OREGON SPECTATOR.

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POETRY.

☞ We select from the February number of the N. Y. Knickerbocker the following contribution from the author of "Lines to a Bird on the Fens," &c.:

A Nond to the Comeck.

ROTE INTO THE SUMER BY MR. K. N. PEPPER, ESQ.

Al hale grate loomenary—twicet al hale!
Grand fizzicle vister, your welcome.
In rejoins ov spais whair al is silens
& their 4 no gnos is herd it is difficult
To travel & not walk op somthink:
But the grate Comeck, ine among you ov cometts
Hes dun it so fur moar than 50 yeres
To the satisfackshun ov all present
With untyrink paseveretis & hun sale
Onto a rowt as no 1 ever thout of goin
When hese frose the hart of ov his hed
& by lookin so meny middles ov tale
Tha' he cant tel whether hese goin for de or backards
Wen he shutes down to the sun for to warm up
& put on a little bam of Columby on his wayge in
Setch hard work ... to hiss weine to cop
That he hes lost the mac thew w[illegible]
O Comeck! [illegible] & [illegible] the sun,
Why not som time [illegible]
& tacking the [illegible]
up & gy the [illegible]
Cum blo your w[illegible]
Enagans into the [illegible]
Gapter [illegible]
Satern all [illegible]
Mars fire al [illegible]
& venom [illegible]
(wat a [illegible]
Wele [illegible]
To hew a [illegible]
Wele saw up the [illegible]
& use the [illegible]
Wich [illegible]
the [illegible]
But [illegible]
ooh we [illegible]
[illegible]
Mas [illegible]
Wan [illegible]
Wat [illegible]
Sorpy [illegible]
ov your [illegible]
tale
Then [illegible]
[illegible]
O Comeck [illegible]
But you [illegible]
Youra [illegible]
[illegible]
for the [illegible]
Mi persnale [illegible]
The thout ov Wa[illegible]
[illegible]
Immense Mes[illegible]
You had [illegible] the Erth?
You ant noomerous [illegible]
o Know Mr. Comeck, youm two smal
You note [illegible]
By snubb[illegible]
But the Mool part of Community
Woodent se eny libertys tooe with mother Erth—
o know Mr. Comeck as was sed be 4
1st egerreze, & [illegible]
& like Samson let your hair gro long
We no your talent into the sailing line
We aendig youm [illegible] fire works;
But dont be foolish [illegible]
You cant seerkumnavi[illegible] grate Erth like you do the son
Without giting ov your [illegible]
The son is indulgent & not a tal snapish
& hes so mutch biznes attendink to all the planits
That giving ov fits to Comecks is sooparfluous.
But its a litle different hear. ☞ bewair
& taik the folowink advice from a frend:
We shal alwais be very glad to se you
Wen acting ov your part into the grate serus
& not gitting out ov the ring & throwing dert
But the idee ov fiing on sitch a scad
We cawl p[illegible] into the egstream—
After al I dont think your intenshuns was verus:
The grate Comeck is two magnanimous
To hav setch a nabee. I hop your feelinks
Hasent ben hirt; if so ples 2 taik notis
Your admyrer is rash almost to canker
& lashed hissalf quickly intwo angry waiss
Wen he was be 4 cute cam and slepy ok.
& al fur nothink, as we ar hapy to se
So be not likewais rash Mis. Temous Comeck,
But folow into the tra[illegible] ov your illustris predisesers
Your frens into this seven air noomeris
And tha x peckt the illustrist Comeck to do his dooty,
Witch is to sale around & sa nothink to nobody
Not hiting the planits & sterin clere ov the stars
(p s) plese tri & let out a litle moar tale

From Gleason's Pictorial.

THE LITTLE ANGEL.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

'May I go on the common to play? I've been a good girl to-day,' warbled the dear little pet, Isabel Lee, in a voice that was sweet as the song of a bird at sunlight; and up and down the stairs she went, singing her childish ditty, and searching eagerly for her mother that she might obtain the desired permission.

