OREGON SPECTATOR.

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POETRY.

We publish the following to gratify the wish of a lady, who suggested the selection of it. We think, if an editor penned it, he was one of that kind who are inclined to put too much stress on their own toilsome duties. Why should it ever be first in his mind to make people believe that they are the most industrious men in the world? Every body knows that there are others who toil, as much as editors:—

THE EDITOR'S SONG.

The editor sits at his table,
Writing as well as he's able,
Paragraphs, leader and patt;
His scissors beside him are lying,
Whilst he is in agony trying
Of copy to furnish enough.

Toil, toil, toil!
What a weary life is mine!
Wasting the precious midnight oil,
In leader, and column, and line;
Working from noon till night,
Working from night till morn,
O! why was the steam press ever made,
Or why was the editor born?

Toil, toil, toil,
And whose is the gain when won?
Whose are the trophies we achieve,
And for whom are the laurels won?
Twas not in the foremost rank
Of each hard fought party tray,
To share the toil, and only to get
Abuse and neglect for pay?

Toil, toil, toil!
What a thankless task is ours!
To make the bread and press the cheese
That Congressman Jones devours?
To sit on a three legged stool,
Whilst others have their stuffed seats,
To prepare the hash and cook up the stew,
But never to taste the meats?

Toil, toil, toil!
As the constant drop on a stone,
So this ceaseless, endless work
Wears away body and bone!
Though the poets splutter and write,
Though the orator bully and bawl,
If it were not for the editor's pen,
What were the use of it all?

Toil, toil, toil!
Christians, Mormons and Jews,
Is there a man on this weary earth
But grows richer by reading the news?
Richer, richer, richer,
As they read by sunlight and taper,
And yet there isn't a soul of them all
But grudges to pay for his paper?

Toil, toil, toil!
There's a row in the very next street!
Somebody's going to murder his wife,
And I must be off *tout suite*
Yesterday just at this time,
Two policemen got clocked in a riot;
And so it goes on from morning till night,
And an editor never knows quiet.

[Gets up, knocks his hat over his eyes, and rushes out, in an excited manner, to pick up an item; murmuring as he goes that he has the most meritorious and efficient corps of reporters in the country.]

Proceedings of the Washington County Whig Convention.

Pursuant to notice the whigs of Washington county by their delegates from the several precincts met in convention at Hillsboro, May 6, 1854, when the following proceedings were had:

On motion, A. Hinman was chosen chairman, and W. S. Caldwell secretary.

On motion, M. Tuttle, R. M. Hawkins and C. Hutchins were appointed a committee to examine the credentials of delegates, who reported the following named delegates to be regularly chosen and in attendance in person or by proxy:

Portland precinct—M. A. Chinn, A. E. Wilson, C. Hutchins, J. L. Terwilliger and J. H. A. Mills.

Hillsboro precinct—J. S. White, J. L. Scoggins, H. Sewell, John Pool, W. M. Brown.

Forest Grove—M. Tuttle, R. M. Porter, J. C. Mendenhall, A. C. Brown, H. C. Raymond.

Dairy Creek—T. R. Cornelius, E. Davis, Wm. Wilson, J. L. Imbrie, P. Wilkes.

Stony Creek—C. B. Comstock, H. B. Boner, M. R. Starr, S. A. Holcomb, Z. W. Wood.

South Tualatin—Jas. Pire, T. D. Humphreys, H. Lindsay, P. Harris.

Bute—J. Mitchell.

Beaver Dam—W. F. Hall, A. W. Hall.

Black Creek—D. J. Schneldy.

Fair View—D. Smith, A. Hinman, S. Wilrey, R. M. Hawkins, J. Davis.

Wapato—J. T. Reed, A. Hill and C. Capenhaver.

The report was accepted, and the convention organized with the same officers as before.

On motion, it was voted—That the convention proceed to nominate by ballot, candidates to be supported at the June election—each candidate to be balloted for seprately, and a majority of all the votes cast to be necessary to secure a nomination.

Proceeded to ballot for representatives on the first ballot. Whole number of votes 38, David Logan received 24 votes and was declared nominated.

On the second ballot, whole No. of votes 38, M. R. Barnum received 31 and was declared nominated.

On fourth ballot, for third representative, whole No. of votes 38, E. S. Tanner received 23 and was declared the nominee.

For Sheriff, whole No. votes 38, R. E. Wiley received 35 and was declared nominated.

