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The Oregon Argus.

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

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

For the Argus.

Avarice, Slavery, and Brandy.

In the year 1804, there resided in the county of G., in the State of Virginia, two families, whose names were M. & H.—They were in fair circumstances and respectable. Both families attended the same school, and received a liberal education. John M.—the eldest son—was a young gentleman of noble and commanding appearance, and capable of ardent attachments. Mary H. was a young lady, only to be seen to be beloved by all. Nature had bestowed upon her all those graces and charms, calculated to win love and admiration. These two formed for each other, while yet they were children, a strong and tender attachment, which, as they grew to men and women's age, ripened into devoted love. It was noted by all, that these two lovers only seemed to live for each other, and to be formed for each other's society and companionship for life.—The formality of a long courtship seemed with them unnecessary—they knew each other, and love with them reigned supreme. At length the consent of the parents of Miss H. was obtained for the hand of their charming daughter, and a day was looked forward to, when the hands of these lovers should be united as firmly in the silken bands of Hymen, as their hearts were united in love. There was some business, however, in Augusta county, Va., which required the presence of John M. in relation to his father's estate, whose executor he was. He would be detained about eight weeks. The question was, whether he should transact that business before or after his marriage. He consulted with the parents, and with the lovely Mary, and the conclusion was, that the wedding should be postponed three months, and that he should take departure forthwith for Augusta.

The time seemed almost endless to these devoted lovers, which should separate them, even for three months! In a few days John M. departed on his journey; and, not trusting his feelings to bid Miss H. adieu, he left for her the following lines: June 29, 1804. MY DEAREST MARY—I have penned these few lines for your perusal, and to be retained till the writer shall return and be yours forever. Yes, dearest one, the love which dwells in my heart for you, cannot be bounded, only by this life; but I feel that we shall ever be one, now and to eternity. I feel that without you, this world would be a dreary waste, a chaos, a bleak and frozen desert. I live for you and you only. Never did I, nor ever can I, love any woman but you; and often I have told you so, yet now to make it more steadfast, let me record it on paper (would it were on adamant) that I am yours and you are mine—sweet blissful word. The time of our separation, till my return, will seem an age. I shall not doubt, in my absence, of the fidelity of my own dear Mary. And rest assured that your image shall ever be present with me, and that I shall hasten my return. I have left directions with my overseer to arrange the buildings and grounds of our future home, so that all these, on my paternal estate, (kindly left to me by my lamented father and mother) shall be ready to receive their new mistress, who is worthy to own them, and who will adorn my ample possessions. Spend some time with my kind and dear sister, Mrs. L., who, next to you, holds a deep seat in my affections, and from the Post Office you will receive letters in my absence from him who subscribes himself yours forever, in the bonds of true love. JOHN M.

Arrived in Augusta, John M. visited his uncle, Mr. Goff. The family were rejoiced to see him, and his uncle and aunt kindly invited him to spend all his time—apart from his business there—with them. He invited them to his wedding, and they promised to accompany him on his return, and be present at his marriage with the lovely Mary H. In a few days after his arrival, he again addressed a letter to his affianced bride, assuring her of his welfare and safe arrival, and of his devoted love for her, and how tedious the time rolled on when away from her, whose presence was his life, his all.

Miss Anna Goff—his cousin—was then 18 years of age, and mistress of ten thousand dollars in cash, slaves, and stock.—She was the reverse of Miss H. in all respects. Cold, calculating, cunning, and full of intrigue, she set to with all her skill and blandishments, to win over her cousin, and bribe him, by the offer of her wealth, to become her husband! She planned out "pleasure trips" with John M., and never failed to intimate to him the difference between marrying a poor girl as she termed Miss H., and one like herself, worth ten thousand dollars, then ready to possess. It was true that the father of Miss Mary H. had a large family and was yet in the prime of life, and could not give his daughter, at that time, more than two thousand dollars! Letters breathing love and constancy, continued to pass between the affianced ones. The time had nearly expired when John M. should take his departure for home. But how shall I state it?—alas for fallen man!—the poison of avarice was drinking up his soul's gushing fountain of love, and the

