

THE OREGON ARGUS.

W. L. ADAMS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Oregon City, Saturday, May 7, 1855.

Agents for the Argus.

- S. J. McBRIDE, Portland. J. R. McBRIDE, Lafayette. C. A. REED, Salem. Wm. BARLOW, Malibu. Dr. G. W. GREEN, Forest Grove. Dr. DAVIS, Bloomington. J. E. MURPHY, Independence. AMOS HARVEY, Plain Valley. SOLOMON ALLEN, Astoria. J. E. LYLE, Dallas. L. A. RICE, Jacksonville. H. HARRIS, Cincinnati. JUDGE SKEELING, Yreka, Cal. Jno. B. PRESTON, Will Co. Ill. R. A. N. PHELPS, Galesburg, Ill.

For Delegate to Congress, J. P. GAINES.

Our Mail Facilities. We gave a slight hint last week that we intended to say something concerning our mail arrangements before long.

We did not intend to lay any blame upon our Postmasters in relation to our Bloomington package. The fault, so far as individuals, who had nothing to do in patching up our present bungling postal arrangements is concerned, lay only with us, in not having learned the run of things, so as to have mailed our Bloomington package at this P. O., instead of sending it to Portland as we did, thinking of course that an office almost directly in the line of the up-country mails on the west side of the Willamette, would be embraced in the route from Portland, instead of being supplied with a cross route from this side of the river.

In our strictures upon this, as upon all other matters, we shall never knowingly implicate the humblest individual in the Universe.

Justice, stern and impartial, shall always be dealt out, to all, if it be in our power to do so. We would never for the world, lay a single charge at the door of our worst enemy, if we did not religiously believe that charge to be true; and we shall ever be forward to speak of delinquencies in office, no matter by whom those offices may be held.

We have a great deal to say hereafter, concerning the wretched mail arrangements under which the Oregonians are suffering. We have suffered tortures unutterable, under it, ourselves, and we know that many others have done the same, and we hold it to be a duty we owe our country, as a faithful and impartial journalist, to keep these things before the people.

We need a volume to do this simple subject justice, and we have a notion at some leisure time, to write a book containing about twenty-four Cantos of epic poetry, giving a short history of some of the principle characters who have so grievously imposed intolerable burthens upon the people, both in the way of enacting defective laws, and in their shiftless and knavish pretensions at a discharge of official duties.

We have some postmasters in Oregon who do their duty as well as they are able. To such we shall always be happy to award their need of praise. We have many in the country, however, who neither wish to know nor do the people's will, and who deserve to be beaten with many stripes. We might instance a thousand cases of the most flagrant injuries inflicted upon the people by some of these creatures in Oregon, who hold the truly responsible trust of Postmasters, which have come to our knowledge either by observation, or from the most reliable hearsay.

We heard a man during this week complaining in the country, of seldom being able to get a newspaper out of his P. O., unless he happened to buy groceries, in the store where the office was kept; in that case he generally had the pleasure of reading one with some other man's name upon it, when he got home and emptied his coffee. He said that a neighbor of his had been complaining that the editor was remiss in sending his paper, as he seldom received one. Our informant remarked: "I got a paper with that same man's name on, out of the office the other day wrapped around sugar which I purchased there." Others told us that they had frequently been told that there was "nothing for them" by the P. M., who refused to look in the boxes, when they were so sure he was mistaken that they waited around the office, until some clerk came in, who upon being requested to hand out their mail, pushed out a lot of papers to which they were regular subscribers, and which the P. M. had just before positively denied being in the office, and refused to look after.

