

The Oregon Argus.

W. L. ADAMS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OREGON CITY:

SAURDAY, JULY 7, 1855.

Agents for the Argus.

J. R. McBRIDE, Lafayette.
C. A. REED, Salem.
MORGAN RUDOLPH, Sublimity.
WM. BARLOW, Molalla.
H. C. RAYMOND, Forest Grove.
DR. DAVIS, Bloomington.
FRANK W. BROWN, Corvallis.
AMOS HARVEY, Plum Valley.
SOLOMON ALLEN, Astoria.
J. E. LYLE, Dallas.
JOHN MCKINNEY, Clatsop.
REV. WILSON BLAIN, Union Point.
L. A. RUE, Jacksonville.
H. HARRIS, Cincinnati.
JUDGE SHELLEY, Yreka, Cal.
JNO. B. PRESTON, Will Co. Ill.
R. A. N. PHELPS, Galesburg, Ill.

Law Concerning Newspapers.

If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrears are paid.
If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the post office, or other place, to which they are sent, they are held responsible until they settle all arrears, should there be any.
If subscribers remove to other places, without informing the publisher, the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
It is not sufficient for a postmaster, when a paper is not taken out of his office, to return one with "not taken out" written on the margin, but he must write a letter to the publisher, giving the name and post-office, and stating that the paper is not taken from the office. Otherwise the postmaster is held responsible.

Absence of the Editor is our apology for lack of editorial matter this week.

Toast for the 4th of July, by the ARGUS.

We adopt the following, from the proclamation of the glorious WASHINGTON to his army, announcing the conclusion of peace, as the best toast the ARGUS Office can offer its readers, to be drunk with cold water:

"Perpetual Peace, Independence, and Happiness, to the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA!"

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

The 80th year of American Independence was ushered in on the morning of the 4th in Oregon City, by a National salute of thirteen guns at sunrise. Through the exertions of several of our energetic citizens a tall flag-staff was erected on the hill just back of the city, from which the STAR-SPANGLED BANNER was unfurled to the breeze, and kept flying during the day. At ten o'clock the citizens of Oregon City and vicinity assembled at the Methodist Church, where an oration was delivered by AMORY HOLBROOK, Esq. Of the address it is unnecessary for us to speak. It was short, eloquent, and pertinent to the occasion, and elicited the respectful attention of the audience. In justice to Mr. H., however, we will say that it was only on Monday that he consented to deliver the address, and of course had but little time for preparation.—The Declaration of Independence was read by W. C. JOHNSON. The music was performed by the Choir, under the direction of Prof. NEWELL.

It may be out of place here, but nevertheless we will venture to make an allusion to the prayer offered up by Rev. Mr. ATKINSON, at the commencement of the exercises in the Church. In view of the circumstances which surround our country at the present time it was most appropriate, and we hesitate not to say that a more feeling and eloquent invocation was never made to the Ruler of Nations, for His assistance in averting the clouds now hovering over our beloved Union.

After the exercises at the Church were concluded, the citizens formed in procession, and marched in "irregular order," each man acting as his own marshal, to the place of Mr. Blampied, a short distance in the rear of the Court House, where they partook of an excellent dinner spread in the woods. Everything about the tables was arranged in a style not often surpassed in these United States, at festivities of a similar character, and certainly never in the beauty of the fair managers on the occasion. For the neatness and taste displayed in the arrangement credit should be rendered to Mrs. KESTER, Mrs. McCUR, Miss HOLMES, and Miss QUIVEY.

Praise is due to Gen. LOVERAY, for the able and efficient manner in which he acted as President of the day;—also to the Committee of Arrangements, who discharged their duties to the satisfaction of all. Everything passed off smoothly and pleasantly, and not a single accident occurred to mar the general happiness.

Severe Accident.

The friends of the Rev. Mr. Dickinson, of Salem, will be pained to learn that he was thrown from a horse on Saturday, 23d ult., by which accident the thigh of his left leg was broken. He is doing as well as could be expected.

