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The Oregon Argus.

—A Weekly Newspaper, devoted to the interests of the Laboring Classes, and advocating the side of Truth in every issue.—

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ADVERTISING RATES. One square (12 lines or less, 12 by 12 cent) one insertion, 50c. " " two insertions, 45c. " " Each subsequent insertion, 1/6. Reasonable deductions to those who advertise by the year. JOB PRINTING. THE PROPRIETOR OF THE ARGUS is HAPPY to inform the public that he has just received a large stock of JOB TYPE and other new printing material, and will be in the ready receipt of additional orders to all the requirements of the locality. HANDBILLS, FOLIOS, BLANKS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLET-WORK and other kinds, done to order, on short notice.

For the Argus.

Reform.

The world is all a-going wrong, Mismanagement will end it, If something isn't done ere long. It really is too bad to see, How many who are smart, sir, Would right the wrong, but can't agree Just where to make the start, sir. Some think they've found the Angel food That watched the gates of Eden, And if the Tree of Life ain't dead, In fruit might once be eaten; That if mankind would only try To live just as they ought to, They probably would never die, If they would use "cold water." Some pass for 'wags in this great age, Who will with coffee fill them, Though they've been told by doctors long That it will surely kill them; They'll then cut out the harmless brood Which their Creator gave us, "As the green herb" or "useful fruit," "For meat" each "thing that liveth." The world I think we all admit Has naughty people in it, And when we talk of any sin We may hit them who sin it, And then, you know, they make a fuss, And say we do abuse them, When really we had meant to bless, And never to misuse them. 'Tis strange to see how many fools, With airs so consequential, Have seemed to learn in all the schools That sense is non-existent; And they will wander 'er the earth And try to pass for sages, When they have few ideas of truth, And only work for wages. And youthful hearts they bind with bands, The buns of errors, letters, And with false notions fill the land, And ridicule their betters. 'Tis hard to see that when reform Gets massive & related, The ones who're in the thickest storm Are always under-rated. But all who can should courage take, An't they to teach the right way, For if they can't convert make, They hasten on the bright day, When all the wrongs will be righted by, And man has learned to manage, A glorious state of things 'will see, And "woman's wrongs" will van ish. SALES, Dec. 19, 1859. VIOLA.

For the Argus.

The Dying Wife.

Death calls, ah! can I let thee go, My beautiful, my loved, my own! Together we have walked till now, How can I bear to walk alone! Will there be aught in life can bring My spirit future happiness, What to me now for me shalt sing, My dream of female loveliness! Oh, wretched fate, that bids us part! Why is I ever called to see Thee stricken down by Death's fierce dart, In bitter, loveless agony! Could we unite our parting breath, Together leave this world of pain, 'Twere mine to sleep at once in death, And wake with thee in heaven again! OREGON CITY, Dec. 23, 1859. J. D. L.

A SOUTHERN TERRITORY OUT OF CALIFORNIA.

At the last session of the Legislature a provision was made for submitting the voters in the Los Angeles, San Bernardino, San Diego, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, and Tulare, the question as to these counties being aggregated from the State and erected into a Territory to be called Colorado. The law required that two-thirds of those voting shall make valid the consent given by the Legislature of the division of the State. The returns received show the vote to be for the Territory, 2,475; against, 828. This decides the question, as far as the people are concerned, in the affirmative, though it seems strange that the matter of dividing the State should be left to 3,000 voters out of 110,000 who reside there. It is probable Congress will be asked to organize, at its next session, the six counties above named into a Territory.

The Washington Constitution and other Democratic organs are charging that Mr. Olden, the successful Opposition candidate for Governor of New Jersey, is a violent anti-slavery man, sympathizing with John Brown and his incendiary doctrines. During the New Jersey canvass the Democrats objected to Mr. Olden, as a pro-slavery man, because he had once resided in New Orleans! This is the way Leconte'ssm tries to make political capital both North and South out of slavery agitation.—Louisville Journal.

TO DESTROY RATS.—A contemporary says that a lady in that city, whose house became so infested with these troublesome vermin, gives the simple remedy of dissolving copperas in water (make it strong), and sprinkle in the most prominent places, will make them leave at a two-forty rate, and no mistake. She tried it successfully and has not been troubled with rats or mice since. It is simple, and will not cost much to try it.

Mr. Hallett's easy-going definition of popular sovereignty, as something by which one man "means what he has a mind to," and another "means what he pleases," is enjoying a wide circulation. The Albany Journal says it is much better than the definitions of either Mr. Douglas or Mr. Black.

