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UTAH AND THE MORMONS.

Mr. Loba's Escape from Salt Lake City—Interesting Narrative.

A correspondent of the New York Times writing from Leavenworth, Kansas, has received from Mr. Loba, an escaped Mormon High Priest, the following interesting narrative of his connection with the Church of "Latter Day Saints":

MR. LOBA'S STATEMENT.

My name is Frederick Loba. I am a native of Lausanne, Switzerland, in which city I am well known, having been engaged from 1846 to 1853 in introducing there a new principle in the manufacture of gas. My circumstances were easy and comfortable, and I was in the enjoyment of all the pleasures and advantages flowing from the possession of a fair competence and the association with gentlemen of education and refinement. All was well with me until the end of the year 1851, when, for the first time, I heard of Mormonism through some of my political friends. I was completely deceived, and won over at last, and was baptized, with all my family.

On the 8th of December, 1853, I arrived at St. Louis on my way to the Valley (or Utah) bringing all my family with me. While in St. Louis I was appointed by Orson Pratt as temporary President of a Mormon Church. My experience while there, with respect to the private character of some leading members of the Church was not calculated to augment the high opinion which I had formed of those dignitaries. Stealing, cheating, and deceiving, and living contrary to the moral principles which I entertained and cherished, were practices which I was obliged to notice every day. While here, too, I learned for the first time, that Capt. Garrison was not killed by Indians, as had been reported, but by Mormon assassins. Many Mormon tricks and rascalties, which shook my faith materially, here came under my observation. But firmly believing that the conduct of these priests was not sanctioned by Brigham Young, I did hope and expect to find in him all the characteristics and virtues befitting a man of God. I started, therefore, full of faith, across the Plains for Salt Lake City. Not far from Leavenworth I had the misfortune to lose half of my companions by cholera, and among the number my wife, who had followed my fortunes with all the faith and trust of confident woman. I was then left alone with six young children, the eldest only twelve years old, and the youngest six months.

Nothing doubting, however, I pushed on my weary way, accepting meekly the severe trials to which I was thus subjected. I had with me two wagons loaded with all kinds of goods, which I had brought over from Europe, to the value of eight or nine thousand dollars. The guides, who were all Mormons from the Valley, plundered me upon every opportunity throughout the journey, especially when we drew near to the Valley. Still I believed Brother Brigham to be an honest man, and in this comforting faith pushed on.

Immediately after my arrival in the Valley, the Prophet took me out in one of his wagons, and showed me some of his houses and other property. During this excursion, he presented me with one of his houses, together with some land, with the condition that I should manufacture gunpowder. However, I was grievously disappointed to find that all I had been told in Switzerland of this beautiful land was far from truth, and that it was anything but fertile and fruitful. Shortly after this, I was made a "Professor of Chemistry," became a High Priest, and received the endowments. Thus I was initiated into all their principles and mysteries, and became acquainted with many of their secret plans and transactions. These opened my eyes at once, and I saw at a glance the terrible position in which I was placed. I now found myself in the midst of a wicked and degraded people, shut up in the midst of the mountains, with a large and helpless family, and deprived of all resources with which to extricate myself. The conviction had been forced upon my mind that Brigham himself was at the bottom of all the clandestine assassinations, plundering of trains, robberies of mails, and the exemplar of every other species of wickedness practiced among his followers.

I saw also that the system of polygamy was anything but conducive to peace and happiness in the human family,—but only calculated to gratify the carnal propensities of men, and to destroy, at the same time, all that is delicate, refined, or noble in woman's character, reducing her, in fact, merely to the position of an article of merchandise. I have seen two young sisters sold by their own father to General Horace Eldredge for some groceries. I have seen men marrying both mother and daughter. I have known another in incestuous intercourse with his own sister, and then witnessed Brigham Young taking this last woman as his wife when she was about to

