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.

Job Printing.

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

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, APRIL 5, 1856. NO. 51.

For the Argus.

License vs. Prohibition.

Mr. Editor—It is not my wish, even had I the time to spare, to speak of my friend J. R. M. in language other than that of respect, for I perceive in his long communication occupying three full columns of your paper that the mountain has labored to produce a mouse, and the learned youth has shown his greenness in conducting an argument upon a subject he did not comprehend in the commencement. I am truly grateful to him for his "compassion" on account of my age, but would respectfully ask him not to spend his youthful energies and talent in attempting to sustain an old, worn out, obsolete, and an accursed system of licensing an evil that not even the veriest drunkard, doggerykeeper, or rum seller in the land will attempt to sustain, except upon his last fling at Prohibitionist, to wit, "*ultra "fanatic,*" and such like arguments.

Prohibitionist has no occasion to go into a long argument to show that he is right in the position he has taken. The facts speak for themselves; the three men drowned at the mouth of the Columbia River, that called forth his first article, are enough to rouse any community (that is not chained by the influence of this monster evil) to support it, even though it may cause to wither before its influence many of its noblest and best citizens, many more may stand ready and even may offer themselves victims to this same influence, forsooth, because Prohibitionist, or some other fearless friend of truth, ventures to speak out and tell the causes that did consign our fellow-citizens to a watery grave. And even our youthful friend J. R. M., in his "zeal" for the cause of suffering humanity, has discovered that to tell the plain, simple truth upon the subject of the influence and effect of his "ox" operation, or the liquor traffic, "*does harm*"—"that the zeal to do good" of one who has for years seen the withering effects of this soul, conscience, and body-killing business, *does harm*. Allow me to say to you, my young friend, that I am not quite fifty years old, yet I can give you the names of over one hundred men of my acquaintance that have been destroyed directly by the use of liquor. This makes an average of two per year of my life who have been consumed by it within my limited acquaintance. I can now name four more that unless they change and stop short will not live until I shall be one year older, from this same influence. Some I can name who are so desperate and so lost to a sense of their own preservation, that they will use liquor and become intoxicated out of malice to the prohibitory cause.—Here, sir, is a "zeal to do evil" that your license law only encourages. These self-destroyers are engaged in this legally (so called) made honorable by licensing business, that J. R. M., without the license to shield and to protect it, shrinks back with horror to look at, and can only meet the position of Prohibitionist by branding him with "fanaticism," "Garrisonism," or an opprobrious epithet, or some sophisticated ox or cow argument, and supposing things that never did or never will exist, to answer against a plain, simple statement of facts, and every days experience.

Now, sir, take your position, and see what your best argument amounts to.—You say by the license you "reduce the evil, cripple, maim, and beat up the ox, tax, and so on, and reduce it two-thirds." And yet you dare not, your timid heard shrinks from the appalling evil when uncovered and unprotected by the license law of the land. It even operates as a soothing palliative to your tender conscience and sympathy for the poor doggerykeepers, who have to my certain knowledge killed outright on an average not less than two victims during each year of my life, to say nothing of the personal woe and anguish it has caused the friends of these victims, and all the other evils incident to it.

I deny that you by your license have reduced the evil, or by your "beating" have defaced the "ox," one iota; you only have diminished the time it takes to make a rich and industrious and good citizen a poor man and a drunkard. The high price of the liquor does not diminish the demand for self-destruction; it is calculated to produce. The fact that the poor man cannot get it, only increases the poverty of the rich man that buys, and compels him to take the poor man's place the sooner—while the rumseller gets the profits of the trade, and the protection—not the "beating" and "disgrace"—of your license law.

Allow me to define my position, so as to make myself understood by all, if I can. As a prohibitionist I ask, first, that all laws tending in the least to discriminate the liquor traffic as one of evil, subject to a license in consequence of its good or evil tendencies, be repealed. This will leave the naked question of the usefulness and moral influence of this traffic before the mind, untrammeled and unprotected by law.

No sound temperance man will ever complain when he can meet this evil upon equal ground. This I believe is strictly democratic in principle, as well as in practice.

