

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., FEBRUARY 28, 1857.

No. 46.

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.

ODE for the 22d of FEBRUARY.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Welcome to the day returning, Dearest still as ages flow, While the torch of faith is burning, Long as freedom's altar glow! See the hero that it gave us, Slumbering on a mother's breast; For the arm he stretched to save us, Be his form forever blest! Hear the tale of youthful glory, While of Britain's rescued hand Friend and foe repeat the story, Spread his fame o'er sea and land; Where the red cross, proudly streaming, Flaps above the frigate's deck, Where the golden lilies gleaming, Star the watch-tower of Quebec. Look! The shadow on the dial Marks the hour of death's strife; Days of terror, years of trial Scourge a nation into life. Lo, the youth becomes her leader! All her battles tyrants yield; Through his arm the Lord hath freed her; Crown him on the tented field! Vain is Empire's mad temptation! Not for him an earthly crown; He whose sword hath freed a nation, Strikes the offered sceptre down. See the throneless conqueror seated, Ruler by a people's choice; See the Patriot's task completed; Hear the Father's dying voice! "By the name that you inherit, By the sufferings you recall, Cherish the fraternal spirit— Love your country first of all! Listen not to idle questions If its bands may be untied; Doubt the patriot whose suggestions Whisper that its props may slide!" Father! we, whose ears have tingled With the discord notes of shame; We, whose eyes the blood have mingled In the battle's thunder flame; Gathering, while this holy morning Lights the land from sea to sea, Hear thy counsel, heed thy warning, Trust us while we honor thee!

For the Argus. Oregon Cows—Profits of.

SALEM, Feb. 16, 1857.

Mr. Editor—In order to make farming pay well, farmers must be real "sharpers." Sharpers not in the bad sense of that word, but in looking sharply after the various ways in which they may increase the productiveness of their farms. In Oregon thus far the great question has been, how shall I best increase the number of my stock of cattle. To this end all or nearly all of the productive resources of their cows have been turned. The calves have been turned out with their dams, and all have run together and helped themselves to milk as they chose. But the time has now come when the profit of raising stock, or at least the profit of greatly increasing their numbers has, with many farmers, come to an end. They already have as many, and some more, than their farms or the "range" in which they live can sustain. The feed is all kept short in summer, and in winter they are subjected to a system of cruel starvation, which stunts their growth, and will, if followed, in a few years reduce our best blooded cattle to a sort of Indian pony breed, killing out all that is thrifty and noble in their character.

The question, then, as to how we shall profit by our cattle must look for its answer to some other source than that of increase of numbers, and it seems to me that butter making can be as successfully and as profitably carried on here as at the East. Scarcely a summer passes without our having buyers from California, and that too while we have scarcely begun to think of making butter for market. If buyers will thus come now, when there is so little butter made, and when what is made is much of it so poor, and give from 30 to 40 cents per pound, how much more would they be likely to come when the making of it is reduced to a system, and when farmers have taken pains to cluster about them those little conveniences which are necessary for making it sweet and good. Good butter, Mr. Editor, I consider one of the glories of the land. "Butter and honey" are among the precious things spoken of as a part of the good of the land of Canaan; and it is surely one of those luxuries which make everything else good. If we have good butter and bread, we can use hospitality which we are not ashamed of. It is good enough for kings to eat, and in this country we are all kings. But "good butter" is made from milk set in the same room where the whole family live, night and day, receiving the dust and lint that are constantly falling, and drinking in the noxious vapor of breathes over air, as nothing but cream and butter will drink it in, (for it is well known that only a few hours are necessary to give the sweetest butter the taste and smell of the fish or room it is in.) Such kind of butter is only to be thrown away. Any man with a common genius and ten dollars' expense can put up in three days a milk house with shelves and fixtures, which will enable him, his family, and the friends who visit him to eat butter yellow, rich, sweet, and good, for the next ten years, but which he must eat poor, or in other words crowd into his stomach what it does not relish for the same length of time, if he will not take the necessary pains to make it good.

