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THE OREGON SPECTATOR: A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE MORAL, SOCIAL AND LITERARY INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE OF OREGON. B. J. SCHMOBBY, Proprietor.

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POETRY.

A woeful grave Exhortation. I believe you isn't married, Ned— You don't know the sweets Vat runs out that happy state, You own and own some more.

Why do you not hold up your head, as I do? inquired an aristocratic lawyer of a neighboring farmer. "Squire," replied the farmer, "look at that field of grain; all the valuable heads hang down like mice, while those that have nothing in them, stand upright, like you."

From the Ladies' Repository. Every-Day Life of Woman. BY MARGERY. "Quickly," "Look, you, I keep his house, and I wash, wring, bake, sew, dress, and do all the domestic work. "Is a great change to come into one lady's head!"

Kind reader, it is no fancy sketch that I am going to give you. It is drawn from life in all its reality; and in every city, village, country town, and neighborhood, its truthfulness will be recognized. It is the every-day life of woman—woman in her domestic character—we intend portraying.

The result, in the husband soon owns the house he lives in, and something besides; tries his own when he chooses, reads and improves his mind, and becomes important in community. But the care of his duties, broken-down wife, know no relaxation. The family enlarges, and she, poor woman, has enough to do without finding time to increase her stock of knowledge, or to watch the progress of the minds of her children. It is, therefore, no fault of hers that they are growing up with characteristics and habits of a doubtful tendency.

The only wonder is, that the mother does not sink within this circle of everlasting drudgery, which deprives her of the privilege of relaxation for a day, and the time which she would gladly devote to the maternal education of her children. She is occupied, from morning till night, in one mending round of duties and cares—mistress, mother, and maid of all work.

In the morning, as soon as the birds begin their songs, the little flock are out of bed. Then come the washings and dressings; the busy mother needs twenty hands, since as many wants are poured in upon her distracted ears. It's "mother where's my jacket?" "Mother I can't get the knot out of my shoe-string," or, "I've broke my shoe-string."

Life, Death, and Immortality. An Allegory. The morning sun rose grandly out of the eastern vault of heaven with light, cast its beams with rejuvenescent influence upon tree and river, painted the flowers with every gorgeous hue, and filled the pulses of the worn and aged of earth with glee.

Not that he means to complain—for he knows how dear she is to please him, ever to say a word intentionally to wound her feelings. But these slight hints to an overworked woman, amid her gentle but insidious demands, are often irritating to the feelings, and call out many a sharp, unmeaning, of which she repents in five minutes after.

Now, this is certainly wrong; and the foundation of all this wrong is principally in that avaricious spirit which makes the dollar the standard of respectability. The money expended for help in the house looks so large to some men, that, so long as their meals are cooked, their shirts, cravats and collars are in order, not a button off, their stockings darned, etc., they don't trouble themselves about the circumstances under which these things have been done.

The Herald and California.—The New York Herald has ever been a true friend to California, and floods the country with double-sheet papers, on the arrival of every steamer at this port. We can afford to be thus generous in praise of the Herald after reading the annexed magnificent burst of admiration, which we copy from that paper of Nov. 8th:—Alta Cal.

Incomprehensibly magnificent California! It is but little over three years ago that the editor of this journal received a sample, among the first specimens of gold dust from the washings of the American. California was then comparatively an uninhabited waste. Now, read the advice we publish to-day from that country—of the quartz mining—of the growth of San Francisco—of the trade, the ships, the emigration—of the new discoveries—the enterprise—the dash, the smashing spirit of enterprise—which prevails from San Diego to Puget's Sound, and you must conclude that this is a great country and a great age to live in, and that God only knows what we are coming to.

THE RAILROAD.—We are informed by one of the surveying party, that the preliminary surveys on the San Francisco and San Jose railway are completed. The distance from the two cities is found not to differ much from fifty miles. The road which will doubtless be adopted will follow very near the road at present travelled by the stages until it reaches the Bruno district, when it will run the rest of the way near the shore of the bay. The cost of the road is estimated at about \$1,500,000.—Alta Cal.

An immense flood of emigration from Ireland still continues.

Then, when the heart began to beat and glow—when the humanities and the impulses of a warm and ardent nature showed to itself a kindred in the fine world with its swinging globes of fire in the tasseled heavens, with its suns, and moons, and systems, with its august and bounteous seasons, with its genial rains, its changeless storms, and its destroying hurricanes—when meteors rent the face of the clouds, and the noise of thunders and of oceans mingling with the bass of a roused tempest sang an anthem on the surface of the great deeps that reverberated beneath all heaven—then the glory and the grandeur flashing and shining around it was absorbed into itself, and this young soul comprehended the fair, the beautiful, and the sublime, and these also became attributes pertaining to, and assimilating with, itself.

