

THE OREGON SPECTATOR.

**ADVANTAGES OF INDUSTRY.**—The mechanic whose hammer is heard from 4 o'clock in the morning until 10 at night, if in debt, will soon get out.

But he who has plenty of work on hand and is seen lounging about the streets, may look out for *Hyde!*

For the Oregon Spectator.

**MR. EDITOR**—In resigning the office of Marshal of Oregon, justice to myself and to the public requires, perhaps, that I should give my reasons for doing so.

There is no tie that binds a civil government in the bonds of amity and peace, that insures its prosperity and elevates its character so much as that contained in the single word—**JUSTICE**. In offering my reasons for resigning the office, it does not come within my province to speak of the general principles of government, but it does to speak of one principle which has received, in all republican governments, the support of the most virtuous men, the highest minds, the ablest pens, and most eloquent tongues. The good are ever its advocates; the wise know well its benefits; and even they who are guilty in the eyes of justice, admit the necessity of her presence. But, alas! the former are too often heedless of danger, while the latter are violating it.

The faithful pages of history furnish innumerable examples of the baneful effects of private as well as national injustice; and we fear that our own history will add to the examples of both. From the first organization of this government up to the time of my appointment as marshal of Oregon by the legislature, I served as sheriff. The duties of my office I discharged with alacrity to the best of my ability, and which were by no means light, and were performed at no small personal sacrifice; for which I received a few dollars—nominally nothing. I feel assured that justice to the government does not require, and duty to myself will not allow me to hold the office longer without remuneration, as my personal circumstances will not permit of my making any longer such a sacrifice.

And here I would ask if the even hand of justice has borne on all officers of the government alike? If the principles of those who govern seem to have been written by the hand of virtue and their subjects EQUALLY expounded by justice? And if the acts of those who sit in the hall, sacred to justice, have been such as to brighten our page of history and such as should be transmitted as examples to the rising generation? or do they not, on the contrary, appear to have been in opposition to the American character, and such as to soil the sacred robe of justice—tarnish the brightness of the sword, and force the scales she holds from their equal position.

J. L. MEEK,  
Ex. Marshal of Oregon.  
February 5, 1846.

**UNCERTAINTY OF THE LAW.**—A man falls into a dispute with his neighbor; runs to his counsel; tells his story in his own way; forgets those facts which are against him; relates the rest with that sort of exaggeration which is natural to a party; undertakes to prove the whole case as he has stated it, and asks for legal redress. After such an examination, a suit is instituted; the trial comes on; the plaintiff's witnesses are heard; they reduce in a great degree the coloring which the party himself had given; the defendant's witnesses prove many new facts, which totally change the complexion of the case—it is decided in favor of the defendant, and the plaintiff ever after complains of—the uncertainty of the law.

The fault, it is evident, was in himself. If he had told the truth in the first instance, he might have saved his money, time and temper.

From the Glasgow (Mo.) Pilot  
**LEARNING.**

"Would you be still more learned than the learned, Learn well to know how much need not be learned."

At this late day nobody need be lectured about the importance of learning—every one acknowledges it. When, then, men everywhere appreciate the advantages of learning, and are ready to avail themselves of every opportunity to obtain it, we need not tell them to do what they know ought to be done. We need not tell them to labor, and labor without ceasing, for a treasure so valuable—and one that cannot be obtained without it. Money cannot buy it—money may purchase books and employ teachers, but labor must do the most essential part—it must glean from the books and the instruction of teachers the **LEARNING** which they possess.

But *how* to learn is a secret not known to all—how to select the wheat and reject the chaff—how to sift *truth* from *error*, and store the immortal mind with nothing that will not be useful in our journey through life. If we take every thing *indiscriminately*, as taught by books or living instructors, we will take much—very much—useless, nay, hurtful trash. Few men have ever spoken or written nothing but truth—few, even among those who have made teaching a business, and who ought to be, and perhaps are, as perfect as it is possible for frail man to become. Our books and teachers of law, medicine, religion—every thing—are full of errors and should be watched with scrutiny—receiving the good and rejecting the bad—treasuring up *truth* and discarding *error*.