But the question arises, can butter making in Oregon, where labor is so high, be made profitable? We answer yes, and

the truth of this answer we hope to show before we are through. With a few dollars' expense in preparing a convenient milk house, and making such a crank-churn as is given by E. M. Fuller in the "Country Gentleman," and a cut of which may be found in the Illustrated Register of Rural Affairs for 1856, a man and his wife might, without over work, attend to a dairy of twenty cows. These will vary in their milk both as to quantity and quality. Taking the common cows of Oregon, they will yield from two to ten pounds of butter each per week. Some of the very best cows will yield fifteen pounds per week, but these are uncommon "milkers." During the last spring and summer I milked only one cow, and she was farrow, and we did not think her anything more than an ordinary cow. From her we made by weight seven pounds of butter per week. Supposing, then, we take this as the average amount which can be made to each cow, we shall have a hundred and eighty-two pounds of butter each year if we make the milking time for the year to be only six months. This, at 30 cents per pound, (which is probably about the average price for the last year,) would amount to \$54.60 to each cow; multiplied by twenty, gives \$1092 as the product of twenty cows' milk. This, Mr. Editor, is a good little sum. It is no doubt far more than the real profits which many of our farmers make from their harder toil in plowing, and sowing, and reaping, and thrashing their large crops of wheat, and in the butter part there is this advantage, that the whole labor from first to last, till the time it is marketed, is much lighter than it is in the raising of wheat.

Suppose now that the 50,000 cows in Oregon (of course I have to guess at the number) should yield half the above amount to the cow, and suppose two thirds of this amount could be spared from our home consumption, we should even then have a direct income to the Territory of \$910,000. How much pocket change this would make our farmers, how many store bills it would pay, how it would help them along with their taxes, and, in fact, with all these little pinching necessities which trouble them so much to meet.

Yours, truly, O. DICKINSON.

For the Argus. Grass Growing in Oregon.

Mr. Editor—There is perhaps no subject in which the farmer and stock raiser are more immediately interested than that of grass growing in this Territory, and we are admonished by the lowing of the flocks and herds during the present winter that this branch of our agricultural interest has been too long neglected already. My object in this communication is to call the attention of farmers to this subject. We have in-fallible evidence in the luxuriance of the growth of the wild grass sufficient to convince any man that the soil of Oregon, or at least the Willamette valley, is unsurpassed by any country in the world in this respect. And although I am a miniature farmer, I will give my experience in regard to timothy. I put in four acres about the middle of March last, sowing one gallon of seed to the acre. (The greater part of this land was sod, harrowed down, and brushed in well.) I had this grass cut in August, and it was supposed to yield two tons and a half of hay per acre; other kinds of grass may do equally well. Now as this is about the time to put in such seed, I hope these few broken remarks may call the attention of some of your numerous subscribers to this subject, when my object will have been fully accomplished.

Respectfully, W. C. WARRICK.

Bethel, Plum Valley, O. T., Feb. 16, 1857.

Eloquent Tribute to the Memory of Henry Clay.

Hon. Humphrey Marshall, in a speech at Covington, Ky., during the late canvass, pronounced this brief but brilliant eulogium on HENRY CLAY: "The friends of Mr. Clay meditate the construction of a monument, to mark the spot where repose the remains of that frail tenement which once held his fiery soul. It will be honorable to them, and will form a graceful ornament to the green woods which surround the city of which he had himself been so long the living ornament, but it will be useless to him or to his fame. He trusted neither himself nor his fame to mechanical hands or perishable materials. Exiguit monumentum perennius aere. They may lay their pedestals of granite—they may rear their polished columns till they pierce and flout the skies—they may cover their marble pillars all over with the biography of his deeds, the trophies of his tri-umphant genius, and surmount them with images of his form wrought by the cunningest hands—it matters not—He is not there! The prisoned eagle has burst the bars, and soared away from strife, and conflict, and calamity. He is not dead—he lives! I mean not the life eternal in you other world, of which religion teaches, but here on earth he lives, the life which men call fame, that life the hope of which forms the solace of high ambition, which cheers and sustains the brave, and wis-

