

The Oregon Argus.

W. L. ADAMS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OLSON CITY:

SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1858.

Emigration Westward.

The desire to move west seems to be increasing in all the eastern States. The New England bee hive is full and running over, and regular swarms of young Anglo-Saxons, with now and then an old silvery-headed patriarch, anxious to accompany his household gods toward the setting sun, and inspired perhaps by the same western fever which has occasionally moved him from boyhood to turn his eyes in the direction of the Father of Rivers, are pouring in one constant stream over the Alleghenies and wending their way toward some fancied locality in the Far West. This stream of emigration in a single decade immediately preceding the last general census added to the population of Illinois and Iowa alone 518,620, and the aggregate has probably been swelled since then to more than a million. From newspaper accounts, more than a million of emigrants have left the New England States alone during the last year, and the western fever is still raging to such an extent that editors are devoting labored articles to setting forth the disadvantages of "moving," in order to quiet down the excitement and induce young people to content themselves with working the same stony farms on which their grandfathers before them curved their backs till they formed a regular set semi-circle in order to realize a comfortable living. But the western mania rages, and will rage, despite the logic of editors and the entreaties of the "old folks," just as long as the West proffers to the industrious young as comfortable a home, with its surroundings of luxuries and conveniences, for five years of toil, as might reasonably be expected after twenty-five years of patient labor in New England.

The "Wide West" between the Alleghenies and Rocky Mountains possesses no advantages, so far as health and climate are concerned, over the East. Indeed we very much doubt whether it is not more unhealthy and more subject to great extremes of heat and cold, besides being more exposed to such evils as frightful tornadoes, which, as in several instances in the West this summer, have laid whole villages in ruins, making dreadful havoc of human life. The only reason we see that would induce an emigration to the Mississippi Valley, is the great facility of acquiring property and becoming comfortably located with a small amount of labor. But, once being located, and "comfortably fixed," as the good housewife would term it, the settler finds he has to contend with the same old difficulties in the way of extreme heat in summer and terrible cold in winter, which must tend to rack and twist a man's constitution into a wreck and bring on premature old age, besides being compelled to go through the same old everlasting round of working all summer to provide for stock in winter, and wading in snow all winter to feed it out to them. Like the poor old horse in a bark mill, he finds himself subjected by an inexorable law of fate to what Snobbs calls "the same old everlasting dem'd grind." If his nose isn't worn off by constant rubbing against the grind stone, it will be very likely to be frozen off before the last lock of hay that is stacked under a snow-drift is dragged out and fed to his shivering kine.

With such disadvantages staring a man in the face, if Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, and Illinois are receiving such large annual accretions to their population—accretions which are thickly settling the country, building railroads, bridges, mills, school-houses, and churches, improving farms and adding vastly to the price of real estate, and producing by free labor an aggregate of substantial wealth that shall furnish the general statistics of 1850 with figures imposing enough to startle the old fogy political economist, and through which the future giant importance of the great Northwest shall begin to loom up—what kind of a destiny awaits Oregon and Washington, when public attention shall become directed to our unparalleled advantages, and the swarming Anglo Saxons begin to pour in a living, moving avalanche down the Pacific slope into the garden of the world, perennially green on the surface, and bedded upon precious stones and gold? The hand of God has done so more toward fitting any spot on the globe for a pleasant abode for man than it has done for Oregon. Our soil is so productive that it yields more to a given amount of labor than the soil of any State in the Union east of the Rocky Mountains. We have a climate where the thermometer never sinks lower than four degrees below zero, and where, during a residence of ten years, we have never seen fifty days too warm to labor comfortably, or ten nights in which a person couldn't sleep, if he chose, with the cool breeze of heaven fanning his locks and gently letting him down to a depth of slumber that locked up all his faculties in a repose that was a perfect rest to both mind and body. From such a slumber man rises invigorated, and shoulders a burden of daily duties that would appal an eastern man from its magnitude, and walks off like a giant. Of course, such is the enchanting nature of repose that we are apt to sleep very late, but when we do rise, we are up for all day. Having little to do in the way of making

