

The Oregon Argus.

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

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ADVERTISING RATES. One square (12 lines or less) one insertion, \$3.00. Two insertions, 4.00. Three insertions, 5.00. 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 additions suited to all the requirements of the locality. HANDBILLS, POSTERS, BLANKS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLET-WORK and other kinds, done to order, on short notice.

Fruit Culture.

The following is taken from an address by P. Barry Esq., before the North Western Fruit Growers Association at Burlington Iowa.

A point, of the first importance, then, for every nurseryman, is to secure the best quality of stocks, and work none other.—A dollar or two a thousand, in the price, is nothing, when we consider how largely the value of the crop may be increased or diminished. 1000 pear trees, for instance, at two years from the bud, may be worth \$300 or \$500, or they may not be worth the cost of cultivation.

Another great reform, which, if not accomplished has certainly been well inaugurated, is in the form of the trees. The old practice, and one which our ancestors brought with them from the cider districts of England, France and Germany, was, to prune or trim up the trunks, eight or ten feet high, until a young nursery tree looked like a fishing pole with a broom tied on the end of it! The trees were to be set in the grass, the branches out of the way of cattle, and if they ever bore, the fruit had to be reached by means of a long ladder, or knocked off by a long pole!

This was one of the barbarities of the past, and I am sorry to say there are men yet to be found, who believe that a tree is not a tree, unless the head be some ten or fifteen feet from the ground. At an early day of our practice, we set our faces sternly and unanimously against this system, and said if we could not persuade our customers to buy trees, such as we believed and were convinced to be of the proper height and form, we would lose their custom.

Our specimen trees are nearly all trained as pyramids or low standards, with head two or three feet from the ground, and without the aid of ladders or steps of any kind, we can accompany our friends, inspect the fruit, and pick our specimens with the greatest ease and comfort imaginable. Suppose we, or any other extensive growers had to climb fifteen or twenty steps of a ladder, every time we wished to examine our specimens, would we not have a delightful time? And is there any Life Insurance Company so reckless as to take a risk on our lives? But it is not comfort, merely, or convenience that we look at, but the well being of the tree. In our country—in all parts, indeed—we have gusts of high wind that rack those tall trees fearfully and not unfrequently tear them up by the roots. Do we not see how many of the old orchards are lying off the wind, like a ship weathering a gale. Then the sun and the frost acts upon the trunks—you cannot go into an orchard of tall trees, without witnessing the effects of exposure on one side; and when once the trunk of a tree is diseased its vigor and usefulness is at an end.

Here, in these western prairie regions, more than any where else, all trees should be low headed—so low, that when the trees begin to bear, the branches will reach the ground. What glorious apple trees of this kind, we see in some of the new orchards of Western New York; some of their trees when loaded with fruit, look like great pyramids of apples. It gives us great pleasure to see that this matter is already understood in the West—the late planted orchards, and the nurseries, too, afford evidence of this—and I find but one opinion on the subject, among the more intelligent cultivators.

For the pear and the cherry, this is still more essential than for the apple, because these trees are more delicate in general, and injuries are much more fatal to them. For both of these trees, I prefer the pyramidal form, whether on dwarf or free stocks, not only because the trees in that form are beautiful, but because the trunks and large branches are more effectually protected. The finer pears are all easily injured by freezing and thawing in the bark, which is smooth and thin, and by keeping the trunk well feathered with branches to the ground, it is seldom injured. It should always be borne in mind, that the trunk of the tree is the main channel of circulation; when it is injured circulation is impeded and irregular, and a general debility quickly follows. Some people argue that this training of trees as low standards and pyramids, is both expensive and unnatural, but I maintain that it is neither. The low standard requires no more pruning after the tree is planted, than the high one, and it is just as natural, and more natural, for a tree to branch at three feet from the ground than at eight feet.—The pyramid does require some pruning at first, to fix the habit, that is to secure a preponderance of vigor and size for the lower branches, when this is done, it becomes natural, for most pear and cherry trees, if left to themselves, in abundant space, would assume the pyramidal form voluntarily.

Many trees are much injured by being crowded together in close nursery rows, and deprived annually of their natural growth of side branches.

It would be well if nurserymen could be

sure of getting paid for extra care and training of nursery trees, so that they might grow about one-fourth as many on the acre as now. Competition, however, and the general desire of purchasers to buy as cheaply as they can, forbids expensive culture. Many persons value a tree according to its height—the question with them, is not "what shape?" but "how tall!"—Time, however, will correct this; our practice, as I have shown, has already been greatly improved, and I trust it will go on improving as correct intelligence becomes diffused among those who buy and plant.

