

To the Republicans of Oregon.

There will be a Convention of the Republicans of Oregon at SALEM, on THURSDAY, the TWENTY-FIRST DAY OF APRIL, 1859, for the purpose of nominating a Delegate or Representative to Congress, and for the purpose of transacting such other business as may come before the Convention.

The Committee suggest that the following appointment be adhered to in electing delegates:—Curry 1, Coos 1, Jackson 4, Josephine 2, Douglas 4, Umpqua 2, Lane 6, Linn 6, Benton 4, Polk 4, Yamhill 4, Marion 7, Clatsop 5, Washington 3, Multnomah 4, Columbia 1, Clatsop 1, Tillamook 1, and Wasco 1.

The Committee also earnestly request that a full and complete organization of the Republicans be perfected in every county at an early day, and that the chairman of each county committee immediately send his name and post-office address to W. C. JOHNSON, Clerk of the Central Committee, at Oregon City.

W. T. MATLOCK, W. C. JOHNSON, L. HOLMES, H. W. WATFIELD, W. L. ADAMS.

Jan. 22, 1859.

The War among the Sectionalists.

The sectionalists in Oregon seem to be partaking of the same spirit of animosity and scism that has taken possession of the party east. Just now the party threatens to split on Jo Lane. The organ at Salem has carried the majority of the party with it, against Lane, (that is, as near as we can judge from what we see), while Lane's friends constitute a formidable minority.—Of course, the quarrel involves no principle any further than the 'dues' which 'honest men' are said to 'get when rascals fall out.' The Times of last Saturday contains a three column article excoriating Lane, and a bogus correspondence signed 'Mt. Hood,' pitching into the organ at Salem.—To show how the war wages among the 'harmonious' we make an extract from the Times correspondence:

"You have, no doubt, marked with regret the course the Statesman has seen fit to adopt in regard to our Delegate and first Senator, General Lane. Some three years ago, the Democratic Standard was read out of the party for the 'wholesale traduction' of Democrats. Now we submit the record and charge that the Statesman has exhibited far more 'sore-headedness' than the Standard ever did in the palm-est days of 'Alonzo the Algerine.' Where has his maledictions been bestowed for the last six months? Principally upon members of the party which have warned and nourished a viper in its bosom only to be stung for its favors. Hostile to the Administration; hostile to its officers, and hostile to the chosen representative of the people who never yet has betrayed a trust; it has sided with the most virulent of the opposition; it has furnished it with ammunition; it has repeated its groundless charges, and to be brief, it is an opposition paper on the most vital points. And this opposition comes with a very bad grace from that source. Nominated to one of the best offices in the gift of our young State, he was barely elected, having been a dead weight to the ticket at the record shows; and now he uses his position to blacken other servants of the people. Leland, although he had received no reward, was deemed ungrateful to back-bite his friends, how much more ungrateful is he who has not only been nourished but pampered and honored, thus to malign those who have nourished and honored him."

Here we have the Times opening on the Agent as a 'sore head,' a 'viper,' a 'dead weight to the ticket' he ran on for State Printer, one who is publishing an 'opposition paper to malign those who pampered and honored him.'—

We give one more extract: "Now its only hope is in the division of the Democracy of Oregon; and it is with regret that we notice its reckless headway. In the last issue we notice that it adopts the tactics of Leland's 'Peter' and 'Josiah' correspondence (they came from the same corner of Yankee land and probably learned the same system of tactics) and writes 'sore-headed' correspondence for his own paper, in which he indulges in the 'wholesale traduction' of Gen. Lane in a very chaste style, and in it is hidden to 'give him (Gen. Lane) his.' But we are sorry to say that the Statesman is not only 'sore-head' in regard to Gen. Lane, but also in regard to the Administration."

We are glad to see these rascals falling out, and shall be amused when Nesmith, 'our father-in-law,' and all the other 'sore-heads,' are kicked out of office by the Administration at the instance of Jo Lane, for 'violating the time-honored usages of our party' and trying to break down the Democratic organization.

