

The Oregon Argus.

W. L. ADAMS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OREGON CITY:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1856.

Agents for the Argus.

J. R. McBAIRD, *Lafayette*.
C. A. REED, *Salem*.
MORGAN RUDOLPH, *Salem*.
W. S. BARLOW, *Modula*.
H. C. RAYMOND, *Forest Grove*.
DR. DAVIS, *Bloomington*.
FRANK W. BROWN, *Coville*.
AMOS HARTZ, *Plain Valley*.
SOLOMON ALLEN, *Asity*.
J. E. LYKE, *Dallas*.
JOHN MCKINNEY, *Calapooia*.
REV. WILSON BLAIN, *Union Point*.
L. A. RICE, *Jacksonville*.
H. HARRIS, *Cincinnati*.
DR. GREEN, *St. Louis*, O. T.
JUDGE SNELLING, *Yreka, Cal.*
JNO. B. PRESTON, *Will Co. Ill.*
R. A. N. PHELPS, *Galesburg, Ill.*
WILLIS WASHNER, *Carroll, Mo.*

Law Concerning Newspapers.

ET If subscribers under the discussion in one of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrears are paid.

ET If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the post office, or other place, to which they are sent, they are held responsible until they settle off arrears, should there be any.

ET If subscribers remove to other places, without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

ET It is not sufficient for a postmaster, when a paper is not taken out of his office, to return one with "not taken out" written on the margin, but he must write a letter to the publisher, giving the name and post-office, and stating that the paper is not taken from the office. Otherwise the postmaster is held responsible.

ET We are sorry to be compelled to issue a half sheet this week. We sent to California for paper six weeks ago, by Wells, Fargo & Co. The paper was not taken off the steamer upon her arrival at Portland, but was permitted to go back to San Francisco. We were dependent last week upon the proprietors of *The Times*, who loaned us enough to last till the arrival of the steamer. The cold weather has prevented the steamer from getting up the river, and as there is no communication between this city and Portland, this week we are compelled to issue a half sheet. We give you the best we have got, and hope you will not complain.

The New Year.

Is generally made the occasion of a long moral harangue, by editors and sermonizers. It is indeed an occasion upon which a great deal may be said, but our readers will of course excuse us for saying but little. The last year has been one of the most fruitful in events that mark the fulfillment of things predicted by seers, that in our short lives any of us have witnessed. The curtain has already fallen, and the year of '55 with its mighty comedies and tragedies has been crowded off the stage to make room for its more important successor. While we remember the past as furnishing a light for the future, that which is to come is emphatically of the most importance to us all. If we have not all made the amends honorable and Christian for our sins and follies of the past year, it behoves us to do so, as soon as possible; then forgetting the things that are past, let us press forward to a better and happier future. Battering one head with other men's sins is of much less importance than seeing to it that we are right in every thing ourselves. If every individual would see to it that he was right, the whole world would soon be right.

Dear reader, in looking down through the future to the end of the present year, what do you want? What is the great desideratum for which you intend to roll and buffet the storms of trouble and woe, and difficult, that you have reason to believe must beset your pathway? What is the phantom you have been chasing with such untiring zeal hitherto, and which you will continue to chase while you live?

Your own heart responds, "Discontent. Exactly—nothing more nor less. That secured and we are all contented. Hundreds of volumes, and thousands of sermons have been delivered in order to illuminate the pathway that leads everon to golden palaces. Alas! how few have ever been permitted to tread her hallowed threshold. Sages have spent their three score years in wanderings, and died without having their eyes blessed with her divine form. The king upon his throne, the plebeian who carries the load, and they who compass the sea in ships, have sought her in vain, while only here and there a lucky mortal, poor perhaps in this world's goods, has touched her garments, sipped from her golden goblet, and gone down into the valley of the shadow of death with countenance irradiated with the lustre of her inspiration, better expressed by a "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

The fruitless efforts of the masses to find her might induce the belief that, desirable as she is, few will ever find her within their reach. A great mistake. The reason so few are blessed in their efforts is, they always pursue her as far in the distance—could,

take the all-pervading spirit of goodness, she is around us, in us, and ever present with us, if we will have her as a guest. If she is pushed away, and then waded as in the distance, she will always elude our grasp.

