

TERMS—The Argus will be furnished at Three Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, in advance, to single subscribers—Three Dollars each to clubs of ten at one office—in advance. When the money is not paid in advance, Four Dollars will be charged if paid within six months, and Five Dollars at the end of the year. Two Dollars for six months—No subscriptions received for a less period. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

The Oregon Argus.

—A Weekly Newspaper, devoted to the Principles of Jeffersonian Democracy, and advocating the side of Truth in every issue.—

Vol. III. OREGON CITY, OREGON, AUGUST 8, 1857. No. 17.

ADVERTISING RATES. One square (12 lines or less) one insertion, \$2.00 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 the locality. HANDBILLS, POSTERS, BLANKS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLET-WORK and other kinds, done to order, on short notice.

ALBANY, LINN Co., July 11, 1857. To the Editor of the Argus—

DEAR SIR: Thinking for some time past, that the actions of temperance and anti-temperance men in this village and precinct, under our present license law, might conduce to the advance of the temperance cause, as well as to give courage and zeal to its friends in Oregon, I am induced to give you a few facts as having transpired in this place. And here I would say that the gentleman that formerly sold spirituous liquors in this place retired from the business over a year ago, having paid into the county treasury some three hundred dollars for violations of the law. At the December term of the county commissioners' court an application was made for a license to retail spirituous liquors. The petition was in circulation nearly one month before notices were put up according to law, and from fifty to sixty names obtained on it. When presented to the commissioners it had a few names more than the remonstrance. A motion was then made to have it ruled out as illegal, on the ground of signatures being obtained before the notices were up—the applicant admitting to the commissioners that some forty names were on before he posted notices. Yet the license was granted for one year upon the applicant paying \$100.—Furthermore, the applicant was put under bonds to pay all the costs in case an appeal was taken. The appeal being taken, His Honor Judge Williams held that the law was virtually an election law—that signatures obtained before the putting up of notices rendered it null and void—that the commissioners ought not to have granted the license—that "if the law were allowed to be frittered away in one point, it might in another, and soon it would be rendered useless"; also that "publicity must be given to the notices"—hence his decision was that the applicant have his money refunded him pro rata to the time he sold—and that the county pay the costs.

At this July session of the board of county commissioners the same person applied again for a license. It seems one of his notices (the only one we were able to see) was written for another person. This was presented to the board, and as he could not prove that three notices had been put up in his name as applicant, the petition was not legally before the board—hence ruled out.

Within an hour another young man presented a petition with some sixty names, praying that a license might be granted him. And here again let me say that up to that day the friends of temperance expected but one petition to be presented, and which had been done in the first instance—consequently we were not a little surprised to find out with what tact and ability (as they thought) they had a second petition prepared, of which we knew nothing. Prof as to notices being put up was demanded. This was proved by two witnesses. So far the law had been complied with. A motion was then made to have it ruled out, as it was presented a day too soon to satisfy the law. The commissioners held that it was illegal to act on it that day. Yet the applicant and his attorney, being so anxious to have it before the board, insisted upon its being filed, which was done. Objection was also made that the notices were not put up in the most public places, as the law directs. The friends of temperance also contended that it was an underhanded measure—that not one of the notices were seen by any of them—that proof could be adduced to show that the applicant had requested those that signed it to say nothing about it. Here the board took the matter into consideration till the afternoon, when they decided that there was not publicity enough given in order to meet the law—that fraud appeared upon the very face of the whole thing—and that it was very singular that for two or three years the friends of temperance had not been able to see but one notice in this place. All honor to the board of commissioners. They acted impartially in the entire matter, and were determined that if license were granted, it should rest upon law, and be sustained in case of an appeal. A remonstrance was circulated, having twenty-five names more than the petition; but was not presented, as there was no need of it, in order to defeat both of the applicants.

