THE OREGON ARGUS.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

BY WILLIAM L. ADAMS.

Office—Good's Building, Main st. Editorial Room in first story.

TERMS—The ARGUS *will be furnished at Five Dollars per Annum—or Six Months for Three Dollars.*

☞ *No Subscriptions received for less than Six Months.*

☞ *No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.*

ADVERTISING RATES.

One square (12 lines or less) one insertion, $3,00
" " two insertions, $4,00.
" " three insertions, $5,00.
Each subsequent insertion, $1,00.
Reasonable deductions to those who advertise by the year.

BE GENTLE TO THY HUSBAND.

BY MRS. B. F. ENOS.

Be gentle to thy Husband,
Remember, all day long,
Amid the din and tumult,
He battles with the throng.

No wonder that the noble brow
Grows clouded with the care
That presses on his heart and hands
While he is struggling there.

And when the night has gathered home
The loved one to his rest,
Be gentle—if no smile appears,
There's sorrow in his breast.

'Tis true, you miss the welcome voice,
Whose tones are always kind,
And long to raise the cloud that casts
A shadow on his mind.

Yet, never fear, that through it all
Thy presence is not blest;
For like the sunshine through the storm,
It brings sweet thoughts of rest.

And many times, when labor-tossed,
Thy gentle tones have come,
And made glad music in his heart,
"Thanks be for thee—and home."

Be sure, although he speaks it not,
Thou art the star whose ray
Makes light, and guideth all
In life's dark, rugged way.

And so be ever gentle:
Kind words and deeds from thee
Do more toward making labor light,
Than ever thou couldst see.

For the Argus.

Who are the "Honorable Men?"

It has been shown in former communications what honor there is in the rum seller and the doggery keeper. They are licensed to deal out "the death dealing bowl" by a class of men who are elected to revise and make laws such as, in their judgment, the interests, the condition, and the wants of the country require. They are supposed to be competent men to legislate for the best interests of the people they represent.

How are the facts in the case? Are not these same representatives, men capable of seeing, from their own experience and observation, the influence of intoxicating liquors upon themselves and upon others of their neighbors and acquaintances? Are they so blind, and so ignorant of the effects of drinking liquor, that they do not know from their own observation that it tends more than all other causes to impoverish the man that drinks or uses liquor to excess? Do they not feel in their very souls (if they have any) ashamed to get drunk, and tell us they "despise a drunkard?" They make laws to punish the man that gets drunk and commits an assault on his neighbor, while he is drunk. Do they not know from their own observation that directly or indirectly more than half of the casualties and heart-rending accidents that occur among us, as their constituents, occur directly through the influence or effect of liquor? Why has our Legislature in 185-- made a law to punish by fine a man that sells or gives liquor to the Indians in this Territory? Is it because they could see that the Indian would be injured or injure others while under its influence, and yet they cannot see that it will injure their more enlightened and honored selves and constituents? Under our government we have, as citizens, delegated or given to our representatives the right, the power, and the privilege to make such laws for us as they may think will be for our best interests as a people. As democrats, we support and sustain them in their legislative acts. Do those acts tend to promote the best interest of the people, or does the license law, which is kept upon the statute book, give an exclusive privilege to the unprincipled, soulless being in human shape, who pays for the privilege of ruining as many of his fellow-men as he can bring under his influence. I am acquainted with some of these license-law-makers in Oregon, who have, or did actually assist and advocate the granting of licenses in order to bring this traffic under the control of law, and for revenue. Some of them have degraded themselves to beastly drunkards, whom they pretended to despise, when they advocated the license law, and did what they could to legislate and make the business honorable. No one notices them now except occasionally an active, warm-hearted (and in the estimation of these tender-hearted, soulless rum sellers, "too philanthropic") son of temperance, who still labors in hope of better times. Some of them have descended to the doggery keeper's station, and actually dealt in the article. But their works follow them—some of them have become victims of their own soulless and miserable traffic. I know some who now fill the station of representative of the people of Oregon, whom I have seen beastly drunk. Should this article meet their eyes, as I hope it will, all I ask of them is to curse the writer, and own the truth.

You may think you can smother this question for a time yet—that the country is not prepared for prohibition—that the falsehood and misrepresentation respecting the Maine law will satisfy the people, and keep back enquiry upon the subject. But suppose the Maine liquor law is defeated (which is not the case,) do not the evils, the vices, and the accursed effects of liquor, injure the community you represent? Has not the license system been tried long enough to convince every man, who has any reason in his brain, that to license the business is only to protect it, and make it a monopoly among the unprincipled part of community. To force the greater number of your constituents to give up a privilege because you by law have licensed a few to sell according to law, and impose a fine upon any one who sells contrary to your idea of right and law in the case. If the retail business is an evil that requires restraint, or a special tax, why not stop it?

