OREGON SPECTATOR.

J. SCHNEBLY, EDITOR — Our Hope is in the Future, and Success our Firm Determination. — AND PROPRIETOR.

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[From the Home Journal]

☞ The peculiar beauty of the following opera is that that of many other operas, that it don't attempt to any thing. The thrilling nature of the opening scene will be very readily appreciated, and the conjugal dialogue will be well understood by each as have arrived at the higher degrees of conjugality.

Domestic Opera.

Scene 1. A sleeping room. Sundry parentles appearing themselves for the day's endeavors. Chorus of young voices.

The sun is rising in the having,
And his rays are warm and beamy,
It is all of half-past seving,
And we smell the breakfast steamy

Up! up now! the cakes are doing,
Dad is up and mother's waiting,
Let us be on hand for the wing—
Ne'er the breakfast room be late—

Juveniles dance a fandango on the floor, assisted by three wooden chairs, to make up a set—Music opens. Enter father and mother.

Father—
What's the matter? What's the matter

Mother—
What's the clatter? What's the clatter

Chorus—
See your voice this moment comes!
Mind not smash the chairs to pieces!
You'll deprive us of our wits!
Stop your noise, or you'll get fits
Come down stairs and wash your faces
And table take your places

Go down singing—
Here we go down, down, down,
Here we go down, down, downy,
Here the cook our cakes prepares—
The cakes so fine and browny

Scene II. The breakfast room. All seated at table.

Head of the Family—
Wife, this bread is charming, quite,
Isn't overdone a mite,
Shall I help you to the steak?

Mother—
Why, husband, Bobby's teasing Jabb,
He keeps poking me like fun

Father—
Jacob, don't do so, my son

Mother—
Husband, Bobby's jacket's torn,
Long he has the garment worn,
And I want a sum of money
To fit out our little sonny

Father—
Can't think of it, got no tin,
Notes to pay and post to win,

Mother—
But the poor child shabby goes
For the want of those same clothes

Energetically—
Give me money, give me money
To fix out our little sonny!

Father—
Thus it is, eternal dunning,
Sets your tongue forever running,
Not one moment's peace or pleasure
Have I in my little leisure,
Always growling, always vexing,
Always my poor head perplexing,
Who so poor am, that, by stars!
I can hardly buy cigars.

Mother—
Leave your vile cigars and nippers,
I now want a pair of slippers,
All the children, I'm distressed,
Go abroad ungainly dressed,
Wanting jackets, shoes and hats
Can't you clothe the little brats?

Father—
Oh, confusion worse confounded!
Is it thus my ears is wounded?
There's no comfort in the dwelling
Where so many wants are swelling
I will stay and hear no more,
This complaint's a precious bore.

Mother—
Buy the clothing for your brats

Jabby—
Coats,

Tommy—
And trowsers.

Jimmy—
Be's

Father—
Stop!
And hats. [Exit Father.]

Chorus of juvenile voices—
There he goes and peace go after,
Let us have our fun and laughter,
And of noise there'll be no lack—
Play the deuce and turn up Jack.
[Exit Mother, frantic.]

Now we'll go it while we are able,
Dance around the breakfast table,
Kick a rumpus, raise a racket,
Father won't give us a jacket,
We will not such treatment brook,
Let's go down and plague the cook. [Exit.]

☞ A looker on at a gaming table having observed one player very grossly cheating another, took the "pigeon" aside and said, "Good heavens! have you not observed how villainous that man has been packing the cards?" The other smilingly answered, "Pray don't be under the least concern about this; I intend to pick his pocket as soon as he has done playing."

☞ "Wonderful things are done now-a-days" said Mr. Timmins; "the Doctor has given Black's boy a new lip from his cheek." "Ah," said the lady, "I have known a *pair* taken from mine and no very painful operation either."

☞ A man having asked, "How many dog-days there were in a year?" received for an answer, that it was impossible to number them, "*as every dog has his day.*"

Pitcairn and Pitcairners.

(ABRIDGED FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.)

