

# OREGON SPECTATOR.

D. J. SCHNEELY, EDITOR.

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## THE OREGON SPECTATOR:

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

DEVOTED TO THE MORAL, SOCIAL AND LITERARY INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE OF OREGON.

Robert Moore, Proprietor.

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## POETRY.

For the Spectator.

**For the Spectator.**  
Poetry To  
A variety flowers of virgin spring,  
That bloom when my spirit stings,  
Like watching brooks low murmuring,  
It left its murmurs on my mind,  
For ever than vision ever told,  
The robes of the heart's pure slumber,  
Dearest to me than flowers of gold,  
Softness as of the deep blue sky,  
When evening stars look softly down,  
On the sweet moon in purity,  
And beauty of the golden fern,  
When morning life its strains sing,  
And spare the earth with golden hues,  
When the sweet land of music sings,  
And flowers drink the dewy dew,  
Awakening heaven awake on earth,  
The silence of the night is fled,  
The beauty of a earth's sweet birth,  
I smugled birth, of the dead.

At a late festival, a pretty miss waited upon an editor with a pie plate of antique manufacture, in the center of which he espied the following couplet:  
"The sweet knot  
Is the piece of this?"  
This excited his naturally amorous disposition, and as soon as opportunity presented, he motioned the young lady to his side, and pointed with his knife to the lines, said: "Your pie is really whenever you present your bill!"

The editor of the *Cuyana Chief* lets his choler rise in this way:  
"We would say to the wretch who stole our shirt from the line while we were absent, waiting for it to dry, that we hope the collar will cut his throat!"  
It makes our choler rise to think that there is such a wretch on earth.—*Plum Dealer.*

Merit is mostly discovered by accident, and is usually by destiny.

For the Spectator.

STEAMER "COLUMBIA," April 26, 1851.

**DEAR FRIEND SCHNEELY:**  
Knowing you to be a person exceeding fond of anything bordering on the comical, I thought perhaps I might, by overhauling my journal, discover something that would serve to amuse you and your many readers, or at least be a change to the proxy articles you are often obliged to publish, to please many of your correspondents, who consider it their bounden duty to blow up Mr. Thurston and his land bill about once a week.

In looking over I find an incident connected with my travels, entitled, "*A day of disasters.*" and should you find it too lengthy, or in any way objectionable, in your good judgment, of course you will not insert it, but consider it merely for your own perusal.

You are well aware that the "Man that takes the Census" must meet with a variety of people and adventures. Some of these adventures are quite laughable, while others again are rather provoking. Now the yarn I am going to tell, is slightly mixed up with both.

While taking the census of one of the upper counties on the Willamette, I stopped one night at a comfortable looking log house. When bed time came round, I was shown to my room behind a *Manter* in one corner, where I found what is called an Oregon bedstead, which for the edification of some of the green ones, I will describe. It consisted of two cross staves run in between the logs of the house; underneath the end of each was placed an upright stick by way of legs to the bed; longwise on top thin boards were laid, and on top of this a good straw bed. It makes a very economical as well as comfortable bed, especially when a person has only hard all day.

This bed was about four feet from the floor, and as I got in, it seemed to be rather weak in the joints, and it struck me that it might possibly fall down before morning. At last morning came, and with it "My day of disasters."  
As I rose preparatory to getting out, I found that my bed, instead of straw, was down for down went the legs, and down went I, with a perfect crash, that startled the old folks and set the babies to squalling. However, such little mishaps being rather amusing, I soon got all right again, and after breakfast, mounted my horse and started; but instead of going the right road, I took the one I had come the previous evening, and before I had discovered my mistake, had gone some two or three miles. I turned my horse, and at this moment a heavy shower of rain came on, which nearly spoiled my books, and soaking me.

After the rain had subsided, my horse (a confounded Indian brute) took it into his head to run away, and away he went, in spite of all my exertions to hold or stop him. During the race I lost a beautiful little riding whip, presented by a friend before I left Oregon City.

