

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 to all the requirements of this industry. HANDBILLS, POSTERS, BLANKS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLET-WORK and other kinds, done to order, on short notice.

[From the Saturday Evening Post.] Satan in Council.

The Richmond Dispatch contains a fancy sketch under the above title, which is too long for our pages, but it contains so vivid a picture of the evils of intemperance, and so justly assigns to intemperance the first place among the destroying agencies of the world, that we cannot forbear from quoting a portion of it, and condensing so much of the rest, as will make it intelligible.

The writer represents Satan and his peers to have met, after the Miltonic fashion, in council; where the former, after lamenting the impediments thrown in the way, by divine mercy and good angels, of completely subjugating and ruining men, offers to him who shall best advise, and who shall suggest the surest means of destroying mankind, "the dominion of the earth, and a seat at his right hand for ever."

Then successively spake Moloch, Belial, Mammon and Apollyon: each in his turn speaking in character, winning applause, and carrying the palm from his predecessor. The decision was about to be made, when suddenly, from a beetling cliff, far out in the burning lake, arose a blue, lambent flame—which, while they gazed, took shape; a horrid shape, and stood before the assembled fiends.

It was clad in vestures wet with blood; the gore hung heavy from its matted locks, and the fiercest furies of hell shot from its burning eyeballs. Even Satan started and turned pale with fear, and Hell shrunk back with horror.

"Ha! Ye fear me, then," hissed the horrid monster. "Well might ye fear, were I not a friend and an ally. But thou knowest me not, oh Satan, for I am an earth-born spirit, and have long hid myself—aye, for a thousand years—but now come to offer service and allegiance, and to claim the offered prize. Fear not, but listen, and let me be ruler of the Earth, for none hath power like me, in all thy dark dominions.

"Moloch, Belial, Mammon and Apollyon promise much, but they shall be my servants and subalterns. Their power is weakness compared with mine. Oh, listen, till I tell thee of my strength, and how I will wield it. My shape and names are legion, and I change them at will, so that men shall of times hug me to their bosoms as an angel of light. I will be the greatest of all hypocrites and deceivers, betraying ever with a kiss; professing love and kindness, when my only aim is ruin. I will be the patron and sole support of the gambling den, and of her whose house inclineth unto death, and her paths unto the dead. And I will through her portals, bring the very flower of manhood, to blight and shame and everlasting contempt.

"On every foot of earth and sea will I follow my victims. Where discord and anarchy prevail, there will I be; where cruelty is, there will I come, and burn out from the hearts of men every vestige of mercy till they become fiends incarnate, and devise unimaginable horrors. I will stand beneath the gallows-tree, and even while the death-rattle is in the throat of the criminal, will drive men to robbery and murder. I will lie in wait in the streets of cities, and plan the midnight fire and assassination. I will plunge my victims into prisons and hospitals. I will visit them in poverty and degradation to the very lips. I will cast forth their families to want and wintry winds, and the babe shall perish in its mother's arms, with its tears frozen to ice drops upon her bosom. I will turn the dagger of the husband against the heart of his wife, her blood shall stain the cradle of his children. Stimulated and urged on by me, the father shall dance in maniac glee over the mangled bodies of his murdered babes, and laugh to see their fair locks dabbled in blood; the mother shall forget her sucking child, slain by her hand, and mock at the tender years and helplessness of her offspring.

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. SUBSCRIPTION, Five Dollars a Year. VOL. 1. OREGON CITY, OREGON TERRITORY, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1855. NO. 10.

"On whatsoever hearstone my foot shall be planted, the glad some fire shall go out, to be lighted no more forever; and the roof-tree shall fall, and the voices of children be hushed, and all that men cluster around them, to make their earthly homes so much like heaven, shall vanish like a wreath of smoke, and desolation brood over the ruins. I will point the son's knife against the father's throat, and his gray hair shall drip with gore. Where war and vengeance are, I will rouse their fury to ten-fold rage, and blot from the soldier's breast the last vestige of humanity. The incendiary's torch shall be my banner; the crackling flames of burning villages, and the shriek of murdered innocence, the music of my march!

