OREGON SPECTATOR

SCHNEBLY & CULVER, EDITORS.)

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way."

. 10 11 16 A. R. BOTH, VRAVEN

Vol. 6.

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THE ORBUON APECTATOR: A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER, TOTAL TO THE MODIL, MICIAL AND LITERARY INTERESTS OF THE PROPER OF OREGON. D. J Schuebly, Proprietor.

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POETRY.

From the Olao Caltinator A Home Picture

Rev Forms had finished his hard day's work And he sat at his cuttage door : His good wife Kate, sat by his side, And the mosnlight danced on the floor ; The mountight danced on the cottage floor, Her beams were as clear and bright As when he and Kate, twelve years before, Talked love in her mellow light.

Ren Fisher had never a pipe of clay, And never a dram drank he ; No he leved at home with his wife to stay. And they chatted right merrily Right merrily they chatted on the while Her babe slept on her breast; While a chubby regue, with rosy smile,

And the corn in the lower field : And the wheat on the full was grown to And promised a giorious yieldglorious yield in the harvest time, And his orchard was doing fair; His sheep and his stock were in ther prime,

On his father's knee found rest

His farm all in good repart. Kate said her garden looked beautiful, That the butter that Tommy that men

churned. Would buy him a Sunday hat; That Jenny for Pa a new shirt had made, And 'twas done too, by the rule; And Freddy the garden coul I nicely spade, And Ann was ahead at school

Through his locks of greyish brown ;-"I tell you Kate, what I think," said be, "We're the happiest folks in town."

Work and health go together I've found ; For ther's Mrs. Bell that does not work at all, And she's sigh the whole year round.

They're worth their thousands so people say, But I never saw them happy yet ; id not be me that would take their gold And live in a constant fret,

My humble home has a light within, Mrs. Bell's gold could not buy, Six healthy children, a merry heart, And a husband's love lit oye."

fancied a tear was in Ben's eys,-The moon shone brighter and cleaver, I could not tell why the man should cry. But he hitched up to Kate still nearer He leaned his head on her shoulder there,

And took her hand in hie;-I guess (though I looked at the m That he left on her lips a him.

CUBAN EXPEDITION ANADONES .- Ou phic dispatches from New Orleans s us of the abandonment of all fur-forts there to sustain the expedition ine Cuba .- St. Louis Rep.

The Worcester Palladium, demo eratic coalition, says—"Whig Prospects—they are better in this country than we wish they were."

10 Hon. O. Cole declines to be a candidate for Governor of Wisconsin.

MARION AND HIS MEN. McDonald's Rescue

BY H. G. CHIPMAN.

The old man and Marion were soon brought forth, and Hunter was strapped upon a saddle, and his daughter rested upon a palfrey between two stout troopers coward set off at a full gallop the wood, leaving the remainder to carry out the orders of their captain. And well did they obey him, for of the compa-ny gathered at the house that night but escaped to tell the tale; and the redning glow that lit up the surrounding darkness and glimmered afar through nook back by the dashing waters of the Santec told that the building was fired, and was fast sinking beneath the efforts of this consuming element of destruction.

The heavy tread of a horse school out upon the sir, as a solitary horseman rode along the banks of the river, and took his way in the direction of the farm house of Blibu Hunter. He was about twenty. five years of ege, and was drossed in the uniform of Marion's men. He rode a tall coal black steed, and was completely ar-

med for offensive or defensive operations.

He had evidently been belated, and was now wishing to make up for lost time, for his noble steed was urged forward at a rapid gallop, and his eye wandered anxiously and warily around him; sud-denly a bright light broke upon the forest, and far down the atream he saw the lurid sparks useend into the air, and beheld the redened glow planted upon the cloud, by the conflagration below. Hastily raising in the stirrups, he gazed for an instant upon the scene, and then exclaimed— 'My tiest' it is the house of Hunter!

the wilds of the forest.

