

POETRY.

THE WATSON BOYS.

BY MISS MARGARET WAREHAM.

The thought of home my heart will fill, I love my mother's smiling face...

And think of that sweet childhood scene, The summer days and golden years...

Star shining down, and wide and deep, In majesty and grand array...

And when my heart was sad and lone, Through her sweet voice I loved to roam...

I loved the labor and the sun, I loved the morning air...

To guide my steps a father's love, And to my heart and cheer to give...

Like flames on the evening air, As if a mother's prayer...

When now the childhood days I know, They have vanished like the morning dew...

A simple chair, both high and wide, Now stands the spot, or once a guide...

The new cement beneath the path, They taught me—O! their mother's worth...

The name of these flowers I know, They taught me—O! their mother's worth...

Their children's name—that picture band— In golden letters truth shall stand...

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE SPECTATOR'S EARLY DAYS.

BY D. C. W. SEARS.

Remember, can look back upon the scenes of early childhood with a sort of melancholy reflection? Even with a desire to...

But we look back also upon the time of trial, when old men stood gazing upon the scene with anxious eyes, and young men...

It was in the year 17—, that James D—, having concluded that the restraints of home and teachers were too severe...

hear their conversation. With anxious heart James developed to Ann the plans of his future operations. He pictured out to her the beauties of the scenes of the western wilds.

One bright spring morning not far from Fort Duquesne, were a number of families with their effects collected on the banks of the Ohio, building a flat-boat for the stock of cattle and wagons and one for the families.

The hours, which at first passed speedily away on account of the change, soon became tedious, and many weeks elapsed before the journey was closed.

down; the rich and refreshing grasses tempting the cattle to roll in luxurious ease, and unconcerned from day to day rest and repose after the toil of the farm work was over.

One pleasant summer evening James and Ann were chatting over the past and planning for the future operations of the farm. After finishing their plans of operation, James was lamenting his lack of knowledge, the want of which he most sorely felt.

Just then the door was burst open and a neighbor called to them to flee without delay, to flee for their lives.

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COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Spectator.

To the Young Men of Oregon.

In my last I appealed to the tender recollections of home, and the proud satisfaction of possessing the ability of making those you most love, happy, as strong incentives to temperance, industry, and economy.

The future of Oregon's history presents if you please, a historical landscape, from which it is difficult to withdraw our eyes.

wealth that must thus be accumulated will naturally suggest the importance and propriety of education. There are many considerations which lead to the conclusion that this must and will become an enlightened—an educated people.

Now my youthful friends let us try to forget for a moment that we are here amid new houses, and gold mania, and imagine that we are contemplating the condition of this country twenty years hence.

Let me now ask you a few candid and significant questions. Would you not feel a proud satisfaction in being able to say "that beautiful and valuable farm, or that costly mansion, or that mill, or manufacturing establishment, or that splendid steamer is mine?"

Why called the sabbath, why not a sabbath? Because it has a significance greater than any other day of rest. God wrought his work during the space of six days, and one day he rested.

Your Friend,

UNCLE SIMON.

For the Spectator.

We would advise all young people, to acquire in early life, the habit of using good language, both in speaking, and writing, and to abandon as early as possible the use of slang words and phrases.

fruit. The one leads to death, the other to life; the one debases the other exalts. The first is most natural to man, it comes to him spontaneously, without an effort, and his passions tempt him to use it; the other requires an effort, and holds back and waits until it be seized and taken hold of by moral resolution.

Another thing I would briefly speak of. Above all things avoid profanity in your conversation. Nothing is more easy of acquirement, or more disgusting as a habit.

"In neither have, polite, nor wise."

JUNIOR.

For the Spectator.

The Sabbath.

Why called the sabbath, why not a sabbath? Because it has a significance greater than any other day of rest. God wrought his work during the space of six days, and one day he rested.

SIGMA.

There happened to grow up between Paddy and a bragging downriver, a very fierce contest as to the comparative size of different animals, and insects in this and the 'old country' when Mr. C'Flaherty declared that in Ireland the 'base were as big as a shape'.

THE GENTLENESS OF CHRIST.—What an expression! How much is there in that short sentence! How much to admire, to imitate! Christ performed great deeds, such as no one ever did; but not that we should imitate them.

But Christ was meek and gentle, that we might be so too. Christ was benignant and kind, that we might be so too. Christ patiently bore reviling, that we might do so also; he was not irritable, and uncharitable, and fretful—and in all these we may imitate him.

EDITING A PAPER.—The majority of readers seem to think that nothing can be more easy or pleasant than to edit a paper;

more easy or pleasant than to edit a paper; but of all the different employments by which men get their bread and butter, there is none we believe, that so taxes the mind, temper and flesh, as that of editing a paper.

An editor must, of necessity, turn himself inside out to the public; he cannot be a hypocrite to his wife. He must expose himself in all he does, as much in selecting the thoughts of others, as in publishing his own, and the better way for him in the outset, is to begin frankly, to save himself from after contradictions and mortifications.

GENERAL TAYLOR'S BENEVOLENCE.—A Washington letter writer tells the following story of the benevolence of Gen. Taylor:

A venerable white-headed man, 105 years old, having tottered up to the white house, early in the morning, had the good fortune to meet the soldier President almost at the threshold.

"Well, grandfather, I am glad to see you. Have you been to breakfast?"

"The old man replied that he had not."

"Well, then, you must come and take some breakfast with me."

"No, your time is too precious. I desired only to see to pay you my respects; and I shall get a breakfast at the market-house, for I am a stranger among these people, and an old man must be satisfied to do the best he can."

"Well, then, you must come and breakfast with me."

"No; your time is too valuable, and I will not trespass upon it; good morning, General, and may Providence guide you."

"Well, if you will go," said General Taylor, extending his hand and slipping into that of the old man three half eagles—

"if you will go, God bless you; and one that you have a good cup of coffee for breakfast, and come up and dine with me before you leave the city."

And, leaning upon his staff, the old man, older than the republic of twenty millions of people, by thirty years, went, with a grateful heart, along his way.

WHAT LONDON IS.—London, which extends its intellectual, if not its topographical identity from Bethnal Green to Turnham Green, (ten miles), from Kentish Town to Brixton, (seven miles), whose houses are said to number upwards of 300,000, and to occupy twenty square miles of ground, has a population of not less than 2,000,000 of souls.

Britain was first formally called England by order of Eborac, the first King. In a council held at Winchester, A. D., 920.