In the "Tombs" (N. Y.) Police court, a few days since, a "skinner" lawyer was impudent to the clerk, who gave him a severe spanking. The Judge looked on approvingly, and when the fight was over, complimented the clerk's sentence.

Bishop Soile, Dr. Lyman Beecher, and Rev. Dr. Biggs of Cincinnati, are the only survivors of the founders of the American Bible Society in 1816.

The London Christian Times affirms that there are but two Sabbath-keeping countries in the world—Scotland and America.

Correspondence of the Argus.

New York, Oct. 18, 1859.

After leaving Annapolis, the time passed still more heavily. A general depression and lassitude seized every one; we did not live, but merely suffered ourselves to exist. There was but little novelty in either scenery or experience. Occasionally a flock of Mother Carey's Chickens would go circling and chattering over the water, or a squadron of Portuguese men-of-war, round a purple membrane perhaps two inches in diameter, surrounded by a white hemisphere of soil reaching from side to side, would float toward us, and finally be engulfed in foam, or dashed to pieces under our wheels. So the days passed. At night in these latitudes the wake of the steamer was a sheet of flame, and the water dotted with a million flashing stars, that sprung into life at the touch of our prow, or at a breath of wind, and after dancing a brief existence on the long line of crest that streamed away from us on either side, disappeared like the dissolving views of a magic lantern. This appearance increased in brilliancy toward the equator, on what account I can not tell. A brilliant display of lightning almost always ushered in the darkness, which here falls suddenly, without any warning twilight. This was generally from a bank of sullen, motionless clouds that hung continually in the eastern horizon, and served to show us the direction of land. I presume it was the condensation of vapor against some mountain range, as our storms all come from another direction—south-west. Almost involuntarily, I fell into the habit of sleeping in the day-time, and spending a portion of each night in peeing the deck. In this way, I was able to take some exercise, and avoid a consciousness of the extreme noontide heat. The constantly recurring squalls constituted great events in the history of this tedious week. Their approach could be noted for some time in advance of their arrival, but the decks were so thronged with men and women eager to catch the first breath of wind that came—although it was often of such force as to almost take our breath away—that the sailors could with difficulty make the necessary preparations. A wildness of clouds, black and angry, boiling and tossing—in front of it a long line of indistinct white, growing whiter and broader as it approached. The ship was turned to meet the storm, and in a moment we are tossing on the short, irregular waves, that seem struggling to arise, but are flattened and beaten down by the wind. A few great warm drops of rain come driving almost through our clothes—and the whole heavens seem to open their windows, and the water pours down in streams. Of course on the first appearance of rain there is a general rush for shelter. These gales do not usually last longer than half a day—often but an hour or two—and were accompanied uniformly with vivid flashes of lightning, but whether there was thunder or not was a disputed point: if any, the other noises measurably drowned it. It was still dark, on the morning of Oct. 4, when we cast anchor before Panama. The steamers have no approachable wharf in low tide, and it was not until after the lapse of several hours that our two barges could be towed out to us. Three cheers from the barges as we cast off, were our adieu to the now deserted vessel and her officers. A farewell gun was the response. We were landed south of the city, and immediately put on board the cars, so that we could form but an imperfect idea of its appearance. A line of decayed wall defended it on the two sides that I saw.—The buildings appeared also to be old, dirty and ruinous. They had evidently been whitewashed a long time ago, but the whitening had worn off in spots. The eye turned with delight from such evidences of squalor to the hills around, and the little islands that bested the ocean, crowned with a rich growth of evergreen vegetation. The railroad is forty-seven miles long.—Some little cutting has been required in its construction, but the chief difficulty was the numerous swamps through which it was necessary to pass, over all of which it is supported on piles. The driving of these, and the transportation of enough dirt to cover them must have been an immense labor. In the course of our ride we passed several parties of natives engaged in repairing the road. Many of the conductors and all the brakemen that I saw were also natives. Their huts and villages arose on either side, in every open spot of ground, surrounded by cane and coconuts. Around every village lounged about an equal number of cows, broken-down horses, pigs and natives. The afternoon was showery and delightfully cool. It was an unlooked-for and startling change from the arid atmosphere of Panama, and the hats of thatch, buried in the luxuriant thickets of the Chagres valley, to the neat, well-painted, American appearance of Aspinwall. The baggage was transferred to the steamer, but no passengers were allowed on board till near the time of sailing, and thus we had an hour or

Necessary Attributes of the Republican Candidate for President.