Swinging Festivals in India.

A Calcutta correspondent of the London Times writes to that paper as follows:

"The bloody rites of the Carruch Poojah, of swinging festivals, which take place annually and at this time of the year in honor of the god Shiva, are at present being celebrated in India; and the cruelties then inflicted are voluntarily submitted to on the part of the individuals who undergo them. As a ceremony of this kind was to take place on the 11th of April, in the Circular road, which is distant from Calcutta about two miles, some other gentlemen and I, who were desirous to see it, drove in that direction, and the whole line of road leading to the place was crowded with natives of every caste and shade of color, wending their way thither to see the degrading spectacle, and dress up in the most gaudy and fantastic manner possible. Great numbers of the women and children had large brass rings, about four inches in diameter, through their noses; also rings round their ankles by way of ornament. The spot where the tragic scene was to be enacted was a large square, surrounded with houses, and on the tops of which were seated crowds of Indians of every age, and all more or less excited with an intoxicating compound called "bhong." In the centre of this square was erected a long pole sixty feet high; at the top of this was another about forty feet long, placed at right angles to the former, working in a socket in the centre, and capable of being whirled round; and to each end was attached a rope. Having waited for ten minutes or so, the infuriated native who was to be swung came in, amid the beating of Indian drums and the shouts of the people. The man had a wild expression of countenance, with his eyes glaring, being under the influence of bhong, of which he had consumed great quantities during the three previous days to deaden pain. The unfortunate native had two large iron hooks (not unlike those used by butchers at home for hanging up meat) thrust through his back, three inches apart, and making a wound four inches in length, from which the blood streamed down. This being done, the men tied the rope, which was fixed to one of the ends of the horizontal pole, to the two hooks in his back, and likewise passed it through a cloth, which was tied slackly round his breast to prevent his falling to the ground should the flesh give way, which it sometimes does. They then pulled down the other end of the pole, which of course raised the one with the man along with it, and then ran round at great speed for the space of a quarter of an hour. All this time the poor man was suspended in the air by the hooks in his back, and whirling round fifty feet from the ground; and from the manner in which he kicked about his legs, he appeared to be suffering great agony. When he was let down and the hook taken out of his back, he was more dead than alive, and the laceration caused by them was frightful. Men who undergo the swinging seldom survive it. While Parliament are engaged in making inquiry in reference to the torture employed by the government officials in the presidency of Madras, for the purpose of collecting the revenue from the natives, I think they would do well to devise some plan by which they could totally abolish the practice I have been endeavoring to describe, and which could be more easily done now than in the previous year. The middle and higher classes of the natives, I understand from good authority, do not approve it as they did formerly. It is only the lowest class of the natives that takes part in the ceremony."

The Rooster's Letter.

"Jerry, have the hens been attended to?" inquired Mrs. Preston as the boys were about starting from home.

"I don't know—I haven't fed them," replied Jerry.

"You ought to know whether they are seen to or not; it's your business to take care of them," said his mother. Don't you go off this morning till you have fed them. You ought to have done it an hour ago."

The care of the fowls had been committed to Jerry, but he did not feel much interest in them, and needed to be reminded of his duty pretty often. More than once the hens had been without food and water nearly a whole day, because he forgot to attend to them. Jerry now went back, in obedience to his mother, and gave the fowls their usual allowance of corn, and a vessel of fresh water.

He also looked into the nests to see if there were any new-laid eggs; and he was not a little surprised to find in one of them a small bill, neatly folded up, and addressed "To Master Jerry." He looked at it a moment, and tried to imagine what it could be; then he opened it, and read the following, which was neatly written with a pencil:

"THE HENROOST, May 25, 1855.

"Master Jerry: I have determined to write you a few words in behalf of my dear suffering family.

The sun is scorching hot to day, and yet we have not got a drop of water to save us from parching up. My poor biddies have been walking back and forth all day, panting for water, and calling for it as plain as they could speak; but all in vain. We have received our food at very irregular times, too, and sometimes we have had to keep fast nearly all day. If I were the only sufferer I would say nothing about it. But I cannot bear to see my poor flock dying by inches in this way. Do take pity on us, and see that we have plenty of corn and water hereafter. Some of my family, who pride themselves on being good layers, complain that since you have kept us in such narrow quarters they cannot find any thing to make their egg shells of. Now, if you would give us some old burnt bones, pounded up fine, or a little lime, once in a while, I do not think you will lose anything by it. And as you will not let us go out to scratch for ourselves, what is the reason that you cannot dig us a few worms occasionally? It would be a great treat to us. I hope you will heed my suggestions. If you do not, I can assure you of two things: you won't have many eggs this summer, and fat chickens will be a scarce article in this neighborhood next Thanksgiving time. But Mrs. Yellowneck has just laid an egg, and I must help her crackle over it; so I will not write anything more at present, but sign myself, Your faithful, but afflicted

SHANGHAI ROOSTER."