Upon visiting Yamhill last week we found that the packages of the Argus for Lafayette, and Tualatin, and we presume for all other offices on the west side of the Willamette, which we had taken extra pains to mail

at Portland, on the day of publication, so that our subscribers might get it by the Monday's mail, had not been seen or heard of, whilst the States' mail, and the Portland papers had all come to hand as usual. We assess the damage to us, which grew out of this delinquency, at \$50, whilst the chagrin and mortification of our subscribers cannot be estimated. They naturally thought the fault was in us, and we heard the same old complaint—"Oregon City is no place to publish a newspaper. We can't get our mails from there." There is no reason why this should be, unless we should mail our papers at this P. O. too late for the Portland mail on Saturday. But to make doubly sure we have invariably mailed our matter for the "other side" at Portland, on Saturday, the day of publication. What makes this failure the more inexplicable, is that packages of exchange papers which we mailed at Portland, at the same time we mailed the Argus, reached their destination in due time, whilst our own paper was—God only knows where. We have not been able as yet to locate the fault in this matter; but one thing we have determined on, to advocate the wresting of the appointing power, as to these and other officials, from the hands of the department, and lodge it just where it ought to be, in the keeping of the people. Whenever that day comes, and the people are sufficiently independent of party dictation to elect good and responsible men to office, no matter what their party views may be, then we shall not expect to be cursed, long at a time, with political scavengers, some of whom we are afraid to trust with a three cent postage stamp glued on to the outside of a prepaid letter, and who as to other qualifications, are hardly fit for second hand clerks to an Indian salmon peddler.

Correction. We were informed by a gentleman who attended the Corvallis whig convention that our abstract of the proceedings of that convention, stating that Dr. Henry withdrew his name from the Convention after the informal ballot, was incorrect, inasmuch as the Doctor had publicly declined being a candidate, at a public meeting, on the evening preceding the Convention, and he (Dr. H.) was not in the convention at the time the ballot was taken.

Temperance in Yamhill. We hear that both the old political parties in Yamhill county, are out with what are called "clean party tickets."

We are sorry to hear that our old friend Rev. Mr. Henderson, who so nobly battled for temperance last year in that county, is not again upon the track this year as a candidate for the legislative assembly. He is one of those democrats who are of the old school of democracy, that existed in by-gone days, when democrats were understood to be men who went in for the interests of the people, morally, politically and financially. Instead of a blind adherence to the dictation of a few unprincipled leaders, who concoct their schemes of darkness, in some midnight caucus, held in some grog shop; make out a clean (1) party ticket, consisting of just such "unwashed" gentlemen, as are ever ready, to off coat and hat, roll up their sleeves, and lay to, to help roll on the car of party, no matter with what "reptiles and creeping things," it may have been filled by those demagogues who have the freighting of it.

Mr. Henderson would have made a member well suited to represent such men of all political parties, as look upon the well-being of society, as of infinitely more importance than the mere triumph of a party, which if it has any principles, is seldom able to state what they are, through their candidates at least.

The whigs, however, have done nobly this time, at least, in putting such men as Dr. Henry and S. M. Gilmore, on the track. They are both reliable temperance men, and men who will oppose, to the last extreme, the introduction of slavery into Oregon.

We hope that the Doctor, during the canvass this year, will aim his Minnie temperance rifle, with such unerring precision that he will kill his game, whether it should turn out to be a "deer or a calf." Although he was chosen by the whig party, we trust he is not the man to follow any party any farther than he believes them to be right. In fact we have often heard him express his conviction of the correctness of our position, that the moral, conservative portion of both parties ought to forget their differences, and unite their efforts in pushing on, shoulder to shoulder, the golden car of progress and reform, leaving the corrupt and wicked portion of both parties, to affiliate together, each "going to his own," and each working in the sphere most congenial to his appetite and instincts.

Mr. Gilmore has long been a member of the democratic party, but who, in common with thousands, of the reflecting and moral

portion of that party, have lately become disgusted with the corruption, and wickedness of the men who assume to foist anti-republican doctrines into the creed of that party, and call upon the real democrats to close their eyes and stiffle their conscience long enough to swallow the creed.

