

The Oregon Argus.

W. L. ADAMS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OREGON CITY:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1856.

Agents for the Argus.

J. R. McBRIDE, Lafayette.
C. A. REED, Salem.
MORGAN RUDOLPH, Sublimity.
WM. BARLOW, Molalla.
H. C. RAYMOND, Forest Grove.
DR. DAVIS, Bloomington.
AMOS HARVEY, Plum Valley.
SOLOMON ALLEN, Amity.
J. E. LYLE, Dallas.
JOHN McKINNEY, Calapooia.
REV. WILSON BLAIN, Union Point.
L. A. RICE, Jacksonville.
H. HARRIS, Cincinnati.
DR. GREEK, Sterlingville, O. T.
JUDGE SNELLING, Yreka, Cal.
JNO. B. PRESTON, Will Co. Ill.
R. A. N. PHELPS, Galesburg, Ill.
WILLIS WARRINER, Camden, Mo.

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.
If 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.

In answer to the query propounded by E., we can say that the case of "Catholic Citizen" will probably receive some attention next week, as the Editor intimated before he left that if he returned in time he should "haul in the line and examine his gills for the hook."

We have a poetical contribution on hand from Yoncalla, but as the Editor is absent, and as we have no type corresponding with the characters which we presume were meant to represent ideas, we are compelled to lay it aside, to be translated hereafter.

Dr. Henry's Speech.

In answer to many enquiries, we are able to say that we have a few copies of Dr. HENRY'S speech yet on hand, in pamphlet form, which will be mailed to those who may order them, free of charge. Speak soon, if you wish them, for they are going off like hot cakes.

A. H. Sale, Esq., one of the Marion county volunteers, passed through this city last Thursday, on his way home, having in charge the remains of the late Capt. HENRY. Lieut. Armstrong, with a party of wounded volunteers, went up the day before.

Holders for Oregon.

The steamer Oregon arrived at Vancouver last Saturday with 200 troops.

On Tuesday the steamer Republic reached the same place with the same number of troops.
The steamer St. Louis left Norfolk, Va., Dec. 15th, with the Ninth Regiment U. S. Infantry, 800 strong, under command of Col. WRIGHT, for Oregon. They will come by the way of the Isthmus of Panama.—This Regiment is trained according to the new French drill, known as the "Shanghai Step," and the men are all armed with the Minie rifle.

California Prices.

There has been a great flutter among wheat merchants in this vicinity, caused by "private advices" from San Francisco by the Oregon to the effect that flour was down to \$3.50 per hundred. We have carefully examined our San Francisco exchanges up to Jan. 15, and can see no decline mentioned. Flour is quoted at \$4.25 to \$5.50 per hundred.

Read Mr. Kelly's advertisement of a private boarding house, in its appropriate column. Mr. Kelly keeps the right kind of a house. All who try him will find this out.

The Kansas Affair.

All the New York papers agree that the news had been telegraphed east that peace had been restored in Kansas. The terms of the treaty had not come to hand. Some represented that the people had agreed to recognize the Governor and the Missouri laws. Others affirm that the fact of the Governor's not receiving the aid and comfort he expected from the President; the fact that the Missouri volunteers were "deserting" and going home constantly; together with the fact that the Free State men had 300 of Sharp's rifles, which they were determined to use, caused Gov. Shannon to treat with the "rebels" on their own terms, and send home his border allies.

Obligations.—We are indebted to Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express for files of papers, by the Oregon.

J. N. BANKER, Esq., Agent of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express in this city, has our thanks for favors rendered the office.

From the Volunteers North.

WHITMAN'S VALLEY, Jan. 4, 1856.

