

The Oregon Argus.

W. L. ADAMS, Editor and Proprietor. AMERICA—Knows naught of golden promises of Kings. Knows naught of Coronets and Stars, and Sirens. SUBSCRIPTION. Five Dollars a Year. VOL. 1. OREGON CITY, OREGON TERRITORY, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1855. NO. 38.

which tend to the climate of Britain so general. Were it diverted to break upon the coast of Spain only, the Island of Britain would soon become a break, cold and inhospitable region, with a climate as cold and a winter as long as Labrador. But the cold and winter as long as Labrador. But the cold and winter as long as Labrador. But the cold and winter as long as Labrador.

Teachers' Association. The alleged "Teachers' Association" met at the M. E. Church, Salem, at 2 o'clock p. m., Dec 19, 1854. President being absent, the Hon. L. W. Phelps was duly elected chairman pro tem.

Enclosing Extraneous Matter, &c., in a Newspaper, Pamphlet, or Magazine. We learn from the Department that we are inclined to call public attention to the following provisions of law upon the subject: The 30th section of the act of March 3, 1852, declares that if any person shall enclose or conceal a letter or other thing in a newspaper, pamphlet, or magazine, or in any package of newspapers, pamphlets, or magazines, which he shall have delivered into any post office, or to any person for that purpose, that the same may be carried by post free of letter postage, he shall forfeit the sum of five dollars for every such offense.

Resolved, 1. That we petition the Legislature of the Territory of Oregon to provide ways and means for the purchase of a sufficient fund for common school purposes, and not leave it to the uncertainties of a special tax as it is now left by the present school law. Resolved, 2. That we petition that honorable body to memorialize the Congress of the United States to pass a law permitting the Territory of Oregon to divert the funds appropriated for University purposes to the funds of common schools. Resolved, 3. That we petition that honorable body to make provisions for the sale of the school lands in the Territory of Oregon, so that they can be used for educational purposes. Resolved, 4. That we present a copy of the above, with our respects to the President of the Council, and Speaker of the House of Representatives of the Territory of Oregon, soliciting them to lay the above before those honorable bodies, and use their influence to have our petitions granted.

Ulcio Tom's Cabin. The sale of "Ulcio Tom's Cabin," is the most marvellous literary phenomenon that the world has witnessed. It came out as a sort of bulletin in the "National Era," a Washington paper. The arch of Ulcio Tom was the first position (practically), indeed the first that was written. It appeared in the summer of 1851, and excited so much attention, that Mrs. Stowe added a beginning and an end to her end by composing and printing from week to week the story as we now have it, until it was concluded in March, 1852. It was immediately reprinted at Boston in two volumes, and a copy which we have now in England, and a long by the end of Nov. 1852, 153,000 copies had been sold in America. The first London edition was published in May, 1852, and was not long before the European popularity of a picture or a novel was doubted. But in the following September, the London publishers furnished to our house 10,000 copies per day for about four weeks, and had to employ 1000 persons in preparing copies to supply the general demand.

Ulcio Tom's Cabin. It is believed by many that the waters of the Gulf Stream are nothing more or less than the waters of the river Amazon. The great father of waters is bedded more than 1000 miles inland, under the equator, and all its tributary streams, for under the water is the mighty reservoir of water. As these waters are gathered under the burning sun of the equator, they are extremely warm; far more so than the waters of the Atlantic under the equator. The great body of heated water shoots out into the Atlantic more than a hundred miles, at the base of the eternal trade winds.

From the South. FORT LELAND, JACKSON Co., O. T., December 4th, 1855. Friend Adams—As the mail goes north this morning, I have to let you know what five times the Indians are having out south. I send you a copy of the Table Rock Sentinel, from which you can gather the particulars of the progress of the war up to the 27th November. Nothing has been done since, and I think there will not be soon. It appears there was a no-man's-land in trying to cross the river. All the volunteers that I have heard speak of the affair appear to attach much blame to the head officers, and think the affair was managed very badly. At all events, it has caused their defeat, and all the volunteers have been ordered out. Capt. Smith, of Fort Lane, came down here last Thursday, and went on down to the Meadows, with his company of mounted dragoons. They sent all their horses back, and clambered over the big hill just in time to return with the rest of them. What the next move will be is more than I can tell, although it is generally supposed that it will be to make some men Tyges.

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Sanctum City. If the former, the fault was in the Salem P. M. If the latter, the fault was in the Santiam City P. M. We could better excuse the blunder if the failure was only an occasional one, but that it should fail every two weeks is inexplicable upon any other ground than an intentional one. At the time of this failure, are you sure that the Times and Standard reached your office weekly? As to the failures this winter, you are not only aware that they are frequent every where, and even the Corvallis Statesman is complaining that its subscribers at the "Points" fail to get their paper. We hope you will look into this matter and enquire particularly as to the arrival of the Portland papers, when our mail fails. We have no idea that either the P. M. at this city, or at Salem would do any thing to prevent the circulation of our paper. It may become necessary occasionally to "lay over" both letters and papers, to make room for Jo Lane's "domestic" plunder, we alluded to on a former occasion. Mr. Ray, the contractor, informs us, that he had about fifteen hundred pounds of this plunder in one mail this winter. He thought, from the weight and appearance of the mail bags, it was a set of "mill irons."

