

POETRY.

Little Children.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Spouting through the forest wide;
Playing by the water's side;
Wandering o'er the healthy fells;
Down within the woodland dells;

In the far isles of the main;
In the dower's lone domain;
In the savage mountain glen;
'Mong the tribes of swarthy men;

Where'er a foot hath gone,
Where'er the sun hath shone
On a league of peopled ground,
Little children may be found:

Blissings on them! they in me
Shew a kindly sympathy,
With their wishes, hopes, and fears;
With their laughter and their tears;

On the wide earth are ye known,
'Mid its labors and its cares,
'Mid its sufferings and its snare,
Free from sorrow, free from strife,

In the world of love and life,
Where no sinful thing hath trod,
In the presence of your God,
Spotless, blameless, glorified,

Little children, ye abide!

The Oregon Country.

The following commentary, by the Delegate to Congress from the Territory of Oregon, on an article which originally appeared in the Boston Courier, was written with an intention to forward it for publication in that paper. As it had, however, been transferred to the columns of this paper, the author has asked a place for it in our columns, which is cheerfully accorded to it.—Nat. Intelligencer.

To the Editor of the Boston Courier: Having examined the letter of your Oregon correspondent, dated "H. B. Company's Office, Columbia river, October 11th, 1849," and to which I referred in my note to your paper of December 1, 1849, I now proceed to make a few comments upon it, and leave the public to decide as to how much confidence can be placed in its statements.

Near the commencement of his letter he tells you that, having left his company at the Grand Round, he proceeded to the Dalles, the mission of the late Dr. Whitman. Here is a statement, in the very outset, false in substance, and calculated to deceive the public. The Dalles never was known as Dr. Whitman's mission. The missionary station known as Dr. Whitman's mission is situated at Wallapa, in the forks of the Walla Walla river, one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles beyond the Dalles.

He next proceeds to describe the horrors of a journey from the Grand Round to the Dalles. And, to catch the ear of your reader, he proceeds, amidst the fall of horses and the crash of mountains.—On one side is the frightful precipice, fifteen hundred feet perpendicular, while on the other the tops of the mountains are tumbling from almost insupportable elevations across his path.

Next in order he commences a racy denunciation of the country between Ft. Hall and the Dalles. The whole country between these points, with the exception of the Blue mountains and the Grand Round, he affirms to be "incapable of the least cultivation or improvement." For six hundred miles not a dozen trees or shrubs, he affirms, can be found sufficiently large to shelter the traveler.

Now, sir, I cannot stop to describe to you the country thus surveyed by that gentleman, but I might ask him what the houses and animals of that regiment lived on for six hundred miles, or more, or what he saw of the country for the last ten years have lived upon? What the thousands of horses owned by the Snake Indians, inhabiting the banks of the "rivers of Snake river," live upon? Whether he saw the cattle and horses owned at Fort Hall, which live and thrive during the winter without being housed or fed? Whether he saw the thousands of horses belonging to the Cayuse tribe, which thrive the year round, and every year, upon these "barren barren deserts," where nothing but artemisia grows, and which "is incapable of the least cultivation and improvement?" Whether he saw their own and own, or the thousands of horses owned by the Nez Percés, by the Walla Walla, and Spokan? Whether it is not a fact that Dr. Whitman and his fellow-travelers had taught the Cayuses, the Nez Percés, and Spokans the use of agriculture, to a very considerable extent? And whether these Indians do not use to have fields of corn, potatoes, wheat, barley, &c., cows, oxen, horses and sheep, and all tools that "barren desert," "incapable of the least improvement and cultivation," and not in the Grand Round or the Blue mountains either? I would ask him if it is not a fact well settled that that part of Oregon lying between the Blue and Cascade mountains, which we term "Middle Oregon," is one of the finest grazing countries in the world? And, finally, I would ask him what the language means, to be found in the 4th volume of Capt. Wilkes' Exploring Expedition, and uttered concerning a garden and crops at Wallapa, a station of country between the Blue mountains and the Dalles: "They have a fine kitchen garden, in which grow all the vegetables raised in the United States, and several kinds of fine melons. The wheat, some of which stood seven feet high, was in full head, and nearly ripe. Indian corn was in tassel, and some of it measured nine feet in height. They will reap this year about three hundred bushels of wheat, with a quantity of corn and potatoes." I will leave this part of his letter by assuring you and your readers that, while there is much barren country between the Rocky mountains and Fort Hall, but less, yet considerable, between Ft. Hall and the Blue mountains, and still less between the Blue mountains and the Dalles, your correspondent's denunciations concerning that part of Oregon are at once ridiculously extravagant, grossly untrue, and entitled to no consideration whatever.

