

The Oregon Argus.

W. L. ADAMS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OREGON CITY:

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1856.

Our Embarrassments by Wool and Palmer.

Such is the heading of an article in the Standard of last Thursday, in which that paper sets forth that whereas the official reports of Wool and Palmer are doing much at Washington to prejudice the General Government against our Indian war claims, therefore the people of Oregon, ought to get up some kind of a demonstration, in order to counteract these influences. It has been suggested to the Standard (probably by Gov. Curry) that the citizens of the prominent towns in the Territory hold meetings, and take steps for securing affidavits from "responsible men" in regard to the rise, and progress, so far, of Indian disturbances, and make full report of their researches, to be handed to Gov. Curry, who is about to leave for Washington city, to help Jo Lane "pass the law" for defraying the expenses of the war. The Standard wants just as many "responsible men" as possible, to make oath that Wool has misrepresented us, and that Palmer told a falsehood when he said that "the cause of the present difficulty in Southern Oregon is wholly to be attributed to the acts of our own people;" that this war "has been forced upon those Indians, against their will, by a set of rascals for pecuniary and political objects, and sanctioned by a numerous population who regard the treasury of the United States a legitimate object of plunder." Although the Standard says nothing about it, we would suggest whether or not, a few men be got to swear, that a certain General Order No. 10, beginning with "Information having been received," &c., and that "armed parties have taken the field, indiscriminately slaughtering friendly Indians on their reservation, without regard to age or sex," &c., was strictly true, because the information came from Bush and his satellites, in direct contradiction as it was to the official report of Dr. Ambrose, Indian Agent in Rogue river; and also whether affidavits are to be taken to show, that the "favorite rifle" was well bushed and fired at the Know Nothings and Whigs who were in the service, in order to make a "party war" of it, and whether the policy of Gov. Curry in counteringmanding his order of Oct. 13, to Capt. Wilson, to proceed to Vancouver, to be mustered into the U. S. service, at the instigation of one Nesmith, as also the policy of surrendering the whole business into the hands of Delusion Smith's Legislature, at the instigation of one Bush, and of picking up a long train of officials from grog shops and gambling establishments, through whom the volunteers have been fed on horse beef—has been sufficiently justified by the "alembic of time" or not. Now it so happens that the statements made by Wool and Palmer in regard to the origin of the Southern war, are in harmony with each other, and with the statements of the Statesman for months after the first outbreak. Gen. Wool has bolstered his position, with letters of private correspondents. One of these men we believe to be Nesmith—if it is not so, let him deny it, if he dare. Jo Lane in his speech in Congress gives the lie to the statements of Wool, Curry, Palmer, and Bush, in reference to the difficulties South. A committee of pettifoggers had probably better be sent into these "prominent towns" to see that the affidavits are not so conflicting, that instead of bolstering up Curry, and bolstering down Wool and Palmer these affidavits don't bolster down Gov. Curry, and the whole people of Oregon together.

Now, in behalf of a very respectable portion of the Oregonians, we beg leave to suggest two or three things to these affidavit takers, which they probably never thought of. In the first place, the opinions of men in Washington are made up from official reports, and not from common rumor, from newspaper articles, (unless the newspaper is sent on by an official as supporting his position, as we hear the Statesman has been used by Gen. Wool,) or from affidavits of private citizens. The official reports of Wool, Curry, or Palmer, cannot possibly be set aside by all the affidavits that could be raked up in Oregon from men who are now looked upon at Washington as "treasury robbers," because they are asking for money, and as a great set of asses, because they elected a Legislature that set Delusion Smith in the Speaker's chair. Gov. Curry has already communicated either a true official statement of the beginning of Indian disturbances in the South, or he has sent on a false one. If true, it will have its weight in Washington; if false, he is not likely to stultify himself by packing a hundred affidavits to Washington contradicting what he has already stated. It does not matter at all to the people of Oregon whether the war was brought on by a few "reckless vagabonds" in the South or not. The vagabonds of the war is no more a concern of ours than was the justice of the war with Mexico, and the same reason that is urged against the payment of our volunteers, on this account, might have been urged against the payment of the volunteers who fought at Buena Vista and Cerro Gordo. We, the citizens of Oregon, had no means of knowing that the war was unjust, and we had no right to question the Executive authority

