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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PUBLIC.

excellent periodicals, particularly into the interesting families. To these, few females in this country have access; and it has been supposed that a paper published here, containing choice selections from them would be very acceptable.

We have sometimes, misgivings, for fear we have attempted that for which we are inadequate, but having been encouraged by some gentlemen and ladies of excellent judgment, we have made bold to begin what we hope to be able to pursue, to the edification of others and the credit of ourself.

Should our efforts be appreciated, and sufficient encouragement be manifested, we may hereafter commence the publication of a journal, which shall be strictly the *Woman's Own Paper*. Meantime, while confined to the narrow limits of three columns of this sheet, we shall beg the indulgence of our readers for a necessary brevity and sparseness of articles, as well as, perhaps, many inadvertencies, inseparable oftentimes, from inexperience in any new mode of employment.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS will be defended here: not as understood by some enthusiasts in different parts of the United States, but according to our own fancies on the subject, which will be more fully explained in future, and in the meantime confine ourself to say that though we could never conceive how it could increase a woman's happiness to be permitted to unite a couple in marriage, to lecture from the pulpit, to perform a burial service, or to dissect the human body; yet we have not wondered, that limb is the rang[e] of her movements [re]stricted to by the stern [la]ws, viz: the nursery, [the]n and parlor—that restless, [e]nnui-ckled and [in]cluded in the delightful exercise of her mental capacities, and longing soon to flutter [a]way to fly and expatiate on [the] grand [o]pen shore, or out [in]to the Heaven of creation on each and that making a flight to the light shining the star of liberty, through the gloom [of] mourning [a]ccumulate[d] [o]n the shield of having [es]caped the cruel [fe]ars which [h]ad [k]ept [h]er [c]lose [t]o the [f]all [o]f [a] [g]lorious [d]estination [w]ith [h]er [c]ompeers.

My Lady's Hand.

'Tis dimpled, soft, and oh! so white,
That little fairy hand!
It lies within my own so warm,
So gracefully its petite form;
No words I can command
Will tell the magic mystic spell
Which in that hand doth dwell,
As to my burning lips I fold it
That little hand I press,
Bestowing love's caress
Upon the flake of dimpled snow
Which warm with life and youth doth glow;
My lady's rose white hand.

I love to mark the blue veins swell
Upon that little hand
Each finger tapers, round and fair,
And by that much loved hand I swear,
While I have funds about me,
That gentle hand no ill shall know,
No rude touch bid its whiteness glow;
That gentle hand I love so well,
Would it were now in mine,
That I might leave love's sigh,
His signet and his sweetest seal,
On that hand which, through woe and weal,
I'll love—my lady's hand!

☞The following illustrates the fact that the sympathies of children are somewhat varied from the proper direction, at certain times:

A mother was showing her little son the picture of "martyrs thrown to the lions," and was trying to make him understand what a terrible thing it was.

"Ma!" said he, all at once, "Oh mother! just look at that poor little lion way back there, he won't get any!"

Discontent.

How universal it is. We never knew the man who would say, "I am contented." Go where you will, among the rich or the poor, the man of competence or the man who earns his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, you hear the sound of murmuring and the voice of complaint. The other day we stood by a cooper, who was playing a merry tune with an adze round a cask.—'Ah!' sighed he, 'mine is a hard lot—forever trotting round like a dog, driving away at a hoop.'

'Heigho!' sighed a black-smith, in one of the hot days, as he wiped away the drops of perspiration from his brow, while his red-hot iron glowed on his anvil, 'this is life with a vengeance—melting and frying one's self over the fire.'

'O, that I were a carpenter!' ejaculated a shoemaker, as he bent over his lapstone. 'Here I am, day after day, working my soul away in making soles for others, cooped up in a seven-by nine room.'

'I am sick of this out-door work,' exclaims the carpenter, 'broiling and sweltering under the sun, or exposed to the inclemency of the weather. If I was only a tailor!'

