

The Oregon Argus.

W. L. ADAMS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OREGON CITY:

SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1856.

Absence from home during the most of this week is our excuse for lack of editorial, if indeed an apology is necessary.

We are pleased to notice an awakened interest in the country generally upon the subject of education. The schools in every direction, so far as we are advised, are in a flourishing condition.

Does anybody recognize the following extract?

God knows I've done all I could for you since I reached Washington. There is no man in Oregon in whom I have more confidence, as a true friend, and a tried democrat, God knows. You shall have an office of some kind before long if I can prevail on the President to do justice to one of Oregon's best democrats, and a man in whose judgment and qualifications I place the most unbounded confidence.

During a visit to Polk county this week we noticed that the spring grain looks remarkably well, what little there is. The winter wheat was nearly all killed out last winter, and we shall have to depend upon the spring crop.

Pacific Telegraph.

The energies of the Pacific Telegraph Company, which have been rather flagging for a few months past, are beginning to revive, and they are determined to push the work rapidly forward to completion.

Some unknown person has been in the habit of cutting the Telegraph wire every few days since it was put up a few miles west of this city.

The grasshoppers are committing fearful ravages in some parts of the valley. Not only the grass but much of the small grain will be completely ruined on Baker's Prairie and other sections farther south.

We have been frequently interrogated as to the real advantage to be derived from using washing powders in cleaning clothes.

For the Argus.

Mr. Editor—The improvement of the country by running roads to different points is a praiseworthy matter, and the writer of this is glad to behold an increased and growing interest in this respect in various localities.

Mr. Miller, opposite Canemah, has laid upon our table several bones of the Mastodon Maximus which he found on the bank of the Willamette near his residence.

The weather has settled at last, and we have summer upon us all at once, after months of cool rainy weather, with occasional squalls.

Pacific Railroad.

There seems to be considerable interest being awakened in the States in reference to the Pacific Railroad. Texas has not only granted a charter to the Western Texas Railroad, but has given 10,400 acres of land, for every mile of the road constructed, enough, it is said, to complete the road through that State.

The construction of a Railroad to the Pacific we look upon as the grand enterprise of the age, a consummation more devoutly to be wished for than the success of any other enterprise that now agitates the mind of the nation.

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The eighth anniversary of the Willamette Baptist Association held its session in Linn county on the 20th ult.

We learn that there was pretty strong open opposition to adopting the Expositor as a Baptist organ; hence the committee recommended it merely as "a medium of denominational correspondence," and not as an organ of the church.

Whereas, C. H. Mattoon and others having invested their funds very liberally in originating a newspaper devoted to the advocacy of Baptist doctrines and polity, called "The Religious Expositor," at Eola, O. T.; therefore,

Resolved, That the Expositor be recommended to the Baptist denomination of Oregon Territory, as a medium of denominational correspondence.

W. F. BOYKIN, Ch'n of Com.

The grasshoppers are committing fearful ravages in some parts of the valley. Not only the grass but much of the small grain will be completely ruined on Baker's Prairie and other sections farther south.

We have been frequently interrogated as to the real advantage to be derived from using washing powders in cleaning clothes. For the benefit of all our readers of the fair sex, we would say that these washing powders which are sold by nearly all the merchants in this city who advertise, are no humbug.

For the Argus.

Oregon City and Roads.

Mr. Editor—The improvement of the country by running roads to different points is a praiseworthy matter, and the writer of this is glad to behold an increased and growing interest in this respect in various localities.

I have no immediate or remote interest that I know of in advertising to this subject, but a good feeling for your locality, its prosperity, &c., induces me to call attention to your much neglected interests as respects the trade of the country.

lem, which crosses the Willamette River some four miles below Butteville. This route shortens the distance about four or five miles, even between Portland and Butteville, and is comparatively a level road, with no streams to cross except the Tualatin.

By going this route, Pudding river, Molalla, and the Clackamas are avoided.—There is not only a saving of distance, but there is great saving of tax in the way of ferriage, which is no small consideration in our present state of finances.

Now what I wish to show by this is, that it behooves the people of your city to bestir themselves—to run out roads—make bridges, and repair the thoroughfares leading into your city, or the trade is bound to leave you. It will not do to rely upon your natural advantages alone to keep the trade that of right belongs to you.

Yours, RADUIS.

For the Argus.

Negro Sale in Oregon.

Editor Argus—There is a rumor afloat in the upper part of this valley that there was a negro girl sold at, or near, Eugene city this spring for the sum of \$300.

