

BY D. W. CRAIG.

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For the Argus.

The Child's Friends.

A little girl ran wildly Down where the willow tree bends, And, as she ran, sobbed wildly, "I have no friends." On the green turf By the river-side, There she wept. The birds, as they flew over her, warbled, "Rest, The water, as it flowed by her, murmured, "Rest, The wind, as it fanned her hot cheek, whispered, "Rest." An angel flew that way, Flew from Paradise, And brushed from her weary eyes The pearly tears away. A little girl sleeps sweetly Down where the willow-tree bends, And, as she sleeps, dreams sweetly; Has she no friends? P. J.

Inside Views of Slavery.

"Disguise thyself as thou wilt, Slavery, still thou art a bitter draught."—Sterne. "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit." Our last sketch left the reader on one of the plantations of Mr. L. of Louisiana, the first one on which the writer was ever employed as a mechanic. This was considered one of the best managed plantations in the parish, for which no small part of the credit was due to the intelligence, skill and business energy of his faithful overseer by whom his slaves were well fed, well clothed, well housed, well cared for in sickness and in the tender age of infancy and childhood; and, it may be added, well reared, and well flogged for any delinquency or slackness.

The all-wance of food for each working slave was half a pound of pork a day, taken with corn bread and water at breakfast, with the addition of vegetables for dinner. These meals are taken in the field as described in a former number.

On this plantation there were 120 to 130 cotton pickers to be thus fed, besides the infirm, the small children and others that were at home in their quarters. The food was prepared at the slaves' quarters by the cook, who provided the aggregate allowance for the whole gang, divided into as many equal parts as the gang numbered. The slaves provide themselves with tin buckets or gourd, according to their means, in which to receive respectively their allowance, as it is dealt out to families and individuals. The allowance for supper, as before noticed, was simply corn bread and water, the slaves sometimes reserving a portion of the pot-liquor, which comes with their breakfast and dinner, to sop their bread in at night. The supper is the only meal taken at their quarters.

This is what is called good feeding, in Southern parlance.

For summer clothing the men received each one cheap palmetto hat, one Lowell cotton shirt, two pairs of Lowell cotton pants, one pair of shoes; the women, one cotton handkerchief, one cotton under garment, two cotton coats, of five yards each, and one pair of shoes. For winter, the men received each, two cotton shirts, one linsy-woolsey jacket, one pair of pants of the same cloth, one pair of shoes, and once in two years, a cheap cotton felt hat. The winter allowance for the women was one cotton handkerchief, two cotton undergarments, one linsy-woolsey coat, and one pair of shoes. Skirts they make for themselves, if they have them, by patching the fragments of worn out clothes. Each working slave was allowed one cheap blanket every second year.

On Monday morning they were all required to turn out with their cotton clothes well washed, or receive twenty-five lashes. Sunday is their washing day. Some, however, take the night for it after their day's work is completed. The rule for feeding and clothing varied, I found, on different well-regulated plantations. Some furnish only one cotton under garment in the fall, no shoes in the spring, and bread, meat and vegetables for dinner only. Others give out their allowance on Sunday for the whole week, which consists of three and a half pounds of meat, and a peck of corn meal, which the slaves cooked for themselves at night. This was, however, found to be bad economy, inasmuch as the labor of cooking encroached upon their needful hours of rest, and thus impaired their health and strength and their productive power. It was therefore superseded on large and well regulated plantations, by a common cooking establishment where the meals were well cooked and at reasonable hours, by an old and experienced slave.

Planters generally worked their slaves from day-break until dark, with no other intermission than the short time required for a hasty breakfast and dinner; except that during a part of June and July, up to the time of cotton gathering, a recess of two hours in the midst of the day was allowed them.

Mr. L.'s slaves were also comfortably housed. Their quarters consisted of small one-story frame tenements of two rooms each—to accommodate two families—with a chimney in the centre. They are weather-boarded, and have a tight board floor—a comfort with which negro quarters are not always furnished—but without ceiling, lining or windows, except wooden shutters. These buildings, arranged in two or more rows, extending from the overseer's house at the head of the street which divides the rows, to the black driver's house, which fronts the street at the opposite end, placed at equal distances from each other, of uniform style and size, all white-washed—present to the beholder an attractive appearance, somewhat resembling a neat New England village. Add to this the cleanly appearance of the slaves on Monday morning, with their newly washed garments of Lowell cotton, and we have a specimen of Dr. Adams's South Side View, "beautiful outward," like our Savior's, "whited sepulchers." To infer from this,

show of order and beauty, however, that comfort and happiness reign within, would be about as rational as a like conclusion drawn from the appearance of the splendid edifice which contains the manacled prisoner.