advances and offers of his cousin Anna were taking effect! The idea of ten thousand dollars to aid in improving and setting off to advantage, his home estate, took deep hold on his mind. Till then, he knew not his own nature. The inordinate desire of wealth—deep seated avarice was a part of his nature, but he knew it not. Love with him had lived and ruled supreme and uncontrolled. But now temptation had come, the tempter was in the form of a Syren cousin, who, like Desiliah, set hard upon him, and who conquered in the end! Yes, she conquered and ruined the once devoted lover; for, before the day set for his departure, he and Anna Goff were married. Next day he dispatched two letters—one to his overseer and one to Mary H. The letter to her was written in a female's hand—writing dictated by her who had wrought such wide and deep ruin to John M. and Mary H. The signature, however, was that of John M.

The letter ran thus: AUGUSTA CO., VA., Aug. 25, 1804. TO MARY H.—You likely by this time are looking for a letter from one whom you expect shortly to call your own! But in this expectation and fond desire, no doubt you are doomed to a little disappointment. It is true that I thought I once loved—esteemed—you, but I find it was only a boyish freak of fancy. Love, when weighed in the scale of wealth, is light as air.—Love cannot build houses and barns, stock a farm, or fill a homestead with useful furniture. I return all your letters, and with them, all pledges on your part. You are at perfect liberty to marry whom you will. I was married on the 24th inst. to Miss Anna Goff, who has made me sole master to-day of ten thousand dollars in cash, stock, and slaves—a handsome little sum, and perhaps seven or eight thousand more than I could have received by marrying some other one! I have written to my overseer that I shall be at home on the very day set some time ago, but with a richer wife! This is a changing world and the spice of life is in variety and change. I hope that you will soon find one who will be happy to call you his "Dear Wife."

JOHN M. When John M. signed this cold, cruel, and heartless letter, his heart appeared to sink within him. His love turned to horror and despair, and the world appeared to him indeed a "cold, chaotic waste." When Miss H. received this letter, she showed it to her parents, and they mourned indeed over the sad downfall of poor J. M. They had ever loved him as a child; he was raised from infancy in their neighborhood; and heartless as was that letter, announcing to them his marriage, they could see in it the work of her who was the authoress of this affair. None but the woman, who could have been heartless enough (knowing all the circumstances) to have acted as she did, could have dictated such a letter; yet her husband in signing that letter, made his sentiments his own, and pierced his own heart with unutterable anguish and lasting remorse. Mary H. uttered no word of complaint, but she drooped and faded from that day forward. The ately mansion of John M., in a short time, received Mr. and Mrs. M. with her wealth. The brother of the writer was there when they arrived. But how sad and altered was the owner of the premises. On taking the hand of my brother, John M. stated that he was a lost man, and that all hopes of happiness with him had fled. He enquired how Mary H. and her parents had received the intelligence of his marriage; and when he heard that they made no complaint, but christian-like forgave him, and mourned over his downfall, utter horror and remorse seemed added to his soul's despair.

Some time after their arrival home the newly married couple attended a religious meeting near at hand, and Mary H. and her parents were there. It was there that the eyes of J. M. and Mary H. met for the first time since their sad separation. But what a difference in their looks! Calm and subdued meekness, coupled with deep sorrow shone in her now pale countenance; while in his face shone horror, remorse, guilt and despair. Oh! cruel Avarice—heartless woman—these are thy trophies. Can wealth purchase peace of mind, and true enjoyment in the married life when love is absent! In a short time the once noble John M. was seen reeling under the influence of brandy! His nature became cruel and vindictive, and he exercised the "tyrant" over his slaves. Two years after his marriage, his wife, through carelessness, left open the garden gate, and his horse entered the walks in the garden, and pawed and reeled on the newly made borders. On perceiving it he enquired who had left the gate open, swearing that he would kill the person who had done it. His wife, in order to secure herself, and knowing his violent temper, told him that Jack, a negro man who had been raised with "Massa Johnny," had done the careless trick. He then rushed to that part of the farm where poor Jack was hard at work, and, without telling the poor fellow of any offence, commenced beating him,

