

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 city ready to receive orders for all the requirements of the locality. HANDBILLS, POSTERS, BLANKS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLET-WORK and other kinds, done to order, on short notice.

One by One. One by one the suns are flowing, One by one the mountains fall; Some are coming, some are going, Do not strive to grasp them all. One by one they dates wait there, Let thy who's at engh go to each, Let no future dreams elate thee, Learn thou first what these can teach. One by one (bright gifts from Heaven,) Joy is sent thee here below, Take them really when given, Ready to let them go. One by one the girls shall meet thee, Do not fear an armed band; One will false as others greet thee, Shadow passing through the land. Do not look at life's long narrow, See how small each moment's pain; God will help thee far to-morrow, Every day begins again. Every hour that feels so slowly, Has its task to do or bear; Luminous the crown and holy, If thou set each go with care. Do not linger with regretting, Or for passing hours despair; Nor, the daily toil forgetting, Look too eagerly beyond. Hours are golden links, God's tokens, Reaching Heaven; but one by one Take them, lest the chain be broken Ere the pig-mage be done. Household Words.

The Eruption of Vesuvius.

The best account of the eruption of Vesuvius we can find is in the following letters extracted from The London Daily News:

NAPLES, Saturday, May 5, 1855. Having purchased our tickets at Resina, we turned out of the high road into the comparatively narrow and heavy road which begins the ascent. It is formed of loose volcanic dust and pulverized lava and hard work it is indeed for the weary horses to get along. Our attendants most prudently by refusing to advance, so that, dismounting, we took to our legs. A woman might have gone up alone, so dense were the crowds either coming or going, for we know that apart from curiosity many felt not a little relief at the eruption, as though it had saved them from the disasters of an earthquake and were full of the hope of joyousness. As we got down under the mountain we experienced something like disappointment, for the elevation on which the Hermitage stands hid from our view the fire and smoke and the streams of lava which even from Naples formed so magnificent a spectacle. As we got higher and higher the glare of light reflected on the sky became visible, and by the time we had got to the Hermitage the grandeur of the scene began to open upon us. Pushing on from this point through cicerones and donkeys, horses, carriages and christians, as bipeds are styled in Naples, we traversed, for some distance the road which leads to the cone, when, turning sharp off to the left, we arrived at a point on the stream of lava where it forms a cascade. This is about a mile or a mile and a half from its source; and here a vast crowd was assembled as though it afforded the grandest colpo d'occhio. To tell the truth your correspondent labors to write coolly, for such was the magnitude of the scene that were one to trust too much to his feelings he would be hurried into what might appear exaggeration. The lava on which we stood was yesterday a boiling, moving stream; it was still hot to our feet, and taking up the loose pieces of coke the glowing fire was clearly perceptible beneath; we lit our cigars at it, and played all kinds of practical jokes; and, jumping over the fiery fissures, stood by the side of the bed of moving lava. Imagine thousands of tons of coke piled out together, and rolling mass over mass, and some idea may be formed of the noise—not that it was loud, but a widespread incessant sh—sh—sh—sh—like water over pebbles. When a great accumulation of materials had been formed at the edge of the precipice, the outer blackened crust broke up, and rolling over into the abyss below, bounded from rock to rock down among the chestnut trees, which withered and flamed up, and then fell over. The immense body of heat and light which then burst forth nearly scorched and blinded us, and instinctively we held up our hands to ward it off. The breadth of the stream in this direction is 100 paces, says the Neapolitan journal; from my observation, I should say nearer 200 paces. Of course all calculation must be mere guess-

The Oregon Argus.

