The Oregon Statesman.

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The Oregon Statesman.

ASAHEL BUSH, Proprietor and Editor.

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In this paper are published the laws, resolutions and treaties of the United States, and the laws and resolutions of the Territory of Oregon, by authority.

AT SHANTY, May 14, 1858.

TO THE VOTERS OF BENTON COUNTY: having received so few solicitations to become a candidate at the June election, and those perhaps of a mere complimentary nature, it was deemed hardly necessary that any serious account should be taken of them. But the love of candor prompted the sending of a little communication to be laid before the convention on the 8th inst., which by mishap, it is to be regretted, never found its way to the view of that body. Had it not been for this accident, the public would have been spared the sight of any further remarks.

The writer did not come to Oregon with any intention of ever mounting the anxious seat for any office, otherwise he might have come with a commission in his pocket. In 1855, this determination was fully sustained, but a promise was made that if the voice of the people should go for calling a constitutional convention, a seat in that would be taken if offered. When the time arrived for this, his name was, with much diffidence, submitted to the nominating convention, because his popularity was considered to be too slender to unite a party composed of material so discordant as to be then at the point of disembowelling one another. The convention was requested not to let his name be used unless it would go easy, and without opposition from any quarter. For it is odious to see men whose locks are pitted with snow-drops going round to seek, by flattery, that which a lifetime has failed to require by meritorious deeds. Such a course will do for the young who have character to establish, and important questions to moot. But when his name was found to be foremost in the nomination, and it was announced that there would be no antagonistic effort in his case, it was deemed most prudent to remain quiet and let matters take their drift. Could it have been soon enough discovered that others were deserving of public confidence, they could have been picked out so far as *one* was concerned, an open field would have been most cheerfully given. The sequel having fully demonstrated that fact, no excuse is left for permitting the same thing to be tried over again. And the foregoing loses none of its potency by the recollection that no judicious sportsman puts a recently beaten nag upon the second course. a candidate who cannot run ahead of his party vote is no addition to it; and he that drags, and cannot unite his party is worse than nothing to it.

Now as is clear, there is nothing to be gained, so there can be no loss in letting the writer go free. He is no bolter, no fence jumper, nor is it a matter of *bread and butter* with him to gain an office, although he can devouer as much of that precious gift of Heaven as any of his neighbors. A pair of hard hands still remain willing to go bail for grub; the rheumatism has rendered it inconvenient to bounce the fence with facility; and no one, from the corporal to the president, is envied of his station in life, whether it be in fruition or expectancy.

Another very ominous phase presents itself in the writer's case, and one that argues anything else than the right stripe in aspirants for office. The least proportional vote was received in his own precinct!—Rather squally!

Not for their unfortunate selection, but for their good will expressed toward the writer, let the cornucopia be ever open to, and the balm of peace ever resting upon the nominating conventions, both of '57 and '58. And of that of '58, special pardon is asked for not attending on them in person instead of trusting to a letter, as he certainly would have done, had there been any substantial grounds of belief that a nomination would be offered to him. But it is never praiseworthy to kick before the spur is surely applied.

Having no injuries to avenge, no foes to punish, it is best to stand aloof from that domestic war which has enabled the weaker party of the county to find soft places in the craniums of the stronger, lest the doughy sides of the writer's pate should also be exposed to searching fingers.

Certainly an overweening desire for office should be more excusable in old men than any others, specially if the bread and butter be at stake, for their term of enjoyment is more nearly terminated. as old men, *cateris paribus*, are most excusable in urging their claims to popular favor, so now let it be also shown that they can stand back and exercise that forbearance so necessary to the wellbeing of every political community.

There appears now to be a superabundance of candidates for every office in the gift of the people, and the writer has no merits, nor any claims above those of his neighbors; and not more wisdom than he can fully and conveniently employ about his own small matters; and moreover, he has shot and missed the mark, now let him stand aside till the rest take a crack. He wishes therefore to be considered as one already provided for, and were it even otherwise, and he was "couched" in a hovel, as is now rather near the case, and scraping a crust of bread for a mouthful, the love of *place* would never take him a step toward deserting his creed, nor seeking political revenge against a personal foe.

To all those who threw their votes away on him in 1857, he begs leave to return his most grateful thanks, and to say to the voters of Benton county generally, whether friend or foe, whether pleasant or unpleasant it may be to them, that he will not be a candidate for any office in their gift at the approaching election. And the determination is based upon the further consideration that no time is left him from duties which he is already pledged to perform, to attend to the behests of any such office. He would therefore most respectfully recommend the good people to turn their eyes upon some one more able to serve them, and more worthy of their confidence than their servant, B. ROBINSON.

