

'Sisters,' at the distance of five or six miles from them, there is a circular wall, which, from its appearance, would afford a very smooth, level route for either a rail or wagon road. And from the summit to the level plain on the east is only a gentle descent for about ten miles, which might be taken straight down to the plain, or at any angle to the right or left, as might be desired, over flat, open pine ridges.

Should this location for a railroad be as practicable as the one first mentioned, which crosses the summit of the mountain some fifty, sixty, or seventy miles south of this, I should consider this a more eligible route; yet I am not at all decided which of these passes through the mountain is the preferable one.

These facts and reflections are intended to call public attention to the subject. And it is hoped that subsequent explorations will make clear and satisfactory that which, from the nature of the case, as yet stands only in the potential mood.

But why need I or any one else suggest, or write, or talk, or propose a probable location for the Pacific Railroad? Has not the dominant party already declined this road? as they refused, when called on, to make it a part of their national policy.—The party has thus virtually vetoed the Pacific Railroad in advance. But O! the sweet, thrilling, and animating music of 'that thunder' from the East! It buoy me up, and points with joyful hope to 1860. Hence I'll talk on.

We saw some lakes on the new emigrant road last summer, and near the summit of the mountain, and a most beautiful and inviting portion of country for farming and stock-raising—all of which will constitute the theme of another communication anon.

J. McBRIDE.

Dec. 11, 1858.

The Oregon Argus.

W. L. ADAMS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OREGON CITY:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1859.

ALEXANDER DUNNING, of New Hampton, New York, is our authorized agent in the States.

Is the World Growing Better or Worse?

Perhaps the opening of a new year is as proper a time as any to offer a few suggestions upon a matter which has often presented itself to the minds of thinking people. The true philanthropist and reformer, who has a constant eye to the public good, who has labored much and desires to labor more to better the condition of his fellow, is apt occasionally to pause at a favorable stand-point and look back over the field of his past labors, to gather data by which to regulate his future operations. How far the great moral armory of argument, drawn from the realms of truth, has been effectual in elevating human character and in producing a positive moral progress of the race that renders man more benevolent and just in his domestic, social, and political relations, and consequently more happy within himself, is certainly a very interesting question, if it is one on which men differ as widely perhaps as on most others. To make a correct estimate of the ratio of what we may denominate human progress as developed in the history of by-gone centuries, or even to fix an exact proportion between the present aggregate of moral character and that of any preceding year, would be as impossible as to arrive at perfection in most other fields of human research. The moral like the natural world is cut up into a great many fields. Each school of reformers, with each sect of religionists, is operating upon human character in its own field, in its own way, and with various success. In most of these fields, and perhaps all of them, while there are many golden grains of godlike truth, there is here and there a spot set apart to the cultivation of the tares of error; while in others what is cherished as real progress is in fact retrogression.—The purely sectarian or partisan leader judges of public character from the results of his own limited experiments in operating upon the public heart by a certain avenue. He measures the world by a rule that has been graduated with a sole view of measuring the peculiar angles of his own limited sphere, and is as poorly adapted to measuring human progress in the aggregate and fixing upon the *summum* of moral results produced by his neighboring husbandmen, as the Irishman's gun, which was bent at right angles 'to shoot around the corners,' would be to the common purposes of hunting. Hence the philanthropist who is freed from sectarian bias and party trammels, and who as a cosmopolitan actor enjoys a wider range of vision, while he may be outdone in real positive influence by the monomaniac philanthropist who concentrates all his powers to a particular point, he is at least better able, from a stand-point that overlooks the whole field, to form a correct estimate of the combined results of reformatory effort upon the human race.—Our opinion that the world is growing better rather than worse, is in accordance with that of all such reformers. A continued effort to improve the race by the oft-repeated use of the same moral appliances, shows that such reformers are either led on by something foreign to the prospect of success, or else that observation of the past has created large expectations for the future.