The license laws all repealed, we then have the naked question of the utility of the liquor traffice before us, and will not be blinded by the $50 as a bonus for the injury the liquorseller proposes to do in a community. If he can convince any community that his liquor establishment is useful and will be for its benefit, then, in the name of equal rights and justice to all men, let him sell just as much liquor as he would sell bread if he was a baker, or goods if he was a merchant. Because he is willing to pay his discriminating tax of $50, it is none the less wrong to receive it, because in receiving it the county or community becomes responsible for the evil done in the lawful business he is authorized to pursue; hence the arguments of the moralist, the philanthropist, and the utilitarian, as well as the temperance man, are all lost by the one single argument and fact—*it is a legal business.*

Mr. Editor, I have full confidence in the integrity of the people, when left to the decision of a plain, simple question, involving their own personal interests. The question of a State government is one that we have to decide. It is proper the people should decide that question, as it involves our present and future prospects as a State and as a people. With your permission, I will digress a little for the purpose of illustrating my argument upon the question of prohibition. I am a farmer, and have employed a number of men, say one to govern, one to record, or act as secretary, three to judge of the quality and quantity of labor I wish performed on my farm, forty to devise measures, and nine to assist the forty as a legislature, and one as a personal resident delegate about my house, who, the more popular he can make himself among my superintendents and hands I have employed, the better I like him. I take it into my head that the other side of the Rocky Mountains there is a little farm I wish improved; so I send over a person and find out the ones I wish in my employ, and tell them to go to work on my farm over yonder. It so happens that others have possession of the farm I claim, and are improving it quite industriously. Still I do not stop at this, but tell them to be quiet. The persons that are doing all well and improving smartly receive my new set of agents and help them along all they can. But my agents, instead of encouraging the hands that are already improving as fast as they can, to go on, turn in to contriving how they can get better wages out of me, and turn round and tell the people or hands on this other farm that if they don't like their advice and agency they may help themselves; they get pay from U. S., or me, and are going to get as much more as they can. They don't care what the poor fellows say that have been a long time working to make something off this new farm, neither do they care what kind of rules (or laws) they establish and enforce, so long as they get their pay from U. S., or me; and the one who has made himself quite popular with the poor simpletons is my favorite also, and I will believe just what he says about them.

The rumseller is friendly to my favorite agent, and also a number more of my overseers. If the hands that work this new farm do not like the rules they have established, they must help themselves. The hands are certainly very impertinent to ask my agents to stop their whisky ration, notwithstanding I have stopped it among those that manage my vessels and pretend to protect my farm on both sides of the Rocky Mountains. In my humble opinion, Mr. Editor, these two questions are at the present moment the most important ones involving the interests of this country. I do not wish them connected in any way, but the enemies of prohibition will draw them in. I adhere to the decisions of the U. S. Supreme Court on this question, which in due time I hope you will at your leisure publish.

As to our young and timid friend J. R. M., we will leave the readers of THE ARGUS to judge of the merits of his argument.—David Crockett's rule I believe is a good one—"Be sure you are right, then go ahead."

PROHIBITIONIST.

For the Argus.

To the Young Readers of The Argus.

My Dear Young Friends—Although I am a stranger to most of you, yet I should like very much to sit down and spend an evening in pleasant conversation with you, for I am a great friend to children. But as I cannot see you, I will, with the Editor's permission, talk a little with you through THE ARGUS.

Do you go to school? I suppose the most of you do. Well, do you love to go to school, and when you are there do you try very hard to learn your lessons? I hope you can all say yes, and perhaps some of you can say, "I am ahead of all the other scholars in my class;" or, "my teacher says I am one of the best scholars in school." Well, I am very glad to hear it; it always pleases me to see children anxious to learn, and improving their time at school by gaining useful knowledge, for then I think when they grow up they will be intelligent men and women, and useful members of society.

Do you know that youth is called the "spring time of life"? When winter is gone, and it begins to grow warm, you know then it will soon be time for us to prepare the ground for our gardens. After the ground is prepared, we sow the seeds, and as soon as they come up we watch and tend them very carefully, to keep the weeds out, and if we did not you know the weeds would soon choke the vegetables so they could not grow. Now, my dear children, your minds are like gardens in the spring, and you should be very careful to plant good seed in them, for if you get your little garden filled up with good plants, such as obedience to your parents, kindness to your brothers and sisters, a desire to gain useful knowledge, &c., then there will not be much room for weeds and briars, such as disobedience, idleness, bad tempers, and many other bad things. I hope you will remember this, and try to sow the right kind of seeds in the garden of your mind.

So now I will bid you good bye.

Your friend, CLARA.

Rural Cottage, March 17, 1856.

An Englishman's Experience of the Rebellion in China.

