

# OREGON SPECTATOR.

W. W. KIMBLE, EDITOR.

One Hour in the Forest, and Success and Fine Developments.

AND PROPRIETOR.

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## POETRY.

### HAPPYING IN THE CAR.

The car was full of passengers,  
I sat next the window,  
For I had just returned from  
A lady who was sitting near me,  
Directly next my seat,  
And asked I know not why.

Was possible for her to sit there,  
As I sat next the window,  
A lady who was sitting near me,  
Directly next my seat,  
And asked I know not why.

My eyes were fixed on her face,  
As she sat next the window,  
A lady who was sitting near me,  
Directly next my seat,  
And asked I know not why.

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### A California Colonel in a Pic.

The Santa (California) Courier of the 23rd ult., relates a rather equivalent adventure of a gallant knave of a California Colonel who had heretofore ranked as an honorable man. The Col. is in a fair way to be troubled with a difficulty of breathing. The Courier says:

On Wednesday night last, when Hall & Crandall's stage was about ten miles beyond New's Ranch, on the Tehama and Marysville road, one of the passengers, an old lady about 70 years of age, Mrs. Eddy, of Briggsville, in this county, discovered that some one had robbed her carpet bag of two purses of gold dust, worth about \$1000. She immediately informed the passengers of the fact, and when the two stages met, the passengers got out and agreed to be searched. One of the passengers, Col. Harper of Trinity, threw off his cloak at once and requested that he might be searched. Another passenger immediately picked up the cloak, and took out of the side pocket a purse of gold worth the value of the lady's cloak. The further search they found an antique pistol in her coat pocket, containing upwards of a thousand dollars. This purse, however, was returned to the lady, and she was allowed to go on her way. The other passengers got into the stage, and the lady was left behind. The lady's name is Mrs. Eddy, and she is a well-known person in this county.

### The Crystal Palace.

The New York people did their best to have the opening of the Crystal Palace worthy of the occasion. When it was known that the President would open it, their enthusiasm was awake, and prodigious efforts were made in the Palace itself. Every laborer who could wield a hammer, hang a curtain, or make a package, stretched every nerve to accomplish the utmost in his particular vocation.

In the Cleveland Plain Dealer we find an epitome of the history, &c., of the Palace, which will just now be read with interest.

The Crystal Palace Association was incorporated in March, 1852, by the New York Legislature, with Theodore Sedgwick as President, and a large and influential Board of Directors. The charter wisely requires that certain dues shall be set apart on which the net proceeds shall be paid over to the Fire Department Fund, and on which the pupils of the Ward Schools, the Blind and Deaf and Dumb Institutions, and Orphan Asylum shall be admitted free of charge. The Municipal authorities of New York City also granted a lease of Rensselaer Square for five years, on condition that the building should be constructed of iron and glass, and that no single entrance fee should be exacted.

There was little difficulty in raising the required capital (\$200,000). Shares were taken for over one hundred and fifty persons, and from Mr. Maxwell, Collector of the Port, in behalf of Government, made the building a bonded warehouse, so that imported goods should be admitted free of duty.

The Palace, with the exception of the floor, roof, and a portion of the dome, is built of iron and glass. The form of construction is that of a Greek temple—the dimensions of which are 365 feet five inches. The dome is 103 feet in diameter, and the lantern, with which it is crowned, is 140 feet from the lower floor. There are three entrances, one on South avenue, one on Fourth, and one on Forty-second street. Each entrance being forty-seven feet wide. The gallery, which runs all through and around the building, is fifty-four feet wide, and is accessible by ten large and eight winding stair cases. The building contains, on the ground floor, 110,000 square feet of space, and on the gallery 22,000 feet, devoted to the use of articles of exhibition. The Palace is the largest building in the country, and will continue to be until the Capitol at Washington is completed. In beauty and economy, it is deemed far superior to its London prototype.

The distribution is judiciously managed with reference to the entire Arc of different Nations. The quarter corner of one of the wings, both on the ground floor and the gallery, is allotted to the United States. A similar space is set apart for Great Britain. France occupies about two-thirds as much room. The German States rank next in the classification, and then follow Canada, Austria, Switzerland, Italy, Turkey, Russia, Greece, &c., &c. All articles will be assorted into distinct classes. There are thirty-one classes in all. The same order of arrangement will be followed in each of the national divisions, so that no difficulty will be experienced in finding any given object upon exhibition. Each class will be placed under the supervision of a competent person.