Editor of the Argus—We are here upon our oars, having little of note worth communicating. The weather, thank fortune, has moderated. It has been extremely cold, the thermometer ranging from 22 to 27 deg below zero. A good many of our men have been more or less frozen, principally the escorts in charge of the provision train. Our horses are very poor, and many are already dead. Captain Cornelius was elected Colonel, but has not yet taken command. Maj. Chinn is in command, if such it might be called; but when an order is issued, it is not obeyed. What we shall do I cannot tell, but there is to be a council of war called to-day, and by evening I shall know more about it. Many of the men want to go home; others wish to follow up the Indians. We shall elect a first Major shortly.

It is my wish that we follow the Indians to Snake river, for "now is the time," (as Jo Meek says), "to run them up the ravines, and scalp the last devil of them in the snows." The snow is very deep in the mountains, which prevents the Indians from finding a refuge, which the summer will afford them, and which will render a summer campaign almost entirely abortive.

Gov. Stevens left a few days ago, after placing Washington Territory under martial law, and left some six or seven Indians to guard the same, under the command of Col. Shaw.

JAN. 5th.—The council of war is over, with no other result than a resolution to collect the horses. Col. Cornelius notified Maj. Chinn that he would take the command. Some of the men who do not wish to go to Snake River, say that he has no authority. I think the Colonel is determined to follow up the enemy.

Cattle are plenty here, and fat. Other provisions are scarce. Capt. Conroyer is camped ten miles above here on this river; Capt. Munson four miles below near the battle ground. I had a talk with some of the friendly Indians, and from what I can learn, about 70 Indians were killed in the battle of the 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th; but making a close estimate, from what every man says he killed, it amounts to some three thousand.

Mr. Olney left here some time ago in company with three or four men for the Dalles, with about 300 head of horses. I made a great talk among the volunteers.

A great many men are very black, dirty, and ragged, with plenty of warm "bosom friends." (You know what I mean by "bosom friends.")

I will write to you again shortly, if any thing takes place. They will have an election for Major soon, and if Meek is elected, Cornelius and he will have a fight out of the Indians before long, or "burst" trying.

Respectfully, Yours in haste,
PARAWOKEN.

We should be glad indeed to hear that our old Oregon mountaineer was elected Major. We believe he is just the man for the office. His views upon the policy of conducting the war, we thought, from a conversation with him when he was in the valley a short time ago, were sound. If he and Cornelius could have their way, and if they had the men and means necessary, they would make the Indians scarce before the snow melts off the mountains next Spring.

CAMP CURRY, Dec. 25, 1855.

Mr. Editor—As this is Christmas day, all Christendom is probably united in ceasing from their labors and offering up thanks to Almighty God, for sparing their lives to behold the sun rise once more upon this day, jubilant and memorable wherever the "Glad Tidings" have been proclaimed.—Time moves on apace, steadily, silently, and rapidly, dragging his car freighted with passengers who have tickets for stopping places which none of them are able to read. Where we shall be called upon to "ave," none of us is able to tell. Some of our brave comrades who are now sleeping their last sleep in this howling wilderness, far from the homes of their friends, and weltering in their own blood, freshly shed for their country's safety, thought no doubt one year ago, that the return of this hallowed day would find them the same living, active, happy creatures they were when every prospect was "pleasing." Alas! how uncertain is human life! Another year, and we too may bear them company in the spirit land. ***

The regiment is now encamped in part two miles above here, where once stood Whitman's Station, and a part five miles above the battle ground. It is a very good camping ground with the exception of wood, which is all green. Gov. Stevens is camped about five miles above us on the Walla-Walla. I believe it is his intention to assist in prosecuting the war. He thinks that if we do not pursue them this winter, it will encourage them, besides giving them time to drive off all their stock so that we