W. L. ADAMS, Editor and Proprietor. AMERICA—Knows nought of golden promise of kings, Knows nought of coronets, and stars, and strings. VOL. 1. OREGON CITY, OREGON TERRITORY, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1855. NO. 13.

work as who can measure a fiery flood—I never witnessed such mighty results of power apparently so unconnected with any cause. It produced the same impression upon me that the Toledo or Strand might do were either to take it into its head to walk. There was a solid plain which we might have crossed some eight and forty hours before now going full drive over a precipice some thirty or forty feet deep, and then stealing onward, as it now is, through chestnut groves and vineyards and villages, and the steepest places of some consideration. Above the precipice the stream—or rather two streams, which are united at the entrance—flows through a plain in a serpentine form, and following back its course we arrived at the foot of the cone. Half way up we came upon the first of seven months, all of which throw out either lava or stones, or both. Those which threw out lava bubbled and gurgled over, while those which made a greater effort and threw out stones, kept up an incessant noise, as that of a distant heavy cannonade. What a foreground was this! Behind these in the distance the background was formed of heavy masses of lurid clouds, showing off by a strong contrast the vivid flames in front. The lava flowed down the sides of the mountain in waves of fire, and rolling through the valley we had just passed, precipitated itself into the gulf above which we stood at first. Of course we looked upon some liquid lava and fixed some coppers in it, and then were glad to move off. The wind occasionally shifted, and with it that curtain of lurid clouds. Our guide warned us to be off on penalty of sharing the fate of Pliny, a consummation earnestly to be avoided, we thought, how ever great our respect for the old Roman.— Since that evening the seven months have all resolved themselves into one. The lava still continues to pour down the mountain in the direction of San Sebastiano, Pollena, and Massa di Somma, being the same direction it took in 1822. It has already occupied the bed of a river, destroyed much plantation, and is threatening still greater injuries. The Marchese St. Angelo, who has property in that direction, has been removing his furniture from his villa as a precautionary measure. In short this eruption, though not so effective a spectacle at a distance as the last, is far more imposing when viewed close, and threatens to be much more destructive.

NAPLES, Thursday, May 10, 1855.

The lava has now advanced ten miles from its source and is doing terrible damage. I have before me the report of Cozzolino as to the latest changes which have taken place about the cone. Just at the base of it a lake of fire has been formed which looks like a red sea in an undulatory state.— In the very center of this has opened another crater, which is throwing out red-hot stones. On the morning of the 7th the crater at the very summit fired, as it were, two heavy cannonades; and after sending forth lightning, flames and stones, broke up altogether. In the middle of the cone ten craters have been formed, and from these the lava pours forth like a river and runs on the side of the Cavallo as far as the Mintore. Here four other craters have been formed, which throw up bitumen in the manner of pyramids, and resemble gigantic exhibitions of fireworks. The whole of the summit of the crater is therefore like a sponge and must inevitably fill in. The thin crust trembles under your feet. You may see the stones dance with the tremulousness of a nut; the part immediately round the crater looks like the side of a heated copper boiler. Such is a true statement of what is going on on the summit. There are reports of an opening towards Pompeii, which is not unlikely, and of another towards Resina, but I have not been up for some days, as the danger is now very great. Before I write again I shall make the attempt. Last night I went to the scene of most stirring interest after an interval of two days. The whole length of this usually quiet road was like a fair, and such was the throng of carriages which were moving on in three lines that it was with difficulty we ever a road at our destination. As we approached the mountain neighborhood the inhabitants were removing their goods, and on a bridge in the middle of the little township of Coccoluto (through which in the winter time thousands down from the summit of Vesuvius one of those mountain rivers so well known in Italy) stood a company of Sappers. Creeping under the solid handsome bridge into the bed of the river, we went up in face of the lava, which was now coming rapidly down. Here again were Sappers, mining materials on either side to divert the run from some private grounds and keep the lava in our straight course. The smoke which rose over the heads of the militaries told us we were close on the spot, and climbing up the bank and walking along the top we looked down on this mighty mass of fire. How changed the neighborhood in two days!— Where I walked on Sunday night was now a sea of fire. The side road by which I had come down into the main stream from Pollena and Massa di Somma was now full of blackened coke. The houses on the borders of the village had fallen—in one 30 poor people lived in a small chapel was swallowed up, a 2nd man's villa, and a sad extent of vineyard and garden ground. On the other side of the great lava bed another stream was branching off to San Sebastiano. We had hoped to cross it and ascend to the cascade again, but it was no longer possible; for as one says, speaking of marshy country