The events of real life are often more romantic than fiction. This has often been verified, and in our own day especially—a day of novel making and fiction reading—it is humorously illustrated by multiplied examples. No example is perhaps more striking and thrillingly interesting than that of Pitcairn's Island.

On the 2d of July, 1767, Commander Carteret discovered in the South Pacific a small island. "It appeared like a great rock rising out of the sea, and was so high as to be visible at more than fifteen leagues distance." Being first seen by a gentleman named Pitcairn, he called it "Pitcairn's Island," and tried to land on it, but the violence of the surf prevented him. He however sailed about it and examined its general features. Situated in latitude 25° 4' south, and in longitude 130° 8' west, it is only four miles and a half in circumference, and bears evidences of having been elevated from the bed of the ocean by some terrible convulsion, caused by the action of internal fire. The scenery of its coast seemed wildly picturesque, and as far as could be ascertained, it was covered with trees—the cocoa-nut, the plantain, the breadfruit and the banyan. Whether inhabited then or not, could not be ascertained; but explorations in our own time have shown indubitable traces of ancient occupants—savage and idolatrous—hatchets, spear-heads of hard stone, a large stone bowl, carvings of the sun, moon and stars; four images six feet high, and a number of skulls, buried, each with a pearl under it, have been brought to light.

Commander Carteret sailed away, and for twenty years this little speck in the ocean received no other notice than the reader of "*Carteret's Voyage round the World*" was pleased to bestow upon it.

In 1787 Lieutenant Bligh of the Royal Navy of England, was entrusted with the command of King George the Third's armed ship *The Bounty*, and sent to the South seas to try the experiment of introducing the breadfruit from Otaheite into the *West Indies*. On the 23d of December, 1787, Mr. Bligh sailed from Spithead, then in the prime of life, and little suspecting that his hopes were to be blasted by such an adventure as will always associate his name with one of the most painfully interesting passages of naval history. The *Bounty* carried forty-six persons including the officers and crew. From the officers much was to be hoped. Fletcher Christian, the first mate, was a gentleman by birth and education, (brother of Professor Christian, the annotator of *Blackstone's Commentaries* and chief justice of Ely;) and Mr. Young, a midshipman, who, as it appears, became notorious, was the nephew of a baronet.

On the 26th of October, 1788, the commander and crew met with a friendly reception from the natives, who entertained them richly and freely for six months; during which time Mr. Bligh collected upwards of a thousand plants of the breadfruit tree. In April following, he quitted Otaheite and sailed for the West Indies.

On the evening of the 27th of April, 1789, Captain Bligh invited Christian, the mate, to supper, but he declined—having probably formed the audacious purpose so quickly afterwards carried out into effect.

That memorable night was one of tranquil loveliness. The *Bounty* softly clave the sparkling waters, her sails glistened in the silver moon-light, and everything seemed to promise happiness and security. But at break of day a startling vision awoke Captain Bligh out of sleep—his cabin full of armed men with pistols and cutlasses, headed by Fletcher Christian. On his calling out to know what they meant, a voice replied "Hold your tongue, sir, or you are dead this instant!"

With oaths and violence they bound him, not even giving him time to dress, and forced him with eighteen others, chiefly officers, into the ship's launch, a boat 23 feet long, and 6 feet 9 inches broad. The mutineers then flung to them 32 lbs. of pork, 150 lbs. of bread, 28 gallons of water, 6 quarts of rum, 6 bottles of wine, 4 cutlasses, a quadrant, a compass, and a small quantity of canvas, twine and cordage, and sailed away, leaving thus, their commander and his unfortunate officers and companions in the midst of the broad Pacific.

Which fared worse, the mutineers or their victims, we shall see as we rapidly follow the course of each.

Bligh and his unfortunate companions, now adrift and deserted by the ship, first attempted to land on one of the Friendly Islands, called Tofoa, which was about thirty miles distance. The savages, however, gave them a barbarous reception—attacked them with stones, killed one of them, and pursued them in their canoes a long distance from the shore. Bligh and his company narrowly escaped massacre.

