

New Improvement.

Last winter our Legislature gave a charter to John A. Taylor, M. R. Barnum, Geo. Olds, Levi Anderson, James Canfield, Abram Sulger, Peter Scholl, and T. J. Humphreys, as a body corporate and politic, known as the Tualatin River Transportation and Navigation Company, for the improvement of the Tualatin River, and connecting said river to the Willamette River by canal, rail, plank, or macadamized road, or by locks by the mouth or otherwise, as said company may see fit.

It will be recollected that we called public attention to this improvement last spring. We are not of those who run away with utopian schemes for creating large dividends upon investments in railroads, telegraphs, and plank roads, in advance of the development of the resources of a new country.

It was a convenient way of avoiding the meeting by Burlingame—about as convenient as that of another New England Congressman who some forty years ago was challenged; and replied that "he would consult his wife!" The pulp politicians, and Abolitionists, are making a great cackle over the nerve exhibited by their tool Burlingame, and because Brooks preferred to not go into a foreign country some eight hundred miles.

What say you, everybody concerned, will you have this improvement or not?

Just as We Predicted.

Not a month has elapsed since we predicted that the time would come when the black democracy would be slobbering over the Know Nothings in order to get their votes. A few years ago, and Whigs were "ories," "not fit to vote for," "black cockade federalists," &c.

icans were "dark lantern traitors," "midnight assassins," "traitors," "perjured scoundrels sworn to lie," &c., &c., &c.—Time rolls on—and now the black democracy think the Republican party stands most in their way of getting at bags in the U. S. Treasury, and their mantle of charity like "old spec," is spreading itself so as to cover the Know Nothings, who despair of the election of Fillmore, and, being interested in the price of negroes, of course vote for Buchanan in order to defeat Fremont.

From the Morning Globe of San Francisco, an organ of black democracy, we take the following, from an article written for the purpose of honeying Know Nothings up to vote the negro-driving ticket:

"There are doubtless thousands of old line Whigs and members of the American party in this State, who will manifest their patriotism at the next election by voting for the candidate most likely to defeat Fremont."

The same paper says: "Gov. Foote himself will yet find it impossible to maintain a consistent position in principle, without returning to the Democratic party. For him to support Fillmore, and thereby aid the cause of Fremont, would be as inconsistent with every former act of his life, as treason is with patriotism."

Six months ago, and that particular "act of Foote's life" which sealed him as a Know Nothing was dark "treason," concocted in a black and traitorous heart, and attested by a parabolic hand stretched out to sign the death-warrant of his country.

It will not be ten years till the black democracy will be honeyfugging with Gerrit Smith's followers, for votes. Any party that will help them most in plundering the Treasury, is the party that is fullest of "patriotism" with them.

"It was a convenient way of avoiding the meeting by Burlingame—about as convenient as that of another New England Congressman who some forty years ago was challenged; and replied that "he would consult his wife!" The pulp politicians, and Abolitionists, are making a great cackle over the nerve exhibited by their tool Burlingame, and because Brooks preferred to not go into a foreign country some eight hundred miles.

Isn't it astonishing what a degrading, debasing, and bedeviling influence "our party" has over those who pull the party wires with a promise of a haul at the bags in the U. S. Treasury? Let American citizens be shot down in Kansas, villages laid in ashes, women and children driven naked at the dead hour of midnight from their homes wrapped in flames, out into the driving storm, their husbands and brothers either hung like dogs, or scourged, tarred and feathered and banished the country, for no other crime than having expressed a desire to vote for freedom in Kansas, and every political *kiota* from Cape Sable to Cape Flattery, echoes back the howl of congratulation that is set up by Atchison and Springfellow, or slinks into his hole without daring to whine his dissent from deeds that put savages to the blush! Let a U. S. Senator be felled to the floor with a bludgeon, and beaten while waltering in his own gore by a cowardly villain intent on murder, for daring to exercise the freedom of speech, and not one of these slaves to party dare intimate that he has a soul, or reflects the least image of the Almighty by exhibiting the least human feeling or expressing the slightest sympathy for right and justice.

