THE OREGON ARGUS.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

BY WILLIAM L. ADAMS.

TERMS—*The* ARGUS *will be furnished at Three Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, in advance, to single subscribers—Three Dollars each to clubs of ten at one office—in advance When the money is not paid in advance, Four Dollars will be charged if paid within six months, and Five dollars at the end of the year.*

☞ *Two Dollars for six months—No subscriptions received for a less period.*

☞ *No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.*

FRIEND ADAMS: I send you a piece of poetry clipped from the Independent. Please print it for me in the Argus, as it expresses my feelings far better than I could do it. BELLE W. COOKE.

Paul Gerhardt on the Death of his Son.

The following touching and beautiful stanzas were written by Paul Gerhardt in 1650 on the death of his son. They have been recently translated, according to the original meter, by Miss Catherine Winkworth for her second series of the Lyra Germanica:

Thou'rt mine, yes, still thou art mine own!
Who tells me thou art lost?
But yet thou art not mine alone;
I own that He who cross'd
My hopes hath greatest right in thee;
Yes, though He ask and take from me
Thee, O my son, my heart's delight,
My wish, my thought, by day and night.

Ah, might I wish, ah, might I choose,
Then thou, my star, shouldst live,
And gladly for thy sake I'd lose
All else that life can give.
Oh, fain I'd say: Abide with me,
The sunshine of my house to be;
No other joy but this I crave,
To love thee, darling, to my grave!

Thus saith my heart, and means it well,
God meaneth better still;
My love is more than words can tell,
His love is greater still;
I am a father, He the Head
And Crown of fathers, whence is shed
The life and love from which have sprung
All blessed ties in old and young.

I long for thee, my son, my own,
And He who once hath given
Will have thee now beside His throne,
To live with Him in heaven.
I cry, Alas! my light, my child!
But God hath welcome on him smiled,
And said, "My child, I keep thee near,
For there is nought but gladness here."

O blessed word, O deep decree,
More holy than we think!
With God no grief or woe can be,
No bitter cup to drink.
No sickening hopes, no want or care,
No hurt can ever reach him there;
Yes, in that Father's sheltered home
I know that sorrow cannot come.

We pass our nights in wakeful thought
For our dear children's sake;
All day our anxious toil hath sought
How best for them to make
A future safe from care or need,
Yet seldom do our schemes succeed;
How seldom does their future prove
What we had planned for thee we love!

How many a child of promise fair
Ere now hath gone astray,
By ill example taught to dare
Forsake Christ's holy way.
O, fearful the reward is then,
The wrath of God, the scorn of men!
The bitterest tears that e'er are shed
Are his who mourns a child m'sled.

But now I need not fear for thee,
Where thou art, all is well,
For thou thy Father's face dost see,
With Jesus thou dost dwell.
Yes, cloudless joys around him shine,
His heart shall never ache like mine,
He sees the radiant armies glow
That keep and guide us here below.

He hears their singing evermore,
His little voice too sings,
He drinks of wisdom's deepest lore,
He speaks of secret things
That we can never see or know
Howe'er we seek or strive below,
While yet am'd the mists we stand
That vail this dark and tearful land.

O, that I could but watch afar,
And hearken but a while
To that sweet song that hath no jar,
And see his heavenly smile,
As he doth praise the holy God
Who made him pure for that abode!
In tears of joy full well I know
This burdened heart would overflow.

And I should say: Stay there, my son,
My wild laments are o'er,
O, well for thee that thou hast won,
I call thee back no more;
But come, thou fiery chariot, come,
And bear me swiftly to that home
Where he with many a loved one dwells,
And evermore of gladness tells!

Then be it as my Father wills,
I will not weep for thee;
Thou livest, joy thy spirit fills,
Pure sunshine thou dost see,
The sunshine of eternal rest;
Abide, my child, where thou art blest:
I, with our friends, will onward fare,
And, when God wills, shall find thee there.

Criticism upon the Oregon Press, by P. J. Malone.