'Say yes, do now, that's a dear, good mother,' she exclaimed, when at length she found herself in the arms of the loved one. 'Miss Jane says I've been a *very* good girl, indeed; and she says, too, that air and play will do me much good. And there is no place in all the world where I love so well to play [illegible] I call it our little country, mother, 'cause there aint no houses there, nothing but grass and trees and water.'

'And birdlings from human nests,' said the mother, as she lovingly kissed the darling. 'Yes, you may go, but mind and not play too hard—and be sure, Bell, to get home ere the dinner is ready.'

Merrily then pattered the slippered feet after bonnet and cape and hoop—and merrily sung the happy voice:

"I may go on the common to play,
I guess I'll be good then every day."

Very demurely did the little girl pace the crowded and fashionable thoroughfare; but O, how lightly and joyously she bounded down the stone steps. And once on the graveled path, with God's green grass beside her—his noble trees arching above her—his free, glad sunshine quivering on their tops, dancing through their interlacing boughs. Here mottling the soft turf, and there bathing in a golden tide. Once beside the minnie lake, with its leaping, laughing, musical fountain—once out in that 'little country,' and Isabel, happiest of the happy, flitted through the long walks, with a step that seemed almost winged, so fleet, so airy was its tread; while her voice rang now in childish glee, and again in birdlike songs; and her pulses beating with quickened life, sent fresh, bright hues to the delicate cheek, gave an added lustre to the brilliant eye, a warm, glad gush to the panting heart, and a thrill of joy to the imprisoned soul. Out on the common she might be what God meant she should be while her years were young. A child, a romping, wild, frolicsome child; and gather in her buoyant sports that strength so needed in the life to come; that vigor which shields the heart from ill[illegible]. She rolled her hoop, she tossed her velvet ball; she 'hipped and hopped to the barber's shop;' she made friends with the little girls who romped beside her, and lent them her hoop while she jumped their rope; she watched the little boys launch their boats, smiled with them when they bore a gallant sail, and spoke a comforting word when they met with a sad [illegible]; she played with the babies, gladdened the hearts of the weary nurses with a kind and a loving word; and then, tired out, wandered away from the noisy groups.

'I wont go home quite yet,' said she—'I'll get rested first. Yes, I'll find me a nice, cool, shady place, and sit down there, and think awhile. Mother says it does little girls good to think,' and so she tripped away [illegible] spot.

But suddenly her steps were arrested, the light faded from her joyous eyes, the [illegible] lip. There, on the grass [illegible] her, the midsummer sun pouring its fervid rays upon his upturned face, buried in what seemed deathlike slumber, lay a man in the prime of life. Tattered and torn were his garments, a battered hat beside him, a broken bottle clenched in the right hand, a [illegible] paper in his hand.

'The poor, sick man,' said the wondering child, 'he's [illegible] in the hot sun asleep. It's too bad, too bad. How sorry his folks would be if they only knew where he was. He must have been going to the doctor's, for he has a bottle and a paper, and I guess he was so weak he couldn't get there, and fell down. The poor, sick man—how I wish I could make him well.'

She looked awhile and then hesitatingly approached him, and sat down beside him. She took out her handkerchief and wiped away the great drops that had gathered on his brow, and then fanned him with that soft, delicate motion which we give to the dying friend. And all the time tears were streaming down her cheeks, and she was wailing with a hushed voice but sobbing heart over his lonely lot. She was wondering if he had a wife and little children—and if they knew how sick he was; and she wished he would wake up and tell her where they lived that she might bring them there.

A long while she sat there, a patient, thoughtful watcher. Only once she ceased the cooling breeze—it was to fold her little hands as she had been taught, and breathe over him a childish prayer. That prayer! The angels hushed their harps to listen, and 'there was joy in heaven.'

At length the sick man turned and tossed as though his sleep was mostly over. 'Poor man,' said his little nurse, 'poor man, you'll be sore and stiff I'm afraid, sleeping so long on the ground when it rained only last night. Poor man, how sorry I am for you.' Then now her little cheek is laid close to his bloated face, for his lips murmur and she would hear his words. Broken, indistinct ones they are at first, but then audible and pleading.

