

BY D. W. CRAIG.

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A Chime of Death.

The longer life, the more offense;
The more offense, the greater pain;
The greater pain, the less defense;
The less defense, the more gain;
The loss of gain long ill doth try,
Wherefore come, Death, and let me die!

The shorter life, less count I find;
The less account, the sooner made;
The count soon made, the merrier mind;
The merrier mind doth thought invade!
Short life in truth this thing doth try,
Wherefore come, Death, and let me die!

Come, gentle Death, the ebb of care;
The ebb of care, the flood of life;
The flood of life, the joy of fate;
The joy of fate, the end of strife;
The end of strife, that thing wish I,
Wherefore come, Death, and let me die!

Address by Master Willie H. Hierdard, to the Band of Hope Association.

I will not drink of rum nor wine, it makes my nose so red,
My face with pimples covers o'er, and jumbles up my head;
My head makes so very light, that when I go to town,
And try to walk along the street, I'm apt to tumble down.

And then my purse it empties quite, and leaves me not a dime;
My farm and houses melt away, in quick and feeble time.
But water cold for young and old, will always healily be;
'Tis bright and clear, from year to year, I think it best for me.

Tobacco we will throw away, it spoils the taste of food,
I know not how the men can say they ever thought it good.
Our Band don't think it nice at all to smoke cigars or chew,
For if it was so very fine, the girls would do it too.
But not they never do that way, they're better than that;
Then why should they learn to learn what they can do without?

And as for pipes, the only use that I can see for them,
Make rainbow bladders upward fly, by blowing in the stem.

Republican Convention.

The Republican convention for the county of Wasco, met at the court-house, Dalles City, on Saturday, the 5th inst., and was organized by the appointment of Geo. B. Curry as chairman, and Charles F. Mansfield, secretary. The preliminary business having been disposed of, the convention proceeded to nominate candidates to be voted for at the June election. Each of the following gentlemen received a majority of all the votes cast:

Joint Senator, William Logan; Representative, J. G. Sparks; Sheriff, John Darrah; Clerk, Geo. E. Graves; Treasurer, Otis S. Savage; School Superintendent, E. P. Fitzgerald; Coroner, W. D. Bigelow.

The following resolutions were adopted: Resolved, That the Republicans of Wasco county endorse the action of the Clackamas county convention, in the nomination of our esteemed fellow citizen, William Logan, for the office of Joint Senatorship, and pledge to him our hearty and warm support at the ballot box.

Resolved, That we heartily ratify and endorse the action of the late Republican State Convention, held in Eugene City, and while we make renewed pledges to stand by and cherish the principles and policies enunciated in the platform there adopted, we guarantee to the chosen standard-bearer of "free labor and free farms," David Logan, a hearty and most cordial support from all those of Wasco county, who cherish the interest and well being of the white laboring masses and toiling millions of this great Republic.

THE ONLY LEGITIMATE MEANS OF ACCOUNTING FOR "SPIRIT RAPINGS."—The only true and legitimate manner of accounting for the raps is the physiological defects of the membranous system. The outness of the abdominal indication causes the cartilaginous compression to coagulate into the diaphragm, and depresses the diaphragm into the flange. Now, if the raps were caused by the rognation of the electricity from the extremities, the tympanum would also involve into spiritual sinetum, and the olfactory would become identical with the pigmentum. Now this is not the case; the odor must be elevated down to the spiritual spero. But, as I said before, the inferior ligaments must not subside over the diaphragm sufficiently to disorganize the sticulation.

MORMONISM.—The Annual Conference of the Mormons was held on the 6th, at Ambloy, Illinois. Part of the family of Jo. Smith was in attendance. Young Jo. was inducted into office.

President Hays, president of the organization, was sanguine he will assume the Presidency, which will supersede the necessity to depose Brigham Young as President.

Young Smith acknowledges that even in Utah there was much bitterness displayed against Brigham.

A LOVE STORY IN BRIEF.—In the Lowland lowlands lived lovely Lucy Leslie. Levi Larkins loved Lucy Leslie lavishly. Lucy Leslie loved Levi Larkins likewise. Levi Larkins loved Lucy Leslie, lending foster luster to the land, and likewise causing lively pleasure in the hearts of Levi Larkins and Lucy Leslie.