We find in the Sacramento Union a letter from Umpqua, dated Nov. 8, 1858, and signed 'P. J. M.' It was written by P. J. Malone, Esq., who is now a stenographic reporter in the Legislature at Salem, and was formerly a 'hard' democrat. The letter, which is devoted to giving a general view of Oregon as relates to our Indian policy, our politics, agriculture, and future prospects, is written in that clear, concise, and pointed style so peculiar to an educated Celt, and has a vein of elevating sympathy and scorning of sneaking despotism that is never found in a 'reliable democrat.' We give below mostly what relates to the Oregon press:

"Our local press is at last beginning to exhibit something akin to a sense of shame at its own vileness. The organ of the Democratic organization, published at Salem, a few days ago had an article apologizing for its proneness to scurrility and promising better for the future. The editor says he is naturally inclined to be '*decent*,' but that his cotemporaries will not let him, but must keep continually drawing out his '*worser*' qualities. To this the Oregonian, one of the Opposition organs at Portland, replies, that it isn't in the aforesaid chap's hide to be decent or courteous either; that denunciation, and not argument, is his *forte*, and that it would be an up-hill business for him to try to go against '*natur*.' He further adds that the literature of the aforesaid Democratic organ is fully up to the requirements and mental capacity of its readers, who are mostly from the classic shades of Pike and have graduated in a school where, as the Argus fitly expresses it, the world is believed to be flat, and too near the outer edge of which poor Sir John Franklin sailed when he dropped over the brink!

"Ridiculous as this picture may appear, there is a class of intelligences in Oregon of which it is no great exaggeration. It need hardly be observed that they are the invariable prey of the demagogue and the prop of the despot here, as in every other country. Ignorance is the food of tyranny the world over. The man who is possessed of 'the dangerous gift of thought' will always exercise an influence over his less gifted neighbor, whether it be in a monarchy or a republic, and if that influence is directed by selfishness, it will always degenerate into tyranny; and Oregon is, perhaps, as remarkable an example of this as could be found. While the bulk of our population came from the frontier States, with limited opportunities for education, with strong prejudices in favor of the democratic organization, acquired when Amerigan Democracy meant something more than an engine for the propagation of human slavery, white and black—they are fit materials for our ruling class, who hail mostly from New England, to work upon and mould to their purposes and liking. The Democratic journals of Oregon never lose sight of these three things when addressing their readers: 1st. The class of intelligences to which they belong; 2d. Their sectional and party prejudices; and last, though not least, the necessity for hightening, if possible, their ideas of the hideousness of all opposing parties, and their ignorance of all that is passing in the world of politics beyond the limited quantity, which is distilled before it reaches them, through the alembic of 'our paper.' As an instance in point, I may mention this: Very little is known by the people of Oregon, even at this late day, of the causes of difference between Douglas and the great dispenser of federal pap. The Statesman, the great light of the party here, hardly ever mentioned it—never published a line of the debate in Congress on 'Lecompton,' nor a word of Douglas' speeches since he returned to his constituents! Stop! I'm too fast. It *did* publish a paragraph of his Chicago speech eulogizing the Democratic organization in Illinois, and exhorting every 'sound and reliable' (which means slavish) Democrat to abide by its usages. But it carefully avoids any allusion to that part of his speech wherein he characterizes 'uniformity' as the parent of despotism; or to that other speech where he denounced clique-controlled conventions and caucuses as the robbers of the people's inherent sovereignty! The Statesman's mission is the mission of the drill sergeant, and, as the young sprout said in relation to the tie of his cravat, it 'gives all its mind' to that object.

