

Job Printing!!

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE ARGUS IS HAPPY to inform the public that he has just received a large stock of JOB TYPE and other new printing material, and will be in the ready receipt of additions suited to all the requirements of this locality. HANDBILLS, POSTERS, BLANKS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLET-WORK and other kinds, done to order, on short notice.

A Dream, that is not all a dream.

There was a time when dire rebellion broke The peaceful calm of Heaven, when sin awoke Within th' Angelic breast, and Satan, who before Had shone arch-angel, fell to rise no more; And they who once had held fair seats above Were hurled to nether worlds, outcast to rove; Doomed to be leaders of perdition's crew, And to regret for aye, the good they knew Ere eun'd ambition, caused their arms to rise 'Gainst him they knew as Sov'reign of the Skies.

How thrillingly the gush of Spirit fire, Pours through each vein, when Milton strikes the lyre.

Displaying Heaven, and all the hosts that dwell Within its courts, and all the shades of Hell, And when he shows the angel's path of crime, How oft we trace, even down to present time, The self same nature, that in Heaven once lurked The bright robed Spirits down to nether world.

Once when I mused upon these words sublime, My soul was snuk asleep, by receding chime Of noble language, mean of soaring thought, that seemed

To soothe my spirit,—till my senses dreamed. Methought unbinding, unlinked, disveiled all from clay,

The mind stretched wing, and soared from self away.

I cannot tell—I cannot dream—to where, Except that all around the solemn air, Seemed wrapped in stillness, whilst a startling sound Of uttered words seemed through it to resound.

'Apostates are the very oil of the earth, Unhallowed are their acts, and all their worth In such as clings to these, who once were driven In heading haste, down from the courts of Heaven Where'er they touch, shall blast—whatever they profess.

Is false—what they would nourish, grows the less; Gaze on them as they pass, and let them be A warning sent to all the land—and thee."

A shadowy crew seemed hovering on my sight, And whilst "mid space" was shrouded as in night, Their features seemed reflected clear as day, An instant gazed in life, then passed away. There was a Judge of property and fame, That for the Senate fain would book his name, He late was Marshal, but resigned for one Who dirty work for Durham cause had done.

The present Marshal, retails liquor still With license, paid for, out of "New's" bill, And 'tis supposed "New's" takes his pay in drink And lends his name, and also lends his chin, Somewhat for him. An Indian agent too, But late converted, joined th' apostate crew, A friend (in law) of little man, oh, how great, Whose head was chopped off by hard headed fate. The Scribe of State appeared. One sacred care

wonder, Such weakly brethren long for public plunder. For offices they hold, as good as they dare claim, Who own themselves apostates without shame. They'd turn again, no doubt, if better pay Should soon be offered them, the other way. Two more there were—a new fledged Editor With credit scarce, and many a creditor, Who came to Oregon a ranting, tearing whig, And soon became a turn-out-crazy big game. The other was a lawyer from the old Bay State, Whose politics we know have changed of late; 'Tis said he changed about the time that Pratt Told him 't would pay to be a Democrat.

How grieved his father's heart, how sunk with shame, To hear that an apostate bore his name! A renegade from all that he held dear, Lost to all hope, and callous to all fear.

Methinks the head grown grey to serve the State, Orwhelmed, would bow before the stroke of fate, And leave a curse, the only heritage, For him whose sinful act could blight his age.

All these have flourished on the public pay, And words like these came, as they passed away: "These are the men, apostates to their creed, Who sold for lucre all their former faith, And though their path has been victorious—heed The lightning stroke that soon their fame shall scathe.

Mark well—The people no more shall be led By those who only lead the road to spoils, Mark well—the party that so long hath fed Shall fall itself by these apostates' toils. It and its craven leaders shall be hurled From highest power, down to nether world. Or else—the very thought brings on a shiver—The few that's left shall journey up Salt River. They who may take apostates for their head Will thrive awhile—the sooner to be dead.

To reign, is worth ambition, though in Hell; Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven.' This is the thought on which such spirits dwell, And all the solace to their souls that's given."

