OREGON SPECTATOR.

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way."

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For the Oregon Spectator.

CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.

In the reign of George the II. during a war with Spain, a single British man of war brought home specie taken from Spanish merchantmen, sufficient to load 28 wagons drawn each by 8 mules. It was landed in the southern part of England and drawn to London through assembled crowds, to produce an effect and stimulate the public mind to prosecute the war with increased vigor.

Young men were heard to say during the last election they would not vote for Mr. Abernethy for Governor lest the sale of ardent spirits might be curtailed, in which case the people would be in a partial state of bondage. Would to Heaven the vast amount of property which will be required to foot the bills of makers and venders of intoxicating drinks, for the next ten years, in Oregon, might be collected at one place, converted into silver dollars, loaded into wagons, drawn by 8 oxen each. I would include not only the property expended for the direct purchase of ardent spirits, but the cost of pauperism, crime, litigation; the value of time spent in idleness, drunkenness; the physician's bill; the value of property destroyed by intemperance, at the mouth of the river, on the rivers, the ocean, the farm, the shop; the cost of sustaining an army to protect the settlements against the lawless savages, who, as liquor becomes more abundant among them, will redden their hands in the blood of the women and children of Oregon, as often as they do now their faces with vermillion! All this vast property, the destruction of which your trade will occasion, (or you cannot live by it,) I would heap upon these wagons in silver dollars; each wagon to follow close after the other, to travel 8 hours per day, and 30 to pass a given point in an hour. In those districts of the States where the goddess of intemperance continues to hold undisputed sway, frequent estimates of liquor sold yearly, make about 2 gallons for every man, woman, and child. I have put the present white population of Oregon at 2,500, old and young, and I will suppose this to double every year for 10 years. As in the rum selling districts in the States, I will allow 2 gallons to every individual, yearly, (a very low estimate, if we leave out of the account the vast quantities which will go into the hands of the Indians one way and another,) at two dollars a gallon; and again only $2,00 for the destruction of property which every gallon sold will occasion, in idleness, want of attention, accidents, pauperism, crime; in the construction of poor houses, alms-houses, jails, bolts, bars, locks; costs of courts, the depreciation of the value of property in every district where liquor is sold, in the increased rates of insurance offices, and the expense of a long and bloody war with the Indians, which is certainly near at hand if liquor is continued to be sold in this country, or every history of the States must be put down as a deception. I would allow each wagon to carry one ton, which is about $32,000. I would have the mighty train as it winds its way through the settlements in face of the people of Oregon, direct its course to Oregon city, where, if I have made a correct estimate, four years and two months would elapse before the last wagon could arrive. I would here collect the freemen, the wives, the brothers and sisters of Oregon, to look upon the amazing scene as these wagons would arrive and discharge their precious cargoes into the vast and burning crater of intemperance. I would send out these wagons again through the settlements, to every hovel and poor-house, to gather up the invalids, the paupers, the widows and orphans which will be made so by the sale of intoxicating drinks in Oregon for the next ten years, and lay them at the feet of the virtuous and industrious to be by them clothed, and fed, and housed, their children schooled, their sick provided for, and not a dollar of the expense money to come from the traffickers in ardent spirits—the direct agents and authors in this supposed drama, sublimely dreadful, which I would to heaven were but a fiction! And if all this is not sufficient, send out those wagons again, gather up the mangled, loathsome bodies of those who are to find an untimely grave through the traffic in intoxicating drinks during the next ten years, some of them dreadfully cut to pieces by the assassins dirk, and the self murderer's pistol. Many, very many of them the bodies of women and children, shockingly mangled and scalped by drunken Indians! Some of them too loathsome to look upon, the victims of that rotten disease, the fruits of licentiousness, the love of which was first contracted under the influence of liquor. Look upon these dead bodies as they are brought forth by hundreds to be laid in an untimely grave, murdered, every one murdered in the most deliberate manner, and in many instances for the mere trifle of 25 cents, by *your hands, ye trafficers in ardent spirits.*—Look upon this mighty battle field, covered every where with the dead, but not in defence of their country; look upon this vast destruction of property, ye sons of Oregon who have expressed fears for your liberties if temperance men were elected to office. Ah, how true it is that those families in Oregon who are endeavering by honest labors and honest dealing to support themselves above want, but who live in a town where intoxicating drinks are sold, are slaves indeed. They know not what is their own. To-day Mr. A. may have a handsome property in his barn and house; to-night all may be in ashes through the carelessness of a drunken person.—To-day Mr B. receives intelligence that his great stock of goods have been shipped from Honolulu. To-morrow the pilot purchases a bottle of rum and goes out to meet the vessel. The next day the astounding news arrives that the vessel has been run on the bar by the carelessness of the intoxicated pilot, and his goods utterly destroyed. The men escape only with their lives. Mr. B. is a ruined man; his all was embarked in that vessel.