"And if the Statesman, as the organ of 'the' (Democratic) 'party,' gives its mind solely to the work of drilling the awkward squad, that they may without question obey the word of command, it must be confessed that the Oregonian has a bad preeminence in the work of endeavoring to produce insubordination in ranks of 'the faithful.' Nor is it very choice in the selection of weapons. It addresses itself to the work with more zeal than discretion, and, as with all ill-directed and ill-timed efforts, often produces results the very opposite of what is intended. Sarcasm and coarseness, however well they may do on the stump, when put on paper always injure the cause which they espouse. They may cause men to laugh for a time, but there the impression ends. Men rarely ever go to the ballot box and deposit their vote upon an impulse of laughter. The Oregonian is just now engaged in a very foolish and fruitless crusade against the Jews, which can only result in damaging itself in the eyes of all prudent, thinking minds. The disinterested community are too much occupied with their own concerns to espouse the Oregonian man's private quarrel, whatever it may be, with the Jews, and are sure to forget it all in a week after the newspaper war ceases—while the opposition journals, and especially the belabored sect, or race, will be sure to treasure it up against whatever party Dryer may act with for years to come. This American world of ours is too old in experience to favor anything savoring of proscription of sect or race. Those who engage in it, whatever may be the provocation, only show that they have studied human nature and civil history to little purpose. The Oregonian might have given its columns to better purposes than either the demolition of the Salem clique or the Jews. Had it let in upon our Oregon Egyptian darkness the flood of light which Lecompton disclosed, exposing the false Democracy which would prostitute the National Government to the tyrannical purpose of compelling the majority to bow to the will of the minority, had it laid bare the nefarious efforts of the fire-eaters and their pliant tool, the President, to turn back the tide of free labor, by the interposition of the arm of the Federal Government from the national domain, it would have rendered a service to Oregon and to itself which could not fail to command respect. As it is it has lost a golden opportunity, and opportunity once lost can never be recalled.

The Oregon City Argus (Republican) was, perhaps, the only paper published in the Territory from which an intelligent and connected account of the various stages of Lecompton could be gleaned. Its circulation, as may be seen from the smallness of the Republican vote, is as yet limited—consequently its light didn't shine into the dark places where light was most needed.

Taken for all in all, our Oregon press is a queer institution! The presiding spirit of the last named paper, while exhibiting a peculiar fitness, in both composition and selection, for a Black Republican journalist—while displaying, perhaps, the most argumentative and analytical mind of any of his cotemporaries—he is, nevertheless, crazy upon some subjects. Like the Oregonian with the Jews, the Argus has a special antipathy against the 'Papists.' He had the misfortune to be brought up in a school which turned him out upon the world a boiled down bigot. He has yet to learn that this government, under which we live, contemplates the making of men free and leaving religion to take care of itself. Until he cons this lesson over and over again, and acts upon it, he hasn't learned the alphabet of republicanism, nor exhibited the *first* qualification of a republican journalist.

* * * There is an underground war raging in our Democratic camp, between the friends and enemies of Lane, the first spark of which came to light, a few weeks ago, through the columns of the Sentinel in the shape of an attack upon the Surveyor General, who is the father-in-law of the head of the anti-Lane party. It is the first audible gun of the war that will either bury 'Old Jo' politically or consign the clique to—pot. Should Douglas sustain himself in Illinois this Fall against the combined force arrayed against him, I predict that his party in Oregon, by 1860, will be the most powerful in it. The men who are now office holders here, under Old Buck, will run from him as soon as his star begins to wane. Already there are indications that of the two wings into which the Democracy is split, the stronger portion will, on a favorable opportunity, declare for Douglas. The Standard and Times and Sentinel have already declared for Buchanan—the Statesman, the organ of the clique, sings small—it is too busy licking the porridge pot to say anything. If Douglas shows any signs of winning it will dart to him—if not, it will feed on and say nothing."

Mr. Malone's notion that the 'presiding spirit' of the Argus is a 'bigot,' is drawn of course from our exposition of the conduct of Pandozy and other priests during our Indian disturbances. He mistook our expose as an attack on 'Popery,' and little thought probably that our denunciations would have been equally strong had Methodist or Baptist clergymen stood in the shoes of the 'priests.' We do not expect even our warmest friends to attribute perfection to our paper, and we are well satisfied to let it rest under the unjust (at least it seems so to us) imputation of being slightly tinctured with 'bigotry' by Mr. Malone, so long as he concedes that it is the only paper that has shed 'light' on Democratic villainy, and intimates that if its circulation was what it ought to be, there would be some chance at least of having a 'democracy' as free from conniving at and supporting swindling by Government officials and a negro-breeding, sectional policy by the party, as he is himself.