It is not necessary to our present purpose to examine the statistics to show that such crimes as murder, theft, and prostitution have not kept pace with the increase of population, or that the age has gone by when war was considered a public blessing instead of a national calamity—when the ambition and revenge that maddened the brain of the human butcher Achilles was mistaken for an inspiration of the gods; or that other age of religious superstition

when tortures were substituted for arguments—when not only free speech but free conscience was crushed under the iron heels of kingcraft and priestcraft, and the deluded multitudes that piled the faggots around a Serretus and danced at the *auto-da-fé* of a Cranmer and Ridley, considered themselves as the especial favorites of heaven and the most disinterested of human benefactors.—Neither need we institute a comparison between the public sentiment of our own time and that which during the reign of William and Mary induced Parliament to pass an act encouraging the manufacture of whisky, and which tolerated as not only respectable but devout the grocer who hung out a painted shingle at every corner in London, inviting the passer-by to be 'drunk for a penny, and dead drunk for two pence, with straw to lie on for nothing.' It is perhaps also immaterial to our position to institute a comparison between the public sentiment of our present New England and that of the New England of Revolutionary times, when human sacrifices were offered upon the Moloch of bigotry, the African slave trade was cherished as in harmony with the genius of Christianity, and the clergy sacrificed nothing of commanding clerical influence by furnishing distilled spirits to their parishioners, by using it freely themselves, and occasionally staggering into the gutter from being filled with rather more 'spirit' than was consistent with a proper control of the center of gravity. New England, however, initiated the first step toward reform ever made on the continent, and she has been reforming ever since.—We drop this branch of the subject just here, by making the perhaps irrelevant suggestion that New England is destined to furnish the model for the stupendous social and political framework of this whole continent. It always has been, is, and will continue to be the fulcrum on which rests the great moral lever that is to turn and overturn society throughout the western hemisphere. It is the great beehive of the most finished specimens of the Anglo-Saxon race—the concentration or focal center of the spirit of enterprise, the seat of rigid scholasticism, and the cradle of human liberty. Its political institutions, ridiculed as they are by the short-sighted demagogue, are more in harmony with the spirit of the political organism brought forth by the throes of the Revolution, than those of any other equal area of the Union. We leave the developments of history to substantiate the truth of our position, as they surely will.

If in the truism that 'knowledge is power' we may substitute *virtus* for 'power,' the fact of a real, positive, rapid progress of the race toward the goal of moral excellence within even the last half century would be conceded by most without an argument. The researches of philosophers of various schools have within that period developed many startling truths. Gathering strength from the discoveries of the past, the human intellect is still plying its telescope in search of new landmarks and new treasures in the unfathomable and immeasurable ocean of scientific research.—Amazing as the magnitude of the discoveries of the last half century are, may we not yet expect whole continents to be located with as much precision as have already been mapped out a few islands and reefs? That previous discoveries have all been duly mapped, and that the world is now in possession of all the truth that has ever been educed by investigation, and is still grasping for more with increased strength for acquiring and enlarged capacities for receiving, we verily believe. The truths of science which have been discovered in the last century have wrought greater changes in social and political institutions than have taken place in any given number of preceding centuries, and we may be on the eve of the discovery of some hitherto undiscovered continent of natural truth that will work greater changes in human society in a single year than have been produced by the combined influences of telegraphs and printing-presses up to the present time.—We may be on the very eve of political revolutions evoked by the discovery of more effectual means of making truth operative—revolutions when a 'nation shall be born in a day.'

But is the world, with all its rapid progress in knowledge, really progressing in goodness? Is man, as an educated, refined, and cultivated creature, more benevolent, more just to his fellows, more sensitive to duties due to his God, his country, and his family, and consequently more happy within himself, than he is as a barbarian? Were we to change the form of our query to, *Is woman* as an intelligent, refined, and cultivated being, more amiable, companionable, and lovely, and hence a fuller embodiment of all the essential elements of goodness? we should probably have one universal affirmative response.—This being conceded, it naturally follows that the sentiment in man which appreciates exalted excellence in woman, and assigns to her a corresponding position in enlightened society, argues a similar advancement upon the plane of virtue on his own part. Take the vilest misanthrope himself who is constantly brooding over the darker shades of the picture of human society, and who imagines that all social and political motions are retrograde, and lay before him a map of the world, asking him to designate the very spot where he would feel most secure in the enjoyment of natural rights and expect from legal securities the largest and fullest liberty compatible with the public good, and his finger will, in spite of preconceived

notions, as infallibly point to a district marked as 'enlightened,' as the needle points to the magnetic pole.

