

# OREGON SPECTATOR

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"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way."

WILSON BLAIN, Editor.

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## POETRY.

### We are Growing Old.

BY FRANCIS BROWNE.

We are growing old—how the thought will rise  
When a glance is backward cast  
On some long remember'd spot, that lies  
In the silence of the past:—  
It may be the shrine of our early vows,  
Or the tomb of early tears,  
But it seems like a far off life to us,  
In the stormy sea of years.

Oh! wide and wild are the waves that part  
Our days from its greenness now—  
And we miss the joy of many a heart,  
And the light of many a brow,  
For deep'er many a stately bark  
Have the whining billows roll'd,  
That steered with us from that early mark—  
Oh! friends we are growing old.

Old in the dimness and the dust  
Of our daily toils and cares,  
Old in the weeks of love and trust  
Which our burden'd memory bears,  
Each form may wear to the passing gaze  
The bloom of life's freshness yet,  
And beams may brighten our latter days,  
Which the morning never met.

But oh, the changes we have seen  
In the far and winding way—  
The graves in our path that have grown green,  
And the locks that have grown gray!  
The winters still on our own may spare  
The sable or the gold;  
But we saw their snows upon brighter hair—  
And, friends, we are growing old!

We have gained the world's cold wisdom now,  
We have learned to pause and fear—  
But where are the living fountains, whose flow  
Was a joy of hearts to hear?  
We have won the wealth of many a clove,  
And the lore of many a page—  
But where is the hope that saw in Time  
But its boundless heritage?

Will it come again when the violet wakes,  
And the rose a their youth reverts?—  
We have stood in the light of sunny breaks,  
Where the bloom was deep and blue;  
And our soul's might joy in the spring time then,  
But the joy was faint and cold—  
For it never could give to the youth again  
Of hours that are growing old.

## SELECT TALE.

### The Faithless Wife.

The evening sun shone freely into the room where Edward Murray sat by the bedside of his dying child. Her sufferings had been long and severe, but now she slept calmly as an infant, one hand clasped in her father's, while her pale cheek rested on the other, half hidden by the long soft hair that floated over the pillow.

God only knew the bitterness of anguish that wrung the father's heart, as he looked upon that beloved face, and felt that it would be soon hidden from him forever. He was a man of reserved manners, and few knew the story of his life. It was whispered that a wife whom he once adored had left him years before, was—worse than dead; and it was well known that he seemed to care for nothing in the wide world, save the daughter over whose infancy and youth he had watched with a tenderness like a mother's. He had never left her even for a day; he had renounced intercourse with friends and relations to live only for her; and now there lay his idol, dying, he knew it, he felt it; and yet his eyes were dry and his lips did not tremble as he murmured slowly, "God bless her, she is my all, she has been my good angel, God bless her!"

He rejoiced in her calm sleep and yet he longed for the time when she should wake and speak to him, for he felt her delirium was past. Oh! how cruelly the wanderings of her pure and innocent mind had opened afresh the secret sorrows of her father! It was ever of her early childhood that she spoke, of her first home she remembered, of her lost mother. Often would she start from her pillow, and exclaiming that her mother was come and mingling words of welcome and endearment with reproaches for having delayed her coming so long. Little had Mr. Murray dreamed of the fondness with which his little Helen had clung to that name so long unspoken; little reckoned he till then of the deep and passionate affection that made her unconscious tongue eloquent in addressing the vision of her fancy. Hour by hour he sat listening to her fond details of long past events; how she sat with her mother in the shadow of the old lime tree watching for him; and how joyous laugh rang out as she told her of his coming and all he said as he clasped them both in his bosom, she told him she knelt between them to pray, and again—uttered the very words of the first simple prayer her mother had taught her.

It was nearly sunset when Helen woke. Her eyes rested long and sadly on her father's altered face; and at last drawing him towards her, she laid her head on his bosom and wept silently.

"What ails you my darling?" he said, "you are better surely."  
"Yes, yes, I am better; but I see it all, I have almost broken your heart."  
"No Helen, it is not you dear child;

you have been my comfort and my joy," he exclaimed, "you are so still."

