OREGON SPECTATOR.

[illegible] EDITOR — One Hope is in the Press, and Strength our Full Determination. — AND PRINTER

VOL. [illegible] — OREGON CITY, (OREGON TERRITORY,) THURSDAY, OCTOBER [illegible], 1850. — NO. [illegible]

THE OREGON SPECTATOR:
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO GENERAL, DOMESTIC AND LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, AND THE RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE OF OREGON.

TERMS:
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One copy per annum $3 00
" " six months $2 00

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POETRY.

THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK.

BY CHARLES SWAIN

Oh, the old clock, of the household stock,
Was the brightest thing and neatest;
Its hands though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chime still rang the sweetest.
'Twas a monitor, too, though its words were few
Yet they lived, though nations altered,
And its tone still strong, warned old and young
When the voice of friendship faltered;
Tick—Tick—it said, quick, quick to bed,
For ten I've given warning—
Up, up—and go—or else, you know,
You'll never rise soon in the morning.

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
And it stood in the corner smiling,
It listened the time, with a merry chime,
The wintry hours beguiling;
But a stern old voice was that fierce old clock,
As it called at day break loudly,
When the dawn looked gray over the misty way,
And the early air blew rudely;
Tick—tick—it said, quick out of bed, [wealth,
You'll never have health, you'll never have
Unless you're up soon in the morning!

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
With a tone that ceases never,
While tears are shed for the bright days fled,
And the old friends lost forever!
In heart beats on—though hearts are gone,
That warmer beats and stronger,
Its hands still move—though hands we love
Are clasped on earth no longer!
Tick—tick! it said to the church-yard bed,
The grave hath given warning,
Then up—rise, and look to the skies
And prepare for a heavenly morning.

POST OFFICE ENVELOPES.—Professor Lovet, in a letter to the Postmaster General a few days since, offered to furnish 10,000,000 of post office envelopes, similar to those now used, free of charge, for the privilege of putting "Professor Lovet, 114 Chambers street," upon any part of the envelope. By this operation he calculated that the government would save $20,000. For the privilege of putting on each envelope the words "Professor Lovet, Waterproof office, 114 Chambers street, N. Y." he offered to pay 50 cents on each 1000 envelopes, besides furnishing them gratis, and give bonds for the faithful performance of his engagement. In this case he calculated the government would save $[illegible]

In reply, the Third Assistant Master General stated that he was never authorized to put the envelopes, and that he had [illegible] upon putting it upon any made.—*N. Y. Herald.*

[illegible] has accomplished his purpose in getting his address on the envelopes, he has [illegible]matized, and advertised in newspaper in the country, and his business in this way [illegible]uch would in the regular [illegible]g things, have cost him [illegible]ollars. He can therefore, [illegible]ure his card from the bal[illegible]ntract.—*Buffalo Courier.*

—MR. BARNUM.—A more [illegible]h of life and character than [illegible]son, which appears in to[illegible]s, we have not met in all [illegible]. The writer of it is Thomas [illegible] in the proof sheets of whose [illegible]lumes of "Senatorial Rem[illegible] has found its way into the [illegible]vening Post. Admiration [illegible]verance for the memory of [illegible]publican Democrat, as we [illegible]portrait which is here drawn [illegible]towards the author himself, [illegible]stomed to dislike him. It is [illegible]feel unkindly while reading [illegible]so beautifully and lovingly [illegible]Benton is a very bitter man, [illegible]s a very bad one; and un[illegible]very great one—the great[illegible]. We wish that we could [illegible]ess in the tremendous strug[illegible]e making to overcome his [illegible]urt. After thirty years ser[illegible] United States Senate he lost [illegible]re; and is now striving with [illegible]hich the most youthful of his [illegible]ssot surpass, and with or a[illegible]none of them can approach.

Upon the whole we almost [illegible]e may be successful, though [illegible]seem o be immensely against [illegible]assah *Georgian.*

[illegible]affable, and your subjects among [illegible]ost certain.

Correspondence.

For the Oregon Spectator

Chit Chat

BY THE EDITOR

How to be happy in Oregon.

