

OREGON SPECTATOR.

D. J. SCHNEELY, EDITOR.

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way."

17.

Vol. 5.

Oregon City, (O. T.), Thursday, May 22, 1851.

THE OREGON SPECTATOR:

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

DEVOTED TO THE MORAL, SOCIAL AND LITERARY INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE OF OREGON.

Robert Moore, Proprietor.

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From the New England Galaxy.
Human Life; or the First and Last Minutes.

MINUTES PASS.—The anxious husband paces across his study. He is a father; a man child has been born unto him. Minutes pass. The child has been blessed with a parent whom it cannot recognize; and pressed to that bosom to which instinct alone guides it to sustenance—the young wife, too, has faintly answered to the husband's questions, and felt his warm kiss on her forehead.

HOURS PASS.—The low moaning from the closely covered cradle, tell of the first want of its infant occupant. The quiet tread of the nurse speaks of sufferings around her; while her glad countenance says that the yearning which she is trying to alleviate is a sorrow of joy, and the nameless article which from time to time she arranges on the hearth, tell of a new claimant for the courtesies and attentions of those who have progressed further on the pathway of existence.

DAYS PASS.—Visitors are thronging the chamber; and the mother, pale and interesting after her recent illness, is receiving their congratulations and listening proudly to the praises of the little treasure, which lies asleep in its rocking bed at her feet. The scene shifts, and the father is there with her alone, as the twilight deepens around them, while they are planning the future destiny of their child.

WEEKS PASS.—The eyes of the young mother are sparkling with health, and the rose blooms again on her cheek, and the cares of pleasure and home engage her attention; and the father is once more mingling with the world; yet they find many opportunities each day to visit the young inheritor of life; to watch over his dreamless slumbers; to trace each other's looks in his countenance, and to ponder upon the felicity of which he is the bearer to them.

MONTHS PASS.—The cradle is deserted. But the chamber floor is strewn with play things, and there is a little one loitering among them whose half hissed words, and hoarse laugh, and sunny countenance, tell you that the entrance of life is over a pathway of flowers. The cradle is empty, but the last prayers of the parents are uttered over the small crib which stands by their own bed side, and their latest attention is given to the peaceful breathing of its occupant.

YEARS PASS.—Childhood has strengthened its hold; and he has grown into manhood. Old connections are broken—parents are sleeping in their graves, new affections are formed—a new home is found him; new cares distract him. He is abroad struggling amid the business of life, or resting from it with those whom he has chosen from his own generation. Time is beginning to wrinkle his forehead, and thought has robbed his looks of their gayety, and study has dimmed his eyes. Those who began life after he had grown up, are fast crowding him out of it, and there are many claimants upon his industry and love, for protection and support.

YEARS PASS.—His own children have become men, and are quitting him, as he also quitted the home of his fathers. His steps have lost their elasticity—his hand has become familiar with his cane, to which he is obliged to trust in his walks. He has left the battle which fatigued him. He looks anxiously in each day's paper among the deaths—and then ponders over the name of an old friend, and tries to persuade himself, that he is younger, and stronger, and has a better hold upon life than any of his contemporaries.

MONTHS PASS.—He gradually diminishes the circle of his activity. He dislikes to go abroad, when he finds so many new faces, and he grieves to meet his former companions, after a short absence, they seem to have grown so old and infirm. Quiet enjoyments only are relished—a little conversation about old times—a sober game at whist—a religious treatise on his earthly bed, form for him the sum total of his pleasures.

WEEKS PASS.—Infirmity keeps him in his chamber. His walks are limited to the small space between his easy chair and his bed. His swollen limbs are wrapped in flannels. His sight is failing—his ears refuse their duty and his cup is but half filled, since, otherwise, his shaking hand cannot carry it to his shrunken lips, without spilling its contents. His powers are weakened—his faculties are blunted, and his life is lost.

