

# OREGON SPECTATOR.

D. J. SCHNEEBLY, EDITOR.

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way."

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No. 23.

## POETRY.

### The Mined Miner.

For the Spectator.  
 BY THOMAS J. SCHNEEBLY.

"Twas midnight, and he stood alone  
 On San Francisco's shore, forsaken;  
 No kindly glance on him was thrown—  
 No parting glass with him was taken.

He stood alone on that dark shore,  
 Where all his hopes had once been centered;  
 And as he viewed his fortune o'er,  
 Despair's cold steel his bosom entered.

He thought of home—of all so dear,  
 Far, far across the Atlantic's billow;  
 Of her whose burning, anxious tear,  
 Watered for him that night her pillow.

Of children dear, who with delight  
 Would daily for his footsteps listen,  
 And who would praise his fortune bright,  
 And how their Father's gold would glisten.

"Was it for this," he wildly cried,  
 "I left ye all with many yearnings,  
 To seek the treasure long desired,  
 Then lost it to the gambler's cautions?"

"Was it for this in this cold heat  
 I looked for each succeeding morn,  
 And deemed fatigues supremely sweet,  
 In hopes at last to draw your sorrow?"

"But no! fond hopes and trusting wife—  
 Thought to despair my folly's sold me—  
 Ye shall not know my bosom's strife—  
 Ye never shall again behold me!"

He knelt awhile, as if to pray,  
 Then his sad soul from earth should sever,  
 Then plunged into the cold, cold bay,  
 And downed his deep despair forever.

The morning came—and on the sands  
 They gathered many a hardy ranger,  
 With sunburnt face and tanned worn hands,  
 But none, alas! none knew the stranger!

Astoria, Jan. 22, 1851.

### A Theme for Thirty Days.

For the Spectator.  
 BY THE EDITOR.

"Stranger! truly thy life was saved by Heaven's aid!"

I heard the dangers, but my life would have paid  
 The forfeit of heaven had not both shielded  
 In those wild waves my canoe would have yielded  
 Its precious load to death so dangerously near!

Yet a power unseen protected and alone I know  
 Myself in no doubt my dear yet a little while?  
 Myself the busy moments in pleasure will beguile  
 Make this your home, then art welcome to our cot,  
 And I will seek thy home to tell thy unhappy lot!"

As the soft gray mist arose and day appeared  
 Florella with a lightsome step to Lorenzo's home  
 She passed along the flowery path, then up the  
 marshy steps,  
 And soon was ushered in through many a golden  
 depth:

Then opening a palace door to view the unhappy  
 man!

In deep and heartfelt anguish, desiring a later plan!  
 "Fair girl! cried he, knowest thou night of a  
 lovely boy,  
 Lorenzo! my only child, the darling of his father's  
 joy!"

He left his home but yestern a fairy dream  
 awakening

Now for him alone my heart is well nigh breaking  
 DAY THE EIGHTEENTH.

Then with her enchanting voice Florella told  
 true.

The accident! the rescue! fearless courage too!  
 "I tell my home this morn with the daylight glare,  
 To tell you of your child and remove your mind  
 from care;

Though safe, he is too feeble to return to palace  
 home!

While in solitude among the forests I roam,  
 "Sweet innocence, you shall share this palace  
 place.

As a playmate for Lorenzo—his families wild erase  
 Teach him not to hunt from home so far away,  
 Both can amuse at reading, or sometimes e'en at  
 play.