winter provision for our vast herds of cattle and sheep, with our bands of horses, of course the labors of life are comparatively easy, and much time can be devoted to reading and intellectual culture, which, we are sorry to say, is but poorly improved by many of our citizens, whose unbounded avarice is constantly goading them on to make a few more dollars for their children to squander after they are dead—(and perhaps damned.) The great cry is "What's the news from the mines?"—and that kind of "news" even must be couched in a very short article to insure its being read. The popular taste runs to scraps and squibs, and the public generally sticks up its nose at long articles where subjects are fully developed and sound philosophy properly elucidated. Hence, on account of the length of this article, we fear that not more than a dozen will ever get to the bottom of it, and we shall for that reason stop right here, and defer many more things we wish to say about Oregon till a more convenient time. We will say, however, that Oregon will be filled with a dense population before many years, and our broad acres will be appreciated at their real intrinsic worth,—that is, about fifty dollars an acre.

Gold News.

The Pioneer & Democrat says the Bellingham Bay trail is nearly through to Thompson's river. The Snoqualmie trail is said to be in good condition, and good horses can pack 250 lbs. over it. It is said to be only forty-five miles from Seattle to the summit of the mountains. Several miners have come in to Bellingham Bay with from fifty to a hundred and ninety ounces of gold dust. All accounts from this section agree that, with the scarcity of provisions, the difficulties and dangers of the way, the tax which is levied on miners by the Hudson Bay Company, &c., &c., it is indeed a herculean undertaking to get to the mines by way of Frazier's river.—W. H. Gray, of Astoria, writes to the Standard that at Fort Hope, only 150 miles from Vancouver's Island, up Frazier's river, beef was 75 cents a pound, bacon 50 cents, and flour \$40 a barrel.—Some miners who have returned say they lived on horse meat in the mines at three dollars a pound.

On Frazier's river the miners are said to have a prospect of making about \$18 a day when the water falls. On Thompson's river they are said to be making from \$30 to \$50 a day, and some have made over a hundred. Those who write from Fort Hope advise all to go by way of the Dalles, with pack animals. They will thus be able to take their provisions into the mines, and save the annoyances of being stopped to take out license from the Hudson Bay Company, besides the greatest dangers and difficulties that render a passage to the mines by way of Frazier's river next to impossible.

Capt. Robertson, who was with the company that met with a defeat from the Indians on the Yakima, starts from the Dalles next Tuesday (20th) with about 300 men well armed. David McLoughlin's company is waiting to join Robertson. A good many companies of miners from California had come through to the Dalles by way of Klamath Lake, and gone on to the mines. They had got along very well with the Indians so far as heard from.

In the election for U. S. Senators the vote for Lane stood as follows—Bonham, Birch, Berry, Bristow, Cochran, Colby, Grim, Gazly, Drain, Florence, Craner, Harding, Hannah, Hedgus, Hoyt, Elkins, Holton, Jennings, Lassater, McIninch, McGee, McTeeny, McCully, Morrison, Nelson, Nichols, Norris, Patterson, Ruckle, Shelby, Stevens, Scott, Shuck, Slater, Thomas, Tichenor, Trevitt, Wait, T'Vault, Wells, Waymire, Cozad, Cruzan, Crooks, Lamson, and Newcomb—46.

Delazon Smith received the same vote, except McGee, McCully, Nichols, Shuck, Slater, Gazly, and McTeeny.

David Logan received the votes of Bowlby, McCully, Nichols, Shuck, Slater, Cornelius, McTeeny, and Williams.

Dryer voted on the first ballot for Jake Woodsides, and on the second ballot Dryer voted for Jo Teal.

[Republicans are marked thus *.

Hard locofocos in roman. Soft locos or "nationals" in italics.]

It will be noticed that all the "nationals" voted for Lane except Dryer. Those Republicans who helped elect Jo Lane through such men as Shuck and his allies, must feel very comfortable under the consciousness of having indirectly supported one of the most obsequious tools of the nigger-driving fire-eaters—a man who used all of his influence to fasten the curse of slavery on Oregon. How Dryer, who tailed on to the Standard for national votes, can excuse himself with the leaders of that party for bolting Lane and supporting a bushite, we are at a loss to see. We shall look to see him read out of the national party for this act of treachery.

In drawing lots for terms of office, the four year term fell on the following State Senators—Berry, Colby, Drain, Elkins, Florence, Grim, McTeeny, and Williams. The following drew for two years—Bristow, Cornelius, Gazly, Ruckle, Scott, Wells, and Waymire.