Report says that licenses have been granted in various parts of the Territory in violation of the law, when if a remonstrance had been presented and an appeal taken, would have beyond a doubt been reversed. Temperance men would do well to look into this law. It only requires decision and action (or at least we have found it so in this place) to defeat the granting of license in most places in the Territory. If it is virtually an election law, let one man if not more remonstrate, and try the question on an appeal, if necessary, and see if it will not compel the applicant to obtain a majority of the legal

voters in order to secure a license to make widows and orphans, as well as drunkards of our rising young men. Judging from what has transpired, there is reason to believe that our courts will hold to a strict construction of the law; and, if so, there is much ground to act on, as well as to let the liquor seller understand that he must abide the law. Thus far, but one license has been granted in this place since the law was enacted, and that one was in violation of law, as decided on its being taken up.

Thus having arranged the programme for a license so admirably, they were sure beyond a doubt of making the last petition win. But, alas! the board of commissioners did not see proper to do their bidding this time, and they were rather nonplussed when they ascertained the result. It seemed to affect them so powerfully that they or some of the friends of the delicious still could not rest easily under it; hence upon the second morning after the decision, two large placards were seen posted up in two quite conspicuous places, stating that two of the citizens of this place, who had taken an active part in having the law carried out, and in defeating their getting license, would petition the board at their next session for a license to retail spirituous liquors in this Albany precinct. But their counsel was not very far-seeing—the matter was overdone, and it created too much laughter in our quiet village to produce the effect intended by the writer. Respectfully yours, J. CONNER.

For the Argus. Old Ruth.

This old lady was remarkable among other things for her age. I feel very certain that she was ten years old at her death, if not more. She belonged to our family eight years. Previous to this she belonged to Mr. Hantly. Mr. Hantly got her of Mr. Baker, and the latter of somebody else. Allowing an ownership of a year and a half to each of these persons, her age would be twelve years and more.

But whether she was that old or younger, she was "Old Ruth" several years before her death. And though others of her kind may live to be older than she, few at least are known to be so. This fact may arise from want of observation, from the frequent changings, tradings, and killings, which so often affect the longevity of chickens. Concerning the early history of Old Ruth, I know little. But it was not to write her whole history I started out. All the incidents in the life of an old hen, her frights at foxes, weasels, polecats, and dogs, together with the common occurrences of every-day life, would not be interesting. I will mention therefore only a few of the more noticeable and "worthy deeds" of our old heroine.

Old Ruth was quite sociable. She would eat from my hand without fear, and sometimes jump in my lap. The other chickens meantime would run up, snatch a mouthful, and then run away. Old Ruth lost no time in such maneuvering. Her confidence and friendship gained much for her under such circumstances.

Though she would follow me about, smoothing her feathers against my clothes, she was not so familiar while in charge of a brood of little chickens. In a different position in society she acted differently. She had important duties to perform that would not allow her time to play with me; hence she gave me no encouragement.—She was not cross, however, unless I disturbed the little ones. She had none of that indefinite flapping and fluttering about common to most old hens, when discharging their motherly duties. If necessary to defend her chicks, she would fly right at my face. Many times has she pecked my eyes; and, until pretty well grown, would always drive me away.

I never knew hawks to catch any of her young ones. She has often flown, to appearances, as high as the tree tops, to drive them and other suspicious birds away. I have seen other hens fly a little way after hawks, but never so high, and generally after the chicken was captured, when too late to do any good. Old Ruth considered prevention better than cure.

But Old Ruth, like the rest of us, had her weak points, one of which I will mention, as it used to please me very much.—When I would laugh (she in my lap), she would peck at my teeth, mistaking them for grains of corn. Having no teeth herself, she never dreamed of anybody else having them. And, like many of the human family, she never learned by experience, but would persist in taking herself as a standard in the matter of teeth—would peck at my teeth at every opportunity, still thinking them grains of corn.

Old Ruth had one trick rather amusing. She would open her mouth like a young bird and catch grains of corn before falling to the ground. She would seldom miss.—Sometimes she would jump up a foot from the ground and catch grain. She got

many a good feed by way of gratifying the curiosity of strangers. A neighbor amused himself one day by throwing hail to her. She would catch it, but not swallow.

