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Poetry.

Our Childhood.

To see - yet sweet - to listen To the soft wind's gentle swell, And think we hear the voice of Our childhood's bliss we will.

General Lane in Oregon and Washington Territories.

Gen Lane arrived in Portland, Oregon, on the 9th inst., and was welcomed by the democracy, and the citizens generally, with hearty congratulations and a demonstration of cannon, befitting the occasion, and conclusively evident that the people had not forgotten how to appreciate the valiant labors of their Delegate, or the amenity due a tried and trusty public servant.

We look upon the re-nomination of Gen Lane, as the freshening of important results to this portion of the Pacific coast - politically, as well as in all things tending to the development of our resources, and the furtherance of our interests, as connected with our future destiny.

General Lane in Oregon and Washington Territories.

Resolved, That we respectfully invite Gen. Lane to visit the Territory of Washington, to mingle with his old friends, and enjoy our hospitality, at such time as may suit his convenience.

The committee having been appointed in accordance with the above resolution - the former consisting of Messrs. F. Tubbs, H. E. Grady and K. M. Walker, and the latter consisting of Messrs. H. C. Mosley, Lewis Emsion, G. L. Wood, Wm. Cook, R. M. Walker, G. K. Willard, Wm. Rutledge, Jr., Wm. Bartley, C. L. Bridges, I. Lehman, J. C. Patton, J. W. Hawk, G. W. Corless, J. W. Wiley, Geo. Gallagher, and the proceedings ordered to be published in the Pioneer and Democrat, the meeting adjourned.

LEWIS ENSION, Chm. J. W. WILEY, Secy.

High Betting and "Spoon Vite."

Did you ever hear how old Major Fahey came to take such a dislike to "spoon vites"? No! Then I'll tell you.

One night last fall the Major, by some unknown means, managed to raise a hundred dollars, with which he fought for about twenty minutes, at the expiration of which time he lacked just a hundred dollars of having a hundred dollars.

The nomination of Gen. Lane appears everywhere to be hailed with demonstrations of rejoicing at home, and on the reception of the news here, a national salute was fired by the democracy of Olympia, as evidence of the high appreciation entertained by them of the valuable public services rendered by him in behalf of this territory at the late session of congress.

On Thursday evening last, 19th inst., a meeting of a portion of the democracy was held at the "Hickory Club" room, Olympia, and after the appointment of necessary officers, a committee was appointed for the purpose of expressing, by resolution, the sense of the meeting, tendering to General Lane an invitation to visit this territory some time during the coming summer - extending to him the hospitalities of our city, &c.

The committee reported the following, which was unanimously adopted: Whereas, We learn with unqualified pleasure of the re-nomination of Gen. Lane as a candidate for delegate to the next Congress from Oregon, therefore

Know-Nothingism and Jacobinism.

There is a chapter in the history of modern times in which the nature and tendency of know-nothingism may be read and understood by him who does not already foresee the dreadful consummation to which it will conduct the country.

A word to the democracy.

It would seem that the seclusion of country life must be invaded by this anomaly, the "know-nothing" Remote from cities, and distant from the busy streets of men, were disturbed by its approach, was shocked. We give utterance to these feelings in the following words: "Know-nothingism is a secret political association; it is animated by religious bigotry and political intolerance; it aspires to grasp all the power of the State and to subjugate the government; it has arranged a confederacy of affiliated societies, which are dependent on the central council, and which are employed to execute its will, to control public sentiment, and to concentrate the energies of the nation in the hands of an oligarchy; and, unless it be arrested before it reaches the object of its lawless ambition, know-nothingism like its great prototype, will overthrow the government and subject the people to the despotism of a conspiracy of desperate and criminal men."

"Sam," enveloped in the cloak of secrecy, thinks he is safe. We continue. If you would do your utmost, why not present yourself frankly like a man? Why come like a whipped cat, snuggling in the back? If your cause is just, would you banner to the breeze, and permit the sun to reflect from its principles? There is no such thing as a free lunch. If you are in such a position that I will speak to you for all the know-nothings, you may as well draw up a stool and sit down.

It is a matter of surprise that men possessed of an ordinary medium of sense should desert the old parties for the purpose of attending themselves to this "Box Campaign." The result upon it, that a married man has drawn money into the streets, and that he has been a failure in his business, and that the idle men of the city have been and ignorant of their real designs; and that the idle men would gladly leave their employments, and round them the ends of political, nay more, of moral death.

Should the know-nothings succeed in their scheme of throwing the next Presidential election into the House of Representatives, where they hope to attain a majority, ruinous indeed must be the consequences. The brave old ship of State, that has battled so successfully with the storms of war, and has weathered so many boisterous gales, is then inevitably lost. Will all the yeomanry of the country, the bone and sinew of the land, behold the impending danger with folded arms? They cannot. Let them rise in their might and destroy this monstrous ism, so that neither name, nor remembrance of it shall remain to future generations. W.H.G.