that called for volunteers and our property to support them. It was enough for us to know that the war existed, that our whole frontier was luminous with the camp-fires of savages, who were dancing over the scalps of our brethren, and holding our women and children in captivity. It was enough for us to know that the Governor of Oregon, the only recognized representative of the General Government in this Territory, sent here by that Government, and made commander-in-chief of the military department, had made a call upon us to shoulder our rifles and march to the conflict, and turn out our property to feed and clothe our brethren in the field. It was no more our business to inquire into the policy of Curry's plans and the justice of the war, than it would have been the business of the marines to ask such questions of Com. Perry when he ordered his ship cleared for action. We acted in good faith, believing that we were right in obeying orders, and we do not believe that the Government will try to sneak out of paying us. It is not our business to either bolster up or pull down Curry, Wool, Palmer, or any body else. Let all of these tubs stand on their own bottoms. This is the view our Delegate ought to take of this matter, instead of sticking his nose into the private quarrels of Wool, Curry, & Co. If our citizens haven't confidence in their Delegate to believe that he "will pass the law," as he says he will, and if they wish to advance their interests at Washington, let them get up petitions setting forth these arguments, and send them to some man in Washington who will take the trouble to present them, and who is capable of urging our claims. We hope we are understood.

Our Election.

The election last Monday passed off more quietly than any election we have ever witnessed in Oregon. Among the hundreds that thronged our streets we saw but two or three drunken men, and but one knock down. As this was between a Jew and a brother loco, it was soon happily adjusted, and by an external and internal ablution of cheap whisky, seasonably applied to the injured man, he was induced to shake hands with the Jew, and amicable relations were restored. In this precinct Matlock and Post ran ahead of their competitors, altho' the Jews to a man, true to their instincts, and burning with a great love for their "county," did all they could to defeat us. One Frenchman voted the whole Temperance ticket after witnessing the fight between the Jew and his fellow. Although we are beaten in the county, we have gained a great deal of vantage ground. Our defeat is solely attributable to our own indifference and negligence. In several precincts in the county we hear that there were no tickets for our candidates, and no friends to urge their claims. Some waited a long time for tickets, and went home without voting, while others, wearied with waiting, and vexed at our indifference, voted the loco ticket. The majority of the Temperance tickets are now in our sanctum, which we propose to sell cheap for cash, so as to get enough to pay our Printers' board while they were working on them. We believe that with the same industry used by our opponents we could have triumphantly carried this county.—At all events, we feel quite encouraged by the result. The way tickets were scratched on both sides, argues a wholesome state of public sentiment. The people are beginning to get their eyes open to the folly of supporting "party" bias. They will vote (many of them) just as they please. Our representatives elect made some capital by stealing our thunder in reference to submitting the prohibitory law to the people. If they evaded our ground, like the man who "barely" set his fox trap on Sunday, they "barely" evaded it. They made more capital by their open hostility to "bushism." Take them all in all, they are a pretty decent set of fellows, but capable of much improvement. Our Legislature next winter will be a decided improvement on the last.

The "democracy" everywhere are worn out and disgusted with the miserable "bushite" faction that has kicked them around as "excrement," and by its villainous rule disgraced Oregon in the eyes of all Christendom. We hope for a better order of things. Indeed, we expect it. Let those members who are elected on the opposition ticket, act with the discretion of serpents and the conciliation and harmlessness of doves in our next Legislature, and all will be well. The good of our country is what we go for, and if the Nebraska "locofocos" will accomplish this, and try to build up Oregon instead of a clique, we will swing our hat and halloo "hurrah!" just as long as they are right.

The last Mandate from the Headquarters of "bushism."

Previous to the election on last Monday, Mr. Murphy (the Surveyor) informed Mr. Crawford of Champeog that he, Murphy, should support him for the Legislature.—On the morning of the election, Murphy went to Crawford and expressed himself sorry that he could not support him, for the reason, as Murphy said, "I have just received a letter from my son, who is in the Land Office at Salem, who tells me that Bush had just called on him, and told him that if I voted for Crawford, he (Bush) would have him turned out of the Land Office."

We have this from Medoram Crawford, who got it from his brother John Crawford, the candidate.

