

OREGON SPECTATOR.

D. J. SCHNEELY, EDITOR

OUR HOME IS IN THE FUTURE, AND GROWS ON FIRM DETERMINATION.

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POETRY.

From Dickens' House hold Words. "I can scarcely hear," she murmured, "For my heart beats loud and fast."

WHO KILLED CAPTAIN WALKER?

Few incidents of the campaign in Mexico seem so mixed up and indefinite as that relative to the taking of Huamantla, and the death of that noble and chivalric officer, Capt. Walker.

rated about 200 men. Upon reaching the outskirts of Huamantla, the Mexican cavalry were seen dashing forward into the town, and the brave Walker ordered a pursuit.

Santa Anna was evidently in the town. Capt. Walker, says his gallant comrade Lewis, made up his mind to be the captor of the wily old chief. The fair prospect of accomplishing the deed so excited Walker, that danger and death were alike secondary considerations, and so the command charged into the town.

THE THIEF AND THE DUTCHMAN.

A Dutchman once called upon Friend Hopper, and said, 'A thief have stole mine goods. They tell me you can help me, may be.'

paper, relative to the person who killed Walker. A correspondent of the paper aforesaid, quotes the following article, that he read in another paper, and appends his own remarks.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN WALKER.—There have been many conflicting reports concerning the identity of the man who killed the celebrated Texan Ranger, whose name heads this paragraph.

Now, instead of correcting mistakes, the gentleman has made one—as Capt. Euallio did not kill Walker, nor any other Mexican. The man who shot him was an American by the name of Armitage.

This man Armitage took the name of Norryagway, and was made a Major in the Mexican army some two months after the death of Walker—while the undersigned was prisoner in their hands.

When your informant takes another trip to Mexico, if he will inquire the facts of Gen. Francisco Parez, he will find that I am correct.

You will confer a favor on Walker's men by inserting this, and oblige, Very truly, your obedient servant, W. E. RICHARDS.

The Quaker Philanthropist. Isaac H. Hopper, the noted Quaker philanthropist, withal his goodness and morality was full of humor.

Upon a certain occasion, a man called on him with a due bill for twenty dollars against an estate he had been employed to settle.

THE DISHONEST CONVERT. Upon a certain occasion, a man called on him with a due bill for twenty dollars against an estate he had been employed to settle.

He replied in a solemn tone. 'Yes, thanks to the Lord Jesus, I have found out the way of salvation.'

'And thou hast been dipped I hear,' continued the Quaker. 'Dost thou know James Auster?'

'Well, he also was dipped a short time ago,' rejoined Friend Hopper; 'but his neighbors say they didn't get the crown of his head under water.'

As he spoke, he held up the receipt for twenty dollars. The counsellor of the professedly pious man became scarlet, and he disappeared instantly.

A Dutchman once called upon Friend Hopper, and said, 'A thief have stole mine goods. They tell me you can help me, may be.'

looked up, and pronounced in a very oracular manner, 'Thou wilt find thy goods.'

'Well I find mine goods!' exclaimed the delighted Dutchman; 'and where is de de?'

'Art thou quite sure about the age of de moon?' inquired the pretended magician. Being assured there was no mistake on that point, he ciphered again for a few minutes, and he answered, 'Thou wilt find de thief in de hands of de por-ree.'

The Dutchman went away, evidently inspired with profound reverence. Having found his goods and the thief, according to prediction, he returned and asked for a private interview.

'What secret?' inquired Friend Hopper. 'Tell me how you know I will find mine goods, and where I will find de thief?' rejoined he.

'The plain truth is, I guessed it,' was the reply, 'because I had heard there was a thief at the police office, with such goods as thou described.'

'But what for you ask about de moon?' inquired the Dutchman. 'You make figures, and den you say, you will find your goods. You make figures again, den you tell me where is de thief. I go, and find mine goods and de thief, just as you say. Tell me how you do dat, and I will pay you a heap of money.'

'Though repeatedly assured that it was done only for a joke, he went away unsatisfied; and to the day of his death, he fully believed that the facetious Quaker was a conjurer.

NOT ASHAMED OF THE SHOP. One day, while he was visiting a wealthy family in Dublin, a note was handed to him, inviting him to dine the next day.

