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J. QUINN THORNTON, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW, AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, Office on the east side of Main street, opposite the Brick Store.

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GEORGE GIBBS, COUNSELOR AT LAW, SHIPPING AND COMMERCIAL AGENT, Custom House Buildings, ASTORIA.

W. T. MATLOCK, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW, AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, Office on Main street, opposite the Main Street House.

ABRAHAM SULGER, COMMISSION MERCHANT & AGENT, PORTLAND, OREGON.

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FROST & CO., WHOLESALE, RETAIL & COMMISSION MERCHANTS, ASTORIA, O. T.

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ROBERT CAUFIELD, MERCHANT and general dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries and Produce, on Main Street, near the bridge.

OREGON SPECTATOR.

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way,"

The Editor.

That Editor who will to please, Most humbly crawl upon his knees, And kiss the hand that beats him;

Says one, your subjects are too grave— Too much morality you have— Too much about religion;

I love to read, another cries, Those monstrous fashionable lies— In other words, those novels

No—no, cries one, we've had enough Of such confounded love-sick stuff To craze the fair creation;

Another cries I want more fun, A witty anecdote or pun, A riddle, or a riddle;

The critic, too, of classic skill, Must dip in gall his gander's quill, A scrawl against the paper;

Another cries, I want to see A jumbled up variety— Variety in all things,

I want some marriage news, says one, It constitutes my highest fun; To hear of wedding plenty;

I want to hear of death, says one— Of people totally undone, By losses, fire, or fever;

Some signify a secret wish For now and then a savory dish, Of politics to suit them;

Or grave or humorous, wild or tame, Lofly or low, 'tis all the same, Too haughty or too humble;

And every editorial wight Has naught to do but what is right, And let the grumblers grumble.

A Child's Dream of a Star.

There was once a child and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things.

They used to say one to the other, some times, Supposing all the children on the earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky, be sorry?

There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the graves, near the church spire, above the graves.

And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and when. So they grew to be such friends with it, that, before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again to bid it good night, and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say,

"God bless the star!" But while she was still very young, oh, very, very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so weak, that she could no longer stand in the window at night;

And then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to Heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that lying in his bed, he wept for joy.

But, there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither— "Is my brother come?"

And she said, "No." She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms and cried— "Oh, sister, I am here! Take me!"

And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the rays were shining into the room, making long rays down towards him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as on the Home he was to go to, when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star, too, because his sister's angel had gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he could yet but speak words, he stretched his tiny arms on the bed, and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader— "Is my brother come?" And he said, "Not that one, but another."

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried— "Oh, sister, I am here! Take me!"

And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him and said— "Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son!"

Again at night he saw the star; and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader— "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother!" A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried— "Oh, mother, sister and brother, I am here! Take me!"

And they answered him, "Not yet." And the star was shining.

He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning grey, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

"I see the star!" They whispered one another— "He is dying!" And he said— "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And oh, my Father, now I thank Thee that thine so often opened, to receive those dear ones who await me!"

And the star was shining, and it shined upon his grave!

Estimate of the American Character. The following attempt at analysis of the American character is taken from the Rev. Dr. Dixon's "Methodism in America."

It is then, an undoubted fact that the American people do pay great regard to religion; and as this, like every thing else, is with them a personal and not a conventional concern, it is all the more energetically promoted.

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The gentleman seemed relieved, and the spectators stood overwhelmed with wonder. Taking his hat, the mourner rose, thanked the ladies, and as he stood in the door, quietly remarked— "I have been very much entertained, by no doubt my mother herself will be, she left her at home, not half an hour since, having a turkey for dinner."—[Buffalo Courier.

True Fame. I would not be understood as dissuading you from the pursuit of true fame. I do not despise its noble glory; but am fully sensible, that of all characters ever formed and sustained by human beings, that of true fame stands unrivalled and supreme on the page of history.

True fame is a great and noble pursuit, and its pursuit is a noble and honorable one. It is a pursuit that is not for the few, but for the many. It is a pursuit that is not for the present, but for the future.

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