

The Next Presidency.

As the time draws nigh for the assembling of the Charleston Convention, the sectional organs North, South, East, and West are busy in discussing the probable result of that motley crowd composed of Northern doughfaces and Southern disunion salamanders. The leading Southern organs which claim that the Democratic party is a "Southern sectional party," got up for the express purpose of encouraging and protecting the slave-breeding interests of the few who are able to own niggers, are emboldened by their position as the dispensers of laws to the party to speak with an assurance and a dogmatism that are seldom evinced by a driven-nigger journal of the North. These Southern journals are fully as dictatorial, arrogant, and supercilious as could be reasonably expected from their position as drivers of the political chain-gang that meekly answers to the roll-call, from the Northern States. They are all determined that the Convention, which very appropriately meets in the hot-bed of Southern disunionism, shall bear fruit worthy of the soil exorable to the memory of the Tories that once sneaked through its chapparal, burning the houses and barns of their patriot neighbors who gave assistance to our Revolutionary army—a soil still marked by the foot-prints of the lineal descendants of those Tories, who, inspired with the same hatred of human liberty and a free government that their sires were, are now seeking to disrupt the Government by means of the Democratic party. These Southern organs are rampant for a Southern candidate for the Presidency and a Southern platform for him to stand on, which shall not blink the great question of "Southern rights," but which shall come squarely up to the work of giving niggerism a big hoist by plainly acknowledging its rights in all the Territories and blindly hinting at the unconstitutionality of Free State constitutions and the laws against the slave trade. The Northern organs of the party, fully conscious of their subordinate position in the ranks, make no decided opposition to anything their Southern drivers propose, but fully conscious of their inability to carry a Northern State for a fire-eating candidate upon a salamander platform, are content to let their Southern drivers arrange the programme for the campaign, provided they are allowed to give an occasional hint as to some sine qua non to a successful deception of a single Northern State. Southern organs are boldly pushing the claims of such salamanders as Jeff Davis, Stephens, Slidell, and Benjamin, while the driven-nigger organs are meekly suggesting that a candidate with the disunion antecedents of such men, while he being 'sonndly Democratic' would not be at all repugnant to them personally, would nevertheless be an awful load to carry in a country which, unfortunately for the Democratic party, tolerates free speech and a free press, and fosters free schools. Southern organs prefer an experienced politician, a reputable statesman, and a man whose whole history, party connections, and individual interest, place him upon the single-planked platform upon which Brooks balanced himself when, in his South Carolina speech of August 3, 1856, he said, "I have no politics but the nigger." This is the main plank they desire inserted in the Charleston platform—that is, as a visible one North and South. They want the Northern Democracy to distinctly understand that the great work of a Democrat consists in aiding and abetting negro-breeding and slavery-extension. Underlying this plank is another one, which can only be exhibited among such reliable Democrats as vegetate in the Gulf States. It consists in a declaration made by Brooks in the speech alluded to, and serves to cement the fortunes of Southern Tories to the Democratic party by showing its real present animus, and indicating to the villains that compose Yancey's "Southern Secret Disunion League" its ultimatum. Brooks covered the whole ground when he said that "the Constitution being an anti-slavery document, framed by anti-slavery men, who looked to the gradual extinction of slavery, it affords no adequate protection to the institutions of the South, I go, therefore, for tearing the Constitution into atoms, trampling it under my feet, and setting up a Southern confederacy, every State of which shall be a slaveholding State." Northern scribes, seeing that there is no show for the election of one of these prominent Southern politicians, and knowing that the South will be unwilling to cast off her own leaders to take up a Northern 'statesman,' are trying to dodge the whole difficulty by proposing that no prominent statesman North or South shall be run, but that all Democratic eyes shall be turned to the corners and by-ways in search of some hitherto unknown person who shall 'lead the Democracy to victory.' They succeeded so well with Polk and poor Pierce that it is thought best to try the same game over again. In Oregon, the rapid descent of John Whiteaker from the fiddler's seat in a Missouri 'hoe-down' to the chair of Governor of the Oregon Democracy, is sufficiently suggestive to cause such dilated fanaticism as the Times and its tail at Corvallis to send back a kiota howl of assent, while for fear of damaging their subscrip-

tion list at home they will not come up to the scratch of their duty by even suggesting the name of their master Hamburg Jo as a dernier resort, provided the Charleston Convention can fall upon no one else. The idea that an obscure individual would poll a heavier Democratic vote than a statesman, is no doubt correct, and we doubt not that it would be for the interest of the Democratic party to nominate Jo Lane, Dolf, or P. G. Stewart for the Presidency. We are honest in the conviction that either of them would poll a heavier vote East of the Rocky Mountains than would Cass or Dickinson, and the diluted fanaticism of Oregon would be equally as rampant for their election as they were for the election of Stout, a similar calibered and principled Democrat.

