Wanted.

"Wanted—A young man of industry, ability and integrity," etc.

This meets our eye daily in the column of "Wants," and it is true as the Pentateuch. Wanted! Of course they are—always wanted. The market can never be overstocked; they will always be called for, and never quoted "dull," or "no sale." Wanted for thinkers—wanted for workers—in the mart on the main, in the field and the forest.—Tools are lying idle for the want of a young man; a pen is wanting to be nobled; a tree to be felled, a plow to be guided, a village to be founded, a school to be instructed.

They talk about staples and great staples. Honest, industrious, able young men are the great staple in this world of ours.—Young man! you are wanted, but not for a Doctor. No, nor a Lawyer. There are enough of them for this generation, and one or two to spare. Don't study 'a profession,' unless it be the profession of brick laying or farming, or some other of the manual professions. Don't measure tape if you can help it. It's honorable and honest, and all that, but then you can do better. Of all things, don't rob the women. It's their prerogative to handle silks and laces, tape and thread. Put on your hat then, like a man, don an apron, and go out doors. Get a good glow on your cheek, the jewelry of toil upon your brow, and a good set of well developed muscles. We would go, if we could, but then we were young, longer ago than we like to think, and you know when one's "old, he *cant*."

Besides, if you become a Doctor, you'll have to wait—"because you havn't experience," says an old practitioner; "because you are too young," say all the women. If you are a Lawyer, and likely to rise, they'll put a weight upon your head, *a la* Swiss, to keep you under, or, if you make a good argument, some old opponent, as gray as a rat, will kick it all over by some taunt or other, because you were not born in the year one. And so it will go, until you grow tired and soured, and wish you had been a tinker, perhaps "an immortal" one, or anything but just what you are.

Be a farmer, and your troubles are over, or rather, they don't begin. You own what you stand on, "from the centre of the earth,' as they used to say, "up to the sky," you are independent all day, and tired, not weary at night. The more neighbors you have and the better farmers they are, the more and the better for you.

There's one thing more, young man.—You are wanted. A *young woman* wants you. Don't forget her. No matter if you are poor. Don't wait to be rich. If you do ten to one if you are *fit* to be married at all, to anybody that's fit to be married. Marry while you are young, and struggle up together, least in the years to come somebody shall advertise "Young man wanted," and none to be found.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Those persons who meet the deep feelings of the heart—the blighted buds of fervent love—with "jeer and ridicule," give ample proof of heartlessness themselves. I would that the civilized world would note this down, embodied as it was in a sermon for Humanity, that seemingly was a direct inspiration from the presence-chamber of Deity himself. Reader, fly to your pencil, and record the sentiment—a gem of the heart, that aims to save other sensitive hearts from a weight so great as to bend, until finally the cord snaps, and the victim is released. Ye who "jeer and ridicule" when you see the isolated floating in dependency upon the tide and the storms of the world, recall this truthful outgushing of sympathetic nature, and may it prove a bright radiation that shall sink deep into your own—which might shield you from the disclosures of a record in the chancery above which told of "jeers and ridicule" that sent the unfortunate through the "dark valley" prematurely.

Those who are independent of the world, and to whom all its resources of pleasure and employment are at command, may stand alone and bid 'Fate' do its worst; they may reject hands and hearts, and do it wisely.—Those who have done so and are now "mate less" and homeless, have not been wise.—Those who are so from "unrequited affection," as the said sermonizer termed it, have been peculiarly unfortunate. Certain religionists say that if kindred spirits are not found here, they will be found in the other world. The presumption is, however, that they are needed here most, unless they prove broken reeds that are mated but to hobble through life together. E. A. F.

France.

From France we have but a few scraps of news. The Moniteur mentions the presentation by the Prince de Chimay, of an autograph letter from the King of Belgium to the Emperor, but gives no indication of its contents. Armaments, by land and sea, are going on more actively than ever throughout France. It was reported that the Bank has agreed to loan fifty millions of francs to the Government. An ill effect was produced in Paris by the information that Austria has been supplying Russia with arms and stores. The Austrian Minister, on being applied to, stated that it was a mere commercial transaction—an explanation not deemed satisfactory. On Sunday, 6th, the Emperor gave a reception to M. Lucio Pulido, Minister of Venzuela. Count Peyrounet was buried with due honors at Montferrand, in the Gironde. The persons already tried for an attempt to assassinate the Emperor at the Hippodrome were again placed on trial at Paris 4th inst., on a charge of having been members of a secret society. These men are known as the Conspirators in the so-called "Opera Comique" plot.—Twenty-one of those originally accused were condemned to different periods of imprisonment or exile, and the others were acquitted. But the Government, determined to get rid of them by some means or other, brought the whole 27 again to trial, along with 16 others, on various charges of concealing arms, circulating clandestine documents, &c. The trial is not yet concluded.

