



THE SPECTATOR.

Geo. L. CURRY, EDITOR—N. W. COLWELL, PRINTER.

Oregon City, November 26, 1846.

RESOLUTION passed by the Board of Directors of the Oregon Printing Association, at their meeting, Monday, Oct. 5th, 1846, and ordered to be inserted in the "Spectator" four times.

Whereas several subscribers to the "Oregon Spectator" have professed pay for the paper in Oregon Scrip, which will not meet the liabilities of the Board—

Therefore
Resolved,—That hereafter all persons subscribers to the "Oregon Spectator," be hereby informed that Oregon Scrip will not be received in payment for the paper.
Jno. P. Bacon, Secretary.
Oregon City, Oct. 5th, 1846.

ARRIVAL OF THE VANCOUVER.—We understand that the Hudson's Bay Company's bark, Vancouver, from the Sandwich Islands, has arrived at Victoria. She must bring news some ten days later than that brought by the Tonian. If it should be important, we shall publish it in an extra form, immediately upon receipt.

We have the pleasure of stating that the recurrence of certain disagreeable circumstances in Champoug county, alluded to in a recent number, was prevented by the timely and kindly interference of the Rev. Mr. Demare, through whose instrumentality an amicable adjustment of matters was brought about.

THE LEGISLATURE.—The members of the House of Representatives will assemble in this city on Tuesday next for organization. The names of the members are as follows: A. L. Lovejoy, Hiram Straight, W. G. T. Vault—Clackamas county: Angus McDonald, Jesse Looney, Robert Newell, A. Chamberlain—Champoug county: Joseph L. Meek, Lawrence Hall, D. H. Lewnada's—Tuality county: A. H. Hombree, Thomas Jeffreys—Yamhill county: Geo. Summers—Clatsop county: W. F. Tolmie—Lewis county: H. W. Peas—Vancouver county: J. D. Boom, J. E. Williams—Polk county. We cannot say with certainty who will be elected Speaker; there are several candidates for the honorable station; some of them well qualified to discharge the duties with credit and satisfaction.

We trust that one of the early acts of the House will be, to respond in an appropriate manner, to the memorial of Mr. Wilkes, concerning the subject of a railroad from the States to the Pacific Ocean. Although we may be able to do but little towards the achievement of this great and important undertaking, yet that little should not be withheld. It is the accumulation of the little that makes the infinite—the constant water-drop that wears away the stone.

Would it not be a judicious step, and one calculated to obtain its object, were the House to ask of Congress a "steam-tug," to operate at the mouth of the Columbia? With such an auxiliary, vessels could be towed in and out of the river, without being subjected to the delays and dangers which they are at present. This would greatly facilitate commerce and inevitably tend to its rapid increase.

We think that with commendable despatch, the House will be enabled to transact all business requisite in a short session.

THE EMIGRANTS.—Our latest intelligence concerning the emigrants who are on the southern route, comes to us from some gentlemen who have recently arrived in this place, after having "packed" into the settlements. At the time of their departure from the wagons (about twenty days since,) which number altogether, as we are informed, only eighty, some few of the first were this side of the Callapoish mountains; the most of them, however, were still engaged in crossing the Umpqua mountains. They had experienced considerable suffering, from exposure and hard labor, and bravely surmounted numerous difficulties. We regret to state that Mr. William Smith died instantaneously—probably occasioned by over exertion—in the canyon of the Umpqua mountains. It is also our painful duty to record the death of David Tanner, of Iowa, and ——— Sallie, of Calloway county, Missouri, who died from wounds received in a skirmish with the Klamet Indians. In the same affair, Mr. Lippencott of New York city, a California emigrant, was seriously wounded in the knee. We were acquainted with the parties; Mr. Sallie, had left home in a rapidly declining state of health, which was as rapidly improved by the trip. He looked forward sanguinely to the enjoyment of a new life, as it were, in California, which an inscrutable Providence has prevented. Himself and two of his fellow emigrants have experienced the common lot—"In the midst of life, we are in death."

OREGON AND CALIFORNIA.

Since the transpiration of recent events in California, there are those who would seem to be gifted with the power of second sight, to see in the rise and successful progress of California, as a territory of the United States, certain insuperable evils to Oregon—its prospects dimmed—its energy and enterprise prostrated—its welfare and prosperity departed. But we have no fears for such improbable results, and do not care a fig for such false prophecies. We may succeed to California under "the stars and stripes"—for we recognize in her, as in Oregon, the material for future great and powerful States. The interests of the two countries are widely different and yet closely interlocked. Oregon will be the vast produce and provision market of the Pacific countries. To her, they will look for the necessities of life and those various commodities that her fertile soil promises to yield in rare abundance, and the exchange of which with other nations, must create the wealth-returns of commerce. A development of her resources will work wonders towards giving her distinction and importance in the world's estimation. In this attainment, there will be miracles achieved in the space of a few years.

