

# OREGON SPECTATOR.

D. J. SCHNEELY, EDITOR.

Westward the Star of Empire takes its way.

Vol. 5.

Oregon City, (O. T.) Thursday, January 30, 1851.

## For the Spectator. Memorandum.

Among the many incidents growing out of the war with Mexico, which remain indelibly impressed upon my memory, is one which occurred at the time of my leaving that country, early in 1848.

Edward P. was a member of the company in which I served, and having at the time I am about to speak of, while laboring under a severe illness, received his discharge on the score of disability for further service, was about returning to his home in Ohio, after some five years absence. He was at this time just twenty-one years of age, and possessed an agreeably freedom of manner, joined to a hand; some person; with that ineffable sweet smile in the expression of his hazel eye, which catches at once the whole attention, and seems to be a beam from some happier and holier sphere. He had participated in nearly all the battles in Mexico, with his health undiminished by the sore privations incident to our army, until after the fall of Chapultepec and occupation of the capital, when he fell into a decline so rapid as to baffie all medical aid, and was sent to Vera Cruz, there to receive that discharge which he fondly hoped was to prove a passport to restore him to his friends.

We were close together in the General Hospital at Vera Cruz, and in our frequent conversations he spoke much to me of his parents, and of one gentle sister whom he loved dearer than all. He wore a small golden locket containing her miniature likeness, with a lock of her hair, and upon this he would gaze for hours. Home was in all his thoughts.

We were discharged together and went on board the vessel which was to carry us to New Orleans. He was all gaiety—all life; though weak and feeble, yet a flush was on his cheek that boded rapid improvement. It was when we were on the point of sailing that he penned and handed me the following:

### FAREWELL TO MEXICO.

Fare thee well! at length I leave thee—yet  
Thy olive stream and sunny skies  
I can't forget without regret,  
With not a tear in mine eyes.  
I leave thy mountains topped with snow,  
Thy temples with their marble domes,  
Where kneels the maid whose whisper low,  
In hushed supplication heaven-ward goes.  
No more my footsteps o'er thee roam—  
A voice superior calls me home.

I've wandered o'er thy dreary fields,  
And gazed at beauty's stream;  
I've owned thy power which Beauty yields  
In daylight thoughts, in midnight dream:  
Yes! I have loved an Aster maid—  
Her listening ear has heard my sigh—  
And ah! I could have ever said  
To gaze into those dark, dark eyes—  
But that my own parental doom  
Holds forth its arms to lure me home.

I've seen thy choicest warriors fall,  
Pierced by the red deadly aim,  
And mourned thy millions held in thrall  
By hands who court ignominious fame;  
I've seen the comrade at my side  
Amid the notes of victory, die!  
And laughed—yes, laughed in my pride,  
To see thy blood-bathed battalions fly:  
But, blood enough! I cross the foam,  
To greet once more my own dear home!

Farewell! I leave thee not alone—  
The stars and stripes still proudly deck  
Thy towers of massive stone,  
Thy lofty towers, Chamizales!  
I leave thee, each fond thought representing  
All bright and sunny on this art:  
To seek a parent's blessing—  
To glad some more a sister's heart!  
A thousand kisses sweetly come  
To waft me to my much-loved home!

He had, in truth, while we lay at Jalapa, become somewhat enamored of a fair *serenita*, though not so much so as to involve his heart irrevocably.

On our second day out from Vera Cruz we experienced a violent "Norther," and in spite of my entreaties he insisted upon remaining on deck during the day and part of the night. On the morning following he could not leave his berth, and was indeed entirely changed for the worse. He pressed my hand in his own, and in a mournful and falling voice said, "I ought to have taken your advice—I shall never reach home—take this locket to Emma—tell her I thought to see her once again, and tried to reach Ohio—tell Father my last thoughts were of home!" I looked in his face as he concluded, and saw that he was indeed dying. That spark so wont to illumine his eyes, was gone, and had given place to a dull, unambitious stare—the light which had flashed forth so brightly when embarking, in the hopes of a speedy re-union with those he loved, had sunk in the socket forever! He never spoke again, and died in my arms before reaching the Balize.