For the Argus.

Woman's Rights.

MR. EDITOR: Your correspondent Xenittie, notwithstanding her representations that women are eternally harassed with a press of business of one kind or another, has found leisure to concoct nearly two newspaper columns of whining complaints and soul-moving appeals on behalf of the female sex. What private grievances or peculiar prejudices Xenittie may have, I know not; but this I *do* know: she, with that microscopic vision peculiar to monomaniacs, has made mountains out of molehills. She charges men with being 'supporters of a system of servility, which, if possible, is a thousand times worse than the west aspect of American slavery ever was.' The Lord deliver us! Who would have thought that men, with all their professed admiration and tenderness for the female sex, were such monsters! And then what a sublime example of generosity your correspondent furnishes when she declares that she 'has no disposition to find fault with all men, for she loves them, God bless them.' What! love such horrible wretches as she describes? Oh, Xenittie, thou paragon of benevolence! if I only knew thou wert single and pretty, I would wade through Oregon mud, knee-deep, to do reverence at thy saintly shrine!

But in another place Xenittie says, 'In my former letter I hinted that from the *Creation* down to the present time, woman had been the unfortunate victim of man's despotic rule.' And again: 'The day is coming when the onward and resistless march of civilization and Christian benevolence will dispel the disgraceful wand of masculine superiority, and restore woman to the peaceful enjoyment of her *lost* inheritance.' Now will Xenittie please to tell us how long BEFORE the Creation it was, that woman lost her inheritance? and also what that inheritance consisted of? Hear her again: 'Now it may seem humiliating to the proud spirit and lofty genius of man to doff his Sundays[?] and walk up to the wash-tub. All this may be true; but after an intimate acquaintance with that particular portion of the human family for the last twenty years, I can't discern that they have any better claims to exemption from such services than woman.' And *I* say it may seem *elevating* to the *humble* spirit and *lowly* genius of woman, to doff her hooped skirts, and walk up to the plow, the wagon, or the threshing-floor. All this may be true: but after a *superficial* acquaintance with that particular portion of the human family for—the Lord knows how many years, I can't discern that they have any better claims to exemption from such services than man.

Your correspondent further says that woman 'should be treated with that courtesy and respect due to a human being.'—I answer that *she is*, and more too. I was lately traveling on a steamboat that was rather overcrowded with passengers, who behaved as if they had not tasted food for a week past. When the table-cloth was spread, they began to secure places at the board, just as I have seen *hogs* do at feeding-time, until every space was full: but, behold, when the expected signal was given, out of the best cabin marched a number of women, (neither of them so handsome nor so intelligent as I dare say Xenittie is,) and those voracious bipeds, or at least enough of them, apparently in a starving condition, did incontinently and without grumbling evacuate the premises, thereby enabling the aforementioned women to satisfy their delicate little apetites undisturbed!! Now, sir, do you imagine that these free-born American citizens would have resigned their rights for any *but* women? No, sir! I doubt if even the Mary Ann of the Mexican war could have procured a seat, except by main force, or an order from the Clique.

Lastly, we find this accomplished writer, Xenittie, (what a funny name) devoting a large space to condemning the abominable practice of men, in the matter of taking care of the baby; but her extreme good-nature, in spite of all, at last gets off the following: 'Really, it seems as if every element of man's *nature* is opposed to taking care of the children:' which declaration effectually shifts the responsibility from the overburdened shoulders of man, to those of Nature.

The remainder of this article I address to Xenittie in person, requesting all others to skip what follows.