LEARNED OR.—The last issue of the Salem organ contains over two columns devoted to reviewing Lane's political career, and showing him up as even worse than we have ever said he was. We have all the time known that there was something personal behind the curtain that was the real 'root of bitterness' between these unmitigated dough-faces. Among other charges made against Lane, is that he permitted a commissioner to be appointed by Congress to enquire into about \$300,000 of 'just Indian Department claims,' because Nesmith didn't worship him (Lane). We hear that letters had been written by Lane to various persons denouncing the Agent previous to his editorial attack on Lane, and that the object was to forestall the influence of Lane before his enmity was made public. Take it all in all, the fight is a rich one, and shows that the sectionalists here as well as in the States are falling to pieces over the bone (pay) that the whole many litter is wanting to gnaw at. In the mean time, we predict that the people here as there will quietly fall into the Republican ranks, and let these snarlers fight out their own battles.

STILL CROWING.—Now that the sectionalists have by the influence of schools and presses been completely routed in almost every county in almost all the Northern States, except perhaps a few such localities as the 'Five Points,' 'Egypt,' and the 'Burnt District,' the sectional organs are exultingly parading the almost entire vote of these 'Points' for sectionalism, and shouting that 'the prospects for a democratic triumph in 1860 are truly encouraging.' We showed last week from the census of 1850 that in three counties in Egypt

where, out of 3,220 votes cast, only 16 were for Lincoln, there are 1980 adults who can neither read nor write. These voters are mostly poor whites who emigrated from West Tennessee and Buncombe county, North Carolina, and a little anecdote, relating to a tribe of Andersons, who hailed from Buncombe when they settled in Marion county, Indiana, will give some idea of the intelligence of this unfortunate race:—Mrs. Anderson had company one day soon after they settled in 'Indo-Yanny.' Having heard that her neighbors used tea (an article she had never yet seen), she concluded to be 'fashionate,' and sent 'So-cra-tis,' a lubberly youth, to the store for half a pound. When the tea arrived, Mrs. A. put on her pot, and after nearly filling it with bacon, cabbage, and carrots, she poured in the tea, and boiled the whole together. She of course had a very 'fashionate' dinner, and the conversation of the Andersons while they were dispatching it no doubt turned upon the deplorable fact that the 'bleck republicans were trying to elevate niggers to the level of white men.'

The Assault on Dryer.

On Saturday, January 22, the day the Legislature adjourned, a row occurred in the Legislature between Lasater of Marion and Dryer of Multnomah, editor of the Oregonian, which terminated in a store on Main street half an hour afterwards, much to the damage of our old friend from Multnomah. Owing to our absence during the whole of last week, and owing to the contradictory statements afloat in regard to it, nothing was said about it in the Argus till now in order to get at the facts. From the published accounts of it in the Doctor's organ and the Oregonian, as well as from verbal statements, it seems that an altercation took place in the House about twelve o'clock between Lasater and Dryer, about the truthfulness of the Oregonian's reports of legislative proceedings—Lasater charging that they were unjust and false, and Dryer affirming their correctness—and much severe language was used by both parties, during which, Dryer told Lasater that the House was no place to settle the matter, but he would settle it elsewhere in any way Lasater chose, 'from a raw hide to a twelve-pounder,' and that he didn't take a challenge from a 'braggart' (some say a 'black-guard'). At this, Lasater said, 'He is a liar and a black-guard, and he knows it,' whereupon Dryer threw an inkstand at him, hitting him. Lasater then rushed upon him, aiming a blow at his head, which Dryer dodged, and the combatants were separated, when the House adjourned.—Here we copy the Oregonian's account of the finale of the matter:

"More than half an hour had intervened, when as we were quietly passing down the principal street in company with Mr. Wasserman, of this city, conversing upon other matters, and entirely unsuspecting an attack, we were met by Mr. Honham, of Marion, and Melnich, of Linn, who, upon meeting us, halted. Instantly Lasater, who was in their rear, but close behind, rushed between them and seized us by the throat, at the same time planting a heavy blow upon our forehead and rushed us into the door of a store, where we both fell upon some open shoe boxes, Lasater on top, still grasping our throat. After a few blows he inserted the thumb of his right hand into our left eye, and forced it almost entirely from its socket. At this time, by a desperate superhuman effort, we released his grasp from the throat, and his thumb from the eye, and fell flat upon the floor. Lasater then seized us by the hair and attempted to gouge our other eye out, which we prevented by turning our face close to the floor and locking our fingers and pressing our hands close to our eyes. After several fruitless efforts to insert his thumbs into our right eyes, he again commenced pounding us on the back of the head with his fist."