ALBANY, May 22d, 1858.

ED. STATESMAN—The nominees of the democratic party, and the leaders of the nationals have been before us. We listened with patience to hear what *reasons* the nationals could give for asking the support of the democracy of this county in preference to our regular nominees; but, in my opinion they have utterly failed to induce a *single reliable democrat* in this part of the valley to vote for *them* instead of the faithful democrats composing our *entire ticket!* The premature, but boisterous factions of opposition to democracy leave us, as yet, unharmed.

The nationals speak most tenderly to those who have not been heretofore permanently attached to the democratic party, with a view to "catch gulls," but that will not win, for who, notwithstanding he may not have any party of his own to support, wants to give his vote, with aid and comfort to sustain an *ism*, which barely makes signs as a creature of life to-day, sinks into obscurity to-morrow, and leaves *only* the *ambition*, from bitterness of disappointment, out of which, in its turn, will spring *anew* a decripit faction.

Col. Kelly appeals to the volunteers of the late Indian war for support in his present unwarranted course. Those with whom both in the wintry campaign and the desert march, and on the battle-field, with only the rudest subsistence of mountain life, he shared the common toils and dangers of a "soldier in an enemy's country." The Col. must remember that he is not *now*, *Col. Kelly, the soldier—the commander;* but Jas. K. Kelly, the politician— the *man* who has forfeited his claims of former days upon the democratic organization. The volunteers recall to mind, sir, with grateful remembrance, the generous spirit and magnanimous disposition of Col. Kelly. We liked him as a man, and as *he says*, I have often feasted with him upon our "regular horse beef," &c., &c., but what has *that* to do with his going to Congress? It is an assumed pretext, sir, and will not gain the votes of volunteers who were *ever* democrats. *They* want as delegate to Congress a sound democrat, of unwavering reputation.

In the person of L. F. Grover we find a nominee of the full description. He is an accomplished gentleman, an able and faithful administration democrat, and I hope *every democrat* of the country will support him.

Prominent in the features of political events, are the extraordinary exertions now being made to secure the election of James O'Meara as State printer. A mere "political adventurer," who is nominated and put upon the stump almost instantly upon his arrival on our soil. It would be an injustice to the voters of Oregon, and their good judgment, to say that they want this imported disorganizer to do the printing for our new State, instead of the most efficient editor of the Statesman. Voters will remember that O'Meara is from a place where the most *enormous salaries* and bills are allowed the public officers, and will so vote as to curb his undue aspirations. The democrats here will not falter in the support of A. Bush for State printer, for they know that in every instance where the stability of the democratic party has been threatened by the various oppositions, he has been found contending valiantly, and without faltering or fear, for the success and triumph of democratic principles.

The candidates on the republican State ticket have not been around here. What can be the reason? Have they "gin in," and are they going to give the fleece and flock over to Kelly, Barnum & Co? Why, the republicans are certainly much more numerous in this county than the nationals.—Why don't they "pitch in," and not be backward, for they should have a "fair fight."—It will be interesting to know who of the republicans vote the national ticket. We shall see. Yours, LINN.

FORKS LONG TOM, Lane Co, May 11th, 1858.

ED. STATESMAN—E. M. Barnum, bolter and mongrel candidate for Governor, spoke at Humphrey's store, in this neighborhood to-day. Judge Whiteaker spoke first, and his speech was a sound and practical illustration of the principles of the Democratic party. He illustrated in a forcible manner the obligations all good and true democrats are under to support the nominees of the party when such nominations are fairly made. After he had finished, Barnum took the stand for one hour, talked about Salem, clique, Statesman oligarchy, Statesman lash, cliqueism, &c. At first the audience laughed at his exhibition of folly and ignorance, but finally these ceased to force a smile, and he retired to the evident satisfaction of all present. I should state that he illustrated his arguments in a forcible manner by classical allusions to such noble animals as hogs, &c.

Among other falsehoods he said Delazon Smith had been three or four times in and out of the M. E. Church, and said that while the government was endeavoring to find him, he had his commission in his pocket down in South America, having a good time with the señoritas. He also said judge Boise had said he would get off his bed at midnight to help a negro run away. He also said caucuses were well enough to follow.

We are gaining strength in old Lane, and on the first Monday of June we will give a good account of ourselves by rolling up a larger majority for the regular ticket than we have ever yet given for any candidate.

