

OREGON SPECTATOR.

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way."

T. B. WATSON & D. E. BOND, PLS.

D. J. SCHNEELY, EDITOR.

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D. J. SCHNEELY, Editor and Prop'r.

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POETRY.

When I am Old

When I am old—and oh! how soon
Will life's sweet morning yield to noon;
And man's broad forehead, earnest light
Be clouded in the solemn night,
Till like a story well told
Whisper my life when I am old.
When I am old this breezy earth
Will live for me in voice of mirth;
The streams will have an undertone
Of sadness, not by right their own,
And spring's sweet power's vain unfold
In my charms when I am old.
When I am old I shall not care
To do with flowers my faded hair;
Twill be no vain desire of mine
In rich and costly dress to shine;
Bright jewels and the brightest gold
Will charm me not when I am old.
When I am old my friends will be
Old and infirm and bowed, like me;
Or else, their bodies 'neath the sod,
Their spirits dwelling safe with God;
The old church bell will then have tolled
Above their rest, when I am old.
When I am old I'd rather bend
Than nodly o'er each buried friend,
Than see them lose the earnest truth
That made the friendship of our youth;
'Twill be no end to have them cold,
Or strange to me, when I am old.

"The Dawn of Beauty Breaking"

BY H. S. CLARK.

See the dawn of beauty breaking
Through the curtains of her eyes,
Like the morn, when it is shaking
Daylight, from the trembling skies.
Sleep had pealed her robe of brightness,
Till at last each pearl lid,
Wary, with their prism of lightness,
Dawn with all the charms they hid.
When I saw the rose unfolding,
Till it to perfection grew;
Little thought I, while beholding,
It would fade from off my view;
But, alas! the buds we cherish,
Droop on the stem which seem
Only born in hope, to perish,
Like a fallow but happy dream.

Eliza Emery warns all the girls
in the south and west to look out for her
gay, dozing, runaway husband, David.
She says that he has cruelly left her, and
told the folks, when he started, that he
was going south-west to preach universal
salvation and marry a hoosier. Eliza
thinks he may be easily known; and, to
prove it says, "David has a scar on his
nose, where I scratched it!"

"I loved my wife," said Mr. Caudle,
"and for the first two months, I felt as if
I could out-her up. Ever since, I have
been sorry I didn't."

A young poet out west, describing
heaven, says, "It's a world of bliss fenced
in with girls." Where's the man who
won't repent!

To retrace one's steps is better
than to proceed improperly.

MISCELLANY.

From the Philadelphia Sunday Mercury.
Market-House Homilies.

BY HIRAN P. HIGGINBOTTOM.
NUMBER XXII.

FELLEN CRYERS: Feeling in a particu-
lar philosophical humor, this morning,
I've tucked a sudden notion to lecture on
G A S.

which is about the sum and substance of
all the philosophy of these here days.—
Maybe some of you happen to know that
there are several different sorts of gas,
some of which have such hard names that
I don't like to come over 'em here before
the ladies, not having time to explain
what they signify; but there is some
kind of gas which everybody kin under-
stand—such as burning gas, balloon gas,
laughing gas, exploding gas, et cetera.—
Every where you go you're sure to find
plenty 'o gas of some sort.—The bal-
loon-gas, for when they gits inflated with
it, so it's no wonder that most 'o people
get so full of it.—The kinder gas which
seems to have the greatest propensity to
git into the human specie, is balloon gas,
which puffs 'em up tremenjus and gives
'em amazin' high notions. This sorter
gas is a wery great affliction to the har-
yristocracy, for when they gits inflated
with it, they makes an awful big figer on
a mighty small substance and keeps swell-
in bigger and bigger, till they bust up.
But the pollyshuan is the most gassy
creterson this yearth.—They is just like
them balloons that's made out 'o blotin
paper; they has a mighty fair outside
and a wery imposin' appearance, but
you'll find them all impermation when you
come to try 'em, for they is nothing but
bags 'o thin air; plenty of gas and pre-
cious little substance. But the less solid
stuff they has in 'em they quicker they
rise and the easier they keep up.—That's
the nater of things in the politercal
atmosfer, and you'll allers see the gamiest
fellers in the most elevated sitchwa-
tions.

