

A Fact to be Remembered. That the Spectator gives more reading matter than any other paper in the Territory.

The people on the river above have not been awakened to the fact that wood will be needed for the steamers at accessible points along the river. There appears to have been no provision made in this way for the boats, and they are from necessity, compelled to take enough from home, loading down unnecessarily the boats with it, to make an entire trip.

The river, previous to the late rains, had got down very low. It is now gradually rising. A rise of two feet, probably, would render uninterrupted navigation above the falls to Marysville for the remainder of the season.

Pretty copious showers of rain have visited us lately, which have had a tendency to partially dispel the illusion into which we have been drawn lately, by the bright sunshine, encouraging the belief that the rainy season was still far in the future.

We place before our readers very willingly a letter from an old friend and ask for it an attentive perusal. The evils he complains of are only too true.

A friend in Marion county lately sent us three new subscribers, another in Lewis county sent us three; and another says he will soon have ten for us.

We were pleased to see, a few days since, the identical Parson's who was said to have been murdered by the Rogue river Indians last spring, and whose death was published by us.

We omitted to credit Todd & Co. & J. Ferguson, Esq., for papers by the last mail steamer. That duty we attend to now by returning thanks.

W. C. Dement says he has the cheap store. He sells some things "dog cheap." He thinks he can save any person a trip to the head of navigation.

By the Sea Gull, per Gregory's and Todd & Co's. Express, we have received California dates as late as the 25th ult.

Steamboats in Oregon.

One year ago there was but one steamboat in Oregon, the Columbia, now there are eleven steamboats of different kinds running in the Columbia and Willamette rivers; not including the Pacific steamers Sea Gull and Columbia; the former running between Oregon and California, touching at the various points on the coast; the latter running semi-monthly with the mail, between Astoria and San Francisco.

The amount of money invested in Steamboats at this time, may be set down at \$100,000. Thus in the short space of one year a capital of over \$110,000 has sought this kind of investment. And a trip on the river above, where it used to consume at least three weeks in making it, can now, the water permitting, be made in the incredible short time of two days, and that too in a good comfortable steamer.

(The time is almost within our recollection, when on the Mississippi, it required from six to nine months to make a trip to New Orleans with produce in flats and barges. What is the competition and life exhibited there now? Steamboats run from St. Louis to New Orleans in three days and 15 hours, and the boats in active operation may be estimated by hundreds.)

Can the most knowing one among us begin to estimate what the trade on our rivers will be 20 years, or even 10 years hence. We shall not enter into a calculation ourselves, but leave it to the speculation of the reader, with the hope that his most extravagant expectations may be realized.

The Statesman has been indulging in low epithets and applying them to the "stupid editor" of the Spectator. It has dignified us at various times with the following chaotic and classical names: "bullet-head," "feather-head" and "block-head;" and our paper has been styled—"seven by nine," "sinking concern," "family paper." Now we look upon these things as altogether worthy of their author, and he is entitled to all the capital he can make against us in this way.

It speaks knowingly in the sentence that follows: "The subscribers are cutting it off all about, and in another month it won't have readers enough to make a decent funeral procession for the little seven-by-nine." Now, if it were not for the fact that Mr. Bush is known and appreciated for what he is worth, in truth-telling, it might be necessary to notice more at length some of his statements. It is not incumbent upon us to settle the fact of his manifest dishonesty and lack of principle; it is too apparent, to any person who reads his paper, to need it.

The official vote for Governor in California, says the Alta, shows a majority of 1,364 for Bigler, democrat. Two counties are still to be heard from, Trinidad and Klamath. These the Alta thinks will increase Bigler's majority.

The chicken trade between Oregon and California continues brisk. The Sea Gull was to have left for California on Monday, freighted with live stock, principally hogs and fowls.

Indian Treaty.

From the Superintendent, Dr. Anson Dart, who returned from Port Orford a few days since, where he, together with his assistants, Messrs. Parish and Spalding, has been treating with the Indians, we learned the following particulars of that hitherto unknown and unexplored country. The Superintendent thinks the District included in the new purchase is second only to the Willamette valley, in point of beauty and fertility.

"Treated with four hands of Indians who owned the country from near the southern boundary of Oregon, on the Pacific ocean, to the Coquille river, which enters the ocean about 80 miles north of the southern boundary of this purchase, extending back from the coast more than 50 miles, making over two and a half millions of acres, all of which is represented as good farming lands; large tracts of which are very heavily timbered with white cedar of a large growth. There are many fine mill streams on this tract. The whole amount of this purchase is \$28,500 payable in annuities, no part of which is to be paid in money.

LEGISLATIVE BRIBERY.—A fact has lately been developed that is calculated to throw some light upon the desperate workings of the last Legislature. It seems that the determination was to carry their point, no matter how disgraceful were the means employed to do it. It has leaked out that when the omnibus, location bill was up, one man was offered \$3,000 or \$4,000 for his vote on said bill; another was offered 10 lots for his support on the same. We have long been convinced that a foul game had been played, but we were unprepared for the reception of such a damnable procedure as this.