What was now to be done? After consideration, Bligh obtained his companions' consent to make for a Dutch settlement on the island of Timor, a distance of about 3600 miles! Cabined, cribbed and confined as they were, with the gunwales of their little boat scarcely six inches above the water, they set out to traverse by day and night, in all weathers, a space of almost uncolored ocean, equal to nearly one-sixth of the circumference of the globe. All the company solemnly promised Bligh to be content with one ounce of bread and a gill of water *per day* apiece. On the 2d of May they were on their course. While one half were on the look-out, the other half lay down in the boat's bottom, where cramps and chills would soon seize them and produce intense suffering. Those on the look-out, saw the dark shadows of sharks flitting around them waiting a banquet, which caprice or accident might bring them! After five days they were startled to find two large canoes, full of cannibals, making towards them at full speed, from one of the Friendly Islands. After a long chase and [illegible] escaped [illegible] cannibals [illegible] storms around! Joneliness and fear before them! Poor souls! but they put their hopes in God, to whom they ever and anon addressed a prayer which Bligh composed for them, partly from his recollection of the Prayer-book.

No quarrels or dissentions arose among them, although on the 8th of May the allowance of food was reduced to an ounce of bread, half an ounce of pork, and a tea-spoonful of rum to each—Bligh himself measuring out the allowance very accurately by means of a pair of scales made of two cocoa-nut shells, while a pistol-bullet (of 25 to the pound) served as a weight. Their bread became soaked in salt water, still it was eaten with the utmost relish. They toiled and suffered on—cramps and spasms, langour and faintness, scorching sun and rolling sea making the n weary of life.

On the 28th they found themselves within a quarter of a mile of rocks on which the sea was breaking furiously. With difficulty they hauled off and escaped destruction. A fearful thunder-storm nearly swamped them, but it brought them the blessing of twenty gallons of fresh water. Their allowance of bread was now reduced again to 1-25th of a lb. for breakfast, and a like quantity for dinner, omitting supper! At length they drew near to New Holland, and landed on an island near the main land, where they luxuriated on oysters, water and berries, and slept comfortably all night. But in the morning they were attacked by a large party of savages, and fled to sea again for safety. On the 31st they landed at another little island where they could oysters. On the 3d of June they again found themselves on the open ocean, where long continued cold and wet and fatigue seemed to await them. The strongest among them gave up, and some appeared to be at the point of death. The noble spirited Bligh, in order to support their sinking spirits, adopted various artifices to distract and amuse their attention.

At length, on the 12th of June, they came in sight of the wished for Timor, and on the 14th landed at the Dutch settlement at Conpang. They received a most hearty and hospitable welcome from the governor and all the other residents. On the 30th of August Mr. Bligh sailed for Batavia, and afterwards homeward, taking with him eleven out of the original eighteen of his companions, the others having died, or preferred to remain at Batavia. He landed at Portsmouth in March 1790. His case excited universal sympathy in England. He was speedily promoted, served with distinction under Nelson, was made vice admiral, and after several years of happy retirement he died in London in the year 1817, aged sixty-three.

The mutineers, with the *Bounty*, immediately returned to Otaheite; sixteen of them left the ship and took up their abode among the natives. One of them was made a king, but was shortly murdered by another who was himself in turn, stoned to death by the people.

Upon Bligh's return to England universal indignation was excited by such an atrocious act of mutiny and piracy, and a frigate, the *Pandora*, was forthwith dispatched with orders to visit the Society and Friendly Islands, and seize and bring home all the mutineers that could be found. On the 23d of March 1791, the *Pandora* arrived at Otaheite, and three of the offenders immediately came on board and surrendered themselves up and were put in irons. Eleven more, found there, were also seized and put in irons. The remaining nine, with the *Bounty*, could no where be found or heard from; accordingly the frigate with fourteen of the wretched criminals set off homeward, and was wrecked on a coral reef off New Holland. Four of the prisoners went down with their irons on; the captain and a portion of the crew, and the remaining ten, after severe sufferings arrived in England. Four of the ten, after trial, were acquitted, and six were found guilty of the capital offence of running away with the ship and deserting the service of the king. Two of these, in consideration of their general good character and youthful inexperience received an unconditional pardon; another was respited and ultimately pardoned; but three were hanged at the yard arm on board the *Brunswick* in Portsmouth harbor.