in the winter, the lava was out. The fire here had begun to enter the burial ground of the little town, but was diverted from its course by a wall. On the opposite side of the stream were the King and all the Royal family. The banks on either side were thronged with curious and anxious multitudes, whose faces were lighted up with the blaze of hundreds of torches and with the more resplendent flame of the rapidly descending lava. Since the morning it had moved a mile. It was like a vast river of glowing coke. As it moved on, the tens of thousands of lumps rolled and tumbled one over the other, cracking and grinding and grating; and when from the very face of it a lump fell off the appearance was that of an iron-furnace when the iron is being drawn. To make the resemblance more complete, at such times men darged forward with long poles taken from the neighboring vineyards, and pulled out great masses of lava in which they imbedded money for sale. What struck me at first, and still strikes me as the most majestic feature in the whole scene, is the slow, silent, irresistible motion of that fiery flood. Active almighty power without an effort! Sweeping everything before it, overcoming every obstacle, growing up against intervening walls or houses, and devouring them bodily, and then marching on in the same silent, unrelenting, irresistible manner as before. There was a spot beneath my feet where a fall of mason work had been built to break the violence of the winter floods; to this spot all eyes were directed. The fiery river would fall over it in an hour; as yet it was distant from it seventy yards perhaps. Gradually it rose in height and swelled out into vast proportions, and then vast masses fell off and rolled forward; then it swelled again as fresh matter came pressing down behind, and so it broke, and on it rolled again and again till it arrived at the very edge. There was a general buzz and murmur of voices. The Royal family stood opposite to me, intermingled with the crowd, looking on with intense anxiety.— At last it broke, not hurriedly, still with a certain show of majesty. At first a few small lumps fell down; then poured over a pure liquid of metal, like thick treacle, glowing sometimes mass to mass, from its glittering character, and last of all tumbled over gigantic lumps of coke. Then out moved one more in its silent regular course, swelling up and spreading over the vineyards on either side; and now there was a rush for the road which traverses this lava-bed. Houses and the bridge bordering the road, the carriages had all been ordered off, and the bridge was being broken down—we were cut off completely. The sentinels would not let us pass, and struck us and drove us back; but we forced our way, and then found too surely that it was impossible to get on.— The bridge was half demolished, and by the light of the torches we could see the soldiers above working away with pick and the ax. We had therefore to retrace our steps, and making a long circuit through the open country and over walls, came round to the top of the bridge. "Run," said the sentinels, "for you will be late." We crossed the narrow parapet which was still remaining, and soon afterward down went the whole fabric. In this way it is hoped that the lava will be diverted from the townships of St. Sebastian, Massa di Somma, and Pollena, which stand on either side and have as yet only suffered partially.— Coccoluto, though which, however, the stream is rolling, will be sacrificed. The expectation is that the lava, should the eruption continue, will flow down to the Ponte Maddaloni and into the sea. So grand and so destructive an eruption has not been known for many years, and even now we cannot tell how or when it will terminate. The mountain is literally seamed with lava and may fear a violent explosion as the final scene of the tragedy.

England's Shame.

Napoleon said to Las Cases:—"The English may be all powerful if they confine themselves to their navy, but they will complicate their affairs, and endanger their superiority and lose their importance, if they keep soldiers on the Continent." Even with his wonderful powers of prevision, he could not have anticipated the depth of humiliation to which, through the mistaken policy of interfering with the affairs of the Continent, his once haughty rival has become reduced. Napoleon could not have foreseen that a British army would find itself reduced to the mortifying alternative of wearing the French uniform; nor that all England—that is all the snobs and flunkies thereof, who compose a large majority of that favored people—would in these latter days prostrate themselves at the feet of his Imperial successor. Doubtless the awful shade of the great soldier of France must have grimly smiled when the proud Queen of once haughty England, the sovereign of that unshaken nation which crushed even his mighty power, and chained him to his barren rock, stooped to buckle the ribbon of the most noble order of the garter on the left leg of a Bonaparte! Yes, indeed, Waterloo is avenged, and the new motto of the garter should be: "To what hate uses may we come."—Boston Courier.