"Pestilence shall follow me as a shadow; and I will open unto him the gates of a million dwellings, which else had been secure. I will spread famine and disease even in the lands of plenty and health, and will seal up the eyes of all my victims, so that they shall not see or know that their next plunge is into perdition. I will sweep whole continents of their inhabitants; and give woes and sorrows and 'wounds without cause' to the whole race of man. Yet, whosoever is wounded by me, shall seek me as hid treasures to be wounded yet again. I will bind upon their brows the iron crown of suffering, burning with hell-fire, that shall scorch and sear and eat into their brain and heart and soul, yet shall they fall down and worship me, and, for my sake, part with houses and lands, and wife and children, and hope and heaven.

"Let Jehovah send forth spirits, pure as the snow-flake, to dwell in earthly bodies; and I will seek them out, and kindle in their hearts an unquenchable fire, that shall consume them; and the cherubim shall watch long for their return, at heaven's gate, but they shall never again look upon their Father in Heaven. The student at his books, the merchant at his toils, the laborer at the plough, will I destroy, and none shall stay me. I will coil myself in the brain of the sea-captain, and seal up his eyes, or so distort them that he shall know neither chart nor compass, and his vessel and all on board shall be engulfed, and the bones of the mariners whiten the bottom of the ocean. I will be the omnipresent cure of humanity, and under my guidance the race shall walk forever as in the shadow of an eclipse. Eyes they have, but shall see not, and ears they have, but shall hear not, the end and the purport of the crooked paths through which I will lead them.

"I will take the sons of the kings and the mighty men, and the captains, and the great ones of earth, and will mangle them with horrid wounds, strip them of wealth, reputation, life itself, and fill their last hours with torment. Around their dying couches I will send serpent forms, unfolding coil after coil from out the darkness, brandishing their forked tongues to sting them and lick their blood, as a fierce flame licks up its fuel. Thoughts shall become things, living things, to mock and curse them. And some in their agony shall leap into this burning lake, in hope to escape still greater torture; and some will I hold upon the brink, and rejoice when I see every nerve shrieking with agony, as I open to their startled gaze the horrors of that pit in which I plunge them forever!

"Yet this is not all. I know that you will laugh, (if fiends can laugh) when I tell you that I will so manage that mankind shall all along think me their friend!—Though it is my mission to torture and destroy the whole race of Adam, yet so will I mix with their business, their pleasures and their daily habits; so flatter and delude their stupid senses, that they shall pronounce me a 'good creature,' nay a 'creature of God!' At their wedding feasts I will be the source of joy, and at the funeral gathering, the solace of their sorrow. The rank grass shall grow over those slain by my hand, and the mourners shall forget it, and fall in their turn. The father shall commend me to his son, and reeling to his grave, shall leave him as an inheritance, a fondness for me; and the son shall follow in the footsteps of his father, down to perdition. The physician shall invoke my aid in sickness and in all circles I will plant myself securely, and make myself a companion and a familiar, and men shall never be so merry as in the presence of their deadliest foe.

"Poetry shall lend me her rose-garland, and music her charm; and the spirit of melody shall speak from myriad harps to sound my praises, and witch the world with the idle dream that I am the inspirer of mirth and the soul of happiness and all good