For County Auditor, whole No. votes 38, W. S. Caldwell received 37 and was declared nominated.

For County Commissioner, whole No. of votes 38, L. Mitchell received 35 and was declared nominated.

The rules were suspended, and John H. Couch and A. Hinman were declared the unanimous choice of the convention for 2d and 3d county commissioners, and John S. White for County Treasurer.

Proceeded to ballot for Assessor; whole No. votes 39, L. L. Whitcomb received 23 and was declared nominated.

For Superintendent Schools, whole No. votes 34, J. M. Keeler received 23 and was declared nominated.

On motion, the rules were suspended and the following named persons nominated:

Dr. R. B. Wilson, for Coroner. J. N. Banker, for Prosecuting Attorney, 3d Judicial District. R. White, for Colonel, of Regimental District. R. M. Porter, for Lieut. Col., of Regimental District. John Pool, for Major, of Regimental District.

M. A. Chinn, M. Tuttle and C. Hutchins were appointed a committee to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of the convention, who reported the following, which were adopted:

Whereas, the whigs of the county of Washington have seen fit to assemble in convention by their delegates for the purpose of nominating candidates to be supported at the June election, we, their delegates feel called upon to make public the reasons which have impelled them to organize in this county upon the basis of principles sustained with unflinching vigor and various success, by the great whig party throughout the Union for the last half century.

1st We have tried in vain to induce all parties to lay aside the prejudices of national politics in which, as a territory, we have no voice, that we might work together in harmony for the glory and prosperity of our pioneer people.

2d We have sought to sustain men for office whom we deemed the best qualified for the station, regardless of party predilections, but our overtures of peace have been met with the most bitter and relentless hostility.

3d We have found ourselves (although a large portion of the community worthy of respect from our numbers and intelligence) a proscribed class—treated like a conquered people, who have no interest in the government other than to be ruled by the dominant faction.

Therefore, be it resolved:

1st That we now proceed to nominate whig candidates for the offices to be filled at the coming election, and that they be men qualified for the several stations, and worthy of the confidence and support of our fellow citizens.

Resolved, as Americans, that we regard our government to consist of a Union, the States, and the people, each in their own sphere, sovereign, equal, and independent.

That we regard the several compromises made by Congress and acquiesced in by the people as FINAL, CONCLUSIVE and BINDING.

That we recognize the policy of government pursued through the administrations of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams and Fillmore, as being the policy best adapted to secure our greatness as a nation and happiness as a people.

2d That we believe the conservative sense of the people to be the true governing principle, and that we should neither adhere to the notions of the past, when the circumstances have changed, or pursue new ideas because they are fanciful and captivating.

3d Be it further resolved, as Oregonians that we hold that the federal offices in this territory should be filled by citizens of Oregon.

That we are opposed to the granting of monopolies and exclusive privileges by special enactment or otherwise than by a general law of the land for such purposes.

That we believe a State Government at this time would be expensive and burdensome to the people, and therefore unwise.

That we utterly eschew, condemn and execrate all demagogues and their tricks, and have a firm and abiding confidence in the good sense and intelligence of the people and their ability for self-government.

M. A. Chinn, Dr. Grier, W. H. Bennet, J. T. Reed and Eli Davis, were selected to act as a county committee for the ensuing year.

On motion, voted that the proceedings of this convention be published in the Spectator and Oregonian.

On motion, convention adjourned, the delegates to meet at the Polls in their respective precincts, on day of election.

A. HINMAN, Ch'n.

W. S. CALDWELL, *Sec'y.*

Let 'em Rip!

For the Spectator.

MR. EDITOR:—It appears to me them "Settlers" in their recent "Statesman's correspondence, are tryin' to make a muss up thar 'mongst some o' them office-holders.—Our folks, down here all think as how they'r a tryin mighty hard to get Col. Gardner turned out! Now 'twould be sorter gaulin' to my feelin's if I haddent perfect liberty to giv' 'em a little o' my advice:

Messrs. "Settlers," why in the name of common doins dont you write to old Jo., or Franky, or, perhaps one to Mr. Marcy *would do!* He's great on correspondin' ye know, and I'm sure he'd send some of his 'potentiary officers right off to this great wooldlse State of Oregon Territory, with an answer, tellin' you he'd think about takin' "the preparato steps, for commencin' arrangements, for en[illegible] into some kind o' negotiations" (!) *right away!* He'd go at it spry I'm sure; and in less than two year' you'd get the thing did and your *ends* completely accomplished. No doubt of it at all. There'd be a heap more sense in that kind of a perceeding, than to be forever fillin' up yer *own* sope-kettle with sand, to the tune of "nobody humbugged!" You see you cant 'feet anythin' that way. 'Taint no use for you fellers to be foolin' along with that ar "Statesman," and tryin' to get it to help you out. True, it may be 'head of President Frankie with regard to experience and 'bility, but thar's some of his 'sistants what's almighty smart, and they could giv you a deal of aid if you'd only write and ask 'em. I know they'd do it too. Tell 'em that the Colonel cant be allowed to be Surveyor Gineral if they *will* force the establishment into Salem, in August next, and for reasons ——. Tell 'em also they needent to want any of our folk's recommends, but that *you* are head managers now yourselves, and have got the reins in your own hands, and that *you* are goin' to be the civilized inhabitants of the great State of Oregon, and when *you* tell them to do so and so, you expect them to do it, and that it is not wuth their while to talk to anybody 'bout it but *you*.

And then you orter talk right sauey to Franky Pierce, and tell him to stop! to hold on! that he aint goin' 'cordin' to orders at all! Guess if he cant listen to *your* orders through your *own* organ, a little more, he'd better resign!! Tell 'im its the balance of the choir that's a'talkin' to 'im, and not the organ man altogether. Besides there's the *bellows*-boy aint to home now nuther.

The organ's only used to grind up the notes and masticate 'em so that common folks can get the hang on 'em.

Gen. Frankey has got to do somethin' or he's a ruined man. He's got to pay more 'tention than he's been used to doin' to this 'ere almighty powerful, densely populated State of the Oregon Territory! If he does not, *you* the "Settlers" and the "Vindex" and the so-forths, and the rest o' them great big Salem organ-grinders, all under *one* hed, are goin' to have the Territory re-modificated into a State, and then, havin' the U. S. (us) government all in yer own hands you'r a goin' to 'nihilate 'im d'ree'ly. Why, yes, "Settlers" you orter instruct Gen. Frankeigh and Josep' and Mister Marcy to hold a corcus, right straight off, in Mrs. Pierce's best lever parlor, to nominate men to come over here and take Col. C. K. Gardner right out o' this country. Tell 'em the present Surveyor Ginral's room's better then 'is company, and that you think he'd better be in Washington with *them*. Tell 'em to appoint somebody that even *you* could afford to 'sociate with: Judge Olney, for instance, or some of the U. S. (us) Senators *might* do. If they don't do sumthin' o' this kind you fellows'll hoist *them*, ten chances to one!—Such kind of dignified obstinacy, and disobeyin' of Oregon organ-grinders like you aint goin' to be tolerated long: an' you tell 'em so! If Pierce dont giv in after you sass him a while, I'll tell you how you *can* get the old Colonel out, and right easy too!

Yours, in great uneasyness,

TOGGLES.

Portland, May 12, 1854.

A State Government for Oregon.

For the Spectator.

MR. EDITOR:—Since the passage in the Legislature, last winter, of an act requiring the question of "Convention or no Convention" for the formation of a State Government, to be presented for the consideration of the voters of Oregon at the election in June next, several communications have appeared in the various papers of the Territory, both for and against the "State organization," all of which I have read with a mind free from prejudice, and with a willingness to admit whatever was proved by facts. But as yet I have seen nothing to convince me that the welfare and interests of Oregon, or its people, demand such a change at present. On the contrary, I have every reason to believe that it would not only add nothing to our present prosperity and happiness, but that the future would find us regretting our rashness and folly.—But let us consider some of the arguments presented.

I freely grant that, as a State, we shall have the privilege of electing our judges, Governor, &c., and that our influence will be greater in Congress than it now is. But these are not altogether the questions to be considered. If we are to allow our pride to get the better of our judgement, or if we must sacrifice our interests—both present and future—that we may obtain a little popularity, the loss upon the one hand is more than equal to the gain upon the other.

It is stated by some that if admitted into the Union as a State, our population would increase, business would improve, and that labor, capital and enterprise would find its way here more readily than under our present organization, yet they do not attempt to *prove* any such statements, while every fact shows the contrary, at least, to be the case.

