OREGON SPECTATOR.

C. L. GOODRICH, EDITOR, PROPRIETOR AND PRINTER.] ..... "FREEDOM FROM ALL FOREIGN INFLUENCE, IN THIS OUR OWN DEAR NATIVE LAND." ..... TERMS, FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 7. OREGON CITY, OREGON TERRITORY, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1854. NO. 36.

The Oregon Spectator;

[The first paper ever printed on the Pacific Coast.]

OREGON CITY, O. T.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

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

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY C. L. GOODRICH, EDITOR, PROPRIETOR AND PRINTER.

The Spectator will ever be open to the free discussion of all subjects of sufficient interest to the people of this Territory. It will particularly strive to advance the interests of all American freemen, and will not oppose any Church or denomination, until it becomes apparent that their object is the taking of the government into their own hands, as a body, or, as a Church of having our law making and office-holding at their disposal.

A *moral tone* will ever be a leading feature of the Spectator, and while its columns may be filled with useful, literary and social instruction, a strict regard for truth and morality will be observed.

Agriculture, as shall best advance the interests of Oregonians, will be a feature never neglected.

The *past* and *youth* of our land, shall ever receive, to the former due respect, and to the latter all the assistance we can render in advancing their useful and moral education, and to instil into their minds the true American principles of our glorious Union.

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THE TWO STUDENTS.

In one of our large suburban towns lived a man named John Atkins. He was one of those men who had made their way to wealth, affluence and honor by strict integrity and attention to business. Every penny of his great wealth had been honestly earned, and he richly merited all the love and respect that were bestowed upon him. Mr. Atkins was now a widower, and his household was managed by his daughter, a fair, blooming girl of eighteen summers.—Her name was Laura, and her beauty and wealth made her the object of a vast number of ardent admirers.

Attached to Mr Atkin's establishment was a young man named Jared Walker.—He was about eighteen years of age, and was the son of a man who had formerly been in the merchant's employ. When his father died he was left poor and friendless, and Mr. Atkins hired him to take charge of his gardens and stable. He had now been with his present patron a little more than two years, and during that time had proved himself not only capable of all things which he undertook, but most scrupulously faithful and trustworthy.

Not far from the dwelling of Mr. Atkins stood a college—one of the most flourishing and noted in the Union. Mr. Atkins himself had never had the advantages of a college education, but he had picked up a vast fund of information, more of real practical information than a man could gain in a lifetime within the walls of a college; but the old man was a friend to the institution, and he was its best friend to the youth who made the best use of his time.

One summer's evening, while Mr. Atkins and his child were sitting in one of the drawing rooms, a visitor was announced. He was a young man, and both the merchant and his daughter received him very kindly. His name was Albert Landown, and he was the child of wealthy parents. Young Landown, though only about nineteen, was considered the favored suitor for Laura's hand, and from his manner it was evident that he had the same opinion himself. If he possessed any peculiar traits of character they were rather of the negative kind, tho' perhaps his love of self, and pride in wealth, may have been of rather a positive character.

'Laura,' said the young man, after the usual civilities of the meeting had been passed, 'who is that fellow that works out in your garden here?'

'O, that is Jared Walker. He lives with us now. Dont you remember his father?—old Timothy Walker that used to live in the little brown house back of the college buildings?'

'Seems to me I do remember such a name but I never knew him.'

'He used to work for father, but he died a few years ago, and Jared came to live with us.'

'Ah—is it possible?' uttered the youth, with a condescending air. 'Yes, it just like your father, always kind. But this Master Jared needs some better manners, Miss Laura.'

'Better manners?' iterated Laura, looking up with some surprise. 'Why, I supposed Jared was one of the most exact of young men in regard to his mannerly conduct.'

'Perhaps he is—I dont doubt it—but he actually bowed to me in the street this morning—bowed to me when I was in company with a couple of my friends from the South. Really, I felt as though I should sink through the side-walk. Hadn't you better speak with him, and tell him to be careful and not recognize me in the street again?'