THE OLD MAN DOES NOT REMEMBER.—His memory is failing—he is no longer understood—he asks questions which he cannot answer—he speaks of things which he never saw—he is no longer the same man. He is now a mere shadow of his former self. He is now a mere shadow of his former self. He is now a mere shadow of his former self.

all about him, but he heeds them not—his friends are near, but he does not recognize them. The circle is completed. The course is run—and utter weakness brings the cold drape, which ushers in the night of death.

MINUTES PASS.—His breathing grows softer and slower—his pulse beats fainter and feebler. Those around him are listening, but cannot tell when they cease. The embers are burnt out, and the blaze flashes not before it expires. His "three score years and ten" are numbered. Human life is "finished."

MEN AND WOMEN.—A woman is naturally gratified when a man singles her out and addresses his conversation to her. She takes pleasure in the attention, and without any thought of willfully misleading.

But how different it is with men. The mask, with them, is deliberately put on, and worn as a mask; and we betide the silly girl who is too weak, or too unsuspecting, not to appear displeased with the well-turned compliments, and flattering attentions, so lavishly bestowed upon her by her partner at the ball. If a girl has brothers, she sees a little behind the scenes, and is saved much mortification and disappointment. She discovers how little men mean by attentions they so freely bestow on the last new face which strikes their fancy.

Men are singularly wanting in good feeling upon this subject; they pay a girl marked attention, flatter her on every occasion, and then perhaps, when warned by some judicious friend that they are going too far, "can hardly believe that the girl could be so foolish as to fancy that any thing was meant."

The fault which strikes women most forcibly in men, is their supreme selfishness. They expect too much in every way, and become impatient if their comforts and peculiarities are interfered with. If the men of the present day were less selfish and self-indulgent, and more willing to be contented and happy upon moderate means, there would be fewer causes of complaint against young women undertaking situations of governesses when they were wholly unfit for so responsible an office. I feel the deepest interest in the present movement for the improvement of the female sex; and most cordially do I concur in the schemes for this desirable purpose. But until men are sufficiently improved to be able to appreciate higher qualities in woman, and to choose their wives among women who possess such qualities, do not expect that the present desirable movement will make a great deal of progress.—[Exchange.]

SHORT TREE.—The numerous and well known voyages to the South Sea Islands, &c., have made us well acquainted with what is called the bread tree, as well as another kind, known under the name of the butter tree. But it remained for the indefatigable M. Humboldt to discover in the wilds of South America a tree which produces ready made shirts.

"We saw on the slope of the Cerra Duida," says M. Humboldt, "short trees fifty feet high. The Indians cut off cylindrical pieces two feet in diameter, from which they peel the red and fibrous bark, without making any longitudinal incision.—This bark affords them a sort of garment, which resembles sacks of a very coarse texture, and without a seam. The upper opening serves for the head, and two lateral holes are cut to admit the arms. The natives wear these shirts of marim in the rainy season; they have the form of the ponchos and ruanas of cotton, which are so common in New Grenada, and Quito, and in Peru. As in these climates the riches and beneficence of nature are regarded as the primary cause of the indolence of the inhabitants, the Missionaries do not fail to say in showing the shirts of marim, 'in the forests of the Oronoko, garments are found ready made on the trees.' We may add to this tale of the shirts the pointed caps which the spathes of certain palm trees furnish, and which resemble coats not work."

WELL PUT ON.—Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, whose exhorting lash is always well and faithfully applied to the backs of the demagogues, takes notice of Morse of Louisiana, who opposed the cheap postage system, because it was calculated to increase the circulation of newspapers, and announced himself in debate as hostile to them, says:

Mr. Morse, M. C. from Louisiana, thinks newspapers have deteriorated for the last ten years, and if the high postage will stop their circulation, it will be better for the public. Mr. M. lives away down on the Bayou Teche, where the only newspapers are printed on the skins of dead alligators, where whiskey is two cents a quart—where the gospel don't shine but once in seven years, and where every man who reads or writes is sent to Congress, to the legislature, or to the Penitentiary.—I doubt that he fully represents Louisiana.

Temperance.