A gentleman in China writing to a friend in Exeter, says:—"The rebellion still continues in China, but is now principally confined to the mountainous parts. The rebels in the neighborhood of Canton were some time since driven away and captured, and the trade has been revived. By a report, obtained recently from good authority, it appears that upwards of 70,000 men have been publicly executed in Canton since the commencement of the Chinese new year, on the 17th of February last.—The same authority states the number put to death at Shun king-fu at 27,000, and about 25,000 at the taking of the fort in Blenheim Reach, and the subsequent captures among the villages thereabouts. I believe, however, that the numbers are very much understated. I was at Canton in Feb. last; and visited the rebels at the fort in Blenheim Reach. I went also to the execution ground at Canton, and it stank worse than half a dozen slaughter-houses. The sides of the walls were sprinkled and covered with blood. The clothes and 'tails' of the unfortunate wretches were lying in heaps, and the ground was covered with clotted and dried cakes of human blood.—In many of the villages near Blenheim Fort, and other places adjoining, houses have been erected where suspected or proscribed persons may commit suicide, and thus save their posthumous reputations, and be buried by their friends; and hundreds are said to have gone to those places (where their bodies would be identified) and put an end to their existence by hanging or taking opium. Many women (probably those who had lost all hope of support or safety) have also destroyed themselves. Such things as these show how sad is the state of native society, and how widespread is the desolation the insurrection had caused in that province. Its results, so far as one can judge, have been unmitigated evils to the people of both parties. On the 9th instant, one of the leaders, named Kam Sin, was put to death by a lingering punishment, having been cut up into 108 pieces. There are three grades of this mode of execution; the other two, where the criminal is divided into 24 or 36 pieces not being considered so disgraceful. This leader headed the bands which threatened the north of the city last autumn and winter. More than 300 of lesser note were executed the same day, and one day last month over 700 were executed. There has been a festival of seven days lately held, something like an All Souls' festival, for the repose of the spirits of the officers and soldiers killed during the contest. One of the most affecting sights connected with the matter is that of 100 or more coolies lounging about the streets, waiting for the executions, that they may pounce upon and seize the yet palpitating bodies, to hurry off with them to the pits. I have no doubt that the number of lives lost on both sides throughout the empire, since the rebellion commenced, is 2,000,000."

[From the New York Tribune.]

The British War Excitement.

The tone of the English press is belligerent toward America. Since they seem to think war is over with the Autocrat, they foam away at the democrats on this side.—Having got into the vein of talking war against one foe, they find the transition easy to address the United States in the same strain. We may pardon this exhibition of pugnacity on the ground that it is quite void of meaning. Doubtless obstinate and stupid Englishmen may be found who think John Bull might safely go to war with America. But the stupidities of those truculent gentlemen are quite overruled by the general good sense of the English people, and especially by the prudence of the Government. That country cannot go to war with us without ruin to her entire commercial, domestic, and political fabric. The shock of arms with the United States would be the signal for the dissolution of her empire. Distress at home would go far to light the flame of civil war. The chain of her Colonial possessions would snap under the strain. Canada and the lower provinces would fall into our hands, while British commerce all over the world would be cut to pieces by a system that would convert our mercantile marine into a vast and ubiquitous naval force. Her manufacturing establishments would go to ruin under the deprivation of our annual supply of cotton, and her financial and banking system explode into fragments under the crushing load of an enormous and augmenting national indebtness. With her ancient nurseries of soldiers depopulated, as her own late writers declare and prove, England could nowhere recruit men for a war against the United States.

In view of such a war, well might *The London Times* renew its cry "England trembles upon the pinnacle of her greatness." And she would tremble only to topple into an abyss from which she could never extricate herself. England has a fleet, a numerous and powerful fleet; but when we have said this we have said all. With it she might to some extent ravage our extended coasts, and destroy millions of property. Her power might be even competent to overthrow the institution of domestic Slavery in the South. But having done this she would have to stop. Nowhere could she obtain a permanent foothold on our territory. Nowhere could she land an army which could not be outnumbered tenfold in a short time. Indeed the military strength of England has been demonstrated in the late war to be insignificant. She has not got and cannot raise a great army. Her military prestige has departed. And while we could not meet her on the sea at once on terms of equality with National vessels of war, we could crowd her coasts with a fleet of armed vessels that would carry consternation to all her shores. In a barbarian war for the destruction of private property, which is the kind indicated by the amiable threats of the British press, we have the means of as wide and as destructive ruin in our own hands as England, even at the start, while the more active and enterprising habit of our people would soon manifest itself in an advantage on this score as great as it would be deplorable. For such a war as the British press threatens we are quite as well prepared as England. If the power of England is competent to destroy our commerce on the high seas, and to burn our sea coast towns, the American ability to do the same thing for England is not a whit the less.—In such a work of mutual destruction we are equal.

