OREGON SPECTATOR.

C. L. GOODRICH, EDITOR, PROPRIETOR AND PRINTER.] .....AMERICA, FOREVER!! OUR OWN DEAR NATIVE LAND!! FROM THE DISTANT WEST ECHOES BACK THE GLORIOUS SOUND! .....[TERMS, FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 7. OREGON CITY, OREGON TERRITORY, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1854. NO. 29.

BUSINESS CARDS.

L. D. C. LATOURETTE. F. P. HOLLAND. A. HOLLAND.

LATOURETTE & HOLLAND,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

DRY GOODS GROCERIES.

CROCKERY, BOOTS, SHOES,

Books, Stationery, &c.. &c.,

MAIN STREET, OREGON CITY.

June 9, 1854. 17y

GEO. L. STORY & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN DRUGS,

MEDICINES, PERFUMERY,

And every article requisite to make a complete assortment for a "Drug Store."

[Two doors above G. Abernethy & Co.]

MAIN STREET, OREGON CITY.—MAY 26, '54y

OREGON HOUSE!

J. W. COCHRAN. A. B. SPRENGER.

THE proprietors of the Oregon House, on the corner of WATER and THIRD, Oregon City, have refitted their House entirely this spring, and now flatter themselves that they can accommodate the traveling public, and their city friends, as well as any Hotel in the Territory.

☞Good accommodations for families.

May 26, 1854-15y

JNO. P. BROOKS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, &c., MAIN STREET.

A general assortment kept up of selected goods Canemah, Nov. 5, 1853-3m

C. M'CUE,

RETAIL DEALER IN BOOTS, SHOES AND LEATHER.

MAIN ST., ONE DOOR SOUTH OF POST OFFICE.

Oregon City, Nov. 5, 1853-3m

GIBSON & MALONE,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

WINES, LIQUORS, ALE, &c.,

MAIN STREET, OREGON CITY.

April 7 8tf

H. G. HIGHFIELD,

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER

MAIN STREET, OREGON CITY.

Watches and Clocks cleaned and repaired on short notice, and warranted.

Oregon City, Aug. 26, 1853-2y

W. WHITLOCK,

Dealer in Dry Goods & Groceries.

MAIN STREET, OREGON CITY.

All kinds of produce received in exchange for Goods. aug26-2m

GEO. L. ALLAN. ARCH'D MCKINLAY. THOS. LOWE.

ALLAN, M'KINLAY & CO.,

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS AND

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Dry Goods Groceries Hardware &c..

Oregon City, August 19, 1853-2y

R. CAUFIELD,

DEALER IN DRY GOODS GROCERIES.

HARDWARE AND GEN-

ERAL MERCHANDISE. AGENT FOR THE MAIL STEAMSHIP

Oregon City, Nov. 12, 1853-3m

THE OFFICE OF

JNO. B. PRESTON

Is next to Preston, O'Neill & Co.'s store, Main st., Oregon City, where he is prepared to attend to all business pertaining to Land or Land claims in Oregon.

Oregon City, Nov. 5, 1853-3m

CHARLES POPE JR.,

DEALER IN HARDWARE, GROCERIES

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOKS,

BOOKS, STATIONERY, &C.,

Opposite Geo. Abernethy & Co.'s

MAIN STREET, OREGON CITY, O. T.

July 1, 1854-20y

GEO. ABERNETHY. THOMAS POPE. HIRAM CLARK. JAMES S. ROSS.

GEO. ABERNETHY & CO.,

General Wholesale Merchants,

Oregon City, O. T.

August 19, 1853-1y27

ALLAN, LOWE & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

132 CLAY ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

ALLAN, M'KINLAY & CO., OREGON CITY, O. T.

Aug 20, 1853-1y27

WM. C. DEMENT,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

DEALER IN

GROCERIES & PROVISIONS.

Oregon City, August 19, 1853-1y27

J. S. PRESTON. JAS. O'NEILL. DAN O'NEILL.

PRESTON, O'NEILL & CO,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, PROVISIONS AND HARDWARE,

Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.

August 20, 1853-27y

LEONARD & GREEN,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, AND DEALERS IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

Two doors below the Board House, Front street, PORTLAND, OREGON.

September 30, 1853-33tf

E. MILWAIN,

MANUFACTURER OF TIN, COPPER

AND SHEET IRON; ALSO, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

STOVES, AND TIN WARE.