This national party is the same old snake in a new skin in this county, and as I predicted, those who opposed us one year ago oppose us now, and they will ultimately find a shelter from the stormy blast in the bosom of the black republican party, whither they are tending as fast as time moves.

Yours in haste, KIOTA.

ALDER SPRINGS, Yamhill Co, May 18th, 1858.

FRIEND BUSH—The crisis has fully arrived when it becomes the imperative duty of the democracy of Oregon to be united as one man to resist at the ballot-box on the first Monday in June next, the dark clouds of fanaticism which have o'erspread our beloved land, in every part, with a menacing frown, threatening the annihilation of the Constitution, and the destruction of the liberties of the people of these thirty-one States.

At the convention of the democracy of 1857, in the boots of the fiend traitor, Leland, was found the papers which were to betray and deliver over the democracy of Oregon into the hands of the enemy. There it was that the democracy through their delegates detected the Arnold-like traitor, and exposed his treachery to the democracy. Many of the delegates of that convention believed that a certain Colonel, Andre-like, had concealed in his boots the papers which would forever consign him to infamy in the democratic ranks. Many of the delegates composing that convention were determined that the democracy of Oregon should not Arnold-like, be betrayed and delivered over into the hands of the enemy, without first seizing on the Col., and drawing his boots, in search of those infamous and treacherous documents. The Col. saw what was to come; he then told the convention that he would stand as firmly and faithfully on their platform as any democrat dared to do.—Then a certain complimentary resolution was offered by a good democrat, praising the Col. for his integrity and democracy.—Still there were many delegates who tho't he did not look like a democrat.

In the 5th and 6th resolutions of that convention, there are facts asserted as old if not much older than the Revolution of 1776 In that glorious struggle, which brought liberty to the American people, there was a party called Tories. Whenever one of them deserted and went over to the ranks of the patriots, that moment he lost his standing with the Tories and English, and if he fell into their hands his life was forfeited, and he was publicly executed, as the lamented Hayes was. If a patriot abandoned the noble cause in which he was engaged and went over to the tories and English, that moment he lost his standing as a patriot. Would it not have been vain for the traitor Arnold to have told our patriotic forefathers that he was a whig and patrict after he tried to betray his country? If he had told them so, would the most humble soldier in the ranks of the patriots have believed him? No, every American will answer. Then if a democrat deserts and goes over to the enemy, would it not be visionary in him to think that he had standing in the democratic ranks as a democrat?

If Arnold could not maintain his standing with Washington and the other patriots of the Revolution, after he joined the enemy, how can a democrat maintain his standing in the democratic ranks whilst he is voting the republican ticket, or for those who do as Arnold did—try to betray their party? If Arnold lost his standing in the Revolution as a patriot, for infamous treachery, what can Col. Kelly say in justification of his traitorous conduct with the democracy of Oregon? The Col. may tell democrats that he is a democrat, and they will have just as much confidence in his democracy as our patriotic forefathers had in Arnold's patriotism after he tried to betray his country.

One or two other illustrations and I am done. When Judas betrayed his master for thirty pieces of silver, that moment he lost his standing with the other apostles. If he lost his standing with the other apostles for abandoning these principles, how can a democrat expect to maintain his standing in the ranks of the democracy when he abandons their principles, and unites with their political enemies in trying to defeat them?

Those democrats who denounced Gen. Lane, and voted for Lawson, had just as much and such standing with the democracy of Oregon as Judas had with the apostles after he sold his master for the thirty pieces of silver. When Paul abandoned the ancient Hebrew faith, and became a follower of the meek, lowly and humble Jesus, that instant he lost his standing with all those who disregarded and disbelieved the new doctrines of Christ, which Paul had fully adopted. Would it not have been worse than visionary in Paul to have insisted that he had standing with the ancient Israelites after he became a follower of the Savior?

Where is the catholic of this day who abandons the catholic church, as Luther did, that does not lose his standing in the catholic church by every member of that church? Can the democrat be found in the United States who maintains his standing in the democratic ranks who is voting against the regular nominees of the party, and uniting with those of different principles in trying to defeat the principles of the party?

Now, I have fully shown that the great truths set forth in the 5th and 6th resolutions are as unchangeable as the principles which unite democrats from the south to the north, and the east to the west. The sectionalism of the north and south must be put down, and there is no party able to do it but the democratic party, which loves no man at the sacrifice of principle. Many greater men than Col. Kelly have been consigned to an ignominious grave, in the democratic ranks, for abandoning principle; men who towered a full head and shoulders above the Col. in intellect and political knowledge.

