

OREGON SPECTATOR.

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"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way."

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Oregon City, (O. T.) Thursday, January 23, 1851.

POETRY.

A Theme for Thirty Days.

BY THE THIRTEENTH.
Lieutenant De Oray was anxious about his child,
When roving alone mid forests in the western wild;
And as the twilight eve began to appear,
His looks showed symptoms of parental fear.
He started with a hand in search of his charge,
Examining all paths ways thro' the forests large.
At length the midnight home arrived—
They then still another plan contrived.
The anxious Father laborer'd, returned home,
Thinking of the dangers thro' his sports to roam.

BY THE FOURTEENTH.
Flowers guided her foot to her cot beneath
The hill,
Then, with her mother's aid, and Lorenna lifeless
Still,
They pulled him in their cot on a soft and easy bed,
Brushing the curls from his brow, chafed his dropping
head,
Slowly his breathing commenced again, his heart
began to beat,
Gently as the evening zephyrs at twilight often
meet.
Florella watched him, and with more than Anna's
care!
And as he breathed more freely, she raised to
heaven a prayer—
A prayer for him who was sleeping before her eyes,
And the smiling features would play where affec-
tion lies.

BY THE FIFTEENTH.
After a refreshing slumber, he awoke, and opening
his eyes,
Gazed round the room with more than wild surprise,
Florella, with an enchanting smile, looked on him;
And smiled—a smile that angels smile with holy kin-
dness,
"Fair one," cried he, "where, how wild I see!"
"Why, with dove-like eyes, do you gaze on me?"
"I was in my boat on the cataraet's brink,
Soon to be dash'd below and unremember'd sink."
"Was it all a dream?" for I am still alive!
Yes, I was saved—who could that plan contrive?"

BY THE SIXTEENTH.
The Clatsop Total Abstinence Society held its quarterly meeting on the 4th inst.

Among the proceedings of the Society it was thought best to prepare a petition to the Legislature—a council on the subject of enforcing the laws of the United States respecting the introduction, manufacture, and sale of liquor in this Territory.

The petition adopted and circulated is as follows:
To the Honorable Council and House of Representatives:

The undersigned citizens of Oregon, pray your honorable body to pass a law enforcing the laws of the United States which prohibit the introduction, manufacture, and sale of intoxicating liquors in this Territory.

We ask for the passage of such a law to protect ourselves and fellow citizens from the baneful and wretched influence of this fell destroyer.

It is acknowledged by every candid man, and proved beyond a doubt by the example of every drunkard, to be not only useless, but an article producing the greatest of evils,—such as poverty, misery, crime, disease and death.

Our statute books are honored with a law prohibiting gaming, punishing the duelist, the kidnapper, the oppressive judge and highway robber; crimes which your petitioners feel afraid to not, never have, and never will produce as much evil as the one we ask you to protect us against.

We pray you in the name of humanity, for the honor and happiness of our common country, and in view of the untold evils that have already, and will most assuredly result from permitting the licensing this evil. To pass laws enforcing those of Congress to prohibit it, and to protect the helpless infant, the defenceless mother, the exposed father from its destructive influence.

On motion, Resolved, That a short address to the citizens of Oregon be prepared and forwarded to the several papers for publication.

Several resolutions were presented and sustained by appropriate remarks. The society has 40 male and 23 female names attached to its pledge; 40 of whom have not been connected with any previous society or pledge to total abstinence.

For want of time I must defer copying further particulars of this meeting, and request that you publish as much as you think will be of interest to the citizens of Oregon on this subject. I have copied a little more of the proceedings for the Oregonian—but have not time to send them the address as I expected.

expended by our fellow-citizens for this article while in the mines of California? and what, we would ask, is the beneficial result of all this expenditure? Has it enabled us to make our own, or our neighbor's family more comfortable? Is our own or our neighbor's home more agreeable, or farm more productive? If it has, let us continue to use and encourage its introduction and sale in this Territory. But if not, let us by the voice of this free people show that we are free indeed. We feel assured, that as long as Legislators, chosen by the people, and of high standing in society, continue to license this traffic, just so long it will tend to shield this horrible sin from public odium, and perpetuate it by presenting for it a legal justification. And just so long as men lay in any just claim to morality and respectability, maintaining the right to sell ardent spirits, it will be considered moral and respectable to use them.