Such were the negro quarters on the best regulated plantations in the region where I resided. On other places they were mean, uncomfortable log cabins, with nothing but the ground for a floor.

As to furniture, it is such as the slaves can make a shift to provide for themselves, as nothing of the kind is included in their allowance. A large gourd serves them for a bucket, a small one for a dipper; a rudely constructed bench or a stool, for a chair, and a like rude construction or a box for a table. Their lodging is either on the floor, wrapped in their blanket, or in a rough bunk framed into a corner of their cabins, or on Master's old cast off bedstead. Their beds—if any are able to obtain that luxury—consist mostly of corn shucks enclosed in a tick of old cotton sacks, or the patched fragments of their tattered garments, while a very few who have means purchase new ticking. A wooden tray, of their own manufacture, serves the double purpose of platter and plate for the family table, and in eating they illustrate the common saw that "fingers were made before forks and hands also before knives and spoons." One knife for a family—either pocket or case-knife, is about as indispensable as tanning tools on a plantation. In the furniture of different cabins, however, there are grades of variety and style, as well as in the furniture of any other community; each family providing itself with conveniences and elegancies, such as knives and forks, and plates and dishes of crockery or tin-ware, as means permit and taste dictates. Such cooking implements as a pot, kettle or skillet, are among their rarities; the embers of the hearth for their ash-pole and the hoe for baking hoe-cake, substitute the most of their cooking purposes on plantations where they have no general cooking establishment.

For washing, a tub, block, a paddle, besides a stream, lake, or bayou, answers every purpose. The fire of the hearth serves them in the place of lamps or candles. Their fuel they gather and cut for themselves, when timber land is near, or have it hauled by the teamster when it is far off. The slaves' penurious means are derived from a variety of sources; such as raising chickens, working for wages on Sunday when work crowds, cultivating patches of their own on Sundays—an indulgence with which overseers sometimes stimulate their best slaves—and female prostitution, in which I see many of the fairest of the sex do a very profitable business with overseers, and mechanics on the plantation, and wealthy paranoirs.

Sunday is the slave's own day, on all well regulated plantations, except so much of it as their owner may require of them for washing and mending clothes, sharpening and repairing tools, and other necessary preparations for plantation work of the ensuing week, which must not be interrupted by these incidental avocations. Whatever work of their own they have to do must also be done on this day, for the six days' labor, from early dawn to the shutting down of night, is all claimed by their owner. The Lord's day is the slave's day, in which to labor and do all his own work (and some of his master's), while the six are consecrated days—consecrated exclusively to the service of his earthly owner. The Sabbath is the day for him to work for wages, cultivate his own patch, gather moss for the market, market his chickens and his little crop of fruit and vegetables, and fit up or repair the rude comforts of his own cabin. All this work of his own and his master's, crowded upon the single day, makes it a poor day of rest for the slave.

On another of Mr. L.'s well managed plantations—where I was likewise employed as a mechanic—Mr. G. was overseer, who had the reputation of being also an excellent manager. Indeed it was in all respects similar to the management of the overseer on the first named plantation, between whom there was a constant strife to out-do each other at cropping. This spirit of emulation, I afterwards found, was common to all the overseers in that region, which made them furious Jehus at slave-driving. This may be sport, or at least galling, to the competitors, but sufficing sorrow to their panting human teams. Not that they are regardless of the life and health of their slaves. They are careful to keep them in good condition as to get "the last lick" of work out of them, for one is subservient to the other. Their ambition is to secure the greatest possible amount of gain to their employers, and thus obtain for themselves good situations and large salaries; and, like the stock-growing farmer, they think as much of improving the value of the planter's human stock, as of his crops. No pains are spared to make

the negro strong and healthy, and to rear a numerous and vigorous offspring.—In the latter respect their care is often excessive—I mean excessively severe. Mr. G. the overseer last named, told me that his rule was to give a slave mother one hundred lashes, if she lost her child; as if a mother's affection were not inducement enough to secure watchfulness and care, on her part, and a mother's anguish at the death of her darling, not sufficiently intense, without the addition of this terrible scourging! "O, Slavery! thou art a bitter draught!"