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become a mother. One of my own personal acquaintances, W. C. Stains—one of Brigham's favorite "destroying angels" and spies—applied to the Prophet for leave to take a third wife. Leave was granted. The next day the lover appeared before Brigham with his betrothed, when, greatly to his astonishment, that worthy changed the programme slightly, and married the lady to himself, as he found her a very pretty woman. Poor Stains accepted his cruel bereavement as a trial from the Lord. I could fill volumes with accounts of similar transactions—but enough of this. Never, while at Salt Lake City, did I see any punishment inflicted upon criminals who had stolen or committed murder, though these crimes were frequently perpetrated by the leading members—even by Brigham's own brothers, and especially by Lorenzo Young. But if anybody was even accused of having indulged in any disparaging remarks concerning the head of the Church, that man was certain to disappear suddenly and mysteriously—being privately destroyed. All the roads leading to the Valley were generally infested by the destroying angels, either for purposes of murder or plunder. The vengeance of these miscreants was especially wreaked on those who, after having been entirely initiated into all the mysteries of Mormonism, attempted to effect their escape from the Valley.

My children being so young and helpless, without a mother to care for them, I took a second wife, who was born in Bedford, England. In my own family I enjoyed much peace and happiness, although very often I was at a loss to know where to find them—the grasshoppers having, especially during my last year in the Valley, destroyed all vegetation. As already stated, my eyes were now open, and I was fully convinced that nothing which the Mormons said or did was of heavenly origin or inspiration. Knowing Brigham Young as I did to be a dark midnight murderer, I sought all possible means to save my wife and family. Notwithstanding that I dissimulated as much as possible, concealing my true feelings of disgust and abhorrence, I could not escape the suspicion of the despots who surrounded me. I was frequently asked to take more wives, and was told that no man could obtain any high station unless he had at least three; but I excused myself as well as I could. This neglect on my part, and some remarks which I made with respect to certain of Brigham's friends, determined the Prophet to order my private execution, as I was able to prove by honest and competent witnesses.

After this, I acted with the greatest circumspection, watching almost day and night. Times continued to grow still darker and more gloomy. Persons disappeared—no one knew where; murder was openly advised in the public meetings; houses were pulled down at night, and persons whose faith in Mormonism was suspected were searched in the hope of finding evidence against them. The Bishop of Springvale settlement—53 miles south of Salt Lake City—had, in a public meeting held in open day, ordered the assassination of three persons by name, whose only fault was their desire to leave the place. I learned afterward from General Burr, United States Surveyor-General, that he, himself, saw the corpses of these unfortunate men. Early in the spring of 1857, Brigham expected that a great many dissatisfied Mormons would leave the Valley. To prevent or check this emigration he organized a body of 400 men, to whom he gave the name of "Wolf Hunters." The duty of this band was to assassinate every person who should attempt to leave the Valley without permission of the Prophet. They were to begin the discharge of this interesting duty on about April 10.

Knowing all this, and more than my limited time and space allow me to mention, I determined to run the risk of an effort to escape at once, although, in that locality we were still in the midst of winter. I now, for the first time, communicated my feelings and fears to my wife, and to my surprise found her already fully aware of the dangerous and lamentable situation in which we were placed. We decided to leave, accordingly, on the 1st of April—two days after our determination to escape was decided upon. But how to escape with my family, which now consisted of eight children, my wife, her mother, and her brother—the latter a young man who had only recently arrived in the Valley, and had not yet been initiated into the secret mysteries of the faith.

It was agreed, at last, that only my wife should go with me, as the vengeance of the Prophet would pursue me more bitterly and earnestly than the rest. My brother-in-law agreed to take his flight with the remainder of the family, starting on the 6th of April, while the attention of the population would be absorbed by a General Conference. He agreed, also, to take a

northerly direction, by the way of Ogden, so that if pursued at all, our enemies should not suspect his route, as they would suppose he had either gone directly east, toward the Rocky Mountain passes, or west toward California.