A Democratic paper, in noticing a recent demonstration of that party, says that "the air was rent with the shouts of three thousand people." After which, we suppose the band played "Root Hog or Die."

At a Sunday School Missionary meeting in Richmond, the Rev. Mr. Taylor stated that there were about 4,000,000 of children in the United States that receive no religious instruction.

The Oregon Argus.

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Vol. VI.

OREGON CITY, OREGON, MAY 19, 1860.

No. 6.

[From the Argus Extra, May 12]
One Week Later from the East!
NEWS BY PONY EXPRESS!

DOUGLAS PROBABLY NOMINATED AT CHARLESTON!

The Great Prize Fight a Drawn Battle!

The steamer Pacific arrived at Portland this morning at 6 o'clock, bringing news by Pony Express from the East to the 28th April—one week later.

We are indebted to Tracy & Co., A. Holbrook, and F. J. Hollister, Esqs., for late papers. Below we give the news of the most importance:

The Charleston Convention.
St. Louis, April 28, 1860.—The Charleston Convention has been in session four days. In the Convention, the Douglas men have thus far carried every point. The test vote of the strength was on the rule allowing individual members, when not instructed, to vote separately. On a motion to lay on the table, the vote stood as follows: Massachusetts 6, Pennsylvania 14, Delaware 14, Maryland 34, Virginia 15, North Carolina 7, South Carolina 8, Georgia 10, Florida 3, Alabama 9, Louisiana 6, Mississippi 7, Texas 4, Arkansas 4 of one vote, Missouri 2, California 21, Oregon 3—total 101. All the rest, 192.

It was also determined to settle the platform before balloting for candidates. On this an intense excitement arose. The Committee on Platform, by one majority, reported a strong anti-Douglas platform, while two minority reports have been made. It is upon this point that the fight is now going on, and the latest dispatch says that the principal minority report will receive 180 votes, and be adopted. Incidental to this, it is announced that the delegations from five Southern States will withdraw and nominate Jeff Davis, with Jo Lane or Fernando Wood for Vice President. The secession would remove any doubt of the nomination of Douglas, with perhaps Stephens of Georgia, or Johnson of Tennessee, for Vice President.

The excitement yesterday at Charleston was intense. A large crowd assembled in front of the hotel last evening, listening to disunion speeches. They rushed into the hotel of the New York delegation, and were driven out by the police.

The friends of Mr. Douglas predict his nomination to-day (28th April). He has 23 of the New York delegation; and they calculate on his gaining some 20 votes by the adoption of the individual voting rule.

FIRST DAY.
The National Democratic Convention met at Charleston, S. C., on Monday, 23d of April, at noon. The Convention was called to order by Judge Smalley, Chairman of the National Committee, Francis B. Flournoy, of Arkansas, was elected temporary Chairman. After prayer, by Rev. Dr. Henckel, of Charleston, Wm. F. Ritchie, was appointed temporary Secy.

Fisher, of Virginia, offered a letter from the Wood delegation of New York, who were excluded from the Convention.

To the reading of this document Cochran objected, and much excitement ensued. Finally, the Convention determined that the letter should be read.

Cochran moved the adoption of the rules of the last National Convention.

A resolution was adopted requesting the New York and Illinois delegations not to participate in the organization. Credentials were handed in, and Convention adjourned till next day.

SECOND DAY.
The Convention met the next morning, and the committee on organization reported Caleb Cushing as President of the Convention.

Mr. Flournoy, temporary Chairman, returned thanks and retired, and Mr. Cushing was introduced. His remarks were eloquent and patriotic. An allusion to Calhoun and his motto "Truth, Justice, and the Constitution," called forth prolonged cheers.

The resolutions for appointing a committee on platforms was adopted, and committee appointed.

Convention adjourned to next day.

THIRD DAY.
On re-assembling, at 10 o'clock A. M., on Wednesday, 25th April, the galleries were crowded with ladies, and several hundred were admitted to the floor of the Convention, which occasioned much good feeling.

During the morning, Mr. Robinson, Chairman of the Vermont delegation, died of apoplexy.

On the 28th the committee on credentials reported.

The reports were debated until 6 o'clock, and terminated by the previous question.

A vote was first taken on all delegations, and the Douglas delegates admitted. Next, the Douglas delegates above-named from Maryland were admitted.

