

The Oregon Argus.

W. L. ADAMS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OREGON CITY:

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1856.

THE FOURTH OF JULY

In close at hand, and we would suggest that it is high time the citizens of Oregon City were making preparations to treat the day as it deserves.

The Supreme Court has been in session in Portland the past fortnight. Several causes of considerable importance were disposed of; among others that of *Holmes vs. Ferguson* and others has local interest, as it settled the rights of the lien creditors of the Willamette Falls Company. The Court held that the mortgage of Robert Moore upon the property had priority to the other liens, but that those now occupying as the assignees of the holder of the mortgage must account regularly to the Court for the receipts of all money by them.—The case was remanded to the District Court to ascertain what, if anything, was due by way of interest upon the mortgage, and for such other proceedings as the equitable rights of the parties may require.

Pratt and Campbell for plaintiffs, Kelley and Holbrook & Banker for defendants.

We acknowledge the receipt of a copy of "Session Laws 1855-6," by the Southern mail, which from the handwriting on the envelope, must have come from our estimable friend A. Bush. We prize it highly on account of its having the name of Dolazon Smith, that great patriot and pure disinterested philanthropist, printed in large capitals just a hundred and two times. We regret the absence of a full length portrait of him on the cover, and Bro. Pearce's biography as an appendix to the code, as it is probably the last time that this eminent statesman will figure so conspicuously in the history of legislation.

Business has been quite lively in this city during the past week. Our streets are thronged with teams bringing in produce, and carrying out supplies. We are glad to see our merchants putting down the price of goods so low that our country people have little inducement to go below for goods.

We believe that Milwain has about the best assortment of hardware, from a mouse trap to stambout machinery, that there is in Oregon, and he sells on the best of terms. Portland dealers would do well to send to him for stock.

The last Points organ serves up to its unwashed readers nearly two full columns (its whole editorial space) of locofoco soup, which it has vomited up, from a nauca produced by the last election, and by reading the *Argus*, *Oregonian*, and *Standard*. We pitted the young man in his low estate so much that we intended to leave him to the nursing of Shiel, O'Hara and Shang, but the hardhearted *Standard* has taken him from his sick bed, and after rolling him in ashes so as to hold him, has removed his slimy hide from top to toe.

We yield a good deal of our space to-day, to an interesting letter written by Mr. Beeson. Mr. B. complains that other Oregon papers have denied him the use of their columns. He shall most assuredly have the use of ours. We have before now been gagged in this way ourselves, consequently we know how to prize the freedom of speech and of the press, and so long as we have control of a press, all sides shall have access to its columns, Christians, Jews, Infidels, or even locofocos and Mormons.

Mr. Beeson is a peace man, opposed to all war and violence, consequently his views in regard to Indian fighting would not exactly accord with ours who have a little more combativeness. There is however great power in kindness and Christian forbearance toward all our brethren, white black, or red.

Another Man Drowned.

On last Lord's day morning Wm. MANN, a lad of about nineteen years of age, fell into the river just below the Falls, on the Linn City side whilst engaged in fishing, and was of course drowned. On the day previous, the body of Mr. Whitten, who was drowned at the same place a week before, was recovered. Widow Mann in the untimely death of her son has been deprived of her principal means of support, and we hope our good citizens will all contribute their mite towards relieving her wants. We have but few poor among us, and the little we are called upon to contribute in this way will make us no poorer in this world, or in that which is to come.—Pure religion and undefiled, before God, consists in a very large part, in visiting the widow and fatherless in their affliction. He that seeth his brother have need and shutteth up his bowels of compassion how dwelleth the love of God in him? We write not these things to censure our good citizens who are noted for their liberality and many Christian graces, but to stir up their pure minds by way of remembrance.

The body of Wm. Mann, who was drowned last Sunday, was recovered on Thursday, and buried yesterday.

Mr. Robbins, who disappeared some time since from Portland, was found yesterday above that city, hanging by a rope, with which it is supposed he had committed suicide.