I yawned—awoke—the book was in my hand, The candle dimly burned upon the stand; I smiled to think how vivid visions seemed, And still I thought, "this was not all a dream."

The Oregon Argus.

W. L. ADAMS, Editor and Proprietor. AMERICA—Knows naught of golden promises of Kluge. Knows naught of Coronets, and Stars, and Stripes. VOL. 1. OREGON CITY, OREGON TERRITORY, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1855. NO. 7.

For the Argus. Lane and Spalding. KALAPOOYA, LINN Co., May 19.

Editor of the Oregon Argus:

DEAR SIR:—Your paper last mail did not arrive. We would like to know the reason. We fear the fault is in the Post office department somewhere. I have been told that the P. M. General is a Catholic; if so, his oath or obligation to the Pope and Church of Rome will compel him to prevent all such papers as yours passing through the mail, wherever he can do it without endangering the good, that is the Romish church. You remember the instructions given to deputy P. M.'s some 25 years ago, to destroy all abolition papers going by mail into the Southern States. A like instruction could be given now throughout the land, wherever the deputy P. M.'s are papists, or are members of that order who are declaring themselves co-partners with the foreign power in this country.

The first three Nos. arrived in due time. I am well pleased with the ground you take on the Sabbath, the cause of Temperance, the cause of the oppressed, and the insidious workings of the foreign power in this country.

My letter containing my objections to Gen. Lane was shown to him. In his speech here on the 12th he replied to it. If I understood him he shouldered the responsibility of that strange letter of President Fillmore, denying that any treaty or instructions had been made or given to prevent American missionaries from settling in Middle Oregon. It will be recollected that in 1852 I published in several papers in the States, a statement made to me by the Sup't. of Indian Affairs, Dr. Dart, to the effect that in his treaty with the Cayuse and Nez Perces he had agreed that no more missionaries should be allowed to settle in their country. This he said he was compelled to do, from the strong prejudice he found in that country against American missionaries, (which I know to be not true,) and that he could not get a place for an agency until he did so. He further told me that he had been informed that we had oppressed the Indians, and extorted from them, until in self-defense they had committed the massacre. The last sentence of the above shows clearly that his informant was that infamous Blanchette, whose cruel treatment of one of the captive young women is given in her deposition.—He used the above expression in his threatening letter to Geo. Abernethy.

I replied to Dr. Dart that inasmuch as he did not remove the Catholic missionaries from Middle Oregon, his treaty amounted to excluding Protestant missionaries. And so I stated it, and gave Dr. Dart as my authority that such an article was in the treaty.—Now President Fillmore, or Gen. Lane, as the case may be, in answer to the above, does not refer to the Cayuse treaty at all, but jumps off upon treaties made with the tribes on the coast and lower Columbia, and says no such article is in any of these sixteen treaties, to all of which, except the last, Mr. Spalding's name is affixed. Now mark the dodging. I never said that such an article was in any of the treaties made by Dr. Dart, Mr. Parrish, and myself, but in the Cayuse treaty, made by Dr. Dart alone, far away in the interior, and six months before the others were made, and while I was upon a sick bed. Now if there was no such article in the Cayuse treaty, why not say so; why dodge the Cayuse treaty, and say that there is no such article in some other treaties.—This is strange logic for a President or a Delegate. To me it looks suspicious. It reminds me of a witness called by a prisoner to prove that he was innocent, as he could prove by him that he was at home the night the murder was committed. Witness testified, I saw Mr. A., B., and C., at their homes that night. Court—We don't care where you saw Messrs. A., B., and C.; did you see the prisoner at his home that night? Witness—Ah! that is another question; I have not answered that yet. And so is the Cayuse treaty quite another thing from the treaties referred to by President Fillmore.

Dr. Dart, in his published account of his doings in the upper country, contained, I believe, in one of the July Nos. of the Statesman of '51, says treaties were made with the Cayuse and Nez Perces Indians. Gen. Lane had this account of course; why did he or the President not face it?