FOURTH DAY.
Next day, Thursday, 26th April, on the re-assembling of the Convention, the committee on platform was unable to report, the members being unable to agree. It was, however, announced that the platform committee would be ready to report in an hour, and the Convention took a recess.

The Cincinnati platform, with the Buchanan construction, was adopted as the majority report by 17 to 16.

The principal minority report affirms the Cincinnati platform as construed by Douglas, contending that the rights of property are judicial in character, pledging the Democracy to sustain the decisions of the Supreme Court, in regard to slavery in the Territories; guarantees ample protection to citizens, native or naturalized, at home or abroad; approves the acquisition of Cuba on terms honorable to Spain; guarantees government aid to the Pacific Railroad, and declares that all State resistance to the Fugitive Slave Law is revolutionary and subversive of the Constitution.

This report and platform will without doubt be adopted, as it represents 150 electoral votes, while the majority report represents but 120.

Oregon and California go with the South for the majority platform.

LATER.—The San Francisco Herald of the 8th professes to have reliable news that Douglas was nominated on the 28th.

The Great Prize Fight.

The great fight took place on the 17th ult., at Finn Borough, near Aldershot. Thirty-nine rounds were fought when the people rushed into the rail, and the referees were crowded out. The pugilists were then ordered to desist fighting by the referees. Both men went to the grass on the last round. Sayers fell almost every round. In the first dozen rounds Sayers was knocked completely off his legs. Sayers' arms suffered a great deal, and Heenan's eyes were much blackened towards the close, and was quite blind at the last round. Heenan fought splendidly throughout, but shows more punishment than Sayers.

The fight lasted two hours and six minutes. Sayers drew the first blood on the tenth round. Heenan completely lifted Sayers off the ground, and threw him heavily with the greatest ease. The eighth round lasted twenty minutes, ending in Tom's going down.

The 11th round lasted two minutes; much skill was displayed on both sides. Tom was easily knocked off his pins. It is not known whether they will fight again. The fight was decided a draw game. The opinion of the public was divided as to which was the better man.

FURTHER PER STEAMER VANDERBILT.

There is a rumor that the men will fight again, but nothing definite has transpired. Nothing heard from those interested.

[From the London News, April 18.]

This long protracted fight between Heenan and Sayers took place yesterday by four o'clock in the morning. The visitors to the scene of action were conveyed from London Bridge. They alighted near Finn Borough Station.

The fight lasted two hours and thirty minutes, during which thirty-seven rounds were fought. Sayers drew the first blood, and Heenan claimed the first knock-down blow. Sayers did not show any signs of punishment, but his right arm was much injured by his attempts to ward off Heenan's tremendous blows.

Heenan once got the champion's head under his arm, and was about to strangle him. The umpires subsequently quitted the ring and declared a draw battle, but two or three more skirmishes were made. Heenan seemed indifferent as to whether he hit Sayers or his second.

The crowd of people at the fight was immense. Long before four o'clock, this Tuesday morning, London Bridge Station was literally deluged by spectators to the fight.

At half-past four precisely the special train was dispatched, containing about one thousand persons, and after traveling for 21 [21?] and one fourth hours, arrived at a place called Ark, next Faval Bein, where the people got out of the train, when, after crossing several fields and ditches, they arrived at a snug meadow, in which a rope ring was formed, and precisely at thirty minutes past seven o'clock the two men entered the ring, when the Benicia Boy approached Sayers and shook hands warmly with him.

THE FIGHT.
1st Round—Sayers left out with his left, caught Heenan in the mouth; upon a second feint he landed a sign on Heenan's nose, when the latter closed, got hold of Sayers by the neck, and Sayers fell.

2d Round—Heenan, after viewing his antagonist, led off his left and landed a blow on his mouth, closed and threw him.

3d Round—Heenan caught Sayers on the mouth, the latter again falling.

4th Round—Heenan shot out tremendously with his left, and hit Sayers again in the mouth, and sent him spinning to the ground.

In the 5th and 6th rounds Sayers fell, without any punishment being given on either side.

7th Round—Sayers landed a fearful blow on Heenan's left cheek, cutting it open; left eye became almost immediately in darkness. This round lasted twelve minutes, and ended by Heenan knocking Sayers down by a blow on the mouth.

