



THE SPECTATOR.

Oregon City, January 7, 1847.

GEO. L. CURRY, EDITOR—H. W. COLUMBELL, PRINTER.

RESOLUTIONS

Passed by the Board of Directors at their meeting on Tuesday evening, Dec. 26, and ordered to be inserted in the "Spectator," till the end of the present volume.

Resolved, That the paper will be continued to all subscribers who have paid, unless they signify to the contrary.

Resolved, That the names of all subscribers to the "Oregon Spectator" who, by the close of this volume, shall not have paid their subscriptions, be stricken from the list and the sending of the paper discontinued.

JNO. P. BROOKS,
Sec'y Board Directors.

Oregon City, Dec. 26, 1846.

OREGON SPECTATOR—New Volume.—The next volume of the "Spectator" will commence on the 4th of February ensuing. The terms will be five dollars—or, if paid in cash, four dollars per annum. In consequence of the tardiness of the subscribers in liquidating our demands against them, we shall not be able to enlarge, as had been our desire, at least for the present.

PUBLIC MEETING.—In another column will be found a call for a public meeting of the farmers in Tualitin county, on the 16th inst., to take measures to prevent their ruin—so reads the call.

THE HOLIDAYS.—The holidays have passed, and we suppose conferred their usual amount of enjoyment—at any rate, there has been a most laborious and fatiguing pursuit of pleasure—at all events the laborer is worthy of his hire.

PUBLICATION OF LAWS.—On the first page of this paper we recommence the publication of the laws of the Territory. Those passed by the recent Legislature will be published first, after which, the publication of such as have not yet been made public, of previous enactment, will be resumed.

GOOD LAWS.—We would call the attention of our friends abroad to the *Pilot Law*, and the enactment to prevent the *Desertion of Seamen*, which will be found upon our first page. We trust they may prove highly satisfactory to all, and result beneficially to the country.

CORRECTION.—In our last number, in our summary of "Legislative Doings," "An act for the erection of a jail," presented by Mr. T'Vault, should have read "A bill to be entitled an Act to amend an Act for the erection of a jail," &c. This bill proposed certain provisions for the settlement of the estate of the late Ewing Young. The act which was passed in December, 1844, appropriated fifteen hundred dollars of the receipts from said estate, for the erection of a jail, pledging the faith of the government for the repayment of the full amount of such receipts. The act likewise provided for the appointment of an administrator, and called for a speedy conclusion and settlement of the business of the estate. As we all know, the jail was destroyed by fire in the month of August last, and it speaks well for the morals of the community, that the want of such a building has been felt but in two or three instances.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ANNIVERSARY.—The anniversary of the birth day of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—the printer, philosopher and statesman—will occur on the 17th instant. Would it not be a pleasant occasion to celebrate in Oregon? Most assuredly we think it would, and suggest the idea to the members of the "Printing Association." Every city in the United States celebrates Franklin's birth night in some happy manner. Let us also endeavor to keep this memorable event green in our memories. Could we not select some person to deliver an address appropriate to the occasion, on the evening of the 17th instant, and afterwards meet around the festive board? Let us try.

RESIGNATION OF JUDGE BURNETT.—We are sorry to state that Judge Burnett has resigned his office of Judge of the Supreme Court of Oregon Territory; the duties of which he has ever performed in a most able, faithful and satisfactory manner. In this resignation, the bench loses one who was eminently qualified to give it honor, and although we feel that we may be losers by this departure of sound judgment and high talents from it, yet, nevertheless, do we heartily wish that our loss may prove his gain. Judge Burnett has returned to the practice of the law as will be soon on inference to our advertising columns.

THE NEW YEAR.

A happy new year to our readers! Eighteen hundred and forty-seven seems stalking on the stage of time, and all the well-wishers, forgotten resolutions and unaccomplished purposes has passed away to cast no more into the memory of events.

The dying moment, o'er oblivion's grave;
And who would blast the beam of the power
That with a rapture glides each by-gone hour?
What though that rapture hath a serious cast?
The ivy's faithful to the storied past!
With its wild greenness decks Time's heavy bed,
And consecrates the relics of the dead.

May the new year prove propitious to the interests of our beloved country, and amid the vicissitudes of human fortune and vanity of human wishes, be full of gratification for the heart-desires of her people. In a retrospection of the past, we all see wherein we might have acted better our parts—exercised more forbearance and forgiveness, more true charity and love. "Yeats rush by us like the wind. We see not whence the eddy comes, nor whitherward it is tending, and we seem ourselves to witness their flight without a sense that we are changed; and yet time is beguiling man of his strength, as the winds rob the woods of their foliage." So let us live, that, as these sequents of time occur—these mill stones, as it were, upon our pathway to eternity, we can regard the past with satisfaction instead of sorrow and regret, and with a brave and stout heart for any and every emergency, look forward to the future with cheerfulness and hope. So to live, is to love. To love one another—our neighbor as ourself. It is a divine commandment—the principle of noblest action. It is love that shall destroy the factitious distinctions of society—unite mankind in one universal brotherhood and achieve the harmonious worship of the one God.