Give these men a fair field, and an open fight, and they will vanquish their opponents if Yamhill has not yet lost all shame. We hope the friends of temperance throughout the territory will see to it, that some man be placed upon the track who will keep the question before the people.—We have accomplished our present object at least, whenever we induce either of the political parties to put forward such candidates as possess sufficient manliness and moral courage to advocate the claims of prohibition, and urge upon the people their serious attention to this matter. Our present object, should be to agitate the question, and keep it before the people, until public sentiment shall become prepared to support and enforce the law when passed.

The cause of temperance is a glorious cause, and one of which no politician need be ashamed, if he have the wisdom of a Paul and the eloquence of a Kossuth; a cause which has triumphed in the States, and which is sure to triumph in Oregon. Once get the people to understand it aright, and the only wonder with them will be that they had been so tardy in enlisting in it.

The Ostend Conference. The documents relating to the famous conference held at Ostend on the 10th of last October, consisting of James Buchanan, Minister to the court of St. James, John V. Mason, Minister to France, and Pierre Soule, Minister to Spain, were sent up to Congress on the 3rd of March.

The private correspondence between the president, his constitutional advisers, and kitchen cabinet, and our mercurial dashing Minister to Spain, which will more fully develop the cabinet plot for securing Cuba, together with the versatility and shuffling of the Administration, when Soule wanted backing to force Spain to the sticking point, which caused him to resign, with a feigned disgust at the leading strings, by which he was held back by the Administration, instead of being prompted by the supposed fear of a recall—are supposed to be retained for the present, in Soule's coat tail pocket ready to be flauntingly displayed by their chagrined and mortified possessors whenever the rabble of admiring personal friends shall call for a tragic-comic performance upon the stage, by this buccanering sprout of modern diplomacy, as a clear justification of himself from the charge of imbecility in having permitted his mission to Spain to turn out an abortion.

It appears from the documents, which were laid before congress, that the President conceived the acquisition of Cuba by the United States to be of such transcending importance, he thought it advisable to establish a triumvirate at Ostend, consisting of Buchanan, Mason and Soule, who might be able in secret session to concoct a scheme by which Spain could be outwitted, bullied or bought into a release of Cuba, or who might be able in their individual ministerial capacity to touch some spring in London or Paris by which the influence of England and France might be brought to bear as a battering ram upon the unyielding stubbornness of Spain, whilst Soule blew the tam's horn, standing upon the Anglo gallic battery, and bawling defiance to Spain and the rest of Europe, who were not able to see the propriety of our swallowing up Cuba, merely for the purpose of adding another stone to the already formidable bulwarks, which frowned with the bristling horrors of war upon those who would meddle with the present gigantic strides after the endless dominion, of the domestic institution of American Slavery.

Soule, seems to have offered Spain the moderate sum of 120 millions of dollars, for the island, and gave as a reason why Spain ought to accept it, that "Two thirds of the sum if employed in the construction of a system of railroads, would ultimately prove a source of greater wealth to the Spanish people, than that opened to their vision by Cortes.

We are decidedly of his opinion, and when we see the United States offering Spain 120 millions of dollars for Cuba, and witness the refusal to take the offer, on the part of the Spanish government, we are compelled to consider that "two fools have surely met" in the persons of the representatives of two very silly governments.

If "two thirds" of the sum tendered to Spain, if invested in railroads would have opened up such tremendous sources of wealth to her, we would like to know what the effect would have been, to have invested the whole 120 millions in a Pacific railroad at home! Is not this a matter of as much national importance as the purchase of Cuba "niggers and all!"

