

The Dream of the Reveller.

BY HADLEY.

Around the board the guests were met, the lights above them glowing,
And in their cups replenished oft, the roddy wine was steaming;
Their cheeks were flushed, their eyes were bright,
Their hearts with pleasure bounding,
The song was sung, the toast was given, and loud the revels sounded;
I drained my bumper with the rest, and cried, "away with sorrow,
Let me be happy for to-day, and care not for to-morrow!"
But as I spoke, my sight grew dim, and slumber deep came o'er me,
And 'mid the whirl of mingling tongues, this vision passed before me.

Methought I saw a demon rise; he held a mighty bottle,
Whose burnished sides ran daily o'er, with floods of burning liquor;
Around him poured a clam'rous crowd, to taste this liquor greedy,
All then oppressed by grief and debt, the dissolute and lazy,
Blarneyed old men, and reckless youths, and pained women crazy;
"Give, give!" they cry, "give, give us drink to drown all thoughts of sorrow,
If we are happy for to-day, we care not for to-morrow!"

The first drop warms their shivering skins, and drives away their sadness,
The second lights their sunken eyes, and fills their souls with gladness;
The third drop makes them shout and roar, and play each furthest antic,
The fourth drop boils their very blood, the fifth drop drives them frantic.
"Drink!" says the demon, "drink your fill! drink of these waters mellow,
They'll make your bright eyes clear and dull, and turn your white skins yellow,
They'll fill your home with care and grief, and clothe your back with tatters,
They'll fill your heart with evil thoughts,—but never mind—what matters!"

"Though virtue sink, and reasoning fall, and social ties dissolve,
I'll be your friend in hour of need, and find you homes for sorrow;
For I have built three mansions high, three strong and goodly houses,
A work-house for the jolly soul, who all his life has roared;
An hospital to lodge the sot, oppress'd by pain and anguish;
A prison full of dungeons deep, where hopeless felons languish.
No drain the cup and drain again, and drown all thought of sorrow,
Be happy if you can to-day and never mind to-morrow!"

But well he knows, this demon old, how vain is all his preaching,
Even as they hear his fearful words, they cry with shouts of laughter,
"Out on the fool! who mars to-day with thoughts of an hereafter,
We care not for thy houses three, we live but for the present,
And merry will we make it yet, and quaff our bumper's pleasure."
Loud laughs the fiend to hear them speak, and lifts his brimming bicker,
"Body and soul are mine!" quoth he—"I'll have them both for liquor!"

For the Oregon Spectator.

MR. EDITOR—Permit me to trouble you with a few remarks in reply to a communication of Peter H. Burnett, published in the Spectator of the 30th September last, in which he reflects upon my language in certain communications published in your paper relative to proceedings had at Oregon City to prevent trespass upon land claims, as imputing to him opinions that he "neither expressed nor entertained." This I beg leave to dispute most heartily. He has in his communication, labored hard with words, perhaps in a different form to establish the same doctrine which I imputed to the orator of the last evening. Though he has attempted to qualify his position by saying, that he does not mean that a few, but that a majority, have the "legal right" to amend the constitution in any way they think proper, regardless of the provisions therein stipulated. That the majority in order to self protection, have the right to throw off their laws, and abrogate their government whenever it "becomes grievous and too intolerable to be borne," I do not dispute. But this is a natural, not as Mr. Burnett would have it a legal right, for how does he get his legality from an act contrary to, and destructive of the law, it is one of those natural rights too that are given up by the people in the establishment of society and the formation of political institutions, in order to secure protection and permanence of rights of greater import; among which are the definite rights of property, "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," in all reasonable forms. I believe it to be a long es-