The election returns are not all in from the precincts in this county up to the time we go to press, but as near as we can learn Collard is elected over Matlock by about 40 votes. Holbrook is probably beaten 75 votes. Hatch and Fish are considerably behind Holbrook and Matlock.—Lovejoy, Collard, and Starkweather, "democratic" representatives, are all elected.—The only doubt expressed by the friends of that ticket is in relation to the election of Carey Johnson as School Superintendent over Post. The idea seems to be that Post is elected, but the full returns may possibly show a different result.

The vote in this precinct stood as follows:

FOR REPRESENTATIVES.		
Dem.	Temperance.	Whig.
Lovejoy 168	Matlock 115	Holbrook, 107
Starkweather 119	Hatch 71	Collard 113
Fish 80		
AUDITOR.		
Holland 154	Whitlock 64	
TREASURER.		
T. Johnson 136	Pope 95	
PROBATE JUDGE.		
Caulfield 133	Bacon 86	
ASSESSOR.		
Beattie 138	Brook 89	
SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT.		
W. C. Johnson 107	Post 114	
COUNTY COMMISSIONER.		
Miller 137	Bryant 93	

Election Returns.

As we have no later news from the counties below, we copy the following returns from the Standard of last Thursday. From the returns of Multnomah, it would seem that those "tried [and convicted] democrats" of the "bushite" order didn't poll a very heavy vote. We hear that owing to the absence of Pat Malone the polls were not opened in their precinct:

MULTNOMAH COUNTY.—Official returns are not all in, and from two precincts we have not heard from a reliable source.—But from the data we have before us we are well assured that all the Democratic ticket is elected. The only doubt about any one is that of Joint Representative. From the best we can learn, Dryer is elected in this county from 3 to 10 votes. Belknap has somewhere from 30 to 40 majority. Brown has over 100 majority.

The county has given about 250 or 300 majority for Portland for the Seat of Government.

WASHINGTON COUNTY.—Cornelius has about 130 majority; Dryer has about 50 majority, and Johnson has about 10 majority in Washington county. The Democrats elected their Sheriff, Assessor and Treasurer. This account is not authentic, but a report brought in by a gentleman who says that it was so given to him at Hillsboro. For Seat of Government the vote was very much divided.

CLATSOP COUNTY.—Counselman, J. R. Bailey, Dem., 55; W. W. Parker, Tem., 56. Representative, J. W. Moffitt, D., 60; Jas. Taylor, T., 64. Prosecuting Attorney, Wm. L. McEwan, D., 49; no opposition.

Seat of Government, Astoria, Precinct; Eugene City 18; Salem, 51; Astoria 14; Corvallis 7.

CLATSOP COUNTY.—Furnished us by the Multnomah. Counselman, T. R. Cornelius, Whig, 52; Belknap, Dem., 28. Representative, S. E. Barr, W., 49; Geo. Merrill, D., 36; Sheriff, D. B. Stevens, W., 52; F. Perry, D., 35. Corvallis had the majority of the votes for the Seat of Government.

Election in Benton.

Mr. Avery furnishes us with the following returns from Benton county:

FOR REPRESENTATIVE.	
Avery, dem., 404	R. C. Hill, W., 210
J. A. Bennet, d., 280	
AUDITOR.	
Odenal, dem., 292	Biddle, W., 214
SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.	
Corvallis, 533	Eugene City, 15
Salem, 3	Buena Vista, 1

One precinct was yet to be heard from, which Mr. Avery thinks would give Hill 20 majority over Bennett. The whole democratic ticket is elected, excepting for Assessor.

The abuse which the Statesman has heaped upon Avery has had the effect to run him ahead of his own ticket. We learn there are only six "bushites" in Benton county. Three of these are Jews, one a penitentiary "convert," and the other two are "greasers." Well may the Statesman say, "all the virtue and morality" in Benton county belong to the opposers of "our party."

"And so it is of all the other moral questions.—They belong to our opponents."—Statesman.

So you have admitted at last just what we have contended for all the time. You stuck out pretty stoutly for about ten months that we had "kicked" when we charged you with being the special advocate of everything dirty. At the same time that you fought us, we noticed you also struggled hard against every instinct in the back part of your head. Your instinct has prevailed at last, and finding it is hard "to kick against the pricks," you have caved in, and now acknowledge that you lay no claim to "morality."

Take Notice.

Those friends who are ordering on Fowler's works, must remember, that we have to send the money, when we order the works, and the money must be sent to us before we order them, as we are not very "flush" just now. We would be happy to furnish the funds, just to accommodate, and then trust our friends, if we were able.