cannot get at their property, thus affording them every facility they need for dodging us. They would also have time to join with Kamaikin and unite their whole strength against us. It really seems that we are to have no aid from the regular army. The volunteers say, "never mind, we can fight them, and if allowed to, we will exterminate the race." Here let me say to the farmers and merchants, send us supplies, let us have a reasonable living, and we will not murmur at the hardships and toils which we must necessarily encounter.—Give us the supplies and we will willingly risk our lives, and guarantee that the enemy shall be slain, and peace restored.—This is what you wish us to do. Look at us as we are, without a sufficiency of clothing to keep the winds from chilling us. Our eatables are beef and potatoes, yet we do not grumble at this but often think it would be fine if we had a little bread, or how a little coffee with sugar would relish, and a little salt to season our meat with.—Farmers, can you bear us cry for bread and not give it to us, when your granaries are full and our labor helped to produce it?—Merchants, cannot you send us up some coffee, sugar, and clothing? Open your hearts and think of what we have to contend with. While you are seated by your comfortable firesides, smoking your pipes, and surrounded by your friends, we have to combat the cold, and snow and rain, and smoke of the camp, with no roof or shelter from the storm when we lay down, poorly clad and rather poorly bedded.—People of Oregon, can you not do something for us? We have at your request volunteered to fight your battles; we have already met and vanquished the enemy, and we will pursue him if you will enable us to do so. We do not ask you to boast of our bravery, but we do ask for clothes, blankets, and provisions. ***

We have had about three inches of snow for the last five days. The thermometer stood on the 20th, 15 deg. below zero; on the 21st, 20 deg.; on the 22d, 19 deg.; 23d, 23 deg.; 24th, 23 deg.; and on the 25th, 27 degrees below zero.

Yours respectfully,
B. F. COOPER.

Ultraism—The Powers that be, and the Factions that are.

LAFAYETTE, O. T., Jan. 13, '56.
Dear Adams—Ultraism is the natural tendency of governments, parties, and sects, unchecked, towards tyranny. No distinction is to be observed in the history of liberal or illiberal parties; it is simply the natural consequence of uncontrolled power, and parties acknowledging the natural quality of all men furnish as strong examples of this tendency as occur in the history of those which uphold the divine right of kings. To governments it has been the precursor of revolutions; to parties the forerunner of revolutions. Our happy constitution preserves us from all changes of the first, for a revolution in parties is necessarily a change of policy in government, and in effect a revolution.

Nearly every great political principle has thus been carried by our people to its two extremes by the opposing parties, and those which have been finally settled generally rest about half way between the limits sought for them by each party in its turn and triumph. The Bank, Tariff, and Internal Improvement questions may be cited as familiar examples of this position, which I presume are now regarded by all parties as firmly settled upon sound reason and experience. The different application of the principles of these measures sought and made by the two opposite parties is well known; and it is just as well known and as universally acknowledged that both were wrong, or in other words that both were ultra.

This natural tendency of parties to an extreme application of their peculiar doctrines has ever been the hobby horse of designing men, and when once mounted, with a little management it is ridden for a great while, as it is only after long suffering and much endurance that he gathers sufficient resolution to rid himself of his persecutors. From boister to rick the transition is gradual and easy; the animal must be petted and caressed before it can be rode; and the received dogmas of the party are paraded, spouted, and professed, until the orator or editor, as the case may be, is recognized at first as the mouth-piece and at last as the organ of his party. It is related of a certain ancient that he used every morning to go into the field and lift a young calf, and that its increase of weight was so imperceptible that he seemed to lift it with as much ease after it had grown to be a large bull as when he first made the attempt. Thus by little and little a dominant party is packed and loaded with the luggage and traps of its mere riders, until the last straw breaks its back.—If it does not appear in the history of said bull that it finally became too heavy to lift, it may be inferred at least that it stopped growing, which can not be said of the load which is generally carried by parties in large assemblies; the dead heads are in proportion

to the spoils. To pursue the allegory: when the poor beast has toiled along with its growing load and its decreasing strength, nearly through its four years' pilgrimage, it does not spring to the wonted promise of oats and fodder as of old; the lash must be applied to its jaded limbs, and every inch of its back is occupied by a merciless crowd of whippers in who divide the fodder and oats among themselves, sticking tenaciously to high seats until the poor beast, exhausted and worn out, sinks in its tracks, and here it is left to recuperate if it can. Those who rode it were merely passengers, and it stands them in hand to look out another conveyance for the next trip; it being always prudent to begin long journeys on fresh and fat animals, and for their parts they are disgusted with a beast that appeared so strong at the outset, and which showed so little bottom in the end.