The defeat of the Lecompton Constitution in the House of Representatives, revealed the fact that downright hostility to the policy of the National Democracy is not confined to the Republican party. It also demonstrated the practicality and the power of a united Opposition. It seems to us that political parties in the nation at large, present the same conditions precisely, which political parties presented when the schemes of the Administration were submitted to that body. We grant that the Republican party of itself, and without any outside aid, may be strong enough to elect a President, whereas the Republican representatives were not strong enough to defeat the Lecompton Constitution. But in going into the Presidential contest, the fewer risks incurred the better. The co-operation of the Americans and Free-Soil Democrats, whose representatives in Congress acted with the Republicans, would confer a probability into a certainty. The Republican party, pure and simple, may be powerful enough to elect their nominee, whoever he may be. With the assistance of these Americans and Anti-Lecompton Democrats referred to, their ability to elect him could not be disputed. These simple propositions must be admitted by every one whose mind is under the control of the reasoning faculties. Now the question arises, how is the co-operation of these elements to be secured? We answer at once that it can only be secured by nominating a candidate acceptable to them as well as to the Republican organization. No platform, however cunningly framed, will meet the exigencies of the case; no number of professions by individuals or associations will overcome ancient feelings, prejudices though they may be. The character of the nominee is the only power which can consolidate all the drifting but kindred material lost by the disintegration of the American party, and by the partial disintegration of the National Democratic party, with the Republican organization. A representative man must be selected—not a man who represents the leading idea of the Republican party and nothing else, but a many-sided though single-hearted representative character, who mirrors more or less distinctly the complex interests and numerous ingredients of a united Opposition. Of course he must represent clearly and unequivocally the great central principle of the party whose standard bearer he will be. The condition is indispensable. We only contend that his opinions and antecedents must be broader than the platform on which he stands; that his intellect and character must be of such an order, that no Procrustean process can compass him within the party diagram; that he must be possessed of wide sympathies and liberal views. After his nomination, Jam's Buchanan boasted that his individuality was merged in the Cincinnati platform—a boast which only a mediocrity could utter. The candidate of the Republican party who would receive the support of the United Opposition, must, it is evident, represent more than Republicanism. He must represent both sections of the Union, and all divisions of those who are opposed to National Democracy, except that division which affects Slavery propagandism. He must represent conservatism, as well as progress; and when we say represent, we mean he must be recognized by the nation at large as representing those interests, divisions and ideas. We notice that the peculiarities of the present situation of political affairs is utterly overlooked by two classes of persons—those who ignore the Republican party as a vital and distinct political organization, and who affect to see nothing but the inorganic mass of the Opposition; and those who, blind to the detached elements, see nothing but the Republican party, pure and simple. The former put such men as John Minor Botts and Sam. Houston in nomination, as candidates to be supported by the Republicans. They seem to be oblivious of the fact that the candidacy of such men is impossible, for the simple reason that they do not represent the leading principles of the Republican party, more especially its central idea. No Southern man can be accepted by that party who is not an emancipationist. This is the inflexible test to apply to any aspirant, who dwells in a slave State. Many other tests might be applied, but this is simple and sufficient. The Republican party is radically an anti-slavery party, and will sign its own death warrant and quench the brightest hopes of the nation if it intrusted its destinies to any other than an open, anti-slavery man. The Ashlanders, who nominated Botts for the Presidency, must therefore have very little political insight; and still less have they who present Sam. Houston's name to the consideration of the Opposition. It would be an ungenerous task to assail the latter; so we will merely remark that he concluded his Senatorial career by supporting the President in all his iniquities. Those whose views are contracted as to be unable to look beyond the Republican camp, are found exclusively in those quarters of the country in which the Republican party is in the ascendancy. They have not reach of vision to discern the restless masses in the distance, who may have it in their power to turn the scale of victory, but who are not unwilling to unite their fortunes with the Republicans. They seem to think that the elevation of this man or that to the Presidency is the prime duty of the party. The abstract with them is lost in the concrete; they are unable to separate measures from men, principles from persons, the substance from the shadow. They are held in thrall by names, and by the semi-civilized sentiment which idolizes leaders. Because their chosen chief reflects themselves, they are indifferent whether he reflects the countless thousands whose votes are required to elevate him to the Presidency. If the National Democracy had been controlled by men of a similar stamp, Jefferson Davis, or some such economist and slavery propagandist would have been nominated in Cincinnati, and of course would have been beaten.

Republicanism.

