OREGON SPECTATOR.

D. J. SCHNEBLY, EDITOR.] "Westward the Star of Empire takes its way." [T. P. [illegible]

Vol. 5. Oregon City, (O. T.) Thursday, July 3, 1851.

THE OREGON SPECTATOR:
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO THE MORAL, SOCIAL AND LITERARY INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE OF OREGON.
Robert Moore, Proprietor.

TERMS.
INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.
One copy, per annum.......................$7 00
" for six months.......................4 00
ADVERTISING.
One square (12 lines or less) two insertions, each.......................$3 00
For every additional insertion.......................1 00
A liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers.
The number of insertions must be distinctly marked on the margin, otherwise they will be continued till forbid and charged accordingly.

Agents for the Spectator.
The following persons are authorized to act as Agents for the Spectator. They will receive subscriptions and advertisements for us.

J. L. Meek, Esq., is general agent for the Spectator in the Territory, and is authorized to receive and receipt for all moneys relating to the office.
A. M. Poe, Esq., Olympia, Lewis county.
T. P. Powers, Clatsop county, O. T.
Geo. Abernethy & Co., Oregon city.
Couch & Co., Portland.
J. B. M'Clane, P. M. Salem.
Gen. Adair, Astoria.
C. M. Walker, esq. Chehalem.
A. J. Hembree, esq., Yam Hill.
P. Day, esq., Linn city.
Joseph C. Avery, esq., Mouth of Mary's river.
A. Sulger, esq., Hillsborough.
J. W. Nesmith, Nesmith's mills, Polk county
Jesse Applegate, Umpqua Valley.
W. H. Rees, Butteville.
Robert Newell, Champoeg.
Davis & Linville, Luckiamute.
E. F. Skinner, Benton county.
J. D. Holman, Pacific City.
Jacob Conser, Syracuse, Linn county.
E. Barstow, Pleasant Hill Post Office, Benton County.
Nathan Olney, Dalles, Columbia river.
John Waymire, Nesmith's Mills, Polk county.
William Barlow, Canemah.

POETRY.

For the Spectator.

ASTORIA.

BY THEODORE J. [illegible]

Adieu! Astoria!
Thou spot so well and widely known to fame!
How often in my boyhood's merry days
I've dwelt with wonder on the far-off scenes
Depicted by each hardy traveller,
And longed myself to view that distant shore,
Where the [illegible]
[illegible]

Widely art thou known!
In the remotest climes they talk of thee,
And deem thou art a large and noble city!
Around the fireside many a winter night,
The youthful eager gather, while the old
And wayworn voyager relates the scenes
Once traversed: tells them of a noble river,
Whose waters wash thy banks, whose bay so broad,
Th' united navies of the world might ride!
And how the golden salmon, Nature's beauteous gift,
Leaps in the sunshine!

Little did I think
While yet a boy, that ever I should tread
Thy sward, Astoria! and that I should link
So many saddened memories with thy name.
But on thy fir-topped hills, alas! I've laid,
In grief and tears, my first-born, darling boy!
And all the spots once gazed upon with pleasure,
Seem now but to remind me of my loss.
With pride such as a father only feels,
I loved to gaze upon him, and to think
How sweet would be the time when he could lisp
My name, and thine, Astoria!

But the troubled spirit
Lacks not the oil to still its restive waves:
And He who calmed the boisterous waves of Galilee,
Has kindly told us that the seats of Heaven
Are decked with infant cherubs!

Shall we weep!
Shall we not rather bow full low to Him,
Who calls us when he lists, and who has ta'en
Our darling one far from a world of sin,
To join in Heaven the concert of the blest!
"*Father! Thy will be done!*"

Adieu! to thee, Astoria! may the breeze
That winds among thy hill so sweetly,
Send forth a fitting requiem for our boy.
Thy scenes are changed to me—tho' I could wish
To look upon thee as in boyhood's days,
Yet all thy glories, all thy era romance,
Have changed, for me, to stern reality.
Adieu!

A Dutchman, on being called upon to help to pay for a lightning rod for the village church, toward the building of which he had liberally subscribed, exclaimed: "I have helped to build a house for de Lort, and if he chosed to donder on it and knock it down, he must do it at his own risk."

