

OREGON SPECTATOR.

D. J. SCHNEELY, EDITOR.

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way."

[T. F. McILROY & C. W. SMITH, PRA.]

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POETRY.

THE PRINCE.

SUNG AT A PRINCE'S FESTIVAL.

Let monarchs revel where they may,
And drain their goblets bright;
No heart so free, or gay as we,
On this our festival night.
We need no regal pageant there,
No banners wreathed with fame,
For brighter far our triumphs are,
Of history and name.

Each Prince lives himself a king,
A monarch in his might,
And thence and crown must topple down
When he is in the right;
And 'ere the world his banner waves,
Where freedom's song is told,
The printed page—the truth of age,
And glorious songs of old.

High honor to the noble art,
By far the brightest gem
That ever threw its lustrous hue
From Freedom's diadem.
'Tis not its gleams the guiding star,
The watch-word of the brave,
Where millions fight to gain the right
Of freedom or a grave.

Then, brothers, let our daily toil
Be sung in festal strains,
While birds shall sing or weapons ring
On earth's wide battle plains.
For while one tyrant's throne is left
For truth to trample down,
Our mystic art will bear its part
Of glory and renown.

HOW MEN SHOULD TREAT WOMEN.—
A Persian gives the following instructions on this important point:

When thou art married, seek to please thy wife, but listen not to all she says.—
From woman's right side a rib was taken to form a woman, and never was there seen a rib quite straight. It breaks but bends not. Since then it is plain that crooked is woman's temper, forgive her faults and blame her not; nor let her anger thee, nor correction use, as it is vain to straighten that which is crooked.

The editor of the Buckeye Eagle, after hearing Jenny Lind sing "I know that my Redeemer liveth," was so worked up with the pathos of the music and the poetry, that he went off and joined church; for, said he, if there is anything more heavenly in heaven itself, it is indeed worth all the effort it is said to require, to try to get there.

"Husband, why do you destroy all my Sweet Williams, in the garden, and leave all the Mounia Betseys?" "Because the Betseys are all favorites of mine, but I won't have any Sweet Williams about my premises!"

INCREASE OF CRIME.—In 30 years, crime in Great Britain has increased 500 per cent. while the population has only increased 25 per cent.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again."
Ma. Harvey.

The lights and shades of Oregon fully exemplify the poet's position in the above graphic and sentimental strain.

Our country, stretching along the Pacific coast from 42° to 49° 50' N. Lat., and to the backbone of the U. S. A., includes every variety of soil and climate. Most nations of men, many classes of animals, etcetera, are represented here.—
Descendants of the Britons and Teutons, in their ramifications of intellect; the Spaniards, in their physical strength; the North-men, and even Celestials, navigate our waters, tread our soil, and constitute a part and parcel of our rising Territory, our affianced State.

The facilities and resources of our country, are adequate to its wants, and the indomitable zeal, skill, and perseverance of its citizens, united with a determined purpose to appropriate and apply these facilities pro bono publico, furnish a golden chain of hope to our youth and children, who are the rising hopes of the church and world.

What are these facilities? The country itself. Was ever beauty, grandeur and sublimity more sweetly blended?—
Was ever the picturesque, romantic and terrific, more strikingly delineated? Was there ever found a climate more equable, salubrious, mild and delightful? Where a soil more fertile and productive?—
A country more diversified with land, water, plains, hills, mountains, prairie and timber? And where richer resources of wealth? We have, if possible, a surplus of mineral and vegetable production, and gold to exchange for the infinite variety of goods which everywhere flood our country.

The people, too, are a hardy, enterprising, pioneer collection of persons.—
Who but such would have surmounted the difficulties which lay in the way of emigration to this country?

The Territory is fully organized—its geographical, and geological surveys are about being made, after which, patents will be issued, and our agricultural, civil, judicial, political, educational, moral and religious interests, may and must all be speedily pressed to a high and noble state of improvement.

The common school system is laid on a broad basis, which insures efficiency.—
High schools, academies, and other seminaries are springing up like Jonah's gourd—liberally endowed with houses, pupils, and teachers;—the latter destined to exert a moral, redeeming and elevating influence on the youth and children committed to their trust.

In connection with this, we love to record an inspiring fact, to wit: the influx of a large number of the fairer portion of the world the present year. If not an axiom, it is a conclusion deduced from induction, and therefore admits of demonstration, that a company of gentlemen, taken from refined but promiscuous society, and doomed to herd by themselves, will invariably become harsh, uncouth, unsocial and immoral. The refining and elevating influence of virtuous female society cannot be too highly appreciated, nor too vividly portrayed by my pen.

