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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.

From the Dead Letter Office. As—1 B— to Col. Geo. W. S—1.

My excellent friend, and my dear Irish brother: I have time just to write you a line;

For I hear our petitions have raised such a bother, Good democrats don't like to sign.

Confound the Know Nothings, and CURRY to boot, One of us should have stuck by his side;

Such men as he puts into office don't suit, And the only true way is to hide

Every thing that we can From so honest a man, For he's honest if he stand aside.

The only chance left is to get every name That we can get—those papers of ours,

And invent just a few—it will be all the same— And cause more respect for our powers.

The game that we played in the spring was a trick That we practiced with splendid success;

"Never stand for loss when the patient is sick," As for lies—between us, I confess

That you did it up brown; The K. N.'s you raked down

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, NOVEMBER 24, 1855. NO. 32.

tion? a foe that declares war with the war-whoop and seals it with the scalping-knife, and is ever ready to start up like the felon wolf at midnight, in a war of murderous plunder on the defenseless cradle and helpless innocence!

The contest in which we are engaged involves no party issues. It is our country calls, not our party. Gov. Curry has obeyed that call with a commendable promptitude—obeyed it not as a partizan, but as the military Governor of Oregon.

These appointments that seem to be so obnoxious to the editor of the Corvallis Statesman were made, not on the ground that the appointees were Whigs or Democrats or Know Nothings, but because of their fitness and abilities.

Again—Whigs and Know Nothings have obeyed the call made by the Gov. with as much promptitude, and with as great a sacrifice of time and property, as Democrats.

They are just as willing to encounter the perils and endure the hardships necessary in avenging their country's wrongs as the Democrats. The question will never be asked by those brave men, be they whigs, democrats, or know nothings, what were the politics of their fellow-citizens who have been slain.

It will never be asked by the soldier what is the politics of his commander, or by the officer what are the political predilections of his men. And no man, unless he is lost to every emotion of patriotism, every feeling of humanity, would ever ask the question with reference to the surgeons who have been appointed to dress the wounds of the brave men who have gone forth to avenge the wrongs of their country.

But the editor of the Corvallis Statesman has made the discovery that some of the appointees are not democrats, or at least don't come up to his ideas of democracy. And this pretended governor of the Gov. of Oregon imperatively demands their removal.

He modestly tells His Excellency that he has ever used him as a tool, as a hunter uses his rifle, and although this tool, "rifle," has missed fire this time, he intends to chuck the "flint," that is, fricitionize him with a few petitions, then if he misses fire, refuses to crouch in humble submission and lick the feet of his pretended master, his political damnation is sealed.

Who is the Gov. of Oregon? the editor of the Corvallis Statesman or Gov. Curry. If the editor of the Corvallis Statesman can control all the executive appointments, and undo them after they have been regularly made, then he is the actual Governor, and his famous comparison is truthful and just. But who believes that he possesses this power? No one.

The editor of the Corvallis Statesman's demand is unparalleled in the history of this or any other country. These appointments were made, not by virtue of the Governor's character as a civil magistrate, but by virtue of his character as a military commander.

Politics regards the civil rights of men, their military duties and powers are settled by organic law. There is no dispute concerning them; they never have entered as elements into political organizations, and of right ought not to. Is there, can there be any difference of opinion in regard to the duty of the American citizen to defend his country when her rights are invaded? Political considerations have never been the avowed basis of military preference or removal.

Does he mean that Whigs and Know Nothings should do all the fighting, and that democrats are to have all the offices, enjoy all the honors, and get all the pay! Shame on such democracy! We venture the assertion that there are not fifty men in the Territory who agree with him.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

A Sorry Picture.

Mr. Editor: "Bot yesterday, the name of Cesar might have stood against the world!" but now, alas! how fallen! how deplorable! He is a husband—a father; a level, loving, intelligent woman, sustains toward him the relation of wife; an innocent, amiable, prattling infant is there; and within this family circle is found a peaceful, an exemplary home.

Young—just now approaching the maturity of solid manhood; intelligent, amply qualified for public usefulness, and social benefit; aspiring to political distinction, with all the requisite qualifications to success, except perhaps, the one of all the most essential, "honesty is the best policy," our hero appears before us. He assumes the prerogative of announcing himself a candidate for an important public position, and accordingly, solicits the suffrages of our citizen voters, receives enough for a liberal defeat, which may account for his late deplorable action.