LATE FROM EUROPE.

The steamship America arrived at Boston on Friday, May 25, bringing dates from Europe to May 12. Official advices from Sebastopol are to the 10th, on which day the Russians made a bold sortie, but were repulsed. The relative positions of the contestants are unchanged, though the story is that the Allies are making slow but sure advances, and are sure of success if not forced by the Russian field army to raise the siege. It is said that after the arrival of certain reinforcements Gen. Canrobert will attack the Russian field positions. The English army is in better health. Four thousand Sardinian troops had arrived. The English press admit that all hope of peace is gone, that Austria will not aid them, and that Great Britain and France have got to bear the burden alone. There was nevertheless a motion in Parliament looking toward a renewal of negotiations. The English fleet in the Baltic is working up toward Gotland. The London papers tell a story of a Yankee speculation in that quarter, which is characteristic if not true. It is of a vessel with an alleged cargo of cotton, but really laden with muskets and revolvers, getting into the Baltic, and safely to a Russian market, before the contraband goods were discovered. M. Drouyn de Lhuys, French Minister of War, has resigned, and is succeeded by Count Walewski, late French Minister to Great Britain. The story that Count Daud has resigned is not confirmed. The very latest war rumor is that Austria and all Germany are on the point of declaring their strict neutrality. Redschid Pasha has been superseded as Grand Vizier by Mahomet Pasha.— The man who made a target of Louis Napoleon, and proved himself a very bad shot, has been sentenced to death. Parliament has passed a bill abolishing the newspaper stamp tax. Mr. Lyard's resolution inquiring into the management of the Army is temporarily postponed, but the Roskell Committee is still in session. It is said that Palmerston is losing popularity even more rapidly than Aberdeen did. Several changes or rumors thereof in the French Ministry are noted. A mare's nest has been discovered by the French Police—no less than a concerted plot throughout Europe for a revolt against Kings and Emperors on the day that Pianori fired at Napoleon; and therefore Pianori is to be kept awhile in the hope of getting further light upon the dark conspiracy. It has been officially declared in the Spanish Cortes that the Democratic party in Spain had never entered into any negotiations whatsoever with Mr. Saule for the sale of Cuba. The only active thing in Naples is Mount Vesuvius, which is just now breaking out in violent pyrotechnic displays. Russian authorities confirm the report of an insurrection in the Ukraine, and say that Poland is very uneasy.

ONE WEEK LATER.

The United States Mail Steamship Pacific arrived on Wednesday, May 30, bringing news from Europe to the 19th. The siege of Sebastopol was progressing very slowly indeed, and as the telegraph is in the hands of the Government exclusively, it is difficult to decide from the imperfect hints supplied whether the besiegers or besieged gain most advantage. Symptoms have transpired of extended operations being about to commence on the part of the Allies. A force of 15,000 Turks, French, and English, hastily embarked on board all the available ships near Sebastopol, and stood away in the direction of the Sea of Azoff. In a day or two they returned and as hastily disembarked, Omar Pasha and his Turks making all speed to ensuege themselves again in Eupatoria. We are indebted to Russian sources for all the information we possess as to this extraordinary movement, but there seems no reason to doubt the truth of the statement. Gen. Canrobert had reviewed the entire French army, and assured them he would soon enter Sebastopol either by the door or window, but a few days afterward he resigned the chief command, ostensibly on account of ill health; Gen. Pelissier took the vacant place, Canrobert assuming a subordinate position as commander of Pelissier's division. Negotiations between Austria and the Western Powers remain where they were, but between Austria and Prussia relations are becoming more intimate, having for object to preserve strict neutrality. Russia has directed her representative at the Court of Darmstadt to notify all the German Governments that Russia will only hold to the first Two Points of Gantary on condition of the perfect neu-

trality of Germany. France and England have presented an ultimatum to Sweden, to which the Swedes have replied by incorporating their militia. In England many incidents tend to mark the democratic change that is coming over the nations. The Queen has condescended publicly to bestow medals on private soldiers in the streets of London. In various parts of the country "administrative reform" meetings have been held, and in the House of Lords a debate on Ellenborough's motion drew forth an extraordinary amount of democratic speaking. The Paris Exposition has been opened; as a spectacle the opening was a failure. Pianori, the would-be assassin of the Emperor, has been guillotined. From other parts of Europe there is nothing remarkable, excepting an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, which is noticed at length in our columns.