The red glow of the fire cast an un-earthly glare upon the surrounding ob-jects, and revealed with leafful distinctform of a female lay stretched upon the earth, and stooping down, he arrutinized with one deep, long glance, there pallid features, and partie, the matted is a side from her gory low, where the fatal missile had forced its turance and deprived her of life; and, then raising himself to his fullest height, he grasped his rifle with a spasmodic clutch, and breathed forth in fervid tones the single word—

earthly stare around him.

with the force of his emotion, as he shouted forth the agony of his heart—
'My Marion! my Marion! oh, where
art thou?'

'Go seek the enemy of our land, that

human demon of Tarletou's Capt. Ellers. tie, and you will find her whom you seek,' and the hunter strode to the side of Mc-Donald.

Earlie, my friend, how long since this

Not an hour since.

'Then by the souls of my forefathers, she shall yet be mine!' and turning his steed, he dashed rapidly from the spot, followed by the hunter, after taking one lingering look at the scene of ruin he left behind him.

The beams of the morning sun gilded the tree tops and glanced rapidly from hill to hill, as Capt. Ellersie and his party isaved from the black forest, and en upon the more open country around it.—
In the centre of the group rode the prisoners, and the eye of the officer often rested with gleating admiration upon the fair features of the defenceless Marion, as she al lently and with downcast eyes rode along with a sturdy trooper upon each side, to prevent any sudden resolution she might form to escape. The live long night the party had travelled on with unwearied vigilance, and new that the terrors of the forest, known as the haunt of Marion and his men, were passed, the Captuin resolved

large tory farm house, and one of the men dismounted—threw it open, and the men dismounted—threw it open, and the cavaleade entered the enclaure one after another; the space not being wide enough to admit of more than one going in at a time. Their long ride had so wearied the men that they hurried in as fast as possible; and by checking the impatience of her horse, Marion remained outside until all but her two guards had passed in.—One of these then advanced before her, biddless the other to remain belief her. bidding the other to remain behind her bidding the other to remain behind her; but as he left her side, quick as though she turned the head of her steed, and ap-plying her whip to the flanks of the spir-ited animal, he sprang rapidly off in the direction of the black forest. A deep ourse broke from the lips of the remain-ing guard as he wheeled his steed to fol-low her, and it drew the attention of those incide account was Ellipsetic.

inside, among whom was Eillerslie.
'Mount men! and after her! a the stand dollars to the one who secures her alive!' he shouted in freezied tones of madness, as he hattily mounted his own steed to

Go it, Marion!-God bless you for noble girl! place the forest trees of you wood around you, and I'll defy the villains to find you again. On, on, girl. There is hope before, and worse than death behind,' and tears of heartfelt joy poured over the cheeks of Hunter, as he gazed

upon the exciting scene.

Take that old gray headed dog to the nearest tree and hang him upon the first limb! wrathfully cried Ellerslie, as he spurred his horse through the gate, and

urged him forward in quick pursuit.

Half a dozen men sprang forward to obey, and the old man was released from any coeff it is the house of Hunter! was norse; but so long had his limbs been confined in one position, that he was unable to walk, and his captors, brutally seized him by the gray harrs of his head, dragged him forward to an oak tree which the wilds of the forest. grew in the yard, and procuring a rope prepared to cary into effect the last dis-bolical order of the blood-thirsty Ellers-

peets, and revealed with tearful distinctness the features of a strong man who had emerged from the depths of the word and strod leaning upon agiffe, gazed at the glowing embers. His lips quivered with enotions, and a tear stand involue tarily to his eye—but brushing agide his seridence of his weakness. If predances he rough be called, he strolled to where the form of a femule lay stretched upon the earth, and stooping down, he arrutinized with one deep, Tong glance, they are being defense, and seizing hold of her bridle features, and partie, the matted lasks a side from her gory flow, where the fatal missile had forced its turance and deprived her of hife; and, thou rating himself to this follest height, he grassed his rifle to this core was such that the seed of his hore wa In the meantime the steed which bor ing his left arm around her, he attempted

forth in fervid tones the single word—

'Venuesce!'

