OREGON SPECTATOR.

EDITOR PROPRIETOR AND PRINTER. "THE MOTATION OF THOUGHTS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM." TERMS, FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

OREGON CITY, OREGON TERRITORY, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1854. NO. 27.

BUSINESS CARDS.

F. S. HOLLAND. A. HOLLAND.

LA FOLLETTE & HOLLAND,
Retail Dealers in
DRY GOODS GROCERIES
BOOTS SHOES,
Hardware, &c., &c.
OREGON CITY.
17y

GEO. L. STORY & CO.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN DRUGS,
MEDICINES, PERFUMERY,
And every article requisite to make a complete assortment for a "Drug Store."
[Two doors above G. Abernethy & Co]
AGENT OREGON CITY - MAY 26, '54y

ORE HOUSE!
A. W. CRAWAS. A. G. SPRENGER.
The proprietors of the Oregon House, on the corner of Water and Main Oregon City, have refitted their House entirely this spring, and now flatter themselves that they can accommodate those who may favor them with a call, and their city friends, as well as any house in the country.
Excellent accommodations for families.

JNO. T. BROOKS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN DRY GOODS GROCERIES, PROVISIONS &c. MAIN STR
A general assortment kept up at selected goods
Oregon City, Nov. 5, 1853-3m

C. M'CUE,
RETAIL DEALER IN BOOTS, SHOES AND LEATHER.
Main Street, South side of Post Office
Oregon City, Nov 5, 1853-3m

GIBSON & MALONE,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
WINES, LIQUORS, ALE, &c.
MAIN STREET, OREGON CITY.
Nov 5 1853-1y27

R. G. HIGHFIELD,
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER
OREGON CITY
Clocks cleaned and repaired on short notice, and warranted.
Aug. 26, 1853-28y

W. WHITLOCK,
Dry Goods & Groceries.
MAIN STREET, OREGON CITY.
Cash or produce received in exchange for goods. aug26-28tf.

GEO. L. ALLAN. ARCH'D M'KINLAY. THOS. LOWE

ALLAN, M'KINLAY & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS AND Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, &c.
Oregon City, August 19, 1853-27tf

R. CAUFIELD,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS GROCERIES, HARDWARE AND GEN-
AT THE BRIDGE, MAIN STREET.
Oregon City Nov. 12, 1853-3m

THE OFFICE OF
JNO. B. PRESTON
(Formerly Preston, O'Neill & Co's store, Main st. Oregon City, where he is prepared to attend to business pertaining to Land or Land Office.
Oregon City, Nov 5, 1853-3m

CHARLES POPE JR.,
DEALER IN HARDWARE, GROCERIES AND DRY GOODS, BOOTS & SHOES
BOOKS, STATIONERY, &C.,
(Opposite Geo. Abernethy & Co.)
MAIN STREET, OREGON CITY, O. T.
July 1, 1854-20y

GEO. ABERNETHY. THOMAS PAPE. HIRAM CLARK. JAMES E. JOHN

GEO. ABERNETHY & CO.,
Wholesale Merchants,
OREGON CITY, O. T.
Nov 5, 1853-1y27

ALLEN, LOWE & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
31 CLAY ST. SAN FRANCISCO.
ALLAN, M'KINLAY & CO., OREGON CITY, O. T.
Aug 26, 1853-27tf

WM. C. DEMENT,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL
DEALER IN
GROCERIES & PROVISIONS
Oregon City, August 19, 1853-1y27

J. B. PRESTON. JAS O'NEILL. DAN O'NEILL.

PRESTON, O'NEILL & CO,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN DRY GOODS GROCERIES PROVISIONS AND HARDWARE.
Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.
August 20, 1853-27y

LEONARD & GREEN,
SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, AND DEALERS IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE.
Two doors below the Beard House, Front street.
PORTLAND, OREGON.
September 30, 1853-33tf

E. MILWAIN,
MANUFACTURER OF TIN, COPPER AND SHEET IRON; ALSO, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
STOVES, AND TIN WARE.
CORNER OF MAIN & THIRD.
Oregon City, May 5, 1854-13

THE TITUS ANDRONICUS
RESTAURANT!
BOARD by the week; and meals served at all hours of the day. Main street.
Oregon City, Nov. 12, 1853-39tf ma

How a Fellow Brought in the Returns

In a county near by, an election was held for the office of High Sheriff. Three popular candidates were in the field, and their chances of success were about equal. Never, it is said, did the yeomanry of that county enter more lustily into a political contest than on this occasion. Thousands upon thousands of dollars had been staked upon the result, and this circumstance, perhaps, lent much to the enthusiasm manifested by the people.