Utah. On our outside we give some interesting news from Utah. From this it will be seen that she is already knocking at the door of the Union for admission. Her domestic institutions are regulated by those sodomites in harmony with the principles of squatter sovereignty, as laid down in Douglas's Nebraska bill. We have always contended that this bill had an eye to polygamy in Utah, as well as slavery in Kansas; but, till very recently, we have not been able to find a single Nebraskite, except Jo Lane, who was willing to admit it. There is something so revolting to human nature in the idea of embracing Utah in all her sodomitical filth as a sister of this great political confederacy, that the great mass of the people of this Union are not prepared to assent to becoming politically married to this harlot till they have been schooled up to it by loco-foco politicians, who are next to get the vote of Utah at the next Presidential election. We have a squatter sovereign paper before us now, which broaches the question, and argues it just as we should expect such a paper would.

The following extract from a long editorial must suffice:

"Under the principle laid down in the Nebraska bill, that the people in a Territory have a right to fix and establish their own social institutions, Congress would seem to be bound by its own act to admit the State of Deseret without inquiring into the social or religious habits of the people. If a Constitution is offered which guarantees to the people a republican form of government, is not that all that Congress can ask?"

"It is an embarrassing and troublesome question, and one which our wise men at Washington will be greatly puzzled to know how to dispose of consistently with Constitutional obligations and moral feelings."

Under the order of things introduced by these Douglasites we are glad to see them admitting that they have run afoul of some "troublesome" and "embarrassing" difficulties, and that there must be a great struggle to reconcile loco-focoism with "Constitutional obligations and moral feelings." Under the wholesome policy of the government, in regard to Territories, as advocated by Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Clay, and Webster, and practiced by all Administrations up to that of Pierce, there would have arisen no difficulty in the matter. But strange as it may appear, while these modern "democrats" can see very plainly where Congress derives her constitutional power, to legislate back out of the Territories as she does in Oregon and Washington, and legislate foreign Governors, Judges, District Attorneys, Marshals & Secretaries, into Territories as it does in all the Territories, giving the Governors of Kansas and Nebraska the veto power, besides limiting the number of members in these Territorial Legislatures, and declaring all laws null and void, that are not in harmony with "organic acts" or Territorial constitutions made by Congress, and forced upon the people of said Territories—we say that while these loco-focos can see very clearly where Congress gets her power for doing all these things and many more, they cannot possibly see where Congress can find any power in the constitution for legislating slavery, polygamy, or cannibalism out of any Territory. Oh, loco-focoism! you are a jewel. No wonder that the corruptors which have been saddled upon that party by Douglas, Pierce, and other demagogues, in a mistaken attempt to strengthen its stakes and lengthen its cords by pandering to the lusts of the Mormons, has driven tens of thousands of true democrats from the party, and caused a hundred "democratic presses" in every part of the Union to thunder their final farewell to the old democratic ship, which so proudly outrode the storm when such men as Jefferson, Jackson, and Madison stood at the helm, but which under the gubernatorial conduct of Pierce, and Douglas as first mate, is rapidly approaching an awful political maelstrom, where she and her whole cargo of moral "reptiles and creeping things" are about to be swallowed up together. Such men as Benton, Fremont, Blair, Wentworth, Donelson, Wade, Chase, and a host of other great statesmen have already abandoned the old rotten hull. State after State has snatched its floating ensign from her creaking masts, till the freemen of New Hampshire have rushed from her granite hills, and bid their own little "Frank" a political farewell, notwithstanding the beseechings of "South Carolina eloquence," and the crocodile tears of "Bad Rum."

Reward Offered.

Almost every Saturday about half a dozen subscribers in this city call on us for an extra paper, complaining that somebody has "hooked" their paper. There are about half a dozen "locofocos" in this precinct who are too stingy to subscribe, but who never miss reading THE ARGUS.—They are so much interested in it that we hear they frequently sneak into the stores and pick it up as soon as it is dropped by the carrier, while the merchant is busy with a customer, and either keep possession of it two or three hours, or jam it into their pockets, and off with it. Now we propose to give it to all such customers who are too mean to patronize a home paper, if they will call at our office and give us their names, and promise to steal no more.

The moral principles we advocate may have some influence over them; if not, they will over their children, if they carry the paper home.

For news from the war, read our Wascopau correspondence.