Astoria, O. T., January 6, 1851.

The Indiana constitutional convention now in session, has rejected a proposition to abolish all distinction of color, as inexpedient.

It has been lately discovered by a French chemist, that the flesh of animals which are killed in the latter part of the night will keep much longer without salting than it will when killed in the day time.

The number of dogs in the United States is computed at three and a half millions. The expense of keeping is equal to that of twenty millions of sheep or two millions of cows.

## Our Climate.

We have put our head out of the window, says the *Alta California*, and taken a sweep at the horizon, have looked at the moon and the halo around her, occasionally for the last week or two, and tried to feel prepared for the impending rains. It requires some self-restraint to become willing to yield the glorious weather which we have enjoyed uninterruptedly since the summer's western gales ceased, and were succeeded by the most agreeable climate which we have ever experienced in this place. It has been mild and dry, the thermometer varying but a few degrees generally, only once having descended as low as fifty degrees. We doubt if there be a place on its continent where so little variation of temperature is experienced. Never extremely warm, never very cold.

The sea coast of California can never be afflicted with very cold weather. During the warm months almost every day, as certainly as the sun rises, so certainly rises the westerly breeze. It extends inland some twenty or thirty or even a hundred miles, depending upon the formation of the country for the distance it travels. Some times it is felt several hundred miles in the interior, and generally modifies the heat. But over the arid sands in the southern and eastern portions of the State, it often sweeps like the breath from an oven, almost irrespirable and stifling. The sands and stones become heated to a great degree, and through the night keep the air full of caloric, sometimes to such a degree that, without exertion, profuse perspiration will flow from every pore of the body, even at midnight.

This is not the case, however, in any of the inhabited parts. As a general thing, the climate of California is one of a moderate summer in point of temperature.—There is no such thing as winter weather on the coast. Among the mountains, it is different. There, even in the warmest season, the nights become, of course, quite cold before morning, in consequence of the rapid radiation and want of clouds.

The uniformity of temperature through the valleys, from the foot hills to the ocean, is very favorable to cultivation.—It is dry, and consequently wheat especially, and also other grains, are exempt from those visitations which often mar all the farmers' hopes, rust and mildew. From their sowing, to the time for the sickle, they enjoy a perfect impunity.

A gentleman in the vicinity of Los Angeles informed us, during the past summer, that the only danger to the wheat lay in the hot breath that sometimes finds its way down from the sand deserts on the route to Salt Lake and stretching away to the Colorado river. These sometimes come with a perfectly desolating touch, and in a half hour ruin not only the grain that may be in a susceptible condition, but also and especially the young fruit, apple peaches and pears. Sometimes, after fifteen minutes of this wind, the young peaches have fallen from the twig as if their fountain of life had been entirely dried. Fortunately these visitations are seldom and are confined mostly to such portions as are in proximity to the passes leading between the mountains from the sand deserts to the inhabited parts.

We know of no other objection to the climate of this country. It is admirable for health. That there are portions liable to be sickly, is undeniable. The same may be said of any country in the world, not exempting Italy. And especially are new countries likely to be so, more especially when, as with us, a new population enters in destitute and too frequently in very unhealthy condition. Nevertheless, we might challenge the world to show us another spot where so much exposure has been followed with so little loss of life.—What any one of many thousands of our inhabitants has endured of exposure and deprivations, would, if experienced in the States east of the Rocky Mountains, have been sufficient to have destroyed a thousand lives. Yet here, so healthy in itself is the climate, that houses and the usual comforts of home seem almost worthless and not necessary to the preservation of health, except during the rainy season.

### For the Spectator.

Mr. Editor—The following method of making cheese may be worth trying. If you think so, you can publish it for the benefit of your readers:

Potato Cheese.—In Thuringia and part of Saxony, a kind of potato-cheese, made in the following manner, is generally preferred to that of milk:

Boil good mealy potatoes; and when cold, peel and reduce them to an uniform pulp with a rasp or mortar. To five lbs. add a pint of sour milk and the requisite portion of salt; knead the whole well, cover it, and let it remain three or four days according to the season; then knead it, and place the cheese in small baskets, that the superfluous moisture may run off; then dry them in the shade, and place them in layers in large pots or kegs for a fortnight. The flavor is improved by age. This cheese has the advantage of never engendering worms, and of keeping in a good state for many years in a dry place and in well-covered vessels. The addition of potato-pulp would no doubt, render the butter-why cheese, used in many parts of this country, more easy of digestion.

