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The Oregon Statesman.
ASARH BUSH, Proprietor and Editor.
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Advertisements—One square, (twelve lines or less) three insertions, \$1.00; for every additional insertion, \$1.00. A liberal deduction will be made for yearly, half and quarterly advertisements.
Transient advertisements must be pre-paid to insure insertion. Direct notices will not be published until paid for. Administrators notices, and all advertisements relating to estates of deceased persons, must be pre-paid, unless ordered published by the Probate Judge, and guaranteed to be paid by him. Notice to parties litigant, heirs, attachment, and all other legal notices, must be pre-paid, unless some responsible attorney guarantees payment.
All advertising notices not paid for within one year from the date of their publication, will be published for the year, additional, each year payment is neglected thereafter. All jobbing must be paid for when taken from the press.
Announcements of marriages and deaths will be published free but obituary or biographical notices, resolutions of societies, orders, &c., and poetry appended to marriage announcements, must be paid for before publication, at the rate of 10 cents per line. Communications, unless otherwise ordered, will not be paid for in advance, at the same rate.
In this paper are published the laws, resolutions and treaties of the United States, and the laws and resolutions of the Territory of Oregon, by authority.

For the Statesman.
We know what we say.
I stated some weeks since, that "T. J. Dryer of the Oregonian is an ignoramus" wholly unfit for either heaven or hell. I knew what I said, and when I now repeat on this platform, and the position of Mr. Dryer upon it, I meant nothing personal, disrespectful or unkind to that gentleman. I have known him for nearly twenty-five years. We had many points of sympathy when I first got acquainted with him. We were both comparatively boys—both struggling with poverty in a strange town for our support. I am a humble school teacher in the town of Winchester, and he a flourishing grocery clerk in the town of Salem. [Laughter.] He was more successful in his occupation than I, and hence became more fortunate in this world's goods. Mr. Lincoln is one of those particular men that have performed with admirable skill in every occupation that he ever attempted. I made as good a school teacher as I could, and when a cabinet maker I made the best beds, stands and tables, but my old boss said I succeeded better in bureaus and secretaries than in anything else. [Laughter.] But I believe that Mr. Lincoln was more successful in his business than I, for his business soon carried him directly into the legislature. There I met him in a little time, and I had a sympathy for him, because of the uphill struggle we had in life. [Cheers and laughter.] He was then as good as an angelic being as now. He could beat any of the boys at wrestling—could out run them at a foot race—beat them all in pitching quoits and tossing a copper, and could win more liquor than all the boys put together [laughter and cheers]; and the dignity and impartiality with which he presided at a horse race or a fist fight were the praise of everybody that was present and participated. [Renewed laughter.] Hence I had a sympathy for him, because he was struggling with misfortune and so was I.
Mr. Lincoln served with me, or I with him, in the legislature of 1856, when we were some years ago I lost sight of him. In 1846, when Wilcox raised the Wilcox proviso tornado, Mr. Lincoln again turned up as a member of congress from Sangamon district, I, being in the senate of the United States, was called to welcome him, then without friend and companion. He then distinguished himself by his opposition to the Mexican war, taking the side of the common enemy, in time of war, against his own country. [Cheers and groans.] When he returned home from that congress he found that the indignation of the people followed him everywhere, until he again retired to private life, and was submerged until he was forgotten again by his friends. He came up again in 1854, in time to make the abolition black republican platform, in company with Lovejoy, Giddings, Chase and Fred Douglass, for the Republican party to stand upon. Trumbull, too, was one of our own contemporaries. He was one born and raised in old Connecticut. Bred a federalist, he removed to Georgia, and there turned nullifier, when nullification was popular. But as soon as he disposed of his clocks and wound up his business, he emigrated to Illinois. When he got here, having turned politician and lawyer, he made his appearance in 1848—41 as a member of the legislature, and became noted as the author of a scheme to repudiate a large portion of the state debt of Illinois, and thus bring infamy and disgrace upon the fair sateen of our glorious state. The odium attached to that measure consigned him to oblivion for a time. I walked into the house of representatives and replied to his repudiation speeches until we carried resolutions over his head, denouncing repudiation, and asserting the moral and legal obligation of Illinois to pay every dollar of debt, she owed every bond-bearing her signature. Trumbull's malignity toward me arises out of the fact that I defeated his infamous scheme to repudiate the state debt and state bonds of Illinois.

