# OREGON SPECTATOR.

C. L. GOODRICH, EDITOR, PROPRIETOR AND PRINTER.] "THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM." [TERMS, FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE.

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## POETRY.

[illegible] fathers: [illegible] pride, contention, and greediness of gain, and cherish in all our hearts a true patriotism, and a just sense of obligation to those that shall come after us.

☞ Yesterday afternoon, quite a number of persons were attracted to the the Miami Canal, on the new bridge of the Mohawk Bridge, by the novel sight of a number of ladies participating in the healthful exercise of skating. They were fore gners and appeared to be experienced in the sport. They were accompanied by their husbands, and had several servants, [illegible] which they came off victorious. We hope we may not be considered uncharitable when we say that others, they might have taken an other way to prove.—*Cin. Times.*

And tried to kiss me, the dunce, mother,
But poked his chin in my mouth.
The old scape grace!
I slapped his face—
But said 'twas a loving blow;
Over the left you know, mother,
Over the left you know.

He was ugly and old—but rich, mother,
The last an important thing—
So I let the stupid bach., mother,
Come—whenever a gift he'd bring
He said, "my dove,
Will you be my love?"
I told him, "Oh, yes! just so!"
But I meant, over the left, mother,
Over the left you know.

And Charlie got quite jealous, mother,
Although no reason had he;
And sighed like a broken bellows, mother,
But I told him:—"Fid-Fadle-dee,
Isn't it cruel,
The old thing to fool?
For all the love I show
Is over the left, you know, Charlie,"—
Over the left, you know.

And e'er I wedded my Charlie, mother,
I still my heart would please;
And though I knew I done wrong, mother,
Yet I could not help but him tease.
I should love old Batton,
I told him, for *sartin!*
It made Charlie as mad as a hoe;
But 'twas all over the the left, mother,
Over the left, you know.

When I stood up at the alter, mother,
To wed the man of my choice,
I felt a gleaming pleasure, mother,
And spoke with an audible voice,
To "love and obey"
Dear Charlie, that day
To pledge I was no ways slow;
'Twas not over the left, then, mother,
Not over the left, you know.

### A Rainy Day.

Who loves a rainy day?

The Editor; who, for one millennial day controls his arm chair, exchanges, stove and inkstand; who has time to hunt up delinquent subscribers; time to decipher hieroglyphical manuscripts; time to make bonfire of bad poetry; time to kick out lounge boys and image venders; time to settle the long standing quarrel between Miss Anna the compositor and Bill the foreman and has time to write complimentary communications to himself for publication in his own paper, and to get up a new humbug prospectus for the dear, confiding public.

Who loves a rainy day?

*I do!* Let the rain fall; let the wind moan; let the leafless trees reach out their long attenuated fingers and rub against my casement; pile on the coal; fetch up the arm-chair, all hail loose ringlets and loose dressing robe. Not a blessed son or daughter of Adam can get here to-day! Unless they [illegible] the door.

### Family Opposed to Newspapers

The man who don't take the county paper, was in town yesterday. He brought the whole family in a two horse wagon.—He still believed that Gen. Taylor was president, and wanted to know if the "Kanschatking" had taken Cuba, and if so, when they had taken it. He had sold his corn for 25 cents—the price being 31—but on going to deposite his 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.

☞ At a hotel a short time since, a girl inquired of a gentleman at the table, if his cup was out.

'No' said he, 'but my coffee is.'

The poor girl was much confused, but determined to pay him in his own coin as soon as possible.

While at dinner the stage drove up, and several coming in, the same gentleman asked her:

'Does the stage dine here?'

'No sir,' exclaimed the girl in a very sarcastic tone, 'but the passengers do.'

☞ A golden rule for a young lady is to converse with female friends as if gentlemen were present; and for young men also, as if ladies were present. Recollect and improve by it.