THE CANEBOAT.—This new candidate for public favor has been set afloat lately, with fair prospects of performing well the part for which she was designed. The wood work of the entire boat is of Oregon wood and Oregon manufacture, and it is with some degree of pride that we mention that fact. The proprietors have, by this enterprise, laid the country under weighty obligations to them, in supplying at this early day, a good and substantial boat for the convenience of trade and travel to and from the upper country.

Would it not be well for "our Printers" to give the "State Printer" a little tech for sending the Laws to the States to be printed, thereby preventing them, from any share at all in the labor of printing them. They have as much right to make such complaint, or nearly so, as the people have for the long delay in printing them.

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Correspondence.

For the Spectator. SKINNER'S P. O. LANE CO., Sept. 28, 1851.

Sir:—A common duty which we owe to each other as countrymen, aside from the mandate of the Golden Rule, "Do unto others, &c.," should induce us to do all we can for emigrants coming from the States to settle in Oregon.

But in justification, I will say, that where buyer and seller are equally informed there is no fraud; and fair play is a jewel in any country. I know of no portion of this Territory presenting more inducements to the emigrant, who intends to make Oregon his home, than Lane County; no part of the territory is better adapted to agriculture; and for stock I can without any detraction say, that it far surpasses the lower country.

Without whose smiles and softening influence man becomes abject, ungodly and miserable indeed. Some in their isolated condition will require the three perfections of beauty—mind, form and spirit, and a kindly disposition; while others, anything "in calico" will look good and will answer. But the motto of your humble servant is, a good wife—deceived or a half section only. How is it with Miss—? You had better secure your interest.

As to the location of this county, let me say, that after the formation of Columbia Territory, Lane county will be geographically the center of Oregon Territory—This point which is near the center of the county, and at which point we hope in a short time to see and welcome our friend Bennett, Barlow and Hedges, with their boat, is situated on the Willamette, 109 miles south and 21 west from Portland, and 723 north and east from the Canyon. Including the Rogue River country, Lane county is north of the center on a right line, but as regards the quantity of land adapted to cultivation, the center.

Mr. Skinner:—You will please if you think proper, give the above hastily written article publication in your next No. The interests of the emigrants demands it. I received one No. of the Spectator, probably sent from the office. But why does not your paper come to this office regularly? Ours is a weekly mail yet your paper comes only semi-monthly, two numbers at a time, while the Statesman comes weekly. Though I am politically opposed to you, yet as an old friend acquaintance, I would like to see you do well, hence if it is your fault, your interest demands that you see to it, for people like news before it becomes stale.

A writer in the North Carolina Sentinel expresses a wish that the Devil had all the South Carolina traitors. We can't see what the Devil is to do with them. They are all such fire-eaters that they would probably eat him out of house and home.—Lou. Journal.

A New Discovery!

W. G. T'Vault, Esq., left this place some two months since, for Port Orford, in the steamer Sea Gull. Mr. T'Vault in company with 18 other men, started from Port Orford on the 24th of August, to explore and locate a road, if possible, from that point to the upper Rogue river country. After being out several days they met Indians who manifested an unfriendly disposition. Some of the party becoming disheartened expressed a wish to return to the place of starting.

In passing down the southern branch, we had several beautiful views from high points of the large and extensive valley of the Coquille, which appeared to be generally level bottom land, densely covered with ash, maple, birch, some oak, and rich vegetable undergrowth of vines, nightshade, &c., such as is produced in the Missouri and Wabash bottoms. On Saturday morning, 18th, being entirely out of provisions, and not having had a quarter's allowance for the last several days, it was thought advisable to abandon our animals, as we could make but little progress with them, and that too, not in a direction soons to warrant the obtaining of any provisions.

After passing a few miles we came to the junction of the south and north forks, which forms a stream about eighty yards wide, where the tide ebbs and flows from two to three feet, at a distance of fifty miles from its mouth. From the junction of the forks, the course of the river is north of west, passing through a valley from ten to twenty miles wide. During Saturday, the 18th, Saturday night and Sunday, up to 9 or 10 o'clock a. m., we descended with rapidity and ease. When within a few miles of the mouth of the river, one of the party, a Mr. Helden recognized the river to be the Coquille, which he had rafted in going from Port Orford to Oregon in Kelpa's canoe company, and that the Indians, who had become very numerous, were then less tame, and it would be necessary for us to be on our guard.