How she learned this little art I know not. Who knows but that she was ambitious for distinction, and with her superior reasoning faculties, fell on that plan to render herself conspicuous? Phenology might explain. In truth, I would like to have her cranium. It would be a valuable addition to the cabinet of Fowler & Wells. But it is not to be had. Lying exposed to the freezes of Iowa and the decomposing influence of the atmosphere since '47, it is probably in a poor condition to exhibit accurately the size and shape of the brain of Old Ruth.

Poor old bird, playmate, and chicken friend of my childhood! This is all I can do to perpetuate your name. If thy spirit liveth—if thou ever hadst a spirit—peace and progress be with thee. CLARA.

For the Argus. Way to Foolery Illustrated.

"JEWELRY.—The Sultan of Turkey being about to give away his daughter to a son of the Egyptian Viceroy, has ordered jewelry to the value of £100,000. Even her slippers are to be set in diamonds, and the setting of her fan and mirror are valued at £20,000."—Phrenological Journal.

The Sultan is a fool. Now we don't say that he is a "natural born fool," or that he is entirely destitute of sense. We mean that he belongs to a certain class, for there are more than one. "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." The Sultan, perhaps, does not belong to this class, although he does not act much like a man who expects to account to God for his stewardship in the use of this world's goods.

A fool is said to be "one destitute of reason." The old Turk comes under this definition fully, so far as dress and his daughter go. Jewelry to the amount of £100,000! And not a single article of dress bought yet. What the whole outfit is to cost would almost frighten certain of our friends, who recently expatiated on the extravagance of dress exhibited by a young married lady. The friends mentioned are father, mother, and son. The cost of all their apparel, worn on the occasion of the same church meeting, was about \$50. The lady's suit was something more than all this; say \$75, jewelry included. Will not they utter an exclamation point when they calculate about the Sultan's daughter! We fancy we hear their spokesman now: "Five hundred thousand dollars for jewelry for one girl! Sakes alive! A laboring man to cover that sum, at one dollar per day, three hundred days to the year, would have to work one thousand six hundred and sixty-six years and eight months! If that don't beat all!"

We agree with our friends. We think also that if the fortune of the Sultan were changed, and he required to work at hard labor to raise the sum he pays for that jewelry, he would often be led to exclaim, "What a fool I was in making that extravagant outlay!" There; he admits it; we turn this evidence against him because it is reasonable, though, perhaps, not strictly legal.

We have said the Sultan is a fool in one particular at least, and we think we can prove it. By the way, the daughter is not far behind him. But she is a lady; we like the ladies; good fortune bless them every where. We let her off, though she is in Turkey, and we out of reach of her golden broomstick. Beg pardon, Miss, a thousand pardons, for this meandering of the pen, intimating that you ever used a broom. Really, would convey no such idea. But the argument.

The Sultan has perpetrated a gross superfluity. £100,000 for jewelry is entirely unnecessary in equipping a young lady for any occasion. Utility, or the idea of the beautiful, does not require it. It is in poor taste. The ruling motive is to make display on the basis of great pecuniary expense. It is giving greater importance to trinkets than to adornings of mind.

But superfluity of cost— aspiring to distinction by display of wealth—is so common that the real foolery of the thing is not so readily seen. It is like the errors of swearing and drunkenness in man.—They are so common they become almost virtues; but seen in woman, their harmfulness fully appears. We adopt this plan to eliminate our ideas.

Well, the superfluity with which we charge the Sultan is essentially the same with superfluity every where else. Suppose, then, as potatoes are very scarce at a given time, a man orders ten bushels cooked at once to feast a party of a half dozen persons; wouldn't we promptly say the man is very silly! A small farmer, tilling forty acres of land, builds a barn two hundred feet long, properly proportioned in other respects; we say, he too is a fool.

Now, we take no other ground in the Sultan's case than this thought of excess. This alone proves the point.

But may he not be excusable? Certainly; no person can help a lack of matterly reason; the idiot cannot help his situation, yet he remains the same for all that. We are all the creatures of circumstance. To begin with, we have what nature gives us; upon this capital stock circumstances operate and make us what we are. Surrounding influences may yet redeem the Sultan from the fooldom of extravagance; they may also plunge many into it. We write this article to be a circumstance to somebody, and trust it may make the way more plain to those who are determined to be fools, and also to those who are fools and wish to be sensible.

