



"If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot!"
—Gen. Dix.

The Oregon Argus.

W. L. Adams, Editor.

OREGON CITY:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1862.

The Demands of the Hour.

The following article was lately published in the Oregonian. We know nothing of the writer, neither do we wish to have his name. The article is accompanied with an editorial assurance that "it was written by a distinguished Republican residing in the Southern part of this State."

NEXT JUNE ELECTION.—Editor of the Oregonian: It was with pleasure I read an article published in the Weekly Oregonian of November 23d, on the subject of "next June election." One of the patriotic presses of the State has at length recognized a movement which has long been discussed and extensively resolved upon by the people.

Though the Argus attempts to put down the movement recommended by your correspondent, with a sneer at the writer, whom it pretends is unworthy of notice, because "not a star of the first magnitude," I think it endangers the little influence it yet exercises as a public journal by putting itself in opposition to what every patriot must recognize as just in principle and correct in practice.

All questions at issue between political parties not settled by the late Presidential election, have been postponed or withdrawn from the political arena by the inexorable logic of events. The discussion of a tariff has been postponed for perhaps a century. The status of slavery has been appealed from ballots to bullets, and all those minor antagonisms that gave zest to late political contests, have no more relevance to the present great issue, than the justice of the Greek invasion of Troy, or any other event of the remote past. The Government, by its constituted authorities, having decided to wage it, even the origin of the present civil war has ceased to be a fit subject of inquiry, and its abstract justice or injustice would form no part of the considerations of a court in the trial of a case of treason. Whether the Government entered upon this war of its own choice, or the war was forced upon it, is in the unalterable past; the war exists as the question of the present, and the question of "next June election," and of all the elections that follow it until we have conquered a peace, is simply "are you for the Government, or against it?" and it is to be hoped the swears of mercenary sheets, and the intrigues of small politicians on the one side, and the open attacks of traitors on the other, will equally fail in their attempts to invoke the prejudices of the past, or distract the attention of the people from the present, in order to subvert their venial or treasonable purposes.

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

That all may understand why this thrust has been made at us, we will state a few facts. A few weeks ago, while we were in Portland, an article was published in the Oregonian, signed by a " ", recommending a disorganization of the Republican party throughout the State, and the immediate organization of a new party, to be composed of Union men and to be marshalled as a grand Union party, preparatory to a Union convention to nominate a Union State ticket next spring. The article met with our unqualified disapprobation, as it did with that of every Union man we talked with about it in Portland, except the editor of the Oregonian. He neither approved nor disapproved of the plan proposed by the article, but assured us that he had advised with one member of the Republican State Committee, who thought it "might be well enough to publish it." Our objections to the article were not contained in any opposition to a Union ticket on our part, for we have been for a union with the real loyalists all the while, but we decidedly opposed the plan of getting up a Union ticket in this State. While we had no doubt the editor of the Oregonian published the article with the best of intentions, believing, as he said, that it was written by a Republican in the south, we believed, and so did others, that it had been connected in a democratic printing office, and that the Oregonian had been imposed upon as to its authorship. Believing, as we did, that the plan for effecting a union in Oregon, proposed by the article, was injudicious and calculated to imperil the safety of the very cause it professed to wish to promote, we felt it our duty to indicate immediately our disapproval of it, which we did by stating in the Argus our belief as to its authorship and our opinion as to the magnitude of the luminary. Our offense, with "One of the People," consists in not falling in with what we think is an unwise and unsafe plan for getting up a Union ticket recommended by an anonymous scribbler, but favoring what we consider a wise, judicious, and safe one for securing a good ticket and uniting all real Union men in its support.

This plain statement of facts places this writer in rather an awkward position, in sitting astride of his lever of "inexorable logic," trying to upset the "tariff" act and the U. S. Bank (in which he seems to think we are locked up as cashier), shouting all the time "traitors behind!" "small politicians" before! "mercenary sheets" everywhere! We resist the temptation to sharpen our pen just here to puncture the hide of this writer for his own good, but

as the best of men are liable at times, when blinded by ambition, to make egregious blunders and forget the rules of courtesy and good breeding, and as we wouldn't willingly wound the feelings of any good Union man, we pass him over to his own reflections, with the suggestion that we haven't yet reached the position where we feel conscious that "the little influence we yet possess" can be strengthened by giving our articles to the public over an anonymous signature. The attack made upon us in his ill-considered article would be decided by any sensible and honest tribunal under heaven as totally unprovoked and unwarrantable, but it has produced no feeling on our part toward the writer or publisher. Neither of them has ever received anything at our hands (that we are aware of) but that kindness and courtesy which the rules we have adopted for our government exact from us toward our friends—personal and political. Plant your poisoned arrows in our breast, you who will, but, for heaven's sake, don't murder the cause of constitutional liberty—don't destroy the Union in trying to save it. We are all "Union men" and all "Union savers," let us tell the story—but many of us differ as to what constitutes a "Union man" and as to the best method of "saving the Union."

