

Among the volunteers was a "gentleman's son"—a full private, who heartily sick of rainy weather, mud, and no shelter, first went to his captain with his complaints, but meeting with no particular sympathy, resolved to have a talk with General Taylor himself. Arrived at the commander's quarters, the General was pointed out to him, but he was rather incredulous. "That old fellow General Taylor? Nonsense!" Satisfied, however, that such was even the case, he marched up and rather patronizingly, opened his business.

"General Taylor I believe?"
 "Yes sir."
 "Well, General, I'm devilish glad to see you—am I indeed?" The General returned the civility.

"General, you'll excuse me, but since I've been here I've been doing all I could for you—have, indeed; but the fact is, the accommodations are very bad—are, indeed; mud, sir! actually mud!—bleeged to lie down in it, actually; and the fact is, General, I'm a gentleman's son, and not used to it!"

The General no doubt deeply impressed with the fact of having a gentleman's son in his army, expressed his regret that such annoyances should ever exist, under any circumstances, in a civilized army.

"Well—but, General, what am I to do?"
 "Why, really, I don't know, unless you take my place."

"Well, now, that's civil—'tis indeed. Of course don't mean to turn you out, but a few hours' sleep—a cot or a bunk, or anything—would be so refreshing! Your place—where is it, General?"

"Oh, just drop down—anywhere about here—any place about camp will answer!" The look which the "gentleman's son" gave the General was rather peculiar.

"Well, no wonder they call you 'Rough and Ready!'" said he; and amid the smiles of all but "Rough and Ready" himself, the "gentleman's son" returned to take his chance of the weather.—*Reveille.*

A QUAKER WITH A LITTLE OF OLD ADAM.—A young man, the son of a wealthy and respectable Quaker, of Penn. enlisted a few days since with Lieut. McClay, the gentlemanly recruiting officer now in this city.—The next day his father came to see him, "Joseph," said the old gentleman, "was thee sober when thee consented to take up carnal weapons?" Yes *sir*—I wasn't anything else," responded the son. "Here is some money, Joseph," rejoined the father, without moving a muscle of his hard features, "and when thee gets on the field of battle, thou wilt bear in mind that Anthony Wayne was a Pennsylvanian, and that thou art my son." So saying, without another word, the old man departed.—*Trenton News.*

COOLNESS EXTRAORDINARY.—We were much amused the other day with the "Major's" story of his first adventure in jewelry. In due time, the "Major" got married, as all young folks are bound to do, and in course of time he found himself in New Orleans with an extra hundred dollars in his pocket. Determined to do things up handsomely in the way of presenting his wife with some costly present, he marched into a jewelry store, resolved to spend thirty or forty dollars for trinkets, under the delusion that a sum so enormous would buy "every thing and more too." The ever attentive clerk waited on his summons, and handed out a variety of the "low prices," varying from one dollar to fifty. The "Major" examined the assortment with a critical eye, felt of his forty dollars with a grandiloquent air, and ordered something expensive, fancying that it would reach up as high as "three tens." The clerk placed upon the glass case two morocco covered boxes, which, upon being opened, presented a variety of necklaces and finger rings. The "Major" eyed the collection in a very critical manner, and said that he would take "the largest box," demanded the price while pulling out his wallet.

"You can," said the clerk with solemnity, "have that box for ten thousand dollars." Internally the "Major" felt astonished; outside he was cool as a cucumber—the price had gone 'over his pile' and his expectations, just nine thousand nine hundred and seventy-five dollars. With a *sang froid* that sunk into the heart of the clerk, he said:

"Is that the highest priced jewelry you have in your store?"
 The clerk said "it was just then."

"Well," drawled the Major, waving his hand somewhat in the style of Julius Caesar, "this don't cost enough to suit me," and with a swing of grandeur he left the store.



THE SPECTATOR.

GEO. L. CURRY, EDITOR.—W. P. HUDSON, PRINTER.

Oregon City, Nov. 11, 1847.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We shall give our earliest attention to our correspondents, and several articles which have been on hand some time, shall have a place in our next.

WASHINGTONIANS.—An adjourned meeting of the "Washingtonian Temperance Society" will be held at the City Hotel on Saturday evening next.

AT HOME.—After an absence of three weeks, in which we have been engaged in taking a look at the country about the mouth of the Columbia, we find ourselves at home and at our post again, in the enjoyment of health and cheerful spirits. We were gone longer than we had anticipated, yet not half long enough to satisfy us in our explorations. We have seen much that has gratified us and that which has convinced us that much of the best portion of Oregon is yet unsettled. From time to time we shall take pleasure in laying before our readers such sketches of our little travel as we trust may not be entirely uninteresting. Our indebtedness to our friends Mr. Hudson our publisher, and Dr. Prigg for their attentions to the Spectator during our absence we take this opportunity to acknowledge.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Last evening, about dark, YEL-LAH-CUS, the principal chief of the Indians living on the opposite bank of the river, walked past our office, and when opposite Mr. McKinley's residence, fell suddenly to the ground and almost immediately expired. Upon inquiry, we learned that he had had a quarrel with a white man just previously, and it is presumed that the excitement incident thereto, or an unlucky blow received therein, was the occasion of death.