Let a freeman like Burlingame speak like a man against savage brutality, and wanton violence, and these self-sold, soul hired and scorned political Iscariots, are seen moving like an army of caterpillars towards some ruffian like Brooks who wishes to throttle free speech, and reduce this country to a level with Inquisitorial Spain.—These political vermin in order to render themselves conspicuous as faithful patriots, deserving of the privilege of thrusting their gallinipin bills into one of the veins of Uncle Sam, are seen crawling up the breeches legs of Brooks and Jo Lane, and

hanging in knots at the extremities of their coat tails squeaking out their assent to border ruffian violence, and denouncing men who approve of justice, and stand by the constitution, as "preaching politicians, religious fanatics, and Black Republicans."

Now this John Orvis Waterman, who edits the Times, is by no means a natural sympathizer with violence and bloodshed. Indeed we look upon him as naturally a harmless, docile, tenderfooted, tenderfeeling, sympathetic sort of a young man, who would always prefer a drawing room full of old maids to a gladiatorial arena, and who could be induced by the glitter of "Arkansas Toothpicks," and the click of Colt's revolvers to stow himself away in a very small hole. His sympathies are decidedly of a pacific character, and he would march rather his party had rallied under a dove-white symbol, than under that of a black and bloody one.

The unclean spirits, that entered the Gadarene swine were the cause of these hogs plunging off the bluff into the sea! and John Orvis Waterman has been induced to take his fatal leap into the boiling abyss of ruffian violence, from the promptings of the "unclean spirit" of black democracy which has entered into him.—The way he snaps and snarls at New Englanders, and belittles them by placing them in unfavorable contrast with South Carolina bullies, shows the apostasy and degradation to be complete of a man who carries a broad blue streak up one side, and a yellow one down the other, and who would tremble at a nearer approach to the scenes of violence than an obscure sanetum somewhere in the suburbs of Portland, on the west bank of the Willamette river.

Durhams.

Upon a recent visit to the plantation of Ex-Gov. Gaines in Marion county, we were pleased to find it pretty well stocked with the real short-horned Durham cattle brought from the meadows of Kentucky. The calves are the finest we have seen in the Territory, and command from two to three hundred dollars each. We have as yet paid but little attention to the improvement of stock in Oregon, but the desire begins to manifest itself among our farmers to do something in this line.

Gov. Gaines has a beautiful location among the hills a few miles South of Salem, which he is improving in good style, and his commodious cottage house, his pure air and beautiful scenery, his orchard and garden comforts, his magnificent spring, and his admirable wife, will tend to make his last days his best days, and the happiest, we hope, of his life.

Lime.

We understand that several gentlemen are busily making preparations to burn lime at the quarry some twenty miles from this city, which we mentioned some weeks ago. One wagon-load of the stone has already been burned, and the lime proves to be good. We shall probably soon be able to purchase lime for less than one half what it now sells for—say for seventy-five cents or a dollar a bushel.

"A vote was taken in a car, on the road from Rochester to Buffalo, with the following result: Fremont, 21; Buchanan, 19; Fillmore, 20."

"Before the train reached Rochester, one of the Fremont men committed suicide by jumping from the car while the train was in motion; two of the Buchanan men were confined by the conductor for picking a man's pocket, and one of the Fillmore men was arrested for bigamy on arriving at the depot."

"We clip the above from the St. Louis Republican, a Buchanan organ. The facts stated here look a little ominous to us, and as we are an independent journalist, bound to no party any further than it is right, it may be proper for us to guess at these omens."

"The Fremont man jumping off the car teaches us that the Republicans, if in power, will have to keep their eyes skinned, or they will tumble off the cars of state while under full head-way, and get their necks broke. The Fillmore man being arrested for bigamy teaches us that the Americans, if in power, may be too partial to polygamy in Utah; and the Buchanan men being arrested for robbery, teaches us that if Buchanan is elected his administration will be noted the most for quarrelling over the spoils—picking Uncle Sam's pocket—and stealing from the Government in every possible way."

Our Mills.

The Island Mill and the new grist mill across the river are both covered and enclosed, and make quite an addition to the appearance of the City. If the flour these mills will shortly be turning out proves to be as good as they promise, we shall have something worth telling of. These mills, together with Dr. McLoughlin's, and those of Lee & Tucker at Milwaukie, will create a demand for wheat that will keep the up-country farmers scratching the back of mother earth with a strong prospect of being rewarded for their toil.

"Died, in Portland, last Tuesday morning, Dr. FRANCIS PANTON, of a fit. The Dr. was of an affable and courteous disposition, and was not altogether a stranger to the "Sacred Nine." We mingle our sympathies with those of his numerous friends."