"I have been delirious, I know, said Helen, and I have spoke of things that must have tortured you."

"It matters not, dear child. Do you think a day passes wherein I do not think of these things? What else had made me what I am? I have been a sad companion for you, Helen, but God knows I have loved you well."

It was after a long silence that Helen spoke again.

"Let me, said she, 'only once more, speak of her. A day may come, when, in bitter sorrow, she may ask forgiveness. Sometimes I, think of her—pale, dying, broken hearted—praying you to say one word to her before she died. Oh father! dearest father! if that time should ever come, promise for the sake of your child, who will then be in her cold grave, who will then be in her cold grave."

His voice was hoarse, but he replied calmly—

"Helen, I have long since forgiven her! but I promise you, by all I hold most sacred, if I ever hear of her in trouble or sorrow, I will do all she has left me the power to do to comfort and relieve her."

"God bless you for those words! I have prayed for her all my life, and now in death, my last thoughts are for you and for her. Father will you not pray with me?"

He knelt down and covered his face, whilst his child, calling up all her dying strength poured forth a fervent prayer for the erring wife—the lost mother. "To Edward Murray her voice was still; that of an angel pleading for the fallen one in whom his heart delighted. His frame shook with the violence of his emotion, as that young voice strong in the energy of faith and love, breathed its last prayer, uniting once more names that had long been sundered, and asking blessings on both. Helen's prayer was done; her spirit lingered a while and then fled forever.

At midnight when the servants ventured to enter the room the father still held the fair young head on his bosom; but he knew that she was dead, and after he had laid her tenderly on the pillow and kissed her cheek, he suffered them to lead him away without a murmur.

His was the grief of which the world could know nothing. None heard him complain, none saw him weep; and yet there was that in his face betraying more grief than tears or words could have expressed. He did all that he was asked to do, but it seemed that if left alone, he would have mused on forever, unconscious of all that passed around him. He did not see the dead again; but followed her to the grave, and returned with a firm step to his solitary home.

A week—two—three weeks passed away, and Mr. Murray remained in the same stupor of unspoken grief with which he had seen his last earthly hope fade from his arms forever. He had no friends, and his servants who still loved poor Helen, though they pitied him, dared not speak of comfort. Once, the nurse, who attended Helen from her birth, came to beg he would rouse himself, but when he raised his calm, hopeless eye, the words died on her lips, and she felt it would be but mockery to speak common phrases of consolation to one on whom had fallen the weight of sorrow like this.

It chanced one evening, it might be a month after his child's death, as he paced the large chamber which had been her favorite sitting room, his eye fell on her desk. He started and turned hastily away, but returning soon to the table on which it stood, began to examine its contents. The first thing he touched was a paper covered with her own delicate hand writing. He remembered the day she sat there, even where he stood now, and he observed she was writing unconsciously while she conversed with him. Her own name and his were traced again and again on that paper and he pressed it passionately to his lips. Then he found a copy of unfinished verses sweet and full of promise, breathing the fresh purity of her gifted, yet half developed mind. Then there were some light sketches made on the previous summer, and among them an attempted likeness of himself. He recollected the day when she bade him sit for his picture, how wit and genius, or what seemed such to him, flowed from her tongue and lighted her smile. He could not bear to look at it, but turned over a few papers that remained on the desk. When he lifted the last he found a small agate box, the first gift he had offered to his wife and given by her, as she now clear,ly remembered, to Helen when she was a little child. He opened it, and within it was a long ringlet of dark hair. He knew whose hair it was; and again his fair wife and rosy child seemed to be near him, as they were when that ringlet was given to Helen by her young and happy mother. For a moment he had forgotten what had since happened, and then he glanced around the solitary room and shuddered at its dreary silence. Then came back to him the dying words of his only child, and the solemn promise he made her, and once again his life had an object.