Dear Miss or Madam, as the case may be: Permit me to offer you my most sincere sympathy, if *you* happen to be a victim of the multifarious wrongs to which you allude in your letter in the Argus vol. 4, No. 37. But, inasmuch as sympathy alone is but poor comfort in affliction, I will offer you a few hints by which you may escape some of your difficulties. If you are married to such a man as you describe, lecture him day and night, publicly and privately, until you drive him into drunkenness, or both; then get a divorce. But if you are single, pretty, accomplished, and under thirty, just authorize the Editor of the Argus to put us in 'rapport,' as A. J. Davis has it; and if on better acquaintance we are pleased with each other, and if I can prevail on you to become my better half, I solemnly pledge myself, at all convenient times, to take care of the baby.

I am, Miss or Madam,
LEAR.

P. S.—I have just opened the Argus of Jan. 1st, and find that Xenittie is going it yet. She talks of placing 'husband and wife upon that equality which Nature's God intended.' That equality may be found in Genesis, chap. 3, verse 16—'Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he *shall rule* over thee.' L.

For the Argus.

Trip into the Cascade Mountains.

MR. EDITOR: In the conclusion of my hasty notice of the two passes through the Cascade mountain, I announced a forthcoming essay relative to a strip of fine farming country on upper Des Shutes river, lakes, &c. I will now endeavor hastily to redeem that promise, and shall begin where I left off in the preceding communication.

On the summit of the mountain, about two miles south of the new emigrant road, lies a peaceful lake, calm and tranquil as a May morning, reflecting the golden rays of the king of day on all surrounding objects, imparting a variegated richness and grandeur to the landscape scenery in its vicinity. This lake was supposed to be about two miles wide and five miles in length. Its depth and the character of its water we did not test, as no one went immediately to its margin; but from our encampment, on an elevated position, we could see it to greater advantage than had we been on a level with it at its water's edge. At the rising of the sun next morning, it gave a most sublime and picturesque aspect to the mountain top, as it lies immediately on the summit.

Here I should delight to linger for a time, to feast my eyes and my whole inquisitive nature on the beauty, the novelty, and the boldness of the prospect which here presents a new field for scientific investigation and metaphysical speculations. As from this stand-point, the lake, the snowy peaks, of various hights and distances, the volcanic eruptions, the projecting mountain ridges, some near by, others only to be seen in the blueness of the distance, all present a ponderous volume of materials well calculated to enlarge and amplify our intellectual horizon, and to give a fresh and vigorous impulse to our perceptive and reasoning faculties. A volume, indeed, magnificent in dimensions and character! inexhaustible in its resources! which no one can study as works of their real Author without being enlightened, improved, elevated, ennobled. And notwithstanding the scenery and the subject constitute a delightful theme, which, when leaving, involuntarily extracts from us 'many longing, lingering looks behind,' yet we must leave on our journey eastward.

Traveling from the summit due east, about ten miles, on a gentle descent and over undulating pine ridges, we came to the head branch of Des Shutes river, and, after traveling down it about ten miles more, encamped for the night. Here, a liberal amount of swimming sport was indulged in by most of the company. 'Twas a jovial specimen of out-doors hilarity, in which all the fatigues of the way, and apparently all other troubles, past, present, and to come, were forgotten in the jocular plunging and luxury of the bath. Had some ancient Grecian been introduced into our society without a knowledge of the age or of the country, his first and perhaps his only impressions would have been that the gymnastic games were in full blast, and that the arena had only been changed from dry land to water.

In the consecutive prosecution of a journalized story, however, I should have said that a little over half way from the summit to Des Shutes river, off to our left (north), we passed another lake, about the same in size and appearance as the summit lake, and less interesting only from its locality and its being surrounded by a thick growth of young pine timber. From this swimming encampment, we traveled down the river (north), and passed in the fore part of the day several small mountains of lava, hove out by volcanic eruptions, which looked as recent and fresh as though it had not been thrown up six months, notwithstanding there is sufficient evidence that the eruptions occurred some one or two centuries ago.

