

OREGON SPECTATOR

D. J. SCHNEBLY, EDITOR.

Vol. 5.

Oregon City, (O. T.) Thursday, July 10, 1881.

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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INvariably in Advance.

One copy, per annum \$1 00

For six months70 00

For three months40 00

One square (10 lines or less) two insertions, each25 00

For every additional insertion1 00

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POTRY.

My Wife and Child.

I have two precious jewels,
The fairest gems of earth—
I love them, yes, I love them
For their intrinsic worth;
The one, when care oppreses me,
And sadness fills my heart,
In meekness comes to him me,
With her soul endearing art.

Her song like distant vapors,
Inspire my heart with joy,
Where like a guardian angel,
She soothes our little boy
U'ntil his evening slumber
Is music soft and deep,
And as a spirit watcheth
His calm and peaceful sleep.

The other—oh! what beauty
Dwells in her peaceful eyes,
More like the gems that sparkle
At evening in the skies;
And then her artless mimicry
Of all our household ways—
He sings where'er his mother sings,
And prays where'er she prays.

Such jewels God hath given
To share my humble cot,
As messengers from Heaven,
To bless my weary lot;
And when the twilight fadeth
And darkness dims the west,
We ask our gracious Father
To guard us while we rest.

The Wife.

She clung to him with woman's love,
Like ivy to an oak;
While o'er his head with crushing force,
Earth's chilling tempests broke.

When the world looked cold on him,
And blight hung o'er his name—
She sooth'd his care with woman's love,
And bade him rise again.

When care had furrow'd o'er his face,
And clouded his young hours,
She wore among his crown of thorns
A wreath of love's own flowers.

And never did that wreath decay,
Or one bright flower rot wither;
For woman's tears ever nourished them,
That they might bloom forever.

'Tis ever thus with woman's love,
True till life's storms have passed;
And, like the vine around the tree,
It leaves them till the last.

Practical Socialism.

When a man sets up for a "philosopher," or a "reformer," says the N. Y. Express, we like to see him practice what he preaches. For how knavish one or may be the doctrine, the professor in that case is entitled at least to the merit of sincerity. We have no respect for your demagogue, who in always calling upon other people to give his *time* and his *abilities* a practical exemplification,—but who is always careful never to jeopard his own neck, or his own personal liberty, by following his own advice. It was Frothingham we believe who first proclaimed to the world, the great truth that "All property is robbery," but we were never informed that that gentleman ever undertook to work practically upon that considerable conviction. Extremely careful himself not to descend to the picking and stealing part of the communist creed, whereas he is the great exponent, nevertheless he has many followers in France, who miss no opportunity admirably to set out the principle. An amusing case in point, we are cognizant of, in one of our foreign papers, received by the last steamer. A servant robbed his master of fifteen hundred francs, and deposited in the chest he took the treasure from, a letter, which, for its pithy and sententious exposition of the "Social" creed is not often rivalled, in the literature of the blouse. The fellow writes as if he were sincere, and no doubt he is. However much we may condemn his Socialism, therefore, as we said before, we entertain for him an infinitely higher respect, than for your Louis Blancs, and your Cabets, who run off to England and America, whenever a practical enforcement of their doctrines is likely to invite a visit from the police. Here is the letter that was found in the chest, in lieu of the francs:

"My dear Master,—Since I came into the world, rather since I have begun to reason, I am convinced that all is not equal for all. Men have abused what God has made equal for all. By what strange coincidence is it that you have so much, like so many others, and that you are overwhelmed with the favors of fortune?—What have you done more than I have, and a great number of wretches, of whom I am one? Have you a larger dose of intelligence? No! I deny it. For a moment the wind of liberty and fraternity had blown on France; everything was about to become equal for all—but no! savages have stopped its progress—things are the same. Wretchedness always for the proletariat. When I entered your service I bowed my head—I was hungry. I lowered my dignity as a free man, I became your valet! But still I cherished in my heart the thought of freeing myself one day from that servitude, from that abusive slavery, from that profiting of man by man—shame to me, shame to you. I hope you will understand the logic of my reasoning, and that you will agree with me in adopting the following conclusion—namely, that he who possesses too much, is the debtor of him who has not enough. Now, I know that you have superfluity, and I therefore, profit by your absence to take the 1,500 francs out of your secretaire, and to take myself off.—I can establish myself with it, and gain an honest livelihood in trade. You understand me well! Many people may think this a theft, but the principles of reason declare that it is legal. I do you no injury, as you possess too much. Now listen and bear in mind—a day will come when the rich shall want the poor. That day is not far distant. I have influence in a certain quarter—amongst those who will before long be the conquerors. On the day of settlement they will be kind to their brother. My word with them is a safeguard. But if you annoy me by complaints, which will be listened to because you are rich, I shall point you to my brother; and sooner or later—vengeance! It, on the contrary, you consider yourself as having only conferred an obligation on me, you will have nothing to fear, what ever may happen. Health and Fraternity!"