### Large and Small Heads.

With regard to the large head and small head controversy, we must say we have never been able to come to any tangible conclusion. Cuvier's head must have been large, for his brain weighed sixty-five ounces.—This is generally accounted the heaviest known healthy brain; but we were recently told of a working-man who died in University College Hospital, London, and whose head was so large that the students had the brain weighed, out of curiosity, when they found it to weigh sixty-seven ounces, tho' perfectly healthy. On inquiry, all that they could learn about him was, that he was said by his neighbors to have had a remarkably good memory. The brain of Dr. Abercromby, of Edinburg, weighed sixty-three ounces. Dr. Chalmers had a very large head indeed, Joseph Hume and he were said to have the largest heads in the kingdom; and yet his brain weighed but fifty-three ounces—almost under the average. On the other hand, Byron had a small head, at least Mr. Leigh Hunt informs us that *his* hat, which is not a very large one, used to go quite over Byron's head, but his brain is said to have weighed nearly four pounds.—Keats and Shelley had very small heads, Mr. L. Hunt's hat going over them too.—Raffaelle had a small head; so had Neander, the church historian; so, also, if we recollect aright, what Bernal Diaz says, had Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico. Wellington's head is said to have been under the average size. The brain of Mrs. Manning, the murderess, was a pound heavier than her husband's. The skull of Rush was very large, measuring, we think, upwards of 24 inches round. Pericles, as we know, had a large head; so had Mahomet, so had Mirabeau, so had O'Connell. Lamartine describes Napoleon's as a small head which had bulged out. The skull of the poet Burns was carefully measured when it was disinterred on the burial of his wife, it measured twenty-two and a quarter inches round, which, allowing half an inch for the integuments, would make the circumference of the living head twenty-two and three-quarter inches, a largish head, but not not extraordinary. Goethe's head, we believe, was not remarkable for size. About Shakspeare's head our only information must be from Stratford bust, which Chantrey pronounced, from certain signs, to be almost certainly modeled from an original cast taken after death. It is a curious example of a foregone conclusion, that Mr. Hugh Miller, speaking of this bust, in his admirable work, entitled "First Impressions of England and its People," describes the head, from personal inspection, as a very large one. The skull, he says, must have been of a capacity to contain all Dr. Chalmer's brains. This, as Dr. Chalmers was then alive, was tantamount to saying that it was of the largest known dimensions. Now, with this very description in our memory, we have ourselves examined the Stratford bust, with the utmost coolness and care, and we unhesitatingly declare that the head in that bust is, if not a smallish one, at least such as any average English hat could easily fit. We believe it is a smallish head. In short, from all the statistics we have at command respecting large and small heads, including our own private observations among our acquaintances, we have never been able to obtain any presentable conclusion on the point.—The opinion of David Scott, the painter, was, that large heads were generally found in successful men of the world, such as statesmen, bankers, and the like, and that the fineness of nervous tissue requisite for the purely intellectual lives of artists, thinkers, and literary men generally, connoted a small or average size of head. Even this opinion, however, will break down, if applied in practice. We know very energetic, prudential, and weighty men, with smallish heads; and we know men with very large heads who seem at home only in the most exquisite and ornamental kinds of mental capacity. More sure than any conclusion that can be come to on this point of size, seems to be a notion we have heard advanced with respect to the form of heads.—Length of head from front to back, we have heard an eminent and very observing man declare to be, according to his experience, the most constant physiognomic sign of ability. Only in one eminent head, that of Sir Walter Scott, had he found this sign wanting; and, in this case, if properly considered, the want was significant. Next to the length and depth, his idea was, that height over the ears, as in Scott's head, was the best sign, although he had not found this nearly so essential. To us it appears, that if the two dimensions of length or depth and height, as thus expounded, we add the third dimension of breadth, and if we attach to the three terms their corresponding popular meanings when used in speaking of mental character—regarding a deep head, or a head long from front to back, or from the forehead to the ears, as significant of depth or astuteness; a high head, or a head rising nigh over the ears, as significant of moral elevation; and a broad head, as measured across and behind the temples, as significant of what is called width or generality of view—we shall have as tolerable a system of practical craniology as the facts will warrant; not very different either from that propounded by the ordinary phrenologists, though they would carry us much farther. Here, also, however, let us not be too certain in our judgments. We have seen "foreheads villainous low," on very noble fellows, and grand domes of heads on mere blocks and ignoramuses.