MORE IMMIGRANTS.—SOUTHERN ROUTE.—Two more companies of immigrants, one of eleven and the other of sixteen wagons have arrived by the Southern route. They surprised the people at the head of the valley by rolling into the settlements before they were known to be on the road. They had halted in the neighborhood of the Forks of the Willamette. Their teams are represented to be in good condition. Ten head of cattle were stolen by the Indians, otherwise they experienced no loss. Two of the Indians engaged in the cattle stealing were killed.

We have a report that there is another company of forty wagons on this road.
 Late last evening, after the above was put in type, we received a letter containing some interesting facts concerning the travel of the two companies above mentioned, which we are constrained to defer to another number.

COLD WEATHER.—For the last few days we have been experiencing unusually cold weather for this season of the year—regular blasts from the vicinity of 54 40. On Tuesday night ice was formed about our vicinity of the thickness of three fourths of an inch. We rule it to be out of the order of things and contrary to good nature that the approaching winter should be as severe as the last was.

A LIGHTHOUSE ON CAPE DISAPPOINTMENT.—Our fellow citizens at the Mouth of the Columbia are anxious to get a temporary lighthouse constructed upon Cape Disappointment, believing, and very correctly too we think, that such an achievement would greatly forward the interests of Oregon. In furtherance of this object they have started a subscription paper and have already subscribed two hundred dollars. It is contemplated that the expense of the work required will not exceed six hundred dollars, as it is only intended to answer temporary purposes, under the conviction that the United States, upon the extension of her jurisdiction, will most certainly erect a good and substantial work of the kind upon the Cape, which the purposes of commerce will assuredly demand. The subscription paper, wherein the undertaking is more fully explained, may be seen at this office. We should think that at least three hundred dollars, one half of the contemplated expense, might be obtained in the seven remaining counties; this is all that Clatsop desires, and if more should be required her citizens will make it up themselves.

Sketches of Oregon, No. 4.

ASTORIA.

After rambling and scrambling along the beach of the bay-like indentation of the Columbia river below Tongue point, and then climbing through the interlaced brush to the fir-covered ridges of the mountain to avoid precipitous bluffs and the encroachments of the flood tide, we found ourselves at the end of a morning's tiresome walk on a knoll near the river bank, that some thirty odd years ago constituted the foundation of one of the bastions of Fort Astoria. There are little evidences remaining of the once strong post that guarded an infant trade in its dangerous adventures in the heart of the wide wilderness. Change has laid violent hands upon the stockades and bastions, and the mildness of unassuming peace with the cornucopia of the humble and more useful arts, have converted into more agreeable forms the harsh appearances of other times.

Astoria—or Fort George, as it was called after it fell into English hands during the last war—the early history of which has been so admirably told by our distinguished countryman Washington Irving, is as yet but a small settlement, but its favorable site and numerous advantages incline us to the belief that it will one day be the home of a large and prosperous population. We would not cede Astoria to the single claim of Messrs. Shively and Welsh, for it must encompass in its growth, the seaward jutting points, the commanding heights, the gentle slopes and pleasant vales from "Young's Bay" to "Tongue Point." This must be a natural consequence of the situation of that piece of country, constituting as it does, at various periods of the year, a tolerably good harbor for shipping. The requirements of commerce and its connection therewith will necessarily mould its character and facilitate the development of its resources.

The soil about this section of the country is very good, and its productive qualities are fully tested by abundant crops. We might instance those of Messrs. Shortess, Welsh, Col. McClure, and others. Among many pleasant things that attracted our notice, we were glad to observe that our fellow-citizens who have settled in and around Astoria, appeared to be highly satisfied with their situation and prospects. Truly, this is a happy circumstance, for "a rolling stone gathers no moss," and no settler should undertake to plant his stake without carefully considering his chances for contentment and satisfaction. After passing a few happy hours in the agreeable society of the hospitable Astorians, we proceeded across "Young's Bay" to visit the famous

CLATSOP PLAINS.

We quickly ascended the "Skipanon," and successfully accomplished the variety of crooks and turns necessary to its navigation, and landed two miles from its mouth, at the residence of Mr. Raymond, a gentleman of intelligence, industry and enterprise, who seemed to "huckle" to labor with that determination which must ever ensure success. Onward we went for a couple of miles through a "neck of woods," and reached the commencement of the "Plains." It was a pleasant sight as we stood at the edge of the timber and looked out upon the open and seaward-stretching country beyond us, with its snug looking farm houses and cultivated fields. Why this section of country is called "plains," we do not know, and perhaps the misnomer is of little consequence—a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." The settlement known as "Clatsop," extends along the coast about twenty-five miles, and its greatest width is not quite two miles. A succession of luxuriantly grass-covered ridges or gentle "divides"—as though the waves of the sea, as they rolled landward, had been suddenly transformed into productive soil—traverse it lengthwise. Between these "divides" are the plains, or valleys, of various breadth, and the hand of art, assisting nature, has made them beautiful in the prolific growth of the necessities of life. Wild clover and nutritious grasses cover the elevations and valleys, which afford unfailing sustenance to large bands of cattle that are continually roaming at large over them, and are a certain profit to their owners. Back near the borders of the forest are extensive cranberry marshes, which, in the proper season, furnish abundant supplies of this most desirable delicacy; indeed, almost every settler there has his cranberry patch upon his claim.