A word to the poor who aspire to the foolery of show. Superfluity in anything will make a fool of you, or prove you to be a fool if you only like the Turk carry it far enough. If a farmer, and you happen to have plenty of wheat, while others have little, feed superfine flour to your horses. If you are a poor girl working for a few dollars per year, spend it nearly all for finger rings and put them all on your fingers. Few persons would take either of you amiss; you would be fools by the rule of superfluity. \$500,000 for jewelry!—If the Sultan could transform these into mental jewels, and would set them in his own mind, we certainly would withdraw our charge. EX-ANDREW.

Political Correspondence.

Hon. Edward Stanly, for many years a prominent member of Congress from North Carolina, and now a resident of San Francisco, has been nominated by the Republican Party for Governor of California. The letter of Mr. Stanly found below will be read with peculiar interest, coming as it does from one who was so long a distinguished Southern Representative in Congress:

Letter by Republican Sub-Committee to Mr. Stanly.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 13th, 1857. HON. EDWARD STANLY.—Dear Sir: The undersigned have been appointed by the State Central Committee of the Republican Party to invite you to address the citizens of San Francisco, on Wednesday evening next, at Musical Hall, upon the political questions involved in the approaching election.

In giving to you the standard of the Republican Party to bear aloft upon the battle field this fall, the State Convention knew in whom it trusted. It did not forget the votes you have recorded, nor your gallant defence of freedom upon many a field of debate. It knew that, while of late you had not been an active political partisan, the opinions you had avowed during all your former political life were substantially those of the Republican Party, as they are of free men throughout the nation.

Full of confidence in our candidates and of hope in the triumph of truth in their election, we extend to you this invitation, and beg your acceptance of the same.—We are, very respectfully,

Your obedient servants, F. M. HAIGHT, SAMUEL SOULE, CHAS. WATROUS, J. McM. SHAFTER.

Mr. Stanly states his Position and Political Opinions.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 13th, 1857. GENTLEMEN:—I have had the honor to receive your invitation to address the citizens of San Francisco on Wednesday evening, upon the political questions involved in the approaching election. I will, if no accident prevents, comply with your request.

When the result of the nomination was made known to me, I gave an answer by telegraph, which I understand was not received by the Convention before it adjourned. This makes it proper on my part, as well as due to the Convention, that I should give you a further expression of my opinions. These opinions have not been formed since I came to California. I have no new catechism, by which to regulate my conduct.

When in Congress, as well as in the Legislature of my well-beloved native State, my opinions were not concealed from my constituents. Though in common with all Southern men, I condemned the attempts of abolitionists to interfere with the rights of the Southern States, I never hesitated to say, in public speeches, as in private, that Slavery was an evil; I never was guilty of the folly of denying, what even Presidents—beginning with the Father of his Country and coming down to the time of Polk—had admitted, that Congress had the power to prohibit the extension of Slavery to Free Territory. By these declarations, opposition was stimulated and sometimes unmeasured denunciation followed. But upon appealing to Cæsar from the politicians, to patriotic Whigs and Democrats—to the people, I was triumphantly sustained. When I advocated the right of the people of California to enter the Union as a Free State I was threatened with the loss of the confidence of my constituents—but, against furious opposition, I was sustained.

After the enormous outrage perpetrated by the repeal of the Missouri compromise, as a private citizen I never spoke otherwise than in terms of the most decided condemnation of that act. I know there are thousands and tens of thousands of men in the Southern country who concur with me in this condemnation. It was a violation of faith; a scheme of politicians to obtain Southern favor, at the risk of

creating sectional divisions, with the hope of securing their own personal aggrandizement. It has produced nothing but discord and sectional strife. It was as startling and as reprehensible as the doctrines of the Ostend Circular—doctrines which if carried out by the Government, will bring us into collision with, and degrade us in the estimation of, the civilized world.