and continued the abuse for an hour. Six of his ribs were broken, his arm broke, and his body a gore of blood, and in fourteen hours poor Jack was a corpse. Before his death his master became sober, and visited his slave. The dying man reached forth his hand to his master and asked him what had been his offense, and on being informed, he said that he had not been near the house or garden since he left, and could not have left open the gate. To this the other slaves affirmed who had been with poor Jack all that day. Again he seized his master's hand, and, with glory beaming in his face, he thus addressed him who was dumb and horror struck with remorse for his cruelty: "Massy Johnny, I am dying, but glory and eternal life await me. For many years, yes, ever since that protracted meeting at Massy H.'s ten years ago, Jesus has visited and dwelt in this poor soul of mine. The love of God has made me a good slave, and I have ever been true to you and your interests. I am done with earth, but may I say to you, Oh! turn to God and secure the salvation of your soul! I forgive you, and may my kind Savior, who died for you and me, seal your pardon, and pour into your soul that joy and peace which you have not in wealth and home. Your act to me will soon open to me the gates of the New Jerusalem, and I shall then forget slavery and sorrow and pain. God bless and forgive you, Massy Johnny."

Here his utterance failed, and his soul, released from the slave's black body, soared to the bosom of his savior, where all are free and equal! But did this scene change the course of John M. No. He appeared as a doomed man—the quaffed still deeper the cup of intoxication, and became still more cruel and vindictive. His wife at times would try to expostulate with him on his conduct. But he would turn to her, and piercing upon her his scorching glance, would say: "You, wretched woman, see what your arts have done; you conquered it is true, and with your accursed wealth bribed me to my ruin. And do you expect to escape that destiny which awaits you? Yes, I am a lost man. In an evil hour I beheld you, and your presence only increases my agony and despair."

About two more years had rolled around, and the once lovely and beautiful Mary H. quitted earth for Heaven. She died of a broken heart, but in her last moments breathed the name of her false lover.—Horror, too deep for utterance, now shone forth in the visage of the wretched John M. He gave himself up to despair and ruin. He drank deep and long. Home to him was horrible. The presence of his wife was as the presence of ten thousand serpents! He gambled heavily. About this time a negro man of his offended him, and he tied him up to the limb of a tree—naked—his feet suspended in air, and gave him during the day five hundred lashes with a "cow-hide." In the evening he washed his lacerated back with strong brine, and his revenge not yet complete, he tied a rope to his legs, and then tied upon it a long fence-rail. In the morning he went out, after drinking deeply at the brandy bottle, to commence the torture of his poor slave, who was innocent of any wrong to him. But when he reached the place of torture, he beheld the cold and rigid corpse of poor Harry! The soul of his slave had left its black tenement at 1 o'clock in the morning. He too was a convert at the protracted meeting at the father's farm of the dear, sainted Mary H. Several of the negroes had gone out after dark, and after their brutal master was fast asleep, to console poor Harry, and to give him drink. He forgave his cruel master and shouted victory over death.

In two years more the large estate of John M. was in ruins. Neglect of business, drinking, gambling and carousing, had made heavy inroads upon it. The wretched Anna now perceived that ruin awaited them. Her love for him had not ceased, for she never had any. And she knew also that he never had loved her.

About this time one of his negro men had received a severe cowhiding, and fled from the farm and took up his abode in a large limestone cave in that neighborhood. His whereabouts remained a secret to the whites for some weeks, but he came out by night and obtained from the blacks various articles from time to time. Finally his master ascertained where Cesar dwelt, and well armed, he arrived at the cave. He entered, and groped his way for some distance, when he called for Cesar to come forth. The slave told him to come along after him, and he would conduct him a mile or so along his "dominions." His master then left a white man to guard the cave, while he returned for a lantern and an additional pistol. Soon after his departure, the white man left as a guard told Cesar to come out and escape to another cave about a mile off. After the negro had left a few minutes the man began to bawl out most lustily that the negro was

about to escape. On hearing the outcry at the cave, Mr. M. sprang upon his brother's horse which stood hitched at the gate near the mansion house, and, with the lantern and pistol in his hand, rode rapidly in the direction of the cave. In a short time his brother missed his horse and enquired for him. He was told, and he immediately, in company with Mrs. M. and her little daughter, started towards the cave from whence the yelling issued. He told them that no man could carry a lantern on that horse without being thrown off, and that they would be likely to find him thrown and badly hurt. At the distance of four hundred yards they saw the horse standing near the road, and the rider thrown off and his skull mashed. He was insensible and bleeding, and was carried home. In a short time the horror stricken Anna beheld the lifeless body of her husband.

The estate was administered on, and when wound up was found to be insolvent. A few years more, and the wife of John M. died, poor and neglected. I was present at the funeral, and none wept save her poor little orphan girls, who were taken and raised by their aunt, Mrs. L.

Thus I have brought my narrative to a close, presenting the sad spectacle of "avarice, slavery, and brandy." X. Y.

LEBANON, AUG. 15, 1857.

Editor of Argus:—I would like to be permitted to occupy a small space in your paper for the purpose of "agitating" a little upon a new subject. I believe that just now there is a general spirit of enquiry abroad as to the best method of curing and preventing disease, and of securing the most perfect health and the greatest longevity. The spirit of enquiry is abroad, and a great temperance reform is going on as to diet and general habits of living.—Useless stimulants and poisonous drugs are beginning to be looked upon as deadly enemies of health, and people are beginning to think of returning to a mere simple style of living. Now I regard the use of poisonous mineral substances by some of our physicians as one very prolific source of disease. These medicines are, in reference to the human constitution, decidedly "unconstitutional," and ought to be so decided by the court of public opinion. These medicines cannot be taken into the system with impunity, or without an infringement of physical laws. The consequence is, that there are thousands now living whose constitutions have been ruined by nothing less than the very medicines that are given to them to remove disease, and they are now dragging out lives more intolerable than death, when by the use of harmless medicines they would have been sound and well. It is a preposterous idea that these mineral medicines are more efficacious in curing disease than such as are to be found in the vegetable kingdom. Then if vegetable cures are just as efficacious, and can be used without danger of poisoning the system, why should they not be used in preference!

Hoping that some one more skilled than myself will take this matter in hand, I close for the present. F.

LORD PALMERSTON.—The last time I saw Lord Palmerston, was in the summer of 1854, in the House of Commons. It was a field day, and he had been running a tilt against every Parliamentary knight that dared break a lance with him in the encounter of debate. His face was flushed, his eyes were bright, and with the snows of seventy winters on his head, he appeared to me a perfect miracle of intellect. There is age in his hair, his limbs, and his voice; but this is physical decay only—the intellect is unconquered of decline. The sword is not the less sharp, that it gradually cuts through the scabbard.

The late Dr. McGinn, writing of the mythically old Mr. Rogers, said that, after passing the first eighty or ninety years of his age in the dissipations of youth, he began to think him of a profession; and in the same way the illustrious career of Palmerston commenced when his lordship was attaining half a hundred years. It is true, he was in the House of Commons before he was in a beard; but the silence of some twenty years would appear to intimate his profound conviction that the Romans were right in admitting to the Senate only those who had attained to the dignity of forty years. But although he came late upon the House of Commons arena, his whole life had been spent in office.

He has held office nineteen years under the Tories, and about sixteen years under the Whigs. He was the Secretary of War who signed warrants for the conveyance of Napoleon I to St. Helena; and he was the Secretary of State who offended his Sovereign by recognizing that Napoleon III had commenced to reign. As the English cricketers would say, "he has had the longest innings on record." His offices, too, appear to have been no sinecures. He was Secretary of War at war time; and his sixteen years of Foreign Secretaryship were sixteen years of attempts to break the peace.

