the eloquence of the whole clergy of the Commonwealth combined.

The N. Y. Post publishes the following letters, which it says were found in old Brown's carpet-bag. Of course they were:

EGYPT, 1859. Dear Brown: I will try to be at home in time for our little affair in Virginia. I propose bringing a company of Zouaves to assist us. Go on in your glorious work. I send \$2. Yours, W. H. SEWARD.

CLEVELAND, 1859. Dear Sir: I will be at Harper's Ferry with 20,000 men in time to carry our plan. Senator Wade will shoot the President, and Grover will blow up the Capitol. It's all right. Mum's the word. Yours, J. R. G.

Dear Brown: I will be on hand with Gor Banks and the Massachusetts militia. Don't be frightened. I enclose \$3. Horace G. says he won't fight but sends a copy of the Tribune gratis. On to victory. Yours, WILSON.

It appears from the reports of the Life Insurance Companies of Great Britain that the average duration of human life is on the increase. This fact is so well demonstrated that a revival of dates has been agreed upon, with a reasonable reduction.

'Married last week, John Cobb to Miss Kate Webb.' Their house will undoubtedly be full of cob-webs.

Playing Richard 3d to an Audience of One.

Mr. Foster, the manager of a theatrical company playing at Bucyrus, Ohio, was sitting in a hotel, when a stranger, with a bill of the evening play in his hand, entered the room, and approaching Mr. Foster, asked him if he was the manager of the theatre. Being answered in the affirmative, he asked what sum would induce his company to play Richard III. for him that afternoon, as he was compelled to leave town and could not be present in the evening. Mr. Foster, supposing that the stranger was jesting, replied twenty-five dollars, and being asked what he would add the Rough Diamond for, he replied ten dollars. The stranger forthwith counted out the money, and the company, on being consulted, agreed to grant the stranger's request. The stranger desired that the play should begin no later than 2 o'clock, and we now let the Bucyrus Journal tell the rest: "Two o'clock came, and the solitary audience assembled. Choosing an eligible position, and cocking his feet upon the back of the seat in front of him, waited patiently for the performance to begin. The bell rang, up went the curtain, and the play commenced. Never did actors do better. They all exerted themselves to give their patron an entertainment fully worth the price paid for it, and they succeeded. The stranger applauded vigorously at different points, and at the close of the play called Mr. Fannin before the curtain, who responded in a neat little speech. A dance and song followed, after which the face of the Rough Diamond was played. The audience laughed, roared, and applauded, and, as at the close of the first piece, called out the leading actors.

Speech of Zachariah Spicer

On the question, "Which enjoys the greatest amount of happiness, the bachelor or the married man?"

Mr. President and gentlemen:—I rise to advocate the cause of the married man. And why should I not? I claim to know something about the institution. I do. Will any gentleman pretend to say I do not? Let him accompany me home. Let me confront him with my wife and seventeen children and decide.

High as the Rocky Mountains tower above the Mississippi valley, does the character of the married man tower above that of the bachelor? What was Adam before he got acquainted with Eve? No more to be compared to his after self than a mill-dam to the great roaring cataract of Niagara. [Applause.]

Gentlemen, there was a time when—I blush to say it—when I too was a bachelor; a more miserable creature you could hardly expect to find. Every day I toiled hard, and at night I came home to my comfortless garret—no carpet, no fire, no nothing. Everything was in a clutter, and in the words of the poet:

"Confusion was monarch of all I surveyed."

Here lay a pair of pants, there a dirty pair of boots; there a dirty play-bill, and here a pile of dirty clothes. What wonder that I took refuge at the gaming-table and bar-room. I found it would never do, gentlemen, and in a lucky moment I vowed to reform. Scarcely had the promise passed my lips, when a knock was heard at the door, and in came Susan Simpkins after my dirty clothes.

"Dr. Spicer," says she, "I've washed for you six months, and I haven't seen the first red cent in way of payment. Now I'd like to know what you are going to do about it?"

"Miss Simpkins," says I, "It's no use denying it, I haven't got the pewter. I wish for your sake I had."

"Then," said she promptly, "I don't wash another rag for you."

"Stop," said I, "Susan, I will do what I can for you. Silver and gold I have none; but if my heart and hand will do, they are at your service."

"Are you in earnest?" said she looking a little suspicious.

"Never more so," said I.

"Then, said she, "as there seems to be no prospect of getting my pay any other way, I guess I'll take up with your offer."

Enough said. We were married in a week, and what's more, we haven't had any cause to relent. No more attics for me, gentlemen. I live in a good house, and have somebody to mend my clothes. When I was a poor miserable bachelor, gentlemen, I used to be as thin as a weasel, now I am as plump as a porker.

