

Bees

# The Oregon Argus.

W. L. ADAMS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
OREGON CITY:  
SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1855.

**Agents for the Argus.**  
J. R. McBRIDE, Lafayette.  
C. A. BIRD, Salem.  
MORGAN RUDOLPH, Sublimity.  
Wm. BARLOW, Molalla.  
H. C. RAYMOND, Forest Grove.  
DR. DAVIS, Bloomington.  
FRANK W. BROWN, Corvallis.  
AMOS HARTY, Plum Valley.  
SOLMON ALLEN, Amity.  
J. E. LYLE, Dallas.  
JOHN McKINNEY, Calapooia.  
REV. WILSON BLAIN, Union Point.  
L. A. RICH, Jacksonville.  
H. HARRIS, Cincinnati.  
JUDGE SKELLING, Yreka, Cal.  
JEO. B. PESTON, Will Co. Ill.  
R. A. N. PHILLIPS, Galesburg, Ill.

## Law Concerning Newspapers.

If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.  
If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the post office, or other place, to which they are sent, they are held responsible until they settle all arrearages, should there be any.  
If subscribers remove to other places, without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.  
It is not sufficient for a postmaster, when a paper is not taken out of his office, to return one with "not taken out" written on the margin, but he must write a letter to the publisher, giving the name and post-office, and stating that the paper is not taken from the office. Otherwise the postmaster is held responsible.

## Shall Oregon become an Independent Republic?

This is a question that somebody over the signature of the "of Empire" very faintly propounded in the "Standard of progressive democracy" some two weeks since, coupled with the honest admission, that it was a question pregnant with interest, and demanding far more time and attention than he was able to give, and as sure as that it is a "question which every reflective mind ought seriously to ponder upon."

He presents himself to us as decidedly a man of thought and observation, one who by some means has hit upon an original idea, and who seems to have pondered over it much, and like a true philosopher, to have come to the very best conclusion he could, from all the data within his reach. To be sure his conclusion is merely intimated, instead of being dogmatically affirmed, and from the general tenor of his article, we infer that surrounding circumstances (the only data within his possession) have certainly strengthened the hope, that all philosophy, history and constitutional authority, added to the "recently avowed doctrine of territorial sovereignty," would, when fairly brought to bear upon this question by those having "sufficient time and attention" to devote to it, clearly justify an affirmative answer, to a "question pregnant with so much interest."

The external circumstances which seem to have justified him in his implied conclusion, and from which we think we get a clue as to his character, and occupation are clearly set forth in the following: "If nature ever marked out the division of countries, it has done so in North America. The vast chain of the Rocky mountains presents an unmistakable boundary. And we have reason to believe that these boundaries, laid down by an overruling Providence, ought to be more strictly regarded. Even now the war which is drenching Europe with her best blood, speaks to us in its grim and iron toned voice the impolicy of false political boundaries."

From his apparent familiarity with "vast chains of mountain," we readily infer, that he is some old "mountaineer," and from his ignorance of geography, and history, as shown in his conclusion, that the present "war in Europe" is merely the result of an intention to natural "boundaries laid down by an overruling Providence," we conclude, that he has been long a resident of secluded glens and mountain gorges, far in the heart of the wilderness. His former knowledge of geography seems to have measurably faded from his memory, and left little else than the indistinct outlines of a huge chain of imaginary mountains, running right through the heart of the Russian Empire, and like a huge nation-eating Boa-Constrictor, worming itself around, through the very heart of Turkey, smothering France in twain, and terminating somewhere on the western shore of either England, Scotland or Ireland.

He seems to have forgotten that the British Kingdom is bounded by the Atlantic Ocean, the North Sea, and the British channel, a boundary about as plainly defined and fully as "unmistakable" as a mountain chain boundary, "laid down by an overruling Providence." That France is separated from Russia by a vast intervening territory belonging to Germany, Austria, and Prussia, forming an eastern barrier as well defined as an "overruling Providence" itself could have desired, and that Turkey is not bordered by Russia,

