

# OREGON SPECTATOR.

Chas. A. Shaw  
No. 527

Vol. 4.

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way,"

WILSON BLAIN, Editor.

Oregon City, (Oregon Territory,) Thursday, December 27, 1849.

(GEO. B. COOPER, Printer.)

## POETRY.

### An Irishman's Farewell.

The following lines were written by a plain, but warm-hearted, son of Erin, and given to a gentleman now in Oregon. The poetry is somewhat like *Keats*, but the sentiments are worthy of the wisdom of a sage, and the piety of a true Christian.—(KATRO).

Advice, when sought, we often despise;  
Not so with the man who aims to grow wise.  
He takes it in friendship, and knows in the end,  
If it chance to prove weak, it came from a friend.  
I disdain to flatter, but still I rejoice,  
That the paths of true wisdom are made your choice.

Go on then, and prosper in the fear of the Lord,  
And see you are guided by his holy word.  
For the scriptures of truth your compass should be,  
Whatever you journey by land, or by sea.  
The man who neglects them appears unto me,  
Like a rudderless ship in the midst of the sea.  
Without rudder, or compass his course is gale,  
He floats on at random before wind and tale.  
In your dealings with men be candid and true;  
With those who can teach you be sure to be true.  
And trust not the man that will promise to free,  
For I never as yet found such constant to me.  
So never deal loosely, but make it your plan,  
In every transaction to be sure if you can.  
(And if in affairs of the world it is wise to be sure,  
The still more so where things will forever endure.)  
If you wish to be saved from the errors of youth,  
Let your actions be guided by justice and truth;  
Nor dabble, then, by it you seek to gain,  
For at last you will lose, and that loss will bring pain.

Ne'er take the advantage where weakness you find;  
To the child of affliction be constantly kind;  
For in reading the scriptures you'll easily perceive,  
That he who shows mercy will mercy receive.  
And now, my dear friend, I will bid you adieu,  
May the blessing of heaven continue with you.  
Your absence I'm sure I'll have cause to lament,  
But believe me forever your friend, HENRY STACY.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### Importance of the Panama Railroad.

"The Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea are, commercially speaking, possessed of more advantages and resources than any other part of the ocean in the wide world.

Bays and harbors are commercially important in proportion to the back country by which they are supported. River basins are important in proportion to their extent, the diversity of climate and the variety of productions which they afford.

The extent of the river basins that are drained into this gulf and sea, is greater than all the valleys of all the rivers that empty into the Mediterranean, from Europe, Africa and Asia, that empty into the Atlantic Ocean from Europe, and that empty into the Indian Ocean from Asia. There the mouths of these rivers are more than 20,000 miles in distance, and six months in time under canvas apart. Here they are within a few days sail, with only 2,000 miles of distance between them. There the river basins are all in one hemisphere, and their climates are confined to 45 degrees of latitude, and they have but one harvest in a year. Here they are in both hemispheres, the harvest is perpetual, and the climates embrace 70 degrees of latitude, which include all the producing latitudes of the earth. There to exchange and bring back the products of latitude 15 degrees N. with 50 degrees N., requires a voyage at sea of more than a year. Here it is done in a few days. This sea is the natural outlet for the produce of river basins, reaching from 50 degrees N. to 20 degrees S. This sea is midway between two semi-continent—North America is on one side, South America on the other. Open the way across the isthmus, and you make this sea and gulf the centre of the world, by placing them midway also between Europe and Asia, England and China."

### Extent of the Union.

The Cincinnati Atlas says, that from the easternmost town in the United States—Eastport, Maine, via the St. Lawrence, Buffalo, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, to Astoria, in Oregon, the distance by the travelled route is four thousand five hundred and seventeen miles. From the Madawaska in Maine, by the Atlantic route, via New York, Washington, New Orleans and Galveston, to the mouth of the Rio Grande, two thousand nine hundred and twenty-three miles. From New York to the head of Lake Superior, via Detroit and Mackinac, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six miles; thence down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico is one thousand eight hundred and twenty-four miles.

### The Overruling Hand of Providence.

In his address to a company of miners emigrating to California, Rev. E. N. Kirk, of Boston, thus strikingly illustrates the Divine superintendence in reference to the disclosure of the gold on the Pacific coast.

