OREGON SPECTATOR.

D. J. SCHNEBLY, EDITOR — OUR HOPE IS IN THE FUTURE, AND SUCCESS IS A FIRM DETERMINATION. — AND PROPRIETOR.

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POETRY.

THE OTHER SIDE.

Ye men of merry England,
Who for negroes weep and moan,
Who see all other's faults so clear,
But blink at all your own;
You hypocrites, cast out the beam
Ere you begin to try
To wipe away the mote that dims
Your Yankee neighbor's eye.

Nay, Johny Bull, no longer roll
Your eye-balls up to Heaven,
Nor elevate your hands begrim'd
With Pharisees leaven,
Till you have given to the poor
A portion of your pelf,
And stopped the voice that cries—"For shame
Physician, heal thyself."

Who most encouraged slavery
Upon our Western shore,
And from the sands of Africa
The helpless negro tore!
The father that begat thee, John,
He did the deed commit,
And thou wert nourished on the spoils,
Thou canting hypocrite.

You say our land is frowned upon
For sins most huge and dark,
And see the crowds that quit you, John,
In every Yankee bark—
Your toiling, starving, flesh and blood
By tens of thousands come,
And that they may get negro fare,
Quit kindred, friends and home.

In Africa the negro man
May roam as free as air,
But native here, though much contemned,
You cannot coax him there—
While free and merry England
Holds millions in her sway—
Who, could they quit their father's graces,
Would laud and bless the day.

The papers say that you have asked
Mistress and Mister Stowe
To come and see you, and that she
Has said that they will go;
They'll go and show their handsome knobs,
And if you like their features,
Pray send your invitation next
To them and all the Beechers.

We'll all confess, then, Johny, dear,
You are more kindly grown,
To shift this burden from our backs,
And lay it on your own:
But ere it has been long there,
Trust me, you'll all agree,
That you resemble Sinbad;
The old man of the sea!

GOOD TEMPER.

There's not a cheaper thing on earth,
Nor yet one half so dear;
'Tis worth more than distinguished birth,
Or thousands gained a year.
It lends the day a new delight;
'Tis virtue's firmest shield;
And adds more beauty to the night
Than all the stars may yield.

It maketh poverty content;
To sorrow whispers peace;
It is a gift from heaven sent
For mortals to increase.
It meets you with a smile at morn;
It lulls you to repose,
A flower for peer and peasant born,
An everlasting rose.

A charm to banish grief away,
To snatch the brow from care;
Turns tears to smiles, makes dulness gay—
Spreads gladness everywhere;
And yet 'tis cheap as summer dew,
That gems the lilly's breast;
A talisman for love, as true
As ever man possess'd.

As smiles the rainbow through the cloud
When threat'ning storm begins—
As music 'mid the tempest loud,
That still its sweet way wins—
As springs an arch across the tide,
Where waves conflicting foam,
So comes this seraph to our side,
This angel of our home.

What may this wondrous spirit be,
With power unheard before—
This charm, this bright divinity!
Good temper—nothing more.
Good temper,—'tis the choicest gift
That woman homeward brings,
And can the poorest peasant lift
To bliss unknown to kings.

☞ Experience is life's greatest school-teacher. Lessons learned by her are seldom forgotten or unheeded.

Oregon Letter.

The following doleful picture, given by a clergyman residing down at Oak Point, we find in the Baltimore *Sun*. At the request of a friend we give it publicity. It contains a good many truths, but this is the first instance we have heard of where ministers of the gospel have been unjustly or exorbitantly charged. Ministers generally, like editors, get their hats *chalked*. Five dollars for any person steamboating ten miles is more than we have ever heard of being charged, even by the pioneer boat in 1850. We think the discrepancy is justly chargable to the printer:

OAK POINT, March 1st, '53.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—When I addressed you from Panama, you were made to expect that another note from me would be forthcoming when once I had arrived in Oregon. Notwithstanding my arrival about the 1st of December 1852, I have deferred until now a compliance with that intimation. But do not expect even now except what is common-place and full of sameness. The Lord was merciful in giving me a prosperous trip. From Panama to San Francisco we had a long run of 17 days. With four or five exceptions the company was well, and none died of disease. One accident there was, which sent one poor soul to stand in the presence of its judge. When parting from the steamer Golden Gate (which we met at sea,) an order was given to fire a parting gun. In ramming home the cartridge the gun was prematurely discharged, and instantly killed the fourth mate, who was ramming at the time. Next morning his body was thrown into the sea, there to remain till the

"Great Archangel's trump shall sound,
And twice ten thousand thunders roar;
Tear up the graves and cleave the ground,
And make the greedy sea restore."

The inhabitants of California live ahead of time, but from all I can learn are a liberal-minded, high-souled people. They pay their preachers well. Not so in Oregon. May the Lord help us.

But you ask my opinion of Oregon. Well, really, I can hardly tell what my opinion is. Sometimes I like and sometimes I dislike. When the weather is fine and free of change, I get from appointment to appointment; but these days are few and far between, and the steamboats charge me to the tune of $5 for riding 10 miles; so that I am compelled to pay the exorbitant price, or row a boat myself. This I have done, but it is extremely hard work. My hands blister, my bones ache, and it frequently takes two days to go to an appointment in this way. Occasionally I am put to it for something to satisfy the demands of nature. A few weeks ago, whilst traveling in an open boat, I had to stop at a hut, through the logs of which one night perhaps have caught a full-grown hen; then and there we washed our own potatoes, after having obtained them and meat, when we boiled meat and potatoes together, made tea in an old copper vessel, and sat down and ate with relish. Though we cooked it ourselves, and could see the old and dark grease sticking around the pot, we thought it a good dinner from the pot to the mouth. It was nice. How I did enjoy that meal. We were thankful that we had that much. My circuit is pretty hard—40 miles long, and no way to travel but in boats on the Columbia river. Very frequent rain and cold remind me that, without an exercise of the power of God in my favor, I shall soon sleep with the nations of the grave. My throat and breast feel the effects of exposure. I am blessed in soul, however, and that compensates. About 8 weeks ago I took charge of St. Helens circuit; it was a new work; there was no class there—now we have about 25 members. But you must not think that there are no good circuits in Oregon Conference. These, so far as I know, are supplied with good preachers.

There is one thing which is doing great injury to the work at large, viz: the prevailing spirit among the preachers to avail themselves of the advantages derivable from the present land law. Most of them are taking claims. If they hold them they are bound by law to live on them. This clogs the itinerant wheel. Some of our preachers are becoming rich; indeed, some are said to be so already. You may, perhaps, be ready to enquire—have you taken a claim? Answer, No. Although I believe I might do so and make money, yet it would be attended with the danger of losing the spirit of the work, which might result in great loss to my own soul, as well as to the souls of others. Bishop Ames has arrived, and is to preside at the first Oregon Conference, 17th of March. A letter from Bro. Kingsley informs me that it is his intention to return overland. It is probable he wishes to avoid the sickness by way of the Isthmus. Numbers have died this season on the way to California, by way of the Isthmus. Men risk almost every thing when they come out here, either by land or water. They should have some one who knows, to pilot them. A great many are murdered and robbed—a great many more die of dreadful diseases, among strangers.

Soon after my arrival the snow fell to the depth of from two to four feet. It was very cold. In a few weeks the sun shone out, the snow melted, and the rivers were filled to overflowing their banks. The consequence was great destruction of property. Mills, houses, boats, &c. were carried off. During this time the rain was falling almost constantly; but for six weeks we have had most delightful weather—hardly cold enough at night to freeze. The days are mild and pleasant. Business is on the increase. Ships arriving and departing daily; several, however, have been wrecked on the bar at the mouth of the Columbia river. Ships enter the river and are then towed up to St. Helens and Portland by a steamboat kept for that purpose. This steamer is principally owned by one of the members of our church, (Bro. Abernethy) who sometimes very kindly grants me free passage to my appointments.