Patents.

All the available force in the Land Office are probably hard at work on those "sheep skins." Patents will probably be issued in a few days to such of the "unwashed" as signed the memorial for removing Col. Gardner "because he didn't issue patents!"

"We hear that the Yamhill race course is still the haunt of demoralization for that county. It would be just as advantageous to horse raisers, and of more advantage to the county, besides affording as much amusement to "sporting gentlemen," if they would leave their horses at home, and pick out, put in training, bet on, and run a few spindle-shanked greasers."

California Politics.

The campaign is in full blast in California. All parties are working with a will, and all say they will succeed. We clip the following from a San Francisco paper: "From present indications in politics a stampede is taking place in favor of Fremont. The press begins to follow the call of the masses. Ten papers have hoisted Fremont and Dayton's names within the last thirty days."

Several new Fremont papers have been started since the above was published.—Since the news of the election in Kentucky and other Southern States, many of the Fillmore men in California are flocking to the Buchanan and Fremont standards, as their interests and judgment dictate.

"We learn from the Standard that the personal estate of A. J. Hembree, deceased, late of Yamhill, is appraised at \$21,359 62."

Truth at last, in the Statesman.

"Throughout the land a phrasical and fanatical priesthood are going about "preaching politics" to every creature.—Statesman."

Quite a compliment to the priesthood of black democracy, of which Parson Delusion Smith and Parson Fred Waynair stand at the head. The character and qualifications of these two Parsons are thus truthfully described in the same column of Czapky's organ:

"Shallow and superficial, unable to reason upon matters of legislation as statesmen do from Constitutions and governing principles, they deal in excited harangues, and noisy denunciations, appealing to passion rather than reason, and judgment."

THE PIKEITES OF ALL EMBRACE THE PIKEITES OF MO.

The black democratic eagles gather around carcasses roasted by black servitude—A little black dog crushed by the falling of the platform.—The meeting holds all near the middle of a very black night.

We find in the St. Louis Republican, a black democratic organ a long article from some correspondent, giving a very interesting account of a political meeting in Pike county, Mo. which was participated in by the Pikeites from Ill. We give a portion of this correspondence to our readers, as we regard the circumstances attending the meeting, as not only highly interesting, but ominous. It seems that the arena of conflict between the genius of liberty, and the genius of slavery, now tabernacled in the "body politic" of black democracy, is to be transferred to the two "Pikes." What suitable ground for rallying the cohorts of black democracy for the last dreadful encounter! When the diffusion of knowledge among the masses in Ill. and Mo. shall have broken up the party in all other sections, it will have to be smoked out of the two Pikes as Gen. Putnam tried to smoke his grand prototype out of the wolf den.

"But we here introduce our extracts: "My intention, however, was more particularly to notice the incidents connected with this Union of the "two Pikes." At an early hour the steam ferry "Pike Union," was plying between the two shores, each trip laden with Illinoisans of both sexes, coming to fraternize with their Missouri brethren, upon an occasion where all felt a deep and common interest. That occasion was the ratifications of the nominations of Buchanan and Breckenridge. There was an enthusiasm about it, a prevailing sentiment, that gave assurance that the cause was just and most triumphant."

"From Pike, Missouri, they poured in on horseback, in wagons and on foot, while a large delegation came up from Clarksville, on the ferry boat."

"We have heard the crowd variously estimated, none getting it down less than six thousand, while many others think it was at least eight or nine. The packet steamer Keokuk, arrived about eight o'clock in the morning, having on board several citizens of St. Louis. Long before the steamer touched the wharf the booming cannon and waving flags announced that this was no ordinary day in this little city. Crowds of people thronged the landing and the streets, while music stole softly on the ear, and added to the general interest of the scene."

"The place selected for the speaking, was about half mile above the city upon the banks of the river, and under a lowering bluff. Seats had been prepared to accommodate thousands, and even at an early hour they were filled with ladies, as beautiful and bewitching as the classic nymphs whose mythological residence has been assigned to the cliffs, the waters, and the forests. The flowers of Missouri twined with the prairie lilies of Illinois, constituting a bouquet of beauty that was delightful to look upon."

"A great trench had been dug close to the barbecue grounds, where "whole hogs" and entire oxen were being cooked and attended by African savans. At ten o'clock the vast crowd was called together."