'You must excuse me, Mr. Landown, for I could not do such errands, even for you. I only wish the rest of the young men in our town needed no more cultivation of manners than Jared Walker does. They would appear better.'

This seemed to operate as a sort of damper on the young exquisite, and it was several moments before he could rally, but at length he managed to regain his wonted speech, and for a while he rattled away at a mass of 'small talk,' to which his listener only answered by occasional monosyllables.

'Albert,' at length spoke Mr. Atkins, laying aside the paper which he had been reading, and moving his chair nearer to where the young couple sat, 'when do you enter college?'

'Next week,' answered the youth, with a flush of pride.

'And I hope you mean to improve your time to the best advantage.'

'O, certainly,' was Albert's reply; but it was spoken in that off hand manner which indicates no great depth or purpose.

'You have great advantages,' resumed the old man, 'and it behooves you to make the best use of them in your power. I know of many a poor boy who would give half the liberty of his lifetime if he could but have the opportunity for an education that you have.'

'Yes—I suppose so,' said Albert; and he added, with a light laugh, 'and I suppose they would like some of my ruinous fees in the meantime.'

'Perhaps they might, but those who are wise would not take the money with ignorance; they would rather have the education, for that is, in my opinion, far the better portion.'

The old man gave his young friend considerable good advice, but Albert seemed to pay but little heed, and the task was given up.

'He is young and inexperienced,' thought Mr. Atkins to himself, after the youth had gone, 'and I suppose dont like too much advice. I know how it is with those fortunate young men: they want age to sharpen the pleas.'

The old man had just taken his seat again to read a little more in his paper before leaving the room, when some one rapped at his door.

'Come in.'

It was Jared Walker, who entered the apartment. He seemed laboring under some anxiety.

'What's the matter, Jared?' kindly asked the old man, as he noticed the youth's perturbation. 'Sit down, sit down, and out with it.'

Jared took a seat, and after a few moments of anxious silence, began about as follows:

'I want you to do just as you think best, Mr. Atkins. You have been very kind to me, and God knows I would not be ungrateful. But I have not a chance to go to another place—a chance to—to'

'Say on, say on, Jared,' said Atkins, showing by his tone and manner that he was disappointed. 'If you have found a better place than this, of course I could not wish to keep you. If you can find a better friend than I am, you may go to him.'

'O, it is not that, Mr. Atkins,' quickly replied the youth. 'God knows I shall never find a nobler friend than you have been. But I have not a future to live—I have got a manhood to prepare for, and I may never find another opportunity like the present. And I didn't seek the place, sir—they came of their own accord and persuaded me that it was my chance.'

'But what is it Jared?'

'Why, sir, the professors in the college want me to take care of their rooms, and in return they offer to give me all the advantage the institution affords to get an education. I can have over half the time for my studies. But I will not go, sir, if you rather that I should stay with you. You have been very kind to me and I would not for the world—not even for the education I covet—leave you if you wished, or thought it better for me to stay.'

For some moments the old man was silent. There was a moisture in his eyes, and the lip trembled.

'Jared,' he at length said, 'I think I have been kind to you; but that is no reason why I should now be unkind. You could not have done a thing to give me more real joy than this. I know not that you had such a desire for learning, or I would have helped you myself.'

'And have you not helped me?' cried Jared with enthusiasm. 'I have had your books and read them, and have heard your encomiums upon educated men. I owe it all to you, sir.'

'Well, well, perhaps you do. But I will let you go to the college and try the plan you have formed, on one condition.'

'What is it?'

'That you will consider my house your home; that you will spend your Sabbaths here, and also such of the holydays as you have to spare. You will have no other home, and this will come handy by-and-by.'

It was hard work for Jared to get out what he managed to promise what he knew he had asked. Each tear that fell from the young man's eyes was a volume of thanks to Mr. Atkins, and he knew it. He felt at once how noble was the heart he had touched, and the old man was happier than if he had discovered a gold mine.