fellowship—and if there be one of all that glorious race, for whom yon planets, from their golden urns pour down their everlasting cataract of light, who excels his fellows, I will lure him with song and visions of beauty, and strew his path with rose-leaves, till at last he shall walk heedless into my toils. And, once my slave, though a thousand should weave their heart-strings around him, and weep tears of blood, he shall, in all his pride and beauty, sink deeper and deeper in tribulation and anguish unutterable, and dig his own pathway down to hell. I will be at the feasts of all the great and the wise of earth, where rank and fashion reign supreme—where forms not less beautiful than those of heaven, move to celestial harmonies, and where wit and mirth and wine go round, and glasses sparkle on the board, I will lap their senses in Elysium, and they shall feel richer, wiser, stronger and more witty than before. But at the last, I will hurl them down, one by one, from their fancied elevation; and they shall drag out a wretched existence in the hunger-dens and vilest purities of the earth, and sneak to dishonored graves, rejoicing to hide from the withering scorn of their species, and to give their souls to eternal punishment in fires less fierce than those in which I have tortured them on earth. Nay, the kings and governments of the earth shall pass laws for my protection, and that of my emissaries, as we walk the earth, decimating its inhabitants and tumbling them into hell. Give me, then, oh Satan, the dominion of the earth, and thou shalt behold, through ages,

"Hell's every wave break on a living shore, Heaped with the demand like pebbles."

He ceased. One unstarting yell of applause arose, amid the stamping of countless feet and the clashing of adamant shields. The Arch Enemy stepped from his throne, and leading the horrid spectre to a seat at his right hand, thus spake:

"Terrible being! if thou canst indeed do these things, thou art henceforth my Vicegerent upon earth. Go forth! and my realm shall be crowded with the souls of men, thick as autumn leaves or sands upon the shore. But tell us by what name to call thee."

And the fiend answered—"ALCOHOL!" So saying, he spread his broad bat-like wings, and hell grew lighter as he vanished. How hath he fulfilled his mission?

For a thousand years hath his fiery breath Smote the wild earth with crime and death; And furnished men, as dainties food, For the red flesh-worm's slimy brood.

The Good of Children.

What would this world be really worth if it were robbed of the hearty laugh, and merry prattle of little children? What home would be worth the name of "home," if there were taken from it those little vines, which morning and night put out their little arms to climb and kiss the parent stem? What hearth would look cheerful, if around it were not those little Lares to cheat it of its loneliness and gloom? What a desert is, without an oasis—a forest, without a shrub,—a garden, without a flower—a lute, without a string—so is a home without children. Who does not love little children? Who does not feel happy, when his heart-doors are unlocked suspiciously against all the rest of the world, in raising its windows and letting these little ones flock in, and rummage every secret drawer and cupboard from the basement to the attic? Happy is that man who loves little children. Let him be a stranger in a strange place—let him meet with faces unknown before—let him find no heart which beats sympathetically with his own, and yet the sparkling eyes, the curly locks, the brightly step, and the happy laughter of children are the same to him here as at home. Their bright faces are like the stars to him, ever twinkling the same wherever he goes; their gay voices are like cheerful murmuring rivulets, or like the happy songs of birds, always sounding the same to his ears. Let him be sad—let the clouds of sorrow gather their darkness over his years—let the snows of adversity chill his better nature—and yet, let him but feel the influence of children, and his soul, like a broken instrument, new repaired and newly strung, vibrates with softer and more melodious tones.—Valley Farmer.

A Protestant Gathering.

It is announced that upon the occasion of the Grand Exhibition at Paris, which opened the first of May, there will be in that city a union of all the Protestant confessions. Protestant churches from all quarters of the world are to be represented, and discourses will be delivered by many of the most prominent members.—Er.

Two Children Nearly Starved to Death—Shocking Cruelty.

A most shocking instance of human, or rather inhuman depravity, has just transpired in Covington, Ky. It seems that the wife of an Irishman recently died, leaving three children, an infant boy and two girls, three and five years of age. The husband soon after her death married again, introducing into his family the wretch, who with a fiendlike coolness, set herself immediately at work to destroy the lives of the little ones to whom she should have been a mother.

The youngest of the three died but a week or two after her entrance into the family; but with an atrocity scarcely conceivable—one would not suppose, she must destroy the others. This she undertook to do by withholding their food, with an obvious intention to starve them to death. Fortunately the means of the little ones were heard from without, and vague rumors getting afloat that all was not right within, and reaching the ears of the Council, it was resolved to send a committee to investigate the matter. They went last evening and not an hour too early. Entering the house they found the stepmother at home, but on inquiry for the children, she told them that they were asleep and could not be disturbed.

