

# The Oregon Argus.

W. L. ADAMS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OREGON CITY:

SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1857.

## Republican Nominations, CLACKAMAS CO.

For Delegates to Constitutional Convention,

GEORGE ABERNETHY,  
GILBERT REYNOLDS.

For Representatives,

W. C. JOHNSON,  
C. W. BRYANT.

For Sheriff,

JOHN M. BACON.

For Assessor,

WILLIAM P. BURNS.

The nominees of the Republican Party in Clackamas county propose to meet their fellow-citizens, and address them upon the political issues of the day, at the places and times below-mentioned, to wit:

Upper Malahla, at place of voting, Sat. day, May 23. Beaver Creek, at Armistead's School-House, Monday, May 25.

Mattoon's, at place of voting, Tuesday, May 26. Young's, at place of voting, Wednesday, May 27. Rock Creek, at Union School-House, Thursday, May 28.

Milwaukee, Friday, May 29. Oregon City, Saturday, May 30.

It is desired and expected that the nominees of the Democratic party, (and other candidates,) will be present at each of the above named places, and take a part in the discussion.

D. W. CRAW is authorized to do any business connected with The Argus Office during my absence.

W. L. ADAMS.

In reply to numerous enquirers as to our position on the Delegate question, we state that we shall vote for LAWSON, and against Joseph. The fact is, we consider LAWSON the only man running.—We have never seen him or had any correspondence with him, but we shall vote for him, if the Lord spare us till the day of election, as we consider it our duty to vote, and while we will not vote for the Salem "caucus sovereignty" platform, nor for a miserable tool standing on it, we think it is our duty, as well as the duty of every freeman, to vote against it, by supporting LAWSON.

We hear of some who refuse to vote for either candidate. We think this is foolish—very. There are many good reasons why every freeman who has a soul ought to vote at this election. The reasons we have not space to offer now, but we predict that every man who fails to vote will be sorry for it after the election.

## Beautiful Consistency.

At the county convention of the African party in this city, a resolution was adopted endorsing the course of our members to the Legislature last winter. Now it happens that Lovejoy and Collard both voted for the bill exacting bond of the officers who have charge of the people's money and property, turned over to support the Indian war, while Starkweather voted against it, thus giving these officers full liberty to do as they pleased with this money.

Now, whom did the convention aim to endorse, Starkweather, or Lovejoy and Collard? Or was the resolution merely a little buncombe bastard puff, a legitimate offshoot of squatter sovereignty—signifying that the party on this as on other matters is neither fish nor flesh.

Some of the Africans around town are expressing their surprise that a number of proslavery men in this county declare their intentions to vote the Republican ticket. They admit by this surprise that a proslavery man would actually be expected to vote their ticket. Why so, young men, if, as you are constantly vociferating, your party is not proslavery? The fact is, these proslavery men who intend to vote our ticket, show their good sense in preferring a party that occupies palpable ground and is not ashamed of its colors, to one which is this thing, and that thing, and then "neither the one or the other," but is made up of proslavery men, old line Whigs, and rotten abolitionists, with no aim or purpose, other than to show a proslavery leg on one side of the fence, and a freesoil leg on the other, merely to catch votes.

## Money Bees.

Mr. Pentland, of Linn City, has three swarms of bees, two of which are young swarms he obtained from the old hive this summer. The bees do well, and make honey rapidly.

We hear of others who have had good success with bees, particularly Mr. Thos. T. Eyre, near Salem, Marion county, whose bees have been so diligent in the honey line that the hive is well nigh burst from the weight of honey, and still they are crowding in more. Mr. Eyre is satisfied from his experience that bees will do well in Oregon.

We were led to believe from experiments made in the Waldo Hills that bees would not pay in this country, but late experiments are very encouraging.

The rains have fairly soaked every thing in this county, and some are already crying enough, while we learn that at Corvallis they have had no rain that has done more good than a heavy dew would have done.

The Indian news that came down from the Dalles last week is said to have been all a humbug.

The proceedings of the Tract Society will be published next week.

The steamer Commodore reached Portland last Thursday. From J. W. Sullivan we received abundant files.

The news from the Atlantic States is not very important.

Connecticut has elected Holley (Am. Repub.) Governor.

Indianapolis, which went for Buchanan last fall, has elected a Republican Mayor by over 200 majority.

Wimer, the Emancipation candidate for Mayor of St. Louis, was elected by a large plurality.