Poetry. Oregon is a great country for poets. It must be that the lovely scenery by which we are everywhere surrounded, with its infinite variety of aspect, from the eternally snow-capped peaks that lift their heads in awful grandeur from the dark outlines of the eastern mountains, to the level, undulating prairies, green with perennial verdure, and odoriferous with a thousand delicate flowers, skirted by forests of gigantic firs and wide spreading oaks, that mark the courses of rivers that go dashing over cascades and roaring over cataracts, all conspire to stamp their poetic impress upon our western settlers and wake up the ideal bumps of those who never dreamed they possessed the "soul of poetry" till Oregon scenery developed it. As Oregon unites the wild grandeur of Norway with the genial mildness of Lesbos, it will doubtless be left to her to produce what the world has always been looking for, a model poet; one who combines the towering sublimity of an Ole Bull with the melting sweetness of a Sappho. There are already a hundred and one candidates among us, all ambitious to reach this acme of poetic perfection, and tread the climax of half human and half divine excellence.

Who will be the successful person, is now known only to the gods. Whether we shall be permitted, even in our old age, to look through our spectacles and see the queen of the "Sacred Nine" dissolve the *nebula* that now envelope him, we are not able even to offer a reasonable conjecture. Perhaps a majority of the candidates have already asked us to spread before the world some choice "specimens" that are to be entered at the "Poet's Fair" for prizes.—Many of these, for want of space, and diverse other reasons, we have "inserted" in our stove instead of our paper. But here comes one, which our readers shall have the benefit of. It comes to us as purely anonymous from some author in the eastern part of Clackamas county. The merits of the piece will be a sufficient excuse for our departure from the general rule.

It is a very appropriate apostrophe to the "pioneer" that headed the loco-foco ticket on last Monday. We wish the "pome" had been printed on the ticket just over the bird.

The Eagle of our Country's Flag.

- 1 Hail glorious bird which proudly soar Above the clouds above our shore We trace thy form with a searching eye When far up in the azure sky
- 2 Thou glorious bird so bold so free Upon my country's flag I see Thy noble form which shines to me That my country now is free
- 3 Upon the Ocean's stormy main There on our flag I see the same Thy form thy glorious miniature Yes there is all while time endures
- 4 Hail glorious bird forever hail Columbus sons will never fail To keep the from all future harm While bound to gather with freedom's arms Rock Creek Clackamas Co.

Another good Move.

Friend RUDOLPH, in writing to us from Sublimity, says:

"It may not be uninteresting to you to say we had a meeting last Friday at Sublimity, to see what we could do in regard to an institution of learning. After the preliminary steps had been taken and a subscription was presented, there was nearly two thousand dollars subscribed, which speaks well for Sublimity. We want to get up something in opposition to that distillery; we must do something."

Indeed it is not "uninteresting" to us to hear of this move in the Waldo Hills in behalf of education. It interests us more than it would to hear of a battle between Col. Wright's command and Kamiakin, resulting in the death of a hundred Indians. With the great mass of the people, the all absorbing theme for the last few months has been the war. "What's the news? What's the news from the seat of war?" has been the interrogation, which has met us at every turn and corner, where we happened to run afoul of somebody that we hadn't seen for several hours. The Indian war news is now getting stale, the war is probably pretty much over, the election is over, the Indians are badly scared if not whipped, so are the loco-focos, and we now turn our attention for news to the great battle-field, where truth girds on her celestial armor to combat error, and where science brandishes her burnished blade at the monster Ignorance, who stalks abroad at noonday undermining the substantive basis of our social and political fabrics. A victory in that direction, or even a marshaling of the hosts preparatory to a conflict with our country's enemies, we hail with unspeakable delight.

Our friends in the Waldo Hills, have wisely concluded that it is high time "to get up something" to counteract the evils that surround them. In "getting up" a good school, they have "got up" the very best thing they could. Ignorance and vice must be fought from this out, and driven from the field, by means of schools, and the public press. Long after the Indian war is over, there will be a great deal of "fighting to be done." And just here we will tell a little anecdote that was related to us by Mr. JOHN DANNY, one of Marion's best men, when we passed through Sublimity last summer. It ran in this wise: On the morning of the memorable battle of the Thames, Gen. HARRISON exhibited his plan of attack, accurately drawn up to Gov. Shelby of Kentucky, and asked him what he thought of it. Shelby replied "I don't know anything about fighting on paper, but if there's any fighting to be done, let us get at it." This is the first time this inci-

dent has probably ever been published, and we publish it now, that it may pass into history, and that we may have a good illustration of our point. There is fighting to be done, and no mistake, before Oregon is redeemed, not with carnal weapons, we hope, but with such as are mighty to the pulling down of strong holds; weapons that while they kill they make alive, and while they disarm our opponents, and strip them of their scaly integuments, they place in their hands weapons more effectual than the halbert of an Ajax, and cover them with a breastplate thrice three-fold more impenetrable than the brazen shield of Achilles.

