OREGON SPECTATOR.

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THE OREGON SPECTATOR
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POETRY.

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By the Waste

[illegible]

Columbia City, O. T.

☞ The New York Tribune says—We spent $150,000,000, more and less, in the Mexican War, to acquire New Mexico and California. We have carried into the harbor of San Francisco $500,000,000 of produce. We have sacrificed 50,000 lives in California.—We have lost the work and labor of 400,000 men for three years in California, and, as the only return for all this, we have received about one or two millions of gold from the Pacific Coast.

☞ To make money plenty and cheap, has been the study of statesmen for the last ten centuries, and yet when a counterfeiter steps in and shows them how it is done, he is handcuffed off to State's Prison for a dozen years or more.

The divorce law of Iowa affords so many facilities for unloosing the nuptial knot, that parties are constantly flocking to that State for the purpose of availing themselves of its provisions.

Luck and Luck,

OR, THE MERCHANT AND FARMER.

"Good morning, friend Hochandle."

"Ah! Yardstick, I am glad to see you. Come out to smell the fresh air and hear the birds sing, I suppose? Well, I am glad to see you; walk into the house; Mrs. Hochandle will be most happy to see a city friend; that is if you will not quiz our style of living. We plain country folks are not quite up to fashion; and it is well we are not, for we could not afford it if we were. Ah! Yardstick, you are a lucky dog—here we are, about fifty years old each of us, and—"

"Good Gracious! Hochandle. Why, what can you mean? Why, I am but forty, or say a trifle over, and quite young for—they say—at that."

"Ha! ha! ha! Yardstick, it won't do—still play up the beau, I see, but no matter. As I was saying, here we are—you a merchant, never did any work, can't milk, and I a poor farmer, worked like hell my days—boys together—started even—you trifling in luck, everything in luck, every—"

"Well, well, Hochandle, you are a—I won't get into a argument on our comparative positions in life—that is I will get through an—argument. I want a thousand dollars—thirty days, if you have it over."

"Have it over!—over what, Yardstick?"

"Over and Hochandle, that if you can accommodate me, I would like to—the fact is, I am out on a shinning expedition, and—want some money."

"Have it over—short—shin—how much that you want to borrow, Yardstick? and you—all right, sir. I—I have it, and, Yardstick, I am particularly glad to lend you. Want a thousand—well, hold, let us go through this matter now, before my good wife comes on—these women always want to know all that's going on, and she will insist that I am indebted to you. Indebted, ha! ha! she would be astonished if John Hochandle owed a man a thousand dollars—shall I don't sigh so, man—what's the matter? There you are, sir, here is the—thing."

"Thank you, Hochandle, here is our note, I had it ready before I left home, very kind of—me."

"Yes I was observing, Yardstick, you city merchants do have an easy time of it. Here—New York, buy your stock, sell at a profit—buy again, sell again, roll up your hundred thousand in a few years; and here I—Jo Hochandle works like a slave six months out of the twelve, up in the morning at daylight, and works at least four hours before dinner, and in harvest time from sunrise to sunset. Yes, sir, it is a fact, and what have we got to show for it? Why, after thirty years toil, sir, I have only this farm of three hundred acres worth, perhaps, a little bank stock, purchased with its yearly profits."

"And pray my good friend, what have you averaged per year, clear profits, over all expenditures, for all this terrible labor for thirty years?"

"Not over two thousand dollars a year, Yardstick, while you make ten."

"Let me see, farm worth nine thousand—thirty years' profit—sixty-nine thousand, and a large yearly income beside: poor fellow—why you are to be pitied."

"I know it, I know it—all in luck.—Ah! if I had only been a merchant."

"Let me ask, Hochandle, your products are all sold for cash down, I think. Never credit out, do you?"

"Credit! What, credit grain wheat? Credit my wool? Credit my live stock? Excuse me, ha! ha! You do not know what farming is I see. Oh, no, sir, our produce is cash. All we raise is cash at my door. Why, I am plagued to death by produce buyers, and purchasers of live stock, wool buyers, and all the rest of them, who will gladly advance me eighty per cent. on my produce here, and pay me the other twenty in thirty days. Credit! I do not know the word, sir. I don't use it. But Yardstick, they tell me you are rich."

"Hochandle, how will you exchange property with me, 'unsight, unseen,' as the boys say: you know how—how I stand—do you Hochandle?"

"Stand, yes, sir; why the firm of Tape Yardstick & Co. are good for two hundred thousand at any moment. They say that you sold that amount last year alone."

"True, so we did on paper, and we are worth something handsome too, on paper; but, sir, we cannot feed ourselves on paper, nor build houses with paper."

"Well, well, I see—all gammon, you dog you. You are rich, you know you are. I am sorry that thirty-five years ago, I did not make myself a dry goods clerk; but here I am toiling, toiling, year after year, and show but little for it, while you sit at your desk and count up weekly receipts as they rain down—yes, fairly rain down upon you. Ah, me, toiling for a farmer—and not worth one-half that Yardstick, I'll give you my farm and all the failures of my property, for your share in your firm. Eh! all your property at a venture, there?"

