

BY D. W. CRAIG.

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...

The Oregon Argus.

—A Weekly Newspaper, devoted to the Interests of the Laboring Classes, and advocating the side of Truth in every issue.—

Vol. V. OREGON CITY, OREGON, FEBRUARY 18, 1860. No. 45.

For the Argus.

A Valentine to Martha.

One day after dinner I stretch'd for a doze— To take comfort I'm always inclin'd— And as I enjoy'd my accustomed repose...

THE FOREGONE. If blindless in these lines I've made, Mind not wronging rhyme's aye, every one, As she the Laure, inspire the poet—

A Valentine. Picked up in the Mud (names omitted).— signed, and — grasped her Prey little trembling hand,

THE MOUNT VERNON LADIES' ASSOCIATION OF THE UNION.—We have received an extra of the Mount Vernon Record, filled with a circular issued by Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham, regent of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union.

Yet, what have we seen? At the last session of Congress, the laboring people of the United States—and by this phrase I mean all those who toil with their hands, and hosts of others who sympathize with them—were watching the progress of the Homestead bill in Congress—had seen it triumphantly pass the House—had seen it go into the Senate—had watched its progress—had seen it come up for its final reading, and while the hopes...

Washington Irving was never married. An early disappointment preyed upon his over sensitive nature, and caused him to remain to the hour of his death, unwedded. He was not, however, a churl. He loved and respected woman with a sincere and holy devotion that is manifest in all his writings.

The Chicago Tribune claims that a photographer of that city has discovered a chemical process by which the photograph, without the aid of any touch of brush or pencil, may give all the color of life, more perfectly and beautifully than by any previous known process.

The following is good advice to persons visiting offices and other business places: Shut the door, and when you are done talking, shut your mouth in the same way.

The Homestead Law—Gen. Lane.

EB. ARGUS: I notice articles in your paper in reference to the encouragement of an emigration to this State. Such an emigration is needed vastly.

What will bring emigrants here? We must offer inducements to them. Years ago there were inducements, and they came over the mountains in an avalanche. The whole route from the Missouri river to the Cascades was covered by hard-handed and hard-fisted emigrants, who were coming here to enjoy the advantages of land donations, our fine and healthy climate, and our wonderfully fine soil, easily cultivated, yielding good crops, which could be marketed at high prices.

Emigrants want lands. They break up their homes in the East to come West for lands. Few will come here unless they are assured they can get lands at Congress prices; and vastly greater numbers would come if they were certain of receiving a donation of lands, sufficient to make a home for themselves and their families.

The Homestead Law is a measure hailed with delight by all free laborers. There is a sympathy among free laborers. Their toils are common—their object the same. The laborer in the East indulges the hope that if the General Government, from its vast stores of public lands, binds itself to give to the laborer who will occupy a portion of it a full title, without compensation, —if he cannot avail himself of this provision, many can—his own children can—the poor of other States can—and he will rejoice that the common property of the nation can be rendered available to make happy those who, from misfortune, from inherited poverty, or other cause, are likely, under other circumstances, to toil in degradation all their days.

Our Government, in theory, is a government of the people. Our Government, in theory, requires all to be equal. To make the people, as far as can be equal, they should possess the means for the enjoyment of the blessings of life. This cannot be done without they possess homes, where, relying on their own industry, and the blessings of heaven, they can be truly independent.

No measure that I can think of would benefit this section of our Union as much as the Homestead Law. Open all the lands of Oregon and Washington Territory to the operations of this law, and the tide of emigration would again be seen pouring over the Rocky Mountains to these shores. Thousands and thousands of emigrants would come here and take up their abode with us, and would make the wilderness "bad and blossom as the rose."

With crushed hopes, the friends of this bill, after the recoil of the fatal vote of Joseph Lane, ask why this was done? The answer is at hand. He fancied that among possible occurrences he may be nominated for President. The whole South is against the Homestead Law. What interest has the South in a measure to promote the benefit of free laborers? None. The South wars upon free labor. Every measure she can force upon the Republic to crush free labor is pressed upon Congress with a perseverance that never tires. She would benefit slave labor—that is, she would benefit those who control slave labor.

