

OREGON SPECTATOR.

C. L. GOODRICH, EDITOR, PROPRIETOR AND PRINTER.

"THE ASSUAGEMENT OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

TERMS, FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 7.

OREGON CITY, OREGON TERRITORY, FRIDAY, JULY 14, 1854.

NO. 21.

THE OREGON SPECTATOR.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO THE MORAL, SOCIAL, LITERARY, POLITICAL AND AGRICULTURAL INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE OF OREGON.

Published every Friday evening—Office in Good's building, Main Street, Oregon City.

TERMS: INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.
One copy per annum \$5 00
For six months \$3 00

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POETRY.

The following attempt at poetry is decidedly rich, and was handed us by a gentleman who knows not its author:

CALIFORNIA SONG.

I am lonesome since I lost the planet,
And floating at my joys;
Sense all that's near and dear to me
I left in Elysium.

When I look back to Elysium,
The tears ev'n to blind me;
My mind returns to that sweet home,
And the friends I left behind me.

I had of California gold,
I had the good and true;
And fondly I left my home,
I thought I could not die.

San Francisco now I am,
The krael I am to know;
And sometimes I am flattered
That I have a name to know.

I intend to rock me back and forth,
In places where I thought me;
And if a fortune can be found,
I'll show it to be true.

I'm travel a throw the far-famed land,
I had the good and true;
Thought I was a stranger with respect,
I'm done to there never.

I'm sure you can't do better,
O'me and find the little girl,
And these friends I left behind me.

And now you have a name to know,
Let them know how they find me;
And speak me back to those dear little girls,
And these friends I left behind me.

A LEAF FROM MY JOURNAL.

Wall-st., Tuesday, April—St. Ann's day and a press of other business on hand; rose breakfast and went to my office earlier than usual, so as to secure a quiet hour, before the tide of business should come rushing in; but found that others had been equally early in beginning the day. Had just arranged my files and began to write, when I heard a soft voice at my elbow, "Good morning, Sir." "Good morning," said I, looking up unwillingly and encountering the timid glance of a female, as she stood respectfully, with a parcel in one hand and a paper in the other.

"I have a prospectus of a paper, which I should like to present to your notice."
"Forthwith she launched forth upon her well learned lesson, while I ventured to cast my eyes upon my paper. In the midst of my cogitations, I was conscious of a gentle murmur and such words as these: "Education—improvement—cultivation—earnest—youthful mind," &c. At last the murmur ceased.

"How much do you want, Madam?"
"Only a dollar a year."
"Glad to be let so easily, I hastily handed her a gold dollar, and turned to my employment. Still I was conscious of a presence and a voice."

"Very treacherous little coins these."
"Yes."
"Is there much wealth in this street, Sir?"
"I believe there is, Madam."
"By this time I had begun to be a little amused."

"Who is considered the richest person in this street? or perhaps, (hesitating) I have the honor of speaking to that individual?"
"By no means, Madam, and thus declining the honor and assuring her of my inability to answer her question, I finally bowed her out of the room."

"I secured a half hour of quiet, when it comes my friend Bonum."

"Good morning—only a moment, here's a paper, good object, distressed family and all that, want five dollars."

"This was to the point. I gave it to him cheerfully, made a note of it, and went on, as if I had not been interrupted."

"Presently a loud knock at my door was followed by the entrance of a strong-minded woman; I knew it and felt it at the first glance. She advanced and stated her object, clearly, but with too many words. I could not wander back to my suffering orphan's aid, for she every now and then called upon me for assent to her appeals."

"So I heard her through, with what patience I might, and gave her what she asked. The object was good, but the application was untimely."

"Another period of peace, a few quiet thoughts, a happy issue out of some intricate calculations, letters going out swimming

ly, when I was startled by a subscription book laid down before me on my paper. I saw well known names, and looking back to the list of last year, saw my own. But the spirit of opposition suddenly seized me. Must I always give because I am asked?

A stout, sturdy man stood before me, whose business seemed to be to collect money, for a Sunday School in some rather dimly indicated locality. The sums already given seemed large in proportion to the object—no responsible names given. I respectfully declined.

