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WILSON BLAIN, Editor.] Oregon City, (Oregon Territory,) Thursday, December 13, 1849.

POETRY.

From the New York Sun.

"Never say Fail."

When the clouds hang most darkly,
And sick is the heart,
And the spirits are heavy
All despairing and dark;
When the bright smile of Hope
Are no where to be seen,
Seeming all desolation
All wrecked on life's stream;
When despair comes across ye
And doubts must assail,
Rise! Man, throw your nerve
And "Never say Fail."

'Tis Weakness, 'tis Cowardly
To break by the blast
If it bend thee; 'tis well
It will not always last,
Bear nobly against it:
Let it strength not appall;
Straighten up, Man, and face it,
Let it no'er make thee fall
When fear comes across ye,
And wild howls the Gale
Spring forward and Breast it
And "Never say Fail."

JAMES G. COOPER.

April 30, 1849.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Death upon the Ocean.

Upon a recent voyage from Liverpool to New York, I became intimately acquainted with a young man, a fellow passenger who was going on a visit to America. When I first saw him I was struck with his appearance. He was of slender make, with a glorious forehead, and eyes of delicate blue. His hair was light auburn in its color, and his countenance expressed a nobility and frankness that is rarely found. We were introduced, and from some cause became quite intimate. I soon found that we possessed mutual friends in England. He had come from one of the best families of the upper stratum of what is called the middle class of English society. It is not strange that we became intimate, for I loved his native land and he loved mine. Upon the pleasant moonlight nights, we sat upon the quarter-deck, conversing about the land, the homes, and the friends we were leaving—of England's poets and statesmen; or, shifting the scenes to our own New England, or the broad expanse of the West with its everlasting prairies. Often the unwelcome sounds of the midnight bells broke upon us, ere we had finished our conversation, so pleasantly had passed the evening away. He was not long in gaining the friendship of all his fellow cabin passengers.

After we had been out a few days, I missed him one morning from his accustomed place at the breakfast table. I did not see him on the deck during the morning, nor at the dinner table. When I visited his state-room to my surprise I found him lying on his birth quite ill, with the surgeon in attendance. He had experienced in the night a severe attack from a dangerous disease, and was already very much prostrated. He was glad to see me, and seemed to be in good spirits. Tears came into his eyes when I took his hand and he wished a fellow-passenger who was a clergyman, to read a portion of the Scriptures to him. It was the first time I had seen him low-spirited, and it was the last. The clergyman came and read a solemn psalm to him, and his sadness left him—even he was joyful hearted.

The next morning I was shocked to hear the surgeon say that he could not live forty-eight hours. I went to him—Alas! the surgeon was right. The change that had come over him in a single night, was miraculous. His fair brow was covered with a damp as chill as death, and his auburn hair was clotted with moisture. But his pure blue eyes had not altered—they had the same affectionate, half-sad, half-joyous expression that they had always wore, the flush had disappeared from his cheeks, for his anguish had been great during the night. I took his hand in mine but dared not speak for fear of betraying the emotions of my heart.

He said with a calm clear voice, "I am going to die, my friend, but—I am not afraid." A pressure was gone from my spirits at once. He went on—"I have a few things that I wish to give my friends—a few trifles—and if you will call the captain, I will tell you to whom I wish them given."

I called him and he continued calmly: "My gold watch I wish my sister Emma to have, and my silver one—give that to Georgy, my little brother Georgy; and my rifle let it be kept for him until he is old enough to use it. Give to Meggy the the ring on my little finger. To my mother"—

His voice faltered when he came to her, and tears crept down his pallid cheeks. "Ah, she was a good mother! Give back the Bible that she gave me, and tell her that her boy did not fear to die!"

All else he bequeathed to his father, to dispose of as he pleased.

The captain left the room, and the young man continued, looking earnestly in my face, "Write to my mother, when I am dead, and tell her that every body was kind to me, and that I had every attention,' (how tender and thoughtful was this wish of his to save his mother's heart from pain!) "that I did not fear death. Tell Meggy that I love her in death; you should see her, she has such soft meek eyes, and her hair curls so beautifully about her forehead. Poor Meggy! and—and—there is one of whom I have not spoken; Mary ———; I was engaged to her—give my best ring to her, and tell her that I hope to meet her in heaven."

