OREGON SPECTATOR.

C. L. GOODRICH, EDITOR, PROPRIETOR AND PRINTER. [illegible] ...IS THIS OUR OWN DEAR NATIVE LAND?" [illegible]

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OREGON CITY, O. T.

[illegible]

TERMS INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, per annum ... $[illegible]

" " for six months ... $[illegible]

[illegible]

A PUZZLED YANKEE.

The following extract of a letter from a Yankee correspondent of the [illegible] News, is highly amusing:

'Well, I put up with a first rate, good natured fellow, that I met at a [illegible] He. I went in and was introduced to his wife, a fine, fat woman—looked as if she lived on laffin'; her face was so full of fun. After awhile—after we'd talked about my gal, and about the garden, and about the weather, in come three or four children, [illegible] and [illegible] as merry as crickets. There was no candle lit, but I could [illegible] fine looking fellows, and I [illegible] four boys, in which I put [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] your name, son?'

[illegible] Smith.'

[illegible] name was Bill Smith, and the fourth said his name was Tommy Smith. I gave 'em sugar candy, and old Mrs. Smith was so tickled that she laughed all the time. Mr. Smith looked on, but didn't say much.

'Why,' says I, 'Mrs. S. I would not take a good deal for them four boys, if I had 'em—they are so beautiful and sprightly.'

'No,' said she, laffin', 'I set a good deal on [illegible] spoil 'em too much.'

[illegible]

Just then a candle brought a light in, and I'll be darned if the little heads didn't turn out [illegible] Mr. and Mrs. Smith never had any children [illegible]

[illegible]

A HORSE ADVENTURE.

A YANKEE STORY.

My father, besides being in the tavern [illegible] and keeping the village tavern [illegible] ran a freight wagon to Norwalk, and kept a small livery stable. He was [illegible] and had a sly, peculiar way [illegible] to his nature, which led him to [illegible] turn of some pretty cute tricks.

On one occasion a young man named Nelson Beers applied to him for the use of a horse to ride to Danbury, a distance of [illegible] miles.

[illegible]

My father, therefore, in reply to Nelson's application, told him that the livery horses were all out, and he had none at home except a famous 'race horse,' which he was keeping in a low flesh, in order to bring him in proper trim to win a [illegible]

'O, do let me have him,' said Nelson; 'I will ride him very carefully and [illegible] in the best [illegible],' said Nelson.

'He is too valuable an animal to trust in the hands of a young man like you,' replied my father.

Nelson continued to importune [illegible] until it was finally agreed [illegible] should be had on the condition he should in no case be [illegible] than a walk or a trot, and that he should be fed with four quarts oats at Danbury. Nelson started on his mission, looking for all the world as if he was on a mission [illegible]

[illegible] ...tury, for he [illegible] ...the [illegible]

[illegible]

Old 'Bob' was duly seated and watered at Danbury, and at the end of several hours Mr. B. [illegible] and started for Bethel. [illegible] Nelson, [illegible] Beers in great [illegible] and Nelson was [illegible] tumbled [illegible] was running [illegible] the road side, and Beers, [illegible] 'race horse' [illegible] him into the stream, poor old Bob got stuck in the mud, and not having strength to withdraw his feet, quietly closed his eyes, and like a patriarch as he was, he dropped into the soft bed that was awaiting him, and gave up the ghost without a single kick.

No language can describe the consternation of poor Beers. He could not believe [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] he came within hailing distance, [illegible] 'Why, Beers, is it possible [illegible] [illegible] you?'

[illegible] ...that, worse than that, [illegible] groaned Nelson.

'What is the matter?' [illegible] 'of valuable horses!' O, [illegible] to trust him to anybody [illegible]

[illegible] said Nelson.

[illegible]

'I can't tell you that,' [illegible]

[illegible] returned my father.

[illegible] said Beers, as he nervously [illegible]

My father gave a groan that started Nelson to his feet again. All the sensations of pain, despair, horror and intense agony were depicted to life on my father's countenance.

[illegible] Poh, Poh, I can only [illegible] returned Beers.

[illegible] Nelson how much he [illegible]

[illegible]

'Oh, yes, I see that,' said Beers, despondingly, but with a frankness that showed he did not wish to deny the great claims of the horse and his owner.