Designedly no names are given, the writer having nothing authentic. This note is written with the view of calling public attention, hoping that some one about Eugene will give the public some more definite information on the subject.

No man has any legal right to traffic in a human being in Oregon. If the girl in question was a minor neither her person nor her guardianship is a matter of traffic. Her time until her majority can not be bought and sold.

Monmouth Union 21.

According to previous appointment, a meeting was held at this place for the promotion of education.

Mr. Samuel Simmons was elected president, and conducted to the chair by Rev. J. E. Murphy. Jesse Stump was elected secretary.

Rev. A. V. McCarty was then called upon to address the audience. The lecture was able, interesting and impressive.

Rev. J. E. Murphy was called upon to follow with some remarks; he spoke chiefly of the design, position and future prospects of the Institute—which are quite flattering.

Resolved, That A. V. McCarty merits our thanks for the very interesting and instructive lecture just delivered by him.

Resolved, That our thanks are due to Samuel Simmons, Esq., of Marion Co., for the able manner in which he has presided over this meeting.

Resolved, That feeling deeply impressed with the great necessity of schools of the higher order in our midst—we will try by our united effort to promote the cause of education.

Resolved, That a copy of our proceedings be forwarded to the Expositor, Argus and Statesman, with the request to publish.

We copy the above from the Expositor, as since our return home we have not got hold of the original manuscript.

It is set forth in the geological survey of Missouri, "that the coal beds of that State can furnish 100,000,000 tons per annum for the next 1,500 years; and with regard to iron that there is ore enough of the very best quality within a few miles of Pilot Knob and Iron Mountains above the surface of the valleys, to furnish 100,000,000 tons per annum of manufactured iron for the next 200 years."

Florence Nightingale, the woman beloved of all men and all nations for her noble humanity, has been gazetted official as Directress-General of all hospitals in the British dominions.

The Fourth.

The celebration of the FOURTH yesterday went off to the satisfaction of all present. The Cold Water Army must have consisted of some two hundred or more, embracing both sexes, of all ages, from the child of six years to the grey-headed veteran.

The Advanced Guard of American Civilization.

Below will be found the address of Gen. WALKER to his troops after the surprise and defeat of the forward detachment of his army at Santa Rosa. It is, as the N. Y. Herald says, "a most remarkable effusion, and gives a clearer insight into the character and motives of the man than anything, perhaps, that he has before either said or done."

"SOLDIERS!—We are engaged in no ordinary war. A powerful combination surrounds us on every side. A hatred to our race has united adverse States and reconciled the most hostile and repugnant factions. The object of this league is to expel us from the land with which we have identified our lives; but through your fortitude and courage the effort is destined to defeat.

Let the desolate plain, the blood-sodden valley, the burned farm-house, blackening in the sun, the sacked village and the ravaged town, answer; let the withered bones of the butchered farmer, strewn along the fields of his homestead, answer; let the starving mother, with her babe clinging to the withered breast that can afford no sustenance, let her answer—with the death-rattle mingling with murmuring tones that marked the last moment of her life; let the mother and the babe answer.

Notwithstanding this—notwithstanding all the sacrifices we have made, all the dangers we have encountered, all the sufferings we have endured—sacrifices not only of our blood in battle, but of our lives to the pestilence—bear witness the graveyard at Granada!—are we to be driven from this country, merely because we were not born upon the soil?

"No, soldiers! The destiny of this region and the interests of humanity are confided to our care. We have come here as the advanced guard of American civilization, and I know your hearts respond to mine, when I declare that sooner than retire before accomplishing our duty, we will spill the last drop of our blood, and perish to the last man!

Soldiers! This task, as I have said, is an arduous one. Obstacles are yet to be encountered, and difficulties overcome, that may try our fortitude and courage by sterner tests than any we have yet experienced. We must content ourselves, too, in performing it alone. Though we should have been encouraged by those who claim to be enlisted in the cause of progress, we have not thus far had one voice to cheer us from the surrounding nations, while that to which we turned at the outset, with an almost filial yearning, stands coldly by.—But the nobler for us if we win unaided.

Soldiers! In view of the great trusts confided to you, I need not impress upon you the importance of vigilance and order. To the officers and men alike I look for that obedience and discipline which are the chief requisites of soldiers; and with these qualities, and the help of that Power who never deserts the brave and just, "victory and honor will be our sure reward."

Col. Fremont in New Hampshire.