This did not satisfy the committee, and on searching the house, they found a door to one of the rooms locked. Hearing faint cries within, they instantly broke open the door and entered. What a sight met their eyes! There were two children—infants—their flesh as white as death, and drawn tightly over the bones; each feature defined with the vividness of a corpse, while their eyes were almost bursting from their sockets.

With the utmost alacrity and tenderness, food was found and administered, which was no sooner done than they were wrapped in some blankets and removed to the hospitable family of the jailor. As the gentlemen composing the committee were withdrawing from the house with their precious charge the female fiend informed them that they might as well leave the children, as she had plenty of food for them!

On arriving at safe quarters with the unfortunate infants, warrants were immediately issued for the arrest of the woman and the man who calls her wife; but the officers on visiting the spot again, found that the birds had flown, neither the man or female being about the premises.

The entire community of Covington is justly shocked with the dire iniquity of this outrageous transaction.

P. S.—Latest information renders it probable that the children may survive. Their condition, however, is critical.—Cin. Times.

Proposed New Territory.

A letter from New Mexico to the New Orleans Picayune states that the Legislature of that Territory have some thoughts of memorializing Congress to erect a new Territory out of the southern portion of New Mexico. The present Territory is 800 miles long, 650 broad, and is inhabited by 100,000 people. The tract of country newly acquired from Mexico has given it a comparatively large population in its southern part, and that section is now so far removed from Santa Fe, the seat of government, and the country is so dangerous and difficult for travelers, that communication is for all ordinary purposes impracticable. The proposed Territory is to be called Pimeria. It is said to possess vast agricultural and mineral resources, and to be capable of supporting a large population. The letter to the Picayune states that it already contains a larger population than either Oregon, Washington, Minnesota, Kansas, or Nebraska contained when they were erected into Territories.

Army Contribution.

Ninety boxes, containing patriotic offerings to the army of the East, had arrived at Marseilles, and were to be embarked on board the first steamer bound for the Crimea. The people of Narbonne have shipped, at the port of La Nouvelle, their offering to the army in the Crimea. It consists of 140 hogheads of wine of the best quality produced by the neighboring country.

Sheep Husbandry.

Most of our readers are, no doubt, aware that G. W. Kendall, one of the proprietors of the N. O. Picayune, has established an extensive sheep farm in Texas. A letter to the Galveston News, dated New Braunfels, Feb. 22, says:

"I paid a visit yesterday to the ranch of G. W. Kendall, Esq., of the Picayune, and found him busily engaged making improvements on the beautiful site he has selected for his future home. He has already built a good substantial stone house, commanding a view of the surrounding country, which extends for miles through a romantic region interspersed with wild scenery of the finest character. His chief attention has been directed to the raising of sheep, in which he has succeeded well since his removal to the valley of the Comal. His flock is the finest I have seen in Texas, being composed mostly of pure blooded merinos, which produce the finest and most costly wool. They have been entirely free from disease since they were brought here, about two years ago, which proves the adaptation of this country to wool growing; another valuable staple, which, by the introduction of manufactures, might be made a great source of wealth."

The Franking Privilege.

The following letter to the postmaster of Boston, appears in the Post:

P. O. Dep., Appointment Office, April 14, '55. Sir: In answer to your inquiry in reference to the franking privilege of postmasters, &c., I am authorized by the Postmaster General to state:

1. The franking privilege is not changed by the new postage act of 3d March, 1855. Of course, all persons entitled to this privilege before the passage of the late law will retain it. Any postmaster whose compensation for the last preceding fiscal year did not exceed \$200 can send through the mail all letters written by himself, on his private business, and receive letters addressed to himself, free of postage; the weight of each letter not to exceed half an ounce. He cannot receive free nor frank printed matter of any kind nor letters addressed to his wife, nor any other member of his family, nor can he frank letters to editors or publishers containing money in payment of subscription.