The Church has two schools under its fostering care—one at Salem and one at Portland. I know nothing much about their doings, but presume that they are paying expenses. The church has a considerable membership up the Willamette Valley. From what I hear, I suspect half, if not more, of the preachers have farms and live on them.

The surface of the country up the valley is quite level, and easily cultivated; but that along the rivers and in much of the interior is mountainous and broken. The soil is very good for agricultural purposes. This year a farmer on a few acres (I think six) made three thousand dollars on potatoes. One acre will produce 300 bushels of onions—value at this time $1 per bushel—$1200. One farmer made 800 bushels of wheat, and sold it a few weeks ago for $4.75 per bushel. These are facts to my personal knowledge—the men live on my circuit. But this does not occur every year. They can always raise the potatoes and wheat, but they cannot always obtain these prices—generally, however, they can. California generally demands all the produce she can get to support her mining and commercial population.

One day, not twenty years hence, this will be among the best countries in the confederacy. Mark that. But there is much to do before that can be. Many prayers to be offered up and many sermons to be preached. Infidelity is not so rank, and abomination not so bare faced here as in California, yet there is wickedness enough in this territory to damn a world of sinners. Rum shops every where, gambling hells every where, men almost without number pressing into the gates of Hell. I would have it otherwise; but I can do no more than sound the trumpet now that I can see the enemy approaching. This I have done, and by the help of God will continue to do. The country is full of old Methodist backsliders. They lost their religion, they mostly tell me, when crossing the plains. When they get here they have not moral courage enough to strive again. Like Sampson shorn of strength, they are bound with the cords of the devil, yoked captive and made to do his dirty work. Some are reclaimed. O! what an important work is this! What grace, love and omnipotent faith is necessary. O! for the faith of Abraham, zeal of Paul, patience of Job, love of John, the eloquence of the inspired men of old. Would to God I could with the fire of holy love melt every heart I meet. I long for these qualifications more than any thing besides. It seems to me if I had a proper degree of godly qualifications for it, I could be enabled to break down all the obstructions of the evil one on my circuit. Pray for me.

You have doubtless heard much of the rainy seasons on this side of the Rocky Mountains. It is a fact that from the month of November to the last of March in each year, there is rain without intermission of scarcely a day. (This season is an exception to the rule.) These rains frequently fall in great copiousness. Sometimes they are more moderate, but generally assume the character of heavy mists.

☞ At Oak Point, where I write this, there is a saw-mill which can saw perhaps 10,000 feet of lumber per day. For this they get from $30 to $60 per thousand feet in California—$600 per day. Of course expenses must be deducted. This mill is owned by Bro. Abernethy, of our church. They are very clever folks.

The sun beams out at the present time in splendor. More delightful weather in March I never saw. It is perfectly charming. It tempts me to leave the studies upon which I will be rubbed at Conference, to roam the hills among the green foliage, and pluck the wild flowers. This is nature in its native wildness and romance. The smooth glassy Columbia lies before me, the towering hills behind me, covered with majestic trees and green under-growth. But the flowers pop out from their green beds to blush in the face of the sun, and fill the ambent air with sweet exhalations. How Sol delights to pour his golden beams down! How they cheer and fill the spirits with pleasurable emotions! No wonder the birds sing. I feel like singing myself. How one is reminded of Heaven.

☞ Sir Walter Scott was never without words when he wished to strain politeness. In describing the company at St. Roman's Well, he speaks of the blue stocking as "the lady with the cerulean buskin."

The Progress of Inventions and Inventors.

