

The Oregon Argus.

W. L. ADAMS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OREGON CITY:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1855.

Shall Oregon become a Separate Republic?

This is certainly a very fast age. Yankee ingenuity and Yankee enterprise, ever active, restless, and untiring, are scouring every latitude, & taking a peep into the little-erto unexplored regions of nature's empire, wherever geology, mineralogy, or ethnology promises to furnish a gem that will "pay" the indomitable Anglo-Saxon for crossing deserts, scaling mountains, and plowing oceans for the purpose of bringing up some new treasure from the "vast deep" of nature's arcana, as a contribution to the already magnificent museum of the world's curiosities, or an offering to science, which demands, perhaps, an additional name to the nomenclature of some eology, already developed through tedious pages of huge quartos and octavos. Wherever mineral resources are to be developed, ancient ruins of departed greatness are to be disinterred from the dust of accumulating ages, geology enriched by fragments from the crusts that compose the layers of ancient volcanic eruptions, an addition to be made to botanical science, or ornithological research, by a visit to the wilds of the Amazon, or a pilgrimage to the banks of the Tiber, or wherever a new field is to be opened for agriculture and the various arts of civilization and refinement, for insinuating governments and giving laws to the aborigines, there the Yankee adventurer is the first to mark the soil with his foot-prints, and unpack his "outfit," carefully selected with a view to his particular enterprise, preparatory to a thorough "prospecting" of the chosen field of his operations. Yankee, or American, enterprise has emphatically placed its own seal upon this age. The great leading measures, plans, and ideas, of the times in which we live, and which make up the distinguishing feature of the age, universally admitted to be a "fast" one, are all of American growth.—In all the world's fairs, on all the battle fields, and on all the oceans, foreign arts, foreign progress, and foreign navigation, have reluctantly yielded up the palm to American competition, and stood back for Young America to lead off, in giving character to the history of the nineteenth century.

Madam Trollop many years ago carried back the discovery to England that the great ruling idea among us was motion, and the secret main-spring that kept the great wheel of American enterprise whirling on its axis was something very near what an unsophisticated philologist would call "acquisitiveness." This she thought was abundantly proved by the question which always followed the first nod of recognition, or grip of friendly greeting. "How do you get along?" seemed to solicit about the only information worth knowing to a Yankee seated astride of some modern Pegasus, or hobby firmly screwed down to the great revolving wheel of American fortune, or "manifest destiny." "Getting along," then, she thought was the great leading idea of our Continent, especially of that part of it which was really embraced by the poet, who averred:

"No part of this contracts our powers,
The boundless Continent is ours."

Now this great revolving wheel seems to be governed by the same laws of motion that regulate all ponderable bodies of a similar construction. Hence, the farther from the centre, the greater the centrifugal force, or disposition to fly off, and the nearer the circumference the greater the motion. The gravitating influence, we suppose, is also overcome, or weakened, by an increase of the distance from the centre and according to the general laws of gravitation, varies "inversely as the square of the distance." This every farmer and tradesman has some knowledge of, from their acquaintance with the working of grind-stones of various sizes. On changing the figure from that of a wheel to that of an oblate spheroid, we find the same principle to hold true. The equatorial parts of such a figure being farthest removed from the centre of motion, and consequently moving faster, have a proportionally greater centrifugal force. If the revolving body, like the earth before it cooled off, should happen to be soft, so as readily to yield to a slight force, there will be an elevation at the equatorial parts, at the expense of a depression immediately in the vicinity of the polar regions.

All this being true, where should we naturally look for the fastest men, and the fastest ideas, but upon the very periphery of the great circle that embraces the area of Uncle Sam's dominions! And where, but upon the very culminating apex of the equatorial elevation, should we look for a gathering of the filibustering parties, impatient of the restraints of a greatly weakened gravitating force, and, with their backs toward the centre of the little orb on which they were reared, stretching out their implor-

ring hands toward some other body, perhaps an insignificant satellite, hoping to be either sucked off by the superior force of a foreign attraction, or be thrown off in a tangent with a fragment of their own orb, to dance through space with no matter how irregular an orbit, so that the "fast" and ambitious genius can maintain a momentary footing, and exclaim, as he loses sight of all other objects,

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute."