In our bachelor days? In our shops and stores, with a bunk under the counter or blankets on the floor? In our cabins in the fir woods, or forest in the lonely prairie? With our coats out at elbows, and our pants at the bases; our heads grey, red, brown, black and grizzly from our eyes to our breasts, and dismal and disappointed our outward man, and equally dismal and forlorn our hearts. Yes, how to be happy and contented—we will first change all this. We will bring around "the Horn," across the Isthmus and over the Plains the inmates of half a score of New England Factories, the same number from their seminaries; an equal number of New York and Pennsylvania's rosy cheeked and cheerful spirited damsels, with all that can be spared from the valley of the Father of Waters—from the Old Dominion and her daughter Kentucky—from the Carolinas, and even Florida the land of Flowers must spare a few to contribute to the fragrance of our bouquet. Then will Oregon no longer be a lonely wilderness, but will bud and blossom like the rose tree in full bearing. No longer will men repeat, "Oh solitude where are thy charms." &c. No! we will be transported—not out of Oregon, this land of great promise—but out of our present miserable state of single wretchedness.

Just imagine, John B—— or Bill L—— and half a thousand others, transformed from the great hulking, loafing, mining Indian fighting, spur-jingling fellows they seem, into the nice, quiet, sensible men they are by nature under the humanizing influence of the dear women. Beards trimmed, hair combed, boiled shirts with all the buttons on in the right places; and in place of playing the d——l generally, and turning up Jack promiscuously, behold N—— at his evening fireside reading the "Spectator" or some interesting book, while Mary nestles by his side listening to his manly voice. ('tis music to her) and only interrupts occasionally with some pertinent inquiry or sage remark, about some household affair or domestic duty. Or some pleasant Sunday morning (to them every Sunday morning will be pleasant) while they are getting ready for church—"Why N—— look at your collar, I don't believe you ever had on a white shirt before—see how you've tied that hankerchief, let me fix it; hold still. You'll do now—help me on with my shawl—what an awkward fellow; go away you good for nothing." N—— snatches a kiss very much to the detriment of her curls. In church he is thinking more of Mary than of the dull sermon and wishes it was over; but then when he hears her sweet voice joining in the psalm, he thinks it heavenly, his heart is softened, he feels soothed, calm and quiet, he wishes it was Sunday all the time, loves every body, and all because he has found a treasure of a nice little woman, who will do more towards carrying him heavenward than all the ministers in christendom without her aid. Not that N—— and I, and all of us have not proper regard and respect for the cloth, but there is something about the female that has more influence on the heart than all the Doctors of Divinity in the land. We call them angels, witches—and so they are; they are ministering angels to us in sadness or pain—they bewitch us in our joys and pleasures, but their witchery is charming and healthful—not baneful. I wish my own particular witch would at once place me within the circle of her charms.

I think it would be a good idea for the Domestic Missionary Society to send out to Oregon young female missionaries, giving each special instructions to find a coping stone and *individual field for effort.* How many converts there would be! There in lawyer K. and B., Jo[illegible]n, the Dr. and myself all ready to give in and be converted—and the Dr. is half converted already.

If the good folks at home would only look at us in this light, as subjects for conversion to at least one of the rites of christianity, and in hopes all others might follow, they may consider us heathen till we turn from the error of our way—send us the missionaries—and wouldn't we have a great time, and wouldn't Oregon be a great great country with some land and a great deal of farm to the acre. And wouldn't the population be "some" in future generations, descendents of the hardy, vigorous Oregonian, and the virtuous, benevolent (female) missionaries.

Now every one of you heathen—send right home, and perhaps you know just the particular missionary that can convert you.

Oregon will wear another aspect to your eyes, and all because of God's best gift to man—

* * he on his side
Leaning half raised, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamor'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces; * *
* * * Awake
My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,
Heaven's last, best gift, my ever new delight,
Awake!

A. D.

For the Oregon Spectator.

MR. EDITOR:—I was much pleased to receive a copy of the Spectator, bearing on its cheerful face, after a sleep of more than a year, an assurance of a lawful and permanent existence. It was not dead, but sleeping. It had not "shuffled off its mortal coil," but only rolled itself up for a comfortable nap, and now it comes forth to the field of labor with a strong hand and a cheerful heart. May it long live a true chronicler of events, speaking a word of encouragement to all good endeavors, whether crowned with defeat or success, that the successful may perform still greater things, and the defeated, inspired with hope, rise to fresh and greater endeavors.