But that momentary excitement passed away, and left him to sink in a stupor yet sadder than before. Time passed on, winter gave place to spring, but the change of season brought no gladness to

him. His spirit seemed forever crushed, and his dull and silent life flowed on like a sluggish stream on which sunshine never fell. Helen died in the early winter, it was now late in the spring.

Edward Murray was alone, musing in the long dim twilight that closed a day bright and lovely to all but him, when a step drew near his door, and in a few minutes a woman veiled and poorly clad, stood before him. He knew her at once; it was his long lost wife. How many a time before his last grief fell upon him had he dreamed of meeting again that once beloved one, till her tears fell fast from his eyes! How many a time had he dreamed of meeting her again, but she was covered in some stranger the resemblance to her! There was a time when such a meeting as this would have stirred the deep passions of his soul but now, alas, how fearfully changed!

"Go, go, Adela," he said at last waving his hand, "you are too late now, she is dead."

The sound of his voice seemed to have reassured her, and she answered calmly as he had spoken.

"I know you are desolate and she is gone, else I had hardly dared come. I could not have borne to see my child."

"Desolate, Adela, utterly desolate!" interrupted he, "you said the truth. She was my only joy; she had never deceived me; no blight had fallen on her pure heart; though there were not wanting those who could recall the mother's sin to cast shame on the daughter."

The words stung the listener to the soul, but she replied:

"Surely it was little that such as I could injure her!"

"You forgot Adela, all that a mother should be and you were not! God help those who have to blush for a mother as my Helen blushed for you."

"Is it true then that she despised me? And yet how dearly she loved me once?"

"Those were blessed times, Adela," said Mr. Murray, "when Helen was a child, and we were young, and I believed you loved, I should have thought the grasp of those dear arms stronger than chains of iron to bind you to your home; those soft lips that called you even in sleep—"

"Spare me, Edward in mercy spare me," exclaimed Adela, "thoughts like these drive me to madness. You know as well I have suffered since those days, or you would pity me even now. Fifteen years of anguish, of sorrow, of remorse, have brought me here, at last to kneel before you, and pray you to forgive me, if you can."

"And it was for this, Adela, that you left me—me, who loved you as my own soul, whose thoughts were all yours?"

"Yes," she replied, in a tone of utter despondency, "it was for this, and worse than this, I can look back on days, weeks, months of despair, such as you, after kneeling on the grave of your child, cannot conceive. Edward, I was dear to you once, say you pity me now!"

"I do, Adela—God knows I do. I know the depths of your heart; and your capacity of suffering, and my heart has bled for you. I knew that, though in your madness, you fled from me, from my love that would have sheltered you and protected you until your life's end, to him who—"

"No Edward, not to him—never to him!" exclaimed Adela, fervently. "Since the hour I left your roof I have never seen his face—never, so help me God!"

"And how have you lived Adela? You had nothing; who has supported you?"

"I have toiled for my daily bread. Sometimes I was ill, and then the charity of strangers supported me for a while, and then I recovered and toiled again. It was but a scanty pittance that I could earn, but I felt it was too good for such as I. Oh! Edward," continued Adela, in her deep voice, "there is bitter punishment for our sins even in this world."

"And had you no friends?" asked Mr. Murray.

"Not one. The people with whom I lodged were kind to me, and at first curious to know who and what I was, but their curiosity soon died away, and they left me alone to work and weep as I liked."

"And this has been your life, Adela?" said Mr. Murray, looking mournfully on the warm face before him, for the veil had been drawn aside, and he could see the havoc time had made; fifteen long weary years of sordid poverty and endless labor for one cherished as you had been, you, my pride, my joy, the wife of my bosom! Oh! Adela, why was it thus?"

She bowed her head before him, and he continued:

"And even this is far better than what I feared had been. Why did you hide yourself so utterly? My hands were ready to help you, though I might see you no more."