### The Harriet Max.

The Common wealth makes the following extract from a photographic report of a recent sermon by the Reverend Theodore Parker, of Boston. The original of the picture is understood to be a highly esteemed resident of Newton.

"The happiest man I have ever known is one far enough from being rich in money, and one who will never be very much nearer to it. His calling fits him, and he likes it, rejoices in its process as much as in its result. He has an active mind, well filled. He reads and he thinks. He tends his garden before sunrise every morning—then rides sundry miles by the rail—does his ten hours work in the town—whence he returns happy and cheerful. With his own smile he catches the earliest smile of the morning, plucks the first rose of his garden, and goes to his work with the little flower in his hand and a great one blossoming out of his heart. He runs over with charity, as a cloud with rain; and it is with him as with the cloud—what coming from the cloud is rain to the meadows; is a rainbow of glory to the cloud that pours it out. The happiness of the affections fills up the good man, and he runs over with friendship and love—conjugal, parental, filial, friendly, too, and philanthropic besides. His life is a perpetual 'trap to catch a sunbeam'—and it always 'springs' and takes it in. I know no man who gets more out of life; and the secret of it, he does his duty to himself, to his brother and to his God. I know rich men and learned men—men of great social position; and there is none in America, I know that—but a happier man I have never known!"

### A Jail in India.

Bayard Taylor, the admiral editorial correspondent of the New York Tribune, visited the Agraj Jail, North India, and, among other things, gives this account of the "exercises":

"Here were hundreds of men seated at their looms, weaving carpets, singing the multiplication-table in a thundering chorus. 'Twelve times twelve,' sang the monitor, in a shrill tone. 'One hundred and forty-four!' burst out the chorus, in all sorts of voices. We went into the blacksmith's shops, where the prisoners, by a refinement of punishment, were made to forge their own fetters, themselves being fettered. 'Seven times sixteen,' sang the solo, as he raised his hammer. 'One hundred and twelve!' was roared in answer, drawing the clang and bang of the iron. In the women's department, there was a shrill request of vulgar frictions; the cooks recited astronomical facts while mixing their rice. Even the hardest cases confined in solitary cells were going through their 'a, b, c,' through a hole in the door, to a monitor standing outside."

### Amos Kendall is building ten cottage style frame houses on his farm upon the outskirts of Washington, on the line of the railroad. The total cost exclusive of the ground, (each being on a lot of two acres) will be some \$15,000, and they are expected to rent for an aggregate of \$25,000. This is a profitable investment, indeed.

### The Utoote Tomatoes.

One of the most remarkable episodes in the history of modern times is the rise and fall of Uncle Tomson. From the very pinnacle of popular favor, and from being the idol of every aristocratic coterie and the guest of every noble mansion, Mrs. Stowe, in less than a fortnight, has fallen not only into indifference but positive contempt. Says the New York Herald:

"Private letters from Europe inform us that Mrs. Beecher Stowe was quietly residing in Paris, unnoticed by every one, and suffered to go where she pleased, without the slightest word of comment from the press; indeed, had it not been for an amusing article in the Charivari, in which a fancy interview between her translators and herself is described, no one would have known that she had crossed the Channel. The London Times, which published a circumstantial account of a fit of dyspepsia with which she was afflicted before she left Boston, did not even condescend to apprise the British people of her departure from their shores. John Smith or Thomas Brown could not have perched his carpet bag and embarked for Paris in the cheap train to Folkestone with less ostentation than did this lady. &c., &c."

How can this be accounted for? One cause, undoubtedly, is the sober sense which the English press, after the first burst of adulation, was over, took of the position of Mrs. Stowe and the character of her book. No one denied her right to or could find fault with her writing a book exposing the sins of her own country. But such a book should have been written in a more dignified manner. Even John Bull became disgusted when he saw, that instead of regarding the unbounded satisfaction with which the worst haters of our country hailed this book and gloated over its contents as arguments against popular institutions—as an incidental and unavoidable evil, greatly to be deplored, Mrs. Stowe suffered herself to be beset by the sneering flattery and adulation of the very class, whose decency required the should most avoid.