This influence furnishes not only melodious charms; it might well be incorporated with the elements of physical if not moral science. It forms, fashions, smooths, and polishes the rough granite or marble, throws life and beauty into the canvas; regulates, chastens, and ornaments human society. A sudden and pleasing transition from the uncultivated, unsocial, to that of social order and refinement, "sublimity," domestic happiness and conjugal bliss, is now taking the inhabitants by surprise.

May we not invoke the geniuses of Adonis and Venus to preside over us in our mountain fastnesses, and Neptune's nymphs over our sweet flowing waters and ethereal plains.

Another feature in the moral aspect of our country is the moral tone and tendency of our public prints. The four known to the writer, appear, none con, to take the side of virtue, temperance, education and morality. Whatever is objectionable in any of them, as, bitter contumely, vituperation, courtship, and personal intemperance, it is hoped the editors will correct, by giving heed to Mat. 5:15.

hard down upon all the great vices of the day—that gambling, drinking, Sabbath-breaking, and their numerous progeny, are fast receding before the blazing light which emanates from the press—that the hopeful, the fallen, are coming up to take higher, holier ground; while the desperate and irreclaimable, are forced to their lurking places.

Gentlemen of the quill and science, will you not, by a combined and potent influence, with benign and salutary counsel, make your weekly visits to the haunts of vice, and abodes of wretchedness, and raise the fallen?

The last but not least source of moral power is the pulpit. Society is progressive, and the climax of morality is "Pure and undefiled religion,"—holiness of heart and purity of life. This is the some of human excellence. "Tis an exhibition of the Divine in the human. Without this, all morality is like a whited sepulcher! Upon Bible truth the world depends for present and everlasting felicity, and our country is well supplied with advocates for this sublime, this sacred morality.

Occupying as we do a position eminent,ly adapted and destined to become the mart of the world, with all our wants, physical, mental, and moral, well provided for, our claims promptly met, our interests fully understood and protected—having for our watchword onward and upward, may we not adopt the sentiment of the poet and say,

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again."
With high esteem,
I am, sir, etc.,
D. R. WILLIAMS.
Forest Grove, Aug., 1851.

For the Spectator.
MARION COUNTY, Aug. 1, 1851.

Ma. Harvey:—
Sir—Allow me to inquire which of the two late decisions will be most likely to decide the question as to where the capital of this Territory is? I presume Mr. Crittenden did not anticipate a decree from the King, or in all probability he would not have ventured an opinion under such circumstances. Our highest official authorities in this county, have decided that the Hon. members of the Council and House of Representatives of O. T., must meet at Salem at their next sitting, and preparations are being made accordingly. Those conflicting opinions coming from such high official sources, must surely place the Governor in a very unpleasant dilemma. E. on the other hand, should the opinion of the "on. Att'y Gen. of the U. S. prevail, it is not mortifying to those who have battled with all the strength and ability they possessed, for the favorite mammoth bill, and more recently concurring in the opinions contained in that courteous, high-toned and manly decree issued at the city of Portland, not long since—The message of Gov. Gaines to the contrary notwithstanding.

Common sense, like truth, is mighty, and will prevail. FAIRBANKS.

From the Louisville Journal.
This is one of the pleasantest and most ingenious things we ever saw. We think we admire the pyramid even more in ascending than in descending it:

The Pyramid.
BY A. R. C. RAY.

(To be read accordingly, descendingly, and ascendingly.)

There
For eye
To stay,
Commanding,
To stand,
With gentle air,
Sublimely fair!
Its fame desiring,
Its height admiring,
Looks on it from afar,
Let every smiling star,
To raise the pile to Heaven
Those benighted stones have given.
Each prayer for truth's inspiring light,
Each manly struggle for the right,
Each kindly word to cheer the lowly,
Each aspiration for the holy,
Each strong temptation nobly overcome,
Each clamorous passion held in decent check,
As dew it rook toward the upper Heaven,
Stone after stone unto the mass to give,
It has upon the earth, its apex in the skies,
The good man's character a pyramid doth give.

We read in a Sheffield paper that "the last polish to a piece of cutlery is given by the hand of woman." The same may be said of human culture—the "last polish" is given by the hand of woman.

From the Drovers Home Companion.
Love in a Cottage.

A SKETCH—BY THE OLD 'UN.