Mr. G.'s care of the health and condition of his negroes did not spare their hides, as their scarred backs gave unmistakable proof. I noticed on the plantation he managed, a large number of slaves who had been so cut up with the lash that their backs were marked with scars and welts from their shoulders to their heels. I was surprised and shocked at the amount of whipping which I witnessed myself on this plantation. I rode out, one day, with the overseer, to their field of labor. They were cutting timber and getting out rails. A number of them, whose movement did not please him, were ordered to shell off and come down, to have their activity quickened with the driver's execrating lash.

One Sunday morning I witnessed a punishment of a very different kind. The vigilant overseer had, the night before, caught a slave in the act of cooking a pig he had stolen. He was immediately taken to the stocks, and there fastened by the neck till the next morning. After breakfast the overseer ordered his black driver to bring the culprit to his house, along with the pot of pig he had cooked.

"Shell off your clothes, sir, and sit down!" The poor fellow trembled and rolled his eyes in a wild manner, as if watching an opportunity to break away. But the presence of the driver, with his heavy loaded whip ready to knock him down, if he made the attempt, precluded all hope of escape. The overseer taunted him, and bade him help himself to the contents of the pot as fast as possible. When he ceased, because he could eat no more, the raw hide was applied to his bare back, and the meat, grease and soup, were forced down him until his abused stomach disgorged its contents. This only aggravated his punishment, as he was compelled to swallow again what his stomach threw off, and this process of vomiting and swallowing it again was continued, alternated with scourging, until it seemed as if the poor fellow would die under the operation.

Another method of punishment for a like offense was adopted by Mr. M., the overseer of Col. B. The pig-stealer was compelled to wear a ham of fresh pork lashed to his shoulders like a knapsack, without any relief from the burden, night or day, until the flesh dropped from the bones. The sickening stench of the putrid meat which the victim was compelled perpetually to inhale, and the annoyance of the swarms of flies which it attracted, in fly time, (to say nothing of the flocks of buzzards which I have seen besetting the poor fellow,) rendered this the most intolerable punishment! He might well exclaim: "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of death!"

The overseer on another plantation boasted to his brother overseers, that he had compelled a slave to eat the whole of a duck which he had stolen, feathers, entrails, everything but the wings, who applauded him for his skill in managing negroes. The same overseer once drove a slave into the river where he was drowned. He became notorious, indeed, for his outrages upon the defenseless blacks. But he bore the character of "an excellent cropper, who could make a nigger travel about right." This alone was sufficient to cover a multitude of sins. Mammon is a cruel god, when humanity crosses his path; it is then he becomes a Moloch.

Another of the legitimate effects of slavery was exhibited on Mr. L.'s third plantation; in which the overseer suspended a slave by his thumbs and great toes to the limb of a peach tree, and whipped him to death. To escape punishment, he crossed over into Mississippi, and remained there until the grand jury had finished their report of criminal cases for the next court. This case excited a great deal of sympathy in the neighborhood, not for the poor murdered slave, but for the murderer, because he was compelled by this unhappy occurrence to leave a good situation, while his employer kept back his wages to indemnify himself for the property he had thus lost.

JOHN ROLLS.

We learn from the Times that Lieut. Mullin of the Wagon Road Expedition, sailed on the Pacific en route for Washington City. He hopes to return in the spring to prosecute his enterprise through the Rocky mountains.

The Fire and Blood of Revolution.

The Richmond (Va.) Whig, speaking of secession and its consequences, says:

"That is the cue. They propose to give you a taste of Mr. Yancey's medicines. It will be a nice little operation. Sowing wheat is nothing to marking time and walking stately at two o'clock in the night under a drizzling rain. Shucking corn is flat compared to a charge of bayonets. You also will make your arrangements to have your barnyards lit up at night with the fire of revolution. Set your boots at the head of the bed, for at any moment the same fires may be spattering and crackling on the roof of your dwelling-house.

