

# The Oregon Argus.

W. L. ADAMS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OREGON CITY:

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1856.

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## Law Concerning Newspapers.

If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrears 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 arrears, 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.

## Gov. Curry, versus Gen. Wool.

On our outside we publish a letter from Gov. CURRY to the Secretary of War asking for the removal of Gen. Wool on account of "additional causes" to those set forth by the Legislative memorial of last winter. The "causes" set forth in the memorial were, the inactivity of the General in failing to push his troops into the field in order to defend the unprotected settlements, his withdrawal of what troops were in the field to winter quarters at Vancouver, and his efforts to cripple the efficiency of our volunteers force, &c., &c. The "additional causes" urged by the Governor's letter are found in the misrepresentations of the motives of his Excellency in "getting up the war," found in a letter from Gen. Wool to Gov. Stevens, which we published two weeks ago.

Gov. CURRY in this letter brings forward his contribution to the *cumulus* that is being piled upon the remains of the General, and adds his grain of sand to the mountain avalanche which Gov. Stevens slid down upon the old ex-warrior. The letter we look upon as rather a poorer piece of composition than the President's message. Its looseness of style, its inelegance of diction, and its grammatical blunders, have not excluded it from our columns, simply because it is an official document, which we wish to place upon the record. This, and every other official paper, have been withheld from us till after they were published in the *locofoco* papers of the Territory, with the exception of the Legislative Memorial, which Col. Kelly, like a gentleman, forwarded to us with all possible dispatch. These Oregon *locofocos* have such an abhorrence of Jeffersonian democracy that they would rejoice to see THE ARGUS killed, because it advocates these principles. No impartial man, however, can have failed to notice, that we have always weighed out to them what we believed to be strict justice. Indeed, we have endeavored at times to stay the arm of the dictator, in scourging the Governor, Palmer, and others with a "sapping," out of pure compassion, and a desire to see them left to stand up in the dignity of their own manhood, and try to do something for the country in ridding it of the calamities of the present war, when our own judgment told us they hardly deserved the credit we gave them. The justice of our course has never been acknowledged by one of them, and like cringing sycophants, they have meekly kissed the hand that covered their backs with welts, and continued to pack their official grists to the "party" mill. Their money and their influence, are still freely spent to keep flying a sheet on which they are caricatured as "rifles," that need bushing, "inprincipled cowards," &c., &c.

Of all the instruments of inquisitorial torture which rack every joint loose in a man, and drive every particle of manhood from the system in great drops of sweat through the pores of his hide, the Procrustean bedstead of *locofocoism* in Oregon bears the palm. Let a man commit an offence against the "party" by exhibiting some symptoms of being a freeman, of having a little mind of his own, or of being tainted with Jeffersonian Democracy, and upon being tried and convicted by a political court martial, held at the dead hour of midnight, he meekly resigns his person to the hands of the executioner, who straps him to the "party machine," and the soft-handed, silk stocking aristocrats, who swarm in all our towns, and live by whipping in the tax-payers to a support of party, gather around the poor fellow and tighten the cords by laying their delicate hands to the levers, and the obsequious victim yields up what little soul he had, under the comforting assurance that his rolling eyeballs discover "Democratic regular" pointed in blazing letters on the headboard of the machine, on which he is being stretched.

But in exercising all the charity we possibly can, we have sometimes thought that one reason why our officials have sent their "documents" to the party organs and taken

such extra pains to keep them pinned in the pockets of their swallow forks whilst slipping by our office, was, they were either ashamed to let us look at the manuscript, or they were fearful that they were hardly suitable to occupy a place in the columns of a literary paper. We would suggest to them the probability of something of an improvement in their appearance by letting us publish them first. Our pen and scissors are properly employed in revamping, and reconstructing the productions of new beginners.

Col. Cornelius is in Portland this week. His command is at the Dalles. Nothing further has been done in the way of Indian fighting north, since the death of Capt. Hembree. Col. Cornelius will probably hold the field north, till sometime in August, when it is thought Gen. Wool's forces will be able to take it. In the mean time we are informed that Gen. Wool, will act in concert with Gov. Stevens in subduing the savages of Washington Territory.