But those most deeply involved in the guilt of this transaction had apparently escaped merited retribution. But destiny, as it appears, had not slumbered. Christian the ringleader, and Young his confidential coadjuter, had found among the captain's books on the *Bounty* a copy of *Carteret's voyage around the World*, and noticed therein, his mention of Pitcairn's Island. Thither they determined to go, and soon after their first arrival at Otaheite, set sail. There is only one point whence access to this island is possible, and that only in calm weather. At that point, now called Bounty Bay, the nine mutineers landed with their companions, for they had each married an Otaheitan wife, and six Otaheitan men, three of them with wives, and a child ten months old, accompanied them. Having landed, they stripped the *Bounty*, and thus condemned themselves to perpetual banishment. [illegible] of them, although [illegible] sent forth to scour the ocean for [illegible] of them, and bring them home to suffer a just and ignominious death.

At length their fate became known.—The barren rock to which they had betaken themselves had become a very hell upon earth. Christian retained for a time the position and authority of head of the community. He tried to preserve order and peace, but all his efforts were thwarted by his turbulent and savage companions. Much of his time, however, was spent on the top of a high rock, which he called his "*look out*," whence he would anxiously survey the ocean to see whether it bore on its bosom the coming avenger.

Sanguinary affrays incessantly arose between the Englishmen and the savages. The savages at length entered into a plot to destroy the Englishmen. Within a year Christian and four of his companions were murdered by the Otaheitans, all of whom were in turn slain by the surviving Englishmen. The five skulls of the murdered Englishmen, the Otaheitan women kept as trophies. Of the four surviving mutineers, one being acquainted with the art of distilling, converted a copper boiler from the *Bounty* into a still, and made ardent spirits from the root of a plant found in the island. This cause was not inoperative in promoting turbulence and bloodshed, but ere long the distiller in a fit of *delirium tremens* committed suicide, and another man was killed by Mr. Young and one John Adams in self defence. Of all the fifteen unhappy men who landed from the *Bounty*, [illegible] died a natural death; [illegible] Adams in 1829. The [illegible] who came in the [illegible] Otaheitan wife, who died at an advanced age in 1850.

In 1800 Adams, then thirty-six years of age, found himself the only man on the Island—and his companions were twenty of the children of his deceased comrades. And then began that series of events which have resulted in the remarkable spectacle of *virtue grown out of vice, and innocence out of guilt*. Adams was providentially possessed of one solitary copy of the Bible, and a prayer book, which had belonged to the Bounty, and of these he made unceasing use. Two dreams, occurring in 1810, awoke him to reflection and repentance; and he became a devout man, training up in Christianity, the young semi-pagans, who surrounded him. He had regular morning and evening prayers, and spent much time in reading the Scriptures to the children, in which some of them took more delight than they did in their ordinary sports.

Yet Adams was in constant fear of being discovered by some ships and taken home to be hanged. Great was his dismay, when in 1814, he beheld two men-of-war approaching the Island, and the captains preparing to land. But a millstone seemed to fall from his neck when he was told that he was not to be arrested. The captains had approached the island not knowing it to be inhabited, and were not a little surprised to find plantations laid out, and neatly constructed huts and houses.

They found the settlement to consist of forty-six young people and a number of small children. The young men, they described as fine, athletic fellows, with faces full of frankness. The young women were tall and finely formed, of smiling countenances; but wearing an air of modesty and bashfulness, which would do honor to the most virtuous nation on earth. Their little houses were models of comfort and cleanliness, and the grounds all around were carefully cultivated. All their affairs were systematically conducted. Old Adams managed the whole, and was regarded with reference and affection. He was, emphatically what he has been termed, an Island patriarch.

All were engaged in the cultivation of the ground and in fishing. The nine mutineers had originally divided the island into nine parts; it has been sub-divided since, and at the present time is divided into twenty-two parts. They had a regular system of barter—as of salt for fresh provisions; vegetables and fruit for poultry and fish, &c.