"A British merchant discovered it more than a century ago, and was carrying, for a specimen, a box of gold dust to England by way of China. This box was lost in some way with Chinamen. Had he carried it to England, the whole condition of the world might have been prematurely

changed. Had Great Britain found a gold mine of such value on this continent, we may readily believe the whole current of political events would have been totally changed by it. But God, who works by small instruments as well as by great, did not suffer that box to reach England, and induce her to plant a strong colony on the great western outlet of North America. He reserved it for this age and this people."

### The Emigration from Ireland.

It is a growing expectation in Ireland that we are now about to witness one of the most momentous operations of society—the removal of a people en masse to a distant shore. The half million who have got off with no very great stir in the course of two years, are but an advanced guard to the main body that follows. It must, indeed, be the most furious impulse or direct necessity, that can urge men at this season of the year, to cast themselves on the deep, to brave the wide Atlantic, to be thrown on they know not what headland or shoal, in the storms and fogs which least the wished-for shore, and, at the best, to land in a country still ribbed with ice and buried in snow. Yet we are told of ten emigrant vessels taking refuge the other day in the Cove of Cork, of crowds waiting at other ports for the chance of a passage, and of multitudes expelled from their holdings, and now lodging in towns with no other hope upon earth than one to put their feet on the shore of the New World. We believe it to be even as it is described. The failure of the staple crop, the burden of maintaining the victims of famine, the impossibility of paying rates upon small holdings, and the inevitable objection to pay them upon holdings of any size, constitute an excellent force the like of which was never seen. Pauperism, in all its bearings, is depopulating the island. They who are paupers, and they who loathe the thought of contributing their hard earnings to be squandered upon paupers are equally out of heart, and resolved to go elsewhere. When the mind is resolved, the means only are wanting.—(London Times, Jan. 9th.)

### Father Ventura's Letter.

It is with fearful and bleeding heart that I now address you. Even as I write the French are bombarding Rome, destroying its monuments, and raking its people with grapeshot; blood flows freely on every side, ruins are heaped upon ruins, and God only knows the issue of this lamentable conflict. Some fear that if the French enter Rome by assault, the people will be led in their rage to murder the priests and recalcitrants. In such case, what a glorious victory would the French obtain! What a fine restoration of Papal Sovereignty would she effect! History teaches us that, in general, restorations effected by force are not durable, and that thrones raised upon dead bodies and blood are fated to be overturned by yet more violent convulsions. Of all the expedients for the restoration of the Pope discussed at Gaeta, they have chosen the most deplorable.

But what most distresses the heart of every Catholic, is this restoration, supposing it to be effected, without firmly establishing the power of the Prince, will wound and perhaps destroy the authority of the Pontiff. The cannon now working destruction in the walls of Rome is as steadily destroying the Catholic faith in the hearts of the Romans. I have already told you what fearful impression the "Confetti di Pio Nono mandati a noi fratelli" have produced upon the Roman people; what hatred they have excited against the priests. But all this is nothing to the rage which the sight of French bombs has awakened against the church—even against the Catholic religion. As most of the bombs have fallen in the suburbs, ruining the houses and wounding the families of the poor people, it is particularly those of the suburbs, that portion of the Roman people formerly the most devotedly Catholic, who now curse the Pope and the clergy, in whose name they see these horrors committed.

I am far from believing that Pius IX. wishes these things, or that he even knows of them. I know that he is kept in such a state of isolation, that the truth in these matters cannot reach him; everything is perverted before he receives it. I know that the poor Pope, surrounded by wicked or imbecile men, sentenced, as it were, to the depths of a citadel, is well nigh a prisoner, and very little master of himself. I know that they take advantage of the feebleness of his character, of the tenderness of his conscience, of his state of nervous excitement, which subjects him to whatever influence or impressions his courtiers please.

