

OREGON SPECTATOR.

D. J. SCHNEELY, EDITOR.

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way."

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MISCELLANY.

Market-House Hostiles.

BY MIRIAM F. HIGGINBOTTOM.

FELLER CHURCHES: I have received a letter from a lady who requests me to deliver a lecture on

INTEMPERANCE.

and as it runs in the blood of the Higginbottom family to be obliging to the ladies, I comply with their demand; not withstanding the subject is not one that I should have selected myself, because every snipe thinks himself able to deliver them sort of lectures, and illustrious orators doesn't like to do what every body else kin do, but to attempt something which is a little above the standard of common capabilities. There's Horator Levin, he lectures on Intemperance, and he moult lecturer on Intemperance exceeding well, for he understands that thing practically. And there's Horator Gough; he lectures awhile on the miseries of rum-drinking and tells exactly how a drunken fellow feels in every stage of intoxication and with every other sort of liquor; for he knows it all by experience, and when he forgits any of the particulars, he refreshes his memory by gitting on a spree, so as he may know how to describe all the sensations in his next lecture.

Such as honorable and respectable gents has been used to carry in a brick in their hat is the right sort to lecture on intemperance; for they possesses all the necessary information, and kin tell you how confounded wretched a chap feels when he's got the *delirium tremens* or the *rum-potter*. But since Levin has got out on Congress, I s'pose he don't understand them affairs quite so well as he used to do. Congress is a glorious academy to qualify a feller to lecture on the evils of intemperance. You kin see it thar in every shape, from the stupification of Lager up to the exhilaration of Champagne. Under the influence of the first named liquor, one-half the members spend their time in snoozing, and t'other arterkel sets t'other half of the honorable gents to fighting. A temperance or intemperance lecturer has a splendid chance thar to larn all the mysteries of his business. Yes sirs, that's a fact, he has!

But none of the Higginbottom breed ever was blackguards or wagabones enough to be elected to Congress, and werry few on 'em has any practical acquaintance with the mischiefs of rum-sucking, and all that I kin tell you about them mischiefs, I've heard from other orators, such as Gough and Levin, who is as well up in the lull thing, theory and practice, as a school-boy is in the multiplication table. From all accounts, as I've heard 'em, a rum-sucker must be a very deeply afflicted individual, and a werry living misfortin to all who has any sorter connection with him; but it does not seem to me that he ought to be cursed and kicked by every body. Drunkenness is not a vice that always comes from a bad heart; it kin hardly be called a crime for it is rather a weakness; notwithstanding it is a dirty and detestable habit, and the man that falls into it, soon approximates to the nater of the hog that wallers in the gutter. You dont cuss the hog coz he's dirty and disagreeable, for you know that he cant help it; and most on the drunkards is purty much in the same fig; they is what they is, coz they cant help it. You that does't like the taste of liker cant omdign what is the force of

appetite; yit maybe, some o' you who onks yourselves temperate, will eat cabbages and cucumbers in cholera times, and risk your lives for the gratification of your bell—I mean your stomachs. Now s'posed you like liker as well as you does cucumbers and cabbages, dont you think you'd guzzle at the werry risk of going to tophet the next mornin'?

Feller mortals, unless you kin master all your own appetites, dont you be too severe on the drunkard. Reform him if you kin, but dont be too cross with the poor creter, not even if he is your husband—for scoldin and bullragging him wont begin to make him temperate. Twenty men cant make a hog drink when he's not in the notion; and forty men and women cant make a feller quit drinking, if he's determined to persevere in it. Driving wont do in such a case as this. Dont you believe that this kinder doings ever made a sober man out of my brother orator, late member of Congress from the Fast District. He's not a man that kin be druv to any thing good. He must be persuaded and led along quietly, and so it is with all men of sperrit when they gits addicted to habits of loafism.

Feller saints and sinners, and saintesses and sinneresses, *noty bang*, that is take good notice, that it's a mighty hard thing to change the habits of a drinking wagabone, whether he swizzles lager or porter or claret or champagne. Such a feller is a log on two pegs, and if you change his nater you must work a miracle; and sometimes when you think you have changed him, you'll find, maybe, that there's a good deal of the pig left in him still. You may reform him somewhat, so as to make him fit for Congress society, but you'll hardly ever make him fit to associate with the decent members of the human specie. It will be a blamed sight easier to dress a common four-footed hog in white pants and make him keep himself enter the dirt. Wagabonism is like hydrophoby; if it once gits into the blood, you're not a going to physick it out without an amazin sight of trouble. When a chap has been a drunken loafer once, he'll always have a tech of loafism about him, in spite of every accidental elevation that he kin come to. That's the reason we have so many loafers and blackguards in Congress. The habits they tuck to when they snoozed about on cellar doors, and crawled into people's alleys, stick to 'em, and if they do swear off from drink, they continues to be dirty, crawling animals, with no dignity, princerial or manhood about 'em.