What some call "great discoveries" are not produced every day, week, nor year, and yet the progress of invention is as steady as the march of time itself. It is certainly true that the boundaries of human knowledge are constantly extending, and this could never happen if new discoveries were not continually unfolding. A new discovery is something brought to light which had not been observed before, and a new invention is its application to an useful purpose. We are liable to overlook the progress that is continually making in science and art, and to forget the benefits which inventors have conferred and are conferring upon community. It is our duty to call in our wandering thoughts from time to time and not forget the debt of gratitude which we owe, (and which is continually accumulating upon us) to the inventors who are living and acting among us. We cannot allude to and name all the men who are now thinking and working out plans and improvements, but the number is not small, and they all deserve to be highly esteemed and rewarded. We now see a message sent from one end of our continent to another in a few seconds; a few years ago it required more weeks than it now does moments to accomplish the same feat. Here we see a dangerous whirlpool destroyed by the electric spark and a few canisters of gunpowder, and there we behold an iron tube thrown across a strait of the sea for the iron horse with his huge train to thunder through it.

A short time ago an ingenious inventor discovered a method of sinking iron foundations for bridges, by the simple operation of an air pump, and now we see the same principle applied in our cities for the most useful and sanatory purposes. In one place an inventor makes a loom and weaves the most intricate and beautiful patterns; in another place an inventor constructs a machine which performs the most delicate needle-work, and at once relieves woman from the most tedious and confining household drudgery. We might mention many other important inventions which are now conferring blessings upon community, but our object principally, is to direct attention to their merit. What we hope from community is not to forget living inventors; let them have their reward while they are with us. It is too often the case that nations raise monuments to men when they are dead, after having allowed them to suffer and die in penury. It is exceedingly easy to pass compliments to deceased benefactors, because such praise costs nothing. Men have starved in garrets who have had statues erected to their memory. We hope the like will never occur again. In this age, with a free press to make hidden things public, we conceive it to be our duty to tell the community from time to time of their duty, to be just and generous to those living benefactors of our race—discoverers and inventors.—*Scientific Amer.*

A THRILLING SCENE. A few years ago I was in company with a gentleman who had just returned from the city of L—— in New England. He said he put up at a hotel and for a time took his seat in the bar-room. The door opened suddenly and a female stepped in. She was the very picture of agony, her hair disheveled, her dress negligent, her eyes unsteady, and her movements eccentric. She seemed to hesitate at first but at length gathering courage she moved up to the bar and said:

"Landlord don't sell my poor husband any more rum. You have already ruined us. You know that before he began to come to your bar he was a sober man. He was as kind a husband as woman ever had. We had a good home, a good farm and every comfort. But you sold him liquor until he had no more money to pay. Unbeknown to me you got a mortgage on his farm; you sold it and turned me and my helpless children out of doors! My husband lost his health, his character and his reputation. He became cross and abusive to me, whom he once tenderly loved. He turns me out of our wretched hovel into the cold and storm! He comes home from your tavern infuriated like a demon. My once kind and amiable husband and the tender father is a madman when he is in liquor!" And the tears gushed from her eyes, but the landlord stood speechless.

In the midst of these entreaties which should have broken the heart of adamant, a man stepped into the bar-room and with the vacant stare of an inebriate moved toward the bar. Instantly the pleading wife threw herself between the man and the bar, and with one hand against his breast and the other stretched out imploringly to the landlord, she said, "Oh, don't my dear don't, my dear don't drink! you'll break my heart!" and bursting with agony she turned to the landlord and said, "Oh don't let him have it, don't! don't!" The landlord walked deliberately out from behind the counter and taking the woman rudely by the arm said; "this is no place for women," and violently tore her from her husband and pushing her out shut the door against her. He then went behind the counter and placed a bottle upon it, the wretched inebriate staggered up and drank his dram, placed a piece of money upon it, the landlord wiped it off complacently into the drawer and the drunkard passed out.

Directions for Planting and Raising Sweet Potatoes.

Put two plants in a hill, set them two or three inches apart, and make the top of the hill sufficiently hollow to hold about a pint of water. Set the plant a little deeper in the hill than it was in the hot bed. Do not wait for rain in order to plant.

