OREGON SPECTATOR.

D. J. SCHNEBLY, EDITOR.] "Westward the Star [illegible] takes its way."

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THE OREGON SPECTATOR:
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D. J. Schnebly, Editor and Prop'r.
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POETRY.

For the Spectator.
The very best paper
That lights us thro' life's gloomy day;
For when we are mad,
Dejected or sad,
It drives the blue devils away.

The Cute Ones.

These cunning boys that make such noise
About dividing parties,
And puff and blow to make a show,
And cry, "come on, my hearties,"
Are just the chaps who set their traps
To catch the unsuspecting;
To draw the line so they may shine,
All honesty neglecting.
They think if they but snort and bray,
And plead for a direction,
That they may lead and sure succeed
In gaining an election.
But party name is not the game
By which we mean to test them;
We'll know, perchance, if Providence
With common sense has blest them.
We'd like to know before they go
To aid in legislation,
If they'll combine as did the "nine,"
To scandalize the nation;
We don't expect to have direct,
A Webster or a Clay, sir;
Nor yet do we expect to see
A Benton come this way, sir;
But gracious God, withhold thy rod—
Afflict us not with donkies;
We've had a thing they call a king,
Right from the land of monkies;
And there in state sat Master Ape,
With quadrupeds surrounded,
While men of sense and consequence
We by their noise confounded.
Now the whole "nine," as we divine,
Were weded to a faction,
With pates well filled and ready drilled
To join in a transaction,
With might and will, but lacking skill,
They so arranged their project
To spoil their fun, for it when done
Defeated its own object.
If party wears, as it appears,
Such huge unreal faces,
To make the mass elect an ass,
And set him in "high places,"
We hope to be excused you see,
And let them have the glory;
But beg to say, in our poor way,
We'll chronicle the story.

G. W. C.

Hermit Point, Clatsop, Sept. 14, 1851.

Recovery of Buried Treasure.

Roxbury, July 22.—Three men belonging to this place, being informed by a mesmerizer that a quantity of money was buried at the corner of Parker and Ruggles streets, proceeded to the spot, and after digging a few feet discovered a box or trunk, containing a large amount of money, supposed to have been buried by a notorious character named Walker, who occupied a cottage in that vicinity, some time since.

Pretty nearly true.—Pleasure owes all its zest to anticipation. The promise of a shilling fiddle will keep a school-boy in happiness for a year. The fun connected with its possession, will expire in an hour. Now, what is true of school-boys is equally true of men. All they differ in, is the price of their fiddles.

☞ There is a Judge in Wisconsin, who has his Court regularly opened with prayer.

Love in the Back[illegible]

OR JIMMY WADDLE'S FIRST COURTSHIP.

"Talkin' o' sprees, boys, puts me in mind o' my young days, I should rather guess I was in for 'em *some*, myself them times!"

This was said by an old man whom we will introduce as Mr. James Waddle, or rather as "old Jim Waddle." Every body (except the reader) knows him and his *penchant* for yarn spinning. It is the evening of a militia training day. There are a goodly number, after the company is dismissed from duty, who are lounging around, and all now gather round the afore-said old Jim, to hear his yarn to which he has already begun the prelude, and only awaits somebody to urge him on. This, [illegible] The boys unanimously [illegible] the latter. Then, after requesting that none of them should laugh till he got through, with a few preparatory hems, and an assumption of a comically grave face, he commenced. (I wish I could report in his inimitable language, *verbatim et literatim.*)

"When I were a boy you know, daddy moved from [illegible]ainy to Kaintuck. I'd been born and brough up on the frontiers, and Kaintuck was a paradise for me to hunt bars and Injins in. But I forgot, you want a courtin' story. Well, altho' I was always a cuttin up some develtry among the boys, yet, some how, I was a leetle shy and skeery amongst the gals.—I liked the critters prodigiously, but about the only way I could manage to show it, was by castin' sheep's eyes in abundance at 'em. We had meetin's as well as frolics sometimes. While the preacher was preachin' tender heartedness, brotherly kindness and love, I was'nt thinkin' o' nothin' else. I used to set where I could look the gals in the face—and then gaze at some purty one till she'd blush as red as a pepper pot. Then I felt so queer about the gizzard, and wish'd an airthquake would come and throw me right in her lap! I was in love, but I couldn't tell who I loved most. Thar was Peggy Masenhammer, a mighty fine gal, even in her tow-linen frock, her cheeks wur as full as a China pig's and as red as a turkey gobbler's; and then thar was Sally Perkins, with her gloriously striped home made cotton frock, besides her har and eyes as black as ink; and then thar was dimple-cheek'd, blue-ey'd Lotte Smith, who always toted her shoes and stockin's in her hands till she got in sight o' meetin'. Well, o' these three I could'nt tell for my life which I liked best—sometimes one and sometimes another—but allers the last one I looked at.