TERIBLE.—Of the many disgraceful electioneering documents that are being sent out broadcast over the country by the opponents of Fremont, the following is a fair example. It is an extract from a "Democratic" tract, in circulation in the Eastern States:

"I live in New York, next door to C. J. Fremont. I know him well. He invariably attends church Sundays—at Bishop Hughes' church in the forenoon, and at Puseyite church in the afternoon. Two Sundays ago, he and Bishop Hughes were coming home from church arm in arm, and they were so drunk that they reeled against my door-yard fence and knocked down three lengths.

WHITE AND BLACK!—Mary, a negro woman, the slave of Dr. J. H. Hundley, of Mooreville, Ala., gave birth on the 10th inst., to three living infants, two white and one black. This is vouched for by the Augusta (Geo.) Sentinel.

from some proper person, to prove to strangers that he was an honest good boy. Now what should he do? He stood in deep thought, the captain meanwhile curiously watching the workings of his expressive face. At length he put his hand into his bosom, and drew out his little Bible, and without one word put it into the captain's hand. The captain opened to the blank leaf and read:

"WILLIE GRAHAM,

"Presented as a reward for regular and punctual attendance at Sabbath School, and for his blameless conduct there and elsewhere. From his Sunday School Teacher."

Capt. McLeod was not a pious man, but he could not consider the case before him with a heart unmoved. The little fatherless child, standing humbly before him, referring him to the testimony of his Sunday School teacher, as it was given in his little Bible touched a tender spot in the breast of the noble seaman, and clapping Willie heartily on the shoulder, said:

"You are the boy for me; you shall sail with me, and if you are as good a lad as I think you are, your pockets shan't be empty when you go back to your good mother."

The Resurrection Flower.

Many of our readers remember the article in the April number of Harper's Magazine, describing the "Resurrection Flower."

The Alton Courier contains an account of a plant purchased by a resident of that city, that is in some respects quite as extraordinary.

Mr. L. Flackenecker, who is an old and respectable citizen of Alton, well known to that vicinity, possesses a dry plant which expands when placed in water, and has many of the peculiarities of Dr. Deek's flower. It was brought by Mr. F. from Europe, and has been, he states, carefully treasured in his family during the last three centuries, and he declares it to have been transmitted from father to son through many consecutive generations, and thus to have legitimately descended as an heirloom to him. Mr. F. refuses to sell the plant at any price, in love, money or property; consequently he is sincere in declaring this to be the veritable "Rose of Sharon," "Rose of Jericho," or "Star of Bethlehem." This plant consists of a single foot stalk or stem below, about four inches long, which branches above into three principal limbs, each of which continues to ramify again and again, and finally terminates in a solid capsule. When dry, the multitude of branches and tendrils thus produced are curved, robbed and contracted into a ball about the size of a horse chestnut, or buckeye, which presents an appearance similar to that of a large beetle, with its legs drawn together. When placed in a glass of water this ball gradually expands and unfolds, the branches separate slowly and extend laterally, until, after an immersion of three hours, they present a horizontal surface above, with circular margin, about three inches in its largest diameter.

This specimen was evidently plucked after the flower leaves had fallen, and when the ripe seeds filled its capsules—consequently, it does not present the elegant floral appearance of those in the possession of Dr. Deek, Prof. Torrey, Bishop Wainright, or Baron Von Humboldt.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA FORTOLD IN THE BIBLE.—This was the subject of a lecture, delivered by Mr. Pitts in the Tabernacle, on Monday evening. The lecture demonstrated that the rise of a great nationality was promised in an age of intelligence, energy and locomotion, and argued that this was not literally the restoration of the Jews, but the prophecy was realized in the political and religious organization of the United States. That this country arose when and where it was promised, at the end of 1099 prophetic days from the destruction of Jerusalem, which period terminated on the 4th of July, 1776. He said that the land pictured in the prophecy of Daniel was to be a newly discovered land, that had always been waste, and that

Delazon a Political Bully.

For the Argus.

EDITOR ARGUS—Dear Sir: I propose in this paper, to animadvert on Delazon Smith's disposition to drive—to lash people into the support of himself and dynasty. And so coarse and brutal has he been in his driving system that he has hitherto been measurably successful. Such is the dread of his tongue and pen in Linn county, that the attacked parties have too generally borne his abuse in silence. I have myself been urged by my personal friends not to notice his assaults on me in the Statesman, because it would only provoke the reptile to besmear my character with his foul slime. My sentiments however, differ from those of my friends on this point, and at the risk of being well bespattered, I feel disposed to let Delazon know that there is at least one man in Linn county who will not be brow-beaten and bullied out of his independence.