It is a great relief to us to know that our half-furnished volunteers who have been living on poor horse meat, and suffering hardships unexampled, except by our revolutionary fathers, are now comfortably situated at the Dalles. "At the Dalles—at the Dalles" there is an abundance of provisions," has been the constant reply we have received, whenever we have asked the officials why in the name of humanity provisions were not forwarded to our suffering friends. If it is at the Dalles, we will wag our old "two story beaver" that the boys have walked into a little of it by this time. "I would do us good to be there and see them eat."

The heart of every man, excepting the creatures who signed the "know-nothing petition," and wished to make a "party war" of it, has bled at the recital of the deprivations and sufferings of our volunteers, whilst half naked, and famishing, they have followed the Indians, over mountains, and through rugged defiles, in the face of the northern blasts, and pelting storms. To all their cries for help, we have over and over again called the attention of those whose business it was to attend to this matter; and have as often been told that there was an abundant supply at the Dalles, and if the stores were not transported to the field, the fault lay on the other side of the mountains. The officials are all unwilling to bear the load of blame that everybody knows ought to be born by somebody. We have seen not one of them yet but what has jumped stiff-legged the moment the burthen of responsibility has been laid upon his back. We hope a strict investigation will be had of this whole matter, and that the guilty alone may suffer, while the innocent are exculpated.

"Yamhill county gave two hundred against convention."—*Statesman*.

In the column to the left of this, and almost exactly opposite to it, we find the official returns put down thus—Against convention, Yamhill 150. It is a wonder that in his editorial he hadn't said "Yamhill gave two thousand against convention."—It would have been a little wider from the truth, than "two hundred" but not more than two hundred of his subscribers would have known the difference, and they are office-holders, and office-hunters, who approve of such statements as the only legitimate means of keeping up the "party."

## Message.

The last *Standard* contains an able message from JAMES O'NEILL, Mayor of Portland, to the City Council. The literary merit of the document we consider an improvement upon that of the President's message. Like an energetic worker as he is, he walks right and left through city obstructions and public nuisances, such as "crates, boxes, barrels, logs," &c., (we wonder he didn't mention the grogshops), and points to many valuable improvements which the city fathers are invited to undertake. With one hand he points the finger of warning to the smoldering cities of California, and with the other he indicates as objects worthy of imitation, a thing or two in Oregon City.

## Jefferson Institute.

We are glad to see that the friends of education are beginning to wake up in the neighborhood of Coxson's ferry on Santiam. A large sum has been raised for the purpose of erecting a suitable building for opening a high school. Coxson's claim on the Santiam has been selected as the location point. Mr. FRAZER informs us that Mr. Coxson has taken hold of the matter with his accustomed enterprise. If he has got hold of the matter it is bound to go ahead. He couldn't have devised a better plan to kill off the (natural) "know-nothings," of which we know him to be a great enemy.

The next steamer is looked for to-day. We look for interesting news by her. She will probably bring intelligence of the result of the conflict in Kansas, between "border ruffianism" and the actual settlers of that Territory.

## Seat of Government.

We see by an advertisement in the *Advocate*, signed R. B. Hall, that "Baena Vista," a would-be town in Polk County, is offered as a suitable place on which to "more permanently locate the seat of Government." The introduction of this new candidate will probably not jeopardize the prospects of the *Hosier*.

