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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THE OREGON SPECTATOR:

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

DEVOTED TO THE MORAL, SOCIAL, LITERARY, POLITICAL AND AGRICULTURAL INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE OF OREGON.

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A liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers.

The number of insertions must be distinctly marked on the margin, otherwise they will be continued till forbid, and charged accordingly.

I have Seen.

I have seen the most talented young men turn tiplers and die drunkards.

I have seen men who boasted much of their wealth, who had no money, property, nor friends.

I have seen married women of thirty that had not as much common sense as some misses of twelve.

I have seen men who made much noise about their bravery, and

I have seen the same men afraid to go out after dark.

I have seen a lady so arrogant that she would not deign to speak to a tradesman or laborer, as

[illegible] working [illegible] sporting husband in obtaining [illegible] enough to support life.

[illegible] come to ruin and die without any probability of being able to make payment.

[illegible] in the [illegible] man who broke [illegible] to marry [illegible] obtain her.

And I have seen the same lovely female die broken-hearted before a year.

I have seen a man who [illegible] another to solicit him to become a candidate for office.

I have seen a father [illegible] his boy on purpose to make him cry, at the same time those tears, thus wrongly applied, worked up the angry passions of the boy till he could have consentaneously gone [illegible] the sire's eyes! Query: Did such a one benefit the urchin?

I have seen a man urging another to become a candidate for office, and

Have seen the same fellow vote against him at the election.—Shovel Ike.

California Mines.

The news from the mining districts is of the most extravagant nature. If what told be true, the miners never did a more prosperous business.—Chronicle.

Mining reports from Grass Valley, and various points above, are in the main, very favorable, though in some places the supply of water is beginning to fail.

New diggings have been struck about 6 miles from Downieville, in hills heretofore deemed valueless.

As attention is now being diverted from ravine and surface to hill mining, the same result is anticipated as at Forest City, Camptonville, Montezuma and other points from which reports are highly favorable.

The Maine company on the opposite side of Columbia Gulch, are doing remarkably well, and have been for several months.—Shares have been sold at one thousand dollars, and we understand cannot be purchased now for that price.

The Welch claim, owned by Freeman & Co., the same claim that the 1,700 was taken out of in one week not long since, is paying twenty five dollars per day to the hand.—Clipper.

We are informed that new hill diggings have been discovered between Johntown and Greenwood. A seven pound lump has been found near the surface. Shafts have been sunk, and the hill is said to be found very rich.

Iowa Hill.—We are informed by a gentleman from Iowa Hill that business is very brisk in that place. The streets are crowded with people. Buildings are going up rapidly. The Kentucky claim averages one hundred ounces daily, or ten ounces to the hand. On Friday of last week one hundred and twenty-two ounces were taken out.—Two thousand two hundred dollars has been taken from a single pan of dirt. Seven thousand dollars has been refused for a share in this claim.—Coloma Argus.

The Columbia Gazette says: Agins & Norris, who own a claim in the Main Gulch, took out in the last eight days eighty-five ounces. There are but three shares in the company.

The old main claim still yields finely.

The Summit Pass Co. have again been taking it out rich.

The Birdseye Co. on Gold Hill, are making one ounce per day to the man.

Gregory & Co., on the same lead, are making from ten to twenty dollars per day each.

Some companies in the Humbug Gulch are making $50 per day to each hand

The Stolen Hides.

Wm. Savery, an eminent preacher among the Quakers, was a tanner by trade, and known by all as "one who walked humbly with his God." One night a quantity of hides was stolen from his tannery, and he had reason to believe that the thief was a quarrelsome miserable neighbor, whom I shall call John Smith. The next week the following advertisement appeared in the county newspaper;

"Whoever stole a quantity of hides on the fifth of the present month, is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish to be his friend. If poverty tempted him to the false step, the owner will keep the whole transaction secret, and will gladly put him a way of obtaining money by means more likely to bring him peace of mind."

This singular advertisement attracted considerable attention; but the culprit only knew who had made the kind offer. When he read it his heart melted within him, and he was filled with sorrow for what he had done.