ELECTION RETURNS.

LINN COUNTY.—The Statesman gives the following as the official vote of Linn county: Delazon Smith 587, Wm. Ray 710, H. L. Brown 648; all loocs. Opposition, Jonathan Kesty 356, H. N. George 252, R. H. Crawford 143. For county seat, Albany 630, Lebanon 472. It seems by this, that Delusion is elected, although he ran considerably behind his ticket.

TILLAMOOK.—No election was held in Tillamook, consequently Ford is elected to the Council.

WILLAMETTE COUNTY.—Representatives, A. Rose, loco, 254, Edward Sheffield, 250.

LANE COUNTY.—R. Cochran (d) 377, J. Munroe (d) 441, McMurry, op., 339, P. M. Curry, op., 349.

JACKSON COUNTY.—Rep., J. S. Miller (d) 442, A. M. Berry, (d) 418, Thomas Smith, (d) 322, C. Nye, 293, P. P. Prim 263.

Seat of Government.

The official returns so far foot up about as follows: Portland 1175, Salem 1975, Eugene City 2300, Corvallis 2233.

Polk.

Who would be discouraged in laboring for reform in Oregon, when even Polk county, which has hitherto been considered as incorrigibly given up to her locofoco idols, has at length so far thrown off her trammels as to elect Ford, democrat, over Holmes, loco, besides giving 101 majority to Cooper for Sheriff, over Shelton, a regular locofoco nominee! This county is certainly poking out of the brush.

Those who are in want of harness fixings, would do well to read the advertisement of Roop & Cook at Butteville. O. J. Henderson in Yamhill is still alive and kicking, but owing to his advertising, he has had such a tremendous rush of business, that it is with difficulty he has kept himself in stock, (we believe has now got a new supply.) Roop & Cook at Butteville will try to accommodate all who call.

We have heard of about 300 of the Statesman subscribers who intend to "exchange" the Statesman for the Standard, as soon as convenient. An old line democrat at Milwaukie lately told us that he would like to exchange his Statesman for THE ARGUS. We of course offered to "swap" for \$3.50 to boot. For the information of those who have any doubts as to the political character of these papers, we will state that THE ARGUS advocates Jeffersonian democracy, the Standard Polk democracy, and the Statesman Delusion Smith democracy.

Will those friends in Washington Territory who have ordered our paper, since the W. T. papers have "winked out," endeavor to increase our circulation in that direction?

For the Argus.

Mr. Editor—Permit me, dear sir, to offer a few thoughts (through the medium of your paper which I believe professes to advocate the cause of benevolence and truth,) suggested by the melancholy occurrence of the death of a youth of this city by drowning on last Lord's day morning.—The case which I wish to impress upon the minds of Christian parents, the youth, and children, of this place and all who may take an interest in the improvement of their fellow travelers, is the Sunday school and bible class for the young people and children. I believe that this place affords better advantages in that way than many or most others in Oregon according to the number of inhabitants; but could not more be done by Christians, to gather into these schools and bible classes more of the youth and children? Perhaps many are frequenting other places and seeking other pleasures, than those derived from the attendance on public worship, or the Sunday school.—Perhaps some parents are too poor or are not enough interested in the subject to procure for their children a suitable suit to appear in school, (I believe this to be the least excuse in this country where the poor are clad nearly as well as the rich) I suggest the expediency of some Christian females, whose hearts are warm with benevolence, to go out and persuade parents to send their children; is there not room for all? I once lived in the State of Ohio in a village where the females formed a sewing society, directors were chosen whose duty it was to call on such families as above alluded to, and persuade the parents to send their children promising them clothes which the society made; in this way 13 children were brought under the influence of divine truth, putting them in the right channel of thought, thereby securing right action that may prepare them for the general responsibilities of life, to become useful members of society, and ornaments of religion; in short to join that army, having truth for their motto who are marching fearlessly onward to victory, against errors and false religion. Truth is mighty and must prevail, though earth may be confused by wars and disunion. This is predicted by scripture prophecies, yet bible truth is onward and upward, and those who live according to its grand precepts, will overcome and outlive every storm, and gain a crown of righteousness at God's right hand; then my young friends will you not become learners of the Bible, that book which must judge all at the last day? A TRAVELER.

Oregon City, June 20th '56.

A wise man will desire no more than what he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and live upon contentedly.

From the War South.

Dear Argus—I have been waiting two days to get the particulars concerning the Indian fight in the Big Bend of Rogue River in order to give you a correct account of it, but I delay no longer to give you the best information I have. It seems that Col. Buchanan permitted an escort of regulars under Capt. Smith, to accompany Gen. Palmer up Rogue River to make a treaty in the place of their destination, and being in the neighborhood of the Indians, John sent word to Smith that he would attack him next morning. Capt. Smith immediately stationed his men, some 75 in number, upon an elevated situation, deemed a good one for defense. Next morning John was punctual to his appointment, and came near enough to hail the whites and tell them that he intended to whip them, and hang the survivors. Smith having no idea of being hung just yet showed fight, and gave the Indians as good as they sent.—The battle lasted thirty-two hours without intermission. About night of the second day's engagement a reinforcement from Buchanan, arrived just as the Indians were about charging on the whites. The Indians had Smith surrounded, and kept him away from water during the fight of two days and a night. Smith lost eleven men killed, besides having about twenty wounded. When the reinforcement arrived John retreated across the river and camped. The volunteers about the same time fell in with another band of Indians commanded by George and Limpy, and drove them down the river. They ran to Col. Buchanan's camp, gave up their arms, and are now prisoners of war. In the mean time Lamerick went down on the South side of the river and gave battle to John's band, which fled to the river and in attempting to cross were repulsed by the fire of the regulars on the north side. When the express left they were still fighting, and most people think the Indians will be used up this time, but I expect it will turn out about as it has generally done before.

Gen. Palmer is said to have been in the fight with John's band.

Yours in haste; more ALKA.
Roseburg, June 15, 1856.

Jottings.

Oregon Argus—So far as I can perceive from the "signs of the times," a brighter day is drawing upon brighted Oregon.—The people are beginning to think, yes, act for themselves. Who would have thought, a year ago, that Bush-orany would have been so used up, and openly maltreated; seen by its former friends, as we see it now! It is true that, through the *via voce system*, and the remaining strength of the clique in old Marion, together with the lateness of the nomination of the "Independent Ticket," they have again elected two of the veriest Bush-tooks to the Legislature at the late election. But, thanks to the voters of Oregon, the Seat of Government (Bush's stool) is removed from Salem, and with it will be removed from our midst many of the Runities; and the clique will depart with their master Bush!! and then we can regenerate and redeem old Marion from the curse of Durhamism. Subtract the Runities, and the Catholic foreigners from our political strength, and a majority will be on the side of the true friends of our country in old Marion; yes and in all Oregon. So soon as Oregon shall be redeemed from the foul Durham blot, which mars her general character, an impulse will be imparted, and new life and energy will be infused into the masses, a flow of emigration will again arrive upon our fertile plains, and Oregon will again stand forth, in fair reputation at home and abroad. I have been a constant correspondent to some fifteen newspapers in the U. S. for five years past from Oregon, and, seeing the state of things here, by reason of Locofoco misrule, I have never encouraged any of my numerous friends, and relations in the states to emigrate here! The two great pillars upon which our Republic rests, are education and morality. Based upon these, Oregon will prosper, and peace, harmony, wealth and affluence will be hers. It is true that our Indian war, and matters arising from it, place us in a rather bad condition. How fatal for the interests of the common people of Oregon is the quarrel gotten up early last fall and winter here amongst the Big Darlams in the following form: *Bush, Grover, Delusion & Co. vs. Palmer, Wood, and Gardner.* The parties joined issue before the tribunal of public opinion in the United States and Oregon, and Judgement went for the defendants. Damages assessed at four millions of loss of Durham scrip. The Mills being insolvent, the people, whom they misrepresented, were held accountable, and now are about to foot the bill!! And yet these same people have elected many of the Mills again to Legislature for them next winter fatal for the vital interests of Oregon!! Can it be possible that ignorance did this? If not, why is it so! I blush for the reputation of my adopted home. It is true that if I and mine could leave Oregon without an almost total smash of our estate, we would follow many others who have bid adieu to these diggings.—And yet being here, and estimating the good natural qualities of Oregon, and that so good a country will not always be governed by such a prook, we will stay, and my vote and my pen shall help to change rulers here, and bring about a better state of things. There is a general stir in the valley on the subject of education; this gives me hope of a brighter day. And

Temperance, and opposition to American slavery, are gaining ground here, and for these I rejoice. And I rejoice that THE OREGON ARGUS is gaining ground with every friend of his country, in all Oregon. I say in conclusion of my "Jottings," persevere, W. L. Adams, in your laudable course in conducting THE ARGUS. You will triumph. There will not a Casey be found to shoot you down in the streets of Oregon City.

AN OLD FARMER.
Marion Co. June 19, '56.

To the Public.

In the Table Rock Sentinel of Rogue River valley, O. T., of May 24, '56, and also in the advertising columns of the Oregon Statesman of June 10, there is an account of a public meeting, and as the proceedings of which aim a blow at the press generally, at the integrity of the Postal Department, and the constitutional rights of every citizen, I doubt not but it will be deemed a matter of some interest.

The object of the meeting appears to have been to express indignation at the course of an individual in writing letters to several editors in Oregon and the United States; in proof of which a manuscript letter was produced by Mr. T. Vault addressed to the "San Francisco Herald," signed by John Beeson. Mr. T. Vault observed that the same writer had that very week offered him for publication in the *Sentinel* a document headed "A Plea for the Indians." After several speeches denunciatory of the aforesaid John Beeson, a series of resolutions were adopted and published as the sense of the meeting, of which the following are the principal.

"Resolved, That said letter contains numerous misrepresentations and charges against the people of southern Oregon, and has not the least shadow of truth but are the production of a low and depraved intellect.

"Resolved, That it is the duty of all well meaning citizens promptly and publicly to expose the author of said letter, as by neglecting to do so the falsehoods set forth therein might be received as truth."

I would observe that no statements were written or otherwise made by me but what were subject of conversation and belief in the valley. I did not write for other papers until after repeated attempts and failures to be heard through those at home and a declaration in public meeting that I would be heard through those abroad.

The manuscript letter alluded to was sent to the P. O. about the 1st of May, and, by some means not explained, taken possession of by T. Vault and privately circulated for the purpose of getting up an excitement of which the above meeting was to have been the expression, but in consequence of the predominance of a better sentiment the object was for the time defeated. I was invited to the meeting, but forbidden the privilege of speaking in self defense.

Now I ask the whole press of the land, shall those upon whom they depend for items of news be subject to popular violence for trying to report a truthful statement of passing events? I ask, shall our rulers be misled by deception shall the truth be suppressed for a waste of treasure and destruction of the life and morals of our people, and wide spread mischief all around? I ask, is it not possible that if those letters which I am accused of sending to the editors in Oregon (not one of which were published) had been spread before the people enquiry would have been induced and the southern war prevented? I therefore appeal to the authorities for redress. I demand that the letter which has been purloined or improperly detained be immediately forwarded to its address, as I hold myself responsible to the laws of the land for its contents.

Through the many independence of the editor of THE ARGUS, who believes in fair play for all, I shall in succeeding numbers publish an answer to the foregoing charges in an address to the citizens of Rogue River Valley.

Also, A Plea for the Indians, so that all may judge of the amount of censure or punishment due for the same.

JOHN BEESON.

Oregon City, June 21, '56.

"At no time before have we had as many names upon our subscription books as we now have, and at no time before have we printed and circulated as large a weekly edition of the Statesman as we now do."—Statesman, June 17.

You would do well to talk to the "dead man's"—*alias, empty ale bottles.* They may believe you, we do not. We are sufficiently informed to dispute your word. You assert the above to induce the belief among the unwary that you are triumphant in your system of proscription. Honest men who are your friends are appalled at your boldness in uttering falsehoods.—Standard.

THE QUICKEST TRIP EVER PERFORMED.—The Cunard steamer *Persia*, which sailed from New York April 2, arrived at Liverpool after a passage of nine days and twelve hours, the quickest trip ever made, being six hours shorter than that of the famous passage of the ill-fated Arctic, which sailed from New York on the 7th of Feb., 1852, and arrived at Liverpool in nine days eighteen hours.

The Asia, under Capt. Juddins, made the trip from New York to Liverpool in May 1851, in ten days and six hours. These are the three quickest outward trips ever performed. Capt. Comstock, in the Collins steamer *Baltic*, yet heads the list of quick trips from Liverpool to New York. The *Baltic* sailed from Liverpool Aug. 6, 1851, and arrived in New York in nine days, thirteen hours and forty minutes.

"My lad," said a lady to a boy, carrying an empty mail bag, "are you a mail boy?" "You don't think I'm a female boy, do you?"

To my Family and Friends in Rogue River Valley.

The circumstances of my departure and continued absence from your midst have I know occasioned you anxious thoughts as to my whereabouts and welfare. Having an opportunity, I avail myself of the politeness of THE ARGUS to relieve your anxieties by addressing you all at once; and as little incidents are endowed with interest amongst friends, you will be pleased to know some of the details of what I have observed since my sojourn amongst strangers.

Having a natural objection to unnatural treatment, and being informed that the recently disbanded volunteer companies (many of whom were encamped in my vicinity) were highly exasperated by the reading of a "manuscript letter" and comments upon the same by Mr. T. Vault and others, and being informed that violence was determined upon, as a matter of prudence I left home at 11 o'clock at night of the 24th of May—arrived at Fort Lane by daylight on Sunday the 25th—spent several hours in agreeable conversation with the gentlemanly Captain Underhill, commandant at the Fort. I was particularly struck with the exact order and discipline which prevailed; even the blacksmith was polite, and the demeanor of the steward was as easy and courteous as that of a polished gentleman. I inquired of the Captain if the observance of such constant etiquette was not irksome to rough, uncultured men. He said they not only soon learned, but LOVED THE PRACTICE.

If I could have doubted the Captain's word I should have been reassured by the narration I heard the other evening by a returned Volunteer from the North, who said: "When Volunteers under Nesmith met with the Regulars under Haller they exchanged mutual salutes of three cheers each, but" (said he with emphasis) "they beat us. They swung their caps with such a graceful sweep, it was beautiful to see, and their voices were all of the same pitch and time; it was as the shout of one man, expressive of the feeling they meant to convey."

I think this subject deserves more attention than is commonly given, for, truly, if mind makes the man, manners give the finish; and in connection with this, I am sure I cannot do better than commend to my friends the "Illustrated Manners Book," by Dr. Nichols, of Cincinnati. It lays down the principle and illustrates the practice in every phase of human intercourse in such a manner as scarcely any can read without greatly enhancing their own and others' happiness. I believe that book is destined to be a national standard in manners, as Webster's is in words. It is sent by mail free for one dollar.