On Monday evening, May 5th, Mr. Nixon, of Milwaukie, addressed the Society. Few were present, but though it was hard to speak over so many empty seats, Mr. N. secured the attention of the audience for nearly an hour. He remarked that he came not to promulge new truths, but to reiterate old ones, a free discussion of which he hoped might be held without offence.

He regarded the physiological argument for Temperance the strongest one. There are reciprocal relations between the mind and the body. There are laws of life, and like all laws, they have their penalty, and that penalty is always in proportion to the transgression. There is no such thing as a penalty, there is a law. Law would be useless without it. The physical system was designed to act harmoniously in all its parts. When the eye and the ear, the heart and the lungs, the nerves and the brain, and the various parts of the brain, each and all perform just what they ought; when they are neither overtasked nor too much dormant, the system is right. This balance of power constitutes its perfection. Any over-exercise destroys that balance and tends to disorder and ruin. Constantly excite a man's combatsiveness, and you will make him quarrelsome.

Alcohol destroys that balance of power. It is not a nutriment, but an excitant. It stimulates the base of the brain. Two hundred per cent. more blood is thrown into the brain in proportion to its size, than into any part of the human body. Alcohol increases this quantity, not beneficially but injuriously. It never increases a man's knowledge, or his talent, or his kindly affections, but it stirs up his passions. It at first irritates them, and when its force is spent, they become dead, and the balance is lost. Hence you see the morbid excess and trouble, but often daring and brave, yet afterwards he becomes dull and cowardly.

Dr. Sewall's plates illustrate the physical excitement of the stomach, and at last its loss of functional power by Alcohol. With these before him, the man who uses "liquor" can look in upon himself, and see its slow but destructive effect upon his vital organs.

The distilling, vending, and using of liquors, tends to poverty. Of 992 paupers in the Almshouse in Baltimore, 287 became so through intemperance. The Almshouse of Salem, Boston, New York, Albany, and Cincinnati, present similar facts. But is not every man, by the organization of society, bound to follow a business, and to do that which will not injure society?

"Will you look down my throat," said a young man to his physician. "Look carefully." "I see nothing wrong," said the doctor. "See nothing?" "No." "Why, sir, I have swallowed a farm worth \$10,000, 40 Negroes, and 20 good horses."

Forty thousand drunkards die annually in the United States. As this long and gloomy procession passes by, you will recognize men from all ranks of society. The once honest tradesman, the once hardy farmer, the once industrious mechanic, the physician, the lawyer, and even the minister, are moving along in those ranks of death. I well remember Henry M., and Ellen, his beautiful wife, said Mr. N. Their home was a neat cottage on the banks of the Ohio. In 1849 they lived happily. On a summer eve you might hear the sweet notes of the flute mingling with soft whistlings of the lark, as they together beguiled the hours in their retired home. In two years I returned. The fences about their garden were broken, the vines were untrained, the door was ajar, and the house dismantled of its comforts. The story is short. Henry had fallen by the power of Alcohol, and was one of the victims of 1848. I visited the lunatic asylum at Columbus, and as I passed through its hall with a friend, we were startled by seeing two long white arms suddenly thrust through the grating, and by hearing the same maniac a piercing, maniac cry. It was Ellen.

An Athenian painter once found a boy so beautiful that he painted his portrait and hung it in his studio, determining to make it his guardian angel. He also determined if he ever found an image of ugliness, to paint it, and hang it on the opposite wall, that by contrast he might be more sensible of the beauty of the former picture. Years passed away, and he happened to be in a prison where a criminal was confined in chains. There was no penitence, but bitter curses and dire malignity in all his conduct. Here was the image of ugliness, and he took the portrait and hung it on the opposite wall; but what was his surprise to find that it was the same beautiful boy grown to be a man. Apt emblem this of the deformity produced by alcohol. And have we nothing to do, my friends? Were there a poisonous spring on the way to this country, and were every one who should drink of it, become diseased, and finally die, would you have nothing to do? Would you not wall up that spring, and write on every stone of the wall—"Drink not this water, for it is poison." Are not all our liquor establishments like such poisonous springs? and shall we invite our friends from the distant east hither,

that we may poison them? Shall they come among us and go back with the taint of disease and death infused into their veins? Let it not be so, sir. Let those impure fountains be walled up.