Joseph Lane knew his position, and he bowed meekly to it, as the slave bows to receive the stripes from his master. Thus, on this great measure of vital interest to free la-

bor and to Oregon, Joseph Lane represented not Oregon, but the South—that section of country that wars upon free labor—which wishes to place free laborers on the same basis with the slave laborer—which insists that slavery is not confined to color but to condition.

The people of Oregon can see with a vision that cannot be dimmed, the selfish course of Joseph Lane. He does not represent Oregon, but himself. When her interests, her welfare, the prosperity of this young sister of the Republic, are put in one scale, and the foolish hopes of Joseph Lane for the Presidential chair—hopes that are regarded as ridiculous by nine hundred and ninety-nine of every thousand people of the United States—in the other scale, the former do not weigh a straw.

We may hope that this beneficent measure may yet become a law, and probably at the present session of Congress. The indignation of the people of Oregon and the action of the Charleston Convention may open the eyes of Joseph Lane to the exact value placed upon his services by his outraged constituents and the extent of his popularity in the several States of the Union.

Had the Homestead bill passed, a great emigration would have crossed the Plains the present year. Gen. Lane is responsible to his constituents for the failure of their hopes in this respect. The Constitution has placed in their hands the means for rebuking his neglect of their interests for the advancement of his own.

Gardening.

EB. ARGUS: No farmer should be without a good vegetable garden. There are pleasure and health in it. The doctor will rarely be called where healthful vegetables are abundant. A few weeks only will pass before gardening must be attended to.— Choose a good place, if you have not already done so. Fence well from the hogs and other animals, and if from the fowls, so much the better. Plow deep and well.— Parsnips and carrots run down a good ways into the earth. Deeply plowed grounds sustain drought the best. A great many vegetables can be planted in driis for plow culture—corn, potatoes, beets, beans, &c.—saving much labor. Your own judgment will determine this point. We will offer a list of vegetables which ought to be cultivated in a farmer's garden:

- Asparagus—[Plant the seeds as you do beets—let them grow one season, and transplant them the next, one in a place, ten inches apart, in deeply-shaded, rich ground.]
Beans—Dwarf, Early Valentine; Pole, Early Dutch, Cass Knife, and Horticultural.
Beet—Early Bassano and Long Blood.
Cabbage—Early York and Premium Flat Dutch.
Carrot—Early Horn and late Orange.
Celery—Sold White.
Cucumber—Early Short Green and Long Green.
Corn—Early Sugar and King Philip.
Lettuce—Early Siberia.
Musk-Melon—Nutmeg.
Water-Melon—Ice Cream and Mountain Spout.
Onion—Early Red and Top Onion.
Parsnip—Long White.
Parsley—Curled.
Peas—Bishop's Dwarf Prolific and Champion of England.
Pepper—Large Squash, and Cherry.
Pumpkin—Yellow.
Rhubarb—Myatt's Victoria.
Squash—Early Bush, and Autumn Morrow.
Tomato—Large Red.
Turnip—Early White Dutch, Purple Strap Leaf, Ruta Baga.
Herbaceous Pot Herbs—Sage, Thyme.

Here is a variety sufficient, and all excellent. They can be had at seed stores. c.

For the Argus.

Is it Truth?—Then Write it Not!

