

# OREGON SPECTATOR.

Rev. G. H. ...

"Weighed the Star of ..."

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## POETRY.

**My Old Dear Home.**  
Between broad fields of wheat and corn,  
Is the lovely home where I was born;  
The peach tree leans against the wall,  
And the wondrous garden over all,  
There is the little window still,  
But a stranger's feet has trod the sill.  
  
There is the barn—and as of yore,  
I can smell the hay from the open door,  
And see the boys cavorting there,  
And hear the cow with mournful roar,  
But the stranger comes—oh! painful proof—  
His steers are piled to the heated roof.  
  
There is the orchard—the very trees,  
Where my childhood knew long hours of ease,  
And watche I the shadowy moments run,  
Till my life inhibited more shade than sun;  
The spring from the bough still sweeps the air,  
But the stranger's children are swinging there.  
  
There bubbles the steady spring below,  
With its lush bank where the hazel grows;  
Twas there I found the columbine root,  
And watched the minnow pierce and shoot,  
And heard the robin love his wing,  
But the stranger's basket is at the spring.  
  
Oh! ye that daily cross the hill,  
Step lightly for I love it still,  
And when you cross the old barn eaves,  
Then think what caution harvest sheaves  
Have passed within that scented door,  
To gladden the eyes that are no more.  
  
Dear kindly with those orchard trees,  
And when your children crowd your knees,  
Think sweetest fruit they shall impart  
As if all moments stirred their heart—  
To perch upon still leave the swing,  
And in sweet defiance hold the spring.  
  
Think of the trees, the brook, the birds,  
The garden with their loving birds,  
The cottage wall,  
The stilling lullaby with them all—  
Think of them on my native hill,  
Step lightly, for I love it still.  
  
Let no man be too proud to work,  
Let no man be ashamed of a hard fist or  
a sun-burnt countenance. Let him be  
ashamed only of ignorance and sloth. Let  
no man be ashamed of poverty. Let him  
be ashamed of dishonesty and idleness.  
  
"There is nothing," said Sir Samuel  
Remilly, "by which I have through life  
more profited than by the just observations  
the good opinion, and the sincere and gentle  
encouragement of an amiable and sensible  
woman.  
  
A boy three years of age was asked  
who made him. With his little hand elevated  
a foot above the floor, he artlessly replied,  
"God made me a little boy so high,  
and I grew the rest."  
  
Why in the end of a dog's tail like the  
beast of a Jew? Because they are both  
barren from the bark.

From the Sunday Times  
Washington at Kipp's Bay, and  
the Landing of Sir Wm. Howe.