We have elected a full fledged Republican to the Virginia Senate from Wheeling, Mr. Caldwell. A short time since he addressed a body of Germans, his constituents, an eloquent and telling speech, from which we make the following extract: "No wonder that you Germans and other laboring men, feel an interest in the progress and in the final ascendancy of the Republican party. It is emphatically the party of the white laboring men of this country. While the Democratic party is the favorite party of the aristocratic element in our government; while it promotes the interests and follows the dictates of the oligarchical body of Southern slaveholders, to the prejudice of the interests of free white workmen, the Republican party has made the interests of our workmen, of our small producers, in the soil and in our workshops, its fundamental basis. It was a puzzle to him how any man who wrought with his hands, and valued the dignity of the sweat of his brow, could waver in his choice between the principles of the two parties. Free labor could never be honorable, never could command that respect to which it is entitled, while ever it was discriminated against, as between it and slave labor. Whenever it was degraded to the level of compulsory slave labor, or as it had been by the Democratic party, subordinated, it must partake of the degradation of slave labor. Every man ought to be able to see this. The great principles of the Republican party, were the same that Henry Clay contended for in his lifetime, viz: encouragement to the labors of free white workmen, whether tillers of soil, mechanics or manufacturers. So plain were these facts becoming in the eyes of the people, and so tired were they now of the disasters and prostrations which have been brought upon the industrial interests of the country, through the principles of the Democratic party, that they were about to rise up in their strength and hurl their opposers from the places which they so unwisely occupy. Genius may exist without the heart, but it is the temple without the Sockinsh.

From the Missouri Democrat.

The election of any candidate, and especially any candidate for the Presidency, is but a means to an end; and hence *non sibi* *bilis* is a paramount consideration. When a party is powerful enough to elect any man whom it may nominate, it may with propriety choose him who most nearly represents its principles and tendencies. But when the question is not whom shall we elect, then another and different standard must be applied. If no Southern man is eligible for the Republican nomination unless he is avowed Emancipationist, we should say the most eligible Northern man is he who will be supported by an electoral ticket in the Southern States, or at least in many of them. If there be a true Republican in the North who is sure to receive the support of the Opposition in Maryland, Kentucky, Virginia, Missouri, Tennessee, and North Carolina, he should be the choice of the Republican Convention, for the fact of his name heading an electoral ticket in these States would relieve the party whose nominee he was from the charge of sectionalism, and insure him the non-party vote in all the free States. Under the conditions named, the man, North or South, who possesses sufficient popularity to win that vote, and at the same time to get his name elevated to the head of an electoral ticket in six or eight Southern States, and perhaps get the electoral vote of two or three of these States, is unquestionably the most eligible candidate of the Republican party for the Presidency. Is there such a man in the nation? If there is, the true Republican should canvass the brilliant catalogue of the leaders of his party until he discovers him. Let us all inquire if such a man is to be found, and if successful in our search, let us sacrifice our personal preferences on the altar of the common good.

Buchanan and Traitors.

If it is true, as charged by the Administration organ, that Seward, Chase, Howe, Giddings, &c. have, by their complicity in the Harper's Ferry rebellion, made themselves guilty of High Treason against the United States and deserve to hang with old Brown, why, in the name of public duty, does not the President have them arrested and tried for the crime? And why do not the Democratic organs urge him on to the discharge of so manifest an obligation? What is an Administration good for that lets treason stalk to and fro throughout the land in darkness and in daylight, unpunished and unrebuked? We say with the St. Louis News, what is Mr. Buchanan for but to execute the laws, sustain the Constitution, and punish all malefactors who plot its overthrow? Are such conspirators to go unpunished? It is charged by the hiring presses of the National Democracy that "the South will have to protect on against servile insurrections" if a Republican President shall be elected in 1860. But what protection have they now, if arch-conspirators and traitors, as Chase, Hale & Co. are declared to be, to go unpunished, unprossecuted, unrebuked? We demand that Mr. Buchanan and the Democracy meet the issues that they have made fairly and squarely. If Seward, Chase, Hale, Giddings, Gerritt Smith, and others are accessories of old Brown's crimes, they must be arrested and tried for murder and high treason! The dignity of government requires it. The oath of office taken by Mr. Buchanan compels it. The conservation of society calls for it. The safety of the South demands it. How can Mr. Buchanan escape the dilemma? He must *prosecute, or his organs and his party must retract.* They have told truth, or they have told horrible lies in charging the "unquestionable complicity" of Seward, Hale, Chase & Co. with old Brown's insurrection. If they have told truth, and decline to prosecute, then they become accessories *after the fact, and deserve impeachment as traitors to the Republic.* If they have told lies, let them prepare to swallow their falsehoods before the face of a disgusted and indignant people, and sink away to the kennels of unwhip liars, can't in the net of our own incantations spreading.

A New Version of an Old Song.

