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Job Printing!!

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE ARGUS is HAPPY to inform the public that he has just received a large stock of JOB TYPE and other new printing material, and will be in the speedy receipt of additions suited to all the requirements of the locality. HANDBILLS, POSTERS, BLANKS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLET-WORK and other kinds, done to order, on short notice.

(From the California Temp. Journal.)

Facts and Principles.

Just on the eve of our late election, the Temperance State Central Committee, through Mr. Richardson, its Chairman, issued an "Address to the friends of Temperance in the State of New York," which was widely published in the "Temperance and Political Journals." We should be glad, if our space permitted, to transfer the whole of it to our columns, but much of it was of only temporary interest, passing away with the occasion which called it forth. But the following argument, condensed in a series of propositions, seems to us so conclusive and unanswerable, and presents the whole question in so clear and strong a light, that we shall be doing good service to the Temperance cause by giving it the benefit of our circulation, and soliciting for it the earnest consideration:

"Shall the traffic in intoxicating beverages be prohibited by law?"

Consider these facts, all of which have been established by the most indubitable testimony:

- 1. That traffic has converted eighty thousand of the present inhabitants of this State, once sober and reputable, into drunkards.
2. It has brought sorrow and poverty, and in many instances ruin and despair, to tens of thousands of once happy homes.
3. It causes the incarceration, in the several jails and penitentiaries of our State, of fifty thousand of our fellow-citizens annually.
4. From its influence, proceeds four-fifths of all the crimes, from the least that is recognized by the law, to the most flagitious that come under the cognizance of our Courts.

5. Since the first of last January, it has occasioned no less than fifty homicides within the limits of our State, and almost innumerable assaults with intent to kill, happily unsuccessful.

6. It is the fruitful cause of immorality, irreligion, profanity, obscenity, blasphemy, contempt of law, contempt of all the proprieties, amenities and the decencies of life; and of every evil word and work.

7. It costs the State eighty millions of dollars annually.

8. It destroys the lives of not less than fifteen thousand of our citizens, every 12 months.

Consider these principles, universally conceded as true:

- 1. The interests of health are superior to those of property. 'The health of the people is the supreme law.'
2. The interests of morality override those of property.
3. The personal security of the citizen from assault and outrage, is of more consequence than the rights of property.
4. The interests of the many must not be sacrificed to those of the few.
5. The right of the people to protect themselves, through the institutions of government, is inherent and indefeasible; and government, in the very nature of the case, is clothed with all the powers requisite to the accomplishment of this end,—the protection of the people.

From the facts and principles thus stated, the following inferences are unavoidable:

- 1. The liquor traffic is practically hostile to all the interests of society which the civil power is intended to protect.
2. The suppression of that traffic is clearly demanded by the purpose for which government was ordained, and is therefore clearly within the limit of its constitutional powers.
3. The traffic, and not its suppression, is unconstitutional, and the government that neglects to prohibit it, is either ignorant of its obligations, or faithless to its trust.

The constitutionality of prohibition, is further proved—

1. By the fact that for twenty years past, it has been recognized in the legislation of the General Government. See Laws of the U. S. for 1834, Vol. IX, page 133.

2. The Supreme Court of the United States, in full Bench, has declared it so, with no dissenting voice. Chief Justice Taney says:

"If any State deems the retail and internal traffic in ardent spirits, injurious to its citizens, and calculated to produce idleness, vice or debauchery, I see nothing in the Constitution of the United States to prevent it from regulating or restraining the traffic, or from prohibiting it altogether, if it thinks proper.—Prohibitionist."

Worth knowing. The Cincinnati Commercial says that the application of towels, wrung out in hot water, to the forehead and temples, is a speedy and efficacious remedy for headache arising from neuralgic affections.

Caution. Only have the courage to regard malice with the contempt it merits, and all's well.

The Oregon Argus.