While canvassing for the desired post of trust he did not publicly commit himself upon the Temperance issue, but privately, and perhaps trappily, affected friendship for prohibition in regard to liquor vending. Self-aggrandizement predicated upon two faces, was thought to be perceptible. Whatever the motives that actuated his electioneering career, whether they were such as are capable of superinducing virtuous deeds, or the reverse, certain it is that one of at least of his subsequent acts, represents him as a friend of intemperance! Whatever his feelings, his views, during his candidacy, on the subject, his present ones are known. By a deliberate, long-to-be remembered act, he has declared in favor of vice. He has petitioned the "powers that be" to open in our midst a fiend-making, poverty-causing, man-destroying hell-pit, a low, rag-tail, rot-gut doggerly, that is "liquid fire and distilled damnation" may lawfully come from its filthy, nauseating, co-ck-crow decanters into the stomachs of some of our misguided, unfortunate fellow-beings, whose animal appetites control their judgments.

Surely, sir, is he a public benefactor! a philanthropist! Well has he contributed to pave the way for the lurking, blood-craving savage, who waits but for an opportunity to imbore his scalping-knife and tomahawk in the heart's blood of ourselves and our families!—and to lay waste our once secure dwellings! He has, by his connection with that unholy, damning petition, avowed himself in favor of impoverishing families, of augmenting the mother's misery, the child's nakedness and hunger. He may delight in causing a portion of our children to grow up in ignorance and destitution! He may find pleasure in that heartrending spectacle exhibited by that mother who mourns the premature death of an inebriated son; in witnessing that disconsolate, careworn, destitute, yet faithful wife, who has been called upon to see her once noble, once loving, once respected husband prematurely deposited in a drunkard's grave. It may be, I say, that he delights in such pleasing, soul-smiting exhibitions. Perchance he would rear his little innocent child under the influence of the profanity, the debauchery, the extreme wickedness incident to intemperance.

He may wish to afford his wife the pleasure of rising from her bed at midnight, and fleeing to some neighbor's to escape being burnt with her own dwelling, which has been fired by the drunken incendiary;—or, at least, that she may be entertained by their very refined conversation, and dignified demeanor. Yes, if we would make men fit to visit our families, to hold converse with our wives and daughters, we must first intoxicate them. Indeed, our picture of you is a "sorry" one. But let us hope for a reformation, my brother! Come to the altar of outraged justice, and there atone, if possible, for the great wrong you have done your countrymen. Come to the altar of our body religion, and ask of an insulted God His pardon!—Let me invoke you, by the sanctity of our common humanity, to retrace your steps, to reclaim your former virtuous position. With the tender feelings and sensitive sympathy of a brother, let me invite you to "come out from among them" and be no longer partaker of their evil deeds." Aye, let me ask, can you, for your life, reconcile your connection with that low-lived, debasing, tendency petition, with those virtuous principles so fondly and early impressed upon your mind by a dotting, intelligent mother? Man, couldst thou now go to that sacred spot where rest her ashes, without contemplating it with the odor of whiskey? Couldst thou kneel over her grave to moisten its rose-dial vesture by tears of filial affection, without feeling the bitterest remorse? Canst thou recall to mind the early efforts to educate thee in virtue's ways, without experiencing a sense of shame!

Let not puerile considerations undermine thy regard for virtue, let not professional gain too much influence thy action. Remember, "the way of the transgressor is hard," and that "the wicked shall not go unpunished!"

TEMPERANCE.

Captain William Allen, of the British navy, has published a book advocating the conversion of the Arabian Desert into an ocean. He believes it was once the bed of an ocean, and might be made such again by canals from the Mediterranean, which is 1,200 feet above the level of the desert.

The advantages of such an ocean would be, making the navigation to India as short as the overland route, spreading fertility over a new and country, and opening up the fertile regions of Palestine to settlement and cultivation.

The conception is a magnificent one, but no sufficient survey has been made to determine its practicability or its cost.

Late from the Indian War, North—Letter from Maj. Rains to Gov. Mason. YAKIMA CAMP, No. 11. ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSION, Monday, Nov. 12, 1855.