(*Concluded in our next.*)

For the Oregon Spectator.

MR. EDITOR—In the first number of the third volume of the Spectator, I notice an act proposing to amend the organic laws of the provisional government of Oregon, by striking out in the sixth section the word "Regulate" and inserting "Prohibit" in its place. If I have received a correct impression from the reading of this act; the proposed amendment relates exclusively to the introduction, manufacture and sale of ardent spirits in Oregon.

I suppose sir, that the columns of your paper will be open to receive a full and candid discussion of the merits and demerits of this proposed amendment; of the advantages and disadvantages that may arise to individuals and the citizens at large, so that when we endorse upon our vote, "Regulate" or "Prohibit" we can do it, having the benefit of a full discussion upon the subject.—For I hold sir, that it is the duty of every freeman, to know definitely for whom or what he votes, and then to vote his real sentiments, having his mind free from all external bodily or mental fear or influences, that may in any way deprive him of his natural powers or mental abilities.

To my mind this question proposes two great principles; the one having a political bearing tending in its ultimate results, to the present and future welfare and independence of a large portion of the citizens of Oregon; and sir, I query if it will not effect a majority of the present inhabitants, and make them either freemen or slaves. Allow me to ask in candor, all those persons now in Oregon, who have been accustomed to take their liquor freely when it was within their reach, and who have formed a habit of drinking, 'if they are not slaves;' perhaps I should use a milder term, and ask, if they do not feel irresistably bound under the influence of Alcohol or Ardent spirits, whenever they come within sight or smell of it, to taste a drop of the "good creature," falsely so called, and pray tell us candidly? No! will not ask you to tell any one, but simply to make up your mind without the aid of one drop of ardent spirits, and with your mind free and in the condition in which God and nature made it, endorse upon your vote—"slavery" to your appetite, for yourself, your family, friends and country; or, LIBERTY—to never again be brought within the grasp of this fell monster; to not again behold its loathsome and poluting influence upon yourself, your family, your friends or your country. This we now have an opportunity to do. By endorsing upon our vote, the word "Regulate," we instruct our representatives to place within our reach all kinds of intoxicating drinks, so that we and all we hold dear on earth, may *gratify* our appetites at the expense of our property, character, and our liberty: for it matters not what mild name we give to the habits we have contracted, in becoming addicted to the use of ardent spirits,—we are drawn by an influence, that we cannot without the greatest effort resist, we are led on to poverty and ruin, knowing our inevitable end.

Now, mark the political influence of our vote, we have endorsed upon our vote "Regulate," and by so doing we have acted free, and have not voted away our liberty; and why? I know says one, that my liberty consists in using an article that I know if I continue, to use it to any great extent, will destroy my health, property, and character, and render me unfit for any business, or to take care of myself; (and by the by, will not this be the case with a number of us who wish liquor to be licensed and be plenty in Oregon?) And what is the next step?—Why, many of us will become paupers (of course) in a few years. Our labor will be lost to our families or friends, and our votes, will not be received at the ballot box; hence, in voting to "Regulate" we wish the time may come, and come it will, to hundreds and thousands of us and our children, when we shall be deprived of our liberty to vote, simply because we are not willing to forego the present gratification of our appetites, and imagine by voting, "Prohibit" that we deprive ourselves of our liberty, which when all is said and over, amounts to nothing more nor less than getting beastly drunk when we please.

Take another view of this question, suppose we vote "Regulate," we can have probably some sixty groceries or dram shops, and some ten distilleries in Oregon; they will employ from eighty to one hundred persons, and what will their labor amount to in this country: let us go a little farther, suppose these groceries, dram shops, and distilleries, have about them as customers, loafers, &c. upon an average, but three persons, and but one of the three has a family, consisting of a wife and but two children dependent upon his labor for bread and clothing—we have seventy places where liquor can be had—one hundred persons to attend to them, and four hundred and twenty persons or loafers about them. Now reduce this number down if you please to the present number of these dram shops and distilleries in the country, and calculate how many loafers or loungers about them there are. Does it amount to sixty? Now suppose that twenty of this number are able bodied men, and instead of tending these dram shops and distilleries, were engaged in improving a land claim; and raising wheat or cattle, which think you would be the most useful and beneficial to Oregon, and which would produce the most real wealth in the country? to say nothing of the effects and influence upon society; the loss of time, labor, health, and property, caused by the distillation of the liquors they might make and distribute;—I ask, does it not come home to each voter in Oregon to examine this matter, and endorse a correct decision upon the vote he deposits in the ballot box at the coming election. Does it not have a great political bearing upon the country?