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Where is the Fault? NORTH BEND, Dec. 17, 1855. Mr. Adams—Six: I wish to make some inquiry relative to the mail route, contractor, &c., from Oregon City to Salem. The reason I make the inquiry is this: during the great Colville excitement, or the unfortunate war like the Argus and Oregonian, could get our papers only once in two weeks, but as soon as this excitement was over we got them regularly each week, and so on until the present excitement of the Indian war. But I and behold, the same old game is played on us again. Now, sir, you are accused of having a peculiar art in looking through the earth, or in other words, like a cunning underground railway; and if you are so clear-sighted in that, please look through or peep under the curtain and peep out the individual, so that we can all take a look at him. There is certainly a default in the non-arrival of our weekly papers, but not knowing, I can not say where the fault is. In the present exigent state of affairs every good and true-hearted American citizen should take a deep interest; therefore, we would like very much to get our papers weekly.—The office of my address is just forty-five miles geographically from Oregon City, and fifty-seven from Portland. Indeed it looks very strange that subscribers living forty-five miles distant from the place where the paper is published can't get it oftener than once in two weeks. The fault is certainly somewhere on the route from Portland to Salem, because the contractor from Salem to Pleasant Hill makes his trips regularly to my certain knowledge. You will please excuse the liberty I take in addressing you this little item; I think it an indispensable duty from some of your subscribers—therefore I take the privilege. Every yours in all such cases. G. H. B.

An Honest Confession. The following is an extract from a speech delivered by N. Huber, a few days ago, in the Council in discussing a proposition to amend the tax law. We well remember what an opposition was got up by a few demagogues in Yamhill, to the course taken by the County Commissioners Court for reducing the county from its heavy debt. Petitions were circulated by certain characters requesting Messrs. Walling, Dawson, and Bran (we believe) who composed the court, to resign. We pronounced the action of the commissioners wise, and wholesome at the time, and the best thing that could be done, in the long run to redeem the credit of the county, which was then nearly bankrupt. Even Mr. Huber, now

and their country, in their zeal for the party.—Those in power burning with resentment excited by old prejudices, feeling their strength, and glorying in every opportunity of taunting the opposite class, appear without pity; showing themselves to be a fiercer generous friends nor pitying foes. Such conduct on the part of one fires the other with indignation and resentment. The party thus excited feel as though to see their boasting oppressors put down by any means whatever, they would thank kind Providence for his infinite mercies. Such is the situation of affairs, and such the power of party prejudice at the present time, in this unfortunate land that a portion of our people would have to hunt themselves almost to frigidation to join in avenging the recent murders. And a large portion of the people who, under such circumstances, remain inactive at home, say, "this is a Democratic war—let them fight it out." And such is the strange and almost unnatural effect of party hatred, that I fear some among us would scarcely reject to hear of the defeat of our citizens who have volunteered in defense of the country.

Now if the Indians had been so choice in their victims, and so righteous in their crime of murder as only to have killed old party sinners, and all of them sworn Democrats, then would it sound with the excuse of partyism somewhat possible to hear Whigs and Know Nothings say, "this is a democratic war, let them fight it out"; but as it is, being that women and children, who were never condemned by partyism, have been murdered, unmercifully careless to hear people express themselves in the manner; but this only shows the blinding effect of the aforementioned monster. Let me ask, as a final question, if these clamorings, this lack of unity at the mere taste of an invasion, seems to indicate that partyism is tending to strengthen in a republic? If any one is disposed to answer in the affirmative, let him do so with the voice of a partisan. But permit me to say, in my last words, that when truth and knowledge finally triumph, it will appear that the wisest and best man that ever lived was neither a partisan nor a grate. J. A. A.

His correspondents, in writing on the temperance question, seem to have got entirely ahead of him, and now and then one, like Rev. Mr. Hines, makes a counter shot, or would make one, if "Bro. Pearne" didn't jog his elbow a little just as he was "drawing a bead." The next time "Bro. Pearne" cuts a paragraph out of your communication, because of its being a little too steep, just send it along to us, friend Hines; you shall be heard in the Argus. We take this strange article from the editorial columns of THE ARGUS, of the 15th inst. In regard to it, we have only to say that we have some consideration for our correspondents, and are but too happy to have them make "center shots." In the case put by THE ARGUS, the implied assertion that we cut a paragraph from one of our correspondents' articles, because it was "too steep," is simply false—false in toto. Another reason entirely, than that, induced the editorial excision.—We once heard of a man "down east," who became rich by minding his own business. There are some we wot of, who would profit by following that example.—Advocate.

