

OREGON SPECTATOR.

D. J. SCHNEELY, EDITOR.

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way."

[G. D. R. BOYD & T. D. WILSON, PRINTERS.]

Vol. 6.

Oregon City, (O. T.,) Tuesday, November 11, 1851.

No. 10.

THE OREGON SPECTATOR.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

DEVOTED TO THE MORAL, SOCIAL AND LITERARY INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE OF OREGON.

D. J. SCHNEELY, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS.

INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, per annum \$1 00

For six months \$0 50

For three months \$0 25

For one month \$0 08

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.

ADVERTISING.

One square (12 lines or less) two insertions \$2 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. MEER, Esq., general agent for the Spectator in the Territory, and is authorized to receive and receipt for all moneys relating to the office.

T. P. POWERS, Oregon City.

GEO. ARRENTZ & Co., Oregon City.

COUCH & Co., Portland.

J. B. McCLELLAN, P. M. Salem.

Gen. ADAMS, Astoria.

C. M. WALKER, Esq., Clatskanie.

A. J. HANCOCK, Esq., Vancouver.

F. HAY, Esq., Longview.

JOSEPH C. AUSTIN, Esq., Mouth of Mary's river.

A. SUTCLIFF, Esq., Hillsborough.

J. W. NICHOLS, Esq., N. W. corner of Polk county.

JOSEPH A. WOODRUFF, Esq., Empire Valley.

W. H. REES, Esq., Batsville.

ROBERT NEWELL, Esq., Clatskanie.

DAVID & LINDSEY, Esq., Luckanville.

E. F. SCHNEIDER, Esq., Benton county.

J. D. HOLMES, Esq., Pacific City.

JAMES COOPER, Esq., Sycamore, Clatskanie county.

E. HANCOCK, Esq., Pleasant Hill Post Office, Benton County.

NICHOLAS HENRY, Esq., Dulles, Clatskanie county.

JAMES WALKER, Esq., N. W. corner of Polk county.

WILLIAM BASTON, Esq., Clatskanie.

DAVID S. MONTGOMERY, Esq., O. T.

DAVID BOWLER, Esq., Astoria.

W. H. GRAY, Esq., Clatskanie place.

H. M. HARRISON, Esq., St. Helens.

T. H. SMITH, Esq., Multnomah.

General Lopez.

Narciso Lopez was born of wealthy parents in Venezuela, in 1799. He was the only son of his parents that grew to manhood, though he had a number of sisters. His father had a commercial house in Caracas, a branch of which at Valencia, in the interior, was placed under the charge of Narciso at an early age. In the war of Independence there, his father was a "Patriot," or adherent of the party seeking to free their country. I am not aware, however, that the father ever took up arms, until his native city was besieged by the Spaniards in 1814. Valencia, however, soon fell into the hands of the sanguinary Boves. Death was now the recompense of all who had taken any active part in the patriot cause. No city in Venezuela ever suffered so much as Valencia, from the cruelties of the royal troops. Gen. Lopez's father was advised to leave for Puerto Cabello, which he did as soon as he was able to escape from Valencia. On his way to that city he was murdered—and of course no pains to find out by whom he was thus put to death. Narciso was then quite a young man, and either joined the Spaniards, or was pressed into the service. The mode of his entering, however, makes but little difference. If he did not enter voluntarily he remained there voluntarily—and voluntarily sought favor and preferment from the scourge of his own country, the Spaniards.

One day, Gen. Morales, even more blood-thirsty and sanguinary than Boves, wanted some one to act as Secretary. Lopez was pointed out and chosen, and thence so ingratiated himself with his commander, that the latter did all he could to advance him. When the Spaniards were finally driven out of the country, Lopez left his native soil, with the rank of Colonel, in an army that had done its best to keep his native country (Venezuela) in subjection.

Lopez then went to Spain, distinguished himself, I believe, in the Carlist war, and had the honor of "Mariscal de Campo" conferred upon him. He afterwards went to Cuba and report states that disappointment in not getting the Captain-Generalship of the island, first induced him to commence intrigues which resulted in his being obliged to leave there.

It only remains for me to say that my information in relation to the first part of his career was obtained in the city of Valencia, my informant was Senor Esceribuela, for a long time Senator from that city, and who was, like the father of Lopez, obliged to seek safety in flight. Being on a visit to that city in July, I was at some pains to find out something about the early course of Lopez; and a letter of introduction to Senator Esceribuela, happily enabled me to do so.