Your correspondent next gives a description of the Dalles of the Columbia river, in which the same ignorance or disregard of truth presents itself. Indeed, his pen appears to have been dipped in falsehood, which leaves its impress upon almost every line. He says, "the Columbia river here, for some three or four miles, passes through a basaltic channel," &c. That is all well enough, in part only.—But he proceeds: "At the head of the Dalles, where the whole mass of the Columbia's waters issue, the width is not over twenty or thirty feet." This is just about as extravagant as the description of his perilous path from the Grand Round to the Dalles, and just about as near the truth as his declarations concerning the country between Fort Hall and the Dalles. For one moment, just think of all the waters of that mighty river passing through a pass in the rocks of twenty feet. But, as you show its falsity, I copy from Capt. Wilkes' Exploring Expedition, vol. 4, p. 384, where he says: "The Dalles is one of the most remarkable places upon the Columbia. The river is here compressed into a narrow channel three hundred feet wide and a half a mile long." "Besides the main channel, there are four or five other small channels through which the water passes when the river is high; there are but a few feet across. The river falls about thirty feet, a distance of two miles, and the greatest rise between high and low water mark is sixty-two feet. The great rise is caused by the accumulation of water in the river above, which is dammed by the narrow pass, and is constantly increasing, until it backs the water and overflows many low grounds and islands above." This quotation from one of the most eminent of American explorers, I apprehend, defines the position of your correspondent as to truth in this particular. But let us proceed.

He comes next to the Cascade mountains, and is led to exclaim "This region will never become settled," and why? Because "between it and ocean communication the Cascade mountains lift their heads to a height that forbids all land intercourse. The river navigation is nothing, as the Cascades are an obstruction that cannot be removed. They are forty-five miles below here, (the Dalles), and extend nearly five miles. Every article must be carried over this portage by hand.—There was formerly a wagon road, but it has become filled up by the trees and rocks constantly falling from the cliffs that hang over it."

Now, Messrs. Editors, note that he first asserts the Cascade mountains "forbid all land intercourse," and at the next breath tells you there was once a wagon road between these same regions. And all that hinders wagon communication now is the rocks and trees which have fallen into it. Now, sir, this man must bear poor apology for a Yankee, to suppose these rocks and trees cannot be removed from this wagon road. He tells you every article must be carried over this portage by hand, excluding the possibility that the old road can ever be reopened, or that a communication can ever be found between the Willamette valley and Middle Oregon, through any other pass in the Cascade mountains. It seems he had surveyed the whole range of mountains, and become sufficiently informed to make the sweeping assertion that all Oregon lying between the Cascade and Blue mountains never could be settled, because no communication could be had between that region and the ocean, by means of those mountains and the Cascades. Yet, he did not fall upon Capt. Barlow's road over the Cascade mountains, along the foot of Mount Hood, over which a thousand wagons have passed, and over which I drove five yoke of oxen in 1847, drawing twenty hundred, without a single accident. And this is not the wagon road which your correspondent so liberally mentioned either, but a better and a different one.

Besides these two land communications, there is a good pass over these same mountains from Nisqually to Walla Walla, and another one through the same range far south of Mount Hood, and still another, called the southern route, leading through the celebrated Canon, to say nothing about other passes which time and the necessary observations will discover. The Cascade, he tells you, "is nearly five miles," while the language of Capt. Wilkes concerning the same place, is as follows: "Speaking of the Cascades the captain says: 'This is the head of ship navigation, where the river turns northward, and for upwards of two miles, comparatively narrow, four hundred and fifty yards wide. It falls in that distance about forty feet, &c. In this, too, the accuracy of your correspondent is again defined. He makes the Cascade five miles, Capt. Wilkes two, or a little more. And you will perceive that the fall in these five miles is about forty feet, which certainly would lead one to suppose that a road was impossible to be constructed here. And at a personal interview with Capt. Wilkes on this subject, he assures me that there is no insurmountable barrier to the construction of a railroad, even from the Dalles down the Columbia, by the Cascades, and thence to Puget's Sound.—And this is a fact well known to the people of Oregon.—Now, sir, what credit should the public give your correspondent as to other parts of his letter,