8th Round—Heenan shot out with his left, but was beautifully stopped by Sayers' right; after much parrying on both sides, Heenan caught one on the mouth and caused the claret to flow profusely. This round lasted twenty minutes, and ended with knocking Sayers down.

9th Round—Heenan went up to Sayers, caught him on the mouth, and sent him kissing the earth. Betting, which had been up to this time two to one on Sayers, rose to even on Heenan, he having the call.

10th Round—Heenan closed and threw Sayers heavily.

11th Round—Sayers struck Heenan on the mouth, and fell.

12th Round—Heenan went up to Sayers and knocked him down.

13th Round—the same as the 12th.

14th Round—Heenan [hit Sayers?] on both sides of the mouth and closed, and Sayers fell.

15th Round—Heenan caught Sayers on the mouth with his left, and sent him spinning round; with his right, caught him on the jaw, Sayers going down.

16th Round—Heenan made a few exchanges, and shot out and knocked Sayers down. The seventeenth round was similar to this.

18th Round—Sayers did much to close Heenan's right eye, and fell.

19th and 20th Rounds—Closed, Heenan throwing Sayers in both instances.

In the 21st and 22d Rounds—Heenan went up to Sayers and knocked him down. (Load cheering. Betting rose to four [four to one?] on Heenan.)

23d Round—After some severe hitting on both sides, Heenan's face became much disfigured, and the left eye closed, and Sayers had a throw record in his favor.

24th Round—Heenan again knocked Sayers down.

25th Round—Sayers caught Heenan a poser on the nose, the claret flying; the two closed and fell; Sayers under.

Sayers landed a severe blow on Heenan's cheek, and fell; Heenan followed Sayers about the ring; slight counter-hitting; the former landed another blow on Sayers' mouth, and he fell.

28th Round—A similar round to the last; Sayers falling.

29th Round—Heenan, with his left, caught Sayers in the mouth; brought to the ground.

30th Round—Sayers caught Heenan on the nose, the two closed, and Sayers again fell.

31st Round—Heenan landed a severe blow on the mouth; the two closed and fell, Sayers under.

32d Round—In this round Heenan retired to his corner and seemed rather reluctant at calling out Sayers; looking at him anxiously, Sayers entered with his left and gave a telling blow on Heenan's frontispiece. Betting even. At this time it was evident that daylight was becoming almost of no avail to Heenan, as both his eyes were nearly closed, and his face altogether presented a frightful appearance.

33d Round—Heenan landed a crusher in Sayers' mouth, and sent him spinning to the ground. It was now to be seen that Sayers' right arm was not of much avail to him, from the repeated stopping of blows. Heenan's hand also had become much swollen from the repeated use he had made of it.

34th Round—Sayers sent out rapidly, twice giving it to Heenan, both on the nose. Heenan, however, followed Sayers, and struck him heartily on the mouth, and sent him to the ground.

35th Round—The two soon closed, and Sayers getting hold by the neck, hit Heenan severely over the left eye.

36th Round—The two soon closed, and Sayers was thrown.

37th Round—Heenan gave Sayers one in the mouth, the latter falling.

38th Round—Sayers closed and fell. Heenan gave Sayers one on the head, when he had almost reached the ground, which raised a question of foul play, but it was not persevered in, it being considered an accident.

39th Round—Heenan got his arm around Sayers' neck, and to all appearance, was strangling him; cries of "Let him go" were heard; Heenan still stuck to his hold, and the ring was broken; the greatest confusion prevailed; the umpire was carried from the ring, and the fight was permanently brought to a close, neither having been declared the winner.

The contest lasted two hours and eight minutes.

Washington County Republican Meeting.

HILLSBORO, March 7th, 1860.

The Republicans of Washington county met pursuant to the call of the county committee at the court-house, and was organized by electing M. Tuttle temporary chairman and H. C. Raymond secretary.

T. R. Cornelius, T. Denny, and J. Flippen were appointed a committee on credentials.

The committee reported the following persons as delegates, viz:

Beaver Dam—J. Campbell, W. E. Walker, and J. A. Flippen.

Bute—T. Denny, J. McCay, T. D. Humphrey, and P. Kent.

Cedar Creek—T. Cartwright, J. A. Taylor, H. V. V. Johnson, and W. C. Painter.