And turning around, was about leaving the spot, as the sound of a horse's gallop fell upon his ear.

'Poor McDonald!' he muttered: 'he comes but to find his affianced bride's house in ruins, and her in the hands of his most implacable foe.'

The excitoment of the flight had bro't the warm blood to her cheek, but the insult he offered sent it rushing back again, and for a moment she becomes ap ale as marble; then recovering horself, sent one wild, heart-reading shrick through the sturrounding wood, and vainly the sturrounding wood, and wainly the sturrounding

most implacable foe.'

The rush of the steed was heard, the underwood parted in twain, and with a bound a horseman belted in front of the burning mansion, and glauced with an untertail agony, as it vibrated uponthesenburning mansion, and glauced with an untertail agony, as it vibrated uponthesenturning mansion, and glauced with an untertail agony. The west topics. Hunter cases and tearing himself from his executioners. Hunter cases and to make on his hold.

But that ory of despair which then went from the lips of injured innocence, and the state of the state tioners, Hunter essayed to mount the wall It was McDonald! the affianced of Marion Hunter.

His lofty brow was as pallid as that of
thedead female who lay beneath his horse's
hoefs, and his cheeks as pale as the white
the earth, the old man groaned in anguish rose of Sharon, while every limb of the and heaped maledictions upon the des-strong man trembled like an aspen leaf, troyers of his happiness and innocence. other beside her father heard

that tearful shrick, as it went echoing a-long the forest, and oh! the thrill of horror that took possession of his soul, as he heard and recognized the voice of his be trothed in that last scream of despair .-The feam flew in drops from the Selim; and as if conscious of the urgency of the occasion, he flew rather than run through the wood, until both he and his rider seemed as spirits flying upon the air rider seemed as spirite flying upon the air rather than occupants of the earth. From the tep of that slope McDonald galled down the road, and beholds Marion struggli g.in the arms of Ellerslie, who has dismounted and is endeavoring to drag her from her steed. He raises aloft in his stirrups—his broad claymore glitters in the rays of the rising sun—and his powerful voice rings out like a thunder poal upon the morning air as he shouts aloud his well known war ory upon the breeze:

upon the morning are as he shouts aloue his well known war ory upon the breeze:

Death to the Torice! Marion, I counc!

The countenance of Elleralic paled as he heard the terrible sound, and releasing the form of Mariou he sprang to his horse; but when he arese in his strrups his head was clove to the chin by a descending blow from McDonald's claymore, and b sunk lifeless to the earth. Seizing hold of the reins of Marion's palfrey, he turned him towards the farm house, and

galloped hantily onward.
'Do not go there—a hundred red dra-goons are resting in the yard.'

'Their doom is sealed-listen!' and a he spoke a loud volley rang forth upon the blast, and the thick volumes of smoke ourled above the roof of the house, and to halt to procure some refreshments, and blast, and the thick volumes of smoke from the ardent glances he had so often ouried above the roof of the house, and cast upon her, Marion was led to believe a loud crash of arms resounded through

he meditated some act of violence to-wards her, and scoretly resolved, if an op-portunity presented, to escape.

The party halted before the gate of a "Tis Marion and his Mon!"

Of the hundred men that went forth with Ellerslie, not one escaped, and from the terror with which their fate inspired the Tories, the battle of that morning was called by them 'McDonato's Rescue."

O'The following anecdote was related to a writer in the "Jerseyman," in a farm bouse in Virginia, during a night spent there some six years ago:

In December, 17—, toward the close of a dreary day, a woman with an infant child were discoverd half buried is the snow, by a little Virginian, seven years old. The lad was returning from school, and hearing the moan of some one is discress, threw down his satchel of books and tress, threw down his satchel of books and rapaired to the spot from whomos the sound proceeded, with a firmness becoming one in riper years. Raking the snow from the benumbed body of the mother, and using means to awaken her to a sense of her deplorable condition, the noble youth succeeded in setting her upon her feet; the infant nestling on its mother's breast, turned its eyes towards their youthful preserver, and smiled, as it seemed, in gratitude for their preservation. With a countude for their preservation. With a countenance filled with hope, the gallant youth cheered the sufferer on, himself bearing with his tiny arms the infant child, while the mother leaned for support on the shoulder of her little conductor. "My home is hard by," would be exclaim, as fast as her spirits failed; and thus for three miles did he cheer onward to a happy haven the mother and child, both of whom must have perished, had it not been for the humane feelings and perseverance of this noble youth.