Yours, respectfully, F. B. MARTIN.

PEORIA, Linn Co., May 12, 1858.

MR. BUSH—In looking over the 8th number of the Statesman, I see my name announced as a candidate for county judge on the republican ticket. There seems to be some mistake about the matter. I am certainly not the man. I presume that there is some mistake in the name. I am told that David D. Gray, of Union Point, is the man intended. Permit me to say, that I am a democrat, and could not accept office at the hands of the opposition, for I believe that the moment a democrat receives office at the hands of the opposition that moment he ceases to be a democrat, for "he that is not for us is against us, and he that gathereth not with us scattereth." I believe that no honorable man professing to be a democrat could do so without losing his own self-respect, as well as that of all other honorable men. Yours, respectfully, CALEB GRAY.

FRANKLIN, O. T., May 20, 1858.

ED. STATESMAN—In the last Ox, you no doubt saw a letter of mine, with certain comments of the editor thereon. He there makes the charge that after I had promised Allen, of Yamhill, to support his bill, Bush told me not to, or I should be read out of the party, &c. It is almost needless to say that this charge is a deliberate and wilful falsehood. That bill was discussed in committee of the whole, in a night session, when, from ill health in consequence of too close confinement, I was not present. Had I known that it would have been called up, I would have been there, however, ill or well, although I had no hopes of the passage of the bill. Mr. Bush *never had a private conversation with me in his life*, nor did any man in Salem attempt to influence my course in the House in the least. True, O'Meara electioneered hard with me to join the nationals(?) but did not flatter himself much upon his success. All the *cliquery* I saw last winter was among *them*, the black republican, national, pro-slavery, &c., &c., coalition.

I can tell you the reason for this attack in the Ox; *I stopped the paper*. A pro-slavery democratic paper I would support with all my might, and write for it too, to the best of my ability; but when it degenerates to a *thing*, of very little force at all, and what it has, used only for evil, lauding its former enemies, and giving the traitor's stab to its former friends, I have no use for it.—I told the editor so, and in return he had to spit his spleen at me in the above *lie*. If he thought people would believe it though, he was mistaken, I think.

By the by, I used to feel indignant when the Occidental was called Avery's Ox, but the name was and is about right after all. When I came up from Salem I called in at the Messenger office, as I always did whenever in Corvallis. Mr. Hall was absent.—Mr. Gillis (who is I believe a gentleman,) replied to my inquiry for Hall, that he had been on a spree for six weeks, and he did not know where he was. I naturally felt some curiosity as to who was editor in his absence, and was told by Dr. McIteeny that some—of—his—friends, (McIteeny and Avery understood,) edited the paper during Hall's absence. But Avery did not edit in Hall's absence only. Drunken men, children and fools, it is said, always speak the truth, and I have heard Hall say, (and I believed him, for he had been *smiling* pretty freely,) that if he could have had *his own way*, his paper would have been quite different, but he was forced to take the stand he did, and now has to suffer the consequences.

It (the Messenger) has been Avery's Ox then from the commencement. Can anybody tell who is editor of the Ox now?—Gillis is publisher, but who is editor? I would like to know who is the father of that *infernal lie*, but he fights behind a mask, whoever he is, or like an Indian in ambush, safe himself, he can scatter his missiles right and left without fear of a return.

Respectfully yours, J. W. MACK.

P. S. In order to show Hall's real views as to the proper course of the Messenger, I have concluded to send you a few extracts from a letter from him to me when he first started his paper. In so doing I do not betray confidence, as his views then were public, and oft repeated to others as well as myself: "My principal motive in coming to this Territory was to advocate the slavery question, and finding that many of the friends of the institution take a different view of the Salem resolutions from yourself, have concluded it would be the greatest of imprudence for the Messenger *to have anything to say on the subject*. In fact I see *nothing to be gained by it, but much for the friends of our cause to lose.*"

These are Hall's views. Why did he not stick to them? Because his *master* (Avery) *forced him* to do otherwise. Hall says he was forced to it. What a consistent pro-slavery paper the Messenger is now. Not one word for slavery is to be found in its columns; nothing but Bush, Bush, Bush.—He is the great bug-bear in the eyes of the Ox, because, forsooth, Bush is public printer, and he wished it himself. Poor hombre! He is satisfied now that he did *gain nothing* and *lose much* by quarreling about the Salem platform, and from the bottom of his heart wishes he hadn't done it. But he has put his foot in it, and now has to brazen it out the best way he can. J. W. M.