Delazon's whole course in Linn county has been of this bullying, brow-beating and overbearing character. As proof witness his assault on the clergy—his uniform lampooning of the Know Nothings, Abolitionists, Maine law men (which by the way includes a large majority of the professing christians of the country)—his lashing of Democrats who do not on all occasions support himself and clique in all their measures—his scathing abuse of J. Kerny because he had hardihood, enough to run against Delazon—his attack on Wakefield, myself and others who chose to do their own thinking—his frequent plunging of his daggers at the Standard, on account of its independent Democracy, and his abuse of the Oregonian and Argus of course.— Thus he applies the lash to all parties and persons and presses who do not by their votes sustain his consuming anxiety for office. And I am now prepared to prove from his own mouth that he is just as ready to vomit out his spleen on the Democratic party itself when it shall refuse to pander to his inflated ambition.

I have before me a pamphlet of 16 pages containing a "Speech of Delazon Smith, Esq., in the city of Keokuk, on Saturday evening, the 21st of Sept. 1850," in which he gives the Democratic party of Iowa such a training as must have been peculiarly refreshing to the "sore-headed and tender-footed Pizzarinets" who no doubt constituted his audience. From this speech it appears that Delazon, after being some four times before "regular Democratic Conventions" as an expectant for the nomination for candidacy for Congress, and feeling that his sublime merits were not duly appreciated, batted the party and proclaimed himself an American Republican, which in 1856 means a Know Nothing Abolitionist, but which then probably meant pizzarinets. He takes pains to tell us that the Conventions were the Simon pure "regular Democratic"—controlled by Dodge & Co., aided by Buchanan of Pennsylvania," (page 1)—"regular and of course entirely Democratic" (page 2) "regular Democratic Convention" (page 3). And yet Delazon Smith actually bolted.

What about Mr. Brown's Democracy in Multnomah Co.? But behold how beautifully and with what classic chastity this bolted from the regular Democratic party talks to his former associates. "Corrupt, selfish, monopolizing and illiterate office-holders." "Low-flung expectants of place—lean, lank, hungry dogs," (page 1.)—"Some willing, well indoctrinated, purposeless, careless, slavish tool, mounted upon the editorial tripod of a new county, democratic newspaper;" "a corrupt pensioned and libelous partizan press, as devoid of candor and decency, as many of its conductors are of honor and brains," (page 2.)—"On hand to shout for, and lie for, and vote for, and steal for Dodge's shadow, Hen," (page 6.) "Political demagogues, asses and knaves," (page 16.) "Codfish hunkers." "Old hunking friends." "Old hunkers." "Old hunking political sagamores." These are a few of the "orient pearls at random strung," which abound in this speech.

But Delazon assures us that the leaders of this "regular Democratic party," in Iowa had \$100,000 annually with which to secure partizan favorites, purchase friends, compensate political hunksters, and influence votes." Men, horses and money were employed." "Lying letters and agents." "A few men were hired to go." "I (Delazon Smith) devoted two months time, and all the funds I could command." "Money, lying agents and slanderous letters." "If I (Delazon) would withdraw from the canvass congressmen's wages for three months were at my command." "In his offers he doubted and trebled those. I should share equally with him," (page 7.) "He would (being in possession of the means) refund to me (Delazon Smith) all the money I had expended in politics, or in behalf of the Democratic party in Iowa." Thus he would have us believe that bribery was the right arm of the service in Iowa, and that he had gone

his length with them. And when they offered their bribes to buy him, we see none of that uprising of manly indignation, peculiar to honest men, but he treats it as a matter of course in political life. But why did they as Delazon has it, "read him out of the d-e-m-o-c-r-a-t-i-c-party?" I suppose they had a great plenty of better men, and were worn out with his importunity for office. But the Great Creator did it. "Whom he cursed they must curse." "If one half that these men say of me (Delazon) be true, instead of sending me to Congress they ought to send me to the penitentiary." We will elect even Dan Miller, or the Devil in preference to Smith." "And therefore poor Delazon, the last Tyler Minister was turned out like Nebuchadnezzar to grass." And so "poor Delazon" was in Iowa laid out politically dead.— But he tells us just how they do the things up. "They get all ready and then shout thunder, blood, democracy and General Jackson, and then they will go it with a rush." And since they did him up thus; as a "Republican," "he is done forever with the demagogues, asses and knaves of the democratic party."