On the morning of the election, runners, provided with fleet horses, were dispatched to all the different polls of the county, who were to bring in the returns to the county seat—a hotel which was the head quarters of the parties. We will pass the many exciting and amusing occurrences of the day, and recur us to the closing scene of the night.

The returns were all in with the exception of one township, and the contest thus far was so close that the disparity between the highest and lowest candidate was less than ten votes. The fate of the three candidates hung upon the result of that one poll. Each candidate had claimed a handsome majority in the remaining township—but as each had been deceived by the votes of the balance, the result in this was in extreme doubt. The three competitors became exceedingly alarmed; the friends of each were thrown into a state of painful anxiety, and the sporting gentlemen felt as though they had embarked in a hazardous enterprise.

In the stillness of the night the clattering of a horse's feet was faintly heard in the distance. The shout of 'He's coming,' gave general notice of the fact. As the messenger neared the town—his noble animal flying, as it were, under whip and spur—they fell back on either side, in hope of a passage to receive him. In he dashed, regardless of human life, and heading up and body under the dim light of a lamp, with wild hair, exclaimed—'Five hundred dollars that letter time was never mad!' Ten minutes only twenty minutes! and by a three year H colt at that.'

A leathe-like stillness pervaded the crowd as the runner continued to expatiate upon the speed and qualities of his colt—a matter in which none but himself seemed to feel an interest, just at that time—the *returns* being the only thing which could interest the crowd at this juncture. 'The *returns!*' interrupted a voice in the crowd. '*Thirty eight majority!*' answered the runner. 'For whom?' demanded the same voice in the crowd. 'Gentlemen, all I know about it is that some fellow *got thirty-eight majority*; but who the d—l it was I can't tell you; but one thing I know, and that is that you can just bet your life on the hoss.'

We have since frequently heard of that man, who is now universally known and called in this neighborhood by the cognomen of 'the fellow that brought in the returns.'—*O. S. Democrat.*

Young man—"Bimelech" said Mr. Slow, solemnly striking his arm like a pump handle, "you are now old enough to understand the ways of wisdom—being eleven and a half, in other words half past eleven—and I wish to advise you never to interfere, with nobody nor to interfere with nothing that dont belong to you. Shet your self up, like a gold eagle in your pocket book, and it will get out to be much cos'ed for others. If people is inclined to go to ruin, let 'em go if they're a mind to—what business is it of your'n? If neighbors quarrel, is it any business of your'n? Let 'em fight it out. Why should you risk your precious head in trying to save theirs? When you trade allers look to your side of the bargain and leave the one you are trading with to look arter his. If he gets bit 'taint your fault. Take keer of number one is skriptur, the real golden rule, and he that acts onto it can never die poor. Never have any thing to do with sympathy. Sympathy doesn't pay. 'Taint worth one per cent. But if you must be sympathetic because its popular, be sure before you begin that it ain't again to cost you any thing, and then p'raps 'twill do to invest in it. Nobody never lost anything by not being generous, so lay by for yourself what folks expects you to give to poor people and other vagabonds, and when you are old 'twill not depart from you. You will have somethin' to count on to make you happy, pay your doctor's bill, conf'und a hospital, and buy a gravestone full of exalted virtues. Be careful, Bimelech; allers look after the main chance and beware of sympathy.—*Boston Post.*

☞ We have a few great engineers, and mechanics, and a large body of clever workmen; but the Americans seem likely to become a whole nation of such people. Already their rivers swarm with steamboats; their valleys are becoming crowded with factories; their towns surpassing those of every State of Europe, except Belgium, Holland and England, are the abodes of all the skill which now distinguishes a town population; and there is scarcely an art in Europe not carried on in America with equal or greater skill than in Europe, though it has been here cultivated and improved thro' ages. A whole nation of Franklins, Stevensons, and Watts in prospect, is somthing wonderful for other nations to contemplate. In contrast with the comparative ignorance of a bulk of the people of Europe, the great intelligence of the whole people of America is worthy of public attention.—*London Spec.*

TOO MUCH.