We could tell much of the productiveness of the Clatsop soil did we deem it essential; we could say that we had seen the largest kind of potatoes, and "heaps" of them, raised with but little labor and attention—one of which, taken without any selection from a heap of such, we find weighs two pounds, and measures over ten inches in length, and four inches through. Turnips, round, as large round as you hat, (we don't care how large a brim your hat has,) and we had almost said other things in proportion. Well, whilst Clatsop produces her abundant crops, she can boast particularly of her vegetables, part of a cargo of which the bark Whiton has taken to regale the poor Californians upon, and paid down the ready "rhino" for them. Let the people of Clatsop go on in improving, and avoid the trouble-creating administration of Lynch-law, and they will, most assuredly, enjoy a high degree of prosperity.

In our next sketch we design to speak somewhat of our explorations, and a new and unsettled country on the northern side of the mouth of the Columbia.

LAST FOR OFFICE.—It would appear really that some of our good fellow citizens have lost their wits and are running mad for office. Some will have honors whether or no, and we understand that one of our distinguished functionaries has gone to the States in two ships—that another, after receiving some thousand dollars worth of the real "yellow boys," started in the height of desperation in a Chinook canoe to go around along the coast, in order to head off the one on board of two ships—that one of the members of the late "Yamhill Convention" instead crossing the Mountains on snow-shoes and is sure of being in at the death—that we ourselves had gone thither, in as much as we were absent at the mouth of the river;—well! really, we might have gone had we found ships, canoes, or snow-shoes disengaged.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—On Saturday morning the 30th ult., a young man named Henry Wallace, in the employ of our pilot Mr. Reeve, was drowned in the Columbia river below Tongue point. He is company with Mr. John Edmunds, on the evening of the day previous started from Fort George in a sail boat for the purpose of going to the vessels which were at that time passing through Tongue Point Channel.—During the severe storm of the morning of the 30th ult. their boat was capsized, they succeeded however in regaining it, but some five or six hours afterwards Mr. Wallace from exhaustion, we suppose, could not maintain his hold upon the boat and was drowned.—There was a very heavy sea prevailing at the time and the darkness of the storm, which continued until the next day, concealed the distressing circumstance from view. Mr. Edmunds, on the boat drifted by Fort George, with the tide, several times, until, fortunately, on the Monday morning following, about day break, he succeeded in getting to shore near Wilson's ware-house. He had barely strength sufficient to enable him to reach Astoria, where he remained with his friends for some time in a very critical situation. We are happy to state that our last information assures us of his recovery.

WHIG OR DEMOCRAT?—It appears that some of our friends were pained during our absence to doubt our being a democrat. When the occasion calls for it it will be time sufficient to test our democracy. In the mean time we assure our readers be they democrats or whigs, protestant or catholics, American, English, French, Scotch, Irish or Dutch, that we will endeavor to do our duty in making them a newspaper and in giving them an idea, if possible, of whatever is going on of any account in the various parts of this busy and fractious world, and in return for which we ask their undivided support.

Military Posts on the Oregon Route.

From the following it will be seen that Government are at last taking steps to construct Military Posts on the route to Oregon. "Better late than never," yet better that it were not done than only half done.

WAR DEPARTMENT, March 31, 1847.

Sir: I am instructed by the President to request that you will cause to be raised in the State of Missouri, and organized at the earliest practicable period, to serve during the war with Mexico, unless sooner discharged, one Regiment of Mounted Volunteers, to consist of—

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| 1 Colonel, | } Field & Staff. |
| 1 Lieutenant Colonel, | |
| 1 Major, | |
| 1 Adjutant—a Lieutenant in addition to the Lieutenants of Companies, | } Non-commissioned Staff. |
| 1 Sergeant Major | |
| 1 Quartermaster Sergeant, | |
| 1 Principal Musician, | |
| 2 Chief Buglers, and | |
| 10 Companies, each of which to consist of | |
| 1 Captain, | |
| 1 First Lieutenant, | |
| 2 Second Lieutenants, | |
| 4 Sergeants, | |
| 4 Corporals, | |
| 2 Buglers, | |
| 1 Blacksmith and Farrier, and | |
| 80 Privates. | |

Should the number of privates, on being mustered, not fall below sixty-four effective men per company, that number will be received.

You are requested to designate some convenient place of rendezvous, (regard being had to the facilities of transportation, to the place of destination,) for the several companies as fast as they shall be organized, and where they will be further organized into a Regiment. The Regiment will be inspected and mustered into service by an office or