I will here state that I can prove that the agent Wampool, the first agent located in the Cayuse country, announced very soon after taking his station, that he was compelled from his instructions to refuse permission to Protestant missionaries to settle

in that country. And here is the proof: LANE Co., Oregon, May, 1855.

Mr. Spalding. Sir—To your inquiry concerning my interview with the Indian Agent in the Cayuse country I reply most cheerfully.

On my way to Oregon in 1852 I stopped a short time with the Agent on the Ulla, and to my inquiry, "Do you discover any good results from the mission established among these people?"

Agent, "I do. From my intercourse with these Indians I am well convinced that the mission established among them was of great benefit to them."

I asked, "why may not the Protestant mission be renewed?"

He answered, "I am sorry to say that I have just refused a Protestant missionary, who asked permission to establish a mission, and this I was compelled to do from instructions which require me to give the preference to the religious teachers first applying, and as the Catholics applied first I am compelled to refuse permission to all others. He also told me that he was satisfied in his own mind that the Catholics were the cause of the massacre."

THOMAS JUDKINS.

Here, fellow citizens, if I mistake not, is work for "Sam," to put into office only those men who will show no partiality to any religious sect, who will not, directly or indirectly, co-operate with the foreign papal priests in Middle Oregon to keep out Protestant missionaries from that field. It was the privilege of your unworthy fellow citizen, the writer of this, with a few choice spirits, to commence a mission in that country nearly twenty years ago, before there was a Catholic priest on this side of the Rocky Mountains. We pursued our work successfully for eleven years, when we were broken up by a most brutal and bloody massacre. I express the sentiment of every American when I say that that bloody tragedy was brought about by Catholic influence. Ever since that day myself and others have held ourselves ready to return to our homes and our fields of labor, whenever the officer of government in that country and our Board at home should think it best, and should co-operate to secure our safety.

I have other testimony in my possession to show that other officers of the government in that country have used their influence indirectly against our return, and in a way to encourage the Indians to commit another massacre, had we returned to our missionary work. I can give it if asked for.—In the mean time I must notice Gen. Lane's review of my letter. He said in his speech here that he did not say in his speech in Congress that all the murderers of Doct. Whitman were executed; therefore, I had misrepresented him! Now, if Gen. Lane isn't a "know nothing," he is mighty near it. I put that little word all in there to see if the Gen., in trying to dodge the question, would not snap at it, not that it adds anything to the sense. The Gen. said in Congress that he got the murderers of Doct. Whitman and had them tried and executed. Now the plain meaning of this declaration, and the meaning that he intended to convey, is that all the Waitlatpu murderers, or nearly all, have been apprehended and executed, whereas, Gen. Lane knew at the time he made this declaration that it was not true. He knew that they had not been executed or taken. Only five of the 40 or 50 have been executed, a number almost too small to be noticed while so many are left unpunished and at large, and among them some of the most brutal and bloody. By no possible construction can those five be considered the murderers of Doct. Whitman. The sureties in a bond, does not mean one of them and no more, but all of them. A train of cars ran off a draw-bridge, and plunged into the river with the passengers, means all the passengers. The prisoners who were found guilty last court, were today executed, means all the prisoners.

The manner in which Gen. Lane says these five Indians were apprehended, discovers another strong symptom of know-nothingism in the Gen. He carries the idea that he did it. He imagines himself in the Cayuse country catching 40 Indians, Sampson like, with his own hand, when, in fact, he was, at the time the Indians were caught, in Umpqua, catching, not Indians, but soldiers. He does not know the difference between catching Indians and white men.—Now these soldiers had been sent, with others, to this country to protect our feeble settlements, and especially to bring to justice the Waitlatpu murderers. But they were kept in Oregon City through the summer of '49 and the following winter, without any attempt to go into the Cayuse country, till many of them were scattered, and while Gen. Lane was in Umpqua looking up some of these soldiers, some of the Nez Perces and Cayuse Indians apprehended these five and brought them to the Dalles, and sent for Gov. Lane to come and receive them.

