

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

For the Argus.

Met thought that when we met, thine angel came. The mystic hues of being to discover. And painted thine, with his bright angel flame, Like gleamings of Eternity's bright river. Ah, whence these bonds, this mystery of being, Together flowing—each with each entwined, Listening to stary hymns—together singing Heaven's golden morning round us shining? Heaven's golden opening breaks upon our vision, While little with the infinite is blending, Serenely falling from those heights Elysian, The rapturous opening to a life unending. Thy mother's tomb still breathes a potent blessing, Lifting the golden gates of glory's moon; Up to the throne her prayers are ever speeding, And endless beauty shall thy soul adorn. Yoncalla, O. T.

Walker's Expedition to Nicaragua.—Another Version of the Affair.

[From the San Francisco Times and Transcript.] We are indebted to Mr. Angell, the Messenger of Wines & Co.'s Express, for the following details of the fight between Col. Walker and the natives of Nicaragua, an account of which has been already published. This version differs in many points, and is more minute than any heretofore given.

Col. Walker with sixty men, as brave a lot as ever went into battle, landed twenty miles north of San Juan Del Sur (Nicaragua) on the morning of the 23rd of June, from the point. He marched to attack the town of Reyes, twenty miles distant—a native town of about two thousand inhabitants. His march was through swamps and places that no one but a Walker could go through. The little town did not fall, but with steady marching all day and part of the night, they arrived, and at daylight of June 30th he attacked the town. With his sixty men he fought his way through five hundred native soldiers—slaying them on all sides. Most of the natives were shot through the head.

At this point, Walker finding the odds so great, sent him, and his little band so much exposed, made for a large house where a great number of the native soldiers were sheltered and routed them and took possession. Here he was less exposed, and his men could pick all off who were brave enough to come in sight. They were not permitted to rest long here, and the natives fell back and held a council, concluding the only way to get them out was to burn the house. The commander offered as a reward the head of Walker to any one that would set the house on fire. Inspired by the great reward several of the natives made the attempt, but Walker's men were too sure of their marks, and great numbers fell in the attempt. As night came on they succeeded and burnt him out. Then it was that he found that he had to fight his way out of the town the same way he fought into it. He fought through them and made his retreat with only nine men killed, and two wounded (Capt. Debrist and Hornsby). They retreated but two or three miles, when they had to camp for the night. The natives, too glad to get clear of so dangerous a set, did not follow them beyond the limits of the town, being in numbers eight to one. They already saw the destruction the party had done—they found one hundred and fifty of their number killed and wounded, and but nine of the invading party. They took the nine killed of Walker's party and burned them.

On the 1st of July, Walker, after watching all night for the natives, and not having had anything to eat since the morning before, took up his line of march for Costa Rica; but at noon they struck the San Juan road, and from that point changed their course and marched into San Juan. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, the Americans residing at San Juan were greatly surprised at seeing Walker come marching into town. They marched to the barracks and took possession. All was still, all was quiet as though nothing had transpired, or there was nothing to fear. Mr. Priest, of the Pacific Home, opened his doors to all who chose to come and eat, drink and be merry. Col. Walker's brig had been standing off and on all day, and at sun-down came into port just in time to take the party that had landed three days before. It had a crew in to hear if there was any news of the party. As about 6 o'clock the party embarked on board the brig and stood to sea. It was Walker's intention to go up the coast and recruit and give them another brush. Meanwhile, the news had been carried to Reyes that Walker had left the country, and then in a short time about three hundred troops after him; but they were well satisfied before they came that he had left. They now have about one hundred soldiers at San Juan, and about four hundred at Reyes. They expect Kennedy or Walker down on them every day. If Walker had about 200 such men as he has got, he would not find much difficulty in marching through the country.

They must be having pretty warm weather on Red River, if the Republican's figures are correct. That paper states that on the 22d the thermometer stood at 97°.