Becoming exhausted, I left him for a short time. When I came back, he said "I wish once more to see the ocean, in whose depths my grave will soon be made; let me gaze on it once more!"

Alas, he was too weak to be raised up on deck—poor fellow! And then he wished a bucket of sea-water brought to him. His eyes were suffused with a smile when he saw it. He put his hand in it, and bathed his forehead saying, I could hardly tell whether sadly or joyously, "soon shall my body be in the dark blue sea." There was something magnificent in that self-baptism of his—his fearlessness was so triumphant over death.

All the day the wind had been increasing in strength, and at night it blew a hurricane. Towards midnight the sea became frightful—the waves dancing over us amid-ship, or striking our side sounding like thunder. Many of the passengers were frightened, nearly all. They were up, and, when the captain came down into the cabin, they gathered about him with anxious eyes and earnest questions. I was up all night with the dying one—some of the time holding him in his berth; a part of the time he lay in my arms. He was perfectly calm, and his fearlessness was a rebuke to those who were pale with fright from the storm. At day break, it had reached its height; at daylight the poor young man said, "I thank you all for your kindness to me—farewell, forever!" and died.

The storm went suddenly down, and the next morning there was a perfect calm and the canvass was idly flapping in the air. The sun shone calmly upon the beautiful sea—the air was balmy, like that of the South; but we were all sad, for we were to see what few of us had ever seen before—a sea burial.

I will not describe the ceremony, for abler pens than mine have done so. I will say nothing of the little band that sadly stood at the lee gang-way, and saw the corpse stretched upon the death-plank; of the horrid plunge of the body into the mysterious ocean—nothing. All that day little parties were clustered together, talking about the poor young man. All of us were sad.

When the evening came on and the full moon shone upon us, with a lustrous purity, I went out upon the quarter-deck, and mused long upon the young man, his English home, and those who dwell there. His mother perhaps was praying at that moment a safe voyage for him—a happy sojourn in the New World, and a happy, oh! how happy return; but the sea was his mother now, poor woman! His dear Meggy, "with her hair curling beautifully about her brow," lay at that moment, perhaps kissing him in her dreams. Dream on, Meggy! too soon will you wake to the stern agonies of life.

Then I thought of the time when every post would be eagerly watched by this home, for they expected a letter from him.

And a letter does come with a foreign post mark, but in a strange hand. The father grows pale as he looks at it; the mother watching his countenance, anxiously asks why he is pale. He hands the letter to her and she covers up her face and shudders. They dare not open it. The brother does, and reads—the letter that I wrote to them. Shivered, in a moment, are all their beautiful hopes, and they weep in anguish—and Meggy! she is out among the flowers, playing; they have not told her! the brother goes to her and says, "come to me, Meggy;" the girl runs to him, and he bursts into tears—he cannot tell what he wishes. He grows stronger and tells her that her brother is dead, and buried in the blue ocean, and will never come back. She asks, sadly, "Will he never, never come back?"

"Never, Meggy,"—and the beautiful child cries as if its heart would break; but the dark ocean will not heed its cries, nor its mother's, but hugs him as a trophy in its embrace.