It's a sort of balloon gas that makes
the gals cut such a swell that they kin
hardly git through a three-foot door side-
ways. One of the last inventions is gum-
elastic bustles, which is inflated in the
regular balloon fashion, and when a wigin
has one on, it's as much as she kin do to
keep from going right aloft, or turning
topsy-turvy, like a gourd in a water buck-
et, with the big end upwards.—The gals
in general is gassy enough in the upper
stories; they has no occasion to have a
receptacle of gas any where's else, and
them balloon bustles is wery dangerous
arterkels; for the gas they is filled with
is lible to explode, which would shoot the
wigin that wears the machine off into the
upper rejuns, just like a fly-rocket.

The next kind 'o gas that I shall con-
sider is called inflammable, 'cos it takes
fire just as quick as gunpowder. I've
seen a good many humans chock full of it.
The leftenants and t'other small navy of-
ficers have a purty good supply, and if
you accidentally shoot a little tebakker
spit on their boots or trousers, or even run
agin' 'em on a narrow pavement, it sets
'em off like Jackson's fireworks. But it's
not sich gassy chaps as these that
turns out to be the greatest heroes, when
there's any rale fightin' to be done. One
day, I happened to knock my elbow agin'
a young navy gent as I was passin' him;
this teched him off and his gas blazed out
wery oful, and so the way he cussed and
dam'd me was wery astonishing.—I saw
how the gas was escapin', and I thought
it ought to be stopped off, so I giv' his nose
a little twist—same as you'd turn a gas-
pipe spicket—and the fire was put out di-
rectly. Yes sirs, he was shot up right
away. Then (says he), "I find you're a
blackguard, (says he), and beneath any
honorable man's notice, (says he), for my
lord Chesterfield says, (says he), that a
blackguard can't insult a gentleman no
how," (says he)—and so he walked off
without another word; for when his gas
was stopped off he was just as tame as a
pet sheep.

My excoient feller sinners and sin-
nerses, maybe some on, you mout have
heard of the age of gold and the age of
silver, and so on: Well sirs, and mad-
ama, this is the age of gas. Most of the
herotom of our days is gas; so is most of
the patriotism; so is most of the religiu.

When there is any excitement got up in
any of these things, it is a gassy excite-
ment, d'ye see; so it burns amazin' fierce,
maybe, for a little while, but it soon goes
out; and it generally goes out at the wery
time when it had'n't ought to.

Let me ax you, were is your patriot?—
Where is your saint? Look at 'em!—
Your patriot is yelping stump horators,
and your saint is noisy, stomping, equal-
ling, howling fanatics: All of 'em is
bladders full of gas, highly inflammable
they is, to be sure, but they gives out
no comfortable heat and no light, except
enough for 'em to see to pick your
nose, and their moral boiler, giv-
ing out most abominable.

Where is your philanthropist? Ah! all
of 'em 'cept Mr. Mullen, eternal hum-
bug? Does any of 'em 'cept Mr. Mul-
len, patternise the poor niggers? Doesn't
that benevolent gent allow the innocent
blackmoeres to form associations and call
themselves the Sons and Daughters of
Mullen? But who else among all your
big philanthropists is a going for to let
the unforternit nigs claim any sich rela-
tionship? Per'ps some of the philantrop-
ical individuals raly has sons and dar-
ters amongst the little darkies and mel-
aters running about thar by Lombard and
Sixth streets, but they wont own 'em, so
they wont, and wont allow themselves to
be called by the tender name of "father"
—while the glorious Mullen, the model
philanthropist of Philadelphia, permits
whole troops of niggers and niggeresses,
(some of which he hardly ever saw,) to
look up to him as their parent and best
friend! Don't be jine every sossiety that
axes him, and march in all the process-
ions, through wet and dry, spiling his
white pantalons and putting himself to all
sorts of unconwenience? Some people
says he can't write his own name, but
how kin that be true when we see his
name signed to the proceedings of all the
benevolent associations in the city!—
Well, sirs, madams and misses, Mr. Mul-
len is the only rale philanthropist of the
nineteenth centry, and all the rest is 'gas-
bags, and nothing shorter; so let's perosed
to the concludin' head of the subjek.