"My good sir, all you are really envious of my humble position; but come now, are you?"

"Yes, I am Yardstick. I can't help it. Here, it is only dog—dog. I want, before I die, to become a—a—"

"Nabob—eh Hochandle, I must tell you—a—merchant; and would you exchange? (aside) my dear good friend it will be your own fault. Now! don't you see—"

"What! no sir! You shall not—you must not—you cannot refuse me. You must be—I will not be refused. Why, I have not a hundred thousand dollars in the world, and before he dies a man ought to have rolled up his pile to throw away. Let prospects—(aside) hold him. Very good, Hochandle—good—ha! ha! You take my offer, do you?"

"Hochandle, my friend, I would not exchange with you. I have long been thirsty for—Have sold millions of dollars' worth of goods. Have made and lost fortunes in my day. Have erected large stocked pork-out, which I myself bought on credit, and have stood year after year over the brink of a pent up volcano, expecting that those who owed me would explode and blow me to atoms—(aside) nights—we are slaves. Head aches and heart aches. Constant fear that I could not keep my head above water. Obliged to raise money at high exorbitant rates of interest, retire up my paper with, because my debtors were selling which I in their pressing wants to me. Stocks declined in value. Failures changing. Bankers closed—specie—no money to be had—never. Ah, my friend, I just wonder I am alive with my excitement. Let me have you here, it has a charm for me. Stop—since I am a merchant's death if no care for his property and his credit, when embarked in such a hazardous business as a wholesale business—Care, care—hangs on—eats up the heart; weighs down; turns day into night; he can't shake it off; it is a horrible nightmare. He goes to New York, sees—buys fifty thousand dollars worth of goods on "time," and gives notes. Oh! those bank notes—fearful words to a man who has credit at stake, and relies upon his—just notes to pay their notes by which he may be able to meet his own. See him, sir, fairly embarked like a ship at sea, and his ship is surrounded on all sides by huge icebergs, perfect mountains—no chance of escape—by and by he sees they are coming down upon him, he is hemmed in—slowly and quietly those huge piles advance—steadily they come—the ship will surely be crushed. Aye, not a chip left—then—down—down they come, Hah! a little blue sky is seen, she escapes, she gets into the sea once more—"

"The ship is like the merchant, the mountains of ice, the bank notes, the bills payable; the blue sky, the bills receivable. But sometimes the bills receivable are not met, and the ship is crushed to atoms."

"How do you like the picture, my friend? So much for a merchant's life. We are not what we seem. Our extensive business is all on paper—mere trash the great noise we make is produced by the emptiness of our pretensions. Now, sir, will you take my place at the desk, and let the cash rain down upon you? Nay, you are too sensible a man. Stick to the farm; you are a lord, aye, a king—independent—owing no man—while the poor merchant must cringe and fawn upon banks and money-lenders. Yes, sir, go down on his knees to get money to save his credit. Sir, producers may say—"we ask nothing of the banks, nothing of the merchants—both ask every thing that constitutes the whole comforts of life from us." Give me now your property for mine, with my kind of life with! Nay when I tell you that one single disastrous year, with the kind of business I am doing, would sweep away all I am worth—will you exchange situations with me?"

"Friend Yardstick, I thank you; but what a picture you have set before me! I'll never despise the old farmer again—never. Let us join Mr. Hochandle in the dining room, and as we take a quiet lunch, with a thankful heart, we will drink a glass of domestic catawba, this toast: "The farmer, the happiest mortal on earth."

The Hudson.—Persons who have made the passage from New York to Hartford by water, must have a lively recollection of the innumerable landings on the Connecticut river—especially the *Hedgehog*. A stranger to the route was on board a Hartford boat one night, and being rather nervous, he had only worked up a quiet snooze just as the watchman of Saybrook. He was suddenly awakened at the first landing, but by the time he had rubbed his peepers and got the boat cleared again the wharves at Lyme and Old Saybrook he was thoroughly awake. By the time the bell again announced a stop and our traveller, with his head from his berth, asked

"What place is this?"

"East Haddam," was the reply.

The traveller's patience was exhausted, and he swore over and the boat was again on its way. The traveller was trying to get himself to sleep, when the bell again sounded in his ear with its long *a ding-dong ding-dong*.

"What place is this?" he asked of a passenger who was "thrashing" about the cabin preparing to land.

"This is *Haddam*," was the answer.

Again the traveller essayed to snatch a brief moment of repose. Just as he was becoming insensible to the nippers of the bed-bugs, the infernal bell gave another signal to stop the boat, and another passenger tumbled out to make the landing.

"What place is this?" roared the traveller, losing all patience.

"East—*Haddam*!"