## SENTENTIOUS.

☞ If the speech is corrupt, the mind is.

☞ There's something good in every heart!

☞ No man flatters the woman he truly loves.

☞ A safe and general antidote against sorrow is employment.

☞ A high fortune, like a great building, must have a low foundation.

☞ If there was no future life, our souls would not thirst for it.

☞ Every judge in the state of Tennessee is a Son of Temperance.

☞ Let the child's first lesson be obedience, and the second may be what thou wilt.

☞ Happiness depends entirely on the mind—not upon any external circumstances.

☞ Do not give to thy friends the most agreeable consuls, but the most advantagous.

☞ The man who attempted to look into the future, had the door slammed in his face.

☞ The man who "borrowed trouble" has returned it without any expression of thanks.

☞ Whoever entertains you with the faults of others, designs to serve you in the same manner.

☞ Reputation abroad, and reverence at home, are the two pillars of safety and sovereignty.

☞ Ladies of fashion starve their happiness to feed their vanity, and their love to feed their pride.

☞ Friends are as companions on a journey, who ought to aid each other to persevere in the road to a happier life.

☞ A young person without virtue and morality is like a ship without ballast, or like a feather in a whirl-wind.

☞ A work of arts is said to be perfect in proportion, as it does not remind the spectator of the process by which it was created.

☞ Never retire at night without being wiser than when you rose in the morning, by having learned something useful during the day.

☞ Hope is the anchor of the soul, and true religion is the rock on which I can always anchor, though the cares of life be ever so troublesome.

☞ The qualities of your friends will be those of your enemies; cold friends, cold enemies, half friends, half enemies, fervid enemies, warm friends.—*Lavater.*

☞ Montesquieu says, I never listen to calumnies, because if they are untrue I run the risk of being deceived, and if they be true, of hating persons not worth thinking about.

☞ When you call on a female and find her with her sleeves rolled up at the washtub, and she does not blush or apologise, make her your wife as soon as possible. She is worth her weight in gold.

☞ There are beauties of character which like the night blooming Cereus, are closed against the glare and turbulence of everyday life, and bloom only in shade and solitude, and beneath the quiet stars.

ALL IS VANITY.—Fredrick: "There now, how very provoking. I've left the prayer book at home!"

Maria: Well dear, never mind; but do tell me is my bonnet straight!—*Punch.*

☞ An exchange says that down in New Orleans it requires three persons to start a business firm; one to die with the yellow fever, one to get killed in a duel, and the 3d to wind up the partnership business.

☞ If you want to start a woman right out of her moral economy and things, and yourself outside the door, just tell her she's got big feet and ankles. The feminine institution can stand most anything but that.

☞ Some sharp young editor, who has associated with such only, grows witty about men marrying paint, cotton, whalebone, silk, &c. It would be easy to return the compliment, for women have actually married creatures of hair, bear's grease, tobacco juice, and logwood, done up in tight pants and bob-tail coats.

☞ A man applied once to be shipped before the mast.

"Are you an able seaman, or a green hand?" asked the shipping master.

"Why, not a very able seaman, but not exactly a green hand. I have some knowledge of the water."

"Ever been on a voyage?"

"No."

"Well, then, what do you know about the sea?"

"Why, I have tended a saw mill!"

### Anecdotes of Children.

A little girl had a beautiful head of hair, which hung in clustering curls down on her neck. One hot summer day she went up stairs and cut all the curls off. On coming down she met her mother, who asked with surprise:

'Why, Mary! what have you been doing to your hair?'

'Cut it off, mama, and laid it away. Put it on in the morning, again, as Aunt Nancy does!'