The Portsmouth (New Hampshire) Ballot states that in all parts of the State the opponents of the administration are almost unanimously in favor of Col. Fremont as the candidate for the Presidency. At the State Council at Plymouth, all the speakers expressed their preference for him, and the opinion that his nomination would be the most popular with the people, of any that could be made.

PATENTS.—The British and American Commissioners of Patents have shaken hands over two hundred volumes of specifications and drawings, presented by the former to the latter, as evidences of the good feeling that binds the countries in friendly bonds.

A year ago last January, our Commissioner forwarded to the British Office copies of all the Patent publications issued here up to that time, and Prof. Woodcraft returns the compliment this spring.—Ninety-three volumes of the set are filled with drawings of British Patents.

A Patriotic Sermon.

The following interesting document was found several years ago among the papers of Maj. John Shafnayer, a deceased patriot of the Revolution. It is a discourse delivered on the eve of the battle of Brandywine, by Rev. Jacob Troute, to a large portion of the American soldiers, in presence of Gen. Washington, Gen. Wayne, and other officers of the army:

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

SOLDIERS AND COUNTRYMEN!—We have met this evening perhaps for the last time. We have shared the toil of the march, the peril of the fight, and the dismay of the retreat, alike; we have endured the cold and hunger, the contumely of the internal foe, and courage of the foreign oppressor. We have sat night after night by the camp-fire, we have together heard the roll of the reveille which calls us to duty, or the beat of the tattoo which gives the signal for the hardy sleep of the soldier, with the earth for his bed and the knapsack for his pillow.

And now, soldiers and brethren, we have met in this peaceful valley on the eve of battle, in the sunlight that to-morrow morn will glimmer on scenes of blood. We have met amid the whitening tents of our encampment; in the time of terror and gloom have gathered together. God grant that it may not be for the last time!

It is a solemn moment. Brethren, does not the solemn voice of nature seem to echo the sympathies of the hour? The flag of our country droops heavily from yonder staff; the breeze has died away along the green plain of Chadd's Ford; the plain that spreads before us glitters in the sunlight; the heights of Brandywine arise, gloomy and grand, beyond the waters of yonder stream; all nature holds a pause of solemn silence on the eve of the uproar and bloodshed of to-morrow.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

And have they not taken the sword? Let the desolate plain, the blood-sodden valley, the burned farm-house, blackening in the sun, the sacked village and the ravaged town, answer; let the withered bones of the butchered farmer, strewn along the fields of his homestead, answer; let the starving mother, with her babe clinging to the withered breast that can afford no sustenance, let her answer—with the death-rattle mingling with murmuring tones that marked the last moment of her life; let the mother and the babe answer.

It was but a day past, and our land slept in the quiet of peace. War was not here. Fraud and woe and want dwelt not among us. From the eternal solitude of the green woods arose the blue smoke of the settler's cabin, and golden fields of corn looked from amid the waste wilderness, and the glad music of human voices awoke the silence of the forest.

Now, God of mercy, behold the change! Under the shadow of a pretext, under the sanctity of the name of God, invoking the Redeemer to their aid, do these foreign hirelings slay our people. They throng our towns; they darken our plains, and now they encompass our posts on the lovely plain of Chadd's Ford.

"They that take the sword, shall perish by the sword."

Brethren, think me not unworthy of belief when I tell you that the doom of the British is sealed. Think me not vain when I tell you that, beyond the cloud that now enshrouds us, I see gathering thick and fast the darker cloud and thicker storm of Divine retribution.

They may conquer to-morrow. Might and wrong may prevail, and we may be driven from the field, but the hour of God's own vengeance will come!

Aye, in the vast solitudes of eternal space there throbs the being of an awful God, quick to avenge and sure to punish guilt, then the man George Brunswick, called king, will feel in his brain and hear the vengeance of eternal Jehovah! A blight will light upon his life—a withered brain and an accursed intellect; a blight will be upon his children, and on his people.—Great God, how dread the punishment! A crowded populace, peopling the dense towns where the men of money thrive, while the laborer starves; want striding among the people in all forms of terror; an ignorant and God-defying priesthood chuckling over the miseries of millions; a proud and merciless nobility adding wrong to wrong, and heaping insult upon robbery and fraud; royalty corrupt to the very heart, and aristocracy rotten to the core; crime and want linked hand in hand, and tempting men to deeds of woe and death; these are a part of the doom and retribution that shall come upon the English throne and English people.

Soldiers, I look around upon your familiar faces with a strange interest! To-morrow morning we go forth to the battle—for need I tell you that your unworthy minister will march with you, invoking God's aid in the fight!—we will march forth to battle! Need I exhort you to fight the good fight—to fight for your home-lands; for your wives and children!