The last kind of gas I've got speak of,
is exploding gas, a good deal of which has
lately been generated in the United States
but not quite enough to blow up the Un-
ion itself. It takes more gas to do that
sorter thing than the Abertitionists, or
any other disunion gents kin manufacture.
It appears to me that the smallest kind 'o
men, mentally and physicoally speaking,
has the most 'o this sorter gas in their
comperision. If you see a feller under
five feet high, he's sure to be a disunion
man, and if you hear him talk you'll think
he's going for to blow up the whole suck-
umference of nater in five minutes. Fel-
ler sufferers—I see Mrs. Higginbottom
amongst the aujense, and she's a making
signs for me to leave off and go home
with her. I could have told you a good
deal more about this exploding gas, but if
I don't attend to her summons, Mrs. H.
will be apt to give sich an illustration of
the thing which a certain distinguished
horator will not find werry agreeable.

Recently, in Paris, a young lady
of seventeen, who had expressed a strong
opposition to the intention of her mother
to contract a second marriage, repaired
to the house of the accepted suitor, and
said, in being admitted, "I wish to know
if you persist in your design to marry
my mother?" On receiving an answer
in the aff'mative, the girl, who is of a
highly respectable family, drew from be-
neath her mantle a pistol, which she in-
stantly discharged at her interlocutor.—
The ball grazed his shoulder, and lodged
in the wall. The young lady was cen-
ducted to the commissary of police, and
after being interrogated, was placed at
the disposal of the procurer of the rep-
ublic.

A GOOD ONE.—While passing down
Front street yesterday, we saw two gen-
tlemen somewhat the worse for having
been in conversation with "Capt. Whis-
key." Just as we approached them, and
for some unknown cause—perhaps Psy-
chology—one of them plunged in the
gutter. His companion assisted him to
rise, and commenced rubbing the dirt
from his coat.
"You're rubbing him down, ah!" ex-
claimed we.
"Not exactly," he replied, "merely
scrapping an acquaintance."

Scouring Ireland!

From the Editorial correspondence of
the New York Tribune, dated Aug. 5,
we take the following extract. The writer,
Mr. Greeley, knows well how to depict
misery and wretchedness, no matter where
found—either at home or abroad:

"There are fewer ruins of dwellings
recently 'cleared' and thrown down in the
South than in the West of Ireland; tho'
they are not unknown here; but I saw no
new ones going up, save in immediate
connection with the Railroads, in either
section. If Government, Society and
the people remain as they have been,
Ireland may be considered absolutely
doomed, with nothing more to do but de-
cay. I trust, however, that a new leaf is
about to be turned over; still, it is mourn-
ful to pass through so fine a country and
see how the hand of death has transfixed
it. Even Limerick, at the head of ship
navigation on the glorious estuary of the
Shannon, with steamboat navigation thro'
the heart of this populous kingdom for
sixty or seventy miles above it, shows
scarcely a recent building, except the
Railroad Depot and the Union Poor house,
while its general aspect is that of stag-
nation, decline and decay. The smaller
towns between it and Dublin have a like
gloomy appearance—Kildare, with its de-
serted 'Curragh' and its towering ruins,
looking most dreary of all. Happy is the
Irishman who, in a new land, and amid
the activities and hopes which it inspires,
is spared the daily contemplation of his
country's ruin.

And yet there are brighter shades to
the picture. Nature, ever buoyant and
imperative, does her best to remedy the
ills created by man's inhumanity to man."
The south of Ireland seems far better
wooded than either the north or the west,
and thrifty young forests and tree planta-
tions soften the gloom which unroofed and
rainless cabins would naturally suggest.
Though the Railroad runs wholly through
a tame, dull, level, sweeping ranges of
hills appear at intervals on either side,
fashioning a lovely alteration of cultiva-
tion, grass and forest, to the delighted
traveller. The hay crop is badly saved
so far, and some that has been cut sever-
al days is still under the weather, while
a good deal, though long ripe, remains un-
cut; the wheat looks to me thin and un-
even; oats (the principal grain here) are
short and generally poor; but I never saw
the potatoe more luxuriant or promising,
and the area covered with this noble root
is most extensive. The poor have a fash-
ion of planting in beds three to five feet
wide, with narrow allies between, which,
through involving extra labor, must insure
a large yield, and presents a most luxuri-
ant appearance. Little rye was sown,
but that little is very good; barley is suf-
fering from the stormy weather, but is
quite thrifty. Yet there is much arable
land either wholly neglected or only
yielding a little grass, while I perceive
even less bog undergoing reclamation
than in the west. I did not anticipate a
tour of pleasure through Ireland, but the
reality is more painful than I anticipated.
Of all I have seen to day at work in the
fields, cutting and carrying turf, hoeing
potatoes, shaking out hay, &c., at least
one-third were women. If I could believe
that their fathers and husbands were in
America, clearing lands and erecting
cabins for their future homes, I should
not regret this. But the probability is
that only a few of them are there or hope-
fully employed anywhere, while hundreds
of neglected, weedy, unpromising patches
of cultivation show that, narrow as the
holdings mainly are, they are yet often
unskillfully cultivated. The end of this
is of course ejection and the Union work
house. Alas! unhappy Ireland! n. c.