I am not able now to remember any other great question of National character which has excited the attention or divided the opinion of our countrymen for some years past. The construction of a National Railroad uniting us with the Eastern States, is so universally regarded as being indispensable to the best interests of the whole country, it can hardly be regarded as a question to be argued between different parties. It is needless to say it would have my cordial support.

As the most important matter of State policy, I regard it our duty to impress upon the people the necessity of reform, of lessening the burthen of oppressive taxation, and by economy, provide for keeping the public credit unimpaired. For expressing these opinions, I know I shall be censured; probably denounced as an abolitionist. I can endure that in the future, as I have in the past. Harrison, the Hero of Tippecanoe; Scott, the conqueror of Mexico; the ever-glorious Clay, did not escape the bitterness of party vituperation. They, together with President Buchanan, and the distinguished patriots, Fillmore and Cass, were all called abolitionists, by their opponents, when party spirit had made reason a prisoner.—How then can one so humble as myself, expect to escape unattacked! I shall endeavor to bear it with dignity and charity; hoping, after the contest is over, it will be regretted; and will forgive it before its injustice is admitted.

It is well known to all my friends with whom I ever conversed on political matters, that one main purpose of making my residence in this State was to become free from political life. And for this reason I have sought no office, desired no place of profit and several times refused to allow my name to be considered in connection with offices, the emoluments of which generally made them desirable. I have also, on this new and enlarged theatre of action, desired to allow party differences to be forgotten, the causes which led to their formation no longer existing. I have recommended to others and to some members of your Convention, the course pursued by myself—to vote for men who were of good character, honest and capable, without regard to their political opinions. A prominent Democrat, universally esteemed as a man of integrity, and of great experience, was spoken of as one upon whom the people could unite, and for whom my suffrage would have been cheerfully given. Individually I wish this could be done. California has suffered by adherence to party discipline. The question has not been, what is best for her honor and welfare, but who shall take this office, or who will buy that? The Moloch of party has greatly oppressed her people, and almost destroyed her prosperity. She will never attain that rank among her sister States to which she is entitled, until her people, forgetting what is past, shall unite in the common purpose of emancipating her from the slavery of mind—from the despotism of party spirit. We are in a new and commanding position before the world. We have a State unlike any other in our Union—her laws not settled, her finances disordered, her credit impaired; defalcations common and numerous; with a population of citizens by birth or choice generally strangers to each other, and too much engrossed by their own affairs to pay much attention to public interests. Our State demands duties of higher character than those we owe to party.

I had hoped, as one of the people in the humble, but honorable walk of private life to have been allowed to do my duty in accordance with these opinions. Your Convention has called upon me to take a more prominent position, and with my ideas of the duties of a good citizen, I have not felt at liberty to decline.

Let us go on then and do our duty to our country, and to the State of our adoption. We are advocating principles sanctioned by Washington, and our revolutionary fathers. We are striving for the elevation of labor, to secure its honor and continued respectability; to secure to all men the free exercise of religious opinion, and so far as we can, to secure to every citizen a home, where strong arms, blessed with freedom, cheerfulness and plenty, shall have light hearts, every man under his own vine and fig tree, where none can molest or make him afraid; to secure the exiles in search of freedom an asylum on the Pacific shore, where the ruthless hand of despotic power can no longer oppress them; and by affording the means of education to all, give encouragement to private virtue; and by sustaining unimpaired public honor, make ourselves respected by the world, and our republican institutions the glory of our own country, and the hope of mankind.

With the highest respect, your obedient servant, EDWARD STANLY.

To Messrs. F. M. Haight, Samuel Soule, Chas. Watrous, and James McM. Shafter.

WARNING TO TOBACCO CONSUMERS.—A correspondent, writing from Kentucky, informs us that "the hog penitence has been traced to some droves that passed through a tobacco-growing district on their way East." He also remarks, that "tobacco-smokers are using prussic acid, to give an almond flavor to the leaf; and in consequence of this poison, a number of smokers have lost the use of their lower limbs."

The wheel of fortune turns incessantly round, and who can say within himself, I shall to-day be apperment!

