

Ed R Shaw

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"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way."

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Illustrious Mechanics.
Adam, the father of the race, was a garden-er. He had, however, a strange propensity for tasting unwholesome fruit, which produced very injurious effects, both upon himself and his offspring.

Noah was a shipwright, and a husbandman; he navigated the whole earth in his ark, and got 'seas over' in his vinyard.

Solomon was an architect, a poet and a philosopher; his conduct, however, was not always by line and rule; he trod the circle of dissipation, was erratic in his imaginations, and violated his own maxims. His conscience and strength of mind however reclaimed him, and his repentance is the most beautiful of the works which he has left for the contemplation of his species.

The Apostle Paul was a tent-maker, and labored with his hands at his vocation, while he endeavored to infuse into the minds of his fellow men, the important truths of revelation. While he screened them with earthly tabernacles from the weather, he held above their souls the tegis of divine perfection.

Matthew was a poor fisherman; he relinquished his humble calling for that of a missionary, and toiled assiduously to draw men from the fiery billows of perdition.

Quintus Cincinnatus was a plowman, and was invoked to the government and dictatorship of Rome. His labors in the political field were as successful as those upon the soil.

Arsaces was a private mechanic, and was called to found the Barthian Empire. He built a powerful nation, and erected for himself a mausoleum of fame, which is indelible.

Tamerlane, the conqueror of Asia, was also a mechanic; he rough hewed Bajazet, and carved his way to fortune and glory.

Massinelo, a Neapolitan fisherman, was raised to the command of fifty thousand men, and gave up fish lines for bayonets, and river seines for scenes of carnage.

John, of Leyden, in Germany, was a tailor, and rose to the dignity of a king. He cut for himself a bad piece of work, however, and afterwards came to a miserable end. His goose did not fly well.

Zeno, the famous Bishop of Constantia, who had the largest diocese in that country, was a weaver. He directed his attention to the habits of both soul and body.

Stephen Tudiner, a hatter in Upper Austria, was made general, and commanded sixty thousand of an army. He made hats for others, but preferred for himself a chapeau.

Walmer, a shoemaker, succeeded him in command, but was slain by Count Papenheim. He converted his awl into a sword, but his last state was worse than the first.

Mr. Edmund, a baker, of Sterling in Scotland, showed such unparalleled bravery in the Swedish wars under that 'thunderbolt of war Gustavus Adolphus,' that he was made a general. A maker of bread might be supposed to know how to rise.

Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia, worked at shipbuilding. He taught the Russian Bear how to manage a boat.

Charles II., of England, was a turner in ivory, nor could affairs of state divert him from his morning task at the lathe. He turned his mind however to other amusements which tasked his health, and pared away his reputation.

Louis XIV., of France, was one of the best watchmakers of his reign. He forgot the burdens of power, in following the light footsteps of time, and escaped the flutterings of parasites on the pinions of chronometers.

William the IV., of England, was a sailor, and rose from the fore-castle to the throne; he managed the ship of state with nautical address, and beat her a considerable way up the harbor of Reform.

Benjamin Franklin was a printer, philosopher and statesman. He drew lightning from heaven, and left his name in large Caps upon the annals of his country. His spirit is among the ***.

George Washington, Andrew Jackson, and William Henry Harrison were farmers. From the pursuit of agriculture they went forth to pursue the enemies of their country, and from the fields of death gathered the 'Golden Immortal.'

Sir Richard Arkwright, who first conceived the idea of spinning cotton by means of machinery, passed the earlier years of his life in pursuing the humble occupation of a barber. His genius proved brighter than his razors.

John Leslie, Professor of Natural Philosophy in Edinburg, was the son of a poor far-

mer in Largo, of Scotland. He was employed in the capacity of herdsman. His pencil was a stick, and the ground his slate. From being the companion of cattle, he became the peer of learned men.

James Ferguson was in earlier years a shepherd; watched the stars at night like his predecessor of Chaldea, and like them was led by his favoring planet to the contemplation of the goodness, and magnificence of the works of Deity.

William Gifford was bound out to a shoemaker, after having served a number of years in a small coaster as cabin boy. Being too poor to purchase stationery, he used to hammer out smoothly as possible bits of leather, on which he traced problems with his awl. In later years, his critical awl pierced the souls of many luckless scribblers.

The Fall of Jerusalem.

