and peer sagely over a pair of spectacles for "forty five." Just think of that! forty five! The nose loses its fine proportions and becomes a receptacle for "Macaboy," and the hour-glass grows old and crazy. Another man marries a young and handsome woman at last but the color. And worst of all he that marries "a plum" and a woman to boot, makes way with the middle and the woman remains.

Sometimes, but not often, we will give them credit for that—the women are seeking for partners, one in search of a husband, another, six feet in her stockings, a shield, a house and lot. But the wholesale gratuity, the six feet boy like the tower of Pisa, the house mortgaged, the mortgage "foreclosed," and nothing remains but the man himself.

And so it goes—and so they all go. "Partner wanted." Of course it is a man has a surplus of profits wants to divide it; because, in dividing, he doubles it. If a man is burdened with profits he wants to lose it, because, in sharing, he halves it.—N. Y. *Tribune*.

Cosmopolites.

How near all the world is to everywhere to be sure! Wagons labelled "Nicaragua" meet express-es for "California and Oregon;" ships are "up" within five minutes walk, for all the ports in Christendom and some in Heathendom. Chinese are "long" with Indian beads and buck-line on the corners, while an Indian had by grandfather on his asthmatical mother-side "Bonaparte" is using the Rhine. One meets on Broadway Broadway right from Vienna, and the other, with a carpet-sack in each hand, is walking the plank to and for the Crimea Sea. No matter where you go, a locomotive's whistle will waken you up as a telegraphic message of good promise.—*Gleason's Pictorial*.

Such a combination of fast-ness cannot be assimilated but in one element—water. We were already on Penobscot Bay, and the Kennebec had been crossed, and "Bowdoin" and "Waldo" had been left behind. Hallowell, famed for its granite, and Augusta, the capital of Maine, were passed, and the Kennebec was ascended to Gardiner, the head of navigation. Here we left the boat, and took the cars for Portland, the largest city in Maine, and the principal seaport between Boston and the British Provinces.—*Ibid*.

Predictions for 1854!

The year 1854 will be a very eventful one to every old maid living or married.

Though in the city it is some of the year when ever the moon shines the streets are very dark.

Those who have debts to pay, in one case will lose their credit.

It is probable that if there is some business doing, people will complain of hard times, but it is certain that those who keep the cash will escape censure.

It is more than probable that a very large proportion of the people will be sick during the year.

It is more than probable that the deposits money expected to be offered will not be higher at the end of the year than they were at the commencement.

If the hats of all brokers are, of some prominent color, that color will be in fashion.

Many a man will go crazy with this year—in a dream.

The present session of Congress will be one of little interest or importance, for some months.

It is quite certain that there will be less work for the ladies.

He who wears a long face will have something to sneer at.

He that speculates either in cattle or stocks is much at the fall of stocks.

He that can order without giving an order will be a blessing to every retail dry goods.

Whoever walks the earth will think he feels an angel who knows better for he will find out who they are by-and-by.

If any young lady should happen to blush, this year, he will look red in the face.

If the dreams of a man on three nights in succession do not be a repetition of one thing, the dreams of him four times in succession will return to one that she is looking for, or the other of them out of her head.

If a man buys a house this year, and examines the roof, he will know more about it at the end of his undertaking than at the beginning.

Many men jump overboard, without knowing how to swim, due to one fact, he gets drowned.

Many a poor broken-up umbrella is to be seen that has served its owner in the rain for his pains.

There will be a great deal about the country of a character [illegible] the Lord [illegible]

coach horses—unless the roads are macadamized.

Whoever runs in debt this year will be drowned.

Whoever has a penny out of the bank will be in no hurry to see the last day of grace.

Whoever is out at the elbows will think of a flood.

Whoever is high upon the nose and low in the pocket, will think of the Deputy Sheriff.

Whoever makes the discovery that the world is given to lying, will do what Jack Falstaff is charged before him.

Many an old sinner will resolve to turn over a new leaf this year, but the new leaf will turn out a blank.

Many a fond fool will jump into a hot pot and find it mustard—without being able to say with the lady, "I'm off."

Finally we are of opinion that this will be a wonderful year—just like all that have gone before it.

MARRIED

On the 7th inst., in Marion county, by Rev. W. M. Davis, Mr. James R. Malone of Oregon City, to Miss Caroline of Indiana; and Miss Janie Magee of Marion Co., formerly of Ohio.

On the 12th ult., Joseph Kinsing and Miss Maria White of Yamhill county.

On the 25th ult., Wm. F. Owen of Portland, and Miss Kate Montayne of Lafayette.

On the 15th ult., Wm. B. Cook and Miss Lizzie Carpenter of Marion county.

On the 16th ult., D. J. Foley, of Coos Co., and Miss Sarah L. Thompson, of Marion.

On the 9th ult., G. T. Gore, of Dowsonch ex-t. and Miss E. L. Johns, of Scarce.

On the 14th ult., S. N. Woodruff, of Clackamas and Miss Sarah Ann Packwood.

On the 10th ult., Omar O. Goodrich, formerly of Michigan, and Miss Emma A. Danforth.

On the 12th ult., Lewis M. Callister and Miss Catherine Montgomery, both of Linn county.

On the 4th ult., J. Wiggle and Miss J. Victoria Morgan, both of Polk county.

On the 1st inst., Seth Wentworth and Miss Ally J. Baker, all of Canemah.

On the 26th ult., Adam Suttlemyre and Louisa Nonny, both of Linn county.

On the 1st ult., William Rosewood and Miss Jane E. Lewis, both of Canemah.

Laughing

Commend us to a good hearty laugh—one that ripples the muscles without effort or malice—that rings the changes on mouth, eyes, and cheeks, and makes the whole man tremble with delight.

We envy not the man his gravity, be it sanctified by the wisest and best of men. It may be the dignity of conscious rectitude, or the calm sedateness of a benevolent heart, or the simple exponent of a vacant mind; but we envy not the man his gravity.

We envy not the [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible]