

The Oregon Argus.

—A Weekly Newspaper, devoted to the Principles of Jeffersonian Democracy, and advocating the side of Truth in every issue.—

Vol. II.

OREGON CITY, O. T., MAY 17, 1856.

No. 5.

ADVERTISING RATES. One square (12 lines or less) one insertion, \$5.00 two insertions, 4.00 three insertions, 3.00 Each subsequent insertion, 1.00 Reasonable deductions to those who advertise by the year.

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 speedy receipt of additional stock to all the requirements of the locality. HANDBILLS, POSTERS, BLANKS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLET-WORK and other kinds, done to order, on short notice.

CONGRESSIONAL PROCEEDINGS.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

March 31, 1856.

On motion of Mr. Phelps, of Mo., the Military Committee was instructed to inquire into the expediency of accepting the service of volunteers to aid in the suppression of Indian hostilities on the Pacific coast.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, from Committee of Ways and Means, to which had been referred a bill for the suppression of Indian hostilities in Oregon and Washington, reported a substitute appropriating \$300,000, to be expended under the direction of the President, for restoring and maintaining the peaceable disposition of the Indian tribes on the Pacific coast, and \$120,000 to purchase gunpowder.

Mr. Allison, of Pa., while not disposed to throw any impediment in the way of the passage of the bill, was of the opinion that the charge made by Gen. Wool against Gov. Curry, ought to be investigated. The charge was that Gov. Curry, by calling out men, purchasing horses, &c., was involving the treasury to an expense of from two to four millions.

Mr. Campbell, of Penn., was in favor of voting the money forthwith, and holding the administration to account hereafter.

Mr. Ready, of Tenn., said it was sufficient for him to know that hostilities exist to justify an appropriation for their suppression.

Mr. Lane, of Oregon, proceeded to show that the war which was commenced against the Indians was not instigated by the white settlers, whom he eulogized as orderly, peaceable, and gallant. The day has passed when Gen. Wool can chastise the Indians of those Territories.

Mr. Anderson, of Washington Ter., insisted on the necessity of the appropriation. It was not to fit out military expeditions, or to pay one dollar for the expenses of war, but to preserve peace by supporting friendly Indians on their reserves, and preventing them from joining hostile tribes.

Mr. Zollicoffer, of Tenn., in referring to the conflicting statements about the affairs of Oregon and Washington Territories, said he thought an investigation was necessary before voting money.

Mr. Phelps advocated immediate action on the bill.

SENATE, April 4.—The House bill appropriating \$300,000 for restoring and maintaining the peaceable disposition of the Indian tribes on the Pacific coast, and \$120,000 for gunpowder, was passed.

Mr. Buchanan on the Nebraska Question. Some discussion having taken place on the position of Mr. Buchanan on the Kansas Nebraska bill, we are permitted to copy the following extract from a letter addressed by Mr. Buchanan to Senator Sill, dated London, on the 28th of Dec. last, where there seemed to be no difference as to Mr. B.'s thorough identity with the democratic party on this, as on all other issues.

It will be seen that Mr. B. speaks of the Kansas Nebraska bill with his usual frankness and decision. We are confirmed in our impression by this letter, that no man, no set of men, and no newspaper, are at all warranted to speak authoritatively for Mr. Buchanan upon this or upon any other question. His own words speak for themselves.

The letter of Mr. Buchanan was not, it will be seen, intended for publication, but the gentleman to whom it was addressed has thought it necessary, after the editorial article in the Union of Wednesday last, to lay it before the country:—

"The question has been settled by Congress, and this settlement should be inflexibly maintained. The Missouri compromise is gone forever. But no assault should be made upon those democrats who maintained it, provided they are now willing in good faith to maintain the settlement as it exists. Such an understanding is just and wise in itself.

"It is well known how I labored in company with Southern men to have this line extended to the Pacific Ocean. But it has departed. The time for it has passed away, and I verily believe that the best—nay, the only—mode now left of putting down the fanatical and reckless spirit of abolition at the North is to adhere to the existing settlement without the slightest thought or appearance of wavering and without regarding any storm which may be raised against it."—Washington Union.

The New York Proportionate Liquor Law.—The highest court in New York, the Court of Appeals, has rendered a decision that the prohibitory Liquor Law of that State was unconstitutional.—This decision was concurred in by four of the six judges. The gist of the decision is that any prohibitory law which interferes with and effects property already in possession is unconstitutional and void for the reason that it applies to property now in possession as well as that to be hereafter acquired; but that the Legislature has power to pass a prohibitory law in apply to liquor to be hereafter purchased. Such a law has been introduced since the above decision, into the State Legislature.

The Medical Press recently contained an article showing that an eruptive disease had been communicated by a lion to its keeper; and the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal narrates a case in which a similar disease was communicated to a whole family, by a favorite dog.

Letter from Oregon. [The following letter is from the pen of Mrs. Tabitha Brown, to her brother, Mr. Chester Moffatt, of Claridon, Georgia Co., Ohio. The writer was 66 years of age when she emigrated from Missouri to Oregon.]

FORSTER GROVE, WASHINGTON CO., O. T., August, 1854.

It is impossible for me to express to you the unspeakable pleasure and happiness your letter of the 29th of June gave me. Not hearing from you for so great a length of time, I had concluded myself to be the last of my father's family remaining here, a pilgrim in the wide world, to complete the work that God intended for me to do. Oh, that I could be present with you, and relate in the hearing of your children the numerous vicissitudes and dangers I have encountered by land and by sea since I last parted with you and M. in Brimfield. It would fill a volume of many pages. But I will give you a few items from the time I left Missouri in April, 1846, for Oregon. I expected all of my children to accompany me, but Maithane was detained by sickness, and his wife was unwilling to leave her parents. I provided for myself a good ox-wagon team, and a good supply of what was requisite for the comfort of myself, Capt. Brown, and my driver. Uncle John insisted upon coming, and crossed the plains on horseback. Oris Brown, with his wife and eight children, Virgil K. Pringle, P. Brown's husband and five children, fitted out their separate families, and joined a train of forty more for Oregon, in high expectations of gaining the wished-for land of promise.

The novelty of our journey, with a few exceptions, was pleasing and prosperous until after we passed Ft. Hall; then we were within 800 miles of Oregon City.—If we had kept the old road down the Columbia River, all would have gone well; but three or four trains of immigrants were decoyed off by a rascally fellow who came out from the settlements in Oregon, assuring us that he had found a near cut off, and that if we would follow him we would be in the settlements long before those that had gone down the Columbia. This was in August. The idea of shortening a long journey, caused us to yield to his advice. Our sufferings from that time no longer can tell. He left a pilot with us who proved to be an excellent man, otherwise we never would have seen Oregon. He said that he would clear the road before us—that we should have no trouble in rolling our wagons after him. He robbed us of what he could by lying, and left us to the depredations of Indians, wild beasts and starvation. But God was with us.

We had sixty miles desert without grass or water, mountains to climb, cattle giving out, wagons breaking, immigrants sick and dying, hostile Indians to guard against by night and by day to keep from being killed, or having our horses and cattle arrowed or stolen. We were carried south of Oregon hundreds of miles into Utah Territory and California, fell in with the Klamath and Rogue River Indians, lost nearly all our cattle, passed the Umpqua mountains 12 miles through. I rode through at the risk of my life, on horseback, having lost my wagon and all I had—but the horse I was on. Our family was the first that started into the ravine, so we got through the mud and rocks much better than those that came in after. Out of hundreds of wagons but one came through without breaking. The ravine was strewn with dead cattle, broken wagons, beds, clothing, and every thing but provisions, of which we were nearly all destitute. Some people were in the ravine two, and three weeks before they could get through. Some died without any warning, from fatigue and starvation. Others ate of the flesh of the cattle that were lying dead by the wayside.

After struggling through mud, rocks, and water up to our horses' sides much of the way in crossing this twelve mile mountain, on the third day we opened into the beautiful Umpqua valley, inhabited only by Indians and wild beasts. We had still another mountain to cross, the cattle poor, and many miles to travel through mud, snow, hail, and rain. Winter had set in; we were yet a long distance from any white settlements. The word was, "Fly, every one, from starvation!"—all who are not compelled to stay by the cattle to recruit them for further traveling." Mr. Pringle and Phorne insisted on my going ahead with their uncle John, and try to save our own lives. They were obliged to stay back a few days to recruit their few worn out cattle. They divided the last bit of bacon, of which I had three slices, a tea-cup of tea, the last division of all we had. (No bread!) We saddled our horses and set off, not knowing that we should ever see each other again. Captain Brown was too old and feeble to render any assistance or protection to me. I was obliged to ride ahead as a pilot, hoping to overtake four or five wagons that left camp the day before. Near sunset, came up with two families who had left camp that morning.

They had nothing to eat, and their cattle had given out. We all camped in an oak grove together for the night. In the morning I divided my last morsel with them, to take care for themselves. I hurried Capt. Brown to ride fast so as to overtake the three wagons ahead. We passed through beautiful valleys and over high mountains,—saw but two Indians at a distance through the day.

In the after part of the day Capt. Brown complained of sickness, and could only walk his horse at a distance behind me.—He had a swimming in his head, and a pain in his side. About two or three hours before sundown he became delirious and fell from his horse. I was afraid to jump down from my horse to assist him, as it was one that a woman had never rode before. He tried to raise upon his feet, but could not. I rode close to him, and set the end of his lignum vitae cans, that I had in my hand, hard into the ground by him, to pull up by. I then urged him to walk a little. He tottered along a few yards and gave out. I then saw a little sunken spot a few steps from me, and led his horse down into it, and with much difficulty got him once more raised on his horse. I then requested him to hold fast by the saddle and horse's mane, and I would lead by the bridle. Two miles ahead was another mountain to climb over. As we reached the foot of it he was able to take the bridle in his own hand, and we passed over safely into a large valley—a wide, extensive, solitary place, and no wagons in sight. The sun was now setting. The wind was blowing, and the rain was drifting upon the sides of the distant mountains. Poor me! We crossed the plain to where three mountain spurs met, with ravines meandering betwixt the points. Here, the shades of night were gathering fast, and I could see the wagon track no further. I alighted from my horse, flung off my saddle and saddle bags, and tied him fast with a rope to a tree. The Captain asked what I was going to do. My answer was, "I am going to camp for the night!" He gave a groan and fell to the ground. I gathered my wagon sheet which I had put under my saddle, flung it over a fine projecting limb of a tree, and made me a fine tent. I then stripped the Captain's horse and tied him, placing saddles and bridles, blankets, &c., under the tent, then helped up the bewildered old gentleman and introduced him to his new lodgings upon the naked ground. His senses were gone. I covered him as well as I could with blankets, and seated myself upon my feet behind him, expecting he would be a corpse before morning. Pause for a moment, and consider my situation. Worse than alone—in a savage wilderness—without food or fire—cold and shivering—wolves fighting and howling all around me—the darkness of night forbidding the stars to shine. Solitary! all was solitary as death! But that same kind Providence that ever has been, was watching over me still. I committed my all to him and felt no fear.

As soon as light had dawned I pulled down our tent, saddled the horses, and found the captain able to stand on his feet. * * * Half mile ahead were the wagons. We were soon there, and partook plentifully of fresh venison. [Fresh tracks of two Indians were plainly to be seen within eight or ten feet of where my tent was set, but I did not know that they were there. They killed and robbed a Mr. Newton but a short distance off, but would not kill his wife because she was a woman. The Indian killed one other man on our out off. The rest of the immigrants escaped with their lives.] We then traveled on, and in a few days came to the foot of the Callapooia Mountain. Here we were obliged to wait for more immigrants to help cut a road through. Here my children and grand-children came up with us—a joyful meeting! They had been nearly starving. Mr. Pringle tried to shoot a wolf; but he was too weak and trembling to hold his rifle steady. They all cried because they had nothing to eat. Just then their son came to them with a supply, and then they all tried again.