But in other respects the case would be far otherwise. We are young; England is old. We are lusty and vigorous; England is effete and stationary. We have no debt; England groans under the weight of hers. We can apply our entire material resources in war with a readiness, a skill and agility, which England, under her cumbrous fabric of aristocracy and routine, cannot approach. It would be a race between an old man on crutches and a vigorous youth. Again, England is the great squatter power of the world. She is spread all over the globe and is vulnerable in a thousand points, while we are vulnerable in but one. Moreover, the heart of England is unsound. She carries within her system various artificial, social and political excrescences repugnant to common sense and repugnant to the feelings of the masses of Englishmen. A war with the United States would result in a war of ideas among her people. In this contest the aristocracy would be the only losers, and in the end would inevitably go overboard. Thus not only would the material power of England be abridged and her pride humbled, but her institutions would be crumbled, and her empire disintegrated under the pressure of an American war.

To the English press let us say that we can have no war with England. The British Government will not provoke us to hostilities. To do it would be to sound the knell of the British Empire. Our cotemporaries in the United Kingdom will then do well to make a less offensive display of rant and swagger in discussing this question. We want nothing of England but that she shall not meddle in our affairs. John Bull has always been in the habit of considering himself, in relation to distant powers, as occupying a position not unlike that of the donkey among the chickens. And the kind of forbearance he has been wont to exercise toward them may be expressed in the fabled language of that animal: "Take care, gentlemen, or we shall tread on one another." He has been a sort of political elephant, crushing about here and there, and everywhere, and not at all particular what he devoured. His trunk has been fishing up the good things in one part of the universe, while his opposite extremity has been switching away obstructions which happened to beset him elsewhere. The world in general, and the United States in particular, has had enough of this sort of intrusion. Upon this Continent the American Government has politely told Mr. Bull that he has already feeding ground enough, and that they will thank him to keep within his own pastures. This was the substance of the Clayton and Bulwer Treaty, as interpreted by our negotiator. It is also the substance of our municipal laws, violated by Messrs. Crampton, Barclay and Mathew. To our views of either point the opposite party objects, and hence the present belligerent temper of our cotemporaries across the water. Upon each branch of the controversy the true course of the American Government is very plain. Inasmuch as the Treaty has led to endless disputes about its meaning, let our Government at once declare it abrogated. And as we have an undoubted right to say that Mr. Crampton and the several Consuls don't please us and to send them home, let that be done also. Both parties will then stand as they stood at the ratification of the Ashburton Treaty, which was reckoned to be not much short of an eternal amnesty between the two nations. If this pleases England, very well. If it does not, let her do what she likes about it. She won't go to war, for she will not fancy the humilitation that would follow. And we confess that we exonerate the majority of the American people from any wish to inflict that humiliation upon her.

Moral Results of Mormonism.

Horace Greely, in writing to the *Tribune* from Washington, gives the substance of a conversation he held with a gentleman from Salt Lake city. The following is an extract from his letter. Probably the picture, dark as it is, is not overdrawn. Read it, and bless God that you are secure from such damning influences. God's laws cannot be violated with impunity!

"My friend gives a horrible account of the moral and social condition of the Mormons, with whom he spent some months. He left them wallowing deeper and deeper in the slough of filthy sensuality, with a certainty of going from bad to worse, till their whole fabric of imposture is exploded by the miseries it creates and diffuses.—He says the women are nearly all anxious to fly from the horrible den; especially those who have been 'sealed' as the spiritual wives' of the scoundrelly hypocrites who propagate and uphold this monstrous delusion. Nearly all the leaders have from three women each up to Brigham Young's seventy, some of whom make a poor living by washing the clothes of the U. S soldiers. Hundreds of these deceived, abused women secretly attempt to beg the privilege of coming away with the troops and trains passing from time to time through or coming from Salt Lake city, but this cannot be allowed. Nearly all would get away if they could. Such pictures of distress and despair as are presented by many of these deceived and abused women, can be found nowhere else than in Utah. Hundreds of them never heard nor dreamed of the 'spiritual wife' system until it burst upon their amazed vision on their arrival at Salt Lake. And such a mixture of profanity and blasphemy, nonsense, impudent assumption and buffoonery, as is contained in their sermons and other religious exercises cannot be paralleled in the world. A 'Gentile' of any account is carefully watched from the hour he ventures among them, and there is little scruple as to the means whereby a troublesome intruder is disposed of."