excepting a few miles of her most northern extremity, and for fear that the two nations should ever base an excuse for going to war upon disputes growing out of an indistinct boundary, "Providence" seems to have entirely disconnected every inch of the soil of the one from that of the other, by running the river Pruth all the way between them. His whole theory of national policy in fixing the boundaries of municipal districts by mountains, walls, or colossal artificial monuments, seems to have been drawn, either from his vague recollections of the history of China, Troy, or Babylon, or of some of the semi-civilized nations that hold little intercommunication with one another, and which existed long before distance was annihilated by steam, and the hills and mountains, as barriers to foreign commerce, were "brought low," and the valleys elevated; or perhaps he has drawn his theory from an observation of the "national policy" of the savage tribes among whom he has for so many years resided. At all events, he seems to have fallen into a very great error in supposing that his newly discovered theory of "Providential national boundaries," when carried into execution, would merely work a dismemberment of Oregon and California from the Union. He must have two separate republics between the Atlantic and the Rocky Mountains, divided by the natural boundary of the Alleghanies—one between the Rocky and the Blue Mountains; one between the Blue Mountains and the Cascades; another in the Willamette valley; and still another, very nice quiet little republic, and one perhaps more clearly surrounded by a "Providential boundary" than either of the others, over on the "Killamook." Crossing the Calapooia chain towards the South, Umpqua must recognize her natural rights, and discover the "policy" of an "independent" future, plainly written, as with the hand of the Almighty, on all the huge mountains that environ her. Rogue River, Clamath, and a thousand other quiet little isolated valleys, hid away in the recesses of this western world, and securely girt round by pine-covered ranges, or snow-capped elevations, must all be recognized as affording natural theaters for the rise and perfection of so many independent republics.

The idea is certainly an original one, the conception vast, and no wonder that the originator, by his announcement that it was a subject "demanding more time and attention than he was able to give," clearly intimated that he had become perfectly exhausted by the conception and birth of the naked idea, and found himself willing down under the mighty effort to trace it out through all its ramifications of practical execution, even to the sundering of the political ligaments that already bind these embryo republics, from their present municipal connections, the institution of so many separate governments, each independent of the other, yet by wise, internal, constitutional arrangements, and a judicious diplomatic policy, establishing themselves upon a basis best calculated to secure individual good and perpetual national glory. He seems to shrink back, startled at the magnitude of his own incipient conception, unfolding itself in the future development of human liberty in its full-orbed glory on the Pacific Coast, the final realization, both by the ruled and those that desire to rule, (especially the latter,) of the hitherto uncertain meaning of "Progressive"—and the full consummation of all that ambitious men have hoped to enjoy, as the legitimate fruits of the recently discovered principle of "squatter sovereignty."

Whether, however, there be in this newly discovered theory of Territorial and State relationship the germ of such mighty results he seems as yet at a loss to determine. He has heard by some means, that a new and remarkable principle with a most captivating name, suggestive of all sorts of license to those on the frontier, has lately been enunciated in Washington, but as to the practical nature of the theory in its application to Territories, he seems to be perfectly in the dark, and honestly confesses in formation in the following paragraph:

"The recently avowed doctrine of Territorial sovereignty broad enough so that it will permit us freely to say whether we will come into the Union, or whether we will remain without and become separate from it?"

Now, this brings us to the gist of the matter, and solicits light upon a subject, upon which a secluded "mountaineer" would hardly be expected to be informed. This "doctrine of territorial sovereignty" is the very thing itself, that we have all the time been aiming to get at, but for the sake of a short article we shall defer the matter for still further consideration.

## Emigrants to Oregon.

We learn that Mr. Meeks reached the Dalles on the 26th ult., direct from the Soda Springs. He reports seven emigrant wagons en route for Oregon, all told, and about one hundred for California.

Grasshoppers, in countless hosts, are sweeping over the fields in the Granddole and San Antonio valleys, in Texas, but they are followed by immense flocks of birds which feed upon them.

## Oregon Fruit.

We have long thought that no country could successfully compete with ours in the production of fruits. Apples, pears, cherries, plums, grapes, and most other kinds that are successfully propagated in the Northern and Middle States, (excepting peaches,) seem to have found in an Oregon soil and climate all of the elements necessary to their most complete perfection. It is no uncommon remark among our horticulturalists, when witnessing the rapid growth of our trees, the unexampled size of the fruit, and testing its delicious qualities, that they "have never seen the like in any other country." There seems to be a general interest manifested among our farmers, (and a very laudable one,) in the matter of fruit growing. There are but few farms in the country, the owners of which are so entirely indifferent to their own comforts, to the happiness of their children and their neighbors, and to their future interest, that they have neglected to adorn, and enhance the value of their homestead by setting out some kind of an orchard.