A steam engine weighing only *three quarters of an ounce*, is being exhibited in Yorkshire, in full motion. It is intended for the great Exhibition, and has been made by an ingenius workman in Saddleworth.

From the Pennsylvania Enquirer.

Philosophy of Cheerfulness.

THE HOUSEHOLD CIRCLE.

"Sweet Cheerfulness,
Whose eyes, like twinkling stars, in evening clear,
Were deck'd with smiles, that all sad humors chased,
And darted forth delights." [Spenser.

It is, we admit, impossible at all times to be animated, gay and cheerful. Sickness, sorrow and disaster are, more or less, the lot of every human being. There are, likewise, times and seasons when it is almost impossible to rally one's spirits, and to appear otherwise than sad and depressed. A [illegible] is often the [illegible] of business anxiety and vexation, or of a "dull and murky atmosphere." There is moreover, "a season for all things," and it is perhaps, well occasionally, to be calm, thoughtful and contemplative. Yet in a general sense, and as a rule of conduct, we have great faith in CHEERFULNESS. We regard it as one of the brightest and most commendable of the gentler virtues—one that, like a ray of sunshine, adorns and beautifies every thing it touches, gilds and glorifies the human countenance, and is a golden and holy emanation from the buoyant and impulsive heart within.—How essential to the household circle is CHEERFULNESS! How like the voice of the morning lark—blithe, gay and mounting—is the free laugh of innocense and youth! And how difficult it is to seem dull, weary and depressed, with such a sound of purity and pleasure ringing thro' one's ears—thrilling through one's senses! Every household circle should be gladdened and made joyous by some cheerful, winsome spirit! At times, we admit, the ready jest and the light laugh may seem out of place; and yet, if harmless, if meant to afford pleasure, if designed to chase away moody thoughts and fancied grievances, the tendency, the influence cannot but be for good. To young wives and young husbands, the duty, the policy, the beauty and the propriety of CHEERFULNESS cannot be too earnestly urged. Such "favored mortals" should commence their matrimonial career with a determination to make each other happy, nay, to render their little home a refuge and a haven at all times and seasons, a calm yet joyous [illegible] the [illegible] all recog[illegible]nise and practice this philosophy! Do all strive to render HOME the true source and centre of those calm, tranquil, refined and virtuous enjoyments, which should have birth and being only within the world of confidence, frankness, affection and esteem? Are there not some husbands and some wives, young as well as old, who seem to take a pleasure in being fretful and peevish; who are for days and for weeks, moody, silent and morose; and who thus are not only discontented themselves, but who render all about them so? Are there not some who have periodical fits of ennui and melancholy—who assume to be wretched without the slightest cause—who wear a constant frown upon the brow, and repel everything like life, vivacity and good humor? Are there not some gentle wives, who, despite the fact that their husbands are compelled by the necessities of the case to toil assiduously and arduously, day after day, year after year, with the object of mainteining a respectable position in society, and providing the comforts of social and civilized existence for the cherished ones at home,—seem to lack everything like a proper sense of appreciation, and to exact as a right, all that is provided and done, while they at the same time murmur and are "out of temper" because more is not accomplished? They forget that one of their duties is to encourage and to cheer, and thus to manifest a proper sense, as well of respect as affection. They know little or nothing of the cares of the outdoor world, and they are unmindful of the hallowed obligations of HOME! A cordial welcome after the toils of the day is rarely thought of. A word of approbation, a smile of encouragement, are dealt out sparingly, coldly, and as favors. Sour looks, sharp words and bitter complaints are by no means rare.