Gov. Gaines arrived in town on the morning of the 4th, looking none the worse for the disastrous contest from which he lately emerged.

The Difficulties in Kansas.

We gave full reports in our last week's issue of the acts and doings of the mobs in Western Missouri and Kansas. These disturbances are the legitimate results of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and have brought the country to the verge of civil war, if not to a virtual dissolution of the Union. For it is not to be doubted that the whole of the Slave States will rally in solid column to the aid of the pro-slavery Missourians in this struggle, after the turn it has taken; and the phase it has assumed being one which bears so directly upon the interests of the whole South, each movement will be closely scanned in every nook and corner of the slaveholding States. The naked question, as presented by the Western Missourians, between them and their Free-Soil antagonists, is simply this: Shall Kansas be secured to Freedom, and Western Missouri abolitionized, by volunteer voters sent out from the Eastern States? However false and one-sided this statement of the case may be, it is, nevertheless, one which, with its attendant circumstances, carries with it *prima facie* evidence of its truth, and one which is calculated, above every other, to arouse all the energies of slaveholders, and impel them to the rescue, in a cause which vitally concerns their dearest interests; for, paradoxical as it may appear, Slavery is the very life-blood of the Southern States, and whatever strikes a blow at the institution is received with alarm throughout the whole South.

It has been said by the New York Tribune, the leading organ of the Free-Soil party in the Union, that Kansas is the ground upon which will be fought the great battle between Freedom and Slavery, and this sentiment is echoed by the other Anti-Slavery papers from one end of the North to the other, and among them may be found numbers which have hitherto been staunch supporters of the Compromise of 1850.—This we sincerely believe to be the case, and no one, who has the least acquaintance with the subject, will deny that every movement made by Free-Soilers to establish Freedom in Kansas will be met by corresponding action on the part of Southern men. There will be no war of words—the time for that has passed—but a contest in which the advocates of a principle will be arrayed on one side, men of firmness and determination, in all likelihood, but at the same a thousand miles from home to vote and fight to uphold a principle merely, that does not immediately concern their own personal interests,—whilst, on the other hand, will be opposed to them the united strength of the whole pro-slavery South, who view with bitter and unrelenting hatred every movement directed against the Slave interest, and who, from educational prejudices, will be imbued with the idea of defending an institution as sacred to them as were the household gods of the ancient Romans. If the dissolution of our cherished Union does not grow out of this difficulty, it will be well; but how it is to end, God only knows!

It must be evident to all that we have reached a crisis in our national existence—that the foundations of our Union were never so weakened as at the present period—but who shall restore order, allay excited passions, and heal up dissensions that divide and distract our countrymen, is a problem difficult of solution. Demagogues, aspiring and conspiring, in office and out of office—the direst evils of Pandora's box—rule and curse the land; from them the mind instinctively turns with loathing and disgust, but to whom? There is not now in all our public councils a man in whom the whole nation trusts with a moderate degree of confidence. Had we JACKSON or CLAY there would then be some hope for our distracted country; but those devoted patriots, who loved the Union more dearly than life itself, have gone to their reward, and their mantles have fallen on none behind them. Were they now alive, the one would crush the horrid head of disunion under his iron heel, whilst the violator of a sacred compact would sink into nothingness beneath the indignant glance of the other.

Prospect for Crops.

We learn by conversing with persons from different sections of the country that the prospect for a good wheat harvest in Oregon this year is very poor. Smut has played havoc with the grain, and in some parts many fields will not be harvested at all. This is very discouraging, particularly to the farmers; for all are more or less interested in their prosperity, and he who should discover a certain remedy for the destructive ravages of smut would be hailed as a public benefactor.

Virginia Election.

We look for news from the election in Virginia by the next steamer. We have a lead already in type, in anticipation of the success of the American ticket in that State, but are getting impatient to insert it in the ARGUS.