"But, Sir, you gave last year; you are one of our regular subscribers."
"Then I have done enough."
(I have since learned that the school was a myth, by which he gained a comfortable support.)

Hardly was he dismissed, his face crimson with indignation and had brandy, when I was summoned. "A lady in her carriage wished to see me for a moment." I am a family man, and all possible evils passed through my mind—croup, scarlet fever, falls, omnibuses, broken bones—so I rushed down, not even waiting for my hat.— Found quietly seated my mild friend Mrs. A. "Excuse me, Sir, said she, as I stood shivering, and I heard subject—nearly—deceiving—distress." &c.—poured forth. I grasped at the paper, saw my friends B. C. and D. there, put down \$50, and took a hasty leave, lest I might have to pay another fifty to my doctor, besides suffering the penalty for my imprudence.

As the afternoon drew on, the combat deepened. First, a mild appeal from a Sister of Charity, where five dollars seemed to her the utmost expected; then an urgent call to help an enslaved family, who had only three days more in which to secure their freedom. I pictured to myself my own wife and children— I left into bondage, and hastened to add my donation, before it should be too late. Just at this moment a hand passed playing, "The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave," by way of exhortation.

Then came a sister for help to build a church; another for aid to send a family back to the old country;—and then a man asking money to endow a college in Minnesota.

All these in one day (and I may have forgotten some besides) three large subscriptions to public objects, when a Wall-st. executive every man to do his duty.

I am surprised, I review the day, to observe how contrivances women are in visiting one to another. This was when they did not venture so far, but the beautiful vision of their so-overpowered us, and we could not say no, and our politeness has overcome their timidity. Of course I would not venture to hint that they are intruders; others do, thank God, but I shall not commit myself. What do you think, Sir, as you do so much thinking for the people?

But I cannot help gently hinting to them, though with great delicacy, and all due deference to their rights, that they may be out of place, and I would whisper that there is a little danger, that they may sometimes intrude. —N. Y. Trib.

The Man who parts his hair down the Middle.

He has been brought up at home, or at a girls' school. He can make puddings, and is an unflinching hand at threading a needle. His sisters have taught him to sew, and it is said that he mends his own stockings, but at all events he does not practice the art in public. He wears turn-down collars, and cultivates sentimental poetry. He plays the flute, and loves to look at the moon. His great passion is reading novels. Many a night's rest has a lovely heroine robbed him of. His voice is soft, and that like— but a flute that only plays the very lowest notes. There is a confidential tone about his conversation, as if he was whispering some fearful secret, that he was mortally afraid would be overheard. If he goes to the theatre, he takes his goddess with him. He is timid, and has been known to walk up and down a post-office for half an hour, before he has dared go in to ask for a penny bill. At an evening party, he drinks long snuff, or something else, or sherry, or any other mild young man's drink; or in any time, if he imagines anything, it is milk, or ginger beer. Beer he sets his lips against entirely, as, in his refined opinion, it tends to grossness. He contributes to Ladies' Almanacs, collects autographs, writes aerographies, and is habitually in his exertions if a young lady should want half a million soiled postage stamps to complete a charitable wager. His remarks upon the weather are as invaluable as they are inextinguishable, but, personally, he is not very strong, and cannot sit with his back to the horses. It makes him giddy to walk. He hands the refuse round with a grace that no body can refuse. He sings in the sweetest little voice that would not wake up a cat. But he is very miserable in his songs, and leads his very breaking his heart, or begging that he may die, but if he was asking you to pass the melted butter, he couldn't put the request more mildly. At a picnic he is very valuable—and we never knew a picnic take place without a man who paraded his hair down the middle—for he runs for the plates, cleans the knives and forks, fetches the spring water, and does a number of the useful offices, whilst the other gentlemen are quietly seated down upon the grass eating their dinners. More than this, his pockets are always stocked with pinushions, and smelling bottles, voice lozenges, and