GOVERNOR—Here we are, without a battle, except a skirmish four days since, with some Indians, who defied us as we approached the Yakima river. We thought at first it was a prelude to a big battle with the whole of their force, and forbid the stream to an island with our mounted troops—18 dragoons and 8 pioneers. Here we commenced the action, firing on the enemy, and ordered up our artillery and infantry to ford the stream. Our troops made a rush into the water, but being on foot, tried again and again to cross the river, but failed, the rapid current sweeping away two of our best men, who were thus drowned, whereupon I sent back to Colonel Nesmith with two companies of volunteers, which with our dragoons, drove headlong into the foaming torrent, and reached the opposite shore, charged the enemy, who fled away over the hills, one of their tails striking, but fortunately not wounding Colonel Nesmith's horse.

Late in the afternoon, after recalling all our force to the south bank of the Yakima river, we heard, some distance in the prairie, the reports of small arms, indicative of a fight; and taking two companies, we proceeded in that direction, until some time after night, when the firing ceasing, we returned back to the edge of the timber, and bivouacked for the night. Next day we found a number of Indians around us on swift horses, which were gallantly driven off by our mounted volunteer companies, and as we approached the mountain gorge, found the Indians about 300 in number on the hill-tops, beating their drums and shouting in defiance. These were soon driven from their position and scattered with discharges from our bowitzers, we cut off some of them by a proper disposition of our troops, and two or more were killed. We continued our march to this place, sweeping the plains with our cavalry, dispersing, killing and wounding all the enemy we saw, and found the mission abandoned, apparently precipitately.

Capt. Maloney not having arrived, in conjunction with Col. Nesmith, we dispatched 108 volunteers and regulars on our best horses, to proceed in the direction of the Naches pass, and ascertain his whereabouts. We are awaiting their report, for we cannot tell where the large body of the enemy is, unless gone that way to attack Capt. Maloney's command.

Our force has alarmed the Indians much, and they may have scattered.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant, G. T. RAINS Major U. S. A., and Brig. Gen. W. T. volunteers.

To His Excellency C. H. MASON, Governor of Washington Territory, Olympia, W. T.

*Col. Nesmith went himself in command. —Oregonian.

Isthmus News. We have full files of the Panama "Star & Herald," from which we make the following extracts:

The old bronze guns on the Battery are about being sent to New York for sale, and the officers of the Railroad company are engaged in transferring them to the station, from whence they will be sent to Aspinwall, and shipped on the "E. Drummond" for New York. Some excitement was created when the first attempt to remove the large guns was made, and many absurd reports were spread among the natives.

It is reported that the Pacific Mail Steamship company purpose soon putting on a line of steamers between Panama and San Francisco, expressly to carry freight.

FOREIGNERS ELIGIBLE TO MUNICIPAL OFFICE.—The Star of Oct. 3d says:—On Saturday night the Assembly discussed the law regulating municipal affairs, and a clause was inserted and passed, granting to foreigners resident on the Isthmus the right of voting for, and being elected to office as members of Cabildo, thus granting the power to regulate their own local affairs. We think the Assembly for this concession, which we must confess, we did not anticipate; and we believe, it is one that will tend much to establish a better understanding between the citizens and foreigners, than has hitherto existed. The law will, of course, only have effect in places like Aspinwall, where the foreign population are in a majority, and it now remains for them to show, by the way they avail themselves of the privilege conceded, how beneficially it can be made to work for both parties.

We have not yet seen a copy of the law, nor do we know the "certain conditions" it contains, but in any way it is a great step in advance, and again we thank the Assembly for it.

SCIENTIFIC.—Prof. Alexander makes a singular statement in regard to the ever-increasing asteroids. He says that by the skillful use of delicate circumstantial evidence he has arrived at the absolute conclusion that the asteroids between Mars and Jupiter were once, not a globe, but a disc, seventy thousand miles wide and eight miles in thickness, revolving in about three and a half days. He says it met such a fate as might have been anticipated from so thin a body whirling so rapidly, and burst, as grindstones sometimes do. The idea of a celestial grindstone is certainly original. A new theory of meteors is attributed to Prof. Pence, of Harvard. It is said that he is of the opinion that the zodiacal lights occasioned by a nebulous ring around the earth; also, that the earth has many satellites, though too small to be seen, and that these satellites furnish the meteors which fall to the earth.

By Telegraph. FROM THE WAR!