In conclusion, gentlemen, if you want to be poor ragged fellows, without coats to your backs, or shoes to your feet; if you want to grow old before your time, and live as uncomfortably generally as a hedgehog rolled up in the wrong way, I advise you to remain a bachelor; but if you want to live decently and respectably, get married. I've got ten daughters, gentlemen, [overpowering applause,] and you may have pick.

Mr. Spicer sat down amidst continued plaudits. The generous proposal with which he concluded secured him five scoops.

The Madness of the Democratic Organs—Howling the Needs of Insurrection.

The insanity of Brown in supposing that with nineteen white men and five negroes he could overthrow the United States Government, liberate all the slaves in the South, and establish a Provisional Government, with himself and a Cabinet of equal fanatics at the head of affairs, was desperate beyond all human experience. But deplorable and desperate as his folly was, it is even excelled by the foolish madness of the editors of those journals published in slave holding States that are trying to make it appear that the Republican party of the country is responsible for old Brown's deeds, and that they sympathize with the failure of his murderous aims!

As we observed, the other day, the Republican party polled in the late Presidential campaign over 1,300,000 votes. The party has steadily increased since, and now would, no doubt, poll 1,500,000 votes. It is unquestionable, and the returns to the next Congress indicate it, that every free State in the Union, save two or three, has sided unequivocally with the Republican party, and there is no ebb to the tide that bears public sentiment in the free States toward the principles of the Republican party, the only one of which affecting slavery is, that it shall not be extended into Territories or States already free.

Not a single organ of the Republican party, has yet failed to condemn and to execrate the treasonable madness of old Brown. No member of the Republican party, from one end of the Union to the other, has spoken a word of sympathy for his murderous designs. Such being the fact, patent to all men, we ask, what but the most amazing madness on the part of southern partisans and Southern newspapers can lead them to charge the Republican party of the country, and its million and a half voters, with complicity with the horrible crimes, insurrection, treason, rape and murder? Does not every member of the Republican party know in his heart, that this charge is an accused lie; and will the million and a half voters of that party be so complaisant as to change their politics or quit voting because of these base libels on their character by Democratic partisan prints? We know better than this, the world knows better. And the result will prove that a party when aggrieved by insult and contumely is rendered far more formidable than when lashed to peacefulness by the just dealings of an honorable and generous adversary.

What will be the end of these insane libels circulated through the slavholding States by Democratic prints? Why this? They will not convert the Republican party. They will not stay its present triumphant march. They will not prevent its on-coming the National Democracy from Federal power, and installing, we trust, a conservative statesman, like Bates or Bell, in the Presidency. But when this happens, what shall we see in those slavholding communities where the insane libels of these Democratic prints have circulated? The newspapers have told the slaves that the triumph of the Republican party will be the signal for their deliverance from bondage! They will have assured the servile race that the arms and power of the United States Government will, in Republican hands, be used in their behalf in a last grand conflict with their masters!

The credulous and doomed creatures will believe it all—sad, fatal, hell born lie though it be—and they will dance with frenzied joy around their camp-fires some night, and meet a dreadful and exterminating slaughter before the setting of the next day's sun!

Such is the solution of the slavery question that the Democratic organs and partisans are providing, by their desperate libels on a majority of the independent voters of the Union! If these madmen do not baffle the South in the blood of a self-created servile insurrection, it will be because the triumphant Opposition of 1860 interposes to suppress servile outbreaks, and to preserve the guarantees of the Constitution and the Union, in regard to slavery, by all the powers of the Federal Government.—St. Louis News.

"Howard Curtis," of New York, in a recent lecture, pitched into the sleepy sermonizing of the day, and described the forty-five thousand congregations in this country as so many gatherings where the young of both sexes tangle their eyes in looking at each other; where no sensitive heart-cords were touched; where those of mature years were calculating upon the business of the ensuing week; where some were falling asleep, under the happy consciousness that nothing wrong would come from that pulpit. And upon the close of the service at these churches, and as the people would assemble in the porch, you would hear such exclamations as "What a good sermon!" and "How your boots shine!"

SKIRTING ON THE LUDICROUS.—The latest crinoline invention is called the sea-expanso—expansive—last-for-ever-let-it-out—six-foot-in-diameter—never-head-on-break—and-sit-down-as-you-please-without-injuring—hoop-skirt. Ladies who have worn them state positively that they are perfect darlings.

An exchange paper says: "The best safety-valve to a boiler is a sober engineer. Congress may legislate till doomsday, but as long as the officers carry too much steam, the boats will follow their example."

"Can you tell me, Bill, how it is that a rooster always keeps his feathers sleek and smooth?" "No," said Bill. "Well, he always carries his comb with him."