

OREGON SPECTATOR.

C. L. GOODRICH, EDITOR, PROPRIETOR AND PRINTER.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

TERMS, FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 7.

OREGON CITY, OREGON TERRITORY, FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1854.

NO. 20.

THE OREGON SPECTATOR:

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

Published every Friday evening—Office in Good's building, Main Street, Oregon City.

TERMS: INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.
One copy per annum \$5.00
For six months \$3.00

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
One square (12 lines or less) one insertion, \$2.00
Two insertions, \$4.00
For every additional insertion, \$1.00
Professional and Business Cards, of 10 lines or less, \$2.50 per annum.

A liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers. The number of insertions must be distinctly marked on the margin, otherwise they will be continued till forbid, and charged accordingly.

POETRY.

For the Spectator.

To My Little Niece Ellen.

Ellen, thou art good and gentle;
Sweeter than the breath of morn,
Fairer than the tints of even,
Which the western lands adorn.
Brighter than the dew-drops sparkling
On the rose's scented leaf,
Purer than the tear-drops falling
From the eye all filled with grief.
Gladful as the gazelle bounding
O'er its own far native wild;
Hath some good, rare, pure finding
Thou art nature's favored child.
This, yes, this is why I love thee,
More than I have words to tell;
Why my heart strains to be around thee,
Warm, bright-hearted, loving Nell.
Sunny Side, May 8, 1854. KATE.

— "Aurora" writes the following for publication. She forgot to tell us that it was not original, and we therefore shall look out for the fair regis heretofore. Wouldst it be so common-sense written if they should happen to find us?

To An Editor.

I saw you one day, oh, dear dear!
In your own office here,
With your brilliant pen behind your ear,
If usually serene is he the fair,
You met the sweetest, you and I the fair,
And with "Polymath" grew;
And once in a while in desperate haste,
You scolded the pen and ink, but not
Invented an invention.

A number of burglars here and there,
A steady stream of railroad accident rates,
A disposition of gold in the rocks,
An account of a temperance meeting some-
where,
Or a "great resolution" to make people wiser,
From the knowledge of spirit that know-ke!
And you put on your spectacles to read these,
And pronounced this week's paper one of the best.

Amusingly graphic she is—
But you looked round the structure and heaved
a low sigh,
And mournfully wished some dear prayer were
nigh,
But our eyes didn't chance to meet?
Surely the pleasantest those in the life,
Were to be an agreeable Editor's wife,
And up in the sanctum stay—
To sit among papers up to one's eyes,
In a dear little chair with some dear little shoes,
And help him to get all day?

To turn the machine for the people sometimes,
Or help down-drain the intricate rhymes,
From lines that peep right and
No looking to do—'till live on puff-paste,
And when that sweet nutriment pulled on our
taste,
Why, we'd go and take tea with a friend!

— The following is published by request. We do not think it peculiarly adapted to our columns, but are satisfied if it pleases others.

The Old Kentucky Home.

The sun shines bright in our old Kentucky home,
The sunshiner—the darkies are gay.
The corn top tips, and the meadows in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin door,
All merry, all happy, all bright;
By in by hard times come knocking at the door,
Then my old Kentucky home good night.
Weep no more my lady, Oh, weep no more to day,
We'll sing one song for my old Kentucky home
For my old Kentucky home far away.
They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by, like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrows where all was delight—
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then my old Kentucky home good night.
Weep no more my lady, &c.

The head most bow and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darkies may go;
A few more days and the troubles all will end,
In the field where the sugar cane grow.
A few more days for to tote the weary load,
No matter, it will never be light;
A few more days still we tatter on the road,
Then my old Kentucky home good night.
Weep no more my lady, &c.

English Opinion on American Machinery.

MR. WHITWORTH'S REPORT TO THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT.

ITS CONCLUSIONS.

The parts of the United States which visited, form, geographically, a small portion of their extended territory, but they are the principal seats of manufactures, and afford ample opportunities for arriving at general conclusions.

I could not fail to be impressed, from all that I saw there, with the extraordinary energy of the people, and their peculiar aptitude in availing themselves to the utmost of the immense natural resources of the country.

The details which I have collected in this report show, by numerous examples, that they have no means untried to effect what they think it possible to accomplish, and they have been signally successful in combining large practical results, with great economy in the methods by which these results are secured.

