

For the Oregon Spectator.

It chafes me that I have to live  
In other state than this.  
And that this hope assurance gives  
That it will be in bliss.

I would not that this world of pain,  
And till and cure, and sin,  
Should all my being's joy receive  
Or all my love should win.

I would not this immortal mind  
Which yields me such delight,  
Should be dimmed and bear no part  
With saints in realms of light.

I would not that the powers of song,  
Or speech, or love's caron,  
Or beauty's charms, or eloquence,  
This earth alone should bloom.

Too great these pleasures which we taste  
To be expended here,  
On this poor, puny toy of earth;  
They better scenes should cheer.

I would not when brought low with pain,  
And grief and care I be,  
Be burdened with the dreadful thought  
I like a beast should die.

No—bless the hope, and bless the Lord  
Who such a home has given  
That I shall live in happier place,  
That I shall live in Heaven.

M. J. B.

For the Oregon Spectator.

CLATSOP PLAINS, JUNE 27, 1847.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGON SPECTATOR.

Sir—Doubtless the events that have occurred in this county during the past week will be of sufficient interest to most of the people of Oregon to induce them to read a particular account of them, should they find them in the columns of your paper. I will not pretend to give more than a simple statement of facts as they came under my own observation and within my own knowledge.

On the 26th of June, I received the following note from D. Ingalls Esq., as follows—

ASTORIA, JUNE 18, 1847.

W. H. GRAY Esq. Sir—I now write a few lines on the state of the (Union.) We have a liquor dealer here—George T. Geer, at Sharkville—who is doing a land office business buying salmon. I am told he bought 15 gallons of Spanish brandy from the ship Brutus, which is very strong and fiery. He says he "will do just as he pleases in Oregon and no one shall hinder him, and if any one comes to disturb him he will give all his liquor to the Indians to induce them to protect him and themselves, and he will have the satisfaction of getting some of the Clatsops killed." A little war has broke out at Chenook already. It seems that the Chenooks have intended to kill some two or three people, for (as they say "pollatching tomanawass") giving medicine to the young tyee girl that lately died, so they gave their victim as much liquor as he would drink till he was helpless, and then stabbed him in many places.

Old Ramsey took his daughter and two more girls up to the ship, last night they sent a canoe after him. This morning they pursued him down about Shortess's and shot three balls into him but did not kill him till after they brought him to Bulls—an Indian hut—where he died. Before he was shot, he offered to give his girl and a slave for his life, but his girl would not go, alledging she would not be a slave and did not think they would kill her father, so they shot him.—They still threaten to kill old George and the old Doctor at old Sally's. The Indians are much afraid, they only want more liquor and they can soon do the deed.

I do not know that we are in any danger here more than usual, but it is very disagreeable. The law is useless in my hands for want of people to back it. I shall not pretend to put my life in danger of Indian malice without a community to back me.

Yours, DAVID INGALLS.

P. S. I presume that J. Strang, John Champ, S. C. Smith, Benj. Wood, and Mr. McGunnigale are witnesses in this case.

This letter was immediately presented to a number of the citizens and a consultation had on the subject as to what was best to be done, and the following notice sent to each person within reach.

TO THE CITIZENS OF CLATSOP COUNTY.

The undersigned respectfully notify you that the laws of Oregon are being set at defiance at Astoria, in trading and giving ardent spirits to the Indians, with threats to

continue selling and giving in the violation of the law, as per letter of D. Ingalls Esq. accompanying this notice.

This is to request your personal services and presence at the house of Joseph Champion at the mouth of the Skepnoin, on Tuesday morning at six o'clock, without fail—bringing with you such arms, and twenty-five or more loads of ammunition, as each of you may have or be able to obtain for the occasion, &c.; to proceed from thence as may be deemed expedient and proper in the case.

Respectfully, yours,

W. H. GRAY,  
CALVIN TIBBITS,  
S. H. SMITH.

P. S. We have this instant received a note from George T. Geer, which accompanies this.

The note of Mr. Geer is as follows—it was unsealed and directed on the outside "To Joseph Caples or whomsoever it may concern, Clatsop Plains." Inside it reads—

"Ft. George, June 20, 1847.

To Mr. Joseph Caples, or whomsoever it may be that has said that they will come over tomorrow and pour out some liquor that there is here, if you think that there is any here you had better come and see, I will insure that you will be received according to your profession and you will be well paid. Please call as soon as possible or you won't find any.

Yours, &c. G. T. GEER.

These several papers were sent to the citizens on the 21st inst.