How, I ask, is our population to be increased, or how is labor, capital and enterprise to find its way here more readily after, than before, the change? If labor, capital or enterprise find no encouragement here now, will a change of government better the case at all? If Oregon offers no inducements for emigration now, will the privilege of voting for a Governor, Secretary, Judges or Members of Congress be any inducement? Certainly not. If richness of soil, healthiness of climate, high price of labor and produce of all kinds; if the ease with which wealth is acquired, and the abundant rewards the industrious and persevering farmer and mechanic are sure to reap, are no inducements to emigrate, we may look in vain for an increase of population. If Oregon cannot prosper now, she never can; if labor is not well rewarded here now, it never will be; if our agricultural and mineral resources offer no inducements now for the investment of capital, they certainly never will. Surrounded, as we are, by every circumstance which will benefit us after admission as a State, if we cannot now prosper what reason have we to suppose that the act of admission will carry with it the secret of success? None at all.

If, then, we possess every necessary element for success, now, why is it that a change, by some, is desired? Or, if desired, why manifest such haste? It must be borne in mind that our capitol and penitentiary are hardly commenced, and that, before completed, a large sum of money must be expended. Under our present organization, a sum sufficient to defray the expenses of their erection and completion will be freely given us; while under the change that sum must be raised by taxation. It must be borne in mind, too, that scarcely one-third of the counties have court-houses or jails, the money for all of which, must and will be raised by taxation. Already are the people burdened with taxes, while nearly every county in the Territory is groaning under a debt that cannot and will not soon be canceled; and if the salaries of a Governor, Secretary, Judges, &c., will but increase rather than diminish, (and all must admit it will,) the debt already too large, I think the argument of an increase of taxes is one worthy of serious consideration.

Then why this anxiety for a State Government? Why urge upon the people of Oregon that which cannot be for their present or future welfare? Why, we are told by "A Whig of '76" that if we don't assume the functions of a sovereign State soon, we shall have no territory left to make a State of. Does he suppose that Congress will take *all* the Territory of Oregon, and out of it form another? And yet he says, "that reason is sufficient, of itself, to influence my vote for the convention." The Lord save me from the results of such blindness and folly.

It is said that "an increase of taxes" is the only argument that can be offered against the change. It may, with truth is said that the only one in its favor is "the right to elect our own officers." To be sure, the strongest argument against the change is "an increase of taxes," but it is not the only one. And, admitting that it is, does it not become an argument of greater importance than any that has or can be presented for the consideration of the people of Oregon? Most certainly it does. If, then, for the right to elect a few officers, and for that right only, we are to saddle upon us a debt that will long oppress us, it becomes our duty to consider well ere we vote for a change in the government of our beautiful Territory.

But in my humble opinion, we need no change. Industry is well rewarded here, and with economy and perseverance, all are sure of success. All that we can expect by a change of government, which will conduce to our prosperity and happiness as a people, we already possess. The husbandman enjoys the fruits of his labor, and that labor is well rewarded. The mechanic, in every branch of business, rejoices in his success, and all classes meet with fair encouragement.—Put we may be admitted as a State; we may enjoy all the rights and privileges that Massachusetts or Virginia enjoy; if we pursue the course we have pursued; if we chose idleness rather than industry, folly rather than wisdom; if we are content to lie supinely on our backs and hug the delusive phantom of Hope, until want and utter bankruptcy compel us to action, no change from Territorial to State government can or will benefit in the least, and we may, as a people, despair of success; but if we will be up and doing, export rather than import the necessaries of life, a brighter day will dawn upon Oregon, and as much happiness, in my opinion, will inure to us under a Territorial as under a State Government; and such, I believe, will be the opinion of a majority of the voters in June next, the contemptible abuse, senseless twattle, misrepresentations and mis-statements of the *Statesman* and its correspondents (!) to the contrary notwithstanding.

A TYPO OF '54.

Oregon City, May 9.

☞ The Fredericksburg News says: In the country in which we were raised, for 20 generations back, a certain family of wealth and respectability have intermarried, until there cannot be found in three of them a sound man or woman. One has sore eyes, another scrofula, a third is idiotic, a 4th blind, a 5th bandy-legged, a 6th with a head about the size of a turnip, with not one out of the number exempt from physical or mental defects of some kind. Yet this family persevere to intermarry with each other, with these living monuments constantly before them.

The Clerk's Wife.

