



# THE SPECTATOR.

W. G. T'VAULT, EDITOR.

Oregon City, Thursday, Feb. 5, 1846.

## TO THE PUBLIC.

The editor, in making his bow to the public, as the conductor of a public journal, is well apprised that it is a time-honored custom, and one from which he is not disposed to shrink, to give a brief synopsis of the principles which will govern him in the discharge of his duties. The public are informed already that the printing press, type, and materials, are owned by the "Oregon Printing Association," and that association has adopted a Constitution to govern the concerns of the association, as well as the publishing of a newspaper; consequently, the Spectator will have to keep within the pale of that constitution, otherwise it violates the commands of its owners. A large majority of the citizens of Oregon are emigrants from the U. S. and for the last twenty years, politics have there been the order of the day, and most of the public journals advocated or opposed the measures and principles that were adopted or proposed to be adopted, by the government of the United States; hence it is to be presumed that a portion of the citizens of Oregon have brought with them their views of policy, entertained while residing in the United States. It might also be expected by a portion of the citizens that the "Oregon Spectator" would be a political paper; but reason and good sense argue differently. Situated as we are—remote from the civilized settlements of the United States, and at this time having no protection but that which is afforded us by the provisional government of Oregon, and having but one interest to represent, and that interest the welfare of Oregon and the citizens unanimously. Happily situated in a healthy, and fertile part of the continent, with a salubrious climate, the soil yielding a rich reward to the industrious cultivator, with an abundance of water power not surpassed on the globe, to invite the attention and investment of capitalists in the establishment of machinery. Immediately upon the coast of the mighty Pacific, with bays and rivers traversing our rich and fertile plains, affording the greatest facilities to commerce, and must, with the intelligent and enterprising Anglo-Saxons, in a short time, become one of the greatest commercial countries on the Pacific. Entertaining, then, as we do, that it would be bad policy to break open old wounds, and in doing so, create new ones, to discuss politics in the columns of the Spectator—notwithstanding we are now, as we have always been, and ever shall be, a democrat of the Jeffersonian school. Believing the principles taught by that great apostle of liberty, are the true principles of a republican government—that the great object of such governments is to devise ways and means by which the greatest amount of good can be done to the greatest number of its citizens.

It will be our object to give foreign as well as internal news. Our means of obtaining news at present are limited; but as the country improves, facilities for obtaining news will improve. Our columns will be open for the reception of literary productions, and all scientific gentleman are invited to contribute to enable us to give as much general information as possible. Situated as we are without the advantage of exchanges, it is not to be anticipated that we can amuse or interest the reading portion of the community to the extent a newspaper published in N.

York or London would do. Our matter must be original. It is not our aim to admit any article that can be offensive.

With the present number our sheet is unfurled to the breeze; be it for weal or woe, we confidently and respectfully submit to the ordeal of public opinion.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—Anonymous communications will not be published. No communication should be sent in without the full address of the writer—the address is always kept sacred, being merely a guarantee to the editor that the contents of the communication are worthy of credit; and in no case is the address made public or given to others without the consent of the correspondent.

**NEW EMIGRANT** has complied with the requisition of the editor, and is published.

**OBSERVER** is rejected on account of his being rather personal.

**A SETTLER**, in Oregon, is also rejected on account of being anonymous.

**CITY GOVERNMENT.**—The time has arrived for a thorough and complete organization of our City Corporation. Our mayor and trustees, are doing up business, in the right way.

Our advice to them is, first, "be sure you are right, then go ahead." Gentlemen, dig up the stumps, grade the streets, tax dogs, prohibit hogs—and advertise in the Spectator.

Will some of the old settlers in Oregon, be kind enough to prepare an article for the Spectator, giving an account of the climate, soil and productions of Oregon, particularly describing the location of the country, its extent and all other particulars that would be of interest to the citizens of the United States?

If some gentleman would give us an article describing the Falls, the great natural advantages presented for all kinds of machinery. It no doubt would be interesting. Also, the particular location of Oregon City, its extent, population, trade, manufactures, &c. &c. This would all be news to the people away east in Missouri and other States.