Young gents, never do you trust to getting reformed. For you see a reformed drunkard, even when he gets into Congress, is a wagabone still. The right way is never to need any reforming; never begin to go the whole hog in the way of drinking, for if you once make the plunge there's no telling how you'll ever git out of the mud-puddle. And if you do git out of my poor feller's, the sile will stick to you and you'll never be any thing but common loafers or Congressmen; and I'm sure your affechnate mothers would rather see you bathe at once or put away out o' sight in the portensheary, there to see you a living and visible disgrace to your families in the way jst mentioned.

Why don't men get Rich

Of one hundred men, it would be safe, we think, to assert, that at least seventy-five have a strong desire to be possessed of worldly goods and property; in a word to be rich. Of these seventy-five, in our active and ready-witted American population, it would rarely happen that one was entirely wanting in faculty or diligence—and yet few, up to middle age, acquire a competency, or, in respect to fortune, accomplish their wishes. Can any man give us the philosophy of this frequent result? It appears to us to lie in a small compass. There is in every community a number of persons determined *not to labor*, who find their whole inert energies in the reversal of the order of the scripture: "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou live." They resolve, and maintain their resolution with calm and stubborn uniformity to the end of their days, *not to sweat*; but to "keep cool"—and let the others do the *hard work* in the heat of the day. Characters of this stamp are to be found in every town, village, city, and district in the country.

And how do they live? Simply by using others. Either by getting possession of their property, without paying for it on a false credit, or by bringing others in, by way of loans and endorsements to pay their debts. In a word, diligent Americans fail to grow rich, at least to secure a competency by not collecting the debts they have earned in their calling, or by having to pay the debts of other people. These are two fruitful sources of poverty. Do we argue, therefore, against loans and credits? In one form, and another they are the bond and basis of all modern society—the point we seek to get at, is this—that men who have small means, should live on small means; that no man has a right to launch into splendor on the expected profits of his business, and to make his creditors contribute to his extravagance and that of his household—in other words, no man has a right to spend a dollar before he has earned a dollar.

Galled horses can't endure the comb.

Taming Wild Horses.

The following is extracted from Warren's "Pars on the Amazon!" "Many wild horses are still caught at Cajueiro. One day a party of eight or ten of the natives, mounted on well disciplined steeds, and headed by the Englishman, went out on the campos for this purpose. Parbed amid the branches of a tall tree, I had an extensive view of the grassy plain, and was able distinctly to observe all the movements of the equestrians.

The horsemen were riding rapidly in the direction of a small grove, when suddenly a troop of forty or fifty of the creatures emerged from behind a bush, bounded away with astonishing velocity over the meadow. A spirited chase was now commenced by the mountain natives, who strained their swift animals to their greatest capacity; never did I witness a more intensely exciting spectacle than the one which was now before me. The manes and tails of the horses were flying wildly in the air, while a mass of hoofs were rising and falling with a rapidity which showed how tightly strung were the muscles of the animals.

To my surprise the Englishman kept the lead, and was obviously gaining upon the quick-footed fugitives. Coming up with them, he seized his lasso, and began to swing it around his head, gradually enlarging the circles by permitting the smooth rope to slip gently through his fingers.

By a sudden motion, at the same instant plunging the spur into his charger, in order to increase his speed, if possible, he dashed quickly forward, and hurled his lasso with unerring skill around the neck of the foremost horse. The herd were now thrown into a panic, and wheeling around in their course, they were completely surrounded by their pursuers. Several were lassoed by the natives, and the remainder kept together by two or three of the horsemen, who were continually circling around them; not one escaped, and ere an hour had elapsed, they were driven safely into one of the pens at Cajueiro, neighing loudly, and their mouths covered with creamy foam. The best horses being selected from the herd, and properly secured, the others were again turned at large.

The mode adopted by the natives, of breaking them, cannot be styled by any other term than that of barbarous; yet it is so efficacious that the poor animals are rendered perfectly docile and manageable in the course of two or three days. One afternoon an opportunity was afforded me of witnessing the operation. In the largest enclosure proudly stood one of the majestic animals, kicking up the earth with his hoofs, and shaking the heavy mane on his finely curved neck, while his bright eyes glanced fearfully around him, and his loud laughing voice ringing wildly in the quiet air, seemed to be calling on his far-off companions for relief.

