

THE LAND OF THE PURITANS.

When the Puritans landed on Plymouth Rock, they found the country in which they were to settle, a vast wilderness, inhabited by savages and wild beasts. All around them looked dark, gloomy and forbidding. The tall pine and the sturdy oak seemed to defy the tillers' toil. The dense forests called forth the courage of the most courageous among them, to follow far on the hunters winding path, in these frightful abodes of savage tribes. Unlike the country they had left—they saw no neat cottage, occupied by the industrious farmer and his tidy housewife—no groups of lightfooted childhood, skipping their way along to the village school—no church going bell saluted their ears on a Sabbath morn no populous city, filled with the merchandise of other lands—no gallant ship, with its proud spread sails, steered its course for their deep watered harbors—no well fitted boat, with its steam moving wheels, ventured up their lonely rivers—no canal boat urged her way through the mountains—no Congress held its annual session at Washington. No! none of these scenes cheered them in their newly adopted home; all was dreary, chilling and silent as the house of death, save when aroused by the hideous savage yell, or the howling of wild beasts. But now how changed the scene! The tall pine and sturdy oak has fallen by the woodman's axe—the long neglected fields are well cultivated—the robust farmer rises with the lark, and enters upon his well repaid toil—the busy housewife, with songs of gladness, plies her evening care—and interesting groups of neat, tidy children meet you every mile you pass, and with well made bows and cheerful smiles, greet you with 'Good morning, sir.' Each Sabbath their ears are delighted with the chiming of bells, loudly calling them to the worship of the new world's God.

Travel which way you will, you may find populous cities, filled with busy multitudes engaged in almost every variety of business. The harbors are crowded with ships, laden with costly merchandise, and every navigable stream seems alive with flatboats, sloops, schooners, steamboats, and not unfrequently the heavy laden ship ventures its precious cargo upon them, and, as if not satisfied with this, canal boats, stages and rail cars, in the speed of their flight, must tumble rocks out of their path, and force their way through the heart of lofty mountains, and woe and destruction to whatever stands in their way.

Now the lofty domes of the new world's far famed capital raise their towering heads in honor of the immortal Washington, and there the honorable body annually meet who have committed to them the government of a mighty nation.

Are these things so? Is it possible that this land, which but yesterday, was a solitary wilderness, is to day, as the garde: of the Lord? Yesterday, a thorny waste; to-day, budding and blossoming as the rose; yesterday, desolate without an inhabitant; to-day, the favored peoples' of the Lord. How has a nation been born at once! Oh, thou bold spirit of Columbus, which has ever watched with anxious care, the budding, blossoming, ripening glory of the new world, tell us by what means this mighty change has been wrought! And you, ye pilgrim fathers, tell me how you thus secured the blessing of Heaven upon your posterity! Was it by a careless forgetfulness of its laws?—or, did you the first Sabbath spent on shore, erect an altar and consecrate yourselves, your children and new homes to the God of heaven, even down to the latest generation of your posterity? How did you command your children after you? was it by allowing them to grow up in idleness and ignorance around you? or, did you consider the education of your children second in importance only to the eternal salvation of their souls? Did you leave them to stroll about upon the holy Sabbath? or, did you by precept and example, teach them to spend the day in the holy duties of the sanctuary?

And thou, mild, pacific, friendly Penn, tell me, was there any thing under the big elm tree of Kensington, or in the nature of the savages, that influenced them to keep sacred the oathless treaty seventy long years? or, did the Great Spirit who witnessed the scene and heard thy prayers, give thee peace in all thy borders?

And you, ye bold, generous, noble hearted, patriotic philanthropists, with the immortal Washington, the worthily revered and honored father of his country at your head, tell

Oregon Spectator.

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way."

Vol. I. Oregon City, (Oregon Ter.) Thursday, October 15, 1846. No. 19.

me, from whence ye derived your wisdom, courage, fortitude, discretion and deep penetration, which enabled you to meet the dangers of a long and bloody war with a proud tyrant, and supported you under the pain and oft repeated wrongs of the mother country—directed you at what point to meet the enemy, and finally brought you off triumphant conquerors? was it inherited by your ancestors, or, did you receive it from the God of battles, to whom your worthy general always prayed, and in whom he trusted with implicit confidence? Discoverers, pilgrims, fathers, friends, heroes, statesmen, answer, all of you, answer my anxious inquiries—for I too dwell in a waste wilderness, surrounded by savage tribes. Tell me, how ye became so great, so exalted, so happy a nation in so short a time. Tell me, in what soil I must plant the seeds of peace, that they may take deep root, and that its roots may extend from the Pacific on the west, to your land of peace on the east, and from the frozen north to the extreme south, and grow up until its top shall reach the very heavens, and its branches cast a goodly—a pleasant shade over the entire land. A.