"Det.—"
The fellow states his case, like a counsellor, and we may be permitted to express the hope, we devoutly indulge, that when that day, which is not far distant, comes along, the "conquerors" will not neglect to do honor to one who not only forwards Socialism with his pen, but with his fingers. Meanwhile, however, the gentleman has been arrested and clapped into prison, to await his trial for theft. A portion only of the stolen francs was found on his person; the rest he had disposed of, as is supposed, in forwarding the happy doctrines of which had shown himself so zealous a disciple. The chances are, now, that the light-fingered philosopher will be sent to prison, where he will have excellent opportunities for meditation, upon that "g-d time coming"—when the world will be brought to acknowledge the comfortable truth, "that he who possesses too much, is the debtor of him who has not enough."

This is a dangerous period of the year for colds; people should be careful.—Mrs. Partington says she has got a romantic affection in her shoulders, the neurology in her head, and the embargo in the region of her jugular vein; and all from opening the window to throw a bottle at a couple of belligerent cats on the shed.

Setting the Sheep-dog.

We clip the following from the Chambers (Ala.) Tribune. It is one of the best of the wag Honor's stories, and to our thinking, one of the richest:
While attending court recently, in the adjoining county of Randolph, I found a fund of jokes of all sorts, and who relates them almost as humorously as "his Honor," gave up the following, venturing for the substantial, sub-lunar existence of the parties and their present residence "in the county aforesaid."
Brothers Crump and Noel were both members of the Primitive Baptist Church, both clever honest men who paid the taxes and debts as the same annually accrued, with a regularity in case of illness and calamity. In their own neighborhood, brother Noel was "short," brother Crump was sure to be in funds;—and on the other hand, it almost seemed providential, how, if brother Crump fell behind, brother Noel always had a surplus. Thus borrowing from and lending to each other, worshipping at the same church, and living only a mile apart, an intimacy gradually ripened between them; so that at last they did not hesitate to speak in the freest and most familiar manner to each other, in regard to their respective follies.

Now it came to pass that brother Crump during the liveliest period of the cotton season, drove into Wetumpka and disposed of his "crop" of ten bales at the very fair price of 12 1/2 cents per pound. It was more than he expected, and as the world was easy with him, he determined to invest a portion of the proceeds of the sales of his cotton in a barrel of whiskey; paying therefor at the rate of precisely two pounds of middling cotton for one gallon of ditto whiskey.
Of course it was "narrated in the settlement" that old man Crump had bought a whole barrel, and after a few weeks people began to observe that his nose grew redder and his eyes more moist. The idea that brother Crump was drinking too much diffused itself in the neighborhood, until, as one might say, it became epidemic.—People talked and talked, more especially "what few" of other denizens of Christiansia dwelt therabouts.

Brother Noel was "sore troubled" at the scandal which circulated about his brother and friend, and especially regretted the injury it brought to the "city" at Sharon. So one morning he stepped over to brother Crump's and found the old man in a half doze in his little porch.
"Want you takes dram?" asked brother Crump, as soon as he was aware of the presence of his neighbor.
"Why, yes, I'm not agin a dram when a body wants it."
Brother Crump got his bottle, and the friends took a dram apiece.
"Don't you think brother Noel," said Crump "that sperits is a blessing?"
"Y-e-s" responded Noel; "sperits is a blessing," but according to my notion, it's a blessing that some of us abuse."
"Well, how, brother Noel, who do you think abuses the blessing?"
"Well, it's hard to say—but people talk—pon't you think you drink too much, brother Crump?"
"It's hard to say—It's hard to say," returned Crump. "Sometimes I've the'd I was a drinkin' too much—then again, I'd think may be not. What is man f— A weak sawram of the dust! What the Lord saith, that shall be done! So I left it to the Lord to say whether I was goin' too fur in sperits. I put the whole 'sponsibility on him; I prayed to him, of I was drinkin' too much, to take away my appetite for sperits."
"And," replied Crump, "I've prayed that prayer three times, and he heint done it! So I'm clear of the 'sponsibility, any way!"
"The Lord's will be done!" ejaculated Noel, and after taking another dram went home, thinking all the way, how cleverly brother Crump had shifted the responsibility.