## Improvement in Nevada.

The days of gambling are over in California. Not absolutely, and in the smaller grocers express to but in the spirit and recklessness which has been such a prominent characteristic of this kind of business in this country. After the discovery of the gold deposits and the rapid and abundant returns they gave for the labor bestowed in the placers, the reckless portion of the community—and that embraced a large portion of it—seemed struck almost mad and wild with the idea of having in possession thousands of dollars in golden dust or lumps—they had previously scarcely dreamed of seeing so much, far less of owning it.

The country was now filled with "hard men" and "bad boys," and naturally followed bad amusements and bad counsels. The glass became the genius of inspiration, the monte, the faro and the dice, the Trinity of man's worship, debauch and profanity, evil tempers and wicked passions were given the rein, and general recklessness and moral chaos took command and control of the land. Men sat down to the shuffled and cheating cards, with bags and purses well filled with the precious metal, and got up from their seats or tumbled beneath them, without possessing a dollar; or they won perhaps fifty thousand dollars at a sitting only to lose it, and all they had besides at some future venture.

After a little another class of men began coming into the country. The first of which we have spoken were, with some most honorable exceptions, reckless, unprincipled and desperate; men to whom wholesome law and quiet public opinion were a burden and a bond repugnant to their hot heads or cold hearts. Some had stung themselves loose among the wild savages, some with the reckless rover on the borders of civilization had roamed as will, their law their rifles on their shoulders, their court the bowie-knives and pistols in their belts. Others, in the rickety morals and politics of Spanish-American society had sought refuge in recklessness. Some had given loose to indolence in the unbridled license of the Pacific isles.—Others had graduated from a legal servitude in penal colonies and communities. Here the cry of gold and a fanatical impetuosity in evil brought them.

With a perfect abandon passions and appetites were let loose and fanned in whatever gratification was desired and could be procured. Health, wealth, time, life, were all risked as nothing worth, and all squandered. The poor who had suddenly and almost without effort become rich, quite as easily and readily became poor. Harpies were ready to fleece the weak and unsuspecting. Waxed and packed cards, loaded dice, in addition to the unequal chances of games, were generally sufficient to bring down shortly the suddenly made "swelled heads" to the size and configuration of exceedingly small potato hoppers. Men sat down to the games rich, proud, haughty and reckless; they rose up poor devils in head, heart, purse and character, often without as much wealth as would buy a pistol, powder and lead, which they often borrowed, with which to end the fifth act of their great farce.

Those who loved the smell of human blood, spilled it, acquired the name of desperate men, and went unwhipped of justice. Others were as unable to bear good fortune, and dissipations of different kinds brought them to the razor's edge d'etat across the jugular or a fate still worse.

But things have altered. As we have said, a better class of persons have come like a flood into the country. Better morals have gradually gained strength and popularity. Even the exhaustion of the enormously rich gold deposits, has in this respect been a blessing to the country, since as the average of returns for toil have decreased, that fact has produced an average increase of common sense, thrift, economy, and decency of conduct. Gambling has especially fallen off in consequence, so much so indeed, that scarcely the faint chirp of a pale quater is now heard, like a hungry sparrow at sea, where once the golden eagles clamored as incessantly in an eternal chink, as if the eaglets of the Alleghanies had been gathered into one populous eyrie. It is getting quiet now. The mania has passed. Last year there was a law against gambling on Sunday. But the law was in advance of public opinion. Gambling went on. Gamblers could afford to pay the fine. It is not so now. If there is gambling on Sunday now, it is out of the public gaze. One after one the gambling shops are being shut up. Beautifully less are the crowds growing, which hang about the games like blue flies about stinking meat. The gentlemen who sit behind the tables find their leisure time for reflection and studying new tricks with the "deck," increasing rather disagreeably. Mammon's revels that used to last all night with spirit and furor, by midnight now find only a few cadaverous wretches looking on or betting a last real, in hopes of winning another with which to purchase a "night cap." May gambling put on an eternal night cap soon!—[*Alta California*].