At three o'clock in the afternoon an escort under the command of a young Lieutenant, whose name I have forgotten, (but he was an amiable and courteous officer) started with me for Evans' Fort, 23 miles. The following incident suggested thoughts which it may not be out of place to record: Immediately on landing from the ferry boat, a pet deer approached us with all the confidence of an old friend, putting her nose in our hands and upon our persons.—The question arose, why this agreeable familiarity in a creature naturally so timid? Doubtless it is the result of proper treatment with kindness. Now suppose I speak to it in the language and tone with which Captain Smith says he spoke to the Indians, when with others he went before sunrise to their ranch after a missing horse. Would not its heart throb with fear? And if I should make it conscious of my intent to kill, would not its muscles tremble and its eyes, now so mild, glisten with terror? and if I pursued and cornered it would it not assume the attitude of one determined to flee if it could, or fight if it must? Inference—If such an unpleasant relative change takes place from such a cause in the feelings and conduct of a deer, we need not wonder that another creature called a "buck," possessing equal sense and higher reason, should be correspondingly affected.

During our ride I found it difficult to keep my horse (a Cayuse) in due military order of march; whether it was diffidence arising from a feeling of inferiority, or whether it was emblematic of another race, I will not determine; but certain it is I could not induce him to travel abreast with his American brethren—but at the same time he would not be left far behind, but followed close on their heels, treading in their footsteps.

Before commencing our march on the morning of the 27th the Lieut. informed me that there were two or three places along our route, owing to deflections in the mountain and heavy timber, suitable for an ambushade, which it was customary to pass at a rapid pace. So in order to be fully prepared for any emergency, I inquired of Mr. Evans if he could sell me a pair of spurs. He soon presented me with a pair of very large ones with tangles and all complete for \$6, but as I had never before in my life had such an appendage to my heels I thought one was enough; so I bought but one. After traveling a mile or two we came to one of those dangerous points.—My guards suddenly spurred on in a rapid canter. We had proceeded but a few rods with this increased speed before my steed drew up in a sudden halt, and no spurring or pounding would cause him to stir an inch; but such was the impetus the troopers had attained that those in the rear shot ahead for some distance before they perceived the difficulty. Well, I thought, here's a pretty fix; if old Limpy and his warriors, or any other bloody assassins, emerge from their hiding-place, what shall I do? I have no revolver or knife, and if I had I should be loth to use them. Quick as thought the resolve was made: I'll pull off my hat, and make a pleasur; bow. They will see at once there is no show for a scalp; and then I knew a smile, a friendly look of recognition toward an Indian or a Chinaman, or any of the outcasts, which I always try to give, has never failed to elicit a spark, a flash of sympathy, indicative of any thing but mutual hate. So I felt assured, and in fact my courage never failed, for I thought let the worst come, I would expect the Savior's blessing, and rather die making peace than waging war. But my horse—what was the matter? Upon placing my hand upon his abdomen, I perceived an inward flutter or tremor, indicative of inflammation. I soon ascertained that contrary to my request the stable man, out of pure good will, had given him a full feed of oats and old corn with the stable-fed horses; mine coming direct

from grass could not digest such a meal and travel at the same time. However, the guard traveled more slowly, and by letting him drink a small quantity at every stream, in the course of an hour he was able to perform with the rest. I took the first opportunity to relieve my foot from the spur, which, when on, gave the foot somewhat the appearance of a miniature steamboat with a stern wheel. I threw it in a deep ravine, where I hope it will remain, and thought \$3 was little enough penalty for the torture of a suffering brute, although I could find no spur galls on his side, and when I afterwards saw a man riding before me with a similar thing, and noticed how he elevated his heel in its use, I knew I had made no such motions; so possibly my poor horse never felt its touch.

Having passed one of the Volunteer forts, and believing myself beyond the scene of the excitement, and the escort having accompanied me as far as the commandant of Fort Lane had directed, I cheerfully took leave of my military friends, and pursued my course alone.

On the 28th, passed through the Canyon, and did not wonder at the many stories I had heard of falling teams and broken wagons, for truly it is both muddy and rough in the extreme; nevertheless I had very pleasant thoughts whilst passing along. I felt no fear of Indians or of evil of any kind. The deep solitude and majestic timber seemed to apprise me of the presence of Him who dwelleth not in temples made with hands, and the trees and the rocks, the birds and the rivulets inspired feelings of holy worship toward the great Creator of ALL.