The fiery creature was held by a strong halter, at least fifteen feet in length, manned by three of the muscular and harnessed natives. Soon a noose was thrown around his neck by a couple of powerful blacks stationed on the opposite side of the enclosure. They then pulled with all their strength one way, while those who had hold of the halter exerted themselves vehemently in the contrary direction. The object evidently was to effect partial strangulation, in order that they might weaken and temporarily overcome the wonderful power of the spirited creature.

Violent were the plunges of the captive steed as he sought in vain, by superhuman exertions, to free himself from the grasp of his cruel tormentors, who stood like heartless demons around him. His terrific leaps only served to draw the cord tighter and tighter about his neck; his breathing became more and more difficult and might have been heard at the distance of a furlong. His heart beat as if it would burst from his heaving bosom, and his veins stood out in ridges along his quivering flank! At last overwhelmed with the intensity of his agony, and powerless with suffocation, he fell, and for an instant lay without sense or motion upon the ground. The noose was immediately loosed about his neck, and shortly returning consciousness began to light his glazed eyes—the fresh air swelled his nostrils, and his tremendous chest rose and fell like the billows of the sea. At the expiration of fifteen minutes he was once more on his feet, but how different from the magnificent animal who had stood, in his native pride and dignity, pawing that sandy soil an hour before! Weak—hardly able to stand—his head drooping, and his eyes without a ray, he looked like a miserable speeter of his former self—like a monarch dragged from his throne, who has been scuffed at by those whom he had before despised, and forced to be a wretched and miserable slave!

The persecution of the horse was now by no means concluded. As soon as he had recovered somewhat from his exhaustion, he was mounted by a naked indian, who was rewarded for his temerity by being thrown to a considerable distance over the head of the animal. The native, however was but little hurt, and in a few moments again resumed his dangerous seat. This time he kept his place, notwithstanding the vast efforts of the animal to shake him off; in fact the horse and

his rider being nearly of the same color, brought vividly to my mind the remembrance of an ancient Centaur.

The animal was now held tightly by a long rope, and forced to run round and round in a circle. Whenever he flagged, or manifested the slightest obstinacy, a native, with a heavily knotted cord swung around his head, would give him a terrible blow on his flanks, the pain of which was almost sufficient to drive him to madness. Gradually he became more and more passive, and at the end of another hour he was quite tractable.

Napoleon and Josephine.

Napoleon's acquaintance with Josephine began upon the impression made on him by her son Eugene Beauharnais, then a little boy. He came to request that his father's sword, which had been delivered up might be restored to him. The boy's appearance, the earnestness with which he urged his request, and the tears which could not be stayed when he beheld the sword interested Napoleon so much in his favor, that not only was the sword given to him, but he determined to become acquainted with the mother of the boy. He visited her, and soon his visits became frequent. He delighted to hear the details which she gave of the court of Louis.

"Come," he would say, as he sat by her side of an evening, "now let us talk of the old court—let us make a tour to Versailles." It was in these frequent and familiar interviews that the fascinations of Josephine won the heart of Napoleon. "She is," said he, "a grace personified—everything she does is with a grace and delicacy peculiar to herself."

The admiration and love of such a man could not fail to make an impression on a woman like Josephine. It has been said that it was impossible to be in Napoleon's company without being struck by his personal appearance; not so much by the exquisite symmetry of his features, and the noble head, and forehead, which have furnished the painter and the sculptor with one of their finest models; nor even by the magnetic look, so indicative of intellectual power; but the magic charm was the very expression of countenance, which changed with every passing thought, and glowed with every feeling. His smiles, it is said, always inspired confidence. "It is difficult, if not impossible," so the Duchess of Abrantes writes, to describe the charm of his countenance when he smiled—his soul was upon his lips and in his eyes." The magic power of that expression at a later period is well known. The Emperor of Russia experienced it when he said, "I never loved any one more than that man." He possessed, too, the greatest of all charms, a harmonious voice, whose tones, like his countenance, changing from emphatic impressiveness to caressing softness, found their way to every heart. It may not have been these personal and mental gifts alone which won Josephine's heart; the ready sympathy with which Napoleon entered into her feelings may have been the greatest charm of an affectionate nature like hers.

It was in the course of one of these confidential evenings that as they sat together she read to him the last letter which she had received from her husband; it was a most touching farewell. Napoleon was deeply affected; and it has been said that the letter, and Josephine's emotion as she read it, had a powerful effect upon his feelings, already so much excited by admiration.

Big Men.