"The officers and several invited guests had assembled upon the stand, when an incident occurred that brought them all in a heap. The platform from which the orators were to address the people was hastily constructed, and could not stand so much Democratic weight and gave way, and all hands were thrown into what printers might term "human pi." Luckily, no one was hurt, and the circumstances did not in the least discourage the Buchanan men who were upon it, or those who surrounded it. There was an affair, however, connected with it which should, from its first inception, be stated correctly, and in advance of any statement which may find its way into the Black Republican press."

"A small black dog, whose canine curiosity had tempted him beneath the stand, was crushed. We state this at the risk of seeing it tortured by the Abolitionists, and construed in a manner that would not reflect very favorably."

"(This we look upon as an omen. The "small black dog" is a fitting representative of the "genius" or soul of the party, which will be crushed under the weight of its "pence platform" and be buried at last on the soil of Pike county, Mo. Hope they won't think we have "tortured" this incident by "construing it in a manner that while it don't reflect very favorably" on the destiny of the party, "reflects quite favorably" on the prosperity of the country.)

"A large open wagon was soon drawn up on the wreck of the platform, and in a short time everything was again resumed. * *

It must have been an interesting spectacle that "prairie schooner" filled with office-seekers, and standing on a broken platform resting on a dead dog. We presume the "omnibus" was hauled round by the "African Savans," as the Irish have pretty generally refused to be used as cart-horses since Herbert shot one of them down in the team, and the whole black democratic party passed over the thing as merely a good joke, and not worthy of subjecting an office holder to even censure."

"In the meantime a staging had been erected upon the sidewalk in the streets of Louisiana, and a large crowd assembled, who were addressed by Mr. Christian Kribben of St. Louis, and Mr. Higbee of Illinois. The latter gentleman was speaking when our correspondent left, which was after 10 o'clock at night, and still the people did not seem to be tired, but were enthusiastic in their shouts for Buchanan."

Thus ends the ominous jollification of the Pikeites.

"When the minions of slavery invaded proud Rome, And tyrants with insult their banners unfurled, The genius of freedom was forced from her home, And sought an asylum abroad in the world!"

"If modernized, and set to a machine, it would probably run after this wise: When the genius of Freedom invaded the West, And drove black democracy into its hole, It coiled itself up in its Pike county nest, And died, swearing that the old black cockade Federalist Buchanan was a patriot, and the "Nebraska stone" was a good egg."

Lieut. Albert Gates has returned from the Northern war in fine health and spirits. He brings no news of importance. Col. Shaw is probably now at Fort Vancouver, on his way home.

Acknowledgments.

Mrs. Wm. Elliott has our thanks for a contribution of nice butter. She knows just how to make it.

Mr. Wm. Barlow has laid us under obligations for a keg of pickles, which we have not opened yet, but have no doubt they are all right, as he lays down pickles by the best receipt we know of.

Rev. Mr. Atkinson has kindly furnished us with a bushel of peaches. Mr. A. we believe never sells his fruit, but gives it to his neighbors and to the poor. This is certainly a good part of pure and undefiled religion.

Mrs. Schnellly comes next with a jar of nice Siberian Crab preserves. We always thought she could beat most anybody else making preserves.

Mr. S. K. Barlow has laid on our table some ripe raspberries attached to twigs which have shot up in place of the old stalks which were cut down after the raspberries were gathered this last summer.—This beats old Kentuck.

Mr. R. B. Rogers has handed in a clings-tone seedling peach, measuring ten inches in circumference, and which for richness of flavor exceeds any peach we have eaten this season, except the Early Crawford. This would do well to graft from, as Mr. R. informs us it never blights.

Messrs. Flaherty and Patrick Smith have our thanks for oft-repeated visits to our sanctum with apples and peaches.

How to Make Good Coffee.