A Controversy in politics, as in religion or any thing else, is seldom attended with any good results for either party concerned in it. Indeed there is no need of controversies of any kind; they only serve to confirm men more deeply in the opinions they had previously formed. We like discussion of principle or policy, but we like to see them carried on in a manly and dignified manner.

We are informed by Capt. KNIGHTON that a BALL will be given at the City Hotel on Tuesday, the 24th inst. We are well satisfied that Capt. K. and lady will be O. K. on that occasion.

Our readers are respectfully referred to the advertisement of F. W. Pettygrove, merchant of this place. Gentlemen, he understands his business. His stock is well assorted and cheap—all things done up in order. An advertisement looks well on Oregon paper.

**APPOINTMENTS BY THE GOVERNOR, February 4.**—Wm. G. T'Vault prosecuting attorney for the territory, vice M. A. Ford resigned.

H. M. Knighton marshal, vice J. L. Meek resigned.

**RUMOR.**—We are informed by a respectable gentleman, who, a short time since, received a letter from Captain Grant of Fort Hall, stating that Doctor White, Indian agent for Oregon territory, and his whole party, had been cut off by the Sioux Indians, between Fort Bridger and Fort Laramie. Capt. Grant writes in the positive. His information was from Mr. Hastings, who left New York on the 6th of July last, and must have passed the scene of massacre in October.

**TWO-THIRDS LAW.**—The Illinois State Register, in alluding to the decision of the United States supreme court, pronouncing the two-thirds law unconstitutional, says:

"Though the immediate effects of this decision may press heavily upon our fellow-citizens, we have no doubt they will tend to a greatly reformed system of credit in our state. With a good crop the people of Illinois may emerge from their personal indebtedness during the present year."

Well, if the people of Illinois can, with one crop, pay their indebtedness, we of Oregon ought to be able to do the same. We are certainly not more in debt, and we can raise as much, if not more, wheat to the acre than they can in Illinois.

**SERIOUS ACCIDENTS.**—Mr. Wallace, while engaged about his business in the saw mill of the Oregon Milling Company, received a severe injury on his head, occasioned by a slab coming in contact with a circular saw, and precipitating it in the direction of Mr. W., striking him on the head, cutting a large gash across the front part of it. Within a few minutes before or after this happened, a Samuel H. Blander, came very near having his leg amputated by the same saw. Those gentlemen attending that little circular saw, better be on their guard.

**SLANDER.**—One foul mouth may pollute the fairest character under the sun. How cautious then should we be in saying the reputation of our fellow-citizens. The solitary word that would have the least tendency to blot his good name—or we might inflict a wound we never could heal, and destroy the innocent. Never speak charges without sufficient proof to sustain them. The ill slanders may at some time they know not, attack the innocent and pure—remember the wolf in sheep's clothing; he is a creature of a different sort from the lamb—both are innocent and ready a prey. The vituperation of the lumbermen, you, the very air that he breathes, is a true poisoner; thus the vapor that surrounds him is the Uvas tree.

"Virtue lost of must sink in shades of night."

**Mr. Einton.**—I am a fellow citizen, I have a heart for you, and in the largest that I can give, I am pleased in it. I never, theless, could do for me, on account of my inability to perform a task which has for its object the happiness of the whole human family.

It must not, however, be expected that I can soar aloft on the pinion of fancy, and astound my readers with the rich beauties of classic elegance—such will not be expected from a plain uneducated man.

My object is to warn the intemperance of the ravages of that fiery demon—alcohol. When I see him entering boldly and invading the happy circles of social life, and prostituting the bright ornaments of society on a level with the brute—when I see him enter the doors of families and tear his victim from the affectionate embraces of wives & children—when I behold him leaping the pikes of the church, and stamping his seal of disgrace upon the professed followers of Christ, I am ready to cry out in the language of inspiration—"Oh that my head were a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night over the miseries of my countrymen."