TREATMENT OF SCARLET FEVER.—Important Prescription.—We notice a letter to the Boston Medical and Chirurgial Journal, strongly recommending the mode of treatment of scarlet fever resorted to by Dr. Schneebly, physician to the King of Hanover. It is as follows, and exceedingly simple:

"From the first day of the illness, and as soon as we are certain of its nature, the patient must be rubbed, morning and evening, over the whole body, with a piece of bacon, in such a manner that, with the exception of the head, a covering of fat is everywhere applied. In order to make this rubbing-in somewhat easier, it is best to take a piece of bacon the size of the hand, choosing a part still armed with the rind, that we may have a firm grasp. On the soft side of this piece, slits are to be made, in order to allow the oozing out of the fat. The rubbing must be thoroughly performed, and not too quickly, in order that the skin may be regularly saturated with the fat. The beneficial results of the application are soon obvious; with a rapidity bordering on magic, all, even the most painful symptoms of the disease are allayed; quiet sleep, good humor, appetite returned, and there remains only the impatience to quit the sick room.

### Thoughts on Music.

For the Spectator.  
 BY THE EDITOR.

GENTLE READER! Did you ever listen to the strains of far-off music, stealing gently upon your senses like the southern breeze of Heaven, and making your heart to repose not often laboring dreary scenes of earth? Did you ever listen to baby whispers, and feelinging sweetly down into the very recesses of your soul? You? Then you have a very faint idea of the music of the Summers. How many a sweet melody over her at the piano, as sweet tones of her voice, notes of art, felt my soul, and the tear coursed down my cheek! How many a morn'g afternoons have I lingered and drank in the sweet music, until my every nerve seemed to vibrate with a bliss so heavenly, as if by other feeling save unworthiness I was in love!

Dear, gentle, sweet reader, never deal that seems to be unaccounted for by such tokens of love. I will tell you of a gentleman for whom I labored in Deptford, Mass. some years. I was speaking of the injustice done by capitalists in this very country, where there was plenty of land, plenty of facilities for making all men really free, and making this ground a Republic of Freemen; but he said you do not understand our beautiful institutions; you are not acquainted with them, or else you would say that they are really what they appear to be. I said—"I am a plain unsophisticated, practical man, and I will tell you one thing that I do know. I know that I work for you in the longest day in summer, from the earliest period to the latest; and I know that if you choose, at any moment you can turn me away; and I know that the effect of your turning me away is to starve my wife and children; and I know that is a power that no man under heaven ought to have, least of all in a Republic. What boots it to me whether I work under the Autocrat of Russia, or the nondescript Government of China, or the monarchical or oligarchical Government of Great Britain, or in the Republic of America? What is it to me! You are Emperor, Senate, Congress; you have the power of life and death over me, which is a power which never ought to be wielded but by Omnipotence."

Astoria, January 23, 1851.

### For the Oregon Spectator.

MR. EDITOR—I notice in your last paper that I have lost a dollar, that is, according to your decision. I do not wish to squabble about such things, as betting on any game of chance is not allowed by law. But I would like to have a fair shake, as the odds were so much in my favor in this case; but wonders never will end I suppose—but to the point. Had a wager that my signature would do nothing this winter; you say they have passed an act to establish the county seat of Polk county, also an act legalizing the judicial proceedings of Polk county, &c., and an act for some person to keep a ferry &c. So you see over the hill goes my dollar. "If I thought there was no gouging going on I would double the bet and try it over."

I also notice in your paper—"Information Wanted."—whoever has any to spare fork over. Allow me, Mr. Editor, to inform you that I would like to have a good lot of garden seeds from Washington, franked by our Delegate, also a Farming Mill and Threshing Machine, and some other small articles, not however of large value as the ex-editor of the Spectator collected from there and other places.

The proprietor of Pacific city informs me that the number of inhabitants of that place is about 75, some however, he says, are Indians. The last I knew of the tribe there were about 69.

It is whispered about town that the Whitewash candidate men are in the majority; the minority should feel proud.