In 1825, Captain Buchey who visited the Island, left the following record of their simplicity and happiness:—"These excellent people appear to live together in perfect harmony and contentment; to be virtuous and religious; cheerful and hospitable, even beyond the limits of prudence; to be patterns of conjugal and parental affection, and to have very few vices." The Sabbath was indeed kept Holy—a day of rest in truth, and of cheerful reverence towards the Most High.—Their services were conducted in strict conformity with the usages of the Church of England; the prayers being made by Adams, and the lessons by one appointed by him for that purpose.

Their condition has not materially changed for twenty-five years, except for the better. About four months before the death of Adams, which it will be remembered happened in 1829, a remarkable man, destined to be his successor, arrived at Pitcairn. His name is George Hunn Nobbs. He seems to have been pointed out by Providence for this post. Born in England, he went to sea at the age of eleven years, and became a midshipman in the British navy. Afterwards he became General Benevolente. For three weeks he lay under sentence of death, and is hourly expectation of being shot; but was suddenly and unaccountably exchanged, all his fellow prisoners having been coolly put to death.

After many adventures and much dangerous service, he returned to England, in a vessel which had touched at Pitcairn. The captain gave such a description of the peace and happiness of the little community, that Nobbs determined to go and settle there; being anxious only to pass the remainder of his days in peace and usefulness.

On his arrival, he was kindly received by Adams, and became a sort of schoolmaster. On the death of Adams, he continued at his post, and soon succeeded in establishing himself in the affections of the people, by serving them in the three-fold capacity of pastor, surgeon and schoolmaster. His duties were constant and laborious, and his remuneration of the scantiest character. But he labored on, contented with observing the intellectual and moral progress of his people. Subsequently, this grateful people assigned him sufficient land for his support, and this placed him on a level with themselves. But Nobbs had never received the sanction as teacher and pastor of the proper authority in the Church, of which the people wished to be regarded as a component part, which was a source of much anxiety both to him and them. Accordingly in 1852, Rear Admiral Fairfax Moresby, commander-in-chief in the Pacific, visited the island, and at the earnest solicitation of all parties, left his [illegible] chaplain on the island, and brought away Mr. Nobbs for the purpose of sending him to England to be ordained. In October 1852, he arrived at London, where he was admitted to Holy orders by the Bishop of London, and ordained priest under the description of *Chaplain of Pitcairns Island*. He was warmly welcomed and hospitably entertained by the greatest and best in the land, and received large presents for his people, a bell for the Church, clocks, medicines, clothing, tools, furniture, cooking utensils, and stores of provisions. The benefactors of this little community were wisely careful to send them only articles of comfort, without communicating a taste for luxury.

After an interview with many of the chief men, and with Prince Albert and the Queen, he joyfoully set sail on the 17th of December, 1852, for the quiet Paradise in the bosom of the Pacific—to pass the rest of his life among his unsophisticated and virtuous people. Ere this he has doubtless arrived there and resumed his delightsome labors.

The chaplain of Admiral Moresby, in a letter dated 5th September, 1852, bears testimony to the present high character of this remarkable people. He says "the accounts of the virtue and piety of these people are by no means exaggerated. I have no doubt they are the most religious and virtuous community in the world; and during the months I have been here, I have seen nothing approaching a quarrel, but perfect peace and good will among all."

A glance at their social, domestic and civil life may not be without interest.—They rise with the light, and the first duty in each house is to read prayers, including two chapters in the Bible. After a slight refreshment, the labor of the day begins. The children are sent to school, the men are employed in cultivating their land, looking after their gardens, building or improving their houses, fencing, and making hats and fancy boxes, for barter with the crews of the ships, which may chance to call—the women are engaged with their house-hold duties, including making and mending clothes, and sometimes manufacturing a sort of cloth out of the bark of the paper Mulberry.

At twelve o'clock they take a plain, substantial meal, of yams and potatoes made into bread, and at seven o'clock in the evening take the last meal of the day, consisting of yams, sweet-potatoes and such other vegetables as they may chance to have. Once or twice a week they indulge in the luxury of fish, meat or poultry; and occasionally have a medium of tea; but their ordinary drink, is pure water, neither wines, nor spirits being allowed on the Island, except for strictly medicinal purposes. They retire early to rest, after their family devotions, and sleep secure, without the protection of locks, bolts or bars—such things are not found on the Island. They are all well educated and very fond of reading, but only books of a sterling character and of moral and religious tendency are allowed among them; and these are abundantly supplied by the English Society for promoting Christian knowledge.