Nothing in the world adds so much to a good breakfast as good coffee. Indeed, a good breakfast is impossible without it. We like good coffee, let those dispense with it who will. We believe the Almighty made it to be drunk, let those take buttermilk who prefer it. If made right, we believe it to be healthy, and in harmony with the constitution of man, and woman too.—Some people say coffee hurts them. Well, the way many people make it, the only wonder is that it don't kill them. Those who are suffering from this kind of coffee had better quit it, and take to drinking iron

rust tea. The miserable trash that is often served up for coffee is worse for a dyspeptic than stump water or tobacco juice. It is worse than Thompson's lobelia, which the doctors ridiculed as a "screw auger." The stomach that can stand it must be tougher than the gizzard of an ostrich.—But now for our receipt for making good coffee. Try it:

First wash your coffee thoroughly; you will be surprised at the amount of poisonous dirt you get rid of. Then toast your coffee till of a dark cinnamon color. Be careful not to burn a single grain. There is just as much sense in burning bread for breakfast as in "burning coffee." Next grind plenty of it; don't be too stingy; put in a good deal, if not more. But before you put it in, be sure to wash your coffee-pot perfectly free from all old grounds. Pour in your boiling water, and boil five minutes. Put two large table-spoonfuls of thick cream into a coffee cup and pour on your coffee. Your coffee will then be of a rich golden cast, and having a flavor and richness that are desirable.

What does it Mean?

We notice that the Oregonian has hauled down from its mast head the names of Gerrit Smith, Banks, and Stockton, as candidates for the Presidency.

Conference.

The Oregon Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church closed its session in Portland last Monday. We learn from Gen. McCarver that a resolution was passed declaring, in substance, the Oregon Indian war just, humane, and christian.

Peaches are selling in market at 75 cents per bushel; potatoes 30c; butter 37c; and onions from 50 to 75c.

Arrival of the Mail.

The U. S. Mail steamer Columbia arrived at Portland last Thursday afternoon.—From J. N. Banker, Esq., the enterprising agent of Wells, Fargo & Co., we received files of California and New York papers.

Payment of the War Debt.

Private advices from Washington say that Congress has authorized the Secretary of War to audit our war claims.

News from the Atlantic States.

Francis P. Blair, the intimate and confidential friend of General Jackson, is about to publish a reply to the assaults made on him by Cave Johnson, in which he gives Gen. Jackson's opinion of Mr. Buchanan. He discusses the story of "bargain and corruption" between Adams and Clay at length and shows conclusively by documents that Mr. Buchanan was the author of the charge.

Two members of the House of Representatives, McMullen, of Virginia, and Granger, of New York, on Monday morning indulged in a fist fight. It appears the members were riding together in an omnibus, when a political dispute arose and hard words passed, when McMullen seized Granger around the neck and struck him one or two blows, starting the blood under the eye and ear. They were quickly separated. A committee of the House has been appointed to investigate the subject and report the facts.

A State Convention of old line whigs assembled in Albany August 14th. About eight hundred delegates were in attendance. Hon. Francis Granger was selected to preside, assisted by a number of Vice Presidents. A report and resolutions were adopted declaring their intention to support Fillmore, as a choice of evils, without endorsing the American platform, and their determination to return to their old organization as soon as convenient.

KANSAS.—In the meantime we have exciting news from Kansas. Several attacks have been made by the Free State men upon the pro-slavery camps and settlements. Lecompton has been captured, and Gov. Robinson and other Free State prisoners released. The U. S. troops, it is said, surrendered without firing a gun. Gov. Shannon, and the citizens generally, had previously fled. The city, it is said, is to be destroyed. Franklin, another pro-slavery settlement, has also been captured, and the post office burnt. A pro-slavery fort, near Ossawatimie, was attacked on the 14th by the free-soilers, when a desperate conflict ensued, the attacking party losing 14 killed and 16 wounded. They were repulsed. At last accounts the Missourians were gathering on the borders, with the avowed purpose of marching upon and destroying Lawrence.

THE ELECTIONS.—In the State election in Missouri, Mr. Polk, the Democratic candidate, is elected Governor. The American candidate received the next highest vote, and "Old Bullion" brought up the rear. Col. Benton went out of St. Louis with a large majority, but the "back counties" came in strong against him, and thus defeated him. Since the election, the Benton ticket for electors has been withdrawn, which will give that State to Buchanan.

Arkansas has, as usual, been carried by the Democrats. Alabama, North Carolina and Texas have all gone the same way, as was expected.

In Iowa the Republicans were entirely successful. Both the Republican members of Congress were elected. In Kentucky, the later returns add confirmation to the report that the Fillmore Americans have experienced a disastrous defeat. The Americans carried the State last year by between four and five thousand majority.—This year the returns show heavy gains for the Democrats, and there can scarcely be a doubt, from the complexion of the