Myself and wife—the latter dressed in men's clothes—started at 10 o'clock at night on the 1st of April, and upon foot. Our entire stock of provisions was about 12 pounds of crackers, and a very little tea and sugar. Besides these articles we carried with us a single light blanket, a double barreled gun, and some ammunition. We started at once for the mountains, but were obliged to travel the road for a distance of twenty-five miles before reaching them. Then we scrambled along over the rocks on the mountain tops, my purpose being to keep a course wherein no horseman could follow me, even if he could suspect our route. A small pocket compass which I had with me was my guide. The nights were so cold that it was dangerous or impossible to sleep. On the second day my wife's feet and limbs began to swell, and she soon was almost unable to walk, her knee-joints becoming stiff and useless. I was accordingly very often obliged to carry her in my arms, to prevent her lying down in despair, when she would have frozen to death, or been torn by the prowling wolves who were on our track. We had to cross many creeks difficult to ford, getting wet, of course, and thus greatly adding to our discomfort and danger of freezing. Indeed, it would be impossible to describe all that we suffered on this terrible journey. It was a desperate struggle for the chance of life against almost certain death.

Our destination was Green River, where it was our intention to claim the hospitality of the Snake Indians—greatly preferring to trust ourselves to the untutored savage rather than risk further experience of the tender mercies and "Christian fellowship" of Brigham and his band. Two days before we reached Green River our provisions were entirely exhausted. The snow upon the mountains was very deep, and the weather so cold that hope of escaping with life almost abandoned us. But the thought of our babes,—now struggling perhaps with cold and hunger, to join us where they might again enjoy paternal love and protection,—inspired us to one last effort to avoid the death to which otherwise we had become quite indifferent. Scraping away the snow from the ground we gathered some sage wood, and by burning a little pocket-journal, which I had kept thus far, we succeeded in kindling a fire. This saved us from our greatest peril. The following morning I discovered that we were about six miles from Green River. Taking my now exhausted and helpless wife in my arms, we started again, and in a few hours found ourselves among the Snake Indians encamped there. We were most kindly received by these Indians and by some Canadian traders.

About ten days afterwards we were most agreeably surprised by a visit from Postmaster Morrell, who had been sent by General Burr to take us to Fort Laramie, the General having heard of our flight and our arrival among the Indians. We were now quite recovered from our fatigues, and accepted the kind proposition of Mr. Morrell with profound gratitude. We were liberally supplied with all necessary comforts by the kindness of General Burr, and our trip to Laramie, therefore, was a very pleasant one. I learned subsequently that when my escape was discovered, Mormon horsemen were sent out in every direction to intercept our flight and bring us back again; but our journey of horrors on the mountain saved us from their remorseless hands. I had agreed with my brother-in-law that if we escaped we would wait for him at Laramie. Here we were treated with the utmost kindness by the commanding officer, Colonel Hoffman. One month afterwards we had the pleasure of welcoming my whole family, who arrived in excellent health, but in a state of perfect destitution.

I now learned from my brother-in-law that my generous friend Brigham started 32 horsemen on my track, and that when they failed to find me they traveled 150 miles northward to overtake my family, evidently supposing that I would seek to rejoin them. In this supposition they watched the wagon three days and nights, expecting to catch me coming out from some place of concealment. Reluctantly concluding at last that I was not there they plundered the wagon of everything valuable, took out my best yoke of oxen and went off, leaving my family with a reasonable prospect of starving on the roadside. At Fort Laramie, however, by the sale of some watches and jewelry which we had saved thus far, I was enabled to buy a new team, and through the kindness of Col. Hoffman we were furnished with provisions sufficient to enable us to reach Kansas Territory. Here, on Clear Creek, near the Block Vermillion, I took a squatter's claim, and decided to become a farmer, content to live a life of peace and quiet, far away from the pleasures and refinements of civilization and education to which I was once accustomed, and in which I delighted so much. The sufferings which we had endured had prepared us to look upon even so humble a home—where we could enjoy, without

fear, the society of each other—as a Paradise.