No one who knows anything of the cruelties of Spaniards in South America, will be disposed to think that all of what is stated by Lopez about Spanish tyranny is false. Scarcely any one can so well testify as he can. Many years a protegee of the most sanguinary of his country's oppressors, it is to be expected that he would be able to declaim eloquently on a system of tyranny, which has long since been softened into lenity and mildness, compared to what it was when he fought for it, against the playmates of his childhood.

The principal portion of the above account, is from a correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger.

Another account says:—After the Spanish army evacuated Venezuela, Lopez went to Cuba, where he remained and established himself in life, soon making himself conspicuous by his advocacy of liberal principles. During the first Carlist troubles he chanced to be in Madrid on private business. Having joined the royalist party he was made Aid-de-Camp to the Commander-in-Chief, Gen. Valdez, and received several military decorations. He was honored with several important offices by the Queen, and was finally made Governor of Madrid. Afterwards, as Senator from Seville, he is said to have made the condition of Cuba his special study, and the expulsion of the Cuban deputies from the Cortes induced him to resign his offices and return to the island. There he held several posts under the Captain-General Valdez. Finally he undertook the re-working of an abandoned copper mine in the Central Department, where he is said to have employed his time in instilling liberal principles into the minds of the populace.

In 1849, when he thought everything was ripe for a revolution, he came to the United States and got up the immature and worse than useless attempt at an invasion, known as the Round Island Expedition. In May, 1850, the famous invasion of Cardenas took place. In August, 1851, he again landed in Cuba, at Bahia Honda. His followers were speedily destroyed or captured, and he himself, a fugitive among the mountains, was taken on the 27th of August. On the 1st of September, 1851, he suffered the ignominious death of the Garrote, at Havana. These are the principal events of a life, remarkable for its inconsistencies.

The most worthless of all family treasures are indolent females. If a wife knows nothing of domestic duties, she is not a help-mate, but an incumbrance.

Strange Intimation—Marriage of a White Woman with an Indian.

Our village has been in a state of ferment for a few days past, in consequence of a recent affair of love, romance and matrimony, the prominent actor, or rather actress, in which is not unknown in this vicinity. We have not room for a detailed history of the matter, but give the prominent facts as they were related to us by an eye and ear witness. Doctor Okah Tubbee, chief in the Choctaw Nation of Indians, in Arkansas, is a distinguished performer on the lute, and has been giving musical entertainments in this portion of the country for some time past. He is thoroughly educated, is the master of several languages, and is a fine musician. He plays on over one hundred different kinds of musical instruments. A few days since a lady of respectable connections residing in this place, stepped on board the packet at this village, with the intention of visiting friends two or three miles up the canal. On entering the cabin she met Dr. Tubbee whom she had heard of but had never before seen. Fond of music, and having heard of the Choctaw's remarkable performances on the flute, she ventured to ask him to play. The Indian complied and the lady was charmed with his music. She conversed with him, and was more delighted with the music of his words than with the silver notes of his famous flute. The boat arrived at the port where she was to meet her friends, but she concluded not to leave; and, before their meeting had been prolonged to a single hour, their mutual esteem had been ripened with such amazing rapidity that the lady, now fully given over to the fates, declared in the most passionate language that she loved the chief with an unconquerable fondness, and gave proof of her sincerity with a flood of tears. The Indian, in return, fell upon his knees and assured the trembling girl that her love was reciprocated. He told her that seven years ago that very day he had a dream, in which he saw a beautiful woman who was presented to him as his wife. Since then he had been wandering up and down the earth in search of her, but to no purpose, until this providential meeting had brought him face to face with the identical image whom he had seen in his dream. At Middleport the parties exchanged cards and the enamored woman left the boat to make suitable preparations to follow her tawny lover to Niagara Falls, on the following day. At the Falls they again met, when the matrimonial alliance was fully completed, and, in the presence of the thundering waterfall, sealed with a fervent kiss. It was agreed that the ceremonies should take place on the banks of the river, under the blue arch of heaven, and in the majestic presence of the great cataract. Friends were invited, a clergyman secured, and, at the appointed time, the matrimonial groups were standing on the brink of the precipice, on a grassy prominence near the American Fall, waiting the arrival of the man of God, to officiate in uniting the tawny chief with his fair betrothed in the holy bonds of wedlock. After much delay he made his appearance clad in the robes of his sacred office. Timidly he approached the company, gazed widely at the swarthy Choctaw, cast a hasty glance at the fair woman with the bridal wreath, peeped cautiously over the precipice, trembled, grew sidgy and, finally, backed out! Under the circumstances he dared not marry them. He tried to persuade the matrimonial candidates to postpone their marriage for a few days, until they had consulted friends, but to no purpose. A clergyman of better pluck was employed, who proceeded forthwith in the hyneneal ceremonies. The parties were married, and the priest received for his services twenty dollars in gold from the hand of the fair bride. Mrs. Tubbee returned to our village the day succeeding that of her marriage, and remained here until yesterday, when she left, with her husband, for Rochester. Dr. Okah Tubbee is now travelling with Mr. Gardner, an Englishman, and, we understand, will leave with him for Europe in a few days.—Medina (N. Y.) Citizen, Aug. 26.