My face and eyes feel all agloss;
Are they red? My mirror, say!
I wash, but the color will not go,—
I have drank too much to-day!

My eye-lids look somewhat inflamed,
They wink in an awkward way;
I own it makes me feel ashamed.—
I have drank too much to-day!

The things are right which I would speak,
But my speech is wild go astray;
And I talk like a book that has sprung a leak,—
I have drank too much to-day!

There's neighbor S——but I'll be spry,
And I'll pass another way;
I would not he should catch my eye,—
I have drank too much to-day!

I was a fool—a stupid fool—
To heed their "Stay, oh stay!"
Would that my burning face would cool,—
I have drank too much to-day!

My wife puts on a sober look,
And I know the coming fray;
But can I scorn her just rebuke?
I have drank too much to-day!

God! give me greater strength within,
Check thou my passions' play;
Forgive, and I'll forsake my sin,—
I have drank too much to-day!

A Georgia Wedding.

The preacher was prevented from taking his part in the ceremony, and a newly-created Justice of the Peace, who chanced to be present, was called upon to officiate in his place. The good man's knees began to tremble, for he had never tied the knot, and did not know where to begin. He had no 'Georgia Justice,' or any other book from which to read the marriage service. The company was arranged in a semi-circle, each one bearing a tallow candle. He thought over everything he had ever learned, even to—

'Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November.'

But all in vain; he could recollect nothing that suited the occasion. A suppressed titter ran all over the room as anguished him the more, and in an agony of desperation he began—

'Know all men by these presents, that I—the Sheriff—paused, and looked up to the ceiling while a voice in the corner of the room was heard to say—

'He is drawing a deed for a tract of land, and they all laughed.

'In the name of God, amen!' he began again only to hear another voice in a loud whisper, say,

'He is making his will: I thought he couldn't live long, he looked so powerfully bad.'

'Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray——'

was the next essay, when some crudite gentleman remarked—

'He is not dead, but sleepeth.'

'Oh yes! oh yes!' continued the Squire. A voice replied: 'Oh no! Oh no! don't!'

Some person out of doors sung out 'Come into court!' and the laughter was general.

The bride was near fainting—the Squire was not far from it; but being an indefatigable man, he began again—

'To all and singular, the sheriff—'

'Let's run, he's going to levy on us,' said two or three at once.

Here a burst of light flashed across the Squire's face; he ordered the bride and groom to hold up their hands, and in a solemn voice said—

'You, and each of you, do solemnly swear in the presence of the present company, that you will perform towards each other, all and singular, the functions of husband and wife, as the case may be, to the best of your knowledge and ability, so help you God.'

'Good as wheat!' exclaimed the father of the bride.

A Slight Difference.

How one of our gay young brokers was recently furnished with "a new wrinkle," is told by his friends on the streets, as thus:

A fellow came riding a fair-enough looking horse to the front of the office at which Joseph does the needful trimming for his fellow citizens, and hailooed: "Say—I understand you want to buy a horse at this shop!"

The banker leaned against the side of the door, half opened his eyes, shut 'em again, gazed sleepily at the hopeful, and then at the quadrupedal animal; and at last asked "how much?"

"A hundred and fifty dollars," was the reply.

"Can't give it, my friend. You're a good fellow, I dont doubt; but I cant give that price. Some judge of horseflesh myself."

"Well, say what you will give, exclaimed the horse merchant; "I want to sell."

"I'll give you twenty-five dollars for the horse."

"He's wuth more," said the jockey, tossing his leg over the saddle and sliding slowly to the ground; "but I never was the man to let a hundred and twenty-five dollars split me in a horse trade—he's yourn."

He took the horse—and has him yet!—having utterly failed in a dozen efforts to give him away!