A few nights afterwards, as the tanner's family were about retiring to rest, they heard a knock at the door. On opening it they saw before them John Smith, with a load of hides on his shoulder. Without looking up he said: "I have brought your hides home Mr. Savery, where shall I put them?"

"Wait till I get a lantern, and I will go to the barn with thee, then perhaps thou wilt come in and tell me how this happened.—We will see what can be done for thee."

As soon as they were gone out, his wife made coffee, and placed pies and meat on the table.

On their return Savery said:

"Neighbor Smith, I am afraid not supper prepared here which I thought would suit thee."

He turned his back towards her and did not speak a word. After leaning against the fireplace in silence a few moments, he said in a choked voice:

"It is the first time I have ever stolen any thing, and I have felt very bad about it. I am sure I did not use to think that I would come to what I am. But I took to drinking and then to quarreling. Since I began to go down hill, every body gives me a kick. You are the first that have ever offered me a helping hand. My wife is sickly, and my children are starving. You have sent them many a meal. God bless you: and still I stole the hides. But I say in truth, it is the first time."

"Let it be the last my friend," replied Mr. Savery. "The secret still remains between ourselves. Thou art still young, and it is in thy power to make up for lost time. Promise me thou will not drink any intoxicating liquor for a year and I will employ thee tomorrow on good wages, and thy little boy can pile up the small stones on the farm, too. But friend Smith, eat a bit now, and drink some hot coffee. Perhaps it will keep thee from craving any thing stronger tonight. Doubtless thou wilt find it hard to abstain at first, but keep up a brave heart for the sake of thy wife and children, and it will soon become easy. When thou hast need of coffee tell my wife here and you will get a plenty."

The poor fellow tried to eat and drink, but the food seemed to choke him. After vainly trying to compose his feelings, he bowed his head on the table and wept like a child. After a while he ate and drank, and his host parted with him for the night, with the friendly words:

"Try to do well, John, and thou wilt always find a friend in me."

He entered into his employ the next day, and remained with him many years, a sober and faithful man. The secret of the theft was kept between them; but after the demise of Smith the story was told, to prove that evil might be overcome with good.

The Violin Trick.

There some time ago presented himself before a dealer in curiosities in New York, a young man poorly clothed. "Sir," said he, showing a violin which he carried, "I am a musical artist; this is the season of balls and soirees; I have just had a long illness, which has exhausted my purse; my only black coat is in pawn; I would be much obliged if you will lend me ten francs to redeem it. I would leave as security one of the violins, for you see I have two. It is an excellent instrument; I will return to take it again as soon as, thanks to my coat, I shall have earned some money at balls and parties." The young man had such an honest bearing the dealer lent him ten francs and kept the violin, which he hung up in his shop.

The next day but one a gentleman, well dressed, wearing at his button-hole the ribband of the legion of honor, was choosing from the dealer's stock of goods some shell work. Seeing the violin he took it up, examining it narrowly.

"What is the price of this instrument, sir?

"It is not mine," replied the storekeeper, and he related how he came in possession of it.

"This violin," continued the unknown, "is worth money; it is a Cremona. Perhaps its owner himself is ignorant of its value.—If he returns offer him two hundred francs for it. He is probably needy and can play, if obliged to, as well on another violin."

Then handing fifty francs to the shopman, he added: "even will keep that for yourself if the affair succeeds. I will return in a few days."

Two days after the young man re-appeared, bringing the ten francs to redeem his violin, for which the dealer offered him two hundred francs. After some hesitation he agreed, pocketed the money and withdrew, lamenting the sad necessity which compelled him to part with his favorite instrument. At the end of the week, the dealer not having seen the decorated gentleman, became suspicious. He carried the violin to an instrument maker, who offered him three francs for it. He acknowledged then, tho' made too late, that he had been the dupe of two adroit knaves, whom he here described to the police.

New Postmaster at St. Louis.