Didn't Come.

The Statesman of June 23d. What's out!

Flora's Festival.

This beautiful cantata, which has been performed with so much success in the East, was produced, for the first time in Oregon, on the afternoon of the 4th, in this city, and lightened greatly the enjoyment already felt by every one. At two o'clock our citizens commenced assembling at the Court House, and in a short time the hall of justice was completely filled with the "beauty and chivalry" of Oregon City—not so fast,—of Oregon Territory, as there were numbers present who had come from a distance, attracted hither chiefly by the novelty of the performance of this musical composition in the far-off woods of Oregon—and any one, who had traveled "some," could see as much intelligence, beauty, and refinement, in that same assemblage, as could be found in a similar promiscuous gathering any where in the United States.

FLORA, the Queen of Flowers, was present, with all her bright subjects, who "Come from the glen, come from the hill, Zephyrs and fairies, sprites of the rill, Come thro' the air, come on the stream, Come in the dew-drop, and sun's golden beam."

Of the musical part of the exercises we are not prepared to speak, critically, as we do not pretend to the slightest knowledge of the heavenly art. The brilliant audience, however, testified their approbation by repeated applause, as the several parts were gone through, and the general satisfaction expressed at the close bore ample evidence to the ability and skill displayed by Prof. NEWELL in training these young singers, about seventy in number, most of whom have been under his tuition but three months. "Sweet is the voice of girls," wrote Byron, and he who was not charmed with the songs of angelic innocence on the 4th, surely has a heart "fit only for treason, stratagems, and spoils."

Of the beauty of the performers, however, we hold ourselves to be a competent judge, and yield the palm to none in this respect. We don't mean to say that Oregon City has the handsomest girls in creation, or in "Ameriky," but only show us the place that can exhibit a choir of prettier Misses than are in Mr. NEWELL'S class, and we will emigrate thither immediately. We will not point out any one invidiously, for, where there was such an abundance of beauty, that would not be an easy matter, but we will merely say that there were two of the 'bright subjects' of Queen Flora, in that bower, for whom we wished this little old world was ours, that we might divide it between them. As this, however, is not the case, and not likely ever to be, we can only write, "Where'er on Earth their home may be, May Peace, and Love, and Hope, be too." God bless them! every one.

In Middle Oregon an Agricultural Country?

Mr. O. Humason has left with us a sample of oats and timothy grass raised at the Dalles in Wasco County. The oats measured seven feet in length, and the timothy, which came from seed sown last fall, was over three feet in length. The oats were taken from a field of volunteer grain, and the stalks look more like a bundle taken from an Arkansas cane-break than a selection from a field of grain. Mr. Humason informed us that at the time he left the Dalles (June 29th) the oat harvest had all been gathered in. That Middle Oregon country is going to turn out "some pumpkins" in the way of an agricultural region. We hope the farmers up there will be neighborly, and that hereafter, when they have gathered in their harvests at home, they will come down and lend a hand to ours. By this means they may be able to boast of harvesting two crops a year.

Election Items.

We learn from the Statesman that Gen. Lane's official majority over Gov. Gaines is 2,149. Whole number of votes cast, 10,121, against 7,488 in 1853—increase of democratic vote, 1600; of opposition, 1027;—aggregate increase 2,633.

The majority against Convention is set down at 415.—Wasco county to be heard from, which is reported to have given an equal number of votes for and against the measure. Last year the majority against Convention was 860. At this rate of increase the question will carry next year, for we suppose it will be again submitted to the people at the election in '56.

Cos County gives Gaines 51 majority, yet elects the whole democratic ticket by majorities ranging from 40 to 100.

Rain.