"While all this was going on there were a large number of things in the shape of men, but whom we then and now, denounce as cowardly ruffians and dogs, crowded around, who prevented Mr. Wasserman the only friend we had, Mr. Watson of Jackson, who came across the street, and Mr. Shurtle, who came from a barber shop nearby, from rendering us any assistance. The only aid and comfort we had was the vigorous yells of 'Give him hell,' 'Dig his damned eyes out,' 'Go in, Lasater,' &c., &c."

"After we supposed they might be satisfied with the beating they had given us, we requested that he should be taken off, which was done, as we leave, by those kind and humane hands who had kept our friends from interfering, and who supported, no doubt, one or both of our eyes were entirely gouged out of their sockets, and that ample justice had been done to gratify their revenge. We received several severe kicks on the back, sides and head while Lasater had us down, pounding, choking and gouging us; but as those close by, who were yelling, 'Give him hell,' &c., &c., say nobody touched us but Lasater, and as we couldn't see very well at the time and don't know who did it, we are willing the public shall judge of their veracity."

Lasater's friends deny that any person touched Dryer or Lasater himself. We have seen no person but that severely condemns the manner of the assault, even among those who say that 'Dryer deserved a decent whipping.' We think that the community generally denounce the thing as a gross outrage.

Legislative Manners.

We hope that the recent row in the Legislature will have a tendency to correct the manners of a number of our legislators, should they ever be returned. During a day's visit to this august assemblage, we set down the conduct of several members in their debates as anything but gentlemanly. We heard members use language toward one another that in most countries would not have been tolerated, and the only wonder with us is that a dozen fights had not come off instead of one. We lay it down as a rule that no man ought ever to insult another by the use of hard epithets, and never commence an assault. If he does so, he lays himself liable to serious consequences. Another rule is equally inflexible. No man who constantly keeps it prominent before the public that he carries arms, and blusters and blows about shooting and cutting, is a brave man; while he who cherishes the greatest regard for the rules of honor among gentlemen, treats people civilly, mingles with his fellows without carrying a big club in his hand and a

revolver sticking out of his breast pocket, is not apt to stay whipped, even if he should be overpowered by numbers. In the latter case, a pistol, a club, or a cane is worth about as much in a close conflict as a plug of tobacco in a man's boot-heel.

PARALLEL.—The brave and brilliant exploits of the locofoco ruffians who stood round at the recent assault upon Dryer in Salem yelling 'give him hell,' 'dig his damned eyes out,' &c., &c., forcibly remind us of a parallel case in point of honor that occurred lately in N. Y. City, where five short boys waylaid an inoffensive young woman on the street, dragged her into a stable, gagged her, and each in turn violated her.

The N. Y. Tribune correspondent in speaking of this case says:

"We believe that an unprotected woman would be safer among the savage tribes of America or Africa than in the streets of New York. Compared with a thorough-paced New York 'rowdy,' the Digger Indian rises into celestial altitudes of refinement, courtesy, and humanity."

If these New York democrats are in honor and refinement below a 'digger,' we suggest the query how much above a 'digger' is a man who, when he has mauled his victim so as to place him completely in his power, will at the instance of bystander ruffians proceed to 'dig' his eyes out?—Even admitting, as some of the democrats claim, that Dryer 'deserved a whipping,' is there a man in Oregon so low, bloody, and cowardly as to justify the gouging of his eyes out when knocked almost senseless, and surrounded by a howling band of enemies with coats off to prevent the interference of a friend who might wish to save his life, or even his eyes? Dirking a man when he was thus overpowered, was always considered an honorable act compared with gouging his eyes out in every country we have lived in, and the man who attempted it always expected to pay his life as a forfeiture whenever the injured party was able to 'be around.'

Mount Vernon Association.