Let every man here draw his own moral according to his disposition; for my part, I am convinced that the great term of Oregon democracy is about to kick up its heels and leave the wagon in the gutter. Who does not remember the little old man in the Arabian tales who persuaded Sinbad the sailor to carry him on his back across a certain stream, and how the ungrateful fellow refused to get down again, but kept pressing his legs tighter and tighter around poor Sinbad's neck until he was in danger of strangulation, and finally how Sinbad squeezed the juice of some wild grapes into the cups of flowers for his own refreshment, and of which, one day after it had fermented, the old man wished to taste—how he loved it so well and drank so much that he became intoxicated, relaxed his hold, and finally fell to the ground, when Sinbad smashed his head with a great stone. So those who were kindly taken upon the back of democracy and placed in positions of honor and profit, have been squeezing their legs tighter and tighter around his neck and have gorged themselves with his substance and blood, until he has almost found spirit enough to shake them off.

I do not reproach this party with wanting spirit more than any other, either individually or collectively. It is well understood that an expression of the sense of any large body is necessarily regulated by some machinery, which those who wish to turn its strength to their own advantage seek to complicate as much as possible. Many a measure has been carried through legislative bodies contrary to the intentions of a majority of the members. Many a repugnant doctrine has been endorsed at the polls by a political party by means of management and log-rolling, and which may be carried so far that a party wakes up some morning and finds that it preserves nothing of its original identity but the mere name.

Whilst I am in the way of illustrations, I may cite the *ex post facto* law regulating the distribution of personal estate as it stands upon the statute book of Oregon, which is plainly a positive law relating back, and no substitution of terms can change its character. If a statute is declaratory it follows necessarily that precisely the same law should have already existed, as there would be as much hardship in the least change of old as in the creation of new ones. The statute thus carried back is certainly not the common law, and there is no evidence that it has such a positive previous existence that every body, or even any body might know it, and shape their actions accordingly. The law acknowledges the right of every individual to dispose of his property as may suit his pleasure during life, and professes to carry out his intentions so far as they can be ascertained after his death. If he has made a will no difficulty arises. If, on the other hand, he dies intestate the presumption is that as every man knows the law, he intends and expects that his property will be distributed according to its provisions at the time of his death, otherwise he would have made a will.

The viva voce system of voting is another striking instance of political management. It was repugnant to the sense of the legislature which passed it, and I have no doubt but that it will be repudiated upon the first opportunity which the people may have of voting upon it. No one speaks of it in any other sense than as being intended to keep the doubtful and wavering in those traces which it was foreseen would become so galling—to force them through fear of incurring the stigma of treachery from withdrawing their support from a banner which is emblazoned with democracy, but is made to cover a multitude of sins. The issues which have hitherto been presented to the people have left but Hobson's choice: a combination of Whigs and Know Nothings, with "Gaines against the world" for their platform, offered no inducement for disaffected democrats to go over to the enemy, as nothing tangible was gained except the possible defeat of a corrupt party (at least professing his own principles), and the advancement of an organization having no principles (or at least declaring none), and it is better to put up with some evils than to receive that