Old fogyism may seldom be looked for excepting far in towards the center of attraction, and new "fogyism," or Young America, may generally be seen in the full measure of his giant stature either on some outer extremity, or making strides toward it. Hence to talk in plain English and without a figure, as others have talked before us, we must expect to look for all sorts of fast ideas in a new country like ours, far removed from the "growing shackles of the older States." Stars of all sorts of brilliancy, from that of a glow-worm to that of a Jupiter, and of every conceivable magnitude, may hereafter be expected to arise in our political, theological, and social vault, having, like the Star of Bethlehem, an orbit in a straight line, and guiding us all to the very spot where the treasure that we have long sighed for may be found, just as easily as the pot of gold can be borne off by the lucky fellow who digs immediately under the point where the rainbow marks the spot "where lies exhausted wealth."

One such "has, thank fortune, lately risen, and shone through the better part of two columns of the "Standard" of political orthodoxy, lately flung to the breeze on a pole from the top of Coffin's building, very near the culminating apex of the equatorial elevation of Uncle Sam's dominions, for all the gaping world to wonder at. It calls itself the "Standard of Empire," which we have all read a great deal about, but which none of us would ever have had the unspeakable pleasure of seeing "rise" if a very lucky star had not guided us to a location in this western world, where, with a good glass we could make out the outlines of this invaluable "Standard," slowly climbing a rod from the top of Coffin's building, with the assurance that the "Standard" was shifting on it, although invisible to the naked eye of him who attentively gazed at the sheet from the ground below. Judging from the feeble, flickering, and uncertain light it sheds, we have been compelled to think it a star of a very "inferior magnitude," if, indeed, it be a star at all. We have some times been inclined to think it a dark lantern, which darts an occasional glare upon the surrounding darkness through some fracture in the case that encloses it. Again we have taken it for an ignis fatuus, arising from some dampness in Coffin's cellar, or perhaps a mere filibustering fragment that, having approached too near the political elevation, from which Walker and Kinney had been unfortunately thrown off, was now cut loose from us, and was thus far on, in its straight line orbit, better understood as a tangent.

Sometimes it seems, like an expiring candle, to flicker very dimly in its socket, and, settling slowly downward, seems half inclined to return to earth, and not fly off after all. At others, it shines out to the full extent of its borrowed brilliancy, and starts off with a new impetus to the full length of the string that binds it to the pole, as much as to say, "I'll go, whether any body will go with me or not."

On the whole we are inclined to think, from its motions, that it has concluded to wait for company, and has no notion of leaving Uncle Sam's galaxy, although many of the luminaries that compose his family "are even now antipodal on a most exciting question, and which are cultivating a spirit of disunion by their altercations."

It seems not wholly devoid of doubts and fears as to whether "policy" would justify the "trip." Will it "pan out?" seems to be a very hard question, which this * [which, from careful observation, we think possesses two legs encased in a pair of unmentionables with huge pockets] acknowledges itself unable to answer. In fact it seems to be in doubt as to whether we can break the "leading string," or overcome the centripetal force by which we are bound back to "Uncle Sam's confederacy" of stars, forming that grand hall of political power on which is inscribed *E Pluribus Unum*.

At all events, it plainly shows itself to shine by borrowed light, and as it seems to be soliciting more light, and as we feel capable of sending it a little of that great desideratum, and as everybody knows it is in want of the same; if it will condescend to afford it as much, perhaps, as we think it necessary under the present circumstances for it to have.

To Correspondents.

Visa will appear next week.

A. V. McCarty's speech next week.

EP The Bark Agate has just arrived at Portland from the Sandwich Islands.

Gumbins, No. 2.

Astoria, July 12th, 1855.

