

"GIVE US BUT LIGHT."

Mr. Faraday, the celebrated chemist of London, has, in the prosecution of his researches into the nature of electricity and magnetism, succeeded in obtaining, experimentally, that, which, with untiring industry and the most confident perseverance, he has so long sought for—the direct relation of electricity and magnetism to light. The nature of electricity and magnetism is not yet sufficiently understood to demonstrate what we have long believed to be the fact, that light is the result of electrical or magnetic action; and we may add also heat—for, although philosophers discourse about the elements of light and heat, we think that it would puzzle the best of them to prove the existence of either. They are said to exist in a latent condition, and to be rendered free, or exhibited by collision, as by striking the flint and steel together—but if such were the fact, we should have light existing in a dark, and heat in a cold condition. But that these supposed elements do not so exist can be proved by a simple experiment. A pistol snapped in an exhausted receiver will neither produce light nor heat; showing that the presence of the atmosphere is necessary to their production. We believe, and have maintained for about fifteen years past, that the light of day is the effect of electrical or magnetic action upon the atmosphere and surface of the earth—that the heat of day is produced by the same process—that the sun is the great source of this action—and that, in fact, electricity, or magnetism, is the great agent, under Deity, by which the universe is controlled—that it gives to the planets their diurnal and annual motions—imparts to them light and heat—produces vegetation; &c. Various experiments tend to justify these positions. Electricity, thrown on an artificial globe, produces both light and heat; and, in fact, this wonderful element possesses all the powers attributed by philosophers to the sun—it attracts, repels, produces rotary motion, and generates light and heat.

To account for these phenomena, we need not, therefore, resort to imaginary elements, or adopt theories which are the mere coinage of the brain, such as that advocated by Dr. Lardner about the nature of light, and which he informed us is generally received as correct by the philosophers of Europe—viz: that light is a fluid which floats around and encompasses the body of the sun; but which kindly leaves the cavities, or spots upon the sun, uncovered for our inspection. This theory is only a modification of that advanced by Sir John Herschell, which, though ingenious, cannot bear the test of common sense examination. Deity has employed the most direct and simple means for all purposes, never using more agents than are necessary to the purpose in view. The element of electricity has been created for wise and beneficent purposes; and if it can be shown (and such will, probably, be the case in a more improved state of science,) that it is competent to produce all the results which we now attribute to supposed elements, true philosophy will be substituted for absurd theories; and the beauty, harmony, and simplicity of the machinery of the universe will become more manifest, to the greater exaltation in our minds, of the wisdom and goodness of the great Creator of all.

A GREAT PLACE FOR ROGUES.—The city of Naples proper is the most thieving place on earth. The population is 400,000, viz:—100,000 thieves, 100,000 beggars, 100,000 soldiers, and the balance decent people, who are made up of foreigners, respectable persons, and shopmen, with the nobility and fishermen, who rank as the most honest of the Neapolitans.

POPULAR DELUSIONS.—It is a popular delusion to believe that it is more meritorious to squander money on fancied privations abroad than to relieve actual distress at home.

It is a popular delusion to believe that powder on a lady's face has the same effect as in the pan of a musket—assists her to go off.

It is a popular delusion to believe that Nature, when she made "lovely woman," meant, but omitted, to have finished her off with a bustle.

It is a popular delusion to believe that an ignorant and vulgar man, by being smuggled into one of the learned professions, becomes a scholar and a gentleman.

Oregon Spectator.

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way."

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OUR COUNTRY AND HER FUTURE.

Without being smiled at as a rhapsodist, it is a bright thought, that every American may take a personal pride in contemplating his country's inevitably glorious destiny. Review the history of the past, and look forward into the bright colored future. The first but induces the latter, and to study the philosophy of history, is but to make preparation for further achievements. The matter of national pride—of patriotic feeling—of love for one's country, sinks into comparative insignificance—nothingness, if it comprehends naught else than the mere idea of "birth place." The country must be identified with the individual, and the individual with the country. The object, end, and very existence of its government must be for humanity—for the elevation of the down-trodden of the whole world—the relief of the oppressed—the declaration and maintenance of human rights. When such is the character, and history of a country, no wonder that the heart warms with love, and pours out its very life-blood in defending it. The love of country, then, rises to be the noblest of human passions—next to the love of God.