Californica has one of the noblest harbors in the world—mines of the precious metals in her flinty bosom—a climate agreeable, but not at all favorable to production generally, and adverse to some of the processes necessary to answer the demands of commerce—a country sparsely wooded, with not even a sufficiency of this useful and important material to supply the wants of population. In no respect does California enjoy such natural advantages as those with which Oregon has been blessed. In relation to her great harbor, Capt. Fremont justly observes:—

"There is no opening from the bay of San Francisco into the interior of the continent. The two rivers which flow into it, are comparatively short and not perpendicular to the coast, but lateral to it, and having their heads towards Oregon and southern California. They open lines of communication north and south, and not easterly; and thus this want of interior communication from the San Francisco bay, now fully ascertained, gives great additional value to the Columbia, which stands alone as the only great river on the Pacific slope of our continent which leads from the ocean to the Rocky mountains, and opens a line of communication from the sea to the valley of the Mississippi."

Notwithstanding her mines of gold and silver, California never can be an independent country. Bread and meat are such substantial and necessary articles, that without them, a nation cannot but be dependant. Her climate and soil (from frequent inundation,) are not adapted to the certain and prolific growth of the material for the former; although the home supply of the latter article for a time, may be found to answer the demands of a limited population.

There need be no fears entertained for Oregon. She stands on a secure foundation, possessing the means of her own maintenance and the resources of a high independency. As a rapt ous friend said, "she will be the unfailing granary, grist and saw mill of the countries on the Pacific," and we may add, with such an harbor as Puget's Sound, such intersecting lines of water communication and such an outlet as the grand Columbia, with its steamers soon to be, Oregon may exult and rely upon a cloudless future of uninterrupted prosperity, and her people enjoy that wealth and happiness which is the reward of indefatigable industry and courageous enterprise.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—It is quite time that some system of public instruction be established. Some commencement should be made—some foundation laid, however susceptible it might be of improvement hereafter. The subject of education has been rather neglected among us, though not inexcusably so, perhaps. The people of this country have had much to do, and have accomplished much within a few years; matters of imperative necessity engaged their attention and demanded their prompt action; shoulder to shoulder, they have worked together for the general good, with an unanimity truly surprising, even in the times of least hope. They have come out of darkness into light; out of the wilderness into the abode of happy civilization; out of the period of trial into that of comparative ease and prosperity.

The present is a suitable time to make some provisions for the general instruction of the youth of the country. Whatever provisions are made, let them be made with a befitting generosity. The subject of education is the important in its consequences to be narrowed down to the limits of enervating laws. Let the law's guardianship be general in its character and liberal, even to prodigality, in its spirit.

We are happy to state that the Board of Directors of the "Printing Association," in view of the great scarcity of school books generally, and the pressing demand for spelling books, have made arrangements to print an edition of two thousand copies of "Webster's Elementary Spelling Book," somewhat abridged, which they will have ready for delivery about the middle of next January, and will be enabled to furnish them at a very low price.

MY BRIDE.

BY GEO. L. CURRY.

"Love Truth, woo her—make her as thy bride."
Brownson.
Oh! sacred daughter of the God-head, Truth!
Thou who art always beautiful and young!
In the wild—glooming—whispering joy of youth,
In the street—softened speech of sage's tongue.

In wildest nature, or in cultured art,
The same pure spirit through creation wide;
In wooing—worship, I give up my heart
To thee, thou loveliest! for thou art my bride.

Oh! bravely with me share life's lingering ills,
And teach my spirit all its pains to bear,
So manhood yields not to the blighting chills
Of disappointment and corroding care.

In thy rich raiment clothe my every thought,
And make my actions worthy of thy name,
That I may mourn not over what is wrought,
But feel my being brighten in thy fame.

Though calumny and error may pretend
To mar thy purpose, and those beauties sweet,
Yet thou art powerful! and in the end
I know thy triumph will be all complete.

Give me thy heart, for thou hast all of mine;
I'm going forth to battle in thy cause!
The strong—the proud—shall own thee as divine,
And Wrong bow down unto thy righteous laws.

"GREAT CRY AND LITTLE WOOL."—In another column will be found an article over the signature of "Moses Harris," in which we are charged with an "attempt to forestall public opinion," inasmuch, as in the discharge of our editorial duties, we had occasion to prepare and publish an article in which we simply gave, in a statement of facts, all the intelligence that we could obtain concerning the emigration, without any reference, in word, or even in thought, as to the comparative merits of the routes by which emigrants have arrived here this season. We do not know, however, that we would have hesitated in giving the information in question, had it actually been necessary to have gone into an argument as to the merits of these routes. We are not easily deterred in the performance of any thing that we esteem to be a duty. As to the charge of forestalling public opinion, we refer our readers with a great deal of pleasure, to the article complained of, and feel well assured that every unprejudiced mind cannot fail to perceive how unfounded is the charge.