"If there's any fighting to be done, let us get at it." A good school, and a good newspaper, will do more good fighting in a family or neighborhood, for the cause of virtue and intelligence, than the most gifted preacher that has ever harangued an audience since Paul made the throne of the Caesars tremble with his eloquence. Their influence is sometimes almost imperceptible for a season, but they are just as sure to work wonders in molding and shaping, public sentiment and in forming the opinions of the young, as a long summer of consecutive days of sunshine and seasonable showers are sure to reward the diligent husbandman with an abundant harvest.—We have already seen enough of the fruits of labor of this kind in Oregon, to wish they were more universal.

We have no particular partiality for any particular portion of Oregon; it is all good, all beautiful, and every neighborhood in it offers an inviting field for the labors of the philanthropist. But we have sometimes been tempted to think while riding through the Waldo Hills, and remarking the loveliness of the country, and the apparent intelligence and thrift of the citizens, that it was just such a country as ought to afford several excellent schools, and furnish us two hundred paying subscribers. Money invested in the cause of education, is better far better, invested than that which is loaned at three per cent a month. We want to live to see Oregon dotted all over with public common schools, with a high school in every county, and a college to every fifty thousand inhabitants, with good roads, bridges, and other internal improvements, with fifteen millions of inhabitants, brought here by the great Pacific Railroad, and all freemen, independent of the shackles of party, uncontrolled by demagogues, virtuous, intelligent, brave, and happy, then we shall have witnessed the travail of our soul, and being satisfied, we will be ready to go hence, bequeathing to our children the blessings we now strive to secure.

Coal.

Mr. AVERY informs us that the Yamhill tickets printed in the Statesman office were finished up by putting Salem on as the Seat of Government. Now we have no objections to the people voting for Salem, or any other point they choose—but the beauty of the thing consists in making any locality a "democratic candidate."

"This was the last kick of the 'ism' called 'bushism,' which the people have so easily throttled.

Messrs. Bingham and Hedges have nearly completed the plank side-walk from Canemah to the break-water. They have made an excellent job of it, and we hope all subscribers will fork over immediately.—The improvement will probably be continued by our city authorities so as to connect with our side walk at Dr. McLoughlin's.—Such improvements as this speak well for our citizens.

We notice that John Gibson has accepted our challenge, and painted his building, and we publish him according to contract.

Highly Satisfactory.

PORTLAND, May 30th, 1856. MR. EDITOR—Will you please to state in your columns what I declared to be my principles upon the location question, sometime in 1852, and whether or not, I published in your paper the fact that I was then a Whig, and would be found so, when the party lines should be drawn. Your obedient servant, THOS. CARTER.

[In a communication inserted in the "Times" in May, 1852, signed Thomas Carter, the above statements in substance appeared under his signature.—ED. OF THE TIMES.]

If anybody has seen anything equal to this, in the way of political correspondence we should like to have him send it on.—Carter asks the "Judge" to state, "what I declared to be my principles upon the location question," and "whether or not I published in your paper that I was a whig."

The "Judge" replies in his usual happy and lucid style, "You announced the above sentiments in substance."

The only parallel case to this we have ever seen, was that of a "Judge" or President of a debating society in Vermont; who after hearing the arguments upon the question, "Is punkin pies pizen, or good and wholesome victuals?" decided it in the negative.

Portland, June 4, 1856.

Dear Argus—I hasten to communicate the melancholy fact of the death of J. G. RILEY, a member of the Sons of Temperance in this city, and a Printer in the Oregonian office. Last night as he was sitting in the Hall of the Sons of Temperance, he became convulsed with spasms, and died in less than ten minutes. The Physician had not time to reach here before he expired. He is supposed to have died from an affection of the heart. He was an estimable young man, and the loss is felt by us all.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.