Miss Anna Pamela Cunningham, of North Carolina, Regent of the Mount Vernon Association, now trying to raise funds to purchase the land containing the grave of Washington, and whose office it is to appoint Vice Regents for the several States, has requested Mrs. George H. Williams, of Portland, to act as 'Lady Manager' for this Territory. We have on hand a communication from Mrs. Williams, setting forth the objects of the Association, and making an earnest appeal to all who love the memory of Washington to contribute toward carrying out the objects of the Association. We shall publish the communication next week, and we hope that all will resolve to respond to the call and contribute their mite toward so laudable an enterprise.

HAS'N' FORGOT.—From the way Jo Lane is still trying to walk into the affections of the democracy here by his silly letters about doing his 'whole duty for Oregon,' we see he hasn't forgotten what Seranton told him in Portland. Seranton being about half corned, gathered up a gang of Democratic boatmen and rowdies in general, and brought them up to the bar to treat them. As they filled their glasses, Seranton called for 'three cheers for Jo Lane,' which were of course given with a will, when Seranton raising his glass addressed himself to Lane thus—"General, whisky and ignorance and our principles will thrive!"

EMIGRATION.—The prospect is good for a fair emigration from the States next summer to Oregon. A man living near here has received a letter from a friend in Iowa, which says that 'everybody is talking of going to Oregon.'

The Sentinel publishes a letter from Delazon Smith containing the following:

"Gen. Lane contemplated piloting an emigrating party across the Plains in the spring. If he does, I will accompany another party,—going together as far as Salt Lake, the General proceeding to Roseburg by the way of Jacksonville,—and I to the Dalles of the Columbia. The indications now are that there will be a large emigration to Oregon in the spring."

Of course, this idea of piloting emigrants to Oregon is all a humbug. Lane and Delazon will, if Oregon is not admitted, pick up their satchels and trot home as fast as their legs will carry them, to lay the party wires for further promotion.

WEATHER.—The weather is warm; larks are singing, women are visiting, loafers sunning themselves on the corners, grass is growing; we can hardly help believing that it is spring, instead of the middle of January.—The thermometer during the past week has ranged from 35 to 54 deg.—People's Press.

OUR 'WOMEN VISIT,' our 'larks sing,' and our 'loafers sun themselves' down this way but if your grass has grown more than knee high this winter we came to the 'climate and productions' of Eugene City.

RESUMED.—The publication of the Standard was resumed last Wednesday. The note from Mr. O'Meara was not opened till our arrival last Saturday, or it would have been published.

BEER-RAISERS.—A convention of beer-raisers is called by the Farmer to meet in this city Feb. 16. The Farmer says that bees have raised from \$125 to \$130 and \$150 a stand.

FAILED.—The bill to re-locate the seat of government, as also the bill to protect slave property in Oregon, failed to pass before the adjournment of the Legislature.

The Wood-cuts in Czapyk's Organ.

BUTTEVILLE, Jan. 29, 1859. MR. ADAMS—Dear Sir: I see that Czapyk's organ of Jan. 25 has two wood cuts, one representing "the member from Multnomah before the fight," and the other representing "the member from Multnomah after the fight." These same cuts I find in the 'Melo-Drama,' a copy of which I procured when I first came to Oregon, three years ago. I am told you wrote that work, and of course you must have furnished you ever furnished them for the purpose for which they have been used, as I cannot believe that you would have had any hand in increasing the exultation of the clique over the downfall of a weak man—who was overpowered by a gang of cowardly ruffians. Some are blaming you for letting Bush have the cuts, and in order to set things right, I request you to write to me about it.

Instead of 'writing to you about it,' we insert your communication in the Argus, withholding the name, in order to correct the impression you seem to entertain, as also that of 'some' who 'are blaming' us. If you had ever looked at the title-page of the work you speak of, you would have seen that it was 'published by T. J. Dryer' in 1852, long before we owned a press.—The cuts remained in his office from that time till last spring, when T. J. Dryer sent them to Bush, saying, 'Use the one representing 'Rez' for Adams.' This cut, which is now made to represent 'the member from Multnomah after the fight,' has been used once before to represent T. J. Dryer, but never 'for Adams.' Of course, we sincerely sympathize with our friend Dryer for his misfortune in falling into the hands of 'ruffians,' and especially do we pity him for having been caught in the trap he set for us. That is the most execrable part of the whole affair. How many more times they will be used to picture friend Dryer in some of his tribulations, we cannot tell; but, whenever they are used, we want our friends to recollect that it is no fault of ours. We have long since forgiven Dryer for setting this trap for us, although at the time we first heard of it we thought he 'hadn't ordered a done it,' considering that we had always been friends.