'Just one glass more—one, one, only one, I'm dying for it—give, give, one more—only one!'

'He's begging for water,' sobbed she as she raised her damp face. 'He's dreaming and thinks they wont give it to him. O, if I only had some; it's so hard to want a drink of water and not to have it.' Here her eye rested on the broken bottle, and a happy thought struck her. She carefully unclasped his hand, seized the dark glass and hastened to the pond. 'It will hold some; it will be better than none,' said she, as she dipped it in and bore away the cooling, life-giving draught. She poured a few drops on his parched lips, and then laved his hot forehead and burning cheeks. That water, that dew of human love, dripped through his [illegible] pores and down to his very [illegible] nerves. He opened his heavy eyelids and gazed first vacantly, then wonderingly about him.

'Do you feel any better?' whispered the little girl, in tones [illegible] the cradle hymn of a mother [illegible] for? I'm [illegible]

'[illegible] I feel better. But where am I? what angel? I lay down in hell [illegible] trampling upon me, and I wake up in heaven [illegible] an angel watching over me. And you are an angel? aint I in heaven?' And he [illegible] her hand convulsively.

'Don't say such naughty words,' said the [illegible] 'don't sir, you [illegible] I aint an angel, nor you aint in heaven. You are out here on the common. I found you here asleep in the sun and I was so sorry for you I sat down and took care of you. I am nothing but a little girl. Shall I give you some more water?' and she held the broken bottle to his lips.

'Water, water, yes, give me some. Water from an angel's hand may save my soul.' And he drank, and then he sat up and looked around, and at the little [illegible] beside him.

'Little angel, little angel,' sobbed he, 'there is hope for me yet [illegible] Heaven sent you to save me. [illegible] little angel!'

'But I aint no angel,' said she earnestly, 'I am only a little girl. Feel of my hand; you couldn't touch an angel [illegible] And [illegible] a good [illegible] he only [illegible] angel [illegible] say he had a [illegible]

'Poor man [illegible] temples and [illegible] man, I'm so [illegible] Haint you got any home?' He [illegible] but only sobbed [illegible]

By and by [illegible] paying [illegible] prayer.'

'Yes, sir, I [illegible] prayed for you while you were asleep.'

'[illegible] you.' And she [illegible] her hand, and [illegible] in a [illegible] had [illegible]

'Shan't I go and find your [illegible] poor man [illegible] and I must go [illegible]

'Take me [illegible] take me to them,' [illegible] hand and [illegible] away [illegible] green [illegible]

A [illegible] little [illegible] the [illegible] angel [illegible] in the [illegible] ever [illegible] I'm changed.'

'Thank God [illegible] come back at last, William,' [illegible] they entered.

'Thank God [illegible] brought back,' [illegible] 'And [illegible] R[illegible] May [illegible]

'[illegible] said she, 'I'm only a little girl, and I saw him [illegible] asleep out in the sun, and I [illegible] him, and [illegible] him water, and [illegible] him. Weren't you worried about him [illegible]

'Yes, [illegible] 'And when [illegible] ask [illegible] what [illegible] angel [illegible] back to heaven [illegible] made me well.'

With [illegible] her home [illegible] father [illegible] her.

'O, father! father! [illegible] into the house [illegible] quick, I want to tell you something.' And she [illegible] many questions [illegible] worried [illegible]

'And O, [illegible] have [illegible] A poor sick man [illegible] only think [illegible] nothing but a [illegible] and [illegible] baby that was [illegible] and such a poor, sick looking [illegible] the poor [illegible]

'And he [illegible] that I was a little angel [illegible] I [illegible] and I told him [illegible] I was only a little girl. But she kissed me over and over again [illegible] I was a little angel—Do I look like an angel, mother? Do let me see,' and she [illegible] Why, no, I look [illegible] like a little girl. What made them call me an angel? Do you know, father? do you know, mother? But they only clasped her in their arms, and said, 'little angel, little angel.'

In the [illegible] of Mr. W [illegible] hangs an exquisite painting [illegible] kneeling on the turf, her [illegible] raised to heaven, and her hands clasped in prayer.