To all young persons—to all old persons, —all writers—all who use the pen, I would say, touch not the truth! Think not that I would disregard our civil laws—think not that I despise honesty and virtue; but receive me as an admonisher. Call me not immoral—call me not unchristian, when I tell you, beware of the truth! Would you make a mark on refined society?—would you live in the hearts of a stimulated and hothouse-sprouted community? Touch not the truth! Do you find impurity unrebuked in the church of Christ? Say not one word; write, if you please, of the horrors of the Inquisition, but not a word of what you see at home. Do you see injustice seated as if at home in the civil halls? Write if you please of the hardheartedness of monarchs; tell of the crimes of kingdoms; but let present facts alone. Do you see a fair maiden sold—literally sold—for diamonds, rubies, and gold? Be silent; it is a private matter. No rhymes on "Diamond Weddings," or there will be talk of guns and honor—the honor that is never heard of except in connection with pistols and powder. Are your loved and beautiful dead too soon forgotten? Hold your peace; for though you merely compile from hotel-table and street-corner discussions, you will find, to your astonishment, that it was intended for a private affair. Delights no taste as

you see and hear them; hold nothing but the polished side to public gaze. Say what you please that's pointless; say much without an aim; ransack the lore of centuries for subjects; descant most eloquently on the constancy of love; rack your brain to weave a romance; sift the lives of great men for brilliant themes—but touch not the present; detail not in simple story the everyday of life; or the foundations of society will be broken up; the mighty depths of community will be lashed into fury; and more anathemas showered on your head than the Pope could command. "I speak not of myself," but am inspired by the voice of society around me. ADMONITOR.

OREGON CITY, Feb. 10, 1860. Oregon Wants a Greater Population. EB. ARGUS: How can eastern emigrants be induced to come hither? That is an important question. We must present to them adequate motives for coming to this valley, or they will not come. Generally emigrating farmers visit a new country to get cheap lands. They are usually poor men, with families, own their teams, some other stock, and have, perhaps, a few hundred dollars in money. They have health, muscle, and brave hearts, and these are what we want.

Let a man pass through this valley and the impression will be deep upon his mind, that you need a large addition to your industrial population. I have said that farming emigrants desire cheap land. All the good land of this valley, with the exception of school land and land donated to the State, is taken up. There are no lands for emigrants at \$1 25 per acre.

Williamson R. W. Cobb, of Alabama, seized the floor and delivered an extraordinary hardshell-Baptist sermon, of that original and amusing kind for which he long ago obtained a patent. The Rev. Mr. Cobb has been for thirteen years a member of the house, and a pillar of the crustaceous Baptist faith. He is a model man of the type half horse half alligator, standing six feet four inches in his broad-tired boots, and so thin as to recall the story of that Western debtor who, when pursued by the Sheriff, crept into his rifle and looked out at his pursuers through the touchhole. In dress he is all over the Baptist parson—black dress coat, black satin waistcoat and heavy gold seal, a yard and a half of thin black trousers, and a stiff black satin cravat, surmounted by sharp-pointed white shirt collars. His face resembles that of a death-head moth—the forehead narrow and prominent, the dark eyes sunk away out of sight, the cheek bones hardly covered by the tight-drawn and sallow skin, the cheeks hollow, the nose short, and the head thickly thatched with a shortish but strong growth of iron-gray hair, divided in the middle of the forehead. Swaying backward and forward on his legs, like the long pendulum in the tower of Notre Dame, suspended there to prove the rotation of the earth—this gaunt and grisly orator swings his arms through the air with a sweep as wide and desolating in gesture as if wielding the scythe of time. His voice has the wild sinking and falling, shouting and whispering, shrieking and muttering of the Western Baptist pulpit. His grammar is a little more unorthodox than his appearance, and his pronunciation keeps unison with all the fantastic surroundings of his nature. Now and then he darts forward, thrusting out a long skinny arm and extended forefinger at the long-skinned man, while he asks a question; then crouching back on his haunches, while he feigns to be shocked with the answer which he has put into their mouths: "Have you no other man," he screams to the Republicans—"Have you no other man but Sherman to fix in that chair? If you hear, and don't go to do it, then you are the meanest kind of white men that crawl this air; for if you do not put him there, in that chair, our people'll lick us out of our boots when they get us home!" As another reason for organizing, he very frankly confessed that he "wanted a little more unorthodox than his appearance, and his pronunciation keeps unison with all the fantastic surroundings of his nature."