'This is too bad!' perpetually cries the tailor, 'to be compelled to sit perched up here, plying the needle all the while. Would that mine were a more active life.'

'Last day of grace—the banks won't discount—customers won't pay—what shall I do?' grumbles the merchant, 'I had rather be a truck horse, a dog, any thing.'

'Happy fellows,' groans the lawyer, as he scratches his head over [illegible] perplexed case, or pores over some dry record, 'happy fellows.' I had rather hammer stone than cudgel my brain on this tedious, vexatious intellect.'

And through all the ramifications of society all are complaining of their condition—finding fault with their particular calling. 'If I were only this, or that, or the other, I should be content,' is the universal cry: something but what I am.' So wags the world, or it has wagged, and on it will wag.—*Exchange.*

The above may have some slight assimilation to truth, but we apprehend that it is only the idle breath of some unfortunate individual to whose very case it is most ap[illegible] [illegible] would say 'I am contented.' [illegible] We should like to have [illegible] like to placed in only one month's [illegible] him that has evil [illegible] upon the eyes, while we should tell him, '*I am content!*' The person who penned the above is like many others in this world. They never get far enough from the parent's threshold to acquire the real principle of the art of contenting human nature, at their fate, because they are not contented, they naturally suppose that all the world beside cannot be content to the same lamentable moderation. We have an intuitive idea that more are contented in the world than many seem to suppose. Discontent seems inclined to pidge others likewise. If there are *many* who are discontented, what a consoling thought it is [illegible] to the *few* who are 'contented.'—Ed.

A Match-Making Cigar.

BY A SMOKER.

☞I maids, old fogies and dyspeptics may preach about the uselessness (not to say the injurious effects) of smoking, but the writer here of knows of at least one instance in which a cigar formed a matrimonial co-partnership between two as loving people (even to the present day) as the sun ever shone upon, and that tobacco lovers may fresh courage take, he will the tale unfold.

Harry B——, we my college chum, and a more jolly fellow as ever drew the breath of life, but until the last three years he was a determined bachelor. The ladies liked him as they do any good-looking, clever fellow who thinks more of them than he does of himself, and he liked the ladies as companions for the time being—but he was about as unpromising a subject for Cupid to operate upon as I have ever seen. But every man has his match—Troy fell—so did Carthage—Los Yengees reveled in the halls of the Montezumas in spite of the invincible Mexican Army—and Carrie Maynard and a cigar 'did' for Harry's matrimonial scruples most effectually.

Carrie had been staying with us a month, and love for her had made an entry into Harry's bosom and had lain there so quietly that he wasn't aware that he had been letting 'furnished apartment' to Cupid, till Carrie unwittingly *smoked* him out.

Harry was a most determined smoker, and with a sort of metaphysical stubbornness, acquired at a German University, he was a determined believer in the antipathy of all women, without exception, to a cigar—after their marriage. They might [illegible] tend to like it whilst a smoker was courting them, but he would not be argued out of the belief that if he married he would have to give up smoking—and strange to say, this formed one of his greatest objections to his committing matrimony.

But one night—a long home, after spending an evening with us, he missed his cigar case, and turning back and finding the latch up, he entered, and saw a sight which he will never forget—nor will I. I was coming down stairs when he came in, and seeing him stop as if the floor had suddenly become a magnet, and his boots hob-nailed shoes, I crept forward, looked into the parlor, and saw Carrie smoking a cigar, with my traveling cap on her head, and telling my wife that she should like to smoke—if she were a man she *would* smoke—and if she ever married it should be a smoking man.