when the falsity of his statements appears so plainly in all these points I have mentioned? The writer betrays himself when he says, in the same section, being about to leave the Cascade, "It was the first time I had a clear view—the whole country lying between the Blue mountains and the Dalles, I saw as if it were all one plain." By his own confession, if so, he had been perfectly unable to judge of the country from the Grand Round to the Dalles, because he could not see for the smoke that enveloped it. But so thick an atmosphere, which is always dense at that season of the year, I can understand his mental vision was enveloped by a much thicker smoke denser. But I will leave this part of his letter.

Now, Messrs. Editors, I wish you to understand that your correspondent, at the time he wrote, had seen no part of the settlements of Oregon, except what he saw going from Vancouver to Cape Disappointment, and back—not one-twentieth part of the same. He evidently was not on the Clatsop Plains, as he says nothing of them, consequently he was no portion of the community who pretend to be farming their business. The very few people that inhabit the banks of the Columbia, from Vancouver to the mouth of the river, Clatsop excepted, are mostly lumbering and do not pretend to turn their attention to agriculture, with the exception of some little gardening. He had, therefore, seen none of the agriculturists, and comparatively none of the people. Yet he makes bold to say, "Every man has either been to the mines or sent one of the family." Agriculture has been entirely abandoned. The finest farms here have not raised fifty dollars worth of produce," &c. Now, sir, I beg leave to say, that all these statements are as false as filthy mud. The larger portion of our male population, above 18 years, have been to the mines, but that every man has been, or sent one of the family, is altogether untrue. And that "agriculture has been entirely abandoned" is still more false. On the other hand, it is true that, amidst all the excitement, there was produced enough raised and harvested in Oregon, in the summer of 1849, to feed the population the coming year. The assertion that no farm in Oregon has produced fifty dollars worth of produce will be properly appreciated when I tell you that the wheat fields in Oregon this last season, averaged from five to fifty acres, which would yield on an average twenty-five or thirty bushels to the acre. Now, when he tells you that four is worth \$14 per barrel, perhaps he can estimate whether any of these fields would produce fifty dollars worth or not. You may rest assured that those fields, in most instances, were harvested. Now, sir, five bushels of Oregon wheat will make a barrel of first-rate flour, and pay for grinding and packing besides. I know Jacob Spores, of Linn county, had fifty acres of wheat last summer which, to say the least, would yield 25 bushels to the acre. That wheat was all harvested. It would yield, at five bushels per acre, 1250 barrels of flour. This, at \$14 per barrel, would be worth \$3,500. Now, however poor 50 acre to 3,500, so near your correspondent came to telling the truth.

The next fact worthy of notice is a slander on Gov. Lane. Speaking of his message, he tells you that "Gov. Lane, (as he had learned) had no right to deliver his message, and this fact he (Gov. L.) was not aware of till after the Legislature had been in session some days." This assertion is calculated to prevent Gov. L. in no evitable light, but it is untrue. The law authorizing the Territorial Government said nothing about the Governor's communicating by message with the Legislature. It neither enjoined upon the Governor this duty, nor prohibited it. It was thought to be a probable oversight in the law; and inasmuch as it was a custom coeval with the existence of our States and Territories, Gov. Lane thought it an advisable course to communicate by message, and acted accordingly. But that the public opinion was well understood by him, and had been frequently talked of by him, long before the assembling of the Legislature, is true to my own knowledge.