Judge Drummond, one of the Justices of the U. S. District Court in Utah, has resigned. His exposition of Salt Lake morals makes it a second Sodom. We shall publish it next week.

Gov. Walker was to leave for Kansas on the 11th of May.

Henry J. Adams, the Free State candidate was elected Mayor of Leavenworth by 180 majority over all others.

The Department of the Interior has nearly completed the arrangements for the construction of the wagon road to California, and bids are now being received for carrying the letter mail in four-horse coaches semi-monthly, weekly, and semi-weekly over the route.

COMMISSIONER TO CHINA.—Mr. Reed has accepted the mission to China, and will leave for his post as soon as the steam-ship Minnesota can be got ready—say the middle of May. [The gentleman named above is William B. Reed, of Pennsylvania.]

Flour in San Francisco is quoted at from \$12 to \$14.

Money has been raised by subscription to make a good road from Canemah up the river leading out near Parrot's.—The work is under the management of James Barlow, and will be pushed rapidly to completion.

The road has been very much needed and will be of great service to the public and especially to Canemah. The contract for building the bridge across Parrot's creek will be let to-day to the lowest and best bidder.

## Domestic Difficulties.

NOTES TAKEN THROUGH A "KNOT HOLE."

Dramatic Personae—

OLD JO.

MAC, a Pro Slavery Democrat.

LEX, a Free State Democrat.

EDITOR OF CZAPKAY'S ORGAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Private Room in Salem.

Jo sitting on a bed with a jug under it, and reading the "organ." Enter Editor.

Jo.—Thrice welcome to my room, my dear bosom friend; (reaching his hand under the bed) won't you take something?

Ed.—No; my stomach begins to spurn it.

Jo.—Then the next thing we shall hear from you, your stomach will be too weak to digest democracy.

Ed.—Never, till democracy gets too weak to support my purse.

Jo.—Now you talk, God bless your soul!

Ed.—"Our party" has done a handsome thing for both of our purses.

Jo.—Yes, and I'm pretty sure we've got the thing in such a fix that the supplies will keep coming for some time yet; but come, take a horn.

Ed.—My physician doesn't prescribe double doses now.

Jo.—"Prescribe" it! This isn't profligacy, man; it's old rye!

Ed.—That I never refuse; (takes a horn.)

Jo.—I was just looking over your paper of this morning's issue.

Ed.—How do you like my "course"?

Jo.—Language would fail me to speak in proper terms of my appreciation of it. Yours is decidedly the most able democratic paper I know of.

Ed.—"Airgoose Adams" has made the Black Republicans believe I'm a brainless blockhead.

Jo.—"Airgoose Adams" thinks a man ought to be something of a scholar, historian, and logician, to qualify him to edit a paper. I freely admit that it requires such a man to edit a Black Republican paper, but for a democratic editor these qualifications are as useless as two handles to a jug.

Ed.—I find the main qualification an editor for "our party" needs, is to be a first-rate liar.

Jo.—Not to pluck a feather out of your cap, I'll admit that. But I think you are particularly felicitous in another thing, and I have just been admiring this particular point in your last issue.

Ed.—I've made so many points, it is difficult for me to opine the sentiment you are driving at.

Jo.—I made no allusion to sentiment at all; in fact, I haven't read it enough to know anything about that. So a paper is thoroughly democratic, it matters little about the sentiment.

Ed.—If you haven't read the paper, how do you arrive at the soundness of its democracy?

Jo.—I discovered it by a critical examination of your leader.

Ed.—A critical examination without a reading! A new idea to me, at least.

Jo.—Nothing new to an old experienced democrat like me. Why, you see, I've just been counting to see how many times you've stuck in the word "democracy," and I find you've stuck it in just fourteen times in one column. That's just one more time than our old favorite democratic editor in Posey, Indiana, ever used it, and you are certainly entitled to wear the bell as

the very prince of democratic editors.

Ed.—So you agree with me that the word has a potency.

Jo.—A potency? Why, sir, the half of its power has never been discovered.—Didn't I tell you to stick it in wherever you saw an opening? Why, God bless your soul, there's scarcely a man in Oregon who votes the democratic ticket but what would be willing to have his pocket picked by a democratic official, and would feel good under the operation if the official tramped on his toes while doing it, and every toe had two corns on it.

Ed.—I think we shall be able to carry all our Salem measures under the name of democracy.

Jo.—Never entertain a scruple about that.

Ed.—We shall salt down all our measures under a great flourish of democratic trumpets.