'These people are very respectable, but not of the first circles. They belong to our church, but not exactly to our set. Their father was a mechanic.'

'Well, I am a mechanic myself,' said Isaac. 'Perhaps if thou hadst known that fact, thou wouldst not have invited me?'

'It is possible,' exclaimed the host, 'that some of your information and appearance can be a mechanic!'

'I followed the business of a tailor for many years,' rejoined his guest. 'Look at my hands! Dost thou not see marks of the shears? Some of the Mayors of Philadelphia have been tailors. When I lived there, I often walked the streets with the Chief Justice. It never occurred to me that it was any honor, and I don't think it did to him.'

FRIEND HOPPER IN COURT OF CHANCERY. Upon one occasion, Friend Hopper went into the Court of Chancery in Dublin, and kept his hat on according to Quaker custom.

When Friend Hopper visited the House of Lords, he asked the sergeant-at-arms if he might sit upon the throne. He replied, 'No, sir. No one but his Majesty sits there.'

'Wherein does his majesty differ from other men?' inquired he. 'By his head were out off, wouldn't he be?'

HAT WORSHIP—QUAKER HOPPER. At the expiration of four months, having completed the business which rendered his presence in Ireland necessary, he made a short visit to England, on his way home.

While in Bristol, he asked permission to look at the interior of the Cathedral. He had been looking about some little time, when a rough-looking man said to him in a very surly tone, 'Take off your hat, Sir!'

'He replied very courteously, 'I have asked permission to enter here to gratify my curiosity as a stranger. I hope it is no offence.'

'Take off your hat!' rejoined the man. 'If you don't, I'll take it off for you.'

'Friend Hopper leaned on his cane, looked him full in the face, and answered very coolly, 'If thou dost, I hope thou wilt send it to my lodgings; for I shall have need of it this afternoon. I lodge at No. 25 Lower Crescent, Clifton.'

'The man stared at him as if puzzled to decide whether he was talking to an insane person, or not. When the imperturbable Quaker had seen all he cared to see, he deliberately walked away.

At Westminster he paid the customary fee of two shillings apiece for admission. The doorkeeper followed him, saying, 'You must uncover yourself, sir.'

'Uncover myself!' exclaimed the Friend with an affection of ignorant simplicity. 'What dost thou mean? Must I take off my coat?'

'Your coat!' responded the man, smiling. 'No, indeed, I mean your hat.'

'And what should I take off my hat for?' he inquired.

'Because you are in a church, sir,' answered the doorkeeper.

'I see no church here,' rejoined the Quaker. 'Perhaps thou meanest the house where the church assembles. I suppose thou art aware that it is the people, not the building that constitutes a church!'

The idea seemed new to the man, but he merely repeated, 'You must take off your hat, sir.'

'But the Friend again inquired, 'What for? On account of these images? I Thou knowest Scripture commands us not to worship graven images.'

The man persisted in saying that no person could be permitted to pass through the church without uncovering his head.

'Well friend,' rejoined Isaac, 'I have some conscientious scruples on that subject; so give me back my money, and I will go out.'

ON THE THRONE. When Friend Hopper visited the House of Lords, he asked the sergeant-at-arms if he might sit upon the throne.

to his own satisfaction at least, that when the State of Illinois is thickly settled, it will support parallel railroads across it north and south, as well as east and west, every fifteen miles. That seems pretty thick, but certainly some parts of England have railroads as numerous as that.

Very often have I been riding on railroads there and seen the trains flying about in different directions, and all visible from the moving train I was in. Between Liverpool and London—the London and North Western railway—there are sixty-two trains a day, including goods and passenger trains, running in both directions.

This road, like all other English roads, has a double track. The trains often run every fifteen minutes. Now when Illinois roads come to this, it will be hard to tell which will be the number one road. I feel myself complimented by the very courteous manner in which the editor of the Peoria Press spoke of the article on railroads.

The "most unkind out of all," however, was to call me, in using italics, the "stationary correspondent of the Post," and then hold up as a model, a correspondent of the New York Tribune to one who had travelled "some?"

And where will you find your moving planets if "Commonwealth" of the Boston Post is not one of 'em!

Correspondence of the Boston Post. Washington, Aug. 8, 1853. I find that my mapping out of the great railroad routes between the Mississippi and the Atlantic has not pleased all parties.