2. The franking privilege of postmasters whose yearly compensation exceeds \$200 is restricted to sending and receiving free written communications relating exclusively to the business of their office, or of the Post Office Department. The penalty for a violation of law in this particular is \$300.

3. It being impracticable in all cases to determine what postmasters are entitled to receive their private communications free, a manuscript letter addressed to a postmaster should not be detained in the mailing office, for the reason that the postage on it is not pre-paid, except in cases where it is known that the postmaster addressed is not entitled to receive his private letters free. And if letters to any postmaster are known to relate exclusively to "post-office business," being so superscribed, they should be mailed free.

4. Any postmaster receiving a letter free which should have been charged with postage, is bound by his oath of office to charge himself with such postage in his account with the Department.

5. Postmasters are required to report to the Department all violations of the franking privilege.

6. The law fixing the penalty for violation at \$50, provides "that no postmaster or assistant postmaster shall act as agent for lottery offices, or under any color or purchase, or otherwise, vend lottery tickets;" and that "no postmaster shall receive free of postage, or frank, lottery schemes, circulars or tickets." Therefore, all such lottery schemes, circulars or tickets addressed either to a postmaster or assistant postmaster, must hereafter be excluded from the mail.

I am, respectfully, your obedient servant, HORATIO KING, First Assistant Postmaster General.

A Capacious Carpet Bag.

Meanness occasionally meets with a shock that is a lesson to all concerned, especially to the victim. On the Cleveland cars a day or two since, coming to Buffalo, was a stalwart man, going to New York to buy goods. He was not what might be called a stingy or close man, but he was one, who, when there was a cent due him that swindling might deprive him of, would sacrifice a \$50 bill to save the copper. Our friend had started from Cleveland without any breakfast, and when Erie "hove" in sight, he gathered himself up for a general skirmish for any and all kinds of provisions. He had a carpet bag with him, and going into the dining room at Erie, deposited his carpet bag on one chair, while he took another by its side. He was lost for about ten minutes—perfectly oblivious to anything, save that he had a blessed consciousness of something rapidly and agreeably filling up his "inwards." About this time, the landlord came around, and stopping by our friend's chair, ejaculated, "Dollar, sir." "A dollar," responded the eating man—"a dollar—thought you only charged fifty cents a meal for one—eh?" "That's true," said meanness, "but I count your carpet bag one, since it occupies a seat." (The table was far from being crowded.) Our friend expostulated, but the landlord insisted, and the dollar was reluctantly brought forth. The landlord passed on. Our friend deliberately arose, and opening his carpet bag, full in its wide mouth, discoursed into it, saying, "Carpet bag—it seems you're an individual, a human individual, since you eat—at least I've paid for you, and now you must eat,"—upon which, he seized everything eatable within his reach, nuts, raisins, apples, cakes, pies, and amid the roars of the bystanders, the delight of his brother passengers, and discomfiture of the landlord, phlegmatically went and took his seat in the cars. He said he had provisions enough to last him to New York, after a bountiful supply had been served out in the cars. There was at least \$3 worth in the bag—upon which the landlord realized nothing in the way of profit. So much for meanness.—Buffalo Republican.

The Syracuse Chronicle has just seen a fugitive slave with hardly a mark of African blood in him. He was so white that he left the South on a train of cars, without being suspected, and came through without the slightest difficulty, sitting by the side of a young Southern blood in the cars, as he fell asleep well met, and taking the best fare at hotel.