Professor Esq's theory of rain was pretty conclusively demonstrated in this vicinity on the night of the 4th inst. Cannon had been frequently discharged during the day, and all are aware, and in the latter part of the night, or rather in the morning of the 5th, rain came on, and continued, with intermissions, till the day was better than half spent, when the sun shone out brightly as before. We doubt not that there was a general rain throughout the United States on the night following the 4th, wherever discharges of cannon took place to any extent the day preceding.

Free Soil Convention.

On the first page of to-day's paper will be found the proceedings of the Free Soil Convention held at Albany, Linn County, on the 27th ult., composed of delegates from all parts of the Territory. We learn that entire unanimity marked their deliberations, and that steps were taken preparatory to a thorough organization throughout Oregon. An adjourned meeting will be held at Corvallis, on the 31st of next October.

Orchards.

We have never seen a new country (and we have lived in several) where the people came so near having the fruit mania as they have in this. In traveling through the country we have been pleased to notice that great attention is being paid to improvements, in the way of orchards. There are already many bearing orchards in the country, from which their owners are realizing handsome yearly profits. Traders are now engaging all the apples they can, at \$10 per bushel.

Got to Sea.

The barque Mary Melville crossed the Columbia bar, on her outward bound trip for California, on the 20th ult. There were some twelve passengers on board, among whom was our friend and fellow-townsmen, J. G. Campbell, who writes back that all were well and in fine spirits, when the last heave of the lead was sung, with a "No bottom."

We learn that Prof. Newell intends to continue his musical class in this city, and also in other sections, if sufficient encouragement be held out to him. He has our best wishes for his success.

War on the Porkers.

The hog ordinance went into operation on Monday last, and during the day the squealing of swine could be heard in every direction as they were lassoed by "Injuns," and dragged to the pound. The face of a porker, so familiar of late to the pedestrian in the streets of our pleasant city, is scarcely now to be seen. The activity of our gallant City Marshal on this, as on every other occasion, is worthy of praise, and speaks well for his efficiency as an officer.

Umpqua Literature.

The Scottsburg Gazette has come to hand, containing an article, which the young man of Penitentiary notoriety probably thought would induce us to do him more honor than he often gets, by noticing him. But as the Editor is absent, and as we are just now out of ammunition for "small game," we prefer to step out of the path, and pass around a pole-cat, to discharging a broadside at such vermin.

"Prohibition" vs. "Regulation."

FRIEND ADAMS:—As I feel deeply interested upon the subject of temperance, I would like to say a few things through the medium of your much beloved Argus. I feel that God who has such a medium of communication opened up to us at last in Oregon. We have a great work before us in this territory, and one which is of such a character that it ought to engage the immediate attention of male and female, of the statesman, the divine and the philanthropist; in fact, no class of community can claim exemption from this work. The statesman finds here his appropriate sphere, because the evils of intemperance are already spreading the foundations of morality and virtue in society, and consequently endangering the prosperity and the peace of the country.

The philanthropist finds here a noble field of effort—as what will more effectually dry up the tears of widows and orphans, and prevent a thousand other ills and woes, than the ultimate triumph of the principles for which we labor?

The Christian is in duty bound to labor for this work, as what better harbinger to the promotion of religion, by the conversion from the error of their ways of many who are thrown beyond the influences of religion, by the dreadful evil of strong drink, than the banishment of this evil from our land?

How many souls who are stumbling into the bottomless pit, through the vice of drunkenness, might be saved if every Christian in this country would do his duty in reference to this matter.