Well then, you have already anticipated what we set out to say to you on the opening of the new year.

God knows that it would afford us much pleasure to be able to make you happy during the coming year. Continued, perfect happiness, you never need to expect in this life. But that you may all be much happier than you are undoubtedly the case.—And if we can put you upon a track for lightening your burthen of miseries, we shall be most happy to do so.

Your relations to the external world are such as were designed by the Author of our being to pour many a stream of happiness into your bosoms. You might extract a thousand sweets from objects around you which were all designed to minister to your comforts, and avoid testing a thou-and-pounds which you are plunging under, if you would try to do so. Nine-tenths of your miseries are imaginary—at least avoidable. They exist in the head. They are nothing more nor less than false conceptions of the bodings of outward circumstances upon your wretchedness. You conjure up evils foolishly place yourself in the way of them, and then sit down and "fret," whereas you ought to shake them off, and rise superior to their influence. Do you hear, for instance, that your neighbor has slandered you, don't fret. Perhaps the report is false. If true, the best that you can do, is, not to let it trouble you; shake it off, think of something else, attribute his error to the weakness of poor human nature, and don't be miserable because your neighbor has told a little lie about you. Perhaps you can reform him—at all events, you can live so that nobody will believe him. Does your house take fire and burn down, don't fret; so long as you have enough to eat and wear to day work on, singing, and trust God for tomorrow. If you do your duty, it is morally impossible that you should be forsaken, or your seed be found beggaring breed. If you find yourself wrestling with disappointments and difficulties, as you often will, don't let them trouble you; up and try it over again, or give it up as a bad job, and try something else. Never look forward to-morrow, next year, or old age, to enjoy life's blessings and be happy; but be determined to enjoy them and be happy now. When you rise in the morning, remember, that it is one of the days of your life, given you for enjoyment, and enter upon its duties determined to be happy all day. If you find a cloud stealing across your mind, chase it away, as if that would not you a portion of your precious time, and make you miserable while doing it.

The Capital Burned.

Mr. Ray informs us that the Capitol at Salem was burned down last Saturday night, between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock. Mr. R. says he was coming towards the town from the country and saw the fire at an early stage of its work of destruction, but was not able to reach the building till the whole body was enveloped in flames. The fire appeared to have originated in the eastern part of the house which was yet unfinished. Every thing in the building was a total loss. The Territorial Library, Territorial laws, and some personal estate belonging to the members of the Legislature, composed a part of the loss.

The "Advertiser" we are informed by Gov. Curry, were in the Secretary's office in the Court House, and are safe. This heavy loss to the Territory is deeply to be regretted, as it will serve to keep up the location muss for a time yet.

Election in Jackson.

At the recent special election in Jackson to fill the vacancies occasioned by the death of Mr. Lupton of the Assembly, and the removal of Cleaveland of the Council, Messrs. Hale and Ross were elected; the former to the Assembly and the latter to the Council. Hale was opposed by T. V. Vault and Ross by Miller. T. V. Vault and Miller were of the Oregon Democracy, while we believe the two others were independent.

There were 543 votes polled, of which Ross received 349, and Miller 191. Hale received 347, and T. V. Vault 182. T. V. Vault stated in Oregon City this week, that he was not running. The result shows that he didn't run fast, although gentleman informs us, he saw him out with his two-story hat on, electioneering as fast as he could,

Why don't you come down to the Regatta?

I am bound upon you from several quarters. The reason is we have never yet conceived it to be particularly our business to do so.

Gen. Wood is answerable to the General Government at home for his conduct, and not to us or the Legislature of Oregon. He probably knows his own business better than we do, and understands the reasons fully which induces his course. He has never revealed those reasons to us, and even if he should, and upon his data we should differ with him as to the policy of his course, what good would it do for us to try to raise a quarrel by "pitching in to" him? Gen. Wood, is an old grey headed veteran in war, whose head is already decked with laurels, by his achievements on the tented field, which we have no disposition to endeavor to pluck from his brow. His former deeds already form a brilliant page of history; what he performs in this war will also enter into history. Whether his conduct among us, will add to, or detract from, the lustre of his fame, we are disposed to let the issue of his campaign answer. Our opinion is that now is the time for us to whip the Indians if we can.

