

OREGON SPECTATOR

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way."

Oregon City, (Oregon Territory) Thursday, October 4, 1849.

BLAIR, Editor.

POETRY.

THE KINGDOM COME!

BY MARY ANNE BROWN.

The Kingdom come! but where shall it be?
The sweet, wild groves of Araby,
The citron blossoms and the date-tree grove,
The fair and fragrant rose-bush,
The sunlight falls in radiant streams,
The fountain flows of palm-tree bower,
The air is filled with clustering vines,
The Kingdom is bright—but it is not there!

The Kingdom come! shall it be in the land
Where the wreath of the night and the laurel stand,
Where the temple, consecrated to the God,
Resounds to the holy name of God?
Where the fallen pillars and sculptured base,
An "Auld Auld" wreath of wild flowers throws?
It hath a bed and grass, that lead us fair,
But the Kingdom—the Kingdom is not there!

The Kingdom come! oh, with their reign
Within some grand and mighty fane!
By the work of our hands we will raise the pile,
We will draw with fervor the vaulted aisle,
We will lift the olive branch around,
And a thousand voices of sweet sound
Shall breathe at once; but it may not be—
Such a Kingdom accepted is not by Thee!

The Kingdom come! in our cottage home,
We will give the ear hearts, by our kindred's tongue,
By the rippling stream, in the ancient woods,
Alike in words and in attitude;
When the sun in his glory is beaming on high,
When the sun and stars are lighting the sky,
Our souls shall be touched in praise and prayer,
So Thou wilt make thy Kingdom there!

SELECT TALE.

THE DAILY GOVERNOR.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

The lark went up to heaven seeming to
beat his breast against the patient sky,
yet tiny as he was, apparently dis-
cernible to the human vision, his song
was audible to Lucy Hinchliff in her moth-
er's little garden. Lucy was a daily gov-
erness, and was in the act of plucking a
rose to adorn her bonnet, before she set out
to enter upon the day's routine. She cut
her eye across the garden, and saw a small
boy, very little, garden-embellished
up at the lark case more, received the last
notes of it into her soul, as if at the
gray-headed mother in the pinched
widow's cap, who was standing at the
window, waved her adieu, and closed the
small gate after her.

There was not in all the suburb in which
she lived, a better, a prettier girl, a more
loving more dutiful daughter, than Lucy
Hinchliff. She first attracted our atten-
tion when we went, with school on our
back, willingly enough to school. She
was younger by two years than ourselves—a
little timid thing, as we remember her.
She had a father at that time, but we could
not see that old gentleman was poor and
once we were prompted to offer her some
of our victuals which we bore in our bag
(for we dined at school), fearing that she
had not had enough to eat at home. It was
only a boy's thought, and now we are more
happy that we did not commit ourselves
by it, than if we had realized our ear-
ly dreams, those bubbles bred in a child's
active brain.

Her father died, and they became poor-
er. A rich relation took Lucy away, to
bestow upon her a superior education.—
It was all he could do for her he said; al-
though he kept his carriage, and servants,
and cast bread to the dogs. She returned
to her mother after three years, to aid their
mutual support by teaching.

Who knows besides themselves, the lives
that daily governesses lead? Who has
tasted, beside themselves, the bitterness of
the bread they eat? The fine mistress
may not frown too severely upon her cook,
or footman. They would resent it and seek
another place. But the poor governess!—
That she will resign her engagement is not
to be apprehended. And are there not
dozens,—scores who would be glad to suc-
ceed her, if she gave herself airs? There
are tragedies in real life more sad to wit-
ness than any of the histrionic art, and the
life of the daily governess, in meagre cir-
cumstances, is one whole tragedy.