But when Squire Crumption came to our diggins, his two gals tuck the shine off the rest on 'em, 'specially his oldest one Betsey. I shan't attempt to describe her, but when I tell you she had a calico frock, with yaller flowers as big as your hand, brass ear bobs, besides half a dozen strans o'beads as large as the eend o' your little finger, you may think she was a charmer I did anyhow. Of all the *magnum bonum* charmers I'd ever seed, she was the *magnum bonumest!* And so all the young fellers said tu. When I fust seed her 'twas at Deacon Snook's meetin'. I fastened my eyes on her, till her's met mine, she looked steadfastly, then smiled a charmin' smile and blush'd and look'd down.—Lordy! there was a flutterin' then, equal to a saw mill, 'tween my two jacket pockets! I felt I was a goner. From that hour I was too big for my breeches, and of Sundays I borried dad's breeches he'd been married in before the Revolutionary War, and come off at his knees, but as he was tall and I warn't they come below mine three or four inches. Agin the next meetin I was prepared to cut a big stiff: sister Sal, for the purpose starched and ironed my new fine shirt as stiff and slick as a sheet of new tin. This shirt had the finest kind of flax linen in the bosom and collar, but the invisible part of it was coarse tow, with a hem that would cable a steamboat Now, while Sal was smoothing the rincles near the said hem with an iron just hot from the fire, down staires tumbles one o' the farnal brats, knocking the breath out'n it. It was Saturday night, and she was the only one up, and run to it in course, but 'afore it come to, the iron had very decidedly made its mark—that is, burnt two holes in the extremity of my linen. Next mornin' I put it on as it was, then dad's true blues, then the fust reglar built par o' shoes I'd ever had. I was seventeen just, that Sunday mornin', and in my Sunday riggin', felt myself a man, and was resolved if Betsey Crumption was at meetin' to show it. Well, she was there, and I axt for her company, and got it! Walkin by her side, I felt as light as nothin'—skercely touched the ground I walked on. But I shant tell the fine things I thought and said to her on the way, and, more after we got home.—("Oh, yes, do,") said several voices. No yo'll have enough without that—you're to skim the cream off the story yet.

She kept me up late, say two o'clock, and spite of the novelty (it being the fust time) I got sleepy. Now the Squire had just come to the parts, and put up a one-story, one-roomed log cabin, and the whole family, 'cept some o' the young en's slept below. I was a leetle bashful 'bout gwine to bed thar, but I was three miles from home, and it was rainin' like blue blazes, [illegible] so I [illegible] without any [illegible] blanks in my [illegible]. I resolved [illegible] afore anybody else in the *mornin'* [illegible] same account and some others.

That was the last I know'd till [illegible]ed by the hounds (half a dozen of [illegible] slept under the bed) a pullin the [illegible] off'n me. Holy heavens! [illegible] hours high—breakfast on the table, me in bed! Just as I was gwine to [illegible] out, in pops the old 'oman, with a [illegible] venson. It was dog days, now, [illegible] cookt in a shanty. I possum'd [illegible] she went out again and then look'd for [illegible] trowsers—thar they wur in the jaws [illegible] the pups at the foot of the bed! I [illegible] a mighty lunge over the foot-board to take [illegible] and floundered and flounced, but [illegible] purpose—I couldn't get down—I tried to break the legs but it was no go. Just now all the hounds commenced yellin' so furiously the old 'oman and both gals run in to see what was up, and when they seed it was me they run out—one begun to hollow for the Squire, while tothers, through the cracks, battled with fishin' poles the cursed hounds that wer wallin' me. Oh, I thought of Absolem and every body that ever did hang, but he didn't hang by the wrong end, no, that was a consolation I hadn't. I'd a cust my fate like Boston, but I remember'd I belong'd to meetin', and it was agin the rules. I did, homsomever, think some mighty hard words if I didn't speak 'em! But all that didn't do no good. I couldn't make nothin' by pullin downwards, so I thought I'd climb up the post and unloose myself that way. I had nearly succeeded when one o' the unmannerly pups attacked me in the air, and loosin my holt in a not—decidedly peelin off my linen—the bottom busted off, and I come out full length on the floor, in precisely the same state of fix Job said he come into this world! The next minit I was under the bed where the everlastin' pups had dragged my trowsers. I cufft them off, but every time I put one leg partly on, the infernal whelps would pull tother off. I worried this way some time, when a puncheon giv[illegible], and I fell through into a trough [illegible] through the house! Gosh! I thought I was in the pit that's bottomless! I [illegible] for my life, but in doing this I [illegible] 'specting the [illegible] the whole family. The [illegible] him down hill, and I followed [illegible] heels over head, to the bottom. Here I recovered my understanding, and without any apologies, or even a word, I struck a bee-line for home just as I was in my *native* purity, at a spree that split the winds, my toe-nails striking fire out'r the flints every jump!