The community now numbers about one hundred and seventy. Their civil affairs are a chief magistrate and two councillors. The chief magistrate is chosen on the first day of the year, by a general vote of all the males above twenty years old; but if any, of sixteen years of age married before that day, they are entitled to vote. On the same day two jurymen are chosen, one by the male [illegible] other by the other [illegible] almost [illegible] [illegible] is chosen, who [illegible] stands over till the arrival of a [illegible] war; and from the decision of the [illegible] officer there is no appeal. During the interval before the arrival of the Court of Appeal, "the matter [illegible] no ill-feeling remains, for it is [illegible] with Pitcairners, not to *let the sun go down upon their wrath!*"

The powers of the magistrate are simple, and directly conducive to the public good. In respect to land marks, it is the duty of the chief magistrate on the day of his election, taking with him a sufficient number of the heads of families, to visit all land marks, and replace those that are lost. No *intoxicating liquors* are allowed to be purchased from the ships except under the very strict condition, that they are for medicinal purposes alone. In the matter of public shops "If any person shall take the public anvil or public hammer from the shops, he is to take it back after he has done with it, and in case either should get lost, the loser is to pay another, and pay a fine of four shillings." In respect of Cats, the law is, "If any person shall kill a cat, and be *detected* in killing fowls, however the *suspicions* may be, such person is to be punished as a penalty, dressing three [illegible] whose tails [illegible] inspection of the inhabitants by [illegible] that the penalty has been paid; [illegible] stringency has relaxed by [illegible] lot of rats on the island, which do great damage to the crops, [illegible] too-marked, and [illegible] plantation was about the level [illegible] it for his own use; and demand from the owner of such fowl, the amount of powder and shot so expended.

The climate of Pitcairn is generally charming, yet the Island is subject to be visited by terrible storms, that occasion extreme terror to the inhabitants, and great devastation. The influenza also sometimes prevails there, as well as the more formidable diseases. But in the times of their most severe visitation, the people have exhibited the most patient resignation, and their language has been, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and we humbly trust that the mildness of Providence—*namely* drouth, sickness and storm may be sanctified to us, and be the means of bringing us into closer communion with our God."

How long this singular and interesting community will be able to remain at Pitcairn is problematical, for it is said that the crops on the tillage ground begin to deteriorate; land-slips occur with each succeeding storm, and the denudation of the hills are laid bare by the perpetual rains. Symptoms really appear of an evil apprehended elsewhere—population pressing upon the means of subsistence. It is not improbable that they may be obliged to migrate to the numerous islands in that remote locality, and that each family may thus become the radiating centre of a christian civilization. At present they themselves declare that they will not remove elsewhere, while a sweet-potato remains to them.

It is pleasant, sometimes to glide for a while out of the glare and hub-bub of this great world—its fierce rivalries, ambition, covetousness and ostentation—and be at peace in such a spot as Pitcairn. It is a small type of a state, having the laws and constitution appropriate to its position and exigencies; but free from those subtle and fierce temptations which so incessantly and successfully assail highly civilized communities. No thinking person can read the history of Pitcairn without being profoundly affected by the manifest and indubitable results, flowing from the presence of the Holy Volume, in which is enshrined the revelation of God to man. It has, indeed, made the rough places smooth and the wilderness bud and blossom as the rose.

THE ANGLO-SAXON.—You can't find an Englishman or a Yankee who does not want to own the soil he lives upon. Give him ten rods, and he wants ten more, and is never satisfied till he gets. We do not have but a [illegible] hoe, in his grave, would want to go to the tomb of the next [illegible] it is with them in state [illegible] Other people make war [illegible] ties when they have [illegible] being really poorer than [illegible] had not been made. The [illegible] make wars of conquest and [illegible] when once they have [illegible]