We have a "bone to pick" with Mr. Harris; for, by the article over his signature, he makes it our unpleasant duty, not only to deny some of his asseverated facts, but to prove that which is quite the reverse. It is hardly worth while to state, in passing, that in no single instance has Mr. Harris quoted our language correctly: almost any sentence can be so perverted as to mean what was not intended. There is no occasion to quibble or use sophistry in this matter. If the emigrants by the southern route "arrived in the valley west of the Cascade mountains more than five weeks ago," what then? They might suffer and starve on this side just as easily as on the other—the settlements, Mr. Harris, the settlements, what time did they arrive at the settlements, their destination? or, have they yet arrived? What's the use of saying "the families who have abandoned their wagons amount to one only"? Did not Mr. James Campbell abandon two, Davidson, one, Vanderpool, one, Long, one, Van Beber, one, and Watkins, one?

They did, and we have evidence to establish the same. It is not wise to live in glam houses and throw stones.

We are not aware that there are any emigrants by the Mount Hood road, who are yet in the mountains and unable to get through this season, as intimated by Mr. Harris; on the contrary, we know that there are none. The rearward company, consisting of seven wagons, arrived here during the first week in the present month.

We have not the space, if we had the inclination, at this time to argue as to the advantages or disadvantages of either route; the pleasure, therefore, of surprising Mr. Harris and his friends with an exposition of our views thereupon, is unavoidably deferred to some future occasion. Far be it from us to speak disparagingly of any scientific undertaking—much less of one that promised such important beneficial consequences to Oregon. Nor would we withhold from any member of that exploring party, a single iota of his deserts. We mentioned Messrs. Goff and Applegate, because theirs were the only names that we knew of the party; nor do we now know the number or names of the gentlemen who composed the expedition.

A word more and we have done. We do not love to be found fault with without the shadow of a cause, nor will we permit ourselves to be charged falsely and unjustly, especially by those whose fears would seem to be the only source of their imputations.

As the editor of this paper, we write and publish that which we believe to be the truth, with the promotion of the general interest always in view; and it is to be hoped that we shall continue to have nerve enough to pursue this course regardless of consequences.

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.—A Baltimore paper of recent date publishes the following incident under the head of police reports:

A few days since, a decently clad female presented herself at one of our offices, and requested the magistrate to send her to the Alms House. Her manner and language denoted that she had seen better days, and while she begged the officer to grant her last request, the tears in rapid course trickled down her furrowed cheeks, and her sobs choked her utterance, as she tried to tell her mournful story. The officer as in duty bound, asked her name, when she replied in a manner that brought the tears from the eyes of those sturdy minions of the law, whose hearts are necessarily steeled to pity and the finer feelings of the man.

"Ask me not my name," she cried, "let me bear in silence and unknown the fate an inscrutable Providence has meted out to me, but let not aged parents, fond brothers and loving sisters, hear that I—that I have died an inmate of an Alms House and the recipient of public charity."

"I will grant your desire," the magistrate replied, "but if I knew more of your history and circumstances, I might probably do something better for you."

"I will tell what I dare tell, if you will believe that I speak the truth, and use your influence to obtain me some situation in which I can but obtain me an honorable living," was her impassioned answer.

The magistrate promised to do all he could for her, and alleviate her situation as much as possible.

"May Heaven bless you, sir!" she said, and told her mournful and thrilling concatenation of suffering and perversity, commingled with sobs and the actual feelings of the woman.

"Two years ago, sir, I was happy, and knew not what it was to want; my parents were rich, and owned one of the finest plantations in a Southern state: I was but young—not twenty—but I had my suitors, the sons of wealthy men, yet I loved them not; no one of the gaudy throng had as yet made an impression on my heart. There was in the neighborhood a poor but manly youth, the teacher of our district school; he visited our house, and was treated with all the respect and attention that other visitors received, and I—I, sir, fell in love with that man, and it was reciprocated. My father soon discovered the secret, and forbade him ever to cross his threshold again. Need I say, sir, we met clandestinely and were married; we fled and took up our residence in this city. My husband taught an academy for a livelihood, and for eighteen months we were happy; but then my husband was taken sick, and he—he died! Yes—oh God! he died!—and I was left alone among strangers. I wrote to my parents, asking their forgiveness—but my letter was returned unopened. My little means were exhausted, and I must starve or go to the refuge of poverty—the Alms House; but it will not last long—the sands of my life are nearly run out, and I look for a refuge from this world's miseries in—my grave!"

She ended, and every eye present was wet with sympathy for her unhappy situation. One gentleman present, with a noble, generous and manly feeling, characteristic of "nature's noblemen," came forward and offered her a home and asylum beneath his roof, which, we need not add, was cheerfully accepted, and she left the office with the prospect of happier days.

Thus it is in this world, misfortune dares place her ruthless hands upon victims of every grade, and the sons and daughters of luxury sometimes drink of the bitter dregs of the cup of misery and penury!

GOSAMERS.—In 1750 a celebrated naturalist followed a butterfly nine miles before he could catch it. In 1845 a beautiful lady followed a butterfly a whole summer, and, when she caught it, found it was "only a worm with wings."

☞ A Kentucky girl, marrying a fellow of mean reputation, was taken to task for it by her uncle. "I know uncle," replied she, "that Joe is not good for much; but he said I dare not have him, and I won't take a stump from anybody."

☞ There is this difference between happiness and wisdom. He that thinks himself the happiest man is really so, but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest fool.