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.

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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, having our law-making and office-holding at their disposal.

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

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

The *few* 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.

Special care taken to note Territorial news, for the benefit of people in the United States and other countries.

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DON'T STAY LONG.

[illegible]

"Don't stay long, husband,"—and [illegible] I thought I could see the [illegible] and weeping as their father [illegible] break, as her thoughts [illegible] prolonged his stay to a wearisome length of time.

O, you that have wives that say—"don't stay long" when you go forth, think of them kindly when you are mingling in the busy hive of life, and try, just a little, to make their homes and hearts happy, for they are gems too seldom found, and when lost too seldom replaced. You cannot find amid the pleasures of the world the peace and joy, that a quiet home, blessed with such a woman's presence, afford.

"Don't stay long husband,"—and the young wife's look seemed to say—"for here, in your own sweet home, is a loving heart whose music is hushed when you are absent—here is a soft breast for you to lay your head upon, and here are pure lips, unsoiled by sin, that will pay you with kisses for coming back soon."

Think of it, men, when your wives say to you "don't stay long," and O don't let the kind words pass unheeded as of little value, for though they may be so to you, the disappointment of this simple, loving wish brings grief or joy to them. If you have an hour to spare bestow it upon them, and the pure love, gushing from their gentle, grateful hearts, will be a sweet reward.

TIGHT TIMES.

This chap is around again. He has been in town for a week. He may be seen on 'Change every day. He stalks up State street, looks in at the banks, and lounges in the hotels. He bores our merchants, and seats himself cozily in lawyers' offices. He is everywhere.

A great disturber of the public quiet, a pestilent fellow is this same TIGHT TIMES. Everybody talks about him, everybody looks out for him everybody hates him, and a great many hard words and no little profane epithets are bestowed upon him. Everybody would avoid him if they could, everybody would kick him out of the banks, throw him out of the stores, out of the hotels, but they can't. TIGHT TIMES is a bore. A bore, he will stick. Hints are thrown away on him, abuse lavished in vain, bricks, cuffs, [illegible] all thrown away on him. He is impervious to them all.

An impudent fellow is TIGHT TIMES. Ask for a discount and he looks over your shoulder, winks to the cashier, and your note is thrown out. Ask a loan of the usurer at one per cent. a month, he looks over your securities, and makes two and a half. Present a bill to your debtor, TIGHT TIMES shrugs his shoulders, rolls up his eyes, and you must call again. A wife asks for a fashionable brocade, a daughter for a bonnet; he puts in his caveat, and the brocade and bonnet are postponed. He puts his mark upon railroad bonds, and they find no purchasers, are hissed out of the market, become obsolete, absolutely dead.

A great exploder of bubbles is TIGHT TIMES. He looks into the affairs of gold companies, and they fly to pieces; into kiting banks, and they stop payment; into rickety insurance companies, and they vanish away. He walks around corner lots, draws a line across lithographic cities, and they disappear. He leaves his footprint among mines, and the rich metal becomes dross. He rains upon the extravagant schemes of speculation, and they burst like a torpedo.

A hard master for the poor, cruel enemy to the laboring masses, is TIGHT TIMES. He takes the mechanic from his bench, the laborer from his work, the hod-carrier from his ladder. He runs up the prices of provisions, and he runs down the wages of labor. He runs up the price of fuel, and he runs down the ability to purchase it at any price. He makes little children hungry and cry for bread and clothing. He makes poor women weep, makes mothers weep, discourages the hearts of fathers, carries care and anxiety [illegible] A hard master to the poor is TIGHT TIMES.

A [illegible] is TIGHT TIMES, full of [illegible] A cosmopolite [illegible] Where he comes [illegible] knows and where he goes nobody knows. He dashes along the [illegible] passage to the [illegible] He is a gentleman on Wall street to-day, and a back [illegible] the borders of civilization to-morrow. [illegible] in London, in Paris, [illegible] at Constantinople, at Calcutta, in San Francisco, in Oregon City, and [illegible] the commercial world, in every [illegible] district.

[illegible] one way to avoid being bored [illegible] fellow, TIGHT TIMES [illegible] for a country, a town, as [illegible] to keep shut of his [illegible] Let the country that, [illegible] extravagance, [illegible] trading, of embarking [illegible] schemes of aggrandizement, [illegible] avoid internal commotions, and [illegible] along, taking care of [illegible] husbanding its resources, [illegible] would exclude him to economical expenditures, indulging in no schemes of speculation, making no useless [illegible] building no railroads that [illegible] keeping down [illegible] taking care [illegible] husbanding its own resources. Let the individual man who would exclude him from his domestic circle be industrious, frugal, keeping out of the whirlpool of politics, indulging no taste for office, holding up his dish when pudding falls from the clouds, laying by something when the sun shines to make up for the dark days, for

"Some days must be dark and dreary;"

working on always with a heart full of confidence in the good providence of God, and cheerful in the hope of "the good time coming."