pocket scissors and combs, and an infinity of tick-marks most serviceable to the ladies, who call him in return "a dear man;" and he is never so happy as when he is carrying their shawls and parasols, or is tuning their guitar, or holding their music, or with his cambrie pocket handkerchief (a perfect cobweb, that you might roll up into no less than a pillow) is frightening away the "nasty gnats." With him, all children are "dears" and "pets"—all babies, "sweet little things;" and he stabs them playfully with his finger, and "chick-a-biddies" them, until he makes them cry. He doesn't like children, however, who romp, and are noisy, disagreeable children, who pull him about, and disarrange his trousers by climbing up his knees, or dirty his clean gaiters by standing on his boots, or tumble his beautiful hair. To conclude with a few rapid characteristics.—The man who parts his hair (it is generally light hair or a faint auburn) down the middle, perfumes his handkerchief, likes home-made wines—is passionately fond of flowers, adores Byron, cannot bear onions, carries an eye-glass, keeps a dairy and a cat, holds skeins of silks for ladies, is ready to lend a hand to table-turning, or any other fashionable folly of the day, rarely dances, has an inveterate habit of never parting with his hat, and is invaluable in taking an elderly lady down to dinner.—*Monmouthshire Merlin.*

The Merlin has left out one peculiarity.—The man who parts his hair in the middle likes to run for the Legislature.

Self-Government in Children.

A modern writer relates the following in regard to children:—"I know nothing more touching than the efforts of self-government, of which little children are capable, when the best parts of their nature are growing vigorously under the light and warmth of parental love. How beautiful is the self-control of the little creature who stifles his sobs of pain because his mother's pitying eye is upon him in tender sorrow; or that of the babe who abstains from play, and sits quietly on the floor, because somebody is ill. I have known a very young child slip over to the cold side of the bed on a winter's night, get a grown-up sister might find a warm one. I have known a little girl submit spontaneously to hours of irksome restraint and disagreeable employment, merely because it was right. Such will as these—strong and yet so humble, so patient and so dignified—were never impaired by fear, but flourished thus under the influence of love, with its sweet exertions and holy supports."

Irish Girl's Stratagem.

An amusing instance of Irishian simplicity is related in the following little story, told us by a friend, in whose words we give it:—"Molly, our housemaid is a model one, who handles the broomstick like a sceptre, and who has an abhorrence for dirt and a sympathy for soap-suds that amounts to a passion. She is a bustling, busy, rose-cheeked, bright-eyed, blundering Irishian, who loves about our bookselves, makes war upon our holy papers, in the shape of undusted and unrighted corners."

One day she entered our library in a confused and uncertain manner, quite different from the usual bustling way. She stood at the door with a letter between her thumb and finger, which she held out at arm's length, as if she had a gunpowder plot in her grasp. In answer to our inquiries as to her business, she answered:—"An' it please yer honor, I'm a poor girl, an' I'm a poor girl, an' ye see, please yer honor, Paddy O'Reilly, and the letter that he has written to me, is a letter, an' I had written me a letter—a love letter, please yer honor; an'—"

"We guessed at her embarrassment, and tried to relieve it, by reading it to her. Still she hesitated, while she twisted a bit of raw cotton in her fingers."

"Saw," she resumed, "an' that's just what I want, but it isn't a gentleman like yourself that would be likin' to know of the secrets between us, an' so (she twisted the cotton quite nervously) if it'll only please yer honor, while yer honor is so good, so that ye may not hear it yourself, I'll just put this bit of cotton in yer ears an' stop yer hearing; an' then the secrets 'll be unbeknown to ye."

"We hadn't the heart to refuse her, and with the bravest face possible, complied with her request; but often since we have laughed heartily as we related the incident."

Topsy-turvy Day.

If the full meaning of this term never was realized by that class of persons who inhabit some of the old homesteads in the country, where they were born, have always lived, and where they expect to die, let them come to this city on the first day of May, Anno Domini, 1854. This is topsy-turvy day in New York. Everything is upside down. We should not be at all surprised to find several individuals in the position peculiar to everything else to-day in this city. If any other place on earth has a day set apart by law for turning everything topsy-turvy, we have never read of it in history. No other place we believe has a day set apart by law for the termination of all leases, for the turning of all tenants out of doors, and going in mass into the streets in pursuit of new homes.