Centerville—T. R. Cornelius, J. Imbrie, J. Cornelius and A. Elliott.

Dairy Creek—W. Wilson, J. A. Benson, and L. M. Norcross.

Forest Grove—M. Tuttle, J. Marsh, R. M. Porter, J. T. Scott, R. T. Hawley, J. J. Butt, T. Beauchamp, W. Brown, and B. Catching.

Hillsboro—W. H. Bennett, W. Pomeroy, S. S. Whitcomb, R. W. Dunn, J. Pool, J. Hankins, and W. S. Caldwell.

South Tualatin—J. Shattuck, and J. A. Richardson.

Wapato—L. L. Whitcomb, J. Read, and S. Wilcox.

On motion, the present incumbents were declared the permanent officers of the convention.

On motion, B. M. Watts and C. H. Read, delegates from Columbia county, were invited to act with the convention while nominating the State Senator and Joint Representative.

The ballot for candidate resulted as follows, viz:

State Senator for Clatsop, Columbia, and Washington—Col. T. R. Cornelius.

Joint Representative for Columbia and Washington—Enoch Conyer.

Representative—Wilson Bowdly.

Auditor—W. D. Hare.

Sheriff—E. W. Hare.

Treasurer—W. H. Bennett.

Assessor—Jesse D. More.

Surveyor—Wm. Geiger.

Superintendent of Common Schools—Henry Sewell.

Coroner—John Marsh.

County Committee—T. R. Cornelius, J. Marsh, and W. D. Hare.

It was resolved, That we endorse the nomination and platform of the State Convention.

Voted, that the proceedings be sent to the Republican papers for publication.

Adjourned.

M. TUTTLE, Ch.

H. C. RAYMOND, Secy.

What's the Odds Who's Next President.

So We're Happy?

"Sam Slick" writes in the Dublin University Magazine as follows:

Wherever you go, people say the country is going to the devil. Well, I have heard that cry to home, long before I saw England, and yet we go ahead, and England goes ahead in spite of such critters; we can't help prospering. The only difference between the two countries is, as I have said, people in England think they are going to the bad all the time; we only think so once in four years. I shall never forget what Uncle Peleg said to me once.

"Neph," said he, "I used to take great interest in politics once, but I have given it up now. It don't matter a cent, I see, who is up or who is down. There ain't much to choose among our political parties; oil, pickings, and patronage, salaries, and offices, is all either of them cares for.—When Jefferson was elected, said I to myself, the country is ruined; here is a free-thinker, a slaveholder, and a Southerner, who has beaten John Adams, the New England candidate. He will spread infidelity through the land, he will sap the morals of our youth, he'll join in European wars, he will involve us with France, the British will slip in, conquer us again, and enslave us once more as Colonists. We are done for, we are up a tree, our republican flint is fixed, we shall be strangled in the cradle as an infant nation, and the crowner will find a verdict, 'Died by the hands of Thomas Jefferson.'

"I sat up late that night, at Springfield, with some patriots and heroes of Bunker Hill and the battle of Mud Creek, to hear the result of the election for President, for we were all for John Adams. It was eleven o'clock at night when the word came. We were all excited, drinking success to Adams, and confusion to Jefferson, glory to the nation, prosperity to religion, perdition to freethinkers, infidels, and Southern candidates, with other patriotic toasts, when in rushed Deacon Properjohn, his eyes strained six ways for Sunday, his hair blown about like a head of broom-corn, and his breath almost gone. 'Hallo!' said I, 'Deacon, what is the matter with you?'

"Why," said he, striking the table with his fist a blow that made all the glasses jingle again, 'I'll be darned if that old, unbelievin' sinner, Jefferson, haint beat Adams by a majority of one!' and he burst into tears. 'Our great nation is ruined, swamped, foundered, and done for, forever.' There wasn't a word spoke for the matter of two minutes, we were so dumfounded. At last we all gave lip together—'Oh, gracious!' said one, 'better he had never fought and bled.'—'Better,' said another, 'if we had never resisted the British. Only think of that unprincipled man being elected over such a true patriot as Adams!' And then we all agreed the country was undone forever.—Then we consoled ourselves with drinking perdition to Jefferson, and set up a howl, in chorus, over the old Bay State, that took the lead and bore the brunt of the Revolution, being elected out of its President this way. At last I fainted, as if I had been knocked down, and was carried home by four men, and put to bed."