Mr. Bacon has our thanks for numerous favors in the way of looking after the interests of this office. He ought to have been elected Sheriff, and we are very sorry he wasn't.

Mr. Speaker T'Vault and the Clique.

Although W. G. T'Vault, the oldest and most talented member of the corps of democratic editors, was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives of the State Legislature, we see that his high talents, great moral worth, far-seeing political sagacity, soundness on the goose, and dignity of years, have not protected him from the talons of the political harpies that swarm around the clique headquarters. Czapka's organ of this week contains a letter from a disappointed aspirant for the U. S. Senatorship, in which this anonymous scribbler snarls and frets at the unwashed for their love of Jo Lane and their apparent determination to keep him in office for life. T'Vault is charged with the terrible crime of being a "personal" friend of Jo, and the writer (either Deady or Williams probably) thinks that the election of T'Vault as Speaker, a man "who sometimes votes the democratic ticket and sometimes bolts it, just as suits his convenience, is a result which no democrat (sound bushite) can boast as being an honor to that party."

Now, friend T'Vault is an old pioneer, and really the Nestor of the Oregon democracy. He has a seat deep in the affections of the democracy, and the clique are jealous of him. They have kicked him considerably, but up to this hour he has been a faithful leader in the party. He seems conscious of his present position and influence, and if he should happen to turn "national," he knows full well that there would also be a terrible "turning and twisting" in the ranks generally. That he has any such idea, we are not aware, but he told us day before yesterday that "if the Nationals had a good politician to lead them, they could carry this State in one year—and it wouldn't take much to cut me loose from Grover." (The Colonel has rather a poor opinion of the "leading" qualities of Leland and Dryer.)

Land Patents.

Will somebody who knows inform us about how many centuries, under the operations of a black democratic administration in a Land Office, it will naturally take for patents to issue! If the Whigs or Republicans had been in power since the passage of the Land law, we should have had an incessant howl from the locofoco press about the "delay in issuing patents." We recollect that the followers of Jo Smith had no other title to their real estate in Nauvoo than Jo's promise of a deed. Jo Smith died without forking over the deeds, and we predict that the locofoco party will be dead before those patents issue.

We had a debate in the Court House last Monday night for and against lager beer. As the speakers all seemed to be on one side, we volunteered to defend the lager side, thinking that the beer-drinkers would of course pluck up courage and come to the rescue. We had, however, to stand the whole brunt of the battle. The anti-beer men seemed dissatisfied with the result of the fight and were anxious to "try it over again" next Monday night. If the lager beer drinkers don't help us out next time, we shall conclude that they are ashamed of their practices, or else have great confidence in our ability to fight against a dreadful odds.

A good many people are waking up to the importance of sending an Oregon paper to their friends in the States, so as to keep them posted up in our gold and other important news. Many of our patrons are sending the Argus to their friends East, a good many of whom we hear have already got the Oregon fever, and think of emigrating soon. We have stopped a good many papers sent to the States, because the time paid for had expired. Some of them grumble at this arrangement, but they must blame their friends and not us. We cannot afford to send them the paper free.

We are glad to see that many of our farmers are beginning to turn their attention to raising more grain since the mines broke out. They intend to get \$2.00 a bushel for wheat this fall. At such prices, isn't farming about as good as mining?—We have heard several men inquiring for chances to rent farms.

The steamers Enterprise and Swan have been purchased and taken below the Falls for Frazier's River. The Enterprise was sold for \$10,000.

Among the improvements which have recently been made in this city, which we have not yet chronicled, is the new store-house built by Cris Taylor, and a fine livery stable built by Gibson & Potter. Mr. Parlow is building a very commodious livery stable on his premises.

Our friend S. K. Barlow thinks the platform in front of our office looks more like a "democratic platform" than a Republican one. Will the proprietor of this building look into that matter?

Col. T'Vault, of the Jacksonville Sentinel, was in town this week and paid us a visit. He handed us a short news item of public interest, which we have placed in our advertising columns.

We intend to make a speech at McMinnville next Saturday (July 24), at 2 o'clock P. M.

We hear that the Herald of Jacksonville is to be removed to Roseburg.

Several hundred beef cattle passed through this city last Wednesday en route for the new mines.