The fall of our illustrious and happy city was supernatural. The destruction of the conquered was against the first principles of the Roman policy; and to the last hour of our national existence, Rome held out offers of peace, and lamented our frantic disposition to be undone. But the decree was gone forth from a mightier throne. During the latter days of the siege, a hostility to which that of a man was as a grain of sand to the tempest that drives it on, overpowered our strength and senses. Fearful shapes and voices in the air—visions starting us from our short and troublesome sleep—lunacy in its hideous forms—sudden death in the midst of vigor—the fury of the elements let loose upon our heads. We had every terror and evil that could beset human nature, but pestilence, the most probable of all, in a city crowded with the famishing, the diseased, the wounded, and the dead. Yet though the streets were covered with unburied, though every well and trench was teeming, though six hundred thousand corpses lay flung over the ramparts, and lay naked to the sun, pestilence came not—for if it had come, the enemy would have been scared away. But "the abomination of desolation," the Pagan standard, was fixed where it was to remain until the plough had passed over the ruins of Jerusalem.

On this fatal night no man laid his head upon the pillow. Heaven and earth were in conflict. Meteors burned over us—the ground shook under our feet—the volcanoes blazed—the wind burst forth in irresistible blasts, and swept the living and the dead in whirlwinds far into the desert. We heard the bel-lowing of the distant Mediterranean, as if its waters were at our sides, swelled by the deluge. The lakes and rivers roared and inundated the land. The fiery sword shot out tenfold fire—showers of blood fell—thunder pealed from every quarter of the heavens—lightning, in immense sheets, of an intensity and duration that turned the darkness into more than day, withering eye and soul, burned from the zenith to the ground, and marked its track by forests of flame, and shattered the sun sits of the hills. Defence was unthought of, for the mortal enemy had passed from the mind. Our hearts quaked for fear; but it was to see the powers of heaven shaken. All cast away the shield and spear, and crouched before the descending judgment.

We were conscience-smitten. Our cries of remorse, anguish, and horror were heard through the uproar of the storm. We howled to caverns to hide us. We plunged into the sepulchres to escape the wrath that consumed the living. We would have buried ourselves under the mountains. I knew the cause—the unspeakable cause, and knew that the last hour of crime was at hand. A few fugitives, astonished to see one man amongst them not sunk into the lowest feebleness of fear, came around me, and besought me to lead them to some place of safety, if such were now to be found on earth. I told them openly that they were to die, and

counselled them to die in the hallowed ground of the Temple. They followed; and I led through streets encumbered with every shape of human sufferings, to the foot of Mount Moriah; but beyond that, we found advance impossible. Piles of clouds, whose darkness was palpable even in the midnight in which we stood, covered the holy hill. Impatient, and not to be daunted by any thing that man could overcome, I cheered my disheartened band, and attempted to lead the way up the ascents; but I had scarcely entered the cloud when I was swept down by a gust that tore the rocks in a flinty shower around me.

Now came the last and most wonderful sign that marked the fate of rejected Israel. While I lay helpless, I heard the whirlwind roar through the cloudy hill, and vapors began to revolve. A pale light, like that of the rising moon, quivered on the edges of the horizon, and the clouds rose rapidly, shaping themselves into the forms of battlements and towers. The sound of voices was heard within, low and distinct, yet strangely sweet. Still the lustre brightened, and the airy building rose, tower on tower, and battlement on battlement, in awe that held us mute. We knelt and gazed on this more than mortal architecture, that continued rising and spreading, and glowing with a serener light, still soft and silvery, yet to which the broadest moonlight was dim. At last, it stood forth to earth and heaven, the colossal image of the first temple—of the building raised by the wisest of men, and consecrated by the visible glory.

All Jerusalem saw the image, and the shout that in the midst of their despair ascended from the thousands and tens of thousands, this, what proud remembrances were there. But a hymn was heard that might have hushed the world besides. Never fell on my ears, never on the human sense, a sound so majestic, yet so subduing—so full of melancholy, yet of grandeur and command. The vast portal opened, and from it marched a host, such as man had never seen before, such as man shall never see but once again—the guardian angels of the city of David. They came forth gloriously, but woe in all their steps—the stars upon their helmets dim—their robes stained—tears flowing down their celestial beauty. "Let us go hence" was their song of sorrow. "Let us go hence," was answered by sad echoes of the mountains. "Let us go hence," swelled upon the night to the furthest limits of the land.