"MY NAME'S HAYNE." - Every one remembers the story told of a Virginian who was riding through the Old Dominion during the election canvass of 1804, when party spirit was running so high. Jefferson was the democratic candidate for President, and the way he was handled by the federalists was a spectacle to every body who has dabbled in the pool of politics. Our Virginian was ranked among the most virulent of Jefferson's opponents, altho' hailing from the same State. As he rode along, he fell in with a common looking individual, also on horseback, and after the usual salutations, the conversation naturally turned upon the engrossing topic of the period - politics. Virginian was particularly denunciatory of Jefferson. "Why," said he, "just think of a man like Tom Jefferson running for President. He's a d-d old fool, besides being an infidel and a Bible burner. The country is sure to go to h-ll if such an infernal scoundrel is elected President." The companion of our candid friend nodded acquiescence in all he was listening to. Finally, the denouncer of Jefferson observed as they reached a part of the road where they were to separate, "Now, stranger, I've given you my opinion of the old ens, and I'm glad you agree with me. May I be so bold as to ask your name?" "My name's Hayne, that's of no account. But if it will afford you any gratification, I will tell you, it is Thomas Jefferson."

"What, Tom Jefferson, the democratic candidate for President?" cried he. "The same unfortunate individual." "Then, my name's Hayne," and plunging spurs into his steed, he shot off like a streak of lightning, among the Blue Mountains, and has not been heard of from that day to this.

Know-Nothingism and Jacobinism.

"Know-nothingism is a secret political association; it is animated by religious bigotry and political intolerance; it aspires to grasp all the power of the State and to subjugate the government; it has arranged a confederacy of affiliated societies, which are dependent on the central council, and which are employed to execute its will, to control public sentiment, and to concentrate the energies of the nation in the hands of an oligarchy; and, unless it be arrested before it reaches the object of its lawless ambition, know-nothingism like its great prototype, will overthrow the government and subject the people to the despotism of a conspiracy of desperate and criminal men."

History is philosophy teaching by example, says a great writer; and we should heed its impressive lesson.

Whiskey and Newspapers.

A single glass of whiskey is manufactured from perhaps a dozen grains of mashed corn, the value of which is too small to be estimated. A pint of this mixture sells at retail at one shilling; and if a good brand, it is considered by its consumers well worth the money. It is drunk off in a minute or two; it fires the brain, rouses the passions, sharpens the appetite, deranges and weakens the physical system; it is gong - and swollen eyes, parched lips and aching head are its followers. On the same sideboard upon which this is served, lies a newspaper; the new white paper of which costs three-fourths of a cent; the composition for the whole million costing from ten to fifteen dollars. It is covered with half a million of types; brings intelligence from four quarters of the globe; it has in its neatly printed columns all that is strange or new at home; it tells you of the state of the market, gives accounts of the last robbery and the last development, the execution of the last murderer, and the latest steamboat explosion or railroad disaster; and yet for all this, the newspaper costs less than the glass of grog, the juice of a few grains of corn. It is no less strange than true, that there is a large portion of the community who think the corn juice cheap, and the newspaper dear; and the printer has hard work to collect his dimes when the liquor vendors are cheerfully paid.

How is this? Is the body better paymaster than the head, and are the things of the moment more prized than the things of eternity? Is the transient tickling of the stomach of more consequence than the improvement of the soul, and the information that is essential being? If this had its real value, would not the newspaper be worth many pints of whiskey?

It is affirmed by scientific gentlemen that the pressure of the time; if it could be used as a propelling power, would force a vessel across the Atlantic in twenty-four hours.

They had a fog at Chicago the other day so thick that a broker took four pistareens for half eagles.

A little boy hung up his stocking on Christmas eve, and in the morning he found a hole in it.

Why is a weathercock like a loafer? Because it is constantly going round doing nothing.

The parent who would train up a child in the way he should go, must go the way he would train up his child in.

If one half the girls know what the other said about them, what an infernal row would be kicked up.

A piece of land was recently sold in London at the rate of two millions of dollars a acre.

A street preacher has appeared in St. Louis, proclaiming that he is Joe Smith, the prophet, raised from the dead.

A Game of Chance - The suicide risks all upon the hazard of the die!

The harmony of colors - black husband with a white wife living amicably.

No one now is so vulgar as to love. They are only partial towards certain persons.

A great part of mankind employ their first years in making their last miserable.

The lady who "kiss her brows," has commenced a pair of socks.

Thursday is the Russian Sunday.

Whiskey and Newspapers.

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