When near the north end I met a drove of hogs, all in tolerable order and size except one little fellow, which I suppose was the only survivor of his brothers, who were all dead and buried in the mud, and it seemed as though it ought either to be killed or carried, for it evidently "traveled in pain." In the rear of the hogs were several drivers, and behind them an escort of mounted men, whom I took to be a "detachment from the North battalion of the Southern Army." Afterwards, I think on the following day, I met a train of several wagons, each drawn by four yoke of oxen. I supposed they were loaded with bacon, butter, &c., for the mines, but upon inquiry was informed the loading consisted of ammunition and medicine bound for Jacksonville.

I was particularly delighted with the varied and beautiful scenery which ever and anon presented itself to my view as I traveled through the Umpqua. I spent one night and a part of the next day with my good old friends of twenty years' acquaintance, the Rev. Messrs. Royal, of the Umpqua Academy; visited the institute of learning in which they are engaged, and was pleased with what I saw of the intellectual productions of the students. Singing formed a part (as I think it should in all schools) of their daily exercises, and its cheering and elevating effect is visible in the bright and happy countenances of both teachers and taught, as well as in the kind demeanor toward each other which the frequent blending of voices in cheerful song naturally tends to induce. I counted 32 little ones, of ages from 5 to 12, arranged in a circle, who sang several pieces in excellent style, without notes and without leaders, Mrs. Royal only giving the pitch. These children were not selected on account of natural gift, neither were they acquainted with notes, but had learned by practice in sing in harmony. Every child sang, and so rarely did I perceive a discordant note. Why then, thought I, cannot every child be learned, and ALL in every congregation sing, and thus realize the poet's exclamation:

"Oh, how delightful 'tis to see
The whole assembly worship Thee,
At once they sing, at once they pray,
They hear of Heaven and learn the way."

By request I delivered a short address; and the persuasive control of the teachers, the willing obedience of the pupils, the thrill of sweet sounds, the general appearance of comfort in the surrounding section, the pure air, and beautiful landscape, all conspired to suggest the theme of HARMONY AND ORDER as Heaven's first law. Here (it was observed) are the conditions and surroundings for a high development of intellectual and social happiness. God here speaks from the towering monuments of His power, and in the sweet breeze which, as the breath of Heaven, imparts a zest and enjoyment to all the blessings of Earth. "Be ye holy, for I am holy."

Whilst making the foregoing remarks, the idea occurred, if these favorable conditions are so conducive to the culture of the higher faculties in us, were they not proportionally so in respect to the people who occupied this region before we took possession. And I felt the impression that there must of necessity be some correspondence between the physical and intellectual condition of the inhabitants and the country they occupy. It is too true that the influence of evil example, contact with civilized vice, and the use of tobacco and alcohol, must necessarily deteriorate any primitive race. Therefore, making due allowance, I cannot but believe that a fair investigation in regard to the intellectual capacity and moral faculties of the Indian tribes would develop a far higher grade than what is generally admitted they possess. In view of the law of harmony, I could not but feel how discordant is war, and that if our people adhered strictly to purity, love, and truth, the races would be a mutual benefit, and both grow in peace and plenty.

In crossing the Calapoos mountains, I was agreeably disappointed in finding them not high or precipitous, but to consist of rolling hills covered with various timber and hazel bushes. The soil appeared adapted for grass and grain, and I anticipated but a few years will pass before multitudes of people will here find subsistence and thrift.

Before reaching the Willamette my horse seemed tired, so I traded for a fresh one giving \$15 to boot. It is a black, with a white face, and numerous white marks from his mane to his tail, evidences of the suffering to which he has been subject. The man said, "You must frequently give him a good pounding, for these ponies are like the Indians—sassy, unless you keep them well under." Finding him a good traveler, I made headway for several miles, until I alighted at a brook to drink, but to my disappointment found it impossible to remount. The beast seemed to expect the usual "pounding," and whenever I approached his side, he shied back, trembled, and snorted with excitement. As I believed a pounding would be rather an aggravated