The procession lingered long upon the summit of the hill. The thunders pealed, and they rose at the command, diffusing waves of light over the expanse of heaven. The chorus was heard, still magnificent and melancholy, when their splendor was diminished to the brightness of a star. Then the thunder roared again—the cloudy Temple was scattered on the wind—and darkness, the omen of the grave, settled upon Jerusalem.—*Croly's Salathiel.*

ENGLISH VIEWS OF AMERICA.—In the course of some envious remarks on the victorious career of the United States forces in Mexico, the London Pictorial Times gives vent to the following language in relation to our progress:

The present position of the United States is unparalleled in the history of the world. In very much less than a century they have sprung from comparative nothingness to occupy a very prominent and influential position among the nations of the earth. That influence and that power is to be used for good or for evil. They are even now trembling in the balance; and all wise and good men, in all parts of the world, are curious and anxious for the result. A future destiny for the United States opens in brilliant prospective before us. Ere the close of this century it is estimated she will have a hundred millions of people, and will occupy a breadth of territory in comparison with which all Europe sinks into the shade. But not in extent alone is this future immensity shaded

owed forth. In Europe we have forty languages and hundreds of princes; we have people of various opinions, different princes; for ages we have in contact with each other, and we have religious and commercial intestine. Our trans-Atlantic brethren, on the contrary, have a language in common, and that language one of the most literary wealth and natural vigor; they are sprung from one race, and that race the energetic Anglo-Saxon; they only are the bread of their insatiable land, but the general interest. They have begun the work with political principles which others have looked to as the source of civilization; they start in national existence with the experience of the old world for their guidance, and the exhaustless resources of the new world for their portion. The problem to be solved is, whether or not they will be true to their high destinies.

GEN. JACKSON'S REASONS FOR THE LOSS OF HIS MEN.—Much has been said of the rashness and impetuosity of Gen. Jackson. The following shows that with all his impetuosity, he still cared for and prized his men. It is from the N. Y. Express:

"A characteristic anecdote of Gen. Jackson, strongly evincing a noble soul in the stern, valiant and unqualifiedly magnetic commander, to whose memory the assistance does such honor that we are happy to be able to present it to the public, on the high authority of the person to whom Jackson made the statement. Our informant arrived at New Orleans on the fourth of February, 1815, (about four weeks after the crowning victory over the British,) and being an intimate personal friend of Jackson, proceeded to the General's headquarters, and passed nearly the whole night in conversation with him, mainly upon the incidents of the recent great battle. After narrating many of the circumstances of the battle, General Jackson said: 'I suppose you have wondered why I have permitted the British army to retire from the field and make good their retreat without attempting to hinder or molest them, after they had been so completely defeated in their attack on our lines. The British, General, I did not intend to let you know you would not have taken the same you did, without good reason.' 'Yes,' said Jackson, 'I had good reasons for my conduct. I knew that my brave volunteers were invincible, in their position, and that, behind these breastworks, they could defend themselves against the best troops in the world. But I knew that in the open field their want of military experience and discipline would expose them to terrible loss from the fire of the well drilled veterans of the British army, still capable of opposing several complete battalions to me. It is true, I could have routed them and cut off their retreat, and destroyed or captured their whole force; but it would have been at the sacrifice of hundreds of my best volunteers—an unnecessary sacrifice, because my success was complete without it. I had done all that was to be desired. And then—to think of throwing away the lives of my brave volunteers—said the old General, indignant at the idea of such a wanton sacrifice—'my brave Tennessee volunteers! many of whom, were boys of eighteen and twenty, were brought to me at Nashville from the country by their parents, in some instances by their widowed mothers, who said to me, 'here General, is our only son'—or, as sometimes when our soldiers brought three or four boys to me, 'Here are our sons! Take them, and make them fight for their country! Make good soldiers of them! But don't expose them unnecessarily! Take good care of them, General.' 'Why,' continued Jackson, 'by the Eternal! I would not give the lives of twelve of my brave Tennessee volunteers for the whole British army!'

A powerful expression of that generous humanity which so well becomes true greatness, and of a just appreciation of the value of the life of an American citizen! And, much do we regret to repeat the characteristic humanity which accompanied it, we are reminded by its associations of that noble character Sterne says: "The acceding angel flew up to heaven's shanty with a scroll as he gave it in; and the scroll was unrolled, as he wrote it down, dropped it on the ward, and blotted it out from the book."

A good book and a good wife are the two of the best companions in the world.