The elevating nature of philosophical light or truth in the abstract, disconnected if possible from revealed truth, is abundantly shown by instituting a comparison in our midst between the intelligent and profoundly ignorant as to what even natural rights are based on. The more profoundly ignorant and debased you find a man, the more will he be apt to be infused with the doctrine of demagogues that natural and social rights are both the same, and that both may be entirely withheld from a man or measured out in proportions demanded by such rules as the contingencies of language, color, or caste. In plain English, we mean, in order to be understood by all, that the nearer a man approximates in education, manners, and social qualities to an Ethiopian himself, the more will he exhibit his unadulterated hatred of a 'nigger.' We haven't brought in the 'nigger' for any 'political' purpose, as we are not writing a political article, but we have instituted a comparison in order to make a point, and that is, that from the fact that the most sacred regard for the natural rights of man—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—as founded in the law of heaven, and not based upon contingencies, is always strongest under the immediate shade of institutions of learning, and weakest in the immediate vicinity of the haunts of ignorance and vice, the double corollary naturally follows that a nation's moral improvement is sure to keep pace with its intellectual progress, and hence, that as the world is rapidly advancing in intelligence it must of course be growing better. It was said by some writer that 'confidence in man is as beautiful as confidence in God.' We shall not define the extent of our confidence in man, as man, in his 'natural state' (that of a barbarian), but close by expressing the conviction that we tread upon the toes of none of the founders of the various schools of casuistry when we avow a very strong confidence in the omnipotent power of truth in shaping man's character, and that truth and falsehood being placed equidistant to his right and his left, the natural impulse of his heart leads him to instinctively lay hold of what he knows to be truth. The man who 'loves a lie' better than the truth, doesn't do it from natural impulses, but from a system of training in a school of carnal philosophy that strikes its first blow at the smallest remaining reflection of the image of the Deity upon man's heart, and then teaches him to bow alongside of the pirate at whatever goddess offers the largest argument to his acquisitiveness.—Such a man belongs to the 'paying' school of philosophy, and has some hell-born demagogue for his tutor, decked out in dazzling regalia, and wearing a broad phylactery inscribed probably with 'Latter Day Saint' or 'Democrat.' The worshippers at such shrines are fast being 'converted' to a reverence for a more exalted divinity, and are being educated into a regard for right instead of an exclusive selfishness.

The conclusion that we have reached is, that the race is progressing, and that the efforts of the past justify the philanthropist in making a new resolve for an increased effort in rightly shaping public sentiment during the whole coming year. To wish all our readers governed by such noble impulses, and acting on such high resolves, is to wish them a very large share of happiness during the year of eighteen hundred and fifty-nine.

TEACHERS' CONVENTION.—A number of teachers from different parts of the Territory, held a preliminary convention in Portland last Tuesday, and made quite an auspicious beginning. 'Bro. Mattoon,' who was there, suggested 'whether the time hadn't fully come' to start a Teachers Journal. The convention thought not, and some of the members winked at each other with a knowing grin, that seemed to say that Bro. M. had already had enough experience in 'the nature of publication.'

WASHINGTON.—The Legislature of the Territory of Washington elected the following officers—E. S. Dyer, Speaker; L. D. Durgin, Chief Clerk; — Schaefer, Assistant Clerk; J. L. Mitchell, Serg't-at-Arms; and Levi Shelton Door-keeper.—Czapkay's organ says they 'were all elected as democrats.' Mitchell, the only one we know, is just such a 'democrat' as we are.

REWARD.—It is said that Washington Williams, who broke jail in this city some time since, and fled to California, was seen a few days since in Salem and Silverton on his way back, and such is the ground of belief that he is now lurking in this vicinity that Judge Causfeld and Moss have offered a reward of \$200 for his apprehension.—The Sheriff of this county and his employees are, however, made exceptions in the invitation to take the culprit.

PERHAPS.—The Standard says that the establishment of Smith & Davis in Portland is the place to buy drugs. That may be the place for the Standard to buy, but in how happens it that the people are all running to Dr. Weatherford's drug store?

CARRIER'S CARD.