If the weather be dry, plant them in the evening, and put about a pint of water in each hill. It is better to plant in a dry time and water them, than when the ground is too wet; for when the weather becomes dry the ground will bake and retard the growth of the plant. The ground should be prepared when it is dry, and the planting done when there is a prospect of rain; but if it should not rain the plants should be watered a little. The plants may be planted in ridges, and when they are thus planted place them 8 or 9 inches apart. When planted in hills put two sprouts in a common sized hill; one is better than two. When the patch is large enough they should be plowed; for they do the best when thus cultivated. I plow mine each way once, and sometimes oftener. At the first plowing I scrape the weeds and grass from the hills, and draw a little loose dirt around the plants; draw up but little dirt the first time you work them, for the hills will warm through better when small. When plowed the last time hill them up; do this the last of July or the first of August. If the vines have grown across the furrows turn them to the opposite side of the hill; hoe the side thus left bare, then turn them back and hoe the other side; never wind the vines upon the top of the hill—it will prevent the sun from warming it as much as is requisite. The vines should not be cut off if they grow very rank; I pull them loose from the ground and drop them down again; this is to prevent the little sprouts from growing. I prefer this course to cutting them off. The potatoes are not hurt by a light frost or two, but they should be dug as soon as the frost kills the vines, as the growth is then stopped. If dug before much rain they are not injured.—*Cor. Indiana Farmer.*

SHELTER YOUR MANURES.—"In the preparation of farm-yard dung," says Nesbitt, "there are two or three points worthy to be observed. The first is, that many of these substances are soluble. Now the common way of preparing farm-yard dung everybody is acquainted with; a large mass of straw and excrement is allowed to rot in the midst of a quantity of water, where, instead of a genial heat being produced, it is washed by the water, which saturated with soluble matter is allowed to run away, as if the cleaner the straw the better the manure. Now it so happens that every one of these substances carried away is the most valuable, in fact, only the insoluble and most worthless are left behind. A quantity of dung thus exposed will lose its potash, its soda, the greater part of its ammonia and its soluble salts of lime, all of which with very little care could have been preserved, to the great advantage and profit of the farmer. No fact can be clearer to every understanding, and yet how frequently are we pained at seeing a reckless waste of the farmer's gold mine, by a total neglect of advice or system as above.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

GRAFTING GRAPE VINES.—Saw off the vine an inch or so below the surface of the ground. Then with a gimlet, or small augur, just the size of the graft, bore one or more holes perpendicularly, or parallel with the grain, about two inches deep, in the top of the root where sawn off, and into these insert the scions, the full depth of the holes. Let the scions be of the last year's growth, well ripened, and about six inches in length, with a bud or eye at the top; they should be cut from the vine during winter or early in the spring, before the sap gets in motion, and the operation should be performed before it is expected the sap will start—although it will usually succeed afterwards if the top of the stock is waxed. After inserting the scions, cover the wound firmly with moist clay, up to the eye of the scions, and place a board so as to protect from washing by rain, till the leaves appear. This method is surer than cleft grafting.—*Ohio Cult.*

PREPARING SEED CORN.—It is stated on authority, (a practical farmer,) that seed corn soaked in an infusion of smoking tobacco, in the proportion of half a pound of tobacco to sufficient boiling water to cover one bushel of corn—the water remaining over the tobacco until it had become lukewarm, when the tobacco was strained out, and the water poured over the tobacco in a tub, where it was left to remain for twenty-four hours before planting, was untouched by bird or worm; while another field, planted after the corn was soaked in warm water only, suffered severely from these causes.