CORNER OF MAIN & THIRD.

Oregon City, May. 5, 1854.-13

THE TITUS ANDRONICUS

RESTAURANT!

BOARD by the week; and meals served at all hours of the day. Main street.

Oregon City, Nov. 12, 1853-3m. E. A.

POETRY.

The Wedding Day.

BY THE MAN HIMSELF.

I am married! I am married!
Weep ye maidens, howl and cry!
The deed is done, the point is carried,
What a lucky dog am I!
What a pleasant dream, life is!
Best of dreams, because 'tis true;
What a charming thing a wife is!
I almost wish that I had two.

I am so glad I fixed on Nancy;
Laura speaks too loud and quick,
Caroline quite took my fancy,
But her ankles are so thick;
Jane should be a hair's breadth shorter,
Helen is a size too small,
Rose, I'm sure, drinks too much porter,
Fanny is too thin and tall.

They all loved me—how intensely,
Maiden ladies only know;
O, I pity them immensely,
They have much to undergo!
Such devotion, such attention,
Whispers, blushes, smiles and tears—
But 'tis hardly fair to mention
All they do, poor little dears!

Nancy has the proper medium,
(What the French call *juste milieu*,)
Who could feel a moment's tedium,
Spoiled as Nancy, when with you?
Gentle, tender, not complying,
Yet her wanting an effect,
Only very gracefe'ying,
Looking up with sweet respect.

How I wooed her, how I *pressed* her
By a thousand little wiles,
On my bended knees addressed her,
Till the darling whispered "Yes"
Half a dozen men of fashion
Were excited for my sake,
To express their soft compassion,
While I husband I will make!

While she plays I'll turn the leaves,
And when she works I'll hold the skein,
She shall have bills of fine gloves,
And at operas I'll laugh again,
Read aloud in rainy weather,
Give her coach the easy chair,
Never scold when we're together,
Never flirt with women's hair.

Love's own couch plan the finest,
Let her have a female friend,
Never quarrel, that's the rule,
Make her presents without end;
Pay her bills when she requests it,
Let her purse with joy be filled,
Grant her all she desires it,
But I know she's too much skilled.

Happy thrice, three hopes we love,
Can to share such light a fate,
Matrimony be the shackles,
Or a silken tether state?
Down we go to the world's caressing,
Leave the poet's pomp and pride,
Turn the pleasure's current blessing
At our wish'd-for fireside!

American.

From the sign of the times it is evident that a majority of the American people have resolved to have but one party in the coming elections. They call themselves the conservatives—so sound on Nebraska, the Maine Law, or Cuba. If they are good Americans they will be sound on all questions. I hold that all the disturbance in the country arises from the fact of dishonest and incompetent men getting elected to office. In former times men were selected not only for their ability but their prepossessing traits of their country, but now a days the sacrifice the interests of their country for the benefit of their pockets. Every office in the country from the President down to lamplighter has a price. Our municipal, State, and national councils are made a regular gambling board. If a member wants to get a bill through, instead of appealing to the good sense of the body, he resorts to the old fashioned plan for success. Children are taught at school that virtue and intelligence are the true requirements to arrive at distinction in the republic, but when they reach the age of manhood and mix with the world, they ascertain that they have been taught a lie, as the almighty dollar and political prestigeare the best recommendation. The President of the United States created a special office for Isaiah Rynders, formerly known as Capt. Rynders, of the Empire Club. What service has this Mr. Rynders rendered the country that he should be thus rewarded? How many veterans have we among us who have served their country in the tented field, and were always found in the thickest of the fight, to whom a special or even an ordinary one would prove very acceptable, and serve to smooth the cares of age?

When the American people act upon the principle that the office should seek the man, not the man the office, and strictly carry out the principle, then we may expect a change for the better, and virtue made the soul of the Republic. Then we will need no compromises—"trifles light as air" and "made only to be broken." Then no Maine law—hear no more of the dissolution of the Union, and the efforts of patriots to save it. For with virtuous and intelligent men to administer our affairs, we will have more legislation for man and less for property.

☞A Persian philosopher being asked by what means he acquired so much knowledge, answered: "By never being prevented by shame from asking questions when I needed information."

Matrimonial Advertising.