I can not in justice to humanity close

this letter without noticing the trifling manner in which Gov. Lane treated the Waitlatpu massacre. No outside report could have made me believe that such statements were uttered, nothing but my own ears.—No feelings but those of a brute or an Indian could thus trifle, as Gov. Lane did, with the human anguish and calamities which came upon the sufferers of the Waitlatpu massacre. In noticing my letter he said "that Spalding was scared, frightened to death, frightened out of the country by the Indians," &c. Well said! Out at last.—Spalding frightened out of the country by the Indians, and of course his family and the 52 other persons, men, women, and children, who came out with him. One step more, and where do we find ourselves, fellow-citizens! what lies about us! Dead bodies, some 12 or 14 men and women, horribly cut to pieces. There lies Doct. Whitman with his person so mutilated as scarcely to be recognized;—there lies Mr. Sanders, with his head cut open, and near by, Mr. Hoffman, with his breast cut open. Who has done this!—Frightened to death, says Gen. Lane. The same thing which frightened that Spalding out of the country, and into a "know nothing," has scared these people to death! Here it is, at last. Those who have before doubted, can no longer doubt where the sympathies of Gov. Lane are;—that they are decidedly with the Catholics in that bloody tragedy, and against the Protestants, who, by means of the Catholic influence in connection with the secret underhand influence of such Government officers as Gov. Lane, have been kept out of Middle Oregon since the bloody massacre in '47.

But there is one event connected with this big fight that troubles me about as much as the cow's tail did the philosopher. I can suppose that an imagination just about going into a state of frenzy from the apprehended dread of an enemy, might suppose that 12 or 15 persons had become so frightened at their own shadows as to destroy each other like the Midianites, but where Gov. Lane is going to find the bugbear of sufficient terror to have frightened up the 400 enlightened, hardy Oregonians, and that in mid-winter, into that country, where "the ice freezes four feet thick," to fight innocent Indians, I can not imagine. Neither can I conceive how Gov. Lane could have the face to ask Congress for an appropriation of some 2 or \$300,000 for a set of April frosts.

But I must say in justice to the Gen. that he did not appear to be in his right mind when at this place, but more especially at Albany. He seemed to be going into the last stages of a shocking fright. Something has about done the job for him. And as it can not be the Indians or Mexicans, I strongly suspect that little animal peculiar to America, called "SAM."

H. H. SPALDING.

Let us exercise Christian charity, Brother Spalding, and hope that the miscarriage of the Calapooya mail was a matter of mistake, instead of design. We hope it will turn out to be so. As to your suspicion that some of our Post Masters are under Jesuitical influence, we are not able to say, having never inquired into their religion. Some of them we are sure are not such characters as could be influenced by P. M. G. Campbell, whilst others of them, who are under the influence of the Statesman, we could not vouch for.

The religious (?) predilections of that sheet have long been a matter of doubt. We have generally looked upon them as decidedly of a Salt Lake character, although a Democrat of Marion County, who stopped that paper and subscribed for ours, informed us that he believed its editor to be a Jesuit, from the fact that he had repeatedly shamefully abused clergymen of Protestant denominations, whereas he had never yet stabled the character of a Roman Catholic. It is possible, however, that the package aforesaid may have been stolen, as we have heard of quite a number of instances where the papers of our regular subscribers were taken out of the post office to which we sent them, being the rightful owners called for them. Such is the popularity of our paper that some who are probably unwilling to subscribe and pay for it, are determined to read it, even if they have to steal it.—The Argus is the very last article we should ever have thought a thief would have any use for, but we just now happen to remember that we once read of a lot of Testaments being taken by a burglar. He probably took them in the night through mistake for Paine's "Age of Reason," or else he took them to sell. Our papers have, probably, been taken to sell, or else have been mistaken in the dark for the Corvallis organ.

A Widow's Sufferer in Oregon.

An Oregon widow thus writes her experiences during her sojourn on the Pacific coast:

"I have indeed been most unfortunate, both my arms are slightly pained, each of my legs have been broken, my health is generally bad, I have had four husbands in my time, but they all up and died, and I had four yoke of oxen, and the cursed Indians stole and eat them."—America's Own.