Among the emigrants to Oregon who have left here this season, was John B. Zieber, Esq., formerly the editor of this paper. Mr. Z. carries with him the best wishes of a large circle of friends. While we most sincerely regret that Willie has lost so good a citizen, we feel full confidence that his fine talents and many amiable qualities, will soon secure him a high place in the estimation of those among whom he expects to pass the remainder of his days. We ask our brethren of the press in Oregon, to give a cordial welcome to a thorough head printer, and an unpretending, yet able and accomplished man.—Pacfic Dem. Press.

INCREASE OF STEVED IN STRAN NARRATION.—A Mr. Davison, of New York, offers through the Tribune to build a steved vessel, at the expense of himself and associates, which shall be unequalled in any of the requisites for Ocean or inland navigation, and, in point of speed shall go further in 24 hours by 100 miles, than any other steved. In case of failure they agree to pay the opposite contracting parties the sum of \$250,000. In case of their success they are to receive for their vessel \$250,000, selling also for \$250,000 more the right to run vessels built on their plan on the Hudson and Western Lakes and rivers.—[Mississippi Sentinel.

The President's Garden.

The most interesting scene of reality to be had in Washington is about the President's house. It is truly delightful for one who has been accustomed to the gloom of country life, to take a stroll on a quiet Spring morning or evening to that beautiful spot. The scene is old friends there. A large majority of the trees and shrubs are native. These the lovely Secretary has planted, the fragments which she clutched, the divine fragments, the white lilies, hush and red-bud they were—something among them, were it not for the rattle of the carriage as the President on the glidy drove and the clatter of the wheels on the pavement.

A foreigner in visiting the Presidential mansion must be amazed at the total absence of guards. No iron-clad Swiss wheel around that house; no insulting soldiery scowl on you as you pass. Every thing has the air of confidence. We feel that the head of or nation is but a citizen elevated for his virtues to the highest office in the world. His power is our power. He is our servant, and at the proper time his acts will pass under national review; and he must put off the robes of office to become again a mere citizen.

There is every thing about the place to purify the heart and elevate the feelings—there is the beauty of art and the simplicity of nature.
How pleasant it must be to one who has reached the place of head of this mighty nation, by virtue and a useful and patriotic life to enjoy the quiet of those lovely walks, there to hold converse with wife and child and friend, and in the temporary relaxation from public cares to reflect on the virtues of the mighty dead who have been its inhabitants, and to render grateful homage to the kind Providence who has blessed us as nation never was blessed! From the deer of this mansion he can gaze on the monument to virtue and greatness, now rising on the margin of our lovely Potomac, and learn to practice the great truth that after all there is nothing so influential as civility and honesty. To whatever elevation cunning and craft and a crushed policy may attain, he who would acquire true glory, who would establish himself in the hearts of a pure people, who would have a name which will influence those who shall come after him, must forget himself, and labor sincerely and truly for his country's good. Long may our nation be blessed with such a ruler!—[Washington Telegraph.

FOLLY OF SHOWY FURNITURE.—Major Noah says that furniture too good to be used is a nuisance. What can be more unpleasant than the aspect of a room or suite of rooms where every thing is lagged up? Chairs and sofas in pine-wood, mirrors in mahogany, a drugged carpet, a hearthrug wrong side out, and a chandelier seen by rays of light that struggle in edgeways through the slits in the shutters, and exhalting that peculiar brown-hollid fragrance which belongs to drawing-rooms in maquerade dress,—form one of the most cheerless, dispiriting unamusing spectacles in the domain of domestic life. We would as lief be ushered into a vault as into such an apartment.—Nothing can be more chilling to the feelings, except perhaps a prospective view of the family wash taking an airing on the clothes line.

Why do people buy magnificent furniture to clothe it in hidden disguise? Does the glory of exhibiting the articles undressed half a dozen evenings in the year pay for all the cost and trouble? Is the miser enjoys the flashing lustre of his gold every time he lifts the lid of his strong box; but what pleasure can there be in possessing a species of property that is invisible three hundred and sixty days out of every three hundred and sixty days?

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