After we pass these lava mountains, and indeed in their vicinity, there are some good farming situations, at rather remote distances, but water and grass *ad infinitum*. About twenty miles below our first encampment on Des Shutes river, the very good strip of country alluded to, so much and so universally admired by the whole company, sets in—is one continuous body of the most delightful farming and stock-raising country. Its size, according to my estimate of it, is about three miles wide and from forty to sixty in length. I would not disguise the fact, however, that different gentlemen in our company made various and conflicting estimates of the size of this good country; the estimate above is my own. But others considered it much wider—in length we agreed. Some set it down at ten, some fifteen, and others at twenty miles wide.—I restricted my calculation to what we actually saw in journeying down the river.—Some others took in a wider scope, and others again took into their estimate all between the desert east and the Cascade mountain west, presuming that much of the valley or flat-appearing country was suitable for farming and commodious settlements.—That which makes it so desirable for agriculture is, 1st, the composition of the soil, 2d, it is *naturally* irrigated! The soil is a deep rich loam, mixed with just about sand enough to render it loose and mellow for the plow and to prevent it from becoming either too wet or too dry. The most singular feature in its history is that it is naturally irrigated, and it by the river, and, notwithstanding, entirely free from danger of inundation. The major part is prairie bottom land—timber plenty on both sides. The surface of the soil is generally from four to six feet above the water in the river at a common stage, and damp spots can be seen of a morning on the surface, even in remote parts of the bottom, notwithstanding its apparent dryness of an evening—thus demonstrating a river irrigation. I have never seen a valley of the same length so free from wet land or miry places. There are several small streams which empty into the river on the west side, sufficient for mills and other machinery. They, however, are too short and too few to endanger inundation. On the east side there is not a single branch or creek. It may very naturally and very consistently be inquired, What goes with the water which falls on the east side? Were I unable philosophically to account for this phenomenon, it would be sufficient as to the fact to prove by the whole company of twenty-seven men that there is not a single branch or creek, for the distance of one hundred miles, putting in on the east side of the river.—But it is a problem of easy solution, on sound and common-sense principles. There is a strip of table land lying immediately connected with this strip of good bottom land—its whole length; which, after going one mile back from the bluff (only twelve or fifteen feet above the bottom), descends gradually from the river, as though there was a water-course in that direction also, when in fact there is none. In a mile or so more, the country becomes one continuous, open, sandy, sage plain, the earth being so thirsty in its character, coarse, loose, and sandy, that it absorbs the entire amount of water which falls upon it; and hence does not require channels to carry off its superabundant waters, as other countries do.—Its powers of absorption are fully adequate to the demand.

Should a railroad ever be made through either of the passes mentioned in a former communication, it will of necessity pass over some portion of this very excellent farming land. Or, should a railroad be made from California to Oregon, it is most likely to be by this country to the Dalles, as this country has already been reviewed from California, and reported on favorably, and as the only good location from California to Oregon. Of these probable advantages or disadvantages, each man must and should think for himself.

But I regard the present political aspect of things more favorable to the Pacific Railroad enterprise, and of consequence to diverging branches through our own State and that of California and Washington Territory, than at any previous time, for several good and substantial reasons, but one of which I will take time to give.—The almost universal success of the Republicans in the northern and western States in their recent elections, is *prima facie* evidence that a Republican President will be chosen by the American people in 1860.—And it is known and acknowledged by their opponents that they *will* charter a road to the Pacific. And the present incumbent is doubtless in dread of losing the *honors* of that highly national enterprise. His party the same, notwithstanding "they vetoed it in advance." 2d. Their pro-slavery prejudices, predilections, and inklings will induce them to strike while they have the power to make a railroad as far down south as their doughfaced allies in the North will go, lest they lose the *honors* of the road and the *location*, and thereby discourage and offend the Calhoun nullification sectionalists.

In conclusion, permit me to say that the whole country east of the Cascade range is now thrown open to settlement, and it is now proper, and should be expected of all, to give publicity to whatever knowledge of the country they may possess, in order to settle up and develope the resources of our truly "Pacific country."