The Argus and its Friends.

BAO. ADAMS—Dear Sir:—I am endeavoring to do a little for you, or rather for the cause of justice, truth, and Temperance, each week; and I could do more if I had some means of working through others, as I might if you would send me a few more of the "Prospectus." Send me half a dozen and I will put them to work. I can realize somewhat of your feelings; you have vested much of your property, and you have a family dependant on you for a support, and if my feeble influence and efforts will help you to stand in your noble efforts to give to our Oregon families something better than the low slang of former papers, I shall be thankful. These efforts shall be freely given. On the next page you will find the names of three new subscribers. Next week I shall send a few more. I have given away each paper after reading it myself, and I think each paper thus given will make a subscriber. Go on brother. Be of good courage, and I believe victory will crown your efforts with success. Yours truly,

We hope the author of the foregoing, a (highly intelligent clergyman of the Congregational church,) will excuse us, for the liberty we take in publishing his friendly letter, as a sample of a few which we have received of the same kind, from men, whose exertions in behalf of the cause of righteousness, show them to be men who possess the "form of godliness," whilst by their works they are not "denying the power thereof." Such cheering assurances of sympathy, from the good, render our burthens of troubles, anxieties, and embarrassments, much easier to be borne. If the friends of reform would all use the exertions in our behalf, which the writer of the above, and a few kindred spirits, have used, our subscription list might soon be so increased, as to place our paper upon such a footing, as would relieve us of many of the embarrassments, which weigh heavily upon us at present. No man who is not acquainted with the business of printing, has any correct idea of the tremendous expense connected with the publication of a newspaper. The debts which we are contracting, must all be paid, and we are continually harassed, by the presentation of bills, which we cannot pay until our subscribers begin to make their payments. We have no reason to complain of disappointment, however, as our encouragement up to this date, has been greater than we looked for, but there yet remains much to be done, which can be speedily accomplished if our friends would all use a little exertion in our behalf.

Oregon is already supporting five newspapers, besides ours, and it seems a pity that a paper advocating the wholesome principles of ours should finally be compelled to yield the ghost and leave the friends of temperance and political reform, without an organ. Let each man who sympathizes with our undertaking do his duty, and we shall soon have over two thousand subscribers.

For the Argus.

Anti-Slavery Convention.

Glad indeed are we to notice the call for a meeting of the friends of freedom in this territory. It is greatly feared by many that we have slumbered too long already over this subject, but a time is now near at hand when we should arouse every energy to fortify this lovely land against the withering curse of slavery.

There is a strong probability that we will this summer be called to elect delegates to a convention to frame a State constitution. The members of this body should especially be sound on the great question of human liberty, that our legal compact may be found in consonance with the rights of man. With an eye to this matter then, the call for a convention is timely, and will doubtless do good.

The party leaders of the Territory may see "reason, strategy and war" in this movement.—The cry of fanaticism and political disturbers will be raised, but the friends of freedom have the comfort of knowing that they are but followers in this scene of slavery agitation. Anti-Slavery men in Oregon, have been slow, perhaps criminally so, in making themselves to be known and felt on this great question. Slavery propagandists have not exposed themselves to this censure. Our Territory has been flooded with pro-slavery, Nebraska, congressional speeches. Have any of the opposite kind found their way into Oregon? Now if our delegate in Congress has been employed as the corporeal agent of the slaveocracy, surely the friends of freedom of man can not be thought out of their province, if they arise in their majesty to counteract the heaven of despotism which is there sought to be infused into our social system.

The slavery agitation may introduce a new element into the political context of this Territory, and why should we not have this element here? It is the element of our national administration. The whole influence of the U. S. government in its present possession is wielded for the defence and extension of slavery as though that were its "manifest destiny," and shall not Oregon be heard and felt?

It is hoped that at Albany, on the last Wednesday in June, from every county in Oregon, there will be found strong and earnest men, ready to act. A number of strong men and good speakers have promised to be on hand. The meeting will no doubt be interesting. KIRKMAN.

Let it be Understood.