Go out, reader, just as soon as you get your breakfast, if you have not got to move yourself and look at the grand universal de-

luge of pots, pans, pails, stoves, sofas, tables, tubs, chairs, carpets, clocks, barrels, bedsteads, books, mirrors, and everything else that ever was in a house, pouring out into the streets one after another, regardless of their own fragility, or that of anybody's head that happens to be in the way.

Go through a dozen streets and see a N. Y. May moving, and if you do not acknowledge that we have rightly named in Topsy-turvy Day we will give it a new name when we write an account of the killed and wounded of this great annual battle.—N. Y. Trib.

I am weary—Let me rest.

Said an old man, as he turned from the beaten path and slowly seated himself upon a rock by the road-side. The dust of travel was thick upon his shoes, and the sweat stood in beaded drops on his wrinkled brow. The winds came kindly as he wiped his forehead, and lifted the scattering hairs of grey. This eye was dim as he turned it to the descending sun, and his hand trembled as he shaded his gaze from the bright beams.

The old man was weary. He had threaded a long pilgrimage. One by one his kin had turned away and left him to tread the path alone. We leaned upon our sythe and watched him, with a tear on our lid.—And his frame was once as full of lusty life as ours—his brow as unrinkled, and his heart as young and full of hopes. His had been a long history, and he had seen sorrow. The world needed him no longer. A long hour he sat upon the rock, and then slowly got upon his feet and went up the hill. His bent frame stood clearly out against the evening sky as the sun set beyond him. We saw not the old traveler again; but in the church-yard, down among the stranger poor he had a deed of six feet of soil. He was at rest upon his pillow of earth. He had turned aside from the highway of life and gone down into the dark valley.—*Emma Brown.*

Music to the perturbed spirit.

Music to the perturbed spirit, is as oil to the angry waters. In the weariest and loneliest hour, a gust of melody is like a sunbeam which leaps like a singing fountain into the darkness of troubled thought. A familiar bird note—a strain of old-time melody—the laugh of a child—the carol of a bird—the beating of rain-drops on the roof—will come back with so many earlier and brighter associations, that the dreary spirit grows young again and turns with new energy to the life encounter. A single sweep across a harp-string has often lashed a cloud of dark and bitter fancies.—And they tell us that there is a world full of sweet melody and its sky without a cloud.—*Emma Brown.*

Speak Kindly.

Your only son has disappointed your expectations. You fondly believe that he would be the pride and support of your declining years, but your hopes of him are daily wavering more and more. He has planted thorns in your path, where you looked for roses, and weakened, rather than strengthened the staff on which you leaned. He professes the billiard hall, the theatre, and the club-room, to the shelter of the homestead, and the affection which should shield him from the evils to which he is exposed. Still, blinded as he is to his best interests, he is not deaf to pure and lofty influences. His heart has yet one chord that vibrates at a touch—it is a chord of tenderness. Do not, then, denounce him in anger; do not heap scurrilous epithets upon him, and send him forth into the world with your curses. Speak to him kindly; draw him back to you by the spell of love, and make the path of duty so bright, that it will lure him from the course he is now pursuing.

Your neighbor comes to you in a passion; he fancies you have wronged him, and he pours out invectives which would startle you, if you did not know that in his wrath he was uttering things which he would never say in his sober hours. But curb your rising inclination to retort in the same strain; answer him calmly, and in nine cases out of ten you will turn from the contest a victor. O, there is nothing like a gentle word to cheer the sorrowing, to reclaim the erring, to soothe the indignant; and, therefore, we would say to all our readers—Speak kindly.—*Boston Olive Branch.*

Beautifully Done for.

We copy the following from a late Swiss paper published in *Chaux de Fonds*:—"A few days ago, a theft was committed here, which, for adroitness may be ranked among the most finished exploits of the lightest-fingered gentry of London or Paris. A gentleman, Mr. R., was one evening on his way to a club meeting. Whilst on the street, he was accosted by a well-dressed lady with the request to light her lantern.—Whilst Mr. R. was engaged in lighting a match, the lady suddenly fainted, and fell right into the arms of Mr. R., who gave himself the utmost pains to restore her. At last she revived, and appeared to have just awakened from a long dream; thanked the gentleman thousands of times, and excused herself for having caused him such embarrassment, but in a most persisting and respectful manner, declined the proffered offer to be accompanied to her home, or to have any of her relatives called, then departed. On Mr. R.'s arrival at the club, he was about to take out his watch to see the time, but lo! the watch, including gold chain, together with some four hundred francs, was missing. Investigations are going on, as the

watch has been found by the police in the possession of an individual who had bought it of a lady for fifty francs. It remains yet to be ascertained who the accomplished fainting thief is."