But what I know and believe, the Roman people do not know nor believe. The people know nor believe only what they see and suffer. They see that the Austrians, with a prelate of the Pope, Mons. Benini, in the midst of them, ravage the Legations, bombard cities, levy enormous contributions upon the most peaceable citizens, exile and shoot the most ardent patriots, and re-establish everywhere clerical tyranny. They see that the Pope has launched against the Roman State, as against some wild beast, four great powers, armed with all the means of destruction; and they will listen to nothing; they rise against the Pope and the church in that very name, and in defence of those very

interests by which the Pope declares it his duty to reconquer forcibly his temporal power. Mr. Harcourt in a letter dated Gaeta, writes, "Reason and charity are banished alike from Rome and Gaeta." In those few words we have the history of the last seven months. The excesses of Rome, which no one pretends to justify, although to a certain degree necessary in times of revolution, have been surpassed by the excesses of Gaeta. Not a word of peace, of reason, of pardon. Not a promise to maintain public liberty, such as we had a right to expect from a Pope, and especially from the mouth of Pius IX., has come forth from that rampart of absolutism, that reflexion of folly and wickedness, combined to smother the sacredness of liberty and love in the anathema heart of Pius IX.

I have just read the last address of the Pope to the Cardinals. What impudence! what folly to have put into the mouth of the Holy Father, pompous eulogies of Austria and the King of Naples; the greatest enemies of the independence of Italy, whose very name horrifies every Italian! What impudence to have made the Pope say that he himself appealed to the powers to reinstate him on the throne which he himself abandoned! It was to say of himself that he was a man of peace, and that he would not wage against Great Britain and Austria, the oppressors of Italy. Even the women raise this reproach against him; and now in witnessing the effects of this savage war of your powers against one little state, in seeing their husbands and children killed and wounded, you cannot conceive the rage of the women, the violent sentiments to which they give way, the cries of fury they vent upon the Pope, Cardinals and Priests *en masse*. From this you may well conclude that the people have injured the churches. They will neither confess, nor communicate, nor assist at the mass, nor hear the word of God. One cannot now preach at Rome for want of hearers. No one wishes anything at the hands of a priest, or anything priestly.

To me Pius IX. is still and ever the Vicar of Jesus Christ; the head of the visible church; the master, the teacher, the infallible interpreter of the rule of faith and practice. The weakness, the faults even of the man, cannot make us forget in him the high prerogatives of the Pontiff. But can the people comprehend this? Can the people rise, and aided by these theological distinctions? Alas! To the minds of the people the crimes and cruelties of the priest; the faults of the king are the faults of the Pope; the infamies of politics, the effects of the doctrines of religion.

My friends endeavor to conceal from me what is said and done in this deplorable scene at Rome. They would spare me the grief which such things must necessarily cause me. But in spite of their care, I learn that the whole youth of Rome, and all men of intelligence reason thus: "The Pope means to reign over us by force. He claims for the church, that is for the priests, the sovereignty which belongs only to the people, and he believes, he says indeed, that it is his duty to act thus, because we are Catholics, and because Rome is the centre of Catholicism. Very well—what is to hinder us from becoming Protestant if necessary, and then what political right can he have over us? For is it not horrible to think of, that because we are Catholics, and sons of the Church, we must be mastered by the Church, abjure our rights, receive from the liberality of the priests as a concession, what is due in justice, and be condemned to the lot of the most miserable of people?"

I find these sentiments have become more common than is generally supposed; they have penetrated even into the hearts of the women. Thus twenty years of apostolic labor which I have endured, to attach the Roman people to the church, are sacrificed in a few days! Behold what I have foreseen and predicted in all my letters, come to pass! And even beyond my worst forebodings! Protestantism is, in fact, now planted among a portion of this good and religious Roman people; and horrible to tell, this has been brought about by the priests themselves, by the miserable politics into which they have led the Pope. Ah! my dear friend! the idea of a bishop who rains grape-shot upon his disciples—of a shepherd who cuts the throat of his sheep—of a father who devotes his children to death—of a Pope who means to reign, to impose himself upon 3,000,000 of Christians by force—who means to establish his throne upon ruins, corpses, and blood! This idea, I say, is so strange, so contrary to the letter and spirit of the gospel, that there is no conscience which does not revolt at it—no faith which can bear up against it—no heart which does not groan at its not being which is not moved by it in cursing, ay, even to blasphemy! Ah! better, a thousand times better, have lost the temporal power, the whole world if necessary, than to have given such a scandal to his people!