BY HENRY A. BOWEN.  
The oldest house on this island, and  
perhaps in this state, until removed a few  
months since by the march of "improvement,"  
was the old dilapidated mansion at  
Kipp's Bay, erected by the ancestors of the  
present Kipp family in the days of  
Peter Stuyvesant, more than a hundred  
and sixty years ago. It was always in-  
habitable, but at length the tenants were  
Irish, and the "high-bred" Kippes dwell  
no longer in the halls of their fathers.  
On Sunday morning, the 16th of Sept.,  
1776—and a clear, pleasant, autumnal  
morning it was—the Kipp house was in-  
habited by a picket guard of Connecticut  
militia from Gen. Fellows' brigade, sta-  
tioned there to watch the movements of  
the British troops, whose cantonments  
were visible on the opposite Newtown and  
Bushwick shores. My grandfather happened  
on that day to be second in com-  
mand at that important post. Now I cannot  
say, in the words of the song, that  
"my grandfather was a most wonderful  
man," for he was only a sturdy Connecti-  
cut farmer, somewhat past the middle age  
in life, who had shouldered his musket in  
defence of his country, and had been selected  
to command a company of "minute  
men" that marched to the protection of  
New York after the battle of Long Island.  
Major P——, who commanded the picket  
guard, was anything but a soldier: He  
had been granted a commission by Govern-  
or Trumbull, because he had been fortunate  
in recruiting a battalion of militia; but  
of military tactics he was ignorant  
"as a horse," and his general education  
was on a par with his knowledge of the  
tented field.  
The interior of the "Kipp house" pre-  
sented a curious scene on the morning we  
have mentioned. The furniture which  
had been left by the family, who had re-  
mained on the exposed bastion of the  
British, was scattered about here and  
there, and the brawny forms of some  
twenty or thirty half-uniformed soldier-  
reposed "in the arms of Morpheus" in  
different portions of the building. Over  
the kitchen fire hung an immense iron  
kettle, filled with the rations of the whole  
company, which consisted of codfish and  
potatoes only. On a table near by was a  
tub of sea biscuit, and half a dozen broken  
plates, with knives and forks to match,  
denoting the mess table of the officers.  
As to coffee, tea, or butter, there was  
none; but a huge bowl of St. Croix rum  
made into "coddy" constituted the bever-  
age, and was common to all.  
"Captain B——," said the Major in  
command to my grandfather, as he filled  
his cup with toddy, "I reckon them lob-  
ster backs on 'thoder side yonder are con-  
siderably skerry at sea in us here, and  
don't mean to come over, no how."  
"If I am not mistaken, major, they in-  
tend to pay us a visit before sundown.  
Three of their ships went up the river be-  
fore daylight, and the Rose sloop of war  
has anchored within musket shot of us  
since then."  
"You don't say so!" said the major,  
swallowing his liquor in great haste, and  
thrusting his rubicund visage out of the  
doorway. "I declare—so she has! I  
say, capt'n, don't you think I'd better  
just gallop up to the curnel, and tell him  
all about it, hey?"  
"No, Major, your post should be here,  
until ordered to retire; and your young-  
est lieutenant with a verbal or written  
communication. A commanding officer  
has no right to leave his post."  
"Wall, p'r'aps your kinder right, cap-  
t'n. But if I should get a shot in the  
gizzard, I wonder what Mrs. P—— would  
say? This sojerin' ain't very pleasant,  
no how."  
At this moment, a cannon shot entered  
through the open window, and, lodging in  
the fire-place, made "small potatoes" of  
the kettle of codfish; and scattering par-  
ticles of the hot fish around, one piece  
struck the valiant major in the rear,  
slightly scalding him. He, on feeling the  
dampness, took it for blood, and rushing  
out of the doorway, scrambled among  
some bushes behind a slight hillock, rear-  
ing out most lustily—  
"I'm shot! Oh, Lord, I'm shot!"  
The drums were now ordered to beat  
the alarm, and, in a few moments, the  
soldiers, aroused from their slumbers, fell

into the ranks behind the house, whilst an  
occasional shot would rattle the earth and  
scatter the dirt around them. A glance  
across the bay soon accounted for the  
sudden cannonade. From Newtown creek  
and, in fact, from all the shore of Long  
Island opposite, numberless boats and  
barges filled with British's  
proudest troops, accompanied by music,  
with regimental standards and ensigns  
floating in the breeze, footed pluckily  
that New York was doomed. "Brit  
Britania," "Molbrook come over the water,"  
and other martial tunes greeted the  
ears of the militia gathered on the  
banks of the river, as the British were  
intended to cover the landing of the veter-  
an troops of Fostney, Minden, and our  
own recent Bunker Hill.  
A horseman rode at full speed down the  
narrow lane which led from the old floe-  
post-rod to Kipp's Bay house. He  
reined up his steed before the first picket  
guard, and, leaping off, inquired for the  
commanding officer.  
"I believe you'll see him behind those  
bushes yonder, sir. At any rate, his voice  
comes from there," said Captain B.  
As the general's aid and the captain  
advanced to the spot, they burst into  
laughter at the scene presented to view.  
The major had donned himself entirely  
of his breeches and nether garments and  
appeared to be very busy rubbing his  
person in that portion of the body called  
by some the "seat of honor;" nor did he  
cease roaring lustily during the operation.  
"Why, major," said the aid, "you have  
a voice like a bull. You would make an  
excellent adjutant general. What the  
devil ails you?"  
"Oh, I'm shot! Let me be carried off,  
and send for a surgeon! Oh! this d—  
sejer business!"  
"Shot? Where? How?"  
"Here," said the valiant major, point-  
ing to the slight scald, looking like a red  
pimple, which from its position, was in-  
visible to his own eye-sight.  
"Nonsense! Instantly take command  
of your post. The commander-in-chief  
has sent for you, and a brigade is now on  
the march to take position here and repel  
the landing of the enemy. Station your  
men behind the rocks and do your duty,  
or I shall report you for court martial.  
Yonder comes a field-piece, with the artil-  
lery men, already."  
The officer re-mounted his horse, and  
rode rapidly up the hill to urge on the  
advancing troops.  
"Captain B——," said the major, slow-  
ly taking up his breeches, "I wish to  
thunder you'd kinder station the men  
where Major Humphreys said. I'll be  
along by me by."  
The request was needless, for the cap-  
tain had already departed with the in-  
structions of the aid. Before the troop-  
loaded barges had reached within two  
hundred yards of the shore, the field-piece  
of militia had twice or thrice hurled its  
death shots amidst the enemy. Nor had  
the cannonade from the shipping been  
without injury to those on shore. Some  
half dozen of the Americans were killed  
or wounded.  
In the meantime, a brigade, consisting  
of two thousand troops, under the com-  
mand of General Fellows, had reached  
and occupied the ground in the immediate  
vicinity of the bay. Nearer and nearer  
approached the British regulars, and now  
could be heard distinctly the orders of the  
officers, as boat after boat diverged from  
the line to land on different points of the  
shore. The fire from the war ships also  
began to slacken as the barges neared,  
and the musketry of the soldiers on both  
sides increased the immediate excitement  
of the scene.  
Now, it so happened that Major P——,  
in his anxiety to escape, had approached  
the river a little below the old Kipp house,  
at a spot which had been somewhat un-  
guarded, and, in his fright, had not yet  
put on his breeches. When he saw the  
enemy nearing the beach, he upheld his  
nether garments in astonishment and ter-  
ror; and as they were waved by the  
wind, they were mistaken by the officer  
in the headmost barge as a signal of sub-  
mission.  
"See, my lady," exclaimed Lord Percy  
"the Yankee submit at the sight of his  
majesty's troops! Give three British  
cheers, and push in."  
The cheers ascended—off halted the  
major, so reified as he came into the world  
from his coat shirt downward, and rear-