There are a few papers, such as Forney's Press and Douglas's organs in Illinois, which, while they denounce the Administration in no measured terms, still claim to be 'Democratic,' and while they are very severe on the Southern leaders of the party they plainly show a willingness to go into the Charleston Convention and abide its decision, provided Douglas shall be nominated, or a Douglas platform shall be placed under any other man who is selected. The leading organs of the South have repudiated Douglas in advance, and the Charleston Mercury, which hopes to control the Convention, pledges itself to bolt the nomination provided Douglas be chosen or Douglas Democracy be made any part of the platform. The most prominent of Southern politicians are understood to occupy the same ground. It is very evident that Douglas desires the nomination, and has by his recent course placed himself in a position where he certainly ought to be an acceptable candidate to even the extremists of the South, and where he has really forced the salamanders to regard his claims at the risk of having the party blown up. Since the general declaration at the South of an intention to bolt the nomination in the event of Douglas's success, Stephen has slowly taken it into his head to publish a letter declaring his intention also to bolt, provided his own views of Democracy fail to find favor in the Convention. This places the salamanders in rather a ticklish position.—They are forced either to swallow Douglas Democracy, which they feign to scorn, or see the 'Little Giant' shoulder the gates of the outer wall of sectionalism and walk off, leaving before their astonished eyes a terrible gap for runaway niggers. The failure to accept of Douglas's Democracy of today, will be owing solely to a personal feud that has grown up between the 'Little Giant' and the leading salamanders. There isn't difference enough in the principles of the two parties to be worth quarreling about. Douglas, while he has been laying the wires to force the Convention to adopt something that could be held up as a Douglas triumph, has cautiously and artfully approximated so near the position of those who claim that the whole Government is a huge proslavery engine, that even he and Jeff Davis ought to hug one another as par nobis fratrum, while Jo Lane holds their hats. When in his Freeport speech he plainly avowed his belief that the people of a Territory had the power legally to exclude slavery, and his organs in Illinois hooted at the Supreme Court as having gone out of its way to render a political opinion, of no binding force, in reference to the unconstitutionality of the Missouri compromise and the ordinance of '87, people had some right to believe him true to the principle of popular sovereignty. He let down amazingly, however, in his conflict with Jeff Davis and Brown in the U. S. Senate, when, after "bowing with reverence" to the "decision of the Supreme Court as law" which placed slavery in a Territory in spite of the people, he was driven to his miserable shift of "unfriendly legislation" to accomplish indirectly what the people had no power to do directly, as he declared they had, at Freeport. Finding that his "unfriendly legislation" policy was not calculated to advance his interests at Charleston, he has at length written a letter to Dorn, which ought to set him right with even Jeff Davis. In summing up the terrible condition of the Democratic party when he shall be compelled to leave it, he says:

"If it shall become the policy of the Democratic party to interpolate into its creed the doctrine that the Constitution of the United States ever established or prohibited slavery in the Territories, beyond the power of the people legally to control it as property, it is due to candor, &c."

Would any Southern salamander say that the people of a Territory could not control it "as property"? The Dred Scott opinion being law, as Douglas admits, slavery is securely fastened upon a Territory in spite of the people, and now Douglas, instead of saying that the people have a right to exclude it, contends that they have the right to "control it as property"—that is, tolerate its presence, and make laws for its protection, just as they do in Georgia. If Jeff Davis cannot swallow that kind of popular sovereignty, he must be nice indeed. The Charleston Convention ought to ask of Douglas no more concessions—he has conceded the whole ground, and, henceforth, if there is such a thing as a Douglas party, it will be built on personal issues, and really as contemptible as the one that elected Stout because he was 'anti-Bush.'

THANKS.—Cris Taylor has our thanks for a late copy of the British Colonist, from which we extract Gov. Douglas's reply to Gen. Harney. We are indebted to R. E. Ball, News agent, Yreka, for late papers.

Oregon Democracy at Charleston.

The Times, Union, and other Black Democratic papers, are making a great noise about a State Convention of the Jo Lane society, to select delegates to the grand caucus at Charleston next spring, and are very impatient that the State Central Committee should summon the faithful and reliable at an early day. If they will take our advice, they will stop all this, and dispense with the useless and costly ceremony of a convention. The result will be the same if the Central Committee authorize Hibben, Stout, and T. Vault to give three votes for Jo Lane, or perhaps it would be still better and more economical to authorize the first named darkey to throw the three votes to which the State is entitled. He is just fit to represent the Democracy of Oregon; indeed, we are inclined to regard his appointment as their delegate as more honorable to them than to him, for it would, we think, be coming down from the position he has just held at West Point to the poor place of representing a party which wants Jo Lane to be President, and elects such a representative as Stout. But the holding of a convention is a needless expense, and, in the present state of financial affairs in Oregon, we sincerely hope, as the result will be a foregone conclusion, that some plan will be devised to let Lane have the votes at Charleston without the idle formality of a disgraceful blow-out at Eugene City.