which is uncertain and may be wholly bad. It is certain that men, from their natural dislike of changes and revolutions, have continued to submit to the dictates of governments and parties long after the burthens which they were imposing upon their supporters were crushing them to the earth. It is not sufficient to demonstrate to them that the present system is fraught with evils, for the people can always perceive this quick enough, but they will only make a change upon conviction that they are placing themselves in a better situation. This is the peculiar trait of the Anglo Saxon character, and where it is once started in motion, we unto that which stands before it, be it kings, aristocracies, and armies, with the riches and strength of a thousand years in their hands—or be it (falling from great things to small) the hapless editor of some filthy sheet entrenched behind his squeaking press, and surrounded by his hungry staff of unprincipled adventurers, who, pampered and bloated upon the spoils of office, have at last come to think that they hold the four winds of heaven in their fists, and the collective wisdom of earth in their little heads; such may for a long time deceive and blind the people and seem to rule supreme, but it is the effect of that species of sufferance of which I have already spoken, the same vanity which has lifted them into high and conspicuous places is sure to impel them in the end over the precipice; Nature thus, as in all cases, making ample compensation for any seeming evil that she may impose upon mankind.

It is much for any man or set of men to assume that a stricture upon them is an attack upon their party, but impudence and annoyance seem to hold undisputed sway in Oregon with two model editors! Do either of these worthies feel flattered by the comparison? Have they ever dreamed that each is the counterpart of the other? Both assuming to be not the advocate, but the entire embodiment of their parties, and to deny the supremacy of either is no less than treason; to have a reputation for political integrity and honesty is a sufficient evidence of hostility to them to call down a storm of editorials reeking with the filth and vulgarity which distill as naturally from their brains as corruption and stench flow from carrion. The one has crushed the party which feeds him, for the purpose of remaining the champion of its most violent faction—he has scorned to adopt a spirit of concession and compromise, as such would be an acknowledgment that he and his clique are not immaculate. The moderate and sensible of his party see and regret, that notwithstanding the notorious disaffections of the opposition, his course has forced them to unite even against their own wishes. It is not strange that those who exist by war should not favor peace even upon terms of the utmost advantage to their pretended cause; since his hope of being the great man of Oregon has gradually faded in the distance, in sullen grandeur, like fallen Satan, he has concluded

"'Tis better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven."
When these individuals are stripped of everything but their own merits, that is, when the two parties, artfully worked up to believe themselves violently opposed to each other upon every subject whatever, be it of war, peace, or domestic government, shall become sensible of the true state of affairs, and see that the only object of all this violent and ultra party warfare is to establish the difference between tweedle dum and tweedle dee, and to furnish the two great artillests and captains with bread, and employment in discharging their more offensive than dangerous shells at the most prominent objects in either their own or the opposing ranks, (the great glory of each being in the number of scalps which he can secure, and I am sure that if their trophies were examined neither could show the locks of an enemy, whilst there is no want of Whig scalps dangling at the girdle of the one and of democratic ones at that of the other.)
When the people understand all this, the probability is that they will quietly step out of the ranks, and form a circle that the two rival opponents may fight it out, and judging from the rabid premonitions which we have had, there is hope that like the famous Kilkenny cats, they will devour each other—saving the tails.
As I am already exceeding the bounds assigned by you to proxy writers, I must break off for the present, indulging the hope that I may be permitted to finish the subject in other communications.
H. F.

Arrival of the Mail.
The P. M. S. S. Oregon arrived last Saturday, bringing the mail. The news will be found in our columns to-day.

Mr. H. R. GRAHAM, the efficient Telegraphic operator in this city, has laid us under obligations for favors.

Several communications have been crowded out this week.

The weather for the past week has been warm and showery most of the time.

Peter's Onslaught on The Argus.

EDITOR OF THE ARGUS—I observe that The Times week before last ventured to attack The Argus, though rather timidly. As this is the first time it has been so bold since you commenced publishing your paper, I expected you would turn on the gentleman and demolish him at once for his temerity, and with this expectation I looked thro' the columns of The Argus last week to see the manner in which it would be done—but what was my astonishment to find you as silent as the grave in regard to him. How is this? "Shades of the mighty! can it be" that the reprobate "Break-spear" has "caved in" before this hero of the pen and is to the world of the valiant Hector trembling, and quaking with fear at the very sight of the wrathful Achilles? For the honor of manhood, and the credit of the editorial profession, I hope not.