W. L. ADAMS, Editor and Proprietor. AMERICA—Knows nought of golden promises of Kings; Knows nought of Coronets, and Stars, and Strings. VOL. 1. OREGON CITY, OREGON TERRITORY, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1858. NO. 3.

NATIONAL EXPENDITURES—APPRO.

APPROPRIATION BILLS. Congress has just appropriated the following sums for the Ocean Mail Service:

Table with 2 columns: Description of service and Amount. Includes items like 'For transportation of mails between New York and Liverpool, per Collins', 'For transportation of mails from New York to New Orleans, Charleston, Savannah, Havana, and Chagres', etc.

Army Appropriations.

Table with 2 columns: Description of military expenditure and Amount. Includes items like 'Pay of the army', 'Commutation of officer's subsistence', 'Contingent expenses of Adjutant General's Department', etc.

Navy Expenditures.

Table with 2 columns: Description of naval expenditure and Amount. Includes items like 'Pay of commission, warrant and petty officers and seamen', 'Pay of Superintendents, Naval Constructors, &c.', 'Provisions for commission, warrant and petty officers and seamen', etc.

Orchards, Apples and the Market.

"David, I am going to quit the nursery business. In twenty-one years fruit will be a drug in New-York city. Just look around this neighborhood! There is reason Jones has just set out five hundred trees; Tom Smith 400, and his brother Jim will have 1,000 next spring, and so on at that rate all over the country—grapefruit, too, none of it for cider. Now what do you suppose is to become of all those apples? I tell you what it is, David, we must wind up the nursery business or we shall break flat. Everybody will grow it, but nobody buy it, a few years hence." This prognostication was made more than twenty years ago by a sensible man engaged in propagating choice fruits for sale in Central New-York, and no doubt the speaker honestly believed the days of the nursery man were well numbered. Brother David, however, was of a different opinion. He did not believe it was so easy to overstock the market with such fruit as no other than American soil and climate can produce. He did not believe 'ere twenty years' time would elapse everybody would have an orchard, the products of which would be so unsalable, and the business so unprofitable the owner could have no desire to plant more or better; or newer varieties of trees; consequently he urged that the business should be perseveringly continued until the dawning of the day when his vision in the horizon.

DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME.

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me? 'Twould be an assurance most dear To know that this moment some loved ones, Were saying I wish he were here; To feel that the group at the fireside, Were thinking of me as I roam; O yes, 'twould be joy beyond measure, To know that they miss me at home. When twilight approaches—the season That ever is sacred to song— Does some one repeat my name over, And sigh that I tarry so long! And is there no chord in the music, That's missed when my voice is away! And a chord in each heart that awaketh Regret at my wearisome stay? Do they set me a chair at the table When evening's home-pleasures are nigh; When the embers are lit in the parlor, And stars in the calm azure sky? And when the "good nights" are repeated, And all lay them down to their sleep, Do they think of "the absent," and wait me A whispered "good night" while they weep? Do they miss me at home—do they miss me At morning; at noon, and at night? And lingers one gloomy shade 'round them, That only my presence can light? Are joys less invitingly welcome, And pleasures less hale than before, Because one is missed from the circle? Because I am with them no more?

ANSWER.

Do we miss thee at home!—yes! we miss thee, Since the hour when we laid thee aside; And prayers have encreas'd thy pathway, From anxious hearts loving and true, That the Saviour would guide and protect thee, As far from the loved ones you roam; And whispered when'er thou art saddened, They miss thee—they miss thee at home. The shadows of evening are falling— Oh, where is the wanderer now? The breeze that floats lightly around us, Perchance may soon visit his brow— O, hear on thy bosom a message: We are watching—O! why wilt thou roam? The heart has grown cold and dejected, For we miss thee—we miss thee at home."

Great Britain.

The Earl of Carlisle is appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; otherwise the Ministry remains as announced per Pacific. In Parliament, the proceedings were unimportant. The chief business was the debate of Lord Goddard's motion to increase the chances of military promotion from the ranks. The motion was negatived. In the House of Lords, a debate occurred on the subject of acknowledging the loyalty of Canada and other colonies. No action was come to. Mr. Roebuck's committee proceeds vigorously. They have reported that the objects of the inquiry will be best attained by making the committee a secret one.