We don't recollect the day since we engaged in advocating a sound and honest system of political economy but that the present infernal rebellion was all the time looming up in the distance. It was constantly held up as a scare-crow to deter honest men from voting as their consciences and judgment told them was right. We were loudly called on to vote for Jo Lane to "save the Union," year after year. We didn't think best to do so. We were told he was a man who loved every inch of the Union, better than he loved his own soul. We held him up as in league with Southern traitors—as the same rotten, black-hearted scoundrel he has shown himself to be. His old friends now say we were right. We were also called on to vote for John Whitaker to "save the Union." We didn't think the Union would be entirely safe in his hands. We were called a "know-nothing pirate" for our contumacy. John Whitaker is now "saving the Union" through Ben Stark, who drinks the health of Beauregard and Davis, and uses the vilest language in speaking of the American flag. We were called on to vote for the Oregon constitution and for slavery, to "save the Union." We didn't choose to do either. When the democratic party assumed the shape of a bird, with Jo Lane as the head, Leecompton as the body, and Grover and Kelly as the "two wings," we were called on to support the "national" wing to "save the Union." Both Kelly and Grover stamped the State, leading Lane and swallowing the Leecompton villainy as a platform. In all their speeches they exhibited the disgusting spectacle of two land-lubbers at sea, who, to cure sea-sickness, swallowed the same piece of raw pork attached to a string, by which it was drawn from the stomach of each till it produced vomiting. Grover got up and swallowed the disgusting morsel, when O'Meara drew it forth and made poor Kelly swallow it after him. We were told we must keep man when the "hards" went through the operation, but stamp and applaud violently when the nationals worried it down, just to "save the Union" and "beat Bush." We inclined to the opinion that if either party was deserving of more credit for dirt-eating, it was the "hards," and not those "soft" creatures who took it second handed. For this, we were held up to ridicule by "one of the patriotic presses of the State," as a "mercenary" and "small politician" who had been "bribed by Bush with \$1000."

In affirming that all who call themselves Union men are not so, we state what nobody denies. Poor Curry and Whitaker claim to be Union men, but their plan of saving the Union is to let Jeff Davis alone—let him rule the country instead of Lincoln. There are some professed Union men who are in favor of buying a peace with a compromise. Others are "as good as anybody," yet while a great deal about "Lincoln's war." Others, like many who supported the "Union democratic ticket" in California, and advised everybody to vote for John Conness to save the Union, were for the war as a necessary means of maintaining the integrity of the Government, now that we had got into the war, yet they were careful in all their hurangues to charge upon the Republican party the responsibility of inaugurating the war. Some of the Conness organs descended lower in heaping foul epithets upon the "black republicans," in retelling vile calumnies and falsehoods about us, and in charging home upon those who voted for Lincoln the responsibility of this pro-slavery rebellion, than even the McConnell organs of treason themselves. Yet in the face of all this, the Conness organs, the political thimble-riggers, broken down political hacks, and one corrupt Republican sheet, advised all Union men to support Conness to save the Union and prevent the secessionists from carrying California. Republicans and Union Democrats were so disgusted with the infamous tactics of these political jugglers that they elected Stanford and the whole Republican ticket by routing majorities. Now we have no objections to supporting a Union ticket made up partly of men who are commonly known as Union Democrats. But we must insist

that they be men who have a character for integrity and are heart and soul for the Union, office or no office. We would most cordially extend the hand of fellowship to all such Union Democrats as Holt, Dickinson, Cochran, and many others whom we might mention. They are all Union men without any ifs or ands—there isn't a rotten spot on either of them. But if we go into a general Union convention in Oregon, what assurances have we that the right stripe of Union Democrats will be nominated for places agreed on? Some think there is no danger, but we think that while it might all be well, there is imminent danger of having a divided convention, or a ticket made up in part of men whom many of us could not support.