The Administration, after all manner of difficulties, waverings and indecisions, have at last mustered courage to appoint a successor to Mr. Gamble, who has been trying for the last year to resign his office as Postmaster of St. Louis. The fortunate applicant is D. H. Armstrong, Esq., who is the ablest, and next to the Editor of the Republican, the rankest "Anti-Benton" man in that city. Mr. Armstrong has been confirmed by the Senate, and will enter upon the discharge of the duties of the office as soon as the same can be got ready for a formal and complete transfer.

In regard to Mr. Armstrong's qualifications, the Intelligencer of yesterday says, "there is not a man in St. Louis, of any party, Whig, Benton, or anti-Benton, that has more of the qualities requisite to make a good Postmaster, prompt, efficient, energetic and impartial, than D. H. Armstrong.—Mr. Pierce has not made a better appointment—fitting well the individual to the duties imposed—since he has been President of the U. S."

Flowers.

In all countries women love flowers; in all countries they form nosegays of them; but it is only in the bosom of plenty that they conceive the idea of embelishing their dwellings with them. The cultivation of flowers among the peasantry indicates a revolution in all their feelings. It is a delicate pleasure which makes its way through coarse organs; it is a creature whose eyes are opened; it is the sense of the beautiful, a faculty of the soul which is awakened; colors, forms, odors, are perceived for the first time, and these charming objects have at length spectators. Those who have traveled in the country can testify that a rose-tree under the window, a honeysuckle around the door of a cottage is a good omen to a weary traveler. The hand that cultivates flowers is not closed against the supplications of poor nor against the wants of the stranger. Flowers may be called the alphabet of angels, wherewith they write on hills and plains mysterious truths.—*Canadian Agriculturist.*

An Overheard Conversation.—'Joe, when you grow up, do you mean to be a lawyer, or keep a confectionery shop?'

'I haven't made up my mind, Tom, but ma wants me to be a minister.'

'O, don't be a minister, Joe, for you can't go to the circuses then.'

'I know that, Tom, but ministers, ma says, is the best profession. You know Mrs. Lovegrove adores Mr. Prettyface, and wouldn't you like to be adored, Tom?'

'Perhaps I should, but then you can't drive fast horses.'

'O, yes you can; ministers drive fast horses now-a-days; and besides that, Tom, when they have a billious attack, the worshipers send them on a foreign tour; then he gets remembered in wills, and often has nice presents: and ma says it won't be long before every minister has his country-seat and a collegian to write his sermons. Won't that be high?'

Tom acquiesced, and the juveniles indulged in another game of marbles.

Cool.

Being in Maine, a while ago, "writes B," Bridgeport, Conn., I fell in with a singular customer. He is a lawyer of some eminence, and a confirmed bachelor. He showed me his boots, (which he wears without stockings or 'socks,') with holes cut through them just above the soles, so as to let the snow water come freely about his feet, declaring that he had not had a cold for fifteen years by reason of this practice. But the best thing about him was his 'religion,' as he called it, which I regarded as very peculiar. He believed, he said, that the Earth is a huge animal, breathing every six hours, which causes the ebb and flow of the tides; that the trees, shrubbery, etc., are hairs; and all animals, including men, merely vermin! He also believes in a kind of metempsychosis, and affirms that he can distinctly remember having lived on the earth in nine different forms. In the last of these, prior to the present, he says he was in the form of a black sheep, which wore a bell; and the dogs getting after the flock, of which he was a leading member, he lost the bell, and has found it since he was a man, and knew it the very moment it caught his eye." An 'odd theory,' indeed!

There is an inscription on a tombstone at La Point, Lake Superior, which reads as follows:—"John Phillips—accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

☞There is nothing more frightful than for a teacher to know only what his scholars are intended to know.—*Goethe.*

POETRY.

"Why throbs my heart with quicker beat
Whene'er I catch thy tone?
Why turns mine eye from all I meet
To seek thy glance alone?
Thy lightest accents breathe to me
Far more than others hear;
I watch the smile they scarcely see,——"
* * * *
Thou can'st say it is Passion, breathing
His vows into thy pure heart;
Or 'tis Love's power, that's wreathing
A garland they'll vain try to part.