The evils of intemperance are admitted by all. But some people, I notice, are excusing themselves from acting under the impression that they are not directly injured by liquor selling themselves, unless they buy and use it. They say "if you let liquor alone it won't hurt you. It hurts nobody but him that uses it." This is certainly a great mistake. Every person in a community where liquor is used as a beverage, is more or less injured by it. How many thousands of individuals have lost their lives by committing them to the mercy of drunken drivers of coaches, commanders of steamboats, and conductors of roads, who from their inability to fill their posts, have been the cause of accidents. Who has forgotten the awful catastrophe that happened a few years since on board of the steamer Moselle, which launched two hundred and fifty human beings into eternity in a moment, by the blowing up of that boat, caused by rum? The captain swaggered along the deck, swearing, in a fit of drunken madness, "I'll beat that boat to Louisville, or blow mine to Hell!" In less than five minutes after this horrid oath, his boat was blown to atoms, carrying a wall of woe and heart-rending misery into the bosoms of more than a hundred families! And yet we are told that "rum hurts nobody but lets it alone!" Who, in the day of eternity, must answer for these evils that are inflicted upon the pure and innocent by this dreadful traffic? Think you that the rum-seller will then be able to wash his hands from the stains of human blood? And think you fellow Christians, who have helped to make the license laws, that no spots of blood will then be found on your own garments?

Now the question is, how shall we get rid of the

evils of intemperance! The only means proposed are to regulate or prohibit the traffic.

As to "regulating," all history, and all experience shows that it has proved, as yet, an entire failure in producing what we desire. You might as well attempt to regulate a fire that was burning down a city, or a pestilence that was sweeping the land, and carrying death and pain into every household.

Would a physician think of regulating a cancer, or of removing it? Would you regulate the cholera; or remove the cause of the contagion?

Your laws do not regulate murder, (only so far as they regulate it and all other crimes, by regulating the liquor traffic,) theft, counterfeiting, and piracy. They strike the axe at the root of these evils by prohibiting them. Just as long as you license grog shops will your jails be occupied, and your pockets taxed for the support of paupers.

Liquor sellers all prefer to sell under the authority of "license." Their traffic being expressly forbidden by the word of God, execrated by the better part of community, and all the time denounced by their consciences, they need just such a salvo or soothing application to their burning remorse, as a license from our legislative body, to continue their traffic. This is a sort of soothing application to a breast where an undying worm must gnaw at their vitals night and day. If I was a drummer, I would never part with my license as long as I could help it. I would sleep with it under my pillow, and die, I would clutch it in my bonny fingers, and take it if possible, right up to the bar of Heaven, and lay it down on earth the souls and bodies of men; I would point the great Jehovah to the names of the legislators who made my license, and to the long list of names of those constituents who made the license-making legislators. If I could not succeed in this way in lightening my own punishment, by a proper and just distribution of it among my accomplices, I should close my mouth forever, and stand up to receive my final sentence.

Fellow citizens, think you that your names will ever be presented in this way, as equal partners in the awful responsibility incurred by licensing dram shops?

If you fear any danger, be sure hereafter never to cast another vote in favor of the liquor traffic on account of party ties, but use your whole influence to promote a cause which is of more importance than the triumph of any party, and which can never be successfully promoted but by

PROHIBITION.

SEELMITS, June 14, 1855.

Scenes about Sebastopol—Pictures of the Bombardment.

The following brilliant passages are from the letters of the Crimean correspondent of the London Times. The passage annexed refers to the evening of April 9th, when the great bombardment commenced:

"About five o'clock the sun slowly descended into a rift in the dark grey pall which covered the sky, and cast a pale yellow slice of light, barred here and there by columns of rain and masses of curling vapor, across the line of batteries. The outlines of the town, faintly rendered through the mists of smoke and rain, seemed quivering inside the circling lines of fire around and from them, but they were the same familiar outlines so well known to us for the last seven months—the same green cupola and roofs, the long streets and ruined subjects, the same dock-yard building and dark trenches and batteries. The little details of ruin and destruction which must have taken place after to-day's fire could not be ascertained. The eye of the painter never rested on a more extraordinary effect, and his hand alone could have rendered justice to the scene which shone out on us for a moment, as the sickly sun, flattened out, as it were, between bars of cloud and rain, seemed to have forced its way through the leaden sky, to cast one straightened look on the conflict which raged below. The plateau beneath our standing place was lighted up by incessant flashes of lights and long trails of white smoke streamed across it, spiriting up in thick masses, tinged with fire, for a moment, till they were whirled away in broader volumes by the wind. In the deep glow of the parting gleam of sunset, the only image suggested to me calculated to convey the actual effect to our friends at home, was a vision of the Potteries' district as it is seen at night, all ferried with fire and pillars of smoke, out of the windows of an express train."

