



If any man attempts to hunt down the American flag, shoot him on the spot! —Gen. Dix.

The Oregon Argus.

W. L. Adams, Editor.

OREGON CITY:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1861.

What is Ahead?

Mr. Russell, in one of his last letters written from the South to the London Times, argues thus:

"The success of the South—if it can succeed—must lead to complications and results in other parts of the world for which neither it nor Europe is now prepared. Of one thing there can be no doubt—a Slave State cannot long exist without a slave trade. The poor whites who have won the fight, will demand their share of the spoils. The land is abundant, and all that is wanted to give them fortunes is a supply of slaves. They will have that in spite of their masters, unless a stronger power prevents the accomplishment of their wishes."

If it be a fact (and no intelligent man doubts it), as this Englishman avers, that the success of the South in trying to maintain a slave government, will be followed by an effort to revive the slave trade, contrary to the moral sense of the civilized world, every man who has any claim to be a fraction of Christendom, whether in Europe, America, or the Isles of the Sea, must fervently and devoutly pray God at least twice a day that this proslavery rebellion be speedily and thoroughly crushed out.

The "poor whites," who are now fighting the battles of treason, are doing so under the conviction that the right of every white man to rise to the dignity of owning negroes, is the great question at issue. The "poor sand-hillers" of Bankum, the whisky-purting loafers of Ohio and the hatless and shirtless "Pondrians" of Kentucky, have, while unconsciously crushed down by the blighting influences of slavery, always looked forward to a time when fate, luck, chance or something else, would decide in favor of their claims to nobility by placing each one of them in possession of one or more negroes. The breaking out of this proslavery war is looked upon by these men as the "tide which being taken at the flood" will float them all up, from the plane of "hog-pluck aristocrats" to that of nigger-driving nabobs. The war being over and the victory won, these poor whites will never lay down their arms without realizing the good for which they fight. The demand for negroes will be without a parallel—not for your Wise reared and fattened two thousand dollar niggers, beyond the reach of poor men, but for equally good, sound, cheap niggers, fresh from Delaware, which can be bought for less than a hundred dollars each in Southern Confederacy scrip—niggers within the reach of all democrats. The popular clamor for slaves will create a necessity for an immediate revival of the slave trade by their government, whether that government should chance to be still controlled by the "hundred nigger" nabobs, or by representatives of the poor whites placed in power by a second revolution, deposing the aristocracy for the benefit of the present substratum of society, which is actually bearing the burdens of this war, and which in the end is sure to claim the advantages of it.

This rebellion will be either crushed out beyond the possibility of a revival of the slave trade, by any independent slave confederacy, or it will soon thereafter be met by the United States, England, Russia, and the whole civilized world, in its effort to invade Africa, in its "inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of niggers," and conquered so thoroughly, that the nigger question will never more be heard of on the continent. Now, we do not expect that such shallow-pated blockheads as edit the Lane organs of the slave rebellion here are capable of seeing this, or of caring anything for it, even if they did—but the great masses of our people of all former political parties are beginning to feel that the arrogant, rebellious, wicked, and barbarous slave power will never cease its cruelties against human rights till it is overthrown. If we do not overthrow it, other governments will.

FAST DAY.—Last Thursday was kept generally by our citizens, in accordance with the recommendation of the President. Preaching was had at the Congregational Church in the morning by Rev. Mr. Johnson, and in the afternoon by Rev. H. K. Hines. The services closed with prayer meeting in the evening.

THE SOUTH FORK MINES.—Robert Willis, of this county, has just returned from the South Fork of Clearwater. He says there are about 1600 miners there, generally doing well—averaging from \$5 to \$10 a day—and that the mines are good and extensive.

Oregon City, Sept. 26, 1861.

Ed. Argus: During the State Fair, Oct. 1st, 2nd, 3d, and 4th, the Steamer "Express" will run as follows:
Leave Oregon City at 9 A. M. and 4 P. M.
Leave Portland at 7 1/2 A. M. and 1 P. M.
By order of Capt. Myrick.

THOS. WIGGENT.

A Mistaken Yankee.

