

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 five or more 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.

BUSINESS CARDS.

W. T. MATLOCK. W. C. JOHNSON. Matlock & Johnson, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, And Solicitors in Chancery, WILL promptly attend to any business which may be committed to their professional charge before the District and Supreme Courts. Office in H. Gifford's building, immediately opposite the Main Street House. Oregon City, March 7, 1857. 47

H. G. Barnett, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, And Solicitor in Chancery, BETHEL, POLK COUNTY, OREGON.

JOHN R. MBRIDE, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Lafayette, Yamhill County, O. T., WILL faithfully attend to all business entrusted to his professional care.

Wm. C. Dement & Co., WHOLESALE and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Provision, Paints, Oils, Boots and Shoes, Crockery, &c. Opposite the Land Office, Main St. Oregon City. June 1, 1855.

CHARLES POPE, JR., DEALER in Hardware, Groceries, Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots & Shoes, Medicines, Books and Stationery. Main-st., Oregon City, April 21, 1857-1st

GEO. ABERNETHY & Co., MERCHANTS, OREGON CITY, O. T.

Abernethy, Clark & Co., COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANTS, San Francisco, Cal., Will attend to selling Oregon produce, and fill orders for Goods, Groceries, &c., at the lowest rates. The patronage of the people of Oregon is respectfully solicited. Aug. 2

H. Milwain, Manufacturer, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in COOK AND PARLOR STOVES, TIN & COPPER WARE, HARDWARE, &c., Main St., opposite Main Street Hotel, OREGON CITY, O. T. Steamboat and jobbing work attended to with dispatch. Orders from the country promptly filled. 1st

W. F. HIGHFIELD, WATCH-MAKER, Persons desirous of getting good work done will do well to give me a call, as my whole time is devoted to the repairing of Chronometers, Levers, Duplex, and Horizontal watches. An assortment of Jewelry on hand. Jewelry made to order, and repaired. Prices as low as the times. I am thankful for past favors, and hope to be satisfied in the future. Located at the old stand, opposite the Telegraph Office, OREGON CITY. Feb. 2

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, and Dye-stuffs, at the OREGON CITY DRUG STORE, Main Street, Oregon City, O. T.

JOHN P. BROOKS, Wholesale & Retail Dealer in Groceries, Produce, Provisions, &c. Main Street. A General Assortment kept up of Selected Goods. Canamh, March 28, 1857.

GUN-SMITHING. BEING permanently located in Oregon City, I am prepared to carry on the business of GUN-SMITHING. IN ALL ITS BRANCHES. Those who have one with their patronage, may expect to have their work done right. Those who have GUNS at our Shop repaired, and do not call for them within nine months of the time set for the work to be done, may expect to have them re-made by us. FERDINAND WILDE. June 27, 1857. 1101st

Wells, Fargo & Co's Express, Between Oregon, California, the Atlantic States and Europe. HAVING made advantageous arrangements with the United States and Pacific Mail Steamship Companies for transportation, we are now prepared to forward Gold Dust, Bullion, Specie, Packages, Parcels, and Freight, to and from New York, N. Orleans, San Francisco, Portland, and principal towns of California and Oregon. Our regular Semi-monthly Express between Portland and San Francisco, is dispatched by the Pacific Mail Steamship Co's steamship Columbus, connecting at San Francisco with our semi-monthly Express to New York and New Orleans, which is dispatched regularly on the 1st and 15th of each month, by the mail steamers and in charge of our own messengers, through to destination. Our Express from New York leaves regularly on the 5th and 20th of each month, also in charge of our messengers. Treasure insured in the best New York companies, or at Lloyd's in London, at the option of shippers. OFFICES—New York, No. 16, Wall st.; New Orleans, No. 11, Exchange place; San Francisco, No. 114, Montgomery street. A. H. STEELE, Agent. Oregon City, April 21, 1857-1st

Reading for the Million. S. J. McCORMICK HAS CONSTANTLY ON HAND AT THE FRANKLIN BOOK STORE, FRONT-ST., PORTLAND, OREGON, A Choice selection of Popular Books, Newspapers, Magazines and Fancy Stationery. Among the books on hand will be found works on Temperance, Agriculture, Horticulture, History, Poetry, Biography, Medicine, Religion, Science, School Books, Romances, &c., &c. Subscriptions received for Harper, Graham, Godey, Leslie's, or Putnam, at \$4 a year, postage free. Subscriptions received for any newspaper published in any part of the Union. Remember the Franklin Book Store and Newspaper Agency, Front street, Portland Oregon. A priced catalogue will be published early in April, and will be sent to any part of the territory free on application.