On the 1st of March, Mr. Roebuck appeared at the bar of the House of Lords with a message from the House of Commons, citing the Duke of Newcastle to give evidence before the committee.

Wednesday, the 21st, has been appointed as a national fast for the success of the war.

Meetings deprecating the conduct of the war are on the increase throughout the country. Everything is again quiet in Liverpool and London.

The Earl of Innes publishes a convincing letter to Lord Raglan, exonerating himself from all blame in the cavalry charge at Balaklava.

Letters are making their appearance in the English papers complaining of the non-return of goods sent to the New York Exhibition.

The ship John Ronnerman, from St. Johns N. B. was ashore at Holyhead, a total wreck. Crew saved.

The bark Avon, bound from Cuba to Swansea, with a cargo of copper ore, was totally lost in the British Channel. Crew saved.

Five hundred thousand pounds sterling in gold was received per the Kent and Marco Polo from Melbourne.

Dividends on the Cuba loans of 1834 and 1837 are advertised for payment.

Thrilling Incident.

Governor Briggs, of Massachusetts, in a speech at Albany, related the following thrilling incident:

At a town meeting in Pennsylvania, the question came up whether any person should be licensed to sell rum. The clergyman, the deacon, and physician, strange as it may now appear, all favored it. One man only spoke against it because of the mischief it did. The question was about to be put, when, all at once, there arose from one corner of the room, a miserable female. She was thinly clad, and her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness, and that her mortal career was almost closed. After a moment of silence, and all eyes being fixed upon her, she stretched her attenuated body to its utmost height, and then her long arms to their greatest length, and raising her voice to a shrill pitch, she called to all to look upon her.

"Yes!" she said, "look upon me, and then hear me. All that the last speaker has said relative to temperate drinking, as being the father of drunkenness, is true. All practice, all experience, declare its truth. All drinking of alcoholic poison, as a beverage in health, is excess. LOOK UPON ME. You all know me, or once did. You all know I was once the mistress of the best farm in town. You all knew, too, I had one of the best—the most devoted of husbands. You all know I had five, noble-hearted, industrious boys—WHERE ARE THEY NOW? Doctor where are they now? You all know. You all know they lie in a row, side by side, in yonder churchyard; all—every one of them FILLING THE DRUNKARD'S GRAVE! They were all taught to believe that temperate drinking was

safe,—excess alone ought to be avoided; and they never acknowledged excess. They quoted you, and you, and you," pointing with her shred of a finger to the Priest, Deacon, and Doctor, as authority. "They thought themselves safe under such teachers. But I saw the gradual change coming over my family and prospects, with dismay and horror—I felt we were all to be overwhelmed in one common ruin—I tried to ward off the blow, I tried to break the spell, the delusive spell—in which the idea of the benefits of temperate drinking had involved my husband and sons. I begged, I prayed; but the odds were against me. The MINISTER said the poison that was destroying my husband and boys was a good creature of God; the DEACON (who sits under the pulpit there, and TOOK OUR FARM TO PAY HIS RUM BILLS) sold them the poison; the DOCTOR said that a little was good, and excess ought to be avoided. My poor husband, and my dear boys fell into the snare, and they could not escape; and, one after another, were conveyed to the sorrowful grave of the drunkard. Now look at me again. You probably see me for the last time—my sand has almost run—I have dragged my exhausted frame from my present home—poor poor—house—to warn you all—to warn you, DEACON!—TO WARN YOU, FALSE TEACHER OF GOD'S WORD!—and with her arms high flung, and her tall form stretched to its utmost, and her voice raised to an unearthly pitch—she exclaimed:

"I SHALL SOON STAND BEFORE THE JUDGMENT SEAT OF GOD—I SHALL MEET YOU THERE, YOU FALSE GUIDES, AND BE A WITNESS AGAINST YOU ALL!"