Suppose, for instance, that the secession or peace party should nominate a set of candidates, who go over the State whining about "Lincoln's war," and charging that the "black republicans" were the cause of the war. Now, imagine to yourself a canvass in which, after the secessionists had delivered themselves, one or two of the Union candidates should strike the same key, and admit that the war might have been averted by defeating Lincoln, or by compromise, and proceed to denounce the "black republicans" with as much gusto as some of the Conness stumpers did in California. Would any man feel like voting for him? We should prefer to vote for an outspoken secessionist, if we were compelled to vote for either. We don't wish to see the disgusting spectacle of swallowing the same dirty morsel by Grover and Kelly gone through with again. It is the bare possibility that unsound men may be forced upon us, that we are opposed to a union convention. We are willing to have a Union ticket, and to call it by that name. If our Democratic friends cannot trust a Republican convention to select proper candidates after consulting with them (the Democrats), let them call a convention at the "same time and place," and let the two conventions agree upon a ticket. Such a course will be wise and safe, while any other may involve us in inextricable difficulties, if not in ruin. It is a course that no man can offer a valid objection to—and it will, we believe, answer the purposes of all except such as may have already agreed upon a ticket in advance of a union convention. We are opposed to all the schemes of wire-working, dark-lantern canvases, and deception in shaping political platforms. A straightforward, honest, open, and manly course is always preferred by the voting masses, who wish to have every man who assumes to lead in politics show his hand. The masses wish to be consulted, and it is only by becoming familiar with the pulsations of the great popular heart that a statesman can expect to succeed.

We have not written thus lengthily for the purpose of dictating a future policy.—We have felt it our duty to warn our friends of the dangers attendant upon listening to what we consider illy digested counsel. We have not the least doubt but that the friends of the Union everywhere would agree with us if they understood the aspect of affairs here as well as we do.—We have now probably said all we shall have to say on this subject. If our Union friends think differently from us, they must proceed in their own way. A good ticket shall receive our cordial support.

[The above article was intended for last week's issue, but failed to reach the office in time.]

CARRYING THE IDEA.—The Corvallis die-Union has a rebel correspondent in southern Oregon who thinks the Government will not issue war debt bonds till they ascertain who are rebels in Oregon. Union men need have no fears of losing anything by the Government which they aid in supporting. Their war bonds and land patents will all come in due time. They ought to be willing to wait a little, if need be, while the spies and hirelings of Jeff Davis are being spotted. Union men will have to suffer greater inconveniences than this before this infernal rebellion is crushed, while the allies of rebels will probably think that a refusal on the part of the Government to put money in their scoundrelly pockets is one of their "light afflictions."

WANTS AN OFFICE.—The Portland Advertiser has been looking into the President's Message, and assures us that it afforded him "indifferent satisfaction." It is disgusted with the message because Mr. Lincoln didn't recommend the appointment of Ministers to "Dahomey, Congo, and the Hottentots." We have no doubt the poor man of the Advertiser of rebellion would mortgage his "hazel patch" or his soul for one of these appointments. It's an honor, however, he can never reach, so long as we have an Administration that has any regard for the morals of the poor Hottentots.

THAT BAIT.—"It [the Statesman] will scarcely be able to materially effect the result of the June election, when it has the candor to acknowledge the constitutional democracy [secessions] stand a fair chance of carrying the State."—Portland Advertiser.

That "acknowledgment" which you take to be "candid," wasn't thrown out as a bait for you to bite at, but for equally stupid politicians on the opposite side of the fence for you.

REMOVAL.—Michael Menges gives notice in today's paper that he has removed his market stand, and also that he intends staying here the coming summer, instead of going off to the mines. Read his advertisement.

FIRE.—On Thursday, the roof of the Fashion Saloon caught fire from a stove-pipe, but the application of a bucket of water put out the flames.