Through the politeness of Mr. CHARLES F. JOHNSON, of the Pacific Telegraph Company, we have been favored with the following news from the Indian war in the North. The intelligence was telegraphed from Portland at half-past 3 this afternoon, and was furnished to the operator there by A. J. Price, Esq.:

PORTLAND, Nov. 20—3 P. M. The "Belle" has just arrived. Col. Nesmith's command is within 25 miles of the Dalles. Maj. Chinn was at Well Springs Nov. 17th, and sends a messenger to the Dalles. It seems the whole Indian force have concentrated on this side of the river. Chinn's letter to Col. Kelly says:—"The messenger who bears these letters arrived in my camp, bringing news from N. Raymond of the dangers of the settlers, the destruction of Brooks and Bumford's property, and the seizure of Fort Walla-Walla. The position of 'Pre-peu-mox-mox' is inaccessible with my force—having 1000 men. At present the only plan which presents itself, is for me to move at once to the Unsmilla, and fortify myself, and there wait until reinforcements can reach me. With two field pieces I might take Walla-Walla."

L. F. Grover, bearer of despatches, furnishes the following:—He left the Dalles at 2 o'clock this morning. Col. Nesmith and command arrived at Kikikat river on the evening of the 18th. They went North 120 miles—found snow one foot deep. The troops and horses could not subsist. Col. Nesmith thought it advisable to return to some point on the Columbia for clothing and supplies. A part of the command will move forward to reinforce Maj. Chinn at once.

Maj. Rains' command are at the same place—[where they were.]

COOL IMPEDENCE.—The Chicago Tribune has the following account of a game played by one of the President's former law clients, which is about the coolest specimen of impudence extant. It says:—"Some years ago a fellow by the name of Brown was arrested for forgery in New Hampshire, and retained Frank Pierce to defend him. After a full investigation of the affair, it was ascertained pretty definitely that it would go hard with Brown, and that with all the ability of his advocate, a trial would quite surely end in a conviction. In this dilemma he emigrated to the West, leaving his bail to foot the bonds, and his lawyer to whistle for his pay. A while ago a man by the name of Walker, being about to visit Washington in connection with some railroad project in Minnesota, Brown, on the strength of claiming an acquaintance with the President, volunteered a letter of introduction, to the bottom of which he added, as a P. S.: 'Give me a fat office, and I will pay you the old score.' The letter was handed to the President, who after reading it and remarking upon the peculiar coolness of the request for an office, explained to Walker his acquaintance with Brown."

VARIOUS ITEMS. A gentleman writing from Cuba, on the 8th inst., says that the sugar crop now growing on the island of Cuba will probably be the largest ever gathered on the island.—The cane was already grown, and only waiting for the concentration of the juice.—Nothing but a tornado can defeat the hopes of the planter.

At the municipal election held on the 2d ult. at Leavenworth, Kansas, the free state candidates were all chosen by large majorities.

Hon. Sam'l Merrill, for many years treasurer of the state of Indiana, and President of the State Bank at Indianapolis died recently.

Fifteen hundred and eighty-seven persons have been killed or maimed, during the year 1854, by railroad accidents. The Secretary of the Treasury has caused the name of 2d Lieut. Henry Wilkinson, now attached to the revenue cutter Jefferson Davis, in Puget's Sound, to be dropped from the roll of the officers of the United States Revenue Marine service. The charge under which he is dropped is understood to be "intoxication."—Wash. Star.

The sales of the public lands for the fiscal year ending June, 1855, have been larger than ever before, with the exception of the year of speculation, 1836, when there were sold an aggregate of over 29,000,000 acres. There have been this year 15,068,396 acres, yielding to the national treasury \$10,572,010.

A modern philosopher, taking the motion of the earth on its axis at seventeen miles a second, says that if you take off your hat in the street to bow to a friend, you go seven-tenths of a mile bare-headed, without taking cold. Cist's Advertiser, Cincinnati, estimates the wheat crop of this year in the United States, at one hundred and eighty-five millions of bushels!

The defects of the mind, like those of the face, grow worse as we grow old. Punch thinks that carriage drivers would make the best soldiers in the world, as no troops could stand their charges. The oft-quoted words, "In the midst of life we are in death," are not Scripture as many suppose. They are found in the Book of Common Prayer.

Fall of Sebastopol—Bombardment preceding the Assault.

SEPTEMBER 5.—At dawn on the morning of the 5th of Sept.—says the correspondent of the London Times—the French opened fire. The air was pure and light, and a gentle breeze from the southeast, which continued all day, drifted over the steppe, and blew gently into Sebastopol. The sun shone serenely through the vapors of early morning and wreaths of snowy clouds on the long lines of white houses inside those rugged defences of earth and gabionade which have so long kept our armies gazing in vain on this "August city." The ships lay floating on the waters of the roads, which were smooth as a mirror, and, like it, reflected them, and outside our own fleet and that of the French, equally inactive, and not quite so useful to us, were reposing from Kanatch to Constantina as idly as though they were "painted" upon "a painted ocean."