'Well,' said my father, with a sigh, 'as I have no desire to go to law on the subject, [illegible] to the value of [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] in your [illegible] mark down one cent more than you really think, under the circumstances, you ought to pay me when you are able, and for which you are now willing to give me your note of hand. You will recollect that I told you when you applied for the horse, that I did not wish to let him go.

Nelson gave my father a grateful look, and assented to all he said. About a dozen of our joke-loving neighbors were witnessing the scene with great apparent solemnity. Two slips of paper were procured; my father marked one, and after some hesitation Beers the other.

'Well, let us see what you have marked,' said my father.

'I suppose you will think it is too low,' replied Beers, handing my father the slip of paper.

'Only $375!' exclaimed my father, reading the paper. 'Well, there is a pretty specimen of gratitude for you!'

Nelson looked humbled, and could not muster courage enough to ask father what he had marked.

Finally, one of our neighbors asked my father to show his paper. He did so. He had marked ***"six and a quarter cents!"***—**Our neighbor read it aloud, and a roar of laughter ensued, which fairly lifted Beers to his feet. It was sometime before he could comprehend the joke, and when he became fully aware that no harm was done, he was** the happiest man I ever saw.

'By thunder!' said he, 'I've got a dollar and thirty-seven and a half cents, and darn'd if I don't treat out as free as air; I was never scared so bad in all my life.'

Nelson stood treat for the company, and yet having half his money left on hand, he trudged home happier, if not a wiser man.

☞Remember, we should make it a principle to extend the hand of friendship to every man who discharges faithfully his duties, and maintains good order—who manifests a deep interest in the welfare of general society—whose deportment is upright, and whose mind is intelligent—without stopping to ascertain whether he swings a hammer or draws a thread. There is nothing so distant from all natural claim as the reluctant, the backward sympathy, the forced smile, the checked conversation, the hesitating compliance, which the well-off are apt to manifest to those a little lower down with whom, in the comparison of intellect and principles of virtue, they frequently sink into insignificance.

A HINT OR TWO.

Never make use of an honest woman's name in an improper place, at an improper time, or in a mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think are untrue, or allusions that you think she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a reckless and unprincipled manner, shun them, for they are the very worst members of the community, men lost to every sense of honor, every feeling of humanity.

Many a good and worthy woman's character has been forever ruined, and her heart broken by a lie, manufactured by some villain, and repeated where it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them from circulating the foul and bragging report.

A slander is soon propagated, and the smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character will fly on the wings of the wind, and magnify as it circulates, until its monstrous weight crushes the poor unconscious victim.

Respect the name of woman, for your mother, your sister, are women; and as you would have their fair name untarnished, and their lives unembittered by the slander's biting tongue, heed the ill that your own words may bring upon the mother, the sister, or wife of some fellow creature.

☞It is a glorious sight to see two old people, who have weathered the storms and basked in the sunshine of life together, go hand in hand, lovingly and thoughtfully, together down the gentle declivity of time, with no anger, nor jealousy, nor hatred, gathered up against each other, and look on with hope and joy to the everlasting youth of Heaven, where they two shall be one forever. That is a true marriage, for it is a marriage of spirit with spirit. Their love is woven into a woof of gold, that neither time, nor death, nor eternity can sever.

OLD MAIDS.—Thoughtless young people delight in making fun of old maids. A little consideration would teach them better. Some of the kindest, truest, and best people we ever knew were old maids.

It is a pity—nay, it is even cruel, to hurt the feelings of any one—a generous heart would not stoop to do it—more especially if that one be a woman. Alas! how little do we know of the trials and sufferings of many who are sneeringly denominated old maids. Perhaps the remembrance of youthful affection, the pure and deep devotion of a first and [illegible] love has kept many a woman single for life.

HOME LANGUAGE.—If the dialect of angels could be used on earth, its fittest place would be in the home circle. The dialect of home should be such as would not stain an angel's tongue, nor fall harshly on an angel's ear. It should be made up of the words of wisdom, which are at once the glory of youth and the honor of age. If the members of every home would use that language, and that only which the true home feeling inspires, and which [illegible] in filling the true office [illegible] earthly prototype of heaven, how [illegible] would be the appearance of home [illegible]

☞An Irishman's description of [illegible] a cannon: "Take a long hole and pour brass around it."