Do you, as our representatives, act an honorable part in this matter?

PROHIBITIONIST.

For the Argus.

A Reminiscence.

In the fall of 1850, I visited again the town on the Ohio River, in which I spent my early life. I had a widowed sister residing in the country a few miles from town. I visited her, and while viewing the farm and outgrounds, my nephew pointed out to me an old beach tree, upon the bark of which was cut:

"Here D. C. murdered P. G. Dec. 18 1824."

Twenty-six years had elapsed since the dreadful tragedy here alluded to. I was intimately acquainted with both of the parties, and all the circumstances came fresh to my mind, as though but of yesterday's occurrence. Miss G. had been in the employment of my sister for a few weeks previous to her death. On Saturday evening, Dec. 17th, 1824, the young lady left for her father's for a change of clothes. One week elapsed, and she did not return to my sister's house. Her mother visited my sister, and inquired about her daughter, who had not returned on the day before, as usual.—The girl had now been missing for nearly nine days! The streams were very high, and the first impression was that she was drowned. On inquiry it was ascertained that after leaving home the girl had started for Mr. K.'s, and instead of crossing the foot log over a large stream intervening, she had gone by the way of the saw mill of Mr. C.'s father. The young man had crossed her in a skiff, and was seen to start with her toward Mr. K.'s. About an hour after, he was heard to shoot his rifle, and soon after he returned home, and had blood on his hands and clothes. He stated that he had killed a turkey, and had given it to a family of poor emigrants passing along. Miss G. was seen last with him, and going in the direction of Mr. K.'s sugar camp. Many persons collected, and a general search commenced. Finally, near the beech tree alluded to, there were indications of a general skirmish—broken sticks, bushes twisted round, the ground torn up, and dark stains upon the leaves. A trail made off, as of something having been dragged, and on following it near eighty yards a small pile of logs was discovered in a slough of water, and a woman's hand was seen peering up between the logs! The body of the girl was brought out shockingly bruised—the clothes drawn forward, the body having been dragged on the ground, and across a log two feet in diameter. An inquest was held on the body, and a verdict of death by beating, inflicted by an unknown person, rendered. A second inquest was held by a jury of women, and the verdict was rendered—deflowered. Suspicion rested on C. He and Miss G. were engaged to be married, and it was supposed he had used personal violence, and murdered her to conceal the first crime. A chain of circumstantial evidence was brought to bear against him, too strong for a doubt as to his guilt. Public indignation ran high, and often the jail in which he was confined was in danger of being forced open, and C. suffering the vengeance of an enraged populace. The case passed two terms of court, and finally, when the trial came on, three days were consumed in making up the jury. Able counsel were employed for and against the accused, and after a long and faithful hearing the jury brought in a verdict of acquittal! The young man was discharged, but so great was the excitement that he left for six months; and, on returning, his father sold out his farm and mill, and with his family removed to Vermillion county, Illinois. The matter began to die away, when lo! the true murderer became known. The chain of circumstances by which the truth was divulged is too revolting to relate. He was arrested and committed, but by some quirk of the law he was *bailed out*, and fled forever. He came westward, and changed his name, as was supposed. His securities paid the bail money, $1600, and his wife and three children were sent off, and none of them were heard of again.

Poor C. died of a broken heart. Deep and lasting regret pervaded the minds of the community for their untiring persecution of the innocent young man, whom they supposed to be guilty. The murderer was one of the jury of inquest on the dead body of Miss G.! He was then a married man, and had seen C. part from her near Mr. K.'s sugar camp, and afterwards waylaid her, and committed the double crime, as stated. The log over which the dead body was dragged was nearly rotted away when I visited the spot; the old beech tree had died, but the inscription was yet discernible. My heart swelled with emotion on leaving the fatal spot. D. N.

MARION CO., O. T., Dec. 14, 1855.

Picture of the Hospital at Sebastopol.

Of all the pictures of the horrors of war which have ever been presented to the world, the Hospital at Sebastopol presents the most horrible, heart-rending and revolting. It cannot be described, and the imagination of a Fuselli could not conceive anything at all like unto it. How the poor human body can be mutilated and yet hold the soul within, when every limb is shattered, and every vein and artery is pouring out the life stream, one might study here at every step, and at the same time wonder how little will kill! The building used as a hospital is one of the noble piles inside the dockyard wall, and is situate in the center of the row at right angles to the line of the redan. The whole row was peculiarly exposed to the action of the shot and shell bounding over the redan, and to the missiles directed at the Barrack battery, and it bears in sides, roofs, windows and doors, frequent and distinctive proofs of the severity of the cannonade. Entering one of these doors I beheld such a sight as few men, thank God, have ever witnessed! In a long low room, supported by square pillars, arched at the top, and dimly lighted through shattered and unglazed window-frames, lay the wounded Russians, who had been abandoned to our mercies by their general. The wounded, did I say? No, but the dead, the rotten and festering corpses of the soldiers, who were left to die in their extreme agony, untended, uncared for, packed as close as they could be stowed, some on the floor, others on wretched trestles and bedsteads, or pallets of straw, sopped and saturated with blood, which oozed and trickled through upon the floor, mingled with the droppings of corruption. With the roar of exploding fortresses in their ears, with shells and shot pouring through the roof and sides of the room in which they lay, with the crackling and hissing of fire around them; these poor fellows, who had served their loving friend and master the Czar, but too well, were consigned to their terrible fate. Many might have been saved by ordinary care. Many lay, yet alive, with maggots crawling about in their wounds. Many, nearly mad by the scene around them, or seeking escape from it in their extremest agony, had rolled away under the beds, and glared out on the heart-stricken spectator, oh! with such looks! Many with legs and arms broken and twisted, the jagged splinters sticking through the raw flesh, implored aid, water, food or pity, or, deprived of speech by the approach of death, or by dreadful injuries in the head or trunk, pointed to the lethal spot. Many seemed bent alone on making their peace with Heaven. The attitudes of some were so hideously fantastic as to appal and root one to the ground by a sort of dreadful fascination. Could that bloody mass of clothing and white bones ever have been a human being, or that burned black mass of human flesh ever had a human soul? It was fearful to think what the answer must be. The bodies of numbers of men were swollen and bloated to an incredible degree, and the features distended to a gigantic size, with eyes protruding from the sockets, and the blackened tongue rolling out of the mouth, compressed tightly by the teeth, which had set upon it in the death rattle, made one shudder and reel round. In the midst of one of these "chambers of horrors"—for there were many of them—were found some dead and some living English soldiers, and among them poor Capt. Vaughan of the ninetieth, who has since succumbed to his wounds. I confess it was impossible for me to stand the sight, which horrified our most experienced surgeons; the deadly clammy stench, the smell of gangrened wounds, of corrupted blood, of rotting flesh, were intolerable and odious beyond endurance. But what must have the wounded felt who were obliged to endure all this, and who passed away without a hand to give them a cup of water, or a voice to say one kindly word to them? Most of these men were wounded on Saturday—many perhaps on the Friday before—indeed it is impossible to say how long they might have been there. In the hurry of their retreat the Muscovites seem to have carried in dead men to get them out of the way, and to have put them on pallets in horrid mockery. So that their retreat was secured the enemy cared but little for their wounded. On Monday only did they relieve those whom we sent out to them during a brief armistice for the purpose, which was, I believe, sought by ourselves, as our overcrowded hospitals could not contain, and our overworked surgeons could not attend to any more.—*Correspondent of the London Times.*

☞ A correspondent of the Deseret News gives the following account of the discovery of a new kind of sugar at Provo City: "Last week a sweet substance was discovered on the leaves of the trees. A few began to gather it by stripping off the leaves and soaking them in water; in this way Mr. A. Daniels made eleven pounds of sugar; it looks and tastes like maple sugar. Many scores of men, women and children are now engaged in gathering it. When it was first discovered some said that it was honey-dew; others said that it proceeded from the cottonwood leaves; but it is found on all kinds of leaves and on the rocks. My children have gathered and brought in a quantity of it, that they had taken from the leaves as it is deposited; many of the leaves have scales of this sweet substance as thick as window glass, and some a great deal thicker."

Senator Atchison on the Kansas Question.

Senator Atchison, of Missouri, having been invited to attend the celebration at the spot of the battle of King's Mountain, in North Carolina, sent the committee the following significant reply:—

"PLATTE CITY, Mo., Sept. 12, 1855.

"GENTLEMEN—Your letter of invitation requesting my attendance at the celebration of the battle of King's Mountain has been received. It will be altogether inconvenient for me to be present on that occasion, I have certain duties, both private and public, to discharge at home. The battle of King's Mountain was fought by the whigs under the lead of Campbell, McDowell, Shelby, Sevier and Williams, against the tories, under the gallant Ferguson. We have a similar foe to encounter in Kansas on the first Monday in Oct. next. The 'border ruffians,' such as fought with McDowell, Shelby, &c., on the one hand, and the abolitionists, such men as fought with Ferguson on the other. We (the, "border ruffians,") have the whole power of the Northern States to contend with, single handed and alone, without assistance and almost without sympathy from any quarter; yet we are undismayed. Thus far have we been victorious, and with the help of God we still continue to conquer.