The Spectator is justly entitled to be considered the best local paper in Oregon. After reading two or three copies I feel as if I had been spending a week in Oregon City and vicinity, so fresh and full in my mind seem to be all its occurrences. I like it for that, its individuality. We esteem a man for his individuality—for being himself—not for trying to imitate another. And so we admire a public journal for identifying itself with and reflecting the peculiarities of the locality in which it is published. Let it continue to encourage and record the enterprises and events of its locality, and it will be esteemed at home and abroad.

It is highly gratifying to see so much in the Atlantic States papers in relation to the Pacific railroad. It proves that the idea is becoming widely popular, and that being the case, the work will surely be accomplished. Nothing can be effective that will oppose it; that would be going against that spirit of advancement which is the chief characteristic of the age. I consider its completion—and what man on the Pacific coast does not—the upraising of Oregon and California to the most enviable position. It will be a glorious time when we can roll across the continent at the rate of a mile a minute! I hope to see in your paper full accounts of all Congressional proceedings in relation to it. This cannot fail to be of the deepest interest to all your readers.

The Umpqua country is filling up fast. Choice claims are becoming valuable, and when there is a good road open to the coast from this valley, it will be a desirable part of the country to live in. There is considerable travel through the valley at the present time. The road from Pargon Bay is nearly abandoned, I am told, because it is extremely hard on pack animals. The increased transportation of goods through this valley, proves that there is no good opening to the ocean opposite the northern mines.

There was considerable produce raised in the country this season considering the newness of the settlement and the disadvantages under which many of the settlers were placed. Wheat is worth from $4 to $5 per bushel, and onions and potatoes about the same. There is a small flouring mill at Winchester, in connection with a saw-mill, and one far advanced towards completion at the mouth of Deer creek, which, if supplied with such machinery as its exterior appearance would lead us to expect, will be alike creditable to the builders and to this portion of Oregon.

I am glad to learn that this year's immigration is large. There is yet room enough in Oregon, though the country is of such a nature that it is extremely hard for people to become much acquainted with it in a short time. There is a good deal of valuable land still vacant in this valley. Persons having limited means will think it expensive living here at the present time. Were it not for this fact, I would advise all to come to this section to settle, for it is certainly superior in many respects to some other portions of the Territory. Its proximity to the mines will afford it an excellent market for a long time to come, and when there is a good wagon road open to Scottsburg—and probably there soon will be—settlers in this valley can supply themselves with foreign articles with convenience, and at reasonable prices.

C. W. S.

South Umpqua, Sept. 20, '50.

For the Oregon Spectator.

D. J. SCHNEELY—DEAR SIR:—As there appears to be some doubt as to the time of organising the Provisional Government, I shall endeavor to give you a few items in relation to that event, which the journals of the Legislative committee and other documents of that period (presumed to be on file in the office of the Territorial Secretary) will corroborate.

As early as the winter of 1840–1, a meeting held at the Methodist mission, on the Willamette, took some steps preparatory to an organization. This meeting adjourned to meet again in June 1841, at the Catholic mission near Champoeg. In the meantime the exploring expedition arrived on the coast, and at the June meeting it was decided to defer further action until an opportunity offered of consulting Com. Wilkes. As soon after his arrival as practicable his opinion was requested, and being adverse to the project it was abandoned, on his assurance that the U. S. would very soon extend to the people of Oregon the protection required, promising to use his influence at Washington in aid of that object. From this time the subject rested until the winter of 1845–6, when, in consequence of the arrival of a considerable number of immigrants and the prospect of a greater number in '46, it was deemed necessary to enter without delay upon the business of organization.

At this state of public feeling the subject was discussed in Lyceums and other meetings of the people, and a committee of five persons chosen, to meet at the Willamette Falls in March 1843. This committee met according to appointment, and after considerable discussion resolved to call a general meeting, of the citizens at Champoeg in May following.

At the time appointed nearly the entire male population of the Territory assembled at Champoeg. The meeting was duly addressed by the advantages and disadvantages of a Provisional Government discussed, and resolutions adopted in favor of organization. A committee of nine was chosen to draft a Constitution and code of laws to be submitted to the people for their approval at an adjourned meeting to be held at Champoeg on the 5th of July following.