Well, after a while he did stop, and when I came to look around I was completely lost. There was neither road or house, and the mountains and prairies on all sides looked alike. Here was a pretty good looking fellow, and he said, "I just put my horse's head over my, and his tail under, and took a straight shoot across the prairies, concluding I would come out in some place. After about three hours' hard riding, I came to a cluster of trees, and "I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled," that somebody's old log house was near. I rode to the house and entered; it struck me that I had seen the lady's face before, but I could not remember where, and I commenced, as I had done a thousand times before, with—"Madam, I am taking the census, and would like to know—" "What! you ain't agoin' to count the people agin, are you?" exclaimed she. "Why," said I, "have I ever been here before, ma'am?" "Yes," says she, "you were here tother day, and counted our folks."

I took up my hat, and with an expression of countenance that would have done honor to any other animal, instead of an Assistant Marshal, I took my leave: As I mounted my horse again, I discovered he had become very lame, and riding slowly on to the next house, I snatched him off for one of the meanest Indian horses I ever saw, and with directions from the man of the house, I started across the prairie again, intending to strike some nine miles below the house I had left in the morning, to the next settlement.

And rolling up the ground with their beautiful little noses, when all at once a man to a fence, whose name I never remember, and a horse was not far off, when, Oh! horror of horrors! and where, O where, Mr. Editor, do you think I found myself?—At the same identical house I had left in the morning, and I never had a sweeter sleep in my life than I had on that same old Oregon bedstead that night.

And now, if any of the little census takers in the States can beat that day's ride, they may take my hat.  
And believe me ever yours,  
DAN'L O'NEILL.

**THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE.**—The Washington Republic, in an article descriptive of the Dead Letter Office, has the following interesting facts:  
The dead letters containing no remittances are never read; and those containing enclosures are only looked into so far as is necessary to obtain a clue to their proper ownership.

The whole number of dead letters returned to the Department was one only vaguely estimate. Thus, in one quarter the bulk of opened letters equaled about 6,000 bushels, crammed; each bushel is supposed to contain 1,000 letters. The number returned in a quarter is therefore about six millions, or twenty-four millions a year.

Unclaimed moneys, less the discount, are handed over to the general treasury, subject to the demands of the rightful owners; but we believe that for the half year ending June 30th, 1850, the amount of these was not more than \$1,700.  
Drafts, deeds, and other papers of value, and also jewelry, mementos, &c., are preserved in the dead letter office. These are often recovered by their owners with much delight. In one instance, not a great while since, a gentleman, for want of certain documents believed to have been lost from the mail, found himself in the power of an unscrupulous person in a matter to which property to the amount of ten thousand dollars (all the gentleman's worth) was involved. As a possible means of obtaining the papers, he applied to the dead letter office, and in about three minutes they were produced. The package had been improperly addressed.

Dead letters are usually unpaid letters. The custom of pre-payment has become very general since the reduction of postage to five and ten cents. In the fourth quarter of 1850 the number of dead letters received from Cincinnati, not prepaid, was 8,700; the number prepaid 1,300. In the third quarter of 1850 the prepaid letters from the Boston post office numbered 1,612; of letters not prepaid, 9401. These instances are taken at random.

We have necessarily abridged our narrative of the operations of the dead letter office; yet we doubt not we have supplied facts both novel and interesting to the public.

**A YOUNG JAPETH.**—"My son, can you take a trunk for me up to the hotel?" said a passenger, stepping from the boat on the levee, to a ragged looking youngster who sat balancing himself on the tail of a dray. "Your son?" cried the boy eyeing him from head to foot. "Well, I'll be dobdrabbed if I ain't in luck. Here, I've been trying to find out my daddy for three years, and all of a sudden, up comes the old hoss himself, and knows me right off. How are you?"—stretching out a muddy paw.

The traveler was non-plused. Between a smile and a frown, he inquired—"What is your name, sir?" "My name? So you don't know—Well, it's nothin' for people in these parts to have so many children that they don't know their names. My name's Bill, but some folks call me William, for short.—What the other part is, I reckon you know; if you don't you must ask the ole woman."

From the Salem Register of January 26.

**FRANCIS CASE OF DENIAL OF FRENCH NATIONALITY.**—This important case, recently on trial before the General Court, has attracted much attention on account of the position of the parties concerned in it, the peculiar and strange development of private affairs, and the eminent counsel retained on both sides.