Another thing that has often surprised us in passing through the country, has been the general aversion to seedling fruit, and the disposition manifested to cultivate nothing but the choicest kinds, selected from the most popular nurseries in the States. Now and then some "old fogey" in the march of progression has been found who would entertain you for hours over a dish of his "wonderful seedlings," in an elaborate argument, to prove that his seedlings "were just as good as any body's grafts," and amounting, in the summing up, to the fact "that they tasted just as good to him." The bringing of his seedlings into competition with the cultivated fruit in market, however, and finding a difficulty in disposing of them at four or five dollars per bushel, whilst the popular varieties of grafted fruit went off readily at from ten to twenty dollars per bushel, has generally proved an argument sufficiently convincing, to strip him of every vestige of horticultural fogysm, which soon manifested itself in a thorough stripping of his trees of worthless seedling ranches, and a substituting in their stead the more popular and profitable varieties.

The facilities for obtaining almost every variety of cultivated fruit, of an undisputed genuineness, are now such that no lover of it is without excuse who fails to supply himself immediately. There are already many nurseries in the country, embracing in their catalogue of varieties almost every thing a person can call for.

Our old friend, Mr. SAMUEL SIMMONS, who resides upon the beautiful Monticella farm on Howell Prairie, Marion County, has just laid upon our table a number of specimens of the genuine Early Harvest and Red Astracan apples, deservedly popular in the Northern and Western States, as among the best varieties of early fruit.—Mr. SIMMONS has an orchard of some 360 bearing trees, embracing the choicest varieties of summer, fall, and winter apples, besides a great variety of pears, plums, cherries, peaches, &c. He has also a thriving nursery containing some twenty thousand and thirty young trees, embracing over fifty varieties of fruit. His fruit was originally taken from the selection made by Mr. JOHN W. LADD, who now resides upon the "Montrose Farm," some twelve miles up the Willamette, on the west bank of the river, where he has opened a beautiful piece of ground, and is engaged exclusively in the nursery business. Mr. LADD deserves great credit for his efforts to supply this young and growing country with the most approved varieties embraced in the catalogues of Eastern nurserymen, having made a trip back to the States expressly upon this business. Mr. LADD's character as a gentleman of the most unobscured veracity and strict probity has given his selections an unusual popularity, from the fact that people rely upon his word as to the genuineness of the fruit they are getting.

We have the promise of some nice selections of fall and winter fruit from one or two orchards. When it comes to hand we shall be better prepared to speak more positively as to the quality of the fruit. As to that which Mr. SIMMONS has already furnished, we are dogmatical as to it being "no humbug."

To the many farmers who are yet in quest of varieties which they have not yet obtained, we will just say, we have the assurance that our advertising columns during the coming fall will give you all necessary directions upon that matter.

## Snake River Murderers Caught.

We learn that reliable information has just reached the Dalles that Maj. Haller had already taken captive four of the murderers who were engaged in the Snake River massacre last fall, and that there was a probability that the balance of these bloody barbarians would soon fall into his hands, as the whole Snake nation was said to be lending him every assistance in his efforts to ferret them out.

## Arrival of the Mail.—Highly interesting from the Seat of War.—No news of importance from the States.

The P.M. S. S. Columbia arrived at her wharf on last Tuesday morning, bringing us dates from the Crimea to the 18th June, and from N. Y. to the 5th July. The news from the Crimea will be found in our clippings from the San Francisco Herald. Every thing seems quiet in Kansas excepting an occasional "row" arising from some dispute about claims. The wheat and corn crops generally promise favorably throughout the State.