It is truly astonishing to behold how completely the habit of unnecessary drinking pervades the various classes of community—from the highest grade to the lowest—from the palace of the proud to the cottage of the most humble—down descends the universal custom. Oh, Oregon! my adopted country! once you were free; you were not contaminated by the inebriating fluid. How is it now? Your lofty forests and fertile prairies welcome the stranger on his arrival. You present to the lover of nature a field most lovely for him to feast upon. Although your shores are made sacred by the sepulchres, and your hills hallowed by the uncoffined bones of the aborigines, yet will their degenerate sons, ere long, ring the last knell of their departed country, should your adopted

sons suffer this fearful monster, alcohol, to stalk through the land.

To parents I would say, guard your rising progeny from places of resort more dangerous than the lion's den. Then guard. Oh guard, your children from the use of ardent spirits—from a glass of wine, which fashion prompts to approach their lips; they become moderate drinkers, and by this course, lamentable to tell, they pave their way to the drunkard's grave. Like a short meteor, they blazed, and were obscured by the fumes of alcohol.

To the affectionate husband I would say, behold the wife of your bosom—young and beautiful; her smiles may for awhile gladden your heart; her sweet voice may fall upon your ear like the soft melody of the Eolian harp; her tender arm may cling around your neck with all the strength of conjugal love; her bosom may swell with a heart full of devotion to your happiness, and you may rejoice at the bliss of mutual affection. Will you impart contagion to the companion of your happiness, by participating in the use of ardent spirits? If you do, those sparkling eyes will become inflamed; those rosy cheeks purple and bloated, and those ruby lips blistered by the burning fluid. Oh, no! you cannot, you will not put yourself under the influence of a poison that will change your paradise to a scene of misery.

Mr. Einton, it is not my desire to become a politician, neither am I a professor of religion. I put not for fame or a reward, but my heart is drawn to the Oregon cause, and I will do my utmost to aid that cause by every means in my power.

## NEW EMIGRANT

For the Spectator.

**Mr. Einton.**—Believe me that the object of my paper is to give you the most reliable and accurate information of your personal and business interests, as far as the following tributary departments are concerned, as fully as possible.

The Rev. J. A. Lee, late an attendant at the Oregon Mission, was born in England, I think, in the year 1803.

He is a native of the county of Devon, in the west of England, and was educated at Exeter, in the county of Devon, and at King's College, London.

He was educated at the school of the Rev. Mr. Lee, and was a member of the New England conference of the M. E. church, of which he remained a member until his death.

In the spring of 1837, he accepted of his commission and sailed for America, and arrived at Vancouver in the autumn of the same year. He soon commenced his labors in the valley of the Willamette, in behalf of the degraded and suffering Indians of Oregon. Mr. Lee entered upon and prosecuted the work of his mission with devotion, zeal and ardor, which well became the high and important trust confided to him. The work engrossed his undivided attention to the last.

It is to be regretted that the interests of the mission required him to visit the United States, he accordingly prepared the necessary arrangements in the year 1840, and returned accompanied by water to his mission, with a large reinforcement, in the spring of 1840.

Mr. Lee married his first wife in 1838, and in 1842 his second wife died, leaving an infant daughter.

In the autumn of 1843, Mr. Lee embarked on the Columbia river on a second visit to the United States, where he arrived in May, 1844. He attended the session of the New England conference in August following, and was appointed agent to solicit funds for the Oregon Institute. He immediately commenced his labors in behalf of the Institute, which he intended to prosecute by traveling extensively one or two years, and afterwards return to Oregon. But an All-wise Providence had otherwise decreed; the rigors of a northern winter were too much for his previously impaired constitution. The effects of a severe cold on his debilitated system, soon developed the sure symptoms of that fatal disease, which terminated his useful life on the 12th of March, 1845, in the forty-second year of his age. His funeral was attended on the 14th. An appropriate discourse was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Brock, from Job 19th chap. 25th verse, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Mr