tablished principle of common sense, and common law, with which the gentleman is very familiar, that some of our natural rights of minor import are given up, in the formation of constitutions and the establishment of laws in which those of the greatest moment are secured to every member of such society, and that the former of these rights are never resumed by the people without destroying the protection of the latter.—Now is the exercise of that right called for in Oregon at the present time, appears to be the point at issue. I maintain that it is not, but should it be, the act would be a revolution, the policy and justice of which would be left alone to the pen of the future historian to delineate. Our land law has once been amended in the manner pointed out by the constitution, since the adoption of our compact, and it can be done again should the people deem it necessary. But Mr. Burnett would advise the policy of revolution, lest the inconvenience might arise before it could be accomplished in that way. Now he would have a state of war immediately, lest a state of war might arise upon a certain contingency. Like the maniac patient he would commit suicide under the apprehension that his physician might kill him. In his attempt to throw a shade of injustice over our land law, he says, the words "any person" in that document gives to every one, of whatever colour, from the infant to the adult, the right to claim 640 acres of land. Now "any person" in terms of law, Mr. Burnett well knows always signifies persons of lawful age, representing themselves, and that where infants, minors, females and others, not known to the law are included in any act, they are always expressly stated; common sense and all the statute books teach us this. As to the injustice of this law in requiring those who had made and recorded claims under the former temporary arrangement, to record them upon the proper books under our compact, it is certainly imaginary; it proposes to deprive them of no property acquired under that arrangement, that land law which indeed is nearly the same as the one we now have, being the only arrangement of importance then adopted by the people, is not however directly referred to and taken up in form, but all those making claims under it were fully protected as all must acknowledge from the fact that twelve months time was allowed them to put their claims upon the records, where all might be convenient and in proper form, and that too at the small cost of fifty cents, paid to the Recorder, while new claimants were allowed only twenty days to make their records.—This arrangement was made by the majority of the people adopting the constitution now in force, and I am loth at any time to admit that the majority have done wrong—and who can say that an expenditure of fifty cents to one holding a valuable claim at the time of the compact, together with 12 months time in which to recompile it in order to secure such claim is a hardship to him, or is depriving him of the legal right or means to continue to hold it. I am not aware but that most of these claimants have complied with the requisitions of our present compact without saying much about the additional fifty cents paid for putting their claims upon the proper records. Those if any who have not complied have had over two years time to do so. There may be a few however who would join Mr. Burnett in a convention for a new constitution in order to avoid the consequences of their refusal to record their claims. But which is the more convenient and direct remedy a new constitution or the payment of fifty cents to the Territorial Recorder? Those concerned can answer.

Mr. Burnett would make the impression that I had become excited with him in consequence of the legitimate exercise of his professional duties in certain cases to which I was a party, but in this he is in error. With regard to his duties as an attorney I have nothing to say, nor his character as a private gentleman, anything to impeach, nor do I wish to allude to his public opinions, or that of any other individual farther than is necessary in the illustration of principles under discussion. He says, "In relation to the case which Mr. Bell supposed was under consideration I was careful to express no opinion." Now I did not in my communications as will be found, refer to any case litigant between parties, but to the case or subject matter of trespassing upon land claims, then under discussion before the meetings; why he should suppose that I alluded to any

particular case, I do not know, unless perhaps, from a consciousness of one solitary case being the whole cause of all the noise and doings of the said meetings upon the subject in question. Now his reference to the case which he says I supposed was under consideration, together with other subsequent circumstances, probably makes it proper for him, as well as for myself, and is due to the community, that we narrow this difficulty down to the one and only case that originated it, namely, the case litigant, John McLaughlin against A. J. Vickers, myself and others, with regard to a land claim at this place. In the fall of 1846, said Vickers found in this vicinity 274 acres of land, unincumbered by the laws of Oregon or the improvement of Indian, or white man. He made, and occupied it, as his claim, and had the same recorded as the law directs; he was forbid by the said McLaughlin to cut timber or make improvements upon said land; a suit at law was commenced against him and immediately abandoned. In the month of May last, said Vickers proceeded to inclose a field upon the land, during the process of which various rumors were current about town that Mr. McLaughlin was preparing to raise a mob in order to stop Mr. Vickers and eject him from the premises; at the top of the excitement, the meetings alluded to were had, and a suit in chancery commenced against Mr. Vickers, myself, and others. Of these suits I do not complain, nor of his attorneys, but it is that for a single case meetings must be called, committees appointed, resolutions passed, the doctrine of Judge Lynch's school and even the abrogation of our government advocated, to protect the supposed rights of Mr. McLaughlin. That gentleman's legal and just rights I am willing and anxious he should have in common with his fellow citizens, though not at the expense of the excitement and stigma of a whole community. On referring to the 5th article, I think, of the land law, under which he made his claim or attempted to make it, at the Willamette falls, in 1843, I find a direct prohibition to claims being held by any person upon all such situations as that, at this place. Then it is evident that he could have constituted no lawful claim upon the land in question under the system, and as he refuses to do so under the present organization, but still claims 640 acres of land at this place, and to carry this out against law and every other obstacle were originated the said meetings, with their doings and consequent excitations and propositions to change in an unlawful manner our present land law. Another mode of procedure to effect this, though in a more peaceable way is discovered in the resolution of Mr. Priest, which was appended in the Spectator over the signatures of numerous individuals who had attached their names to the preamble and resolutions of the committee, evidently in an attempt in that way to bind them to vote for certain individuals at the polls, who would not scruple to carry out the principles that would best suit the exigencies of this troubled land claim. But the total failure in this respect leads us to follow the same channel still farther and note the report of the refusal of the Secretary of the Territory to attest and deliver a commission to an individual presenting a certificate of election to the office of a Justice of the Peace, within our county. Yet all this procedure cannot avail, as the people know too well their best interests to suffer their laws to be subverted in this way.