All of our papers I believe have prophesied that this Legislature would do something for the country, and give us a good code of laws, but it won't do. The stripe is too much like the last year back. Some of them, however, can do and would do if they were allowed, but they Myrd down on the immortal whitewashing resolutions, and so they must be reconciled to their fate. Mr. Editor, it strikes me that when men get up such a set of resolves and pass them, as Mr. Wayne's whitewash resolutions, we must not look for much. Human nature is what it is, and if we get a good code of laws this year the luck must change—such is our misfortune. But if in the end I have spent my opinion wrong, or done an injustice, I will, through your paper, make an apology. The Legislature of last year done as well as they could, they changed the way of voting, and the names of a few counties, and disfranchised those who elected them, and disfranchised sine dead. The laws they made is a perfect hurrah nest, and the judges sent here to administer them suppose we are joking. I hope none of the members will take this as personal or quizzical, as I only mean it for truth.

I am sorry to inform you that another cloud is gathering about the Callapooch

river—should it burst I fear the American eagle will be dashed against a rock among the Callapooch and Willamette, and small the

deal that seems to be unaccounted for by such tokens of love. I will tell you of a gentleman for whom I labored in Deptford, Mass. some years. I was speaking of the injustice done by capitalists in this very country, where there was plenty of land, plenty of facilities for making all men really free, and making this ground a Republic of Freemen; but he said you do not understand our beautiful institutions; you are not acquainted with them, or else you would say that they are really what they appear to be. I said—"I am a plain unsophisticated, practical man, and I will tell you one thing that I do know. I know that I work for you in the longest day in summer, from the earliest period to the latest; and I know that if you choose, at any moment you can turn me away; and I know that the effect of your turning me away is to starve my wife and children; and I know that is a power that no man under heaven ought to have, least of all in a Republic. What boots it to me whether I work under the Autocrat of Russia, or the nondescript Government of China, or the monarchical or oligarchical Government of Great Britain, or in the Republic of America? What is it to me! You are Emperor, Senate, Congress; you have the power of life and death over me, which is a power which never ought to be wielded but by Omnipotence."

VALUABLE INVENTION.—The following extract from the letter of a New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Enquirer, will be read with interest by all who are engaged in the production of sugar:

I saw a machine to-day, which, if I am not mistaken, is destined to create a revolution in the preparation of sugar. In my presence, some two hundred weight of sugar, of the driest character imaginable, and as black as soot, was placed in it, and in six minutes by my watch it came out white, dry, and perfectly clean and sweet. Knowing nothing of mechanics, I cannot give you a good description of it. All that I can say is, that the sugar is put in a hollow cylinder lined with wire cloth, which revolves at the rate of about three hundred times a minute, and after making about fifteen hundred revolutions, the sugar is found to be clean and dry. Centrifugal motion cleans it. The machine was first applied to drying clothes, but it is admirably suited to clarifying oil, rectifying sugar, and a thousand other useful purposes.

On crossing the river yesterday, by the Covington ferry boat, we met a man from Burlington, Ky., who lost a slave about two weeks ago. When the boat landed on this side, the first person he saw was his slave, who was about to cross the river, on his way home. He told his master he had enough in the way of freedom, during the time he had been here, and he was now willing to go home.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.

There are thousands like this negro, who would gladly return to their masters if the abolitionists of the North would permit them.

GEN. FOOTE IN MISSISSIPPI.—The House of Representatives of Mississippi, by a vote of fifty to thirty-seven, have condemned the conduct of Gen. Foote on the compromise measures. The Senate from all appearances, will be very likely to follow their example. In other respects, the proceedings of both houses have a strong smell of salt-peter and secession. What is to be the end of all this is difficult to solution. It may be dissolution; but we still incline to the hope that it will explode in gass and smoke. We shall wait, with great anxiety, the final result.—N. Y. Herald.

TO MAKE HENS LAY.—The South Carolina says that a neighbor states that hog's lard is the best thing that he can find to mix with the dough he gives to his hens. He says that one out of this fat as large as a walnut, will set a hen to laying immediately after she has broken up from setting, and that by feeding them with the fat occasionally, his hens continue laying through the whole winter.

"All is well that ends well."

### Meetings Without Courtship.

ROMANCES WITHOUT FICTON.