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## Origin of the Name of the States.

Maine was so called as early as 1600, from the name of France, of which Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, was at that time plenipotentiary.

New Hampshire was the name given to the territory covered by the Plymouth company to Capt. John Mason, by patent, Nov. 7, 1620, with reference to the patentee, who was Governor of Portsmouth in Hampshire, England.

Vermont was so called by the inhabitants in their declaration of independence, January 16, 1777, from the French word, of most, mountain.

Connecticut derived its name from the Indian name of the tribe, which was the same as that of the hills of Illinois. "I have learned," says Roger Williams, "that the Massachusetts were so called from the Blue Hills."

Rhode Island was so called in 1644, in reference to the Island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean.

Connecticut was so called from the Indian name of its principal river.

New York, (originally called New Netherlands), was so called in reference to the Duke of York and Albany, to whom this territory was granted.

New Jersey, (originally called New Sweden), was so named in 1664, in compliment to Sir George Carteret, one of its original proprietors, who had defeated the Island of Jersey, against the Long Parliament, during the civil war of England.

Pennsylvania was so called in 1681, after William Penn, the founder of Philadelphia.

Delaware was so called in 1703, from Delaware Bay, on which it lies, and which received its name from Lord De La War, who died in this Bay.

Maryland was so called in honor of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I. in his patent to Lord Baltimore, June 30, 1632.

Virginia was so called in 1584, after Elizabeth, the virgin Queen of England.

Carolina (North and South) was so called in 1664, by the French in honor of Charles IX. of France.

Georgia was so called in 1732, in honor of George II.

Alabama was so called in 1817, from its principal river.

Mississippi was so called in 1790, from its western boundary. Mississippi is said to denote the whole river; that is the river formed by the union of many.

Louisiana was so called in honor of Louis XVI. of France.

Tennessee was so called in 1796, from its principal river. The word Tennessee is said to signify a curved spoon.

Kentucky was so called in 1782, from its principal river.

Illinois was so called in 1809, from its principal river. The word is said to signify the river of men.

Indiana was so called in 1802, from the American Indians.

Ohio was so called in 1802, from its southern boundary.

Missouri was so called in 1821, from its principal river.

Michigan was so called in 1830, from the lake on its borders.

Arkansas was so called in 1819, from its principal river.

Florida was so called by Juan Ponce De Leon, in 1562, because it was discovered on Easter Sunday; in Spanish, Pascua Florida.

Texas was so called by the Spaniards in 1800, who that year drove out a colony of French, who had established themselves at Matagorda; and made their first permanent settlement.

Wisconsin was so named in 1836, from the river of the same name, when a territorial government was formed.

Iowa was so called in 1838, after a tribe of Indians of the same name, and a separate territorial government formed.

United States Atlantic.

ROMANIC.—Charles P. Clinton, sentenced to the Ohio penitentiary for seven years, for burglary, ironed hand and foot, was married in Cincinnati the day after his sentence, to Rachel Ann Jones. The unhappy pair were allowed a day to pass their honeymoon, previous to taking a trip to Columbus.

A little girl visiting Niagara with her father, and seeing the foam at the foot of the falls, exclaimed, "Pa, how much soap it must take to make so many suds!"

The best cure for hard times is to cheat the doctor, by being temperate—the lawyer by keeping out of debt—the demagogue by voting for honest men—and poverty by being industrious.

The public lands given by the present session of Congress to various contemplated improvements reach the enormous sum of thirty-eight million five hundred thousand acres!

## The wrong Jug.

"I have never told you as you about the time when the boys made such a terrible mistake in the jug, has I, boys?" asked old Uncle Billy Landon of a crowd who had gathered around him during court week, in the town of Wetumpky, and always "had a crowd" when he was in town.

"No, let us hear it, Uncle Billy," said a dozen voices.

"Well, just heard that our sports over here a while, first. This time week or so ago, I was out for a while, man of good nature, and I went without looking at the jug."

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