☞ The project of erecting a monument to Henry Clay is exciting a great interest throughout the country, and going forward with energy and activity. Fayette county will contribute about $10,000 toward the erection of the monument. Letters have been received by the Lexington Committe from South Carolina and other states where societies have been organized for the object, which give the most gratifying intelligence in regard to it.—*Louisville Journal.*

☞ We this day publish the List of Letters remaining in the Post Office at Montsylvania. It is rather singular that the P. M. has heard of such a place as Oregon City, or that there was in existence a paper entitled the Spectator. He is bound to have his "head chopped of" for his unobservance of the *golden* rule, laid down by the postal agent: "to the victors belong the spoils." The *new* precedent is to *guess* at the number of copies circulated by the respective papers. Particular care is taken to guess in favor of the one that can render the guesser the greatest amount of service in case of need. This rule has been lately established expressly for this locality. It may appear right to some persons, but to a man "up a tree" it looks differently. It may be proper to say, in this connection, that no blame should be attached to the selected medium for the post office advertising, as it was unsought for and no doubt unexpected by the publisher. It is a small amount, to be sure, but so much the worse for the persons who have such a penchant to guzzle it, regardless of precedent and law.

GREAT CITIES OF THE OLD WORLD.—Pekin, the capital of the vast empire of China, is composed of two parts; one called the old or Chinese city, the other the new, or Tartar city. The principle streets are said to be perfectly straight, about three miles in length, and a hundred and twenty feet in breadth, well furnished with shops. The houses are very indifferently built, and have a ground floor only; though the gates of the city, which are nine in number, are well arched and support buildings nine stories high, the lowest of which is occupied by the soldiers when they leave guard; for all the great streets are guarded by soldiers, who patrol by day as well as night armed with sabres and carrying whips in their hands, to chastise all who excite disturbances or quarrels, and that without respect to persons. The two cities are computed to contain over two millions of inhabitants, and are said to be 18 miles in circumference.

The temples and towers are almost innumerable, and the palace of the Emperor is covered with beautiful shining yellow tiles, presenting to the astonished beholder a prodigious assemblage of vast buildings, extensive courts, and magnificent gardens; the wall around which forms a circuit of four English miles.

Timbuctau, in Africa, situated in Negro-land, near the banks of the Niger, is mentioned in the proceedings of the African Association, as a most opulent, flourishing, and even luxuriant city, subject to an active and severe police, and attracting the merchants and traders of the most distant States of that vast continent. The principal edifices of which it has to boast, are a magnificent mosque and the royal palace, built of hewn stone, peculiar to the country, after the designs of a Moorish architect, who had been banished from Grenada. Hither the carrvans come from Tripoli, Barbary, and other places, with various kinds of European merchandise, which are exchanged for slaves, gold dust, ivory, and other commodities. On all public occasions the king rides upon an elephant, having for his body guard three thousand horsemen, armed with bows and poisoned arrows. The various accounts respecting its extent are by no means satisfactory.

Jeddo, in Japan, was, twenty years ago said to be nine miles in length and six in breadth, but the generality of the houses have only a ground floor, and the rooms are divided by folding screens, by which they can contract or extend them at pleasure. The royal palace is in the centre of the city, and is defended by walls, ditches, and towers; the great hall of audience is supported by massy pillars of solid gold, and three of the towers, where the Emperor resides, are nine stories high, and covered with sheets of pure gold. The Empress and the concubines have separate palaces, as have likewise all the vassal princes, with extensive gardens, and stabling for two thousand horses. The inhabitants have been calculated at a million and a half.

SELF-WAITING DINING TABLES.—By L. Persey, of Patterson, Pennsylvania. I claim a self waiting table constructed and arranged as described, viz: Having an endless band situated beneath the table and kept in constant motion during the meals, by any power applied through the crank or other means, to which a band is firmly attached at convenient distances apart, guiding carriers, &c., which pass up through, and are supported by small railway trucks, &c., and move in guiding apertures in the top of the table, and upon the tops of which are placed waiters, whereon dishes are put and constantly conveyed around before the guests on both sides of the table, in combination with the said endless band conveyers. I also claim an additional shelf or second table, over the central portion of the table, above the waiters, for the purpose of holding castors, &c., which do not require to be frequently moved or replaced, as set forth.—*Scientific American.*