A warm fire and kind attention at relieved the sufferer, who it appeared, was in search of her husband, an emigrant from New Hampshire, a recent purchaser of a farm in the neighborhood of _____, mear this place. Diligent la-quiry, for several days, found him, and in five months after, the identical house in which we are now sitting was erected and received the happy family. The child grow up to manhood—entered the and received the manhood entered child grew up to manhood entered child grew to manhood entered child green to manhood army—lost a limb at New Orleans, but returned to end his days is selece to the decising years of his parents. "Where are they now?" I saked the nerrator.— "Here," exclaimed the con, "I are the research con, there is no washes, and the name imprinted on my naked arm, is the name

The September No. of Harper' Magazine the following is related by the editor, and being so good we perform our duty by presenting it to our readers:

"In a recent case of capital crime, be-fore a far western jury, the lawyer addreated to them among other similar arguments, the following: "The Bible says, 'Thou shalt not kill! Now do you know gentlemen, that if you go to hang my client, the prisoner at the bar, that you commit murder? You do, and 'no mistake;' mit murder? You do, and 'no mistake;'
for murder is murder, whether it is committed by twelve men in what is called a box—and a 'bad box' you'll find it, if you don't give a rightcous verdict—for a humble individual like my client. S'posing my client had killed a man; I say s'posing he had; is that any reason why you should kill a man? twelve of you on one No, gentlemen of the jury, you may bring the prisoner at the bar, my client, in gull-fy; the hangman may do his duty, but will that exonerate you? No such thing! You will all, individually and collectively, you will all be murderers!' This pro-found argument had its effect. The verdict of the jury was: 'Not guilty if he'll quit the State!'

A HEART IN THE RIGHT PLACE.-I am wedded Coloridge, to the fortunes of my sister, and my poor old father. Oh, my friend, I think sometimes, could I recall the days that are past, which among them should I choose? Not those 'merrier days' should I choose? Not those 'merrier and the "pleasant days of hope"—not those "wanderings with a fair-haired mald—which I have so often and feelingly regretted, but the days, Coloridge, of a greated, but the days, the schoolboy. mother's fondness for her schoolboy .-What would I give to call her back to earth for one day; on my knees to ask her pardon for all those little asperities of temper, which, from time to time, have given her gentle spirit pain; and the day, my friend, I trust will come. There will be time enough for kind offices of love, if heaven's eternist year be ours. Hereafter, her meck spirit shall not represent the companies of the companies. Oh, my friend, cultivate the falls feeling—and let no man thisk himself released from the kind "charities" of relationship. These shall give him peace at the last. Those are the best foundations for every species of benevolonce.—C. Lamb's Letters.

Or "I am a great gun said a tipsy ty-po, who had been on a bender for a week. "Yes," said the foreman, "you're a great gun, haif cocked, and you may consider yourself discharged."
"Well," said the typo, "then I'd better

A Morbid Lavor.
The Philadelphia City Item vouches for the truth of the following incident, as having " happened in" at one of the medical colleges in the city of Brotherly Love .-It is the custom, it seems, at this nursery of science, to call "the students from on gong. The lies thereupon discourses as legture room to another by the sound of a

Now it happened on one pleasant day, not very long since, that a stout, heavy and tather clumsy-looking down-easter, who had apparently voyaged on a scheme from about Kennebec to get a lond of coal, happened to wander along Fifth street, near Walnut, just about disner time, and as he passed the Philadelphia College, heard the first jumble of the janiter's gong. He entered at once, and saluted the janitor with:

"Hello, your Dimer aint oleh ready

"Hello, youf Dimmer aint nigh ready

"I believe it is,' answered the fund tionary addressed, not rightly compre-hending the object of the querist. "Wal, I kalk'inte I 'll take four shillin'

worth myself."
At this moment he capied the

At this moment he espied the crowd wedging their way up stairs.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, rushing forward and joining the press, "taint no use scrougin, taint! I kin pay my fifty cents and if you look to get nigher the best vittles then I do, you're all on you stronger nor I be, sartin!"

So saying he elbowed his way perseveringly, and is the manifest annoyance of his neighbors.

As soon as he entered the leature area.

on as he entered the lecture-ro and hed been carried into a seat by the press, the Yankee looked around him.— He was in the anatomical theatre. To his utter astonishment, he beheld a great pit in the centre, containing a table, upon which were several wet and dry preparations, of parts of a body, on plates. A round this the seats were arranged amphi-theatrically. The appearance of the af-fair was novel, and, after wriggling about for a few moments, he turned to his neigh

bor, and said:

"Say, yeard this is some of the new fashions, I guess. Seems to be plenty of meat down that; but where 's the walters' how, in the name of Christopher Columbia as Gin'ril Jackson, are we go

Columbts an Gin'ril Jankson, are we in all on us to est off that one table?

"East?" replied the student.

"Teen, an!—leastwise I a'pose we a ogme here to leak at the vittles youder. want my sheer, an' of I don't git I calk'inte I 'll keep my four shillin' John Bull's eyes till he has the blind stag-gers, when you can take him by the tail and sling him beyond all human recollec-tion! Rouse ye—rouse ye, let the shout penetrate every nock and cransy of North

"You're a queer fellow," said the stu-nt. "How long have you been study-

dent. "How long have you been studying medicine?"
"Studyin' medicine! Oh, shaw!—you git cou! I never studied none, 'cept a leetle hose-doctorin'; and that was wust than the doctrine old Blinkin Coffin cused to preach down to Hog's Pint. Medicine! never had nothin' to do with it, 'cept one summer when I went peddin' pills, warranted peurcly vegetable. So they was, tou—nothin' but pean rolled in liquorish powder, yaaa!"

Here the 'Yankee anorted out so loud that it attracted the attention of the whole class. Seeing which, he suddenly stopped

class. Seeing which, he suddenly stopped his cachinations—whereat there was a general laugh. His companion began to understand matters, and asked him if he knew where he wasf

knew where he was?

"Wal," answered he, "I begin to think I aint sure; I rayther guess h's a hotel; but—Capting Brown and the Continental Congress! what on airth 'a shail" and he pointed with a trembling finger to a skeleton which hung from the deme, and which had hitherto escaped his vision.

"Dear Sin—I did not till yesterday receive yours of the 25th February; where it has loitered on the road I am at a loss to say. I had before read of your very

airth am 17' " You're in the Philadelphia College of

"Philly—delfy—col—legiem—edism!
Je-roosalem! An' taint no tavern! What's
that 'ere most doin' on the table!"

"These are pathological specimen. The one this way is a morbid liver." "Liver! Creation! Deader, you me and climbing over those above him, the Vankee scrambled out of the amphithea-tre, and bolted from the building. Amid the shouts of the whole class, that burst forth in a torrent of mingled laughter and applause, he made his exit.

THE LAST WORDS OF COL. CRITTEN pan.—A private letter from an American as congurring at the execution of the fifty expeditionists, which is interesting if true. It is, that when Col. Crittenden was told e turn his back and kneel, he impatiently scalained: "No! I kneel only to God exclaimed: "Not I kneel only to God, and never turn my back to the enersy."
The guard stepped back and he was left to face the almost justing fire of the platoon, which he did with the utmost coolness. An American is usually a man, whether as a brave, a patriot; or in any other phase of life.