After delivering herself of this burst of eloquence, she laid the cigar down on the mantle-piece, and hurried upstairs, followed by my wife, where she speedily became of a pea-green color in the face and very seasick—having never smoked a cigar before, or afterwards. I walked into the parlor, followed by Harry, laid my cigar down, and hearing divers strange noises up stairs (the result of dissipation,) I took it up again and went up too. When I came down, Harry was gone, and so was the cigar on the mantle-piece. Harry afterwards told me that he didn't sleep much that night, for he had to decide a great and important question. He had found a lady of moderate fortune, who not only could bear but actually liked tobacco. Now should he propose to her or should he not? On taking the ayes and noes, the ayes had it; whereupon, it being nearly morning he straightway fell asleep, and dreamed a dream 'as was a dream.' He saw himself in a vision with an unlit cigar in his mouth, miles in length, whilst dimly discernable in the distance, through a telescope, he perceived *her* approaching with a lit taper. A moment, and he felt his mouth filled with rich smoke, a cloud of which he expelled with such vehemence that he blew

[illegible] several years in advance of the present time, when he found himself surrounded with several children, all the 'very image of their father,' one of whom was suspending himself from his watch-guard, while another was sticking a pin into him (the playful little dear) just to see how far it would go in while at bowling and the rest skirmishing around him in an exciting manner, and *all with cigars in their mouths*, while he sat upright and surveyed the scene with conscious pride, but feeling the pin, he was opening his mouth to remonstrate, when he dropped his cigar, and reaching forward to recover it, when he fell right slap out of bed, and almost knocked his brains out against the easy chair.

[illegible] with Miss Maynard. I don't [illegible] whether it was [illegible] but this with [illegible] months later, when I was called [illegible] and Mrs. B., we saw in the parlor under a splendid glass cover resting in a beautiful rosewood box, *a half smoked cigar.*

I asked its history (which was perhaps impudent in me) and received an enthusiastic [illegible] from Harry, commencing with 'that cigar got me the best wife in the world,' and combining a treatise on domestic felicity with the assertion that he only smoked four cigars a day now.

What which may be considered by some to be slightly judicious was that the cigar which was so lovely cherished was a half one of mine. I had laid down my cigar near Carrie's, and had picked up hers in place of mine, a mistake I did not rectify, because Harry imparts his and I don't.

So Harry had earned off mine.

I wonder how often he kissed it that night.

I had never undeceived them, and never will, unless they bore me too much about that confounded baby of theirs. They think it the eighth wonder of the world; but Jane says—and she 'knows' that every one of ours was much finer.—*Albany Evening Transcript.*

A Word to Men of Small Means

If a man has steady business and is receiving wages, it is a duty to lay up something out of it. When one is learning a trade it is different, but after he has got his trade or profession—has fairly started, and has plenty of work, it is a great shame if he does not 'get ahead' in his money affairs. Wages may not be as high as they should; employers may be grasping and grinding; landlords may be extortionate, yet with good health, a sound constitution, and a head of medium brain quality, a man has no business to be only as well off at the end as the beginning of the year. There are rainy days ahead and cold storms, in which he cannot work; sick beds and unprofitable incumbrances are yet to come.

We had occasion the other day to show how a mechanic might spend $600 a year, without being liable to the charge of extravagance, and that sum, our good Mayor says, is as much as our best mechanics get. It would be quite as easy to point out how a young merchant, doctor or lawyer, will find it just as difficult to get through the year off $1,000. Indeed, until we get among those salaries which, to us hard-working scrupulously economical men seem fabulous, the rate of living, that seems almost necessary, increases with every increase of salary. An economical man, who spends just $800 of an $800 salary, will be put to it to save a dollar, when his generous employer raises it to a thousand. The wings of his wants growing while he sleeps, and on Sundays, when his wages stop. And so, if a young man, with a small family, saves nothing out of his small salary, there is very little hope indeed, that out of a large one he would save much.

A man must have the [illegible] of his wife, or it would be as cheap for him to cease from trying before he had begun. And if he has no wife to co-operate with, it is almost as bad. We have heard of bachelors who made money; the thing has been done. We have seen such ourselves, but it is not the case with the most of them. They generally spend more in loaning their lady friends here and there, than it would cost to support a wife handsomely, and help her support her children. They do not know how to save. They pay for a poor garment as much as a good one should have cost, and a venial rent is ruinous to it. They grow very mean where they should be liberal, and scatter abundantly where it were to their credit to hold fast. Their case is very desperate, but they should not themselves despair. But when young married folks agree to save something, they cannot help succeeding.