"Toll me Charley, who is that fascinating creature in blue that waites so divinely?" asked Frank Belmont of his friend Charles Hastings, as they stood "gazing wall-floes" for the moment at a passing ball.

"Heathcote," answered Charles, "half sigh, 'an old flame of mine. I loved her, but she refused me."

"What grand!" "I know, I know, I know," said Frank, "but she refused me."

"Have you given up all hopes of her?" "Entirely—in fact, I'm engaged."

"Then you have no objection to my addressing this dear romantic angel?" "None whatever. But I see my fiancée—excuse me, I must walk through the next quadrille with her."

Frank Belmont was a stranger in Boston—a New Yorker—immensely rich and fashionable, but his reputation had not preceded him, and Charley Hastings was the only man who knew him in New England. He procured an introduction to the beauty from one of our managers, and soon danced and talked himself into her good graces. In fact, it was a clear case of love at first sight on both sides.

The enamored pair were sitting apart, enjoying a most delightful tete-a-tete.—
Suddenly Belmont heaved a deep sigh.
"Why do you sigh, Mr. Belmont?" asked the fair Julia, somewhat pleased with this proof of sensibility. "Is not this a gay scene?"

"Alas! yes," replied Belmont gloomily—"but fate does not permit me to mingle habitually in scenes like this. This only makes my ordinary life doubly gloomy—and even here I seem to see the shadow of a dark warning away. What right have I to be here?"

"What fend do you allude to?" asked Miss Heathcote, with increasing interest.
"A fend hardly presentable in good society," replied Belmont, bitterly. "One could tolerate a Mephistopheles—a dignified fend, with his pocket full of money—but my tormentor, if personified, would appear with scabby boots and a shocking bad hat."

"How absurd!" "It is too true," sighed Belmont, "and the name of this fend is POVERTY!"

"Are you poor?" "Yes, madam. I am poor, and when I would fain render myself agreeable in the eyes of beauty—in the eyes of one I could love, this fend whispers me, 'beware, you have nothing to offer but love in a cottage.'"

"Mr. Belmont," said Julia, with sparkling eyes and a voice of unusual animation, "although there are sordid souls in this world, who only judge the merits of an individual by his pecuniary possessions, I am not one of that number. I respect poverty; there is something highly poetical about it, and I imagine that happiness is often found in the humble cottage than beneath the palace roof."

Belmont seemed enchanted with this encouraging avowal. The next day, after questioning his friend Charley to say nothing of his actual circumstances, he called on the widow Heathcote and her fair daughter in the character of the "poor gentleman." The widow had very different notions from her romantic offspring, and when Belmont candidly confessed his poverty when requesting permission to address Julia, he was very politely requested to change the subject and never mention it again.

The result of all this maneuvering was an elopement, the bells of the bell jumping out of the chamber window on a shed and coming down a flight of steps to reach her lover, for the sake of being romantic, when she might just as well have walked out of the front door.

cents Pauline. The old woman, who was peeling potatoes, hastily wiped her hands and flew with a greasy apron, and saluted her "darter," as she called her, on both cheeks.

"Can it be possible," thought Julia, "that this vulgar creature is my Belmont's mother?"

"Frank," screamed the old woman, "you'd better go right up stairs and take off them clothes—for the boy's been arter 'em more 'n fifty times."

"Frank hurried these clothes on, and she retired on this hint, and soon re-appeared in a pair of faded nanken pantaloons, reaching to about the calf of the leg, a shabby black coat, out at the elbows, a ragged black vest, and instead of his varnished leather boots, a pair of immense cowhide brogans.

"Now," said he sitting quietly down by the cooking stove, "I begin to feel at home. Ah! this is delightful, isn't it, dearest?" and he warbled:

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."
"Julia's heart swelled so that she could not utter a word.

"Dearest," said Frank, "I think you told me you had no objection to smoking?" "None in the least," said the bride,—"I rather like the flavor of a cigar."

"O, a cigar!" replied Belmont, "that will never do for a poor man."
"And, O, horror!" he produced an old clay pipe, and filling it from a little newspaper parcel of tobacco, began to smoke with a keen relish.

"Dinner! dinner!" he exclaimed at length; "ah! thank you, mother, I'm as hungry as a bear. Codfish and potatoes, Julia—not very tempting fare—but what of that? Our ailments is love!"

"Yes—and by way of treat," added the old woman, "I've been and gone and bought a whole pint of Albany ale, and three cream-crackers from the candy shop next block."

