

For the Oregon Spectator.

Adventures of a Columbian Salmon.

What to you object which attracts the eye
Of the observing traveler, who expands
Columbia's waters, when the summer sky
Is one soft tint, calm nature's clothing blue:
As glittering in the sunbeams down it floats
Till come the vulture on its crooked glides?

'Tis a poor salmon, which a short time past,
With thousands of her busy sisters came,
By instinct taught, to seek and find at last,
The place that gave her birth, there to remain,
'Till nature's offices had been discharged
And fry from out the oven had emerged.

Her winter spent amongst the sheltered bays
Of the salt sea, where numerous fish of prey,
With appetite keen, the number of her days
Would soon have put an end to, could not they
Have caught her; but as they could not, she,
Spring having come, resolved to quit the sea:

And moving with the ebb along the coast, at length
She reached the outlet of her native river,
There tarried for a little to recruit her strength,
So tired of late by cold and stormy weather;
Sporting in playful gambols o'er the banks and sands,
Chasing the tiny fish frequenting there in bands.

But ah, how little thought this simple fish,
The toll and perils she had yet to suffer,
The chance she ran of coming on a dish
For hungry white men or for Indian's supper,—
Of enemies in which the stream abounded,
When lo! she's by a fisher's net surrounded.

Partly conscious of her approaching end,
She darts with meteoric swiftness to and fro,
Striking the frail meshes, within which she's penned,
Which bid defiance to her stoutest blow:
To smaller compass by degrees the snare is drawn,
When with a leap she clears it and is gone.

Once more at large with her companions, now
Become more cautious from her late escape,
She keeps in deeper water and thinks how
Foolish she was to get in such a scrape;
As mounting further up the stream, she vies
With other fish in catching grubs and flies.

And as she on her way did thus enjoy
Life's fleeting moments, there arose a panic
Among the streamers, who in haste deploy
Around their elder leaders, quick as magic,
While she unconscious of the untimely rout,
Was by a hungry otter singled out:

Vigorous was the chase, on the marked victim shot
Through the clear water, while in close pursuit
Followed her amphibious foe, who scarce had got
Near enough to grasp her, when with turns acute,
And leaps and revolutions, she evaded the otter,
He gave up the hunt with merely having hit her.

Scarcely had she recovered from her weakness, when
An ancient eagle, of the bald head kind,
Winging his dreary way to his some lone glen,
Where was her nest with four plump eaglets lined,
Espied the fish, which he judged quite a treat,
And just the morsel for his little ones to eat:

And calling in spiral circles o'er the spot,
Where lay his prey, then hovering for a time,
To take his wary aim, he stooped and caught
His booty, which he carried to a lofty pine:
Upon whose topmost branches, he first adjusted
His awkward load, ere with his claws he crushed it.

"'Tis in the wind that blows no person good"—
So said the adage, and so luck would have it,
A huge grey eagle out in search of food,
Who just had what his hunger with a rabbit,
Attached the other, and the pair together,
In deadly combat fell into the river.

Our friend of course made off, when she'd done falling
Some sixty yards, and well indeed she might,
For ne'er perhaps a fish got such a mauling
Since Adam's time, or went up such a height
Into the air, and came down better skelter,
As did this poor production of a meller.

All these with many other dangers she survived,
'Tis manifold in this short space to mention,
So we'll suppose her to have now arrived
Safe at the Falls, without much more detention
Than one could look for, where so many liked her
Company, and so many Indians spiked her.

And here a mighty barrier stops her way:
The tranquil water, finding in its course
Itself beset with rising rocks, which lay
As though they said, "retire ye to your source,"
Bursts with indignant fury from its bondage, now
Rushes in foaming torrents to the chasm below.

'The persevering fish then at the foot arrives,
Laboring with redoubled vigor mid the surging tide,
And finding by her strength she vainly strives
To overcome the flood, though o'er and o'er she tried;
Her tail takes in her mouth, and bending like a bow
'That's to fall compass drawn, aloft herself doth throw;

And spinning in the air, as would a silver wand
'That's headed end to end and upwards cast,
Heading she falls amid the showering waters, and
Gasping for breath against the rocks is dashed:
Again, again she vaults, again she tries,
And in one last and feeble effort—dies.