CORVALLIS, May 17, 1858.

MR. EDITOR—Since my last, Benton county has been doing good work for the democracy. We shall elect the hard Democratic ticket almost entire. The idea of McIteeny for State senator, and that other ignoramus Kelsay, for judge, is too nauseous a "*pill*" for the people of Benton county to swallow, and you may depend upon it they will be laid out *cold* on election day. That exposition of the manner in which Dr. O'Meara administered political "*pills*," causes the nationwools to *squirm* hereabouts. *They cannot "explain" it.* The little Doc. left here yesterday for Lebanon. The last few numbers of the "Ox *Mess*" has thoroughly disgusted everybody here, even those few who had not become ashamed to act as the apologists of that poor, drunken brute, Hall, who, as I informed you in my last, is still as much the editor of the "Ox *Mess*" as he ever was.

Every one here knows that Avery gives Hall his grub and whisky to write scurrilous and infamous attacks upon the character of men of well known probity and honor, whom he (Avery) dislikes.

Avery causes this outcast, Hall, to do things at which his manhood would revolt, if he has any, and he vainly imagines this course is to strengthen the national ticket.

Avery chuckles in his sleeve, and boasts to his friends that he can attack respectable men through the agency of this thing, Hall, without being held responsible, or any one suspecting who commits the outrage, as by the nominal withdrawal of Hall's name as editor, "it would be unfair and ungenerous to attack him now that he is out of the paper," and then *rubs that nose*. That 'dodge' won't go down; the people know better.—Avery has humbugged a good many in this county for a long time, but fortunately that day is past; he deceives no one now.

The "Ox *Mess*" will 'dry up' soon after election, and it will be one of the many episodes in Avery's political life he will always be ashamed of—that is, provided he ever regains his self-respect.

In the last "Ox *Mess*" you will observe that "Daniel Logan, Esq." replied to Judge Williams speech at this place. Wonder what relation "*Daniel*" is to the "Mingo Chief," who has a kind of reputation peculiarly his own, and would dislike very much to get a *puff* from the "Ox *Mess*."

The last "Ox *Mess*" shows plainly that Avery, "Sal-Avery" and Hall were all very drunk when they got off that paper, wherein is announced that Farrar & Stout are now engaged in the billiard saloon business, with "the choicest of liquors always on hand." This could not have been intended as a sneer at that firm, as Avery claims that Farrar is one of his kind, and it would be awful mean to throw him off now, as he did Barnum, whom he announced a few weeks since as the 'national" candidate for Congress.

We hear cheering news from the South. Little California O'Meara will run far behind what was expected. Barnum is making votes for the regular democracy wherever he speaks. Had he remained at home, many persons would never have known what a fool he is. BENTON.

O'Meara at Portland.

PORTLAND, May 8th, 1858.

DEAR SIR—Since O'Meara *bolted* the canvass, being afraid to enter Linn Co., he has paid a flying visit to his faction here.

To-day the nationals met to nominate their county ticket; O'Meara, at his office, holds a caucus with the delegates, (a majority of them,) prepares the programme, a sham nomination to be made against Dryer and his wing completes the fusion, and at a late hour (3 o'clock) comes into the court-house, King is called to the chair, Kingsley secretary, and the nominations soon run through the mill. Williams (over the river) for State senate; R. J. Ladd and W. C. Bacon for State representatives; no resolutions (save a feeble resolve to try and elect their ticket by *honorable* means;) not even a word said about their dear *Eugene National Platform*; dodged everything manly, and backed down in general. Mr. Ladd is evidently to be sacrificed, and Dryer and Bacon to get the combined vote of both wings of the faction.

Ladd, poor fellow, has worked hard for them, accepted a proxy appointment and attended their Eugene abortion, and has been shoulder striking for them generally. I think Ladd voted for a slave constitution, if so, he is a doomed man—won't do the fusion's here.

On the meeting nominating a Territorial ticket, a motion was made (by a verdant one) to nominate Ladd for Territorial representative. After a good deal of stammering by the chairman, and dodging, working and whispering on the part of the secretary and others, the motion was withdrawn. A motion then by one of the *knowing* ones was made, conferring said nomination on Mr. Bacon, which carried.