Tuesday morning, 22d June, a warrant, subpoena, &c. was put into the hands of the sheriff, Mr. Caples, and before 9 o'clock thirty-one men were assembled at the house of Mr. Champion. Mr. Robinson was called to preside over the deliberations. On motion, Mr. Thomas Owens was unanimously chosen to command the company on the present occasion and to accompany the sheriff in the discharge of the duties of his office. A small canoe was dispatched with only two men in it, to land opposite Astoria in Gray's Bay, and request McGunnigale to go over with them to the Fort and to watch the movements of the Indians and of Geer till the sheriff and a part of his posse could come over. A boat and some men followed and in a short time the remainder of the party proceeded; two boats landed below Sharkville, (the houses built by the crew of the Shark,) on the point below Astoria—a canoe with five men proceeded directly on to the usual place of landing. On rounding the point they found Mr. Geer painting his launch, which they came along-side of.—Mr. Geer soon bethought himself that he wanted something from the house, he was requested not to go, but still insisted on going to the house and jumped into his skiff for that purpose. One of the men on shore, who by this time had arrived at their station behind the house, called to those in the canoe not to let him come ashore. By this time Mr. Geer found that he had but one way of escape and that was to put into the Columbia; he accordingly gave a specimen of his aquatic abilities and made off into the river with the canoe in close pursuit. He was soon so unfortunate as to break or lose one of his oars, which left him but one wing to his flight. The canoe being well manned with five paddles soon came along side of him; here he displayed skill worthy of a better cause, for he kept the canoe and men all at bay (though I think he was unarmed and a part of the men in the canoe had their arms) by pushing off the canoe and nearly upsetting it till a second canoe came to their assistance, which by manouevring so as to come up under or against the stern of his skiff while he was in the bow fending off, he was shoved directly across the bow of the first canoe. Seeing his position, he at once made a pass at the bow of the first canoe, in which the five men were, attempted to jump into it and sink the canoe, men and all. Esq. Tibbits who was in the canoe and could not swim at all seeing him jump at his canoe evidently with the design to sink it, caught him by the hair of the head and both went into the water together. Geer went under, Tibbits caught the skiff and went but partly under. Geer came up and attempted to upset the canoe, but was prevented and taken in. By this time the skiff in the affray had swamped, and the canoe was half full of water. Geer made one attempt while in the canoe to upset it and was ordered to desist or he would be shot instantly, as there were

several lives depending on the safety of the canoe, they all being from half a mile to a mile from shore, and the swells from an ebb tide were strong.

You may be assured that this cold water business is a splendid coolant to the fires of alcohol, especially as cool a draft as Geer had on this occasion, he was soon landed and made for his house, which by this time was surrounded or at least guarded. He called for his arms and threatened to shoot some person in the canoe. I afterwards learned that it was the one who told him to not upset the canoe, he was arrested and put under guard. The sheriff was ordered to proceed with his search warrant to see if he could find any liquor about the house, taking two witnesses with him he did so and found two kegs with liquor in them, and a bottle of Spanish brandy. During the time Geer was being arrested McGunnigale said and swore he would go and get the Indians to rescue Geer and send his arms to him, saying he would use them if he was in Geer's place. McGunnigale was immediately arrested and put under guard—a writ issued and served upon him forthwith to appear before W. H. Gray in Clatsop Plains.

Search was made wherever there was any reason to apprehend there was any liquor about the premises, and the question was asked by the sheriff on taking the bottle into his hand—"Whose is this?" No one made any answer. No one claims this, we will pour it out. He accordingly opened the bottle and handed it to his witnesses to know what it was. They decided, Spanish brandy of the best quality, or at least very strong. He then placed his hand upon one of the kegs and enquired whose it was and was answered by Mr. Geer—"mine by G—." The sheriff was ordered to take care of it till the case was decided; he then inquired—putting his hand upon the second keg—"whose is this?" Was answered by Geer, "that is Mr. Welch's." (Geer meant the keg only was Welch's, the liquor was Geer's as he afterwards stated. He had borrowed the keg of Welch.) He was ordered to take care of it for further proceedings.

At this moment some person moved that the liquor be disposed of now, that it should do no more harm. A second that motion, was heard from all quarters, with the remark "let the sheriff turn it out upon the ground." "Well," said he, "if you all say so, I suppose I must do it," and out came the bungs of the casks, and I should think some ten or twelve gallons of liquor went into the earth. (Concluded in our next.)