"The Duke," to that manifesto of a few years since, when in answer to some Scotch clergymen, who petitioned him to advise her Majesty to fix a day for a national fast on account of the cholera, he suggested "they had better look after the town drainage," he has always manifested the same energy, spirit and humor; and now, in 1857, in his seventy-fourth year, the veteran statesman has triumphed in one of the fiercest popular struggles England has witnessed since the days of the great Reform agitation.

The high position of Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons is attributable not only to the fact that he is a first-rate intellect, leading the century, but to his most emphatically practical character, polished into statesmanship by the experience of more than forty years of responsible office.

He is said to be the only peer of pure Saxon descent, and he has always appeared to me to be the intensest Englishman in English public life. No one has pursued his recent Parliamentary efforts, but has been struck with the vigor and variety of his intellect. Practically comprehending all the details of English statesmanship, and thoroughly conversant with the political history of European politics, he is a perfect giant in debate. Cool and sagacious, he is ever prompt and ready at self-defense. Full of humor and abounding in sarcasm, he is a most formidable adversary in the running tilt of an off-hand debate.—Newark Advertiser.

UNITED STATES REVENUE RETURNS.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Courier says that the quarterly returns of revenue from customs, including hospital money, receipts from storage and other incidental charges for the present fiscal year, at the principal ports, have been as follows:

New York,	\$42,299,761
Boston,	6,569,989
Philadelphia,	3,641,150
Baltimore,	1,561,000
Charleston,	522,000
New Orleans,	3,419,000
Savannah,	170,000
Mobile,	185,000
St. Louis,	444,000
Cincinnati,	76,000
Portsmouth, Va.,	50,000
Estimated for the remainder of June,	2,500,000

Total ascertained and probable receipts of the year, 61,337,900

There has been a great falling off in the amount of duties collected at all the ports during the present quarter, compared with the last quarter of 1856, caused by the entries of merchandise in bond, in order to take advantage of the reduction of duties on and after July 1st. The public stores in New York and Boston are crammed with goods, and enormous payments of duties will be made the first week in July. The falling off in New York, thus far in the quarter, has been about \$5,000,000; at Boston, \$1,655,000; and elsewhere, no doubt, correspondingly. The excess at New York, up to March 31st, 1857, was \$4,700,000 over the same period in 1856. If we add to the total before given, the sum of \$8,000,000, which will have been withheld from the Treasury, as the duties on goods imported within the year, and warehoused on account of the tariff, we shall have an aggregate revenue from customs, to be credited to the year's transactions, of \$71,387,900. Estimating the receipts from public lands at \$8,313,000, the total receipts from all sources may be set down at \$80,000,000.

Riots in New York.

The celebration of Independence Day was marked by the bloodiest riot which the city has seen for five years. The close of a day of remarkable quietness was reddened with the blood of a hundred men.—At about 5 o'clock, five members of the Metropolitan Police in the Seventh Ward were surrounded in Jackson street, near Cherry, by several hundred of the occupants of the houses thereabout, and men went to the Tenth and Thirteenth Wards for help. Ten men from the Thirteenth rescued the Seventh Ward men, although they were so severely pelted with stones and brick-bats from housetops and the streets, that they were compelled to use their pistols. Three only of their number were injured.

Sergeant Davis of the Tenth Ward not being able to respond to the call for aid, sent to the headquarters in White street, and Mr. Bowers of the Ninth Ward, with twenty-five men, all specials except two or three, was dispatched immediately. These men went down White street into Baxter, and as they were turning into Bayard were attacked by a gang of rowdies known as "Dead Rabbits" or "Blackbirds."

While they were defending themselves from the clubs and brick-bats of the Dead Rabbits, a party of the "Bowery Boys," a race whose profession is to fight the Dead Rabbits, came down Bayard from the Bowery to the rescue of the police, not so much from their sympathies as from their antipathies.