"You Tickle Me, and I'll Tickle You." Our would-be Senators and Representative, now in Washington city, were probably by mutual agreement engaged in writing letters to the sectional organs here just before the meeting of Congress, for the purpose of puffing each other and making the locofocos out here believe that they had made wonderful selections in choosing these men to represent us at Washington. One, in reading all their letters, if he had any confidence in these driven-nigger demagogues, would be made to think that Oregon had so covered itself all over with glory by selecting such eminent statesmen, that we should be admitted into the Union in a few hours after Congress met, and have the war debt paid, besides having all our memorials responded to, all our demands answered, and a small appropriation made to every 'Democrat' in Oregon to make fences, build stables, and set out orchards. The Sentinel of January 15 contains a letter from Jo Lane, dated Washington city, Dec. 2, one from Delazon of same date, and one signed 'Atlantic' of Dec. 3, bearing the ear-marks of Grover. We make a few choice selections from these sickening missives, to show how expert these redoubtable dough-faces are at tickling each other.

JO TICKLES DELAZON. "My good friend, Hon. Delazon Smith, is here, and though he has not entirely recovered his health, he is busy in forming the acquaintance of members, satisfying all that Oregon ought to be admitted, and laying the foundation for future usefulness; all who know him like him, and speak well of him."

DELAZON TICKLES JO LANE. "As to politics, there is now much speculation. It is believed here that the democratic party will be again united and harmonious by the 4th of March next. There are certain prominent aspirants to the Charleston nomination for the Presidency in 1860, both in the North and the South, who are just now very active—too active for their own success as the sequel will prove;—at least many so think. The opinion obtained here very extensively among all classes, that my distinguished colleague, Gen. Lane, will be, in the end, the compromise and the successful candidate for the Presidency; that he will be nominated for either the Presidency or Vice-Presidency, is, in my judgment, very probable."

Then comes the letter signed 'Atlantic,' dated the next day, in which GROVER TICKLES DELAZON AND JO LANE.

"Having mentioned your delegation in Congress, I must be permitted to say that I think the people of Oregon have done themselves great credit by the choice they have made. Of course, it was long understood among us of 'the States,' that Gen. Lane would be one of the Senators. It would have been as reasonable to expect Tennessee to repudiate her Jackson, as that Oregon would cast off so tried and faithful a servant, soldier and patriot, as Joseph Lane, a representative of whom any State might be proud—at a time when his great experience in public affairs, his untiring energy, and almost unbounded personal popularity and influence are so greatly needed to carry through great measures in which the people of Oregon are vitally interested."

I formed the acquaintance of Mr. Smith some years ago and knowing the fact that he had become a resident of Oregon, I was not at all surprised that he should be selected for a post which he is so well qualified to fill with credit to himself and those whom he represents. Mr. Smith was known for his ability and eloquence long before he went to Oregon, and having much political experience, that young state must be blessed with gifted men indeed, if any one could have been found more worthy of the high trust with which he has been honored. I predict for him a highly honorable—I should perhaps say a brilliant career in the U. S. Senate."

The sapient young man, however, after reading Delazon's and Jo's letters, notices that neither of them said much about him, and so he slips in a paragraph in which GROVER TICKLES HIMSELF.

"I also formed the acquaintance of Mr. Grover some years ago. He seems to be all that might be expected from the good sense and discrimination of a people capable of electing to the Senate such men as Messrs. Lane and Smith. Though comparatively a young man, Mr. Grover at once impresses every person who forms his acquaintance, with the vigor of his understanding and the solidity and extent of his acquisitions. Among the many new members of the House, it is easy to foresee that he will be conspicuous for these qualities, and that they will give him a commanding influence in the House, and with all persons with whom he is brought in contact in the discharge of his official duties."