American Travel.

The celebrated Mr. Clay was a man of great resolution and considerable daring.—He once told the following anecdote to a friend of ours:

Traveling, in early manhood, in a public conveyance in a South Eastern State, he found himself in the company of three other persons, consisting of a young lady and gentleman, her husband, and of an individual muffled up in a cloak, whose countenance was concealed, and who appeared to be indulging in a tete-a-tete with Morpheus.—Suddenly a big, brawny Kentuckian got into the coach smoking a cigar, and frowned fiercely around, as much as to say, "I'm half horse, half alligator; the yaller flower of the forest, all brimstone but the head and ears, and that's aquafortis." In fact, he looked as savage as a meat-ax, and puffed forth huge volumes of smoke, without reference to the company within, especially of the lady, who manifested certain timid symptoms of annoyance. Presently, after some whispering, the gentleman with her, in the politest accents, requested the stranger not to smoke, as it annoyed his companion. The fellow answered, "I reckon I've paid my place. I'll smoke as much as I darn please, and all hell sha'nt stop me no how." With that he looked dangerous, and rolled his eyes round as fiercely as a rattlesnake. It was evident he had no objection to a quarrel, and that if it occurred it was likely to lead to a deadly struggle. The young man who had spoken to him shrunk back and was silent. Clay felt his gallantry aroused. He considered for a moment whether he should interfere; but experienced a natural reluctance to draw upon himself the brutal violence of his gigantic adversary. In that lawless country, he knew his life might be sacrificed unavenged. He knew himself physically unequal to the contest, and he thought, after all, it was not his business Quixotically to take up another man's quarrel. Feeling pity for the insulted and disgust toward the insulter, he determined to take no notice; when, very quietly indeed, the cloaked figure in the corner assumed an upright position, and the mantle was suffered to fall from it without effort or excitement. The small but sinewy frame of a man, plainly dressed in a tightly-buttoned frock-coat, with nothing remarkable about his appearance, was seen, and a pair of bright grey eyes sought the fierce optics of the furious Kentuckian. Without a word, this "lay figure" passed his hand under his collar at the back of his neck, and slowly and deliberately pulled forth a long—extremely long—and glittering knife from its sheath in that singular place. "Stranger," he said, "my name is Col. James Bowie, well known in Arkansas and Louisiana, and if you don't put that segar out of the window in a quarter of a minute, I'll put this knife through your bowels, as sure as death." Clay said he never forgot in after life the expression of the Col.'s eyes at that moment. The predominant impression made upon him was the certainty of the threat being fulfilled, and apparently the same conviction impressed itself ere long upon the offender. During two or three seconds his eyes met that of Bowie. He was the weaker, and he quailed. With a curse, he tore the cigar from between his teeth, and flung it, scowling, but downcast, out of the coach window. Upon this, Col. James Bowie as deliberately replaced his long knife in its eccentric hiding place, and, without saying a word to any one else, or even vouchsafing a glance at any one, refolded his cloak around him, and did not utter another syllable to the end of the journey.

☞The Admirality, says the London News of Dec. 15, have not ordered Sir John Franklin's name to be struck off their books. Such a measure could only be taken in the event of his death being reported, or all search proving fruitless; for, so long as older captains are retained on the books, his age 69, cannot be considered a disqualification. But no such report has been made; and even the searches now making by Belcher to the east, and Collinson to the west, are not yet concluded. Indeed the latter, as we learn from the Amphitrite, had not been heard of by any one of the ships sent to deposite provisions, &c., last autumn, in his supposed homeward track. It is not the intention to abandon Collinson thus prematurely without further search, and in seeking him we may hope to discover some survivors of Franklin's company.

A Capital Idea.—It is proposed on some of the Western railroads to furnish "baby cars" for the convenience of those traviling with these appendages, as well as for the comfort of travelers generally. The cars will be commodious and well supplied with cradles, baby jumpers, rattles, sugar, candy, milk, paregoric, and other sedatives and conveniences; and experienced matron, with both wet and dry nurses, will be always in attendance. Babies will be *checked through*, and parents may rely upon every attention being paid to their comfort. In case of loss, the company bind themselves to get another as good in its place; in such cases, the stockholders being individually liable.