'Is it a portrait [illegible] asked a friend, after gazing long and earnestly upon it. 'I'm sure I can look without [illegible] upon that picture [illegible] face.'

'It is.'

'May I ask of whom?' and he turned to his host—but was surprised to see the great tears rolling down his cheeks.

'That is the little angel who brought your boy, who stood beside him. Father don't call me [illegible]

'And I [illegible]

[illegible] that made your mother a happy wife, and you, a little, [illegible] the bright, glad boy you are.'

Yes, thou wert an angel, sweet Isabel.—In heaven thou art the little angel still.

The Express Business.

The history of the Express business is full of interest. It is new, enterprising, and decidedly American. Its commencement dates scarcely ten years back. Its character is the very embodiment of the go ahead principle. It is American because it is bound to go through, let come what may.

It is but little over four years that two gentlemen landed in this city for the first time, with a view to start an express. Upon looking around one of them, becoming somewhat discouraged, remarked to the other that he thought the chance was a poor one. But the other, nothing daunted, was determined not to "cave" before an effort had been made. The business was started, it rapidly increased, until that concern now transports millions of dollars every month to various parts of the world. Since that time, others, with abundance of means, and that commendable spirit of enterprise for which our people are noted, have engaged in the same pursuit, and yet the business is very far from being overdone. The two principal Express firms in this city are Adams & Co., and Wells Fargo & Co. In addition to their Express business they do a kind of Banking business such as loaning and selling exchange, gold dust, &c. These houses can scarcely fail, managed as they are by prudent and sagacious men, of becoming very wealthy. Each sends a special messenger by both lines of steamers, twice a month, to the Atlantic States.

The Express business is comparatively in its infancy in this country. It is carried on more extensively here than in any other part of the world—for the reason that our people, unlike all others, are not willing to wait. It has been remarked, that the reason why there are so many accidents on railways is because we are in such a hurry to get everything. If there were two paralled roads, and the cars on one were entirely safe, but a little slower than those on the other, everybody would take the speediest cars, at the risk of their lives. It is precisely this feeling that causes everybody to run to the Express; and as business increases, the Expresses will soon be needed where one is now. Large quantities of merchandise, such as clothing and all kinds of fancy goods are brought from New York here by the Expresses. Thousands of fruit trees and kindred articles of a perishable [illegible] are also sent here in the same way.—[illegible] from the time of purchase to the time of sale, saving quite an amount in the shape of interest on the investment made, more than pays at the high rates of transportation. When the railroad on the Isthmus shall have been completed, the rates will probably be lower and the quantity of freight increase immensely.

The cheapness and certainty with which articles are now sent to all parts of the world by Expresses, are advantages which but few people think of. If you have a package that you wish to send six thousand miles, all you have to do is to step into an office, deposit it, and in less than a month it is at its [illegible] destination. To fully appreciate the benefit of such a privilege, we should have to be deprived of it. Let all the Expresses in the U. S. close [illegible] a single month, and we should experience a loss that nothing short of their return would satisfy.—*S. F. Chronicle.*

DEBT OF PENNSYLVANIA.—The receipts into the treasury have been six millions, and four millions of the public debt have been paid within the past year. The present public debt of the State is forty millions of dollars.

—[illegible] A brutal teacher whipped a little boy for pressing the hand of a little girl who sat next to him at school' after which he asked the child 'why he squeezed the girl's hand?' "Because," said the little fellow, "it looked so pretty I couldn't help it." How very natural!

Shall we be a State?

For the Spectator.

This is an important question which every voter in Oregon should thoroughly consider, before he makes a final answer. It is a question which interests every individual and one upon which every voter will be called to say "yes" or "no" at the next June election. Shall we be vested with the high prerogative of sending two Senators to Washington—of making our own laws independent of any power of Congress to act upon them—of electing our own Governor, Secretary and Judges, and paying them for their services—of building our own State Houses—and being as free as New York, and Virginia? Shall we raise ourselves at once to this high pinnacle, or shall we wait awhile yet and mature in strength? This, fellow voters, is the question to be voted upon in June. After calmly studying the matter over I think we had better wait for some time, yet because?