The miserable female vanished—a dead silence pervaded the assembly—the PRIEST, DEACON, and PHYSICIAN, lung their heads—and when the president of the meeting put the question.

"SHALL ANY LICENSE BE GRANTED FOR THE SALE OF SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS?" the response was unanimous—"No!"

The Game Law.

The game law passed at the recent session of the Legislature, and which is now in force, provides, "That it shall be unlawful for any person to kill, ensnare or trap any deer, fawn, wild turkey, prairie hen or chicken, or quail, between the fifteenth day of January, and the first day of August, of each and every year."

The having in possession of any of the prohibited game, is to be deemed prima facie evidence that the possessor has violated the law, and he is subject to the penalty. Fines collected for such violations of this law, are to be appropriated one-half to the informer, and one-half to the school funds of the Township in which the violation occurred.

The penalty for killing a deer or fawn in the time specified, is \$15, and for killing any of the birds named, is \$5.

The law 'so provides that— "Any person who shall go upon the premises of any person or persons, or corporation whether the same be enclosed or not, with intention to hunt, ensnare or trap any deer, fawn, wild turkey, prairie hen or chicken, or quail, between the fifteenth day of January, and the first day of August, of each and every year."

By the provisions of this law, it will be seen that any one, having game in his possession at the present time, is liable to a fine of fifteen dollars for a deer, and five dollars each for quails, chickens, &c.

We are glad that the provisions of this law are to be enforced in this city, the "Hunters' Association having resolved to prosecute all who sell it out of season.

In view of the great destruction of game by the severity of the winter, we trust all the protection the law affords, will be thrown around it, before it is completely annihilated.—Chicago [Ill.] Journal.

A Nut for Mr. Wise and Judge Caskle to Crack.

An election for a magistrate was held on Saturday last, in Manchester, a small town opposite Richmond, and in the Congressional district represented by Judge Caskle. Up to two o'clock there was only one candidate—a Mr. Hobbs—in the field; but Sam suddenly made his appearance in the shape of a Mr. Gary, and, by sun down, the result was—for Gary, 79; for Hobbs, 37. We have heard it frequently asserted that the vice vote system of voting in Virginia would keep Sam under cover; but this certainly does not look like it.

From a distinguished Baptist clergyman in Virginia, to Hon. W. R. Smith; February 2, 1855.

MY DEAR SIR: Accept my thanks for your very excellent speech in defence of the "American party and its mission." Though not a native, but a naturalized citizen, I would most cheerfully forego any advantages which I might derive from my present relation to the Republic, if the evils which you so graphically depicted, and which you so forcibly deprecate, could be averted by my disfranchisement. I believe that I share these feelings in common with thousands of naturalized foreigners in these United States.

I am, dear sir, yours truly,

A notoriously mean man having offended a down cast Yankee, was addressed by the latter in a long tirade which concluded in the following caustic terms: "Your little soul would have as much play in a mustard pot as a pickered in Lake Erie, and would rattle like a kernel of corn in a barn."

Girls, don't accept the hand of any body who tells you he is going to marry and settle. Make him settle first and marry afterwards.

Question to a Convicted Felon by the Court

"Have you anything to say why the Court should not proceed to pass sentence against you?"

"If the Court please, I have something to say, which, although it may not mitigate my sentence, will at least entitle me to the sympathy and commiseration of good men; and may I not hope that other young men, who are now following in my footsteps, will take warning ere a similar calamity befalls them? Few young men in early life have had superior advantages to myself. My literary education was the best which my indulgent parents could give me, in the place where I was reared. Those parents still alive, and my strongest desire is, that they may never know of the melancholy fate of their boy, and that they may not, I have purposely concealed my residence and my real name, neither of which is known in this city." (Interrupted by the Court.) "We have not time to listen to a history of your life; you will confine yourself to the subject matter of the accusation against you."