THE CARRIER returns his sincere thanks to the following benevolent persons for Christmas presents: Ex-Gov. Abernethy, John Demert, Rev. Mr. Rutledge, Judge Causfeld, Fred. Chorman, Wm. P. Burns, Andrew Post, Brown & Wolf, Dusenberry, and Mrs. Whitlock. May their cup of happiness overflow all the year.

DR. SPOONS.

For the Argus.

MR. EDITOR: Your paper of last week contains an article by one assuming the appropriate title of 'Squib,' in which he makes an unmanly attack upon several individuals. I have no disposition to waste either time or paper in a reply. We might have supposed, from the numerous quotations given, that the youth was conversant with the Scriptures, had we not learned that this same 'Squib' ran all over town trying to ascertain the whereabouts of those very passages quoted. By way, however, of pricking the bubble of his self-conceit, we have copied the following fable, with its moral, which we hope he will 'read and inwardly digest.'—An ass found by chance the skin of a lion and clothed himself in it. Thus disguised he went into the forests and spread terror and consternation everywhere; all the animals fled before him. At last he met his master, whom he wished to frighten also, but the master perceiving the long ears on the side of the animal's head, said, 'Master ass, although you may be clothed as a lion, your ears betray you, and show that you are really but an ass.' Moral—The fool has always a weak side which exposes him and renders him ridiculous.

J. E. H.

CANEMAH, Dec. 28, 1858.

MR. EDITOR: I notice an article in the Argus of last Saturday signed 'Squib,' in which some redoubtable hero of a chicken-feather has walked into an editor, a divine, and a pedagogue, in a style well worthy of a critic that has just hatched out and has to lean up against a broken egg-shell to cackle. Whether most to admire your clarity in giving him space, or his impudence in styling the Argus a 'pigmy trumpet,' I am at a loss to determine. I would suggest however that the next time he writes for the public, instead of signing himself 'Squib,' he take the more appropriate name of

'FIZZLE.'

MUST CLOSE.—Verily, the war between 'Squib,' 'J. E. H.,' and 'Fizzle' waxeth somewhat warm in the 'heat of youthful blood.' Painful as will be our announcement, we think there has been enough said on a small subject. If these authors think otherwise, verily the way is open. Let them contribute of their substance to 'start a new paper.' Let the name thereof be 'THE BOG HUNTER,' and let it be conducted under the name and style of 'Squib, Fizzle, & Co.' as proprietors and editors.—Such a paper hath long been much needed in the Territory, and will unquestionably receive a liberal support from such as cherish great contempt for 'pigmy trumpets,' and desire a 'good family paper' for six and a fourth cents a year. None are just now better able to meet this pressing want than 'Squib,' 'Fizzle,' and Co.

OBLIGATIONS.—We are under obligations to W. C. Johnson, Esq., for the message of Gov. Mason, of Washington Territory. The document is a plain, sensible, straight-forward statement of facts and suggestions, and leaves political abstractions to those who have more leisure.

We are also much obliged to J. L. Stout, Esq., for a very striking picture of a 'Modern Democrat' which was procured at S. J. McCormick's book store. It is a picture of a man with three faces. He sits astride of a fence, holding a chained fugitive in one hand, as executing the fugitive slave law, and with the other is reaching a purse to a runaway slave, just about to take passage on the under ground railroad. In his right breast pocket is the Maine Law, and in his left a bottle of whisky. He has, for a motto, 'All things to all men,' while underneath is printed in plain capitals, 'A Modern Democrat.' It is a truthful picture, and we shall have it framed.

Gov. Curry passed through this city twice this week. He looks remarkably well since his 'lying in' with 'message,' and we hope he will yet live long enough to repent of his locofocism—that is to say, we hope he will live to see the Republicans in power.

NEW FIRM.—It will be seen by an advertisement that Bacon and La Forest are about opening a new store. The man who sells more goods than Bacon does, will have to combine all the qualities of activity, suavity, accommodation, and faithfulness, well developed.

At the anniversary of St. John, the Evangelist, held in this city last Monday by Multnomah Lodge No. 1, A. Holbrook, Esq., delivered an address upon secret societies, which we hear spoken approvingly of, by some who heard it.