Jo.—Right, right—God bless your soul, just right. Leave arguments and reasoning with Black Republican papers; but do you attend to your post, and watch every opportunity for sticking in the word "democracy."

Ed.—You may depend, I shall plant copiously that kind of seed; Peter shall water it, and we'll trust the Devil for the increase.

Jo.—But, while I think of it, were you not a little indiscreet in covering up the "mail robberies" you spoke of?

Ed.—Would you have had me expose a "sound democrat"?

Jo.—Does he endorse the Salem platform?

Ed.—Without dotting an i or crossing a t.

Jo.—Well, I suppose you must manage all such ugly jobs as we manage the infernal slavery question—say nothing about it.

Ed.—But, General, how do the people seem to take the Salem doctrine, that our caucus is sovereign in the people?

Jo.—Take it! God bless your soul, they shut their eyes and swallow it with as much gusto as they swallowed "squatter sovereignty" a little while ago. The fact is, "caucus sovereignty" is really nothing more than squatter sovereignty stewed down; it's squatter sovereignty concentrated, if you please.

Ed.—I think it was a happy hit we made when we baited this caucus sovereignty hook with your beef.

Jo.—It was indeed a happy conception, for, just 'twixt you and me, I'm a bait that democrats will always bite at, and the best thing you can do when you want an ugly hook put into the gills of democrats, is to bait it with Old Jo. Democrats all swallow me whole, and even many old-line Whigs nibble at me most gloriously. God bless your soul, I expect to be nibbled at and swallowed in Oregon for the next thirty years.

Ed.—Well, no matter how long, so you dangle at our hook. But, do sore-heads, like Kelley and his friends, open their mouths, like regular sharks, and down with bait, hook, and all, or do they nibble daintily?

Jo.—Well, the fact is, they felt considerably chagrined at first, and not at all inclined to take hold; but they'll all come of that, mark my word. The fact is, their feathers are all down; they are perfectly "cowed" and look as though they were on the stool of repentance. They'll all swallow the bait, if they take it up in three days afterwards, as Jonah did the whale.

Ed.—The fact is, Kelley will swallow it in hopes he may be bait for the hook some day himself.

Jo.—That's the secret of the whole matter, and this is just the way to keep up the party. Keep the leaders all right with promises, and you needn't bother your head about the lay democrats.—They'll watch the leaders and run squealing after them through flames and floods, too.

Ed.—We've got a few men in every county who will attend to the wires; but urgent business requires my presence in the clique consultation room. So, adieu for the present.—[Exit Ed.]

Enter Mac.

Jo.—(rising and grasping his hand).—Well, upon my soul, if here isn't the very man I've been wanting to see, and your coming has saved me a trip to your house, which I was just preparing to make. How have you been?

Mac.—Hearty, 'cept an all-fired cold, I've got just now.

Jo.—(handing out his jug)—God be thanked that the Maine law isn't in force in Oregon. You can tell what that is by the smell of it; and, with me, you know it is as free as rain-water in the winter time. I think it'll turn your cold into a warm.

Mac.—(after taking nine swallows)—Well, Jeneral, I'm all-fired glad to see you. But what mousetrap you have been gwing out to see me for?

Jo.—Simply to consult you on a few grave constitutional topics which the Cabinet and Supreme court requested me to prepare an opinion upon. I thought you might be of great benefit to me in coming to sound conclusions.

Mac.—If it's anything slantin' on the nigger question, you may bet I'm right side up. There ain't a sounder man on the "goose" this side of the county-seat of Old Pike.

Jo.—I always knew you to be a "sound democrat," and every way reliable.

Mac.—Sound? Why, there ain't a soft

spot on my carcass as big as the eend of your finger nail. I swallowed the main plank in the Cincinnati platform without chawin', and without greazin'!

Jo.—(scratching his head)—The 'main plank'—let me see.

Mac.—Have you forgot the main plank in the Cincinnati platform, Jeneral?

Jo.—They are all very important.

Mac.—Yes, but "The border ruffians, sound on the nigger question and some in a bar fight," I look upon as the main punch in the censure. Don't you see?

Jo.—You got the speech I sent you?

Mac.—What, Stephens' speech on the "goose"?

Jo.—Exactly.

Mac.—Yes, and I swallowed the whole of it quicker nor greazed lightning could run down an icicle. I used it to help digest the Cincinnati platform. It just lays down dimocratic principles beautiful.—Now the fact is, and 'taint no use 'o talkin', a man to be a sound dimocrat has got to be sound on the goose; don't you see?

