

# OREGON SPECTATOR.

D. J. SCHNEEBLY, EDITOR.

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way."

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## POETRY.

[From Eliza Cook's Journal.]  
**Indications of the Seasons.**  
A budding into greenness,  
A waking from sleep,  
A twitter and a warble  
That make the pulses leap,  
A sense of renovation,  
Of freshness and of health,  
A casting off of world's fears,  
A carelessness of wealth,  
A watching, as in childhood,  
For flowers that one by one  
Open their golden petals  
To woo the fitful sun,  
A gush, a flash, a gurgle,  
A wish to shout and sing,  
As, filled with hope and gladness,  
We had the vernal spring.  
**SUMMER.**  
A dreamy sound of waters  
Falling, ever falling;  
Voices of sweet song birds  
To each other calling,  
Flowers all rainbow-tinted,  
Springing, ever springing;  
On the vagrant breezes  
Richest perfume flinging.  
A perfect satisfaction,  
A fulness of delight,  
A sense of gliding onward  
Through regions ever bright—  
All hail, all bloom, all beauty,  
Like some ambrosial elixir—  
These are the signs that tell us  
Of glorious Summer time.  
**AUTUMN.**  
A perfect flood of sunshine,  
Wherein all objects seem  
A scene of golden splendor  
That makes the senses dim;  
Beneath a blue pavilion  
A glorious feast outspread,  
Where choicest gifts of nature  
Abundantly are shed.  
A lingering look eastward  
Unto the days gone by,  
A turning to the future  
With sad and anxious eye;  
'Mid Autumn's purple sunset  
A dirge-note swells the blast,  
And tells that soon the brightness  
Of the year will all be past.  
**WINTER.**  
The winds are sighing—sobbing,  
Like mourners around a bier,  
And from the hills there cometh  
A voice that soundeth drear;  
As the trumpet-call to judgment,  
Saying—"Prepare, prepare!  
Spread on the vale a fleecy pall,  
And lay the old year there!"  
Within are sounds of gladness,  
And fires that brightly burn,  
And stories of the olden times  
Are told by each in turn;  
Without, the cry of misery  
And wail about the eaves,  
And we look on hoary winter  
Through mingled smiles and tears.  
H. G. ADAMS.