McMINVILLE, Nov. 29th, 1858.

ED. OF ARGUS:—Dear Sir: Although I have been a citizen of this county for ten years, I have never believed the people had fallen into that low estate the annual assemblies at Salem would lead us to believe. A few days since I was at an Administration sale, where a few bottles of 'old rye' were brought out, and a public invitation was given to walk up and take a horn. I do not think that half a dozen out of 150 or 200 partook of the 'creature.' Now doesn't that speak something for the virtue and intelligence of Yamhill?

Yours respectfully, I. M. J.

It does speak much for Yamhill, and we hope that friend Diehl, who has been around and organized a flourishing division of the Sons of over 80 members at McMinnville, and over 80 at Lafayette, has succeeded in converting the 'half dozen' spoken of. In that case, Yamhill is now pretty 'sound' on the temperance branch of the 'goose.'

To CORRESPONDENTS.—The communications of Dr. McBride, Wilson Blain, B. Crosby, T. W. Davenport, and 'Ipsa Mens' will appear soon.

The Elk has changed her trips.—She now runs to Salem on Mondays and Fridays, and to Lafayette every Wednesday.

For the Argus.

ILLINOIS.—The result in Illinois shows that the 'Big Giant' is really the victor, although the 'Little Giant' is elected to the U. S. Senate. The State has gone decidedly Republican for the first time. With a fair apportionment, Lincoln would have had a majority of 10 on joint ballot in the Legislature. The Chicago Press and Tribune says that in the Republican districts there is only one representative to each 19,685, and one Senator to 58,900 inhabitants, while in Egypt, the democratic strong-hold, they have one representative to 15,675, and one Senator to 47,100 inhabitants. These figures make Douglas' prospects in Illinois for 1860 look rather gloomy.

CONSISTENT.—H. F. W. Mewes, a forger, and one of the most notorious of land pirates, thieves and marauders, who was hung in San Francisco, Dec. 10th, made a full confession of the crimes he had committed during some ten years of active villainy. We have no room for much of his confession, but in reading it over we cannot forbear to give the results of a single day's work at Columbia on election day in 1856—his acts were all so consistent. Here it is.

"I voted State and county ticket on the Democratic side, swore in my vote, (perjuring myself) robbed a cabin, stole a fine winter coat, a pair of boots, four white shirts, two flannels, two undershirts, two pair of drawers, three pairs of stockings, two towels, pocket handkerchiefs, and an accordeon, then treated the crowd in a saloon several times."

GOV. WELLER.—The San Francisco Bulletin, in an article on Gov. Weller's particular penchant for pardoning convicted thieves and murderers in California says:

"The great abuse of the pardoning power by John B. Weller, Governor of California, renders it absolutely necessary that the people should insist on the necessity of some measures being taken at the next Legislature to curb and regulate his intolerable conduct. Whatever good qualities the man may possess, his undivided sympathy for the most notorious villains outweighs them all, and has earned for him the infamous cognomen of 'Judicial Murderer.'"

DEPOSITES REMOVED.—The Standard says that a hundred bushels of apples were stolen from the ware-house of Stowbridge & Co., in Portland last Sunday night; and that Dr. Caples fell down stairs, Christmas breaking his arm.

OUR TRIP.—We shall probably spend most of the coming six weeks visiting our friends on urgent business, and those who 'never read editorial' will probably have a rare time of it in feasting on other matter. We want every man who owes us anything to lay by the dime against our arrival.

NEW YORK.—Gerrit Smith, the Abolition candidate for Governor, got 5,033 votes. The Republican gain since 1856 is 35,544.

For the Argus.

A FINE-SIDE ANGEL.