MISS MITCHELL, THE LADY ASTRONOMER.—We have received, through the kindness of a friend, a pamphlet printed for private circulation, containing a most interesting account prepared by Hon. Edward Everett, late President of Harvard University, respecting the discovery of a comet by Miss Maria Mitchell of Nantucket. From this pamphlet we learn that in the year 1831 a gold medal, of the value of 20 ducats, was founded by the King of Denmark, to be awarded to any person who should first discover a telescopic comet; and also that on the 1st of October, 1841, at 10½ o'clock, P. M. such a comet was discovered by Miss Mitchell nearly vertical above *Polaris*, about five degrees. With characteristic modesty Miss Mitchell declined to allow her father, Hon. Wm. Mitchell, to publish her discovery immediately, remarking: "If it is a new comet, our friends, the Bonds of Cambridge, have seen it." The failure to communicate by the mail following the discovery to the Minister of Denmark the fact of the discovery, technically debarred her from the receipt of the medal, although it was fully admitted by the judges, Prof. Schumacher, at Altona, and Prof. Airy of Greenwich, that the comet was first seen by Miss Mitchell. Mr. Everett first brought the subject before these judges, who were, however, not authorized to set aside the published conditions of the award. He then, by the advice of the excellent Charge d'Affaires for Denmark, and through the agency of our Minister at Copenhagen, and the Danish Minister of Foreign Affairs, appealed to the King of Denmark, who directed that the medal should be conferred upon our learned countrywoman, who is said to be the first lady in the world who was ever thus honored. Miss Mitchell's abilities as an observer have for some years been recognized and used in one of the public works of our country. By way of showing this lady's priority in the discovery, we may mention the fact that on the 3d of October the same comet was first seen at Rome by Father de Vico; on the 7th of October in England by W. R. Dawes; and on the 11th of October at Hamburg by Madame Rumker, the wife of the Director of the Observatory in that city.

Lewis Kossuth.

"Vox populi, vox dei!"

Who is the man whose heart does not beat for Kossuth?—Born in a State suffering for an unimaginable time past under the most impenetrable veil that Absolutism ever cast upon its victims, educated in a school, whose chairs were occupied by the pious brothers—*the Jesuits!* and left by the death of his father in his earliest days to his own energy and activity, he elevated himself to the Presidency of his nation—to be the political Goliath of his country. Superhuman capabilities distinguished his moral as well as his political character, and to posterity only, to history and not to our pen, it may be given to fully comprehend, and draw the picture of this extraordinary man. We mention here a striking word, used by Metternich a short time since in London on the question of a high-placed statesman: "But what is really great about this Kossuth?"—on which he pathetically replied: "Kossuth is a problem!"

Yes! he is a problem given from Providence and to be solved by Death, never by the slavish servants of stupid tyrants, never by the machiave machinations of Russian sattellites.

High he stands like the Cedar of the Lebanon, radiant like the sun on the vaults of Heaven, all enlightening, all illuminating, all animating on the Point Pannonia, the heaven of freedom of Europe.

Of a noble, manly stature, mild features, of a true heart, but from an imprisonment of two years of a somewhat languishing constitution, Kossuth is one of the most beautiful creations of nature, an ornament of the human race, wonders as often as words escape his lips.

But the most terrifying forms part of Kossuth's prophetical genius. Thus, in May last year, on the beginning of the war with Austria, he foresaw the actual war with Russia, and in a speech at the house of the States, he pronounced amongst others the following words:—"The entry of the Austrian army in Hungary will be her funeral." And a little farther: "Hungary will not perish, but if she perish, then Austria will join her fall." It was Kossuth himself, who placed the then little known young Gorgey on the field of battle of Schwechat, at the head of the representatives and declared himself responsible for his action and valor.

Kossuth often declared in June 1848 the possibility of raising a Hungarian army as it now exists (200,000); and reliable facts are at hand to prove that Kossuth possessed exact statistical data, though Metternich contrived to smuggle in for the most part false ones about the state of Austria. Whilst he was minister of the finances (April, May and June 1848,) Austria was twice, as every body knows near bankruptcy.

Kossuth unites to scientific knowledge a high diplomatic talent, and besides his native language, we often heard him converse in German, French and Italian.

Exemplary modesty crowns his virtuous character. Whilst speaking in the first sitting of the Assembly of States at Debreezin, and making an allusion to the imperial ornaments (the crown, sceptre, the Imperial globe and other insignia of Holy Stephen) lying at his side, the shouting people wished him to cover himself with these insignia. And we take advantage of this opportunity to communicate facts to our readers which could not penetrate the well-guarded barrier formed by the Austrian Police:

That Kossuth is neither President of Hungary, nor Hungary a Republic. In the document of the Declaration of Independence which we possess in the original language, it is said: That Hungary declares herself independent of the Austrian State, without deciding for the present her future form of government, and that this question is to be transferred to the next Assembly!