Both still grew, body and soul together; and then the youth sought in books and in nature, influenced by the queenless thirst of a mind restless, daring, and ambitious; and he knelt morn by morn, like one at the feet of a grand and solemn mother, whose ineffable lips spoke truths and taught lessons, while the soft glances of her fair blue eyes spoke to him of the affections. The winds whispered a strange music to him. The stars, shining serenely, indicated to him a routine of duty absolutely done; the growth of the grass under his feet; the fields, showed him the provisions of a kind Father for the creature He has made; and the very course of the running waters—a proud rolling river, strong and rejoicing—a rippling stream going with a faint sweet cadence through meadows where flowers grew and cattle browsed—all proved to him the eternal march of time and circumstances, and that progression from beginning to end, from source to finality, from the little spring to the vast sea, is a law as eternal as the march of time, and that man is also subject to it.

The glorious days of his youth now came, and the face of woman gladdened his soul, as her eyes spoke a new and musical language to him. Soft emotions, strange stormy impulses, delicious rejoicings, and other modes by which the influence of love makes itself felt and known, swept like a sudden storm of mingled rain and fire over him. He adored a face as that of Hebe. He beheld in her the Psyche that his soul had once (in an antepast existence) known and lost. He claimed her with a restless importunous for his own, and he knelt at the altar with her, and she was his bride.

Then tasted he of the agony and the bitter waters that life has for all in turn, and with a severity lesser or greater, according to the susceptibility of the sufferer. His beautiful dove was taken from the bosom in which she nestled warmly. The shadow of death stood on his threshold and she was no more. His soul was stricken into the dust. He mourned in sackcloth and ashes. The heavens lost their glory, and the world seemed dark. He turned his face from the sun and desired to be at peace, too, with the panicles over his breast, and the cypresses waving over him.

After that he knew how time medicine to the sick heart. He knew that he gradually forgot his grief and saw himself taking fresh interests in the events of life. Ambition stirred his soul, and sought to win a name and a place among men. The church, the bar, the senate, the fields of battle by turns had attractions for him; and while he at one time mingled in the motley harlequins—a solemn crown in the raging Vanity Fair around, he thought he had been playing a grave and reverent seignior's part, among sober and thoughtful senators. Till then he did not know how near is the alliance between folly and wisdom.

Then he sought the field of battle, and the bray of the brazen trumpets raised up all the fierce and deadly passions of his soul. He found how much of the fond lies in the depth of a man's heart, and shuddered as like a destroying angel he bore the blight of death among the armies of the nations. He had slain thousands, sacked cities, devastated countries, made the smoke of devouring and destroying flames ascend upwards; and when he came back, men saluted him as conqueror, crowned his brow with laurels, gave him titles, wealth, and honor, until his sated

He died, then, when the precious comes to join The immortal currents, that move To that mysterious realm where each shall take His chamber in the silent halls of death. Thus he left the sunny-dome at night, Seated by an extinguished torch, Guarded by an unknown host, Trembling with awe who were the keepers Of his earthly shell, and his dem To pleasant dream.

The Turk's belief, after Adam was driven out of Paradise, he did penance by standing nine hundred years on one leg.

nature turned with longing from the homage paid to his "mother;" and he wished himself once more a child, kneeling at the knees of nature, with his old, loving, innocent heart, basking once more.

Earth opened her treasures and showered jewelled honors upon him. He became now a magistrate, a senator, a legislator—one of the rulers of mankind, and gave laws to men. He sat in the council of princes, and his name was synonymous with renown. The loftiest in the land waited in his halls, and monarchs visited him; and all he signified for the poor, for the bleeding heart of his kingdom, for the glorious days of his youth, the dissipated hours which he had given to him a theme that made him tremble beneath the lattice of his mistress's window under the pale stars, and again he yearned for that fair face that was to him all smiles, that was ever radiant with an unexpressed gladness when it met his own. He mourned for the past, for all that he had loved was gone with it; and, when he would to muse mournfully over the grave of his bride, he began to think that before long he too should be called upon; and though he shrank a moment from the stifling thought of the image of dissolution and decay that rose before him, he knew that a transformation must take place ere the soul shall be prepared to don its immortal garments and pass on its mission of progress in another existence. What matter, then, the pain, the momentary horror? He cast a last look on the grave, on which flowers were growing, and wished that his time was come.