# The Oregon Argus.

W. L. ADAMS, Editor and Proprietor. AMERICA—Knows nought of golden promises of Kings, Knows nought of Coronets, and Stars, and Stripes. SUBSCRIPTION, Five Dollars a Year. NO. 13. OREGON CITY, OREGON TERRITORY, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1855. VOL. 1.

## The Drunkard's Dying Child.

Kate sat near a scanty pallet, on which was extended the suffering little Robin, her bright beautiful boy, reduced to skin and bone. His large, mysterious eyes were turned upwards, watching the flitting of the leaves and fragments of sunshine, that peeped through the thick foliage of the multi-stemmed. An infant about a month old, meagre, weary of its existence and petulant with pain and lassitude, lay on her bosom, and she in vain trying to charm it to repose.

"Mamma," said Robin, reaching out his waxen hand, "take me to your bosom."

"Yes, love, as soon as Maria is still."

"Mamma, if God had not sent us that little cross baby, you could love me and nurse me, as you did when I was sick at Cincinnati. My throat is hot, mamma, I wish I had a drink in a tumbler, glass tumbler, mamma, and I could look through it."

"Dear, you shall have a tumbler," cried Kate, her lips quivering with emotion, and a wild fire in her eyes.

"Yes, mamma, one cold drink in a tumbler, and your little Robin will fly up, up there, where that little bird sits. Will papa come to-night and get us bread? You said he would. Will he get me a tumbler of water? No, mamma, if he comes he will be drunk; nobody ever gets drunk in heaven, mamma?"

"No, no, my son, my angel!"

"No one says cross words, mamma, darling!"

"No; bless your sweet tongue."

"And there is cold water there, and silver cups?"

"Oh! yes, my child, a fountain of living water."

"And it never gets dark there?"

"Never! never! and the tears fell in streams down Kate's pale cheek.

"And nobody gets sick there and dies?"

"No, my love."

"If they were to, God would let the angels bring them water, I know he would—from the big fountain—Oh, mamma, don't cry—do people in heaven?"

"Oh, sweet one, God wipes away all tears," replied the weeping mother.

"And the angels kiss them off, I's pose—but tell me, mamma, will he come there?"

"Who, my son?"

"You know, mamma—papa."

"You know, mamma—papa."

"You know, mamma—papa."

"You know, mamma—papa."

"You know, mamma—papa."

## Future Greatness of our Country.

The London Christian Observer makes the following impressive prediction coupled with an intelligent view of the source of our prosperity:

America, like an eagle on the Andes, sits and surveys with calmness and self-satisfaction the struggle in the great valley of the world beneath. And while other nations are exhausting themselves in the strife, she is accumulating wealth and power, which in time, unless some revolution dash to pieces the whole frame work of society, must make her mistress of the world. Some statistics of that vast empire, as exhibited in a contemporary periodical, Blackwood, almost transcend all the dreams of enthusiasm. Nothing that approaches to a parallel to this statement is to be found in the history of the world. And to what, under divine providence, does America owe this progress? Partly, no doubt to the energy of her Saxon spirit; partly to the piety of many of her original settlers; but chiefly to the large circulation of the word of God among her people, to the exercise of the right of private judgment, and the spirit of peace.

## Flooding an Editor.

Some years ago a populous town, located in the interior of Mississippi, was infested by a gang of black-legs, who amused themselves at times, when they could find nothing else to pluck, by preying upon each other. A new importation of these sporting gentry excited some alarm among the inhabitants lest they should be overrun; they determined, therefore, upon their expulsion. A poor country editor, who was expected, by virtue of his vocation, to take upon himself all the responsibilities from which others might choose to shrink, was peremptorily called upon by his patrons—those who paid him two dollars a year for his paper, and therefore presumed they owned his soul and body—to make an effort towards exterminating the enemy. The unfortunate editor, like most editors, being gifted with about as much brains as money—skill and purse both empty—said at once he would induce a "crusher," one that would drive the obnoxious vermin into some hospitable region. And when his paper appeared it was a crusher enough. In the course of his observations, he gave the initials of some of the fraternity, whom he advised to leave town as speedily as possible, if they had the slightest desire to save their bacon.