Lucy Hinchliff closed the garden gate,
and passed from her mother's sight. It
was a fine morning, and she was early.—
She had, therefore, no occasion to hurry,
as she was obliged sometimes to do. She
felt very glad that the morning was fine,
for to tell a homely truth, her shoes—well
high worn out—were far from being wa-
ter-proof. She had sat all day with wet
feet once before from the same cause, and
much need she had to be careful of her
health for her mother's sake. She had
few acquaintances on the road she trav-
eled, though she was familiar as their
own children's faces to all the small trades-
men—they saw her pass so regularly morn-
ing and evening. The green-grocer would
frequently tell his wife that it was time to
get breakfast, for the young lady with the
music paper was abroad. The toll-gate
keeper was Lucy's only speaking acquain-
tance of the male sex. He had always a
kind word for her. Nor did Lucy fail to
ask him after the child that was scolded—
a frightful accident that—whether his

oldest girl was at home yet, and other lit-
tle queries. "There she goes," the man
would say, when she had turned from him.
"Her's a hard life poor thing!"
"Not hard at all, Mister Martin," re-
plied Dame Wraggins, on one occasion.
"Hard, indeed. I think she's got a very
easy berth o'. Put her over a washing
tub, and give her three or four counter-
panes for a morning's work, and see what
she'd make o'."

"Ah, you don't know all!" said the toll-
keeper, significantly. And he was right.
The lady at whose house Lucy com-
menced the instructions of the day, was a
very nervous person, she was very irasci-
ble. Lucy's knock offended her. She
hated single knocks. Why had they a
bell, if it was not to exempt the house from
the vulgarity of single knocks? Once in
a fit of forgetfulness, the governess gave a
palpating double knock, and then Mr.
Robert Smith was astonished at her pro-
cedure. "Miss—Miss,—I forget your
name"—Mrs. Smith often contrived to
forget a name which was the property
of an humble dependent and was so much
better that her own.

"Hinchliff ma'am," prompted Lucy, on
the occasion referred to.
"Ah, Hinchliff. Well Miss Hinchliff,
if, for the future, you would remember not
to give a double knock, you would oblige
me. I really thought it was a visitation, and
as I am in my dishabille, it sets me in a
fetter—you should consider my nerves
Miss Hinchliff."

Poor Lucy! If she could, have afford-
ed to be as much in the fashion as to own
the possession of nerves, the lady's ner-
vousness would have infected her.
"Now, Miss Hinchliff," said Mrs. Robt.
Smith, when the governess had taken off
her bonnet andshawl on the morning we
make her acquaintance, "are you up in
those new quadrilles yet?"

"I am very sorry ma'am, but I have
been so much engaged—I only took them
home the day before yesterday, and so lit-
tle of my time is my own."
"Well, Miss Hinchliff, of course, if you
have too many engagements, and my dear
children are to be neglected on that ac-
count, it will be Mr. Robert Smith's duty
to seek another responsible person, whose
engagements are not so numerous; you
cannot object to that, I am sure."

"Oh, ma'am," was Lucy's smiling
reply; "I am too happy to be employed
by you.—I will be sure to get them
right ready by to-morrow."
"God bless her. She speaks the truth.—
She was too happy to be employed by Mr.
Robt. Smith."

"I will excuse you this time, Miss Hin-
chliff," said the lady, conciliated by Lu-
cy's answer, "but I shall certainly expect
the quadrilles to-morrow. I think you
said when we first engaged you, that you
taught Italian? Priscilla is to learn it."

"I shall be most happy, ma'am," replied
Lucy, brightening up.
"Mr. Robert Smith says that he has
read—a great reader, as you know—that
there are some very pretty poems in
Italian, though he called one by a very
shocking name—a kind of play house
thing."

"Which was that, ma'am?" inquired
Lucy, mentally reverting to Goldoni and
Metastasio.
"You ought to tell me," replied the la-
dy. "You know of course—the pretty
Italian poem with the play-house name."
"Do you mean Danie's *Diavole Comedie*,
ma'am?"

"Yes that is it—very pretty poem—is
it not?"
"It is considered a very fine poem ma-
am!"

"Yes, pretty or fine—that's what Mr.
Robert Smith called it; though I think if
it's a comedy, it shouldn't be called di-
vine."