Oregon Lodge No. 2, I. O. O. F., MEETS at their Hall over the Oregon City Drug Store every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Brothers in good standing are invited to visit. FRED CHARMAN, N. G. GEORGE PEARL, Sec'y. 31

TEMPLE OF HONOR.—Tualatin Temple of Honor, No. 1, meets on the 1st and 3rd of Friday evenings of each month at 6 o'clock, at Temperance Hall, Forest Grove, Oregon. Members of the Order in good standing are invited to visit the Temple. E. W. DIXON, W. C. T. M. TUTTLE, W. B.

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, NOVEMBER 14, 1857. No. 31.

"I Owe No Man a Dollar." A few days ago, a good-looking subscriber came into our office and paid up all arrearages due for The Argus, and, as he slipped his few remaining pieces of silver into his purse, with a smile on his face that we would have caught if we had had the pencil of a Hogarth, exclaimed, "Now I owe no man a dollar!" It was Parthenius, a celebrated painter of olden time, who, fired by the devil Ambition, racked a poor captive to death on an instrument of torture, in order to catch with his pencil the workings of a countenance distorted by extreme agony. This same painter might have easily immortalized his name by a dextrous use of his pencil in transferring to canvas the radiance that shone upon that subscriber's countenance, as the outward symbol of the extreme happiness that reigned within when he exclaimed "Now I owe no man a dollar." As sincerely as we have often pitied the poor captive dying by inches, did we envy the "joy unspeakable" of our thrice-happy subscriber, as he turned to walk away. We gazed after him long, and thought his very step more stately and godlike than that of Dido, which made the old widower Eneas forget his lovely Creusa, and exclaim, "It is certainly the gait of a god-ess!" We find that Shiras, in the New York Tribune, has also been blessed with the sight of another such mortal—(of course he was no editor—they are never out of debt)—and gives us a picture of him—Here it is:

Oh, do not envy, my own dear wife, The wealth of our next door neighbor, But bid me still to be stout of heart, And cheerfully follow my labor. You must know, the last of those little debts, That have been our lingering sorrow, Is paid this night. So we'll both go forth With happier hearts to-morrow. Oh, the debtor is but a shame-faced dog, With the creditor's name on his collar, While I am a king, and you are a queen. For we owe no man a dollar!

Our neighbor who saw in his coach to-day, With his wife and his flaunting daughter, While we sat down to our evening board, To a crust and a cup of water; I saw that the tear-drops stood in your eye, Though you tried your best to conceal it. I knew that the contrast reached your heart, And you could not help but feel it; But knowing now that our soutry fare, Has freed my neck from the collar, You will join my laugh, and help me shout, We owe no man a dollar!

This neighbor, whose show has dazzled your eyes, In fact is a wretched debtor; I pity him out from my very heart, And I wish that his lot were better. Why, the man is the veriest slave alive, For his dazzling wife and daughter, Will live in style, though ruin should come— So he goes like a lamb to the slaughter; But he feels it the lighter every day, That terrible debtor's collar! Oh, what would he give, could he say with us, That he owed no man a dollar!

You seem amazed, but I'll tell you more: Within two hours I met him Sneaking away with a frightened air, As if a fiend had beset him; Yet he fled from a very worthy man, Whom I met with the greatest pleasure— Who, I caressed by name and forced to stop, Though he said he was not at leisure; He held my hat not! so I held him fast. I'm not afraid my neck from the collar; Then I shook his hand as I proudly said: "Now, I owe no man a dollar!"

Ah, now you smile, for you feel the force Of the truth I have been repeating; I knew that a d-w-urght honest heart, In that gentle breeze was beating. To-morrow I'll race with a giant's strength To follow my daily labor; But ere we sleep let us humbly pray For our wretched next-door neighbor; And we'll pray for the time when all shall be free From the weight of the debtor's collar. When the poorest shall lift up his voice and cry, "Now, I owe no man a dollar!"