The next morning, while the poor scribe was comfortably seated in his office, listlessly fumbling over a meagre parcel of exchanges, he heard footsteps on the stairs, and soon an individual having accomplished the ascent, made his appearance. His first salutation was slightly abrupt:

"Where's the editor of this ditty, lying paper?"

Now, aside from the rudeness of his opening interrogatory, there were other considerations that induced the editor to believe that there was trouble on foot. The personage who addressed him bore a scowling in his hand, and moreover seemed to be exceedingly enraged. This was not all; he recognized in him a distinguished leader of the sporting fraternity, with whose cognomen he had taken very irreverent liberties. It was without the slightest hesitation therefore, that he replied to the introductory query:

"I don't know."

"Do you belong to the concern?"

"No indeed, but I presume that the editor will soon be in."

"Well," said the visitor, "I will wait for him." And sitting the action to the word, he composedly took a chair, picked up a paper, and commenced reading.

"If I meet him," said the frightened knight of the scissars, "I will tell him there is a gentleman who wishes to see him."

As he reached the foot of the stairs in his hasty retreat, he was accosted by another person who made himself known:

"Can you tell me where I can find the sneaking rascal who has the charge of this villainous sheet?" producing the last number of Freedom's Echo and Battle Axe of Liberty.

"Yes," replied the editor, "he is up there in the office now, reading, with his back to the door."

"Thank you," said the stranger, as he bounced up stairs.

"I've got you, have I," he ejaculated as he made a grasp at his brother in iniquity; and they came crashing to the floor together.

As the combatants, notwithstanding the similarity with each other, a very pretty quarrel ensued.—First one was at the top, then the other; blow followed blow, kick followed kick, oath followed oath, until bruised, exhausted and bloody, with faces and features resembling Deaf Burke after a two hours pugilistic encounter, there was, by mutual consent, a cessation of hostilities. As the warriors sat on the floor contemplating each other, the first comer found breath enough to ask, "Who are you?"

"What do you attack me for?"

"You abused me in your paper, you scoundrel."

"Me! I'm not the editor; I came here to flog him myself."

Mutual explanations and apologies ensued, and the mistaken gentlemen retired to "bind up their wounds."

As the story comes to us, the distinguished individual, whose vocation it was to enlighten the world by the aid of that great engine, the public press, escaped scot free.

Physicians rarely take medicine, lawyers seldom go to law, and ministers steer clear of other person's churches. Editors however, read all the papers they can get hold of.

## Burning a Negro Alive.

Some time since we published an account of the murder of Miss Thornton, an interesting young girl, residing near Gaston, Alabama. Immediately after the murder, and detection of the negro, his immediate punishment was seriously contemplated by the people of Sumpter county, but after mature deliberation the law-abiding citizens delivered him into the custody of the proper officers, and he was committed to prison.

At the late term of the Circuit Court of Sumpter county, the attorney appointed by the Court, in the discharge of his duty, moved for a change of venue to Greene county. The Judge, as the motion was sustained by the proper affidavits, sustained the application.

On Wednesday last the citizens of South Sumpter assembled en masse at Mr. Wm. Melhoy's, and unanimously passed a series of resolutions, reflecting seriously upon the conduct of the Judge, and, after having pledged themselves to sustain each other, a portion of them proceeded to Livingston, and took the miserable criminal by force from the jail where he was confined.

On Friday last, after due preparation, they carried him to the spot where he had so cruelly murdered his innocent victim, and burnt him alive at the stake. About 3,000 persons were present, who witnessed, with various emotions, the dreadful spectacle. We were present, but hope that we will never again witness a scene like it. The pyre was composed of several cords of light-wood, in the center of which was a green willow stake, selected in consequence of its inextinguishability by fire.

