COMMERCE - ITS INFLUENCE AND POWER.

Commerce is King, says Carlyle, the great English philosopher and political economist, the truth of which can but admitted by all men, for it is the great power next to Christianity which holds in check the ambitions and pass-ions of nations. It develops agriculture and manufactures; stimulates the construction of railroads, canals and all industrial enterprises; increases population by affording it employment; pro-motes the growth of great cities; en courages and fosters the arts and scien and does everything to strengthen the bonds of man's brotherhood. With out commerce our great forests and almost illimitable fields would have re-mained in idleness; for unless the produ to of man and man be brought to gether in barter and exchange, indigence, barbarism and social declension are unavoidable. Trade is an instinct of the animal man, and unless there be or portunity for its indulgence, he sinks Well to the level of other animals, has it then been said to be the "Golden Girdle of the Globe;" and referring to achievements the poet has beautifully declared-

I for daughters have their dowers
I com spells of nations, and the exhaustless East
J curs in her tap all gents in sparkling showers."

Without commerce what would be r great cities and towns? Simply s leat communities of living dead p Take away the music of machinery, the presence of the railroad, the activity of steamboat levees, the rattling roll of wagons, drays and carts, the busy hurrying to and fro of hundreds and thou ands mixing and commingling in the turbulence of trade, and what would be the result? Silence deeper than death and ruder than discord would pervade everything. A nameless inac-tivity would curdle the blood of every one, for what is more miserable to contemplate than a community of unem-ployed people? Where would be the oced of your splendid warehouses and your elegant and costly salesrooms: Femples, minus their presiding deityminus commerce, the genus loci. Adipose and sapient seniors, dapper and business-like juniors; figure-wise ac-countants; lively, pushing salesmen and bronzed and stalwart porters all dispensed with—"Othello's occupation We will not contemplate the change, for Carlyle was right-" Com merce is king."

We may mark the progress of nations in revealed facts, not by their glorious conquest of arms, not by their feats of valor, not by the lands they have overcome and the thrones they have made subservient to their own so erior force; but by the extension that great civilizer, Commerce, into the

boundaries of the conquered provinces, Science, and Art, and Literature are but the handmaidens of Trade, for were it not for its incal culable aid the "monuments of human grandeur" would not only perish, but, in-deed, would never have had their birth. We may draw m instance in the Roman Empire, a dominion whose more or less, is familiar to everyone. Do we es when the swords of her Casars, her Pompeys and her Scipios, like the lurid course of the meteor, swept the sky of humanity, or when the torches of her silvancing legions were glar-ing in the lands of her enemiles? No; but when she

carried her trade, her arts and her sciences with her arms, then do we note pacification and prosperity-for Com merce is also, as the sun, beneath whose broad and genial smiles the seeds of success and plenty germinate and blossom and fructify. Or take Britain, a still more applicable illustration. To what cause does she owe her unexampled pitch in the scale of wealth, power and civilization? Is it to military general ship or superior conquering battalions? By no means. England, may with far greater pride, boast that her success is due only to that pervading spirit of commercial activity that has marked her policy and characterized her mode, until now her provinces seem like a nighty garden strewn over with cities, palaces, villages and country seats, for she "has dot-

with her posmilitary posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England," Nor can the United States - invincible in arms, so considered. attribute its career of enlightenment, refine m e n t

ted the globe

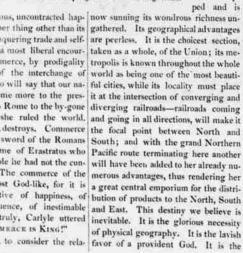
and broad, ger piness, to any other thing other than its powerful and conquering trade and self-sustenance. By a most liberal encouragement of commerce, by prodigality in stimulation of the interchange of nmodities, who will say that our na tion has not become more to the present age than was Rome to the by-gone centuries when she ruled the world, The sword, then, destroys, Commerce builds up. The sword of the Romans was like the fame of Erastratus who destroyed a temple he had not the cun-ning to build. The commerce of the erican is most God-like, for it is An creative. Creative of happiness, of power, of influence, of inestimable good. Truly, truly, Carlyle uttered wisdom-" Commerce is King!"