"I knew it, Edward I knew it!" she cried, once more raising her eyes to his; "but I felt it was part of my punishment, nay sometimes it seemed partly an expiation for my sin, that you should think even worse of me than I deserve. It was a dreadful life, dreadful in its utter solitude, and in a thousand, thousand remembrances that crowded about me day and night. Trifles long forgotten came back to me in my remorse. All the bright moments of our early love, all the bliss of our mar-

ried life, our partings, our meetings; our Helen's looks and smiles, and sweet broken words; they all come back not to bless but to curse me. I who had been so happy, have for all these long years had nothing to mark the time save the dull ticking of the clock, the completion of some petty task, or the commencement of another."

Edward Murray's heart ached as he listened to those sorrowful words. At last he said—"and now, Adela, where are you going? Why have you come here?"

"I have come here, Edward," she replied, "to kneel at your feet, and pray you to forgive me as you hope to be forgiven hereafter. I have come to look on you once more, but I get a more distant country. Forgive me, Edward," she said earnestly, "as she fell on her knees before him, for the sake of her who is an angel in Heaven, forgive me, for I am dying!"

He trembled and turned his face away to hide his emotion. She feared he rejected her petition and that fear in a moment overpowered the strength she had summoned, and she fell heavily on the floor.

In a moment he had raised her, and flung aside her bonnet and veil, and was chafing her temples as her head lay on his bosom. Her long hair, now white as snow, fell around her wan face and yet there was something that bore a resemblance to the bright Helen, the young girl cut off in her early bloom. That resemblance softened Edward Murray's heart and moistened his eyes. "Adela!" he said softly; "may God forgive you even as I do!" It seemed that she heard and understood his words, for she opened her eyes and raised them for a moment with a look of intense gratitude, that, to his dying day, Edward Murray could not forget. The eyelids sank again and all was over.

A few days later, Edward Murray again stood beside an open grave and saw a coffin on which was inscribed no name, laid beside that of his only child. It was observed that he wept freely as the solemn words of the burial service were uttered. There were many rumors about touching the stranger that was buried that day, but though the truth might be guessed, it was never told by him. A few days after the funeral, he gave orders for the sale of his house and furniture and left forever the neighborhood in which for so many years he had dwelt. It is said that the poor regretted him, but by the rich he had been little known and was soon utterly forgotten. These two silent graves were the only mementos he left, and they have now sunk to the level of the surrounding soil.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### All Forms and Degrees of Aristocracy out of Place in this Country.

Nature has a place for everything, and every thing in its place. And it is in the economy of nature that some things, intrinsically proper in their places, are exceedingly improper out of them. Fish out of water, birds in water, land animals in the sky, etc., illustrate this truth. This is still more the case in the mental and moral world. True, some things are improper every where, yet these same things are much more improper in some places than others. For example, tobacco-smoking and spittle are improper every where, yet more improper in the ladies' saloon than on the forward deck; swearing, improper every where, is doubly so in religious meetings; while Old Hundred, proper in the religious meeting, is quite out of place in the gay assembly. Of morals this is even more true. Thus, Combativeness, quite in place in many of the affairs of life, is altogether out of place in the family, where it is like discord in music; for nothing should ever be allowed to mar domestic joys. Acquisitiveness, proper in the counting room, is improper in many other places; and Language, intrinsically right, is quite wrong when it interrupts the public or private speaker in the midst of an eloquent appeal.

This cardinal law of propriety, too obvious to require further elucidation, applies with overwhelming force to aristocracy, in all its forms and degrees, in this country. Supposing—which, however, is not true—that it were right for one man to dominate over, or put himself above, another; supposing that in England it were right for lords to lord it over servants, and the upper classes to subjugate and exalt themselves above the middle and lower classes—such self-exaltation is the height of impropriety and injustice in this country. What is the simple principle of our civil compact? What is the cardinal doctrine of our government? It is EQUALITY. The vote of the poor man goes as far as that of the rich—the ignorant as that of the wise. We are not now discussing the right or wrong of this cardinal principle of our republican compact. Its founders said practically to the old world, "Take your monarchical, aristocratic institutions; we go for the many. Here every man is a man. Titles, prerogatives, etc., we abrogate." And all who consent to live in this country, by obligations the most positive, agree to abide by our institutions and conform to them. Whoever goes to England, therein and thereby obliges himself