Rev. Dr. Osgood, in his late Thanksgiving sermon, said that more than a fourth of a man's salary ought not to be paid for his house rent. A very correct maxim, we believe, but it would fetch a great many men from their roomy parlors up to third story attics. But what sense is there in paying half of all one makes for shelter from the weather? It is a great shame that our benevolence has not yet devised houses which will accommodate us for a proper sum of money. Let the couple league then to get so much room and no more, as will furnish healthful, convenient and pleasant quarters for themselves. So far as they want to arrange for the reception of a few tried friends, who move in the same circle as themselves, or a humbler one, let them do it, but by all means avoid the vulgarity of renting a parlor to entertain people at whose coming they tremble. Why should independent Yankees fear to live only as they are able? The friends that are worth saving will think none the less of one who takes such rooms as he can pay for only, and as for those who think otherwise, their friendship is not worth so much as a sixpenny bundle of straw.

Then as to dress—it is a great nonsense to say that all must dress fashionably or lose caste. What is the fashion? Who wears a fashionable coat, and how do you know it it the fashion. Tell of one substantial merchant, one thrifty mechanic, one successful lawyer, or other gentleman who wears it, and we will name ten of each, equally noted and successful, who do not, and ten from whom you utterly despise, that do. The [illegible] N. Y. [illegible] just now, requires a clean, decent garment, and no patches on it—no more, nor less. A lady might wear her grandmother's shawl in Broadway, and not be noticed. The timid ones and those just in from other cities and villages, alone are worried about their looks when they wear last year's bonnet to the lecture or to church. Let the young imitate the substantially rich, and common sensible, rather than those who are keeping up appearances at a sacrifice. It will be saving in this item.—*N. Y. Times.*

☞Printers' devils are generally ladies' men, notwithstanding they have pretty hard names. Some time ago, one of these hard named fellows and his lady-love were walking along, and chatting very briskly upon the numerous topics of the day, when she suddenly caught his hand, and looking smilingly into his face, asked: "Do you know why I cannot get religion?" "No, my dear, I do not," he replied. "It is because I am in love with the devil."

☞How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness. As the dove will close its wings to its side and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection.—*Washington Irving.*

☞There is an atmosphere in the printing office, which, somehow or other, puts notions into boys' heads, and into men's heads, too—an atmosphere which is very apt to make quick blood run quicker, and impulsive hearts beat higher, and active brains work harder, until those who were only intended to set up types for other people's thoughts, are suddenly found insisting on having other people to set up types for their own thoughts.—*R. C. Winthrop.*

☞The Portland Argus says an honest poor man of that city, lately found $200.—He discovered the owner, a rich man, and returned it to him, receiving the munificent reward of a *crowed fourpence!* "Angels and ministers of grace defend us."

☞A new Catholic Cathedral will be erected on Fifth Avenue and Forty-eighth Street, N. Y., in the spring. It is to be the largest church edifice in the U. S., 500 feet long, and about half as large as St. Peter's, at Rome.

☞The Tribune says that no family can now pretend to live in New York, in any degree of elegance on less than $5 or $6,000 a year. That paper says that rents and breadstuffs have gone up fully 30 per cent., since last May.

☞It is understood that Mr. Buchanan has been instructed to ask an explanation of Lord Clarendon's late declaration in regard to the Anglo-French Alliance in reference to American policy.

False Colors.

A country merchant—whose name we do not care to divulge, but whom we shall call Mr. A.—met with a little incident in 'York,' last Fall while on a visit to some of its wholesale merchants to do his trading, which is rather too good to go unbottomed of newspaper notoriety.

His poll was liberally besprinkled with grey, and he took it into his head, shortly before his departure, to submit it and his whiskers to the operation of some great infallible hair-dye. The process was undergone accordingly; and from being grey as a badger, Mr. A. turned upon the morning from under a cabbage-leaf which had served him as a night-cap, with a crop of locks as dark as ebony.