For the Oregon Spectator.

THE GUIASKUITUS.

As this formidable animal is undoubtedly loose, there is no knowing the amount of mischief he may occasion whilst running at large and disturbing the cognitions of those quiet people who know nothing about him. The story goes thus:

A couple of Yankees, traveling south, run short of funds: they resolved themselves into a committee of ways and means for the purpose of effecting a raise. It was at length agreed that one of them was to personate a rare beast, for which they invented the name of the Guiaskuitus, whilst the other was to act as showman—tell of his capture, qualities, &c. Accordingly, at the next village their bills were put up, stating that there would be a rare and interesting species of animated nature exhibited to the people of that town and vicinity that evening, at 8 o'clock; admittance 25 cents—children and servants half price—as the worthies were determined to take advantage of the excitement that existed about shows in that country at that time. So accordingly, at the appointed time, there was a regular rush for admittance, where Jonathan, the showman, gravely received the quarters and dimes, and politely bowed the visitors into a room, across which was stretched a stout rope with a curtain that did not quite reach the ground, behind which was placed Jonathan, the Guiaskuitus, with those big feet moving and flapping about, that to a less excited audience, would have looked more like the feet and hands of a live Yankee dressed in coonskins. At length, the time for the commencement of the performance had arrived, and Jonathan, the showman, having stowed away a goodly quantity of the shining spoil into the big pockets of his pepper and salt coat, deliberately stepped up for the purpose of opening the performance.

Ladies and gentlemen—the Guiaskuitus is not only remarkable for his ferocious appearance, but for the terrible tones of his voice, with which he makes his native wilds resound, when about to seize upon and carry off his unsuspecting prey. He was captured upon the plains of the Penobscott, where he was found roving over the plains of the circumjacent hills of the Passamaquoddy; therefore, ladies and gentlemen, before raising the curtain, I will stir him up a little with this sharp stick, to give you a specimen of his voice. Jonathan disappeared—the beast gave a few premonitory grunts, and then waxing in rage, roared and rattled his chain like mad. When curiosity and excitement was wrought up to the very highest pitch, Jonathan leaped out from behind the curtain, with terror in his looks and

trembling in every limb, and exclaimed, 'Ladies and gentlemen, save yourselves, the Guiaskuitus is loose.' Fell-mell, hurly-burly, fainting and screaming, the terrified spectators ruhed out, whilst Jonathan and the Guiaskuitus retired the back way, and for aught we know, are now enjoying the rewards of their adventure, on the circumjacent hills of the Passamaquoddy.

AN OX DRIVER.

For the Oregon Spectator.

MR. EDITOR—Would it not be wisdom in this community to institute an inquiry at an early a period as practicable, by what means this community may be relieved from their present situation, growing out of our commercial relations. To me this subject is peculiarly interesting and embarrassing, from my early communications to my friends in the States, written some three years since, in which the abundant supplies of goods, their cheapness, &c. together with the then high prices for the productions of the soil, labor, &c., were then correctly set forth, and which may have been one consideration to induce them to emigrate hither: but who would then have supposed that in the rapid march of settlement in this country since that time, not one step should be made to keep pace with it in our mercantile affairs; and that the fourth and fifth great emigrating party would find not as many goods at this day in the stores of our merchants, as there were in the fall of 1843, and that it is now believed by persons having a right to know, that there are not now sufficient materials for shirting in store, to make a shirt apiece for each citizen, or to furnish the male inhabitants one leg of a pair of pantaloons each, and that these articles which our pressing necessities demand, have in consequence of their scarcity, advanced in value so as to place them beyond the reach of our indigent farmers whose nakedness is more and more apparent, and under the present reduced prices of labor and the productions of the soil, growing out of the controlling influence of those who have the trade of this country locked up, must produce embarrassments intolerable and not long to be borne without a change. Its prevailing influence is felt in every portion of this valley, and with none so much as the farmer who must supply his wants from his wheat field: but how can he do this when the persons having charge of the H. B. Company's store at Vancouver can only afford him 60 cents in merchandise per imperial bushel, for his grain delivered in their mills or granaries on the river, and sells him in exchange for this article, or for cash if he has no wheat, nails, for example, at from 20 to 25 cents per pound, and iron for his plows, when they have it, at 12½ cents per pound, and window glass, 8 by 10, at 18 cents per pane: and there is no one able to say to what extent the productions of the soil may be reduced, or the prices of these articles of trade increased under the paralyzing influence of this monopolizing system, unless this community take some speedy measure to counteract its operations by communicating these facts to our mercantile community on our Atlantic seaboard; and let them know that we are without ships to carry our produce to market, and that wheat will not command cash here at any price, and that it is sold at Oregon City and Vancouver for dry goods, and for prices fixed by the merchants and regulated in value at each place according to the price they respectively place upon their goods, and that under the present system of trade no one expects or asks credit, and goods are purchased for cash or wheat, at prices thus regulated. Let those who are devoted to the prosperity and interests of Oregon, know that our abundant harvests and our redundancy of grain is deceptive in value, and is really of little use to its growers without something to regulate our intercourse with its purchasers, and that our money and wheat