Seventy years ago, but thirteen confederate States—the *New World*—with a population of three million souls, struggled in desperate battle with the old world for liberty and independence. The Atlantic on the East, the Lakes on the North, the Mississippi river on the West, and a foreign power upon the South—were the boundaries of our country; with the Gulf of Mexico, the outlet of our great river, in the possession of a powerful monarchical government.

Look at the present. What a magnificent change! Steadily have we moved onward and upward to a point of national greatness unparalleled in the history of the world. Upon the East and North our boundaries remain unchanged; on the South, however, by peaceful purchase, the waters of the Gulf-stream now lave our soil; there remains no foreign power to dispute with us the right to navigate the mighty Mississippi, whose richly productive and populous valley now forms the grand centre of the country; upon the West we have crossed the Rocky mountains, unfurled our starry flag on the plains of Oregon, and claim the Pacific as our natural Western boundary. The thirteen States have grown to a confederation of twenty-eight, with a population of upwards of twenty million. Texas is ours, Oregon is—shall be, by right of peaceful occupation, we hope—if not, by the last but necessary other way.

The present is but the germ of a still more glorious future, for "coming events cast their shadows before," and we find upon our own age the indications of those brilliant days which are further to illumine the page of American history. Mexico is warring with her destiny;—her efforts will be futile, and the southern limits of the United States shall be extended to the Isthmus of Darien. The rich and salubrious Californias—the mineral wealth of New Mexico shall be ours, in trust for the benefit of humanity. Canada is heaving and struggling with the repressed spirit of liberty; as soon as the time comes—and it must, inevitably, for it is a thing of fate—she will rush into our embrace in spite of the armed power of all Europe, and become a glorious member of the great family of Republics. Our northern boundary the Arctic Sea, what colossal proportions will our country then present! Not unwieldy or in danger of dismemberment from its size—the day has passed away when such thoughts were entertained, for speed of communication has already done much towards annihilating distances, bringing the most remote sections of our country in close proximity and familiar intercourse. What more may we not hope for from the wonders of our century—the grand inventions and brilliant

discoveries—the use and application of steam power—the railroad and the locomotive—the magnetic telegraph, to spread, with lightning speed, the momentary occurrences in all portions of the country!

Do not all these seem given by Heaven for the extension of our country, and the expansion of republicanism?—to work out the redemption of the human race?—to re-image man in his godlike lineaments?

G. L. C.

☞ We clip from the New York Tribune the following prose translation of a poem, written by Moritz Hartmann, which lately appeared in Germany:—

MISTRESS POTATO.—There was a great stately house full of people, who have been running in and out of its lofty gates ever since the gray times of Olympus. There they wept, laughed, shouted, mourned, and like day and night, came the usual changes of joys, with plagues and sorrows. Haunting that great house up and down, making, baking and roasting, covering and waiting on the table, has there lived, a vast number of years, a loyal serving maid of the olden time—her name was Mrs. Potato.

She was a still, little old mother, who wore no baubles, or laces, but always had to be satisfied with her plain, every-day clothes, and unheeded, unhonored, oftentimes jeered at and forgotten, she served all day at the kitchen fire, and slept at night in the worst room. When she brought the dishes to the table she got rarely a thankful glance, only at times some very poor man would in secret shake kindly her hand.

Generation after generation passed by, as the trees blossom, bear fruit and wither, but faithful remained the old housemaid, always the servant of the last heir.

But one morning, hear what happened:—All the people came to table, and lo! there was nothing to eat, for our good old Mistress Potato had not been able to rise from her bed. She felt sharp pains creeping through her poor old bones. No wonder she was worn out at last. She had not, in all her life, dared to take a day's rest, lest so the poor should starve. Indeed it is wonderful that her good will should have kept her up so long. She must have had a great constitution to begin with.

The guests had to go away without breakfast. They were a little troubled, but hoped to make up for it at dinner time.

But dinner time came, and the table was empty; and then, indeed, they began to inquire about the welfare of Cookmaid Potato.

And up into her dark chamber, where she lay on her poor bed, came great and little, young and old, to ask after the good creature.