The policemen, whose prospects had been rather gloomy, passed through to

Bowery and formed again, while the Dead Rabbits gathered in large numbers and drove the Bowery Boys back Bayard to Elizabeth street, gaining there a pile of bricks, which facilitated their operations for half an hour. The Bowery Boys then drove them back to Mott, and afterward to Mulberry. Here firing commenced and men began to fall. The Bowery Boys threw a barricade across Bayard, at the corner of Elizabeth, from behind which they made the street so unsafe that the Dead Rabbits dashed behind the corners of Mott street, only occasionally running out to shoot.

Before 7 1/2 p. m., two Metropolitan Police officers, covering their badges, went among the Dead Rabbits as Deputy Sheriffs and told them that the thing must be stopped. The Dead Rabbits were willing to step if the Bowery Boys would; the Bowery Boys were willing to stop if the Dead Rabbits would; the barricades were torn down, and with the exception of an occasional shot, order was restored in the Sixth Ward by 8 o'clock. The rioting was resumed the next day, but order was restored by the presence of the Sheriff.

IRON AND STEEL vs. WOOD AND CANVAS.

A British publication predicts that before the end of this century there will not probably be a wooden hull navigating the Atlantic under canvas. Upwards of eighty steamers, mostly screw propellers, are being built in England for the Atlantic trade. In this country, it is said that there is not a single screw propeller on the stocks. It may well be asked how the mercantile interest of the United States intend to maintain themselves against this great competition, unless they prepare at once for the struggle. The indications are plain that wood and canvas will be superceded by iron and steam, and those who are first prepared for the change will long enjoy superiority in the advantages.

COLLEGE PRIZES SECURED BY SANDWICH ISLANDERS.

The New Haven Palladium relates the following interesting facts: "We notice a curious coincidence in the prizes lately declared to the graduating class of Yale. Three young men have now been educated here who were born and reared, and who still had their homes, in the far-off Sandwich Islands. These three have all taken the First Astronomical Prizes, viz: Hiram Bingham of the class of 1853, W. D. Alexander of '55 and D. D. Baldwin of '57. These prizes are among the most honorable of the course, requiring not only intimate acquaintance with the visible heavens, but great accuracy in solution of problems, and especially in calculation of eclipses. There is therefore a great struggle among the 'mathematical heads' of each class for the first prize on the list. But the 'Canibals' seem to have a prescriptive right to that honor. Curious, to see these sons of the Pacific come round Cape Horn to wrest so surely this particular laurel from the youth of America!"

HEALTH OF CHILDREN.—Rising early is a habit of high importance to fix in childhood; and in forming it than in other cases. There is a natural propensity in children to early rising, which needs only to be encouraged. They usually retire to bed some time before their parents, and at daylight, or at least sunrise, are generally awake and anxious to rise. Many of them are actually bred up with difficulty to the habit of taking a morning nap, which when once formed, generally prevails through life. Let the father deny himself so far as to rise early, and become an early riser also. His health, enjoyment and usefulness, he may depend upon it, will be perceptibly benefited. And this may be connected with another preventive of disease—active employment. The morning is the season of activity; the frame invigorated by repose, is prepared for exertion, and motion gives pleasure. The pure atmosphere, so much sweeter and more exhilarating than the air of a confined chamber, has been prepared to be breathed, and like all nature's medicines, it is superior to any which science can produce. Early rising and early exercise may more properly be called food than medicine, as they are designed for daily use, and to protect us from disease rather than remove it.—Everything except mere sloth invites us—nay, requires us—to train up our children to use. The morn is the most favorable season for exercising the frame, as well as for making useful impressions on the mind and heart; and whoever tries to conduct the education of his child independently of this practice, will lose some of the most able opportunities.

SUMMARY MEASURES.—That old sinner, Brigham Young, in a late speech to his "Saints," made the following declaration, which has a slight air of parental severity: "Were my daughter to marry a Gentile, I would save her in this kingdom, namely, cut her throat from ear to ear." "Gentiles" visiting Salt Lake City, will please to notice, as Brigham has some forty wives, it is not impossible that his daughters are equally numerous.