Lucy assured the lady that the *Diavole
Comedie* was not a play in five acts, with
stage directions, but rather a religious po-
em.
"I understand your meaning," said her
employer, "something like Milton, I sup-
pose. I have heard Mr. Robert Smith re-
mark—his remarks are so in the purpose
—that Milton was a tragedy, quite. You
will understand that you are to teach
Priscilla Italian. And about the terms,
Mr. Robert Smith says that you are not to
increase them, as he really can't afford it."

"Ma'am!" said Lucy, astonished.
"If you object, of course we must find
another responsible person, who will in-
clude Italian for the amount of your present
salary."

Lucy's mother was in ill failing health.
Need we say that she was "too happy"
to teach Italian without remuneration, under
the circumstances. On the same morning
Mrs. Robert Smith dismissed her cook,
who blundered at a *pate de foie gras*, and
hired another at greatly enlarged wages.
The widow Hinchliff was not only fail-
ing in health, but she was nearer death
than Lucy had any idea of. When the
poor girl returned home that evening—she
went to six hours, and walked a distance
of seventeen miles—she found her parent
had been obliged to retire to bed. The
servant, alarmed by her mistress's condi-
tion, had called in a neighbor, who only
waited for Lucy's return to urge the pro-
prietory of sending for a doctor. Lucy not
only assented but ran herself to fetch one.
"I can give you no hope," he said; and

she felt that indeed a light had passed
over her life. When one that we dearly
love is stricken down to die, we look out
upon the world, as if we had no longer hope,
or part, or any life therein.

She had to practice the quadrilles that
night, on her hired piano, in fulfillment of
the promise made in Mrs. Robert Smith.
Her mother had fallen into one of those
drowsy, restless slumbers, peculiar to a
state of sickness, and the thought of wak-
ing the notes of gray quadrilles made in
the house on whose threshold, even at
that moment, Death, the destroyer, stood,
shook'd Lucy's feelings. No, she could
not do that, let Mrs. Robert Smith say what
she pleased.

She sat through the longest night she
had ever known—for the heart measured
the hours—not the clock—a watch by
her mother's bed. When the glad sun-
light came gushing in at the casement,
and lark after lark poured forth his jub-
ilant thanksgiving for his sleep in the dewy
grass, she undressed herself, and went to
her chamber, leaving the servant to sup-
ply her place. There was no visible al-
teration in her parent when, with an
fear, and with one of the sudden hearns
that ever beat in human bosom, she left
the cottage upon her constant diurnal vi-
sion. She was late and had to walk hur-
riedly. It rained, too, and the water splat-
tered through the leaky shoes. She had no
smile for the toll-gate keeper. He saw
that she was sad, and contented himself
with a touch of his hat by way of recog-
nition. He was sad, too, for the scolded
child had died during the night. "Rest
not tell her now," he thought; "she has
her own trouble this morning."—God help
her. She had indeed.

"You are full ten minutes behind your
time, Miss Hinchliff. I never find you
staying ten minutes over your time," was
Mrs. Robert Smith's salutation.
"I am very sorry ma'am,—but I left
my mother at home very ill—dying, ma-
am, the doctor says," replied Lucy, burst-
ing into tears.

"Dying—dear me. Of course you feel
very much put out; but punctuality, Mr.
Robert Smith says, is the soul of an en-
gagement—and you have a character to
keep up—but as you are come, you can-
not Priscilla's school at home; she is to
play the quadrilles, and to begin to-
morrow."

"I am unable to rest than through
my mother's illness."
"This is not an excuse with Mr. Robert
Smith," said Mrs. Robert Smith, "at your
age, a young woman should show the value
of her promise."
"I could not disturb my mother," said
Lucy, apologetically.

"Of course, I take all that into consid-
eration," replied her employer. "But you,
as a responsible person, should know
the value of your promise. However, I
will excuse you this year, but I am dy-
ing—only don't let her hear of it. You
will commence Priscilla's Italian this
morning of course?"