Your correspondent next proceeds to say, "I have been sadly disappointed in the character of the people of this new country. I expected to find an active, industrious and thrifty class, but as a general fact the reverse is the case. They all seem to settle down on anticipation," &c. I know not how to treat this slender better than to remind your readers that the slanderer's credibility for veracity should be judged by the correctness of his statements above commented upon. But it is certainly due to myself, to the good people of Oregon, who have entrusted me with their interests, and to the cause of truth itself, to brand these assertions with unequivocal falsehood. A man industrious, more enterprising, active, and thrifty class of people, as a body, cannot be found within the whole compass of the States, than are to be found in Oregon. The people of Oregon, for steady habits, for their high moral tone that prevails in community there, for their general intelligence, and natural capacities to understand, for their courage and hardihood, for their love of liberty, of our republican institutions, and their constant and ardent devotion to the Republic and the unity of the Union, will proudly compare with a few nations, taken as they come, in any section of the United States elsewhere. And being so, I assure you they will look with becoming contempt upon the slanders of a hired Jew, writing from a British fort, excited by the fumes of British wine, and most probably impelled by the "thirty pieces of silver."

He next takes you to the bar of the Columbia river, and tells you, "There is an immense sand bar stretching entirely across the mouth excepting about a quarter of a mile." Now, Capt. Wilkes' chart of the mouth of that river will show that your correspondent's quarter is in fact over three quarters. Consequently he lies the truth in this case as nearly as I is to 3 and a fraction! Which is better than he has usually done. But, to set the mouth of that river all right, here is a letter from one of the most successful navigators on the Pacific coast:

PORTLAND, August 3, 1849.

DEAR SIR: Your request of recent date reached me, asking a simple statement of facts regarding the safety and practicability of entering and navigating the Columbia and Willamette rivers. In answer I will just say that during the last four years I have been sailing (most of the time master of different vessels) from Oregon to the Sandwich Islands and California, also have acted as pilot of vessels owned or chartered by myself; during which time I have steered my own pilot, and have crossed the bar of the Columbia thirty-five times, and in each month of the year, and, since my first voyage, have never been detained over three days at any one time for a vessel to get out or come in; neither do I believe there was ever three days in succession when a vessel could not get across in safety. My first voyage, I was detained forty-five days in Baker's Bay for a chance (no I then thought) to come or get out to sea, during which time, I now believe, there was not three days at any one time that I might not have gone out, and doubtless gone had I been alone. But one of the Hudson Bay Company's ships was there, and the captain said he thought it unsafe to go; and, being a stranger, I of course believed him for a time, until getting discouraged by delay, I set about surveying the channels, not off currents, &c., and then went out ahead, and much against the will of the Hudson Bay Company's captain. Since that time I have gone out and come in under almost every circumstance. I have bent out and in, tack for tack, with the wind dead ahead—I have come in at midnight and in thick foggy weather, and never found less than five fathoms

water on the bar of the Columbia. I also believe the vessels lost here were lost carelessly or purposefully; and further, I believe the Columbia as easy of access as the harbor of New York. After crossing the bar it is one of the most easy rivers navigated I have been in; it affords a good beating channel, with not less than three fathoms water as far up as the mouth of the Willamette, and the latter river never less than twelve feet water. I have been surprised that our United States Government have had no idea of these rivers, from their having located the Custom House and Distributing Post Office at Astoria. Now, were I obliged to discharge my cargo at Astoria, I would not submit to it. I would as lief be in the middle of Delaware Bay, and be compelled to land my cargo; the vessel and cargo would be both exposed to an open roadstead, and be liable to be lost. If the channels of the above rivers were regularly surveyed, buoyed out, with the advantage of good and experienced pilots, I believe those to be the best rivers for navigation I have ever seen up to Portland, a distance of 120 miles; this place being the lower part of the principal settlements in the Territory, and the head of navigation for shipping.

I have no doubt, from the increase of trade and the situation of the country, that these rivers will, before the expiration of many years, be fairly known, and steamers being of great advantage, in towing in and out vessels during calm and contrary winds, enterprise and trade will be set upon as fast a footing here as in any part of the world.

Respectfully, your obedient servant, NATHL. CROSBY, JR. Hon. S. R. Thurston, Dele. in Cong. U. S. from Oregon Territory.