Strange are the ways of Providence, singular are the doings of man, especially in these latter days of man's progress. The gigantic strides of science, leveling its track prejudices and ignorance, and its ancient goods uncouth, has proclaimed a wisdom to combat the extent of the sun. Nothing new, if there is nothing new, will appear before us, but a very coat of arms, the very foundation were placed in the world of God, the day wisdom while law binds the and marriage, in all present the same phase but the successful issue of negotiation we are about to chronicle, possesses a species of romance altogether out of the ordinary manner of every-day life, having gleaned the facts from authentic and reliable sources.

About three years ago, the Rev. R. S. M'Clay, of Concord, Franklin county, Pa., (and late of Gettysburg), received a call from the Board of Foreign Missions connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church to visit China and preach the Gospel to the benighted Celestials of the central flowery land. M'Clay was young, ardent, and enthusiastic, and most willingly embraced the high and holy duty assigned him. In due time he arrived in China, and was stationed at Pau Chau, some seven hundred miles in the interior from Hong Kong.—There he studied the native language, and commenced his labors of love among the Celestials, with the most flattering success. Still there was something wanting—a void in the heart to be filled—he sighed for that best solace to man, either in wed or in woe—a wife. How to get one, was an intricate question to solve. There were so American ladies there from whom he could make choice; and as for a Chinese wife, the laws of the land forbid it, neither did his inclination desire it. What then was to be done? A fertile imagination can accomplish wonders; a firm determination can surmount difficulties that would "overtop old Pelion." He wrote to the Board of Missions on the subject; he wrote to his friends, he might perhaps say poetic—strains of his lonely condition for the want of one on whom he could bestow his affections, and who would be the partner of his joys and sorrows through life, and ended by asking that the Board send him a young lady who would be willing to become his wife agreeably to his directions, which he sent in the form of a blank declaration to be filled up by the lady accepting the proposition.

This was a novel proposition; but the Board was of opinion that the claim was a just one, and proceeded with due diligence to search for the desired object; and strange to say, success crowned their efforts.

Some time previous to the receipt of Mr. M'Clay's letter, a young lady, Miss Henrietta Sperry, of Brooklyn, N. Y., made application to the Board to be sent as a Missionary to China, but was refused on account of being unmarried. To her the application of Mr. M'Clay was shown; and she at once filled up the application, and a correspondence ensued, which ended in her leaving New York, in company with a number of Missionaries on the 12th of March last, in the ship Tartar, for Hong Kong, where she will be met by Mr. M'Clay, and the nuptial ceremony will be solemnized.

The lady's personal attractions have been described to us by one who had the pleasure of seeing her previous to taking sail on her mission of love. She is described as being beautiful and fascinating in appearance, and possessed of that charm of loveliness which should adorn every female character—a well cultivated mind, stored with the richest gifts of knowledge from the fountain of education, and a moral refinement which will bear with it the jewel of a bright inheritance beyond the confines of time.

She is now on the dark blue sea, where "the hollow oak" her home must be for at least half a year. Who so dead to all feeling as not to admire such heroism? a young and lovely girl, forsaking home, friends, and all the dearest ties of earth to travel thousands of miles over the stormy billows, to dwell perhaps forever among heathens, for the double purpose of affording consolation to a servant of God, and aid in spreading the light among those who walk in darkness, is at once a moral and sublime undertaking, requiring a degree of devotedness and firmness that will compare favorably with the self-denial of the Spartan women of old. Heaven send propitious gales to waft the Tartar to her destination. Who can doubt but that a Union formed under such circumstances must be a happy one?—[Blair County (Pa.) Whig.

The Springfield (Ill.) Journal confirms the report of the appointment of Simon Francis, Esq., editor of that paper, to be Indian Agent in Oregon, in place of Dr. A. G. Henry, declined. Mr. Francis, it is understood, accepts the appointment.