We will be free! We will protect ourselves from its baneful influence, and banish it from our adopted country. At least, if it must be had by any one, they must procure it at the risk of violating a good and wholesome law. We, as citizens, will not run the risk of leaving our children the wretched inheritance (poverty, misery and shame), of a drunkard father by countenancing its manufacture or sale in any manner or form.

Come up then, fellow-citizens, to our help, and let us pray our Legislature to relieve, protect, and forever shield us from this scourge of our species. By the wise acts of our Legislators, we are protected on life, limb and property. They protect us from gaming, dueling, and other minor offences too numerous to mention; crimes that do not in any country produce as much suffering as are produced by this one article; this grim monster protected upon his iron throne by Legislature. Shall we permit or countenance in any manner this criminal making business? No!

It is not well known that our Legislators spend three-fourths of their time in preparing laws to punish criminals, and license the business that makes them?—Shall we even be permitted to speak of the gallows, chain, the gibbets, the almshouse, the dungeons, and the penitentiaries, to whose raving heights and hungry walls, the makers and venders of this poison are but the recruiting sergeants.

Time will not permit us to speak of the fields turned to waste—of homes deserted—of hearths desolated—and hope forever dashed towards rising generations.

Shall the sale of ardent spirits as a drink be treated in Legislation as a virtue or a vice? In the discussion of this question, to a great extent, hangs the endless destiny of countless millions.

A MODEL LOVE LETTER.—The following admirable hit at those love-sick swains who indulge in an extravagant prodigality of loaned words and hyperbolic phrases, when addressing their dulcineas, we take from the Aberdeen (Miss.) Independent. Such a rich piece of satire ought to be preserved:

April 1, 1850.
Most transcendent and egregious Miss—would that my pen were plucked from the wing of an angel, and dipped in the dyes of a rainbow; then might I expect to paint the burning brightness of that flame which thy thrilling eloquence has kindled. Then sun-beam of sentiment—soft moonlight of modesty—thy voice is as gentle as the first stirring of an infant's dream—thy step light as the silken footed zephyr which fanned with the wings of perfume the new born paradise—thine eyes are two brilliant, stolen from a seraph's crown—thy lips are like ripen rose-buds, moistened by the honey dew of affection—thy teeth are snow-flakes set in a bed of verbenas—thy words are like drops of amber. Sweet spirit of camphor—double essence of homoeopathy—sour knot of my hopes—source of my thoughts butter-milk cat-soup of fancy—tiger lily of innocence—logwood of perfection—thou art the julep of my dreams—ginger-pop of my waking visions—and cherry-bounce and Adam's Ale of my recollection. Thou art as barbaless as a tiger—handsome as an elephant—melodious as a lion—meek as the hyena—spotted as James' black hounds—bright as the struggling ray of shimmering, sneezing sunlight, passing the mortal cracks of a barn-loft, or a greased streak of blue lightning churned to consistency in the milky-way and peppered with a shower of turnip tops, comets and person nuts from the crust of eternity. Thou onion of my soul—pickled pumpkin of my hope—preserved crab of the garden Hesperide. Thy glance is as melting as old butter in summer time—thou art a drop of water from the cup of the gods, or the juice of a rotten pine-apple.

LAND FOR KOSSUTH.—The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer says that a gentleman of that city has offered, that if Kossuth will select New York as his place of residence and exile, he will give him a deed for one hundred acres of beautiful land in the vicinity of that city. It is probable (says the writer) that the brave Magyar will accept, and before long be among us.

Companies are forming to go to the Klansath gold mines.—Oregon Spectator.