When the last feeling of the human breast,
In its pulsations sinks to final rest;
When all of beauty shall have passed away,
And the mind's vision triumphs o'er decay;
When life itself, returning to its Lord,
Finds that perfection earth could not afford;
Oh! then, perchance, when sin's taint hath passed,
And heaven's own image on the soul is cast,
The mortal heart may yield its idol up,
Forget its worship—dash its joyous cup!
But like that flower which turns to meet the sun,
And drinks its radiance till the day is done,
So will the true-heart passion once inspired,
Turn ever towards the object it desires.
The hard, or limber, may not vainly seek
To give expansion and make fancy speak;
The realms ideal where his genius reigns—
All, all may promise glory for his pains.
But Love's dominion always is its own,
It will not brook a rival near the throne,
Where radiant smiles and brightest dreams abound,
And sighs the sweetest, joys the most profound;
Where Hope attending with her rosy hours,
Weaves gayest garlands mid the mossy bowers.
Oh! 'tis Elysium! to the pure heart given,
Earth's prototyping of its destined heaven.
And Love shall triumph, for it is of God!
The fern though marr'd, the spirit walks abroad,
Lives in dim dreamings of those souls that yearn,
And cannot perish for it is etern.
The serpent's trail may still be in the heart,
And for a moment vanquish with its art;
But truth and virtue—Godness is in Love,
That brings us promise, like the Ark's own dove,
Of peace and safety after trials borne,
Rest for the weary—joy for those who mourn.
The heart o'er tasked, though yielding in the strife,
Still brokenly loves on through after life,
And none may know the rich and golden bond
That chained it here, when substance was beyond,
For on the spirit many a vision's cast,
Too sweet—too bright, too beautiful to last!

PRODUCTIONS OF OREGON.

We are in want of more statistical information than we have yet received concerning the various productions of our Territory. In writing upon this subject, we desire to deal in facts—something which may be relied upon—that will constitute a data from which to form opinions and draw conclusions. It will be of incalculable advantage to the country to have indisputable information, as to the productive qualities of our soil disseminated abroad. There has been somewhat of an exaggeration of truth—a straining after effect in much of the information published for the benefit of Oregon. We are of those who believe that the end can never justify the means, and particularly in this case it is useless to resort to any other means than truth, without stretching it in the least, to be of essential service in the accomplishment of the end in view. The simple statement of facts alone will achieve more, immeasurably more, than all these grandiloquent and falsifying tales put together, which have been written for the glorification of Oregon.

We give the following estimate of the amount of

wheat raised in this Territory during the past year, which we think is as correct as it is possible to obtain.

Champano county,	60,000 bushels.
Tualitin "	80,000 "
Yamhill "	80,000 "
Polk "	15,000 "
Clatskanie, Vancouver, Clatsop and Lewis counties,	85,000 "

According to this estimate, one hundred and fifty thousand bushels of wheat were produced last year in this country. Of this amount there is beyond question a surplus of fifty thousand bushels for exportation—say ten thousand barrels of flour.

The next year's production will be considerably greater, without doubt. Polk is a new and very large county, possessing an amount of fertile soil that will take years to put under cultivation, although the county is being rapidly settled, and consequently is annually increasing its cultivated area. Yamhill, Tualitin and Lewis counties can and will accomplish much more in the growth of wheat hereafter. Especially the bosom of the fine country about the Cowlitz will be generally opened to receive the seed of the abundant harvest.

Oats grow excellently well throughout the Territory, and it is seldom that the husbandman is disappointed in his expectation of a profuse return from this crop. We find it impossible to obtain any estimate of the annual production of this article that may be depended upon. The cultivation of tobacco has but recently been introduced with equivocal success, and at present it is somewhat problematical whether it will afford sufficient encouragement to more extensive operations.

In the space of a few years, as soon as its growth is made an object, we shall have another great and important staple in the article of *Hemp*, the culture of which has been already fairly tested in this country, with the most gratifying results.

Grist and saw mills are numerous in the Territory, and these are constant in their operation as long as the stage of water permits. Four of these saw mills alone manufacture yearly over fifteen hundred thousand feet of lumber, the greater part of this amount is, and has been for some time ready for shipment.

In closing this hasty and unfinished article, we may safely remark, that we are able to freight several more vessels as regularly as they choose to visit us. The truth is, that under existing circumstances, we have few opportunities of exporting our produce. Give Oregon but a fair chance, and her commerce will yet whiten the waves of the Pacific and Indian oceans.

We neglected to state, in speaking of the Memorial in our last paper, that the House of Representatives made arrangements to forward two copies by sea, one to California, and the other to the Islands, from thence by the first opportunity to the States. Col. Finley, also, was empowered to be the bearer of a triplicate copy when he returns to the States, as he intends doing in the Spring, by the overland route. The copies for California and the Island are now on their way per bark Toulon.