Jo.—A reliable democrat ought to be sound on every principle of the creed.

Mac.—Just so. Old Mac is right side up, you may bet your life on't. I'm as keen on the scent of a nigger, as any hound you ever seen in Arkansas. The fact is, Jeneral, I'm in for niggers; in on principle, don't you see, and sound dimocratic principle at that.

Jo.—Perhaps you have niggers now, that you brought from Missouri?

Mac.—Not a bit of it; fact is I haint hardly seen a nigger since I left Missouri—the empire State of the Union; and I'd now give a quarter jist to git to smell of one.

Jo.—Wouldn't a black goat do as well?

Mac.—You don't intend to treat the subject lightly, do you?

Jo.—No, no, by no means; democracy is too serious a matter to trifle with. I only meant to suggest a substitute for the time being.

Mac.—I thought, Jeneral, that you was right side up on the goose.

Jo.—You never need expect to find me bottom up, till the old democratic ship gets to rolling over and over like a log in a mill pond. Then I may be bottom up occasionally from necessity, never from principle.

Mac.—The fact is, Jeneral, if we can't have niggers here, I don't want no State government.

Jo.—There seems to be many weighty reasons in favor of niggers. The fact is, our women, God bless their sweet souls, have to do too much drudgery.

Mac.—Yes, Jeneral, you ought to have a nigger to milk them fifty cows of your'n while you'r out lectoonering.

Jo.—The fact is, our women ought to have more help, and they must have it.

Mac.—Yes, and we must have more women. The fact is, women is so all-fired scarce that 'taint half the men can get housekeepers. More nor a dozen she-niggers could be sold in my neighborhood for housekeepers.

Jo.—Did you own niggers in Missouri?

Mac.—No, but I was always used to niggers. I chopped wood for Col. Stokes, and he had a good many darkeys and I jist concluded it was what made him Colonel, and I determined to own one myself if I ever got able.

Jo.—You would like an office, I suppose.

Mac.—Well, spose I should. Is there any thing inconsistent in that?

Jo.—By no means. It is one of the surest marks of a sound democrat.

Mac.—They rather ruled me out of the caucus this year, because they thought they needed a more abler stump speaker.

Jo.—What a puerile objection! The best democratic speech I ever heard in my life was from a man who got up and simply announced that "he was a democrat, always had been a democrat, and always expected to be a democrat, he had always voted the democratic ticket, and always expected to vote the democratic ticket," and then elinched the thing by calling on the neighbors for the proof. Such a speech will do more with a democratic audience than any oration Webster could have delivered. It always reaches the heart of a democrat, and seldom fails to bring tears to his eyes. This, I must confess, is my own main reliance. It didn't succeed well among the Yankees of New Hampshire, but it works admirably in Oregon.

Mac.—Well, I could git that off, and then tell them I was sound on the "goose," you know.

Jo.—It isn't best to stir the goose to much, especially when she is setting.

Mac.—What do you mean, Jeneral!—no dodging, I hope.

Jo.—Are you sure the majority of your people are sound on the nigger question?

Mac.—Yes, two to one.

Jo.—Well, then, your plan would be excellent, and would be sure to result in a democratic triumph.

Mac.—The people in the States they say are all turning Black Republicans.

Jo.—It pains my very soul to tell you that the Kansas business, together with the late decision of the Supreme court, has driven thousands from the democratic fold.

Mac.—Why don't the Supreme court pass a law agin Black Republicanism, and put an end to it at once?

Jo.—I am really afraid the only help for this our glorious Union will be to change the Constitution so as to permit us while we have the power, to elect some

sound democrat as President for life, or resort to the good old Roman policy of inaugurating a Dictator.

Mac.—Dick Tater! Is he son of old man Tater that lived down in Gosenneck in Pike county barrens? Did rot my skin if thar's a sounder dimocrat in Salem nor old man Tater. Fact is, all the Taters was sound on the goose.

Jo.—You may depend upon it that none but a sound democrat would be chosen.—If it should prove at all difficult to find one without a single flaw in him, I don't know but I might be induced to offer as a candidate myself—just to save the Union, you know, for, God bless your soul, every body knows that I have no desire for office except to serve my country and save the Union.

Mac.—Well, Jeneral, jist pitch in and I'll go for you, boots, breeches, and bristles, for I believe you'd make jist as sound a President as old man Tater himself, and I've heard he went to Kansas and tuck all his boys along to help sculp the boberlitionists.

Jo.—Did he get any sculps?