If then, Wood abjures our glory hereafter, all right. At all events we do not feel disposed to run a tilt against the old silver-headed veteran, whom we respect for his age, wisdom, and valor.

ET The Columbia came down the river yesterday. The river is said to be open above the Falls, although it is entirely blocked up with ice at this point, which cuts off all communication with the country below. The ice will probably be out of the river in a day or two.

ET The Legislature convened at Salem on last Thursday morning. The house formerly used by the *Statesman* is said to have been engaged for the use of the body. The lower house will probably occupy the room below, while the Council will convene in the old "editorial room" up stairs. The Legislature will no doubt remain at Salem during the present session.

ET Mr. Butler, of Cincinnati, informs us that the opinion has become pretty general in Salem that the State House was not fired intentionally, but might have been burnt by a drunken clerk or doorknocker's throwing a cigar into the shavings, as he was passing through the unfinished part of the building. The report is, that the members have elected one or two drunken servants to officer.

ET Up to the 21st Dec., we had not seen any snow here, and scarcely any frost, while on the 11th before, we heard of snow nearly two feet deep in Roanoke River (75 miles South of this). At Albany some 50 miles south they had eight inches snow when we had none here, and at Portland, ten miles north of this, they had quite a snow storm in November when we saw none in Oregon City. This winter, (as in fact all the last 8 winters in the country,) seems to come and go in streaks. A man may have his chickens buried in snow in a given locality, and his neighbor a few miles distant be staking his riding horse out on "good grass." In the winter of '48-9 we were three miles from our claim to grind an ax on a neighbor's stone, and found the snow twenty-seven inches deep on the level on our friend's claim, while there was not a particle of snow to be seen on our own. A man can have almost any variety of climate he chooses here.

I expect to see E. paroled in the Oregonian and that his legatees have sought to display Gen. Palmer on the roads that he was Known Nothing—Denzon Smith.

The reason why you will not see it "paraded" in *The Argus*, is that we shall not give a full report of your speeches in the House, while the "memorial" was under consideration. If Gen. Palmer ever belonged to the Know Nothings we are not acquainted with the fact. It is said however, that the most of the leaders of the "whigs" sneaked in when they thought there was a probability that the Know Nothing would rule, but withdrew and denounced them in numerous trials when they considered the prospect less flattering.

Gen. Palmer's superhuman exertions to carry Yamhill for Lane against Pratt, last spring, seem to merit a poor return, when to the charge of "foolish and visionary" you add that of being a Know Nothing. The "Advertiser" we are informed by Gov. Curry, were in the Secretary's office in the Court House, and are safe. This heavy loss to the Territory is deeply to be regretted, as it will serve to keep up the location muss for a time yet.

"Several articles of editorial, business men, and other interesting matter, has been unavoidably crowded out of this issue." —Table Rock *Advertiser*.

If in your future issues, as you intimate, you intend to "crowd" in "business men and other interesting matter," in the number you send to us, please to slip in a boy twelve or fifteen years old that is willing to learn the printer's trade. If you will do that, you needn't mind about sending us any "business man," you certainly can't afford to send them to your subscribers and exchanges too.

Frozen to Death.

Clayton B. Hinton, of Lane county, perished from the cold, in coming in from the South, on the 8th ult., between Evans' ferry and Grave Creek in Rogue River valley.—

Mr. H. was making his way in on foot through snow from eighteen inches to two feet deep. He had traveled over a section of the road where there is no house for twenty miles, and was within two miles of the Grave Creek House when he perished.

We learn from the *Statesman* that Gen. Barnum discovered the body, and buried it.

Wanted.

A SMART, active boy, twelve or fifteen years of age, to learn the printing trade at this office.

Wanted.

I WANT to buy a large quantity of heavy fat hogs, delivered at the Oregon City Market, for which I will pay the highest market price, in cash.

CHARLES ALBRIGHT,
Oregon City, Dec. 22, 1855-571

List of Lands

SELECTED by JOHN R. MCLEANE, Esq., Sup. of Schools, Yamhill County, Oregon, July 22, 1854.