Winter set in. We were many days in crossing the Callapooia mountain, having to go ahead only a mile or two each day. The road had to be cut and opened for us, and the mountain was covered with snow. With much difficulty we crossed over to the head waters of the Willamette. We followed the river down a few days, and gave up the idea of reaching the settlements until spring returned. Provisions gave out.—Mr. Pringle set off on horseback for the settlements for relief, not knowing how long he was to be gone, or whether he would get through at all. In a week or so our scanty provisions gave out. We were again in a state of starvation. Much crying and many tears were shed during the day by all but one. She had passed through many trials, sufficient to convince her that tears could avail nothing in our extremity.

Through all my sufferings crossing the plains not once did I seek relief by the shedding of tears nor think I should not live to see the settlements. The same faith and hope that I had ever in the blessings of kind Providence, strengthened in proportion to the trials I had to encounter. Mr. Pringle's eldest son, Clark, shot down one of his father's best work oxen, and dressed it. * * * I must now digress a little.

In the year '48 Orus Brown came to Oregon to look at the country. In '45 he returned. When within four or five hundred miles of the United States frontier, he and the three men with him were taken by the Pawnee Indians and robbed. They made their escape, and subsisted on thorns and root-buds until they reached the frontier settlements. Very likely you saw the publication of Dr. White, O. Brown, Chapman, and one other, taken by the Pawnees in 1845. In '46, when we all started for Oregon, Orus Brown was appointed pilot, having crossed the plains twice before.—His company was six days a head of ours—he went down on the old immigrant route and reached the settlements in September. In six or eight weeks after, he heard of the immigrants at the south. He set off in haste with four pack horses and provisions for our relief. He met Mr. Pringle and turned him about. A few days and nights and they were at our camp. We had all retired to rest in our tents, hoping to forget our troubles until daylight should remind us of our sad fate. In the gloomy stillness of the night footsteps of horses were heard rushing to our tents, and directly a halloo! It was the well known voice of O. Brown and V. Pringle. Who can realize our joy! Orus, by his persuasion and perseverance, encouraged us to one more effort to reach the settlements.

Five miles from where we were camped fell in with a company of half-breed French and Indians with pack-horses. We hired six of them and pushed ahead. Our provisions once more became short, and we were put on allowance until we reached the first settlers. Then our hardest struggles were ended.

On Christmas day, at 2 o'clock P. M. I entered the house of a Methodist minister, the first I had set my feet in for nine months. He requested me to take the whole charge of his house and family thro' the winter. My services compensated for my own board and Captain Brown's thro' the winter.

For two or three weeks of my journey down the Willamette I had something in my glove finger which I supposed to be a button. On examination at my new home in Salem, I found it to be a 6 1/2 cent piece. This was the whole of my cash capital with which to commence business in Oregon.—With this I purchased three needles—traded off some of my old clothes to the squaws for buckskins—worked them into gloves for the Oregon ladies and gentlemen, which cleared me upwards of \$30.00, extra of boarding.

In May '47 I left Salem, which is now our seat of Government, for Oregon City, 30 miles down the Willamette, in an open boat, in company with my Methodist minister and family;—from thence down the Columbia river to the Pacific Ocean. Here I spent the winter at Clatsop Plains—a settlement south of the Bay? All this time there were but ten families residing there. I boarded with a Mr. Gray and lady, missionaries from Ballstown, New York—a very genteel family.—and spent the summer in visiting and bathing in the ocean.—The surf of two oceans—Atlantic and Pacific—has rolled over me.

In October I started in an open boat up the river for Salem. Wind and tide against us, we were thirteen days reaching Oregon city. Here I was within 30 miles of Tualatin Plains—Orus Brown's location. It would not do for a mother to pass by.—I luckily found a man, with an empty wagon, going out, who lived neighbor to Orus. I gave two dollars for my passage, calculating to spend two weeks only with Orus and family, and reach Salem before the winter rains set in. Went to a Presbyterian meeting on Sunday. After meeting Orus gave me an introduction to Mrs. and Mr. Clark, missionaries from New York, who came here in 1840. They invited me home with them to spend a few days. Winter set in, and they pressed me hard to stay until spring. I accepted their invitation, and our intimacy ever since has been more like mother and children than strangers.