RELATIONSHIP.—A Persian merchant
complaining heavily of some unjust sen-
tence of the lower court, was told by the
judge to go to the oadi.
"But the oadi is your uncle," urged
the plaintiff.
"Then you can go to the grand vic-
ar."

"But his secretary is your cousin."
"Then you may go to the Sultan."
"But his favorite sultana is your niece."
"Well then, go to the devil."

"Ah, that is a still closer family con-
nection," said the merchant, as he left
the court in despair.

Account him thy friend who de-
sires thy good rather than thy good-will.

The Two Sexes

When a rakish youth goes astray,
friends gather around him in order to re-
store him to the path of virtue. Kindness
is lavished upon him to win him back
again to innocence and peace. No one
would suspect that he had ever sinned.
But when a poor confiding girl is betray-
ed, she receives the brand of society, and
is henceforth driven from the ways of
virtue. The betrayer is honored, respect-
ed, esteemed, but his ruined, heartbroken
victim sees there is no peace for her this
side of the grave. Society has no helping
hand for her, no smiles of peace, no voice
of forgiveness. These are earthly moral-
ities, they are unknown in heaven. There
is deep wrong in them, and fearful are
the consequences.

[Nothing truer than the foregoing was
ever written. The facts stated are worthy
of the consideration of the philanthropist
or reformer. On what principle is it that
an erring female is driven from home and
friends, and all society fit for human be-
ings, while an equally erring male is
permitted to retain his station in society,
and even to boast with impunity of his
vices? On what principle is it that wo-
man—ay, woman, for she is even first and
foremost; and most zealous to deery and
persecute the unfortunate of her sex—on
what principle is it that she shows no
mercy to an erring sister, while her
sweetest smiles are lavished upon an
equally erring male? One would sup-
pose that the possibility of her falling
would teach her to extend that kindness
to another of her sex who has strayed from
the path of virtue, which she may one day
want herself. When the erring of both
sexes are treated alike—when both are
forgiven and saved, or both spurned and
ruined—we may expect to see less of li-
centiousness, misery and degradation in
the world, and not much less of the char-
acter we refer to until then. If there is
any good reason for making the distinction
between the sexes, when both are equally
guilty, or which is often the case, when
the male is by far the guiltier of the two,
it has never been made known to us.]

FAMILY OFFENSE TO NEWSPAPERS.—The
man that don't take his country paper was
in town yesterday. He brought the whole
family in a two horse waggon. He still
believed that Gen. Taylor was President,
and wanted to know if the "Kamschatkins"
had taken Cuba, and if so, where they had
taken it. He had sold his corn for twenty
five cents, the price being thirty-one—
but upon going to deposit the money, they
told him it was mostly counterfeit. The
only hard money he had was some three cent
pieces, and these some sharper had
"run on him" for half dimes. His old
lady smoked a "cob pipe," and would not
believe that anything else could be used.
One of the boys went to a blacksmith's
shop to be measured for a pair of shoes,
and another mistook the market-house for
a church. After hanging his hat on a
meat-hook, he piously took a seat on a
butcher's stall, and listened to an auc-
tioneer, whom he took to be the preacher.
He left before the "meetin'" was out," and
had no great opinion of the "armint."