This letter, you will perceive, scatters in the four winds the frothy declarations of your correspondent, concerning the Columbia river, all of which are either absolutely untrue or grossly exaggerated. Capt. Roberts, who he says was at Baker's Bay, came over the bar while I was at the mouth of the river. He had in view that he against wind and tide. The French vessel "Morning Star," he also tells you was wrecked on the bar. I happen to know better. This vessel undertook to come in without a pilot, and struck, but was got off soon after, and was lying at Portland, 120 miles up, when I came down the river. The "Silver de Grasse" was lodged while I was at Astoria, through sheer carelessness, by allowing her to go far out of the channel, with a rest of rocks between her and the channel. In running her over this reef to the channel, she struck, and the big galley down she was left on the rocks, and the great weight of her load, some 100,000 feet of lumber, broke her back, as she struck near "sand tip." She was not owned in New York, but by W. H. Gray, Esq., of Oregon, and two gentlemen of California. They paid \$20,000 for her. How is some more of your correspondent's correctness?

Here, Mr. Editor, I will close my strictures upon your correspondent's letter. I have noticed things which appear of but little moment, and not worthy of my notice. But it has been my design, in all these points to show how far he is off the truth, in order to impress the public mind of the importance of placing any reliance upon what he has said, not only against, but for Oregon. It is well known to me, and I believe to you, that I have never been able to write concerning that of which I know nothing, and that too in positive language, as though I was well informed. If he has been led into these errors through ignorance or misapprehension, I feel fully, if he has been hired, as I more than suspect, to traduce the country, in order to prevent its settlement, and prolong the tyrannical existence of the existing Hudson's Bay Company, then he is a second Benedict Arnold, and should be treated accordingly.

I am, sir, yours truly, &c. SAMUEL R. THURSTON.

NEW GOODS. JUST received per brig Segon. Broadcloths, Tea, coffee, pepper, Casimires, Cottons, Cambrics, Wallas, rams, Fine shirts, Rices, satinettes, Cashmere and Woollen shawls, Tinsware, assorted, Small iron, lead, Glass, nails, Linen hdk's, Door mats, Luceys, Carpenter's tool chest, Artificial flowers, China dressing cases, Extra chewing tobacco, Ladies scarfs, Nests, wooden toys, White blankets, Patent pills, &c., &c. Also per bark John Potter, 177 bags Liverpool salt, 24 bags fine salt. S. M. HOLLIDAY, Oregon City, Feb. 7, '50.

FOR SALE, at the Brick Store, Oregon City. Broadcloths, Blankets, Casimires, Linen & cotton thread, Vestings, Sugar, coffee, tea, Kentucky jeans, Wallas, dates, Ready made clothing, Tobacco, shot Gambroons, Glass, nails, Marino, alpaca, Medicines, Lingerie, Hats, hatters, hammers, Hajege dress patterns, Lamps, lanterns, Gingham, lawns, Candlesticks, Muslins, prints, Buttons, serives, Wadding, linen, Pocket knives, Linen, silk & cotton hdk's, Knives and forks, Basket and plaid shawls, Files, rasps, Bleached and brown sheet, Pins, needles, ings and shirrings, Locks, latches, Striped shirrings, Shovels, spades, Bleached, brown and blue Looking glasses, drills, Umbrellas, parasols, Bed ticking, Bagging, &c., &c. Canton flannels. GEO. ABERNETHY & CO. Oregon City, March 7, 1850.—11

JUST RECEIVED direct from the east, per brig John Petty, a choice assortment of Holloware, Cut and wrought nails of all sizes, Stoneware, all sizes, Tinware, Soap, Powder, Shot, Lead, Chalk, Window glass, Candle wick, Also, per Toulon, Tea, Coffee, Fire crackers, &c. &c. Sugar, Specie. R. CAUFIELD, Oregon City, Nov. 15, 1849.

Notice to Shipowners & Merchants. THE undersigned, having been appointed agent for the disposal of lumber manufactured at Oregon City, Clatskanie and Milwaukie, seven miles from Oregon City, the present head of navigation of the Willamette, and will be ready at all times to contract for shipping or sale by the cargo or retail, assorted lumber, square timber, shingles, &c., &c. He is also an agent for a line of vessels running between San Francisco, California, and this place. Vessels will be loaded with great dispatch, as the cargo can be taken from the wharf shore or rails. L. W. WHITCOMB, Milwaukie, Oregon, Feb. 1, 1850.