

*Rev. E. is added*

# OREGON SPECTATOR.

B. J. Schenck, Editor.

Vol. 6.

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

B. J. Schenck, Proprietor.

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INVARIABLE IN ADVANCE.

One copy, per annum..... \$1.00  
per six months..... \$0.50

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One square (18 lines or less) two insertions.  
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## POETRY.

For the Spectator.

### EDITH GRAY

BY THOMAS J. EVERETT, U. S. ARMY.

Oblivious a summer time has passed,  
And many a winter fled,  
Since, dearest one, I saw thee last,  
And held thy dying head;

And though old Time has touched my brow,  
And stoln my daughter gay,

I often think upon thee now,  
My lost, lost Edith Gray.

I think upon the witching grave,  
That decked thy every more;  
I think upon that pious face,  
So full of artless love;

And as thy glance comes back to me,  
I hear a whisper say,

"Weep not! In happier clime thou'll see  
Thy long-lost Edith Gray."

The graveyard where at eve we walked,  
No footstep marks but mine;  
The arbor where of love we talked,  
No more is known as thine.

The village children climb my knee,  
To brush my tears away,

And whisper to each other—"See!—

He weeps for Edith Gray."

Oh! Edith—in thy home of joys,  
Dost thou remember me!  
Or are the loves of earth but toys,  
By Heaven's severe decree?

Away the cruel, maddening thought—

All doubts are hushed away—

For love like ours from Heaven was caught:

Pure love was Edith Gray!

I'm longing for the quiet grave

To call me hence in them;

Oh! if the prayers of angels save,  
Sweet Edith, pray for me!

Did I not love thee, then above?

Pray! gentle Edith, pray!

That I in Heaven may clasp mine own,

My lost, lost Edith Gray!

The death of Marshal Soult, at the ad-  
vanced age of eighty-two, closes we believe  
the career of Napoleon's great military  
chieftains; he was born in 1769, the same  
year which gave birth to his own great  
captain, and to the great military opponent  
of them both, the Duke of Wellington, who  
looks hearty enough to live through another  
generation. Marshal Soult died on the  
26th ultime. He had lived retired since  
1843, at his seat at St. Armand, in the en-  
joyment of boundless fame and ample  
fortune.

At the last term of the Henry Circuit  
Court, Ky., a jury rendered a verdict of  
\$10,000 against Mastros Roberts, for  
slander a young lady of Shelby coun-  
ty. Heavy damages certainly—but no  
doubt the verdict was a righteous one.

The prospect of feeding the Ohio  
river from Lake Erie, through the Alle-  
gheny, has again been broached but is  
shown to be impracticable, from the fact  
that even at Pittsburgh the river is about  
400 feet above the lake.

For the Spectator.  
**DISGRACEFUL.**

Mr. ENRICO:  
In the Oregonian of Feb. 16th, is an ar-  
ticle headed as above. If the statements  
contained in those remarks are true, it is  
certainly "disgraceful," and calls for the  
severest punishment. But, sir, the editor  
that will publish such an article in his  
paper, without the best of evidence, is  
more to be despised than the men and com-  
munity he attempts to slander.

The editor says he is furnished with the  
names of men who "came near fighting  
over the dead body of D. R. Luther, a-  
bout the division of the money found upon  
his person." To say that the man who  
furnished him the names or who wrote  
the communication containing such a  
statement is a *liar*, would be no satisfaction,  
and probably would not even cause him  
to blush for his dastardly conduct.

As truth cannot be injured by a lie, neither  
can a plain statement of facts injure an  
honest man, we, of Clatsop Plains are  
ready for the investigation, and ask  
all others who have been induced to give  
any credit to the article above referred to,  
to give us a fair hearing in this matter.

The names of the persons concerned in  
the finding of the body of D. R. Luther,  
I shall give, together with the circum-  
stances connected with this "*awfully hor-  
rid transaction*," and we wish it published  
verbatim.