On the top of the pile of light-wood the criminal was placed, and securely chained to the stake. While in this situation he confessed his guilt, stating that he had no accomplices, that he was actuated by lust alone, that he had attempted to strangle her person, but had failed, and to conceal the attempt he had cruelly murdered her by beating the poor innocent creature with a stump, that while he was doing this she implored him to carry her home to her father, and that she would conceal the violence he had inflicted. He then left her, but soon returned, and after again beating her, he concealed the body in the very hole where the stake was planted at which he suffered.

After this confession was made, the match was applied, and in a few moments the devouring flames were enveloping the doomed negro; his fearful cries resounded through the air, while the surrounding negroes who witnessed his dreadful agony and horrible contortions, set up an involuntary howl of horror. His sufferings, though excruciating, were short; in a few minutes the flames had enveloped him entirely, revealing, now and then, as they fitfully swayed higher and thither, his black and burning carcass, like a demon of the fire, grinning as if in hellish triumph at his tormentors.

Soon all was over, nothing was left but the burning flesh, and charred skeleton of this human devil, who could thus deliberately perpetrate so foul a crime. The horrid outrage was fully avenged, and though the heavens were reeking with the scorching of burning flesh, yet justice was satisfied; the law of retaliation was inflicted as nearly as it could be, while the example made of this wretch had, no doubt, a salutary effect upon the 2,000 slaves who witnessed the execution.—Lauderdale (Miss) Republican.

## American Sharp Shooters engaged in the Defense of Sebastopol.

A gentleman of this city, says the San Francisco Herald, received by the steamer of yesterday a letter from a young friend who, at the date of the letter, was fighting in the ranks of the Russian forces at Sebastopol. The following is an extract from the letter:

"FORTRESS OF SEBASTOPOL. I am getting along pretty well, although somewhat troubled with an attack of a fever prevailing here at this time. Myself, with some four hundred and fifty 'Yankee boys,' have done our share in defending the strongest military works in the world. We are on duty only in the day time, and use nothing but the long American rifle. Dr. Tenbroeck is with us, and some forty other American physicians; they are employed constantly night and day. We fare well, and are universal favorites with the Russians."

FRED. MARSHALL.

This letter was received at Boston but a few days prior to the departure of the mail for California, and the extract above inserted is therefore late news from the "Russo-American allies." It appears that their services are only required in the day time, when the reconnoitering parties sent out by the French and English become easy targets for the experienced riflemen.

## United States Surveying Expedition.

The United States surveying expedition under charge of Lieut. Williamson, accompanied by an escort of about one hundred and twenty-five soldiers under command of Lieut. Gibson and Hood, left Fort Keno on the 26th July, for the foothills of the Sierra Nevada directly east of Shasta. The object of this expedition is to discover, by actual and careful survey, the existence of a practicable route for a railroad between the Columbia river and the Sacramento Valley.

It is thought the party will be out about four months. The whole expedition numbers very nearly two hundred men.

Ex-Presidents Van Buren and Fillmore were in the galleries of the House of Commons in England, on the night of the 15th ultimo, listening to the debates. On the night of the 7th, Mr. Bright alluded to fact, and pronounced a high eulogium on the United States of America.

## Parties in America.

In the columns of Lloyd's Weekly Review, edited by Douglass Jerrold, one of the ablest writers of the age, is found the following interesting article:

"Parties are many in America. They rise like mushrooms and fade like mist.—Every Presidential election brings a crop of them—they rage for a day—are heard of for a week—and are forgotten in a month. Such are the Swards and the Fillmoreites,—the Hards and Softs, and many more.—These come up with certain men, and fall out of sight when the men do. Other parties remain—like the Free Soilers and Pro-Slaverys—because they represent ideas—personify a conflict—which are permanent on the American soil.