ILLUSTRATING THE GROWTH OF PUBLIC SENTIMENT—
Old "John Brown had a little nigger,"
Old John Brown had a little nigger,
Old John Brown had a little nigger,
Old John Brown had a little nigger,
One little nigger boy.
(Chorus by several voices.)

DISTRICT ATTORNEY OULD—One little, two little.
SECRETARY FLOYD—Three little niggers.
MEMBERS MASON AND VALLANDIGHAM—Four little, five little.
MR. BUCHANAN—Six little nigger,
GOVERNOR WISE—Seven little, eight little,
WASHINGTON CONSTITUTION—Nine little nigger boy,
NEW YORK HERALD—Ten little nigger boy,
DEMOCRATIC PRESS TRANSCENDING THE COUNTRY (in a fit of rage)—*It's damned if it's a nigger boy and damned if it's twenty thousand of 'em!*
(Interlud, in which the election is supposed to have passed.)
HERALD AND CONSTITUTION—Ten little, nine little, eight little nigger,
AUTHORITIES OF VIRGINIA—Seven little, six little, five little nigger,
AUTHORITIES AT WASHINGTON—Four little, three little, two little nigger,
PEOPLE OF THE COUNTRY (in a voice of surprise at the upshot of the whole)—*One little nigger boy!!!*—*N. Y. Post.*

"Holl, my dear hearers," exclaimed an Irish clergyman, while addressing a bare full of barbarians, in the back part of the Emerald Isle—"hell is a place of inexorable torment, besides being altogether inconvenient."

Politics.

The returns are nearly all in from the several counties of Iowa and Wisconsin, and the Republican majority proves to be very nearly 3,000 in each State. It is reported from Washington that no successor to Minister Mason will be appointed until Mr. Sidel's chances for reelection to the Senate are ascertained. The Washington correspondent of the New York Times says: "The propriety of taking possession, *ad interim*, of the Northern States of Mexico is being considered by the Cabinet, and I understand will be recommended in the President's Message to Congress." Since the recent elections, Mr. Buchanan's friends claim he is the only Democrat who has any chance of success in 1860, and the same belief prevails at the White House, though the President lately admitted he could not carry Pennsylvania. So says the Tribune's Washington correspondence. A bill has been introduced in the Tennessee Legislature to prevent free negroes traveling on the railroads in that State, which passed at the first reading. The Montgomery Mail says: "The sentiment is universal, that the 1st of January, 1862, must find no single free negro within the limits of Alabama." The Richmond Enquirer continues in an excited State. It says that two additional scaffolds shall be erected when John Brown is hung, and that "Squatter sovereignty shall hang from the one, and Compromise from the other, until the Charleston Convention shall pronounce the emphatic words 'dead! dead! dead!'"

Gov. Wise as a Penman.

A letter writer from Richmond gives the following information in regard to Gov. Wise's rapidity of penmanship: "Governor Wise, in the character of a scribblesapper, perhaps, may mean living. In point of rapidity he can only be paralleled in short hand, while his writing is almost as legible as print. I had an opportunity some time since of testing his capacity in this respect, and I confess that the result somewhat diminished the favorable estimate of my own efficiency as a rapid writer which I previously entertained. I had occasion some time ago to copy some writing of his; and I did so page after page as he produced them. I started when he was two pages ahead, and though he had to compose, while I had merely to copy, at the close of the tenth page he was still two in advance. At this stage he was called off to dinner, and I availed myself of the opportunity to procure a peculiar style of pen, which I thought would facilitate the operation. We both set to work again simultaneously; and though he stopped occasionally to mend his pen (he writes with a quill pen) and now and then walked rapidly round the room, while I, meanwhile, wrote with all the rapidity of which I was capable, he wound up at the end of the twentieth page with the two pages which he had at the start. I understand he thinks nothing of answering twenty-five or thirty letters a day, or rather within the three or four hours he spends in his office, besides attending to other duties and receiving visitors, who occupy much of his time. What a reporter he would make!"

WHERE THE SHOES PINCHES.

WHERE THE SHOES PINCHES.—An old Whig, who now votes the Buchanan ticket, said the other day: "My acquaintances sometimes wonder how I, who have always fought against the Democratic party, can now vote with it; but I can tell them that voting the ticket isn't the greatest difficulty. It is mixing with the men that I find the hardest work."

DESULTORIA.

DESULTORIA.—Flinging says that the profanes to his chapters, called by him books, in Tom Jones, cost him more pains to write, and took more time than the narrative that followed them. A talent for narrative is not the highest kind of talent, and is frequently found in persons who are not conspicuous for any other faculty. So is the faculty for playing check.