The Oath of a Roman Catholic Bishop. The newly elected Bishop of Portland was recently consecrated in New York, with ceremonies imposing and impressive. The following was the oath taken and subscribed by the Bishop elect:

"I, N., elect of the church of N., shall from this hour henceforward, be obedient to the blessed Peter, the Apostle, and to the Holy Roman Church, and to the most blessed father, Pope Pius IX., and to his successors canonically chosen. I shall assist them to retain and defend against any man whatever the Roman Pontificate, without prejudice to my rank. I shall take care to preserve, defend, and promote the rights, honors, privileges, and authority of the Holy Roman Church, of the Pope, and of his successors, as aforesaid. With my whole strength I shall observe, and cause to be observed by others, the rules of the holy fathers, the decrees, ordinances, or dispositions and mandates of the Apostolic See. When called to a synod, I shall come unless I be prevented by a canonical impediment. I shall personally visit the Apostolic See once every ten years, and render an account to our most blessed father, (the Pope,) and his successors, as aforesaid, of my whole pastoral office, and of every thing in any way appertaining to the state of my church, and to the discipline of the clergy and people, and to the salvation of the souls committed to my care; and I shall humbly receive, in return, the apostolic mandates, and diligently execute them. But if I be prevented by a lawful impediment, I shall perform all the things aforesaid by a certain messenger especially authorized for this purpose, a priest of the diocese, or by some other secular or regular priest of tried virtue and piety, well instructed on all the above subjects. I shall not sell or give away, nor mortgage, enclose anew, nor in any way alienate the possessions belonging to my table, without the leave of the Roman Pontiff. And should I proceed to any alienation of them, I am willing to contract, by the very fact, the penalties specified in the constitution published on this subject."

Of course, it is impossible for our readers to understand the full force and meaning of this oath, for when the Bishop says he will "preserve, defend, and promote the rights, honors, privileges, and authority of the Holy Roman Church, of the Pope and his successors," we must first know what privileges and authority are claimed by the Pope.—There is one clause, however, which all may understand, and we direct attention to it in connection with an article penned by us a few days since, headed "Property in the hands of Bishops." The Bishop elect swears as follows:

"I shall not sell or give away, nor mortgage, enclose anew, or in any way alienate the possessions belonging to my table, without the leave of the Roman Pontiff."

In our article referred to, we showed that the property which had been deeded in trust by Bishop Rappe, could not be disposed of in any manner without the consent of that Bishop, and now by this oath it appears that American Bishops cannot in any manner dispose of it, or even encumber their Church property, without leave from the Pope. It is high time that our Legislatures say to the Pope, "hands off!" The property in this country thus virtually under the control of a foreign potentate is told by its millions in value, and year after year but adds to the enormous wealth of the Roman Catholic Church. The Pope retains his seat by the aid and support of French bayonets, and thus Church property in this country is indirectly subject even to the Emperor of France, for of course the Pope must do the will of those who hold him upon his Throne. There is something humiliating in thus consenting to hold property subject to the bidding of a foreign monarch; and if such is permitted, the renouncing of "all allegiance to every foreign Prince, Potentate, and Power," as by the oath of allegiance every naturalized citizen swears to do, is a mere mockery, and has no binding force.—Cleveland Herald.

A Know Nothing Connet attacked—bloody work.

We learn from the Mt. Sterling Whig, that at a Know Nothing meeting held in the Court House in Stanton, Powell county, on Monday night, April 16th, the jailor, after having previously demanded the evacuation of the premises, collected a posse of Anties and with force broke open the door of the room in which they were peacefully assembled, with a view of forcibly ejecting them. In the melee which ensued, G. Blythe the spokesman of the Know Nothings, was laid hold of violently by J. Combs, forced out of the room and by him stabbed in the left side; he was in the meantime handed a pistol, with which he shot his adversary, the ball entering his left breast.

When the messenger who brought this intelligence to Mt. Sterling left, they were both still living. Little hope is entertained for the recovery of either.—Lou. Cour.

Some years ago, a man dying in Northampton, Burlington Co., left by his will, \$80 as a tobacco fund, the interest of which should be expended for tobacco for the poor of the township. The interest on the fund is duly acknowledged by the collector in his yearly statement.

The new State of Panama, recently created by the New Granada Congress, consists of the four provinces of Azuero, Panama, Veraguas and Chiriqui. A future law is to define the limits which will separate it from the rest of the territory of the Republic.