"Prisoner—I had hoped the indulgence of the Court for five minutes, but as this is denied me, I will remark that I have no fault to find with the law, with the Court and Jury, the witnesses, or the Attorneys who conduct the trial. But, in extenuation of my moral guilt, I declare, before this Court, and before God, my final judge, that I have not the slightest recollection of a single circumstance in this whole transaction as detailed by the witness. Not a man in this room, looks upon such a crime as is charged against me, with more abhorrence than your prisoner. I know that I had been drinking freely with my companions and was quite intoxicated, but of all the events testified to in this Court, my memory does not retain one. I suffer willingly the penalty of the violated law, but the God of perfect justice will regard me but as the tool of the dramseller who received his license at the hands of this Court to convert me into a demon, and then hand me over to the officers of the law for punishment. I am another victim of the bloody traffic, and stand before an offended country not only as a condemned criminal, but as a witness to the deep guilt of my country. My countrymen permit a trade to be carried on in their midst, with a full knowledge that such as I will inevitably be ensnared and ruined. I am a sinner and have been sinned against. Before God I am not as guilty as the State which demands my punishment!"

The Judge remarked, that "drunkenness was no excuse, but an aggravation of the crime"—indeed drunkenness itself is a crime." At this moment, when the Judge was reiterating that old foolish doctrine of the book, he was so inebriated that he could scarcely keep his seat. While his honor did not see the force of the scathing remarks of the accused, all the bystanders felt their truth, and more than a score of witnesses were converted to the Maine Law, and went away feeling that guilt, fearful guilt rested upon every individual who did not demand the extirpation of the liquor traffic.

Reader! how far are you implicated in the charge made by this noble but unfortunate young man, now paying the penalty of violated law in the Penitentiary? We ought all to tremble in view of the fact, that this and thousands of similar cases, will pass under the review of a judge who is impartial and just.—Exchange.

Secret Orders.

Of all the clap-trap and balderdash hurled at know-not-in-'em by its foes, that in regard to the secrecy of the order is the most puerile and nonsensical. "Beware, beware, exclaim these philanthropic individuals, "beware of secret societies, midnight machinations," and all the other "gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire," which their brilliant imaginations can conjure up and associate with this dreaded organization.

The jargon is meant to play upon the fears and operate upon the prejudices of that class, in every community, which distrust secret societies—for whatsoever objects or purposes they may be found. There are such persons—timid, and nervous, but honest and well-meaning—who deprecate Free Masonry, Odd Fellowship, the Order of Red Men, Sons of Temperance and other institutions which have long existed and still flourish in the land.

At one time, this host lily to secret orders assumed a threatening aspect. Twenty years ago, anti-Masonry was rife and ran riot through several States of the confederacy, to such an extent that Masonry became a reproach and stigma in more than one section of the country. Then was heard, quoted with even more unctious than at present, the solemn admonition of Washington against secret societies; and this, notwithstanding the Father of his Country was well known to have been an active and zealous member of the hated fraternity!

To such uses will fanatical prostitute the noblest of names. It was of no avail. Masonry outlives the senseless clamor raised against it. The strong arm of Democracy was extended in defence and support of the assailed institution, and that institution survived to hear "anti-Masonry" uttered as a hissing and by-word to those who had been inveigled into its toils by the parrottery of "secret society secret society." And here we must needs notice the great change of position recently made by Democracy on this subject—how has the once proud champion of secret orders bowed down!

If the hue and cry against Masonry was foolish and unnecessary—as most sane men have long ago agreed—still more silly is this noisy hub-bub about Know Nothingism: for in the one case, not even the principles of the order are known—in the other, aims and objects are boldly avowed, and publicly proclaimed. With regard to the details of organization, these are secret; and it will be time enough to divulge them, when Jesuitism—that arch-enemy of freedom—lays aside the veil and becomes an open foe. As well might you require the frontier ranger to "hold both upon the prairie, and become a target for the wily savage that lurks in ambush to slay him.