O'Meara, at 8 o'clock in the evening, held forth for an hour and three quarters to the convention and a few citizens, in one of his political harangues, in which he stated that Smith, Grover and Bush gave him *bitter pills, grape shot*, &c.; anticipated what they would say of him when they came here, &c.; said they made pro-slavery speeches in one county, and free State in another, &c.; said they were trying to beat him in the office of State printer at the June election, and they called him hard names, viz: pizzarinetum, soft, fusion, black republican and *California interloper*. Little or nothing was said about Kelly and the rest of the yelping pack.

O'Meara confessed himself to be a *bolter*, both here and in California; also his acceptance of office when in California at the hands of a knownothing Governor. At one point of his speech party organization was not always to be contended for, and party principles not always sacred above other considerations. At another point he held to *principle* and party *organization*, they were right, &c., &c.

He told his client and lawyer anecdote; when he came to the point where the client got his *eyes blacked*, he (the speaker) presented a very striking illustration; he closed by saying he was run down and not able to go on, (his auditors were fast taking their hats,) but at another time he would again take up the subject, &c.

Dr. Henry, since Kelly advanced the doctrine that a "whig could not become a democrat," has rather stood off from these new lights. The Dr. is now out on a surveying campaign in Washington Territory. In case he is over to the election, I predict he will not vote for the softs. By appointment the Dr. held the office of city surveyor, but under the new council, King, Dryer, Kingsley & Co., he had to resign, in order to make room for Alonzo, the *calf* of the softs. This move, to say the least of it, was very ungrateful to the Dr., who helped to make (see his letter to Smith) and in fact named these *nationals*. The bantling now repudiates its sire, and crowds him; Henry will not stand it.

Yours, &c., PARTISAN.

DOUGLAS COUNTY, May 9th, 1858.

MR. BUSH—All right in Douglas. We are gaining strength every day, and will carry the county by 150 MAJORITY over the "nationals," who are getting sick of most of their candidates. Canyonville is the only precinct in the county where they will get any votes to speak of, and that, you know, *always was an opposition precinct*. The "*would be son-in-law*," who swore to a double residence, and was engaged, he says, in that dirty scene-painting operation at Eugene City, is splurging around here. His politics, like his surveys, don't "*close within limits*."

Barnum is said to be coming out here on a pilgrimage for the benefit of O'Meara.—If reports be true of him, he will injure Mr. O'Meara's prospects south. His reputation for lying and then showing the "white feather," has traveled before him, and he is generally considered a mighty "bad egg."—A report is in circulation here that Col. Kelsay, one of the northern candidates for supreme judge, got lost in the coast range of mountains, somewhere in Coos county. He first lost his gun, "by the way," and then disappeared in the brush—"boys."—This is a worse "difficulty" than he said he got into a year or two ago when he went out to Rogue River.

Old Gazley has quit loaning money payable when the national county ticket is elected, and says if ——— comes back this way he "*won't loan him any other hundred dollars.*" That *was* a good deal like finding money, wasn't it? MYRTLE.

LINN COUNTY, May 22d, 1858.

ED. STATESMAN—I suppose you would like to hear how we are getting along in old Linn, politically, now and then, and I take the liberty to drop you a few lines on the subject. We have been visited by several political storms within the last three weeks; the first made its appearance in Albany. Behold two prophets came up from below and prophesied, saying: wo, wo! be unto the old democratic party—the elements are black, the sun is darkened, the thunders roar, the lightnings flash; and behold the tornado is coming, and the winds will with violence smite the old democratic party with all the Bushites to the earth to rise no more, forever. The people were calm, with a smile on their countenances, while this prophesy was emanating from the mouths of the prophets. The sky was clear, the air was calm, and all was peace and quiet; and strange it is a shower came, the briny drops fell, and stranger still one of the prophets was stricken to the earth. Imagine him, flat upon his back, with his eyes blinded, his mouth open, his arms and legs extended in the air; crying, help, help! The other prophet being small in stature, a Meara circumstance, he pulled, hauled and tugged, and thugged until he was finally exhausted; the sweat streaming from every pore, his cheeks pallid, he stopped to recruit his breath, and when he saw no one come to his assistance, he soloquised thus, poor fellow he is dead, the prophesy was false, the Colonel has been killed by the echo of his own thunder, what a pity! Then raising his head he saw the myriad of Bushites that were stareing him in the face, his heart sunk, his countenance was ghastly, haggard and pale, he cursed the Bushes that were growing so fast, so beautiful and so fair, beneath his withering looks; he gasped and said (to himself) the people of old Linn will not take the pill, they have not forgot the the prophesy of the day of judgment by Miller. He then fell to rise no more forever.