We find few things more amusing in newspapers than the incongruous admixture of business and sentiment, love and barter, innocence and impudence, which forms the staple of the "matrimonial" advertisements. We have several of these choice specimens of "modern literature" before us. The first is the advertisement of a "young gentleman twenty-five years of age who is doing business in New York, who wishes to form a matrimonial alliance with a young lady not over sixteen years of age. She must be pretty, well developed, of unindubted respectability," &c., &c. Modest young man, isn't he? "Not over sixteen"—not modest ten, we suppose. "Pretty"—of course. The particular point of "development" is not specified. He may allude to the bust (that she may not die prematurely of consumption,) probably *not* to the ankle, and certainly not to the brain—any young lady who has the good fortune to be "well developed" in that region not being very likely to be caught by a matrimonial advertisement. Who the young gentleman may be he does not state, being doubtless too modest to give an inventory of his own charms. We only learn that he is "doing business in New York," but as several sorts of business are done in that village—some of which are not so reputable as they might be—we can't say that it throws any light on his character or estate. The reason which the young gentleman assigns for "adopting this mode of obtaining a partner," is, that he "does not find a female possessing the above requisites in the present circle of his female acquaintance." Very likely. Ladies with all the charms of Helen, "not over sixteen," and of "undoubted respectability," are probably sufficiently scarce in such "circles" as our young gentleman would be very likely to visit.—*Boston Post.*

REASON AND RECTITUDE—MALE AND FEMALE.—Woman is consistent, man reasonable. The whole character of the former is more consistent with itself, as that of the latter is more constant with the truths of the external world. This is so because woman excels in perceptive and *man* in reflective brain. I do not say this is the distinctive phrenology of the sexes, for woman must be allowed to develop her mentality untrammeled, before that can be determined. How can we expect reason and reasonableness to show themselves as governing traits in her character, when her whole education, intellectual, moral and social, has so little in it to call out and strengthen the element of reason in her mind. As a consequence unreasonable offences ..... they are bad, and fret man's intelligence oftener than they shock his moral sense. With man, we find just the reverse to be true. He is morally delinquent oftener than he is unreasonable; and often wounds woman's delicate sense of rectitude and taste, while he seldom disappoints her intellectual standard and convictions.

In conclusion there is much yet to be learned in respect to the nature and operations of mind; and the world will be greatly indebted to those who shall materially enlarge our ideas upon the subject.

ANECDOTE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.—The papers are recalling an anecdote of Daniel Webster, who had done a dishonorable and swindling act by taking advantage of his law knowledge, and quashing the indictment, almost without an argument. The lookers, amazed at his advocate's skill, and overjoyed at his escape, eagerly pressed towards Webster, attempted to grasp his hand, but the thunderer gathered on the great lawyer's brow, and he froze his client to the soul by the words "I take no villain by the hand!"

CELIBACY.—The perils of celibacy, particularly in cold weather, cannot well be exaggerated. A new gilt store in old Ice-house in Mansfield, O., being afflicted with a severe cold undertook to take a bath in a tub of warm water before going to bed. The operation produced so comfortable a state of feeling that he dropped to sleep in the tub, and only awoke in the morning to find himself frozen in as tight as a knack. He is now a candidate for matrimony.

A FATHER'S ADVICE.—Jeems, my son, keep away from the gals. Ven you see one coming dodge. Just such a critter as that young 'un cleanin' the door on the other side of the street, fooled your poor daddy demmy. If it hadn't been for her you and your dad might have been in California, boss, a-diggin' my son.

From the Spirit of the Age.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

I am a bachelor. Don't smile or pass judgment rashly upon me—I must tell why I am what I am.

I can scarcely remember when my father removed to the new village of Brookville.—It seems, too, that there is a dim remembrance of an old home by the lake. It is all vague, dim, and uncertain, however. Yet I sometimes find lingering with me a vision of an old brown building with elms in front and a sleepy old lake down in the vale, and such, I have heard my father say, was our old home. These impressions seem to me as much like dreams, as realities, and no wonder either, for the footsteps of long years have marched over them. But I do remember distinctly a broad river that we crossed on our way to our new home, that is the most distinct of all—its silvery waves flashing around the flat we crossed over on are not forgotten.

The streets of Brookville were not cleared of stumps when we entered a little cottage on the main street. There was a newness and a freshness about everything there. It was not long before it began to assume a busy character as new settlers came in, and new stores and shops went up. My father was a bricklayer, and I carried some of the bricks and mortar that went to what is now called the old Court House at Brookville? The Court House at Brookville is *old*, and I helped to rear its brown walls!