FOLDING MACHINE.—We stated a few days since that there was a folding machine in this office, which folded the papers as fast as they were worked on a Hon cylinder press. The machine had then just been put in operation, and we could not speak very confidently of its success. But it has been in constant operation ever since, and folds our daily and weekly issues, and does its work well. In folding our daily paper, it is particularly serviceable, as it is difficult to get boys up regularly and promptly by four o'clock in the morning. The folding machine saves all the trouble on that score. It is attached to, and runs by the same power that turns the press, making, as it were, one machine of the whole—the sheets being spread on in one place, and coming out printed and folded at another. It would soon pay its way, in an office where power presses are used.—Ohio State Journal.

An exemplary young lady up town is very particular about closing the window-curtains in her room before retiring for the night, in order to prevent the man in the moon from looking in.

Mrs. Swishelm on the new Costume.

The eccentric Mrs. Swishelm, in a recent number of the Visitor, speaking of her experience, says she has made several attempts to wear the "Bloomer" dress but has now given it up, convinced it is a mistake. We give some extracts:

"If the trousers are loose at the ankle they go slip flap; if gathered at a band and falling over in a puff, they slip slap as one walks. If there is a ruffle to fall down on the top of the foot, it gets in the mud, and is as ugly as the longest skirt. If the dress is drawn up to be convenient, as much of the foot and ankle is exposed as if it were a shirt-tail enough for all occasions, and long enough without trousers. Then the trousers—all of them—give a general appearance of deformity—of drooping legs. Next, with a skirt that falls six inches over the knee, one cannot have the upper part of the trousers made like the drawers worn by women and children. They must be like men's pantaloons, or at least those worn by boys of three and four years. The undergarments must be worn inside of these, and they supported by straps over the shoulders, or a body to which they are fastened by half a dozen buttons round the waist-band."

"Trousers worn without resting upon the shoulders are much worse than skirts, because of the strain in sitting, and this strain is much greater in women than in men, on account of the difference in the form. In stooping far enough to lift a thimble from the carpet, or to pluck a gaisy, in a skirt six inches below the knee, the front part of the drapery falls to the top of the foot, and the back part rises some eight or ten inches above the knee, thus exposing the front part of the underskirts almost to the waist. If one avoids the stooping position by 'squatting,' there must be constant care and use of the hands to insure that the skirts do not lodge on the knees, but fall over. If they do not, one may exhibit her trousers to the waist; and when a woman exhibits her fort, with no other covering than trousers, we do not want to be there."

"Skirts which reach quite down to the ankle, and touch the top of the foot, are no impediment to walking, unless they have a bifurcated garment underneath, and the two together do sometimes stop locomotion altogether, until they are lifted into place; but we would give the men folk a monopoly of all manner of covering for the nether limbs except skirts—Oh yes, and boots in muddy weather.—So loose skirts and warm stockings are all the covering any woman's limbs require, unless in case of some emergency of travelling in a storm; but when one gets inside of a quilted balloon or a grass cloth tub, she wants clothing to protect her from her clothes."

"Our experience teaches us that decency requires three coverings for the person in the warmest weather, two of muslin and one of lawn—the widest of the underskirts to be three yards in circumference, the other two a half; the lawn skirt outside may be four, five, six, or seven yards wide, and the three garments would weigh two pounds, scarcely as much. When this rests upon the shoulder it is not a very grievous burden, and if it is not enough for the requirements of decency, it is twenty years since we were decently dressed on a very warm day. If the wind likes to come and wrap your skirts close around your limbs, that is the winds business, and we do not see that any one has a right to interfere with old Boreas when he is engaged in a lawful calling; but if you want to check his advances, put a little starch or gum in the two outside skirts, and if your lawn is very thin he will whistle through without taking the trouble to bend it close enough around your form to reveal your proportions. When the weather will admit add another skirt for comfort; but none are needed for show. It is a false idea—a bustle relic—that we must put on a mass of drapery to make a form of ourselves. The Good Father made the form, and made it nicely. All we have to do is to clothe it, and leave its proportions just as we find them."