The laboring classes are comparatively few in number, but this is counterbalanced by, and indeed may be regarded as one of the chief causes of, the energy with which they call in the aid of machinery in almost every department of industry. Wherever it can be introduced as a substitute for manual labor, it is universally and willingly resorted to; of this the facts stated in my report contain many conclusive proofs, but I may here specially refer, as examples, to plough-making, where eight men are added to much thirty per day; to door-making, where twenty men make one hundred paneled doors per day; to hat-making, the process of which is completed in one and a half minute; to sewing by machine, where one woman does the work of twenty; to m-making, where one woman does the work of one hundred. It is this condition of the labor market, and this eager resort to machinery, wherever it can be applied, to which, under the guidance of superior education and intelligence, the remarkable prosperity of the U. S. is mainly due.

That prosperity is frequently attributed to the possession of a soil of great natural fertility, and it is doubtless true, that in certain districts the alluvial deposits are rich and the land fruitful to an extraordinary degree; but while traversing many hundred miles of country in the northern states, I was impressed by the conviction, that the general character of the soil there was the reverse of rich.

It is not for a moment denied that the natural resources of the United States are immense; that the products of the soil seem capable of being multiplied and varied to almost any extent, and that the supplies of minerals appear to be nearly unlimited.

The material welfare of the country, however, is largely dependent upon the means adopted for turning its natural resources to the best account, at the same time that the evils made upon human labor are reduced as far as practicable.

The attention paid to the working of wood, some details connected with which have been included in the report, is a striking illustration of this. The early settlers found in the forests which they had to clear an unlimited supply of material, which necessity compelled them to employ in every possible way, in the construction of their houses, their furniture, and domestic utensils, in the implements of labor, and in their log-paved roads.

Their condition is less favorable than that of their American brethren for forming a just and unprejudiced estimate of the influence which the introduction of machinery is calculated to exercise on their state and prospects. I cannot resist the conclusion, however, that the different views taken by our operatives and those of the U. S. upon this subject are determined by other and powerful causes, besides those dependent on the supply of labor in the two countries. The principles which ought to regulate the relations between the employer and the employed seem to be thoroughly understood and appreciated in the U. S., and while the law of limited liability affords the most ample facilities for the investment of capital in business, the intelligent and educated artisan is left equally free to earn all that he can, by making the best use of his hands, without let or hindrance by his fellows.

It may be that the working classes exhibit an unusual independence of manner, but the same feeling ensures the due performance of what they consider to be their duty, with less supervision than is required where dependence is to be placed upon uneducated hands.

It rarely happens that a workman who possesses peculiar skill in his craft is disqualified to take the responsible position of superintendent, by the want of education and general knowledge, as is frequently the case in our country. In every State in the Union, not particularly in the North, education is by means of the common schools, placed within the reach of each individual, and all classes avail themselves of the opportunity afforded. The desire of knowledge is early implanted, and is greatly increased, while the facilities for diffusing it are amply provided through the instrumentality of an almost universal press. No taxation of any kind has been suffered to interfere with the free development of this powerful agent for promoting the intelligence of the people, and the consequences is, that where the humblest laborer can indulge in the luxury of his daily paper, everybody reads, and thought and intelligence penetrate through the lowest grades of society. The benefits which thus result from a liberal system of education and a cheap press to the working classes of the U. S. can hardly be over-stated in a national point of view, but it is to be the cooperation of both, that they must undoubtedly be ascribed. For, selecting a proof from among the European states, the condition of Prussia be considered, it will be found that the people of that country, as a body, have not made that progress which, from the great attention paid to the education of all classes, might have been anticipated, and this must certainly be ascribed to the restrictions laid upon the press, which have so materially impeded the general advancement of the people. Wherever education and an unrestricted press are allowed full scope to exercise their united influence, progress and improvement are the certain results, and among the many benefits which arise from their joint co-operation may be ranked most prominently the value which they teach men to place upon intelligent contrivance; the readiness with which they cause new improvements to be received; and the impulse which they thus unavoidably give to that inventive spirit which is gradually emancipating man from the rude forms of labor, and making what were regarded as the luxuries of one age to be looked upon in the next as the ordinary and necessary condition of human existence.

Going West.

A correspondent furnishes the following information to the Phil. Saturday Evening Post, for the benefit of those desirous of going West. It is worth reading:

Jacksonville, Ill., March 10, 1854.

In your paper of March 11, are some inquiries about the West, made by men in the East, which I shall take the liberty of transcribing and replying to in my own way. The article, it appears, was copied from the N. Y. Tribune, but as I first noticed it in your paper, I send you the reply.