With this metamorphosis upon him, he started for Gotham: but in the course of his journey his fine hair began to show symptoms of passing into a mahogany shade while his whiskers retained their new color. But this gradual degeneracy of jet into a villainous tinge, went on unperceived by the old gentleman, and when at his destination, he hastened to pay his respects to a firm with which he had been doing business for several years.

He bustled into their counting room prepared for a warm reception; but the head of the house received him very coolly. Mr. A. spoke of the weather, the news, the markets, and trade in general, and finally closed by announcing his intention to make a heavy bill of goods with the firm 'on time.'

The assurance he displayed rather displeased the merchant, who intimated as coolly as he could, that it was not the practice of the house to open accounts with parties unknown to them.

'Why,' cried Mr. A. 'Don't you recollect me?'

'I believe I never saw you before,' was the reply.

'You are joking—my name is A. of——. I have traded a good deal with you already. Don't you remember?' and Mr. A. smiled at what he supposed was a good joke.

'We have done business with a gentleman whose name you have just mentioned,' said the merchant; 'he is one of our best customers, and'——

A.'s modesty could not withstand so much praise and he interrupted his interlocutor: 'My dear sir, I'm the very person.'

'What, sir!' cried the N. a Yorker, growing red about the face. 'Do you take me to be a fool? Don't I know Mr. A. of——? He's another man with grey hair, and you presume to pass yourself off for him.'

'But—but,' stammered A., becoming excited in his turn.

'I see how it is,' interrupted the bookkeeper of the establishment. 'This is an impostor who wants to swindle us under the name of one of our most responsible customers. Shan't I go for the police?'

'Certainly,' cried his employer, and the young man left on his errand.

Our worthless friend was astounded at the turn things had taken. His first thought was to leave the store unceremoniously and fill his memorandum elsewhere. He attempted to pass out. The merchant seized him, and a tussle followed, during which A's hat fell to the ground, displaying his features more fully and the mahogany-ish appearance of his pate. The 'Yorker' meanwhile stood everything at a glance, and releasing his hold, exclaimed:

'My good heavens! I beg your pardon ten thousand times, my dear Mr. A. It was all a wretched mistake. Forgive me. I beg of you. It's all owing to the change in your hair and whiskers. I—I'——

In the midst of these apologies, to which the victim was too indignant to make a reply, in rushed the book-keeper with a 'start at his heels:

'There he is,' he cried, pointing out our friend to the Charley. 'Seize him and off with him to the Tombs.'

The policeman sprang forward, but the merchant threw himself between his prey, exclaiming:

'Stop, I say, stop. It's all a mistake—This is Mr. A. I retract everything. I am exceedingly sorry for all this. Policeman, go away. Mr. A., we are delighted to see you. What can we do for you? We'll do to you to any amount, and at your own terms.'

The Charley vanished, highly amused at the affair; while Mr. A. retained to receive a continuous string of apologies, and trade out a large order. But it is said to be dangerous to speak of hair-dye in his presence.—*Northern Gazette, Recorded in New York.*

Honor.

The great point of Honor in Men is Courage, and in Women Chastity. If a man loses his honor in one encounter, it is not impossible for him to regain it in another; a slip in a woman's honor is irretrievable. I can give no reason for fixing the point of honor to these two qualities, unless it be that each sex sets the greatest value on the qualifications which renders them the most amiable in the eyes of the contrary sex. Had men chosen for themselves, without regard to the opinions of the fair sex, I should believe the choice would have fallen on Wisdom or Virtue; or had women determined their own point of honor, it is probable that Wit or Good Nature would have carried it against Chastity.—*Addison.*

☞President Pierce has been presented with a barrel of sugar-cured Palmetto hams, by a citizen of Cincinnati.

Employment.

God pity the man who lives to do nothing to do! Idleness is mother of more misery and crime than all other causes ever thought of, by the profoundest thinker or the wildest theorist.