PISCATOR.

A lady who was suffering under a slight
indisposition, told her husband that it was
with the utmost difficulty she could breathe.
"I wouldn't try, my dear," soothingly respond-
ed the kind husband.

Russia.

The Russian Empire is situated between
43 and 70 north latitude, and 18 and 65 east
longitude. Its greatest breadth from the most
southerly to the most northerly point is 1720
miles, and its greatest length from the most
westerly border of Poland, eastward, is 1791
miles. Its superficial area exceeds 2,000,-
000 English square miles.

Estimating the soil at 1,085,671,400 acres,
421,300,000 are occupied by forests, 480,-
600,000 by uncultivated land, water, houses
and roads, 166,050,000 by arable, and a lit-
tle more than 16,700,000 by meadow land.

The population of that vast empire is a-
bout 60,000,000. It is composed of the Sla-
vonic, Finnish, Tartar, German and Gothic
races.

Christianity was introduced by Vladimir
into Russia A. D. 983, according to the
Greek Ritual.

In the above estimate of population, is in-
cluded the population of the Russian posses-
sions in America, which in 1836 was com-
puted at 61,053.

The ratio of annual deaths to the popula-
tion is one in 44, and of births, one in 25.
The general proportion of births to deaths,
in the whole Empire, is 16 to ten; and of
males to females, 44 to 40.

In 1821, of 945,088 deaths, 221 were above
105 years old; 120, above 110; 78, above
115; 49, above 120; 16, above 125; 5, above
130; 1, 145; 1, 150, and one 155.

The united population is divided into six
great classes, viz: Nobles, Clergy, Citizens,
Peasants, Serfs and Slaves.

Of the nobility, there are no less than
fourteen classes.

All power emanates from the Czar, whose
authority is delegated to the Great Boards or
Colleges of the Empire, to the Governors
General and other local functionaries. The
three Great Boards of Administration are
the Council of the Empire, the Directing
Senate and the Holy Synod.

The present Emperor, Nicalai or Nicolas
I., was born on the 6th of July, 1796, and
succeeded his brother Alexander, on the 1st
December, 1825. He is the grandson of
Charles Peter Ubrick, Duke of Holstein Got-
torp, who was the son of Anne, one of the
daughters of Peter the Great, and who, hav-
ing been adopted as her heir by his aunt, the
Empress Elizabeth, succeeded her by the
name of Peter III., in 1763.

The revenue in 1736 was estimated at
£14,462,000. In 1834 the whole Imperial
debt amounted only to £40,356,885, since
which it is much diminished. The Govern-
ment is remarkable for its good faith in pay-
ing the interest on its debt and supporti-
ng the national credit.

The grand total of the army is about 730,-
000; of the navy it is not easy to give an
exact account, but it has always been increas-
ing since the days of Peter the Great. In
1837, 30,000 men were required to man the
Baltic fleet alone, and 19,800 men to man
the fleet in the Black Sea.

The Russian possessions in America, from
Behring Straits southwards to lat. 54 40,
comprises about 390,000 square miles.—
These possessions are in the hands of the Rus-
sian American Company, whose chief port is
New Archangel, on the West coast of Sitka
Island, in north latitude 57 03, and west lon-
gitude 135 13. Within the Russian limits
are Queen Charlott's Island, Prince of Wales
Island, Sitka, Admiralty, Kaye, Montague,
Kodiac, and the long chain of the Aleutian
Islands from Alashka to Kamschatka, ex-
tending for about 600 miles.