Atmospheric Telegraph.

After witnessing the operation of Morse's Telegraph and the Steam Rail Horse one very naturally inquires—'What next?'—Atmospheric Telegraphs and Flying Machines are now racking the inventive geniuses, and Mr. Richardson, of Boston, is very sanguine of the practicability of moving bodies at the rate of 1000 miles an hour, by means of atmospheric pressure. He has a miniature machine on exhibition. It is a tube 20 feet long, connected with air pumps, and so arranged that a messenger can be placed at one end, in order to pass through the tube. The air is exhausted and the messenger passes through instantaneously. The tube is bent, to show that curves will be no serious obstacle to the passage of the messenger. A correspondent of the Buffalo Republic, who has recently witnessed the operation of Mr. Richardson's machine says:

He attempts to show that a load can be transmitted in almost an incredible short space of time, from N. Y. to Boston, and that with safety and certainty—allowing that the load shall stop at way stations, or pass through the entire length of the distance without any stop. Also, that he can avoid the friction which seems indispensable to the tremendous velocity.

The means of exhausting so large an amount of atmosphere as would be necessary from the use of a cylinder two feet in diameter is a steam engine of the capacity of a 20 ton locomotive placed at one end of the line, and always stationary. And thus the cost actual of transportation is about one fifth of that of any other method, and velocity more than twenty times as great.

In order that the practical working of the machine might be tested, a cylinder six inches in diameter and three miles long was constructed, and the air having been exhausted a messenger or plunger was admitted, and the time occupied by its transit was less than three seconds, as near as could be determined. No heat was produced by friction, and this experiment was repeated many times.

So far so good. It is now proposed to organize a company with a capital of $500,000 for the purpose of building a line of the Atmospheric Telegraph two feet in diameter from Boston to New York, for the conveyance of letters and packages to and from said cities and intermediate places, allowing fifteen minutes for each transit, sending from Boston to N. Y. every hour, and back half-past every hour, twelve hours in each day.

The shares are $100 each, and the income of the company has not been estimated at less than $2,000 per day.

Corned Beef Boarder.

The following amusing anecdote has been furnished the editor of the 'Albany Dutchman,' by one of his correspondents:

A few days since, the capitol of one of the New England States boasted of but one public house, which was a very creditable establishment, by the way—and at which at the present time, you can make sure of very comfortable and satisfactory accommodations, on reasonable terms. Then as now, this house was temporary home of the Solons and Lycurguses of the States, when their legislative duties drew them to the capital.

Mr. F——, the proprietor of the house at the time to which I allude, found that he had all sorts of men to deal with—the State Representatives being composed of farmers, ship-builders, land speculators, lumber merchants, &c.

Of all men, however, the queerest customer was a Representative who had not certainly been chosen for any remarkable oratorical talents; or for any extensive knowledge of political economy. In fact, his notions of private economy altogether predominated, as the following anecdote will show.

With his constituents, Mr. G—— took up his quarters at the public house kept by Mr. F——. He was delighted with the breakfast of venison steak, the dinner of turkeys and moose meat, and other corresponding accommodations; but really the rate of board was more than he felt able to pay.—Accordingly he applied to the landlord to know if he could not board him for less than the usual price.

'I should be very happy to accommodate you,' said Mr. F——, politely, 'but I should lose by the operation. I have the best of everything on my table, and my expenses are so large that I could not live if I were to reduce my prices.'

'No way at all—in my case?' inquired the representative, ruefully.

'No—I don't see how I can. I have to pay uncommonly high, this season, for my turkeys, venison, eggs, &c.'

'Now, see here,' interrupted Mr. G——, 'I suppose these fixins are worth all you charge for board. I couldn't complain if I felt as though I could afford to eat such dinners. Now, why not let them that want to eat the turkeys, pay for 'em? For my part I'd as lief eat corn'd beef every day as not. I won't eat your turkeys, and don't see why I should pay for 'em.'