But undoubtedly a far more immediate and potent cause of the sudden downfall of Tomson, was the refusal of Queen Victoria to receive Mrs. Stowe at Buckingham Palace. As soon as this fact became known, says the Herald, already quoted, "a light burst on the Stafford House set. To be excluded from court was to be out of fashion; to be out of fashion was worse than to have committed murder, theft, or any other crime in the calendar. It was, in fact, endangering one's own position to associate with a person who had notoriously been refused an admission to the Queen's presence. Firmly impressed with a sense of their duty to themselves and their rank, the British nobility did not hesitate a moment in this conjuncture. Fashion must be vindicated, though the heavens should fall. Mrs. Stowe and Uncle Tom were ruthlessly sacrificed. The negro mania went out in a twinkling, and its heroes were forgotten in an hour."

There is a pregnant moral in all this. Mrs. Stowe has probably learned by this time that to tell Uncle Samuel bluntly of his worst faults and honestly gibe herself to have him correct them, is an entirely different affair from going abroad to peddle slanders against him and minister to the spleen of his worst enemies. There is just the difference between the two of Christian love and mendacious hate. Let the abolitionists learn a lesson, and know that the aristocracies of Europe hate and dread the influence of our institutions; they know their worth sufficiently to despise the sycophant who, nurtured in their lap, can for base self-traduce them to their enemies.—Chicago Democrat.

### Some of the editors of Ohio and Indiana met in Convention at Cleveland, some time ago. We are not advised as to the object of the meeting. The following is an extract from the proceedings, as they are reported in the Cleveland Plain Dealer:

Mr. Norton wanted to know what had become of the Editorial Society of Ohio. He believed there was a Constitution for such a Society. He could not say anything about the other officers, but he knew that the President of the last Convention was in the Penitentiary. [Much laughter.]

Mr. Brown of Ia.—I suggest that clerks and reporters take no note of that remark. [Laughter.]

Mr. Norton.—The gentlemen are very thin skinned. I have not yet told all the story. I was about to say that he is only there to watch those rascals of other professions—I refer to Mr. Dimmock, the present Superintendent of the striped penitentiaries.

Mr. Cogswell said it was evident that the old Society was dead. The funeral might as well be held to day. If it had not been it was indeed time it was attended to.

The Mayville Eagle says that a mare belonging to Chas. B. Hill, of that town, a short time since foaled a mule colt and a horse colt at one birth, and that both are alive and doing well. Old horse dealers in that region, it is said, have never known a similar incident.

### Sub-Marine Blasting.

The New Haven Courier of the 15th July says: "We were yesterday afternoon afforded an opportunity by Monsieur Maillet to witness his process of submarine blasting, by which he has removed the dangerous Pot Rock from Hellgate, and which he is now using, under the authority of the General Government, upon some of the rocks in our harbor. The place of his operations yesterday was what is called Middle Bank, about a mile south of our light-house, where he fired twelve charges in rapid succession, reducing the height of the rock about eight feet. The charges of about one hundred and twenty five pounds of powder are contained in canisters, and are sunk to the rock from a boat. Connected with the canister is a wire leading to the boat, and of sufficient length to allow it to be rowed beyond the effects of the explosion. When at a sufficient distance a galvanic battery is applied, and the explosion takes place, throwing up a magnificent column of water some one hundred and fifty feet in height, and accompanied by two distinct reports like the noise of a cannon. The effect of such a water spout is most beautiful, resembling a vast fountain suddenly thrown up, and almost as suddenly melting into spray. The operations yesterday were very successful. Indeed, Monsieur Maillet has fully demonstrated the practicability of his method of removing sunken rocks, and deserves all the encouragement the Government is able to afford him. We understand he will continue his blasting every day at high tide. To-morrow he will commence at 3 o'clock, and on Wednesday at 4 p. m. Persons who visit the place will be well rewarded for their trouble. We were indebted to Monsieur Maillet for courtesies extended to us during our visit, for which we return him our thanks."