Oh, if Pius IX. had been left to himself—had he only been able to act according to the dictates of his own heart! In the first place, he never would have left Rome; if driven to that, he would never have quitted the Roman State. He would

have gone to Bologna or to Ancona, or Civita Vecchia, where he would have been received as a messenger of heaven. There he would never have rejected the deputations sent by the city of Rome; thence he would never have launched the excommunication which has driven from the *Confessio* all men of timorous conscience—all his friends. Counseled to provoke the armed interference of the powers, he would have answered: "What is indifference in a Prince, is scandalous for a Pope. It shall never be said that Pius IX. made war upon his own people. I will never consent that any one shed for me a drop of the blood of my children." Exile, a thousand times exile, and for life even, rather than appeal to the laymen and cannon, rather than subjecting my people to me, do I prefer of their love, and respect them from the church and religion." Oh, if Pius IX. had but held this language! Had he but thus addressed himself to the Roman people, they would have risen *en masse*—they would have sought out the Pontiff—they would have brought him back in triumph—they would have been happy to live under such a Prince. It was the surest, the most effective means of creating and establishing reaction. But this appeal to the powers and the bayonet, instead of producing reaction, have entailed, disgraced, annihilated it. Even those who were formerly for the Pope, now deem it just and honorable to answer war with war. They have repudiated Pius IX. as King, and begin now to renounce him as Pontiff.

It is probable that Rome will fall under this attack of the French. How resist France? It is possible that the Pope may enter Rome bearing a sword instead of the cross, preceded by soldiers, as if Rome were Mecca, and the Gospel, the Koran. But he will never reign again over the hearts of the Romans. In this respect his reign is destroyed, finished forever. He will be Pope but to a small number of the faithful. The immense majority will remain in fact, Protestants. They will practice no more the Roman Catholic religion, so great will be their hatred of the priesthood. Our preaching will be of no effect. It will be impossible for us to cause the Catholic Church to be loved, or even tolerated by a people who will have been taught to hate and despise it in a chief dependent upon them by force, and in a clergy dependent upon this chief. It will be impossible for us to persuade them that the Catholic religion is the mother, the instructor, the guardian of the liberty of the people and the guarantee of their happiness. Those best arguments, those most in vogue to-day, those which are alone relied by the people, the arguments of facts, by means of which for two years we made religion triumph over the most rebellious minds, and the hardest hearts; those arguments are now forever taken from us. Our ministry will become sterile, and we shall be hooted and despised where we are not pursued and massacred. The French in this fratricidal war, have left upon history one of those bloody pages which humanity and religion must expiate through long ages.

The sweetest sent by Pius IX. to his children—a motto written upon the cannon balls of the French, which were bore about the city, in procession.

From the Correspondence of the Tribune.  
Rome, July 6, 1849.

I'll mistake not, I closed my last letter just as the news arrived here that the attempt of the Democratic party in France to resist the infamous proceedings of the Government had failed, and thus Rome, as far as human calculation went, had not a hope for her liberties left. An inland city cannot long sustain a siege when there is no hope of aid. Then followed the news of the surrender of Ancona, and Rome found herself quite alone—for, though Venice continued to hold out, all communication was cut off.

The Republican troops, almost to a man left Ancona, but a long march separated them from Rome. The extreme heat of these days was far more fatal to the Romans than their assaults, for, as fast as the French troops sickened, their place was taken by fresh arrivals. Ours also not only sustained the exhausting service by day, but were harassed at night by attacks, feigned or real. There commonly began about 11 or 12 o'clock at night, just when all who meant to rest were fairly asleep. I can imagine the harassing effect upon the troops, from what I felt in my sheltered pavilion, in consequence of not knowing a quiet night's sleep for a month.

The bombardment became constantly more serious. The house where I live was filled as early as the 20th with persons obliged to fly from the Piazza *de Gesù*, where the fiery rain fell thickest. The night of the 21st—22d, we were all alarmed about 2 o'clock A. M. by a tremendous cannonade. It was the moment when the breach was finally made by which the French entered.—They rushed in, and I grieve to say, that by the only instance of defection known in the course of the siege, those companies of the regiment *Union*, which had in charge a *casino* at that point, yielded to panic and abandoned it. The French immediately entered and entrenched themselves. That was the fatal hour for the city. Every day afterward, though obstinately resisted, they gained

till at last, their cannon being well placed, the city was entirely commanded from the Janiculum, and thought of further resistance was idle.