Would not the same constitutional provisions which would have justified the

President in embarking in this gigantic speculation, have justified him in recommending a few small appropriations for such public works as are of a decidedly national character—say the Pacific railroad! Millions upon millions of dollars are taken from the treasury yearly for the sake of buying up territory, or of filling the pockets of party favorites who stand ready to make a desperate grab at the bags, as they are passed out of the treasury, and packed off by these political Judases under the warrant of the label which indicates the pretended destiny of the cash, by some such flaunting brand as, "An appropriation for a military road from Myrtle Creek to Rogue river," or from "Goose Creek to Salt river," whilst our administration is ever ready to fall back upon scruples of constitutionality, and stretch up both hands with an affected holy horror, whenever the people indicate a wish to have the money so lavishly squandered, appropriated in part at least, to such internal improvements as proffer some sort of national advantage.

If any thing were wanted to cap the climax of proof, of the imbecility inconsistency, and shuffling dishonesty of this administration, we have it in full by an examination of all the papers relating to the Ostend conference. Thank God however, the race of demagogues is nearly run—the present swarm at least, will be brushed off by Sam's broom which will be along this way soon.

Barris Not to be Waxed.

We have just arisen from a careful perusal of the evidence, as published in the Portland papers, in the case of Barris who butchered his whole family on last new years night, and who has slipped his neck from the halter, on the ground of insanity. We were strongly of the opinion before we read the evidence, that no plea if "insanity" could be sustained. The evidence however has forced us to the conclusion that he was clearly a poor, miserable fusane creature; and his manias was produced by long continued hard drinking. The prosecuting attorney N. Haber, has just informed us that such was undoubtedly the fact.

As he (the murderer) is excused by law from expiating his awful crime, on the gallows, the question naturally forces itself upon us at whose door will the charge be laid at the great day of final accounts? Does not reason clearly point to the dark den where he procured his liquor, as the place from which Eternal Justice will drag forth an accessory, to say the least? And will a "praying (!) community," which supports a license law be then able to wash their hands, clean from human blood? Look well to this matter, ye "pious anti-prohibitionists."

Deceased.

We understand, that on last Tuesday, a little girl fell out of a skiff, and was drowned in the Willamette river, at Butteville. Name, not come to hand.

Too many Cattle.

We understand that quite a number of farmers, in different sections of the valley, are making arrangements for removing their stock east of the Cascade mountains during the present summer. Grass is entirely too scarce in many places at present to support the large bands of cattle owned by many of our farmers. The country east of the Cascades, being yet unsettled, and one of the best grazing countries in the world, is just the place where a hermit, whose eye is best pleased with sleek fat herds, would be well satisfied to spend his days.

Gauging.

The negro who broke jail last Friday, was retaken at Portland, and is now in jail in this city, to await his trial, for shooting the woman we spoke of last week. We have not ascertained the cost of retaking him, but it will not probably exceed, some seventy-five dollars, which is a mere trifle when divided among the people of this great county. It would have been well worth the money it cost our tax-payers if they could have all taken up a position upon our "basaltic" hills, and witnessed the beautiful face of incarnating a murderer, in the "outer court" of our chicken-coop jail, where with a case knife he was able in some fifteen minutes to demolish the walls, and crawl out; and then to have witnessed the John Gilpin chase, horses under full tilt, wigs flying, dogs barking women and children screaming, with all the other little et ceteras, accompanying the train of flying officials, all sweating under the tremendous excitement of the chase, and pushed forward by the laudable desire to bring the black rascal back, either to justice, or to a position where he might again show his dexterity in case-knife masonry.

We presume however that he is placed in the cells, this time, instead of the "outer court." If so, we shall hardly see the same fun again, and must content ourselves, with forking over the tax, although we didn't see the race.

Very injured. On a recent visit to Yamhill, we noticed that the late heavy frosts, have killed all the peaches, and a great share of the apples. Very few orchards will produce one fourth of an apple crop. The strawberries are ripening in spite of the cold bleak weather. We saw the school children gathering them on the prairies near Lafayette.

Back Numbers.