Wrinkle Civilities.

It will be recollected that about three weeks since one of the Taouta's vessels, the *Clara*, fired a shot at Mr. Ayer's pilot-boat, flying the American flag, as she was coming up the reach; at the same time the officers and men of the Imperial war-ship, Sir Herbert Compton, hailed down the American flag.

This gross outrage on the flag of a friendly ally became the subject of correspondence between the Consul of the U. S. and the Taouta, the former demanding, that in so much as the officers and men of the Imperial war-ship Sir Herbert Compton did take down by violence the flag of the U. S. vessel which they captured on the 6th instant, that he should cause in open day the U. S. flag to be raised to the mast-head of said Compton, and by the same salute with 21 guns.

Some time elapsed and no answer was received. The U. S. Consul then referred the whole matter to Captain S. Kelly of the U. S. ship-of-war Plymouth. On the 20th, Captain Kelly dropped the Plymouth down opposite the Compton, and before he could give them his order, an officer came on board from the Compton, and stated that at 12 o'clock on the next day (21st inst.) the U. S. flag should be hoisted to the fore royal mast-head of the Compton and by them saluted with 21 guns.

Much speculation was afloat during Monday as to what would ensue—but the salute was made at the hour appointed on Tuesday, and thus the affair ended—a little wholesome decision having caused the American flag to be respected, and which will, we expect, prevent any recurrence of a similar insult.—*North China Herald, March 25.*

Music to the perturbed spirit, is as oil to the angry waters. In the weariest and loneliest hour, a gust of melody is like a sunbeam which leaps like a singing fountain into the darkness of troubled thought. A familiar bird note—a strain of old-time melody—the laugh of a child—the carol of a bird—the beating of rain-drops on the roof—will come back with so many earlier and brighter associations, that the dreary spirit grows young again and turns with new energy to the life encounter. A single sweep across a harp-string has often lashed a cloud of dark and bitter fancies.—And they tell us that there is a world full of sweet melody and its sky without a cloud.—*Emma Brown.*

At Wessett's Daguerrean Rooms, an old man and two little boys, were being taken on the same plate. When they were got under "successful" headway, the artist spoke to one of the little boys, telling him to sit still, upon which the "old gentleman" turns around, and patting the boy on the head, repeats the injunction.—"Yes, sit still, my son." Of course, the plate was spoiled.

At the Quaker Gazette on rides.

"It was done when it was begun, it was done when it was half done; and yet it was not done when it was finished. Now what was it? Of course you can't guess. Will that do?"
"Frank Johnson courts Susan Dunn, it was Dunn when it was begun, it was Dunn when it was half done, and yet it wasn't Dunn when it was done—for it was Johnson."

A little fellow about five years old ran across Vine street, near Sixth, yesterday, and in his course—ran between the fore legs of a horse, which was rapidly passing along. Professor Edwards, who saw the occurrence, ran and snatched the boy, supposing he was injured in the attempt. But the boy, unhurt, partly ejaculated—"I'll keep his horse out of my way; what do I care?"—*Chi. Gaz.*

Smart boy, that. There is hope for Young America.

"Sunny, do you know your letters?"
"Yes, Sir, two of 'em."
"Possible! What are they?"
"Letter 's' and letter 'p'!"
"Smart boy; go to the tub and wet your hair; a brain of such futility can't be kept too moist!"

A domestic, newly engaged, presented to his master, one morning a pair of boots. "How comes it, you rascal, that these boots are not of the same length?" "I really don't know, Sir—but what bothers me the most is that the pair down stairs are in the same fix."

It was a Portland lady that said she would make a poor sailor, and to which a mutual friend replied, but you would make an excellent **MARK** though.