That Americanism is not Intolerance. There are many bogus Americans in these days. Men often send the lively of Heaven to serve the devil.—America's Own.

Sad Accident.

The following has been sent to us by Gov. Gaines:

OAK HILLS, May 23, 1855.

My Dear Husband:—Having so favorable an opportunity of sending you a line—directly, by Mr. Hall, I will improve it, and relate to you the sad accident of Daniel Jewett's death as it occurred.

All things seemed to be passing on as pleasantly as usual—we had just risen from the dinner table on Tuesday—Abner and Daniel went to the cabin—in a moment I heard the report of a gun; it being nothing unusual I scarcely noticed it—when Abner came running in, saying the boy had shot himself.

Rachel and I ran up immediately just in time to see him breathe his last. The charge entered his chin and went straight through his head. He had the guns up, looking at them, and in returning them to their places the one shot-gun went off.

We did every thing we could do—and Mr. Hoyt, Mr. Hines, and General Ward, said every thing was done very properly.

Oh how much I wished you had been at home. I hope you may not hear of it, until you receive this.

We are all well as usual—but the days will be very long until you return home. May God protect and keep you safely.

Your wife, M. B. GAINES.

For the Argus.

A Word to Parents.

I wish to say a word to those who have the charge of children, on a subject which, in my opinion, is of vast importance. I allude to the practice, too common in some portions of community, of permitting children to grow up without a proper education. Some parents permit the minds of their children to be overrun with the weeds and brambles of ignorance and vice, instead of furnishing them with the means of obtaining wholesome instruction. Others seem to employ all the energies of mind and body in the acquisition of wealth, and thus do not allow them either time or opportunity for improving their minds. There are those within the bounds of my acquaintance who are accounted moderately wealthy, whose children—now almost grown—can scarcely read or write. Go into some families and you will hear the business of the dairy, the garden, the farm, or the particular business in which they are engaged, freely discussed, and then the conversation is at an end. Introduce any of the general topics of the day, and they have nothing to say. Look around, and you will see neither books nor papers; converse with the children, and you will find them ignorant of almost every thing except what they see going on around them. But, perhaps, some one will say, what can I do? I am poor, and compelled to labor to support my family, and cannot dispense with their aid. Now I believe there are few families too poor to send their children to school, at least part of the time; and in giving them only a common education you are giving them that which of itself is of more value than hoards of wealth would be without it. But, supposing that you are too poor to send them to school, you can teach them to read and write at home. "But I have no time for that!" Let us see. Do you not spend time enough almost every day in doing nothing, which, if spent in teaching your children, would prove to be of great benefit to them at the end of the year? If so then the rainy days and the long winter evenings, (I speak now to fathers,) which you spend lounging, or doing something worse, might, may, ought to, be spent in improving the minds of your little ones.

And then, again, the way in which some of you spend your Sabbaths is worse than last, yes, a thousand times worse. Perhaps you visit your neighbors, walk over the farm, look after the stock, or break wild colts, while your children are wandering over the fields and woods, going you know not whither, and getting into you know not what kind of company, or what kind of mischief. Oh! I fear that such parents will have an awful account to render. "But there is neither church nor Sabbath school in the neighborhood, and I cannot keep the children shut up in the house all day."—Well, if you are a professor, and there is material for a Sabbath school, it is your duty to see that there is one organized. But whether there is or is not a Sabbath school, and whether you are or are not a professor, you ought by all means to collect your children around you at set hours on the Sabbath, and teach them to read, write, and sing; and relate instructive stories to them. You would find it a most delightful and profitable employment for yourself, as well as a source of pleasure and incalculable benefit to your children.

One more point, and I will dismiss the subject for the present. I deem it essentially important that every head of a family should take at least two newspapers, and more, if his circumstances will permit; but he should by all means take one for himself and one for his children. It will generally be admitted that families in which the papers are read are better informed, more intelligent, and more refined in their manners, than those in which they are not read; then I say, by all means let every family take the papers. CLARA.

REBEL COTTAGE, May 15, 1855.

Why is a young man without money like a steamboat without wood? Because he can't go ahead.