We shall send back numbers to new subscribers as long as they hold out. Some of those who have ordered them must not be disappointed, in not being accommodated, as we have run ashore. If things continue to go on the way they have since our paper began to circulate in the country, we shall soon have, "all the world and the rest of mankind" for subscribers. The encouragement we are meeting with amply rewards us for all our toil, in getting our paper thus far on, in its career. We want our paper to be introduced into (almost) every family in Oregon. Send us your names friends, and we will try hard to give you the worth of your money, and more to.

Obitizations.

All of those friends who have taken pains to send us the names of new subscribers, will accept our hearty thanks. Gentleman, our heart warms with gratitude to you all, and we hope you will still continue your favors. We want the name of the P. O. and county, to accompany the name of every subscriber plainly written, and whenever we are requested to send papers to individuals in the States, please state who orders them sent, so that we may know whom to charge for them.

We were very much mortified to see so many typographical errors in our paper last week. We are bound to do better after this, or "break something."

An Honest Confession.

"The political parson has not and deserves not the respect of community either as preacher or politician. His white cravat and black coat get soiled by being soiled in the political pool, while the political waters are made more dirty by his dabbling in them."—Statesman. That a parson who "dabbles in the political pool" in which is hatched the "unclean frogs" of a sly demagogism merely for the sake of the "leaves and fishes" is unworthy the respect of community, "either as a preacher or politician," we readily admit. And that the "waters are made more dirty by his dabbling in them," is amply proved by the late experiments of the John Tyler private chaplain parson, of viva voce notoriety, and one or two others of like ilk.

The parsons to whom you allude however are in no danger of soiling their black coats and white cravats by "dabbling" in the nasty hole, and fishing with a pinhook for political eels, as they appear to us, more like men with coats off, and spade in hand, endeavoring to cut a drain to lead off the waters of your political sewer, than "self sold, sold hired and scorned leviathans," trying to fish up a precarious support by bolstering up a rum and ruin faction. They are certainly in the true line of their profession, when trying to drain all miasma generating "pools," natural moral or political, and we shall take good care that you throw no mud on them that will stick during their "work of faith and labor of love."

Almost An.

We see that quite a change has come over the spirit of the Standard's dreams since Jo. Lane succeeded in ousting Judge Pratt in the Salem convention. Our quondam friend and fellow traveller in the whig party, has had a distressing hard row to hoe ever since we shook hands, and parted company; he falling far in the rear of the whig party, whilst we took up our position considerably in advance. He soon became ashamed of his company, however, and trudged on, until he overtook the faction which rallied under the "judge's standard." A party by the way, much more respectable in point of talent, and manly independence, than the squad he had just outstripped, by dint of good pedestrianism. The Salem convention having cleared the track, of every encumbrance to Jo. Lane, our old friend seems to have followed, the popular faction to the place of their retreat, and commenced crawling into the political kennel of the Salem clique. He seems, however, if we rightly understand his present position, still to justify our former conclusion, that he possessed more real political tact than any of his editorial coadjutors in Oregon. To a man looking down, as we do, "from a tree," his legs, as far as his boot straps, are yet in sight; and if we see correctly, through a pair of "leather spectacles," there seems to be a small chord, leading from his boot straps, into some dark corner in the distance.

All of this has led us to believe, that like Gen Putnam in the wolf's den, he has merely gone in "prospecting." If he should find all the snug little corners in the political kennel already occupied, and if he should happen to get his ears snapped a

little, (which we have no doubt he will,) we shall soon look for a violent kicking of the rope, as a signal for some outside friend to drag him out with all possible speed. Our prayer is that he may come out a wiser and a better man.

The Statesman press is in operation at Corvallis, having left Salem, about the 11th inst. We are informed a part of the government officials attended its exodus.

Several of the Salem grog shops are said to have gone down about the same time. We hear the sign of the Statesman office, has been removed, not to Corvallis but to another building in Salem, where we suppose its agent will attend to the unsettled business of the concern.

THE MAGICAL WAND.

For the Argus. The warrior at midnight lay dreaming, In the white marble mansion he lay; Though the visions he had were but seeming, They filled his bold heart with dismay.