"I have been so unfortunate as to for-
get my own grammar, but if Priscilla is
provided with one."
"Her father says that he cannot afford
any Italian books—her French one came
so expensive. He thought you could have
no objection to lend her yours."
"What would Lucy say, but that her
books were at Priscilla's service."

Her mother was worse that evening, and
had been, as the neighbors said, delirious
during her absence. Lucy asked herself
whether she should practice the quadrilles.
She was not long in deciding. Though
they should go without bread, she would
not forget her duty as a daughter. Her
place was at her mother's bedside.

That day Mr. Robert Smith paid a visit
to a friend, whose governess not only
taught Italian for the same salary that
was paid to Lucy Hinchliff, but also pro-
fessed to include Spanish. When Lucy
was admitted the next morning, the lady
placed a small sum of money in her hands,
and informed her that "domestic arrange-
ments" would render her attendance in
future unnecessary. The poor girl was
not at all content with this circumstance.
Was not her mother ill—dying at home?
She would be obliged to leave her so ear-
ly in the morning.

Her mother died three days afterwards.
A letter sent by Lucy to the rich relation
brought a cool answer back, in which the
writer recommended her to be industrious
and to "keep her character."

And now Lucy was alone in the world,
in which there are so many faces, and so
many hearts beating with warm life.—
Even the toll-gate keeper had disappeared.
His place was supplied by a stranger a
man of coarse, repulsive aspect. Lucy
felt the loss, even of that acquaintance.

Within a month after her mother's
death, she was compelled to resign any-
thing of her engagements; her employer, a
widower, having made dishonorable propo-
sals to her. She advertised in the pa-
pers, but could not meet with an appoint-
ment. She had removed into new lodg-
ings now.

One night—it was a cold, rainy Novem-
ber night—Lucy Hinchliff sat in her
little room by the fire, pondering over
many things, but chiefest what was fitting
for a girl like her to do, who, being so un-
protected, was exposed to so many insults.

She gazed at her mother's portrait which
hung over the mantel shelf, and seemed to
ask advice of the dead. But the dead re-
sided not. Only the bleak wind whistled.
Only the rain beat against the window
pane.

There was a stir below, as if feet
coming up stairs. Lucy heard it without
start. The feet came higher and higher,
however, and halted at the door; upon the
steps of which a rap sounded as from dis-
tressed, sturdy knuckles. The governess
started, and cried "come in," and a
man came in.

It was her old acquaintance, the toll-
keeper. But not dressed as he was for-
merly. He wore a new suit of
silk and satin, and a gold watch
chain—commensurate with his new posi-
tion. As far as equipment went, he was in
all respects the gentleman. And in the
heart besides.

"I beg your pardon, Miss, for intruding
upon you," he said humbly. "I am
come to speak to you about educating my
children."
Lucy bowed. She thought she had
misunderstood him.

"I am come into a large fortune lately,
Miss—a very large fortune—a matter of
a thousand a year. I know no more of it,
three months ago, than the man in the
moon; and I think and my wife
thinks, that our girls ought to be edu-
cated."

"Certainly," said Lucy vacantly.—
She thought she was dreaming.
"And so we agreed that if you would
come and live with us—we live in a fine
house now—and be one of ourselves, and
teach the children, we thought we would
take it very kind of you."
"Yes," assented Lucy, mechanically,
for she was not a whit the wiser wailing.

"And if you would think two hundred
pounds a year, and a room of your own,
enough, it is yours to-morrow; and that's
all about it."
The speaker, in the excitement of hav-
ing accomplished his errand, clasped his
hat on his head, and breathed freely.—
But he recollected himself, and took his
hat of again.

"You wish me to be governess to your
children. Do I understand you right?"
said Lucy, fully half conscious that the
man was mad.
"Yes, Miss, if you please; and if two
hundred a year would satisfy you, why—
I am ready to oblige you."