L. Kossuth is entrusted unanimously from the assembled representatives of the nation with the Presidency of the Committee of Regency, and is invested provisionally with the governorship of Hungary.

Kossuth has consequently never aspired to be the President of a Hungarian republic.

How the dice, with which at present the game of nations is played, may fall, Kossuth has rendered himself immortal, and whether the country may be ruled with the iron knout, the golden sceptre, or with the magic wand of equity, in the hearts of our free-born and freedom-loving posterity will raise an ideal monument bearing the holy inscription:

Freedom! Justice!! Kossuth!!!

☞ The following eloquent address to the nations of Europe forms part of a proclamation recently issued by Gen. Kossuth:

"The armies of the Hungarian nation have already fought out their quarrel with Austria. The liberated country needed only to be made to flourish. But the House of Hapsburg Lorraine had once more petitioned the Russian despot for aid, and he broke into Hungary at the head of 120,000 Russian troops; through Cronstadt, Lemberg, and Vienna, he broke into our country—the country of the martyrs of liberty.

"We do not throw down our arms. We will fight the armies of the allied tyrants of Europe. God is just; his power is almighty; he hallows the battle field for the weak, and the strength of the mighty and wicked is broken.

"But we would speak a loud and solemn warning to the constitutional governments and the nations of Europe:

"Ye governments! ye are the official guardians of the liberty and the legitimate interests not only of your own countries, but of all Europe. A tremendous responsibility rests upon you. The punishment of every crime you allow to be committed against liberty and the rights of man will come home to you and the lands ye govern.

"Wake up, oh ye people! at the approach of this enormous danger. The tyrants' armies are banded together to tread under foot, and to silence every free word. They have begun in Germany, in Italy, and in this our land of Hungary!

"Thou haughty English nation! Hast thou forgotten that thou hast decreed the principle of non-intervention, that thou now suffersest an intervention directed against constitutional liberty, but thou lendest aid to the banner of tyranny by suffering this coalition of tyrants. The proud pennon of the British must is threatened with disgrace. God will withdraw the blessing he has lent it, if it proves untrue to the cause to which it owes its fame.

"Awake, oh people of Europe! On Hungarian ground the battle for the freedom of Europe is fighting. With this country the free world will loose a powerful member. In the nation a true and heroic champion will perish. For we shall fight until we spill the last drop of our blood, that our country may either become a chosen sanctuary of freedom, consecrated with our blood, or shall form a damning monument to all eternity in token of the manner in which tyrants can league to destroy free people and free nations, and of the shameful manner in which free countries abandon one another!

Pesth, 3d July.

(Signed)
L. KOSSUTH, Gover[illegible]
B. SZEMERE, Pre[illegible] of the Council.

The Hungarian Generals.

Under this head, the correspondent of the Newark Advertiser, writing from Frankfort, Germany, July 21, gives the following sketch of one of Hungary's best Generals:—

Joseph Bem. If Kossuth is the master spirit of the Hungarian struggle, he is at least aided by men worthy to stand by his side. The veteran Dembinski, the young but prudent Gorgey, and the indefatigable Bem, besides a host of others, are all worthy of their great leader, and of the noble cause in which they are engaged.—Among all the Hungarian heroes, no one occupies a more prominent place than General Joseph Bem. No one has displayed more untiring energy from the beginning of the war, and no one has thus far had more brilliant success. At the very outset, with a band of only eight or ten thousand men, he became complete master of entire Transylvania, a country nearly as large as Hungary itself, plucking it from the hands of a triple enemy, internal insurrection, the Austrians and Russians. The Saxons, Valtachians and Tzechos of Transylvania have become under the rule of Bem, friends instead of enemies of the Hungarians. He has since been acting against Jellachich in the south, with what success is evident from the little progress of the latter; and at present he is said to be at Chegedin with Kossuth and government, commander of the forces, which are prepared to make the last stand for the liberties of Hungary.