is absolutely wasted, when paid out for merchandise at the present rates. Do this by petition, or by sending some individual among our capitalists, to represent our situation; or both would probably be the best plan—and we shall have relief certainly before the next three years, and without it, we shall probably grow worse instead of better—as the passage of the Land Bill will probably much increase our population. I close this by a request that some individual come forward in defence of our rights, as designing persons impute my continuance to motives of personal aggrandizement, instead of the general interests of the country.

M. M. McCARVER.

BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.—Night kissed the young rose, and it bent softly to sleep. Angel stars, shined in pure dew-drops, hung upon its blushing bosom, and watched its sweet slumbers. Morning came with her dancing breezes, and they whispered to the young rose, and it awoke joyous and smiling. Lightly it danced to and fro in all the loveliness of health and youthful innocence.

Then came the ardent sun-god sweeping from the East, and he smote the young rose with his golden shaft, and it fainted. Deserted and almost heart-broken, it drooped to the dust in its loneliness and despair.

Now, the gentle breeze—who had been gambolling over the sea, pushing on the light bark, sweeping over hill and dale—by the neat cottage and the still brook—turning the old mill, fanning the fevered brow of disease, and tossing the curl of innocent childhood—came tripping along on her errands of mercy and love; and when she saw the young rose, she hastened to kiss it, and fondly bathed its forehead in cool, refreshing showers, and the young rose revived—looked up and smiled, and flung out its ruddy arms as if in gratitude to embrace the kind breeze; but she hurried quickly away—her generous task was performed; yet not without reward, for she soon perceived that a delicious fragrance had been poured upon her wings by the grateful rose; and the kind breeze was glad in her heart, and went away singing through the trees.

Thus true charity, like the breeze which gathers fragrance from the humblest flower it refreshes, unconsciously reaps a reward in the performance of its offices of kindness and love, which steals through the heart like a rich perfume to bless and to cheer.

ENGLAND'S TESTIMONY OF AMERICA.—We copy the following from the London Christian Examiner:—

The pilgrim spirit has not fled. America is now strong in moral power, and as long as she breathes the spirit of the religion of the pilgrims, we hope well, not only for the United States, but for Christendom and the world. In the great effort to compass and subjugate the world to the cross, she will press into every field of action. Her eagle stands with unfolded pinions, ready to take her flight to the ends of the earth, and in her upward, onward passage, to scatter blessings richer and more precious than drops from the wings of the morning. May those pinions never be folded, till the whole world, renovated and purified, shall repose beneath the shadow of eternal love.

POSITIVE AND COMPARATIVE.—Joe Miller, the younger, shows his grammatical knowledge in the following specimens:—1. An attempt to poison yourself is a "rash" act—but a slice of fried bacon is "a rasher." 2. A showery day is "damp"—but the refusal of a young lady to marry you is "a damper." 3. A sovereign short in weight is "light"—out a boat for the conveyance of goods is "a lighter." 4. What you attach to a window is a "blind"—but a flash of lightning in your eyes is "a blinder." 5. Prince Albert is called a "fine" man—but one who refines metal is "a finer." 6. A stiff old lady is "prim"—but a child's spelling-book is "a primer." 7. A cracked head is a "sore" affair—but a sky-lark is "a sewer." 8. A negro is a "black"—but one who cleans boots is "a blacker." 9. A soldier is "bold"—but a detached mass of rock is "a bo(s)lder."

THE IRON BUSINESS OF PITTSBURGH.—The produce of iron, in its various forms, from the pig, for the year 1846, in Pittsburgh city, will be an average of 2,000 tons per week. About one-fifth of this will be in the form of nails.