"Any more Haddams on this cursed river?"

"Two more—and then a dozen more Haddams."

"How many did you say?"

"Two—and it. Had dam and upper Haddam, and then—"

"That's enough!" shouted the traveller; "I wish the devil had 'em!"—Yankee Blade.

Partisan Nominations for Judges.—The Washington Union has the following appropriate remarks:

We have long felt satisfied that in those States where the judiciary has been made elective, the bench has been filled quite as ably as under the old system—in most, if not all of those cases the candidates have been party nominations.

The general result of such action seems to be that each party is compelled, by the nature of the judicial office, and the direct interest of the people in the character and ability of its incumbents, to nominate the men in its ranks who are best qualified to discharge its duties. In every case the nomination of an incompetent man for judge would endanger the whole ticket. Hence *partisan* nominations for that office have usually been prudent and suitable nominations.

Cure for Weak Eyes.—An elderly gentleman, accustomed to "indulge," entered the room of a certain inn, where sat a grave friend by the fire. Lifting a pair of green spectacles upon his forehead, rubbing his inflamed eyes, and calling for hot brandy and water, he complained to the friend that "his eyes were getting weaker and weaker, and that even spectacles did'nt seem to do them any good." "I'll tell thee friend," replied the Quaker, "what I think. If thee was to wear thy spectacles *over thy mouth* for a few months, thy eyes would get round again."

☞ A Canadian farmer had the honor to be elected a representative for his county in Lower Canada. On his return he was asked, "Well, what has the Assembly done?"

To which he replied, "I don't know."

"And what do you go for?"

"*Two dollars a day!*"

Who is Contented?

One day, as the *Degrieb*, almoran, the wisest of all the followers of the prophet, and the oracal of the chief Mufti of Stamboul, was sitting in a shady grove by the side of a bubbling fountain on the shores of the Bosphrus, trying to find out the true road to happiness, in order that he might benefit his fellow creatures by communicating the discovery, his speculation was interrupted by a man richly clothed, who, approaching, sat down and sighed heavily, crying out the same time—

"Oh! Allah, I beseech thee to relieve me of life, or the burdens with which it is laden.'

Almoran, who was a sort of amateur of misery, because it afforded him the pleasure of administering consolation, approached the man of sorrow, and kindly inquired the cause of his griefs.

"Art thou in want of food, of friends, of health, or any of those comforts of life that are necessary to human happiness or dost thou lack the advice of experience or the consolation of sympathy? Speak, for it is the business of my life to bestow them on my fellow creatures."

"Alas!" said the stranger, "I require none of these. I have all and more than I want of everything. I have all the means of happiness but one, and the want of that renders every other blessing of no value."

"And what is that?" asked the Dervish.

"I adore the beautiful Zulema, but she loves another, and all my riches and honors are as nothing. I am the most miserable of men; my life is a burden, and my death would be the greatest of blessings."

Before Almoran could reply, there approached a poor creature clothed in rags, and leaning on his staff, bowed to the earth with a load of misery. He sat down moaning, as if in great pain, and casting his eyes upwards, exclaimed—

"Allah! be my aran, for I have no other."

The Dervish went to him and kindly said—

"What aileth thee, poor man! Perhaps it may be in my power to relieve thee in thy distress. What wantest thou?"

"Everything," replied the beggar, health, food, kindred, friends, a home—everything. I am an outcast and a wanderer, destitute of every comfort of life. I am the most miserable of mankind; for in addition to my own sufferings, I see others around me reveling in those luxuries for lack of a small portion of which I am perishing."

At this moment, a third man approached, with weary steps and a languid look, and casting himself down by the side of the fountain, stretched out his limbs at free length, and yawning desperately, cried out—"Allah! what shall I do? what will become of me! I am tired of life, which is nothing but a purgatory of wants, that when supplied, only produce disappointment or disgust."

Almoran approached and asked—"What is the cause of thy misery?—What wantest thou?"

". want a want," answered the other. "I have wasted my life in acquiring riches that brought me nothing but disappointment, and honors that gratify my pride, or repay me for the labor of sustaining them; I have been cheated into the pursuit of pleasure; that turned to pain in the enjoyment, and the only want is that I have nothing to desire. I have everything I wish, and yet I enjoy nothing."

Almoran paused a few moments, utterly at a loss to find a remedy for this strange malady, and said to himself—"Allah! preserve me, I see it is all the same whether man want one thing, everything or nothing. It is impossible to make such beings happy, and may I eat dirt if I trouble myself any more in so vain a pursuit."

Then, taking up his staff, he went on his way.—Literary World.

Dead Letter Harvest.—Amongst the ashes of the dead letters burnt at Washington last week, the youngsters have succeeded in finding quite a number of rings, jewelry, and *certs*, and even some little money.—Baltimore Sun.

☞ People who attends fires should never throw bureaus out of the windows till there is a sufficient number of people below to break the fall."