Time flies!

Among others who came to Brookville was a man named Neal. He had been a merchant in one of the seaport cities, but failing by injudicious speculations he had retired with the little wreck of his fortune to the new village, either to recruit or spend the evening of his life in quiet. I never knew which. He had been a drinker during the last few years—the demon in the wine glass had been the main rock on which he wrecked his all; and he was left to live in the city, in the grave yard behind the steeple church—sent there by his abuse and cruelty. So said an old shoemaker who came with Neal from the city.

Nannie Neal was the bright star gleaming in the stormnight above the clouds.—She was the only child of the comer, and a lovely being she was! She was just my age or nearly, not quite—from April to June was the difference, I believe.

Neal managed to get a home within a few rods of ours; and he, with his daughter, a sour old dame of a housekeeper, and the old shoemaker, both of whom came with him, constituted his family.

Nannie and I were not long in becoming fast friends: we met one sunny afternoon down in the clearing on the brookside, after which the village was named, and there we played "captive-base" among the broad walnut and popular stumps that stood like watching sentinels in the vale.

The very next day we went out together on the hills, with our baskets, and gathered whortleberries and talked and played among the rocks: when we grew tired she sat and told me of her mother—of how she used to weep as she sat at her feet and then died one cold night with consumption and broken heart, and that the Priest said she had gone to Heaven, to live with the Virgin and Angels. I have since thought by that her mother was perhaps a Catholic, but of that I am not certain.

Neal put up a tavern in Brookville, and the new settlers gathered there to drink. I remember the first night there was a great noise and laughing, and fiddling, and dancing and singing there, and I thought it must be something very nice, but my mother told me that it was a wicked place, and that I must never go there. I wished that mother had not told me that, for Nannie was there and she was my bosom friend.

Years passed as others had, Nannie and I grew up; she was one of the loveliest creatures of female beauty I had ever seen. All said she was. She was as gentle as the whisperings of the white winged zephyrs among the April flowers, and as pure as the lily that bent beneath the summer breeze to the kiss of the tripping waves of the meadow rill; and yet she was reared among the wrecks of a father's fortunes, and had heard, time after time, the jest and ribaldry of drunken men around the bar her father kept.

Nannie was happily in possession of the virtues which ennoble and beautify women's character. She was kind and cheerful; neither wild or melancholy, yet the lovely calm of her countenance was tinged with a shade of sadness—motion, look, tone and deed, were gentle as the spring-time sunbeams shimmering among the garden flowers.—Nannie Neal was the beloved one in Brookville.

I loved her when we were children playing on copse and heath—on rock and dell; and now, that we were grown, I loved her with all the passionate idolatry of my young manhood. Not a word of love had ever passed our lips; and yet the secret was written in and fondly cherished by each hidden heart. Ah, we were happy in this secret heart worship. We were often together, in the wild nook where we had gathered berries when children; along the brook where the waves danced o'er their pearly path that led to the river in the old woods, where oak and pine pointed their taper spiers up to Heaven, we rambled, and dreamed, and loved in silence, with none but Nature with us.—For hours we have sat on the brook brink watching the frisking fish gliding like golden creatures among the crystal waves, and the clear waves lets hastening away, and the mellow sunlight trembling on the tree-tops and falling away behind the hills, and all the time we felt that our hearts held sweet converse in breathless whispers, and thus a holy tie was weaving woof and web into our life and hopes, and destinies.

Old Neal became aware of our growing intimacy and became enraged. One evening when I had gone to spend a few hours with Nannie at home—(tavern as it was I could no longer stay away)—the old man came to the little sitting room where we were and sternly ordered me away. I arose and a tear drop hung on Nannie's eyelid. I took my hat, and as I went out the old man sang out after me—*hod carrier!*

The old house keeper flattened her ugly face against the glass door between the two rooms and echoed the chorus—*hod carrier!*

The old shoemaker stopped hammering his leather as I went out, and spoke low and said he would see me that evening.

The rabble in the drinkshop, thro' which I had to pass, caught the notes of the derisive taunt and shouted after me—*hod carrier!* The infernal taunt rings in my ears yet.

That evening the old shoemaker saw me, and told me that Nannie loved me and that we should see each other clandestinely. I thanked him and through his interference Nannie and I met alone every day and talked and loved.