To my personal knowledge, the West has been flooded with just such queries for the last twenty years, until we are heartily tired of them. We know by experience that if we tell the truth in the matter about the agricultural facilities of the West, not one in ten thousand of all those who live in the East, and have never been fifty miles from home, will believe it; of course it is a matter of indifference to many what they believe.

The first question comes from Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, and reads as follows: "What is the best time for going West, in the spring or autumn?"

The best time for going West is when you have the most money about you, and the least fear of losing it. If you come in the spring you are sure to shake yourself to death with the ague before fall. If you come in the fall you may live until spring, if you don't freeze to death before you get here. If you come at all, you had better get your stomach lined with water-proof corn, so as to be able to digest corn bread, leaven and whisky, for this is all we have to eat except a few French frogs and bilious looking tadpoles, which we catch when the river runs down.

Second question—"What part of the West is the best to emigrate to, taking into consideration the healthiness of the climate?"

A variety of opinions about that, my dear fellow. Our Senator, Mr. Douglas,

says Nebraska is the best. So it is, if you want to go into the stock business, raising an unmy kind of mixed-colored cattle, that will stray off to Canada, in spite of the compromise of 1850, '52, or Douglas. Or if you want to speculate in paposes, white candles, and get your own scalp taken off scientifically, go to Nebraska by all means. If you want to play poker for a living, and set up whisky drinking for a business, live on corn bread and leaven week days, and slippery elm bark and tadpoles on Sundays, come to Illinois. If you want to go where they don't have no Sundays nor nothing to eat, only what they brought from the East, go to Iowa; or if you want to go to grass, to go on all fours, and do as other kinds of cattle do, go to Salt Lake.

Third question—"Does the fever and ague prevail much in Wisconsin?"

Of course it does. Nobody out West is fool enough to ask such a question. Everybody shakes; even the trees shake; you can't get a crab apple to stay on when it is good for anything; it will shake off. It will shake a man off the bed kick him off the doors, and shake the bedstead at him till he gives it up.

Fourth question—"How long does a pre-emption hold good?"

That depends on circumstances. If you have a good rifle, and know how to use it, you have one chance to ten that you may live until you starve to death. But if you can't stand fire, and are not a good shot and a quick one, take my word for it you had better tarry in Jericho until your beard be grown; they are all too smart for you up in that neck of woods.

Fifth question—"Is land to be had in the north-west part of Ohio for \$1.25 per acre, and is it good?"

That's all fudge, got up by speculators to sell some green horn like you or me, for to the best of my knowledge and belief, Ohio was worn out ten years ago. The whole business of the railroads in warm weather, is to carry back persons who have been fast enough to come West. All the railroads are doing this winter are carrying dirt into Ohio out of Michigan to raise a few beans and oats to keep the folks from starving to death next summer.

As to the land in the north-west of Ohio, it is eighteen inches under water most of the year, and will probably be worth \$1.25 an acre when water-snakes and copper-heads being as much per barrel in N. Y. markets as potatoes are worth per bushel in Alton.

And lastly, he wants reliable information on the subject—and he wants to go to a healthy location, decent land, and fair water.

Exactly. Why, my dear sir, there is no such thing as reliable information out West, unless you pay well for it. A lawyer won't tell the truth unless you give him \$5,000, and then you can't believe half he says.

A witness won't tell the truth in court unless you first scare him half to death and make him swear he won't lie, and then neither himself nor anybody else knows whether he tells the truth or not. The preachers all call us an inveterate set of sinners, but from what I have heard of you, you must know we are a pretty good sort of people.

If you ask a miss of stout, blooming sixteen for a kiss, she pettishly says no, when everybody knows she means yes, of course.

On the whole, if you feel obliged by our "short article," so do I. If you want to go to a healthy land, stay at home, and don't be a fool like myself and come out West.—And as for decent land, my dear fellow, what do you mean? You must know that all our wild prairie is very indigestible, especially when it is burnt over and left as naked as it was born. 'Tis true, nature weaves a sort of big leaf apron every summer out of a coarse kind of grass, but it soon gets burnt off, and is as indigestible as ever.

As for fair water, we have none, it is all a bilious compost of liquid mud, dead buffaloes, fish and rotten rattlesnakes.

Our common drink, when we can't get whisky, is one third coffee, one third prairie mud, and tobacco juice.

Upon the whole, if you have good water, and can get half enough to eat, stay where you are.

Yours, truly,
PETER GILMARTER.

P. S.—Jacksonville was formerly in Wisconsin, but a big freshet floated most of the houses down 20 miles south of the Illinois river, and stuck them on a high and dry ridge. We expect the next rise in the river will take us down into old Kaintuck.