We cannot forbear, while giving a bird's-eye view of this interesting correspondence, to quote a passage from Lane's letter in which OLD JO IS AFTER CZAPYK'S AGENT WITH A SHARP STICK.

"I am aware that some persons in Oregon, who claim to be democrats, have charged that the failure of action upon the bill for the admission of Oregon was owing to my neglect, or to a calculation on my part of the personal benefit which would result to myself in the shape of double mileage. As I am not in the habit of dealing in epithets, I will simply say that he who is capable of making, or who has made such a charge, shows a willfulness, a depraved wantonness in the misstatement and misrepresentation of facts, a low malignity of heart in defaming the absent, which places him beneath my contempt."

This is a small specimen of the matter which this interesting triumvirate is sending out to the locofoco organs here by every mail.

OMINOUS.—The Standard, since it has waked up from its snooze, scratches its eyes open, looks coolly around on the family quarrel between Lane and the clique, and intimates that it needs a little time to poise itself before it can jump. It says, however, that it will support the Charleston nominee and defend national democracy, which means for the present Administration democracy of course. Its editor is soaped over by the Doctor's Agent as having probably fallen into mistakes last spring from the shortness of his residence among us, and we see it sticking out very plainly that the 'national' organ at Portland and the 'national' organ at Salem will both saw away at the same string, unless Lane should interfere. In the language of a Western orator, 'Whar, oh whar is Shuck?'

STABBING AFFRAY.—The city watchman Kelly (not Colonel Kelly) was severely stabbed on the head, in the side, and in the back, last Sunday morning at about five o'clock, by Jack McGuire (Harry's teamster). His wounds are dangerous, though hopes are entertained of his recovery. It seems that Jack had gone, when strongly under the influence of liquor, to Dr. Barclay's, at half-past three or four o'clock, to get the Doctor to visit a friend who had suddenly become 'sick,' probably from the effects of too much strychnine whisky.—The Doctor came out and began to talk with Jack about the case, when Jack, not understanding him, thought he was making fun of him, and became noisy and rather abusive. Upon this, the Doctor requested the watchman to take Jack away. In attempting to do so, Jack offered some resistance (some say he drew his knife on Kelly), when Kelly knocked him down with his club, and Jack says he struck him again after he fell, knocking him senseless. Here he lay in the mud for some time, leaving a bed which appeared next morning as though a hog had been butchered there.—Jack, upon recovering, sought Kelly, whom he found with a youth bearing the title of 'Deputy Sheriff' and one or two other youngsters in Brisbane's grocery store, where they had gone to strike a light.—Jack made for Kelly, when the latter struck him with his club, setting him a little, but he soon recovered, when he received another blow, with about the same effect.—Rallying again, he closed in with Kelly, and gave him the wounds already mentioned, one of which it is feared reached the kidneys. Kelly now called on the 'deputy,' who had a revolver, to shoot, as Jack was killing him. It is said that the 'deputy,' quaking with fear, handed the pistol to somebody else, who fired, hitting Jack in the shoulder. The ball was barely imbedded under the skin, and was cut out by Dr. Steele. Jack's present appearance, with his bloody clothes, his badly-bruised head, and the bullet-hole through his coat, is much the same as of a Russian soldier after the fight at Sebastopol. Whisky is the real cause of the whole difficulty. It is the fiend that stalks abroad at midnight, and fills the land with violence and blood.

CENTREVILLE.—The people at Centerville and in its vicinity are still pushing ahead. They have got a fine bridge across Cedar Creek, at Anderson's turning-lathe, and Anderson, Garlick, and Rider are fixing to carry on a domestic furniture shop on a large scale. They make a good article, and sell to suit the times.

FREE SCHOOLS.—The Press says that the directors of the public school in Eugene City have turned it into a free school.—Free schools and 'Presses' are what do the work.

THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.—The People's Press suggests that the Territorial Convention be held at Eugene City, and that it be held soon, so as to give the candidate time to canvass the whole Territory. The call was published for Salem before the Press put in its bid for Eugene City, or possibly our friends there might have been accommodated. Salem seemed to be the general choice, and the time was fixed for April 21 so as to enable the southern counties to be on hand. The Committee thought that an earlier day would be unnecessary, as the Republican candidate would wish to canvass with the nominees of the sectionalists, who meet in convention April 20.