**A Farmer's Life.**  
The Hon. Joseph R. Williams has recently delivered an address before the Michigan State Agricultural Society, at Ann Arbor, which is distinguished by the soundness of its views, no less than by the perspicuity with which they are advanced. We sincerely wish that we could afford room, consistently with our engagements, for the whole of this sterling production: but being unable to do so, we present to our readers an extract from it, devoted to the consideration of the farmer's calling. It is as follows:  
"The best faculties of men must be devoted to the farmers' pursuits; the best intellect must be engaged in it, and the farmer's life must be a field wide and attractive enough for the engrossment and development of every human faculty, or error, or ignorance or thriftlessness, will not be explored, and the calling will not secure the elevated position it deserves. Happily, a rapid change is perceptible.—The relative position of professional, mercantile and farming pursuits, is changing day by day. The first are no longer sought with so much avidity, the last no longer shunned. A wise man should never encourage his children to assume the duties, vexations and hazards of precarious and unhealthy pursuits, no matter how dazzling the prospect, how brilliant the prize. There is a higher object than wealth to be gained—sound sleep and sound health; a higher object than personal distinction—a composed conscience. In times past there seems to have been a kind of infatuation among the farming community in regard to evasion of their honorable calling. Thirty years ago, a father was prone to act with his children as though he himself followed a degraded calling. He seemed to deem professional or mercantile life the only road to high respectability of social and official distinction. The Websters, the Wrights and the Fillmores, were not retained to ennoble their own, but crowded off to illustrate and adorn some other profession. It has somewhat mended of late. The public mind has become more sound. It certainly will, if men will speak the truth, hear the truth, and practice on its precepts. The world will never regard the farmer's calling as the most honorable till it is so cherished by himself. In public estimation a pursuit is appreciated at the value placed upon it by those who follow it. Turn back then the tide of public sentiment among the agricultural population. The sturdy sense of many a sturdy farmer pierces the gauzy delusions thrown around the fanciful and frivolous life of a townsman. In the expression of his judgment sound, he yet practically may have sought all his life to make his children the very butterflies he detests. If he would have his occupation take rank as the most respected and most dignified among men, he must not himself act as though he regarded it as a dull and stupid exercise of human powers. I know not so small a farm, so limited a garden, that they may not engross all a man's faculties, and consume all his leisure. The time may be distant when each farmer may be a geologist, a naturalist, a chemist—but the time has already arrived when the application of science to agriculture is producing a peaceful, certain, and gigantic revolution elevating the calling, multiplying its results, increasing its comforts, and promising a higher civilization of the race.  
"A farmer should not consider it presumption, but a duty, to gladden his home with all true, and genial, and intrinsically valuable comforts, that shed a glow and attractiveness around the private home of the citizen. He can make it more inviting. There are few comforts and appliances about the home of a townsman which a countryman cannot enjoy. There are a thousand pleasures around a country residence which all the capital of a city cannot buy. A farmer surveys from his window with unalloyed delight the field now growing by superior cultivation, under twice the crop of previous years.—While he gains it, the world gains it. It is so much added to production. But multiplied and dubious are the ways in which a townsman makes his gains. Sometimes 'tis the pound of flesh. Sometimes 'tis extortion. Sometimes a double value is given to the raw material, but oftener his gain is lost to another. To say the least, the townsman is sometimes exposed to the inevitable necessity of expediency and dishonor. From such necessities the farmer can, if he will, always be free.  
"God made the country, man made the city. Just so superior as God's works are to man's works, just so far superior are the studies of the country to the studies of the town. If you look upon the rich and gorgeous development of nature from spring to fall, from the tiny germ to the abundant crop, with no more delight than on piles of stone, and brick, and mortar, then your life anywhere will be desultory, hard and dull. When he gazed upon the miracle of his own frame, in awe and admiration David exclaimed: 'I am fearfully and wonderfully made.' Yet each plant and spire of grass, each tree and fruit, each creature, every form of vegetable and animal life, is a growing and living miracle, no less wonderful than the frame of man. If he studies them all as living illustrations of scientific truths, and he delights at each new discovery of the

capacity and properties of a plant or animal, and each new insight into the laws which regulate its propagation and perfect growth, then, indeed, will a farmer become a philosopher and a man of science, and his life will be a ceaseless round of triumphant experiment and success.—From the most trifling act, to the performance of the highest duty of a noble calling, his life will be full of delightful satisfaction. The favorite domestic animal, which he has watched and fed from a nursing, seems to lick his hand in gratitude, and almost eager to contribute to his support. Look along that avenue of stately trees, growing beneath an abundance of delicious fruit, as though, or as if, shade over the weary traveller. But yesterday it was a bundle of mere twigs, which he proudly brought home, grasped perhaps in a single hand. It may be that wide fields around him have been transformed fit in the wilderness by his energy, and now blossoms like the rose.—No groans nor tears, no sinks of misery and crime, no squalid poverty, are witnessed in his daily duty. His mind need not be tortured with intense anxiety because struggling on the verge of commercial ruin. He runs less hazards of having his body racked with every disease to which muscle and nerve, and head, and stomach, are liable. But I fear that I am straying wide of my subject. I wish to show that the pursuits of a farmer may be rendered the most intensely interesting, the most noble, and the most engrossing to all the faculties, of both body and mind, of human occupations.—As soon as it is made so, it will be the most profitable and thrifty also. What a farmer wills his life and profession to be, that will it prove."

**LETTER FROM A CONVICT TO HIS MOTHER.**  
—The Kent (Md.) News says the following is a copy of a letter from William Shelton, one of the Coppen murderers, to his mother, written two days before his execution:  
**CHESTERTOWN JAIL, AUG. 5.**  
MY DEAR MOTHER: I have seen you for the last time in this world; on the day after to-morrow I shall close my life on the gallows. I acknowledge on many occasions I sinned against you and set at defiance your word of prayer and advice, and often you have rebuked me against the path I was pursuing, and predicted that they would terminate in a disastrous death. May all young men take warning from me, and when violating the obligations due to parents, and especially to mothers, who bore them, and nursed them in infancy, remember that the end of such is certain and sudden destruction. How true will your prophetic words prove—when in the anguish of your soul you have expressed your fears that my days would be ended on the scaffold or within the bars of a prison. I pray that God will forgive all the suffering and anguish that I have caused you, and that in his mercy he will soften the last blow from an unfeeling son upon the heart of a mother. In my dying, my last thoughts will turn to you, and my last prayer, next to mercy on my own sinful soul, will be, that God will stay and support your declining years.  
I can say nothing to comfort or console you except to protest my innocence. I enclose you a lock of my hair, which I hope you will keep in memory of your unfortunate and miserable son.  
WILLIAM SHELTON.