AN IMPARTIAL JUDGE.—A deceased chief justice of one of our courts once addressed a jury in the following model speech, which we respectfully submit for the consideration and study of all eloquent law pleaders and after-dinner speech makers: "Gentlemen of the jury, in this case the counsel on both sides are unimpeachable; the witnesses on both sides are incredible; and the plaintiff and defendant are both such bad characters, that to me it is indifferent which way you give your verdict." There was brevity, satire and point, almost unparalleled. A great man was that chief justice.

A correspondent of the Leicester Mercury, having heard that a prize had been offered for a rhyme on the word month, hopes that the following may be judged successful:—

A lying girl set on her father's knee,

A trying to say the little word month;

And she laugh'd as she said, "I'll let you see

I can say it again, for I've said it weath."

Thoughts for Young Men.

There is one error in regard to health, so common in all ranks of life, that special pains should be taken to prevent young men from incurring its mischief. Almost every man has his own pet indulgence. This he defends by saying that however injurious it may be to others it is harmless to himself; and he refers to his past experience to justify his future indulgence; affirming that he has tried it for years, he knows it has been innocuous, and he will therefore persist.

Now this reasoning, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, is the shallowest of fallacies. In the first place, a man can never know well he would have been, but for the indulgence he defends. He wants and must necessarily wait, as an object of comparison, and as a ground for his inference, that other self, which but for the indulgence, he would have been.

In the next place, and principally, every well constituted person is endowed with a vast fund of health and strength, at his birth; and if this has not been impaired by the ignorance or folly of his natural guardians, he brings it with him upon the stage of life. This fund of natural, inborn health and vigor may be increased or kept at par, or squandered.—The case may be likened unto a deposit in a bank of a hundred thousand dollars for a young man's benefit. He may make a draft upon it for five thousand dollars a year, and may repeat his draft annually for twenty years; and because the draft is always answered, the drawer may say, "I know that this expenditure does not impair my fortune—my credit continues as good as ever, and the last time my check was presented, it was promptly honored." True. But the self same act now cited to prove the exhaustiveness of the funds is the very act that drew the last cent of the deposit, and balanced the account. It is a false logic, when the inference uses up the premises and the syllogism seems to stand stronger until it stands on nothing. Yet such is the argument in defence of every indulgence and every exposure that militates against the laws of health. He who draws upon a supply that is not infinite, will sooner or later reach the bottom. Let this be received as an axiom, that no law of health, any more than a law of conscience, can ever be broken with impunity. To affirm that any violation of a law of health will not be followed by its corresponding injury, is as philosophically absurd as to say there may be a cause which produces no effect.

A young man in the city, and in some avocations in the country also, who has only a limited stipend for the supply of all his wants, is sorely tempted to indulge himself in what meets the public eye, and to scruple himself in needs of a more private character. An unhealthful sleeping room may be endured, that a showy dress may be displayed. A month of penurious living is the penalty of an expensive entertainment. A day of indolence and perhaps baneful pleasure absorbs what would have sufficed to spread comfort over weeks. In former days, under the despotism of a custom as cruel as it was ridiculous, a young man with a few spare dollars in his pocket, was expected to spend them in the sensual pleasures of a wine bibbing entertainment, instead of spending them for the God-like joy of succoring distress, or reclaiming from guilt, or rescuing innocence from perdition.—Horace Mann.

THE NEW POST OFFICE LAW.—The law reducing the rates of postage went into operation on the 1st of last July.—The rates are as follows:

Single letter, distance less than 3000 miles, pre-paid 3 cents.

Single letter, distance less than 3000 miles, unpaid, 6 cents.

Over 3000 miles pre-paid, 5 cents.

" " unpaid, 10 cents.

Double letters, double postage.

Every letter not exceeding half an ounce in weight, is to be deemed a single letter, and every additional half ounce or less to be charged with an additional single postage.