A Northern half-breed in York State, who opposes the war, tells us through an obscure paper in Herkimer county that all our difficulties have grown out of a mistaken notion on the part of leading Democrats and Republicans in the North regarding the necessity of slave labor "below the yellow fever line." He says:

"Again, the party presses and leaders, the men of ample knowledge in our ranks [Democrats] have not had the courage to tell the truth—that below the yellow-fever line, you cannot make and maintain a free-labor experiment; that you are fighting the battle of free-labor for a land where free-labor will not go."

This "democrat" seems to think that if the "presses and leaders in our ranks" had been faithful heretofore in inculcating the doctrine that slavery must exist "below the yellow fever line," and that slave-owners below that line ought to govern all north of the "yellow fever line," the war wouldn't have happened. This would have depended much upon the success these teachers would have met with. There are a great many of us in the free States who happen to know, for instance, that free labor is as well and even better adapted to developing the resources of the cotton and sugar growing districts, than slave labor. But if the contrary could be proven in the face of existing facts, the divine right of slavery to rule the government forever is decidedly repugnant to many of us, however palatable it may be to coarse Yankees who have no higher aspirations than to fill their pockets and stomachs, even at the sacrifice of every claim to a manhood one degree in advance of that of a wild zigzag on the outskirts of Dahomey.

The complete success of a free labor experiment by the Germans in Texas, ought to have shut the mouths of Northern advocates of the necessity of slavery "below the yellow fever line," if it failed to convince Southern planters that there was an economy in giving it a preference. Mr. Russell, in his letter of June 14, to the London Times, in describing a Louisiana plantation, says:

"Small drains and large ditches occur at almost every step. All these flow into a canal some 15 feet wide, which runs between the plantation and the cleared forest, and carries off the water to a 'dayou' still more remote. There are 20 miles of deep ditches before the plantation, exclusive of the canal, and as this is the constant work of 'Irish niggers,' the sight with which our host alluded to this heavy item in plantation expenses was expressive. The work is too severe for African throats, and experience has shown it a bad economy to overtask the slave."

FRANCE.—During a recent discussion of American affairs in the Paris Society of Political Economy, in which some of the ablest minds of France participated, the sentiment was all one way. We give a single sample in a quotation from the remarks made by John Stewart Mill, who has the reputation of being one of the profoundest thinkers and ablest writers of the age:

"The question between the North and the South of the American Union is a question of position, and not of economical interest or political interest rightly understood, whatever may be the motive urged on either side. What is now passing there has taken place many a time before in Europe, in circumstances of similar gravity. The Southern States are mastered by a passion which blinds them, and prevents them from weighing their true interests and the dangers which threaten them.—They are in a frame of mind which is the result of slavery. They are accustomed to exercise a daily despotic power over their fellow-men, cannot bear control, criticism or resistance. They draw a blind confidence from their heated and warmly temper, and they so exaggerate their strength as really to imagine that they can bring the North to terms. Such is always the effect of the exercise of absolute power over one's fellow-men. The passion which inspires the North is born of nobler and worthier sentiments. They wish to preserve to the Republic the prestige which it has enjoyed up to the present time, and they think that the maintenance of political bonds with the Southern States is necessary for the preservation of this prestige. It is on patriotism that they rely to effect this object."

WALLA WALLA, Aug. 27, 1861.

Ed. Argus: Being detained here a few days in consequence of being just too late for the steamer's weekly trip, I will give you probably the last of this series of letters. On Thursday, Aug.—I turned in my saddle, riding slowly up the hill from Oro Fino, and gave the locality one last lingering look, wholly unmixed with regret so far as leaving it was concerned, but only because I had come out so far in the wilderness to see so little. Truly distance lends enchantment to the view, but I had been closer and the illusion was lost. To one at a distance, the simple word gold mine, has a richly metallic sound, and suggests nuggets and scales in boundless profusion, to be gained by all if a reasonable degree of industry is applied, but by each one in particular, by the exercise of a supplied judgment, favored by luck in a superior degree. Facts and fancies, however, in the case of Oro Fino miners, present a rather disagreeable contrast, and what men think as they go into the mines, would by no means be a criterion for what they think as they come out. Our route coming down was on the north side of Clearwater, fording the North Fork at the forks, where there appears to have been an abortive attempt at a town, only going to the third house. These lay in wait for travelers, taking occasional change from the spirituous-minded as they pass. The country immediately contiguous to Clearwater, on the North, is by no means so