Indian Appropriations.

Intelligence was received by the last mail that the large sums of money, amounting to near \$300,000, to which our citizens have been entitled to for about three years, will be forwarded to the Superintendent by the next steamer. Better late than never, but it looks as though the officers at Washington having charge of this fund had at last, by the absence of Lane, Smith, and Grover, become relieved of any excuse for longer delay, and concluded to pay their just debts. While these men were in Washington there was no chance to get a dollar, but as soon as they were away there was nobody to put obstacles in the way, and as a matter of course the money is forthcoming. We have long been satisfied that such representation as Oregon has been cursed with in Congress is only mischievous to our interests, and this payment, when they could no longer hinder or obstruct it, assures us still more that their absence for all time to come would be an abundant blessing.

Naturalization.

Great excitement prevails among naturalized citizens throughout the nation, at the strange and astounding doctrine recently promulgated by Gen. Cass, that our Government could not protect them if they returned to their native land. This idea, born, as it is, in the brain of one of the most prominent leaders of a party which has always professed such transcendent sympathy for the foreigner, is a forcible and just proof of the arrant hypocrisy of the knavish managers, who are bold and noisy in their admiration of foreign voters at election time, but when their necessities demand that assistance and protection which our laws promise to them, they forget that their victims are anything but ignorant Dutchmen or Irishmen or Blue-noses, who owe and must pay allegiance to the pompous lords of the soil which gave them birth. We hope that every foreigner will read the letter of Cass to Felix LeClere in which he announces the outrageous sentiment to which we have referred, and if they are then satisfied to sustain a party which thus tramples on their rights, they will be less deserving of sympathy than we now consider them.

Oregon.

We are constantly receiving letters from the Eastern States and elsewhere requesting copies of our paper which contained a general description of the soil, climate, and productions of this State. The edition has long since been exhausted, and we are not able to supply the demand, but we shall soon prepare and publish a more extended account of the country than we have yet published, and in order to be able to fill all orders, we shall print a large quantity of extra copies, which can be had by those who order them at twenty-five cents each. The money can be enclosed to us with the names and residences of those to whom the papers are to be sent in the Eastern States, and we will mail them to the address sent, if desired.

THE MISSOURI NAVIGATED TO FORT BENTON.—From the Portland dailies we learn that the steamer Chippewa had ascended the Missouri River as far as Fort Benton, 600 miles from Walla Walla, between which points Lieut. Mullan is now engaged in constructing a military road. This is important, as foreshadowing the early construction of the Pacific Railroad.

BRILLIANT METEOR.—On Friday night last, about nine o'clock, a brilliant meteor was observed to blaze out in the northern part of the horizon, emitting a very bright light. From now until the last of November, is the season in which these beautiful objects are seen in the greatest profusion. For the benefit of the young ladies—readers of our paper—we will tell 'em a secret: Whatever you wish, and express it audibly, between the appearance and 'winking out' of a meteor, or shooting star, will come to pass—as surely as the finding of a pot of gold at the end of a rainbow. Now, look out, girls!—but bear in mind that that wish must be the dearest one of all your little tun tunz. This is all important to its fulfillment.

Road to Tillamook.

There is now a company of seventeen men engaged in cutting a trail from the head waters of the North Fork of Yamhill River, in Yamhill county, through the Coast Mountains to Tillamook Valley. The road has already been surveyed and blazed from Tillamook as far as the Summit Mountain by Mr. McWillis, a resident of Tillamook Valley. He reports the ground as favorable for a good wagon road—a better road than the one leading over the Calapoosia Mountains. The old Tillamook trail leading over the mountains from the head waters of South Yamhill is a bad one, and the ground is such that it is said a good wagon road cannot be made, except at an enormous cost. The Tillamook Valley is at present but little known by the citizens of Oregon, although we learn from several who have visited it that it is a much more extensive country than is generally supposed. The land is said to be extremely rich, the water is excellent and abundant, the stock range good, wild fish, oysters, and clams are plenty. Such game as deer, bear, elk, wild geese and ducks, is easily obtained. The harbor is fine, the channel safe, and the timber bordering on the prairies is said to be the best in Oregon. The Tillamook people boast that they have the healthiest location in the State, and they are looking forward to the day not far in the future when all the vacant land will be occupied by a dense settlement. We are inclined to believe that Tillamook offers about the best inducements for settlers of any other section. We intend to visit it soon after the road is opened, and explore it thoroughly, and then report upon its merits.

Mount Hood.