JACKSON'S CEMENT.
A rebel correspondent of the Portland Advertiser is "agin Lincoln's war, kaze this Union can't be cemented together with blood." This is the substance of the whine of every ally of Jeff Davis in the North. That these men are all hypocrites and liars, is proved by the fact that they have all hitherto endorsed Jackson's threatened course against the South Carolina rebels of 1832. When Jackson had finished his proclamation, he sent the conclusion of it to Edward Livingston, with the following note:
"DEAR SIR: I submit the above as the conclusion of the proclamation for your amendment and revision. Let it receive your best flight of eloquence, to strike to the heart and speak to the feelings of my deluded countrymen of South Carolina.—The Union must be preserved—without blood, if this be possible; but it must be preserved, at all hazards AND AT ANY PRICE."
ANDREW JACKSON.
Dec. 4, 1832, 11 o'clock P. M.
EDWARD LIVINGSTON.
Jackson was determined to preserve the Union "at any price," even if every rebel in South Carolina had to be slain, and those who are now acting as rebel spies in the North applauded him for it just as long as they were drawing salaries from the Government—but when they were kicked out of office, they concluded Jackson was a fool, and that Jeff Davis is right in saying that "the Union cannot be cemented together with blood." The rebels set about dismembering the Union "with blood," and, in trying to accomplish their hellish scheme, they have already shed enough innocent blood in Missouri, Tennessee, and Kentucky. By the cold-blooded murder of Union men, women, and children, to make a pool that would float a frigate. If the blood of these scoundrels cannot "cement the Union," it can expiate their damnable crimes.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.—Our New Year in this part of the world, came in with more than usual sunshine, favoring those who felt disposed to pay the customary gratulatory calls. It was not observed in any public manner in Oregon City, and might have been mistaken for one of the Old Year's days by any one of but a slight Rip Van Winkle tendency. Our Carrier paid his compliments with an address and acknowledgments favors received. The address is copied in our weekly issue, and is rather a creditable production, by an occasional contributor.
Looking back over the mighty events which have so crowded on each other's heels during the year which has just past there is great reason for thankfulness that our Nation has met and proved equal to an emergency more terrible than has fallen on any modern People. We can yet say, Thank God we have a Government. And although war is a terrible trade, let it be well followed, in defence of righteous principles, and though for the present the evil be a fearful one, its ultimate effects will be most salutary. The old twaddle about this being Lincoln's war, and that despotic intrusions of the people's rights had stained his administration, is fully understood, and utterly fails in its object of making capital for ambitious demagogues who would seek to build themselves on the ruin of the Government. In regard to steps hereafter to be taken, we have the utmost reason for believing that in the future prosecution of the vexed questions growing out of it, Lincoln will approve himself a conservative, no less than a patriot. May another New Year see our people at peace and all beneath the shadow of the old flag.

RIGHT ABOUT FACE.—The brazen whelp who has had charge of the Portland Sympathizer, dropped his old watchwords—Jeff Davis, and the rights of the South! as soon as he concluded that Jeff was played out, and that the only possible termination of long continued war, would be that traitors would expatriate themselves, or run a serious risk of being hung as a just reward of their perfidy. With the usual agility of a political juggler, poor Curry off's coat and on again other side out, and now the poor thing bellows peace! peace! with the earnestness of fear, inspired with the knowledge that it is his very last trump, and if the people are not gulled into supporting some sort of a patched up peace-party ticket, next June, his sport is over, and he can shut up shop.

MINES.—The trail to the mines appears to be open at latest advices, the expressmen still making trips to Salmon River, and Oro Fino. Four or five feet of snow at Salmon, and still deeper on the trail. Number of miners increasing, though of course little can be done mining. The Times of Tuesday, says the weather improved in the mines about Dec. 19, so the miners were able to work for a week, and they took out a large amount of gold. The Wiser claim still paying well, but the Bridges had apparently running out.
Business dull at Oro Fino.
—Mr. J. D. Cremoos of this City, received a letter last week from Mr. Lynch formerly of this place, now in the upper country, from which we make the following extract:
"A gentleman of my acquaintance in the Salmon River mines, washed out 20 pounds and 9 ounces in one day." This is the largest yield we have yet heard of.—Times.

DIFFICULTY AT THE SILETZ RESERVATION.—We learn from the Statesman, that a party of troops was sent to arrest two Chiefs who were endeavoring to excite the Indians to insurrection, but they escaped before the detachment arrived. Guns drawn from Ft. Hoskins by former agents to protect whites on the reservation, are all in the hands of the Indians.
There are reports of arms and cartridges in the hands of secessionists in Benton Co, which belong at Ft. Hoskins. One man, became frightened on seeing troops coming from Ft. Yamhill to Hoskins, and disclosed the fact that he had 1000 cartridges, which were delivered up to Capt. Smith, now in command of the latter Fort. These facts were derived from an employee at the agency on the reservation.

Jack McGuire has been sentenced to the penitentiary of California for eighteen months.

