

A. C. R. Yar.

Big fire in San Francisco
Sept. 2.

Leas.

OREGON SPECTATOR.

D. J. SCHNEIDER, EDITOR.

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A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
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POETRY.

The following lines, written by Mr. Tupper, are
spiritualizing;—they will be read with interest.

ROCKS AHEAD!

Steady, steady, gallant vessel;

Had sport—obey the helm—

Let the gullies round thee wrestle,

Let the waves overwhelm,

Though so pleasant just at present

Be the voyage thou hast sped,

There is peril, stark and stern,

Look yon! in the rocks ahead!

See that license of opinion

Style not real holy flame,

Till religion's pure dominion

Dwindle feebly to a name;

Greed of gain and sorid sense

Tempt the waywardness of youth,

And it needs the blest defences

Of the castel of truth.

See that no pernicious paine

Sear the good troublous' post.

Let, by license grown tyrannic,

Liberty be but a boast.

Let the greatest, best, and wisest

Calmly guide thine eagle course,

Or no more to heaven thou need,

Headlong flung with downward force!

Let the Press, with truth enlightened,

Nobly lead the people's mind,

That, while public wrongs are righted,

Private names go unmalign'd.

Let not evil spirits pierce

To the passions of the mob,

Nor the pen be dipped in slander,

God and man of love to reb.

If all clamor, overriding

Low, supremely rules the land—

If domestic love, abiding,

Rules at home with patriarch hand—

If refinement chasten's pleasure—

If fair dealing hallows gain—

If, was intervals of leisure

Soothe the heart and clear the brain—

If both justly and discreetly,

From reproach thy fame to save,

Not too rudely, not too fleetly,

Soon thou shalt free the slave—

IF UNITED, now and ever,

Thou shalt grow so great to be

That the wondering world may never

Through all Time thine Equal see!

You, as now, let Patriots steer thee,

Undismayed by men or things;

Let Religion's cherub cheer thee

As a soft siesta and singe—

So an Eden, not an Edom,

Shall thy happy name be read,

And the glorious Ship of Freedom

Weather all the rocks ahead!

COMING TO THE POINT.—Gov. Dewey of Wisconsin has ordered all the marks of punctuation obliterated in the inscription upon the block of stone from that state, for the Washington Monument.

His motto appears to be, "Good Wisconsin!"—"Nothing can stop her." Good blood!—Chicago Journal.

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way."

Oregon City, (O. T.) Thursday, July 17, 1851.

T. F. McELROY & C. W. SMITH, PRS.

No. 45.

From Godey's Lady's Book.
A Touching Narrative.

By LOUIS GAYLORD CLARKE.

burying his face in the pillow, and sobbing
as if his heart would break.

I was overcome by my own emotion;
but all that I could say would not change
his determination—he would have no minister
of God beside him, no prayers by his bedside.

I was unable, with all my
endeavors, to apply any balm to his wounded
heart.

A few days after this, I called, as usual,
in the morning, and at once saw very
clearly that the little boy must soon die.

"Willie," said I, "I have got good
news for you to-day. Do you think that
you can bear to hear it?" for I really was
at a loss how to break to him what I had
to communicate.

He assented, and listened with the deepest
attention. I then informed him, as best
could that, from circumstances recently
brought to light it had been rendered
certain that his father was innocent of
the crime for which he suffered. I am ignorant
of his death.

"I have had," said the doctor, "a great
deal of experience, in the long practice
of my profession in the city, that is more
remarkable than any thing recorded in
the 'Diary of a London Physician.' It
would be impossible for me to detail to
you the one hundredth part of the interesting
and exciting things which I saw and heard.
That which affected me most of late years,
was the case of a boy, not I think over
twelve years of age. I first saw him at the hospital, whether being
poor and without parents, he had been
brought to die. He was the most beauti-
ful boy I ever saw. He had that peculiar
cast of countenance and complexion which
we notice in those who are affected with
frequent hemorrhage of the lungs. He
was very beautiful. His hair was black,
fair and intelligent; his eyes had the
deep blue tint of the sky itself; his
complexion was like the lily, tinged just
below the cheek bone with a hectic flush.

"As an illustration of the truth of
this narrative, I will give the following sketch.
"A young boy whose hair was soft as does silk,
hung in luxuriant locks about his face.
But, oh, what an expression of deep and
anchored discontentance was! to remark
able that I felt certain that the fear of
death had nothing to do with it. And I
was right. Young as he was, he did not
wishes to live. He repeatedly said that
death was what he most desired; and it
was truly dreadful to hear one so young
and so beautiful talk like this. "Oh!"
he would say, "let me die, let me die, let
me die!" Don't try to save me: I want to
die." Nevertheless, he was most affec-
tionate, and was extremely grateful for
every thing I could do for him. I soon
won his heart, but perceived with pain,
that his disease of body was nothing to his
sickness of soul, which I could not cure.
He leaned upon my bosom and wept, while
at the same time he prayed for death. I
have never seen one of his eyes
courted it so sincerely. I tried every way
to elicit from him what it was that made
him so unhappy; but his lips were sealed,
and he was like one who tried to turn
his face from something that oppressed
his spirit.