In many a foot tramp in Western Virginia and little Tennessee, we have had occasion to remark the weight of men; but Gov. Floyd, in a Fourth of July speech he made at Richmond, eclipses any thing we have seen. We quote:

"The Governor said he did not rise to make a speech, and would not. There were members of the Convention there. They could speak (with a quizzical glance at two distinguished members on his right) the time was when he was "some punkin" as a stump speaker, but it had gone by long since. He made no pretensions then. He would conclude by telling them a story of his becoming a volunteer, and by offering a sentiment. The story was this: In the mountain country where he came from, when a man got seventy-five men together, they were entitled to rifles, and were forthwith organized as a rifle company. Well, he took it into his head that he would like to belong to a rifle company. He soon found the seventy-five men. That being done, the election of officers was the first step towards organization. One of the members, big Alick Miller—who weighed 250 pounds, and was three feet across the shoulders, and a span between the eyes—proposed that they should make the smallest man in the company captain. He (Gov. F.) was at that time nineteen years old, weighed 170 pounds and stood six feet in his stockings. They made him Captain. There were men in that company.

Some men feel speeches. Hon Lyman Trumbull, of Alton, is one of these. Said the "Old Ranger," after replying to a jury speech of Trumbull's:

"And now, gentlemen of the jury, I have demolished his positions, refuted his arguments and answered every thing but his boots, and I defy the devil to do that." Waterloo Patriot.

Fat Men.

There is something cordial in a fat man. Every body likes him and he likes every body. Your idiosyncrasies are in truth a barbed race, a last tribe they are all skeleton and bile. Food does a fat man good, it clings to him, it fructifies him, he swells bubbly out, and fills a generous space to life. He is a living walking minister of gratitude to the bounty of earth, and the fulness thereof, an incarnate testimony against the vanities of care, radiant manifestations of the wisdom of good humor. A fat man, therefore, aj-est in virtue of being a fat man, is pax as, a popular man, and he commensurately deserves his popularity. In a crowded vehicle the fatter man will ever be the most ready to make room. Indeed, he seems half sorry for his size, lest it be in the way of others; but others would not have him less than he is; but his humanity is usually commensurate with his bulk.—A fat man has abundance of rich julos. The hinges of his system are well oiled, the springs of his being are noiseless, and he goes his way rejoicing, in full contentment and placidity.

A fat man feels his position solid in the world, he knows that his being is cognizable; he knows that he has a marked place in the universe, and he takes no extraordinary pains to advertise mankind that he is among them; he knows that he is in no danger of being overlooked. Your thin man is uncertain, and therefore he is uneasy. He may vanish any hour into nothing; already he is a shadow, and hence it is that he uses such laborious efforts to convince you of his existence, to persuade you that he is actually something, that he is more than a noceosity; that he is a positive substance as well as his fellow creatures.

It really does take a great deal of wrong to make one hate a fat man, and if we are not always so cordial to a thin man, we ought to be, Christian charity shd't take into mind the force of prejudice which we have to overcome against this THICKNESS. A fat man is *re-est* to the most perfect of figures, a mathematical sphere; a thin man that most limited of conceivable dimensions a simple line. A fat man is a being of harmonious volume, and holds relation to the material universe in every direction, while a thin man in fact, is but the continuation of a point.

Belonging to the lean kind of folk we will not be expected to subscribe to the truth of the above in its fullest extent, but candor compels us to say that fat men are the salt of the earth, and taken in mass they are more amiable than those of "lean and hungry look." But that the "fat uns" are sometimes envious we can prove by a case in point, as the lawyers say. A friend of ours who stands six feet in his stockings and weighs about two hundred and twenty pounds, was in our sanctum a few days since, bewailing in no gentle terms the heat of the weather. He was sweating at every pore, as his linen coat gave unmistakable evidence. While in the height of his lamentations he happened to copy a note, dapper man tripping along in the hot sun, and apparently "as cool as a cucumber." This was too much for the squinty of our friend. "Now," he remarked, "look at that hatchet-faced chap, he's walking in the sun and sweating *NAVY* drop, I'm sitting in the shade and his pouring off me. How unequally the pleasures of this world are divided. Its too bad! O, that this too solid flesh would melt!"

Flying Ship.