On the morning of the trial the courtroom was densely thronged, many, no doubt, being attracted by curiosity to see the plaintiff, Miss Nancy Prescott, who is a young and comely lass, with regular features, black eyes and hair, and skin of a dusky hue. She bore the scrutiny of the multitude with much firmness, although she would at times change color during some of the developments of the trial.

Messrs. Charles Sumner, Samuel E. Sewall, and Charles Francis Adams appeared for the plaintiff.  
Messrs. Hallet, Cushing, and Rantoul for defendant.  
It was a case of damages, and the plaintiff, by her counsel, alleged that she had been deeply injured in her character and prospects by the defendant, Charles Democrat, who had bestowed his attentions and made promises of a matrimonial alliance, by which she was deceived, and her good name forever lost, unless he would fulfill his engagements, which he now utterly refused to do, but cruelly abandoned her to the scorn and contempt of the world.

In proof of these allegations, the counsel introduced evidence by correspondence, verbal declarations, and positive acts, to show that a courtship had been carried on between the parties for some time, and that Nancy had every reason to believe that it would end in a matrimonial alliance. The correspondence on both sides, particularly on that of the lady, was suitably warm in expression, containing soft sentiments and engaged phrases, in both prose and rhyme. The reading of these love-letters caused great mirth in the court room, by which Miss Nancy seemed somewhat disconcerted, while Charles stroked his high whiskers with the utmost calmness and unconcern.

Abundant evidence was introduced to show that the parties had each other's names on a number of articles of clothing, and that every day conversation with their depositions towards each other, considered it a match. The cross-examination brought out some instances of fickleness and sharp retorts, but these were only regarded by the counsel for the plaintiff as lovers' quarrels, which ought to have no weight with the jury.—It was also proved that the lovers often rode out together in all sorts of vehicles, from a railroad car to a sulkey, and that on one occasion they were seen going through Lynn, mounted on a Bay Mayor.

Proof was also given that valuable presents had been interchanged, and particularly that Mr. Democrat had accepted from Miss Prescott that splendid Annual called the "Governor," as well as other tokens of the affection of his mistress.

The plaintiff's counsel also introduced much testimony to prove how much their fair client had been injured in her feelings and reputation by the faithlessness of her former admirer. Mrs. Caudle and Mrs. Partridge testified most feelingly on matters relating to the various preparations for housekeeping, and for an expected event. Their pathetic statements of the disgrace and ruin caused by the false one were calculated to draw tears from eyes unused to weep. Here rested the case for the plaintiff.

The learned counsel for the defendant produced evidence tending to show that the plaintiff was "no better than she should be"—that, professing extraordinary purity of principles, she made the first advances, and, in fact, did all the courting. Her whole past history exhibited a continued series of shameful flirtations, accompanied by loud professions of ardent moral rectitude. It was satisfactorily proved that, previous to her connection with Charles Democrat, she made the acquaintance of one John Barnburner, of New York, and eloped with him to Buffalo, and that he subsequently abandoned her. She then received the attentions of a huge mulatto fellow called Liberty, who has followed her ever since. She is also known to have set her cap for a spruce young spark, called Homestead Exemption. It also came out that, previous to her liaison with Charles Democrat, she sought the acquaintance of a respectable gentleman, Mr. George Whig, who checked her advances by informing her that he was already married and had a large family, and that he had no right nor inclination to dissolve the union, which would certainly be the effect of accepting her proposals. Miss Nancy replied that this need not be the case; that his marriage contract was only a cravat of human laws, and that he might break his engagements by pleading the higher law. She then put on one of her blandest smiles, and asked Mr. W. if he would take an excursion with her to Buffalo. It is needless to say that Mr. W. was professedly all her blandishments. Her light and disreputable behavior has given great pain to her best friends, who have used

every endeavor to avert her reformations. It was proved, by the evidence of Mr. John G. Fairley, that she took no heed to his admonitions, but obstinately persisted in her abandoned course.  
Another point, urged with great effect by the defendant in mitigation of damages, was the fact that Miss Prescott is slightly dinged with African blood, and seems to have a strong preference for colored gentlemen for her associates.