Hon. Bonj. R. Curtis has been appoir ted to the place on the beach of the U. S. Supreme Court rendered vecant by the death of Judge Woodbury.

Bloody War fo

Pollow-citizens and horsest Hurrahl There's got to be a war! I'm in for whisping Great Britain right off without manying for compliments! We must hantle the British Lion heels over head out of the everlasting borders of this here Westers Continent! Hurrah for the assessment of Continent! Hurrah for the annuation of Canada! We must have the critter, head and heels, and if we have to wade in blood up to our knees to pull it from the horns of John Ball. We must do it! I repeat again we must do it; if we have to drive the pick are of vengeance clean to the handle in Johnny's addled brains!—Where's the possum whose little soul does not echo these sentiments? He aint mowhere and never was. Con't you and it not ceho these sentimental its aint so where and never was. Can't you and I, and every one of us, rouse up the well human natur till he'd pay the cheff old England clear down below low was mark! Yes sir-rese. Every citizen of this tall land, from the owl on the human cheff in the President in his great arms of this tall the president in his great arms of this in in the president in his great arms of this in in the president in his great arms of the president in his g med chair, is in favor of this all-thundering and liberty apreading measure. Just let these glorious ideas pdp into the United States cranium fairly, and see if an earthquake shout, bursting from twenty-six millions of India vubber lungs, don't shake the whole earth—cruck the zenth and knock the very polls over! I tell you there is nothing this side a the millenium like our everlasting institutions! nor you can't scrape up a flock of civilized beings on the face of the universal zeros from a, who know so well how to defend and spread them. Where's the Yankee that won't fight for his country within a quarter inch of his life, if it "types his noul, yes, and his upper leather too!" What's England? Why, it ain' nothing at all med chair, is in favor of this all-ther won't night for his country within a quar-ter inch of his life, if it "tries his soul, yes, and his upper leather too?" What's England? Why, it ain' nothing at all scareely! Uncle Sam will take it for a pocket handkerchief to blow his nose when he gets a cold! We are "bound to wake to make," and so mistake. get hold of the job in carnest, with all of Uncle Sam's boys, and if we don't die a hole as deep as eternity, with the space of Yankee spunk, and scream the gream spots off the face of the whole universal spots off the face of the whole universal world and pitch them end over end late it, then I'm so "two-legged crocodile!"—When this is done you will see the great rearing eagle of liberty flapping his bread wings up and down the sides of the world, like a big rooster crowing upon the top of a burrel! Why, you are all ready be the cases—all you want is a live one of two demand on your heads to tunch was off. dropped on your heads to touch you off! Methicks the flashes of fire in your eyes to-day forbode blood and thunder, only to-day forbode blood and thunder, only mind not to flash in the pan! If you all do your bounden duty in this crisis, you'll spit the tobacco juice of determination in

-Waverly Magizane. YEARS AGO. - The following letter, in reply to a suggestion about milroads, write ten 40 years ago, by chancellor Livings ton, who had bor's associated with his brother in law, Robert Fulton, in application

America—from the tip top of the Arcile regions clear to the straits Gibralter, Canada, and the United States forever—liegot in a war hoop—born in blood—eradled in thunder, and brought up in glory.

"DEAR Sin-I did not till yesterday re-ceive yours of the 25th February; where ingenious proposition as to the railway communication. I fear, however, on mature reflection, that they will be liable to serious objection, and ultimately more agpensive than a canal. They must be double, so as to prevent the danger of two such heavy bedies meeting. The walls on which they are placed, must be, at least four feet below the surface and three above, and must be clamped with iron, and even then would hardly sustain so heavy a weight as you propose moving at heavy a weight as you propose moving at the rate of four miles an hour on wheels.

NEW YORK STATE PAIR. New York State Pair. Accounts from the New York State Pair, held as Rochester, say that the assemblage of people was never so large at any fair held in that State, and the interest corresponds with the large gathering. The entry like of all the articles is the most extensive over made. It embraces about 1860 extrices, included under which are many thousand articles.