## Who has lost a Swarm of Bees?

Mr. Samuel Simmons, of Howell Prairie, informs us that in a recent conversation with a Mr. Roby, who resides on the Santiam below Syracuse, he (Roby) informed him that he had lately noticed bees upon a field of buckwheat belonging to him, and that upon examining he found they had taken up their quarters in a hollow limb of an adjoining oak tree. The bees must belong to Dr. Davenport in the Waldo Hills, as he is the only gentleman that we know of in Oregon who owns that kind of property. We lately called at the Doctor's place, and saw his hive of bees busily at work. Mrs. D. informed us that her son had brought them across the Isthmus sometime in 1854 if we rightly remember. She seemed to express doubts as to whether they would do well in this country, as the cold rains frequently caught them out and chilled vast quantities of them before they were able to reach the hive. She also informed us that they were apprehensive the bees had swarmed and gone off during the absence of the family from home. The recent discovery of Mr. Roby induces us to believe she was not mistaken.

## Religious.

Our excellent friend, Dr. Adair,\* writes us that the Cumberland Presbyterians have just closed a protracted meeting in the Waldo Hills, Marion County, under the management of Rev. Messrs. Neal Johnson, Small, and Henderson, and that "during the meeting, which lasted from the 7th to the 11th of July, there were thirty that professed, twenty-two of whom united with the Church."

## New Mines.

No news has come in from the new mines since our last issue. A number of men from this vicinity who started to go there have returned, not having gone farther than the Dalles. They report nothing new. Crowds are constantly passing through this city on their way to the newly discovered placers.

## Obligations.

Our thanks are due Wells, Fargo & Co., J. W. Sullivan, of San Francisco, and S. J. McCormick, of the Pacific Express, for late files of California and State papers. J. W. Sullivan has our hearty thanks for his splendid specimens of American, English and French Victorials.

## Provisions on the Decline in N. Y. City.

We notice by the N. Y. City papers, of July 3, that provisions were rapidly pouring in from the West, causing a rise in the price, but producing a rise in the spirits of the suffering poor. Wheat ranges from \$1.28 to \$2.75 per bushel.—Corn, from 82c to \$1.09. Oats, from 57 to 61c. Pork, (mess) from \$16.50 to \$19.37 per barrel.—Butter, 15c to 17c. Cheese, 42c to 44c. Eggs, 9 to 10c. Potatoes, \$1.25.

## California Markets.

We notice from the Daily Herald, of August 2, that the produce market in San Francisco was considerably revived. Sales are now readily effected, and prices are steadily advancing. Oregon flour is quoted at from \$4 to \$4.25 per hundred. Oats, 67 1/2 to 72c per bus. Pork, (mess) \$23 to \$27 per barrel. Butter and eggs not quoted.

## Fire at the Dalles.

We have just learned that a fire has recently occurred at the Dalles. We are profoundly ignorant of everything connected with it, excepting that a carpenter's shop has been burned, and that the loss to the owner is estimated at about five hundred dollars.

## That Convention.

W. L. ADAMS—Dear Sir—I notice in your last issue a letter from a teacher in Polk county favoring a call for a "Territorial Teachers' Convention," and proposing the 6th and 7th of Sept. as the time, and Salem as the place. I also notice in the "Weekly Times," of June 23, a call from W. F. Boyakin for the same, to be held at Portland on the 30th inst. The query will naturally arise, who will know when or where to meet by the present mode of bringing it before the public? For one, I confess myself in the dark. The object is of too much importance to be lost in the maze, and for the want of time to enter upon a systematic course of procedure, I would suggest that the Superintendent of Clackamas county be requested to set the time, and appoint the place, and that the notice be given as soon as possible in all the papers in the Territory. Respectfully yours for education. H. C. R. P. S.—I agree with the teacher of Polk in calling on the citizens of Salem, and other favorable points, to know if they will give us a welcome reception.