"What can be done for her?" "Bring warm clothes, medicine, a better bed. Lay aside your work and help her." "If she dies we shall never again be able to fill the table," and now indeed they sang her praises.

O what a fuss now about the sick bed in that moist and mouldy chamber! and outdoors it was just the same,—priests with their masses, processions and prayers, and all the world ready to walk to penance if Mistress Potato could be saved.

And the doctors in their wigs, and counsellors in masks of gravity, sat there to devise some remedy to divert this terrible ill.

As when a most illustrious dame is recovering from the birth of a son, bulletins inform the world of the health of Mistress Potato, and not content with what they so learn, couriers and laqueys besiege the door, nay, the king's coach is stopping there.

Yes! yes! the humble poor Maid, 'tis about her they are all so frightened. Who would ever have believed it in days when the table was nicely covered.

The gentlemen of pens and books, priests, kings, lords, and ministers, all have senses to scent out famine. Nathless Mistress Potato

gets no better. May God help her for the sake, not of such people, but of the poor.

For such, it is a proof that they should prize, that all must crumble and fall to ruin, if they will work and weary to death the poor maid who cooks in the kitchen.

She lived for you in the dirt and ashes, provided daily for poor and rich; you ought to humble yourselves for her sake. Ah, could we hope that you would take a hint, and next time pay some heed to the housemaid before she was worn out and wearied to death."

[CONTINUATION OF THE SPECTATOR.]

Champoeg County, Oct. 12th, 1846.

Editor of the Spectator,

DEAR SIR—I notice in the last number of the Spectator, the proceedings of a meeting of the people in Oregon City, together with an address to the people of the Territory, by the committee appointed by that meeting, urging the propriety of a similar course on the part of the citizens of other counties, and soliciting a general action on this important subject. I will not attempt to describe the anxiety and interest which this measure has produced in our section of country. Let it suffice to say, that at the earnest request of many of my neighbors, (for I have conversed with many,) I am induced to address you, though an entire stranger, hoping the importance of the subject will sufficiently excuse the liberty taken. With this introduction, I beg to state to you, as briefly as possible, some of the difficulties under which we labor in regard to this matter. First, we wish to know the prime object of sending a petition, or messenger, to Congress at this time, as it is not stated in the proceedings referred to, nor in the address of the committee. We are pretty unanimous in our conjecture, but fear we may be mistaken. In perusing the last number of your excellent paper, I find a bill has passed the lower house of Congress, extending the jurisdiction of the U. S. to this country, extending over us the statute laws of Iowa. The Indian system, and Post-office system, establishing military posts and authority for our protection, providing to furnish us with arms and ammunition, and finally providing for grants of land to be made to us. This, at first view, would seem to cover the whole grounds of our wishes—but when closely examined, we find one thing wanting. The Bill provides for white persons only. This would cut off many worthy citizens, whose interests, it is to be feared, has not been fairly represented to our government—but which many of us here hope it is the object of the convention to consider.

Are we right? The people of this county are anxious on this subject. We are all ready to unite with our friends in Clackamas, so soon as we are assured that our interest will be attended to, with that of the other citizens of Oregon.

I am the more encouraged in this hope from seeing in the list of the committee, the names of several individuals who are known to be republicans of liberal views, and who have heretofore evinced their interest in the welfare of all the citizens of Oregon, regardless of the mere circumstantial differences of birth, &c., which the more illiberal and less enlightened part of the politicians have labored to make a ground of prejudice to a large portion of the first settlers of Oregon, and especially of this county. It is to be hoped that the time has come when republicanism will reassume the noble spirit of our ancestors, who, when they had effected the liberty of their country, proclaimed it a free and welcome home to the oppressed of every land.

We also wish to be informed as to the manner of electing a messenger, (should it be thought proper to send one,) will he be elected by the convention, or by the people at large? If the former, will it be essential that each county should be represented in the convention? If the latter, will the highest vote be sufficient, or will a majority of the whole vote of the Territory be required? What other measures are likely to be effected by a messenger, besides that already hinted at, if any? You will confer a lasting favor on many of your readers, as well as promote the interest of our cause, by giving us the necessary information in your next, that we may be prepared to act in time for the Convention. With the hope of becoming better acquainted, allow me to subscribe myself,

Very respectfully,

O. C. S.