The Inner Hearth.

We like that. It speaks to us of sincerity and truth—a free and unfettered communion with those who gather. It sounds friendly, social, old-fashioned. All here seems so snug and cozy, chatty, confidential. It is a quiet nook, hidden from the busy world, where we can "be friends together" unembarrassed by conventional rules.

Here is an extra chair, reader, for you to drop into. Draw it up and we will give our reasons for thus hiding away from the noise and bustle. The truth is, we never liked too many in a settlement. As "Pathfinder" would say, we "allors was a natural born lujin" about some things. Its "natural" and we can't help it. We have found many a Julius hand in our intercourse with the world, stabling us under the guise of friendship and smiles, and we love to be where no treacherous foot-fall shall startle us. We love the words where there are none to speak to us but the robes of nature as they go up in their low anthem of praise. The trees

keep guard around, the winds, and singing birds make melody, and away through the green arches of the forest we catch glimpses of the blue ocean whose silent waves dash forever around the throne of the Maker.—There is no false worship there—no kid gloves, no jangling of jewelry, no wringing and twisting to see how a dress hangs or what the next neighbor has got on. God doesn't there speak in set phrases or the birds await fantasies on the organ. God speaks in every blade, and leaf, and flower, and in the thunder. There stretched upon the green grass or the autumn leaves, we can close up to Heaven and listen to the low rush of angel wings and dream that the trappings of fashionable religion are for a day.

We do love to be by ourself, and not as the heart prompts. Here we can do so.—There is no chair for bones. By the beard of the Prophet, they never shall enter!—This is a forbidden spot to them. It is for you and I to enjoy. Those who knock here must leave ceremony and fashionable twaddle outside. We shall not speak by rule or take a certain number of steps by way of an introduction. "Walk in, sir, and sit down." You can take our land, but don't say you are "exceedingly happy" to form your acquaintance—"for by the shooting-stick we'll give you leave to quit inchiter.—Come if you will, and laugh as men and women used to laugh talk to it they used to talk—act as they used to act—leave souls as they used to have souls. Sing, whistle, rattle, rattle, or whistle, it matters not which, so that you get yourself and not the fool.—With the aged we will talk of the Past; of the present with the middle-aged; and with the young, of the future. We hope to have a tear for those who are in tears; to rejoice with those that rejoice; to love those who love us, and have a kindly word for the down-trodden every where. With the Alms we may talk of—well, our professional is sneered from prying eyes and we will talk of what we please; for there are fountains in the heart which never freeze over, and garnered memories which are greenly growing deep down from the world's rude gaze.

Come in, then; we will make ourselves at home. If we laugh at the follies of the outer world, none will be the wiser for it.—Some ears may tingle while we are together; but every body talks about everybody, and it will go hard with us if we do not have our say as well as the rest. Certain we are that we shall not meet any one with smiles, and rebuke or abuse them the moment the door is closed. Tobacco eaters and smokers earnestly requested to leave their filthiness at the door or bring their spit-boxes with them.—*Cynops Chief.*

A Bad Book's Influence.

If some purifying censor could go through the whole range of the vast compass of English literature, armed with authority and power to expunge at pleasure whatever may be found injurious to Christian morals, the fires of Caliph Omar would hardly be more sweeping. If any part of such a work be done with success, the performance confers a favor on the whole multitude to whom the English is a vernacular tongue. Such a task of purification for many a book would be a greater miracle and a greater mercy, than the sweetening of the bitter waters of Marah in the desert, for the furnishing Hebrews. The poisonous influence of moral impurity and error go from the book into the soul; they are not exhausted, like arsenic on the outer frame, nor confined to a limited period of time. They burn in the mind through eternity. They outlast the fame of the author. Some men's sins are open before-hand, going before to judgment, and some follow after. The accursed evils of a licentious book, or of a profane and infidel publication, especially if there be enough of the semblance of genius in it to make it immortal through a lifetime, follow the author into the eternal world. Sad must be the reflection of those who have expended the powers of genius God has lavished upon them, in providing perennial and perpetual fountains of sin in its most alluring forms for all who come after.

Parity.