to obey English laws, and conform to English institutions; and whoever takes up his abode among us, thereby virtually agrees that he will adopt our laws as the rule of his conduct, and conform to the laws as well as the letter of our institutions. Now, since nothing can more fully actually violate the entire tenor of our institutions than aristocracy; since aristocracy and equality of the many, are so harmonious of birth or wealth, in the simple basis of our governmental compact—therefore, however proper aristocracy may be in England, it is entirely irrelevant in this country, and an institution, ill-bred, and altogether so foreign to our institutions, that it is as much as to say, funeral, or any other polite and gentlemanly branch of property. It is empty, impertinent, insulting, and a perfect outrage to every lover of liberty and equality.

In view of this truth, I put it upon the common decency of our world to inquire, whether they are not bound by every rule of propriety, and by the very fact of their abiding in this country, to be thoroughly democratic in every thing, and aristocratic in nothing. Away with all your aristocratic airs and assumptions. If you live with us, be one of us, and an equal and swifter with any of our acquaintances, or domestics, or domestic usages. You claim to be par excellence, well-bred, and manly, yet so much of good-breeding can equal your practical insult to the working classes by putting yourself above them. Be one of us, or else vacate our premises. While enjoying the hospitality of a friend, how impudent to lord it over that friend. While enjoying our free institutions, how ill-bred, how impertinent, thus to trample under foot that very principle of equality from which these blessings flow. In the name of decency and good sense, you are COMMANDED to do one of two things—abandon our premises, or identify yourself with THE MANY; be democratic, or be out. Ye who love liberty and republicanism, from with just but stern indignation upon every manifestation of aristocracy in church, state, social life, or literary assumption. Keep this land true to its cardinal doctrine—the good of the many, the equality of all!

Not that talents and moral worth should not be rewarded. That punishment is nature's nobleness, and have the inherent right to sway by talent and goodness. Yet no truly great man is ever aristocratic. These proud assumptions are indications of mental weakness and moral depravity, and are therefore doubly contemptible. All good and good men evince their authority by elevating the many, instead of exalting over them; and is there any surer sign of a weak mind, or else a depraved one, than these fashionable, aristocratic assumptions. Raise your voice loudly and manly against these aristocratic airs. Bow down to no rich lordling; tell him in every not, that you are as much a man as he. Tell him you honor the God-made MAN, rather than the man-made prince, and let our country be in fact as it is in name, "the land of the free," and consecrated to equality and liberty.—[Am. Phren. Journal.]

## Slow Poisons.

One of the most admirable contrivances of the human economy, consists in its adapting itself to noxious, injurious conditions. Various violations of the physical laws, which at first occasion severe pain, soon become habitual, so that we cease to recognize even their existence, much less their injurious effects. But we must not hence conclude, that the system has the power of rendering what is constitutionally noxious practically innocuous; only that it bends itself like the tough but limber oak to the force of the storm, instead of standing stiffly against it only to be overthrown thereby.

Take a few examples. Of the importance of air, all are practically and perpetually cognizant. Without it we soon expire; and with but a spare supply of it our powers sink in proportion. This is an invariable law of respiration. Accordingly, if we remain much in a small, over-heated, and close room, with but little change of air, we very soon exhaust the vital energies of that air; and though we may breathe a fair quantity, yet its quality being poor, the system suffers in proportion to the poverty of oxygen in our breath. This at first produces a feeling of suffocation, a panting for fresh air; yet the system soon becomes so habituated to it that we cease to notice the foulness of the air. How many thousand times have we come in from the fresh air to a close, heated room, and felt almost stifled in consequence of the vitiated atmosphere of that room. Yet in a few minutes our systems have adjusted themselves to this vitiated atmosphere, so as not to warn us by a feeling of suffocation, but has led us to suppose that we can live without air, or on poor air just as well as on that which is good.

This train of reasoning had led us also to inquire closely into the comparative utility of large and small rooms, and we have become perfectly satisfied that small rooms, especially when several persons are in them at a time, are perpetual leeches upon the life principle. Like the vampire who steals our blood from us