And finally as to Mr. Burnett's principles of returning good for evil, I should desire to feel thankful, yet I would remind him that it is an assumption of principles far above our human natures, and that while the white veil is held before the enchanted vision, poison may be scattered through the social field.

G. W. BELL.

Oregon City, Nov. 12, 1847.

☞ A rather laughable affair occurred a few days ago, in one of the Boston Hotels, showing the peculiar regard which some men have to rank or title in office. Several members of the House of Representatives were seated at the dining table, (feeling rather dignified we suppose) when one of them said: "Will the gentleman from Andover please pass the butter this way?" Pretty soon another spoke, "Will the gentleman from Worcester please pass the salt this way?" when one of our city wags taking the hint, turning round to the black waiter, and said distinctly, "Will the gentleman from Africa please to pass the bread this way?"

INCIDENTS OF THE BLACKFEET.—The Blackfeet generally are accounted brave, though instances have been known of three or four whites defeating large parties of them; on one occasion, three trappers fell into an ambuscade of these Indians, and two of them were instantly shot from their horses, but the third was left untouched, and spurring his animal to the height of its speed, broke thro' the whole throng and was soon out of reach.

Four mounted Indians immediately started in pursuit, and gained rapidly upon him until they came within shooting distance, when the lone trapper turned upon them, and with his double-barrel rifle picked off two of their number, and again fled.

Confident of securing their intended victim, now that they supposed his fire-arms were uncharged, the remaining two hurried after him, and in a few moments were within range of pistol-shot. The trapper then again halted, and the discharge of a pistol brought the third to the ground.

Drawing forth a second from his belt, the work of slaughter would have been completed, had not the terrified savage, in his turn, fled with the utmost precipitancy. The trapper pursued, but was far in the rear when the Blackfoot regained his comrades, and hurriedly exclaimed:

"Haste, ye! flee! It was the Big Medicine we pursued, and at his word three of our warriors breathe not, and of four I only have escaped! His single medicine-iron twice spoke the death-word, and at the same time; then with his pipe-stem he bade a third one go to the Spirit Land; and as he drew forth his butcher-knife to snoot me, I fled beyond reach, that I might tell you how to escape! Haste, ye! flee! It is the Big Medicine that comes from you! Flee lest he kills us all!"

Following his advice, the astonished savages immediately fled with the greatest consternation, fully persuaded it was their only mode of escaping from certain destruction at the hands of the Big Medicine!

It won't do.—It won't do to do a great many things in this world; for instance—

It won't do to denounce false teeth in the presence of dentists, nor in the presence of old maids who have not had a sound tooth in their heads for a quarter of a century.

It won't do to talk about horn flints and wooden nutmegs when there are Connecticut Yankees about.

It won't do to imagine a legislature will compel the banks to resume when three-fourths of the members are among those who will suffer the most if forced to pay their debts instantly.

It won't do to eat soup with a two-pronged fork, or roast-beef with a spoon, when anxious to dine in great haste.

It won't do to pull a man's nose until you are fully satisfied he has not spunk enough to resent it by blowing your brains out.

It won't do for a fellow who is so drunk that he cannot see a hole through a ladder, to attempt to stand on the top of a lamp-post or fire-plug, and make a speech to the multitude.

It won't do to throw off flannel shirts on a warm day in January, in full belief that there will be no more cold weather until another winter.

It won't do for an editor to wait for a mail until night before he commences the preparation of copy.

It won't do to go too near the hind heels of a jackass who has been taught to kick at strangers.

It won't do for a lady to presume that every man is in love with her who treats her civilly.

It won't do for a man to bump his head against a stone wall, unless he is completely convinced that his head is the hardest.

Finally; it won't do to draw the conclusion, just because we happen to think it won't do to give our readers a large dose at this time.—N. O. Picayune.

GOOD HUMOR.—Good humor is the clear blue sky of the soul, on which every star of talent will shine more clearly, and the sun of genius will encounter no vapors on his passage. 'Tis the most exquisite beauty of a fine face—a redeeming grace in a homely one. It is like the green on a landscape, harmonizing with every color, mellowing the glories of the bright, softening the hue of the dark; or, like a flute in a room full of instruments, a sound not at first discovered by the ear, yet filling up breaks in the chord by its bewitching melody.