**ONE CONSOLATION.**—An Irishman, a day or two since, who had been often and profitably employed as a stevedore, was observed one day intently gazing at a steam engine, that was whizzing away at a swift rate, doing his work for him, and lifting the cotton out from the hold of a ship, quicker than you can say "Jack Robinson." Pat looked till his anger was pretty well up, then striking his fist at it he exclaimed "thoo, thoo, thoo, spot, spot, stamp it, and be satisfied, yeould devil that ye are! Ye may do the work of twenty-five fallies—ye may take the bread out of an honest Irishman's mouth—but, by the powers, how ye can't out / old blazer, mind that will ye."  
"Often, when I hear tell how one or another has met with a joyful change or an unexpected piece of good fortune—when I see how low spring follows winter, and makes it forgotten; how sunshine succeeds to rain, and joy to lament—there awakes in me too the joyous feeling, and earth change, like the earth itself, also for me will there probably some time be a change too." Hope is a fountain, whose secret and hidden veins well forth eternally in the human breast. But when I hear of disappointed hopes, or wishes never fulfilled, of prisoners for a lifetime, then my courage sinks, and I ask myself why she'd it go better with me than with others?—  
**NEWSPAPERS.**—The number of newspapers taken by the people of the United States annually, averages over sixteen to every inhabitant, man, woman, or child. In the British empire, only one person in twelve thousand takes a newspaper, in Belgium one in twenty-five thousand, in Russia one in thirty-five thousand, in Prussia one in thirty-five thousand.

**Execution of Count Hocarme.**  
The execution of Count Hippolyte Vi-sart de Hocarme, condemned for poisoning the brother of his wife with essential oil of tobacco, took place at Mons, in Belgium, on Friday July 18.  
About 6 in the morning M. Godding, governor of the prison, repaired to the cell of the unhappy Count, and informed him that his appeal to the Court of Cassation had been rejected. The first effect of this intelligence was a profound stupefaction. A moment after he exclaimed—"Impossible! His face, ordinarily pale, became livid with blood, and his limbs trembled. He was then left in his cell, under the guardianship of the three keepers, who had never left him since his sentence. He shortly asked to see the procurer, who visited him in company with an officer of the court, at 8 o'clock.  
The procurer read to him the judgment of the Court of Cassation, and the rejection of his appeal, and told him the day and hour fixed for his execution. This terrible announcement was received with the most perfect tranquillity. "I have but one more request to make," said the Count "be kind enough to take care that the blade of the guillotine is well sharpened. I have read of executions where much suffering has followed the neglect of this precaution, and the thought of that makes me tremble." The procurer told him he would observe his request as the last wish of a dying man. The magistrate, on leaving, said, "you have now no affairs to occupy you but those of your soul."  
"That is the priest's affair," was the Count's response. "M. Abbe Andre, chaplain of the prison, and M. Descaups, Dean of St. Wandru, were sent for; the latter brought with him the Archbishop of Cincinnati, distantly related to the Hocarme family.  
The condemned was left alone with the Archbishop, but notwithstanding the most urgent entreaties, he refused to confess. It was then about noon and the clergyman thought it better to leave him to his own reflections for a few hours before making another appeal to his conscience. At a later hour he betrayed a real emotion. At intervals he wept, and at last consented to confess to the execution of the crime. At 4 o'clock he confessed. From time to time, however, he enquired respecting the hour, and wept like a child, and sat on the knee of one of his keepers, for whom he had conceived an affection. In the evening, without any preparation, and as if suddenly struck with the thought, he exclaimed, "I will give each of you 100,000 francs if you will let me escape." At 10 o'clock the procurer again visited him in his cell. After their departure he asked for some refreshment.  
From this moment until the hour when the executioner was to prepare him for the scaffold, he sat in his cell talking with his confessor and maintaining all the coolness and resignation of manner which characterized his demeanor on the trial. An immense crowd assembled to witness the execution, and waited in profound silence in front of the prison.  
A little after six the executioner entered the cell of the Count, and the preparations were completed without the least departure from the sang froid which he had hitherto maintained. "Are you my executioner?" said he. "Yes, M. le Comte." "Ah." This was the last word before ascending the scaffold. He was accompanied to the place of execution by the Archbishop of Cincinnati and the Dean of St. Wandru, and walked unsupported with a firm step, carrying his head erect—his face pale, but calm.  
His hands were secured behind his back. Having inhaled for a moment the scent of a bottle of toilette vinegar offered him by the Dean of St. Wandru, he embraced him and the Archbishop, kissed the crucifix for the last time, walked steadily up the steps, and placed himself on the board to which the assistants of the executioner were waiting to fasten him with straps. During this operation, which lasted five minutes, he turned his head several times and looked at the crowd. Then to one of the men, who being somewhat nervous, was hurried in his manner, he said, "not so fast, there is time enough," and an instant afterward—"slacken this thing; so much precaution is not needed."  
All preparation being completed, he regarded the knife for a moment with a look of mingled curiosity and astonishment, and then laid his head on the cushion. The executioner gave the signal, a dull heavy sound was heard, and Hippolyte Hocarme, having suffered the judgment of man, passed to the presence of his God.