"Youth longeth for a kindred spirit"—one To be the wisest, dearest friend till death. As patient planet-seekers search throughout The realms of space, to find some wandering orb That's brighter than the sun, but so remote That searching long in vain to fix its place, Or track its mighty voyage round the sun; Though nearer worlds still tremble in their course From sympathy with his distant friend, Rooming aloft, close by the awful void That separates the universe beyond: So our mariners, who sailed through seas Unknown before, looking with longing eyes For some fair land where perfume-laden winds Linger 'midst flowers and fruit, which cluster thick Throughout the year; where gentle breezes kiss The pure white orange buds, and sip their breath Of odorous sweets, then turn to clasp the fruit, More precious for its hidden joys to bless the taste. Those who ever sought, for sister worlds Linked by attraction's tie to ours, and to the 'The man, a common parent; those who sought For lands more blest of heaven than our bleak shores—

Both are like the souls who sail the sea Of human life alone, through discontent And gloom, looking with longing glance for one Fair star, the star of love and beauty, which Shall shine for them alone; some life of bliss, Where orange buds of love eternal bloom, And that sweet perfume round the path of life. But few astronomer's e'er find the star; they seek, that one amidst the shining throng Not found before; and unlearned find storms And coral reefs, and sands, which wreck full oft The unwary ones who seek for happy lands. But when the weary watcher finds the world He sought, and bids it wear his name, Or when the lonely rovers on the deep Find pleasant lands they longed for, these Are rare exceptions; such are like the man Who seeks and finds a fire-side angel in his home. "STUDENT."

SALEM, Dec. 6, 1858.

THE ELECTION FRAUD IN BLAIN'S DISTRICT.—The testimony in the case of election one in the St. Louis district of Missouri is now being heard before Judge H. A. Clover. Witness under oath testify to large numbers of votes cast in the several wards and precincts by non-residents, by unqualified persons, and by those who were not duly sworn. Others voted more than once; and upon the poll-book there are hundreds of names of persons who do not and never did reside in the city. Witnesses, who were severely cross-questioned by Barret, the successful candidate, refused to answer a question as to whom he voted for. Barret repeated the question several times, and getting no answer, said at last in a pet, "You are not ashamed, are you, of the way you voted for Congressman?" "Yes, sir, I am," Barret put on an air of triumph, but Blair was not quite satisfied, and asked the man again for whom he voted. The answer was "I voted for Barret." A general laugh ensued, and Barret acknowledged himself sold.

A HEROIC ACT.—A *Flieger* for a Life.—The *Koekak* Journal of the 23d relates the incident: "At the Lincoln meeting in Carthage, Ill., yesterday, Captain Apple of this place was there with his field-piece firing a salute, which he had been employed by the Republicans to do. The powder he used, in the course of the firing the gun went off prematurely. James Lynch was at the muzzle, ramming the cartridge, when it ignited. Captain Apple, who was at the vent, finding a premature discharge was inevitable, called, 'Get away, Jim!' holding on to the vent till the fire burnt his finger off up to the first joint, and until Lynch had escaped the range of the powder. It is seldom, in chronicles, an incident of this kind, that we find men possessing the nerve and heroic fortitude that Captain A. displayed on this occasion to save his friend from an untimely death. Both were considerably burnt by powder, but neither dangerously hurt."

Mr. Harey's method for taming horses has been successfully tried by one of his pupils on a bull belonging to the Duke of Portland. The animal, a valuable but vicious Alderney, was a terror to his keeper, but he has succeeded to the magic of Mr. Thompson who practiced on him a short time since in a shed, afterwards in the open park, the bull in the end becoming so tractable and docile as a child.

A Beer drinker came to his death in a sudden and unexpected manner. He was a great advocate of free trade in beer; it was the subject of his daily thoughts and conversation. When the Wilson Patent Act was introduced he shed tears of joy, but the excitement it created was a death-blow to his debilitated frame. He often said himself up. One day, in particular, he was unusually silent, and absorbed, and hoarse. We all suspected something. One fears were verified. One found something. He died at his desk, on which was the commencement of a letter addressed to the editor of the Times. A quart pot was by his side, of which he had drained every drop, and into which it was evident he had dipped his pen, instead of into the inkstand. We sent for a medical man, and opened his inside. He was a lump of alcohol. His stomach, like his face, was covered with eruptions. His brain was found particularly soft and spongy, his blood sluggish, his heart all run to fat; and when a coroner's jury saw him, the verdict was, "Died from drinking too much beer."—Eng. Paper.

The Nashville Gazette says that a few years ago a negro living near Cynthiana, Ky., was accused of murder. Soon after the negro was killed by a white man named Morris. About a year ago Morris was killed by his brother-in-law, named Whalton, and Whalton himself was killed recently by a man named Phillips.