The following gives an idea of the manner in which the Russians responded:

"April 10.—During the whole of the morning the fire continued on our side with little intermission, while that of the Russians was evidently slackening. At about four o'clock, however, all the on-ny's lines and batteries suddenly sprung into life and vigor. Volleys of from 100 to 150 guns were fired at once from the Redan, the Flagstaff, Barrack, Garden, and Malakoff batteries; even the Mamelon, which all thought destroyed and untenable, fired five or six guns in rapid succession. Their shot came in upon our works like hail. On every point along our lines balls were to be seen bounding and plunging, and shells bursting like fireworks in the air. Never, perhaps, was such a concentrated and destructive cannonade witnessed since the commencement of the siege. All felt that if it continued two or three hours our works would be levelled with the dust, as though both English and French kept up a terrific fire, the enemy in spite of our utmost efforts gave five guns in reply to our one. The rapidity and deafening uproar of the fire brought all who were at leisure to the front, and the oldest and most experienced artillery officers augured very unfavorably of our prospect of taking the fortress which could command such a fierce cannonade."

Here is a vivid description of the appearance of a bombardment:

"It is something awful to stand upon the hills which overlook the town and watch the progress of the nightly bombardment. The Congreve rockets rush from the French batteries with a deafening roar, leaving a light trail of fire behind, just sufficient to trace the course of the missile as it darts vaguely

bither and flither through the air, settling down at last with a loud crash in the Flagstaff. This wild erratic course occasionally lands them outside the Russian lines, and now and then forces them clear over everything into the very center of the town.—From both right and left the mortars are discharged with a heavy painful explosion, and with a flash which, even at a distance, is almost blinding. As the dull boom shakes your very frame, you hear the shell with a kind of a whistling roar mount higher and higher into the air, till having reached its zenith, it descends with redoubled speed and force into the enemy's works. The shock force with which it strikes the ground can be distinctly heard even in the Allied camp, followed in a second after by the sharp ringing explosion, in the bright glare of which the earth is thrown up like a cloud. The enemy are replying to each shot with many long guns, some mortars, but use no rockets at all; and whenever a pause occurs in the cannonade, the sharp rattling of the musketry makes itself audible in the advance trenches, till the re-commencing roar of artillery drowns all other sounds."

The North Forts.—A Gentle Hint.

A correspondent of the Morning Herald, writing on the 15th, says:

"Fort Constantine and the forts north of the harbor for the first time took part in the contest to-day, firing clear across the harbor and town into our own and the French lines. Their shot appeared to be of immense weight, and their guns of considerable range, as no undue elevation apparently was given. About 100 rounds were fired. Our officers take it as a gentle hint that, even after storming, the south side will be untenable while the north remains in their hands."

Liberty and Union, One and Inseparable.

WESTER.

I CAN not persuade myself to relinquish this subject, without expressing my deep conviction, that, since it respects nothing less than "THE UNION OF THE STATES," it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness. I profess, sir, in my career, hitherto to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our federal union. It is to that union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country.

That union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe schools of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life.

Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and, although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefit. It has been to us a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself to look beyond the union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together, shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise,—that my vision never may be opened what lies behind.

When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and disordered fragments of a once glorious union,—on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent,—on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood!—Let their feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced; its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single oblique,—bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory, as, "What is all this worth?" Nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and Union afterwards;"—but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart,—LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE!

The gross receipts of the U. S. Treasury for the quarter ending 21st of April, reach \$14,786,000; while the expenditures of the same period amounted to \$15,572,000.