☞Another Musical Hall is to be built in New York, near the site of the old Metropolitan Hall. It will be as beautiful as the late ane, and constructed with a view to greater safety in case of accident or panic.—The Hall will be on Mercer street, with an entrance from Broadway, like Wallack's and Niblo's Theatres.

☞His Highness, the most Reverend Archbishop of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati, Mr. Purcell, returned a letter a few days since to one of his correspondents, through the post office, because his official title was not fixed upon the superscription.

☞A Canal is proposed to be constructed from Utah Lake to Great Salt Lake for the purpose of navigation, water power and irrigation. Considerable amounts have already been subscribed for the work.

SPECTATOR.

BY C. L. GOODRICH.

OREGON CITY, OREGON TERRITORY:

Friday Evening, March 24, 1854.

☞Messrs. Hussey & Burbank, of Lafayette, are authorized to act as agents for us in Yamhill county. They will receive subscriptions to the Spectator and receipt for the same.

Pacific Railroad.

We have been informed that Fred. W. Lander, late Chief Civil Engineer of Gov. Stevens' Pacific Railroad expedition, is soon to make the survey of a railroad route from the Columbia river, near the mouth of the Umatilla, to the South pass of the Rocky Mountains, to connect with the great central road to California. This line if found practicable, would develope Oregon and Washington Territory by a railroad of 700 miles in length, and could certainly be much sooner constructed than the Northern route from St. Pauls, Minnesota, to Puget Sound, which is three times that length. It would answer all the purposes of a northern road by passing through the valley of the Columbia river to Puget Sound, and we think is more direct from Chicago, or unobstructed Lake navigation, to Puget Sound, than the extreme northern line; which, passing from Chicago in a north-westerly direction to a point near the frontier, and north of the Missouri river, again descends, when near the Rocky Mountains, southward to pass through the Columbia river valley. This valley is a level highway for a railroad, and the best direction for reaching it from the eastern waters is probably by a branch connecting at the South Pass with the great Central railroad to California.

Mr. Lander deems this subject of such consequence, as to undertake the survey of the said branch, or connecting line, at his own expense, that the information may reach Congress prior to any final action on the route of the Pacific Railroad.

We should be quite willing to give our support to an extreme northern railroad, to be constructed and supported by northern interests, if a chance existed for its being built within a reasonable period of time.—But we think it cannot, for at least too long a time to commence acting now.

The trade of California must support a Pacific Railroad, and our hope of railway communication must rise from the probability of a connection with the California line. For this reason, and because we believe the idea to be the true one, we are glad to see that the survey is to go on, and shall give it our hearty co-operation and support; and we think it should enlist the attention of every person in the Territory, without regard to politics or party.

The Legislature of Washington Territory have passed a series of resolutions, unanimously instructing their Delegate in Congress to present the claims of this route to attention; and thanking Mr. Lander for conducting the survey.

A State or Not.

The subject of admitting Oregon as a State is a topic which is now attracting considerable attention. It has its supporters and strong opponents.

Our paper is open to discussion on this subject, and we expect to see some sound arguments produced on both sides. Come on with them gentlemen, but recollect one thing—we don't wish any of this *up* and *down* country *cunning*, or in other words we don't want to lend the democrats any "extra assistance" to aid them in defeating us. But we know correspondents of the Spectator will forbear.

☞The Willamette river is at a convenient stage, at the present time, for steamboats. Freights are scarce. Only three steamers are making regular trips between this city and Salem, and only two are running to Corvallis. On the lower river, three steamers are doing the business, and we presume could do three times the amount if they had it to do. Capitalists would do better at most any thing now than building Willamette river steamers. We've got a great plenty on hand, and *two* to spare.

☞The fine steamer "Wallamet" went up the river on Monday morning last with a large lot of passengers, and between forty and fifty tons of freight. She is the boat for comfort with travelers.

☞"At 2 o'clock on Saturday evening" (!) said the minister a few days since. Surely, Oregonians do not wish to take a retrograde step in so absurd a manner as to call two o'clock, P. M. evening!

☞Prof. G. P. Newell wishes us to say that all who are indebted to him for tuition in singing, will please pay to Wm. C. Johnson, Esq., of this city.