1st, there is no necessity for this change. We are enjoying all the liberty now that we could enjoy under a State Government.—The inhabitants of New York Virginia, California or any other State, are not more free nor less oppressed than are the people of Oregon Territory. Where is there one person in Oregon whose liberty, in any way, shape or manner, has been infringed [illegible] enjoy even more liberty [illegible] the States? Show one good citizen who complains of a want of liberty, and I will yield the point at once. The only possible necessity which can exist for this step, is to give employment to a set of *trifling* men, who will not work and who must get a living some way, and if we only could get a State government, there will be plenty of offices for them to fill, and thus would make there living. Every new country is cursed with the like, and Oregon can not expect to escape them, and of course must do her part to support them. My plan for that is to make a judicious estimate of what it will cost to board and clothe this set of office seekers, and let every one throw in some to raise the amount. I will give a soldier's half-ration. But the necessity of supporting these silken fingured gentlemen, (for I admit that it is a necessity) is not enough to warrant the step of forming a State Government, for the simple reason that it will cost more to support them in office than it will as they are now. Therefore, as long as every body enjoys all the liberty of freemen, in the most liberal sense of the term—as long as we suffer no grievances, let us remain as we are. I oppose it, also, because:

2d, we have no deeds to our land. This is a very important consideration. Land is the foundation of all wealth and influence, and as long as the farmers do not own one inch of their farms it destroys that confidence which they should have in their wealth and influence. I do not doubt for a moment but we all will get our deeds, but I say let us wait until we do get them. We must have our deeds, or we never can feel that we are the proud peers of America. No matter how inviolable are the laws and promises of Congress, we want to get hold of our deeds, we want them locked up in our desks. Not until then should we commence forming the "State of Oregon."—What is the use of owning property that we are forbidden to sell? There are many reasons, which ought not to be lightly considered. I oppose the formation of a State Government, because:

3d, the taxes would be too much. The ordinary annual expenditures of the State of California, exclusive of debts and schools, is $500,000. Now suppose our state expenses would reach one-fifth of this amount. There would be $100,000 to be raised by a tax upon [less than] eight thousand taxpayers. This would be twelve dollars and fifty cents for each voter, irrespective of property. This would be a very large and grievous tax for so small a benefit to be derived from a State government. Besides at present everything is in an unsettled state. Money is scarce and every thing high. No standard cash value fixed to property yet, and will not be until the gold excitement gets thoroughly settled, and ceases to exalt and depress the feelings of the people.—Prudence dictates that we should wait. In the meantime none will suffer but office-seekers; and the people, the hard-fisted yeomanry of the country, will be benefitted by waiting a few years yet. Wait until we have a sure title to our farms; wait until property has a cash value attached to it. In short wait until things get settled.

But they say it will be two or three years before we can get a State government, and by that time things will be all right. How do we know this? Washington Territory was lopped off in the twinkling of an eye.—There is no knowing what Congress will do or when she will do it. The state of affairs might not get settled that soon. We might be worse off then than now. This subject demands our calmest attention.

FARMER.

Temperance.

Pursuant to the call of the Executive committee of the Oregon Territory Temperance Association, the friends of the cause convened in the M. E. Church at Salem April 5, 1854, at 10 o'clock A. M., and organized by the choice of E. Williams as President, and W. F. West as Secretary.

After a brief statement of the object of the call for a convention by Rev. O. Dickinson and Rev. D. Bagley, the following preamble and resolution by Rev. G. H. Atkinson were offered:

PREAMBLE, *Whereas*, questions of a moral and social, as well as of a purely civil nature, are properly and frequently the subject of legal enactments—as in the case of bad books—houses of ill-fame; all vanities and crime, and the present restraints upon the liquor traffic.

Whereas, it is just and honorable and expedient for all freemen to avow openly and act openly upon their opinions.

Whereas, laws prohibiting the introduction of intoxicating liquors into Oregon, were asked by vote of a large majority of the citizens of Oregon, under the provision[al] government in 1847.