It was eloquently and powerfully argued to the jury that the degree and liabilities of the plaintiff were wholly owing to her own wicked behavior, and did not originate with the defendant; and, after a brief charge by the Judge, the case went to the jury, who after a short consultation, returned a verdict of one hundred dollars, the plaintiff to pay the costs!

**WIDOWS SURRENDERED BY A FURBER.**—A young man by the name of Victory was to have been married at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 15th ultimo; but, in consequence of the illness of his intended bride, the wedding was postponed two weeks, but he died in a few days afterwards. He had an affection of the heart, which, when excited, troubled him very much. On the evening of his death, he had been reading the story of "Walter Ervick." It was a very exciting tale of "love and murder," and, under the circumstances, wrought deeply upon his feelings. When he had finished reading the last paragraph ending with the sudden death of "Erwick," he remarked that he hoped "he should not die thus suddenly." The young lady looked at him, and saw his head falling which held the paper, and his countenance changed to a deadly hue. She took hold of him from her chair, when he gently leaned toward her and died in her arms.

**ILLINOIS.**—Soon after the organization of both branches of the Legislature of Illinois, Dr. Richmond, of Quincy, introduced some very strong resolutions in favor of the compromise measures passed by the last session of Congress, and for the repeal of the Wilcox prohibitory resolutions adopted at the last General Assembly. These resolutions were ordered to be laid on the table and printed. In the House, similar resolutions were introduced and a motion to lay them on the table failed by a vote of 42 to 28. On the 15th inst., the Senate passed the same resolutions, and adopted them. In the House, the resolutions were passed, 52 against 28. To repeal Wilcox prohibitory resolutions passed at last session, vote 19, yeas 7.

**BORN WITHOUT BRAINS.**—The Paris papers contain an account of a child that was born without a brain. It lived about sixteen hours.—(N. Y. Sun.)  
We are not believers in the Paris diagnosis, or in the Paris small telegraph, and not altogether in Paine's water gas—that we have under consideration, but we can or do believe that a child was born without a brain, and that it lived sixteen hours; for we have known some people to be born without them and live without them to a good old age.—(Washington Globe.)

**TO LADIES.**—When a lady gives a splendid party and the evening is mild, she should make the room of the temperature of an oven when the bread is taken out. This will destroy all coolness among formal friends, and make warm friends hot ones.  
When a lady makes a morning call, she should do it just at dinner time; she can see all hands at once, and know what they have got for dinner.  
When a lady is spoken to she should look the other way—that will bring the ear nearer to the speaker.

**GOOD EXCUSSES FOR LEAVING.**—"Julius, why didn't you oblige your stay at St. Springs?"  
"Case, Mr. Snow, dey charged too much."  
"How so, Julius?"  
"Why, de landlord charged de individual wild stealing de tea spoons, and as I was afraid he might get personal, I parambulate to de cars and walked home."

**WORTH KNOWING.**—It is said that a small piece of rosin dipped in the water which is placed in a vessel on the stove, will add peculiar property to the atmosphere of the room, which will give relief to persons troubled with cough. The heat of the water is sufficient to throw off the aroma of the rosin, and gives the same relief as is afforded by a combustion of the rosin. It is preferable to the combustion, because the evaporation is more durable. The same rosin may be used for weeks.

**DIFFERENCE IN TIME.**—When it is noon in New Orleans or at St. Louis, it is one o'clock, P. M. at Baltimore, as there is a difference of an hour for every fifteen degrees of longitude. Hence a telegraphic dispatch from Baltimore at noon, reaches New Orleans at eleven, A. M., being an hour ahead of time. So it is, in sailing round the world.—If we go one way we lose, and by the other we gain a day.

**FANNY RIETZ** is now in Moscow, Russia. She has recently sold all of her diamonds for the sum of 60,000 thalers—about \$75,000.

**A ROMANCE OF BRASS.**—There has been some living in Palestine, Illinois, who is the father of fifty-six children, has twelve other wives, and now at the age of more than ninety years is courting for the eighth wife.

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