In October, 1847, news from the suffering immigrants reached us. Much sickness and many deaths on the plains, and many poor orphan children left to an unfeeling world, to be cared for by strangers. I said to Mr. Clark, "Why has Providence frowned on me and left me poor in this world? Had he blessed me with riches, as he has many others. I know right well what I would do!" "What would you do?" Was the question. I would establish myself in a comfortable

house and receive all poor children, and be a mother to them. He fixed a keen eye on me, and asked if I was in earnest in what I had said. "Yes, I am." He said, "I will try with you and see what effort we can make." Mr. Clark would get an agency and try to get assistance, and establish a school for the first in the Plain—that I should go into the old log meeting house and receive all the children, rich and poor. These parents who were able, were to pay \$5.00 per week, including board, tuition, washing and all. I agreed to labor one year for nothing. Mr. Clark and others agreed to assist, as far as they were able, in furnishing provisions, provided there was not a sufficiency of cash coming in to sustain the poor. * * * The last Saturday in April found all things prepared for me to go into the old meeting house and clink up my chickens the next Monday morning. The neighbors had collected together what broken knives and forks, tin pans and dishes they could part with, for the Oregon Pioneer to commence house-keeping, with a well educated lady from the East, a missionary's wife, for a teacher. My family increased rapidly. In the summer they put me up a boarding house. I now had thirty boarders of both sexes, and all ages, from five years old to twenty-one. I managed them and did all my work except washing; that part was done by the scholars.

In the spring of '48 we called for trustees—had eight appointed. They voted me the whole of the boarding house, free of rent, for me to provide for myself—established the price of board at \$2.00 per week, and whatever I made beyond my expenses was my own. In '51 I had forty in my family at \$2.50 per week. Mixed with my own hands 3423 pounds of flour in less than five months.

Mr. Clark, for the establishment of the school, gave over to the Trustees one fourth section of land for a town plat. It has been under town incorporation two years. And at the last session a charter was granted in connection with it, for a University, to be called Pacific University, with a limitation of \$50,000. The President and Professors are already here, from Vermont. The teacher and his lady in the Academy are from New York.

You must excuse my troubling you with such a lengthy narrative. * * * I had no expectation that a single relative, of my own, would ever know any thing of me—what I had done—where I had gone—or what had become of me, until I received your letter. You must be your own judge whether I have been doing good or evil.—I have labored hard for myself and the rising generation; but have quit hard work and live to my ease. I am independent as to worldly concerns. Own a very nicely finished white framed house within a short distance of the public buildings which I rent for one hundred dollars per year.—Have eight other town lots, without building, worth \$150 each. Also eight cows, and a number of young cattle. I have upwards of \$1,100 cash, due me. Four hundred of it I have donated to the University. One hundred I gave to the Academy three years ago.

Thus much I have accumulated by my industry and good management, independent of my children, since I drew the sixpence from the finger of my glove.

The whole of Oregon is delightful, especially the Plains, of which there are many. But this West Tualatin is the most beautiful of all others. In a clear view of four or five mountain peaks, like sugar loaves, are to be seen pointing up to the heavens, covered with perpetual snow. They are volcanic, but have all burnt out in years past, except St. Helens, which has been on fire this season. They are generally from two and a half to three miles high. This plain contains I suppose, twenty or thirty sections of land. From where the town and public buildings are situated, a full view of the whole is had. The outskirts of the plain is circled all around with hills at a few miles distant, covered to their summits with beautiful fine brush grass, and fir and oak timber. Near to the edge the plain is circled clear around with beautiful fir trees, green all the year, and three hundred feet high. In front of them, in contrast with the green, are large spreading oaks, casting their shadows over the white houses of the farmers, many of which are in full view.

Grass is green here all winter, and cattle get their living without being fed. Snow seldom lies on the ground more than a few days.

Large improvements extend out into the plains in every direction. You may see, at all times, large bands of cattle, horses and people passing in every direction.—Morning and evening we have a cool refreshing sea breeze. The nights are cool and pleasant. We sleep under as much clothing, almost, in summer as in winter. It is very seldom that we have any thunder storms. And when we do they are very light and pass over in a few moments. A

drouth was never known in Oregon.