And *Whereas*, laws prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, have of late been secured and sustained in six States of the Union, *only* by the distinct and open, united action and votes of the friends of temperance in those States.

RESOLVED, That in view of this convention it is the privilege and duty of those who desire such prohibitory laws to be passed in Oregon, to ask for them at the ballot box. Adjourned to meet at 3, P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.—The convention met at 3 P. M., Rev. Daniel Bagley moved that a committee of three be elected to employ a temperance lecturer, and solicit funds by subscriptions or otherwise. Carried, Dr. Wm. H. Wilson, A. M. Fellows and S. L. May, were duly elected said committee. Adjourned to meet at 7½ this evening.

EVENING SESSION.—On motion the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That we recommend to all the friends of Temperance in the Territory to have "a grand temperance celebration" at Salem on the 4th of July next.

It was made the duty of Wilson, Fellows and May to procure speakers, and make all other necessary arrangements for the "Temperance Celebration" at Salem July 4, by vote of the convention.

Morning Session, April 6.—The following resolution was offered by Rev. D. Bagley:

Resolved, That steps be immediately taken to form a "Temperance Platform," and that a temperance ticket be brought before the people of Oregon for their support. Adopted.

Moved, That the Maine Liquor Law, modified so as not to conflict with the Territorial Government, be and hereby is the Temperance Platform of this territory. Carried.

Moved, That the friends of temperance are requested to meet at the county seat of each county on the first Tuesday in May next at 1 P. M., to nominate condidates for the Legislative Assembly, for their respective counties. Carried.

On motion, A. M. Fellows, C. A. Read, Wm. Odell and S. E. May were elected publishing committee.

The proceedings of this convention were ordered to be forwarded to all the Territorial papers for publication.

On motion, the minutes of this convention were adopted.

On motion, adjourned to meet at the next anual meeting at Albany.

E. WILLIAMS, *Pres't.*

W. F. WEST, *Sec'y.*

Official.

In the following illustration of a printing office dialogue, there is decidedly more truth than poetry:

Foreman.—You fellow with the red hair, what are you at now?

Compositor.—I am setting 'a house on fire'—most done.

Foreman.—What's Smith about?

Compositor.—Engaged on a 'horrible murder.'

Foreman.—Finish it as quick as possible, and help Morse through with his telegraph. Bob, what are you trying to get up?

Bob.—'A panic in the money market,' sir.

Foreman.—Jim, what are you distributing?

Jim.—'Prizes in Perham's Gift enterprise.'

Foreman.—Stop that and take hold of this 'runaway horse.' Slocum, what in thunder have you been about for the last half-hour.

Slocum.—Justifying the 'Compromise measures' which my 'sub' set.

Foreman.—You chap on the stool, what are you on?

Compositor.—On the 'Table' you gave me.

Foreman.—Lay it on the table for the present—have no room for it.

Compositor.—How about these 'Municipal candidates?'

Foreman.—Run em in. What did you say, Slocum?

Slocum.—Shall I 'lead' these 'men of Boston?'

Foreman.—No; they must be 'solid' of course.

Compositor.—Do you want a 'full face head' to 'Jenny Lind's family?'

Foreman.—No, such things go in 'small caps.' John, have you got up that 'capital joke?'

John.—No, sir; I'm "out of sorts."

Foreman.—Well, throw in this 'million of California gold,' and when you get throu' with it I'll give you some more. Wilson, have you finished the 'coalition?'

Wilson.—Yes, sir; the 'coalition is all up.'

[Enter Devil.]

Editor.—What do you want now, bub?

Devil.—More copy, sir.

Editor.—Have you completed that 'Eloquent Thanksgiving Discourse?'

Devil.—Yes sir, and I've got up 'a warm winter.'

Editor.—[scissoring] Have, hey! well, take this 'official' and be off.—[Exit devil with a 'fat take.'

☞ We should employ our life in pleasing others. God loves those who study to please their neighbors.

☞ The U. S. Mint in San Francisco is [illegible]