And finally, if you would be more learned than your books or your teachers, and the whole world before you, *learn well to know how much need not be learned.*

**A NUISANCE.**—Of all nuisances 'on the face of the globed airth,' perhaps there is none that *quite* comes up to that of the professed public wrangler on religious topics. By this term, we mean the man who makes a business of going around the country and challenging every minister of eminence to a public discussion on some mooted point of theology, and sometimes even on the nature, designs, and attributes of the **DEITY**. Not many divines of standing have escaped a challenge from some one or other of these religious lazaroni; but few, if any, to their honor be it written, have ever bestowed any notice on such challenges. Once in a while, however, some one of these over-zealous champions of a cause that needs not their aid, meets with a brother wrangler of a different faith, who is not unwilling to meet him in a public discussion, at a shilling a head. But such occasions almost invariably end in quarrels and personal abuse; and then the two combatants not unfrequently exhibit the effect of their own religious faith on their own tempers and practice in such wise as to call up the blush of shame on the countenance of the true christian, confirm the old infidel in his unbelief, and make ten new scornors, while their labors convert not a solitary sinner from the error of his ways. The presumption of many of these itinerant disputants, is hardly exceeded by their ignorance, great as that frequently is; but their vanity and self-complacency far outstrip either of these qualities. A friend the other day, in describing one of these religious gladiators, who by the by has been striving for the last twenty years to make a noise in the world, but without success, observed, that he belonged to that class of beings who are always chin deep in difficulties themselves, and yet fancy they are especially set apart by God to help *Him* out of dilemmas!—*Knickerbocker.*

From the New Orleans Picayune.

**A STEAMBOAT AGROUND.**

Every person who has at any time passed up Tchoupitoulas street, near St. Mary's market, must have observed the pair of tall steamboat chimneys elevated over the door in front of Long, Aldrich & Smith's sheet-iron and stove establishment. The other night two drunken flatboatmen came round the corner of St. Joseph street, arm in arm, with a wide lurch, and brought up against a fence.

"Hallo! hallo! hallo!" said one of our heroes, staring with all his eyes at the chimneys across the street—"Simon, my boy, stick her in fast for shore, or we shall be run over—hallo! there ahead!—stranger, give her a lick back or you'll be over us!"

Simon rolled up his eyes, and thought the stars were sparks from the chimneys, while the fire doors below remained closed.

happened to grasp a loose board of the fence, and thinking it was his oar, he commenced rowing with an energy peculiar to men when terror stricken in drink.

"Stop! stop! stop! Simon," said the other again, "Keep cool! keep cool! look, I believe she is only wooding after all!"

Without any joke at all, the two boatmen were confusedly if not stupidly blue, but with the faintest glimmering of sense left, and just sight enough to see and know the steamboat chimneys towering with their broad white tops right in front of them. As if to complete the illusion, a large steamboat came puffing down the river, close in shore, at the moment, with a loud *whuh! whuh! whuh!* that at once confirmed the terror of the benighted navigators.

"Look out! look out there!" bellowed Simon, with desperate and shrieking energy of tone, "Back her, stranger! back her, or by thunder you'll be over us!"

They both now pulled off their coats in rapid haste, and went to work at the loose boards, rowing away at them ready to break their backs or strain their shoulder blades.

"What in heaven's name, are you doing there, man?" said an astonished passer-by, who stopped to observe these extraordinary proceedings.

"Lend a hand! lend a hand!" roared Simon and his companion with one voice; "all-fired wrath, don't you see the steamboat right over us? There, by thunder, the thing's out—here we go!"

A section of the old fence had been swaying with their united efforts—a motion which they imagined was the rocking of the flatboat in the steamboat swell—and now gave way with a crash, falling inward, and pitching the two bacchanalians into a puddle of water in the lumber yard. There our informant left them, to find their way out as soon as they were damp and cold enough to get sober. They were thoroughly convinced that their boat was smashed, and that they were bound for the little back parlor of David Jones, Esq., for the last words they uttered as they grasped hands in the puddle, were—

"Hezekiah, good by, Hezekiah."

"Good by, Simon, Amen!"

**THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.**—Who is perfect? or so perfect that he can say to others, "be as I am, righteous in all things. Think, act, and speak as I do, and thou art perfect." He that would assume this to himself would be set down by all the world as a self-important simpleton, yet it is nothing more than many arrogate to themselves, though *ingenuously* concealed, when they are complaining of the vices of others. If more virtue were practiced and less professed, the world would be better.—*Queenberry.*

**ONE EVIL BETTER THAN TWO.**—A merchant having sustained a considerable loss, desired his son not to mention it to any body. The youth promised silence, but at the same time requested to know what advantage could attend it. "If you divulge this loss," said the father, "we shall have two evils to support instead of one—our own grief, and the joy of our neighbors."