The next was a black abolition storm, that lasted six consecutive days, but while these black and putrid storms have bedaubed the political sky, all have escaped unharmed, except those that were before diseased. Among the deceased I will mention the name of one Barnum, who was afflicted with a disease or deficiency of brain from his birth; one O'Meara, who has been afflicted with a disease or deficiency of heart for several years; one Kele, who has been afflicted with the St. Vitus' dance, since the death of Mose, Moses; four Johns, who have been troubled from their youth with the Kings' evil, and a few others that have always been troubled a little with the bighead, it finally turned to the black tongue and killed 'em; all of which have been hereditary or contracted in foreign countries. Although the Aitgoose would try to make the people believe that Oregon is politically sickly because there has been so many deaths in old Linn; believe it not—a remedy is found—the people are safe, those that wrap themselves in the constitution and hug the Union to their bosoms on the first Monday in June, will vote the democratic ticket—will be healed of all the black and putred spots and will come out as white as wool. I see many of the old line whigs prepared with a bundle under each arm to wrap their brothers in, that have mustered with them in the ranks of the old guard, shoulder to shoulder they have manfully fought the abolitionist since they first assumed a warlike attitude in the republic of America; they have fought in the front ranks with the democratic legions, while the abolitionites have fought under many and various false colors. The republican whitewash, with which they are now besmired, is so thin that it no longer hides the words "altra," "abolition," no one can be longer deceived; the nationals! the last child from knownothing parents, own brother to black abolition—like any other young darkie is a little whiter than the old one, but when it sheds off in June it will own its brother. Jonathan says two more such births would break down the strongest constitution in the world and split all the Unions (except church and State) into fragments, then good bye freedom; but the last one is a weakly, diseased, little thing, a Meara circumcyhere, will soon be dead, (will cry itself to death), and the old folks are done having 'em and the constitution is safe. Jonathan may be right.

Yours truly, BUNKERHILL.

A TEXT AND COMMENT.—Breathe not a sentiment, say not a word, give not an expression of the countenance that will offend another, or send a thrill of pain to his bosom.—*Exchange.*

That is a very nice sentiment, but it wants to be qualified. Give no pain to 'anybody,' and who would bring a scoundrel to justice! It is our duty to make man-stealers, robbers, cut-throats and child-beaters just as full of pain as possible. By no other means can we revolutionize their habits. So long as sin and crime find it all "sunshine" about them, so long will sin and crime continue to indulge in felony and adultery. It is the duty of every good man to make bad men as uncomfortable as possible. Unless villany is attacked, what chance will there be for virtue? Pass over the wrongs committed by the rascal, and we offer a premium to wrong doing. Universal benevolence is a universal humbug. The only person who deserves a quiet heart or a quiet home, is the man who does his duty to his God, to himself, and to society. A bad man is no more entitled to rest and comfort, and peace of mind than the devil is. He should be "stirred up," and that continually. The more he is harrassed, the earlier he will repent, and become a useful citizen.—*Albany Knickerbocker.*

☞ Democrats of Oregon! The notorious abolitionist and knownothing, Tom Dryer, editor of the Oregonian, through the colums of his paper supports O'Meara for State printer! Do you want Dryer or any of his ilk for State printer. If you do not, vote for Bush the democratic nominee.—*Portland Times.*

☞ The Lawsonites affect to complain that it is all wrong for democrats to call them black republicans. Why, bless their sensitive souls, the concern was black last year when Lawson headed it, and now that the trifling addition of the names of Dryer, O'Meara, and Kelly, is made, we do wonder if they think *they* can change the political complexion of the three thousand abolitionists who voted for Lawson!—*Port. Times.*

Another Recruit.

Among the pure, immaculate, and ardent supporters of the "soft" candidate for State printer, is Tom Dryer of the *Niggeronian*. Tom has, for some months, been running the allies and secret passages of the Lawsonite movement on the sly, as any old *thug* might be expected to do, and now he is out flat-footed and flat-headed in support of O'Meara. Tom is notoriously a *thug* abolitionist at heart, and simply because the Aitgoose dog took the start of him in the colored republican organization, and for no other reason Dryer has dipped a little upon the negro question, and by way of compromise with his too susceptible conscience he assents to the support of his national friend, O'Meara. This is all well enough, and is a fair sample of the kind of nationals who will vote for O'Meara up this way. If it were possible for Dryer's national *beau ideal* for State printer to be elected, would it be anything unreasonable that Dryer should walk in for a share in the profits of the office? Dryer and his ilk are not in the habit of selling their votes for nothing.—*Portland Times.*