The idea that labor—manual labor—is degrading, is not only foolish, but wicked! Too proud to work! Better do anything than nothing. Labor is the basis of wealth, science, art, of everything which gives comfort to the physical, and dignity to the spiritual life of man. Too proud to work.

He should be always most busy with those who are most idle. If they don't work, let them.

A man has no right to will time to waste, as surely as neglected gardens will be full of weeds and cockles. The physical organization requires active work, or it will be effeminate and powerless. He who can lift but twenty pounds to-day, by practice and a temperate use of the physical organs, may by and by astonish the world with his Herculean performances.

Look at the [illegible] man who has no [illegible] employment, of any kind. See the [illegible] that are [illegible] growing up around him. Watch the progress of dissipation and [illegible] crime. And should he have courage and strength left, after years of indolence, to look away from the disgusting [illegible] so much precious time would have [illegible]. How much will he long [illegible] over he wasted hours and years—so that he might better improve them.

Longlived

A correspondent, who, by the way, is somewhat of a traveler, sends us the following whimsically amusing account of an adventure of his, out in 'Oregon.' Unless he exaggerates, there must be a place out there where the 'king of terrors' has for a long time back failed to enter and take toll. Had our informant been a little more explicit, and given the precise locality of the occurrence he describes, no doubt a considerable tide of emigration would at once have set thitherward, made up of such as 'through fear of death,' are all their life time subject to bondage.'

The oddest man, apparently, that ever I saw in all my life, was sitting on a wood-pile by an old [illegible] crying bitterly. I called up and inquired [illegible] the cause of his trouble. And what do you think was the unexpected [illegible]

'Father whipped me.'

He thought the infirm gray-beard's sanity—for it seemed impossible that one so aged could have a living parent—I asked:

'Where is your father?'

'In the house,' he answered, amid his tears and sobs.

Curiosity led me into the house, and there I saw—Methuselah, as I verily believed.—The sight made me start.

'Sir,' said I, 'is that your son at the door crying?'

'Yes,' replied the ancient, gruffly.

'Well, pray, what did you whip him for?'

'Why, the good-for-nothing blockhead threw a rock at his grandfather.'

I left anon. But if ever I go that way again I am determined to see the grandfather.—*States Ex.*

Did not take the Papers.

Some years ago a lady noticing a neighbor who was not in her seat at church one Sabbath, called on her return home to enquire what should detain so punctual an attendant. On entering the house she found the family busy at work. She was surprised at which her visit addressed her—

'Why, hi! where have you been to-day, dressed up in your Sunday clothes.'

'To meeting.'

'What, what day is it?'

'Sabbath day.'

'Sal, stop washing in a minute! Sabbath day! Well, I did not know, for my husband has got so plaguy stingy he won't take the paper, and we know nothing. Well, who preached?'

'Mr——.'

'What did he preach about?'

'It was on the death of our Savior.'

'Why, is he dead.—Well, all Boston might be dead, and we know nothing about it. It won't do, we must have the newspaper again, for everything goes wrong without the paper. Bill has almost lost his reading, and Polly has got quite mopish again, because she has no poetry or stories to read. Well, it we have to take a cart load of onions and potatoes to market, I'm resolved to have a newspaper.'

Happiness

Happy is he who can fortify himself against the change of time and circumstance. Thrice happy is he who can cause to grow brightly within, a warming fire which will make him defy the chilliness of disappointment [illegible] All seasons and times happy is he who always hath material to keep up a comfortable fire.

Can such a blaze be constant? Aye—by sympathies that is the spark which kindles and [illegible], until Death shall lay the hearth stone in ruins. To have heart responded to heart, affection paid by affection, and sorrow lightened by one born by two, can alone make life's journey short, or its bitterness bearable. A flower may flourish alone on a cattle, and have perfume and beauty; but man cannot, without companionship produce that which will produce another such. Such [illegible] which is glorious and excellent in other [illegible] sympathies will grow weak at last and [illegible] forever.

☞When Eve [illegible] her dignity began.