☞ A chap from the country, stopping at one of the hotels in N. Y., being asked by the waiter whether he would have green or black tea, replied, he didn't care a darn what color it was, so it had plenty of sweetnin' in it.

Trial of a License Case—

An Indian witness.—A few years since, an effort was made by the public of this county to lay a stop the traffic of ardent spirits between the Indians residing on the Alleghany Reservation and the white inhabitants, who were engaged in the business of supplying them with the 'fire water.' In all the trials that were held the Indians were necessarily called as witnesses, and as a check upon the name of those who were in the habit of furnishing them with drink usually operated to stop the supplies of those who informed, various expedients were resorted to by the witnesses to evade giving the necessary evidence. On one occasion, where an Indian was prosecuting against an innkeeper for selling liquor to the Indians, 'Jno. Titus' was called to prove the sale. 'Jno.' loved a drink amazingly, and came up on the witness's stand with the air of a man who mind was made up to baffle the district attorney in all his inquiries at all hazards.

After the usual oath was administered, the following dialogue ensued:

'Well, John, asked the District Attorney, was you at Carrier's on the day of the election?'

'Yes,' was the prompt and laconic reply.

'Who else was there, John?'

'Oh, Dan Killbuck, and two, three, other Indians.'

'Had you been drinking there, John?'

'Yes.'

'All of you?'

'Yes.'

'Were you all drunk?'

'Yes.'

'Pretty drunk?'

'Yes very drunk.'

'Well, John, where did you get your whisky?'

John drew himself up to his fullest height and assuming all the dignity of the race, replied with marked deliberation and emphasis, and with almost a pause between each word:

'Ah—that—too—much—question!'

No effort would induce John to give any other answer, and he was allowed to retire.—*Ocean N. Y. Journal 15.*

A Privileged Voter.

'I say Mister,' said a fellow at the South Ward Polls, at an election, 'if you'll just let me vote again I'll give you two shillins.'

'Agreed,' said the inspector. The quarter and the ballot were handed over, and both deposited in the box prepared for contributions to the Washington Monument fund.

'Well, now, that's shape,' said the voter; here's another quarther for another vote.'

'All right,' said the inspector, as he placed them in the same box with the other.

'Be jabers,' said Pat, 'that's three dimocratic tickets I've voted: here's a dollar for four more.'

The money and the tickets were placed in the contribution box, and our hero paused to tell the 'dimocratic' committee how he carry the election. On his way down town, he thought he would see if the poll tickets in the Second Ward were as 'green' as those in the South. After stating that he had voted seven times 'up where he lives,' he remarked to one of the committee—who happened to be Harry—that he'd just like to throw on four votes there, and would give the last dollar he had in the world for the privilege.'

'Come ahead,' said Harry, who is always ready for a joke or a speech and who saw at once how to manage the voting, 'come ahead, and keep shady. I'll give them the wink and make it all right.'

The wink and the six word were given, the Green Islander forked over his dollar and the four votes, which were placed to the account of the Washington fund, and our Irish hero, chuckling over his and to the 'blessed cause,' left for the committee room to tell of his success. When last we heard of him, he was in the Fourth Ward 'drivin' privil'ges.'

Wyman and the Horse Jockey.

As Wyman, the Ventriloquist, was one day walking through the streets of Philadelphia, he was accosted by a jockey 'to know if you this pony.'

'How old is he?' asked Wyman.

'Seven last spring,' replied the jockey.

'O, what a lie!' ejaculated a most unearthly sound, 'I'm thirteen, and you know it as well as I do.'

The astonished jockey looked around, under the impression that some acquaintance, by way of joke, had volunteered a speech in behalf of the pony, but discovering no one, this perplexed him, and striking the horse across the neck, the same voice cried,

'If you do that again, you blackguard, I'll throw you off and kick out your brains.'

This second speech was too much for the dumb-founded rider, who leaped from the horse and started to run, much to the amusement of the bystanders, and it was with great difficulty that he could be made to mount the pony again, after the joke was explained.