On the first of the next week, Jared Walker took his new situation in the rooms of the college, and on the same day Albert Landown was entered as a freshman. One was poor the other rich. One came there to study for the future, and the other came because it was fashionable. One came with the determination to be a man, and the other came that he might appear a man.

At first some of the students were inclined to be unkind towards the poor youth, for they found that he enjoyed all the opportunities for advancement that they did, but his uniform gentleness and obliginguess, and his quiet upright conduct soon won most of them to his friendship. But there was one who still affected to scorn the hero.

Early one morning, as Jared was going across the college yard with a bucket of water in his hand, he met Albert Landown, and with a bright smile bade him good morning.

'Stop you a moment,' uttered young Landown, turning red in the face.

Jared stopped, and set his bucket on the ground.

'Now look ye,' continued Landown, this makes the third or fourth time you have spoken to me since I entered college, and I want no more of it. I thought my silence would have given you the hint, but it seems you are too dull to take a hint. Now don't you dare to come near me again, for I don't choose to be on terms of intimacy with every thread-stripped who happens to know me by name.'

Jared did not make a reply; he was touched to the quick, and he knew if he gave his temper vent he might be tempted to say too much, so he picked up his pail and started on his way. Perhaps it was well for Jared that this affair happened, for from that moment he resolved that Albert Landown should not be the best scholar.

Time passed on and Jared won more and more upon the respect and love of the professors, and they protected them all the assistance in their power. Each Sunday Jared visited his old home, and Mr. Atkins was gratified to find that the youth was making rapid advancement. But he did not know all towards which Jared's mind was grasping.

Sometimes Jared sat and conversed with Laura, and he saw that her mind was deep and pure.

'Have you studied French, yet?' she asked one day, and Sabbath afternoon, as they sat together.

'Not yet,' replied Jared, 'but I am going to study it.'

'That's right,' continued the fair girl, 'for I am going to study it, and I will be so glad to recite to you in conversation.'

'Will not Mr. Landown study the language?' Jared asked.

'Perhaps so—he says he shall,' replied Laura. 'But he does not seem to make much of his studies.'

The two had been conversing together for some time, but the introduction of Landown's name seemed to strike a chill to the mouth of both, and they separated. But it was not their last. They met frequently and profitably.

Albert Landown soon asked Mr. Atkins for Laura's hand, but the old man suggested that he must graduate before thinking of such a thing.

Years passed long in passing away, and the two students at length graduated.

Jared Walker had earned well his diploma, and when he received his degree of Master of Arts, those who bestowed it knew it was given to one well qualified to claim the distinction.

Mr Atkins was not a man of party politics, but he was, to use his own, a warm friend to his political party, and one, moreover, who could do a great deal of influence.—The present Governor of the State had just been raised to a new station, and some appointments were to be made. Mr. Atkins was solicited to fill the important post of a foreign minister. It was more than he had expected—more than he would have dared to hope for—but it was no more than he deserved, and his superior knowledge well fitted him for the place.

'Well, Albert,' said Mr. Atkins, as the young man was at his house one evening, 'how stands your education now?'

'O—about right,' returned the young man, with a light laugh. 'I got through, but 'twas a tedious job. I thank heaven we go thro' college but once in a lifetime.'

'You studied French I think,' the old man continued, not seeming to have relished the previous answer much.

'Yes. I studied it—'twas fashionable, you know, and I had to study it.'

'I suppose you speak the language, then?'

'Well, as to that, I don't know. I can read a few common things, but what's the use?'

'Anything that is worth doing, is worth doing well,' said the old man, somewhat severely. 'Did you study Spanish or German?'

'I dipped into Spanish some, but got sick of it.'

'Well, I am disappointed.'

'Eh?' uttered Landown, starting up.

'I say I am disappointed. You are probably aware that I have recently an appointment at my disposal, and I had some thoughts of making you my secretary, but that is impracticable now. I had thought that a residence of a few years in Europe, upon a good salary would please you.'

'So it would—so 'twould,' said the young man, turning first pale and then crimson.—'Can I not go with you?'