That was rather a 'fast' specimen of juvenile 'Young America,' not yet inducted into trowsers, who said the other day to his father:

'Father, come and get me this apple.'

There being no immediate signs of compliance, the young 'chip' exclaimed:

'Father, why don't you start? I always mind you when I'm told!'

A little girl of three years, on being taken to church for the first time, was asked, what she saw, and replied:

'I see Dod with a night-gown on!'

The same little darling desired some tomatoes at table, which she had heard pronounced 'Tommy-toes' in sport, being puzzled to remember the name, said she wanted some '*Tommy footies!*'

A lady of our acquaintance, a few evenings ago, was entertaining her little one with some fancy story, a bright, jolly boy of about four years old, with a special fondness for pictures and funny tales, and a 'realizing sense,' such as only children have. In passionate glee he listened to the end, when he suddenly broke forth:

'Mother, was I born then?'

'No, my dear.'

'Well, I wish God had made me sooner, so I could have been there!'

☞ A college student, being examined in Locke, where he speaks of our relation to the Deity, was asked, 'what relation do we most neglect?'

'Our poor relations, sir!'

☞ A young man down south, on kissing a pretty girl, asked her what made her so sweet?

'Oh,' she innocently replied, 'my father is a sugar planter!'

☞ 'What are you going to give me for a Christmas present?' asked a gay damsel of her lover.

'I have nothing to give but my humble-self,' was the reply.

'The smallest favor gratefully received,' was the merry response of the lady.

☞ How many spokes are there in the wheel of fortune?

Of what kind of timber is the post of honor?

What kind of a knife is used in cutting capers?

Would a telegraph line be good for fishing with?

What kind of a tie is a 'love not?'

☞ We should avoid situations which put our duties in opposition with our interest, and which shows us our good in the misfortunes of others; sure that in such situation, whatever sincere love of virtue we have, we weaken sooner or later, without perceiving it, and we become unjust and deceitful in deed, without having ceased to be just and good in soul.

☞ The Anti-Slavery Convention at Boston was better attended on the 27th ultimo, there being about two hundred persons present. Abby Folsom, Garrison, Edmund Quinsy, H. C. Wright, Douglas and Burleigh made addresses. No new feature was introduced, and the convention dissolved.—There has been a more meagre attendance than at any exhibition of the kind ever given in Boston.

GOOD HUMOR.—This is a bright color in the web of life, but self-denial only makes it a fast color. A person who is the slave of selfishness has so many wants of his own to be supplied, so many interests of his own to support and defend, that he has no time to study the wants and interests of others. It is impossible that he should be happy himself, or make other around him so.

☞ John was thought to be very stupid. He was sent to mill one day and the miller said:

'John some people say you are a fool.—Come tell us what you know, and what you don't know.'

'Well,' replied John, 'I know the miller's hogs are fat.'

'That's right, John. Now what dont you know?'

'I don't know whose corn fats 'em.

☞ Here is the finest hit we have seen at the present popular distinction between religion and morals:

In a religious excitement in Boston, a man met a Christian neighbor, who took him by the hand and said:

'I have become a Christian.'

'I am glad of it. I congratulate you. I propose we now have a settlement of the little account between us. Pay me what thou owest.'

'No' said the new convert, turning on his heel; 'religion is religion, and business is business.'

So the papers tell us. And what is there wonderful about it. The world is full of such religion.

### Shopping.

Dear me, I must go shopping. Shopping is a nuisance; clerks are impertinent; femanity is victimized. Miserable day, too; mud plastered an inch thick on the side walk. Well, if we drop our skirts, gentlemen cry, 'Ugh!' if we lift them from the mud, they level their eye-glasses at our ankles. The true definition of a gentleman (not found in incomplete Webster) is—a biped, who, of a muddy day, is perfectly oblivious of anything but the shop signs.