## Profanity.

It is a painful fact that the habit of using profane language is alarmingly on the increase among many of our young men. We are constantly shocked by a seeming effort on the part of some of our youngsters to see how much profanity and blasphemy they can weave in to a random conversation. It argues poorly for the morals of our country, when we are compelled to state that our youth are encouraged in such foolish and reprehensible habits by perhaps a majority of our office-seekers and office-holders. A man, with few other qualifications, seems to think in Oregon that the first step to success consists in being able to drink a great deal of whisky and belch out a perfect catarrh of blasphemy. The constant use of profane language, while it may frequently be accounted for from the force of a habit foolishly and thoughtlessly contracted, yet it never fails to be a mark of low raising and vicious associations. We are ready to admit that a man may be what is generally termed a "clever fellow," and possess a kind, sympathizing heart, with many other good qualities, and yet be profane when under the influence of passion. Profanity is inexcusable before God and man under any circumstances. But the cold-blooded blasphemer, who can upon any and all occasions link together an almost unbroken chain of oaths, curses, and imprecations, without even feeling his cheeks blush, or a conscious sinking of his manhood, is too polluted a creature to be admitted to respectable female society, at least.

The time has been in the history of our government when leading men, by precept and example, used all their influence in favor of purity of speech among those with whom they associated. In going back to the time of the Revolution, perhaps at weighty an example of this kind as we could bring would be that of GEORGE WASHINGTON, a name which we think no modern "Young American" would dare speak lightly of, although he might scoff at the name of his Maker.

Let us take for instance the following part of an "order of the day" issued to his troops in August, 1776:

"The General is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice hitherto little known in an American army, is growing into fashion. He hopes that the officers will, by example as well as by influence, endeavor to check it; and that both they and the men will reflect that we can have little hope of the blessing of Heaven on our arms, if we insult it by our impiety and folly. Add to this, it is a vice no man or woman, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises."

Do you hear that, young man? According to the opinion of the Father of his Country the man who does not "detest and despise" profane cursing and swearing has neither "sense nor character."

But let us examine a similar "order" made in 1754, twenty-two years before this, when WASHINGTON led his forces through the trackless forests in pursuit of the French and Indians:

"Colonel Washington has observed that the men of his regiment are very profane and reprobate.—He takes this opportunity to inform them of his great displeasure at such practices, and assures them that if they do not leave them off they shall be severely punished. The officers are desired, if they hear any man swear, or make any oath or exclamation, to order the offender twenty-five lashes immediately, without a count-martial. For a second offence he shall be more severely punished."

We fear that GEORGE WASHINGTON could hardly control the Oregon volunteers. The day seems to have come when such men as WASHINGTON and JEFFERSON are looked upon as old fogies, though ranting, swearing demagogues talk loudly about endorsing their principles, because the sovereign people still respect their memories.

Mr. C. H. Mattoon has kindly furnished us with a prospectus of *The Pacific Expositor*, a Baptist paper he proposes to publish at Cincinnati, O. T.

The sixth article contains the following: "The editor will reserve to himself the absolute right and power to judge of the nature, time, and extent of publishing articles on controverted subjects," &c.

We are glad to see that friend Mattoon is sufficiently independent to take a strong stand upon his reserved rights in "judging of the nature of publishing." Experience however has rendered many a publisher a much better judge of the "nature of publishing" than he was when he first commenced the business with a full pocket, and abandoned it empty-handed. We hope friend Mattoon's experience will be such as to enable him to "judge" favorably of it.

"He (Leland) can hardly contain his gratification in view of the fact, that the floating political excrement, who are now here, now there, and by-and-by there beyond, should have united with the dark-lantern faction in some of the northern counties to defeat convention."—*Statesman*.

Before the election it was stoutly denied that this was a "party question." Since the election, the laboring tax-payers who saw fit to vote against convention, are kicked out of the loco fold, and stigmatized as "political excrement." The hardheaded democracy are now regarded by the clique as "excrement," and are mainly used as compost to be placed around the roots of the "sappings" in the party nursery. We never thought however that the *Statesman* would dare to tell them so. It makes us shudder to think that men made in the image of God should be willing to be thus debased.

We hardly think such men as Judge PRATT and others who opposed the "Convention" will relish the title of "pizzarrinum, political excrement," which the *Statesman* applies to them.