'Not now, Albert,' returned Mr. Atkins. 'You are not qualified for the place. You have had every opportunity to prepare yourself, but you see you have neglected it. I am sorry, but I cannot help it.'

'Will Laura accompany you?' timidly asked the young man, after some minutes of hesitancy.

'Of course she will go with me.'

'But I hope I could prepare myself before you go.'

'No—that would be impossible. I shall start next week.'

Sad and dejected did Albert Landown turn his steps away from the dwelling of Mr Atkins, that evening. But for his disappointment he had no one to blame but himself. The best hours of youthful life he had literally thrown away, and it was now too late to find them again.

'Well, my child,' said Mr. Atkins, coming into the house one day, 'I am all ready to start, and next Monday I shall be off.'—He spoke in a very happy and satisfied mood.

'Have you engaged a secretary?' asked Laura.

'Yes—an excellent one.'

'Do I know him?'

'O, yes.'

'And who is he?'

'Jared Walker.'

'Jared—'

'Jared Walker, I said. How do you like the idea of his going with us?'

But Laura did not answer. She only hung down her head and trembled, while her father could see that she was blushing, too.

'He will make the best companion I could have found. He speaks French, German and Spanish with fluency. I hope you will be satisfied. I should have taken Albert Landown, but he was not qualified in the least. Are you sorry for the change?'

'No, no, indeed I am not,' murmured the fair girl, hiding her face in her father's bosom.

And so Jared Walker accompanied Mr. Atkins to Europe, where they remained 4 years, and when they returned, the minister had given up the control of his fair child to his young secretary. Laura had become Mrs. Walker, and a happier bride it would have been hard to find.

KNOW-NOTHINGS.

The Penn. papers, and indeed the entire press of the country, are greatly exercised upon the history, strength, principles and action of the know-nothings. Many democratic papers oppose them; and so do many whig prints; and but few old organs take up their defence. Still their action is rapid and effectual in every instance where they make an effort—or if not effectual, the failure is so well concealed that no one will believe that an attempt has been made.

As instances of the profound secrecy of their movements we notice that in Atalanta Georgia, at a special election for Alderman, in the morning, there was but one known candidate, but in the evening, Mr. E. J. Hurley, a quiet, respectable citizen, who never aspired to office, came out 120 ahead, to the astonishment of everybody and himself especially.

At Alleghany, Penn., the other day there was an election for Councilmen to fill a vacancy in the Second Ward. J. R. Large and John Conley were the only two candidates heard of. When the polls closed the votes were declared, Large 43, Conley 23, James Gardiner 84.

When this result was announced every body appeared to be astonished. No one could be found who had voted for Gardiner or even his tickets or even knew that he was a candidate. Even the other two candidates were not aware of a third party in opposition to them.

York county, Penn., is said to be full of know nothings. In the town of York, there are eight hundred or a thousand. In odd townships there are two or three hundred, and in many other villages in the county they are organizing and prospering.

The celebrated Parson Brownlow is out in favor of the know nothings. He pronounces the order the very thing for the age and the country we live in. He says they will elect the next President, and avers that no admirer of the laws and constitution of the Government—no friend of Protestantism or of sound, moral and conservative principles, either in religion or politics, need hesitate a moment to go into the order.

The democratic Convention of Hamilton co., Ohio, met on Saturday to nominate candidates for county offices and Congress. Great excitement prevailed. The know nothing question was introduced, and the organization denounced. Charles Kenedy, one of the delegates, said it was useless to denounce this organization, while the democrats had a secret organization, referring to the Mozo Tribe, of which U. S. Senators were members, and Geo. E. Pugh chief. The lie was given to the assertion and Kenedy was attacked, and finally fled, after which the Convention broke up in a row, without nomination or passing resolutions.

"I AM GOING HOME."

"I am going home," the wanderer cried,
"To my quiet cot, 'neath the willows shade,
For long I've sighed for the joys denied,
Till my soul is bowed with its weight of woe.
I have gathered them with a golden store,
And I'm going home to rest no more!"