☞ The Jackson (Tenn.) Democrat tells a good joke of a gentleman in that county, who cured his horse's scalded back by using the 'Magnetic Ointment,' and whose praise of the ointment induced his wife to read the pamphlet which accompanied the bottle.—She discovered that the ointment was recommended for 'restoring the hair'—giving it a glossy appearance—and concluded she would give it a trial. She did so, and it changed the color of her hair from black to fiery red!

VARIETIES.

☞ A mail carrier may carry mail matter outside the mail, when [illegible] of a stranger on board.

☞ Correction does much, but encouragement does more. Encouragement after correction is the sun after a shower.

☞ It is said that 48 hours' abstinence from liquids of all kinds will kill a cold completely.

☞ Some gallant admirer of Lola Montez recently wrote, 'She is pure innocence.' The wicked types, however, printed it, 'She is pure in no sense.'

☞ As the sun which hatches the flower nourishes the tree, so absence, which starves a weak affection, strengthens a strong one.

☞ 'Pooh, pooh,' said a loving wife to her expiring husband, as he strove to utter a few parting sentences, 'don't stop to talk, but go on with your dying.'

☞ Come here, my dear, I want to ask you all about your sister. Now tell me truly—has she got a beau?'

'No, it's the janders she's got: the doctor says so.'

☞ A fellow up town threatened to blow his brains out. He can't do it. It's a thing that *fools* are incapable of. Where there is nothing to blow, what's the use of blowing?

☞ A kiss, sent a thousand miles by a swift-sailing mail, scarce arrives more cold—and cupid, than a bright thought launched in the light of a passing circumstance, but left behind in an eddy of yesterday.

☞ Superstition is part of our being.—Try to expel it, and you will find that it makes its escape into the strangest holes and corners of the mind. Give it a few moments respite, and it will come out again.

☞ 'John, stop your crying,' said an enraged father to his son, who had kept up an intolerable yell for the past five minutes. 'Stop, I say, do you hear?' again repeated the father after a few minutes, the boy still crying.

'You don't suppose I can choke off in a minute, do yer?' cried the urchin.

☞ An Irishman was asked at dinner if he would take some apple pie?

'Is it houlesome?' inquired Teddy.

'To be sure it is. Why do you ask?'

'Because,' said Teddy, 'I once had an uncle that was kilt with apple-plexy, and sure enough I thought it might be something of the kind.'

☞ 'Uncle Joe,' said an observing little boy, 'our folks always put up the window when the room is filled with smoke, and the wind blows some to prevent the smoke from going out that way; now, where does the smoke go?'

'Into the people's eyes,' was uncle Joe's philosophic answer.

☞ 'Mrs. Springs, will you be helped to a small piece of turkey?'

'Yes, my dear Mr. Wilkins, I will.'

'What part would you prefer, my dear Mrs. Springs?'

'I will have a couple of the wings, a couple of the legs, some of the breast, the side bone, the rump, some fillings, and a few dumplings—as I feel very muscle.'

Wilkins fainted.

☞ Time is continually on the move, and human affairs change their aspect every 50 years. An institution which was perfect in 1800, may be large as nuisance in 1850.

Let us, however, hope and trust that the next century may find us vastly different, and by that time, instead of being abstract students and philosophers, we shall have risen to be men.

☞ A woman presented a petition for a divorce in one of the courts in Indiana, recently, and grumbled because she did not receive it at once. The attorney told her it could not possibly be granted before September. 'Oh!' she exclaimed, 'that won't do, I've promised to marry another feller in July.' But the attorney couldn't help her.

A Really Precious Relic.

Mr. Jno. M'Laughlin, janitor of the Merchants' Exchange, has a relic found by his son John, on Monday evening, beneath the timbers of the old military work recently excavated, near the foot of Liberty st., which exceeds in interest all others yet discovered. It is the casing of a heavy watch, (said by jewelers to be about half gold,) and thus inscribed on the back of the case, in perfectly distinct letters—Presented to James Witherel, his friend George Washington, May 29, 1755. It is the opinion of some who have seen the inscription that it was made by Washington himself. Mr. Witherel must have received the watch when Washington was but a few months past his 23d year. Who was Mr. James Witherel, and how came the case to be left in that spot? It is in an excellent state of preservation. Young M'Laughlin, with some other young men, crawled beneath the timbers, lighted a candle, and commenced searching among the earth, when he was so fortunate as to find this treasure. His father has it in his possession, and will show it to those calling at the Exchange.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

A Tough Eatable.