But we were here attacked by fever and ague, which prostrated us again in helplessness. We soon buried our three youngest children,—and then found it necessary to remove somewhere where we could get medical aid and friendly assistance—for this last misfortune had rendered it impossible for us to remain. I arrived at Kickapoo in December last, after having lain sick at different points, with all my family. I had now lost everything. Animals, wagon,—all were gone. Nothing was left me but willing, though diseased, weakened, hands; and only the generous benevolence of new-made friends here has kept me and mine alive until this day. We are now, thank God, beginning to recover our health,—and I hope we shall see some way soon to retrieve something of our temporal misfortunes, and make ourselves useful to society again, and obtain the humble livelihood which is all we ask upon earth. I should have before stated to you that the distance to Green River from Salt Lake City, by the road, is only 170 miles, but by the route which we followed, in consequence of turning the mountain spurs, avoiding snow-drifts, and finding suitable fording places, could have been little less than 300 miles.

This, Sir, is a very brief outline of what I and mine have suffered from Mormonism. Every educated man will realize much more readily than I can describe it how keen has been my mental suffering amid the degraded, unenlightened, and besotted followers of Brigham Young. Could all of that be obliterated from the page of memory, how lightly would I esteem the recollections of the physical privations and sufferings of the last few years. But nothing remains to me but regret for the past, and joy that I have escaped the trammels of Salt Lake, and that the remnant of my family are spared the contamination and ruin which a life among "the Saints" would inevitably involve. You are at liberty to make any use of these statements which you think may be useful to the public; and I shall only be too glad if my wretched experience should deter any, who may be inclined to yield to the dreadful snare of Mormonism, from trusting themselves to the delusions and cruel disappointments which a month at Salt Lake will certainly disclose to every pure-hearted being who tries it. I am, respectfully,

FREDERICK LOBA.

SINGULAR LANGUAGE FROM A JUDGE.—The young man, Hardesty, who shot and killed Grubb, in Burlington, Boone county, Kentucky, about a year ago, was tried and acquitted lately. The case was an interesting one. Grubb had seduced a sister of Hardesty, and the latter, on discovering the fact, told the seducer that if he did not marry her in six months he would kill him. The six months having expired without Grubb's compliance, Hardesty met him on the street and shot him dead. Grubb was armed for defense, but was pierced by the bullet of his antagonist while in the act of drawing his pistol.

On the rendition of the verdict, Judge Nuttall delivered the following judgment. It has more of human nature, or, rather, of Kentucky nature, than of judicial propriety, in it:

"SIR: You have been indicted by a grand jury of your country upon a most heinous charge. You have put yourself upon your country and your God for deliverance. You have had a fair and impartial trial before them, and they have both pronounced you not guilty, and so say I. It may not be proper for me to express my sentiments, yet, nevertheless, I will do it. Young man! had I been wronged as you have been, I would have spent every dollar I had on earth, and all that I could have begged and borrowed, and then starved upon the track of the villain, but I would have imbrued my hands in his blood! Go hence without day. You are acquitted."

Both the verdict and this judgment were received with shouts of applause.

BEST THING FOR BURNS.—It may be put down as a settled fact the very best application for all kinds of burns and scalds is an immediate application of dry wheat flour. It is without controversy better than any and all of the "healing salves," turpentine, oils, "pain-killers," etc., that can be named. We speak positively on this point, because it is one decided by the best physicians, and we have had abundant proofs of its efficacy.

Heat disorganizes the flesh, deadens the cuticle or outer skin, and admits air, which is irritating. A good coating of flour shuts out the air, soothes the irritation, and dries up the fluids thrown out. Do not imagine that "something healing" must be applied. Not all the salves in the world can mend broken flesh. You can stick together broken glass, or wood, with wax or glue. You can weld together severed iron; but no such treatment is applicable to flesh disorganized, cut, or burned away. Nature, so to speak, has a way of her own, and only one way to repair a breach in the flesh. The healing material comes from within. If the hand be cut bring the severed parts together, hold them there steadily, cover up the part from the air and from external injury, and the healing will go on so long as there is no disturbance. If from curiosity, or anxiety, or other cause you disturb the half-formed new flesh, a sore will be the consequence. We repeat for all kinds of burns or