And in this way we spent some of our happiest hours, dreaming of the bliss that to be ours in a few short months for when the summer passed we were to be married. Love with us was now a reality, and in the solitude around Brookville we dreamed of its bliss, as, together, we watched the drifting of the white clouds riding on the blue ocean of the sky.

Our dreams were like the clouds. A cloud was in our sky with its storm of ills hovering too, but we saw it not!

* * * * * *

Christmas day we were to be married.—None knew it, however, except the old shoemaker and Bob Lincoln. Bob was to convey her to a neighboring house in his new sleigh and I was to meet him there with the village Parson. Such were the arrangements.

The day before Christmas the hills and houses were white with snow. Brookville was all life for the enjoyments of the season. That morning two strangers appeared in our midst. None knew from whence they came. I met them in the street early in the day. I disliked their looks and turned aside. There was a lurking look of sin lingering about the face of the eldest—a heartless, brutal looking wretch. The younger appeared but little better.

All day long the revel increased in and about Neal's house. Once or twice there came near being a fight. Just after sundown I met Bob Lincoln running towards my father's house at full speed. I had not time to ask him a single question. There was the wildest terror flashing from the brave young man's eye.

"Run with me to Neal's—run, dreadful times there."

He grasped my arm and started to drag me. I tore myself from his grasp and bounded with him.

Hist! the wind blows now just as it shrieked by my ears as I ran up the snow-covered street on that fatal evening. Draw your chair closer; I wish to speak in a whisper now. Within Neal's house, when we reached it this was the scene:

The old housekeeper stood with her chapped hands folded in her yellow apron with her face flattened against a dirty pane of the glass door looking into the tavern.—A few of the village sots were staggering around the room, or half dozing on the pine benches at the fire; the old shoemaker seemed pleading with Neal, who was nearly drunk, to revoke some decree of his; and my own Nannie was struggling in the arms of the eldest of the two strangers, while the other stood a little ways off grinning with a grin of satisfaction! My blood boiled in every knotted vein! When I sprang into the arena, old Neal stammered out in drunken slang:

"So, ho! Mister Hod Carrier, I've sold Nan to a city gentleman;" and he held up a roulean of gold coin. A low laugh gurgled up from the throat of the black infernal purchaser.

Nannie sold!

I grew dizzy—the room, with its tragedy, seemed to whirl around with me. I heard the familiar voice of the old shoemaker cry out:

"Mr. Neal, how can you barter your own pure child away to a libertine, whose heart to-day is as black as any purgatory, after promising your poor dead wife to be both father and mother to the dear child?"

A drunken curse came up from the hot lungs of the father against the shoemaker and his own child:

"Better that than the wife of an infamous *hod carrier*."

I saw the old woman's pitted face grinning through the glass. And then I saw the mild blue eyes of my poor, half distracted Nannie, almost starting from their sockets, and her right hand that was free from the monster's grasps, held to me imploringly for help. She screamed my name I rushed to her rescue. Bob Lincoln was before me.

Draw your chair closer.

Old Neal was enraged that we should dare to rescue his child from the infamy to which he had sold her, and grasping the old shoemaker's hammer from the bench, he hurled it at us. The weapon flew close by Bob's ear and struck the head of my poor Nannie! With a low murmur of "mother, *mother!*" she sank in my arms to the floor. The two strangers fled forever from Brookville. I called again and again on Nannie to tell me she had not fled from earth to Heaven, but she kept her blue eyes fixed upon me, and a changeless smile rested upon her damp face. And all this time the old housekeeper kept her hideous face pressed against the glass, grinning through at the scene. And old Neal stood with his arms folded, clutching in one hand the roleau of coin. I called again and again to Nannie, and like a child, whispered in her ear that I loved her still, but the changeless smile was the only answer. I held her head in my arms and wept. The old shoemaker ran and brought the village surgeon. He came and kneeled down by her on the tavern floor, and took her pale hand in his. I loved him more than ever for holding it so softly and tenderly, examining the livid spot half hid by her auburn hair, where the hammer had hit. I whispered "Doctor, is Nannie gone?" I could not say dead, but worse!

And he laid his slender finger significantly upon his noble brow.

Bob Lincoln, the doctor and the old shoemaker, carried Nannie from the tavern to to the doctor's home and I followed.

And the blood of the victim fell drop by drop on the pure white snow.