Far away, on the upper Willamette, Was floating his vessel of state; He had a few Paddies to man it, Who were getting murely of late.

For a flag-staff he had a green sapling, A bush, not of hickory, but thorn; Where an eagle his wings should be flapping, Was sprouting a young Durham horn.

The Willamette he dreamed was fast changing, They were sailing its waters in haste; A voyage up so bray a river, Would not quite agree with his taste.

His boat neared the shoals of "Delusion," He feared that it surely would ground, And then, in the utmost confusion, All his long cherished hopes would be drowned.

So he thought, in this ticklish condition, All his former great actions to crown; From the keel of the old "Constitution," A splinter he took, of renown.

It was moulded in exquisite fashion, A magical wand of true power; The President, out of compassion, Had given the prize as a dower.

Now, to make this grand argument weighty, His head was of glittering gold; He hoped it might dazzle the dainty, And gather them back to the fold.

From this new dream of glory awaking, The "hero" arose from his rest; Said he, "tis a new under-taking, "But I think it will take in the West."

He soon prepared a cane to his liking, And quick to his styes he returned; The Judge and Delusion were fighting, And he feared they might prove him unlearned.

And now on the platform he mounted, On which Oregon "Durham's" all stand; Lo! barrels of whiskey unmeasured, Support the great man of our land.

He tells of his gen us transcendent, How the "Bill" from the Senate "he passed," Without even a single amendment; "For Rogue river" he went to the last.

He is such a great man in the nation, The President honors his name, Oh! who would not envy his station, And glory to share in his fame!

And now, by political party, The fame of this "warrior" is sung, But I'd give all the heroes of Spain, For one man who could fight with his tongue.

We've no doubt that "old Joe" can make treaties, By which the "poor Indians" are fed, But instead of the strength in his army, We would rather see strength in his head.

Now we hope in this wide-spreading valley, There are some who possess the true might, Then, "lovers of freedom," so rally; And battle for TEMPERANCE and RIGHT.

VIOLA.

Inst Hill, April 28, 1855.

Temperance Proceedings.

ES. ARCES—Dear Sir:—In accordance with a vote passed by the Clackamas County Temperance Society, at its last meeting, I herewith furnish you, for publication, a statement of the proceedings of the last two meetings.

A meeting of the Clackamas Co. Tem. Society was held in the M. E. Church on Monday eve, April 16, when addresses were delivered by W. L. Adams, Esq., Rev. H. K. Hines, and Rev. G. H. Atkinson; and the following preambles and resolutions were discussed and adopted:

WHEREAS, Oregon is destined soon to occupy a seat among the independent Federal States of the American Union, and as we believe her legislation should not be below the example set her by other and older States;

Resolved, That our decided preference, as citizens of Oregon, and as men, is the erection of Constitutional bars against the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, as a beverage.

WHEREAS, the great want of the Temperance cause in Oregon, has been a piper devoted to the advocacy of the whole cause, and especially the passage of prohibitory liquor enactments;

Resolved, That we had with peculiar pleasure, the establishment of such a journal in our midst, and pledge it, so long as it persistently advocates these principles, our individual and united support.

A committee of five persons, consisting of W. L. Adams Esq., Rev. H. K. Hines, Rev. G. H. Atkinson, W. C. Johnson, and Thos. Pope, was appointed to prepare business for a meeting to be held Monday eve, April 30, 1855.

Society adjourned. THOS. POPE, Sec'y.

Monday eve, 30th April, 1855.

Society met pursuant to adjournment. Vice Pres. Hurford in the Chair. The committee appointed at the last meeting, presented the following as their report, recommending its adoption by the meeting:

Resolved, That we regard a prohibitory liquor law as the great want of this Territory; that we will continue to agitate, and bring the question to the polls, in every feasible shape until this object is attained; that we can support no men for a