Glistening bayonets on the south bank of the Potomac in front—burning straw ricks and burning houses behind you—something worse than, perhaps, in the shape of death produced by invisible and unfronted agencies—the State deprived of its labor—those laborers escaping by hundreds, or sold at half their value in the South—your fields unplowed—your public works ruined—land depressed to the lowest figure—State stocks, Insurance stocks, Bank stocks, Railroad stocks, hawked at a mere song—these would be the immediate effects of the 'Fire and Sword,' which Gov. Wise proposes in his Norfolk speech.

A peaceable dissolution of the Union is sometimes suggested.

Let us allow that the result could be effected peaceably.

The next thing we should want would be a standing army. The John Brown affair cost us \$300,000. Make the calculation.

You would maintain a line of posts all along your frontier.

You would also want a navy, though Norfolk produces only a few fishing smacks, except the vessels built there by order of the Government.

You would pay a Southern President—with all the ordinary government officials. You would pay a diplomatic corps.

You would have to pay for an independent Senate and House of Representatives, and for a new Judiciary.

Perhaps you think all this would be readily managed. They tell you, you are rich. We tell you, that no purely agricultural people ever was rich. The wealth of Philadelphia alone is equal to the entire wealth of the State of Virginia.

Take the postoffice alone. The total receipts from the postoffices in Virginia for 1857-'58 were \$242,951. The expenditures were \$453,848. In South Carolina the receipts were \$101,145. The expenditures were \$284,600. In Alabama, the receipts were \$111,092. The expenditures were \$248,750. In Mississippi, the receipts were \$88,458. The expenditures were \$332,508. In Arkansas the receipts were \$35,727. The expenditures were \$244,589. How is this deficiency made up now? Part of it is made up thus: The receipts in the State of New York are \$1,458,711; the expenditures are \$1,154,111. In Massachusetts the receipts are \$565,633; the expenditures are \$435,237. In most of the Northern States there is a deficit. But in all the Southern States the deficit is enormous. The whole Northern deficit is some \$800,000. The whole Southern deficit is some \$3,000,000.

Suppose, however, the Civil War disposed of. Suppose the new government established. Suppose us with our army, our navy, our fortifications. Suppose us to have survived the shock, with some slaves left, and our depreciated lands.—What then? We belong to a Southern Confederacy. The Cotton States begin an agitation for the re-opening of the slave trade, or some cooler system. Our remaining negroes are to compete, if they succeed in their schemes, with the new labor. At all events, we are to be a section—a section as regards the Cotton States, which has no trade with the other section. We are still to have sectional quarrels. There are still to be charges and counter-charges—aggressions and counter-aggressions. We have not conquered peace.

We have now two sections to plague us. On the frontier we have to guard against the North. On the South we have to meet the extreme views of the Gulf States. After a while, perhaps, Virginia would have lost her slaves, and she, with Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, would be an anti-slavery section in the Southern Republic.

If any one can find a remedy in a Southern Confederacy, we see with different eyes.

It does not follow from the picture we have drawn, that we are insensible to the import of Lincoln's election. No one deprecates more the success of a sectional party on a sectional issue. No one attaches more importance to the idea of the South's being placed in a provincial relation to the government.

Our object is to point out the breakers, that are to be encountered, if we seek revolution.

The whole question is, whether it is best to try such a medicine.

Revolution, in our opinion, is destruction. We are not ready for ruin. We do not think the case as bad as that. When, as at the Alamo, it is necessary for Virginia to place her back to the wall, and to have as her only object, the destruction of the greatest possible number of her enemies, before she herself sinks under a multitude of wounds, we trust that every son of Virginia will die with honor. Until this desperate alternative presents itself, we are for maintaining the present Government.

Denied.—Bayard Taylor has written a letter to the New York Journal of Commerce, denying that he wrote the letter attributed to him, which praised the Papal Government as a mild and benevolent one. His opinion is the reverse of that, and he pronounces the letter a forgery, and not the first one at his expense, either.