SCIENTIFIC OPERATIONS IN RUSSIA.—The Smithsonian Institution has received the following information respecting scientific operations in Russia. There are already in that country 6,000 miles of telegraph wire, all of which are continually used for official despatches. Only one short line has served for scientific objects, this is from St. Petersburg to Cronstadt, by which exact Pulkowa time is transmitted for the purpose of regulating the rates of the chronometers of the navy. The war has not exercised the least influence on the progress of any scientific pursuit for which the support of government is wanted. On the contrary, the energy elicted by the state of war in one principal direction, has given rise to a development of energy in many other respects. This is proven by the geographical undertaking commenced last year. First, a numerous party, under the direction of Mr. Schwarz, started for the exploration of Eastern Siberia; another party was sent to the Steppes of the Kirghis; a third, under Dellen, had to fix the exact geographical condition of a number of points in or near the Ural mountains, to form a base for the construction of an exact topographical map of the vast districts of mines in that part of Russia; a fourth expedition with forty chronometers, has to join—first, Moscow with Saratow, and this latter town with Astrachan; and, finally, the great trigonometrical operations in the Southern part of Russia, and in the Trans-Caucasian provinces are carried on without the least interruption. Both the astronomical and geodetical part of a great arc of parallel will be finished in a very short time.

Men more Polite than Women.

A Cincinnati editor says that men are more polite than women, and proceeds to prove it in this wise:—"Not long since we had occasion to ride a short distance in one of our city omnibuses. It was after dark, and the omnibus started off, nearly filled with men. Soon it stopped, and a woman opened the door. Instantly there was a move among the men; they crowded together, and a seat was furnished the lady. After proceeding a square or two further, another lady wished to get in; an additional squeeze was made, and she was accommodated with a seat. A similar application was again soon made, and a gentleman instantly gave up his seat, and got on top. Another soon followed, and another gentleman did likewise. Repeated instances like this occurred, and the gentlemen, by crowding together, holding market baskets and children, accommodated every lady applicant, till we counted inside—men, women, and children—nearly twenty persons. Then the number began to diminish; men and children got out, and the omnibus was decently filled with women, and they at the further end, completely blocked in by market baskets. And now a woman opened the door; not a lady stirred. 'Can I have a seat?' modestly asked the applicant. 'I should like to see where you'd sit,' said one lady. 'Don't you see this 'bus is full,' said another. 'You can stand,' sneeringly said a third. 'I can walk,' said the spunky applicant, and slamming the door, off she walked. Now, had the omnibus been as full of men as it was of women, that lady would have been furnished a seat without a murmur. But it is not only in the omnibus that men show their superior politeness over women. In a rainy day, if we meet two men abreast on a crossing, one instantly steps behind the other, and gives you a passway. But if you meet two ladies, ten chances to one, you will have to step into the mud. In a crowded church, men will squeeze together to accommodate another man; but ladies will spread themselves out, so that three or four will fill a pew, and not an inch will they move to accommodate one of their own sex. So in railroad cars, and other places where men and women congregate, and where the true native disposition is instinctively shown. We state these as general cases. There are exceptions, of course, but we wish merely to draw attention to the general facts, that while a man's rudeness to a woman is so rare as to attract notice when it occurs, the rudeness of a woman toward a man, or toward another woman, is so common as to be considered a matter of course. If, among other 'Woman's Rights,' which some ladies are now striving to obtain, they will ingraft the right to be always courteous and polite to each other, we men will take care of ourselves, and them, too—God bless 'em. With all their faults, we love them still."

CONSUMPTION.—Dr. Marshall Hall, an eminent English physican, says:

"If I were seriously ill of consumption, I would live out of doors day and night, except in rainy weather or midwinter; then I would sleep in an unplastered log house." He says that consumptives want air, not physic—pure air, not medicated air—plenty of bread and meat. "Physic has no nutriment, gasping for air cannot cure you; monkey capers in a gymnasium cannot cure you, and stimulants cannot cure you."