Resolved, That the members of this Lodge deeply sympathize with the afflicted family of our deceased Brother, and be it further Resolved, That the members of this Lodge wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days as a public testimonial of respect. Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions be transmitted to the widow of the deceased, and also that the Secretary be requested to have the above published in some public journal of the State.

ROBT. NEWELL, W. M. Wm. C. McCAY, Sec. pro tem.

A couple of Kentuckians lately visited Boston, and sat down to dine at the "Rovers House." Cold-fish balls were served at the table, and one of the Kentuckians taking them for "corn dodgers," proceeded to break one in two. Getting the scent of it, he turned to his partner, remarking in the most solemn manner—"Something dead in that, Tom!"

A leading dentist of Chicago recently stated in an address to his brethren that the value of gold leaf annually used in the United States for the replacing and repair of defective teeth is \$2,200,000.

Pea-Sketches of Congressmen.

We take the following pen picture gallery from the Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Times. The likeness of Cobb is a correct one:

"Mr. Keitt is one of our decided institutions here, and deserves a notice. He is a robust and well-built fire-eater, with a good deal of the appearance given to Henry the Eighth in certain romantic prints. He has a profusion of hair, just beginning to thin in front; an open and lofty forehead, marked by the sabbre scar of an early duel; brown, fiery eyes, set under eyebrows which rise and fall with every varying emotion; florid cheeks, indicating affection for all the creature comforts of life; and an efflorescent brown chin beard, just commencing to show the hoar frosts of a fortieth winter.

As an orator, Mr. Keitt is of the Southern protechnic kind; but it is his merit that, after a blaze of rockets and Roman candles, his center-piece towards the close almost invariably reveals an illuminated national shield, with the scroll "E Pluribus Unum" forking out from the beak of a crimson or orange-tinted eagle. Nevertheless, he is discursive and almost limitless in his advocacy of Southern rights; vehement and audacious in the statement of constitutional paradoxes; but in heart, it may be said of him, that he is loyal to the Union, and that, while his ardent and somewhat exaggerated temper demands the stimulus of inflammable metaphor, he really means as well to Northern men, and takes as fair a view of Northern rights, as any member of Congress hailing from the south of Mason & Dixon's line. He is a natural talker, an irrefragable speaker, fluent and facile on all subjects, and inclined to remain of his opinion, notwithstanding any arguments or persuasions, coming from what quarter they may. Socially, he is said to be a delightful and courteous companion, a type-man of Southern hospitality, and a friend who shrinks from none of the responsibilities which may be necessary to sustain a friend in any doubtful or hazardous extremity.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

One square (12 lines or less, letter measure) per insertion, \$5.00. Two insertions, \$4.00. Each subsequent insertion, 1/50. 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 of additions suited to all the requirements of this locality. HANDBILLS, POSTERS, BLANKS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLET-WORK and other kinds, done to order, on short notice.

Social Hypocrites.

No writer of our day indulges in such perpetual sarcasms against the sins and infirmities of society as Thackeray. He finds a morbid pleasure, like a physician in a dissecting room, in laying bare every diseased joint and nerve, and holding it up for special examination. If he paints the world as he finds it, one is not disposed to covet an introduction to his associates, or be enamored of the charms of fashionable society. The following keen satire on social customs is found in his "Virginians":

"When we drive up to our friends' houses, nowadays, in our coaches and six, when John carries up our noble names, when, finally, we enter the drawing-room with our best hat and best Sunday smile foremost, does it ever happen that we interrupt a family row? That we come simpering and smiling in, and stepping over the delusive ashes of a still burning domestic heat? That in the interval between the hall door and the drawing-room, Mrs. Mr. and the Misses Jones have grouped themselves in a family tableau; this girl artlessly arranging flowers in a vase, let us say; that one including over an illuminated work of devotion; mamma on the sofa, with the butcher's and grocer's book pushed under the cushion, some elegant work in her hand, and a pretty little foot pushed out advantageously; while honest Jones, far from saying, 'Come that Brown, he is always calling here!' holds out a kindly hand, shows a pleased face, and exclaims, 'What, Brown, my boy, delighted to see you! Hope you come to lunch!'