The Lynching of Phillips at Weston.

The Weston Argus of last Saturday furnishes some additional particulars of the lynching of a man named Phillips on the 17th inst. in that town. Some of the citizens of Leavenworth, City, it seems, arrested Phillips, took him to the Missouri side of the river, administered to him a coat of tar and feathers, and then he was put up at a mock auction and sold by a negro. The cause of the outrage is thus stated: Phillips had incurred the prejudice and displeasure of the people of Leavenworth City by the part which he took in the murder of Clark by McCrea. He handed McCrea the pistol with which he shot Clark; and added to this he is charged with being an active and enthusiastic agent of the Abolitionists, and swore to the protest against the validity of the election in the Leavenworth district. Some time previous a public meeting requested Phillips to leave the Territory—but this he failed to do. Instead of leaving on the day appointed, he collected some forty Free-soilers and Abolitionists, and set them at defiance. Things continued thus until Thursday, when he was taken to Weston, and treated as already stated. The people of Weston are free from all cognate in this transaction, for they refused to participate. (Ms. Republican, 25th.)

More Outrages in Kansas—Missourians Invading Towns and Country.

LEAVENWORTH, May 18. The excitement at Leavenworth city still continues. Mr. Phillips, the partner of McCrea, who killed Clark, had been about some time in obedience to an order from the people of that city, but returned the other day, and was seized and locked up and threatened with tar and feathers first, and death afterwards, unless he left forever. Upon his remonstrance and positive refusal to do so, he was yesterday taken to Weston, Mo., stripped, tarred and feathered, his face blacked, and rode upon a rail through the principal streets. An eye witness told me that Phillips was calm and firm through all this ordeal, and at it declared that he would live in Leavenworth until it suited him to leave. He positively denied having given the pistol to McCrea to shoot Clark. He said he was no abolitionist, but a free-soiler; that he was in favor of Kansas being a free State, and would vote to make it so. He is a remarkably resolute man. I do not pretend to be able to form a conclusion as to how the proceedings will terminate.

Condition of Mormon Women.

An officer belonging to Col. Stepien's command now stationed at Salt Lake City, in a letter to the Providence Journal, thus speaks of the condition of the Mormon women: "With a word about their melancholy condition I will bring my long letter to a close. As a general thing a woman here, having satisfied what we call the 'last,' but what the Mormons call 'the holy desires,' of some righteous elders, is left to shift for herself; not the least support does she receive from him to whom she has been in many cases forced to prostitute herself. Their condition is infinitely worse than that of the slaves at the South. One of the wives of the chief of the Twelve Apostles' washes for a boarding house here to support herself. Two wives of Parly P. Pratt, another apostle, have repeatedly begged for work. Women here have told me that their pretended husbands have not visited them for months and years. One of the apostles asked a family of three girls to marry him, and to get them he would take the old mother. They refused, and he has since maltreated them in every way. We receive many requests for a distance to leave from women in every position. Their case is peculiarly hard; separated by hundreds of miles of plain and desert from the outside world, brought here by false increments, degraded and oppressed, with no hope of succor, they are in great, very great and unbecomingly dumbeted. They adore the very thought of polygamy, the very name of Mormonism. This is the honest, simple truth."

Ithamas of Suez.

The State department at Washington has lately received intelligence to the effect that the Viceroy of Egypt has concluded to carry into effect the project of cutting through the Ithamas of Suez. His intention is to establish a universal company to effect the work, in which capitalists of all nations are invited to take part. This proposed canal will shorten the commercial Highway from the United States to the Indian Ocean, some 2,437 leagues. Two shocks of an earthquake were felt at Cairo, at the mouth of the Nile, on the night of the 30th of April.