For the Oregon Spectator.

COMPLIMENTS TO MARY.

You are like the rose—the queen of flowers—the first to be noticed, and always the first to be valued. You are like the modest primrose that peeps beneath the thorn. You are like the lily, surpassing all the flowers; for Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these—for he was not innocent and you are. You are like the Polyanthus, which blushes very pretty behind the garden gate. You are like the sweet pea, and your supporter is your virtue.

As the pale moon, the silent queen of night,
Rules by her power the ocean's restless wave,
And glads the sailor with her trembling light,
When, winged with fury, tempests round him rave;
So o'er my spirit—torn with passion's strife,
Torn'd by ambition—reigns thy gentle sway,
And though assail the rudest storms of life,
My mad despair thy influence can stay.

Banks of the Columbia, Dec. 15, 1846.

For the Oregon Spectator.

MR. EDITOR.—It is said that necessity is the mother of invention, and that this faculty is imperiously called forth in Oregon, no one who knows our mercantile situation, can for a moment question. There can then, be no apology necessary for proposing a plan for our relief, dictated by necessity. Let us then form one grand and combined exporting company: the more we can have to join in it, the better for the country, and the sooner we shall have relief. In this company, nearly every farmer could take one share, which should consist of one hundred bushels of wheat, delivered in the mill or granaries of the company; the company to be organized under a proper constitution, with a president and directors, chosen annually by the stockholders, each share being entitled to a vote. The company should continue in operation for at least five years before winding up. The president should is-

scribe for the amount of stock actually paid in by each stockholder, and this alone, after the first organization, should give the stockholder's vote. The president and directors having regard to the constitution, should make all by-laws, direct the sale, shipment, &c. of produce, and fix the price on merchandise belonging to the company; have published annually a full statement of the condition of the company in some newspaper, and keep the books always open to the inspection of stockholders. The company thus organized, and with a sufficient freight of flour or lumber, should charter a vessel, send an agent to dispose of it, and to purchase such goods as the farmers need. On the return, each shareholder to be allowed to draw at cost and carriage, each year, one half, or two thirds of the value of each share, the remaining portion kept back till the end of five years, for the purchase of ships, merchandise, materials for building mill and constructing the same for use of the company—at the end of which time the company may wind up, if thought best, and a complete dividend made of principal and interest.

An agent despatched to New York, or Boston, with the bonds of the company, would be able to purchase on time, all the materials for the construction of mills and such merchandise as would enable them to carry on their business with their heads above water. He could either purchase a vessel, or give employment at stated prices, until the company should be prepared to pay for it. He could bid for the supply of the Navy in the Pacific, the military posts and dragoons stationed in Oregon, with more assurance of getting it than any other individual or company in the world. Thus we would, by our own influence, successfully counteract a system of mercantile extortion, that has rarely had a parallel, and which must bring poverty and wretchedness in the most fruitful country in the world, if tamely submitted to.

To prove this, let us submit facts; one bushel of our choicest wheat will only purchase 2½ pounds of coffee, or the same quantity of nails, or 3 panes of window glass, and other things in proportion, when our flour is sold in the mills of the merchants, at Oregon city, in the same currency that wheat is paid for, for \$4 per hundred pounds, or at the Sandwich Islands, for from \$10 to 16 dollars per barrel. Thus you see how we are imposed upon: even the gold which the poor emigrant fetches here, loses its value in Oregon. In the States, sovereigns are worth \$1 84 cents in the banks or land offices; but here, they can only be passed to these all-controlling monopolies, for \$1 50 cents, and will only buy 12½ pounds of coffee, or 18 pounds of nails. Verily, relief is called for in these particulars, and that speedily, or we are ruined. M.

For the Oregon Spectator.

LOOK OUT FOR BREAKERS!

A public meeting will be held by the farmers, at the Methodist meeting house in Tualitin Plains, on Saturday, the 16th instant, to take measures to prevent our ruin, by the combined operation of the merchants and shippers, who have united to tie us down and prevent us from getting the just reward of our labor, by refusing to ship produce for us, and combining to force us to take their goods for it, at prices ruinous to us and destructive to the interest of the country; and by offering us by way of insult, what they are pleased to call 60 or 80 cents per bushel; as per example—from 2 to 2½ pounds of coffee, or 2½ pounds cut nails, or 3 panes of window glass, per bushel of wheat, and other articles in proportion; while flour is sold at the Sandwich Islands, in less than 20 days sail, at from \$10 to \$16 per barrel. We hope none will, we believe none can be absent, who has his interest of the of the country at heart. Turn out boys, rain or shine. A friend to fair trade who appeared in a previous number of the Oregon Spectator, is particularly invited. Should his plan suit, we are pledged to furnish him ten thousand bushels of wheat to start with.

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOY.

QUESTIONS IN SURGERY.—Do wounds often heal by the "first intention?" Not when the patient is rich and the surgeon poor. When does mortification ensue? When you "pop the question," and are answered "no."