J. MCBRIDE.

Dec. 27, 1858.

WAIFS FROM THE DEEP.—The dreadful disaster on the Austria in mid-ocean, by which so many hundred precious lives were sacrificed, has struck a thrill of terror through the country. The Philadelphia Press thus speaks of incidents connected with those terrible losses:

"A curious circumstance connected with the unhappy losses which all so greatly feel and deplore, is the 'hoping against hope' which some of the surviving relatives entertain. The wife of Mr. Theodore Groeck, of Baltimore, is now visiting her relatives in Philadelphia, and while they have no doubt of his loss, *she* alone has a deep conviction that he is not dead. Either he was not on board the Austria, (though he wrote to her that he had actually paid his passage) or, if he was, then he *must* have been among the few who were rescued. It may be within the knowledge of many of our readers that a clergyman of this city was among those who left for England on the ill-fated President, and was never again heard of. His wife, who remained in Philadelphia, and was deeply attached to him, never did, because she never would, believe that he was lost to her. Eighteen years have passed away, and yet that trusting lady—we cannot speak of her as a wife, and she repudiates the name of widow—continues to expect his return. Every day a cover is placed for him at the table, where still stands his accustomed chair. Every ring at the bell, we are informed, awakens the cherished convictions of her heart that the loved one will return."

ANECDOTE OF DR. WEBSTER, A SCOTCH MINISTER.—In 1774, Dr. Webster was a popular preacher of the Kirk of Scotland, in Edinburgh. Business brought him to London, and one day, when passing the House of Lords, his curiosity induced him to make an effort to step in and see them.—None were admitted without an order, except nobleman's servants. Webster, being ignorant of the rule, requested admittance.

'What Lord do you belong to?' said the door-keeper.

'To the Lord Jehovah,' replied Webster.

'The Lord Jehovah,' repeated the keeper, 'I have kept here seven years, but I have never heard of such a Lord. Jack,' said he to his fellow-keeper on the front steps, 'here's a chap who says he belongs to Lord Jehovah; don't you know such a Lord?'

'Never heard of him,' says Jack.

'But,' says Webster, (willing to keep up the illusion,) 'there is such a Lord.'

'Pass 'em in,' said Jack, 'I s'pose it's some poor Scotch Lord.'

This occurred at a period when there was not one in twenty of all the manufacturing and rural districts in England who could read the Bible or write his own name. Sabbath schools were introduced in 1783. Now the people are intelligent and happy, and can not only read and write, but have found out who the 'Lord Jehovah' is.—*Grant Thorburn.*

☞ Mr. Gurley, Republican candidate for Congress in Cincinnati, was formerly a Universalist minister. One of his opponents was trying to persuade an old Methodist not to vote for him. 'Do you think you are furthering the cause of religion,' said he, 'by voting for a Universalist—one who does not believe in a hell?' 'Yes,' was the old Methodist's reply; 'if by the time Mr. Gurley has been in Congress a year he don't find out there is a hell, then I don't understand the present Administration. I shall vote for him.'

☞ Camphene, or burning fluid, which has killed so many people by exploding, is said to be rendered perfectly safe by saturating it with carbonic acid gas, which is well known to be unable to support combustion, and which, when combined with burning fluid, utterly destroys its explosive quality without in the least impairing its illuminating property.

LOVE.—A little world within itself, intimately connected with shovel and tongs.

The Oregon Argus.

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

VOL. IV. OREGON CITY, OREGON, JANUARY 22, 1859. No. 41.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One square (12 lines or less) one insertion, $2,00
" " two insertions, 4,00
" " three insertions, 5,00
Each subsequent insertion, 1,00
Reasonable deductions to those who advertise by the year.

JOB PRINTING.

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE ARGUS IS HAPPY to inform the public that he has just received a large stock of JOB TYPE and other new printing material, and will be in the speedy receipt o 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.