'Very well,' said the obliging landlord, with an indulgent smile. 'If you are willing to confine yourself to corned beef, as far as meals are concerned, and to eat other things accordingly, I suppose I can make some deduction in your case.'

The representative was highly gratified. He promised to eat corn beef and to abstain from various costly dishes which were named, upon which condition a satisfactory bargain was made.

Accordingly, everybody who observed Mr G—— at the table from that day, were very much astonished at his singular choice of food. Of course, the bargain was a secret—confined to the two parties by whom it was made; and the unconscious waiters laid before the representative temptation after temptation, which he no doubt found hard to resist.

'What shall I help you to, sir?' they would ask him: 'turkey, chicken pie, venison, steak, roasted—'

'Corn'd beef!' would be the self-denying exclamation of the scrupulous boarder.

Day after day it was the same. Sometimes the waiters would, through mistake, we may suppose, place before him a choice plate of the forbidden luxuries, which it made his heart ache to send away again, with his modest call for 'corn'd beef!'

At length the waiters grew stupid or waggish, we suspect, that Mr. G—— would have to send away half a dozen appetizing dishes before they could be made to understand that his unalterable choice was 'corn'd beef.'

This state of affairs afforded a great deal of amusement to the waiters, boarders, guests, everybody except Mr. G—— himself, who was grievously annoyed. At last human nature could bear it no longer.

One day Mr. G—— called for his favorite dish three times, and received successively, roasted veal, moose steak and broiled chicken. Glowing and sweating with perplexity and wrathful impatience, he sent away the last named dish, with an emphatic request for 'corn'd beef!' The waiter returned with smoking, odorous turkey.

'You thick-skulled rascal,' cries the furious representative, 'can't you understand? I ain't a *turkey* boarder, I'm a *corn'd beef* boarder. Do you hear? *I'm a corn'd beef boarder!*'

The waiter heard; the table roared, the representative perspired profusely; but he was never afterwards troubled with refusing the dishes he had forsworn. The waiters enjoyed the joke, and the representative the corned beef, in quiet.

Inconsistencies.

A person arguing 'merely to elicit the truth,' and losing his temper because he gets the worst of the argument.

Peace society men breathing universal brotherhood, and indulging in inflammatory language that is more than likely to lead to a breach of the peace.

High-titled ladies sympathizing deeply with the slaves of America, and keeping up a number of milliners working all night; because they must have their dresses sent home by a certain time.

Irish members always abusing the government, and yet too happy to accept a situation under it.

Agriculturalists paying enormous prices for Peruvian guano, and allowing all the sewerage to be wasted in the cities.

Tradesmen giving their daughters the education of fine young ladies, and expecting them to mind the shop.

Condemning a boy to prison for stealing a handkerchief, and yet allowing a wealthy shopkeeper who has been convicted several times of using false weights, to get off with a small fine.

Patriots declaiming loudly about the liberty of the subject, and putting their servants in livery.

Government seeing the charitable necessity of a ten hours' bill in the cotton-mills, not passing a similar measure for the benefit of milliners, needle-women, and other oppressed classes, with whom the hours of working are only limited by the will of the master.—*Punch.*

Printers Can Read Anything.

The above remark is often made by correspondents and advertisers, as an excuse for half spelled words, abbreviated teeniesalities, and slovenly unreadable writing in general. There is no doubt that printers are better decipherers of bad manuscript than any other class of persons. But when, for instance, a merchant writes, even in his plain and beautiful hand, that he has received five barrels Bts.; ten pounds Cl.; it is somewhat difficult to determine whether the merchant really means boots, biscuits, or butternuts; chalk, cheese, or churns, cloves, clocks, or clams.

Large Bell.