Mr. Helden recognized the river to be the Coquille, which he had rafted in going from Port Orford to Oregon in Kelpa's canoe company, and that the Indians, who had become very numerous, were then less tame, and it would be necessary for us to be on our guard. We were now in sight of the place we intended to leave the canoes, at the same time passing several Indian lodges on the right bank, where vast numbers of the naked Indians were promiscuously hanging about. One of our party whose name I will not here insert, insisted very strenuously that we land on the northern bank at the largest Indian lodge we had seen, and get our breakfast. To this, Mr. Brush and myself consented. We, however, drew in so near the bank that the Indians could reach the side of the canoe with their hands, while in their canoes, lying along shore. They immediately grabbed our canoe and refused to let us push off. On one occasion we succeeded in pushing off some six feet, but they jumped in and pulled our canoe to the shore, and commenced boarding us, and seizing hold of our arms. We made one instantaneous rush for the shore; I think Mr. Brush fired a pistol, the only one I recollect of hearing. In less than fifteen minutes we were completely disarmed; as were ten Indians to one white man in the encounter, and not less than from one hundred to one hundred and fifty standing around. In drawing my six-shooter, I was knocked down. The first thing I remember, I was some fifteen yards in the river in swimming water. I looked around and saw upon the shore the most awful state of confusion,—it appeared to be the screams of thousands—the sound of blows, the groans and shrieks of the dying,—at the same time I noticed my friend Brush not far distant from me, in the water, an Indian, standing in a canoe, striking him on the head with a paddle, causing the water to become bloody around him. My attention was then directed to a small canoe, with an Indian lad in it, but a short distance from me. I swam to it; he helped me in, put a paddle in my hand, pointed to the southern shore and immediately ran to the other end of the canoe. On looking around, I think I saw him helping my friend Brush to get into the canoe, and he immediately jumped overboard. We then paddled for the southern bank of the river. Upon land-

ing, we succeeded in getting to shore, then

stripped ourselves of our clothing, and crawling upon our bellies up the bank, succeeded in escaping to the thicket. We then continued, in our naked condition, travelling south, through the worst of hammocks and dense briery chaparels, during the day; at night we approached the beach, traveled all night, and about daylight, on Monday morning, reached Cape Blanco. On Monday, we were taken by the Indians living near Cape Blanco, treated with a great deal of kindness, kept all night on Monday night with every accommodation they were able to afford, and on Tuesday brought into Port Orford, in the situation that you saw us in. Mr. Brush and myself are all of the party of ten that remain to tell the melancholy fate of our companions—Mr. B. being severely wounded by having several inches of the scalp of the top of his head cut off.

The names of our companions who are numbered, are— A. S. Doherty, aged 30 Texas, Patrick Murphy, " 22 New York T. J. Davenport, " 26 Mass., L. L. Williams, " 23 Michigan, John P. Holland, " 21 N. H., Jeremiah Ryan, " 25 Maryland, Cris Hadden, " — New Jersey John P. Pepper, " 24 New York.

The loss of property—seven United States rifles, with accoutrements and ammunition; one rifle, with fixtures, &c.; one musket; one double barreled pistol; one Sharp's patent 36 shooting rifle, with accoutrements and ammunition; one Colt's six shooter, revolving pistol; one brace holster pistols, together with a number of blankets.

The foregoing contains, substantially, the facts as they transpired. I, however, might say much more, but my feeble state of health and the severe pains from my wounded and bleeding limbs, forbid my saying more at present.

It will afford me great pleasure, at all times, to give such information as I may possess.

I have the honor to be, Sir, Very respectfully, Your obt. servt., W. G. T'VAULT. PORT ORFORD, Sept. 19, '51.

We have been handed a letter, addressed to the Secretary of the Territory, for perusal, from it we extract the following: "Two men arrived here (Umpqua) (Sept. 23rd) the survivors of nine headed by Mr. T'Vault, who were trying to find a road through the mountains, to the mines from Port Orford, they report that all their company except themselves were killed. They escaped by running and killing their pursuers. One of them is badly wounded by two arrows, the heads of which have not yet been extracted. They report that it is, in their opinion, impossible to get a road through from Port Orford to the mines.

For the Spectator. This is a world of beauty, As other worlds above; And if we did our duty, Would be a world of love.

That is not only poetry, but wholesome truth. The consciousness of having performed our whole duty, would greatly change the objects of our contemplation; it would be like sunbeams breaking upon a cloudy day. It would draw beauty from deformity, and give the angel of truth a sacred audience in the haunts of vice. It would lead us to find in the characters of the most fallen, some pure spots, and these, by the healing hand of friendship, enlarged and burnished, might finally cover the whole heart. How much better to lay aside the cloak of superficial sanctity, and do our whole duty in this mundane sphere, than stand aloof for fear of contamination. Try the depth of your sympathies by real genuine works, and then you will find that,

"The vital elements of all things gifted With peace or with truth, By God's own hand benignantly are lifted Into perennial youth."

and are only awaiting your generous appreciation. There is too much cant, and too little cash, in the benevolence of this age. The agitation of some good object has often called for public gatherings of the people; great sympathy has been wallowed up from human hearts; a collection would be made, and when the donation was counted, it would be found that the generous audience had given twenty-five cents apiece. How their hearts must have swelled almost to bursting with human sympathies.

There is one thing, however, which we can point to with pride, and which reflects more credit upon our country than all her military success—the assistance in the time of the Irish famine. We have secured the friendship and gratitude of the true-hearted Irishman, for all future time. Such actions are truly great, and will be long remembered.