### Is the Union Safe?

We had hoped that this vexed question had received its quietus; but we see the fanatics of the North denouncing in unmeasured terms the "fugitive slave law," and the ultraists of the South condemning all the compromises, and giving vent to extreme feeling, in which disunion is the sumum bonum of their expressions.

The following remarks from the *Shenandoah (Ill.) Advocate* are sensible and written in the right spirit:

"We see, with deep regret and mortification, that the slavery question is not yet settled. The fanatics of the North are constantly holding meetings denunciatory of the fugitive slave bill, and southern Hot-spurs are as active in holding what are termed 'southern' rights meetings."—Hence we conclude that the slavery question is not yet settled.

The North seems to have forgotten that northern men first introduced slaves into the country; that the curse of slavery was entailed upon the South, and not chosen by her; and that since the North has rid herself of the curse, her fanatics have been constantly annoying her on the subject, and, in many instances, have absolutely taken the property of her citizens forcibly and lawlessly. As might naturally be expected, the existence of these facts has irritated and heated the warm blood of the generous South; and now, to add the climax to their political infamy, we find northern men, disposed to disregard the laws passed by the last Congress, after ten months of serious debate. This is not right—it is enough to drive southern freemen to desperation. It is enough (if any thing be sufficient) to cause southern men to desire secession from a Union which to them is little else than a despotism. The South has a right to insist upon the observance of the compromise of the constitution; and if northern men continue to disregard those compromises, and make laws one day and violate them the next, the South cannot be rationally blamed for vindicating her citizens in the enjoyment of all her constitutional rights.

Our forefathers asserted, in the Declaration of Independence, that when a government became destructive of the end for which it was established, the people had an inalienable right to alter or abolish that government. They acted upon that principle throughout the struggle for independence, and it is too late now for us to gainsay its correctness. What, then, follows, as a natural, rational deduction? Simply this: that the South, or any State of the South, has a right to secede from the Union, if the South, or any particular State of the South, think that the action of the federal government is antagonistic to the ends of Justice, or different in its operation from the original objects contemplated by the framers of the Constitution. This view of the subject leads us to conclude that there is no just power in the federal government to prevent any State from seceding from the Union. And indeed, if such power was granted to any department of the federal government, we should be opposed to its exercise; for we hold that a union of these States is desirable only so long as we are peaceably united. We should regret as deeply as any man in the nation the dismemberment of our glorious Union; but we should regret even more deeply, if possible, the exercise of a power that would force a State to remain a member of the republic against her will. The States are, and should always be, like a band of sisters living under the same paternal roof; each sister should be willing to perform her part of the housewifery; one sister should not impose upon any other. If northern men would abstain from interfering with southern interests, the States of this Union could move on in harmony to a common and national greatness; but if they continue to disregard the constitution and laws of the country, we have many and serious fears for the result.

May the time speedily come when we shall hear nothing more of sectional lines—no more of "the North and the South."

The following article, from the *Indiana State Journal*, also is conceived in a highly commendable spirit:

We understand that Mr. Julian is addressing the people of his district on the subject of the fugitive slave law. He is said to be much exercised in spirit, and is terribly severe on Mr. Fillmore and his cabinet. He spoke at Newcastle on Thursday evening, addressed the great abolition meeting at Centerville on Saturday, and will address his friends at Liberty in Union county, on Saturday next. The free-soil paper at Centerville, speaking of the Union meeting, says: "We hope the people of all parties will turn out. The crisis demands agitation." Here is a frank open avowal. Agitation is to be kept up against a law before its practical operation is tested—agitation on the subject of slavery in all its bearings. For what purpose? Not for the purpose of eradicating the evils of the institution, but to keep the public mind in a state of tumult and excitement for their own selfish purposes. When South Carolina attempted to resist the tariff law, these very men cried out, 'Treason!' 'Let them be hung as high as Haman.' Now they are doing what they condemned in their neighbors. The odious system of