But, b'hoys, I never went within a quarter of a mile of Squire Crumpton's afterwards—nor did I even cast sheep's eyes at Betsey again, let alone gallant her home!"

Secret of Being Loved.

Wm. Writ's letter to his daughter on the "small, sweet courtesies of life," contains a passage from which a deal of happiness might be learned:

"I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show that you care for them. The whole is like the miller at Mansfield, "who cared for nobody—no, not he—because nobody cared for him." And the whole world will serve you so, if you give them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them by showing them what Stene so happily calls the "small, sweet courtesies of life"—those courtesies in which there is no parade—whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, or standing. This is the spirit that gives to your time of life and to your sex its Sweetest. It constitutes the sum total of all the witchcraft of women. Let the world see that your first care is for yourself, and you will spread the solitude of the Upas tree around you in the same way, by the emanation of a poison which kills all the juices of affection in its neighborhood. Such a girl may be admired for her understanding and accomplishments, but she will never be beloved.

The seed of love can never grow but under the warm and genial influences of kind feelings and affectionate manners.

Vivacity goes a great way in young persons. It calls attention to her that displays it; and if it then be found associated with a generous sensibility, its execution is irresistible. On the contrary, if it be found in alliance with a cold, haughty, selfish heart, it produces no further effect except an adverse one. Attend to this, my daughter. It flows from a heart that feels for you all the anxiety that a parent can feel, and not without a hope which constitutes a parent's highest happiness. May God protect and bless you!

Your affectionate father,

WM. WRIT."

[illegible] Sunday Mercury.

[illegible]

[illegible] *Critters:* The subjick of to-day's [illegible] will be princerpally interestin' to [illegible] ginaration and to widers [illegible]. It is

COURTING,

[illegible] which the young soverings of [illegible] oughter understand. Yes indeed, they had oughter!

[illegible] fust place, it is the dooty of every [illegible] to inquire what sorter preperations a young feller oughter make when he has a mind to go a sparkin arter a gal. [illegible] *primp* [illegible] get to [illegible] opining, is to [illegible] you, he [illegible] mushtash wont exactly do, for it's not an infallerble sign of manhood, seeing that many an old woman raises that sorter thing on her upper lip without any trouble of calterwation.

The next thing is to buy a good pocket handkercher and to keep his nose well wiped, which is a matter of the greatest consequence, for the ginerality of the gals is very perticklar on that pint. Another important fixter, in gitting fitted out for a courting experdition, is a small tooth comb, for when you wisit a gal on sich a delercate affair as love-makin', she doesn't expect you to bring any troublesome company with you. I wouldn't adwise you to taller your head with a common dip candle to make it look smooth and shiny; fortallar haint always got the pleasantest kind of hodor, and its no use to try to ketch a gal's eye, if you don't pay some respect to her nose.