☞The light from the volcanic fires of Mr. St. Helens, was distinctly visible on Sunday evening last.

DISTRICT COURT.

The U. S. District Court for this county commenced its session in this city on the 1st Monday of this month, Hon. Cyrus Olney presiding. The following proceedings were had:

United States vs. Louis Demers—selling liquor to Indians; nol. pros. entered.

U. S. vs. C. Buckner—tried for same offence and acquitted.

Territory vs. W. Williams—larceny, continued.

Same vs. Harney—taking illegal toll—tried and acquitted.

Same vs. W. Williams—selling liquor without license—defendant pleaded that he would not contend, and was fined $1,

Same vs. Francis Johnson—for threatening to injure property, bonds increased from $500 to $1000.

The Grand Jury found a few indictments for trifling offences, upon which no action was had. The jury was in session five days.

The following civil cases were disposed of:

Moss and Olcott vs. Hawkins, discontinued.

Norris vs. Wileslow—nonsuit.

Hanner et al. vs. M'Carver, referred.

Cutting vs. M'Cumber, tried, verdict $180 for pltf.

Abernethy vs. Moss—referred to A. M'Kinlay.

Mattoon vs. Easterbrook, discontinued.

Loucher vs. Moss, verdict for pltf. $236.50.

Byrne vs. Moss, " " " 3 cents damages.

Cutler vs. Norten, " " " $230.

Strong vs. Meek, jury went for pltf. by consent.

Hubbard vs. Scott, verdict for pltf. for $50.

Walker vs. Meek, referred to A. Holbrook, A. Campbell and K. Thompson.

Wilker vs. Caples, verdict for pltf. $700.

Miller vs. Vaughn, " " " $149.50.

Armpriest vs. Groom—discontinued.

Cason vs. Hunsaker—verdict for defendant.

Church vs. Rench, verdict for pltf. $19[illegible]

Divorce was decreed in the case of Conat vs. Conat, she to have the custody of the child.

Several other cases of but little interest were disposed of and the court adjourned.

The Gazelle.

This large and elegant steamer made her first trip from this city to Corvallis last week. Although the machinery, being new, worked somewhat hard, yet she succeeded admirably, and the hopes of her proprietors and officers were more than realized. She carried up a large number of passengers, and a full freight.

The fine weather and good music tended not a little to enhance the pleasure of the ladies and gentlemen on board, and all were highly entertained and pleased. Her tables are laden with Oregon's choicest productions, together with a select variety of imported fruits, &c. Who wishes for better accommodations, even in this *tyee* day of Oregon refinement!

The Oregon *Statesman's* pretemsolitan, in his lavishing remarks, leads off by calling her the "*little up river steamer!*" Complimentary, very! especially when we take in consideration the fact that she is one of our large class boats, and fully as large as they should be made in order to *conveniently* navigate the Willamette river at its average stages of water.

Up the Yamhill River.

On Saturday last we had the pleasure of taking a trip up the Yamhill river to Lafayette, on the "safe" steamer "Oregon." It is quite a fine town and has a very pleasant and healthy location. It would have pleased us to have remained several days, had it been convenient. Returning, leaving there at 4 o'clock P. M., reached the Falls at 9 in the evening, after making several landings and taking on considerable freight at the different points. Leonard White, pilot, put us through the Rock Island channel after dark with safety.

The cloudless sky and pure air of spring were no hindrance to our enjoyment.

Here's hoping that the gentlemanly officers of the "Oregon" may pass smoothly through life, with no more to mar their happiness than there was to disturb our mind on that day.

☞We would call the attention of the farmers to Mr. M. Wheat's lot of grape vines, with roots. They are from the celebrated vineyard of E. L. Beard, San Jose, Cal. He is established at M. Fout's, Canemah. Mr. W. will travel through the Territory, visiting the farmers and the several towns. This branch of horticulture deserves the attention of the people of Oregon.

☞Recollect the Exhibition this afternoon and evening at the Oregon City Academy.

Young Men.

Young man, be happy! There is no use of being any other way in the world. Look at the bright side of every thing. Be happy every where—whether at your ease, on the farm, or whatever you may be engaged in. Supposing you *do* meet with misfortune; it's not going to better things any to mourn or pine about it. "Business before pleasure" is a good motto in the common acceptation of the term; but put them together and it is still better. Make life a pleasure—make *your employment* a pleasure. No matter what you may do, it's better to make yourselves contented—yes, happy—than be otherwise. Supposing you don't have a hundred thousand [illegible] when it comes your turn to leave this world; why, there will be less for other people to wrangle about, less to cause unhappiness to those who may succeed you on the stage of action.