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

"The world was sad!—the garden was a wild!
And man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled."

AN ILLINOIS BLOOMER.

A late number of the Water Cure Journal contains the following sensible letter.—Don't we wish that all American ladies had "real grit" enough to drop their 'orrible imitations of foreign fashions and follow her example. Give us a "bloomer" for a wife, *every* time:

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I see in your Journal many cases reported by learned M. D.'s of females with such and such diseases, caused by an erroneous system of diet, &c.;—one source of disease they almost invariably leave out, namely, a wrong method of dressing.

More than half of the females in this country are killed, (that's the word,) not by accidents unavoidable, nor by what too many ills are attributed to—Providence—but by the too prevalent custom of wearing tight waists, whalebones, and long heavy skirts, until not until a good old age, but until wearied nature sinks to an early rest.

Why have we permitted this hideous viper, fashion, to coil herself about us, until her virus is communicated to our life blood? Have we not grown wise enough by a sad experience, to use one mighty effort, just as we stand on the verge of destruction, and cast her off forever? The question to 'answer is "is a reform needed?" All who are possessed of common sense (not too common) know that we are the slaves of fashion. In former times, people gave more attention to curing diseases than to searching out their causes. Now, the only obstacle to removing one of these causes is, we have become so habituated to our present style of dress, that it is difficult at once to admire any other so different. We have now to remove popular prejudice. Happy, thrice blessed are those who, when convinced of the evil of their ways," have minds strong enough to stem the mighty tide of public opinion, that strives vainly to bear them down. The mass, I am sorry to say, willingly bow down at murderous fashion's shrine, content to live the insipid lives they do. Some there are who would gladly wear a robe more in harmony with their own convictions of duty and right; still, they waver; their Approbativeness and Conscientiousness hold a conflict, the severity of which none can know, unless they have experienced it. They need much encouragement.

When I commence wearing the American costume, oh! how keenly alive was I to the least word of censure on the subject; every smile of derision, like a poisoned arrow, pierced deep into my heart; but I had counted the cost before hand, and was determined to go on. One day, Mrs. E—, an intelligent lady, called, and as she stood high in public opinion, naturally I wished to stand the same in hers; but, rather unaccountably, my change in dress seemed to have changed her former sentiments in regard to me. You can scarcely imagine with what sensations I received her first salutation of,

"You look like a perfect fright!"

Indeed, this was a damper, to my overwrought Approbativeness; still, I jestingly replied that I thought I looked pretty.

She said I looked "at least a foot shorter." I answered that I "felt loftier,—that I was none the less the woman—only less superfluous skirts."

Vainly I endeavored by force of reason to convince her that I was right in donning apparel not opposed to the free exercise of every bodily organ. The old lady, (and she represents a numerous class,) of course, had had ample experience to satisfy her that it was a useless humbug, this health reform; she never would wear the bloomers; had never washed all over in her life; always ate when, what, and all she had a mind to; and with a look of exultant pride, said she had always been very healthy. Healthy! poor deluded creature! Because she had not been confined to her bed, she fancied herself healthy. The weight of those skirts had sadly bent, but not broken that frame. She could not be described as with buoyant spirits and bounding step; therefore I say she was not healthy.

Another lady (she represents a majority of American women) told me she did not believe in lacing: she never had. (Had you seen that tapering waist, you would have said that she——that it was no production of Dame Nature's, to say the least.) Indeed, she was sure she couldn't breathe; but she added, casting a contemptuous glance at my loose robe, "I want my clothes tight enough to look decent."

I replied, my decency lay not in the fit of my clothes, but in my behavior. I cannot understand why we should have our waists so very tight, and our skirts so very full, and why our feet do not share a little of the enormous weight of cotton we carry.

O fashion, fashion! what hast thou done! Thou hast robbed the maiden's cheek of its rose, the matron of her beauty; and yet, if a noble few dare rise up and call thee cruel, thy blind followers uphold thee and scout thy opposers! Free America! as the Paddy said, where stones (women's rights) are all tied down, and the dogs (fools) are all let loose. Truly, if there is a martyr in the nineteenth century, it is she who has a spirit sensitive to public opprobrium, and yet conscience enough to wear raiment chosen by her reason.

The first time I appeared in public after my change in costume, there were cries among the little boys, and whisperings among those larger, of "there goes a bloomer,—see the bloomer!" &c.; but this arises from the novelty of the thing. I fear not that, before long, we shall be treated with even more respect than the long skirted part of the community; for a person with unswerving principles of right cannot fail of gaining respect wherever she moves; and as our opponent see more clearly the superior advantages of our costume, and become more habituated to its appearance, they will adopt and admire it.