and good, the champions of truth and human kind, through all their labors—that life is his beyond all chance or change, growing, expansive, quenchless, as time and human memory. He needs no statue,—he desired none. It was the image of his soul he wished to perpetuate, and he had stamped it himself in lines of flame upon the souls of his countrymen. Not all the marble of Carrara, fashioned by the chisel of Angelo into the mimicry of breathing life, could convey to the senses a likeness so perfect of himself, as that which he has left upon the minds of men. He carved his own statue, he built his own monument. In youth he laid the base broad as his whole country, that it might well sustain the mighty structure he had designed. He labored heroically through life on the colossal shaft. In 1850, the last year of the first half of the nineteenth century, he prepared the healing measures which bear his name, as the capital, well-proportioned and in perfect keeping with the now finished column, crowned his work, saw that it was good and durable, sprang to its lofty and commanding summit, and gazing from that lone height upon a horizon which embraced all coming time, with eternity for his back-ground, and the eyes of the whole world riveted upon his solitary figure, consented there and thus to die."

MILEAGE OF MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.

The following facts and figures from the Sergeant-at-Arms' account book, are not without interest:

The entire amount of mileage paid to the members and delegates in the last regular session, was \$191,156 00

Territories. Miles.

Table with 2 columns: Territory, Miles. Anderson, Washington, 7,450 5,960 00; Bernhisel, Utah, 3,225 2,557 00; Chapman, Nebraska, 2,530 2,024 00; Otero, New Mexico, 2,766 2,212 00; Lane, Oregon, 7,450 5,960 00; Rice, Minnesota, 2,344 1,875 00; Whitfield, Kansas, 2,645 2,116 00

Total paid to Delegates, 20,125 00

Of the Representatives, the largest mileage was paid to D-ner of California, 5,800 40

In contrast to this, the mileage of Mr. Bowie of Maryland was 16 60

Herbert of California received 5,682 40

The thirty seven members included within 250 miles distance from the Capitol, receive in the aggregate not as much as the delegate from Oregon or either of the members from California, viz: 5,136 00

The above exhibit is intended for a single session, but as there are two regular sessions of each Congress, the above figures must be doubled to show the amount of mileage the members receive for each term. This would give the delegates from Oregon and Washington \$11,920 each, as mileage for one term, exclusive of per diem compensation, about \$3,000 more. In consequence of the President's calling an extra session last summer the Delegates from Oregon and Washington will each receive \$5,000 additional mileage for walking from their boarding houses to the Capitol and back again—making over \$20,000 for two years' service in Congress. No wonder Jo holds on with such a tight grip to the Delegateship!

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.—In a speech delivered by Col. Benton (Old Bullion), at the Anniversary Dinner of the New England Society, at the Astor House, New York, on Monday evening last, the Orator, in addressing the lady portion of the audience, referring in eloquent terms to his excellent mother, whose influence over him is worthy of note. Speaking of Tobacco, the Col. said:

"My mother asked me never to use the weed, and I have never touched it from that time to the present day. She asked me never to game, and I have never gamed; and I cannot tell this day who is winning and who is losing in any game that can be played. She admonished me, too, against hard drinking; and whatever capacity for endurance I may have at present, and whatever usefulness I may attain in life, I attribute to having complied with her pious and earnest wishes. When seven years of age, she asked me not to drink, and I made then a resolution of total abstinence long before societies for that purpose were formed. I was an abstinent society at a time when I was the sole constituent member of my own body; and that I have adhered to it through all time, I owe to my mother."

There is a moral in this that mothers should take to heart. A mother's influence in forming the character is undoubtedly more potent than any other that can be exerted in regard to establishing those fixed principles that follow a man through life. Almost every great man the world has ever produced, owed his position to the principles inculcated in his breast in childhood by her who gave him birth.