JIM LANE IN MISSOURI.
Jim Lane made a speech to the 24th Indiana Regiment at Springfield, Missouri, Nov. 7th, in which he took the same ground lately taken by John Cochran, late democratic member of Congress from New York. We give a portion of Lane's speech:
Gentlemen, I shall not conceal the fact that in some respects I differ from my compatriots in command as to the manner of conducting the war and the means best calculated to bring this wretched conflict to a speedy, durable and honorable close. The point of difference refers, of course, to slavery—the cause of all differences—the Pandora's box from which have issued all our national troubles. My creed is, let slavery and slaves take care of themselves. [Cheers.] If slavery can survive the shock of war, let it live; but if, between the upper and nether millstones, it is ground to powder, it is not for me to gather up its dust. [Applause.] I do not propose to make war upon slavery, but upon rebels; and in the meantime let slaves and slavery take care of themselves. An oligarchy more cruel and prescriptive than ever before scourged and cursed a nation, ancient or modern, has inaugurated this war, and has inaugurated it for slavery; and if we are required to protect, defend or in any way help slavery, then we are required to cooperate with the enemy, to protect and defend him. Can we form an alliance with this barbarous foe, and at the same time conquer them and crush them? When lesser contradictions are reconciled we will think of harmonizing this.
War is at least a terrible calamity. In all the country through which we have marched, the mails are stopped, schools are discontinued, churches are turned into hospitals, and general demoralization prevails. Protract this war, and desolation, moral and material, will mark the track of armies. Justice, humanity and mercy require that the conflict be ended as speedily as possible.
 Astonishing as it may seem to you, soldiers of Indiana, yet it is a fact repeatedly demonstrated that a heavier blow is dealt out to the realm of Seccesia in the abducting or freeing of a slave than in the killing of a man in arms. Abstract from the same family a slave and kill a man in arms, and the loss of the slave will be regarded as the greater calamity—the wound for which there is no healing balm. I could bring forward more than a thousand witnesses whose observation and experience have taught them this fact. If, then, by allowing the slave to fall into the wake of the army, and find the priceless boon of liberty, we avoid bloodshed and strike death-dealing blows upon the front of the rebellion, does not every consideration of justice require this policy should be adopted?
Gentlemen, my logic teaches me that we cannot defend and make war upon the same persons at the same time. If it is the purpose of the Government to crush the rebels and to keep their slaves from stampeding, two armies should be sent into the field. The advance force might be called the Treason-crushing army, and should be armed with offensive weapons. The other should move about ten miles in the rear and be called the Slavery-restoring Army; it should be clad in a defensive armor of triple steel, for such is the meanness of spirit which is bred in the hearts of men by slave-breeding, slaveholding, slave-trading, that the masters would crop into every place of ambush and fire upon the men who were gathering up and returning the fugitive property. It would be illegitimate for the Slavery-restoring Army to return the fire—the shot might pierce the heart of some of the pets and darlings for whom they were generally acting. Therefore, give them the defensive armor, but no offensive weapons. Such an arrangement, novel as it may seem, will be had if slavery is to be preserved in the rear of an army which moves with a force sufficient to crush this huge rebellion. It is my opinion, the second army should be as numerous as the first. Preserving slavery will cost the Government ten times as much as crushing the rebellion. [Voice—"that's so!"]

As soon as the South became convinced that the nationalization of slavery was impossible, it cried "Down with the Union—let slavery lift its crest in air!" And here I solemnly associate that Jim Lane is compelled to add a note to such a national chorus, he breaks his sword and quits the field. [Laug continued applause.]

A BIT OF A ROW.
We are informed that on New Year's evening a Union Ball was given at the house of Mr. Jacob Kamille, Spring Water Settlement, in this County. About eleven o'clock in the evening, while the dance was going on merrily, a party of secessionists armed with knives and pistols, came in, designing to break the party up in a row. Although uninvited, and not particularly welcome, they were permitted to join in the dance, until in a short time they began to raise a disturbance, when the Union boys turned to and gave them a thorough dressing. It is said Mr. Kamille particularly distinguished himself, doing great execution with a poker made from a gun barrel, which had done good service for the Union cause before. It appears that the secessiders had attempted to get up a rival party on the same night, but the patriotic ladies for the Union Forever, gave their presence and bright countenances to the Union enterprise. After the Union army had triumphed the dance was renewed, as if nothing had happened.

MARRIED.
Dec. 27, by Rev. Wm Roberts, at the residence of the bride's father, near McMinnville, Yamhill county, Rev. J. L. Powell, late of Delaware, Ohio, and Miss Martha Hanson, daughter of Mrs. J. O. Henderson.

DIED.
In this city, Monday evening, Dec. 25, a little daughter of Mr. Eugene La Farge, aged about four years, and on New Year's night an infant child of the same.

GEORGE SUTTER'S RETURN. has particular acknowledgment to Mrs. W. P. Burns, and Messrs Wm. Dierhoff, Fred. Chapman, A. W. Meares, James Hunt, W. T. Mathew, John Fleming, Dr. Steele, J. G. Campbell, Bishop Banhart, and Mr. Woods, for their kind remembrance of him on New Year's Day.

APPROPRIATE.—The Portland Advertiser man is heavy on home-made correspondence. He has a happy faculty of selecting appropriate signatures. It isn't long since he published a rebel communication over the signature of "Dan-as"—he now gives us one over "A-jax," standing, we presume, for "A Jackson," for short.