The memorial praying Congress to stay the Superintendent of Indian affairs from locating certain Indians in the Willamette valley, passed the House by the following vote: Yeas, Messrs. Boise, Buckingham, Brown of Linn, Burbank, Cozad, Callander, Gates, Hutson, Jackson, Moores, Officer, Risley, Robinson, Smith of Jackson, Shuck, Straight, Wayne, and Delazon Smith—23. Nays, Mr. Johnson—1. Absent or not voting, Messrs. Briggs, Barkwell, McAlexander, Tichenor—4. Excused, Mr. Brown of Multnomah—1.

CONSTITUTION OF THE EARTH.—A writer in the Scientific American, after examining all the various theories concerning the structure of the earth, endorses the conclusion that the world is one mass or globe of mixed metals, of which the mere crust has become rased, or of earthy form; the outer rind, as it were, preventing any rapid conduction taking place with the metallic surface, five or six miles below the face of the dry land. Eruptions from volcanoes, he thinks, are produced by the sea getting down to the metallic surface through some fissure in the earth's crust; decomposition of the water then takes place; fire, flame and steam causing an eruption.

PECULIARITIES OF GLASS.—It is a curious fact in science that glass retains the action of all acids except the fluorine; it takes nothing in weight by use; or age; it is more capable than all other substances of receiving the highest degree of polish; if melted several times over and properly cooled in the furnace, it receives a polish which almost rivals the diamond in brilliancy. It is capable of receiving the richest colors produced from gold or other metallic coloring, and will retain the original brilliancy of hue for ages. Metals, too, mixed with glass, can be made to retain for ever their original purity and appearance.

Correspondence of THE ARGUS. DALLES, Dec. 27, 1855. Friend Adams—We are having a bit of New England climate just now. The wind has been in the north for several days, and appears "decidedly cool" as it comes whistling through the white canyons, kissing the sides of the tall glaciers far to the north of the Columbia as it passes. I have no idea that the weather is as cold as in Michigan, as some assert, but the contrast between what we now have, and what we had a few days ago, makes it seem worse than a thermometer would probably indicate. Col. Kelly is now here, on his way home to Oregon City. He intends to return to the seat of war after a few weeks' absence. He declined running for Colonel of the Regiment, and Capt. Cornelius, of Washington county, was consequently elected. He brought down the bodies of Capt. Bennett and Lieut. Burrows, also eighteen wounded volunteers. Kelly himself might be reckoned among the wounded on his arrival here, for although the Indians failed to get his "sculp," the frost came near enough to it to get one of his ears. He will not leave the Dalles to go below until the wounded volunteers are able to go too. The time of course will depend upon the weather. He reports the "boys he left behind him" all in good spirits, and thankful for small favors from the Commissary's department in the way of flour, coffee, sugar, and a variety of other little comforts, of which they are just now halo. They are determined however to try the Indians a pull on Snake River, if they do have to fight on beef. They will always have plenty of this as long as they keep within ranges of the Indian cattle. The Indians have thousands upon thousands of horses and cattle. I am informed by some of the returned volunteers who went in pursuit of them in their flight to Snake River, after the last day's battle on the 10th inst, that from the appearance of the ground over which the Indians had traveled, they must have driven not less than ten thousand head of cattle and horses along with them upon their retreat. Col. Cornelius is very popular with the volunteers as an Indian fighter, He is said to be wako quah.

The wounded volunteers who have been brought in are all doing well, excepting Capt. Layton, of Linn county. It is feared by his physician that it will be necessary to amputate his leg. You will recollect that he was shot in the left leg below the knee. The wound was an ugly one at first, and his removal to the Dalles has not helped the matter any. Gov. Stevens is on his way to this place, and will soon be here. He reports the whole Nez Percé nation friendly to a man. They will speak in terms of great respect for their old missionaries, and inquire after them with great apparent solicitude. Mr. P. informs me that several of my letters mis-carried, and you never got them. I write this in great haste, and send it by a friend who will deliver it to you immediately on his arrival. Respectfully, Yours, M.

Table with 5 columns: men, women, boys, girls, total. Rows include: Seaside, 33, 42, 20, 11, 106; Grays Creek, 23, 26, 18, 10, 77; Kusan Jim (of Le... land Creek), 4, 3, 1, 0, 8; Grays Creeks, 24, 15, 6, 2, 57; Jaki (late creek), 26, 32, 11, 15, 84; Old John (Apple-gates), 18, 30, 16, 14, 78; Bill, 14, 14, 8, 9, 46; George & Lippy (Umpqua), 25, 38, 17, 17, 97; Cor creeks not enumerated, 147, 201, 97, 78, 523.

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