Woman's eye appears most beautiful when it glances through a tear, as the light of a star seems more brilliant when it sparkles on the wave.

The Tomb of Lawrence. There is a neglected tomb in New York, that has a helliness and a history in it, a tomb in whose presence a courtier might become a patriot, and a traitor tremble like Agrippa before Paul.

You are loitering down Broadway, New York. Trinity spire invites you to its cool shadow from the sultry afternoon.—You turn into the quiet green ward circling the church, the place of the dark hours and long sleep. Snowy marbles, chiseled into weeping beauty, mourn the virtues of some nameless dust. There, hidden and condemned by these gaudy marble falsehoods, is found a low tomb of brown stone. You pass it without a look or thought. So do the harrying throngs of commerce—so the dallying armies of fashion, heedless of how much virtue and of the spirit that nerves to great deeds is treasured in that vault. The man that sleeps there uttered a phrase nobler than Nelson's at Trafalgar—gave character to the American navy—clothed victory with the courtesies and the charities of our nature, and snubbed defeat by the spirit of a demigod.

When that man fell upon the quarter-deck, in the gush of his own blood, he exclaimed, "Don't give up the ship!" It is LAWRENCE. He has bequeathed a spirit to the American navy that to the latest day will stir a sailor's blood, and make American oak unconquerable. We are willing to make speeches, write essays, burn gunpowder, point to the waving flag of the Chesapeake with feelings of love and pride and sorrow choking in our mouths—and nothing more. That poor spot is holy land. There is a spell upon it only less sacred than Christianity. If ever the genius of a nation might stoop to tears with dignity, it is over that lone, neglected, yet undying earth.

A monument like a mast should be reared above his tomb. It should be the last object upon the sailor's eye as he goes to bear our flag through storm and battle—the first to bid him welcome as he returns with that flag—defeated or victorious, but far ever unslung.

Men shall yet make pilgrimages to that spot. Time shall become the Minister of Justice, and our neglect shall be a hissing and a shaking of the head to other generations, when the Republic shall emblazon in sculptured marble a heroism whose fame shall outlast the stone, and will ever live in the imperishable records of history.—V. Y. Citizen, (Irish paper.)

WHEN A MAN MAY KILL HIS ASSAILANT.

—A case has been recently decided by the Court of Appeals in Frankfort, Ky., which settles the question as to when a man who is attacked in the State of Kentucky is justified in killing his assailant. The case was from Grayson Circuit, in which Meredith had been convicted of manslaughter for the killing of one Ireland, who attacked him; and the Lower Court charged the jury—"If Ireland assaulted the defendant, and he had reasonable grounds to believe he was in danger of sustaining great bodily harm, or the loss of life from such assault, if necessary to protect his life or person from great bodily harm, he might kill Ireland, if he had no safe means of escaping. But if the defendant could have safely retreated from the danger, and by that means saved his life and person, he is not excusable for the killing of Ireland." The Higher Court, however, decided that this charge was wrong. That the jury had nothing to do with the question whether "the defendant could have safely retreated," that being a question to be settled by the defendant himself. "In the exercise of this judgment, he must act rationally.—Whether an actual necessity to kill existed or not, was a question to be decided by Meredith at the time. Though he may have erred in his judgment—though he could have safely retreated—yet, if he acted in good faith, and had reasonable grounds to believe that his only safety was to kill his antagonist, the law excuses him."

THE EXISTING ADMINISTRATION A MONKEY ONE.—The "untried Democracy" have fallen under the control of a moneyed aristocracy. The President and his Cabinet are all wealthy men, counting their means, some by hundreds of thousands and some by millions—the richest Cabinet ever known. It would seem that we are rapidly approaching that arrangement of parties which has always existed in all republican governments—a union of the very rich with the very poor and ignorant against the industrious middle class, and ending but too often—which Heaven avert in our case!—in the overthrow of liberty and the establishment of a tyranny in its place.—N. Y. Tribune.

Woman's eye appears most beautiful when it glances through a tear, as the light of a star seems more brilliant when it sparkles on the wave.