My obligations to you, for inserting my communication of the 12th, in THE ARGUS, notwithstanding its many objections, and only regret that it occupied so much of your valuable time, and so much space in your valuable paper, to so little purpose, for really, I cannot discover that you said much for me. That what you call *Blessing* should please you better than what you term *Cursing*, I am willing to believe, well knowing that flattery is more palatable to certain appetites, than honest truth, plainly spoken.—What you say of families which have unfortunately, a weak, ignorant, intemperate head I pass with the single remark, let those who best know, judge between us. It is true, that when I subscribed for THE ARGUS, I had seen the two first numbers, but they were a poor indication of what followed. I thought at the time, that the first number was vicious, but hoped I was mistaken. You deny having advocated, *Nebraskaism* or *Durhamism*. My friend, I never accused you of any such thing. My complaint was, that you advocated *objectionableisms*. But do you deny having advocated anti-Nebraska, know nothing, free soil, or abolitionism which are certainly objectionable in a neutral paper, and some of them, I am sorry to say, instead of open and manly, I am sorry to say, through the world's mouth, and saving little else.—If the things, English, truth, or righteousness would be small indeed.—Either would be fatal. One *prudish* has returned, I should be happy to learn *one other* had returned, but do not expect to be gratified well knowing how hard it is for those blinded with bigotry to be made to see.

I have already occupied more time than I intended when I set down to write, and must therefore close the occasion called for, and leave I follow your example by writing manly, and saving little else.—If the things, English, truth, or righteousness would be in great danger by inserting this in THE ARGUS, you would be excusable for excluding it.

Respectfully Yours,
SAM'L T. MCKEAN.

P. S. Your informant is mistaken about my voting in the legislature for a license law—I never did it.

Our Dear Friend, Sam'l T. McKean.

Your heartfelt acknowledgment of "obligation" to us for inserting your previous communication is certainly highly appreciated, and the subdued tone in which you crave an humble corner in our paper has induced us to believe that the former publication was not wholly unavailing to yourself, and has also inclined us to place a little different heading over your epistle No. 2. You seem to express a great deal of "regret that it" (your communication) "occupied so much of our valuable time." Our time, dear sir, is wholly devoted to the work of doing good to our fellow-men, and as long as we can see as much fruit resulting from our labors as we think we have witnessed in this case, we shall be sufficiently compensated without any further expression of "regrets" or "obligations." The fact that you were not able "to discover that we said much" does not discourage us, as we did not expect you to see all the truth the first time. If you have been able to see a little already we shall have great hopes of your seeing more hereafter. You say "Let those who best know judge between us." Now, if you want a court of enquiry to sit in judgment upon the comparative "weakness or intemperance" of "us," you may just as well select your own judges, and proceed to trial, for we shall not be there, having never called for any such judgment, and having never yet made any comparisons of that sort between "us." You acknowledge that you had seen the two first numbers of our paper, but that they were "a poor indication of what followed." Yet with the very next breath you affirm that you "thought the cloven foot was visible," but "hoped that you was mistaken." Now, my dear sir, if we failed to make the two first issues a clear "indication" of what was to follow, it was not for lack of effort on our part, for we certainly never had any intention to deceive you or any body else, and tried with all our power to throw out in our first two issues an unmistakable index of what was to "follow," and the very fact that you even was pretty positive that you saw the outlines of a huge "cloven foot," (which we suppose you are now satisfied were really the nether extremities of the newly discovered animal you call "objectionableisms.") shows that at THAT TIME, in your judgment, you thought we had quite plainly "indicated our future course," and the fact that you "thought you was mistaken" does not at all throw the blame on us for not having been sufficiently explicit, for your late discovery, that you was not mistaken, and that what you then took to be a real and veritable "hoof," has turned out to be one, (consequently as clear an "indication" of what was to follow" as we could be expected to give in our "first two issues,") entirely exonerates us from all blame, and places you in the awkward predicament of making an objection, and then answering it yourself by a subsequent acknowledgment that it was only a blunder of your own, growing out of a defective eyesight.

You say you never charged us with advocating "Nebraskaism or Durhamism." Well, you charged us, in general terms, with advocating "objectionableisms" and then specified the "underground railroad." We wished fairly and fully to get at all of your objections, and so we laid hold of your "specifications" as you presented them; but when we came to your generalisms, what could we do but to take them for what we

consider "objectionableisms," without asking Douglas, Brigham Young, or Fred Wayne what they considered such.—"Spiritualwife-lan" (which is embraced in Nebraskaism,) we consider "objectionable," and highly proper for us to oppose, although in doing so we shall fall under the condemnation of those who favor this ism. We have also opposed liberalism, as an "objectionable" one, although highly displeasing to the tastes of all such as approve of the doctrines of a very large church now in existence.