One of the girls took a lot of seed opions
to the post office, to trade them for a let-
ter. She had a baby, which she carried
in a "sugar-trough," stopping at times to
rook it on the sidewalk. When it cried,
she stopped its mouth with an old stocking
and sung "Barbary Allen." The oldest
boy had sold two "coon-skins," and was
on a "bust." When last seen he had
called for a glass of "body and water,"
and stood soaking gingerbread and mak-
ing wry faces. The shop-keeper, mistak-
ing his meaning, had given him a mixture
of soda and water, and it tasted strongly
of soap. But "he had heard tell of body
and water, and was bound to give it a fair
trial, puke or no puke." Some "town
fellow" came in and called for lemonade
with a "fly in it," whereupon our "soaped"
friend turned his back and quietly wiped
several flies into his drink.

We approached the old gentleman and
tried to get him to "subscribe," but he
would not listen to it. He was opposed
to "moral improvement," and he thought
"larnin'" was a wicked invention, and
culterwaten' nothin' but "wanity and
waxation." None of his family ever
learned to read, but one boy, and he
"teached school awhile and went a study-
in' divinity."

CLIPPINGS.

Quite an unexpected commotion
took place during a steamboat excursion
from Baltimore a few days since. A
young woman named Jones, having danc-
ed until quite excited, was so imprudent
as to drink ice-water. The consequence
was, a violent spasmodic cholera. Her
agonizing cries excited the sympathy of
all present, and bravely and the doctors
were put in requisition. But the excite-
ment was soon allayed by the announce-
ment that an additional passenger, who
had paid no fare, was on board the boat.

The Chicago Journal, of a late
date, says: Lake Michigan was playing its
antics again all day yesterday, the water
rising from two to four feet every half
hour or so, and as suddenly receding. At
dusk, while the lake was as smooth as a
mirror, without wind or any apparent
cause, the water rose to the height of four
feet twice within an hour. "What has
caused this great commotion" with old
Michigan, is a mystery. It is certainly
very unaccountable.

A man named Shelton, confined in
a jail near Ellicott's Mills, Maryland, for
participating in the murder of a whole
family, and under sentence of death, has
modestly requested his jailor to let him go
at large a few days, in order that he may
kill two of the witnesses that testified ag-
ainst him. He says he will be perfect-
ly satisfied then, and they may hang him
as soon as they please.

Here is a sentence which we recom-
mend to Cubaneers:

Neutral States are bound to be strict-
ly neutral, and it is a manifest and gross
impropriety for individuals to engage in
the civil conflicts of other States, and thus
be at war while their government is at
peace.—Daniel Webster's Letter to Mr.
Fox.

When men wish to get out of trou-
ble, they seek advice from a lawyer—the
only man in the world who can make
money by sowing dissensions. When
they wish for health, they apply to the
doctor—the only man in the world who
can make money by keeping people sick.
Queer animal, that human being—well
he is.

Women have much nicer sense of
the beautiful than men. They are, by
far, the safer unpires in the matters of
propriety and grace. A mere school-
girl will be thinking and writing about
the beauty of birds and flowers, while her
brother is robbing the nests and destroy-
ing the flowers.

A lady in South Carolina says she
goes heart and soul for the union, for if
the States may separate when they please,
after making a bargain of Union, the
next thing will be the right of the men
claiming the right to secede from their
wives the moment they disagreed or hap-
pen to get offended with them.

A woman's friendship borders
more closely on love than man's. Men
affect each other in the reflection of noble
or friendly acts, while the women ask
fewer proofs, and more signs and expres-
sions of attachment.

A woman quarrelling with her
husband, told him she believed if she was
to die, he would marry the devil's daugh-
ter. "The law does not allow a man to
marry two sisters," replied the tender
husband.

Lake Erie has taken to spouting.
A number of magnificent waterpouts
were recently seen rising in majesty from
its surface, by the people of Sandusky,
who thronged the housetops to behold the
spectacle.

There is no hope for moral delin-
quents in Boston. Recently several per-
sons were fined five dollars and costs, for
having danced at a wedding between 12
and 1 o'clock on Sunday morning.

The Missouri Messenger says: "A
young man about twenty-five years of
age, named —, was sold this morn-
ing under the Yagrant Act"—brought me
dollars.

The new constitution of Ohio only
authorizes the issuing of licenses on two
hazardous accounts—getting married and
keeping gunpowder for sale.

Vinegar boiled with sulphur com-
pound sprinkled in a room corrects putrid
ity.