"I am glad to hear that," said Lucy,
and she was with her usual calm and un-
derstanding air now.

It was all true,—but was the best of it.
The man had really inherited a large for-
tune, and he was a relative, hitherto
unknown of Lucy's. And the early thought
of the poor governess, who gave him a kind
word every morning, and enquired after
Bilby, who was scolded! Yes; for he had
heard of her mother's death, and also the
proud consciousness of being able to con-
fer a benefit on an orphan girl, slated his
heart as much as the possession of a thou-
sand pounds per annum. Lucy, of course,
would not consent to receive the salary
he had named. How it was finally set-
tled, this chronicle knows not, but Lucy
dwells with the gentleman toll-keeper and
looks happy—very happy.

A small white stone has been erected
at her mother's grave. You may see it,
if you will walk for the purpose, to Abby
Park Cemetery, Stoke-Newington.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Jerusalem by Moonlight.

The broad moon lingers on the summit
of Mount Olivet, but the beam hath long
left the Garden of Gethsemane and the
tomb of Abahon, the waters of Kedron,
and the dark abyss of the vale of Jehon-
phat. Full falls its splendor, however,
on the opposite city, vivid and defined in
its silver blaze. A lofty wall, with tur-
rets and towers and frequent gates un-
ulates with the unequal ground which it
covers, as it encircles the lost capital of
Judah. It is a city of hills far more fa-
mous than those of Rome; for all Europe
has heard of Zion and Calvary, while the
Arab and Assyrian, and the tribes and
the nations beyond, are as ignorant of the
Capitolian and Aventine Mounts as they
are of the Malvern or the Chiltern Hills.
The broad steep of Zion, crowned with the
tower of David; nearer still, Mount Mo-
riah, with the gorgeous temple of the God
of Abraham, built, alas! by the child of
Hagar, and not by Sarah's chosen one,
close to its cedars and cypresses its lofty
spires and airy arches, the moonlight falls
upon Beth's wall; further on, entered
by the gate of St. Stephen, the eye, though
in the moon of night, traces with ease the
street of Grief, a long winding ascent to a
vast, cupulated pile that now covers Cal-
vary, called the street of Grief, because
there the most illustrious of the human as
well as the Hebrew race, the descendant
of king David, and the divine Son of the
most favored of women, twice sank under
the burden of that suffering and shame
which is now throughout all Christendom
the emblem of triumph and of honor; pas-
sing over groups and masses of houses
built of stone, with terraced roofs or sur-
mounted with small domes, we reach the
hill of Selen, where Melchisedek built his
mythic citadel; and still remains the Jeru-
salem, where Titus gazed upon Jeru-
salem on the eve of its final ruin.

It was destroyed the Temple. The walls
of Judah has in turn substituted the Jews
which were raised to his father and his
self in their imperial ambition, and the
of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob by
unwillingly before every altar in Israel,
and Jerusalem by mourning. The Jews
speaks, apart from all its historical
associations of awe and glory. The
following hour, when the moonlight
beams in its imperial majesty in sil-
ence, however hard and stern it may
and while it retains all its solemnity,
it moves much of the evening's thoughts
of the ground and terrestrial scenes. A
fortified city almost surrounded by water,
and rising in the centre of a plain,
the surrounding hills, mountains, and
through their rocky crevices, and down to
a distant and steeper land! The moon has
sunk behind the Mount of Olives, and
the stars in the darker sky shine doubly
over the sacred city. The all-pervading
willow is broken by a breeze that seems
to have travelled over the plain of
from the sea. It walks among the
and sighs among the cypress groves. The
palm-tree trembles as if passing, as if it
were a spirit of war. Is the breeze that
has travelled over the plain of Sharon from
the sea? Or is it the haunting voice of
prophets mourning over the city that they
could not save? Their spirits surely
would linger on the land where their
Genitor had deigned to dwell, and over
whom impending fate Omnipotence had shed
its tears.