## Willamette Woolen Manufacturing Company.

We see by the *Advocate* and *Statesman* that this company has lately effected an organization in Salem. A hundred and one shares have already been taken, of \$250 each. The waters of the Santiam river are to be brought across to Salem where the works of the company are to be erected. The enterprise of the citizens who have taken hold of this improvement is commendable, and, if the undertaking proves successful, will be of great benefit to the Territory at large, and of more real benefit to Salem than being made the Seat of Government would be. We ought to have had that or a similar establishment driven by the wasted waters of the Willamette Falls, but if we are to be cursed by bad legislation, and the indifference of men whose business it is to look after these matters, we are glad to see our sister towns, growing up under good management, and fortuitous circumstances.

## Col. Gardiner.

The *Advocate* informs us that Col. GARDINER has resigned his office as Surveyor General, and Mr. Zieber is to have his place. Col. Gardiner is said to have received an appointment in the Land Office in Washington.

It will be recollected that from our Washington advices, we stated last week, that Col. Gardiner was actually removed, and the papers were already made out for Mr. Zieber. It seems now that the same mail brought a letter from President Pierce informing the Col. of what he had been compelled to do at the demand of him who "passes laws," gets "tapped on the shoulder" by a trembling President, and manages the affairs of the Government generally, and advising him to "resign" instantly, at the same time assuring him, that a nice little nest was feathered for him in Washington City. This is the reason why Zieber's commission has been held over till the next steamer. This is decidedly a novel method of decapitating officials, and has only been discovered by the "moderns." Col. Gardiner is said to have many friends at Washington, besides being in the good graces of the President. He has been dreadfully cataphalped by the "clique" in Oregon, but he will leave the Territory, with the respect of the great mass of the people, for his gray hairs, and his firm, upright, and gentlemanly deportment whilst tarrying on our shores.

## Wagon Road across the Plains.

We learn from the California papers that our enterprising neighbors in that State, are circulating a petition to Congress for appropriations for constructing a good wagon road from the States to California.—They say they intend to thunder at the doors of Congress with the names of fifty thousand petitioners at least. The receipts at the custom house in San Francisco which have already been paid into the U. S. Treasury make a sum amply sufficient to construct the whole road, and the Californians say that if they can neither have a railroad, or wagon road, they might as well set up a government independent of Uncle Sam, and save their own money for making improvements at home.

## Range.

Why is it that our farmers in the timbered portions of the country take so little pains to improve the range? By burning off large portions of the country in the fall and scattering timothy and blue grass seed upon the ground, the whole country might soon be converted to an excellent tame grass meadow. Let every man living in the timber begin this operation this fall, and if he is not able to do much, let him do a little and make a start. Most anybody could seed down a rod square.

## Salmon.

Since the Indians have been removed, not a salmon is to be had, although our river is literally swarming with them.

Why does not some person embark in the salmon trade? A hundred barrels of salmon might be put up at this place, within the next six weeks which we believe would yield a net profit of \$500. The salmon fisheries at the mouth of the Columbia, the best in Oregon, and we believe the best in the world, are entirely neglected except by a few Indians. Oregon ought to derive an income of \$100,000 a year from her fisheries, and yet, as strange as it may appear, we are living in part upon imported fish. Here is a field where an enterprising company, with a small capital, can make a fortune.

Who will be the first to explore it? We understand that the salmon fisheries on the Sacramento, in California, have almost entirely failed.

## Codfish.

Mr. Judson, of Clatsop, informs us that cod-fish are frequently taken a short distance outside of the Columbia bar, and that about one hundred miles west of this a shoal has been discovered where cod-fish are abundant. Our cod-fish, like our oysters, are smaller than those taken on the Atlantic side, but we challenge the world to beat our Chinook Salmon.

## Repeating.

Some of our Polk county friends, who stopped THE ARGUS last year, have ordered the paper again, this year.

We have not a particle of war news from the South this week, excepting what is contained in the report of Lamerick.

## Convention.

The official returns are not all in, but taking the returns and flying reports together the majorities stand: for convention 1165—against 1132. In making this estimate Curry county is set down from rumor at 200 maj. for convention. We hardly credit the correctness of the report, but we shall know soon.