The press has done, and is doing, much in the advancement of all reforms. We would respectfully ask a little more aid and encouragement in this much needed revolution. The field is large and the harvest would be plentiful, if those who can wield the pen so effectually would use their best efforts to stay the mighty evil that now threatens the deterioration of the nation.—Especially let all females who have the love of reform in their hearts, hang out the sign by wearing the American costume, whether in the church or the kitchen. But, there! I had almost forgotten that I must rise early, (for you know that farmers' daughters are a little more temperate in this respect than city damsels; we are up to enjoy the early sun,—they prefer pleasures by gaslight,) and one yet in her teens needs much refreshing slumber. E. A. H.

—Mrs. Partington has got a smart niece. On being told by a young lawyer that where he lived they held court four times a year, she exclaimed! La me! why they aint half up to the folks down here. Some of our young men go courting three or four times a week!

LADIES, DO YOU KNOW HOW TO AVOID CONSUMPTION?

That consumption when once seated, is incurable, has long been the verdict of the medical profession. The right way therefore, is to avoid taking it. Nor is this so difficult a matter as is generally believed. Even when consumption has attacked a person, but has not become seated, its cure may be effected by a strict attention to diet and exercise, as was proved in the case of the venerable Dr. Parish, one of whose lungs was found cicatrized after his disease, as he had foretold it would be. How much more easily, therefore, may its access be prevented! If we avoid those things that conduce to it, if we fortify our body against its approaches, we are almost sure to secure exemption from it, even though, perhaps, constitutionally disposed to the disease.

It is among women that consumption finds most of its victims in America, as might be expected from their almost universal indifference to the preservation of the health. The neglect to dress with sufficient warmth, proportionate to the different parts of the body, or suitable to the season, is a general error of the sex. If the new winter cloak is not bought, when a cold spell suddenly comes, the fall mantilla is still worn, because the last year's cloak is out of fashion. Through the same foolish vanity a light bonnet is continued when the temperature imperatively demands a thick, warm one. Can it be wondered at if colds are caught? Or, when this mad conduct is persisted in year after year, that a series of colds end in consumption? There is one fatal habit of the sex, which has often been commented on, but alas! in vain: we mean the untimely wearing of thin shoes. The thickest gaiter worn by a woman, on the dampest day, is proverbially thinner in the sole, and lighter in the uppers, than the summer boot of a gentleman. Yet of the two sexes, the female is not the hardiest by nature. Even when women wear gum over-shoes, on slushy or rainy days, there is nothing to protect the ankle from the wet skirts. A man who should keep his feet and ankles damp continually, as ladies do theirs, in fall, winter and spring, would very soon be in his grave.

But this, though perhaps the most fatal, is not the only careless habit of which females are guilty. The winter balls with which every large city and even every rural district is overrun, offer opportunities for women to destroy their health, of which they would seem to avail themselves with malice prepense. As if the late hours, the indigestable suppers, the excessive excitement, and the over crowded and ill-ventilated rooms were not sufficiently deleterious, they allow fashion to dictate to them a mode of attire for such festivals, which is almost certain provocative of colds, those foster-mothers of consumption. A ball dress, alike in its dimsy material and the style in which it is made is, perhaps, the very worst costume a woman can wear at a dancing party.

One should never rush into the open air to cool themselves, while in a state of perspiration.

There are still other causes for consumption. Some of these are such as are little expected. Hundreds of women die annually, for example, for the want of fresh air. American females live proverbially too sedentary a life. Their time is spent in close, hot rooms; and often they do not take exercise enough; it is certain that, as a mass, they neglect inspiring exercise in the fresh out of door air. Many a wife and mother who is fully awake to the folly of fashionable ball dresses, or even to the neatness of their shoes, yet sacrifices her life by sitting all day within doors, and often during winter in over-heated rooms, and breathing impure air into her lungs. A cold, accidentally caught, perhaps without any fault of the victim, is often an almost certain precurser of consumption to such a woman, enervated by in door life as her constitution is.

It is the common cry that the variableness of our climate is the common cause of so much consumption. But quite half the mortality from this disease might be avoided if the laws of life and health were oftener obeyed, especially by the female sex. An old proverb says that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. In consumption, it is worth two of cure, for there is really no cure, and therefore prevention is everything.

HAVE YOU A DAUGHTER?

Then how great your responsibility! Can you look on that fragile form—see the out-beaming of that artless spirit, and not shudder to think of the dangers that surround her! A child of Eve frail and fallen at best, long before her young heart has been sobered by experience, or learned any cold lesson of this world's selfishness and falseness, she is called upon to take steps that must tell on the brightness or blackness of her destiny. As she first steps forth upon life's stage, how her bounding spirit sends out its aspirations in the lady confidence of hope and love. With her bosom unsteeled to the fascinating influence of flattery and folly, as she looks out on life robed in its rainbow colorings, how bright how beautiful it appears to her! She thinks not of deception—she suspects no hollowness, but believes the reality will prove as the surface appears.