Coming, then, to consider the rela-

tion that it bears towards one of the most important sections of the Union; the development that has thus far been made of its powers; the capabilities for future extension; the facilities for its successful conduct; the natural and artificial means it employs; the auxilia ries, direct and indirect, it brings to aid it; we at once, and most sensibly, realize the immensity of the subject, its almost inexhaustible food for reflection. and sigh for a pen far worthier the

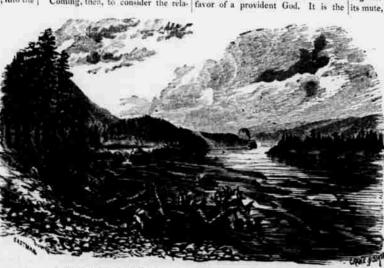
Oregon! Glorious Oregon! a land rightly taking front rank among the fairest beneath the sun; with a clime gentle and inviting; a land dotted with smiling villages and beautiful towns; a land whose fertile fields and arable plains can produce almost everything

that can tempt the palate of man - certainly, everything that is absolutely needful and of utility-a land tracked and intersected by clear and bright and swift-rolling streams with moun tains and hillsteaming with mineral a b u ndance. which doe not lie buried much be neath the ken of man, but seemingly wearied of lethargy has outcrop





PILOT KNOB-Os Salo



VIEW ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER-CASTLE ROCK IN THE DISTANCE.

boast and pride of the native citizen, and the wonder and admiration of vis-itors and strangers. What land has called forth more encomia, either for its lovely climate or fertile soil; for its mineral stores or its agricultural advantages; for its varied and picturesque landscapes, or its marvelously excellent topography; for the thrifty, industrious, enterprising spirit of its business men, or the genial, hospitable welcomings of its inhabitants, and yet, scarcely the have rarely been extravagant, more frequently understating the actual facts. Indeed, it is so dotted with the treasures of nature and art and the wonders of industry, that a man has only to use his eyes and he grows accomplished. Oregon has a fame abroad, but no one tells the story of her latent, or even developed wealth as it is, and as it is seen by the intelligent eye on a liberal survey. And yet what marvelous changes have been wrought. Fifty years ago and the solitude of these surround. ing plains was unbroken by the sound of the white man's voice. Thirty years ago and the pioneer struggles with the Indians came, when the watch-dog was stationed sentinel at the harvest field; when the trusty rifle went as regularly to the field as the plow, when the ear of the herdsman was ever on the alert. listening for danger, and the silent footsteps of the stealthy foe, and when the return to his lodge at night was the occasion for recounting the perilous adventures of the day, and the rendering of thanks to the Great Father of all for his protecting mercies. But quite re-cently and the winding trail led one from one trading post to another, where some hardy adventurer had planted himself far in advance of civilization, for the purpose of traffic and gain with the native tribes. The waters of our beautiful Columbia shimmered beneath the laughing beams of a Summer's sky, bearing on their bosoms the red man's canoe, but they contributed aught to the comfort of civilized man. Our broad acres, blooming in all the loveliness of wild and uncultured charms, presented their virgin bosoms to the sun, having wearily awaited, during the long lapse of ages, the fructifying hand of the husbandman.

Time, since then, we say, has wrought many changes, not only in our social and domestic relations, but in the physical aspect of the country. The prairies have been brought under cultivation, the rivers spanned with bridges, and their waters utilized in various ways; cities and towns have sprung up in every quarter, and the sound of the mechanics' hammer, the rattle and whir of machinery keep quick-measured time with the rumbling wheels and clank of engines. The spire of the church points its mute, yet suggestive finger, heaven

ward; the school and college meets us - a familiar friend, on every street. Our surplus products crowd the warehouse and weigh down the car. We are no longer compelled to toil unceasing y "from early morn till lewy eve," to procure a bare subsistence; but have time for relaxation; for mental improvement; for "ele gant leisure:" while our tables groan with plenty, and we stand erect in every presence with a feeling of competence and independence.

These results have been achieved by no magical or supernatural influence; nature has not stepped aside from the beaten track to work these changes; no good genii have come from