Mac.—They didn't find nothin' but a few weemen, but they tuck their har, you may be shor. Did you ever git to sculp a boberlitionist, Jeneral?

Jo.—No, but I carried a challenge from Brooks to one of them. But, Mac, I'm a sound democrat you may be sure, and, if the party should ever conclude to elect a President for life, they ought to be careful to select a man without a flaw in him.

Mac.—What! the dimocrats don't talk of lecting a President for life, does they?

Jo.—Oh, no! I only suggested that it might become necessary jist to save the Union, you know.

Mac.—(Jumping up and gesturing violently)—That's goin' too far, did rot my skin if it ain't. I'll never inscribe to no such principles. We moust as will have a king and done with it.

Jo. Hold, friend; let me reason with you.

Mac. If that's what you're arter, 'taint no use in talkin'. I've always been a rotater dimocrat, and always expect to be, and I ain't gwine in for no President that ain't a reg'lar rotater.

Jo. (Rising and throwing his arms around him) God bless your old democratic soul, now jist listen to me a minute.

Mac. Well?

Jo. You see yourself that our glorious Union is in danger!

Mac. Yes.

Jo. The Black Republicans are gaining terribly.

Mac. Yes, dang it, why don't the Supreme Court do something?

Jo. In a few years they will be most likely to get possession of the Government.

Mac. Yes, if the Supreme Court don't do something.

Jo. Now, jist look here. If you could have a sound democrat elected for life—a man who always had been a democrat, and always expected to be a democrat, a man who drank democracy in with his mother's milk, and was perfectly sound and reliable on every point—wouldn't you prefer to have the thing that way, to having a miserable, rotten, amalgamation, abolition Black Republican elected every four years?

Mac. In course, I would. I jist begin to ketch the idea. Fact is, I'm a convert.

Jo. (Handing out the jug) Here, let's take something.

Mac. (After taking a heavy horn, throws down the jug with great violence, breaking it, and swings his hat, half oing) Hoo-r-aw for a sound dimocrat forever!

Down with the Black Republicans, Boberlitionists, and Rotaters too! I'm a dimocrat, I am; always have been a dimocrat, and always will be a dimocrat; and dang the man that ain't a dimocrat and sound on the goose! Hoo-r-aw for Old Jo as President forever! Hoo-r-aw for the Cincinnati Platform! The Border Ruffians, sound on the nigger question, and some in a bar fight! Hoo-r-aw! Hoo-r-aw! hie-hie-hie-hie-raw!

(Curtain Drops.)

(To be Continued.)

No Politicians.

The following short dialogue we came very near overhearing this week, between two neighbors whom we shall designate as John and Job:

Job. Well, John, how do you think the slavery question is going to go?

John. Well, I declare, I don't know. I don't hear much about it in my neighborhood.

Job. You are for a free State yourself?

John. Of course I am.

Job. So are all your neighbors, I believe?

John. All, excepting one or two, who are loud and blustering for slavery.

Job. Why don't you get them to read Brown's speech in the Missouri Legislature?

John. How should I, when I haven't read it myself?

Job. It is in the last Argus.

John. Well, I didn't notice it.

Job. You take the paper, do you not?

John. No; the fact is, I don't take any paper. Politics I never bother my head about.

Job. You are aware that you have something to do in supporting the government?

John. Well—yes—I suppose so.

Job. Then you seem to be willing to let bad men rule you, while you are too indifferent to post yourself sufficiently to

enable you to discharge your duties as an American citizen.

John. Perhaps I have been too remiss in this matter. In fact, I've thought a good deal about it lately.

Job. Think more about it, and you will come to the conclusion to support a good paper and try to do your duty as a freeman. Such men as you are ought to have been born in Europe, where despots have usurped the privileges you tamely surrender, and I think it is unfortunate that you were not born there.

John. Well I have thought a good deal that way myself, and have finally concluded to subscribe for the paper, and pay a little more attention to our government affairs.

## Tualatin River Improvement.

We recently inquired of a gentleman who is connected with the Tualatin Improvement enterprise, as to the prospects of a speedy completion of this work, when he prepared for us the following communication. It will be seen by reading it that this splendid enterprise is no humbug:

This work is being steadily and successfully prosecuted. Several large drifts have been removed, and but a small part of the river between Moore's mill and Harris' bridge remains to clear.

The public may be assured that the Tualatin Improvement is now a fixed fact, and that this rich portion of our Territory will have an adequate outlet to its productions.