I wouldn't like to reckermend these French sweet-scented iles and permatums nuther; for that's coming it a leetle too strong on tother tack. What's the [illegible] decking yourself off with cloves [illegible] ottoman of roses, and sich-like perfumery! A gal knows there's not your nateral smells, and she [illegible] like the notion of your trying to [illegible] her with any sich nonsense. [illegible] greased, to make [illegible] slip easy into the halter of matrimony, the best sorter [illegible] that kin be used is [illegible] That suits precisely; it's [illegible] your nates and 'it [illegible] with the [illegible] requires a great deal of [illegible]. You're jest like a fish nibbling at a bait and tasting gintly, to try whether you'll like it or not, and maybe while you're doing so, you'll get hooked, and be obleeged to take it whether you like it or not. Suppose you want to shy off, you find she's got a hold of your gills in a way that's uncommon disagreeable. If you've got anything to pay with, she fetches you up with a breach of promise and makes you pay purty handsome for all the huggin' and kissin' you've gin her in the sparking season. S'pose you've got nothing but your hide and taller, (as the saying is,) she's ginerally got a big brother or cousin that comes, with a raw-hide in his hand, to ax you what you mean by making a fool on her. Then, if you haint got spunk enough to take the licking, you has to take the wiff, which is generally the worser halternative of the two.

I tell you what it is, my young gents, you'd better know what you're arter when you begin to pay your 'dresses to a wirgint. But oh, my dear fellers, hadn't you oughter be wide awake, if you ever think about busking up to a widder! *She'll* tangle you up like a fly in a cob-web, while you are sporting in the sunshine of her smiles, not dreaming of any danger; and the first you know of your sitcheation is that you are a gone chicken. A widder kin fling herself around you like a anaconday; and when you feel that she's got a grip on you, you mout jest as well go in at once, for your persition is desprit. If a widder takes a notion to you, she'll have you jest as sure as a boy kin ketch a goolden bug. But them sorter critters is easy to *court;* they does it about half theirselfs, and if you're any way sheepish, they don't stop much about doing the hul of it.

Sometimes, in the course of human events, it may be a feller's desterny to court any old maid. That's a purty nice job; 'specially if she's got any *pewter;* for it wont do to let her suspect that any thing attracts you but her beauty. The older and uglier she is, the more she wants you to be intossicated with her loveliness. It requires a mighty great effort to go off into a fit af extercy when you are kissing an old gal that hasn't got a tooth in her head; and if you do sich a thing for the sake of a fortin, I say it's about as hard a way of yearning money as I knows on. Yes sirs, I think it are!

Now, I want to give the shemale part of my aujense a few hints and insinerations consarning the part they oughter act in the drammy of courtship. Fust and foremost, if a feller is the least bit of a puppy, sack him as quick as a corn-husking. Nothing short of a man is fit for sparking purposes; and remember, my gals, that there's other proofs of manhood to be given besides a pair of whiskers. I don't believe in too much hugging in the courting process, for all that [illegible] is done just as well [illegible] when it can be carried on [illegible]ently. If your sweetheart [illegible] squeezing you like a [illegible] have a taste of the cold. [illegible] kind o' fellers that never [illegible] you, and hardly [illegible] set night after night [illegible] room, [illegible] a pair o[illegible] never [illegible] know what they means to be at. Them's the kind of sweethearts, my young acquaintances, that aint worth the reachings of a [illegible]. They'll hang on for months and years without ever bringing the thing to a [illegible], and maybe they'll bust up at last like a soap-bubble, and you never see the last of 'em. When a feller offers to [illegible] Expedition is the life of trade in courting as well as every thing else, and a gal oughtent to stand any sorter shilly-shallying, when a chap pretends he's up to his gallus buttons in love with her. If he is all that sorter thing, you may depend on't he'll want to come to a quick settlement; for rale redhot love is a jinuine go-ahead princerple; it's for pitching onward, in spite of every obstercle. I'll be blamed if it is'nt!

And so, ladies and gents, hoping that I've fetched my sublime ideers within the compass of your capacerties, I'll shet up for the present and leave you to medertate on the wisdom of Horator Higginbottom's sixteenth lecter.

The Knickerbocker, for July, is issued by Samuel Hueston. The introductory article is entitled the "Northern Scalds," and is written by Mr. Ellsworth, who lately represented our country as one of the northern courts of Europe. Among the poetry are some striking lines, entitled "[illegible] Questioning [illegible]" [illegible] "A [illegible] poems, entitled [illegible] Chamberlain. From [illegible] take the following:

There is [illegible] which cannot fail to [illegible] patriotism of [illegible]

[illegible]
Are [illegible] Stitch [illegible]
[illegible] upon [illegible]!
Say!—shall we rend [illegible] from [illegible],
Wen swing [illegible] way, and [illegible] tother,
And every [illegible]
A flying at the other?