Disastrous Drouth in the South.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Times, writing from Alabama on the 15th of May, says that in North Carolina and Georgia vegetation is already burned up. There may have been local showers this year, says the correspondent, but not one thorough, broadcast, soaking rain. In places fires are still raging, but there is not much to burn but the bare earth. "Alabama, from the time of its settlement until now, never suffered in her navigation and crops as it is suffering this year. The rivers are not navigable for boats of the smallest size, not even for flat-boats. I ought perhaps to except the Alabama, which will float the last mentioned craft below Selma. Thus the interior of the State can not expect aid from the North and West; its own resources are becoming rapidly exhausted. Corn, the great staff of life, the hope of the rich as well as of the poor, is worth from one to two dollars per bushel."

There are rumors of death by starvation in the North-west counties of Alabama. In Tennessee families are flying before the famine. The most suffering is among the poor white folks. In Louisiana it is thought the sugar crop will be ruined. It is said that Texas is desolated by fires following in the footsteps of the drouth. The cattle are dying by thousands on the black and blasted prairies over which the fires have swept.— There is a complaint throughout the South that the seed planted has not sprouted.— There are, however, a few localities supplied with frequent showers, and in these the crops look richly promising. This extensive drouth in the South, following a failure of the crops last year, is peculiarly dreadful. Let the farmers in the North take good care of their grain. Our Southern brethren may want corn to sustain life.—Cin. Commercial.

The Anti-Telegraphers—Superstition.

We noticed some time since that the people along the line of the Nashville and New Orleans Telegraph, under the belief that the wires caused the drouth, were pulling them down miles at a time. We learn from the Tusculum North Alabamian that these "heathen" are not disposed to give over their notions. They have already caused large damage to the company and great inconvenience to the public, and all attempts to quiet them have heretofore been fruitless. The following truly characteristic proclamation was found by the men engaged in putting up the wire at a place near the line of Marion county, where it had been torn down. We give it verbatim: "The State of Alabama } this the 5 of May Marion county } 1855

Notice to the Managers of the Tellegraph Ware you are hereby forwarded to not put up the wire any more for it shal not Stay up any more long at a time if you do not let it stay down the whole country is going to Just go before your Eyes and tare it down and cut the post and throw a way the wire and skin the first man says any thing Againt it and throw his hide a crows Pole and split OOOOOO

Jump up John the Wolf ketcher

This is just about such a document as might be expected from a people who believe that the telegraph prevents rain. One of the builders of this line tells an anecdote of an old lady, who is now prominent among the believers in the new theory. Our informant says that when they were putting up the wire, eight years ago, opposite the dwelling of the old lady referred to, she came out and insisted that they should put it further from the house—for, says she "Supposin' thar should be a war, and they should be sendin' cannons and bombs along the telegraph, and they should bust right here and tear everything all to pieces, I should like to know who's a gwine to pay for it? Take it away off thar; for I don't like the presky thing no how!"

Gen. Scott—His Appearance.

NEW YORK, May 21, 1855.—In passing down Twelfth street to-day, I met, for the first time for many months, Gen. Scott. He resides in a splendid mansion in that street, which he has purchased since the title of Lieutenant General was given to him, with the salary added from the time of the war with Mexico. He grows old quite rapidly, and the change in his appearance since the result of the campaign that elected Gen. Pierce is very apparent. His lofty form is bowed down—his elastic step has passed away—a look of sadness and weariness has settled upon those once expressive and decided features. He leads a very retired life, sees but little company—rarely appears in public, and usually walks alone. It is not possible to see Gen. Scott and not be struck with the truthfulness of Shakespeare's assertion that "There is a tide in the affairs of men."—N. Y. Cor. Boston Journal.

Marriage Extraordinary.

Tom Thumb, the celebrated little great man, was married at Webster on Thursday last, to a Miss Vinton, of Bridgeport, Conn.—Boston Transcript, May 29.

The violet grows low and covers itself with its own tears, and of all the flowers yields the most delicious and fragrant smell—such is humanity.