T. R. Sec. Descript'n. Estimated No. acres.

5 s 4 w
3 3 34 " nw
17 " nw
4 5 14 " nw
35 " nw
3 " 27 " nw
23 " nw
3 " nw
11 " nw
3 " nw
27 " nw
22 " nw
14 " nw
11 " nw
14 " nw
2 " nw
4 5 1 " nw
12 " nw
4 17 " nw
5 " 8 " nw
18 " nw
5 17 " nw
4 25 " nw
5 8 " nw
2 " nw
4 4 34 " nw
33 " nw
5 5 1 " nw
23 " nw
4 4 31 " nw

17.00

Information Given.

"Who commissioned Dr. Henry as the advocate or defender of the southern Indian war?" —Oregonian.

"Ans.—His grandmother.

"And why does he, 'Dr. Henry of Yankton,' stand forth as the champion to measure swords with Bush, of the *Statesman*, in relation to Southern Oregon?" —Ditto.

"Ans.—"Just know he does."

ET We had thought of getting out a New Year's Address, but our posted machine has been frozen solid for some ten days, and we have not tried to make it work.

ET The Weather moderated on last Monday, and snowed a few hours, when it began to rain and has been warm and showery ever since. The worst of the winter may be considered past.

SALEM, Dec. 30, 1855.

Editor of the Argus:—The Capitol is removed at last—not recanted by any legislative act—but the incendiary has not been arrested. In jets of flame, and columns of smoke, it cascaded like the falling of a tempest into the shambles of a clear, bare, starry December night. About 2 A.M., we were awakened with the word, "The State House is on fire," and in a few moments we saw the fire upon the ground, viewing a destruction beyond our power to remedy. When first seen, the blaze was bursting through the roof, and the roar mingled, which, in connection with the facts that it was two o'clock in the morning, and all fires were made in the front part, go far to prove that the torch of an incendiary is guilty.

In answer to the query, "who sets in the building?" I heard the answer, "S. does when he is drunk." Whether S. was drunk last night I cannot say, but if he was, his chance is slim. Though otherwise, it is conceivable to furnish a place for drunken crows to keep on the principle that if they fire the building Uncle Sam pays all damages.

One great advantage of the configuration, was the abundance of room to vaunt. It was quite a sight. How about the Seat of Government—"Non venimus?" There is another day opening for Legislative action, and political intrigues.

The public library is destroyed, and we could easily reconstruct the rifled books and papers streaming into the sky. There was no wind, and the column of smoke and fire ascended perpendicularly.

Take it all in all, it exceeded any thing of my recollection, and I have seen many fires. It was a most impulsive sight, as for quite a while three of us stood and watched the bursting flames. The building was isolated upon the plain, and we three were apparently the sole spectators of the scene.

In three quarters of an hour from our arrival not a post was standing of what has right now the Capital of Oregon.

Well, the job is done. Delazon shall no more fill its walls with his gaudy eloquence; Delazon shall no more vegetate within its shade; our law makers shall no more disgrace it, and S. shall no more sleep there when he is drunk.

VIATOR.

New Jeweler.

HAVING employed one of the best Working Jewelers on the Pacific coast, I am now fully prepared to manufacture every description of Jewelry.

Engraving neatly done.

Cad and case specimens of work.

G. COLLIER ROBBINS,

N. B.—I'd vote my entire attention to repairing Fine Watches.

G. COLLIER ROBBINS,
Portland, Dec. 29, 1855-571

Oregon City Pork House.

CHARMAN, WARNER, & LOVE would inform the farmers of the whole country that they are now fully ready to purchase FAT HOGS.

Those having such will please to favor them with a call.

Dec. 10-3rd.

5000 BUSHELS OF WHEAT wanted, for which we will pay cash or trade at the market price.

Dec. 15 CHARMAN & WARNER.

Editoried for S. C.

I hereby certify that the above lands have been duly reported to the Register of Public Lands.

ISAAC PEET,
Sup't Con. Schools,

Jan. 5, 1855-38-1w
Yamhill Co.,