Poor child, how little does she know of the dark, withering shades of human depravity, whose blighting influence she may soon feel! How little does she think of the deceiver, with his bland smile and unforgiving spirit. Yet through all these snares these hidden fires that lie along her untrodden path, she must pass unscathed—unsoiled. One false step, and she is ruined—her name is blackened—her happiness gone. Gold cannot gild it, beauty cannot adorn it, tears of bitterest anguish cannot wash away—the stain. Let the tribute of wealth be laid at her feet—let pleasure breathe her soft melody around her—let every other joy, like gems of morning, sparkle around her path, and yet a cloud is on her brow, a blight is on her character—she feels that her glory is departed—that hers is a miserable lot.— Are her imprudent acts of childhood forgotten?

Are those follies over which a man would smile, and feel a kind of pride, ever overlooked or forgotten when committed by a girl? He may reform with honor, but the very name of reform in woman is disgrace. The summit of moral excellence and influence, the world's admiration and esteem may be gained by him over whose youth, marked with dissipation and profligacy, the veil of forgetfulness has been thrown. But poor woman, often neglected and uncultivated as she is, must present to an exacting world a whole life from childhood up, untinged, unsullied by a single stain.

Nor is this the arbitrary decision of society. It is written on woman's own heart. To be loved, to be esteemed, to stand unclouded and irreproachable above slander or suspicion, this is her natural and holy ambition. Interwoven with her nature, it concentrates the very element of her being, and is at once the good of her life and the safeguard of her happiness.

This, then, on which woman's happiness depends—which can fling gladness around her life, or wring anguish from her heart, must be decided by herself long before her maturity has given strength or experience. Who, then, is responsible for the manner in which her character is formed, her mind moulded, her destiny shaped? Oh! how many a tale of woe, how many a life of lingering agony, of crushed hopes, of cold, rayless despair, might have been prevented, had a father's time and attention, often expended on trifles, been directed to that pale and delicate flower, which, exposed to the rude blast and scorching sun, must bloom unsullied, or else be despised!

ONE AMONG MANY.

—A few nights ago a squalid and drunken female was brought to the Ninth street watch-house, for being involved in a street brawl. She was bold, clamorous, and apparently shameless. A gentleman who chanced to be in the watch house recognized and addressed her by her maiden name, and the woman that had unblushingly uttered the grossest profanity, at once melted into tears, as memories of her innocent girlhood, her marriage, her fall, a long career of luxurious debauchery, and the bitter months of life on the *pave* all passed before her mind. This woman came from one of the most respectable families in the city, and with a fine intellect and generous impulses, she began life with the most flattering prospect, but one false step lanched her into a sea of vice, and now she is a vagrant, prostitute, and will doubtless die ere long in some foul den, or in the streets.—*Cin. Columbian.*

WOMAN'S LAUGH.

A woman has no natural grace more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes on the water. It leaps from her heart in a clear, sparkling rill; and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the cool, exhilarating spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen fugitive through trees, led on by her fairy laugh, now here, now lost, now found? We have. And we are pursuing that same voice to this day. Sometimes it comes to us in the midst of care, or sorrow, or irksome business; and then we turn away and listen, and hear it ringing through the room like a silver bell, with power to scare away the ill spirits of the mind. How much we owe to that sweet laugh! It turns the prose of our life into poetry, it flings showers of sunshine over the darksome wood in which we are traveling, it touches with light even our sleep which is no more the image of death, but is consumed with dreams that are the shadows of immortality.

A NEW HEAD-DRESS.

The Paris correspondent of the N. Y. Times describes the Chapeau-Coiffure, or a bonnet which is at the same time a head-dress, as follows:

"The bonnet head-dress is a construction that takes apart. That is, it puts on like an ordinary bonnet, and is far from encouraging suspicions of treachery; but, upon untying it, and slipping a certain spring, the front comes off, leaving the crown behind it to do the duty of an evening garnish. Thus, at operas, theatres, concerts, at any gathering, in fact, where the heat is oppressive, the bonnet may be at once converted into a coiffure without any previous preparation of the hair. This invention has been patented."

☞When Lord Byron was cut by the great, on account of his quarrel with his wife, he stood leaning on a marble slab at the entrance of a room, while troops of duchesses and countesses poured out. One little pert red-haired girl stood a few paces behind the rest, and as she passed him said with a nod: "Ay, you should have married me, and then you wouldn't ha' been happy [illegible]"

☞An Albany lady, (a lady of experience,) contends that a kiss on the forehead denotes reverence for the intellect; a kiss on the cheek, that the donor is impressed with the beauty of the kissed one; but a kiss imprinted on the lips shows love.

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Portland, O. T., August 20, 1853-27tf

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All kinds of Produce taken in Exchange!

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