Alas! for the folly, the madness, the wickedness of such a policy! How surely will it destroy confidence and weaken affection! How speedily will it dispel the fond dreams of happiness, and render home any thing but the chosen spot, the cherished source of true and priceless enjoyment! And so again on the other hand. A moody husband will never make a happy wife. Frowns may be met by smiles at first, but a change will soon come—a change that will be attended by asperity and harshness, or disappointment and despair. There must be a mutual understanding—a mutual determination to bear and forbear—a mutual desire and effort to please. The toiling husband should be greeted at night-fall gladly, cheerfully, lovingly, by the anxious, the confiding, the affectionate wife. Smile should be met by smile, kindness by kindness, frankness by frankness, and love by love. This is the only safe rule, the only wise policy. The peevish and fretful at home, will soon become the discontented and unhappy. They will find themselves neglected, if not derided and despised.—They should be cheerful as well for their own pleasure, as for the satisfaction, enjoyment and contentment of the household circle. Life, in its best condition, has sorrows, disasters and vicissitudes, that are unavoidable. But if, in very perverseness, we misappreciate our comforts and our blessings—if, in mere whim, caprice, or evil temper, we are gloomy, unquiet and unhappy, the consequences will not only be disasterous to our own felicity, but to that of all within our influence, and who look up to us with affection and respect. Cheerfulness, we repeat, is a virtue, that should be sedulously and constantly cultivated in every condition of life, and especially by the young, [illegible] changes, the trials and temptations, to which all human beings are more or less liable.

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.—Jones is in general a good husband and a domestic man. Occasionally, however, his convivial tastes betray him into excesses which have subjected him more than once to the discipline of Mrs. A few nights since he was invited to "participate" with a few friends at Florence's, by way of celebrating a piece of good luck which had befallen one of his neighbors. He did "participate," and to his utter astonishment, when he rose to take his leave, at the 'wee short hour ayont the twal,' he found the largest brick in his hat he ever saw. Indeed, he was heard to remark soliloquently, "I think, Mr. Jones, you were never quite so tight before."

He reached his house finally, but by a route which was anything but the shortest distance between the points, not, however, without having experienced very considerable anxiety about the reception which awaited him from Mrs. Jones. He was in luck that night, was Mr. Jones, barring always his primal transgression; he got into his house, found his way into his chamber without "waking a creature, not even a mouse." After closing his door, he cautiously paused, to give thanks for the "conscience undefiled" which secured to Mrs. Jones the sound and refreshing slumbers which had prevented her taking notice of his arrival. Being satisfied that all was right, he proceeded to remove his integuments with as much dispatch and quiet as circumstances would [illegible] consort. After [illegible] congratulating himself that he was in bed, and that his wife did not know how long he had been there, it occurred to him that if he did not change his position Mrs. Jones might detect from his breath that he had been indulging. To prevent such a catastrophe, he resolved to turn over. He had about half accomplished his purpose—we are now obliged to use the idiomatic language of Mr. Jones himself, from whom we receive this chapter of his domestic trials—"When Mrs. Jones riz right up in the bed, and, said she, in tones that scraped the marrow all out of my bones, said she, '*Jones, you needn't turn over, you're drunk clean through!*'"

SILVER MINING IN MEXICO.—During the year 1850, according to Mexican authorities, there was extracted from all the mines in Mexico, silver to the value of $30,000,000 which is a pretty considerable amount; and from this it may be inferred that, could the country enjoy undisturbed tranquility, and all its industrial operations and enterprises be adequately protected and encouraged, this amount might be and would be greatly increased. And if the mines of Quicksilver discovered recently in California, should turn out to be as rich as they are supposed to be, the consequence will be a great reduction in the price of that mineral. It will fall to two-thirds or one-half the present price; and should this take place, then silver ores, that are too poor to yield a remunerating amount of that metal, will become valuable, and this new source of metalic wealth will add, perhaps $10,000,000 to the aggregate amount of silver raised; so that the whole will not fall any thing short of $40,000,000 per annum, the tranquility of the country being pre-supposed.

Should Mexico yield $40,000,000 per annum, the annual quantity raised on this continent might be assumed at $60,000,000. But this product, large as it is, will not be sufficient to maintain the equilibrium between gold and silver, as now established, should California continue to furnish the enormous quantities of the first, as she has done for the last two years;—and that she will, and more, many believe and believe, too, that the supply will be permanent—that is, it will last for an indefinite number of years and certainly for a great many. If this be so, then silver must rise in value, or gold must fall, which for all practical purposes, is immaterial. And when this disturbance gets to be inconvenient and embarrassing, the wise men who make and unmake the laws must set themselves to work and cojure out a remedy for the evil when it comes. Some think it is now on us; others think not.—We are in doubt ourselves whether it is or not.—[N. Y. *Express*.