My friends, I might urge you to fight by galling memories of British wrong. Walton, I might tell you of your father, butchered in the silence of the night, on the plains of Trenton; I might picture his gray hairs dabbled in blood; I might ring his death shrieks in your ears. Shelmire, I might tell you of a butchered mother and sister outraged, the lonely farm-house, the night assault, the roof in flames, the shouts

of the troops as they dispatched their victim, the cries for mercy, and pleadings of innocence for pity. I might paint this all again, in the vivid colors of the terrible reality, if I thought courage needed such wild excitement.

But I know you are strong in the might of the Lord. You will march forth to battle on the morrow with light hearts and determined spirits, though the solemn duty—the duty of avenging the dead—may rest heavy on your souls.

And in the hour of battle, when all around is darkness, lit by the lurid cannon glare and the piercing musket flash, when the wounded strew the ground, and the dead litter your path, then remember, soldiers, that God is with you. The eternal God fights for you; he rides on the battle cloud; he sweeps onward with the march of the hurricane charge.

God, the awful and infinite, fights for you, and you will triumph.

"They that take the sword, shall perish by the sword."

You have taken the sword, but not in the spirit of wrong or revenge. You have taken the sword for your homes, for your wives, for your little ones. You have taken the sword for truth, justice and right, and to you the promise is, be of good cheer, for your foes have taken the sword in defiance of all that men hold dear, in blasphemy of God—they shall perish by the sword.

And now, brethren and soldiers, I bid you all farewell. Many of us will fall in the battle of to-morrow. God rest the souls of the fallen! Many of us may live to tell the story of the fight to-morrow, and in the memory of all will ever rest and linger the quiet scene of this autumnal eve.

Solemn twilight advances over the valley, the woods on the opposite heights fling their long shadows over the green of the meadow, around us are the tents of the continental host, the suppressed bustle of the camp, the hurried tramp of the soldiers to and fro, among the tents, the stillness and awe that mark the eve of battle.

When we meet again, may the shadows of twilight be flung over the peaceful land! God in Heaven grant it! Let us pray.

Maritime Law.

Declaration respecting maritime law, signed by the Plenipotentiaries of Great Britain, Austria, France, Prussia, Russia, Sardinia, and Turkey, assembled in Congress at Paris, April 16, 1856.—

The Plenipotentiaries who signed the treaty of Paris, of the 30th of March, 1856, assembled in conference—

Considering— That Maritime law, in time of war, has long been the subject of deplorable disputes;

That the uncertainty of the law and of the duties in such matter, give rise to differences of opinion between neutrals and belligerents which may occasion serious difficulties, and even conflicts;

That it is consequently advantageous to establish a uniform doctrine on so important a point;

That the Plenipotentiaries assembled in Congress at Paris cannot better respond to the intention by which their governments are animated, than by seeking to introduce into international relations fixed principles in this respect—

The above mentioned Plenipotentiaries, being duly authorized, resolved to concert among themselves as to the means of attaining this object; and, having come to an agreement, have adopted the following solemn declaration:

- 1. Privateering is, and remains, abolished.
2. The neutral flag covers enemies' goods, with the exception of contraband of war.
3. Neutral goods, with the exception of contraband of war, are not liable to capture under enemies' flag.
4. Blockades, in order to be binding, must be effective—that is to say, maintained by a force sufficient really to prevent access to the coast of the enemy.

The Governments of the undersigned Plenipotentiaries engage to bring the present declaration to the knowledge of the States which have not taken part in the Congress of Paris, and to invite them to accede to it.

Convinced that the maxims which they now proclaim cannot but be received with gratitude by the whole world, the undersigned Plenipotentiaries doubt not that the efforts of their governments to obtain the general adoption thereof will be crowned with full success.

The present declaration is not and shall not be binding, except between those Powers who have acceded, or shall accede to it.

Done at Paris, the 16th of April, 1856.

OUGHT PRIVATEERING TO BE ABOLISHED?

Americans do not object to the abolishing of privateering, but do object to the maintaining of a navy on a war footing in time of peace. They are ready to make or to meet a proposition for the neutralization of the high seas. This spirit is fully shown in the restrictions voluntarily assumed by our government with regard to the naval force that can be maintained on the Northern lakes. And it is more strongly exemplified by the small force which it keeps in commission on the high seas.

We are bold enough to make for our countrymen and government the emphatic proposition that the Atlantic, the Pacific, and all other ocean seas, shall henceforth be neutralized, if all and every one of the