### During Highway Robbery.

A German, whose name we were unable to learn, went into the Ohio Life Insurance and Trust Co., yesterday afternoon, and presented a check for the sum of \$200; the check was cashed, and the man proceeded to his residence, on Van street, above Canal. A short time after he had crossed his lawn, he heard a knock at the door, and on opening it, he saw a well dressed young man standing on the threshold, who told him that there had been a mistake made in the payment of the money, and that it was necessary for him to return to the bank in order that it might be corrected. The German, suspecting nothing, placed the money in his hat, and in company with the stranger started towards the bank. When they had reached the corner of B-street above Lodge alley, the stranger suddenly snatched the hat from the German's hand, and grabbing from it the money, ran off down the alley, and although closely pursued, succeeded in making good his escape. The man who was robbed immediately proceeded to the watch-house and gave a minute description of the robber, but up to a late hour last night he had not been arrested. This is one of the lightest and most ingenuously devised highway robberies which has ever occurred in this city.—Cincinnati Commercial.

### The Seeline and Rascals.—Mr. Abernethy, in a lecture upon the morals of the seaport said:

"I will tell you a perfectly ridiculous story about this, with a view to improve the part of the subject upon your minds. It happened in the early part of my time to become quite the fashion to put half a pound of grease, and another half pound of tallow, on a man's head—what they called 'it dressing'; it was the fashion, too, to kiss this round with a piece of tape or ribbon, and make a tail of it; and it was the mode to wear these tails very thick, and rather short. Now, a gentleman who possessed great power in the motion of his frame, used to go to the house of the theater when Mrs. Siddons first appeared; and I don't believe there ever will be such an actress again as she was, nor do I believe there ever was her equal before. However, when the people were affected beyond all description, and when they were all drowned in tears at her performance, this chap wagged his tail continuously, and all the people burst out into a roar of laughter. In vain did they cry 'turn him out!' In vain did they cry 'throw him over!' When he had produced this effect upon the audience, then he kept his tail quiet, but again no sooner was his attention engaged than wag went his tail, and again the houses of laughter were re-echoed."

### English Ignorance of America.—In a debate in the English Parliament, Mr. Robert Peel stated that the number of States in the American Union was thirty-three; and a Cabinet Minister called the late "old patriot of America, John Hancock," a statesman of Massachusetts, and quoted him as having said that "if you wished to make the inheritance of a State a set of accounts, you had only to give them secret voting. In a recent English journal, we noticed an account of the political movements in the 'States' of New Orleans. One of our citizens was asked, a short time since in England, if 'there were many persons in Boston who could speak the English language?' Dr. Bailey, editor of the National Era, in his last letter from London to that journal, remarks, 'We must not forget that the masses of English people are exceedingly ignorant of our country—is geography, its people, their institutions and usages, their Government, the relations of our State Governments to each other and to the Federal Government, and their relations generally to slavery. Many intelligent persons believe that this evil is diffused throughout all the States. An English lady of high position lately asked an American whether he saw much of it in Massachusetts?' At a considerable dinner party, the other day, an English gentleman remarked to one of our countrymen that he had understood that the great vegetable for making soup in the States was pumpkin! Were you to tell many respectable people here that Massachusetts is the capital of Philadelphia, they would not know that you were quibbling them."

### The Marlboro' (Md.) Gametree, has the following notice of a phenomenon that exceeds anything which Boston can do in raising shids, or Richmond in showering catfish:

On Thursday last, our village was visited by the most remarkable phenomenon of a shower of oat straw. It appears to have been recently threshed, no grains being found in the heads. There was no wind blowing at the time or it might easily have been supposed that it was blown from some neighbor's threshing yard. It was some distance above the earth when a great distance above the earth when it descended. We presumed that it was taken up by a whirlwind during the late heavy storm at the north and has been suspended in a current of air until it reached us. Or, perhaps they relied on abundance in the Moon, and so threw it overboard.

### The largest pair of wrought iron shafts ever made west of the mountains, have just been turned out from the mill hammer shop of Messrs. Mallinck & Co., of New Albany. The weight of these is five tons each and measure 15 1/2 inches in diameter. They are for Capt. Bragdon's new California steamer. The cranks each weigh three thousand pounds. The engines for this boat are being built by Messrs. Lent, South & Shipman, and will be fine specimens of machinery. The hull is building at the yard of John Evans in New Albany.

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