From the New York Sunday Times

A ROMANCE OF THE BLACKWOODS OR, AN INCIDENT IN ARKANSAS LIFE. I shall never forget my first vision of Will Denton. It was in the court-house at Little Rock, Arkansas, in the summer of 1833. The occasion itself possessed a terrible interest, well calculated to fix in the memory all its circumstances. A vast concourse of spectators had assembled to witness the trial of a young and very beautiful girl on an indictment for murder. The judge waited at the moment for the sheriff to bring in his prisoner, and the eyes of the impatient multitude eagerly watched the door for the expected advent, when suddenly a stranger entered, whose remarkable appearance riveted universal attention. Here in his portrait, done as accurately as pen can sketch it—

A figure tall, lean, sinewy, and straight as an arrow; a brow massive, soaring and smooth as polished marble, intersected by a large blue vein forked like the tongue of a serpent; eyes reddish yellow, resembling a wrathful eagle's—as brilliant, as fearfully piercing; and finally, a mouth slight, cold and sneering—the living embodiment of unbreathed surmise! He was habited in leather, ornamented, after the fashion of Indian costume, with beads of every color in the rainbow.

Blowing his way proudly and slowly through the throng, and seemingly altogether unconscious that he was regarded as a phenomenon that needed explanation. The singular being advanced, and, with the haughty air of a king taking his throne, seated himself within the bar, crowded as it was with the disciples of Coke and Blackstone, several of whom, it was known, esteemed themselves far superior to those old and famous masters.

The contrast between the disdainful countenance and outlandish garb of the stranger excited especially the risibility of the lawyers, and the junior members began a suppressed titter, which soon grew louder and swept around the circle. They doubtless supposed the intruder to be some wild hunter of the mountains, who had never before seen the interior of a hall of justice.

Instantly the cause and object of the laughter perceived it. Turning his head gradually, so as to give each laugher a look of infinite scorn, he ejaculated the single word—"Savage!"

No pen can describe the unspeakable malice, the defiant force which he threw into that term; no language can express the infernal scorn of the moment. It hardly exceeded a whisper. But he accentuated every letter as if it were a separate emission of fire that scorched his quivering lips, laying horrible emphasis on the *s*, both at the beginning and end of the word "savages!"

It was a mixed sound, intermediate between the growl of a red tiger and the hiss of a rattlesnake—"Savages!" It cured every body of a disposition to laugh.

The general gaze, however, was then diverted by the advent of the fair prisoner, who came in surrounded by her guard. The apparition was enough to drive even a cynic mad, for hers was a style of beauty to bewilder the tamest imagination and melt the coldest heart, leaving in both imagination and heart a gleaming picture, enameled with fire and fixed in a frame of gold from the stars. It was the spell of an enchantment to be felt as well as seen. You might feel it in the flashes of her countenance, clear as sunlight, brilliant as the iris; in the classic contour of her features, symmetrical as if cut with an artist's chisel; in her hair of rich ringlets, flowing without a braid, softer than silk, finer than gossamer; in her eyes, blue as the heaven of southern summer, large, liquid, dreamy; in her motions, graceful, swimming, like the gentle waftures of a bird's wing in the sunny air; in her figure, slight, ethereal—a sylph's or a seraph's; and more than all, in the everlasting smile of the rosy lips, so frank, so serene, so like starlight, and yet thrilling the soul as a shock of electricity.

As the unfortunate girl, so tastefully dressed, so incomparable as to personal charms, calmly took her place before the bar of her judge, a murmur of admiration arose from the multitude, which the prompt interposition of the court could scarcely repress from swelling into deafening cheers. The murmur was followed by a loud, unearthly groan from a solitary bosom, as if some one in mortal anguish. All eyes were centered on the stranger, and all were struck with surprise and wonder, for his features writhed as if in torture—torture that his rain of tears could not assuage. But what could be the cause of his sudden emotion?—Could any connection exist between him, the apparently rude hunter, and that fairy girl, more beautiful than a blossom of summer, and in countenance celestial as a star?