WEATHER WISDOM.—A rainbow in the morning gives the shepherd warning—that is, if the wind be easterly; because it shows that the rain cloud is approaching the observer. A rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight. This is also a good sign, provided the wind is westerly, as it shows that the rain clouds are passing away. Evening red, and next morning gray, are certain signs of a beautiful day. When the glow-worm lights her lamp, the ground is always damp. If the cock crows going to bed he certainly rises with a watery head. When you see gossamer flying, be sure the air is drying. When black snails cross your path, black clouds much moisture air. When the peacock loudly calls, soon we'll have both rain and squalls. When the ducks are driven through the burn, that night the weather takes a turn. If the moon shines like a silver shield, be not afraid to reap your field. But if she rises haloed around, soon we'll tread on deluged ground. When rooks are sporting in air, it shows that windy storms are near. If, at the sun's rising or setting, the clouds appear of a lurid red color, extending to the zenith, it is a sure sign of storms and gales of wind.

"Fellow-sinners," said a preacher, "if you were told that by going to the top of those stairs yonder,"—pointing to a rickety pair at one end of the church—"you might secure your eternal salvation, I really hardly believe any of you would try; but let any man proclaim there were a hundred dollars up there for you, and I'll guarantee there would be such a getting up stairs as you never did see."

New Hat. Lovegood Exploded.

HIS EXPERIENCE WITH SODA POWDERS. Sut. related the story thus: "George, did you ever see Sicily Burns? Her dad lives at the Rail Snak Springs, nigh to the Georgy line?" "Yes, a very handsome girl." "Handsome! that word don't kiver the case; it sounds like callin' good whisky, water, when ye ar at Big Spring and the still house ten miles off, an bit a rainin', and yer flask only half full. She shows among wimen like a sunflower as compared to dog fennel an smart weed and jimsen. But thar aint no use tryin' to describe her. Couldn't crawl thru a whisky barrel with both heads stove out, if it wur hilt study for her, an good foot holt at that. She weighs just two hundred and twenty six pounds, an stands sixteen hands high. She never got in an arm cheer in her life, and you can lock the top hoop of a churn ur a big dog collar round her waist. I've se'd her jump over the top of a split-bottom cheer, an never show her ankils or ketch her dress onto it. She kerried devil enuf about her to fill a four boss waggin bed, with a skin as white as the inside of a frog's foot, cheeks an lips as red as a peesche's gills in degwood blossom time; an sich a smile! Oh, I'd dratted of it is enuf talkin'. That gal cud make me murder old Bishop Soul hissel, or kill mam not to speak of dad, ef she jist hinted that she wanted sich a thing dun."

"Well, to tell it at onst, she wur a gal all over, from the pint of her toe nails to the longest bar on the hiest knob of her head—gal all the time, everywhere—and thar of the excitin' kind. Of course I leaned up to her as close as I dar to, an in spite of long legs, appetite for whisky, my shurt scrape, and dad's actin' hoss, she sorter leaned to me, an I was beginnin to think I wur jist the greatest and comfort-ablest man on yearth, not exceptin Old Buck or Brigham Young, with all his rad-dilled, wrinkled wimmin, cradels full of babies, an his Big Salt Lake thrown in. Well, wur day a cussed, deceivin, palaverin, stinkin Yankee peddler, all jack-knife an jaw, cum to ole man Burnes, with a lead ov apple parins, callicker ribbins, jewsharps, an s-o-d-y p-o-w-d-e-r-s. Now, mind, I'd never hera tell of that truck afore, an I'm durned if I don't want it to be the last—wur nor rifle powder—wur nor perkussion—three times as smart, and hurts wur, heap wur. Durn him—Durn all Yankee peddlers, and durn their principals and praetris, I say. I wish I had all the sody powder they ever made, in his cussed panach, an a slow match fixed to bin, an I had a chunk of fire, the feller what found a peace ov him big enuf to feed a cockroach ought to be King ov the Sultan's harem a thousand years for his luck. They aint human, no how. The mint at Filadelfy is that Heaven; they think their God eats haf dimes for breakfast, hashes the leavins fur dinner, and swalters a cent an a dried apple for supper, sets on a stampan machine fur a throne, sleeps on a crib full of haf dollars, and measures men like money, by count.—They haint one of them got a soul but what kud dance a jig in a kabbage seed, an leave room fur the fiddler.