☞ That must be a very foolish, rash woman, who will put tubs out doors to catch *soft* water when it is raining hard.

Country Life.

How often do we hear country ladies bewailing their lot, complaining of the monotony of a country life, and envying the destiny of such of their acquaintance as live in the turmoil and excitement of a town! Would our fair readers but explore the rich treasures of rational and pure enjoyment that are so profusely scattered around a country house, they would be more apt to condole with them than envy their sisters of the city. Our object, in these pages, will be to awaken in your minds an interest in the various works of nature, so thickly strown around you; to direct your attention to the birds, which build their nests and sing their [illegible] songs of love and joy, in every tree, and bush, and shrub; to the flowers which deck with their thousand hues the sunny bank and the fertile meadows, the parched heath and the rippling brook; and, above all, to teach your thoughts to ascend from the admiration of the creature to the contemplation of the Creator, and in all your observation of the works of nature, "to look through nature up to nature's God."

Each season has its glories and its wonders. First comes Spring. Animated by her genial breath, the whole face of nature changes; that which is now wrapped in the gloom and sleep of winter, will soon awake to renewed life and vigor, and all this will take place at first slowly and gradually. Now, then, is the time to commence your observations, before the multiplicity of objects distracts your attention and bewilders your ideas. You must acquire a habit of observing; not merely of looking and of seeing, but of intimately, narrowly observing; for be assured that an observant Polyphemus, with his solitary eye, obtains far more information in one day than an unobservant Argus, with his hurried eyes, in a whole month. It is surprising how your interests in your daily walks will be increased, when you have gained an insight into the history, the uses, and the various objects which you meet with. No walk, at least no country walk can be devoid of interest to a mind desirous of acquiring information. You will ever be meeting with something new to excite your admiration, ever falling in with something fresh, to impart instruction and to afford amusement. These country walks will give vigor to the mind, and health to the body; that which is too [illegible] will now be [illegible] you will often be [illegible] exercise in the open air, and the result will be a buoyancy of spirits, and a lightness of heart, and a cheerfulness of temper, which all your poor amusements, and all your previous formal walks had failed to procure.

A REMARKABLE WOMAN.—The Philadelphia North American of Friday says:

Yesterday the widow Wilson, of Shippen st., widow of Capt. Andrew Wilson, was consigned to the grave in Pine street church yard. In an address at her funeral, Rev. Dr. Brainerd said she was eighty [illegible] years old, and had worshiped in Pine street church before the war of the revolution and ever since; that when the British held possession of Philadelphia, they not only converted Mrs. Wilson's church into a stable, but expelled herself and family from her dwelling south-east corner of George and South streets, to accommodate British officers; that, once sailing with her husband, Mrs. Wilson was captured on the high seas and taken prisoner to Jamacia, were her force of will and language availed to protect a good part of her property. He might have added that she was in the receipt of two pensions from the General and State Governments; that she kept up an unbroken interest in all political affairs, and could sketch to the life prominent politicians; that her strength of character was unaffected by years; that she carried to life's close, unchanged by contact with new generations, the peculiarities formed in the early days of our land and the most stormy [illegible] of our history. She was a character at once so unique and resolute, that she would have been a treasure to the genius of Walter Scott; and we could not allow her to pass from among us without this tribute to her memory.

NEATNESS AND ORDER.—Among the means of domestic comfort there is scarcely any so important as what is household furniture; most persons must have felt that much of their well being depends on the article intended for our daily and nightly use. A little attention to these matters is of more consequence than many persons believe; keeping up appearances within reasonable bounds is a very laudable endeavor. Appearances are, in many respects, realities; children bro't up in a well conducted home, where they see every day a shelf or two of books, a few tasteful vases or other ornaments, or pictures on the wall, clean curtains and blinds, and well swept carpets, look upon them all as realities, and without knowing it, they grow up with a conviction of their value, and in most cases prove it, by keeping their own household in order. A proper and becoming attention to appearances is often a warrant for true respectability of character, and it is sometimes said that you never really know people till you have seen what their in-door life is.