The judge turned to the prisoner—Emma Greenleaf, the court has been informed that your counsel, Col. Linton, is sick, and cannot attend. Have you employed any other?

She answered in a voice sweet as the warble of the nightingale, and clear as the song of the skylark: "My enemies have bribed all the lawyers, even my own, to be sick! but God will defend the innocent!"

At this response, so touching in its simplicity, a portion of the auditors burst into applause, and the rest wept. On the instant, however, the leather robed stranger, whose aspect had previously excited so much merriment, approached the prisoner, and whispered something in her ear. She bounded several inches from the floor, uttered a wild shriek, and then stood pale and trembling, as if in the presence of a ghost from the grave. All, now could perceive that there must be some mysterious connection between the two, and the scene assumed the profound interest of a genuine romance. The stranger addressed the court in accents sonorous as the tone of an organ:

"May it please your honor, I will defend the legal rights of the lady."
"What?" exclaimed the astonished judge, "have you a license attorney?"
"The question is immaterial and irrelevant," replied the stranger, with a sneer, "as your statute entitles any person to act as counsel at the request of a party."
"But does the prisoner request it?" asked the judge.
"Let her speak for herself," said the stranger.
"I do," was the answer, as a long drawn sigh escaped that seemed to rend her very heart-strings.
"What is your name, as it must be placed on the record?" interrogated the judge.
"Will Denton," said the stranger. We will briefly epitomize the substance of the evidence. About twelve months previously the defendant had arrived in the town and opened an establishment of millinery. Residing in a small room back of her shop, and all alone, she prepared the various articles of her trade with unwearied toil and consummate taste. Her habits were secluded, modest, and retiring; and hence she might have hoped to escape notoriety, but for the perilous gift of that extraordinary beauty, which too often, and to the poor and friendless always, proves a curse. She was soon sought after by those gay fire-flies of fashion, the business of whom life, every where, is seduction and ruin. But the beautiful stranger rejected them all alike with unutterable scorn and loathing.

Among those disappointed admirers was one of a character from which the fair milliner had everything to fear. Hiram Shore belonged to a family at once opulent, influential, and distinguished. He was himself a gentleman, brave, and revengeful, and generally known that he had made advances to win the favor of the lovely Emma, and he had shared the fate of all her other wooers—a disdainful repulse.

At nine o'clock on Christmas night, 1833, the people of Little Rock were startled by a loud scream, as if some one in mortal terror; while following that, with hardly an interval, came successive reports of fire-arms—one, two, three—a dozen deafening explosions. They flew to the shop of the milliner, whence the sound emanated, and pushed back the unfastened door. A dreadful scene was presented. There she stood in the centre of the room, with a revolver in each hand, every barrel discharged, her features pale, her eyes flashing wildly, and her lips parted with an awful smile! And there at her feet, weltering in his warm blood, literally riddled with shot, lay the all-dreaded duelist, Hiram Shore, gasping in the last agony. He articulated but a single sentence:

"Tell my mother that I am dead and gone to hell!"—and instantly expired.

"In God's name, who did this?" exclaimed the appalled spectators.
"I did it," said the beautiful milliner, in her sweet, silvery accents. "I did it to save my honor!"

Such a brief abstract of the essential circumstances, as developed in the examination of witnesses. The testimony closed and the pleadings began.

First of all, Fowler, Pike, and Ashley, spoke in succession for the prosecution. They about equally partitioned their eloquence between the prisoner and her advocate, covering the latter with such sarcastic wit, rally and ridicule, as made it a matter of doubt whether he or his client was the party then on trial. As to Denton, however, he seemed to pay not the slightest attention to his opponents, but remained motionless, with his forehead bared on his hands, like one buried in deep thought or in slumber.

When his time came, however, he suddenly sprang to his feet, crossed the bar, and took a position almost touching the forehead of the jury. He then commenced in a whisper, but in a whisper so wild, ringing, peculiar, and indescribably distinct as to fill the hall from the floor to galleries.