"Most of these parties are well known in England, and they are well worth studying, for the politics of America are the politics of the future. The latest party in the Union is the party facetiously known as the Know Nothing party—a name which the party accepts in the large spirit of contempt in which the Puritans received their historical designation. All things considered, the Know Nothings are the most impressive development of American life. Hitherto, America has been a refuge for the outcast of all nations—from tyranny, from starvation, from justice. It has received all, rejected none. This was a great experiment, but has only partially succeeded.

"Some of the immigrants—the lower class of Irish, especially—brought mischief with them, evil passions and bad habits; and as all were admitted to political power, to vote at elections—public men had to stoop to their baseness to get their support; and hence a lower style of public morals became the rule in large towns. The Know Nothings—who comprise the most intellectual and prosperous men of the American democracy—say this evil must be stayed. Their cry is, 'America for the Americans.' And surely this cry is just as reasonable as 'Italy for Italians,' or 'Hungary for the Hungarians.' The American party seek to deprive the immigrant hordes of the means of mischief. Their motto is 'Protection to all—Power to the American born.'"

## A Drunkard's Experience.

One of the most affecting and impressive paragraphs which I have ever read, says Theodore Clapp, was in the letter of a distinguished literary gentleman, written to an intimate friend but a few weeks before his death:

"Twelve years ago," he says, "I was a happy man, and then I began the formation of a habit which terminated in confirmed intemperance. Now I awake every morning in agony, wishing that my bed had been my grave. I am utterly unable to attend to any useful employment, and shrink with horror from the thought. My moral principle is wrecked. Neither the money nor the honor of a friend would be safe in my hands, if it required their sacrifice to furnish the means of gratifying my favorite passion. The beauties of the literary page are lost upon my weakened and bedclouded mind—I suffer a feeling of inexpressible shame and deterioration. It seems as if all that is good and noble was emptied out of me. I stand on the edge of an awful precipice, but have no power to go back. Oh, that God would be pleased to cover me with the pall of darkness and oblivion forever!"

## Appearance.

Upon the subject of dress and appearance the New York Times thus remarks:

"A coat that has the marks of use upon it is a recommendation to people of sense, and a hat with two smooth tops and too high a luster, is a derogatory circumstance. The best coats in Broadway are on the backs of penniless fops, broken-down merchants, clerks on pitiful salaries, and men that don't pay up. The heaviest gold chains dangle from the fobs of gamblers and gentlemen of very limited means; costly ornaments on ladies indicate to eyes that are well open, the fact of a silly lover or husband cramped for funds. And when a pretty woman goes by in a suit of plain and neat apparel it is the presumption that she has fair expectations and a husband who can show a balance in his favor. For women are like books—too much gilding makes men suspicious that the binding is the most important part."

## British Party Poisoned.

A marriage party from Washington County, Maryland, were poisoned by eating custard in which arsenic had been placed. Some twenty-five of them are not expected to live, the bride among the number. As to who committed the act remains a mystery. All the servants are also sick from eating the custard.—Phoen Journal.

## The Russian Government appears to expect such a duration of the war that it has commenced the execution of a road which is to unite Finland to Sweden, round the northern extremity of the Gulf of Bothnia. By this means Russia may procure from Sweden all the merchandise which the blockade prevents going by sea. A small corps d'armee has been assembled near Archangel, in order to secure the coast of the White Sea from an attack by the allied forces.

## Queen!

Isn't it strange how circumstances alter cases! When the price of flour falls, the merchants don't hear of it for a week or ten days or afterwards; but when it rises, somehow or other the news spreads in half an hour.

## It is pronounced not safe to keep birds in painted wire cages, especially in warm weather. The paint softens in the heat, the birds are able to nibble it, and to get poisoned. This is a fact, and those having valuable birds in such cages should remove them at once.

## North Carolina and Tennessee held their elections on the first Thursday in August; Alabama, Kentucky, and Texas on Monday, August 6. Georgia held her election October 1; Louisiana, November 7. All the States enumerated elect Representatives this year.