LEE and TUCKER are the men who have started the flouring mill in Milwaukie we spoke of last week. We are informed that they are thoroughly acquainted with the business, and are now making better flour than any other mill in Oregon. Mr. LEE has formerly been an Inspector of flour for the city of San Francisco, and is probably one of the best judges of the article in Oregon. We are told that they can make a barrel of flour in eighteen minutes on one run of stones. Their enterprise has been the means of materially raising the price of wheat in the valley. We wish this company the most abundant success and we believe they will realize the fortune they deserve, within a few years.

The health of this city is proverbial all over Oregon. We have now been living here more than a year and do not recollect to have heard of a single case of sickness except from some old chronic disease which took root in the States. The doctors complain of its being distressingly healthy. Dr. Steele (who keeps a splendid stock of drugs, and offers them as low as anybody else in the Territory) assures us, that Oregon city was less medicine in a year, than one of the small country towns of the west would use in a week.

A human skeleton was found this week, some two miles east of Portland.—The bones had the appearance of having lain there for several years. With the skeleton was found a pair of striped pants, a flannel shirt, and a pair of boots. No clue can be got to the identity of the individual. Who he was, or whence he came, is still a mystery.

A subscription is on foot for constructing a plank walk from this city to Canemah. The estimated cost is \$500, most of which is already contributed. This is an improvement which is much needed, and if we knew the name of the man who first proposed it we would publish him.

We last week published the Wool and Stevens correspondence, and also a letter from Gov. Curry, on the same subject.—Gov. C.'s letter was in proper tone and spirit, devoid of swagger and vain glory.—*Statesman*.

Who else saw any "swagger and vain glory" in the letter of Gov. STEVENS?

We notice that some whittling loafer has been using his jackknife on the balusters of CARTEE'S fence in this city. It annoys any well raised man to see property disfigured or destroyed by even the teeth of a rat. A monkey would be considered too much of a gentleman to do the like. The practice of mutilating fences, sign-boards, and the pews of meeting houses, and of writing upon the doors of buildings, cutting out letters from public posters and handbills, so as to give them a ridiculous appearance, is one which always marks the perpetrator with the unmistakable brand of a full-blooded greaser. It would be well perhaps for our City Council to furnish dry-goods boxes at all the sunny localities of the city, for the accommodation of such whittling office-seekers as have nothing else to do but talk politics and whittle.

There is a post office in Marion county kept in a doggerly. Within the neighborhood of that doggerly, the friends of the *Statesman* have made up a club of twenty-seven or eight names for that sheet. At the same office we have only four subscribers. Comment is unnecessary.

## Bethel.

Mr. HARRISON, teacher of the boy's department in Bethel Institute, paid us a visit this week, during which he informed us that the Institute was in a flourishing condition. He reports the number of regular scholars at about seventy.

In answer to the many enquiries of correspondents who are constantly asking "when are you coming to see us?" we reply that we intend to make a tour in a few weeks, when we shall try to see all our friends (and some of our enemies,) on both sides of the Willamette.

## To Correspondents.

G. O. B. is informed that there is no terrestrial globe in San Francisco larger than 13 inches. One of these can be had delivered here for about \$25.

E. Davidson is informed that if the Independence P. M. mailed his money we never got it.

We cannot publish the poem of "Eva." There are some fine passages in it, but they sound so very like what we have seen in Lalla Rookh and the Lament of Tasso that we fear they would hardly be homespun enough for our paper.

"Wake Quash" is rejected. We cannot let down the character of our paper by publishing such unmeaning, harsh words as "ass-a-hell," "Dushey," &c., &c. The name properly written conveys an idea of so much that is corrupt, that the bare mention of it makes a virtuous man crawl all over. You can sink him no lower in public estimation by piling on such epithets, while you could sink our paper by getting us to publish them.

We had intended to say something concerning the temperance ticket for this county, but have yielded the corner set apart for that purpose to correspondents.

Our streets evince an improvement in trade by the throng of teams that are bringing in wheat, flour, butter, and eggs, and carrying off merchandize. What is worth \$1 25, butter 30c, and eggs 15c.