"I want to see some of your gimblets," said a greenhorn one day, as he entered a hardware store.

The dealer took down several parcels, neither of which suited.

"Well, then, what kind do you want?" there is almost every variety."

"Why, darn it, I want them what bores square holes!"

The Surgeon's Revenge.

The following deeply interesting story is related by Dr. Gibson, in one of his lectures before the medical class of the University of Pennsylvania. The hero of the story is Vesale, one of the most eminent of Italian surgeons:

Andrew Vesale first saw light in the city of Brussels. His father was an apothecary, attached to the service of the Princess Margaret, aunt of Charles V., and governess of the Low Countries.

Up to the period when Vesale first rendered himself conspicuous, the anatomy of the human body was so imperfectly understood as scarcely to merit that the terms of science should be applied to the dim and confused ideas relating to it. Vesale was the first to break through the trammels with which ignorance and bigotry had crippled the march of science; surmounting with admirable courage and constancy the disgust, the terror and the peril inseparable from this description of the labor to which he had devoted himself, he was to be seen whole days and nights in the cemeteries, surrounded by the festering remains of mortality, or hovering about the gibbets, and disputing with the vulture for its prey, in order to compose a perfect skeleton from the remains of executed criminals, left there by the carrion bird.

It was during a sojourn at Basle, after his return from Italy, that Vesale first beheld at the house of Hans Holbein, the painter, Isabella Von Steenwack, the daughter of a merchant at Harlem, who was destined to exercise some influence over his future life. He was scarcely twenty-eight years of age, and already he had attained the summit of a well-directed ambition.

The family of Von Steenwack was a wealthy and honorable one, far superior to that of Vesale in birth and fortune; but the distinguished position the latter had acquired for himself, entitled him to aspire to an alliance even more exalted. The son of the Princess Margaret's apothecary would have been rejected by the rich Harlem burgher, but as the emperor's first physician, was accepted by him as the most eligible son-in-law. The marriage solemnized, Vesale, accompanied by his young bride, set off for Seville, where Charles then held his court.

Though she loved her husband, there was so much awe mingled with her affection over her demeanor towards him, even in the privacy of domestic life. The very nature of his profession and occupation was calculated to increase that awe, and even to create some degree of repugnance in a shrinking mind, which nothing but strong affection could overcome. Isabella's nature required skillful drawing out and tender fostering. Vesale, unfortunately, mistook her timidity for coldness, and resented it accordingly; this led to estrangement on her part, which he attributed to dislike, and jealous distrust at last took possession of his soul.

Vesale's house became the resort of all that was noble and gallant in Seville, and he for a time believed his own scientific conversation to be the attraction. At first the young wife showed her usual calm indifference to the admiration that followed wherever she was seen; but, at last something in her manner and countenance, whenever one particular person appeared, or his name was mentioned, betrayed that there did exist a being who had discovered the secret for causing the blood to flow more tumultuously through her veins.—That person was Don Alva de Solis; and as he was young, handsome, gay, and the most inconstant gallant in Seville, the suspicions of Vesale were painfully aroused. He took silent note of the unusual emotions that agitated Isabella whenever the nobleman was in her presence.

The general conduct of Don Alva was calculated to baffle suspicion, being marked by indifference. This would have misled the vigilant husband, had he not on one occasion when his back was turned toward Don Alva, perceiving him in an opposite mirror, fixed his kindling eyes upon Isabella with an expression not to be mistaken, while she grew red and pale by turns; and then, as though unable to surmount her agitation, rose and left the room.—Shortly afterwards Vesale received an anonymous note, saying:— "Look to your wife and Don Alva de Solis, and be not deceived by appearances. They only want a fitting opportunity to dishonor you. Even now he carries about him the gloves she dropped for him at mass."

