

But at last there comes a  
gleam of hope; and "it never rains but it  
pours" One Brullinger of the Brullinger  
hill Oregon has, by a species of log-rolling  
under-hauling and dip-lo-mag but little  
known and still less relished by many politicians  
~~has~~ succeeded in opening the Qualatin River  
to navigation. And now occasionally of a  
clear morning we hear the sound of a  
steam whistle; and tho' perhaps it doesn't  
excite any more wonder and admiration among  
the ~~you~~ little folks than did the blazing of  
the first Jack introduced into the parts;  
the older folks think the undertaking will  
bring a great benefit. Then there is also  
the proposed plank and macadamized, which if  
carried out will make going to Portland an-  
other thing from what it is now. The Portland  
merchants ought certainly to be interested in this  
For if freight can be carried at as low a  
rate as the steamer proposes to carry it; many  
claim that the ~~the~~ merchants at Will's bar

kept me talking straight-ahead during my  
whole journey and ~~the~~ more too. Even as it  
was I think I injured my voice.

season will be short and only small crops  
but in

In one thing however we think  
"there's a good time coming." For years  
we have been toiling over bad roads to  
Dr. Portland, and some times it has seemed  
as if they were only getting worse and worse.  
I traveled over them a while ago when they were  
bad enough that not their word. - I managed  
to keep my temper till I came to a <sup>piece</sup> string  
of road lying just <sup>to</sup> the east <sup>or north east</sup> of Killbuck  
it was nothing but one string of deep stiff  
mud for miles, it seemed to me. Perhaps  
you may think that the people of that  
vicinity got a mind cursing. Not at all.  
I rather helped them. I wished them riches  
wisdom intelligence public spirit. and especi-  
ally ~~the~~ plenty of money to spend and a  
a strong <sup>and</sup> controlling desire to spend <sup>much</sup> ~~some~~ of it in improv-  
ing the roads. How many times I repeated  
these wishes I don't know. not so often tho'  
as I had occasion; for that would have



has been done towards putting in any  
spring crops. Some are apprehending a  
short sowing season, and small spring crops

We think however there's a good time  
coming. For years we have been toiling over bad  
roads to Portland, and it has seem'd as if matters  
kept getting worse and worse. I traveled over <sup>them</sup>  
once last winter when they were about their  
worst. I managed to keep my temper till I  
came to a piece of road ~~Lyons~~ <sup>east of Killbuck</sup> Lyons. It was  
one string of deep mud for miles, it seem'd  
to me. Perhaps you may think that the people  
of that vicinity vicinity ~~got~~ a cursing.  
Not at all. I assure you I'm more of  
a philosopher than that. "Bless the people  
of the vicinity," ~~we~~ <sup>I</sup> exclaimed; "may they be  
rich and prosperous; may they have wisdom  
, and intelligence, and public spirit. May they  
have much money to spend and a great desire  
to spend it in public improvements.  
How many times I had occasion to repeat  
this blessing I won't say Mr Editor.