### protection oppressed the whole people of that erratic and convulsive State. They then determined to resist. If it was treason to nullify a law of doubtful constitutionality, what is it to resist by armed violence a law strictly constitutional? If one was treason, what name do you give to the other? The accompanying article shows that even in Ohio the people are beginning to think there is some meaning in those southern movements. Speaking of a late meeting in Mississippi, the *Ohio State Journal* says: "Now, what are we to think of all this? Is this feeling of indifference or hostility to the Union real? or is it feigned for the purpose of humbugging the North? Our deliberate impression is, that in many parts of the South this hostile feeling is real, and it is a stern, substantial thing, and that it is increasing there. We are by no means prepared to say that the leaders of the movement have this hostile feeling, or really desire the consummation of the event. There are no doubt men there, as there are everywhere, who have mounted this thing as a hobby, who are using this excitement for sinister purposes, and who really intend to stop somewhere this side of open treason against the government." "But it is utterly idle to say that the great mass of the people are playing at this game of deception. All our experience, and the experience of other men and times, fully convince us that such a thing as a voluntary, open chest of this kind among the great masses would be unprecedented, and indeed impossible. The people may be deceived; they are often deceived—led astray—sometimes do very foolish things, for which they are duly sorry and repentant, when they see what they have been about. But they never do act as the mass of the people, both North and South, now act, without feeling that they are wronged, and that they are called upon to manifest their sentiments about it." "What, then, is to be the end of this excitement? Will it cool off within a few days? Will men thus warmed, and whose excitement is kept alive and increased by means of the public press and public meetings, and the eloquent speeches of those who lead public opinion—will these men finally acquiesce in the settlement which has been made, and which they now so fiercely denounce? Will they agree to give up all right to New Mexico, and Utah, and California, as slave territory? Will they finally submit to the practical application of the so called and (as we would by them) infringe provisions to our late and vast acquisitions from Mexico? Will they submit to the settled hostility of a large majority of the northern people to the institution of slavery? This feeling, this excitement, now exists. It is palpable. It is worse than idle to shut our eyes to it. The feeling is on the increase; and condemn as much as we may these men, say as often and as loud as we will that they have no just and proper cause for this feeling, yet the palpable fact that it is there cannot be overlooked by the philosophical statesman; and when it is seen and admitted, true wisdom requires us to look at it calmly, and see if there is any remedy, or whether this disease is destined to be fatal, and to wreck the hopes and visions of the patriots that labored so long and so wisely to make us one people and to shape for us one destiny." THE FIRST GUN.—The Telegraph announces the re-election of E. C. Cabell to represent the state of Florida in the next Congress. Mr. Cabell is a Whig; he voted for the compromise measures, and, returning home after the election, announced himself for the 'Union as it is.' His Democratic opponent, Major Beard, took the other tack: he was for the dissolution of the Union, and canvassed the State upon this as one of the grounds upon which he claimed success. The people have spoken, and they have declared their attachment to the Union, and their want of confidence in the one who would destroy it.—[St. Louis Republican. A WINDFALL.—We understand that documentary facts have reached here, which insure Mr. Wm. Curtis, of this city, the prospective possession of the sixth of \$41,000,000, or about seven million for his own especial use—a sum that may be safely set down as "comfortable." Mr. Curtis is a plasterer, and well known in this city as an honest, unassuming and industrious man, and a windfall of this kind could not have fallen on a worthier object. He comes by it through his wife, formerly a Miss Addis, who is connected with a family of large estates in England, and one of the six heirs thereto.—[Cin. Com. THIMBLE RIGGERS.—This class of petty thieves are carrying on extensive operations on Long Wharf. Last Friday, we saw a poor fellow, whom we cannot help but pity for his veridancy, bet his gold watch and chain against a hundred dollars, that he would raise the cup under which the little joker laid. The stakes were deposited in the hands of a "copper in," and the better lifted the middle cap, and sure enough there was nothing under it. The loser wept long and loudly at parting with so valuable a piece of property, while the rigger coolly pushed the watch and looked out for another victim.—[Pacific News.