"Are you sure you wasn't drunk, uncle," said I.

"Quite certain," he said. "I might have been overtaken; I won't say I wasn't overcome like, for very little will do that, you know, when you are excited—but I am sure I wasn't sewed up, for I remember everything that happened. When they brought me home, says your Aunt Nabby to me, 'Peleg,' said she, 'what on airth is the matter? Have you been runned over?'

"No," said I. 'Have you had a fall, dear?'

"No, it ain't that! 'Then what is it, love?'

"The nation is ruined; Jeff—Jeff—Jefferson is elected, and the rep—rep—republic has gone to the dev—il! 'Oh, I see,' said she, 'you are in a fair way to go to him yourself, acting in that preposterous manner. Who cares whether Jefferson is elected or not,' she continued. 'I am sure I don't care. What is it to the like of us?'

"It's only grief, Nabby," said I, 'my heart is broke.' 'Is that all, you devil,' said she, 'its lucky your precious neck ain't broke; and she called the nigger helps, and hauled me off to bed, and the way she tumbled me in wasn't the way she put up her best china tea-set, I can tell you. Oh, I couldn't have been drunk, for I recollect every word that passed.

"Well, next morning I woke up—none of the earliest, I can tell you—with a thunderin' headache, and my heart con't most broke. I called and called ever so loud, before I could make any one hear me. At last up came your aunt, looking as fierce as a cat facin a dog. 'What's all that noise?' said I. 'The girls at their spinning-wheels,' said she. 'Stop them,' said I, 'it's no use now; Jefferson is elected, and the country is ruined!' 'Gracious! how her eyes flashed at that; she stooped down, seized the bedclothes just under my chin, dragged them off, and threw them all into a corner of the room.

"Now, get up this instant minute, and go and look after the spring work, or we will be ruined in airst! 'It's no use,' said I, 'if Adams had got in, the country would have been saved. He was the father of the country; but Jefferson! Oh, dear, the jig is up now. You thought I was drunk last night, but I wasn't; and you see I am not tipsy now. I tell you, we are done for! Well, she altered her course, and sat down on the bed alongside of me, and said: 'Dear Peleg, if you love me, don't talk nonsense. Let us reason it out.' (And this, I think, Peabody, you must have found out, that women, though they like to sail before the wind, know how to tack, too, when it's ahead.) 'Now,' said she, 'Peleg, dear, suppose John Adams, the mean, stingy, close-fisted, cunning old lawyer, had got in—you know you pay him fifteen cents a ton for the granite you take to Boston out of his quarry at Quincy; suppose you went to him, and said, 'President, I did my possibles at your election

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for you, will you let me have it for twelve cents? 'No, I don't think he would,' said I. 'Well, you owe neighbor Burford two hundred dollars; sposin' you want to Adams, and told him all your claims, and asked him to lend you that amount to prevent Burford suing you, would he lend it to you? 'No; I don't think he would, unless I gave him a mortgage, and paid ever so much expenses.' 'Well, then, you see, he would do you no good. Now, Jefferson is in, and I won't gamsay you about his character; for, though he talks liberal about slaves, it's well known he has sold some of his own half-caste children. Capt. Card, of Rod Bank, who goes every year to Charleston, Virginia, with a cargo of onions, hams, and collins, says it's the common talk there, 'Aint that enough to ruin the risk generation?' said I. 'No,' said she, 'but to ruin his own character.—Well, now that he is in, what harm is he going to do to hart you? Won't the corn ripen as usual? 'Well, I suppose it will, if the airy frost don't catch it.' 'Won't the cows give milk, and the sheep wool for shearing, as they used to did? 'Well, I can't deny that.' 'And won't the celts grow up fit for market as before, for every year we get more and more for our young horses? 'Well, I won't contradict you.' 'Won't our children grow up as fast?—'Ah, there, I said, 'is the nib; they grow up too fast now; nine children in twelve years, as we have—'

"I couldn't finish the sentence. She gave it to me, first on one cheek and then on the other, like wink, and then she went to the washstand, got hold of the ewer, swashed the whole of the water into my face, and cut off out of the room, leaving me shivery and shaky, like a fellow with the ague. Well, it was the month of March, which, you know, in New England, don't