A merchant's clerk, of the rue Hauteville, recently married, and the result of union is perhaps one of the most surprising on record. His master has a niece, of Spanish birth, and an orphan. She is not pretty, though very sensible and well-informed. At the balls last winter, little or no attention was paid to her; indeed, she seemed to attend them rather as a whim than from inclination for amusement, as she seldom, or ever, danced. But if she did not dance, she noticed much and listened to more. The clerk soon observed that the lady was invited to dance when no other partner could be obtained. She herself had already noticed the same fact. Being a gallant man he acted accordingly. The incidents that led to the *denouement* may be easily divined. In six weeks after his first dance with the fair Spaniard, he obtained her permission to ask the uncle for her hand in marriage. He, astonished, gave his clerk's proposal a very cool reception, and then had a long interview with his niece. Finally, however, all was arranged, and the lovers were married on a Tuesday. The Thursday after, at breakfast, Adeline said to her husband, who exhibited considerable chagrin at being compelled to return to the duties of his office thus early in the honey-moon—

'*Eloisa*—don't go there,—go there no more!'

'My love, it is easy to say so, but——'

'Easy to say, and easy to do—both. I have a million and a half. Nobody knows it but my uncle. I always made a point of forgetting it myself, because I wished to choose a really disinterested husband. There need be no more office work for you, if you do not wish it. Yet still, my advice is, husband, that you neglect nothing.'

Was not that love, indeed?

☞ 'Sammy, my boy, what are you crying for?'

'Bill hove the Bible at me, and hit me on the head.'

'Well, you are the only person in my family on whom the bible ever made the least impression.'

The following may have been read by some of our readers, but we consider that Miss Ida was so sensible and true to the best principles of Woman's heart, that we present it here:—ED. LADIES' DEP.

CATCHING AN HEIRESS.

BY WM. ROBINSON.

CHAPTER I.

'Is she not lovely—divine—perfection?

'Who?'

'Look at your box—the one next to the candelabra.'

'Yes, she is a fine looking woman.'

'Who is she I wonder—do you know?'

'Yes—it is the Hon. Miss Ida Maxfield.—She is an orphan, but a rich one, having no less than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars invested in bank stock. As you may see by her complexion, she is a Southerner. Her father owned a pretty extensive estate a few leagues from N. O., but at his death, which took place a little more than a year ago, it was sold and the sum thus realized by his executors, of whom my father is the only one now living, invested in good securities, as the will directed, was placed at his daughter's disposal. She is twenty-one years of age, her own mistress, and is as amiable in disposition and as cultivated in intellect as she is beautiful in features and graceful in form. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars—only think, Fred! If I was not so deep in with Helen, I should perhaps have added one more to her already long list of rejected suitors before now.'

'Can you introduce me?'

'To the dollars or the lady?'

'Clayton, I think you ought to know me sufficiently to be certain if I marry her it will not be for her dollars, but for her own excellencies.'

'And yet, Fred, the world, and perhaps the lady herself, will be apt to consider that the attentions of a young lawyer's clerk, even though he may have given evidence of superior talent, and of one day being——'

'Be quiet, will you!'

'An ornament to his profession are influenced by far different motives than those of disinterested affection!'

'The world may think what it likes, Ned, and the lady shall soon be undeceived. But answer my question—can you introduce me?'

'Well, that depends on circumstances.—My acquaintance with her was not so very intimate, and unless I can catch her eye and she smiles me an invitation, I am afraid I cannot promise you.'

Such was the conversation which passed between two young disciples of Blackstone, as they were sitting together in one of the front boxes of the opera house on a 'Sontag night.'

The opera was Somnambula, and never had the beautiful and soul-thrilling prima appeared to greater advantage than she now did in the character of Amina.

But her matchless acting and flute-like tones were unguarded by at least one spectator, and that was Frederick Aylmer.—From the first moment of his entrance, almost, he had never taken his eyes from the box in which, in all her queen-like beauty, sat the lovely Ida. She alone was the only cynosure on which his every faculty seemed concentrated; and although his companion had more than once compelled him, in a manner, to direct his attention to some other object, he invariably at the earliest opportunity returned to gaze on the beautiful orphan.

At the conclusion of the third act, as Edward Clayton himself had turned to gaze for an instant in the direction of Miss Maxfield's box, he suddenly perceived her fix her glance on him, and regard him with the most marked attention for about a minute, then, with a more gracious smile, and a slight wave of her fan, she beckoned him to come to her.

'Now, Fred; your wish is about to be gratified. She has beconed me. Come, let us go.'

We need scarcely say that Aylmer offered no objection to his proposal. Two minutes