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

"The world was sad! [illegible]
And man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled."

LIFE.

For the Spectator.

Oh! Life, what [illegible] who hope at [illegible]
How few thy pleasures know!
How bright thy scenes of beauty shine
Upon our path below.
Thy [illegible] how swee[illegible] that heart
Where [illegible] first much [illegible]
How oft they [illegible] the [illegible] start,
E'en at their very birth.

Thy hopes how strong, how bound[illegible]
Within each human soul;
Though doubts come crowding [illegible]
To tinge with fear the whole.
Thy scenes of beauty, and of light,
How numberless they are!
Go count the stars that gem the night,
Then count thy scenes so fair.

The dreams of life are all like air,
And some with fragrance laden
Breathe o'er the soul a sweet perfume,
And tell us tales of heaven.
But some tell tales of bitter woe,
Like whispers from the tomb.
They cast a shadow on the brow
And fill the heart with gloom.

And then how many hearts we find
Along life's sunny way,
Whose seem so loving, pure and kind,
We hope they long may stay.
But some like flowers in beauty fade
Returning to the dust.
While others prove their love a shade
Betraying all our trust.

VIOLA.

[illegible] HILL, Nov. 6, 1854.

☞"FLORA" complains that we neither published her article nor acknowledged the receipt of it. She thinks we are to blame. Well, we have only to say, that we had concluded of late to say nothing about rejected favors. We always return them if requested, unless published. Hope "Flora" will be satisfied with this explanation, and also that she will persevere in her writing. You will soon succeed in penning articles of more worth than the one you sent us. We shall be glad to hear from you at any time.

We shall be pleased to hear from "M. E."

"Viola" is quite welcome.

CECILE GREY.

BY FANNY FERN.

Alas for love if this be all and naught beyond, O earth!

"'Tis a girl, sir; my lady has a daughter."

"Heaven be praised!" said the father of six unruly boys. "Now I shall have something gentle to love. Small comfort [illegible] those boys; house topsy turvy from morning till night, with their [illegible] dogs, [illegible], pointers, setters, hounds, spaniels and what not. Tom's college bills [illegible] enormous—horses, wine and segars, all lumped under the general head of [illegible] I understand it all—or my purse does! [illegible] this little gentle girl, climbing upon my knee, making music and sunshine in the house, with her innocent face and silvery laugh—this little human blossom by the rough thorny wayside—she'll make amends for the past. I'm now the happiest man in the world; my heart shall find [illegible] place here. She must be highly [illegible] and accomplished; I shall spare no [illegible] effect that. Ah, I [illegible] a happy old age."

Very lovely was [illegible] her mother's soft hazel eyes and [illegible] auburn hair, and her father's [illegible] There was a winning sweetness [illegible] and grace and poetry in every [illegible] was a pretty sight, [illegible] gling with those silvery [illegible] her bright head against the [illegible] cheek. Even the boys could [illegible] ger at her quiet reign. She wound [illegible] quite as closely round their hearts [illegible] it was a new tie to bind the sundered husband and wife together, something of the old by-gone tenderness crept unconsciously into their manner to each other. It was their idol; and they pressed her rapturously to the parental heart, forgetting she was but clay.

Tutors and governesses without [illegible] went and came before the important [illegible] was made. There [illegible] tions! She must not study [illegible] spoil her fine eyes; she must [illegible] a few minutes at a time, [illegible] in her shoulders; she must not [illegible] the sun for fear of injuring [illegible] She was told every hour [illegible] rare perfection; how [illegible] her eyes, then her stature [illegible] a fairy—sang like a seraph [illegible] needed wings only to make [illegible]

Every servant in the house [illegible] his or her fortune was made [illegible] was pleased, and they shaped [illegible] accordingly. If "she [illegible]

[illegible]

TO PARENTS.

[illegible]

FAMILIAR LOVE.

[illegible]
Followed the eve that passed the ages along
With a low murmuring sound, that was not speech.
Yet with such monotony
In its half slumbering harmony,
You might not call it song;
More like a hue that in the moon rejoices,
Than any customed mood of human voices.

[illegible] some [illegible] sense
Made [illegible] while that music, and [illegible]
A strife at [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

☞[illegible] very gratefully, as the [illegible]