"They have 'a de'ful' mean man in Iowa. He gave the measles to a neighbor, the other day, and has been crying ever since—not because he parted with the measles, but because he had to give them away. Could he have sold them, 'he would have died happy.' He is a brother to the old girl who resides in Troy, and who never has green peas for dinner without remembering the poor. He sends the peas to the Orphan Asylum."

An athletic Patroller called at the counting-room of a down-town merchant the other day to make application for a situation, when the following colloquy occurred:—"The top of the mornin' to ye, Miesher P.—I've been told ye're in want o' help." "Ye've little to do," replied P.—, with mercantile gravity.

"I've the very boy for yees. It's but little I care about doin'—sure it's the money I'm after."

The water reply procured him a situation.

The following toast was drunk at a social gathering in Baltimore, a few days since. It is hard to beat:—"In ascending the hill of prosperity, may we never meet a friend."

When you happen to have no dinner, and no money to buy one, just sit down and read a cookery-book. Capital fund of imagination, that.

Experience, to most men, is like the stern lights of a ship, which illumine only the track it has passed.

No man is prospering who is not doing right.

Funny.

One cold winter evening a knot of village worthies were convened around the stove of a country store, in a Western town, warming their fingers by the stove-pipe, and telling stories and cracking jokes. The schoolmaster, the blacksmith, and the baker, and the constable, and the stock-pen, and the clerk, all were there.

After they had drunk cider and smoked cigars to their hearts' content, and when all the current topics of the day had been exhausted, the schoolmaster proposed a new kind of game to relieve the monotony of the evening. Each one was to propose a puzzle to his neighbors; and whoever should ask a question that he himself could not solve, was to pay the elder, reckoning for the entire party.

The idea took at once; and the schoolmaster, by virtue of his office, called on Dick D.—, whose most folks thought a fool, and a few a knave, to put the first question.

"Wal, neighbors," said Dick, drawing out his words, and looking indolently dull and stupid, "You've seen where squirrels dig their holes, haven't you? Can any of you tell me the reason why they never throw out any dirt?"

"This was a 'poor' and even the 'master' had to give it up."

It now devolved on Dick to explain:

"The reason is," said Dick, "that they first begin at the bottom of the hole!"

"Stop! stop!" cried the schoolmaster, startled out of all prudence by so monstrous an assertion: "Pray, how does the squirrel get there?"

"Ah, master," replied the cunning fool, "that's a question of your own asking." The result had not been anticipated.—The schoolmaster was *abroad* at that particular juncture!

An Unexpected Answer.

Soon after the Mexican war, an American captain and an Englishman met in Venice, at dinner.

"You are an American, sir," said the Englishman.

"I reckon I am," returned the captain.

"You have the name of being good warriors?"

"Yes," said the Yankee, "we shoot very well."

"But how is it you were so anxious to make peace with Mexico? This does not look much like spunk!"

"You are an Englishman?" interrogated the Yankee.

"Yes," replied the Englishman.

"Well," said the Yankee, "I don't know what our folks offered to do with Mexico; but, stranger, I'll just tell you one thing.—I'll be d—d if we offered to make peace with 'em!"

This home thrust at the Englishman set the whole house in a uproar of laughter.

A Barrister Posed.

At the Limerick Assizes, a witness of the "lower class" was cross-examined by Mr. Bennett, Queen's counsel, when the following dialogue took place:—"Count—Why do you hesitate to answer me? You look at me as if I was a rogue."

Witness.—To be sure I do.

Laughing among the spectators.

"Upon your oath, do you think me a rogue?"

W.—"Upon my oath, I don't think you an honest man."

Continued laughter.

W.—"You swear to that on your oath?"

W.—"I do; and what else could I think?"

W.—"Now, why do you think so?"

W.—"Why, because you are doing your best to make me perjure myself."

"The devil may be an ugly customer; still, he possesses some good streaks. Who, for instance, is more untiring and industrious? Just look at what he has done during the past week. Two murders in N. Y., an Irish rake in Illinois, two child murderers in Phil., and cases of seduction, and any number of broken heads, run-dy-vates, and skull-lash fights. The devil has been underrated. In the way of activity, he takes down the crowd."

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