On Saturday morning, Feb. 7, 5½ o'clock,  
Sylvanus Condit rode to the beach one  
mile west of his uncle Alva Condit's  
house; he noticed that persons had been  
along on the beach at high water. Opposite  
the claim of Mr. John Jewitt he found  
a body—dismounted to examine it—it  
thought it would not be right for him to  
touch it as he was alone, he remounted and  
returned at once to his uncle's house, told  
him he had found a body upon the beach;  
Alva Condit says, "we must have  
some person with us to take care of this  
body; sent his boy to Capt. Robinson and  
to Esq. Gearheart, for their assistance;  
sent his nephew directly back to the beach  
to see that the body was not disturbed till  
assistance arrived, started himself with  
his ox team for the beach. Sylvanus  
Condit on arriving on the beach found the  
body had been turned over, he tracked an  
Indian as he supposed, through the sand,  
and into the grass; his uncle arrived with  
the wagon, they waited a short time, Esq.  
Gearheart arrived, they waited still for  
R., who told the boy he could not come;  
the tide by this time began to flood. The  
body was placed in the wagon and carried  
to Mr. Condit's house, by the three named.  
They there laid out the body, examined  
its clothes and person, and found upon  
the lower part of the bosom of the shirt  
"D. R. Luther," upon a leather belt  
about his body, "D. R. Luther," in the  
belts eight California fifty dollar gold pieces,  
in his pocket one dollar and twenty cents.  
Esq. Gearheart received the money in charge  
in the presence of the two Condit's. Alva Condit  
went to his usual day's labor; Sylvanus and Esq.  
Gearheart to making the coffin. In about 15  
minutes the son of Gearheart, who had been  
brought by his father in the morning to go  
early and look if any bodies came ashore,  
and if he found any money or watches on  
them to take it and bring it home with him  
for if he did not the Indians would strip  
them before he could take care of them.  
This lad who is about 14 years, told his  
father he had found a body on the beach,  
and had taken from it a gold watch, a five  
shooter pistol, a pocket case, and a purse  
with money in it, he did not know how  
much, for he had not opened it, his mother  
had opened the paper case and taken  
out the papers to dry. The father sent  
the boy immediately for the purse, and  
found in it \$50.00 in gold and silver; a  
five dollar gold piece was found among  
the papers, all of which remained in the  
hands of Esq. Gearheart.

The body of Mr. Luther was carried to  
the Presbyterian meeting house on Sab-  
bath morning, Feb. 8th. A funeral ser-  
mon was preached by Rev. L. Thompson,  
assisted by Rev. J. O. Rayner of the  
Methodist Church. Mr. T. learning that  
Mr. Luther while living was connected  
with the Episcopal Church, read the ser-  
vices of that church at the grave.

On Monday morning, I accompanied  
Mr. Powel to see the persons who had  
found the body of Mr. Luther and others.  
Mr. Powel presented a paper from the  
consignees authorizing him to take charge  
of any property he might find belonging  
to the wreck of the Gen. Warren. This  
paper was considered by those who had  
found bodies and property belonging to  
the passengers of that vessel, as of no ac-  
count, and did not authorize Mr. Powel  
to administer upon the estate of any one.  
Mr. P. claimed that the property should  
be given to him as agent of Jewett & Co.  
as per his paper. Esq. Gearheart, R.  
W. Morrison, Hawkins and Wallace, who  
had found property said by Mr. Finch to  
belong to the estate of D. R. Luther, re-  
fused to give it to this agent unless he  
took out letters of administration, which  
Mr. Finch was advised to, and did take out.  
The property has all been given up to  
Mr. Finch, as administrator, each one  
receiving only what Mr. Powel said was  
due him.

As if the fiends from Heaven that fell,  
Had raised the banner-ry of hell,"

which startled the vast assemblage, and  
furnished a convincing and a stunning  
proof of the truth of the crate's remark  
It is unnecessary to say the incident was  
greeted with tremendous cheers!