At the outset he dealt in pure logic, analyzing and combining the proven facts, till the whole mass of confused evidence looked transparent as a globe of crystal, through which the innocence of his client shone luminous as a sunbeam, while the jurors nodded to each other signs of thorough conviction. That thrilling whisper, and concentrated argument, and language simple as a child's, had satisfied the demands of the intellect, and this, too, in only twenty minutes. It was like the work of a mathematical demonstration.

He then changed his posture so as to sweep the bar with his glance, and, like

the raging lion, rushed upon his adversaries, tearing and rending their sophistries into atoms. His sallow face glowed like red hot iron, the forked blue vein swelled and writhed on his brow, his eyes resembled live coals, and his voice was the clangor of a trumpet. I have never, before or since, listened to such appalling denunciation. It was like Jove's eagle charging a flock of crows. It was like Jove himself hurling thunderbolts in the shuddering eyes of inferior gods. And yet in the highest tempest of his fury he seemed wonderfully calm. He employed no gesture save one—the flash of a long, bony fore-finger directly at the pallid faces of his legal foes. He painted their venality and unmanly baseness in coloring for money to crush a friendless female, till a shout of stifled wrath burst from the multitude, and some of the sworn panel cried—"Shame!" And thus the orator had carried another point—had aroused a perfect storm of indignation against the prosecutors—and this, also, in twenty minutes!

He changed his theme once more. His voice grew mournful as a funeral dirge and his eyes filled with tears, as he traced a vivid picture of man's cruelties and woman's wrongs, with special applications in the case of his client, till half the audience wept like children.

But it was in the peroration that he reached the zenith both of terror and sublimity. His features were livid as those of a corpse; his very hair seemed to stand on end; his nerves shook as with a palsy; he tossed his hands wildly towards heaven, each finger spread apart and quivering like the flame of a candle, as he closed with the last words of the deceased Hiram Shore—"Tell my mother I am dead and gone to hell!" His emphasis on the word *hell* embodied the elements of all horror. It was a wail of immeasurable despair—a wild howl of infinite torture. No language can depict its effects on all who heard it. Men groaned, women shrieked, and one poor mother was borne away in convulsions. The entire speech occupied but an hour.

The jury rendered a verdict of—"not guilty"—without leaving the box, and three tremendous cheers, like successive roars of an earthquake, shook the courthouse from dome to corner-stone, testifying the joy of the people. At the same moment the beautiful milliner bounded to her feet and clasped the triumphant advocate in her arms, exclaiming—"Oh, my husband! my dear husband!"

Denton smiled, seized her hand, whispered a word in her ear and the two left the bar together, proceeded to the landing, and embarked on a steamboat bound for New Orleans. It seems that they had previously parted on account of his causeless jealousy, after which she had assumed a false name and came to Little Rock. How he learned her danger, I could never ascertain.

They returned to Texas. The husband was a colonel in the revolution, and escaped its perils only to fall the next year in a terrible fight with the Comanches. A new county in the cross-timbers, a county of wild woods romantic as his own eloquence, and of sun-bright prairie beautiful as his own Emma's sweet face, commemorates his name—the name of a transcendent star that set too soon, which else had been the first luminary in the political sky of Texas, if not in the circle of the whole Union, for he was nature's Demosthenes of the western woods!

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.—Quite a rich affair came off at Mr. Coombs Daguerrean Rooms yesterday. Mr. C. has a beautiful and accomplished lady who assists him in business, and is really the handsomest picture in his collection. A gentleman called there on Monday to have a likeness taken, and, without the least conversation, became quite enamored. He departed, however, without declaring his passion, thinking that "absence might conquer love," but all to no purpose. Each succeeding minute and hour only added fuel to the flame, until he could bear it no longer. Her image was graven on his heart—her form flitted before his vision, sleeping or waking, and he nerved himself for a bold stroke. Again, on yesterday, he returned, and fearing that, like many another lover, his heart might get into his throat and choke him, he had prepared a note, in which he poured forth his feelings to his "dear girl," which he delivered in *propria persona* to her. The utter astonishment of the lady was only exceeded by her amusement at its contents. The poor *hombre* was ignorant she was a married woman already, or he would not have put himself to all the trouble he had with her.—[San Francisco Courier.