A. VOTER.

LAND LAW.

§ 1. Any person now holding, or hereafter wishing to establish a claim to land in this territory, shall designate the extent of his claim by natural boundaries, or by marks at the corners and upon the lines of such claim, and have the extent and boundaries of said claim recorded in the office of the territorial recorder, in a book to be kept by him for that purpose, within twenty days from the time of making said claim—provided, that those who shall be already in possession of land, shall be allowed twelve months from the passage of this act to file a description of his claim in the recorder's office: and, provided further, that the said claimant shall state in his record, the size, shape and locality of such claim, and give the names of the adjoining claimants, and the recorder may require the applicant for such record to be made to answer, on his oath, touching the facts.

§ 2. All claimants shall, within six months from the time of recording their claims, make permanent improvements upon the same, by building or enclosing, and also become an occupant upon said claim within one year from the date of such record, or in case not occupied, the person holding said claim shall pay into the treasury the sum of five dollars annually, and in case of failure to occupy, or on failure of payment of the sum above stated, the claim shall be considered as abandoned: provided, that no non-resident of this territory shall have the benefit of this law: and, provided further, that any resident of this territory, absent on his private business for two years, may hold his claim by paying five dollars annually to the treasury.

§ 3. No individual shall be allowed to hold a claim of more than one square mile, or six hundred and forty acres, in a square or oblong form, according to the natural situation of the premises. Nor shall any individual be allowed to hold more than one claim at the same time. Any person complying with the provisions of these ordinances, shall be entitled to the same recourse against trespass as in other cases by law provided.

§ 4. Partnerships of two or more persons shall be allowed to take up a tract of land not exceeding six hundred and forty acres to each person in said partnership, subject to all the provisions of the law; and whenever such partnership is dissolved, the members shall each record the particular parts of said tract as may be allotted to him: provided that no member of said partnership shall hold a separate claim at the time of the existence of said partnership.

§ 5. The boundary lines of all claims shall hereafter conform, as near as may be, to the cardinal points.

§ 6. The officers elected at the general election, held on the first Tuesday in June, 1845, shall be the officers to act under this Organic Law, and their official acts, so far, as they are in accordance with this compact, are hereby declared valid and legal.

§ 7. Amendments to this instrument may be proposed by the House of Representatives, two-thirds of the members concurring therein, which amendments shall be made public in all parts of Oregon, and be read at the polls at the next ensuing general election, and a concurrence of two-thirds of all the members elected at said election, may pass said amendments, and they shall become a part of this compact.

CERTIFICATE.

I, John E. Long, secretary of Oregon territory, do hereby certify, that the foregoing is a true and correct copy of the original law as passed by the representatives of the people of Oregon, on the fifth day of July, A. D., 1845, and submitted to the people on the twenty-sixth day of the same month, and by them adopted and now on file in my office.

JOHN E. LONG, *Secretary.*

N. B. At the December session, 1845, of the House of Representatives, two-thirds of the members concurring therein, the following amendments to the Organic Law were proposed, to wit: Strike out in the 4th section of said law, the words "or more." Also, to amend the land law so as to "permit claimants to hold six hundred acres in the prairie, and forty acres in the timber, though said tracts do not join."

AGRICULTURAL.

From the New York Farmer and Mechanic.

On the Hog.

MESSRS. FLEET & STARR.—At your request, I forward you an account of my mode of treating hogs.—I have on my farm an orchard, containing many choice fruit trees, bearing sweet apples. They were planted expressly for hogs, apples being the principal food on which they are fed during the season; sometimes, by way of change, they receive sour apples, always fed raw, at regular hours. The food is occasionally varied by adding garden refuse, such as cabbage leaves, cauliflower, &c., together with the slops from the house. Unless so fed, a more expensive animal can scarcely be kept, especially in a country where corn can be sold for from 62½ to 75 cents per bushel and other grain in proportion.—This luxury my hogs never partake of. If corn and apples were worth the same per bushel, I would feed apples in preference; the pork is sweeter, and fifty per cent whiter; it may loose a little in boiling; if it does, however, I have never noticed it. They are the most prolific animal we have, producing at a birth numbers varying from six to twelve twice in each year, if found desirable by the owner. In eleven years a single sow, averaging at each litter six pigs, will, in ten generations, produce six millions, four hundred and thirty-four thousand, eight hundred and thirty-eight pigs. Extend the calculation to the twelfth generation, and the result would be as great a number as all Europe could support, and to the sixteenth generation, the whole world would be overstocked.