ing like a bull with terror. Some newly  
arrived militia, stationed near by, were  
roused with a panic, and followed as the  
heels of the major. Singular as it may  
appear, the cowardice of one man some-  
times affects a whole army, for, in the  
space of five minutes, it was "devil take  
himself" with the whole brigade, and  
the barges of King George took possession  
of Manhattan Island without striking a  
shot.  
As the troops were flying in every  
direction, a number of officers of the  
British army, who were standing on the  
bank of the river, were looking on at the  
scene with a degree of interest, and  
within a couple of hundred yards  
from whence they halted.  
"Shame on you!" exclaimed the fore-  
most, which proved to be the commander-  
in-chief. "Are these the men of Long-  
Island, Bunker Hill, and Quebec, flying  
before a few regulars? By G—d, sir,  
halt this instant, or I'll shoot you down."  
At the same instant he took a pistol  
from his holster, and aimed it at one of  
the retreating colonels of militia.  
"Let me entreat your excellency to  
retire. See, we are nearly surrounded,  
and you once lost, farewell to the freedom  
of the thirteen colonies," exclaimed Gen.  
Greene.  
"Oh! Greene, Greene, I did not think  
of this." He slowly turned his horse's  
head and rode off. People who saw him  
that day, say that it was the only time,  
with one exception, that Washington ever  
displayed rage on the battle-field. That  
night New York was in possession of the  
British troops under Sir Wm. Howe, and  
as continued till the 25th of November,  
1783. Washington retreated to Harlem  
Heights.  
As for the major, he bore off his breeches  
triumphantly, like those of Mahomet at  
the head of the Turkish forces and left the  
army preparatory to being kicked out.  
He always avowed, however, to the day  
of his death, that the absence of his lower  
garments saved his life during the attack  
on Kipp's Bay.

During the year 1850, a man in  
St. Louis, Mo., named Jack Roberts, alias  
Ward, bearing a notoriously bad charac-  
ter, was arrested by the orders of the city  
marshal, under the vagrant act, but was  
released on giving the promise that he  
would leave the city within three days.  
He did not leave the city in that time,  
and orders were issued by the marshal to  
the guard, to re-arrest him whenever they  
might find him. One or two mornings  
after such orders had been given, an offi-  
cer named Hilber, and another policeman  
found Roberts with a companion named  
Jones, in a coffee house, and at once pro-  
ceeded to arrest him. Roberts was ar-  
rested and received from Jones a pistol,  
which he fired at Hilber, who died from  
the effects of his injuries on the same  
night. Both men were arrested, both have  
been tried, convicted and sentenced to  
death. The local vagrant law was termed  
illegal, and by it, it was thought by many  
that the men would escape—reasoning  
that an arrest authorized by such a law  
was illegal, and therefore justified a man  
in resisting it: that compelling a man to  
leave any place was a direct infringement  
on the liberty of the citizen, and  
therefore justified resistance. The law,  
however, on the question being tried be-  
fore the Supreme Court of Missouri, was  
upheld by that body, and so stands good  
law until repealed.  
Bavarian Women.—The women of  
Bavaria are celebrated for their innate  
kindness and goodness of heart. A young  
opera-singer of Munich, who travelled  
with me, having worn himself out by ex-  
cess of joking and laughter during the  
day, became sleepy in the evening, and,  
not occupying a corner of the coach, found  
his head rather inconvenient. A Bava-  
rian lady who sat next to him, protesting  
that she could never sleep in a coach,  
surrendered her place to him, and in a  
few minutes his head was re-umbent on  
her shoulder, his arm round her waist,  
and he slept profoundly. When the coach  
stopped to change horses, I walked with  
my musical friend to view the ruins of a  
little Gothic church in the moonlight; and  
on asking him if he was acquainted with  
the lady on whose shoulder he had slept  
so well, he replied, "I have never seen  
her before, but we do those things for one  
another in Bavaria."—Travel in Bava-  
ria.