Time went on, and spared him hitherto. The friends he had known were now swept away. He began to feel lone and comfortless in the midst of his dignified solitude, and the gorgeous ward weighed heavy upon his heart. Honor!—dignities!—to him, what were those words now? Symbols only of all other things that he had sold, given, and exchanged for them, and the barren glories of his old age mocked him every hour of the day. How life had faded, how its glories were faded! What an empty space of miserable pagantry it was after all! The sunny days to die away one by one. The hearing weakened, the eyes dimmed, the pains he felt, and the ailments that assailed him, the very presence of a symmetrical beauty, gray haired and wrinkled—the frame was heaving upon the flat was old man forth!

He was an old man now. Monthly had brought debility, and both together had almost carried him into a second childhood—a "mere oblivion" of all things earthly! There came a time a flash of the old energy—there appeared at times the old indomitable energies; but the cloud soon came again, and vacant mind, and sense, he would now sit in his great chair, the automaton of what had once been.

The lofty brow was wrinkled, the piercing eyes dull and glazy, the face "chopfallen," the "shrunk shanks," and the attenuated arms—like the wreath of a Titan—and the hair that was glossy by it, and that fell with a noble profusion on the shoulders and down the neck, was now scant and white as snow. The last visitor—the last friend—the last acquaintance—had seen him—had gone—had died from off the earth—and he was truly alone!

Alone, among mercenary attendants, and surrounded only by those who thrived to take the rings off his hands ere the breath was out of his body. To his own soul came consciousness for a time, and he prayed in solemn silence as a vision of his other future came.

He found himself, crutch in hand, tottering towards the door of a tomb. He looked his last on nature, as the silent gate opened to his trembling neck. Within in the sombre blackness lay his ebony couch. Repose hovered above it, strewn in noise, dank poppies around. He gathered his mantle around him, lay down, and the door closed between him and the light of the fair earth!

But what a change now took place. A fulgurance spread upward and around him that seemed like the rays of a sun such as he had never witnessed. The tomb opened, and with a vigor belonging to a life he had no past experience of, he felt himself rising from the dissolution of his charnel, and mounting upwards, with eyes turned heavenward in adoring enthusiasm, and in loving, eager hope.

A New Way of Shipping the World. Some days since, a man of remarkable and gentlemanly appearance, and in the possession of one of the finest estates in the Quarter de Valenciennes in the Imperial territory of the Grand-duchy of Luxembourg, named M. de W., an elegant and accomplished man, who, with his two sons, was invited to receive apartments during their stay in Paris; at this hour, the master of the house immediately took the visitor to the largest and most stately hotel of all the apartments in Paris. The gentleman, though conversant with the style of the aristocracy of most of the European capitals, at length decided upon the one which he had just seen, and which he had just seen.

Having taken possession of the apartments, the secretary entered his own room, saying his baggage would come with that of M. de W., who, with the family, might be expected in a few hours. He then sat for a instant, as usual, at his writing-table, and he thought of the day in his dream, resulting from a night's travelling. This recollection, he said, he would show the way to a good money-maker. One of the reasons of M. de W.'s going to the first in the vicinity, that the secretary explained with the style of the aristocracy of most of the European capitals, at length decided upon the one which he had just seen, and which he had just seen.

The Public Burden of Europe. The Kolner Zeitung, a German paper, sets down the amount of paper money now afloat in Europe, at \$1,381,450,000; and the total public debt of Europe at \$11,350,000,000, nearly half of which runs upon the shoulders of Great Britain. The details which make up these enormous aggregates are given by the Kolner Zeitung, and also the statistics of the military establishments of the several empires, kingdoms, duchies and principalities. We have taken the trouble to add together the numerical force of all the standing armies, and find that manfully it numbered in Europe by the constant presence of (we round numbers) two and a half millions of regular soldiers. This vast military conscription, which would be doubled in case of war, explains in part the existence of the mountain of debt expressed in the figures above. The amount is so vast that the mind can scarcely grasp it.

MATRIMONIAL FORBERAGE.—Men and with are equally concerned to avoid all obloquy of each other in the language of their conversation. Every little thing can blast an instant blossom; the beauty of the mouth can shake the little stem of the vine when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new wedded boy; but with age and concubinage they slide into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces and kisses of human, brought forward their clusters, they endure the storms of the world, and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken. So are the early unions of an unmixed marriage watchful and observant, and jealous and busy, inquiring and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word; for infirmities do not manifest themselves in the first union, but in the succession of a long union; and it is not obloquy or harshness which appears at first, but it is want of love or respect, or it will be expressed, and the union appears ill at first union. An unacquainted man or woman, who is unacquainted with the nature of the early union.