THE PRESS.—Douglas Jerrold says the
power of the press is as boundless as that of
society. It reaches the throne—it is inclo-
sed in the cottage. It can pull down injus-
tice, however lofty, and raise up lowliness,
however deep. It castigates crimes which
the law can only punish, without repressing
them. Wherever an eye can see or a hand
can write, there is the press. Persons in
tribulation rely on it for redress, and they
feel sure that wrong will not go unpunished
if it be known to the journals. Like light,
it penetrates into every nook and cranny of
society, and carries health and healing on its
beams. It nips rising abuses in the bud.—
It stops the tide of tyranny when setting in
full flood. It derives its vast power from the
principles of its being. Seeking out truth
and representing reason, it concentrates on
one point the whole moral power of society,
and persuades and governs without violence,
by the mere knowledge that the physical

power of society is always ready to vindicate
the right. As it comes into operation, the
course of society becomes uniform and equal
and it is obtained without those convulsions
and rebellions by which a rude, unlettered
people make their will known.

CANAL ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.
—The Journal of the Franklin Institute con-
denses a report on the subject of a ship can-
al across the Isthmus of Panama, made by
Mr. Garella, an Engineer sent out to survey
the ground by M. Guizot, the French Min-
ister. The report is said to evince great
professional ability in the Engineer. We
gather the following facts from a summary
of the results made by the Journal.

"The whole length of the proposed Canal,
from its Northern outlet on the Atlantic near
Chagres, to its Southern outlet on the Pacif-
ic near Panama, is 47½ miles; and the dis-
tance in a straight line between the two towns
is 40 68 miles. The mean level of the Pacif-
ic, at the terminus of the line, is 9½ feet
above that of the Atlantic, the highest tides
in the former rising 20 feet, and in the latter
only 16 inches.

"On account of the height of the interven-
ing ground, it is said the popular idea of a
thorough cut is out of the question. The
natural summit is ten miles from the Pacific
ocean, and 460 feet above it. It is proposed
to reduce the summit to a height of 135 feet
above the sea, by a tunnel 3½ miles in length
and to overcome the remaining elevation by
means of 36 lift locks, 18 upon the Southern
and 18 upon the Northern side of the sum-
mit. The tunnel is to be through rock, in
the form of a Gothic arch, its height being
121 feet, and its extreme width, with a tow-
ing path, 69½ feet. By such a reduction of
the summit it is shown that an ample supply
of water can be commanded, and a thorough-
cut may be substituted for the tunnel, but at
an increased expense.

"The estimates are made for a Canal of
dimensions suitable for ships of 1200 tons
burthen. The lock chambers are to be 210
feet long and 46½ feet wide. The width of
the canal on the bottom 66 feet, at the water
surface 184 feet, and depth 23 feet. The
total cost of the work, including its terminal
harbors, is estimated at about twenty-five mil-
lions of dollars, and the time required to com-
plete it ten years.

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.—"Brother—We have
heard your talk as from the lips of our fa-
ther, the great white chief at Washington,
and my people have called upon me to speak
to you. The red man has no books, and
when he wishes to make known his views,
like his father before him, he speaks from his
mouth. He is afraid of writing. When he
speaks he knows what he says; the Great
Spirit hears him. Writing is the invention
of the pale-faces; it gives birth to error and
to feuds. The Great Spirit talks—we hear
him in the thunder—in the rushing winds
and the mighty waters—but he never writes.

"Brother—When you were young we were
strong, we fought by your side; but our arms
are now broken. You have grown larger;
my people have become small.

"Brother—My voice is weak; you can
scarcely hear me; it is not the shout of a
warrior, but the wail of an infant. I have
lost it in wailing over the misfortunes of my
people. These are their graves, and in those
aged pines you hear the ghosts of the de-
parted. Their ashes are here, and we have
been left to protect them. Our warriors are
nearly all gone to the far country west; but
here are our dead. Shall we go, too, and
give their bones to the wolves?

"Brother—Two sleeps have passed since
we heard you talk. We have thought upon
it. You ask us to leave our country, and
tell us it is our father's wish. We would
not desire to displease our father. We re-
spect him and you his child. But the Choctaw
always thinks. We want time to an-
swer.

"Brother—Our hearts are full. Twelve
winters ago our chiefs sold our country.—
Every warrior that you see here was oppo-
sed to the treaty. If the dead could have
been counted, it could never have been made;
but alas! though they stood around, they
could not be seen or heard. Their tears
came in the rain-drops, and their voices in
the wailing wind, but the pale-faces knew it
not, and our land was taken away.