"Jenny Glen," in writing an account of the Lafayette celebration, says of the dinner:

"The dinner may well be called a 'feast of fat things.' While it speaks volumes for the liberality of our citizens, in furnishing us with such a supply of meats, we think it denotes but little in the way of our advancement in the great work of reform. Beloved and respected friends at Lafayette, we would like to teach you a little lesson of economy. The dollars you spent in the purchase of those meats, which we give you the credit to say are first-rate in their line, would have purchased any amount of tropical and Oregon fruits.—You could have furnished a vast quantity of other niceties, and saved yourselves a great amount of disagreeable labor in the bargain, and we'll venture to say, you would have been better satisfied with the result. We're not complaining, only throwing out a hint for 'next Fourth,' which we hope you will duly consider."

They had a celebration in Lafayette a few years ago and had no meat. This time they probably had a superabundance.—"Jenny Glen" may admire a dinner without meat, and think such a one a "step in advance in the great work of reform."—For our part we go in for meat, and just as many other good things as possible. If in addition to the meats in Lafayette they could have afforded "tropical and Oregon fruits," besides a bountiful supply of such coffee as we once gave a receipt for making, it would indeed have been a glorious repeat. But, like Jenny Glen, we have no disposition to "complain"—under the circumstances.

The ever-attentive Sullivan of San Francisco, and S. J. McCormick of the popular Franklin Book Store at Portland, laid us under obligations for splendid selections of eastern exchanges per last steamer.

Flour is selling in this city for \$22 barrel.

JOSEPHINE Co., June 14, 1858.

DEAR ARGUS—The election is over, and the result in this county is a large majority for the regular Democratic candidates. I do not, however, consider that a proof of the prevalence of Democratic principles; it only proves how easily men, who are constantly boasting of the freedom they advocate and profess to enjoy, may be coerced and oppressed by the Demagogues who lead them.

Yet, these very men of all others, in windy declamations of froth and fury, profess to deplore the influence that moneyed power possesses over elections; pitying the poor artisan whose vote is controlled by his employer, whose very life depends, perhaps, upon his being employed, because he dared not express his will at the polls. I also pity such, but I do not blame them; poverty is an exacting and inexorable tyrant; men may be coerced by poverty, and still retain the respect of their fellows; but who can respect men who have no such excuse to plead.

Every man who properly appreciates political liberty, must hold all such in utter contempt, who, at the cowardly dread of a party proscription, refuse to express their own convictions at the polls; and I know that there are hundreds, perhaps thousands in Oregon who do so at every election.

Why are Democratic leaders so tenacious of the "viva voce" system of voting, unless to compel obedience to caucus dictates, from their abject followers and pliable puppets.

To hear such men boast of their liberty, is as nauseous to me as a dose of tartar emetic. Liberty is indeed within their reach, but they have not the stamina to grasp it.

I think, Mr. Argus, we had better leave the negroes to their fate for a time, and try to liberate these white democratic slaves.

There is another class of voters, who should be either scorned or pitied, I scarcely know which; it is composed of men who cannot bear to be called Black Republicans, Disunionists, Abolitionists, &c., although their sympathies are with the party to which these terms are applied.—Poor fellows! I suppose you are constitutionally afraid of ghosts and shadows.—You had better take something for the benefit of your lives: a large dose of the Argus for instance might help you; if not, try Sir Walter Scott's letters on Demonology.

It is rumored that the "gallant Colonel" Nesmith will be a candidate for U. S. Senator. I intend, bye and bye, as I am a lover of justice, to bestow upon him some laurels which I think he richly earned, in his short but brilliant career in the Northern Indian war. His *Amanity* towards the poor Indians, his *energy* and *firmness* in the field, his fatherly care for the safety of his men, and the *condescending deference* which he accorded to Major Raines and his opinions, certainly deserve something from the people of Oregon.—Whatever they may be, I for one, am anxious that the Colonel should have it.

I am, Dear Argus,

AN OBSERVER.

For the Argus.