The Washington Monument.—The managers of the Washington monument, in Washington city, say they will go on with the monument now, if they can get the money. It has been carried up 175 feet already.

The Moors have a strong partiality for red hair, and it is said, envy the nations where the Moors and Arab women when they see red hair, and bind up their hair with red tape.

DIED: Near Salem, on the 19th Dec, of pueral fever, CHARLES LAWSON, only son of Joseph and Isabella W. Cooke, aged three years, four months, and five days.

Ask ye in Jems: Oh! how sweet To be for such a slumber met.

The mother, in writing the sad news, says: "Oh! I need not tell you how hard it was to see my dear boy choke to death before my eyes and have no power to save. But he is now gone to that land where there is 'no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain. Oh! blessed promise. A bright and happy Christmas and New Year's for my boy, but a sad, lone, desolate one for us."

If it will afford any consolation to our dear bereaved friends, (and we know it will), we assure them that from the very heart they have our warmest condolence and sympathy in this their most trying affliction.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Post Office at Oregon City, O. T., Dec. 31, 1858.

Almond Lathan C	Henson Alfred
Argus Editor Oregon	Hawthorne George
Brooks Henry B	Ingram James
Beardsley O	Jewett Sebastian
Byron Edward	Lawler W B
Beale Charles W	Lee Thomas
Bolds Charles	Mathew Samuel S
Brady W H	Mahler P
Cotton Robert	Moore Green
Cleaver Benjamin	Mumy James
Cary Franklin S S	Miller John
Cushman Stephen	Mullins A
Cave Alfred	Pullard Geo.
Day Mrs Mahala	Proctor Charles
Day Ephraim H	Reinisch Joseph
Davis Thomas	Packwood W H
Douthara James II	Robinson John (colored)
Eckler George	Swaman Lyman
Eivens Chas	Smith Sam C
English Samuel	Temple Thomas
Feyer R	Ueber Frederick
Fryer Robert	Van Winkle Geo. W
Graham Alexander	Williams John B
Hier J B	

J. FLEMING, P. M.

E. LA FOREST.

LA FOREST & BACON, General Dealers in Dry Goods, LADES' FANCY GOODS, Groceries, Crockery, Glass-ware, BOOTS, SHOES, &c. At the old stand of La Forest—French Street, OREGON CITY.

NEW FIRM: New Attraction!

LA FOREST & BACON

WOULD inform the citizens of Oregon City and vicinity that they have entered into partnership and intend keeping a general supply of everything in the

CLOTHING, Dry Goods, Grocery, Crockery, and Fancy line.

and will be happy to see their old friends call upon them, and will promise at all times to sell them goods as cheap as any other house in town, our motto being Small Profits and Quick Returns.

We would also say to the

(the house and show of the land,) we intend keeping everything you may require in the Grocery, Crockery, Clothing, Dry Goods, Boots and shoes, line, etc., which we offer at such prices as will be satisfactory to you. We also wish to give you as our goods for your purchase, and will give you as good as the market affords. Come and try us. Do not forget the place, but look for the sign of La Forest & Bacon, and then come in.

We would say to the Ladies (God Bless You!)

When you wish a superior article of dress goods or fancy articles, do not fail to call upon La Forest & Bacon, where you will always find them, and will receive their grateful thanks for your patronage.

Young Men, (Future Hope of Oregon,) here is the place to supply yourselves with a superior article of clothing in which to

Get Married! and, after you are married, to GET YOUR OUTFIT FOR HOUSEKEEPING.

COME AND SEE US! Come one and all, both young and old, And see if we the truth have told; Here is the place to spend your cash, And get good goods instead of trash. Oregon City, Jan. 1, 1859.

Sale of School Lands. By order of the Board of County Commissioners for Yamhill county, I will offer for sale the highest bidder at the Court House in Lafayette, on MONDAY the 1st day of February next, all the Common School Lands (of which a description can be obtained from the Land Office) lying in said county. Sale will be between the hours of ten a. m. and four p. m., and continue from day to day until all is offered.

Geo. W. Elmer, Sup't of Con. Lands. Jan. 1, 1859 39w3