When my sows are pregnant they are kept apart from other hogs, at the birth of the young pigs they are removed for a few hours from the dam, as they are in danger of being injured by her motions. She is fed judiciously for the first five days, after which she is allowed a full quantum of food three times each day, but never overfed. Her troughs are cleaned after each meal, and her pen daily, after which it is littered with fine broken straw.

The pigs are daily accustomed to feed on milk mixed with bean, and at the age of two months weaned. They are always kept in confinement, converting rubbish into manure. My second breed of pigs are sent to the New York market, and are sold to the packers as roasters.

The store hogs are wintered chiefly on sugar beets and carrots, occasionally boiled potatoes, and frequently charcoal dust, which keeps them in perfect health, their logs are often rubbed with a corn cob, to open the issues and cause the blood to circulate freely, otherwise stagnors may ensue. I fitted two hogs year before last entirely on sweet and sour apples, fed alternately. For three or four months they received no other food, except occasionally charcoal—water even was denied them. They weighed, when killed, two hundred and fifty pounds each; the whole hog was covered with a very thick layer of fat, perfectly white and firm; the skin was thin, and the pork pronounced by connoisseurs exceedingly fine and sweet. The hams were not inferior to Westphalia.

This last year, 1845, on the 1st of October, I confined sixteen hogs in an enclosure about sixty feet square, in one corner of which I place all my pumice, after having extracted the cider, and permitted the hogs three times each day to partake of it one hour, in which time they completely filled themselves to repletion. They were allowed no other food during October and November; the first week in December they were killed, and fatter animals I never saw. They were sold in New York for two cents per lb above the market price. I am, &c.,

R. L. P.

A Farmer's Life.

I wish I could use in all farmers a disposition to magnify their calling; but I have been grieved in many a farm house, to listen to lamentations over what they term their "hard lot." I have heard the residents upon a noble farm all paid for, talk about drudgery, and never having their work done, and few or no opportunities for their children; and I have especially been sorry to hear the females lament over the hard fate of some promising youth of seventeen or eighteen, who was admirably filling up his duties, and training himself for extensive usefulness and influence. They have made comparison between his situation, coarsely clad and working hard, and coming in fatigued with some college cousin, or young man who *clerked* it in a store, till at length the boy has become dissatisfied, and begged off from his true interest and happiness.

I am conversant with no truer scenes of enjoyment than I have witnessed in American farm houses, and even log cabins where the father under the influence of enlightened Christianity, and sound views of life, has gone with his family, as the world have turned it, into the woods. The land is his own, and he has every inducement to improve it; he finds a healthy employment for himself and family and is never at a loss for materials to occupy his mind. I do not think the physician had more occasion for research than the farmer—the proper food of vegetables and animals will alone constitute a wide and lasting field of investigation. The daily journal of a farmer is a source of much interest to himself and others. The record of his labors, the expression of his hopes, the nature of his fears, the opinions of his neighbors, the results of his experiments, the entire sum total of his operations, will prove a deep source of pleasure to any thinking man. If the establishment of agricultural societies, and the cattle shows of our country, should have the effect of stimulating one farmer in every town to manage his land and stock upon the best principles of husbandry, there would be a wonderful and speedy alteration in the products of the earth, because comparison would force itself upon his friends and neighbors; and his example would be certainly beneficial, for prejudice itself gives way to profit.—*Chaule's Address.*

The Hero woman.

A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION.

In a thick wood, and not more than half a mile from the Schuylkill, there stood, in the time of the revolution, a quaint old fabric, built of mingled logs and stone, and encircled by a palisaded wall. It had been erected in the earlier days of William Penn—perhaps some years before the great apostle of peace first trod our shores—as a block-house intended for defence against the Indians.

And now it stood with its numerous chimnies, its massive square windows, its varied front of logs and stone, its encircling wall through which admittance was gained by a large and stoutly built gate; it stood in the midst of the woods, with age-worn trees encircling its veteran outline on every side.

From its eastern windows you might obtain a glimpse of the Schuylkill waves, while a large casement in the southern front commanded a view of the winding road as it sank out of sight, under the shade of thickly clustered boughs, into a deep hollow, not more than a hundred yards from the mansion.

Here, from the southern casement, on one of those balmy days which look in upon the dreary autumn, towards the close of November, a farmer's daughter was gazing with dilated eyes and half clasped hands.

Well might she gaze earnestly to the south, and listen with painful intensity to the slightest sound! Her brothers were away in the army of Washington, and her father, a grim old veteran—he stood six feet three inches in his stockings—who had manifested his love for the red-coat invaders in many a desperate contest, had that morning left her alone in the old mansion,