How Alligators are Caught Down South.
When I was in the West Indies, government offered a bounty for alligator hides. All sorts of traps were put into requisition, but the game was too knowing, and avoided all places which bore the slightest suspicion of foul play. Bullets had no effect on their general health, and there seemed but little prospect of making anything out of it. All attempts proved failures, and were on the point of being given up, when a Yankee appeared on the ground who thought there might be a chance for a speculation after all. First he set about studying the habits of the animal and noticed among other peculiarities, that when it came out of the water early in the morning it walked up the embankment, probably in quest of food, and when returning, took the same track invariably, and entered the water at the same spot from whence it emerged. He then procured a stout stick in the morning excursion in its path, it might be seen walking slowly and with the great apparent caution, but never to leave its track. Our observing Yankee took his measures accordingly. Watching his opportunity when the alligator leaves his swamp, he crawls noiselessly after it, and plants a thin stick into the sand directly in the middle of the row made by the reptile's tail; then following it by a round about way, marks the spot where it turns to its furrow. Alligator, when entering, he sees his stick, he spies stick No. 1, right ahead of him in his track. He stops, eyes it attentively for a minute or two, during which time he is supposed to exclaim, mentally, "Well, there'll bet five dollars somebody has been here and put up a trap." &c. (Yankee mentally defies him to put up his money)—Alligator suspects, and declines walking over that stick, consequently turns about, and with a negative flourish of his latter end, implying strong doubts as to any boy's ability to come it over him, wends his way back to the other end of his journey when he meets stick No. 2, meets it astonished gaze. He stops, ruminating in his mind what all this means, and declares that he never saw the likes of it, and muttering and growling turns to go home. He walks along thoughtfully until he comes to stick No. 1, and there the poor creature keeps walking back and forth between the two sticks until he gets so used up that—
—New Haven Journal.

How Alligators are Caught Down South.
The position of the traveler in this unhappy territory is well illustrated by the following story related by a Kansas correspondent of the Boston Journal:
An unfortunate fellow during the troubles here two years since, while riding away from home one morning, was met by an armed band, who inquired his politics. He replied that he was a free state man. The company, which was composed of pro-slavery men, immediately "cased" him of his watch and money and left him.
Continuing his journey, he was met before long by another armed company, whose captain stopped him, and asked to which side he belonged. The frightened traveler, supposing all the robbers to be like the first party, promptly replied that he was pro-slavery. This band, which chanced to be free state, immediately took his horse from him and left him to go on foot.
He continued his trip, however, and just at night was stopped by a third band, who asked the old question. The unfortunate traveler was fairly non-plussed, but at last he asked:
"Gentlemen, what are your politics? It doesn't make the slightest difference to me, only whichever side you may happen to belong to, I agree with you perfectly."
The Southern Literary Messenger draws a portrait of a certain type of the "old man":
"The morals of Sally Magann are—discoverers. These it adores. For these, it discovers its small capacities of needle and thread; and concerning these, next to 'wet goods' and theatres, its giggly gabbling is affluent beyond all measure. To sew on a button for a preacher, to visit his wife, to embroider a pair of slippers for him, to be spoken of in his will, to affectate all about in the street, to kiss his children to death, is the first joy of S. Magann. How it hangs upon his lips, as it sits in a pew, and pushes up its bonnet slipping from the back of its head! Its fervent prayers that the Lord will deliver him into the hands of a suitable helpmate! Its anonymous letters of gratitude for his refreshing sermons! Its begot, boquets! Could it be privileged to make a robe de nuit for the right young minister, it would willingly dare."
But its destiny rarely comprehended the better halving of pulpits. Generally it advances by distinct, but rapid metamorphoses, from old-maidism; in which case, the sour element in its nature, is seriously increased and aggravated; for a Sally Magann acquires hercer than any other variety of female. On the other hand, it may, as heretofore intimated, marry. Its destiny then includes early widowhood, an unprospering, unkept child or two, and a most dreary after-existence of untidiness and paregoric.

AN INDIAN LOVER.—Miss Bishop, the writer of "Floral Home," who went to Minnesota as a teacher, received an offer of marriage from an Indian. He came to her dwelling decked in all his finery—scarlet flannel, rings, feathers, newly scoured brass ornaments, and bear's claws,—and through an interpreter, announced to her that she must be his wife. It was urged that he had one wife. He replied, "all the band have as many as they can keep, and I have but one." As an extra inducement, he promised that she could have the best corner of the lodge, hunt by his side, and eat with him, while the dark squaw was to hush the papoose, cook the food, carry the game, hoe the corn, and provide wood and water. Miss Bishop, a little in fear of the "green-eyed monster," even if the other claimant did hold an inferior position, declined the distinction. The Indian then begged a dollar to buy a shirt, and left with a haughty air. Next day he was drunk.—But Miss Bishop's associate almost fared worse. She had only been a few weeks in the country, and was ignorant of Indian customs. A young warrior smitten with her, called often. Hoping to be rid of him, she gave him a ring. He interpreted it as a token of partiality, and returned to take her to his lodge. The next day he again returned, with six young braves, to compel her to go with him. Explanations and interference saved her.

AN OLD GUN.—On Pacific street, below Front, is to be seen an old relic of Spanish pride and Spanish power. It is a gun made of mixed metal—copper and silver—and measured sixteen feet in length. This piece of ordnance was cast in 1628. It came into existence at the time when the germs of a powerful nation were springing up on the American continent, and now when that nation has arrived at the summit of glory and power, the old gun reposes in the streets of one of its cities on the Western coast of the American hemisphere. The old piece is still capable of doing good service and should not be allowed to repose in the ignominious obscurity and filth of the gutter.—*S. F. Call.*

The Two Villages.
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All around it the forest trees
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