THE NEWSPAPER.—We extract the following from the speech of the Rev. J. Aspinall on education:

"Nor, while speaking on the schoolmaster, in whose hands printing is such a powerful agent of public instruction at the present time, must we forget newspapers. Whether we regard them as the guide or echo of popular opinion—and in some sort they partake of both characters—we are lost in amazement and admiration at the quantity and quality of mind, and that of the highest order, now to be [illegible] columns of the [illegible] the day. Its articles amuse us with their wit and instruct us with their wisdom.—They exhibit the brilliancy of the classic scholar, and the close searching reasoning of the logician. It is an encyclopedia in itself. It reviews all books, and treats of all sciences. It is familiar with all geography, and at home in all history.—It is Œdipus to read the riddle which every political sphinx may set before it. It dives into cabinet secrets, and anticipates the purposes of statesmen. It has the hundred eyes of ever wakeful Argus, the hundred hands and fifty heads of Briareus. And as omnipresent as omniscient, as ubiquitous as versatile, it is here, there, and every where, from Indus to the Po, from China to Peru, compassing the world with its correspondents and with its expresses, and the electric telegraph racing against time to communicate its intelligence of mankind in every region of the earth. The ancients counted up seven wonders of the world. If they had possessed a newspaper press, they would have had an eighth, more marvellous and of more worth than all the rest together."

FACTS FOR FARMERS.—It will not do to hoe a great field for little crops, nor to mow twenty acres for five loads of hay. Enrich the land, and it will pay you for it. Better farm twenty acres well, than fifty by halves.

In dry pastures, dig for water on the brow of a hill; springs are more frequent near the surface on a height than in a vale.

The foot of the owner is the best manure for land.

It is best to cut grain before it is fully [illegible] or dead ripe. When the [illegible] immediately below the grain is so dry that on twisting it no juice is extracted, it should be cut. For then there is no circulation of juice to the ear. Every hour it stands after this stage, is attended with loss.

Obtain good seed, prepare your ground well, sow early, and pay no attention to the moon.

Accounts should be kept detailing the expenses and products of each field.

When an implement is no longer wanted for the season lay it carefully aside, but let it be well cleaned.

Cultivate your heart aright as well as your farm; and remember "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Sheep put into fresh stubbles are apt to be killed by eating too much grain.

Keep notes of all remarkable events on your farm; recording even your errors will be of benefit.

One animal well fed is better than two poorly kept.

FRAUDS IN FREIGHT.—Such of our merchants and others who are in the habit of receiving goods from the North, and fail to use the precaution to measure the packages in which they are put up, before paying freight, are often made to pay twice as much as the bill of lading could justly demand. The goods are measured at the North, just before going on board of the ship and either so carelessly, ignorantly, or fraudulently, as to entail heavy losses on the consignee. If the thing were not of such frequent occurrence, and the amount involved, in many cases so onerous, we should strongly incline to the belief that it was partly the result of accident; but under existing circumstances, we cannot persuade ourselves that it is not, for the most part the work of design.
N. O. Crescent.

A GOOD HIT.—The *Cincinnati Times* opens richly in the joke telling line. The following anecdote of a skinflint is not badly done:

A certain tight-fisted old codger of this city happened in at Foster's Philosophical Instrument Manufactory, a few weeks since, where he was shown the Lord's Prayer engraved in a space about the size of a five cent piece, with which he was very much pleased. Returning home, he related the circumstance to his family, and a prodigal (?) son coming into the sitting-room, the following ensued:

"My son, would you suppose that the Lord's Prayer could be engraved in a space no larger than the area of a half a dime?

"Well—yes, father, if a half-dime is as large in every body's eye as it is in yours, I think there would be no difficulty in putting it on about *four times*."

Horace Greeley says the stage is a bygone affair—that the newspaper, the lyceum, and the public meeting, have supplanted it. It is no longer a power, a former of opinions, or a ruler of the multitude.

[illegible]