**The Governor's Daughter.**  
Mrs. Page, the President of the late Woman's Rights Convention, has been stopping with Gov. Wood, at his residence eight miles from Cleveland. In a letter to the Ohio Cultivator she thus speaks of the Governor's wife and daughters.  
"These ladies work in the garden, train up the vines, weed the beds, tend the borders and make around a fairy land of beauty and luxury. Why may not you do the same?  
"Now, dear girls, you whose homes are situated away from the bustle and confusion of the city—by the babbling brook, or upon the borders of the forest, or where you live in more favored places; amid the comforts of wealth and ease, let me ask you something to think about the wife of our Governor—think of her as one like unto yourself—performing all life's holiest duties, cheerfully. Go imitate her quiet domestic virtue—be faithful to your duties, create around an atmosphere of beauty and usefulness, live plain, simple, truthful, earnest lives. Think less of the trimmings of your dress, more of the garniture of your hands and hearts, and more of your yards and gardens. For the sake of those you love do this. How can your sons or your brothers grow up coarse and unrefined if you throw around them a panorama of beauty and harmony. Fill your gardens and your yards with fruits and shrubbery—toll the birds to your bowers, and let them sing their merry harmonies at the threshold, and by and by you may have a home of your own, each one of you, that will fill the heart of the sojourner within thy gates with hopeful happiness."  
**GOOD MANNERS.**—It has been said that a "man's manners form his fortune." Whether this be really so or not, it is certain that his manners form his reputation—stamp upon him as it were, his current worth in the circles where he moves. If his manners are the products of a kind heart, they will please, though they may be destitute of graceful polish. There is scarcely any thing of more importance to a child of either sex, than good breeding. If parents and teachers perform their duties to the young, faithfully, there will be comparatively, few destitute of good manners.  
Go into a family where the parents are civil and courteous toward each other and toward all within their household, whether as dwellers, or as guests, all their children will learn good manners just as they learn to talk, from imitation. But reverse this order of things concerning parents, and the children learn ill manners, just as in the former case, they learned good manners, by imitation.  
Train children to behave at home as you would have them act when abroad. It is almost certain, that they will, while children, conduct themselves when abroad as they have been in the habit of doing under like circumstances when at home. "Be courteous," is an apostolic injunction which all should ever remember and obey. Then would good manners be the common inheritance of mankind.  
**TEACH CHILDREN TO THINK.**—Study and the means of study, are indispensable—but all study and no reflection will never make a scholar. A man may read a monument of books, and never know the more; because, knowing but a little of all, he knows nothing definite of a part. So with children. They should obtain the faculty of reflection. Moderate study, and rigid, scrutinizing, untiring thought, will bring a child any sufficient knowledge. Who is the successful man? He who thinks. Who the distinguished professional man? He who reflects and investigates. And who the enviable scholar?—the book worm? Ask Newton with his apple, Watt with his engine, or Franklin and Morse with the kite and lightning—and they will tell you, as all history portrays, that knowledge comes only after close, vigilant thought, and show me that boy who is reserved, thoughtful and inquisitive, and when he comes to manhood I will point you to an intellect; or the girl who sees beauty in nature, and admires nature for its beauty and instruction, and I will show you a store of intellectual brightness.  
To detect arsenic in candles, take a piece of gold coin or a gold dollar or silver button, and suspend it over the flame of a candle, (one or two inches above,) taking care not to make the metal any thing like red hot. After being thus suspended for a few minutes, cool it, rub the piece, and the sublimated arsenic will be found deposited on the polished surface of the gold. It will be amalgamated with it, and exhibit a white metallic lustre like inferior silver plate. It is well known that arsenic is very extensively used in the manufacture of all or most of the various sorts of hard composition candles, whatever name they assume. The community ought to have some precaution against this mode of disseminating poison.  
**SLEEP.**—Women require more sleep than men, and farmers less than those engaged in almost any other occupation. Editors, authors, and artists, require more sleep than those of most other professions. The same is true of others.