The earlier experience of Bem eminently fitted him for the position he took on embracing the Hungarian cause. Educated at the French military school of Warsaw under Pelletier, from which he entered the French army, under Marshall Davoust; subsequently, (from 1815 till 1826,) in the re-organized Polish army under the Grand-Duke Constantine of Russia, which after much suffering, arising from his opposition Prussian oppression, and many fruitless attempts to get his discharge, he finally succeeded in quitting; an enthusiastic participant in the Polish insurrection of 1830, in which from being an inferior artillery officer, he became through his bravery and address in several battles, general and commander of the whole artillery; finally, commander of artillery during the October revolution of Vienna the past year—where he displayed his usual brilliant qualities, but was unsuccessful against the overwhelming Austrian forces, and the disunion and want of proper system in the city;—such had been the school of Bem, one certainly of misfortune, but one which, by making him acquainted with the military and political systems of Austria and Russia, as also by teaching him to support reverses, and to hope for nothing from Austrian or Russian mercy, well prepared him for the mortal struggle of a free people against these powers.

Bem was born in 1795 at Tarnaw in Gallicia, of a noble family, which had formerly been one of the most distinguished of Poland, but then reduced, his father being an attorney. He was first sent to the University of Cracow, but as he evinced a military disposition, and as his father had removed to Warsaw, where there was a good military school, then under the French General Pelletier, he was withdrawn from the University in 1809, and placed here. After going through the regular course of study, he was admitted into the French army, and at the beginning of the campaign of 1812 against Russia, was Lieutenant of mounted Artillery, first under Marshall Davoust and then under Macdonald, who, after the unfortunate issue of the expedition to Moscow, threw himself into the fortress of Dantzig. Here young Bem, shared the fortune of the besieged French fifteen months, when, on the capitulation and surrender of the place, he was sent with the other Poles who were there, to Poland, the Russians not observing one condition of the surrender, which was to allow the Poles free passage to France.

Arrived at Warsaw, he remained at his father's house until the re-organization of the Polish army in 1815 under the Grand Duke of Constantine, when he entered the Russian service. But Russian despotism, as exercised over his annihilated country, was little congenial to a spirit naturally free, and that in the service of Napoleon had been able to breathe at least some degree of liberty. In the course of two or three years he was several times brought before military tribunals and suspended from service. The efforts he made to get his discharge, and permission to leave the country, were unsuccessful; but when in 1818 he seemed determined to wait no longer, he was held back by being promoted to the rank of Captain, and appointed in connection Professor in the Warsaw Military Academy, where he himself had been educated.—But he was no more satisfied after this than before, nor was he more successful in avoiding conflicts with the Russian despotism.

The Grand Duke of Constantine was a man of a most arbitrary and tyrannical disposition, and would not tolerate the least appearance of freedom in the expression of political opinions. From 1820 till 1826, Bem was three times arrested, and twice condemned to prison, once being thrown two months into a dark, wet dungeon, where he became seriously ill. On being restored, after leaving the place of confinement, he was sent to a small town at a distance from the capital, and placed under police inspection.

On the death of the Emperor Alexander in 1826, and the accession of Nicholas, he succeeded in getting his discharge, and went to reside at Lemberg in Gallicia.—Here he employed his time chiefly studying mathematics and mechanics, on which subject he published some works, particularly one on the steam engine.

In 1830, when the cry of independence was raised in poland, Bem was one of the first to hasten to the field of contest. His labratory at Lemberg was changed for the military camp of Warsaw. As Major and commander of a battery of artillery, he took part in the battle at Iganie, where 2000 Poles defeated 10,000 Russians, the battery of Bem, of 16 guns, silencing that of the enemy of 40. Here he was made Colonel on the field of battle. At the battles of Grochow, Wawer, and Dembe, he equally distinguished himself. At the bloody affair of Ostrolenka, in which the Poles were obliged to fall back before a superior enemy, Bem covered the rear of the retreating army, bringing the Russians to a stand at the bridge of the Narew, which they attempted to cross. After this he was appointed to the command of the whole Polish artillery, with the rank of General.

But the attempt of the Poles for their liberty failed, partly from treachery among themselves, partly from the want of decision and energy in their leading generals, and partly from the false encouragement of foreign powers. In the defence of Warsaw, the most important part was conducted by Bem; but the character of the dispositions made, and the possibility of holding out, were not

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