MR. EDITOR—I propose to send you a few articles on the subject of slavery, addressed particularly to your Christian readers, believing it to be a moral as well as a political evil. In this paper I will lay down three general propositions: 1. The unity of the human race. This I think the Bible so plainly teaches that I need not

take time to prove it. 2. Unity of race naturally gives equality of rights, the principal of which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. 3. No man can rightfully deprive a fellow man of either of these rights without a clearly expressed divine warrant for so doing. That any man can show such warrant, I feel disposed to deny; and in the following articles purpose to show that the assumption that the Bible supports slavery is founded upon a misinterpretation and misapplication of the word of God. In doing this, I shall first examine some of the principal passages and arguments upon which slaveholders rely, and then present some proofs of the criminality of all slaveholding, and especially American slaveholding under the laws and regulations of all the Slave States, and that no Christian ought to vote for the extension of slavery or support a party that would allow of its extension. I am aware that this is taking strong ground, and unless it can be backed up by strong proofs will fail. For these proofs wait for the next article.

MARION Co., July 4, 1858.

AN OFFER FROM LIEUT. PORTER.—The repeated outrages on our vessels by British cruisers have induced Lieut. W. D. Porter, late of the United States navy, to suggest to the New York merchants to employ a pilot-boat, armed with a long 10 inch shell gun, to convoy their vessels from the coast of Cuba. He volunteers his services, and pledges himself to return the fire of the British steamer Styx.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer says:

"I alluded, a day or two ago, to the hopes entertained, at least by some portion of the Democratic press, that Mr. Douglas was likely to be coaxed back to his old allegiance. I have since satisfied myself conclusively that there is no prospect or possibility of such a contingency, and that, in this instance, with the papers alluded to, the wish is only the father to the thought. "Mr. Douglas carefully counted the cost, when he first decided upon his present course, and he is not the man to look back, as did Lot's wife."

The Courier des Etats Unis furnishes a comparison between the navies of Great Britain and France, contending that however superior in number of vessels the former may be to the latter, yet in point of ability for effective service the advantage is altogether on the side of France.

England possesses 556 ships of war, partly sailing, partly screws, and 102 gun boats. To complete the equipment of her men-of-war, England needs 150,000 men, and she is entirely without ability to furnish them. Her present material for naval service including cabin boys, is but 59,380.

On the other hand, France has 480 ships of war and 30 gunboats, and the personnel of the French marine is perfectly organized; in time of peace 50,000 sufficient, in time of war 130,000 being necessary to complete the armament of all the vessels, while the population of the French coast can furnish 162,000 sailors.

SACRILEGE.—The bones of Eben Allen have been stolen! Perhaps his skeleton even now graces the dissecting room of some surgical vandal. At all events, he is not in the grave. A thorough search to the depth of six or eight feet has been made in all parts of the family lot at Burlington, Vt., where his tombstone stood, and not the sign of human remains can be found. In consequence of this remarkable discovery,—or rather, failure to discover—the laying of the contemplated monument to his memory has been indefinitely postponed, and there is great excitement in Burlington.

DEATH OF MARTIN KOSTA.—Martin Kosta, the Hungarian refugee who was rescued from the Austrian authorities in 1853, by Commander Ingraham, of the U. S. Navy died recently, in very indigent circumstances, on a sugar plantation near the city of Guatemala.

PROGRESS OF IOWA.—The area of Iowa is 56,000 square miles. In 1836 its population was 10,531; in 1840, 43,106; in 1844, 71,640; in 1850, 192,204; in 1856, 509,625. The Presidential vote of 1856 was 92,644. The taxable property in 1851 was \$28,464,550; in 1853, \$44,540,304; in 1855 \$116,895,300; and in 1857, \$210,944,583. The present population of the State is estimated at 800,000.

The State of Illinois is said to contain the most extensive coal deposits of any country of equal extent on the globe. It is more than contained in all Europe.—Nearly 50,000 square miles of surface rests upon basins of coal, at depths convenient for profitable mining, and very often coal is found at the surface, and is obtained by stripping or casting off the layer of soil above.

The English claim, as it is well known, the invention of the magnetic telegraph for one of themselves, a Mr. Wheatstone. The trans-Atlantic telegraphic enterprise has caused this matter to be much talked of in Europe, and the Paris Monitor, the official paper of France, settles it thus: "No doubt the discovery of the principle upon which the electric telegraph system is founded does not belong to Mr. Morse, but he was the first to transfer that discovery from the region of speculative science into that of practical application.—It is owing to his labors and his investigations, the honor of which is incontestably

due to him, that electrical communication, which before his time was but a mere fact asserted by science, has become a reality, and one of the most useful acquisitions which our age has made and has to bequeath to posterity."