So you see, my dear friend, that an editor who undertakes to advocate only what are *unobjectionable* "isms" must be his own judge as to what they are. When we came to your complaint against us for advocating "objectionableisms" we were still fearful that we should never get a clue to your difficulty, as the word was an entirely new one to us. We carefully searched Webster for a definition, but instead of finding one we couldn't even find your word, and as painful as the announcement may be to you, we were again compelled to "scratch our head," and despair of ever being able fully to remove all your difficulties, which we first flattered ourself we should be able to do. But upon again snatching up your epistle and reading still further, you have no idea what a relief we found in springing a trap door which opened up to full view no less than three of what appeared to you the huge, hissing, terrible, and "forky vipers," which we had taken to our bosom. You make the development in the following line: "Do you deny having advocated Anti-Nebraska, Know Nothing, Free Soil, or Abolitionism?" As to the Anti-Nebraska query we answer (if you are not already answered) No. We, with the great majority of all political parties, who have expressed an opinion at the polls, have opposed the doctrines of the Nebraska bill as highly "objectionable."

We have, in the language of the Hon. KENNETH RAYSON, of North Carolina, looked upon "the repeal of the Missouri Compromise as an unequalled and unnecessary act, an outrage even, a violation of pledged faith, and I would have seen my right arm wither, and my tongue palsied before I would have voted for it," and in the language of THOMAS H. BAXTON, we consider it "a juggle worthy of the trick of one egg under three hats at the same time, and under neither at any time." We consider it an exceedingly unwise, haplotic, and unjust piece of legislation;—as pretending to surrender into the hands of the people of Kansas and Nebraska rights and privileges which those of other territories had not enjoyed, when at the same time it curtailed their rights, and that to an alarming extent;—as making a great parade about the new fangled doctrine of "squatter sovereignty," when in fact it is nothing more or less than squatter tyranny;—as a bill, when sifted of all its political furrage, which contained nothing more or less than what might be expressed in three words, Polygamy and Slave-sovereignty." But we have no time just at present to examine the merits of this bill; suffice it to say that the originators of it will doubtless succeed in their villainous attempts to dissolve the Union, unless they are checked by a restoration of the "Missouri Compromise line." You perhaps fairly understand us by this time as to our position upon the "Nebraska bill."

You next want to know whether we have advocated "know-nothing." If you mean the natural school, we answer, No; or if you mean to ask whether we have ever advocated "secret societies" of any kind, we answer, No. On the contrary, you ought to know that we have always favored open organizations of all kinds, while at the same time we may have defected secret societies of all kinds against the silly and unwarrantable attacks that have been made upon them by men who have, like simpletons, cried out lustily against them without ever having offered a single valid reason against them.—If there is any reason why we should join in the shout raised by demagogues, we have never yet seen any. But, my dear sir, we are always after light on all subjects, and if you or any of your friends have any to give us on this or any other subject, it will be most thankfully received. We have always made it a rule to weigh impartially the evidence on both sides, and we are not so dogmatical upon any article of our creed but that we may be converted by evidence.—But be assured that nothing short of that will induce us to change our opinion.

If, however, you mean to enquire whether we have advocated the principles of the American party, we answer that in the main, we have, as we consider them sound and unanswerable; and we might also state that upon the success of that, or of some similar political party distinct from either of the old political parties, rests the only hope of our poor Union, which "Nebraska" agitators have well nigh sundered. Your next query is whether we have not advocated "Abolitionism."

By referring right back to our first issue,

where you thought you saw the "hoof" sticking out, you will find the following:—

"We shall advocate an abandonment of all party platforms and a clear consecration from the shackles that party demagogues have so long forged for the people."

By this you will discover that we have advocated an "emancipation," to say the least, and we suppose we shall have to bear the name of an emancipationist, which according to Webster means pretty much the same thing as an Abolitionist.