Vive la France! Ingenious Parisians, send us over your clever invention—a chain suspended from the girdle, at the end of which is a gold hand to clasp the superfluous length of our promenading robes; thus releasing our human digets, and leaving them at liberty to wrestle with rude Boreas for the possession of the detestable little sham bonnets, which the milliners persist in hanging on the backs of our necks.

Well, here we are at Call & Ketchum's dry good store. Now comes the tug of war; let Job's mantle fall on my feminine shoulders.

'Have you *blue* silk?'

Yardstick, entirely ignorant of colors, after fifteen minute snail-like research, (during which time I stand patiently on one limb) hands me down a silk that is as *green* as himself.

Oh! away with these stupid masculine clerks, and give us women, who know by intuition what we want, to the immense saving of our lungs and leather, patience and prunella!

Here is Mr. Timothy Tape's establishment.

'Have you lace collars in points, Mr Tape?'

Mr. Tape looks beneficent, and shows me some rounded collars. I repeat my request in the most pointed manner, for 'pointed' collars. Mr. Tape replies with a patronizing groan:

'Points is going out, ma'am.'

'So am I,

Dear me, how tired my feet are! Nevertheless I must have some merino. So I open the door of Mr. Henry Humbug's dry goods store, which is about half a mile in length, and inquire for the desired article. Young Yardstick me to the counter at the extreme end of the store. I commence my travels thitherward through a file of gaping clerks, and arrive just ten minutes before two by my repeater, when I am told that they are quite out of merinos—'but wont 'Lyonese cloth do just as well?' pulling out a pile of the same.

I rush out in a high state of frenzy, and taking refuge in the next door neighbors, inquire for some stockings. Whereupon the clerk inquires: (of the wrong customer)

'What price do you wish to pay?'

Of course I am not so verdant as to be caught in that trap, and, teetotally disgusted with the entire institution of shopping, I drag my weary limbs into ——'s new saloon to rest.

Bless me! what a display of gilding, and girls, and gingerbread! what a heap of mirrors! There's more than one Fanny Fern in the world, I find, since coming in here.

'What will you be pleased to have?'

J-u-l-i-u-s C-æ-s-a-r! look at that white aproned waiter pulling out his snuff box and taking a pinch right over that bowl of sugar that will soon be handed me to sweeten my tea! And there's another combing his hair with a pocket comb over a dish of oysters.

'What will I have?' Starve—here I will have nothing till I can find a cleaner place than this to eat in.

Shade of Paul Pry Boston! what do I hear? Two—well, I declare I am not sure whether they are ladies or women! I dont understand these New York feminities. At any rate they've got bonnets on, and are telling the waiter to bring them 'a bottle of Maraschino de Zara, some sponge cake and brandy. See them sip up the cordial in their glasses with the gusto of an old toper. See their cheeks flush, and hear their emancipated little tongues go. Wonder if their husbands know that they——but of course they don't. It is six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. They are probably turning down sherry cobblers and eating oysters at Florence's; and their poor hungry children—while their parents are daintyizing—are coming hungry from school to eat a fragment of dinner picked up at home by a lazy set of servants.

Heigho! ladies sipping brandy in a public saloon! Pilgrim rock! hide yourself under ground. Well, it is very shocking, the number of married women who pass their time ruining their health in these saloons, devouring Parisian confectionary and tainting their children's blood with an appetite for strong drink. Oh! what a mockery of a home must their's be! Heaven pity the children reared there, left to the chance training of vicious hirelings!—*Fanny Fern.*

These ideas are all right enough, but the question with us is: was Fanny ever known to write an article, without making it her express aim to "pity" the "poor dear little ones" before she got through? Truly she must be remarkably fond of them, to be always pleading their cases! Wonder if she would like to have from one to a half-dozen around her all the time, calling her mama? If so, her name and ours couldn't come under one firm, certain!

☞ Woman's heart is always open to misfortune; as the lady said when she purchased slightly damaged goods at half price.