fine as that over which the road passed on the other side by Craig's. Nature's work is scamed with sharper wrinkles, and the great waves of Basalt seem to have rolled up more confusedly, and perhaps in some of nature's later paroxysmal throes. The geology, botany, and climate, all change more or less radically, after passing the Cascade mountains, until far up Snake river, scarcely a plant or shrub is seen of the same species, as grow in Willamette—Some of the shrubs, as for instance lamach, and a kind of chokeberry, neither found in Willamette, so far as I have seen, are much like the same species in the States. The geology does not change so immediately, as the everlasting Basalt, and Trap, appear to extend the whole length, or rather the navigable length of Columbia and Snake. But following up Clearwater appears a new formation, anterior in point of deposition to that lower down. There the mud-sills stick out; granite, of which nature's back bone and ribs are composed, appears on the surface, thickly interspersed with quartz veins, from which it is probable the gold has been released, by a long process of surface disintegration. The change in climate is very remarkable, and can usually be noticed by a careful observer in passing up or down the Columbia. Beyond the Cascades, the air becomes much dryer and consequently clearer, unless obscured by smoke or dust, than on the Pacific side of the mountains. The southern breezes which come up from the warm lower latitudes, laden with moisture, pour it out plentifully over Willamette's hills and valleys, making what is called the rainy season. But Walla Walla being farther back from the ocean, the sea-breeze comes over a stretch of mountains and arid sandy plains, almost entirely robbing it of moisture, before reaching that point. The term Walla Walla, as at present used, is general and indefinite; being applied to a town, two farms, old and new, a valley, a river, and a county. While stopping in town, I improved the opportunity to visit the old mission, where Whitman labored and fell. The place is now in possession of Rev. Cushing Eells, who is here away from his family, except one of his boys, laboring in the hope to rear an institution of learning, as a fitting monument to the memory of Dr. Whitman, after whom it is to be called. The plan, as at present proposed, is subject to a serious drawback, as the site is about five miles from town, and settlements can never become heavy about it, on account of farming land being in small bodies along the stream. But if the farms and gardens are not over large in the Walla Walla valley, the soil is wonderfully productive, both for grain and vegetables. I rubbed out several heads of wheat from a stray bundle lying by a stack, and found they averaged from sixty to ninety grains in a head. Watermelons too, larger than I ever saw grow below, lie in beautiful profusion in some of the gardens. Passing through one of the garri-son gardens, I think near the fort, a most beautiful patch blessed my thirsty vision. The rich black soil, smooth and perfectly clean of weeds, was fringed with a delicate lace-work of vines, gathered here and there, as if in a half modest attempt to hide the glowing beauties, yet through all, nature's pride, in the perfection of her handiwork, was as visible, in the case of mother Earth's bosom, thus artificially adorned, as in the case of—I concluded that perhaps my readers, if any follow so far, would not be poetical enough to see anything in the comparison I was about to draw, so I leave the picture unfinished. But I hope the man who gave me a glorious melon from that patch, a most delicious cornucopia of sweetness, will be paid, where we all expect recompense. "Fifteen such as ye have done it to one of the best of these," &c. Sunday morning I attended service at the Methodist Church, where I heard an excellent sermon from Mr. Ellis, who officiated perhaps in the absence of the regular pastor. In the afternoon the monotony was relieved and the streets enlivened by a horse race and a fight or two. Walla Walla is a fast town, and will probably be full of people this winter, who will come in from the mines to wait the return of spring. The road from New to Old Fort, thirty miles, is mostly over a sandy desert of sage bushes, though there are a few fine farms on the river and its tributaries. Reached Old Fort, as a funeral procession was winding out toward the burial ground. A poor man who came up here, to see if the pure bracing air would do ought to restore the vigor of a wasting life. But the effort was vain, and he turned his face homeward, with but one wish, that he might die at home. He sleeps where the lonely restless tide of gold seekers rolls by, freighted with hopes and fears, himself unconscious of it all.