Those who come to this city to trade, must be sure to read the advertisements. Those who advertise are the only men who can afford to do business on the right principle.

We have had an almost continued pelting of cold rain and hail, during the past week. The sun has at length made its appearance again.

Those friends who have taken the trouble to send us lists of new subscribers of late, will accept our thanks.

Mr. J. M. BACON has leased the Main Street House, and will be on hand to accommodate travelers shortly.

Mr. A. W. of Willamina, is informed that he printed his bills, and sent them to him by the first mail that left after we got his order.

Why is it that some people are still sending stray notices to the *Statesman* since the repeal of the old law?

## Proceedings of Temperance Mass Meeting.

The adjourned meeting of the friends of Temperance assembled at the Hall of Dr. McLaughlin on Wednesday, April 23d, 1856. W. T. MATLOCK, Esq., was called to the chair, and Thos. POPE appointed secretary.

The proceedings of the previous meeting were then read, and the report of the Committee called for.

On motion, the report was accepted, and the meeting proceeded to ballot for candidates; resulting in the following nominations:

For Representatives—W. T. Matlock, Walter Fish, P. H. Hatch.  
For County Commissioner—C. W. Bryant.

For Auditor—W. G. Johnson.

[Mr. Johnson requests to state that before and after the nomination he positively declined being a candidate for any office whatever.—Ed.]  
Assessor—Mallon Brock.  
Treasurer—Thomas Pope.  
Probate Judge—Samuel Miller.  
School Superintendent—J. D. Post.  
Public Administrator—Samuel L. Campbell.

Prosecuting Attorney—Gen. S. Ward.

On motion, the Committee appointed at last meeting were requested to secure tickets and provide for their distribution over the county, and a collection was taken up to defray the cost.

On motion, the meeting adjourned to meet at the polls and elect their candidates.  
W. T. MATLOCK, Ch'n.

THOS. POPE, Sec'y.

Ed. Argus—DEAR SIR: Your columns present, this week, to the people of Clackamas county a ticket of nominees for the ensuing Legislature and for county officers.

This ticket comes before the people with no demands and no authoritative claims—it claims no man's vote as belonging to it, or as being sold body and soul to the leaders of a party, without the right to think and act for himself.

It proposes to meet no man at the polls and browbeat and bully him into its support.

It comes before independent voters, presenting a ticket of independent men, men well qualified to fill the offices for which they are nominated, willing to give the public their best services; willing to be set aside if better men can be put in their place. These men ask permission of no party to run for the various offices. They acknowledge no ownership by others. The people are the governed; the people pay the bill; let the people say who they want in office.

It remains for the citizens of Clackamas county to show by their votes whether a few wire-pullers shall deal out to them every year their candidates, or whether they will select their own.

The question of submitting to the people a prohibitory liquor law, is a leading one that will be supported by these candidates; at the same time they expect to be alive to all the interests of the people of Clackamas county; and to render a good account of themselves if elected.

The friends of Temperance have taken the start in making their nominations.—They have defined their ground—they have presented a ticket of good men and true without distinction of party, and they ask for it a cordial, a hearty, a successful support.  
INDEPENDENT.

## Temperance at the Ballot-Box.

Ed. Argus—The friends of prohibition seem to be their own antagonists. They believe in the principle, and feel confident that it can be embodied into a constitutional law. Some prohibitory laws, or sections of law, may be framed unconstitutionally.—They desire the speedy enactment of right prohibitory laws in Oregon. They hope the day will come, in which they shall personally rejoice in the triumph of Temperance, and the complete suppression of that traffic which takes the people's gold and gives them poison in return. They believe that the people can be led to see the subject in this light, yet they suppose the majority are now against Prohibition. On this supposition, they base the opinion that it is unwise to try the question at the ballot-box, at least as an issue at the approaching election. Now we ask, who oppose the cause more strongly? Do those who deny the rights of prohibition? No; for they simply affirm that the majority deny that