This was true policy to avoid the street fight, in which the Italian, an unpracticed soldier, but full of feeling and sustained from the houses, would have been no match for their disciplined troops. After the 23d, the slaughter of the Romans became every day more fearful. Their defenses were knocked down by the cannon of the French, and entirely exposed in their valorous onsets, great numbers perished on the spot. Those who were brought into the hospitals were generally grievously wounded, very commonly subject for amputation. My heart bled daily more and more at these sights, and I could not feel much for myself, though now the balls and bomb began to fall round me truly. The night of the 25th the effect was also fearful, as they whizzed and burst near me. As many as 30 fell upon or near the *Hot de Russie*, where Mr. Cass has his temporary abode. The roof of the studio in the pavilion, tenanted by Mr. Steiner, well known to the visitors of Rome, for his highly-finished cabinet pictures, was torn to pieces. I sat alone in my much-exposed apartment thinking "if one strikes me, I only hope it will kill me at once, and that God will transport my soul to some sphere where Virtue and Love are not tyrannized over by egotism and brute force, as in this." However, that night passed; the next, we had reason to expect a still more fiery salute to the *Janiculum*, as here alone remained three or four pieces of cannon which could be used. But the morning of the 30th, in a contest at the foot of the Janiculum, the line, old Papal troops, naturally not in earnest like the free corps, refused to fight against odds so terrible, the heroic Marzani fell, with hundreds of his devoted Lombards. Garibaldi saw his best officers perish, and himself went in the afternoon to say to the Assembly that further resistance was unavailing.

The Assembly sent to Oudinot, but he refused any conditions, refused even to guarantee a safe departure to Garibaldi, his brave foe. Notwithstanding, a great number of men left the other regiments to follow their leader, whose courage had captivated them and whose habit of superiority to difficulties commanded their entire confidence. Toward the evening of Monday, 3d July, it was known that the French were preparing to cross the river and take possession of all the city. I went into the Corso with some friends; it was filled with citizens and military, the carriage was stopped by the crowd near the Doria palace; the banners of Garibaldi, galloped along in full career, I longed for Sir Walter Scott to be on earth again, and see them; all are light athletic, resolute figures, many of the forms of the finest manly beauty of the South, all sparkling with its genius and ennobled by the resolute spirit, ready to dare, to do, to die. We followed them to the piazza of St. John Lateran. Never have I seen a sight so beautiful, so romantic and so sad. Whoever knew Rome knows the peculiar solemn grandeur of that piazza, scene of the first triumph of Rienzi, the magnificence of the "mother of all churches," the Baptistery with its prophetic columns, the Santa Scala with its glittering mosaics of the early ages, the obelisk standing fairest of any of those most imposing monuments of Rome, the view through the gates of the Campagna, on that side so richly strewn with ruins. The sun was setting, the crescent moon rising, the fower of the Italian youth were marshaling in that solemn place. They had been driven from every other spot where they had offered their hearts as bulwarks of Italian independence in this last strong hold they had sacrificed hecatombs of their best and bravest in that cause; they must now go to remain prisoners and slaves. Where go they knew not, for except distant Hungary there is not now a spot which would receive them, or where they can set as honor commands. They had all put on the beautiful dress of the Garibaldi legion, the tunic of bright red cloth, the Greek cap, or else round hat with Puritan plume, their long hair was blown back from resolute faces; all looked full of courage; they had counted the cost before they entered upon this perilous struggle; they had weighed life and all its material advantages against Liberty, and made their election; they turned not back, nor flinched at this bitter crisis. I saw the wounded, all that could go, laden upon their baggage cars, some were already pale and fainting still they wished to go. I saw many youths, born in rich inheritance, carrying in a handkerchief all their worldly goods; the women were ready, their eyes too were resolved, if sad. The wife of Garibaldi followed him on horseback, he himself was distinguished by the white bourn; his look was entirely that of a hero of the middle ages, his face still young, for the excitements of his life, though so many, have all been youthful, and there is no fatigue upon his brow or cheek. Fall or stand, one sees in him a man engaged in the career for which he is adapted by nature. He went upon the parapet and looked upon the road with a spy-glass, and, no obstruction being in sight, he turned his face for a moment back upon Rome, then led the way through the gate. He had the heart, stony and scoured the

eye that had no tear for the cause. (O! fated, gallant band, had it not indeed for men as for the most of ye go forth to perish. And I knew the Niobe! Must she lose all beautiful and brave that produced her generation and would have given life for the perfidy, the overbearing of the foreign intervention.