J. D. LOCKY.

NEW GOODS.—Dunsmuir & Ackerman have just received a very large stock of fall and winter goods, which they have just opened, and are selling the same off at cheap rates. The Ladies are particularly requested to call and examine their stock of dress goods.

FOR SALE.—The old and well known hotel stand in this city, known as the Main St. House, is offered for sale by the owner, S. W. Mason, on very reasonable terms. See advertisement.

THANKS.—The thanks of this Office are tendered to Mrs. G. C. Thurman, Mr. D. H. Good, and Mr. F. Wilde, for handsome donations of fruit.

King's Views of the Advertiser Party.

Rev. Starr King lately delivered an address on the war, in San Francisco, in which he gave a life-like portrait of those who are now crying down the war and shrieking for "peace." Mr. King said:

"Where does the cry come from? Is it from men who have been in sympathy with the Government, and who have turned, seeing the wrong, or the hopelessness of the struggle? Is it from Christians thoroughly imbued with the spirit of non-resistance, disposed to turn the left cheek when the right is smitten, shocked at the sight of a muzzle or a dagger, and so rapt by heavenly things that they can hear nothing but the music of the angels' chorals—'Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace;—good will to men?' Is it from a class of economists and thrifty workers who cannot bear to know that any of the forces of a community are turned off from the honest and constant toil that will enrich the nation?"

The cry comes from the enemies of the Government. The leading voices that uplift it have never condemned the outbreak of the war, the first drill of battalions, the first roar of cannon. The men who shout thus have been, from the first, in sympathy with the war-makers. They gloat over national disasters. They shrink for the assassination of the President. They are branded for Jeff Davis, on the shameless forehead of their souls, deeper than California cattle are scared with the owner's mark.

Martin Luther tells us that he used to be troubled seriously by visits from the devil, at night. The devil seemed to take great pleasure in taunting him with being a sinner, and in bringing to his remembrance heinous transgressions that he had committed. Luther at last beheld him of a way to rid himself of these hemlets.—One night the devil came in very serious mood, to break down the reformer's confidence in God, and said; "Luther, you have nearly sinned away your time of grace." "I know it," exclaimed the reformer; "Holy Satan, pray for me!" The devil saw the joke, and left Luther free from disturbances for a month.

A cry for peace from filibusters, and bosom friends of Willam Walker! A cry for the sacredness of human life from men who have plotted to overrun Mexico and Central America, in order to lay the black foundations of a Slave Empire on soil dyed crimson! A cry for light taxes from men who would have been too happy, six months ago, to pay two hundred millions, or a war with Spain, for Cuba! A cry of sympathy with laboring classes from men who believe that bondage is the true basis of a State, and who applaud in their hearts the call of their allies in the South to restrict the right of suffrage and found a government of gentlemen! A cry of economy from men of a party that once administered the finances of San Francisco! The bonds on the track of Broderick turned peace-men, and affected with hysterics at the snuff of powder! Wonderful transformation!—What a pleasant sight—a hawk looking innocent, and preaching peace to doves, his talons loosely wound with cotton! A clump of wolves trying to thicken their ravenous flanks with wool, for this occasion only, and composing their fangs to the work of eating grass! "Holy Satan, pray for us!"

Think of the shamefulness of this movement in another aspect! It is not only a cry for peace, but for paucity. The allies of traitors ask to be honored! The friends and abettors of perjuries appeal to be trusted! The confederates of freebooters ask to administer public funds. Here is their claim: "We have broken up a Government; we have ruined commerce; we have repudiated two hundred millions of honest debts; we have made thousands of happy homes acquainted with want, and clouded cheerful landscapes with despair; we have disgraced the American banner, and brought discredit on the American name; and now all we ask you is to acknowledge our pirate allies as a lawful government;—relieve the head of the nation for interfering with them; see what a dreadful thing is civil war; and entrust to us the honor, prosperity, treasure and peace of the State."