A fat, lily-livered Frenchman, who had engaged lodgings in a garret of one of the hotels was ordered by the waiter to go to the long-boy in a hurry. 'Now to escape an article that Pat had never heard of in all his life, and to save himself from impertinence he could not tell what the gentleman meant. His Irish blood forbade him stopping his ignorance, so he went off as if to comply with the order. Presently a thought struck him, and he returned to the gentleman saying:

'Faith, sir, and wuld ye be plazed to take sumthin else, the cupkins be all ate up?'

☞ In one of the villages in the Hoosier State, lives Judge B——, an eccentric character, who is ever ready to accommodate himself or others as occasion may require. Being invited by a party of friends, whom he chanced to meet while passing a grocery, (one of those shops peculiar to small towns, where tar, tobacco, treacle and almonds, and other creature comforts are "sold by the small," to step in and "take something," he readily consented; and although the variety of liquors was by no means as extensive as may be found in the more fashionable resorts of your great metropolis, yet the freedom of choice was as readily granted, and the question was proposed: Judge B——what will you take? The Judge then surveyed the stock in trade and replied: I believe I will take a mackerel! which receiving, he politely wished their friends a pleasant time over their redeye, and retired.

STEAMBOAT ADVENTURE.—An amusing affair lately came off on board a steamboat. Several of the passengers were looking at the engine, and while standing by it, some part of the machinery began to creak. The engineer heard and oiled the creaking part. Then another part creaked still louder; he gave this oil, when much to his astonishment, the first defective part broke out in a still more disagreeable creak, and all the oil had no effect. The captain happening to come around, asked the engineer why he did not oil the engine. He was answered by a burst of laughter, when, turning round, he beheld Wyman the ventriloquist, who was amusing his friends by his peculiar powers. The captain and engineer sloped, declaring that if they heard the boiler explode, they would not believe it while Wyman was on board.

☞ A house owner in Paris lately demanded of a young married couple who were in treaty for an apartment:

'Have you children?'

'No.'

'Very well, I wish no children in my house, and you will engage, by a clause in your lease, not to have any.'

This was a rather hard condition, considering that the lease was to be for nine years, and the tenants a young couple, yet in their honeymoon.—*Ex.*

Sensible landlord, him!

Following the Lord.

An itinerant preacher recently traveled among the north western counties in this state. He was mounted on an animal whose appearance betokened very bad keeping, the mere frame-work of what had once been a horse. Riding up to the door of a country inn, he inquired of the landlord the distance to the next town. The host coming out, was struck dumb with the appearance of the animal upon which the queerest sat that he walked round him two or three times giving the required information. He then inquired:

'Who might you be, if it is a fair question?'

'I am a follower of the Lord,' he answered.

'Follow the Lord, eh?' demanded the host. 'Well, I'll tell you what it is old feller,' eyeing the horse again, 'there's one thing sartin, if you stop out on the road, you'll never ketch him with that hoss!'

☞ At Cleveland, on Monday evening, at 5 o'clock, a favorite child, only two years of age was missed by her parents. At 8 she was returned to them, stripped of her elegant dress and ornaments, and wrapped in a blanket. The woman who gave her up claimed that she was entitled to the dress and ornaments for finding the child. Of course it had been stolen first, that it might be robbed of its clothing. Science in rascality now takes the lead.

☞ 'My dear friend, that woman has been talking about you so again! She has been telling the awfulest lies ever you heard; why she railed away for a full hour.'

'And you heard it all, did you?'

'Yes.'

'Well, after this just bear in mind that it takes two to make a slander—one to tell it, and one to listen to it.'

☞ A little ragged urchin, begging in the upper part of the city, the other day, was asked by a lady who had filled his basket, if his parents were living?

'Only dad, marm,' said the boy.

'Then you've enough in your basket to feed the family for some time,' observed the lady.

'O, no! I haven't,' replied the lad, for dad and me keeps the boarders; he does the house-work and I does the marketin.'

☞ The entertainment which Barnum is to view has not been returned.