This is an indispensable requisite to a good character. Parity of thought, of speech, of conduct, should be scrupulously adhered to by every man who desires a fair reputation. Ah! how many there are who call themselves gentlemen, honorable men, men of character and standing, who are guilty of offenses against parity, which ought to exclude them from the society of the respectable and virtuous. How many young men, who think themselves fit company for the amiable, and pure, and lovely of the other sex, who ought not to be allowed to breathe the same air with our daughters and sisters, and who would not be, if they were thoroughly known by the community generally, as they are by a few. How many who, in the presence of women in our social circles, will flatter and compliment with the most obsequious manifestations of respect, and in the most insinuating manner, who, among their male associates, will speak of women in the most disrespectful and insulting manner, with gross familiarity and unblushing coarseness. When I hear a young man indulging in coarse and depreciating expressions toward the female sex, or making them the subject of some vulgar allusion, or indeed double entendre, I put a mark upon him as not to be trusted. The highest respect and consideration for woman is a mark of a noble character.

Care of the Eyes.

The eye is so very tender—is such a fine piece of mechanism, that it must be handled and treated with great care and gentleness. Many become short-sighted at an early age, constitutionally or by sickness, or by imposing too much labor upon these wonderful organs. In health the eyes will undergo much fatigue, but they are as capable of being overtaxed as the arms or the limbs. Much reading or writing, by artificial light, is very trying to the eyes, especially if the light is unsteady, too brilliant, or too weak. A good, full light, shaded with a light-blue globe, is the best to read or write with during evening hours. Upon no consideration should a man read more than four hours at once, by artificial light, and he should give his eyes ten minutes' rest after he has read two hours. This is the experience we have gathered from not a few persons. Those who are blessed with strong eyes should not overtax them, as many zealous students do, by too much night study, or as some merchants do, by too much night writing. There are instances on record of a sudden loss of sight by strong men, who had read and written by lamp-light, as if their eyes never would fail, and their vision never lose its power. The celebrated Euler lost his eyesight by an imprudent night's study, in some of his mathematical calculations. The smoke of lamps is very hurtful to the eyes, hence a good circulation of air is as necessary for the eyes as for the lungs. A very weak solution of the sulphate of zinc is excellent for blood-shot or surface-inflamed eyes; we have never known it to fail in effecting a cure in a few days.

Why is it, that the influence of music is so strangely thrilling in the stillness of the night, stealing like a dream upon the slumbering ear until we awake to feel its strangely fascinating influence? Its tones have not such power—have not an influence so soothing and holy when heard in the bright and busy day. In the night, that float around like sweet visions, better voices speaking to us in language which awakens many a fountain of holier thought. And just here we are reminded that we were last week indebted to some friends for thus arousing us from slumber by their loud music. We almost felt as though we would "go there" when they sang of the gold chains as "big as a brick" "on the banks of the Sacramento," and had we not found ourselves "quite dishabille," we should have returned one thanks in person. "O sing me that air again"—"some 'stilly night," when it ain't so confounded muddy getting down to our house.—*Esop's Brother.*

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.—When the British were in Boston, in 1767, a British officer went into a barber's shop to be shaved, if the barber could do it without drawing blood, saying if he did he would run his sword through him. The barber was frightened, and dare not undertake the task. A little boy sitting there said he would do it. He looked at the boy with astonishment, but the boy stripped off his coat, and told him to take a seat. He took off the officer's beard without drawing blood, and was paid a guinea. The officer asked him how he ventured to do it, as he had been to every barber in town, and no one had dared to.—The boy replied, "I thought I should see blood as soon as you, and if I had, I would have cut your throat to the back-bone in a moment." The officer hung down his head and left amid shouts of applause for the boy.—*N. H. Patriot.*

ALWAYS BUSY.—The more a man accomplishes the more he may. An active tool never grows rusty. You always find those men the most forward to do good, or to improve the times and manners, always busy. Who started our railroads, our steamboats, our machine shops, and our manufacturing? Men of industry and enterprise. As long as they lived they kept at work, doing something to benefit themselves and others. It is just so with a man who is benevolent—the more he gives, the more he feels like giving. We go for activity—in body, in mind, in everything. Let the gold grow not dim, nor the lights become stale.—Keep all things in motion. We should rather that death should find us reeling a mountain than sinking in a mire—breathing a whirlwind, than sneaking from a cloud.

A youthful reader of the Notions, thus experimented on his mamma, who was making the family bread a few days since:

"Mother, it strikes me you are very lazy, just now."

"How dare you say so? why, don't you see I'm making bread?" indignantly returned the lady.

B. I don't know anybody else. He is off A No. 1 article for the paper, is a rate companion, and a perfect lord over you and he hitch horses you will find in all right.

A. The time is not so much every suffering face. A snick into the harness the water's saury and—*Esop's Brother.*