"Gentlemen, I thank you for the kind expression in the concluding paragraph of your letter—"Three cheers for Atchison and Kansas!" I have read this paragraph to sundry of the "border ruffians," and their eyes sparkle; their arms are nerved. We have been acting on the defensive altogether; the contest with us is one of life and death, and it will be so with you and your institution if we fail. Atchison, Stringfellow, and the "border ruffians" of Missouri, fill a column of each abolition paper published in the North; abuse most foul, and falsehood unblushing, are poured out upon us, and yet we have no advocate in the Southern press, and yet we receive no assistance from the Southern States. But the time will shortly come when that assistance must and will be rendered; the stake the "border ruffians" are playing for is a mighty one. If Kansas is abolitionized, Missouri ceases to be a slave State, New Mexico becomes a free State, California remains a free State; but if we secure Kansas as a slave State, Missouri is secure; New Mexico and Southern California, if not all of it, becomes a slave State; in a word, the prosperity or the ruin of the whole South depends on the Kansas struggle. D. R. ATCHISON."

☞ "The Russians," says an English paper, "had three heavy pieces of ordnance in a battery at the east side of the dockyard creek, which threw their shot at least six miles! They rarely did any harm. The noise of their course was so great that every one got out of the way."

☞ The Louisville *Courier* states that a constant stampede is going on among the slave population of that city and county.

☞ The Know-Nothing State Convention of North Carolina have formally resolved to abandon all secresy whatever.

Registration of Letters--Important Modifications.

The regulations and instructions to Postmasters for carrying into effect the 3d section of the Act of March 3, 1855, providing for the registration of valuable letters, are, by direction of the Postmaster General, modified, as follows, viz:

1. So much of sections 4, 5, and 6 of these regulations as requires that packages of registered letters shall be *sealed*, is hereby revoked.

2. All registered letters are, before mailing, to be *numbered* on the upper left hand corner, their numbers to correspond with those on the letter bills in which they are entered.

3. Each registered letter, or package of registered letters, will be enclosed in a wrapper in the usual manner, and if there be a package of unregistered letters to be sent by the same mail, the package of registered letters will be placed in such package, without being tied, and the whole will then be carefully tied up into one package, addressed to the office of its destination, and placed in its appropriate bag at the moment when that bag is to be finally locked and sent from the office. If no unregistered letters are to be sent by that mail, the package of registered letters is to be tied and forwarded in the same manner without being sealed.

4. The registered letter bill will be inclosed in a separate envelop, addressed to the postmaster, as now required, and will be forwarded by the usual route as an unregistered letter.

5. The number given to registered letters at the office of mailing are not to be changed in the accounts or letter bills of distributing offices through which they may pass.

6. Postmasters are required to see that the *postmark* of each registered letter (whether written or stamped,) is clear and distinct, so that the place and date of mailing can be readily determined.—*Washington Union.*

A Picture of our Country.

"America, as she now stands, is a striking fact. The Western clearings, the immense farms of the Mississippi Valley, the Lake trade, the foreign immigration, toiling Africa chained to the car of commerce, gorgeous and reckless New York, and sudden San Francisco, excite the imagination, by all that they imply and foreshadow.—They represent many ideas, and embody many a wonderful and moving story: for business has its danger and daring, its suffering and endurance, and the changes of fortune, in this new world of boundless resources and free activity, are more marvellous than the tales of the Arabian Nights.—This bold enterprise that stretches to the Pacific, this skilled and thoughtful race grasping a vast empire, like a homestead, to cultivate, and plant, and adorn; this brave army of workers, marching on irresistibly to the conquest of nature, form a grand spectacle. Though their weapons—the axe, the plough, and the steamengine—have not the lustre of poetry that gleams from the point of the sword; though the heroes of the farm, the work-shop, and the counting-house, like village Hampdens, die unsung, yet great qualities are often exhibited in these humble fields of men's effort, and their labors found nations, as those of the coral insect lift the basis of an island above the sea, to the light and air of heaven.