"I am going home," the prodigal said,
"For my mother's voice in my heart is mine,
And sad and weary's the heart of mine,
With its wild remorse, its anguish crime;
And though they greet me with anger tone,
I am going home! I am going home!"

I stood by the Christian's dying bed,
When his brightest hopes in life had fled,
And I traced on his brow no shade of despair,
But a smile of triumph was resting there,
And he whispered low that "the valley of death
O, welcome Death!"—*I am going home.*

It Don't all in Bringing up.

It isn't all in 'bringing up,'
Let folks say what they will,
To silver scour a pewter cup—
It will be pewter still.
Even he of old, wise Solomon,
Who said 'train up a child,'
In this no take not, had a son
Proved rattle-brained and wild.

A man of mark who fain would pass
For lord or sea or land,
May have the training, I'm sure,
And being him up full grand
May give him all the wealth of care,
Of college and of school
Yet after all may make no more
Than just a decent fool.

Another raised by Penury
Upon her bitter bread,
Whose road to knowledge is like that
The good St. Heaven must tread,
Has got a spark of Nature's light,
He'll fan it to a flame,
Till in its burning letters bright
The world may read his name.

If it were all in 'bringing up,'
In counsel and restraint,
Some rascals had been honest men—
I'd been myself a saint.
O! 'tisn't all in bringing up,'
Let folks say what they will;
Needest may dim a silver cup—
It will be silver still.

KEEP YOUR PROMISES.

We have often been shocked by the reckless disregard which many persons manifest for the fulfilment of their promises. They are ever ready to make engagements for the future, but when the time arrives for their fulfilment, they seem to have forgotten it entirely—or at least treat them as though they involve no obligations whatever.

Such conduct is highly injurious in its influence on society, inasmuch as it necessarily tends to destroy the confidence of man in man, which is so essential to the happiness of the community. It is especially detrimental to the interests of the individual himself, who is guilty of it, as he thereby forfeits the respect and confidence of his fellows. His word, accordingly, is not relied upon, and he is obliged to suffer all the unhappy consequences. This singular and injurious habit is one of the most inexcusable of which any man can be guilty. In ninety cases out of one hundred, there is no absolute necessity whatever for any one to break his word.

No one should ever make a promise unless he looks well into the circumstances beforehand, and has every reason to believe that it will be in his power to fulfil his promise. And when never a promise has been made, it should be his fixed determination to keep it, and with a position to refer to this, his subsequent conduct should be shaped.

Were this course faithfully pursued, not only would the serious evil resulting from a disregard of one's word be avoided, but in the confidence it creates around, possibly would establish that world of truth, which [illegible]

LETTER FROM A MAN WHO HAS TRIED

SIR:—About ten years ago, I addressed a few lines to you, requesting you to discontinue my paper, and giving a reason therefor, viz: My being a married man and the people only to support, with a wife and two children to support. You were pleased to publish that note, accompanied with some editorial remarks, which were, I may ambition to do better. I considered I would and determined I would, with the help of God, hew out a niche in the world wherein I could make a stand, ready to seize any opportunity which might offer, to better my pecuniary circumstances, relieve my mind from the horrors of poverty. I made application for a clerkship in our capital, but was turned down with. After persevering for a time, I concluded I could not get a situation in Salem for nothing. At the age of [illegible] I commenced the study of penmanship, and by close application, I succeeded in getting a good hand, and was soon employed as a clerk, which I followed for [illegible] years, during which time I worked very hard, in general 15 to 16 hours per day.—Other clerks came and went, but I hung on, fighting for a position, determined to succeed, no trivial obstacle to turn me from my course. I became a voter, [illegible] I was elected [illegible] I was then in debt [illegible] then to 1,500, and then $2,000, and now at the age of 31, I have an interest of one-third in a house of $40,000 capital. If I could succeed, who cannot other? I was unfitted for [illegible] both by education and habit, but perseverance has overcome every obstacle, and I may now feel that my pecuniary [illegible]. I write this that you may hold out encouragement to others to aim high at [illegible] and to accomplish their aims. With [illegible] your rules I never should [illegible] I should not sign my real name, but would [illegible] to my original signature of [illegible] SPRING STREET.