Thus I have shown from his own mouth that he is just as ready to vilify, slander and abuse the democratic party as any one else when it refuses to idolize him. You tickle me and I'll tickle you, is Delazon's theory. Let the democratic party fail to tickle him, and soon they too will feel his lash. He has "pitched in" to all sorts of men in Oregon except democrats, and as Delazon is running down pretty fast, they should look out as it will come their turn shortly to feel his lash.

Having now put my patient through the first courses, I will lay down my pen until I see how the "medicine works," hoping that his gripping agony will pass off soon and that he will improve in morals preparatory to his political death which will ere long occur. His abuse of me will give me no concern. I shall only use his speech and such other material as he may furnish me as occasions may serve. I now retire to my wonted seclusion. I am Mr. Editor your obliged

WILSON BLAIN.

The Resurrection Flower.

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it was a land of rivers and streams; and that it was to be inhabited by a people gathered out of all nations, that it was to be located between two seas—the Eastern and Western—that its cities and villages should have neither walls nor gates, nor bars, and that it was first to be visited by ships from Spain; that emigration should come for the freedom of worshipping God, and that it was to be a Republic, and that this Republic should begin in the organization of thirteen different States; that its rise should be an epoch in the history of humanity, to learn, agriculture, commerce and trade; that the United States was the stone kingdom promised by Daniel—the man child of the Virgin Woman of the Wilderness—the land shadowing with wings. In fact, that this great country and government was a child of Providence, and was nurtured and raised up the model government of the world, to which the empire of the earth would finally conform. But before Republicanism became world wide the great battle of civil and religious liberty on the one side, and ecclesiastical despotism on the other, would come off in the Field of Armageddon. True or false, the speaker evidently placed his arguments clearly and logically before an appreciating audience.

General Greene and his Descendants.

The Providence Journal, after correcting a story about the pauperized condition of some of General Greene's descendants, which has been going the rounds, adds:—"It may not be improper to say, that there are now living in this State many of the family and the blood of General Greene. Some of them are affluent, some of them possess redundant wealth; and not one of them, justly proud as they all are of the fame of their great kinsman, would suffer his immediate posterity to eat the bread of charity, grudgingly bestowed by the hand of strangers." General Greene was, in one respect, more fortunate than were many of our revolutionary heroes and statesmen, in that he had continuance, and which has done honor to the name. Almost all the great names of the contest for Independence have either become extinct, or are represented by persons incapable of conferring any new distinction upon them. Washington's representative is the person who now owns the Mount Vernon estate, and who, to judge from recent occurrences, can lay no very broad claim to sense or talent. Franklin's family is extinct, and none of the name, even, make any figure in the country, though it is most respectably borne. Jefferson's name is not likely to have a second place in our history, from the exertions of any one belonging to the family of the great democrat. The family exists only in the female line. The name of Gates figures no more among us, though it was so deservedly prominent during the Revolution, and it is now the fashion with fools to sneer at it, because of the defeat of Camden, as if Washington himself had not been defeated on some fields. Wayne, too, is another name that, conspicuous in the war of '76, is now rarely mentioned.—Montgomery is a revolutionary name that is common, but which is not distinguished, if we except that it is that of many counties. It is one of the most popular names of the revolutionary age, all being ready to concede that Richard Montgomery "kept the witness of his soul," which is the mode that we pay for his early death. The name of Schuyler, too, which was most honorably distinguished eighty years ago, and for some time afterwards, is now of no prominence. The names of Heath, Sullivan, Starke, Knox, Putnam and Lee, are now seldom heard in connection with public life. The old stocks have either died out altogether, or have become too enfeebled to be productive. The revolutionary name that is most distinguished in our day is that of Prescott, and which was also eminent in the colonial times, having always maintained a high place here from the very commencement of American history. Of the civilians of the Revolution, but few names have received late illustration.

Upon a certain occasion in the United States Senate Mr. Buchanan, in the course of a personal explanation, stated that he had volunteered to go to Baltimore, in the last war with Great Britain, when the British attacked that city. "I think I heard something about the gentleman's volunteering," said Mr. Clay, "but I understand that when he arrived at Baltimore the British were gone." "Yes," replied Mr. Buchanan, "they were." "Well," said Mr. Clay, "I merely wished to know whether Mr. Buchanan volunteered because he knew the British were gone, or whether the British went away because they heard Mr. Buchanan was coming."

"My brudders," said a wagish colored man to a crowd—in all afflictions, in all ob yer troubles, dar is one place you an always find sympathy!" "Whar I whar I" shouted several. "In de dictionary," he replied, rolling his eyes skyward.