"But the picture has its dark sides. The eager desire for wealth, the 'incessant and Sabbathless' pursuit of it has become the universal passion and occupation. We have that love of money which is the root of all evil; and under the deadly shade of the tree from that root, the love of knowledge and art, of truth, and virtue, and beauty, withers and dies. 'In prosperity no alters smoke.' The curse of Midas is upon us. Our feelings, our ideas, our aspirations, are all turned into gold, and we are starving amid our barren abundance. We worship the material, not the spiritual; the visible and transient, not the invisible and eternal. We are practical, not intellectual; and our pleasures are of the senses, not of the reason, imagination and taste. We are smitten with 'the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life.' We are true disciples of the ethics of interest and utility, and *our only morality is cash-payment.* Truly has it been said, that 'he who maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.' If intemperate drinking be the degrading vice of one portion of our people, *intemperate money-making is the besetting sin* of another and much larger portion, and it is difficult to say which is the more pernicious. One is a vice of the senses, destroying the mind; the other, a delusion of the mind, and a selfish passion, blasting the moral sentiments, and palsying the higher powers of the intellect.

"The poor drunkard cannot resist the "baneful cup," which benumbs his soul, "unmoulding reason's mintage," and transforming him

"Into the inglorious likeness of a beast;"

and the infatuated worshipper of Mammon deliberately uses his mental faculties for his own destruction, prefers the ignoble and low to the pure and high, and shuts out the light of heaven from his life. Successful industry, rapid gains, rank prosperity, without counteracting causes to modify their influence, have stimulated this passion for wealth to excess, and have produced already, in this new country, luxury, venality, corruption, contempt for intellectual pursuits and pleasures, and sneering indifference to ennobling and elevated sentiment. Hence vulgar ostentation of our cities; hence the general want of literary taste and culture; hence the deplorable frauds of business; hence much of the baseness of our politics."—*North Am. Review.*

WASHINGTON, Oct. 22.

It is reported here to-day in diplomatic circles that the British Minister asserts that the late attempt to convict him of a violation of the neutrallity laws of this country, was the result of a conspiracy of foreigners to embroil the two governments; that at the proper time he will show such to be the case. Furthermore, Mr. Crampton intimates, that, should his recall be consummated, no successor would be appointed in his place.

In the Court of Claims to-day the case of John C. Hale was argued by Hon. F. E. Stanton. The claim is for the tract of land, on which are situated the celebrated hot springs of Arkansas, valued at one hundred thousand dollars.

APPLES FOR HUMAN FOOD.—With us the value of the apple, as an article of food, is far underrated. Besides containing a large amount of sugar, mucilage, and other nutritive matter, apples contain vegetable acids, aromatic qualities, etc., which act and powerfully in the capacity of refrigerants, tonics, and antiseptics; and when freely used at the season of mellow ripeness, they prevent debility, indigestion, and avert, without doubt, many of the "ills which flesh is heir to." The operators of Cornwall, England, consider ripe apples nearly as nourishing as bread, and far more so than potatoes. In the year 1861—which was a year of much scarcity—apples, instead of being converted into cider, were sold to the poor; and the laborers asserted that they could "stand their work" on baked apples, without meat: whereas, a potato diet required either meat or some other substantial nutriment. The French and Germans use apples extensively, as do the inhabitants of all European nations. The laborers depend upon them as an article of food, and frequently make dinner of sliced apples and bread. There is no fruit cooked in as many different ways in our country as apples; nor is there any fruit whose value, as an article of nutriment, is as great, and so little appreciated.—*Water Cure Journal.*

THE ROTHSCHILDS.—An article is going the rounds of the press stating that the whole concern of the Rothschilds is worth $700,000,000 in money capital besides $300,000,000 more in real estate, mines &c. So far from this being the fact, we understand that the general estimate in Europe as to the aggregate wealth of the whole concern is 200,000,000 francs, or about $40,000,000. The idea is purely absurd that their wealth should amount to such an enormous sum as $1,000,000,000, equal at 6 per cent. to an *annual* income of *sixty millions of dollars*—a sum which, in comparatively a few years, accumulating in a compound ratio, and doubling it every twelve years, would concentrate in their hands a large portion of the wealth and property of all Europe.

PATRIOTIC.—A short time since there was a terrible thunder-storm at Niagara Falls. In the reading room of the International sat a staid, sober, middle-aged man, absorbed in the contents of a newspaper, never heeding the raging of the elements around him. There came a clap of thunder louder, more terrific than any which preceded, reverberating with the innumerable echoes through the gorge, and the accompanying lightning throwing a lurid glare upon everything. Our quiet man deliberately raised his head above the edge of the paper, and as deliberately remarked:

"That's on the American side—They can't get up such thunder in the Queen's dominions," and then resumed his reading without another word.

☞ To cure poverty—sit down and growl about it. By so doing you'll be sure to get rich and make yourself particularly agreeable to every body.

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, DECEMBER 29, 1855. NO. 37.