—*Cor. of N. Y. Tribune.*

VINEGAR-FACED EGOTISTS.

That very able and ubiquitous sheet, "An Exchange Paper," gives the following plain [illegible] which we commend to the "afflicted."

There is a class of men in every community who go about with vinegar faces, because somebody feels above them, or because they are not appreciated as they should be, and who have a constant quarrel with what they call their destiny. We hate such people. They are a curse and a pest. They [illegible] their influence unfortunate. These men have usually made a great mistake in the estimation of their abilities, or are unmitigated asses. Wherever this fault finding with one's condition or position occurs, there is always want of self-respect. If you are a right down clever fellow, wash the wormwood off your face, and show your good will by your deeds. Then if people feel above you, why, return the compliment, and feel above them. If they turn up their noses because you are a mechanic, or a farmer, or a shop boy, turn up your noses a notch higher. If they swell when they pass you in the street, swell yourself. Deliver us from the whining fools who go around like ladies, telling how people abuse them and whining because society will not take them by the collar and drag them into place.

LAUGHABLE.

The following laughable farce took place in a western city—Louisville, probably—not long since. The disciples of Thespis undertook to dress up Julius Cæsar. Young William O. was made to represent Cæsar.—He did very well until brought in upon the bier; unfortunately, then his bearers happened to set his feet but a few inches from the hot stove. The defunct Julius stood fire like a martyr for a few minutes; but he soon found the heat unbearable and in the middle of Brutus's speech, he began to haul his feet under the pall—the old folks smiled and the damsels giggled—the dead Cæsar drew up his knees—the audience laughed—the corpse turned over—the orator paused in his harangue—the defunct Julius then sprung from his bier, with clenched fist, asking if they intended to roast him alive?—One loud and long hurrah then went forth from every throat in the hall, except the resurrected Cæsar's—he after kicking over his bier and throwing his robes at the schoolhouse in high dudgeon, said as he went, "Darn ye—the hull lot on ye—if ye want another dead Cæsar, ye may jist die yourselfs, for ye won't get me to lay and roast for ye, and he laughed at—not by a darned sight."

GOOD ADVICE TO READERS.

If you measure the value of the study by the insight you get into subjects, not by the power of saying you have read many books, you will soon perceive that no time is so bad lo saved, as that which is saved by getting through a book in a hurry. For if, to the time you have given, you added a little more the subject would have been fixed on your mind, and the whole time profitably employed; whereas, upon your present arrangement, because you would not give a little more you have lost all. Besides, this is overlooked by rapid and superficial readers—that the best way of reading books with rapidity is to acquire that habit of severe attention to what they contain, that perpetually confines the mind to the simple object that is in view. When you have read enough to have acquired the habit of reading without suffering your mind to wander, and when you can bring to bear upon your subject a [illegible] of previous knowledge, you may then read with rapidity: before that, as you have taken the wrong road, the faster you proceed the more you will be sure to err.—*Sydney Smith.*

CAPITAL FOR THE YOUNG

It is a consolation for all right-minded young men in the country, that tho' they [illegible] to be as much as money capital as they would wish to command as much pecuniary capital as they would wish to commence business themselves, yet there is a moral capital which they can have, that will weigh as much as money with those people whose opinion is worth having. And it does not take a great while to accumulate a respectable amount of this capital. It consists in truth, honesty and integrity, to that may be added, devotion, courage and perseverance. With those qualities there are no obstacles which cannot be overcome.—Friends spring up and surround such a man as they do not to a child. Confidence flows out to him, and business [illegible] on his hands faster than he can [illegible]. And in a few short years such a young man is far in advance of many who started with him, having equal talents and larger pecuniary means; ere long a young friend stands foremost, the friend trusted and loved. Would that we could induce every youthful reader to commence life on the principle that "moral [illegible]