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN GEOLOGISTS.—

The Moon.—At the late Convention of American Geologists in this city, Mr. J. D. Dana read a paper on the geological features of the moon. About two-thirds of the lunar sphere is composed of volcanic mountains. Out of 1,000 heights, 6 are almost 20,000 feet in altitude, and 22 exceed 15,750 feet. Broad truncated cones are its most common elevations, and are among the loftiest. The pits between are of all dimensions; 150 miles wide, and near 20,000 feet deep. The crater "Bailey" is ascertained to be 140 1-2 statute miles in diameter. "Clavius," 143 1/2, &c. &c. The depth of "Newton" 22,533 feet. These pits are generally circular.—Sometimes they seem almost artificially regular with ridgy walls, and sometimes large openings. Not unfrequently with small cones on the ridges. The light "streaks" form radiating lines around some of the larger cones and especially about the "Euler," "Kepler," "Copernicus," and "Aristarchus." 100 to 150 miles long, and cross ridges and depressions, without interruption, as if they were bands of light coming up through open fissures, and coalescing about the summit of "Kepler;" so that the whole surface seems nebulous with light. Sir. W. Herschel first published an account of volcanic action in the moon.

The following remarks were made by Professor Renwick, after the reading of Mr. Dana's paper.

"It may be suggested in reply to the question of Professor Silliman, that it is not surprising that water has not been detected on the surface of the moon, for if aqueous matter exists there, it must under the circumstances have the solid form. It is well known that much of the heat experienced at the surface of the earth is due to the pressure of the air, and as the moon has no approachable atmosphere, its surface will be in the same condition as the tops of the highest moun-

tains of the earth. These are above the limit of perpetual congelation, which, were there no atmosphere, would be as low as the level of the sea. The moon, therefore, having little or no atmosphere, the aqueous matter which, from analogy, we may infer to exist there, must exist at its surface in the form of ice and snow.—Es. Paper.

MENTAL CULTIVATION.—What stubbing, ploughing, digging and harrowing is to the land, thinking, reflecting, and examining is to the mind. Each has its proper culture; and as the land that is suffered to lie waste and wild for a long time will be overspread with brushwood, brambles, thorns, and such vegetables which have neither use nor beauty, so there will not fail to sprout up in a neglected uncultivated mind a great number of prejudices and absurd opinions, which owe their origin partly to the soil itself, the passions and imperfections of the mind of man, and partly to those seeds which chance to be scattered in it by every wind of doctrine which the cunning of statesmen, the singularity of pedants, and the superstition of fools shall raise.—Berkeley.

FORENSIC FUN.—

The New Orleans Picayune is a bright mirror reflecting for our mirth all the fun and frolic culminated around it. "We have often heard in our day of legal quibble," says that witty journal, "but if a Philadelphia lawyer can beat the following, lately urged to a jury in this city; he can take our hat, aye, and our corduroys. The prisoner is on his trial for entering a house in the night time with intent to steal. The testimony was clear that he had made an opening sufficiently large to admit the upper part of his body, and through which he protruded himself about half way, and stretching out his arm committed the theft.

Mr. Obfuscate Brief addresses the jury: "What an outrage," (looking horrified and with outstretched and trembling arms) "I repeat what an outrage upon your intelligence and common sense is it for the State's Attorney to ask at your hands the conviction of my client upon such testimony! The law is against entering a house—and can a man be said to enter a house, when only one-half of his body is in and the other is out? Gentlemen, look at the Divine law on this point—God commanded Adam and Eve not to eat the apple—i. e. the whole of the apple. And all the commentators agree that if they had only eaten one-half they would never have been expelled from the blooming Garden of Eden."

The jury brought in a verdict of "guilty" as to one half of his body from the waist up, and "not guilty" as to the other half.

The judge sentenced the guilty half to one year's imprisonment, leaving it to the prisoner's option to have the innocent half cut off or take it along with him.—Bas. Trans.

COFFEE BAG SKIRTS.—

The ladies of New Orleans it is said, are in the habit of using coffee bags, instead of grass cloth skirts, and lately a very dashing spinster, passing the ruins of an old building, her light dress was caught by a nail, and was torn almost entirely off, revealing to the astonished spectators the well known commercial phrase, "Prime old Java," written in large characters upon the skirt, underneath. The mortification of the lady may be imagined; she immediately hurried into a cab, and drove home in a state of distraction.

PUNISHMENT OF A SUICIDE.—

The following story is told of a member of the Indiana Legislature, who is the butt of his associates on account of his ignorance. Opposite the member at a table, sat a sinful wag, who after leaning forward, and saying something about revising the laws, asked him very gravely—"Mr. —, what, in your opinion ought to be done with a man who would deliberately commit suicide?" The learned law maker clapped his hands upon his cranium to support his brain while he was resolving this intellectual difficulty, and wisely replied, "Why, Sir, I'd go for making the rasoul pay five hundred dollars to the state, and marry the girl!"

A Lunatic once informed a physician who was classifying cases of insanity, that he lost his senses by watching a politician, whose course was so crooked that it turned his brain.