I wish you could see this beautiful healthy country. We have no prevalent diseases. Most of the deaths occurring here are immigrants whose systems are previously diseased before leaving the States. It is very rare that we hear of a child dying who was born in Oregon. * * * * *

Every thing in the farming line has been very high, and merchandise very low. But at this time all is low. Horses last spring were from \$200 to \$300. American cows \$100. Last Spring I could have taken \$800 for my eight. Now I could not get more than \$60 per head. * * * * *

Adieu. TABITHA BROWN.

Col. Fremont and his Mariposa Grant.

Col. Fremont has at length got his great Mariposa estate fully confirmed to him, and if he can succeed in taking possession of it, may be regarded as one of the richest men living. The patent was signed by the President last week, and delivered by him at the White House to Col. Fremont in person. Patents are now generally signed by the Private Secretary of the President, who is thereto authorized by an act of Congress; but Gen. Pierce signed this one with his own hand. The instrument is engrossed upon parchment, and covers twelve sheets, including, on a large sheet of parchment, a finely executed map of Las Mariposas, as surveyed by the United States Surveyor General.

The tract is upward of seventy square miles in extent, and is situated about 225 miles from San Francisco, in an easterly direction. It embraces the town of Mariposa, containing from 3,000 to 4,000 inhabitants, and a number of other small towns and settlements; and it is estimated that there are upward of 15,000 people at present on the estate.

Col. Fremont bought this land on the 10th of May, 1846, of Alvarado, ex-Governor of California, for \$3,000 in cash, and at the time the old Californians laughed at it as a very extravagant price. After a long litigation, his title has been fully confirmed by the Supreme Court at Washington.

Of the value of Col. Fremont's grant it is impossible to speak with definiteness, as it is apparently almost beyond calculation. Messrs. Palmer, Cook & Co, bankers of San Francisco, who have already advanced heavily to pay the taxes upon it, and to defray the enormous expenses of the suit, own one undivided half interest in the property. Col. Fremont alone owns the other half.

Already about thirty-five millions worth of gold dust have been taken from the tract, and the per centage of earth which has yet been worked, even imperfectly, is exceedingly small. This is owing to the scanty supply of water to be found on the tract, and a canal is projected, at a cost of \$600,000, to supply this deficiency. When this is completed, the revenue to be derived from the estate will amount to many millions per annum.—N. Y. Evening Post.

There is said to be in progress in the Protestant States of Northern Germany what may be termed, in a peculiar sense, a revival of religion. This is not a "revival" in the technical American sense, with protracted meetings, and a remarkable conversion here and there from the ranks of the impenitent, but a calm awakening of religious feeling in communities and churches where it has long been slumbering. It is evinced in the increased attendance upon church service, in the publication of earnest religious books and periodicals, &c.

According to the opinion of many, there are periodic changes in the human system, life being a scale of progression, a grand staircase of years, approaching the grand climacteric step which is but a short remove from the grave. These periodic changes, or critical periods, are supposed to occur once in seven years, and that in these seven years the body undergoes a complete change. The age of sixty-three is considered as the grand climacteric, or most critical period of life. It is not known that there is any record to show the foundation or correctness of this belief.

A Buffalo couple recently waltzed three consecutive hours, over a distance of five and a half miles, and won a prize for the feat. Fifty couples in addition started with them, but wilted down directly, and one lady fainted in the arms of her partner.

GOING BEYOND THE LENGTH OF HIS ROPE.—A city paper, which ought to know, states that Mr. Pierce says that in case he is not nominated at Cincinnati, no Northern man shall be. Mr. Pierce has great faith in the cohesive power of public plunder, evidently.—N. Y. Herald.

A PUNY TREE.—C. B. Allop's farm in Middletown, Conn., contains a tree which is three feet in diameter, and is one half mile and half oak. The body of the tree is round and smooth, and the junction of the two varieties is marked by a slight ridge on the bark which would be hardly noticed.