### Honesty.

An old trader among the Northern Indians, who had some years ago established himself on the Wisserva, tells a good story, with a moral worth recollecting, about his first trials of trading with his red customers. The Indians, who evidently wanted goods, and had money, which they called *shun-e-ah*, and furs, flocked about his store, and examined his goods, but for some time bought nothing. Finally, their chief, with a large body of his followers, visited him, and accosted him with—

'How do, Thomas? Show me goods, I take four yards calico, three coon-skins for yard—pay you by'm by—to-morrow;' received his goods and left.

Next day he returned with his whole band, his blankets stuffed with coon-skins.

'American man, I pay now.'

With this he began counting the skins, until he had handed him over twelve. Then after a moment's thought, he offered the trader one more, remarking as he did it—'that's it.'

'I handed it back,' said the trader, 'telling him he owed me but twelve, and I would not cheat him.'

They continued to pass it back and forth each one asserting that it belonged to the other. At last he appeared to be satisfied, gave me a scrutinizing look, placed the skin in the folds of his blankets, stepped to the door and gave a yell, and cried with a loud voice:

'Come, come, and trade with the pale face—he no cheat Indian—his heart big.'

He then turned to me and said—'you take that, and I tell Indian no trade with you—drive you off like a dog—but now you Indian's friend, and we yours.'

Before sundown I was waist deep in furs, and loaded down with cash. So I lost nothing by my honesty.

### Pleasant Things.

It's very pleasant to take a lady to the theatre, and find, on reaching the door, that you've left your purse in your other pocket.

It's very pleasant to ride in an omnibus opposite a baby who is sucking sugar-candy, and playfully wipes his dear little hands on your best cassimeres.

It's very pleasant to endeavor to open your door with the latch-key at two in the morning, and be at length compelled to desist from a conviction that it is bolted inside.

It is very pleasant to overhear some one remark, that you're not so good-looking as you used to be.

It's very pleasant to have your health drunk at a public dinner, and find you have not a word to say for yourself by way of reply.

It's very pleasant to fancy you look like a nobleman, and to be mistaken for a tailor.

And it's very pleasant to get your foot stuck in a grating; to drive a jibbing horse in the Park; to have your hat blown off from the top of an omnibus; to be told to call again to-morrow; to poke your umbrella through a plate-glass window; and to swallow a fish-bone.

BE YOURSELF.—Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the emulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another, you have only an extemporaneous half-possession. That which each can do best, none but his maker can teach. No man knows what it is, nor can he till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master that could have taught Shakspeare? Where is the master that could have instructed Franklin, or Washington, or Bacon, or Newton. Every great man is unique. Scipioism of Scipio is precisely that part he could not borrow. Shakspeare. Do that which is assigned you and you cannot hope too much or dare too much.—There is at this moment for you an utterance brave and grand as that of the colossal chisel of Phidias, or the pen of Moses, or Dant, but different from all these.—*Emerson.*

BE AS I DO.—A well known fast man recently entered the Astor "Exchange," or bar-room, where he seldom fails to meet about 20 friends in the "smiling" hours.—With his usual heartiness, he called up the company, who, nothing loth, at once faced the counter. "You must all do as I do," said the liberal friend. "Oh, certainly—of course," was the unanimous reply. "What is yours going to be?" "I shall take pure brandy," was his reply. And they all called for P. B. After drinking, the wag laid down his shilling on the counter, and immediately retired, whispering in a soft persuasive tone: "Do as I do, gentlemen." The party looked at one another with a comic stare, until one, who finally felt the force of the idea creeping powerfully through his hair, exclaimed: "Sold by thunder!"

SERVING UP A ROGUE.—A rogue had the audacity to go into a hotel with a five dollar counterfeit bill, and ask the proprietor to change it. The landlord looked at the bill, then at the man, who was genteelly dressed, and finally inquired how he wanted it changed?

"Into small bills—1's, if you have them," was the reply.

The landlord took from out of the back part of his drawer a large pile of bills, and handed over five ones to the rogue, who walked out of the house highly elated; but he soon discovered to his astonishment that the one dollar bills were all on broken banks.