From Cathcart's Hill the eye embraces a portion of the defences of the Quarantine—the French approaches to it and to the Flagstaff Batteries up to their junction with our left attack across the ravine at the end of the Dockyard Creek. One can sweep over the Flagstaff Batteries' works—the suburb of ruined houses, or rather the sites of cottages and residences, which are all that is now left of long streets by the fire of our allies, enclosed between the Flagstaff and the crenellated seawall, and looking over the wall, take it in at a coup d'œil the civil town behind it, still presenting a stately appearance as it rises on the hill-side, tier over tier, full of churches, stately mansions, and public buildings of fine white or red sandstone, with gardens interspersed and trees growing in the walks.

The bombardment is beginning to tell on these buildings. A church, decorated with many small pinnacles at the angles of the roof, has been struck by a shell, which has burst in the roof. Some of the best mansions have been split open, or gape from their cracked walls on the day; others are perforated right through with shot-holes, through which the light is visible—windows, doors, pillars, and columns are broken or destroyed.

From Cathcart's Hill, therefore, on the right front of the fourth division camp, one can gain an admirable view of certain points of the position, from the sea on the left to our extreme right at Inkermann. That advantage is, however, rarely obtainable when there is any heavy firing, as the smoke generally hangs in thick clouds between the earth works, nor can it be expelled except by a brisk wind. If one of the few persons who were in the secret of the opening of the French batteries had been on Cathcart's Hill on the morning of the 5th, he would have beheld then just ere 5½ o'clock, the whole of this scene marked out in keen details in the clear morning air. The men in our trenches can be seen sitting down behind the traverses or trolling about in the rear of the parapets. Small trains of animals and files of men are passing over the ground between the trenches and the camp, and the only smoke that catches the eye rises from the kettles of the soldiery of a rifle in the advanced works.

On the left, however, it can be seen that the French trenches are crowded with men, and that their batteries are all manned, though the men keep well out of view, and the mantles and screens are yet down before the muzzles of some of their guns.—The men beneath the parapets swarm like bees. A few gray-coated Russians are in view repairing the works of the Flagstaff Battery, or engaged in throwing up a new work, which promises to be of considerable strength, in front of their second line of defences. Suddenly along the earthen curtain, between Nos. 7 and 8 Bastions, three jets of flame spring up into the air and hurl up as many pillars of earth and dust, which are warmed into ruddy hues by the horizontal rays of the sun. The French have exploded three fougasses to blow in the counter-scarp and to serve as a signal to their men.

Instantly from the sea to the Dock Yard Creek there seems to run a stream of fire, and fleecy, curling, rich white smoke, though the earth had suddenly been rent in the throes of an earthquake, and was vomiting forth the material of her volcanoes.—The lines of the French trenches were at once covered as though the very clouds of heaven had settled down upon them, and were whirled about in spiral jets, in festoons, in clustering bunches, in columns and sheets, all commingled and involved together by the vehement flames beneath. The crash of such a tremendous fire must have been appalling, but the wind and the peculiar state of the atmosphere did not permit the sound to produce any great effect in our camp; in the city, for the same reason, the noise must have been terrible and horrible.

The iron storm tore over the Russian lines, tossing, as it in sport, jets of earth and dust, rending sunder gabions, and "squealing" the parapets, or bounding over among the houses and ruins in their rear. The terrible files of iron, about four miles in front, rushed across the plain, carrying death and ruin with it, swept with its heavy and irresistible wings the Russian flanks, and searched their centre to the core. A volley so startling, so simultaneous and tremendously powerful, was probably never yet uttered since the cannon found its voice. The Russians seemed for a while utterly paralyzed. Their batteries were not manned with strength enough to enable them to reply to such an overlapping and crushing fire; but the French, leaping to their guns with astounding energy, rapidity and strength, kept on filling the air with the hurrying storm, and sent it in unbroken fury against their enemies.

More than two hundred pieces of artillery of large calibre, admirably served and well directed, played incessantly on the hostile lines. In a few moments a great veil of smoke—a war-cloud-rolling dun—spread from the guns over on the left of Sebastopol; but the roar of the shot did not cease, and the cannonade now pealed forth in great

(Continued on Fourth Page.)