Near Hoboken village, N. J., there is a strong enclosure, 300 feet long, in which is almost wonderful apparatus—or rather huge artificial dragon, nearly ready for launching. It is a huge cigar-shaped balloon 280 feet long and 24 at its greatest diameter. It has a car 64 feet in length, very sharp at either end, with 5 feet height 6 feet 4 inches, the whole composed of a strong, light wooden frame covered with canvas, with doors and glass windows. It is to be propelled by two of the most beautiful engines ever constructed. They are made of gun metal and cast steel, are of 48 horse power, and are to work 20 inch stroke 86 times per minute, which will give 400 revolutions to two propelling fans. The entire weight of the car, float and fittings is about 4,000 lbs., leaving 2,500 lbs. surplus. It is designed to rise 200 feet above the surface of the earth at a rate of speed varying from 25 to 50 miles per hour. It is calculated that the gas will have an upward buoyant force sufficient to raise more than 5,000 lbs. above the ground. The engines only weigh 181 lbs. They are constructed by Mr. Robjohn, a most ingenious mechanic, one who can make a balloon go if neat and well constructed machinery can do it.

It is designed to drive this vessel by steam, and to obviate the necessity of coal Mr. Robjohn says he discovered a plan of decomposing water, which is converted into steam by the combustion, and this steam is again condensed and returned for decomposition.

The most skillful and best of men are oftentimes led away by enthusiasms, and it is a good thing for science, perhaps that it is so.—Scientific American.

Fools may sometimes give wise men counsel.

Our We hope some of our readers believe the accounts in the Spectator, American Republics, and the

has a letter from a gentleman, a count of a successful experiment in new apparatus for flying. The man was a Miss Jeanette Forest, who was fat and corpulent, moved about with the help of a wing, and a distance of about 100 feet, but she was 200 lbs. heavy, and the apparatus was not in the hands of a professional aviator.

great rapidly, and they were a windmill. The accomplishment of this feat as a novel phenomenon is deemed an immense.

A Mr. Thomas Durville, a man, the apparatus that he has invented for flying, and that he is going to exhibit at the Crystal Palace, in the course of the present week, when he will fly from the Military School in Chelsea. He will be accompanied by his son, one of twenty-two, and the other, thirteen years. The proposition of a man of wings has delayed the exhibition until now. The inventor has tried his apparatus privately, with complete success, having flown across the River, from 11 o'clock in the morning, his wings had a spread of 15 feet, and the eyes had three swallow, shimmering along near the ground or mounting upright in the sky at his pleasure.

Give Your Child a Newspaper.—A child beginning to read should be supplied with a newspaper, because he reads names of things which give very familiar and will make progress accordingly. A newspaper in one year is worth a teacher's schooling to a child, and every father must consider that substantial education is associated with amusement. The mother of a family, being one of its heads and having a more intimate knowledge of children should become familiar with the life of him, and it should be his duty. Children amused by reading to study, are of course more diligent and more easily governed. The more the young man has read, the more he is a lover of learning, and the more he has been reading, the more he has been reading. How many parents who have not spent twenty dollars for books for their families, who would have given thousands to read a son or daughter who had ignorantly and thoughtlessly fallen into temptation!

THE FRANCHISE QUESTION AT THE CASE OF GOOD HOPE.—Notwithstanding the fearful war that is raging at the Cape of Good Hope, party spirit among the Colonists is greatly embittered. The Rev. Mr. Rantou, having by his course become obnoxious to one party, was invited to his hotel by a large crowd, who broke in the windows and threatened personal violence. The Franchise question remains unsettled. It is proposed that every person who has property to the amount of £100, possessed by himself, shall have a vote. If the suffrage was universal, the colored population would have a majority, but by the proposed plan it is thought that there will be 16,000 Europeans and 5,000 colored voters. It is proposed, however, that even with these restrictions the colored people will soon have the balance of power, and finally the preponderance.

SAXON.—We have heard a good deal said about the force of the old Saxon language; if the following language from a correspondent in Virginia is not shown, it is at least feasible! After giving every reason for leaving Virginia on account of slavery, he concludes:

"I am sick of Virginia, it is especially cursed at both ends, and I wish to get to the middle. It may be truly said of this kitchen. But I must hold, or may, to I may "struck" old Kentucky!"

The Dutchman's fall was "too short on one end," the Irishman's horns tilted down eyes, and could't see out of the other; the Yankee's knife "wasted a new blade and a new blade, only" but to be "cut at both ends and damned in the middle" "wo!" What say the Church Scribes?—True Amer.

VERY BAD TASTE.—The Navy of Greece Medicines says that a gentleman will make an excursion from the Cape and Port Deposit to Chesapeake Bay, on the 9th of August, for the purpose of observing the execution of the gallies, and the family, the best having been obtained for that purpose. They may also be observed in any the best. The high level of the bay will be seen by the eye without the least effort.

An Anecdote.—A man in the street in the