There is nothing which goes so far to  
wants placing young people beyond the  
reach of poverty, as economy in the man-  
agement of their domestic affairs. It  
matters not whether a man furnish little  
or much for his family, if there is a  
practical leakage in his kitchen or in the par-  
lor; it runs away he knows not how, and  
that demon Waste cries "More!" like the  
house-look's daughter, until he that pro-  
vides has no more to give. It is the hus-  
band's duty to bring into the house, and it  
is the duty of the wife to see that none  
is wasted. The husband's duty is to estab-  
lish a precedent—nor under any  
pretence, for it opens the door for Rain to  
stalk in, and he seldom leaves an oppor-  
tunity unimproved. A man gets a wife  
to look after his affairs, and to assist him  
in his journey through life—to educate  
and prepare his children for a proper sta-  
tion in life, and not to dissipate his prop-  
erty. The husband's interest should be in  
the wife's care, and her greatest ambition  
carry her no farther than his welfare or hap-  
piness, together with that of her children.  
This should be her sole aim, and the theo-  
retic of her thoughts in the bosom of her  
family, who she may do as much to-  
wards making a fortune as he can in the  
counting-room or the workshop. It is not  
the money earned makes a man wealthy—  
it is what he saves from his earnings. A  
good and prudent husband makes a deposi-  
tary of the fruits of his labor with his best  
friend, and if that friend be not true to  
him what has he to hope? If he dare not  
place confidence in the companion of his  
bosom, where is he to place it? A wife  
acts not for herself only, but she is the  
agent of many she loves, and she is bound  
to act for their good, and not for her own  
gratification. Her husband's goal is the  
end to which she should aim—his happi-  
ness is her reward. Self-gratification  
is dress, or indulgence in appetite, or mere  
company that his purse can well afford  
to give. Vanity, extravagance, the second-hand  
doctor's bill to a long butcher's account;  
and the latter brings insupportance, the  
worst of all evils, in its train.

**EVADING THE DEATH PENALTY.**—An  
apparatus to prevent death by hanging is  
said to have been used at Armagh, in Ire-  
land, in 1784. Thomas O'Neale, who  
was capitally convicted of stealing a  
mare, was ordered for execution. The  
sheriff, accordingly, attended with a prop-  
er guard, saw him to the place of execu-  
tion, and after some time spent in prayer  
he was turned off. Having hung about  
half-an-hour he was seen by the sheriff  
to move his neck as though he wanted to  
ease himself. On that the sheriff imme-  
diately ordered the executioner to strip  
his coat and waistcoat off. Nothing ap-  
pearing, he ordered him to strip off his  
shirt, which the executioner seemed very  
reluctant to do, saying that stripping him  
would be indecent, and that his time of  
hanging was nearly expired. The sheriff  
insisted that it should be done; but the  
executioner was very dilatory in doing it,  
in hopes that the hour would expire.  
When he had stripped of the shirt there  
was discovered a collar of iron about his  
neck, which was fastened to two straps  
that went under his arms, which two were  
fastened to four others that went round  
his body; there were likewise fastened two  
that went to the bottom of his feet, and  
underneath these were two plates of iron  
nearly as big as his feet; and there went  
up each thigh another strap, which met  
and went round his waist. On the sher-  
iff seeing this, he immediately ordered the  
straps to be cut, and stayed with him full  
four hours and a half, and commanded the  
guard to attend all night. The next even-  
ing he was cut down, and instantly bur-  
ied.  
Gen. Cass has written a letter to  
Senator Clemens of Alabama, in which  
he says of public sentiment at the North:  
"There is a better feeling at the North,  
and though fanaticism will talk and write  
still there is just as little probability of  
our interfering with your slaves, as there  
is of your interfering with our houses and  
lands."  
Principle should always be upheld,  
and especially in connection with little  
things; for if there be no principle in  
things which are small, care we are then  
will be none in things which are great.