The next day old Neal went to eternity. The Angel of Retribution had watched his steps and marked his last going out. The shaft of the Pale Archer had struck him, to rest and then destroy. In the battle strife with the demons of delirium tremens he was overcome, and his spirit, shrieking with fears, went to be judged by Him who weighs Immortality in the eternal balance of Truth.

He was buried beneath the snow-web that lay on the yard behind the village church, and no one in Brookville wept.

Day after day I watched at the bedside of poor Nannie, and whispered to her, and wet her dry lips with water. She mostly lay with her languid eyes closed, but when she did open them they stared at me with such terror that I shrank from them. And she would point her finger at me, and call me monster, and commanded me to carry her back to Brookville to her own dear ——. Oh! how agonizing that was! To hear her call my own name and link it with the fondest endearments, yet look upon me as the monster who bartered gold for her loveliness!

Thus days and nights passed, and the faithful surgeon all the time endeavoring to call back her wandering mind.

It was all in vain!

The cloud that had drifted in our summer sky had burst upon us in a winter storm, that knew no spring time in life!

My poor loved and lost Nannie Neal! She sits in the broad flesh of sunbeams that fall through her window in one of the little rooms in the C—— Asylum, a harmless, dreaming LUNATIC!

And there she will sit and chatter to her bird and her straws until the good angels beckon her away!

I have sat by her side in that neat little cell, looking into her dreamy eyes, many a lonely hour, but she has never known me.

She sometimes calls to her kind-hearted matron and bids her to "take the stranger away!"

And I have often seen tears in that kind-hearted woman's eyes as I have departed, at the same time urging her to treat poor Nannie kindly.

And now, fair readers, do you wonder that I am a bachelor?

Believe this: for there is but one Nannie Neal, and she yet lives, but a Maniac!

RUM did all this!

And for this I hate it—help me to hate it!

And when the old man and poor Nannie go down to the grave, as they soon must, *teach your children to hate it!*

THINGS IN BOSTON.—You are a queer people—you are in New York. I have just been reading in one of your papers a libel on us Boston women. It says 'The Boston ladies thought it *infra dig* to walk.' Do they! That gent evidently did not know his subject. Walk! I guess we can! Why we walk four or five miles by the side of an engine just for the fun of the thing, and keep up with it, too; and we could no more dig out a dinner without a trot round the Common, than we could expect you New Yorkers to give us credit for virtues out of their dictionary. *Not walk, indeed!* I guess so! That's what makes us so plump and so round and so wholesome! That's what plants roses on our cheeks, that only go an come at the dictation of Nature! That's what sharpens our eye teeth, brightens our wits, and makes us a match for any *she* in christendom! Not walk! Did you ever hear of John Gilpin's race? That's the way we walk! No dainty tripping over the ground, as if it was paved with eggs at 50 cents a dozen. No gathering up of purloined petticoat and to exhibit unconsciously (very) a finely turned ankle—No lackadaisical airs about us. No, sir! We "put in all we know." The New York ladies are welcome to their langour, their lassitude, and their enervating luxuriousness: but when it comes to the real and the practical, they need emigrate no farther than Boston to discover the land where the ladies know how to "paddle their own canoes."

Boston is a great place—no mistake about that. There is always something to be done—if it is'nt quite so pretty—to set people talking. The last "*Oh my!*" affair out is the "Howard House," fronting the far-famed Howard Athenæum. Talk of your palaces—this beats anything I ever saw, and that's saying much. I took a tour of its rooms with Mr. Sennott, its proprietor, and to me, who really have an eye for magnificence and grandeur, it was perfectly bewildering. The rooms are not owly large—some of them not bigger than a bird's nest—(an elephant, you know, or some *large* bird); but so neat, so perfectly tasteful, and so commodious, that I could think of nothing but Eden. If your imagination was vivid (as *poets* say), you could smell the fragrance of the blooms upon the carpets, and I could take my oath that one or more of the Cupids round the columns opened their eyes and winked at me! Oh! so perfectly luxurious. The sofas and lounges let you right down into your boots with their springy softness. The heavy curtains keep a perpetual twilight in the rooms, so mellow, so radiant, and dreamy, the sort of subdued softness which poets and story tellers love so well. Mr. Sennott seems to be the right stamp of a man for such an enterprise. He tells me there is a peg there for you to hang upon when you come to Boston