From this Mount who can but believe
that at the midnight hour, from the
mount of Ascension, the great departed
of Israel ascended to gaze upon the tem-
plements of their mystic city? These
might be counted heroes and emperors, who
shrink from no rivalry with the brightest
and the wisest of other lands; but the
giver of the time of the Pharisee, whose
laws are still obeyed, the monarch, whose
reign has lasted for three thousand years,
but whose wisdom is a proverb in all
nations of the earth; the teacher of
truths have moved without number,
the greatest of legislators, the greatest of
administrators, and the greatest of
what race, what nation, what
does three such men as these? Their
light is extinguished, the
the world's history, and the
the waters of Jordan, and the
of Jerusalem. The tower of David gazes
into eternity; the tower of the
of the towers of Omar; Bethlehem's
angelic waters, the gate of St. Stephen,
the streets of sacred sorrow, the hill of Be-
lem and the heights of Sion, can no
longer be discerned. Alone in the in-
creasing darkness, while the very line
of the walls gradually eludes the eye,
the church of the Holy Sepulchre is a beacon
light.—[D'Israeli.]

THE FAMILY.—It is not more true that
the infant brood grows to the power of
caring for themselves, in the best, than
that men are formed into the habits of
life in the family. It is the earliest, cheapest,
safest, and the mightiest institution for
this purpose. Hence it is the special ob-
ject of assault from the gathering horde
of disorganizing reformers in our day.
On every side, under the guidance of the
St. Simons, Fourniers, and Owens, we hear
the outcry against the domestic temple;
"Raze it, raze it, even to the foundations
thereof." Ignorant of the true sources
of pauperism and oppression, our pul-
ping pseudo-philanthropists are in perpetual
agitation about the wrongs of labor, the rights
of women, and the re-construction of so-
ciety. "Association," such as they pro-
pose, would pluck away the hearth-stone,
and break the marriage-ring. Forgetful
of the homely sentence, that the largest
house is not large enough for two families,
they would take down all partitions, throw
a whole community into one, combine the
natural guardians of infancy, and subject
masses of youth, in phalanxes, to the reg-
imental drill of a newly-invented educa-
tion. As bubble after bubble explodes,
and successive prophets of socialism fall
into disrepute and contempt, it is hoped that
the world will become satisfied with the con-
stitution which dates as far back as Para-
dise.—[Rev. J.-W. Alexander.]

Books.—The London correspondent of
the National Intelligencer says that it has
been calculated by those who have per-
sued correct materials for so doing, that
not more than one book in fifteen pays the
expense of printing, and not more than
one in every fifty pamphlets. That only
one out of about two hundred books reaches
a second edition, one in every five
fourth. He also says that there are prob-
ably not less than ten thousand persons
who live by literary labor in London,
and more than double that number who
do so. Poor encouragement this for
young authors, but a very good lesson.

Dr. Johnson at a late period of his
life, observed to Sir Joshua Reynolds—
"If a man do not make new acquain-
tances as he passes through life, he will
soon find himself alone. A man, etc,
should keep his friendship in constant re-
pair."

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for them the
mother's, or father's,
not the many of
all, the priest's
and stark and grim,
it shall reveal the
these who yesterday
fulness of life and
never walks again.
rejoice a republic
subjection—whether
lovely maintain
crushed and bleed-
the fraternal my-
her frontiers—what
achieve the liber-
fall back into a
—shall not be
dragged at the
year Alliance, but
part pain in the
nations—whether
not become (as
ter of a desperate
pursuant course—
extreme and univer-
worst position which
it can hardly be
and its attendant
destined to be long
of our kind.

Yet human life has
than those of the
starting eye by
family. He
utterly done
vices of hope
mollification are
the cannon's
of death. War
like the hermit
score, and life
three bars to
But when the
slowly coming
sinking gradually
state enemy,
retention, must
in a special
weeper over
depression. There
we are about to
abandon with
now coming in
wanderers, and
the

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and a common
—the man and
Sylphide—the
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