**WATERMELON SUGAR.**—The Chicago Tribune, acknowledging the receipt of genuine saccharine matter, extracted from the watermelon, says:  
"We have seen and used sugar made from cane, maple, corn, and beets, but we have never seen any so pure and deliciously sweet as this. To our mind it is equal to the best quality of honey. The watermelon possesses a great amount of saccharine matter in a very pure state, and we do not see why more of it should not be made, and sent to the market as a stimulant to the growth of it."  
**THE DEVIL.**—We have all one bright spot in our character. The devil, for instance, invented modesty. Till the adversary appeared to Eve, people dressed naked. Aprons came in with sin, while brooches of skin owe their invention to breeches against the commandment—"The gentleman in black" may have ruined man, but he has proved the salvation of tailors and mantau-makers.  
A rich bachelor of New Jersey lately died, leaving by will several legacies, of from ten to twenty-five thousand dollars each, to ladies whom he had adored, but who had rejected him. He said they had afterwards grown to be so ugly that he could not be sufficiently grateful.  
"Gentlemen of the Jury," said a western lawyer, "I don't mean to persecute that this man is a covetous person, but I will bet five to one that, if you should bait a steel trap with a new three cent piece and place it within six inches of his mouth, you would catch his soul."  
**BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.**—The marriage of an aged couple is recorded in the last number of the Cincinnati Commercial. In Lewis County, Ky., on the 31st ult., Joseph Moore, aged 78, was married to Mrs. Mary Tolen, aged eighty-four—the third wife to the groom, and the fifth husband to the bride.  
Place a basin of cold water beside your bed. When you first awake in the morning dip your hands in the water and sleep will not again come.  
An aged clergyman with the habit of rising early during a long  
A Philosopher.—Two folks at Lowell, a young married woman and a bachelor, ran off lately. The husband saw them, as they got seated in the cars, gave three cheers, waved his hat, bade them enjoy themselves if they could, and then went home a happy man.  
Fuller, of the New York Mirror, was badly beat by a ragged woman who was standing in his way, and to whom he said, "Vamoose, ye little jakes." The urchin looked him in the face as he replied, "I ain't a jake—they're fuller in the face, fuller in the ears, and fuller all over!"  
Up to him.—A pedler calling on an elderly lady the other day to dispose of some goods, in conversation inquired if she could tell him of any road that he pedler ever traveled. "Yes," said she, "I know of one, which no pedler ever has travelled—the pedler's countenance brightens—and that's the road to Heaven."

**THE CUBAN FLAG.**—The flag adopted by the Cubans has a white star in the centre of a triangular red ground, near the staff, from which extends alternate blue and white stripes.  
**Oliver Cromwell's grace before dinner.**  
"Some have meat, but cannot eat,  
And some can eat, but have no meat,  
And to the Lord be praised!"  
A Southern wag says the reason why South Carolinians are so full-mouthed, in their denunciations against their country and its Constitution, is because they have been salivated with the Charleston Mercury?  
**TEMPORARY MARRIAGE.**—A Frenchman who was arraigned lately in Critten-den county, Vermont, on a charge of bigamy, pleaded in excuse of the same marriage, that the first was dissolved at the time he got married for only three months!