CONSOLIDATION OF PHILADELPHIA.—A large meeting of the citizens of Philadelphia has been held, presided over by the ex-Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Meredith, at which resolutions were adopted, declaring it to be the duty of the Pennsylvania Legislature to pass a law incorporating Philadelphia with enlarged boundaries, which shall include the nine municipalities and suburban districts, or the whole of Philadelphia county, in a single city, with a suitable frame of government.

A company of some ten persons contemplate starting from Oregon City for the States about the first of March.

Next to the importance of California, those of Oregon are the most important part of our own, or indeed of any other nation existing and to exist in the two states of the Pacific. California is a State, but far exceeding in population and importance what any other State to the honor and benefit of the country, though for a time in a measure, by her younger sister, California, and her resources, and her sudden wealth gained by her community in the course of the world, yet a state, and upon her partiality, and with the current of the stream, she will be in her own country.

The gold mine has been discovered in her people. Already have we seen who abandoned her soil, her homes and fields and possessions, and certainly in the pleasure of California, they made their country, and that have returned to their homes, some richer and all wiser.

will be in her own country. The tide has turned in her favor, which was for a time, already working out for her, what perhaps might not have been even attempted for years, not California opening up to the full brain and great heart of Occasion and the American.

The western emigration to California has had its effect upon our neighbors, and has brought broader fields to California. Many of our have gone there to build up homes and industries. Our established business relations in trade and commerce, must be productive of vast benefits. Some have entered a prospective business in the west, and others which they feel confident upon up there as if by magic, are they becoming acquainted with the city by a regular route, fair to be one of the most prosperous inland towns of the Rocky mountains.

Astoria, in its course, has been through the influence of early enterprise and industry, like a mountain peak, and its position, starting from the base, teeth, strongly marked towns. The former has a newspaper, these unfolding upon the march of civilization and freedom. Every week our intercourse with them, new places is increasing, and the means of intercommunication growing, the business which demands such progress. Steamers are running upon her waters, canals are in process of construction, and rail roads are in contemplation with fair prospects of completion, and greater still of repaying well for the investment.

Oregon, however, is an agricultural country, and must principally depend on her resources in that line for her prosperity. Let her people develop these under a reasonably governing and patronizing government, and too and at home, and the time will long before she may hold up her head with the highest. Yet she is not without other resources. She may be quite a maritime State. She has the best means for becoming to the States what Maine is to the Atlantic, a building State. She may be a business. Nearer than any other part of the United States to the newly discovered *rubber-land*—the *Arctic Ocean*—some respects she may yet have the right to stand the first in this profitable business.

Besides these capabilities, the discovery on the Klansath and other streams during the last summer, indicate quite clearly that what her citizens sought in California—gold—was left by them in the soil of their own land, waiting to reward the toil of those who should seek the treasure. There are many reasons for believing that at least some portions of that territory are as rich in the precious metal as our own. Oregon is improving, too, in literature and in every thing else which tends to make a good State. She has three or four good newspapers, *Lyons* in the principal towns, and is fully employed in earnest. Success to her and her worthy citizens. Whatever tends to her peace and true glory will find warm welcome in her sister and neighbor, California. [Alta California.

Large Family.—Great numbers of Jas. Davis, a soldier of the revolution, 80 years, of the town of Guilford, had a grand family reunion in a few days ago. Mrs. D. is over 60 years of age, and as lively and as active as any of her grand-children. Present at the tea-table, 7 grand-children-in-law, 30 grand-children-in-law, and 11 great-grandchildren—in all, 65. Thirty were absent.

It is estimated that the population of Oregon is about a million.