THE PORTS AT CHARLESTON.—The Mercury at Charleston don't like the way Maj. Anderson is putting the forts in order near that city. It is said that already the cavalry are becoming faint-hearted in view of the consequences of attempting to take Fort Moultrie. Maj. Anderson is a Kentuckian, and is determined to maintain the Fort at every hazard. The Mercury says:

The silent enemy with which work is now being pushed forward upon the fortifications erected for the protection of the harbor of Charleston, is something at once new and extraordinary. Until late in the past summer, the defenses at Fort Moultrie had remained in an unfinished condition; the sand of the beach, piled up by the winds against the south walls, had rendered them easily accessible, almost by a single leap, and the empty guns were suffered to gaze out in harmless majesty on the noble bay. A fortnight has worked a marvelous change.

Fort Moultrie is an enclosed water battery, having a front on the south, or water side, of about 300 feet, and a depth of about 240 feet. It is built with salient and re-entrant angles on all sides, and is admirably adapted for defense, either from the attack of a storming party, or by regular approaches.

The work now in progress consists in cleaning the sands from the walls of the fort, ditching it around the entire circumference, and erecting a glacis; closing up the postern gates in the east and west walls, and instead cutting sally-ports, which lead into strong outworks on the southeast and southwest angles, in which 12-pounder howitzer guns will be placed, enabling the garrison to sweep the ditch on three sides with grape and canister. The northwest angle of the fort has also been strengthened by a bastionette, to sustain the weight of a heavy gun which will command the main street of the island.

The glacis is finished. It is composed of sand, and covered with layers of loam and turf, all of which is kept firmly in place by the addition of sections of plank nailed to uprights sunk in the sand, and crossing each other at right angles—making squares of about ten feet each. The purpose of the glacis, which is an inclined plane, is to expose an attacking party to the fire of the guns, which are so placed as to sweep it from the crest of the counter-scarp to the edge of the beach.

On the north side a good many men are clearing the ramparts of turf and earth, for the purpose of putting down a very ugly looking arrangement, which consists of strips of plank 4 inches wide and 1 1/2 inches thick, and 6 or 8 feet long, sharpened at the point, and nailed down so as to project about three feet horizontally from the top of the walls.

A noticeable fact in the bastionettes to which we have alluded, is the haste in which one of them has been built. The one completed is formed of solid masonry. In constructing the other, however, a framework of plank has been substituted. Against the inside of this wooden outwork loose bricks have been placed. Both bastionettes are armed with a small cannon, and a howitzer pointed laterally, so as to command the whole intervening moat by a cross-fire.

In the hurried execution of these extensive improvements, a large force—about 170 men—are constantly engaged. Additions are daily made to this number, and the work of putting the post in the best possible condition for defense is carried on with almost incredible vigor.

A few days ago, Col. Gardner, who for years has held the post of Commandant, and whose courtesy and bearing had won the friendship of all who knew him, was relieved in the command by Maj. Anderson, of Kentucky. Maj. Anderson received his first commission as Brevet Second Lieutenant 2d Artillery, July 1, 1825, was acting Inspector-General in the Black Hawk war, and received the rank of Brevet Captain, August, 1838, for his successful conduct in the Florida war. On Sept. 8, 1847, he was made Brevet Major for his gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Molino del Rey. The force under him consists of two companies of artillery—the companies are not full, however, both embracing only about 70 men.

While the working men are doing wonders on the outside, the soldiers within are by no means idle. Field pieces have been placed in position upon the green within the fort, and none of the expedients of military engineering have been neglected to make the position as strong as possible. It is said that the greatest vigilance is observed in every regulation at this time, and that the guns are regularly shotted every night. It is very certain that ingress is no longer an easy matter for an outsider.—The fort is seven miles from the city.

Fort Sumpter, a solid work of masonry, stands in the middle of the harbor, on the edge of the ship channel, and is said to be bomb-proof. It is at present without any regular garrison. There is a large force of workmen—some 150 in all—busily employed in mounting the guns and otherwise putting this great strategic point in order. The armament consists of 140 guns, many of them being the formidable ten-inch "Columbiads," which throw either shot or shell, and which have a fearful range.

Castle Pinckney is situated near the city, but has never been considered of much consequence as a fortress. About 15 guns mount the parapets. There is now no garrison at this post; only one or two watchmen, who have charge of the harbor light.

The British Colonist, published at Victoria, terms the prospective dissolution of the American Union "the world's calamity."

The General Land Office has issued a patent to authorities in Portland, Oregon, for 320 acres, and providing for conflicting claims of other parties.