IMPORTANT GEOLOGICAL FACTS.—At the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, some interesting facts were presented in regard to the recent discoveries in the western territories of the United States, of fossil remains of the elephant, rhinoceros, camel, and other animals that have heretofore been supposed to have existed only in the torrid zone; also two mastodons of unusual description, and other evidences which seem to show that this part of the globe has experienced a radical change of climate since the creation of the world, and that in all probability our hemisphere is the older of the two.

These facts present a most interesting field for scientific investigation, which the geologists will not fail to improve.

The Democrats have very long faces every where they think of the late elections every where they think of the late elections. The Democrats took pride now, as they did in the old Jackson time, in calling themselves "whole hogs," we should say, while viewing their visages, that pork chops have fallen.—Louisville Journal.

East Tennessee papers are discussing the propriety of reconstructing the State of Frankland. The Memphis Bulletin favors a division of Tennessee, and the formation of a new State from the Western portion, with North Mississippi and the Western corner of Kentucky.

The Washington Union thinks that our republican theory of government has failed. It certainly expressed no such opinion before 1853. And what sort of rule, American or Democratic, has the government been under ever since that time! Is it not Locofocoism that has failed rather than our theory of government—Louisville Journal.

DEATH OF SENATOR HENDERSON.—U. S. Senator Henderson, from Texas, died at Washington, June 30.

A SACRED RELIC.—In Girona the public librarian has discovered a manuscript of the Bible, which is traced to the early part of the twelfth century. It is written on parchment of great fineness. The pages are divided into two columns, and enriched with arabesques and ornamented letters, painted with great taste.

ANCIENT MANUSCRIPT OF THE GREEK TESTAMENT.—It is stated in an Athens journal, that a manuscript copy on parchment of the Gospels in Greek, and bearing the date 480, has recently been found in the garret of a house in that city. It is said to be in good preservation, and has been deposited in the public library of Athens.

Hoops are now being so constructed as to serve for tents, and in case of a shower, all that a lady will have to do will be to touch a spring, and in a moment, she will find herself ensconced (like a snail) in a little house of her own. When this improvement is generally adopted, the streets during a storm will present the appearance of an extensive encampment.

A California paper states that two "colored gentlemen" recently quarreled about a feminine, and met in mortal combat. After an exchange of shots, the Sheriff arrested the parties and carried them to jail, when a pistol bullet was found "flattened out" and lodged in the wool of one of the combatants, who was quite unaware of having been touched.

An old toper chancing to drink a glass of water, for want of something stronger, smacked his lips, and turned to one of his companions, remarking, "Why it don't taste bad. I have no doubt 'tis wholesome for females and tender children."

In this country success is the result of merit; for the keen observance of our countrymen is proverbial. We conceive that the unequalled success of Marshall's Uterine Catheter in all female diseases is owing to its great superiority over all the remedies of a similar nature; and although we rarely advise the taking of any patent medicine, we know this to be so beneficial in its effects that we commend it to the attention of all who are suffering from uterine complaints.—N. Y. Medical Jour.

Notice.

On Monday evening, July 19th, 1858, at 7 o'clock P. M., the citizens of this place will meet at the Court House to discuss the merits and demerits of Lager Beer. All persons are invited to attend and participate in the discussion.

By order of the meeting.

JOHN T. ARZONSON, Sec'y.

On last Monday evening the Temperance Society met and elected the following (Bloss for the ensuing year:

W. C. JOHNSON, President; F. H. HATCH, Vice President; and J. T. ARZONSON, Secretary and Treasurer.

House and Lot for Sale.
The property known as the "T'Vault A. Property," situated on the bank of the river just below R. Casfield's store, Oregon City, is for sale. It is a delightful family residence, and destined to be valuable. For terms, apply to the subscriber or R. Casfield at Casfield's store.
W. G. T'VAULT.
July 17, 1858. 14w2

To those Going to the Mines.

I TAKE this method of letting MINERS and travelers know that I have plenty of PROVISIONS & HORSE-FEED.

AT THE Lower Crossing of Sandy, on the Emigrant Road.

(Eight miles above Philip Foster's.)
One day's journey from there to the summit. I can give all necessary directions as to the route to the Dalles—as to water, game, &c. Fresh beef always on hand. Prices—VERY REASONABLE.
July 17, 1858. FRANCIS REVNEW.