LANE COUNTY.—A correspondent of the Press gives us a glowing description of Lane county—boundaries, soil, climate, productions, &c., &c. After reading his description, we almost feel proud that we drew up the petition to the Legislature in 1849 for establishing the metes and bounds of a county that contains so many advantages, besides a goodly number of live Republicans. Among other things, the correspondent aforesaid says:

"The chief attention of the farmer of this county has heretofore been directed towards raising Cattle and horses are grown here with little or no trouble—a lick of salt once a month, or perhaps not so often—brad the young ones and sell the marketable ones, constitute the entire process of raising cows in Lane county, and horses are raised and marked with the additional trouble of breaking them to ride and harness."

In breaking the Lane county horses 'to ride and harness,' do you ever practice the 'Rarey' on them—as we are compelled to do down this way—or are they naturally docile? As to the 'salting once a month,' we have the advantage of you there, for our horses are not unfrequently left to salt themselves from one year's end to the other.

LEGISLATURE.—It is admitted on all hands that our last Legislature was the most inefficient, quarrelsome, and divided, that we have ever had. Nothing of importance was done, but by the indiscriminate passage of divorce bills (thirty-two in number) the Legislature, if it represents the people, indicates a downward tendency of public morals, and an increase of a sort of slipshod virtue that shows 'something rotten in Denmark.'

HOME MANUFACTURE.—Mr. Dierdorf has shown us some excellent samples of full cloth made at the Salem manufactory, which he is now selling in his store. The cloth is all wool, of course, as wool is cheaper here than cotton, and looks as though it would be just the 'stuff for trousers.' This establishment opens a new era in the history of Oregon resources, and augurs well for the future.

IRON ORE.—Gen. McCarter, the unconquered and unconquerable business man, informs us that he, together with the firm of Williams & Gibbs, have purchased a part of Clark Rodgers' claim on Chesham mountain, on which is located the exhaustless bed of rich iron ore we spoke of nearly two years ago. It is thought that Mr. Olds of Yamhill will be set to work converting this ore into iron. Mr. Olds has tried the ore in a blacksmith's forge and produced the best iron from it, samples of which we now have. Mr. Olds says that with a capital of \$5,000 he could commence successful operations.

FARMER.—The Oregon Farmer for February has reached us. It is an excellent number, fully up to its previous issues, if not a little ahead. The paper is highly prized by the farmers generally where we have traveled, so much so that it sometimes gets credit it is not entitled to. For instance, a friend in Yamhill was speaking to us last week in high terms of an article which appeared in the Argus on sheep-raising, written by Dr. Davenport of Marion county, and spoke of it as 'in the Farmer.' Friend Pengra, of the Press, leaned against the other way, however, when he copied a portion of it crediting it to the Argus as editorial.

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT!—A few days ago in noticing the forest of fir that cover the land of Mr. Terwilliger two miles above Portland, we said to him—"Do you think you will live to see the day that people will clear your land for the timber that is on it?" He replied, 'They are now clearing it, and paying me two bits a cord for every cord they cut on it.' Ten years ago nobody would have thought that this land would in our day be cleared free of charge, to say nothing of people paying some fifty or a hundred dollars an acre for the privilege. Portland is getting to be a great place.

LECTURES.—We learn from the Press that Ada M. Weed, M. D., wife of Dr. Weed, of Salem, has been lecturing with good success in Eugene City, and that Dr. Weed and his lady contemplate visiting this city and Portland soon. Mrs. Weed lectured in Eugene City on the 'Education and Development of Woman,' and also on 'Causes and Cure of Consumption.' We have heard the lectures of Dr. Weed and his lady well spoken of in various places, and we regret that we shall be compelled to be absent at the time of their visit, as we shall be on a six weeks' tour to Umpqua.

NEW CHURCH.—There is now a church in Oregon calling itself the 'Church of God,' built upon the articles of faith usually adopted by Baptists, and acting on the principle of 'non-fellowship with slave-traders, slave-owners, slave-advocates, or slave-applauders.' Eld. Fisher has united with this organization.