The Legislative committee, consisting of Robt. Moore, David Hill, A. Beers, T. J. Hubbard, Jas. A. O'Neil, Wm. Lothy, Robt. Newell, Wm. H. Gray and Robert Shortess, met at the mission farm, and after choosing Robt. Moore, chairman, and Geo. W. LeBreton, secretary, proceeded to the discharge of the duties delegated to them.

The frame of government drawn up consisted of an executive committee of three persons, a Legislative committe of nine, Judges, Sheriffs, Justices of the Peace, constables, militia officers, &c.

On the 4th of July nearly the entire American population assembled at Champoeg to celebrate the anniversary of Independence. The day passed in the utmost harmony and good feeling. Those from a distance remained in the vicinity till the 5th, when they met again to hear and decide upon the laws drawn up by the Legislative committee. The meeting being organized, the laws were read and adopted with a few slight alterations; officers elected—and the Provisional Government went into full operation from that day. The persons elected to fill the executive committee were A. Beers, D. Hill and Jos. Gale.

In the autumn of 1843 the first large immigration arrived in Oregon; of whom the greater and better portion gave their support to the organization.

At the annual election in June, '44, Dr. Wm. Baily, P. G. Stewart and —— Russel were elected to the executive; and the organic law violated by electing thirteen representatives instead of nine.

The Legislature met at Oregon City and proceeded to enact that the executive power should be vested in an individual—lay taxes and pass a law for the expulsion of negroes and mulattoes from the Territory; and to disfranchise all who refused to pay taxes, to levy which, no person had been delegated. Great dissatisfaction was felt at these irregularities, and some preferred disfranchisement to paying an unconstitutional tax, however light.

In 1845 Geo. Abernethy was elected Governor, and the same number of legislators as the previous year. They met at Oregon City and doubted that the organic law having been violated in their election, and also in the election of a Governor they had no authority to enact laws or do any legislative business. In this state of affairs they drew up an amended copy of the organic law of 1843 vesting the executive power in one person, giving to the legislature the power to lay and collect taxes, with some minor alterations. This amended law with the organic law of 1843 were sent to the different election precincts for the decision of the people, who gave a large majority of votes in favor of the amended law. The Governor, the legislature, and other officers proceeded to discharge their several duties in accordance with its provision, but no person until very lately ever supposed that its adoption rendered null and void all acts or laws passed under the organic law of 1843.

I have thus endeavored to give you in as condensed a form as possible, a history of the early organization of Government in Oregon; as I write from memory some errors may have crept in, but I pledge myself it is substantially correct. This portion from the meeting at Champoeg in May 1843 to the close, may, I presume, be verified by documents in the office of the Territorial Secretary.

Sept. 20, 1850.

The notorious Dr. Hines, recently convicted in Georgia of opening letters taken from the post-office, has been pardoned by President Pierce.

We are told all along by the Locofoco organs that the Pierce administration would reform the many evils and abuses connected with the mail service. The letting loose of mail robbers from the penitenary does not look at all like the best means of accomplishing that end. Mail robberies are frequent, and mail robbers are hard to catch, and we do think, that, when one is caught and caged, the Administration might let him serve his time out.—*Louisville Journal.*

☞ A humorous old gentleman, having handed a few coppers to an itinerant music grinder, entered his disbursement in his petty expenses book as "organic change."

Interesting Scene Occurring the Month ago.

[illegible] were answered each one.

To verify the many horrible reports of the doings among the dead, we the other day visited the cemeteries. In every street were long processions tramping to the solemn music of funeral marches. In the countenances of plodding passengers were the lines of anxiety and grief, and many a door was fastened with black and white hangings, the solemn mementos of wailing and of sorrow. On the one hand slowly swept the long carriages of aristocracy, bedecked with plumes and drawn by prancing horses, rejoicing in their funereal [illegible] on another, the hearse of the citizen soldier, preceded by measured music, enveloped in warlike panoply, and followed by the noisy tread of men under arms; while there again the pauper was trundled to his long home on a rickety cart, with a boy for a driver, who whistled as he urged his mule or one-eyed horse to a trot, making haste with another morsel contributed to the grand banquet of death. Now among the steeples was heard the chiming of bells, as of ghoules up there, mingling their hoarse voices as in a chorus of gratulation over the ranks of fallen mortality. Anon from some lowly tenement trilled the low wail of a mother for the child of her affections, while from the corner opposite burst the song of some low bacchanal, mingling ribaldry with merriment, or swearing a prayer or two as the humor moved him.