Letters, when conveyed wholly or in part by sea, or to and from a foreign country, for any distance over 2500 miles, 20 cents—for any distance under 2500 miles 10 cents—except where a postal treaty provides for different rates.

Newspapers not exceeding three ounces in weight sent from the office of publication to bona fide subscribers, are charged as follows:

Weekly, in county where published, FREE.

" out of county where published, and with- 5 cts. per. qr.

" over 50 and not exceeding 300 miles 10 "

" over 300 and not exceeding 1000 miles, 15 "

" over 1000 and not exceeding 2000 miles, 20 "

" over 2000 and not exceeding 4000 miles, 25 "

" over 4000 miles 30 "

Monthly papers at the foregoing rates.

Semi-monthly, " " "

Semi-weekly, double " " "

Tri-weekly, triple, " " "

Often than tri-weekly, five times the foregoing rates.

Louis Napoleon.

I extract from the Journal of a Student, a slight sketch of the private appearance of the President. "I was struck by the tinge of melancholy upon his countenance, to which the expression of the face of St. Louis, I had a good opportunity of seeing Louis Napoleon. As it was the first time it may be easily believed that I looked with all my eyes. He was about entering the Congress, where the refreshment table was set out. On his right arm was the Marchioness of Normandy. As he advanced, he seemed crowded five or three times to shake hands with ladies whom he knew, and whose sugar cups seemed to flow like honey.

I had become familiar, from various pictures, with the appearance of Louis Napoleon, and if I had met him anywhere I should have known him instantly, without a prompter. His general aspect, to the engravings represent him, is graceful, square and heavy; but the living person admits of a misce and interesting study, as well on account of his striking features as his present position.

Louis Napoleon is a little under ordinary size, five feet eight inches high—with rather broad and square shoulders, a square what thick neck and a German rather than a French head. His complexion and expression, his wide face, his simple features, expanded at the sides and rather lowered at the forehead, all would have led me to had I seen him without knowing him, to say he was a German. His hair is dark brown; mustache very massive and reddish brown; eyes dark grayish blue, almost covered by thick and solid eyelids, and shaded by heavy, bushy eyebrows. His movements are simple, natural and moderate, with a touch of dignity, which is the more effective, as it is suggestive of something more behind it.

On the whole, Louis Napoleon might pass in a crowd as an ordinary man, ambitious at heart, bound to no faith by fortune, consecrated to no high purpose or achievement by Providence. I looked intently at his countenance for some moments of Josephine, whose blood runs in his heart, but in vain. I looked again at the resemblance of the great Napoleon, whose lineage he is, whose name he bears, whose empire he all but wishes. He is, however, slight, and has not the majestic Asiatic bloom which Napoleon and rendered terrible the countenance of the Corsican. On the contrary Louis Napoleon's face is decidedly homely, his smile is pleasing, and the play of his features rather social and genial; yet there is a sadness and a tinge of mystery about him like that of a man trained to disappointment, and little accustomed to hope; one who has walked the world by himself not refusing, yet desiring to ask it; one who is accustomed to be looked on as a siddie, which he would not or could not solve. He does not look dissatisfied, nor the contrary; neither happy nor unhappy; neither exalted nor depressed. His general expression is that of confidence, self-possession, modesty, which inevitably invites sympathy and benign favor—the more, perhaps, because of the blaze of pomp and power with which he is surrounded, and which he seems to command. I can very easily comprehend now, the power which Louis Napoleon exercises over a considerable part of the people of France, in spite of the difficulties of his situation, and the many things good or ill, which he has done, and which of necessity have often fallen with accompanying emphasis upon the clashing interests of parties, cliques and cabals."

A COW WITH HER FIRST CALF.—Mrs. Russell Woodward, in the month of the New York Board of Agriculture, says she has found that young cows the first year that they give milk may be made, with careful milking and good keeping, to give milk most any length of the year. But if they are left to dry up early in the fall, they will be sure to dry up with each succeeding year if they have a calf near the season of the year, and making but extraordinary keeping will prevent it, and that but for a short time. I have had them dried up all their milk in August, and could not by any means make them give milk much beyond that time in any succeeding year. I have two cows now that were milked the first year they had calves till near the time of their calving again, and have continued to give milk as late as ever since if we milk them. We have seen the efficacy of the above plan verified.—American Farmer.

EFFTAPE.—Underneath this stone slab lies the body of one who was born on the 1st of May 1800 and died on the 1st of May 1850. We lay like others, here to sleep. Now free from care, here from the world, if she should weep