Poor Julia pleaded indisposition and could not eat a mouthful. Before Belmont, however, the codfish and potatoes, and the ale and cream-crackers disappeared with a very unromantic and unlover-like velocity. At the close of the meal, a thundering double-knock was heard at the door.

"Come in!" cried Belmont.
A low-browed man, in a green waistcoat, entered.

"Now, Mither Belmont," he exclaimed, in a strong Hibernian accent, "are ye ready to go to work? By the powers! if I don't see yee sailed to-morrow on the shipboard, I'll discharge ye without a character—and ye shall starve on the top of that."

"To-morrow morning, Mr. Maloney," replied Belmont, meekly, "I'll be at my post."

"And it'll be mighty healthy for you to do the same," replied the man as he retired.

"Belmont—speak—tell me—" gasped Julia, "who is that man—that loafer?"

"He is my employer," answered Belmont, smiling.
"And his profession?"
"He is a tailor."
"And you?"

"Very well, you shall suffer it as long as I live. My carriage awaits your orders at the door."

"Your carriage, indeed?" "Yes, dearest, it waits for you, to bear us to Belmont Hall, my lovely village of Hudson."

"And your mother?" "I have no mother (also). The old woman drives stairs in an old servant of the family."

"Then you've been deceiving me?" "I have not, but I have been deceiving myself. I was not born to be a lady, but to shine the ornaments of an elegant and refined circle. I hope you will love me none the less when you learn that I am worth nearly half a million—that's the melancholy fact, and I can't help it."

"O, Frank!" cried the beautiful girl, and hid her face in his bosom.

She presided with grace at the festivities of Belmont Hall, and seemed to support her husband's wealth and luxurious style of living with the greatest fortitude and resignation, never complaining of her comforts, nor murmuring a wish for living in a cottage.

SPEECH OF MR. WEBSTER.—BUFFALO, May 23.—The following is the substance of Mr. Webster's speech, at the grand dinner given here yesterday:

The honorable gentleman's remarks were confined chiefly to topics relating to his own course on the slavery question, though he gave a rapid history of the question itself down to the present day.—
He defended his own course on the compromise measures. He could not do otherwise, he said, and he tried to lighten the constitution, and to the country.

He read from the constitution the clause relating to the fugitive slave law, and pointed to its explicit and imperative requirements, and asked if the sworn officers of the government were to execute them or not. We have taken our oath to sustain the constitution. Are we to tamper with that—are we to filter?

He spoke of no concessions. If the South wished any concession from him they would not get it—not a hair's breadth. If they come to his house for it, they would not get it. He conceded nothing, but he would maintain for the South and North to the utmost of his power, and in the face of all danger, their rights, under the constitution—and God forsoke me and my children, said he, if I ever be found to falter.

He had always contended that any measure calculated to add to the slave territory of the United States was unconstitutional. He never would consent that there should be one foot of slave territory beyond what the old thirteen States had at the foundation of the Union. Never, never, never.

He was in Congress when the Texas annexation question came up, and he fought against it, holding up both hands, and proclaiming with a voice stronger than that of any man, against the whole of it.—
But annexation was carried, and let those answer for it who did the deed. Mr. W. then alluded to the New Mexico question, and to the course of the administration on that subject, which he defended.

He glanced again at the fugitive slave law, and declared that it was more favorable to the free States than the law passed under Gen. Washington's administration. Other topics were taken up and discussed at great length, when the distinguished speaker closed.

NEW WAY TO DEN.—The Fond Du Lac Republican gives the following hint to its subscribers:

Spring is here with her sunny smiles and odoriferous breezes. The thick ribbed ice is fast dissolving away, like the phantom forms which dance on the vision floor of our midnight dreams; and the sleigh-bell's merry peals are as quick forgotten as the cherry-cheeked sweetheart of a California gold hunter. The rosy-fingered goddess will soon scatter her flowers around her prairie home, and love will frolic on undulating plain and towering hill—and some of our delinquent subscribers will be dropping in to pay us.

A BEAV OF FORTUNE TELLING.—Mr. Walter Raleigh wore a white satin pinked vest, clean-shaven to the wrist; over the body a brown doublet, finely flowered and embroidered with pearls. In the button of his hat a large ruby and pearl-drop at the bottom of the spring, in place of a button; his trunk of breeches with his waistcoat and ribbon garters, striped at the end, all white; and buff shoes with white ribbon. On great neck he wore a white cravat, and a white necktie.