**GENTILITY.**—"I'd have you to know, Mrs. Stoker, that my uncle was a *bannister* of the law!" "A fig for your *bannister*," retorted Mrs. Crabb, turning up her nose, and putting her arms a-kimbo, "havin't I a cousin as is a *corridor* in the navy?"

Eels have been skinned ever since Noah came out of the ark; and printers have been cheated out of their just dues, ever since the Orientals printed with blocks of wood; yet neither do the eels get used to being skinned nor printers to being fleeced.

This argues great obstinacy on the part of eels and printers.

**A FLAME.**

Rusticus wrote a letter to his love, And fill'd it full of warm and fond desire; He hop'd to raise a *flame*—and so he did; The lady put the nonsense in the fire.

If a friend ask a favor, you should grant it if it is reasonable; if it is not, tell him plainly why you cannot. You will wrong yourself, and wrong him, by equivocations of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend, or to keep one; the man that requires you to do so, is dearly purchased at such a sacrifice. Deal kindly but firmly with all men; you will find it the policy which wears best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not.

ANECDOTES.

**A LOBSTER STORY.**—We have fish stories, snake stories, bear stories, all sorts of stories, and now for a change, suppose we have a lobster story:—

A man had just received a large lot of lobsters, fresh and lively, when a boy stood looking at the critters, accompanied by his dog.

"Suppose you put your dog's tail between the lobster's claw," said the man; "Agreed," said the boy. The dog was extracted from the claw, and the dog's tail inserted. Away went the dog off home, howling at the squeeze his tail got from the lobster. "Whistle your dog back, you young scamp, you," cried the man. "Whistle your lobster back," cried the boy, and absquatulated. The boy made a lobster supper that night.

**TAPPING.**—After a consultation, several physicians decided that a dropsical patient should be "tapped." Upon hearing of the decision of the doctors, a son of the sick man approached him and exclaimed, "Father, don't submit to the operation, for there never was any thing tapped in our house that lasted more than a week."

**ABSENCE OF MIND.**—A gentleman on Third street intended to take a dose of Omas's Bonaset Pills on going to bed, instead of which he laid the pills on the bed, and swallowed himself. He did not discover his mistake till he tried to dress himself in the morning.

A clergyman catechising the youth of his church, put the first question from the catechism to a girl:

"What is your consolation in life and in death?" The poor girl smiled, but did not answer. The priest insisted.

"Well, then," said she, "since I must tell, it is the young Printer on Walnut street."

**BAR ELOQUENCE.**—May it please the honorable court and gentlemen of the jury—the defendant in this case, wilfully and maliciously, with all the fury of a fiend, emerged from the wild wilderness with all the terrific grandeur of a roaring lion, and with his gigantic strength he did then and there, seize my inoffensive client by the collar—and tore his shirt!

**THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.**—"Pa," said a fashionable educated farmer's daughter, "if I should marry a farmer, what shall I do with my *French*?" "Call the chickens, let 'em sy, call the chickens!"

An old bar, for being laughed at by a party of pretty girls, told them that they were small potatoes.

"We may be small potatoes," replied one of the maidens, "but we are sweet ones."

**NO DOWN.**—"I see," said a young lady to her mother, "that some booksellers advertise blank declarations for sale. I wish I could get one."

"Why," asked her mother,

"Because Mr. B—— is too modest to ask me to marry him, and perhaps if I could fill a blank declaration, with the 'question,' he would sign it."

"Say, Uncle Ben, what o' animals are them 'ere punkins that are all over black, a most blue and a little reddish?" "Them, John, them, are called egg plants—vegetable eggs." "Eggs! Well, I swan, I should like to see one o' em hatched, to see what sort o' critters vegetable an."

"Hallo, Mr. Engine man, can't you stop your steamboat a minute or two?" "Stop the boat! what for?" "Wife wants to look at your boiler: she's afraid of its bursting."

An odd sort of a genius having stopped in a mill, was looking with apparent astonishment at the rotary movements of the machinery, when the miller, thinking to quiz him, asked him if he had heard the news?

"Not as I know on," says Jonathan, "what is it?"

"Why," replied the miller, "they say the devil is dead."

"By jings," he exclaimed, "is he? who tends the mill?"

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