The Society adjourned till the first Monday evening in August.

The Ministers of all classes in the Territory, are invited to preach to their people on the subject of Temperance on the second Sabbath in June, and the second in July.

G. H. ATKINSON, Sec'y.

RECONCILIATION BETWEEN GEN. SCOTT AND GOV. MARCY.—A Washington letter in the New York Express has the following statement:

A reconciliation of differences taken place between Gen. Scott and Gov. Marcy. Both gentlemen being present at a supper party given a few evenings since by J. C. Kennedy, Esq., the General expressed to Mr. Kennedy a determination to make advances to the Ex-Secretary of War, with whom he had not been on friendly relations since the Mexican war, stating that he felt oppressed by the unnecessary continuance of any coldness between himself and any gentleman, and would much prefer reconciliation. He hoped that the Governor would receive his expressions in the same spirit by which he was influenced in making them.

The advances were made, and the result was as he had hoped. The whole company, (among whom were Ex-Governor Crittenden, Attorney General; Ex-Governor Letcher, of Kentucky, now Minister to Mexico, Edward Everett, late President of Harvard University, Mr. Marcell, Minister from Brazil, Mr. Stuart, Secretary of the Interior, &c.) seemed much delighted with the affair and its results. At the supper table Ex-Governor Marcy was toasted as the late Governor of New York, and as Ex-Secretary of War, in response to which the Ex-Governor remarked, that whatever celebrity might attach to him as Secretary of War, was a reflected glory of honor—reflected from the gallant men and brave officers with the notice of whose conduct he was honored, and especially from him who has been a distinguished Major General for 37 years—longer than any other man living. The expressions so delicately made were received with a burst of applause, and created for the honorable speaker feelings of admiration which will endure when the festive occasion shall slumber in forgetfulness.

MARK VS. GIRLS.—It is high time that somebody told you a little plain truth.—You have been watched for a long time—by a certain class of you—and it is plain enough you are laying plans to cheat somebody. You intend to sell chaff for wheat; and there is danger that some of the foolish "gudgones" will be sadly taken in.

It may not be your fault that you belong to the "one idea party"—that the single idea in getting a husband is the only one which engrosses much of your time and attention. But it is your fault that you pursue this in the wrong direction. Your venerable mother, of Eden memory, was called a "help" for man, and you are looking for a man to help you; to help you to live in the half idle, half silly way which you have commenced. Men who are worth having, want women for wives. A bundle of gewgaws bound with a string of flats and quavers sprinkled with cologne, and set in a carmine saucer—this is to help for a man who expects to raise a family of boys and girls on veritable bread and meat. The piano and the lace fringes are well enough in their places; and so are riband and frills and tinsels—but you can't make a dinner of the former nor a bed blanket of the latter. And awful as the idea may seem to you, both dinner and bed blanket are necessary to domestic enjoyment. Life has its realities as well as its fancies, but you make it all a matter of decoration, remembering the tassels and curtains, forgetting the bedstead. Suppose a young man of good sense and of course of good prospects, to be looking for a wife, what chance have you to be chosen? You may cap him or trap him to catch him, but how much better to make it an object for him to catch you? Consider yourself worth catching and you will need no shrewd mothers or managing brothers to help you find a market.

SOUTHERN NULLIFICATION.—Major Donelson, of Tenn., now in Washington, tells an anecdote which shows the extent of Southern secession down that way:

Coming up the Southern route from Memphis, he fell in with an old man, whom he fancied, and with whom he entered into conversation, by asking him whether he had lately heard anything about nullification; he (Major Donelson) having seen little or nothing of it, of late. The old man replied that he was probably taken for a man who knew little of anything; but for all that, he had known Gen. Jackson, and would now tell Major Donelson that he had three sons, and that if any one of those turned out to be a nullifier, he would not kill him, but exchange him for a dog, and then kill the dog. It is probable for an old man to use a more pathetic figure.

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