We do not take advice as to our duty to the Government, or to ourselves, from that quarter. And we do not stand to receive lectures about peace from the sympathizers with rebellion; we offer them. It is not for them to call our attention to bloody battlefields and a growing treasury, and hearts wrung with anguish, and homes darkened with despair. We press the picture upon them. When I think of what this country was last November,—how vast its prosperity; how rapid its march to greater opulence; how various the ducts and bands which nature and art had opened and multiplied to sustain a common life; when I think of the harmonious play of all physical and commercial forces that knit a nation, and see how, from Eastport to Cape Mendocino, they were in operation as never before on an equal area of the earth, enabling labor, building up society in the wilderness, promoting education, filling horns of plenty for thousands of homes;—when I think of the harvests that were gathered, and the blessings they were to bear to all districts of our land, and to distant shores; of the slight expense of the governing power over the immense area, and the insignificance of the military force that was subordinate to it; when I recall the fact that all this peace and affluence and happiness was due to one piece of parchment called the Constitution of the United States, and that all which was necessary to its continuance was loyalty to that, and submission to a popular vote honestly thrown and announced, and the Northern States had submitted many a time before; a submission, too, which would still leave ample resources in the hands of defeated States open against acts of aggression by the Government upon their rights—simple acknowledgment of the popular will for four short years, and the right of free discussion; and when I think of what the country is now—the paralysis of commerce, the devastation of industry; the choking of the channels of intercourse; the bitterness and hate; the land groaning with cannon; ports shut up; peaceful vessels the prey of pirates;—hundreds of thousands withdrawn from wealth-producing labor and trained to deal slaughter; Yes, the battle fields that have drunk blood from civil strife; the noble men that have been cut off in an instant from a vista of honorable years; the agonies of wounded and dying; the woe in which thousands of hearts have been

steeped;—and when I think that every river might now be sweeping only peaceful burdens, and every port might have been open to cheerful intercourse, and every latitude of the sea for proud barques under the stars and stripes, and not a dollar of private property or national treasure been wasted by confiscation or diverted from the channels that widen blessings;—I can say, with Joseph Holt, of Kentucky, that we "realize—what I think the popular heart, in its forbearance, has never completely comprehended—the unspicable and hellish atrocity of this rebellion. It is a perfect saturnalia of demonic passion. From the redded waters of Bull Run, and from the grey fields of Manassas, there is now going up an appeal to God and to millions of exasperated men against those fiends in human shape, who, drunken with the orgies of an internal ambition, are filling to its brim the cup of a nation's sorrow. Woe, woe, to those traitors when this appeal shall be answered!"

Do you, apologists for these madmen, sympathizers with their guilt, applauders of their success, accomplices in their crime, do you dare to talk to us of peace, dare take that blessed word on your foul lips, remembering what you have done? Do you dare talk of peace before the guilt of breaking peace is punished! Dare talk of peace, simply that the ruffian desolators may enjoy an unshaded victory? The effrontery of this clamor is as great as it would have been for Tories in the Revolution to have denounced Washington and the Congress for desolating the land with blood, and begged to be entrusted by the loyal men with power!

OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.—Gen. Lovejoy, Pension Agent, has handed us the following documents from the Pension Office, from which it will be seen that none but loyal citizens will be allowed to draw pensions from the Government. The General seems inclined to "take the responsibility," and says he knows of one or two to whom he would not pay pensions, even if they should take the oath of allegiance required. Good for him!

PENSION OFFICE, Aug. 24, 1861.
Sir: Before paying any pension hereafter you will require the recipient thereof in each case to take the oath of allegiance specially prescribed by the Act of Congress approved the 6th inst., blanks for which are herewith furnished.
Very respectfully, your obt. servt.,
Wm. H. LUDWIG, Acting Com.
A. L. LUDWIG, Esq.,
Pension Agent, Oregon City.