This is the kind of spirit that is going to preserve our "great and gal-lorious ked'ntry" from premature dissolution.

"I see you are in black," said a friend of ours, the other day; "Are you in mourning for a friend, Thomas?" "No; I am mo[illegible]ing *for my* [illegible]." "I never heard that you had *lost any,*" was the instant and keen reply.

Soon after the revolutionary war, a brave Yankee officer, a former captain in the service, happened to be at St. Petersburg, in Russia, and while there was invited to dine at the table of a distinguished merchant. There was a large number of guests at the table, and among the rest an English lady, who was anxious to appear as one of the "knowing ones." On understanding that an American was sitting near her, she expressed to one of her friends a determination to quiz him. She fastened upon him like a tigress, making numerous inquiries touching our habits, customs, dress, manners, modes of life, education, amusements, etc. To all these queries the officer gave courteous answers, which seemed to satisfy all the company with the exception of the lady herself. She was determined *not* to be satisfied, and went on: "Have the rich people in your country any carriages? for I suppose there are *some* who call themselves rich." "My residence," replied the captain, "is in a small town upon an island, where there are but few carriages kept; but in the larger towns and cities on the main land there are quite a number maintained, suited to our republican manners." "Indeed!" replied his fair questioner, in a tone that was both interrogative and exclamatory; "I can't fancy where you find coachmen: I shouldn't think the Americans knew *how* to drive a coach." "We find no difficulty on *that* account, Madam," calmly rejoined the captain; "we can have plenty of drivers by sending to England for them." "To England!" exclaimed the lady, speaking very quickly; "I think the Americans ought to drive the English, instead of the English driving the Americans." "We *did*, Madam, in the late war," rejoined the officer; "but since the peace, we have permitted the English to drive us!" There was no more "quizzing" of our American during the dinner. He waited in vain, like Sam Weller in "Bardell vs. Pickwick," for the next question.

Punctuality.—Washington, when his secretary, being repeatedly late in attendance, laid the blame on his watch, said "You must either get another watch, or I another secretary."

Important news from Cuba lately.

[illegible] exhibited which [illegible] the standard [illegible] value of diamonds [illegible] and probably [illegible] twenty millions [illegible] them as yet [illegible] only in the [illegible] few who [illegible] there are [illegible] of costly wares and [illegible] a good share of which [illegible] ly thronged [illegible] I saw this lot. [illegible]

[illegible] ready stored [illegible] things [illegible] with [illegible] loans to send [illegible] fashion to be exhibited [illegible] all the choicest wares [illegible] rope, which must have [illegible] by the force of [illegible] have evinced a want of [illegible] eration which I trust [illegible] characteristic. If I ever [illegible] in the American department [illegible] serving a pair of very [illegible] exquisitely finished [illegible] out for the Prince of Wales [illegible] of the sort. [illegible] blushing for what we have [illegible] am safe enough from [illegible] our deficiencies.

Wife—Mistress—Lady. [illegible] ries for love takes a wife; [illegible] for the sake of convenience [illegible] tress; who marries [illegible] takes a lady. You are loved by your wife, regarded by your mistress, [illegible] by your lady. You have a wife for your self, a mistress for your [illegible] friends, a lady for the world. [illegible] will agree with you, your [illegible] accommodate you, your lady [illegible] you. Your wife will take care of your household, your mistress of your [illegible] your lady of appearances. If you are sick your wife will nurse you, [illegible] quire after your health. You [illegible] with your wife, a ride with your [illegible] and join parties with your [illegible] wife will share your [illegible] your money, and your [illegible] If you are dead your wife [illegible] your mistress lament, and [illegible] mourning. A year after [illegible] ries again your wife, in [illegible] mistress, in six weeks [illegible] mourning *is over, your lady.*

A talking match lately [illegible] Orleans for five dollars [illegible] tinued, according to the [illegible] thirteen hours, the [illegible] man and a Kentuckian. [illegible] and judges were all [illegible] when they waked up [illegible] found the Frenchman [illegible] tuckian whispering in [illegible]

A newsboy was [illegible] that he had given up [illegible] and had gone into [illegible] he "for playing." "Playing" when [illegible] comrades. "[illegible]" [illegible]

Gen. [illegible] President [illegible]