I say, does it ever happen to us to be made the victims of domestic artifices, the spectators of domestic comedies got up for our special amusement? Let us be thankful not only for honest welcome, but for hypocrisy, which hides unweelcome things from us! While I am talking, for instance, in this easy, chatty way, what right have you, my good sir, to know what is really passing in my mind? It may be that I am racked with gout, or that my eldest son has just sent me a thousand pounds worth of college bills, or that I am awaiting under an attack of the Stake Pigeon Sentient which has just sent an under cover, or that there is a dreadfully scrappy dinner, the evident remains of a party to which I didn't invite you, and yet I conceal my agony, I wear a merry smile, I say, 'What! come to take pot-luck with us, Brown, my boy! Betsy! put a knife and fork for Mr. Brown! Eat! Welcome! Fall to! It's my best!' I say that humbug which I am performing is beautiful self denial—that hypocrisy is true virtue. O! if every man spoke his mind, what an intolerable society ours would be to live in!

The Last Sermon Preached—Dow, Jr. is Dead.

Elbridge Gerry Page, author of "Patent Sermons of Dow, Jr.," first commenced many years ago in the Sunday Mercury of New York, of which he was part proprietor, and for some years past, continued in the Golden Era of this city, died last evening at about 7 o'clock. He died in poverty and almost alone. But for the kindly offices of a German woman, he would have died with no friendly eye to witness his last words. She, living in the same building which he occupied, ascertaining that he was very sick, called in a physician. But poor "Dow, Jr." was beyond the reach of medicine. No cunning prescription, no pill nor compound could arrest the tide of life which was fast ebbing away into the great ocean of death!

Mr. Page was a practical printer, as well as a writer of undoubted genius. His "Patent Sermons," upon their first appearance, created a sensation, and were undoubtedly the instigators of many series of articles by other authors, of a half serious, half ludicrous character. They possessed characteristics of undoubted merit, if not, indeed, of genius. They held a much longer popularity than the "Gaudle Lectures," or the letters of "Jack Downing." But besides those "Sermons," Dow, Jr., was the author of much other matter which floated into the great river of current literature. He possessed ability which should have ensured him a competency, if not a fortune. But he had a weakness which has brought his "Sermons" to a completion at last, and himself to an early and melancholy end.

Genius, undirected by steadiness of purpose and high aims and aspirations, is but steam without a balance wheel. Flashing like a meteor, its light dazzles, draws a bright line of light across the heavens and sinks in darkness, leaving perhaps a fading ribbon of dying glory to endure for a moment and then disappear forever. Poor fellow! He has furnished his quota of amusement to the million. He has furnished, too, many a telling moral, which though eccentric in expression, was full of wisdom, observation, and knowledge of the world. But he will write no more. He will stand no more at the case—his matter is distributed, his form broken up. But grows on his graphic pen, and his inkstand has grown dry. His last text is taken, his last sermon preached. Over his last service let our benedictions be uttered with forgiveness for his weakness and the thankfulness for all his better qualities.—S. F. Times

THE SMILING BRIDE.—How young and lovely! How pure and happy! Surely sorrow will never dim her eye. Surely joy will never break her heart. See the wine-cup is in the hand of her husband. 'Tis his wedding-day. He is merry. A year rolls round. She is pale and sad. He is not with her. There is a tear in her eye. It falls. There is another tear. It drops upon her hand—upon her wedding-ring. She weeps now. There is her husband's step. He enters the room. It is enough. We see now why she wept. He is the slave of wine. Ten, fifteen, twenty years of sorrow roll slowly, wearily away, and then she dies of a broken heart.—McOver.