I know that many "respectable" gentlemen would be surprised to hear in this way. Gentlemen who solve handsome clothes and with the interest of their money (Garibaldi and his men as "ragabonds." Such are they, in the same sense as "respectable" means were. To me none who are slightly acquainted with the joys of education, or the value of a decent honor, in whatever form it is "Respectable." No doubt that there are in these lands a number of men of liberal minds, and who follow this banner because there is for them no other. But the greater part are the nobles who have fled from the Austrian domination, or fly now from French protection. As for the protectors, they are thrown aside the mask, as it was supposed they would the moment of the possession of Rome.

I do not know whether they were so bewildered by their connection, or imagine they would be well received in a city which they had bombarded, and whose twelve hundred men were lying wounded by their assault. To say nothing of the justice or injustice of the cause, it could not be supposed that the Roman people, if they had any sense of dignity, would welcome them. However, I was not certain what influence I have I would not give on such an occasion; but an English lady, my friend to dine here, was kind enough to specify for the strong party of friends they had always pretended to have within the walls. The French officers looked out of the windows for ladies, and she being the only one they saw, saluted her. She did not reply. They then passed her by. Many were assembled, the women being unable to control a crowd. Milanese would have distinguished, serving an icy silence. In an oval, a foolish priest dared to break it by the cry of *Viva Pio Nono*. The population, incited to fury, rushed on him with their knives. He was much wounded; one or two others were killed in the rush. The people howled, then, and blood of the French, who, advancing their bayonets, and clearing the way before them, fortified themselves in the piazzas. Next day the French troops were marched to and through Rome to inspire awe into the people, but it has only created a disgust amounting to loathing, to see that such an imposing force, and in great part fresh, the French were not ashamed to use bombs also, and kill women and children in their beds. Oudinot, then, seeing the feeling of the people, and finding they pursued as a spy any man who so much as showed the way to his soldiers—that the Italians went out of the cafes if Frenchmen entered; in short that the people regarded him and his followers in the same light as the Austrians, has declared the state of siege in Rome—the Press is stifled—everybody is to be in the house at 9 P. M. and, whoever in any way insults his men, or puts any obstacle in their way, is to be shot.

The fruits of all this will be the same as elsewhere; temporary repression will sow the seeds of perpetual resistance; and never was Rome in so fair a way to be educated for the Republican form of Government as now.

Especially could nothing be more irritating for an Italian population, in the month of July, than to drive them to their homes at half-past nine. After the insupportable heat of the day, their only enjoyment and refreshment is found in evening walks, and chats together as they sit before their cafes' or in groups outside some friendly door. Now they must hurry home when the drum beats at 9 o'clock. They are forbidden to stand or sit in groups, and this by their bombarding protection. Comment is unnecessary.

French soldiers are daily mistaking some it is known that they have been killed by the *Trastevere* for the purpose to make court to their women.—A man then a hundred and fifty, it is only known that they cannot be found; and in the days of French "order" more than a hundred have been committed than in two months under the *Triumph*.

The French have taken up their quarters in the court-yards of the Quirinal and Venetian Palaces, which are full of the wounded, many of whom have been driven well nigh mad, and their burning wounds exacerbated by the sound of their drums and trumpets—the constant noise of their insulting presence. The wounded have been warned to leave the Quirinal at the end of eight days, though there are many who cannot be moved from bed to bed without causing them great anguish and pain, nor is it known that any other place has been provided as a hospital for them. At the palace of Venice the French have searched for three emigrants who wished to imprison, even in the presence where the wounded were lying; they took their bayonets into the mattress; they have taken for themselves beds given by