## TEDDY O'Rourke.

Some Irish scapline in the "Snake River Post," that came by last mail from the South, tries to rake up a whopper that's small at most, and appears to be blown in the mouth. He jokers it seems that the blabbering chap, that whines with Iberian name, would be a better fitting preacher all up, and fails to accomplish the same. He talks as if Temperance had never a rest, except with the mingled up masses of hypocrites, loafers—with many at best, that were born to be natural asses. Let's talk the wate Teddy, (the brother of a boy.) If he's bound for the next Legislature; if he is—by no means let us wish him all joy of the way that he worked for his late there. No wonder "Old Run" had a jolly enous, To thank of his gallant defender, Who work'd all the while to bring trade to the house And himself never got on a bender. Oh, the nice charming lad, the beautiful chip From the block that the Devil was made of: When he talked to the peas, no word he did slip That a fault, or en the least, could be made of. No wonder he tried to defend every friend That so gallantly led to the battle. Whose sons he could trust if he wanted to bend, Or could he be as ranchers drive cattle. Now Teddy, my lad, just let Temperance be; By the powers, my boy, you'll not find it any To convince July Rom that the Devil and he Sang a song that was totally crazy. Lum knows just as much as yourself, "Teddy" boy, And he owns a whole lot of poor creatures. He keeps, with yourself, in his steady employ, Compacting of weak human nature. As for Temperance,—such darlin' O'Rourke, Every grog-loving creature in town Just voted for you like the word of a book, And so put all the sober men down. Every grog-gyner turned out its quota of course, The French went for you to a man; They voted the ticket entirely—and worse, Got drunk, as such Democrats can. You never told a truth, Teddy; with face made of brass. You went through the county at large; You took of each two, at least one for an ass, And suited to them every charge. 'Tis well you were knowing the people, my lad, 'Tis as true that you heard us all, Vixen voice was up by a party run mad, And made a good Durham curnd. Whenever you chance to be needing O'ideas to amend your estate, You've a beautiful way of succeeding In raising the wind from the great. To be sure, 'tis not always the case That a Judge like poor Nelson is found, But so pure is the brass in your face, You'd be the boy to succeed, I'll be bound. You pass for a Wiley mighty well; When an office can be got by it, And were, when misfortune beed, Like a flea, on a different spot. After all you may not be this Teddy;— I may have been wasting the time, But a dozen O'Rourkes all stand ready, Quite able to fill up my rhyme. There's the genuine Irish affair, Newly come to an office as well, That walks with so swifling an air And talks with so finished a swell. His spirit, just after election, Went down most remarkably fast, But perhaps a more prudent reflection Has brought him up Teddy at last. There's the long-legged Crane of a creature Sometimes corresponds with the "Pet"; He needs but a bill; and his feature Could be vastly improved, few of coat. He's a Major;—a "nigger" and he Both run for the office—and so— As the darkey was not known to be On the track—he had not half a show. The Adjutant General too, Who roosts at the Old Fellows' door, Who knows but a notion or two, Turned him to this Irish O'Moore. He ought to be laboring hard To defend the good Durhams from shame, Since their leaders do naught but retard All his honest endeavors for fame. They like to be playing the fiddle, And do all the dancing themselves; So the rest are required to be patient, And quietly lie on the shelves. The Adjutant, then, is too decent by half, His losses have not presented enough, and they laugh. For they hold the uninitiated way, And it may be the man has betaken himself to a long Irish name, And scribbled to quench the slight aching He has for a morsel of fame. There's a Joseph, the virtuous youth, Slipped up on his chance for a bite; He does try to stick to the truth, And would like to stand fast by the right. So when the Convention was met, They decided poor "Joe" would not do; They needed no virtue as yet, Though they "moot" some time later, 'twas true—So Joseph sits quietly still, Just where his good friends sat him down; He sits watching his turn at the mill, With the promise his grit shall be ground. Good bye, Mr. Editor—pray Let the poor chap like Teddy alone, Or if they set on you, just say You will send them to ANDY MALONE.

## Bachelor's Hall.

We hope no bachelor will fail to read the life-like description of the lonely and desolate place which bears the name of "Bachelor's Hall" (it ought to be Bachelor's Hole) by Viola on our outside to-day. The advantages of having a nice sweet housekeeper are so graphically set forth by her, we don't see how any bachelor can longer resist the temptation to try the experiment.

## United Brethren.

At a Quarterly Conference of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, held at the house of Robert Childers on French prairie, July 7, 1855, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted: 1. Resolved, That we believe that American Slavery is evil, and that continually; and while we view it as such we feel in duty bound to throw the whole weight of our influence, both public and private, against it; but we must repudiate, and rebel as slanderous, the charge that we advocate the pernicious mixing of the races. 2. Resolved, That we believe that the traffic in, and the use of, ardent spirits as a beverage, to be an evil that can only be prevented by its entire prohibition;—for which we feel in duty bound to labor. 3. Resolved, That the above resolutions be published in the OREGON ARGUS. J. S. VINSON, Sec'y.

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