The great bell of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, measures ten feet in diameter, and ten inches in thickness of metal. The tone is very fine in the musical note A, concert pitch. The hour is struck on the bell by a large hammer, which is drawn by a wire in the clock-works, and falls on the outside of the brim by its own weight. The clapper of this bell weighs 180 pounds, and is only used to toll on great occasions, such as the death of one of the royal family, or of the archbishop of Canterbury, the bishop of London, the dean of St. Paul's, etc. The last time it was brought into use was on the death of the Duke of Wellington, in Sept., 1852.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

Midnight Fun.—About two o'clock on a December night, when the thermometer stood in the neighborhood of zero, a party of wags hailed a farm-house in the west in a very boisterous manner. The farmer sprang out of his warm bed, drew on a few articles of clothing, and ran out to see what was wanted, when the following dialogue occurred:—

'Have you any hay, Mr. ——?'

'Plenty of it.'

'Have you plenty of corn?'

'Yes.'

'Plenty of meat and breadstuff?'

'Yes.'

'Well, we are glad to hear it, for they are very useful articles for a family?'

The party then drove off, leaving the farmer to his reflections.

Advertising.—E. D. W. H. Clifford, a young man in Indiana who recently advertised for a wife, says that he is thoroughly convinced of the advantages of advertising. He says he has received in answer to his advertisement, 794 letters, thirteen daguerreotype likenesses of ladies, two gold finger rings, seventeen locks of hair, one copy of Ike Marvel's "Reveries of a Bachelor," one thimble, and two dozen shirt-buttons!

Magnificently dressed ladies appear daily in the streets of Baltimore, attended by boys dressed in livery. Those occupation is to raise the ladies' skirts at crossings or muddy places

A live Yankee has just invented a machine for extracting the lies from quack advertisements. Some of them are never seen after entering the machine, as only the truth comes out.

N. P. Trist, so well known as a special agent to Mexico during the late war, is now engaged in selling patent rights for a washing machine.

☞'Morning Relief Train,' soliloquized Mrs. Partington, as she sat in one of the New Jersey Railroad cars and gazed upon the ticket which she had a short time previously purchased at the depot—'Morning Relief Train—I spose that must be the train which starts every morning at 7 o'clock to pick up the poor creeters on the track that have been masticated the night previous. Dear me, when will Railroad folks learn to use circumcision and care!' and the old lady sighed in bitterness of spirit.

On the "Traveler's Register" at Willard's Hotel, Washington, is the following recent entry:—"Mrs. Anna Maria Lewis and husband, Buffalo, N. Y."

A correspondent says that one woman—one gentle, loving darling lassie is all that he asks—and he knows where there is one that would just suit him—well educated—sensible, longing to love and to be loved, just as rich as himself, and the finest flower of her family. We can picture such a one now sitting in yonder chair. She holds a bit of needle-work in her lap; her light glossy hair is laid over a clear brow with exquisite taste, and as she looks you in the face one can view her sun-lit smile with nothing less than adoration; while her lilly white hand forms a lovely contrast with her dark dress, and the tranquil rise and fall of the bodice shows signs of a warm and contented heart. But this is a picture merely.—*N. Y. Sunday Paper.*

☞It takes a Yankee to get out of a scrape with flying colors, as the following conversation shows:

'Shan't I see you hum from singin' schule to-night, Jerush?'

'No, you shan't do no such thing. I don't want you nor your company, Reuben.'

'Perhaps you didn't hear what I said,' continued the youth.

'Yes, I heard you asked if you might see me home.'

'Why, no, I didn't. I only asked you how your mama was?'

☞'Are you a Christian Indian?' asked a gentleman of one of the Cattaraugus tribe.

'No,' was the answer, 'I whisky Indian.'

Two Irishmen were going to fire of a cannon, just for fun; but being of an economical turn of mind, they did not wish to lose the ball. So one of them took an iron kettle in his hands to catch it in; and stationing himself in front of the loaded piece, he exclaimed to the other, who stood behind it, holding a lighted torch:—"Now touch it off gently, Jimmie."

☞'She has destroyed my hopes forever.'

'How?' inquired a sympathising friend.

'By *realizing* them,' rejoined the happy one.

☞Lord Holland told of a man, remarkable for absence of mind, who, dining once on a shabby repast with a friend, fancied himself in his own house, and began to apologise for the wretchedness of the dinner.