But probably you don't understand the tactics of "Peter," and, on this supposition, I will endeavor to enlighten you to a slight degree. Fear of Bush is the only motor that he knows anything about—morally speaking, that is to say; and the shock which his delicate sensibilities received on witnessing the editorial tilt between you and "brother Peare" affected him only on his reading in The Statesman that Bush wasn't very well pleased with the encounter. So he sits down, burning with wrath and indignation, (all for Bush's eye, of course,) and taking Bush's idea, as he finds it climaxed in The Statesman, he spins it out, in his usual clumsy style, to the length of three or four "sticks"; extremely well pleased with the effect he imagines his drastic effort will have on Bush, and chucking with delight, no doubt, at the thought how completely he has knocked The Argus editor into a "cocked hat." But never mind his objurgatory tirade; attend to your business as though nothing had happened out of the common run of things, and leave the consequences to themselves; don't let your sleep o' nights be disturbed by visions of ghosts, hobgoblins, and sightless monsters, but rest assured that the world will still roll on in its course as unintercepted as it has ever done since the day it was launched into eternal space; that seed time and harvest will return in their usual order; and let your fears that there will be a general "bustin' up" of things, all on account of Orvis's last great effort, be dissipated as mist before the beams of the morning sun.

In order to illustrate more fully this predominant trait of "Peter's," I have only to refer you to the read news with which on every occasion he pitches into poor Leland, a non-resistant, and punnels him till he gets out of breath, or until he is satisfied that he has met Bush's approval, and then desists with a self-satisfied air, which seems to say, "See how well my master's work is done!" But a more glaring instance is yet to be noted. A short time since it will be recollected The Statesman contained a vile innuendo touching the private character of a lady in Portland, yet this pink of perfection, who is so severely affected at a lie's sparring of two brother editors, couldn't find it in his heart to defend the lady whose reputation was thus malignantly assailed, or even to utter one word in reprehension of such base and unmanly conduct on the part of his brother editor. Cause why? This "brother" editor was Bush, and fear of him overruled his better nature and silenced the chivalric promptings of his heart. A her such conduct as this, I say let him vacate the editorial tripod, and henceforth follow his legitimate vocation as judge of crew-bait in Washington county. What do you think?
FLYBUSTER.

We think "Flybuster" has made a great ado about nothing. It is true, we thought that the young man of The Times was unwontedly "exercised" on the occasion first alluded to above, but as the Editor of The Argus deemed the matter of so little importance as not to give it any notice before he went to Yamhill, we conclude that space enough has been already sacrificed, and shall therefore bring the subject to a complete close.

House not Organized.
The House of Representatives had not elected a Speaker up to the 22d Dec, the day of the steamer's departure. The last vote stood—

Banks, 104 | Fuller, 34
Richardson, 73 | Scattering, 10

A most acrimonious debate had been kept up for three or four days, between the Democrats, Free Soilers, and Know Nothings, on the absorbing topic of Slavery.

California.
The Legislature organized on Tuesday, 8th Jan., by the election of Farley as Speaker of the Assembly. The vote stood—Farley, 55; Talaferro, 21.

J. M. Anderson was elected Chief Clerk, and A. M. Hayden, Assistant.

The election of Senator had been postponed one week.

The trial of Cora for the murder of Gen. Richardson was progressing.

The Know Nothings have been defeated at several municipal elections in Massachusetts lately.

McCrea who was confined in jail at Leavenworth, Kansas, awaiting his trial for the homicide of Clark, has made his escape through the assistance of his friends.—He notified the Sheriff that he would appear on the day of his trial.

FRIENDLY.—At the recent fetes at Guildhall in London, when our Minister, Mr. Buchanan, presented himself, he was received with enthusiastic applause by the people. The band struck up Yankee Doodle, and the Englishmen present were so intent upon doing honor to the representative of America, that they never noticed M. de Persigny, the French Minister, who entered at the same time and took his seat almost without recognition.