A BANTAM PULLET.—There is a little sheet called the Jacksonville Herald, which tails on the Statesman, and appears from its columns to be a feeble echo, of all the base and false pretentions about the nationals—who compose the party and the object sought. It is a pity that little Beggs should be so easily deluded and hoodwinked by the Salem faction. Our opinion of him is that he sins most ignorantly, and that the tender mercies of those whose desperate fortunes he is seeking to maintain, will prove exceedingly cruel to him. "Could he but see himself as others see him," salvation would reach him ere he is engulphed where the faintest glimmering of hope cannot come.—*Standard.*

A TERRIER PUPPY.—There is a little sheet, pensioned by Avery, edited by a conceited little ninny from California, and called the *Democratic Standard*, which tails on to the *Occidental Messenger*, and appears from its columns to be a feeble echo of all the base and slanderous lies concocted by Avery, Dryer & Co., against the Democratic party—the objects sought being spoils and power. It is a pity that little O'Meara should be an unmitigated scoundrel, and such a consummate ass as to imagine that his little tricks of California politics can be played upon the people of Oregon. Our opinion of him is that he sins quite instinctively, and that the tender mercies of justice will one day prove exceedingly cruel to him. But even were he permitted to "see himself as others see him," salvation would never reach him, ere he is engulphed where the faintest glimmering of hope cannot come. His doom is sealed.—*Jacksonville Herald.*

District Convention.

The several committees appointed by the democratic conventions of Washington, Columbia, Clatsop and Tillamook Counties, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for State Senator for the district composed of those counties, met in convention at Milton, in the county of Columbia, on the 14th day of May, 1858; whereupon, Cyrus Olney, of Clatsop, was unanimously declared the nominee. The secretary was requested to inform Judge Olney of his nomination, and to forward a copy of the above to the Statesman and Times for publication.

JAS. W. CHAMBERS, Ch'n.
THOS. H. SMITH, Secretary.

☞ Horace Greeley, of the Tribune, is in the West, lecturing, and was lately at cleveland, Ohio, where Grey, of the Plaindealer, who was once sued by Horace for a libel, but which suit never came to trial, thus touches up the drab coated philosopher: "Horace Greeley; this gentleman will lecture on the poets this evening at the Melodeon. He is a pretty sharp writer, but especially distinguished for an old dilapidated drab coat and decayed wool hat. With the exception of a game of eucher or a string of ten pins with Henry Ward Beecher, Greeley takes no amusement whatever. He is great on mush, bran bread, and oat meal slap jacks; but avoids meat except in exciting campaign times, when he dips in most voraciously, the way of rooster's gizzards, cow tail's, calves' plucks, and sheep's head. People think that he is a great man, and Horace is little inclined that way himself. He is said to have written an article or two on slavery, and a couple of short paragraphs on Kansas. He wears cowhide brogans, and is slightly eccentric. Long may he wave." If that wont pass for a first rate notice, we do not know where the article can be found.

A POPULAR BOOK.—When a book reaches its twentieth edition, it may be said to have reached a popularity rarely attained; and when it is taken into consideration that the book which we now notice is a medical work, which class is not usually suited to the popular taste, it shows it to have an unprecedented sale. The Graefenberg Manual of Health, *twentieth edition*, has just been received by the San Francisco Agents, and all who desire a complete medical work should lose no time in securing a copy.—Price only twenty-five cents.

The Editor of the Jamestown Democrat is "posted" in Biblical learning, and gives us an example, thus:

"Somewhere in that story it tells about a man, whose name was Saul, or Paul, or Haul, or something of that kind, who went down from Damascus to Jerusalem and fell among thieves. And sometime about midnight a light from Heaven shone down brighter than the sun, so that a man whose name was Levi, who was passing that way, was enabled to bind up his wounds, and take him to a hotel, when he gave the landlord twenty-five cents, and told him if he lost more than that, he would foot the bill."

"Get out of the way, old Dan Tucker,
You're too late to get your supper."

This popular song has been changed, in the course of advancing refinement so as to read:

"Will the venerable Daniel Tucker, Esq., have the goodness to withdraw a few minutes, as, in consequence of his late arrival, it will be impossible for him to take his evening refreshments at the first table."

A DUTCHMAN'S PIG.—A lawyer asked a Dutchman in court, what ear-marks a pig had that was in dispute. 'Vell he has no ear-marks except a very short tail.'