Vesale shut himself up to ponder over the most effectual means of avenging himself. His resolution was soon taken.—Having established schools of anatomy at San Lucar and Cordova, he obtained the Emperor's permission to visit them, quitted Seville ostensibly for that purpose, but returning the same night concealed himself in a tenement belonging to him at some distance from his abode in Alcazar, which

was devoted to the double purpose of a laboratory and dissecting room. He had taken no person into his confidence; he was alone in his own counsel.

At dark on the following evening he issued forth, muffled to the eyes in a woman's mantle and hood, and left a note at Don Alva's habitation, containing an embroidered glove of Isabella's, and these words: "I have obtained the key to Vesale's laboratory during his absence; be at the gate an hour after midnight, and you will be admitted on pronouncing the name of Isabella."

The assignation was promptly kept by Don Alva. At an hour past midnight he left his house alone; but he never returned to it. Whether he had gone none could say; nor could any trace of him be discovered. It was supposed he must have missed his footing and fallen into the Guadalquivir, near which his abode was situated; and that his body had been swept away by the waves into the ocean.

Such an occurrence was calculated to produce a great sensation in the place where it happened; and Vesale, recalled three weeks after by the illness of his wife, found the disappearance of Don Alva the theme of every tongue. The altered appearance of Isabella was attributed by Vesale to grief for the mysterious absence of Don Alva, and that conviction took from him all pity for her sufferings.

It chanced to be the festival of Santa Isabella, and to do honor to her patron saint, as well as to celebrate the return of her husband, Isabella put on her wedding dress, and seating herself by an open casement that overlooked the Alva gardens, she watched for his coming. But whilst her eyes were vainly fixed upon the path by which she expected him to appear, a hand was laid on her shoulder, and turning round she beheld Vesale standing beside her.

"I have ordered supper to be laid in my study," said he; and taking her hand, he led her away to the room in question, dismissed the attendant and closed the door. Everything wore a festive air; yet the repast was cheerless. Perceiving that she had tasted nothing, Vesale poured a few drops of elixir in a cup of Malaga wine, and presenting it to her,

"Drink this," he said, "it is a sovereign cure for the disease you are suffering from."

"Pledge me the draught," she replied, filling up a goblet from the same flask, and handing it to him, "and it will bring a quicker healing to me. Let us drink to our absent friend Andre."

Vesale accepted the offering, and they emptied their goblets together.

"Talking of absent friends," said he, and suddenly fixing his eyes upon her, "you have not spoken to me of Don Alva de Solis. Are all hopes of hearing from him relinquished? He was a braggart and a libertine, and boasted that no woman ever resisted his seductions, that no husband ever suspected the injury he was preparing for him."

Then grasping his wife by the hand, he led her up to the door at the further end of the room, and, throwing the door wide open, revealed to her view a skeleton, suspended within, holding in one of his bony hands one of her embroidered gloves.

"Behold," he said, pointing to the ghastly spectacle, "the gallant and beautiful Don Alva de Solis, the object of your guilty love—contemplate him well, if the sight can render your few moments any happier, for you are about to join him in another world—the wine I have given you was poisoned!"

When the last dreadful sentence, and its most dreadful illustration, fell upon her afflicted senses, she became paralyzed with excess of emotion, the scream which had risen to her throat died there in strangling murmurs, and, sinking back, she fell as one dead upon the arms of Vesale. She was not dead, however. He had not poisoned her; that crime he had hesitated to commit; yet he was none the less her murderer. Convulsion followed convulsion, and at last she died; and, in that supreme moment, the hour that preceded death, her husband, who never quitted her, beheld one of those phenomena which sometimes attend the dying. Awakening from a torpid slumber, consciousness and memory returned at once, and with them a calm and courage she had never possessed in the flush of life.

"Andrew," said the dying woman, fixing her eyes on her husband, "I am dying by your hand, yet I am innocent. I never wronged you by thought or by deed. Don Alva pursued me with his love and threats, but I repulsed them. I never loved but you. I feared and honored you as much as I loved, but I dared not tell you of his pursuit. Oh! Andrew, believe my words! the dying deal not in falsehoods. Should I be thus calm were I guilty?"