Try and make others happy. If perchance you should see a young man [illegible] your associates [illegible] upon the wide world, disowned by his own father, [illegible] your aid; induce him [illegible] upright, moral and happy [illegible] he may yet become [illegible] his father was. [illegible] than that his father [illegible] and he very bad, and even then don't give him up if you can have any [illegible] him at all. If you can convert him [illegible] kindness, truth and good feeling [illegible]

W[illegible] ment and happiness cannot walk hand in hand with villany? Ah! doubt it, who will? A happy [illegible] two different [illegible] happiness [illegible] young man [illegible]

[illegible]

Spring Approaches.

For some days the weather has been unusually fine. Old Italy in all her splendor could not have surpassed it.

The early shrubbery is now in full bloom, and the out-bursting buds of the larger trees give evidence of the very near approach of spring.

The hills on either side of the Willamette show by their new green dress that vegetation is rapidly springing up anew.

Now that the ground has become warmed, a shower of rain would infuse new life into the whole vegetable class.

Winter wheat, generally, looks remarkably well, but more particularly that portion which was early sown. It promises an abundant yield to the farmer.

Late sown wheat is still backward but it [illegible] up after a while.

There has been but little spring wheat [illegible]

Oats put in the ground last fall have nearly all been winter killed.

Farmers are now busy sowing oats, &c., for a summer crop.

The ground is in excellent order, and we are happy to see that the time is being well improved.

A Legislative Anecdote.

A writer, who is giving sketches of the New York legislature, has the following "first rate notice" of a member of the Senate of that State:

The leader of the Senate is Mr. Dickenson, of Chemung—hailing from Elmira. He is a rusty, [illegible] old farmer, about sixty years of age, and a devotee of Wm. H. Seward. He was in the Senate many years [illegible] but learned very little of parliamentary tact or experience. The best thing [illegible]—and there are more jokes about him than would fill a number of Punch—is his peroration [illegible] years ago in reply to Senator [illegible] of Westchester. The latter had been defending Martin Van Buren, and had compared him to Curtius, who leaped into the abyss to save [illegible] He was [illegible] Verplanck, [illegible] to his fellows:—[illegible] Verplanck, [illegible] Van Buren [illegible] the first class to save [illegible] with the polars [illegible]

A Case for Sympathy.

[illegible] to be at some [illegible] was [illegible] intentions, and offered them the full price of the establishment to be [illegible] All the proved unavailing to the hard-[illegible] Rather than suffer the ignominy [illegible] the exposition [illegible] and his highly respectable [illegible] he gave an assumed name and plead [illegible] He went to our State Prison, sick and [illegible] which expires [illegible] He never disclosed the above [illegible] and they even now be [illegible] a debilitated state [illegible] for his life. May [illegible] happiness.—*Boston Post.*

Married at Forty Miles an Hour.—Mr. [illegible] and Mary [illegible] wanted to get married and we suppose papa and mama were unwilling, or else Massachusetts laws were not in the [illegible] mood, and Wm. being unwilling to wait, and Mary being willing to go, they took the Boston express train for Albany, expressly for the purpose of leaving the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, where they could not make theirs a common cause, for a more congenial soil and clime. This it seems they found as soon as the train crossed the New York State line, for then they stood up before a holy man, the Rev. Mr. Shaw, and he bade them take each other by the right hand and promise to love and cherish each other as long as they lived, and then he pronounced them man and wife—the train still going at the rate of forty miles an hour, making it a very difficult matter, we should think, for the couple to tell their children *where* they were married, though there is no dispute about their being [illegible]

The pair turned back at the next station—their journey of single life was done, their wedding tour finished, the joint voyage upon the sea of matrimony begun; they had crossed the line and tied the knot—a running noose. We hope it will never slip, nor require untying. If it does we are sure the parties will not come over this side of the line to untie or cut it loose, for in that line we offer no facilities. Those who feel the halter draw so tight that they cannot bear the knot, cross over the line of our Eastern border, where the laws afford [illegible] for untying [illegible] the knotty affair of [illegible]—*N. Y. [illegible]*