OATH.—I do solemnly swear or affirm that I will support, protect, and defend the Constitution and Government of the United States against all enemies, whether domestic or foreign, and that I will bear true faith, allegiance, and loyalty to the same, any ordinance, resolution, or law of any State Convention or Legislature to the contrary notwithstanding; and, further, that I do this with a full determination, pledge, and purpose, without any mental reservation or evasion whatsoever, and, further, that I will well and faithfully perform all the duties which may be required of me by law. So help me God!

REPORT OF GRAND JURY.
To the Hon. Circuit Court—
The Grand Jury respectfully report that they have examined into the condition of the public buildings in this county, and find that the jail is in good condition and well kept.

In regard to their duties enjoined upon them by law, they have to the best of their ability discharged them, and have presented by indictment those persons who in their judgment should be put upon their trial.

The Grand Jury tender their thanks to the officers of the Court for their attentions, during their services.

Respectfully submitted,
Jacob Kandle, Foreman; N. M. Matlock, Samuel Jobe, D. H. Dandorff, Mark Hatten, Noah Lambert, Charles Stoker.

Latest from the East.

Outer Station Pacific Telegraphic Company.—The rebel outposts are now but five miles from Arlington Heights. At day-light this morning a relief guard of Federal troops was fired upon by a body of the enemy, near Hunter's Chapel, on the Virginia side of the Potomac. At sun rise, two companies of our troops were sent out to reconnoiter, and discovered the rebels had taken possession at Bull's Cross Roads, and had thrown forward two regiments during the night. These regiments are now posted along a little creek in a wood near Hunter's Chapel. The enemy's forces that left Minson's Hill are busily engaged drilling, and occasionally shots are fired from the Hill on Federal pickets.

Passengers from Manassas say that the Confederates killed 300 Federals, and lost 200 in a sharp fight while taking possession of an important hill near Arlington Heights.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 7.—Gen. McClellan has issued a general order, commanding a more proper observance of the Sabbath. The War Department has received a dispatch from Gen. Rosencranz in camp near Shelton, Virginia, dated Sept. 6th, from which it appears that all was well with his command then. A special dispatch to the Cincinnati Commercial, from Camp Smith, Virginia, Sept. 8th, says that Gen. Rosencranz left camp and swept over the mountains in force.—The rebels are reported in force a few miles beyond and a fight is expected soon.

Considerable skirmishing transpired Sept. 5 P. M. at Bailey's Cross-Roads. An hour before daylight, the enemy, in considerable force, from Manso's Hill, drove in our pickets from the Cross-Roads and took possession of the point. Four companies of the 31st, commanded Capt. Leonard, drove them back and held the position.—Our forces sustained a loss of 2 killed and 3 wounded, and took 5 prisoners.

Prof. Lowe made an ascension near Ft. Corcoran, accompanied by Generals McDowell and Porter, ascended about eight hundred feet, and had a fine view of the Rebels' camp and vicinity.

All the Secession emblems at Baltimore have been suppressed.

Donation Patents.

Patents for the following named persons (donation claimants) have been received at the Land Office in this city, and are ready for delivery:
Washington B. Brier, Walter S. Brock, De Witt Clinton Ender, J. J. Burton, Mortimer O. Babbler, Robt. Hod, Edm'd W. Bagby, Phineas A. Bacon, Alex. Hoveens, Wm B. Berger, Andrew A. Buelcher, Wm H. Brown, Wm C. Bowring, Geo Lewis W. Cannon, Daniel Chamberlain, Samuel Ben Cave, Jonathan Carter, Wm R. Cannon, Benjamin Isaac Cook, Andrew Davidson, Marshall M. Chipman, Daniel Ford, Honore Dansey, Simon P. Cleener, Pardon M. Dodge, Wm Dudge, C. Griffin, Chas. F. Gay, Chas. G. Gray, Wm B. Howell, Geo. Hunted, Harvey Hill, D. H. Hendricks, Ira A. Henderson, John C. Hampton, John C. Harlow, Geo. Harlow, Thos J. Hayer, Cyrus E. Hall, Jas. K. Hays, Wm. H. Hays, Albert Kendall, James K. Hays, John M. Savage, Isaac Rando, Amos Parker, Andrew B. Panton, Silas G. Pugh, James Smith, John Seaton, Isaac Smith, Buford Smith, Jas H. Wilson, N. H. Wilson, John M. Waters, E. M. Water, David Thompson, Wm Wilson, Geo. W. Tait, Wm Wilcox, Stephen D. Taylor, George G. White, Alfred W. White, Wm. W. Wooten, John Welch, Edward C. Wright, Russell Waite, John Williamson, David M. Waters.

It will be necessary to retain the donation certificates, in order to obtain the patents.
Free-emption Patents.
John W. Waite, Peter Harrison, Jas. Howland, James Brant, Augustus Eagle, David H. Putnam, Henry Harkin, Geo M. Evans, Samuel Fallman, David Myers, Ephraim Raymond, Robert N. Shaskan, Perry Dean, Joshua Reed, Robert N. Keros, John Cunningham, John Chubb, Thos. McCord, A. J. Myers, Joseph Ward, David Miles, Geo W. Hulse, Lewis D. Moorman, J. McLaughlin, Anthony L. Cannon, Leonard D. Beckler, J. Fudger, Jas E. M. Connell, John Leonard, Thos. Sumner, John Foreyth, Wm McCoy, John Hill, Wm A. Goodier, Jas. Beinfeld, David C. W. A. STARKWEATHER, Register.

OREGON CITY MARKET.—Wheat, 6 1/2 Cts; Flour, \$3.50; Oats 25c; Butter, 12c; Eggs, 16c.

MARRIED:

Near Oregon City, at the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 24, by Rev. H. K. Hines, Rev. A. C. Edmunds, of Portland, California, Miss Mary Ann Hamaker.
At the Dalles, Sept. 19, 1861, Jasper W. Johnson, Esq. of Seattle, W. T., to Miss Mary, only daughter of Rev. J. D. Post.

I. O. O. F.

Oregon Lodge No. 2 meets at the Masonic Hall on Monday evening of each week. Meetings in good standing are invited to attend.
J. S. BIRNBAUM, N. G.
J. M. Bacon, Sec. Sec'y.

Multnomah Lodge No. 1.

Multnomah Lodge No. 1 meets at the Masonic Hall on Monday evening of each week. Meetings in good standing are invited to attend.
J. M. Bacon, Sec'y.

Dr. Muller's Life Pills.

Dr. Muller's Life Pills are a most valuable remedy in all the diseases of the blood, and in all the diseases which it produces. They are a most valuable remedy in all the diseases of the blood, and in all the diseases which it produces. They are a most valuable remedy in all the diseases of the blood, and in all the diseases which it produces.

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Sand's Sarsaparilla.

Sand's Sarsaparilla is a most valuable remedy in all the diseases of the blood, and in all the diseases which it produces. They are a most valuable remedy in all the diseases of the blood, and in all the diseases which it produces. They are a most valuable remedy in all the diseases of the blood, and in all the diseases which it produces.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS,

6 Fulton St., New York. Price \$1 per bottle, or 6 bottles for \$5.

Will Buy the "Main Street House," Oregon City.

ONE HALF OF THE PURCHASE MONEY to be paid on the first day of March next—the remainder to be paid on the 1st of that date. If not sold by the first day of November next, it will be offered for rent.
S. W. Mason.

DR. J. B. COLE

HAS LOCATED IN OREGON CITY and offers his services in the practice of MEDICINE, SURGERY, AND OBSTETRICS. Office at the "United States Hotel," on Main Street. Charges reasonable. Calls attended to at all hours of the day or night, in country or city.
Sept. 21, 1861.

FINAL SETTLEMENT.

NOTICE is hereby given that Mary C. Gibson, administratrix, and Henry Ingalls, deceased, trustee, of the estate of A. T. Gibson, deceased, late of Clackamas county, Oregon, having settled their accounts for final settlement, on the 1st day of November next is appointed for settlement of the same at the court of the Judge of City and county. By order of the Judge of City and county. JAS. WINSTON, Clerk.
Sept. 21, 1861.