The skies wore a delusive aspect. Above was all cloudless sunshine, but little in keeping with the black melancholy that enveloped all below. Out along the highways that lead to the cities of the dead, and still the tramp of funeral crowds knew no cessation. Up rolled the volcano of dust from the busy roads, and the plumes of the death carriages nodded in seeming sympathy to the swaying cypresses of the swamp, enveloped in their sad appalling of weeping moss—fit garniture for such a scene.

At the gathering points carriages accumulated, and vulgar teamsters, as they jostled each other in the press, mingled the coarse jest with the ribald oath; no sound but of profane melodrama—and of riotous mirth, the clang of whip stings and the rattle of wheels. At the gates the winds brought intimation of the corruption working within. Not a puff but was laden with the rank atmosphere from rotting corpses. Inside they were piled by fifties, exposed to the heat of the sun, swollen with corruption, bursting their coffin lids, and sundering, as if by physical effort, the ligaments that bound their hands and feet, and extending their rigid limbs in every outre attitude. What a feast of horrors! Inside, corpses piled in pyramids, and without the gates, old and withered crones and fat huckster women, fretting in their own grease, dispensing ice creams and confectionery, and brushing away, with brooms made of bushes, the green bottle-flies that lingered on their merchandise, and that soon buzzed away to drink delicate inhalations from the green and festering corpses. Meantime, at the gates, was making thrift amidst by the hands of his black and sweating minions, that tendered sweetmeats and cooling beverages to the throngs of mourners or of idle spectators, who, jostling the fumes of rotting bodies, already "heaved the gorge;" while within, the "King of Terrors" held his saturnalia, with a crowd of gaunt followers, who, as they trundled the dead into dissection, hooked them "about the mazzard," and swore dread oaths, interrogated with the more dreadful sounds of dumbness and idiotcy.

Long dissected were they across the great human charnel. Wide enough were they to entomb a legion, but only fourteen inches deep. Coffins laid in them showed their tops above the surface of the earth. On these was piled dirt to the depth of a foot or more, but so loosely that the myriads of flies found entry between the boards down to the offended seams of the coffins, and buzzed and blew there their maria, counting each hour their new hatched offspring.

But no sound like there of sorrow within that wide Golgotha. Men used to the scene of dissolution had forgotten all touch of sympathy. Unmouth laborers, with their bare sheet hands, stood under the broiling heat of the sun, digging in the earth; and as soon they would encounter an obstructing root or stump, would swear a hideous oath, remove to another spot, and go on digging as before. Now and then the mattock or the spade would disturb the bones of some former tenant of the mould, forgotten there amid the armies of the accumulated victims, and the surly laborer with a gibe, would hurl the broken fragments on the sward, growl forth an energetic d——n, and chuckle in his excess of glee. Skull bones were dug up from their long sepulture, with ghastliness staring out

"From each lank lantern, eyeless, hole."

without eliciting an "Alas, poor Yorick," and with only an exclamation from the digger, of "room for your betters!"

Economy of space was the source of cunning calculation in bestowing away the dead men. Side by side were laid two of gigantic proportions, bloated by corruption to the size of Titans. The central projections of their coffins left spaces between them at their heads and [illegible]. This was too much room to be filled [illegible] earth. How should the space be [illegible]? Opportunely, the immortal is at hand for it don't seem loathsome to, with the corpse of a mother and her two little children. Clench the children in the spaces between the head and heels of the Titans, and the mother by herself, on their chests! A crosswise bar will be found soon, and herself and babes will disappear the less speedily from the corrupted company!

The flames rise up in [illegible] from the accumulating [illegible] coming corpses. But [illegible] of complete [illegible] upon the [illegible] to look on and contemplate the vast congregation of the dead. They were not to die themselves—they have become so used to the sight of corruption. They even laugh at the stenches of the [illegible] death, and revel [illegible] to their tasks half drunk with rum heard while with the other they [illegible] the spade, heave on the earth, [illegible] back to the banks to [illegible] [illegible] fatty time with their [illegible] their white [illegible] and so jolly, and full of [illegible] no stammering.

And then, what [illegible] [illegible] feast of the grave [illegible] the flies, the [illegible] the [illegible] worms wanting [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]