Well, Sicily she bought a tin box ov the sody from him, an hid it away from her folks, a savin' it for me. I happen to pass next day, ov course I stopped to enjoy a look at the tempter, an she wur mighty lavin to me, put wur arm round my neck an tother wur whar the circle goes roun a hoss, tuk the 'inture on me with her left foot, and gin me a kiss. Says she, 'Sutty, love, I've got somethin fur ye, a new sensashun'—an I believed it, for I begun to feel it steady. My toes felt like little minners wur a niblin at em—a cold streak run up and down my back like a lizard with a turkey hen after him in set-in time, my heart felt hot and on-satisfied like, an then I'd a cut ole Soul's throat, ef she'd hinted at needisarity for sich an operashun. Then she poured ten or twelve big papers ov the sody inter a big tumbler, an about the same number ov white wurms inter tuther tumbler, an put ni onto a pint ov water on both ov them an stirred em both up with a case knife, lookin as solemn as a ole jackass in a snow storm when the fodder's all gin out. She hilt wur while she told me to drink tuther. I swallowed it in a wur run—tasted salty like, I thot it wur part of the sensashun. But I wur mistaken, all ov the cussed infernal sensashun wur to cum, and it wurn't long at it, hoss, you'd believe me. Then she gin me tuther tumbler, and I seut it after the fust, race hoss fashion.

"In about wur moment an haf I thot I'd swallowed a thrashin machine in full blast, ur a couple ov bull dogs, and they had set inter fitin. I sead that I wur cotched agin—some family dispersion to make cussed fools ov themselves every chance—so I broke for my boss. I stole a look back an thar Sicily lay on her back in the porch, a screemin with liffin her heels up in the air, a kickin ov em togeth-

er like she wur tryin to kick her slippers off. But I had no time to look then, and thar wur a road of foam from the hoss to the hoss two foot wide an four inches deep—lookin like it had been snowin—poppin, an a hiss, an a bilin, like a tub ov hot soap suds. I had gethered a cherry tree limb as I run, an I lit astraddle ov my hoss, a whippin an a kickin like mad.—This, with the scarey noises I made (for I wur a whalin, and a sputterin, outer nose, mouth an eyes, like a steam engine) sot him a rearin and cavortin like he was skeered out of his senses. Well, he went. The foam rolled, and the ole black hoss flew. He jist mizzled—scared ni to death, and se wur I. So we agreed on the pint ov the greatest distance in the smallest time.

"I aimed fur Doctor Goodman's at the Hiwassee Copper Mines, to get somethin tu stop the exploshun in my inards. I met a sercuit rider on his travels towards a fried chicken an a hat full ov ball biskits. As I cum tarin along he hilt up his hands like he wanted to pray fur me, but as I preferred physic tu prayer, in my peccoliar situ-washun at that time, I jist rolled along.—He tuck a skeer as I cum ni on to him, his faith gin out, an he dodged hoss, saddibags, an overcoat, inter a thicket jist like you've sead a terkil take water often a log when a tarin big steamboat cum along. As he passed ole man Burnes's Sicily hailed him, an axed him if he'd met enybody in a hurry gwine up the road. The poor man thot perhaps he did and perhaps he didn't, but he'd seen a site, uv a spook, ur a ghost, ur old Beelzebub himself, ur the komit, he did n't adzektly know which, but takin all things together an the short time he'd for preparashun, he thot he met a crazy, long-legged shakin Quaker, a fleicin from the wurth tu cum, on a black an white spotted hoss, a whippin ov him with big brush, an he hed a white beard what cum frum ni onto his eyes to the pummil ov the saddil, an then forked an went to his knees, an then sumtimes drapped in bunches as big as a crow's nest tu the ground, an hearn a sound like a rushing ov mity waters, and he wur mityly exercised about it enyhow. Well, I gess he wur, and so wur his fat hoss, an wur ole black, and so wur exercised ov all ov wur old I, myself.—Now, George, all this beard an spots on the hoss, and steam, an fire, an snow, an wire tails, is ouddacious humbug. It all cum outen my inards, droppin out ov my mouth without eny vomitin ur effort, an ef it hadn't I'd a busted into more pieces than thar is sigs in a big catfish. The Lovengood's are all confounded fools, and dad aint the wurst ov em."

THE OBLIGATIONS OF A FREEMASON.—A curious case has just been brought before the Superior Court of New York city, in which one Freemason, named Emile Pierre, sues another of the craft, named Antoine Bonnard, for slander, having procured his expulsion from the lodge to which they both belonged, and injuring his business which is that of a shoemaker, by speaking malicious words. These reproachful terms consist in styling M. Pierre a pickpocket and a thief, and asserting that he had exacted from M. Bonnard a sham mortgage. M. Pierre swears that the defendant has circulated these reports among a great portion of the French community of the city of New York which is quite numerous, and has expressed a fixed determination to ruin him, and that since the slanders were uttered he has been unable to obtain work to maintain his family. But the most curious part of the complainant's affidavit is, that stating that both parties were members of the French Lodge of Freemasons in New York, where M. Bonnard, in his absence, made false and malicious charges against him, supporting the same by his Masonic oath, in consequence of which he (Pierre), was expelled, and cannot enter any other Masonic Lodge on the face of the earth. Upon this charge Bonnard was arrested, and held to bail in \$1,000. The case is a striking one, and illustrates the power over evil doors exercised by the Masonic fraternity.

A CURIOUS CASE.—Mr. McCloskey, a gentleman worth some \$150,000, dying in Paris, left \$6,000 to a niece in Dubuque, Iowa. The niece or legatee died on the same day as the testator. If the hour of her death preceded his, the legacy lapsed; if it succeeded his, the legacy is vested in her. The time of their decease was so nearly identical that it is supposed it will have to be determined by the difference between solar and true time, the legacy thereby depending upon a question of longitude.

When we see a neat, pretty girl, with a sweet, innocent air, with cheeks like roses, and heavenly hazel, blue, or black eyes, which seem to repose in serenity beneath their silken lashes, we always wish she was near a mud-puddle and we had to lift her over.

The Stormalog of Stony Point.

"On the night between the 15th and 16th days of July, 1779, one of the boldest and most effectual military enterprises of the American Revolution was successfully accomplished. We refer to the capture of the British fortress at Stony Point, on the west bank of the Hudson about forty miles from this city. The garrison of the place consisted of over 600 regulars, and it was heavily armed and completely provisioned and stored. Its defensive preparations were formidable. The attack was undertaken by General Anthony Wayne, and carried out with the characteristic determination, impetuosity and good fortune of that noble old patriotic chief. With a well equipped body of Continental troops, "Mad Anthony" at midnight, within sight of the British works, and at a distance of a mile from the Point, divided his men into two columns, putting himself at the head of one. The charge was ordered drawn from every musket, and with fixed bayonets and resolute step, the American troops advanced rapidly toward the frowning walls. A deep ditch was creased with a dash and a shout, and although the heavy cannon of the fortress opened on the advance with a terrible and unrelenting fire, mowing down with grape-shot the foremost ranks of the assailants, yet their columns wavered not for an instant. The Revolutionary bayonets swept down the gunners at their guns; the entrances into the fort were forced, the walls scaled, and the enemy scattered, and the two American detachments met in the centre of the enemy's camp without firing a gun. The echoes of the rocky hills along the Hudson reverberated back the three mighty cheers of triumph with which the victors welcomed the raising of the American flag upon the staff whence the bloody cross of England had just descended.—Every man of the British garrison was killed or captured!

Such is the historical outline of the taking of Stony Point; but popular tradition in the neighborhood supplies, to this day, many most interesting addenda to the antiquarian. It is related, for instance, that a secret passage to the works had been discovered by a negro girl, who had been accustomed to pick strawberries on the green slope of the fortification; and that she led the American General to this entrance, into which, at the head of a chosen body, he rushed, far in advance of his own troops, and cleaved down with his own good sword, the foremost of the startled defenders. Doubtless the American forces had ample information as to the state of the works and the strength of the garrison, from the liberty-loving population of the surrounding country, who looked upon the red coated enemy with apprehension and sullen hatred. No section of the Colony of New York was more enthusiastically and unanimously patriotic than the counties lying west of the Hudson river.—The preponderating Dutch element had never loved the British rule, and General Gage certainly had occasion for the remark which tradition attributes to him—'Wherever there is a Dutchman in these Colonies, there is a rebel!'—N. Y. Daily News.

DEATH OF JUDGE BAILHACHE.—This venerable citizen of Illinois died on the 2d of September last from the effects of the injuries he received by being thrown from a carriage at Alton on the day before.—Judge Bailhache was one of the most widely known and respected citizens of the State. He came to this country from the Island of Guernsey when yet a youth, and settled in Ohio, where he published and edited the Scioto Gazette for a number of years, and was afterward editor of the Ohio State Journal. He removed to Alton in 1837, and conducted the Alton Telegraph till 1855, when he retired from editorial life.

Judge Bailhache was an active and influential member of the old Whig party in its palmy days, and rendered valuable services to the Whig cause. He was a confidential friend of HENRY CLAY, with whom he kept up a constant correspondence, and he was, we believe, the first journalist to propose and hoist that distinguished statesman's name for the Presidency.

Hon. George G. Dunn, a prominent member of the last Congress, and a leading participant in the Congressional debates on Kansas affairs during the last term, died at his residence in Lawrence county, Indiana, in Sept., after a lingering illness.

An immense work is nearly concluded at the Imperial Observatory of Paris; it is the Celestial Atlas, prepared by M. Chacoma. The plates are almost finished, to within a small number. There are to be sixty-five in all. In presenting the new plates to the Academie des Sciences, M. Leverrier made some very curious observations. A single plate contains the indication of 25,825 stars of the thirteenth magnitude.

STONG CASES.—Western Courts of Justice have furnished many ludicrous subjects for the pen-painter, and now Texas presents us with some not less rich and extravagant. A correspondent writes from Victoria, in that State, and vouches for the truth of a brace of stories in the words following:

Judson T. Mills, from South Carolina, was a Judge of our District Court, in Northern Texas—fond of a joke, but very decided in his discharge of duty. Thomas Fannin Smith was a practicing lawyer at the bar, and having shamefully misstated the law in his address to the jury, turned to the Court and asked the Judge to charge the jury accordingly. The Judge was indignant, and replied: "Does the counsel take the Court to be a fool?"

Smith was not abashed by the reproof, but instantly responded: "I trust your Honor will not insist on an answer to that question, as I might, in answering it truly, be considered guilty of contempt of Court." "Fine the counsel ten dollars, Mr. Clerk," said the Judge.

Smith immediately paid the money, and remarked that it was ten dollars more than the Court could show. "Fine the counsel fifty dollars," said the Judge.

The fine was entered by the clerk, and Smith, not being ready to respond in that sum, sat down. The next morning, on the opening of court, Smith rose, and, with much deference of manner, began: "May it please your Honor, the clerk took that little joke of yours yesterday about the fifty dollars as serious, as I perceive from the reading of the minutes.—Will your Honor be pleased to inform him of his error, and have it erased?"

The coolness of the request and the implied apology pleased the Judge, and he remitted the fine. Judge Williamson, or three-legged Willie, as he was familiarly called, was one of the early judges of Texas. In his court a lawyer by the name of Charlton stated a point of law, but the Court refused to admit the counsel's statement as sufficient proof.

"Your law, sir," said the Judge; "give us the book and page, sir." "This is my law, sir," said Charlton, pulling out a pistol; "and this, sir, is my book," drawing a Bowie knife; "and that is the page," pointing the pistol toward the Court.

"Your law is not good, sir," said the unfringed Judge; "the proper authority is *Colt on Revolvers*," and he brought a six shooter instantly to bear on the head of the counsel, who dodged the point of the argument, and turned to the jury.

On another occasion, the Judge concluded the trial of a man for murder by sentencing him to be hung that very day. A petition was immediately signed by the bar, jury, and people, praying that longer time might be granted to the poor prisoner. The Judge replied to the petition, that 'the man had been found guilty, the jail was very unsafe, and, besides, it was so very uncomfortable he did not think any man ought to be required to stay in it any longer than was necessary.' The man was hung!

SIGNIFICANT.—The Louisville Journal, the able and most earnest journal of the American party South, remarks upon the election of a Speaker of the House at the opening of the next Congress— "In this struggle we see no course open to the Americans in Congress, but that of an honorable and judicious choice between the rival candidates of the stronger parties. Yet as this choice will probably determine the whole question, and, in some degree, shape the future destiny of parties, the weightiest responsibilities obviously attend it. We entertain the most perfect confidence that it will be made as it should be made."

Mrs. Judge Coalter, of Stafford co., Va., who died lately, by her will emancipated some ninety slaves, and after the 1st of January next. Charles, her favorite man-servant, receives \$100 a year for life, and sufficient to take him to any part of the world he may elect to reside in, and the others are to be provided with the usual outfit for Liberia or any free country they may prefer. If any of the slaves shall prefer to remain in Virginia, they are permitted to select owners from the relations of the deceased.

Queen Victoria is the first sovereign of England that has visited Cherbourg since the time that Normandy belonged to Great Britain. The last English monarch seen under the walls of Cherbourg was Henry V., in 1420.

Those who indulge in the "weed," have been considerably exercised of late by the reports of a short crop of tobacco, both in Cuba and the Southern States. To relieve their fears, we would state that there are several cargoes of guano on their way here, which is equally as nasty as tobacco.

ADVERTISING RATES. One square (12 lines or less) one insertion, \$3.00 " " " 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 this locality. HANDBILLS, POSTERS, BLANKS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLET-WORK and other kinds, done to order, on short notice.