Vesale, sinking upon his knees, solemnly protested his faith in the innocence of his wife, and, with choking sobs, adjured her to believe he only feigned to give her

poison, that he could not nerve his hand to take her life; but the terror of death, not death itself, was upon her. And while he yet spoke, Isabella murmured—

"Thanks be to Heaven for this," and, drawing his hand toward her, she laid it upon her heart, and, as she did so, it ceased to beat!

Prince Napoleon to marry a Russian Grand Duchess.

Some time ago, says the New Orleans Picayune of the 15th instant, we mentioned that reports were in circulation in Paris, of a negotiation for a marriage between Prince Napoleon (the son of Jerome) and the Grand Duchess Maria, widow of the late Duke de Leuchtenburg (son of Eugene Beauharnais) the sister of the present Emperor of Russia. It appears that these reports were well founded. A gentleman of this city received by yesterday's mail, a letter from a friend in Paris, dated Nov. 18, (brought by the steamship Arago,) informing him that the marriage had been decided upon. The letter, we are assured, is from a well informed source, and the information may be relied on. It appears that the marriage was negotiated by Count de Morny, the French Ambassador at St. Petersburg. The writer of the letter states that the news had not been made public in Paris, nor was it likely to be for some time. He further says, that the palace of Fontainebleau will be assigned to Prince Napoleon and his consort for their future residence. May there not be some connection between this reported imperial alliance and the recent coolness between France and Great Britain? It is evident, assuming this intelligence to be reliable, that the two Emperors are becoming more intimately connected than will be agreeable to John Bull, and that Louis Napoleon loses no opportunity to make more secure his position among the crowned heads of Europe.

The Salt Supply.

Everybody knows that sugar has greatly advanced in price, owing, it is said, to the short supply. If the Liverpool papers are to be credited, there is danger of the price of salt running up the same scale. Owing to some cause, the sinking of land, it is said, the yield of brine in the salt mines of Cheshire has greatly fallen off, equal to 75 per cent. As 130,000 tons of this article were shipped from these mines last year to the United States alone, this calamity would be likely to affect the price. Some argue, however, that the decrease is only temporary, and the sinking of new shafts will remove it. As the manufacture has extended with gigantic strides of late, so will, of course, these temporary inconveniences occur somewhat more frequently, but nevertheless equally remediable. The quotations in the British market remain the same for some weeks—in fact rather easier; and it is probably this, as much as the small depreciation in the strength of the brine at Winsford, which causes there, at a few works, the present cessation of manufacture.

OIL OF MUSTARD IN RHEUMATISM.

Where one third of the male population complain to some extent, of rheumatic pains, in the fickle climate of New-England, and more especially along the seashore, physicians have it in their power to mitigate an immense amount of severe suffering by prescribing the volatile oil of mustard. It is employed as a rubefacient being first diluted in its own weight of alcohol at forty degrees. Some patients may object to its pungent odor, but that is temporary, while the remedy may in some cases prove a permanent cure. Make the application at least twice a day, and protect the part with soft flannel. Mustard mills are in operation in the cities generally at which the oil may be procured, it being an article not much in demand in the arts. Were it not for detecting it by its pungent odor this oil would have become a secret remedy for rheumatic pains years ago. A nostrum loses its miraculous efficiency and curative properties on becoming known.—Medical World.

GAMBLING IN BUSINESS NOT LEGAL.

The Superior Court of New York has decided that sales of produce or merchandise deliverable at a future day, with no intention of the parties actually to perform it, but merely to pay difference on the one side or the other, according to the state of the market, such contract is a wager, and therefore, void. The policy of the law is to discourage gambling transactions of every kind, whether in bets, wagers, stakes, stocks or business merely speculative.

A gentleman once said he should like to see a boat of ladies drift on the ocean to see what course they would steer.

A lady in the room replied, "That's easy told—they would steer to the Isle of Man, to be sure!"