If however you wish for any light as to our position upon the subject of what is called American slavery, we will refer you back to our first issue which lays down our position thus:

"While we are disposed to have the institution of Southern slavery, just where the constitution has left it, so far as its existence purely of legislative enactment is concerned, a creature purely of legislative enactment, subject to repeal or modification only by those who constitute the sovereignty of the municipal district in which it now exists, yet whenever a move is made to rivet upon our dear western home an institution which to us would prove only an evil, and that continually, we shall be found rallying on the side of freedom, and oppose to the last extreme the introduction of the institution among us."

We well know that we should be called an abolitionist when we took our position. It is very common, sir, in this age, for a certain class of politicians to try to put down every thing that comes in contact with their plans, by appealing to the prejudices of their dupes in this manner. Henry Clay, William Henry Harrison, Tom Benton, John Bell, of Tenn., and hundreds of others, men who have opposed the principles now embraced in the infamous Nebraska act, have all been denounced as Abolitionists by men who have about as clear an idea of what an "abolitionist" is as they have of a transcendentalist. Not one in three hundred in Oregon who go blubbering around about "abolitionism," and shouting the praises of "democracy," could, if their lives were staked upon it, give a correct definition of either term, and point out the dangers of the one, or the benefits of the other.

You seem to have had your difficulties about the "underground railroad" entirely removed, and you now inform us that the reason why you suspended us for being in favor of such an "internal improvement" was, that as we had lived in Galesburg you "did not know but we had been a manager" of one. Then your whole difficulty is acknowledged at last to have been a mere suspicion, growing out of ignorance, or what you more politely call a "did not know." Now, my dear sir, if you will candidly review your whole ground you will certainly find that the major part of your difficulties are based upon this same "did not know" rock, on which so many millions of poor fellow-creatures have split, before you stove your own canoe on it. You seem to let us a little into the light as to this "Galesburg underground railroad," for, be assured, friend McKean, that although we lived for years in Galesburg, we never knew before that there was actually such a train in operation there.—We sometimes heard sly intimations of it, but never came in possession of the fact, as we supposed the "managers" kept it a profound secret from all excepting the members of the "corporation." But as you lived near Galesburg, and as you seem to speak positively when you affirm that "the business was carried on, something in the manner of the Know Nothings, in the dark," we are compelled to infer (and very fairly too, we think) that you *did* "know" something more about this "underground" "know-nothing" affair than you had any right to know, unless you was one of the "managers."—It can't be possible, Bro. McKean, that you have inadvertently divulged the fact that you are nothing more than a "renegade abolitionist" tailed on to the democracy in Oregon, in hopes of getting an office. Heaven forbid! Although the leaders of the party in Oregon are composed of many familiarly known as apostate Whigs and renegade abolitionists, we do hope that you are not one of them. Your "developments" certainly look suspicious, but we are inclined to think it a slight mistake, growing out of your truly commendable zeal in cutting and slashing away at the huge monster "objectionableisms," which has annoyed you so much.

But for want of further time and space, you must excuse us for cutting the matter short here, although we would like to say a few things more, by way of removing a few more of your difficulties.

P. S.—In reply to your note, in which you say my informant was mistaken as to your having voted for the license law, permit us to append the following note which was addressed to Dr. Lockwood, (our "informant") together with his reply to the same:

OREGON CITY, Aug. 3, 1855.
MR. R. T. LOCKWOOD—Sir: Will you please to state upon what authority you informed me that Sam'l T. McKean voted for the license law whilst he was a member of the legislature?

W. L. ADAMS.

OREGON CITY, Aug. 3, 1855.
MR. ADAMS—Sir:—In reply to your interrogatory.—Will you please state upon what authority you informed me that Sam'l T. McKean voted for the license law? &c. I answer, that on the evening of the 21st ult., at the close of a temperance lecture, in the house of Mr. Wm. Gray, Astoria, I understood him to state, and I am quite certain that he did so state. His words were, "I was a member of the Legislature, and voted myself for the law, but am now sorry for it."

R. T. LOCKWOOD.

John Adams a Know Nothing.