scalds, however severe, put on only a thick coat of flour. If a hard, crusty mass be formed, so as to produce irritation, after a day or two wash off the surface carefully with blood warm water, dry partially, and put on more flour; but never disturb the actual surface of the sore till, when entirely healed, the scab falls off of its own accord. Our word for it, this treatment will best promote the cure of burns. But a short time since a child upset a dish of boiling water into its bosom, producing a fearful scald upon the whole front of its body. The mother chanced to be a reader of the Agriculturist, and noted our remarks on this topic some two years ago. She immediately applied flour, and flour only, binding it on with a cloth loosely, so as not to produce irritation. The child was soon soothed, and in a very few weeks was entirely healed, with scarcely a scar remaining. This is but one of many similar instances that have come to our knowledge from time to time.—*American Agriculturist.*

THE MISSISSIPPI.—Lieut. Henry Abbott, of the U. S. Topographical Engineers, has been taking observations along the Mississippi during the past fall for the purpose of ascertaining whether leveeing the river makes it rise. Some contend that the levees, by confining the river within its channel, will make it rise higher in proportion to the amount of water confined,—others, that it does not raise the height, but only increases the velocity.

This is an important question for the State of Louisiana, and the lower parts of Arkansas and Mississippi. A correspondent of the St. Louis News, writing on this subject, says:

"The erection of levees, or embankments, along the upper bank of the Mississippi river, is quite likely in time to prove disastrous to the planters along the coast, though it inures to the immediate benefit of the owners of lands that have heretofore been annually overflowed. Now the levees confine the river to its natural bounds, and lands in the vicinity of Wolf Island, for instance, which a few years ago would not command five dollars an acre, are now refused at twenty-five. These localities were known as swamp lands, continually subject to overflow, the water at any ordinary freshet overflowing the banks and inundating the bottom lands for miles and miles in extent. The water would thus waste over the country, and save the lower country from inundation.

"Now the waters of the mighty river are confined to their banks from one extreme to the other, which increases their density and velocity, gathering power and strength as they rush along, and unless some new plan is devised to waste the flood, or divert its course, New Orleans, at no distant day, will be engulfed or swept away."

BLOODY BATTLE IN PERU.—For more than a year past a revolution has been in progress in Peru under the lead of Gen. Vivanco, who has been trying to overturn the government of President Castilla, and once or twice success seemed certain. On the 6th and 7th of March last one of the bloodiest battles ever fought on the continent took place at Arequipa, within which Vivanco was fortified. The outer redoubts were taken so easily, that treachery was suspected on the part of some of Vivanco's officers—but the inner barricades were defended with great bravery. One who was in the battle on the side of Castilla, thus speaks of the fight:

"Although on the 6th we had lost more than 400 men, I had no idea of the immense sacrifices we must submit to before we should finally plant our banners over the whole extent of the city. The night of the 6th was a horrible one for us. With the dead and dying all around, our force almost without water or provisions, the enemy attacking the positions we had gained on all sides, we waited for the light of day, which it seemed to us God in his wrath had deprived us of forever, so slowly passed the hours.

"At an early hour on the morning of the 7th, our decimated battalions renewed the attack against the redoubts and barricades, which we gained one by one, walking over the bodies of our dead and wounded, until more than two hundred strong stone defenses were overcome. Our loss was terrible. We went out to battle with 4,500 men, and came out of it with scarcely a thousand fit for duty. Our dead are calculated at over 1,300 men, and our wounded at 2,000. Vivanco, who had 1,600 men, besides a great number of the citizens enrolled, lost nearly 500 killed and several hundred wounded.

"The battle, which had raged for thirty-three hours, ended at noon on the 7th, and for hours afterward the blood literally ran in rivulets down the gutters of one of the streets, in the quarter of Santa Maria, which was a point contested the most obstinately. Every house almost is a hospital, and the few surgeons we have in camp have been working day and night, until nature is almost exhausted, and they can work no more.

"March 21.—Since writing the foregoing, I have visited the temporary hospitals, and find that the wounded are dying in great numbers. It is now said our dead will amount to nearly 2,000."