"Brother—We do not now complain. The
Choctaw suffers, but never weeps. You have
the strong arm, and we cannot resist; but

the pale-face worships the Great Spirit. So
does the red man. The Great Spirit loves
truth. When you took our country you
promised us land. There is your promise
in the book. Twelve times have the trees
dropped their leaves, yet we have received
no land. Our houses have been taken from
us. The white man's plow turns up the
bones of our fathers. We dare not kindle
our fires; and yet you said we might remain
and you would give us land.

"Brother—Is this truth? But we believe
now our great father knows our condition,
he will listen to us. We are as mourning
orphans in the country; but our father will
take us by the hand. When he fulfils his
promise, we will answer his talk. He means
well. We know it. But we cannot think
now. Grief has made children of us.—
When our business is settled, we shall be
men again, and talk to our great father a-
bout what he has proposed.

"Brother, you stand in the moccasins of a
great chief, you speak the words of a migh-
ty nation, and your talk was long. My peo-
ple are small, their shadow scarcely reaches
to your knee; they are scattered and gone;
when I shout, I hear my voice in the depth
of the woods, but no answering shout comes
back. My words, therefore, are few. I
have nothing more to say, but to request you
to tell what I have said to the tall chief of the
pale-faces.

SLANDER.—How frequently is the honesty
and integrity of a man disposed of by a smile
or shrug! How many good and generous ac-
tions have been sunk into oblivion by a mys-
terious and seasonable whisper. Look into
companies of those whose gentle natures
should disarm them, and we shall find no bet-
ter account. How large a portion of cha-
rity is sent out of the world by distant hints
—noded away, and cruelly winked into sus-
picion, by the envy of those who are past all
temptation of it themselves. How often does
the reputation of a helpless creature bleed
by a report—which the party who is at the
pains to propagate it beholds with much pity
and fellow feeling—that she is heartily sorry
for it—hopes in God it is not true: however,
as Archbishop Tillotson wittily observes up-
on it, is resolved in the meantime to give the
report her pass, that at least it may have fair
play to make its fortune in the world to be
believed or not, according to the charity of
those into whose hands it shall happen to fall.

FORESTS AND STREAMS.—That remark-
able man, Humboldt, has reduced it almost
to a demonstration, that the streams of a
country fail in proportion to the destruction
of its timber. And of course, if the streams
fail our seasons will be worse; it must get
drier and drier in proportion. Everybody
knows, who can number twenty years back,
that the water courses have failed considera-
bly, and that the seasons have been getting
drier every year. Humboldt, speaking of
the Valley of Aragua in Venezuela, says
that the lake receded as agriculture advan-
ced, until beautiful plantations of sugar-cane,
banana and cotton-trees were established on
its banks, which (banks) year after year
were farther from them. After the separa-
tion of that Province from Spain, and the de-
cline of agriculture amid the desolating wars
which swept over this beautiful region, the
process of clearing was arrested, the old
lands grew up in trees with that rapidity
common to the tropics, and in a few years
the inhabitants were alarmed by a rise of
the waters and an inundation of their choicest
plantations.

BEAUTY.—There is something in beauty,
whether it dwells in the human face, in the
pencilled leaves of flowers, the sparkling
surface of a fountain, or that aspect which
genius breaths over its statue, that makes us
mourn its ruin. I should not envy that man
his feelings who could see a leaf wither or a
flower fall without some sentiment of regret.
This tender interest in the beauty and frailty
of things around us, is only a slight tribute
of becoming grief and affection; for nature
in our adversities never deserts us. She
even comes more nearly to us in our sorrows,
and, leading us away from the paths of dis-
appointment and pain into her soothing re-
cesses, allays the anguish of our bleeding
hearts, binds up the wounds that have been
inflicted, whispers the meek pledges of a bet-
ter hope, and, in harmony with a spirit of
still holier birth, points to that home where
decay and death can never come.