Mr. EVERETT, in the course of his re-  
marks at the festival on the Boston Common,  
on Friday, alluding to railroads, said with emphasis, "it is unnecessary to  
pursue the subject; railroads speak for  
themselves!" At this moment the stentor-  
ian steam-whistle of the Providence  
cars, which were then just entering the  
depot, blew a blast so long and loud and  
shrill—

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Oregon City, (O. T.) Tuesday, March 16, 1852.

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way."

G. D. B. BOYD, Friend.

No. 26.

### Crucial Cogitations.

"Singing birds are seldom sad,  
But silent cates are always bad."

Music is a mystery. I have ever been  
puzzled to imagine what there could be  
in the swaying of crotchet, the clangor of a  
hollow instrument, or the thrumming of  
ivory keys, that should move every heart  
of the soul. The fact is inexplicable;—  
and less inexplicable than singular—that  
reason, passion, kindness may all fail in  
subduing rugged sin; and yet a few har-  
monious tones soothe him to complete  
gentleness.

For how many purposes has music been  
used. The religious assembly tune their  
songs of praise by its aid, and sound loud  
anthems intermingled with the notes of  
the pealing organ or the grum base-viol.  
There is the association of bellows and  
organ pipe with heavenly psalms, may  
appear somewhat droll, yet to me there is  
nothing unappropriate in it. Music is  
perhaps the most pleasant and refined  
favor conferred by art; now ought not the  
best things of earth to be made serviceable  
in rendering thanks to the Creator?

The general, marching to the battle  
field, takes music for one of his chief ser-  
vants. He applies the notes of the fife to  
draw all note of the future in his sol-  
dier's mind—the tap of the drum that  
they may not dread having their blood  
tapped by the enemy—and the blast of  
the trumpet to blow away their fear and  
hesitation. Music is thus perverted to  
serve up man to kill his fellow man, cool-  
ly and without compunction. It is "spirit-  
stirring," and it literally gives the evil  
spirit of carnage a crimson pool to stir in.

Music in the social circle is to me the  
most delightful. There it drives dull  
care away, touches the too hilarious with  
soothing melody, and rouses the sluggish  
mind. How pleasant to the child the first  
tune! How warm are the mother's as she  
listens to well-remembered song of her  
earthy home! How deep is the cur-  
rent of the father's feelings as some gay  
air recalls his freakish days! It is in this  
place, more particularly, that it seems to  
fulfill its legitimate object. Here it ele-  
vates, polishes, and softens. Here it di-  
pels fatigue, anxiety, and gloom. Here  
it cheers, amuses, and delights. And  
best of all earthly pleasures, it may be  
without the sting which follows excess or  
improper use.

In the ball room the animation which  
some lively jig puts into the dancers' heels  
is another of the results of music. There  
is truly a strange sympathy between  
the horse-hair of the fiddler's bow and their  
limbs, for both keep time exactly. Whether  
it is owing to Mesmerism or not, doctors  
disagree. But it is certain that the  
hair and strings of the violin made into a  
whip and laid about their legs, could not  
produce quicker motions. I think this  
might be a good punishment for those who  
keep up their revels too late. If music  
is wrongly used, or used too much, let  
the instrument by which it is produced be  
made a weapon of chastisement.

### Release of the Cuban Prisoners.

The news from Spain is that the Queen  
has pardoned all the prisoners taken in  
the Cuban invasion. For this act of clemency  
they may thank the United States  
Government, which has perseveringly in-  
terested in their behalf notwithstanding  
that they had forfeited, by their acts, all right  
to any such intercession. The clemency of  
the Queen, in this instance, is exercised  
more as an act of friendship towards the  
United States than from any particular  
claim upon its mercy which the offenders  
could themselves present, and under all  
the circumstances, the good-will exhibited  
is a remarkable instance of generosity.