"It subsequently appeared that the father
of the child was hanged, for murder, in
B—— county, about two years ago. It
was the most cold-blooded homicide that
had ever been known in that section of
country. The excitement raged high,
and I recollect that the stake and the law
lived with each other for the victim. The
mob labored hard to get the man out of
jail, that they might wreak summary
vengeance on him by hanging him to the
nearest tree. But law triumphed, and he was
hanged. Justice held up her equal scales
with satisfaction, and there was
much trumpeting forth of this consummation
in which even the women—most
tender-hearted women—seemed to take
delight.

"Perceiving the boy's life was waning, I
endeavored one day to turn his mind to
religious subjects, apprehending no diffi-
culty in one so young; but he always
evaded the topic. I asked him if he had
said his prayers. He replied, "Once, always—now, never." This answer surprised me very much;
and I endeavored gently to impress him
with the fact that now devout frame
of mind would be becoming in him, and with
the great necessity of his being prepared
to die; but he remained silent.

A few days afterwards, I asked him if
he would not permit me to send for the
Rev. Dr. B——, a most kind-hearted man
in sickness, who would be of the utmost
service to him in his present situation.—

He declined firmly and positively. Then
I determined to solve this mystery, and to
understand this strange phase of character
in a mere child.

"My dear boy," said I, "I implore you
not to act in this manner. What can so
have disturbed your young mind? You
certainly believe there is a God, to whom
you owe a debt of gratitude!"

His eyes kindled, and to my surprise—
I might say horror—I heard from his
young lips,

"No, don't believe that there is a God!
Yes, that little boy, young as he was,
was an atheist; and he even reasoned in
a logical manner for a mere child like
him."

"I cannot believe there is a God," said he,

"for if there were a God, he must be
merciful and just; and he never——"

"He could have permitted my father, who
was innocent, to hang!" Oh! my father,
my father!" he exclaimed, passionately.

Even Senator Beward goes.

Short Patent Sermon.

TEXT—Why doth the violet spring.

Unseen by human eye?

Why do the radiant seasons bring

Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?

Why do our fond hearts cling

To thoughts that die?

Excitement on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.

The N. Orleans Delta publishes a letter
dated "San Gabriel, Boca del Monte,
March 10," from which it appears that
the opposition to the Tehuantepec treaty
in the Mexican capital, has caused consider-
able excitement on the Isthmus.

Edo. Delta.—As to the first question,
Why doth the violet spring unseen by hu-
man eye? I can only answer in vulgar
phraseology, "It's a way it's got"—more
properly speaking, it is owing to the
mysterious ways of Nature, which neither
you nor I can easier unriddle than an
arithmetician can untangle a spider's web
according to the rules of algebra. There
is many a flower, as my friend Grey says,
that is born to blush unsightly, and waste
its blossoms on the desert air, like sweet
Golden Thompson who lives in the vale.—If
you travel all over this curiously con-
trived globe of ours, you will find that
upon the new barren heath, in the gloomy
solitudes, and in the untraced wil-
derness, every here and there a little flow-
er is lifting its lonely head, and prancing
out, as it were, its perfumed soul in prais-
es to the God that made it. And so it is
with these lovely flowers that adorn the
great circle of humanity—the charms.

You will find some of the most beautiful
of this special floral family budding
blooming, fading and going to seed, by the
country road side, untouched, unplucked
and unsmeared; whereas were they plant-
ed and reared in the meadows and green
houses of a city like Gotham, they would
not only be admired by thousands, but
soon be gathered by the hand of Hyacinth,
and their stems inserted in the vase of
matrimony. It matters not whether a
young damsel have wealth or internal attrac-
tions, so long as she has beauty, and
flourishes among men, hundreds will do
her homage, and bend the knee in war-
ship of her charms. Man, my brethren,
is a perfect Daguerreotype apparatus.
His optics are the lenses and his heart is
the plate upon which the portrait is repre-
sented, and when in the light of love,
the picture of a pretty girl is received theron,
he can no more obliterate the en-
chanting image, than a shadow can be
scoured from a wall with soap-suds and a
corn-cob.

My dear friends.—The dark unfath-
omed caves of ocean, contain many a
brilliant gem that is forever lost to the
world, but it is with the gems of genius,
many and many of them lie buried in the
vile of obscurity, which no one digs for,
and not having the power to assist them-
selves, they remain valueless in the bow-
els of the earth. Most of you have a
genius for something; but in consequence
of