## The News from Europe.

There can be no doubt of the defeat of the Allies in their attempt to carry by storm the outer works of Sebastopol. The promulgation of the news of these disasters produced a sensible effect in the British Parliament, for which, it seems, the Home Government is likely to be held responsible.—The effect upon trade and commerce is indicated by the fall in cotton and consols.—The next mail will probably bring to us the dreadful particulars of the people. The consequences of these reverses were even felt in New York, where the market appears to have been similarly affected, as though by magnetic agency. There, too, consols and cotton fell, and the excitement was intense.

The Emperor of the French had recovered from his attack of indisposition—an event, at this time, of more than ordinary importance. There was still some talk of the renewal of peace negotiations, which Count Walewski, the French Minister, regarded not only possible, but easy.

## Old Men.

Hon. Josiah Quincy, senior, who is now a very old man, but possesses an unimpaired intellect, was called upon at a recent festival at Harvard College; in the course of his speech he referred to that part of the toast which called him up, and which designated him as a man of years, and to the sympathy, or rather pity, which young men generally seemed to feel for those older than themselves. They often seemed to think that old men like himself were unhappy.

He wished to dispense his young friends, and tell them that all this was sympathy thrown away. As far as his experience was concerned, old age was the happiest part of a man's life. He had got rid of the nonsense of love, the grumbings of envy, the cares of ambition, and the thousand other troubles which beset man; and he must be happy if he has followed the laws of nature and virtue. A man who has abused his youth, must not complain if the dregs of life are insipid and nauseous; he has acted like a boy, who, having received his food for a day, eats it all up in the morning.

There need be no loss of memory in an old man if he has done right. He had visited old Mr. Adams in 1825, when the latter was 90, and found him reading Cicero de Senectute; and when the subject was broached by Mr. Q., by referring to a phrase in that author, which says that old men lose their minds for want of exercise, Mr. Adams said that it was true, that an old man was like an old horse; if you wanted him to work, you must work him all the time; and that old age was an excellent time to cultivate the mind. To enjoy an age of joy and peace, the young man should seek to do that which is admired in the old man, and the old man should endeavor to retain the vivacity and fire of youth.

## Atmospherical Effect of the Cannonnade at Sebastopol.

A correspondent of the Post states that a French savant ascribes the unusual rains and atmospherical disturbances over a great part of Europe, to the prolonged and terrible cannonnade in the Crimea. It is a little curious that we heard, some days ago, a discussion on the same topic here, by scientific gentlemen; and it was observed that this fact was strictly in accordance with the theory of Prof. Espy, and was ascribed to by Arago and some of the most accurate meteorologists in Europe.

The cannonnade at Sebastopol was succeeded, as late accounts show, by profuse rains, which filled the trenches; and the same influence extended over regions thousands of miles distant. But it was rather in reference to the late violent whirlwinds and tornadoes, in various parts of the world, that the matter was here discussed; and it was admitted that the concussion of so continuous and prodigious retonnation, had also an immense effect upon the great aerial circulation. Much however, may be due to the action of liberated carbon from the flames of the multitudinous discharges of heavy cannon, as well as to the interfusion of extraneous gases with the atmosphere. This famous siege of Sebastopol promises to be a subject of interest to men of science as well as to men of war.

## In a conversation with some gentlemen attached to the Navy, we were informed that during the Mexican war, when a large number of armed ships arrived about the same time at the Pensacola navy yard, their continued firing, as each came into the harbor was succeeded by a tremendous whirlwind, which did much damage. We commend this fact to the attention of Lieut. Maury, whose particular business it is to look after the wind and the courses of the winds.—Dan. Courier.

## Drowning Sebastopol by a great Syzyzy.

One of the numerous suggestions made to the British Secretary of War, was "hydraulic warfare;" the plan being with 20,000 horse steam power to force water from the sea or Crimean rivers, with 10,000 hose spouts, to deluge the trenches, pits and men, their guns, fuses, rifles, and gunpowder, in Sebastopol, and to keep them dripping wet.

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