We have lately conversed with Mr. Howard, a young man of this county, who was one of a party that ascended Mt. Hood a few weeks since. Mr. Howard is confident that theirs is the only party that ever reached the tip top of Mt. Hood, no sign could be discovered of any one having been there before, and it is not likely that a man whose ambition prompted him to scale the summit of this noble mountain, would ever accomplish the undertaking without leaving behind him some memorial of his success. They tracked the Portland party to a spot several hundred feet from the top, where they appeared to have stood parleying awhile, and then turned back. Here an awful chasm separated them from the peak, which could be crossed only on the snow which filled it up to a narrow place. The passage of this bridge was enough to appal the stoutest heart—and in reality was as desperate an undertaking as the passage of the Bridge of Lodi—for if it should fail beneath their weight, or crumble away after they had crossed it, there would be little prospect for them of ever visiting the scenes of their childhood again. This thought doubtless operated on the Portland party and induced them to retrace their steps. But not so with the Clackamas boys.—Frank Howard thought that if nothing was ever ventured, nothing would ever be won, and boldly rushed across, followed by the others. They then made their way to the top, where they left some marks of their presence, which will be noticed by the next who has the hardihood to make the attempt to reach the top. They were not provided with instruments to take the exact measurement of the altitude of Mt. Hood, but with the imperfect means at their disposal it was computed that the height of the apex above the level of the sea was eighteen thousand two hundred and seventy-five feet and six inches—or considerably over three miles. Afterwards, in making the descent of the mountain, at the distance of several miles, they looked back, and discovered with horror that a large portion of their frail bridge had fallen off since they crossed! The crater was very warm, and in some places the hand could not be borne on account of the heat.

Singular Phenomenon.

—This is the dark of the moon, yet on Sunday night and Thursday night of this week, it was very light—so much so that coarse print could be read, and it was not difficult at all to distinguish the time by a watch. Stars could scarcely be seen, but this was partly owing to the misty cloud which overspread the sky. The period of the greatest light was about midnight. The light appeared to be not so pure and strong as that of the full moon, but objects could be distinguished with more plainness, and at a greater distance, besides having a reddish appearance, caused no doubt by the reflection of the rays from the reddish clouds above. We noticed that no shadows were cast by any objects, which showed that the light was general, and did not proceed from any particular spot of the heavens. The light appeared commenced about nine o'clock, and increased till about midnight, when it began gradually to lessen in intensity, and finally faded in darkness. Altogether it was a most remarkable spectacle, and, recollecting the time, would have a tendency to awaken a feeling of awe and sublimity in the beholder. Those versed in the principles of the refrangibility of light, are doubtless able to give some solution of this singular phenomenon.

The steamer Multnomah has been raised and brought to Portland. She will again resume her regular trips after undergoing necessary repairs.

The Circuit Court for this county will commence next week—Judge Wait presiding.

Sensible.—Clemens and Borland, editors of the Memphis Enquirer, who are ex-U. S. Senators, have renounced allegiance to the Democratic party since it became a sectional party, headed by disunionists. The following reasons given by them for leaving the piratical craft, we commend to such as now vote the Democratic ticket under the impression that they are supporting the old party to which Jefferson and Jackson belonged:

"When we belonged to the Democratic party it was neither cursed with the heresy of disunion nor disgraced with the foul slime of corruption. It was a party of principle—true to its pledges, and unflinching in its attachment to the cardinal doctrines of Jefferson and Jackson. The motley thing which has stolen the name of Democracy bears no resemblance to the old and sterling organization—it is entitled to none of its allegiance, and never was. We worship in no temple where Toombs, Stephens, Benjamin, and the like are clothed with the vestments of the Priesthood and officiate at the altar."

From the Emigrants.

The advance trains of the overland emigration of 1859 are beginning to arrive on our frontier in considerable numbers.—Some have already reached this and other valleys. From those arrived we have the gratifying intelligence that the people in the rear are coming on prosperously. Mr. I. C. Criswell, just arrived, called on us yesterday, and furnished us with some information relative to the progress and condition of a portion of the emigration.

Capt. Sheats' train, one company, with eighteen wagons, 121 head of loose stock, left Grand Round Aug. 16. A train of 8 wagons and 30 head of cattle left Malheur River, and intended to come into the upper part of Willamet Valley.

Capt. Goodall's train, 8 wagons and 30 head of stock, was left 40 miles east of Fort Boyce.

Capt. Prudman's train was passed 30 miles this side of Three Islands. In this train were 9 wagons and 125 head of stock, of which 25 head were fine-blooded animals.

Capt. Woodward's train, 9 wagons and 50 head of stock, were at Three Islands Aug. 6.

Capt. Lane's train, 13 wagons and 75 head of cattle, was also at the same point. Capt. