Oregon Weekly Statesman.

SATURDAY.

That Excommunication.

The Encyclical excommunicating the Italian Government bears the date of Nov. 1st, and recites the circumstances of the attack on the Papal States, and the acts of that Government, and also recites the numerous protests issued by the victim of these aggressions. The later history of Rome is recited, and after asserting that he will never comply with the iniquitous demands, the Pope pronounces the *excommunicatio major* in the following terms:

"As our admonitions, requests, and protests have been of no avail, we declare to you, venerable brethren, under Divine authority of Almighty God, of the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and under our own, and through your means declare to the whole Church, that all those who have been instrumental in accomplishing the invasion or usurpation of any provinces whatsoever appertaining to our State and this Holy City, whatever may be the authority with which they be invested, even should it be of a kind to which especial mention is due; moreover, those who have been guilty of any these things, and those under whose orders they have acted, and any persons having aided, abetted, advised, or otherwise encouraged, or who may have personally contributed to the execution of the before-mentioned facts under whatsoever pretext, we hereby declare that all these persons have incurred the *excommunicatio major*, as well as the other ecclesiastical censures and penalties prescribed by the Holy Canons and Apostolic constitutions and decrees of the General Council, especially of the Tridentine Council, and that they have incurred them according to the tenor and forms expressed in our above mentioned Apostolic letter of the 26th of March, 1860.

The document winds up with a prayer to God for the conversion of the sinners, and that the woes and sufferings of Holy Mother Church may be put a stop."

It is true the Pontiff does not use the form that has been attributed to him, but he calls down upon their devoted heads "the major excommunication and other ecclesiastical censures prescribed by the Holy Canons, etc.," which we must ascertain by a reference to the formula of the Church, a portion of which we gave a few days since. If that was indeed a correct copy of the church form we don't wonder that the amiable Pontiff found it more polite to refer to them indirectly than to quote in full.

State News.

Portland.

From the *Bulletin* we learn that the defaulting Treasurer of Washington county, who disappeared twenty months ago lately returned to Portland, and sent for his family who had remained at Hillsboro. This aroused suspicion and led to his arrest by the Sheriff of Washington county.

Large shipments of Oregon products have lately been made steamer to Puget Sound.

The late heavy rains have inflicted a great quantity of mud on Portland Streets.

The necessity of a Reform School for boys is being urged in that city

The *Oregonian* says the prospects of raising the $100,000, subsidy in that city has given an impetius to real estate transactions $61 000, has been subscribed leaving $39,000. to be still raised.

That paper says of the Oregon Horticultural Society: The officers and several members of this Society met in this city yesterday, for the purpose, mainly, of organizing a premium list for fine fruits, flowers, and garden vegetables, for the next State Fair. The arrangement of this list was not completed at 4 P. M., when the Society adjourned to meet to-day at 9 A. M.

A storm of such violence prevailed at Cape Horn on the the Columbia, on Wednesday, that the Oneonta had to lay to, in the middle of the river.

The street floods of Wednesday did considerable damage to newly graded streets, in the upper and back portions of the city.

The *Herald* says: Eighteen new buildings are in process of construction at present in the city, but owing to the weather they are rather tardy in approaching completion. More houses will be erected here during the coming spring than any previous three years.

All the hotels in town are almost full at present, owing to the large number arriving from San Francisco on speculative purposes. A large number of visitors from Washington Territory are also coming here to glance at the new town, and try and obtain some information about the N. P. R. R.

A brisk demand exists for houses, but none are for sale or rent. A firm in this city that generally keeps two hundred houses to rent have only two now on hand unrented, and these are of the class that are not generally inquired for.

Linn County.

The *Democrat* of Jan. 20th, furnishes the following items:

Mr. E. W. Pike is organizing a military company in that city.

Following are the newly elected officers of the Linn County Agricultural Association: President, Martin Luper; Vice President, D. Froman; Secretary, J. H. Evans; Treasurer, S. Montgomery.

The Beatty Troupe performed in Albany last week, and the *Democrat* speaks of them as the best theatrical company ever seen in that city.

It is thought in Albany that Ed Palmer, aged 28, a former resident, has been lately drowned in California.

Mrs. A. J. Duniway, of Albany, is said to be the Oregon editress of the *Pioneer*, a paper devoted to the subject of Womans' Rights, ably edited and published in San Francisco. Mrs. Duniway is an able writer, and will, no doubt, do justice to the Oregon branch of that subject.

Since Christmas, weather has been favorable for farming operations, and much land in Linn county, and a great area of ground has been prepared for spring sowing.

The wife of Hon. John T. Crooks was stricken down with palsy a few days ago, and remains in a precarious condition.

A son of Mr. W. Bowers, living in Benton county, about 2 miles from Albany, last week fell into a State of hopeless insanity, and was taken to the Asylum.

Wheat commands $1 a bushel in Albany.

THE BEAUTIFUL WORLD.—Ah, this beautiful world! I know not what to think of it. Sometimes it is all sunshine and gladness, and heaven itself lies not far off and then it suddenly changes, and is dark and sorrowful and the clouds shut out the day. In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days like this, when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then came gloomy hours, when the fire will not burn on our hearts, and all without and within is dismal, cold and dark. Believe me, every heart has its secret sorrows, which the world knows not of, and often time we call a man cold when he is only sad.

City and County Items.

The Sociable at Reed's Opera House last evening was a grand success in every way, and all seemed to be well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

DIED.—In Milwaukie, Jan. 10th, 1871, Mrs. Elizabeth H. Sellwood, wife of Rev. J. E. W. Sellwood, aged 67 years and eight months.

Quincy papers, Illinois please copy.

ON THE RIVER.—Steamboats were unusually lively yesterday. The Albany and Fannie Patton came up from below and went on above; the Active came down with a load of wheat for the mill, discharged her cargo, and went back up the river, and the Reliance came down with a full load to be taken through to Portland.

THEATER TO-NIGHT.—We call the attention to the bill offered by the Beatty troupe at the Opera House this evening, consisting of the great American Drama of "Nick of the Woods," and an interesting after piece. This troupe is making great efforts to offer pleasant entertainments to our citizens, and we hope to hear of a good turnout tonight.

CROPS IN CALIFORNIA.—A letter from a business man in San Francisco to a friend here, dated January 10th, states that times are hard there, business dull, firms breaking and more to break, and that unless rain speedily visited the agricultural districts, California would have to "look to Oregon for grub" next season. They must have had some rain fall since that time, however.

CIRCUIT COURT.—Friday, Jan. 20.—Robt. Robinson vs. J. G. Wright. The jury returned a verdict of $75 for Plaintiff.

John Newsom vs. W. J. Greenwood, in Equity. Continued until January 30th., to be argued in chambers.

The business of the term being concluded Court adjourned *Sine die*.

MILITARY APPOINTMENT.—A number of military companies are being organized in Portland, on the volunteer principle, and by request of the parties interested, Governor Grover is having commissions issued to the officers elected by these companies, as also appointed under the Militia law of this State.

ELECTIONS OF OFFICERS.—The annual meeting of the Willamette Woolen Manufacturing Co., occurred on Thursday, and resulted in the choice of the following officers: President, John F. Miller; Vice President, Daniel Waldo; Secretary, Walter Jackson; Treasurer, W. S. Ladd; Directors, John F. Miller, Daniel Waldo and W. S. Ladd.

EXAMINING AND AUDITING COMMISSION.—Hon. Mr. Amis, of Lane county, who was called away by illness in his family, has returned to take his place in the Commission, and that body will not take a recess, as contemplated in view of his continued absence. Some three weeks of the ninety days of their allotted time remains, and it is not expected that the work committed to them will be finished within that time.

The course of lectures on Medical Jurisprudence, by Prof Simpson, will be delivered on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings at the Council Rooms, Patton's Block, commencing Monday, Jan. 23, 1870. The lectures on Toxicology, by Prof. Chase, M. D., will follow immediately afterward each evening of the course at the same place. Twelve lectures each will be delivered, and tickets for the course can be obtained from either of the Professors. Terms—ten dollars for each course. Members of the legal profession are invited to attend. Matriculation tickets, (five dollars each), can be obtained from the Dean of the Faculty. E. R. FISKE.

A SWAMP LAND INCIDENT.—A gentleman, at some distance from this place, is said to have written an earnest inquiry to "the retired statesman," who is supposed to be "feeding his swine" over in Polk, requesting to know how the Swamp Land war was being waged, and received a characteristic answer to the effects that the candidates for swamp and overflowed lands were laying claim to every swamp, every river, every marsh, every pond and every lake, except, perhaps, "the lake of fire and brimstone," which they may expect to share in without claiming it under the laws of Oregon.

Letter from Coos Bay.

EMPIRE CITY, Jan. 6th, 1871.

We have had no mails from anywhere for some time past on account of the ice in the Umpqua River, which has prevented the crossing of the mail carrier. Our new Court House is now completed, and the late session of the County Court was held there. It presents a fine appearance, and is built upon the site of the "Old Fort," built here in earliest times. Business is now quite lively here, with a good deal of shipping, for fifteen vessels are in the Bay at the present time securing cargoes at different points where mills and coal mines are situated. Empire City is rapidly improving in every respect. The peace was supposed to be broken the other day, and J. B Fox was arrested for assaulting C. G. Anderson with a postol but after a hearing before Justice Skinner, he was discharged.

PRESIDENT GRANT.—It is not often that a public man so successfully overrides detraction and calumny as General Grant has done. Ever since his election he has encountered more malicious slander and libels than any public officer in our history. The libels that have been hurled at his character have been of the very worst sort possible—such as charges of venality and fraud—charges that have been woven with the most consummate skill into a web of fiction, bearing all the veri-similitude that art could give it. Grant is the most unguarded man that ever stood conspiciously before the people; and every advantage has been taken of his ingenuousness to secure a woof for the tissue of lies that his enemies have told. These falsehoods have been spun, too, with the most persevering obstinacy, and the most systematic artfulness of any lies ever fabricated against an innocent man.

But Grant has lived them all down. He stands to-day at the head of the nation without a single one of these calumnies believed by any mentionable number of the people of this country. He holds up his head, unscathed by the arrows of persecution, and his character is purer and brighter in the estimation of three-fourths of the inhabitants of the Union to-day than when he was the admired and beloved commander of our army on his return from victory four years and a half ago.

The simple fact is that Grant is an honest man. So his reputation to-day, after all the abuse and malignity and villainy that has been encountered, is purer and brighter than ever.—*Chicago Post.*

A leading statesman said he never paid any attention to lies and slanders, because five could be invented whilst he was disproving one.

There are now about 50,000 miles of railroad in the United States.

A little Buffalo girl wants to know if fleas are white—because her uncle told her that "Mary had a little lamb its fleas as white as snow."

Washington Entombed.

We are shown a copy of the *Ulster County Gazette*, published Saturday, January 4, 1800, containing, under the above head, a communication relating the circumstances of the burial of Washington, which we republish as near the original as possible:

WASHINGTON ENTOMBED.

George Town, Dec. 20.

On Wednesday laft, the moral part of WASHINGTON the Great—the Father of his Country and the Friend of man, was configned to the tomb, with solemn honors and funeral pomp.

A multitude of persons affembled, from many miles round, at Mount Vernon, the choice abode and laft residence of the illuftrious chief. There were the groves—the spacious avenues, the beautiful and sublime scenes, the noble mansion—but, alas! the auguft inhabitant *was now no more*. That great soul was *gone*. His mortal part was there indeed; but ah! how affecting! how awful the spectacle of such worth and greatness, thus, to mortal eyes, fallen!—Yes! fallen! fallen!

In the long and lofty *Portico*, where oft the Hero walked in all his glory, *now* lay the fhrouded corpse. The countenance ftill composed and serene, seemed to depress the dignity of the spirit, which lately dwelt in that lifeless form! There those who paid the laft sad honours to the benefactor of his country, took an impressive—a farewell view.

On the ornement at the head of the coffin, was inscribed SURGE AD JUDICIUM—about the middle of the coffin, GLORIA DEO—and on the fliver plate,

GENERAL
GEORGE WASHINGTON

Departed this life, on the 14th December, 1799, Æt. 68.

Between three and four o'clock, the sound of artillery from a veffel in the river, firing minute guns, awoke afrefh our solemn sorrow—the corps was removed—a band of mufic with mournful melody melted the soul into all the tenderness of woe.

The procession was formed & moved on in the following order:

Cavalry,
Infantry,
Guard,
Mufic,
Clergy,
} With arms reversed.

The General's horse with his saddle, holfters and piftols.

Cols.	Pall Bearers.		Cols.
Sims,		CORPSE.	Gilpin,
Ramsay,			Marfteller,
Payne,		Pall Bearers.	Little,

Mourners.
Masonic Brethren,
Citizens.

When the procession had arrived at the bottom of the elevated lawn, on the bank of the Potomac, where the family vault is placed, the cavalry halted, the infantry marched toward the Mount and formed their lines—the Clergy, the Masonic Brothers, and the Citizens, descended to the Vault, and the funeral service of the Church was performed.—The firing was repeated from the veffel in the river, and the sounds echoed from the woods and hills around.

Three general discharges by the infantry—the cavalry, and 11 pieces of artillery, which lined the banks of the Potomac back of the Vault, paid the laft tribute to the entomed Commander in Chief of the Armies of the United States and to the departed Hero.

The sun was setting, Alas! the SON OF GLORY was set forever. No—the name of WASHINGTON—the American President and General—will triumph over DEATH! The unclouded brightness of his Glory will illuminate the future ages!

A Man Hugged Against his Will.

A most ludicrous scene transpired a short time since, not a thousand miles from this city, which, though a little annoying to the persons immediately interested, was just so innocent and funny that we cannot refrain from giving the general outlines, suppressing names, of course:

Two sprightly and beautiful young ladies were visiting their cousin, another sprightly and beautiful young lady, who, like her guests, was of that happy age which turns everything into fun and merriment. If the truth were told, we fear we would have to record these misses just a little bit fast. They were fond of playing practical jokes, and were continually playing all sorts of little pranks with each other. All three occupied a room on the ground floor, and cuddled in one bed.

Two young ladies attended a party on the night in question, and did not get home until half-past twelve o'clock that night. As it was late, they concluded not to disturb the household, so they quietly stepped into this room through the low open window.

In about half an hour after they had left for the party, a young Methodist minister called at the house they were staying, and craved for a nights lodging, which of course was granted. As ministers always have the best of everything, the old lady put him to sleep in the best room, and the young lady (Fannie) who had not gone to the party, was entrusted with the duty of sitting up for the absent ones, and informing them of the change of rooms. She took up her post in the parlor, and as the night was sultry, sleep overcame her, and she departed on an excursion to the land of dreams.

We will now return to the young ladies who had gone to their room through the window. By the dim light of the moonbeams, as they struggled through the curtains, the young ladies were enabled to descry the outlines of Fannie (as they supposed) ensconsed in the middle of the bed. They saw more—to wit, a pair of boots. They saw all; Fannie had set the boots in the room to give them a scare. They put their heads together and determined to turn the tables on her. Silently they disrobed, and steathly as cats they took their position on each side of the bed. At a given signal they both jumped into bed, one on each side of the unconconcious parson, laughing and screaming, "Oh, what a man! Oh, what a man!" and gave the poor bewildered minister such a promiscuous hugging and tusseling as few parsons get in the course of a lifetime.

The noise of the proceeding awoke the old lady, who was sleeping in an adjoining room. She comprehended the situation in a moment, and rushing to the room, she opened the door and exclaimed: "Gracious, it's a man! it's a man sure enough!" There was one prolonged and consolidated scream, a flash of muslin through the door, and all was over.

TABLE CONVERSATION.—You will find that a great deal of character is imparted and received at the table. Parents too often forget this; and, therefore, instead of swallowing your food in silence, instead of brooding over your business; instead of severely talking about others, let the conversation at the table be genial, kind, social and cheering. Don't bring disagreeable things to the table in your conversation, any more than you would in your dishes. For this reason, too, the more good company you have at your table is an educator to the family. Hence the intelligence and the refinement and appropriate behavior of a family which is given to hospitality. Never feel that intelligent visitors can be anything but a blessing to you and yours. How few have fully gotten hold of the fact that company and conversation at the table are no small part of education.

A young man, becoming engaged recently was desirous of presenting his intended with a ring, appropriately inscribed; but being at a loss what to have engraved on it called upon his father for advice. "Well," said the old man, "put on—'when this you see remember *me*.'" "The young lady was much surprised a few days after at receiving a beautiful ring, with this inscription: "When this you see remember *pap*."

In a Wisconsin divorce suit, the wife, who was seeking to be seperated from her husband, was upon the witness stand six entire days.

A writer in *Hardwick's Science Gossip* says that an effort will be made to acclimatized the fire-fly in England. That beautiful insect is entirely unknown there.

THE COLORED CONGRESSMAN.—The Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald*, December 12th, says:

For the first time in the history of the Government a negro was sworn in to-day as a member of the House of Representatives. The fortunate individual is J. W. Rainey, and succeeds B. F. Whittemore, of cadetship selling notoriety, from South Carolina. Rainey was elected to serve out the balance of Whittemore's term in the present Congress. On the opening of the session, about a week ago, there were numerous inquiries for the "negro member," and to-day, when he put in an appearance for the first time, he was the center of attraction on the floor, as well as in the galleries. A light mulatto, with long, dark, straight, glossy hair, bushy side whiskers and decidedly Caucasian features, he looks more like a Cuban than a negro. In this respect he is quite unlike the negro Senator from Mississippi, Revels, who has the African features, as well as woolly hair. Rainey came forward at the request of the Speaker, after his credentials had been presented, and amid perfect silence took the iron clad oath. He did not meet with as warm a reception on the part of the members as Revels did in the Senate when he took his seat in that body. As he passed toward his seat in the rear of the Hall—the southeast corner—the only member who thought it worth while to shake hands with him was Horace Maynard, of Tennessee. When he had reached his place, two or three of the South Carolinas members came over to congratulate him.

ALL ABOUT A CASEY.—An incident really deserving the epithet of tragicomic took place lately at Antwerp. Madame, a young married woman, had a canary, which Monsieur, her young husband, had neglected to feed, a forgetfulness which to the grief and rage of the lady resulted in the death of the pet. Resolved, however, on retribution, she began, so soon as her first access of grief was spent, upbraiding her lord and master with bitter reproaches, and presently, on his adding fuel to the flame, dashed a pot of milk upon the floor. This was followed by a general smash of property on both sides, and at length Madame went so far as to take a very effective shot with a fragment at Monsieur, who presently was bathed in blood. On seeing this the woman rushed from the house shrieking "I have murdered my husband," and positively threw herself into the river, but a boatman hauled her out just as the husband came panting to the rescue. Like the fairy stories, it all ends very happily, for the two fools returned home, where the husband, who lit a big fire to dry her, will now probably recognize the soundness of the advice, "Never quarrel with your wife, as you will only have to make it up, and also pay for the reconciliation."

The following racy, off-hand letter was received by a music firm in Chicago:

Gentlemen: Inclosed please find a draft on the National Bank for $725, being in full payment for the piano. The instrument is evidently a fine one, as my wife keeps it well locked and covered up. The tone is a little different from what I have been used to—living on the frontier for the past fourteen years among the buffaloes and Indians; but that of course, is the fault of my education. The first night after its arrival my wife and I sat up all night watching it, expecting of course, the thing would play; but nary tune did we get. We called in some of our neighbors the next morning, and found that it required some one to play it! Here was a fix. Neither of us can play a note, and the question is what do we want with it? Nary a child or any one else to play on it, unless, it might be the kitchen "pot-wholliper, and we fear she might color the keys. One of my negro boys suggested there must be a place to wind it up, but we have looked everyplace for a key hole and can't find any. Let us know by return mail how we shall make it go.

GOING TO CHURCH.—Many years ago, when Daniel Webster stood at the summit of his commanding influence, upon a certain Sabbath he entered a small Methodist Church in the vicinity of Washington. The number of persons in attendance was few, and the house and furniture were of a very inferior description. The preacher was a plain, unlettered man, who had never enjoyed any advantages of education, but who did possess a heart warmed by the glow and excellence of the gospel. At the close of the services, as Mr. Webster was leaving the house, a clerk of one of the departments who had been present, accosted Mr. Webster, and expressed regret that a man of his eminence and extensive information should have been compelled to listen to so plain a discourse. "You mistake," replied Mr. Webster; "I have been deeply interested and moved by the sermon. As you say, the preacher has no learning from the books, but he has evidently been instructed by the highest of teachers—the Spirit of God. We go to church, sir, not merely to have our minds enlightened, but to have the emotions of our hearts awakened and excited towards divine things. This ignorant man, as we call him, has attained a reach of knowledge which no mere learning can give. He has taught us our duty to God. May we perform it!"

QUESTION SETTLED.—Old Joe B——was a quiet old man, but somewhat too fond of the bottle. When in his cups, his ideas tended towards theological matters; which he always avoided in his sober moments. It was Saturday afternoon (Connecticut baking day) and his good wife wanted some wood for the oven.

Joe, I do wish you would go and split some wood. Here it is nearly two o'clock and the fire isn't made.

Joe went out to execute his commission, but fearing his physical condition was weak, marched to the neighboring tavern to fortify himself therein. He returned home utterly oblivious to all things, save his pet theories. Seating himself on his chair, he said:—

I say (hic) Jane, do you (hic) think the Lord (hic) means to burn us all (hic) up in fire?

His venerable spouse, being exceedingly irate, did not answer. Again he repeated the question. Still an ominous silence.

Wife, do you think the Lord means to burn us up in fire everlasting?

No! said the thoroughly aroused housewife! no, you old fool, not if he waits for you to split the wood!

AN EXCELLENT REASON.—In Indiana a husband, after a spree, was led home by one of his friends, who, after posing him safely on the door steps, rang the bell, and retreated somewhat deviously to the other side of the street, to see if it would be answered. Promptly the "pore" was "ouverted," and the fond spouse, who had waited up for her truant husband, beheld him in all his toddiness.

"Why, Walter, is this you?"

"Yes, my dear."

"What in the world has kept you so?"

"Been out on a little turn with 'erboys, my d-d-arling."

"Why, Walter, you're intoxicated!"

"Yes, dear, I estimate that's so."

"What on earth made you get so drunk? And why—oh, *why* do you come to me in this dreadful state?"

"Because, my darling, *all th' other places shut up.*"

There was a dutch woman whose husband, Diedrich Van Pronk, kicked the bucket and left her inconsolable. Folks said grief would kill that widow. She had a figure of wood carved that looked very much like her late husband, and placed it in her bed and constantly kept it there for several months. In about half a year, she became interested in a young shoe maker, who got the length of her foot and finally married her. He had not visited the widow more than a fortnight when the servants told her they were out of kindling wood and asked what should be done. After a pause the widow replied, in a very quiet way: "Maybe it ish vell enough now to split up old Van Prong, vat is up shtair."

Religious liberty is to be assured throughout Italy. The Minister of Foreign Affairs pledged the Government to the support of the broadest toleration.

SUNDAY.

The Chirp of the Cricket.

BY SIMON PURE.

There's a sort of a melancholy charm about the singin' of these 'ere crickets. Don't you notice 'em, sort of vibratin' like? Folks say they have kind of harmonicums in their sides that they keep a blowin', and some say they rub their hind legs together, but I don't know about that. 'T any lay, I've stood at this yere gate hundreds of nights every August and listened to 'em and could almost tell ye what they're trying to get off. Don't you notice how they all keep together? Once in a while they get out of time; I reckon the young ones get frisky and get ahead of the old ones, but pretty soon an old double bass one 'll strike in powerful, and bring 'em all round right again; and then they all go it,—whirr, whirr, whirr,—as regular as our old clock in the kitchen. But, as I was sayin', it's sort of melancho'y to me, and I presume to say I've cried a barrel full over it. That's what makes this 'ere tansy look so fresh and green, while that catnip there is all dried up. 'What's the reason?' Wal, ef you don't mind steppin' out behind the barn, out of hearin', I'd just as lief tell you, but it mite make feelin' if anybody should happen to hear me. There, sir, on this 'ere loz.

You see, I was young onct, jest about your age,—nigh onto nineteen, ain't you? Yes, so I reckoned. Wal, I was nineteen at about your age, and I spose I was everege smart. Leastwise, I hed a good bringin' up, and could read and rite and cipher very fair. When I was seventeen father put me to the cooper's trade. That was about the only trade there was in this town then, and Hingham buckets and boxes, ye know, used to be famous. Why, I remember when there warn't a house within two miles of father's that didn't have a cooper's shop to it, and they used to think a feller was an upstart that wanted to be anything but a cooper.

S'pose you know suthin' about gals yourself, don't you? Yes, so I reckoned. There ain't many boys with rich farthers like your'n but what knows gals enough, I'll ventur'. They're a curis set, and ought to be bewared of more'n they are; still, yet, I wouldn't say nothin' to set you agin 'em, as I as I dare say you have your own idees about 'em.

My experience began the summer after the Morrisons moved into the next house to my boss's. They was very respectable folks for them times, and good neighbors, fur's I know, but they had a gal about eighteen, who played the mischief in the village and set us fellows at sword's points in less than no time. The trouble was, she favored everybody in general and nobody in partickilar. But I rather had the advantage of the rest on 'em, as our shop was close to their garden and I had the best chance in the world to see her.

One day, when I was outside splittin' staves, she came out into the garden, and went to weedin' round amongst the beets and onions. I never spoke to her nor looked her in the face scurcely, and can cal'late how I felt when she come up to the fence and spoke to me.

"What's all them pieces for you're makin'?" says she.

'To make buckets on,' says I, and I s'pose I colored up likea biled lobster.

'I know that well enough,' says she; 'but what part of the buckets are they for?'

'Staves,' says I.

'Then you must be a staver,' says she, and she laughed like a good one at the joke, though somehow it didn't seem like much of a joke to me.

She was mighty handsome, no mistake; but she had such snappin' black eyes and such awful white teeth, that I wasn't quite certain whether I liked her or not. When she looked at you, you could sort of feel gimlet holes goin' through you, and when she laughed, you half believed she could bite as well if she took a notion. But I knew half the fellers were after her, and I was rather proud to have her take notice of me, who hadn't any money nor good looks in partikler for a recommend.

But there's no cal'latin on people's fancies. She came out to talk with me about every day that summer, and I fell dead in love with her. But for all that, she didn't give me no comfort. She was gallivantin' round with all the fellers. She would go to the beach and picnics and balls with one another while I couldn't afford to take her anywheres; and then she'd poke fun at me and sarse me a good deal more than I'd stand from anybody now.

It went on that way till I got pretty desperate, and one evenin', when I was setten' out on the pile of logs, she came out toward me and commenced jokin' and laughin' at me, as she allers did. She sat down on a log side of me, and I don't know how it was, but it was kind of dark, and finally, somehow, I had my arm round her waist. I liked it—he hanged if I didn't,—and I thought she did, and at last I kissed her all of a sudden. She gave me a stingin' slap side of the head, and says she:—

'There,' says she, 'don't you do that agin!'

But I did do it agin till I got pretty used to it, and after gittin' it on my tongue's end and swallerin' on it a dozen times, I finally blurted out as awk'ard as could be, and asked her if she'd have me.

'No! you great fool,' says she, and she jumped up and ran home.

I was pretty well took down, you'd better believe. I set on them logs for hours. The crickets were puttin' in their loudest, and that 'no' was ringin' in my ears like a cook shell. That's when I first noticed the crickets partikler, and I never hear 'em without thinkin' of that time. I felt awful bad, and they seemed as if they were tryin' to cheer me up. I was thinkin' no, no, no, all the time, and they were chirpin' yes, yes, yes.

For two or three months I didn't speak to the girl, nor hardly look at her. She allers looked up to the shop window when she went by, but I believed she was only tryin' to pester me, and so I only saw her out of the corner of my eye. One day, in the winter, I was at work alone in the shop. I was drivin' on hoops with a rap-tap-tap, rap-tap-tap, turnin' the bucket round between the taps—you've heard that sound often 'nough in Hingham—when who should pop in but Amoretta—that was her name—and set right down on a bench in front of me. We passed a how d'e do and said we were quite strangers, but didn't get to talkin' in the old way. She looked nicer'n ever, with her winter clo'es on, and a gap little kiss-me-quick on her head, and I did sort of wish things were in the old style; but I was bound I wouldn't be the first to mention it. She tried hard enough to draw me out, but I wasn't sure she wa'n't foolin', and I didn't take the bait at all.

Finally says she, 'John;' and says 'I What?'

'You didn't think I meant anything that night out on the logs, did you?'

'I thought I didn't need any dictionary,' says I.

'Why, John, I was only jokin,'' says she. 'I thought you knowed enough for that; but when I found you was such a fool, I was mad, and I thought I'd let you suffer for it. But I'm sorry now, and I hope you won't think nothin' more about it.'

'Do you mean it, Amoretta?' says I. 'Of course I do,' says she.

There wa'n't no more hoops drav on for one half hour, you can cal'late. I don't believe a fo'in-nich tub would hold all the kisses I give that girl, nor a dumb-betty tub nuther. And when she told me she had her fixin's all ready to be married, I felt as slick as a pile of chunks.

We was married in the spring, and father set me up with a cooper's shop of my own, and we went to housekeepin' regular fashion. For a while things was all honey, and then it begun to wear off a little. I found she hadn't forgot how to bore them gimlet holes in a fellow, and she showed them teeth of her'n a little too much for comfort. But I was allers ready to knock under, and kept the peace as if I was under a thousand dollar boodr. She allers said she didn't care much for children, and though she seemed to take to the first one well enough, I found I got riddled with the gimlet holes worse 'n ever.

The next two babies made the matter worse and worse, and I got in the way of staying at the shop all day and goin' over to the store of nights. Heavens knows I'd hev been glad to hev staid to home, but she had a habit of sayin' she didn't want me round in the way, and my room was better 'n my company.

But the twins come finally, and then I reckoned I *was* a goner. She laid 'em to me. With all the snap of her black eyes, and the grit of her white teeth, she laid 'em to me. If you only had a realizin' sense of what that meant, you'd think all the sins of all your grandfathers clear back to Adam was piled onto your blasted head. There wa'n't no peace now heres. When she couldn't houn' me in the house, she'd houn' me to the shop, and she'd send the boy to the store for me nights, just for the sake of houn'in' me when I got home. As she grew faircer 'n' faircer I grew meeker 'n' meeker. There wan't nothin' I wouldn't do to please her, and there wa'n't nothin' I could do to please her. The neighbors could hear her jawin' half a mile away, and she got so 't she jawed everybody that come near the house. The baker and the butcher had to take it, till they swore they wouldn't call again; and then I had to go for the bread and meat, and had to take it because I did have to go. 'Cordin to her talk, me and the five children was the cause of all the trouble there was in the world. If it rained Mondays, I was to blame, and if the bread didn't rise good, the twins had to take it. So, you see, between us all we had a pretty tough time.

Wal, things went on that way till about this time three years ago, when, all of a sudden, I found my wife had cleared out with five hundred dollars I had drawed out of the bank to pay on a mortgage on the house that was comin' due next day. To tell the truth, I missed the money the most, but I arranged the mortgage with a neighbor and said nothin' about the loss. Folks was a good deal more excited about it than I was, and wondered why I didn't try to hunt her up; but, thinks I to myself, five hundred dollars is gettin' red of her pretty cheap. Nobody could imagine where or how she had gone, only some of the neighbors had seen a peddler that stopped at the house a good deal, and said they shouldn't wonder if 'twas him.

What set other people to worryin' was a comfort to me. My sister came down from Snappit and kep' house for me, and we lived as quiet and contented as ever you see. The babies grew fat and handsome, and I got rid of my rheumatiz in less 'n two months.

And so it went on for just about a year, when one night I was stan'in out to the gate smokin' and listenin' to the crickets, as I allers had a fancy o' doin' ever since I popped the question, and was thinkin' how sort o' comfortable I was, when I see a woman comin' up toward the house. I reckoned it was some of the neighbors comin' in to see Selinda—that's my sister. It was so dark I couldn't see her face, but I thought it was Miss Puckers, a peaky old maid that lives down next to Smudge's, and you can cal'late I was kind of surprised when she come up to me and threw her arms around my neck and says, 'Oh John!' and then bust out a cryin' like a baby. The voice was so strange that I couldn't guess who it was. I was in a pretty fix, with a woman I didn't know hangin' on to my neck like a cask hoop, and me a grass widderer with three children and a pair of twins.

But when she said between her sobs 'Oh John, I wan't to come back,' I know'd her in a minute. It was Amoretta. I felt as if the great shadder of my life had come over me again, and I started back and left her stan'in' alone, and never said a word.

'Oh John,' says she again, coverin' her face with her hands and leanin' agin the gate post, 'do take me back. I know I have wronged you, but not as much as you think,' and then she clung to me again, and I almost give in. It was most as still as death. You could hear the corn grow, and the crickets chirp, and nothin' else but her sobs and my thick breath. I had always believed she had done me the worst of wrongs, and to hear her deny it gave a strange comfort. Should I believe her? The crickets said 'yes, yes, yes,' as they did when I sat on the pile of logs that bitter night; and I thought of the days when we first loved each other, and the same old feelin' came over me just as strong as ever. So I put my arms around her and kissed her, and she almost fainted away. I couldn't guess what was before me, but it was Amoretta, and for the sake of times long past I kissed her over and over again.

When she got so's to talk, she told me the whole story. She had gone off with the peddler. She took the five hundred dollars and give it to him, and they started for the West. But at Springfield he left the cars, to get a cigar, he said, and she never saw him again, though she thought he was in the smokin' car till she got to Albany, and then she found he had cleared. The poor soul was down. She didn't know a soul in Albany or anywheres about there, and she hadn't a cent of money, and she wouldn't 'a' let me known where she was for the world. For a long time she had to beg work from house to house to keep herself from starvin' till finally she was took sick and sent to the almshouse, where she like to died with a fever. When she got over it, she said she was a different woman. She told her story to some good folks she had worked for, and they advised her to come home and ask me to take her home. 'And now,' says she, 'John, do take me back. I have learnt to love you as we never did before, and I will be a better wife to you than ever you hoped to have; you shall never have a bitter word nor a sour look from me as long as I live. You were always good to me when I was the worst to you, and I am ashamed enough of all my past life. Take me back and love me ever so little, and I will be contented, if I can only be near you.'

What could I do but to say I'd forgive her, though I was afraid, even then, all the old shadder hadn't gone? But she was my wife that I had loved through thick and thin, and she was the mother of my five children, and I kissed her again and again to assure her I had really forgiven her.

And she has proved as a good as her word. She has turned out to be the best woman in the world. There's no more gimlet holes and no more savage teeth now, and the sorry old times seem now just like a dream. The sixth baby has made us as happy as happy can be, and when I listen to the crickets now, I only remember the night when Amoretta came back to me.

Shall we Meet Again.

The following is said to be one of the most brilliant articles ever written by the lamented George D. Prentice:

But the fiat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal for relief from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flowers that bloom and wither for a day have no frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men will appear and disappear as the grass, and the countless multitude that throng the world to-day, will disappear as the footsteps on the shore.

Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their own path, hiding from their eyes the traces of loved ones, whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of life and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to Pardise; and with Charles Lamb, we do not want to lie down in the grave even with princes for bed-fellows.

In the beautiful drama of Ion, the instinct of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds a deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to fate, his beloved Clemantha asks if they shall not meet again, to which he replies: "I asked that dreadful question of the hills that seemed eternal—of the clear streams that flow forever—of the stars among whose fields of azura my raised spirit had walked. As I look upon thy living face, I feel that there is something in thy love that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemantha.

The value of the present iron-clad fleet of England amounts to £8,177,000.

City and County Items.

The performance of the Beatty Troupe at Reed's Opera House last evening was up to the standard of their plays. They had a good and appreciative audience, and all enjoyed the laughable afterpiece very much. Their assistants, the Salem Dramatic Troupe, are steadily winning a first-class reputation, and will soon be able to walk alone.

We have been informed within the past few weeks of the sudden death of several milch cows in this city, but had not thought anything of it until yesterday. We were informed that a cow belonging to Mr. W. L. Wade, of North Salem, dropped dead a few minutes after she had been milked. We have heard of no disease being prevalent amongst these animals but it seems strange that the most valuable ones are acting in this unbecoming manner.

BUSINESS LIKE.—While standing on the platform waiting for the train yesterday we noticed a large pile of flour and general merchandise waiting transportation to Portland. Mr. Geo. Eades, Freight Agent, informed us that it would take three cars to carry it as there was about fifty four tons in all. The freight the day before was much heavier, it required five cars, four for flour,—which took about twenty tons apiece—and one for merchandise. The travel on the road is very good, a full car almost every trip.

CONCERT.—The adjourned monthly Missionary concert of the M. E. S. S., will take place at the M. E. Church this evening, at the usual hour for service. The following will be the programme for the occasion: Singing by the school, prayer, introductory address, singing by the school, essay, singing, dialogue, "What is a Christian;" singing, recitation, "The Far off Future;" singing, declamation, "Our Missionary Recruiting Ground;" duette, "The Rose and Lily;" recitation, "The Drowning Fly;" quartette, "Sweet By and Bye;" closing remarks, collection, singing, benediction.

RUNAWAY.—The four-in-hand, team which carries passengers to and from the depot, took fright while standing on the corner of Court and Front streets yesterday, and made a good start for a long run, but failed so to do, on account of the sidewalk in front of Cox & Earhart's store into which they ran. The damage to the coach was very slight, a broken pole was all. The lead horses were bruised and cut a little but not serious. The owners may congratulate themselves upon their good luck, for had the team kept clear of the walk, they would have had some trouble in separating the horses from the remains of the coach.

RAW HIDE TELEGRAPH.—We are informed by good authority, that an inventive genius whose unassuming cognomen is R. M. Bean, had began, or is about to begin, the construction of a Rawhide telegraph between this point and Tillamook Heads. This is a great undertaking but