Next to your friends, love your enemies, for from them you first hear your faults.

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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 this locality. HANDBILLS, POSTERS, BLANKS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLET-WORK and other kinds, done to order, on short notice.

THE SEPOY REBELLION CRUSHED OUT.—The news received by the last steamer, if correct, virtually closes the story of the Sepoy campaign, and assures us that the final head of the hydra of rebellion is crushed.

Lucknow, the last intrenchment of the rebel forces had been successfully stormed, and was almost completely in the possession of the British. The Sepoys had fled from the city in confusion, and were dispersed over the country as the skillful combination of Sir Colin Campbell would permit them to fly. They were driven from their only stronghold, broken and scattered, and yet so completely hemmed in by an ingenious disposition of forces, that escape seemed utterly impossible; and, doubtless, ere this, the merciless wall of bayonets within which they were imprisoned, has closed up, crushing the last relics of the mutiny between.

One road was left unguarded, but that led into a region of deadly swamps and morasses at the base of the Himalayas, where destruction would be no less inevitable than the bayonets of the British.

The news of this complete and final victory has brought great joy to England, and reflected from thence to us, brings with it a large degree of the same welcome, to which our human sympathies cannot help responding.

Skandagb, the Indian chief who was surgeon to Gen. Lafayette during the revolutionary war, is now living in Albany, N. Y., at the age of 106, as hale and hearty as most persons of 60, and bids fair to live many years longer. His recollections of the exploits of Lafayette are unimpaired. The Masonic fraternity, of which he has been a member for more than 70 years, provide for him. The old Centurian has two daughters living, one at Gibraltar, the other at Martinique, quite advanced in years.

A Chicago paper says that the old man who sold pop-corn in the hall of the Chicago postoffice, having chanced to express himself in opposition to Mr. Buchanan's Lecomptonism, has been expelled from the hall by the postmaster. None but genuine Buchanan-Lecompton Democrats must sell pop-corn in any of the postoffices of the country.

The New Orleans Picayune says—"In Looking over the list of members of this Congress, (thirty years ago) as published in Niles' Register of December, 1825, we notice a curious circumstance. The list contains the full names of every member of the House of Representatives but one. There was a new member from Tennessee, whose Christian name could not be found out by the compiler, and so he put it down thus:—Polk. Twenty years afterwards, this obscure gentleman, of whose identity there was so much question in 1825, was President of the United States."

The St. Louis Republican (pro-slavery) says that the question of the election in Missouri is clearly and distinctly emancipation, and that the abolition of slavery in the State is only to be prevented by the success of the Democratic party.

WHAT A RAILROAD WILL DO.—The Virginia and Tennessee Railroad is 304 miles in length, and cost about \$7,000,000. In 1850 the taxable value of the land in the counties through which it passes, as taken from the census, was \$28,942,647—and in 1850 the State assessment makes it \$53,917,229!! or an increase in six years of \$24,974,582. The sudden increase is alone the result of an internal improvement, which has cost only \$7,000,000.

The military ardor of our youth is prodigious, judging from the astonishing fact that there are twelve hundred applications for a single lieutenantancy in the army, now vacant.

The much mooted point whether Mrs. Fremont's name of "Jessie" is really her true patronymic, or merely a nickname, has been settled conclusively by the will of her father, the late Col. Benton, in which document she is written down as "Jessie" Benton Fremont.

The Legislature of Ohio has repealed the law which gave to trustees the possession of church property. By this act Archbishop Purcell becomes the sole owner of all the Catholic church property of Ohio.

There is a path in one of the Western States who has moved so often that whenever a covered wagon comes near his house, his chickens all march up and fall on their backs, and cross their legs, ready to be tied and carried to the next stopping place.

The President of the South Carolina Railroad has tendered Hon. Edward Everett the freedom of the road for twelve months.

A young man was lately arrested in Pennsylvania for horse stealing. He confessed the crime stating that he knew of no other way to get rid of a woman who was constantly importuning him to marry her.

Scandal is the reputation of the wicked.