Well, who wonders that a man whose very name is suggestive of blue law federalism, the originator of the alien and sedition laws, and a monomania generally upon questions connected with the danger of "furrin" influence in the government, should have favored the abominable doctrines of the American party. Just read the following extract from a petition of the citizens of Albemarle, Amherst, Fluvanna, and Goochland counties, drawn up by Adams in 1797, and which we extract from his writings just published:

"And your petitioners farther submit to the wisdom of the two houses of Assembly, whether the safety of the citizens of this Commonwealth, in their persons, their property, their laws and government, does not require the capacity to act in the important office of a juror, grand or petty, in civil or criminal cases, should be restrained in future to native citizens of the United States, or such as were citizens at the date of the treaty of peace which closed our revolutionary war, and whether the ignorance of our laws and natural partiality to the countries of their birth, are not reasonable causes for declaring this to be one of the rights inalienable in future to adoptive citizens."—Adams' Writings, Vol. IX, p. 453.

What! nobody to be allowed to sit on a "grand or petty jury, in civil or criminal cases," unless he be a "native citizen of the United States"! This goes even ahead of the most ultra doctrines of the K. N.'s, [so far as we understand them.]

But let us take another extract, in order to show to a demonstration that this same Adams was the real founder of this chthonian sect of "Americans." If you have any "tears to shed, prepare to shed them now." But pause, before you wish a thousand curses on the head of the old federalist who originated the following extract, which we take from an "act establishing elementary schools" in Virginia, drawn up by this same author of "Americanism," and consider that the shade of Jefferson has no doubt had an awful reckoning with him long before now, (if they have ever happened to meet in the spirit world,) and either blacked his spiritual eye, or lashed him "howling through the nether world" with a scourge of scorpions, for having thus ruthlessly plunged his dagger into the yearning bowels of the giant who carries "modern democracy" on his back. But read the extract:

"And it is declared and enacted that no person unborn, or under the age of twelve years at the passage of this act, and also who is *compus mentis*, shall after the age of fifteen years, be a citizen of the Commonwealth, unless he or she can read really in some tongue, native or acquired."—Writings, Vol. IX, p. 454.

Horrible! Why that throws Gardner, the Governor of Massachusetts, clear in the shade. Gardner only recommended that persons who could not read should be deprived of voting, but this shuts out the poor fellow who cannot "read really." Had this law been in force now in Virginia Wise would have been beaten perhaps five thousand votes; or if in force in Oregon Gaines would have gone in by 2500 majority.—Adams ought to be—No! no! we were mistaken in the name; it wasn't Adams at all that wrote the above—it was Thomas Jefferson, and you will just make the correction. That "alters the case," said the lawyer. We know Jefferson was a patriot and statesman; so we shall consider the case further, "and if, and if," &c.

An Elegant Extract.

In our advertising columns will be found a very elegant extract, from the classical composition of the Hon. (†) Fred Wayne, of Polk county. For the information of our readers in the States, who may be curious to know something of the history of the author of such exquisitely poetical effusions, we may as well state, perhaps, that he is an ex-Methodist clergyman, (he only claims to have been a licensed exhorter, however,) but now one of the assistant editors of the Corvallis Statesman, the organ of what is called "democracy" in Oregon, and one of the leaders of that party.

He now holds eight offices in Polk county, and we are informed that he is a candidate for Vice President in 1856, and expects to be chosen chaplain to our next legislature. He is looked up to by his party as a great man, a full impersonation of their principles, and one every way worthy of their confidence. For further particulars as to his talent, moral character, principles, and chastity, which his party here is proud of, we refer you to our advertising columns.

"Nature has marked *before* upon a visage suggestive of bolts and bars."—Corvallis Statesman.

This explains why we have been taken for an officer of justice by several blacklegs, who, upon meeting us upon the highway, have dodged into the brush, and you acknowledge that the reason why you turned pale and your teeth chattered the first time you looked us in the face, was that our "visage was suggestive of bolts and bars." You may think yourself lucky, young man, if you never meet anybody whose "visage is suggestive" of a rope.

Levin's Speech.

On our outside to-day will be found a very eloquent speech of the Hon. Mr. Levin of Philadelphia. The speech contains some strong points, forcibly presented, but we cannot endorse it all.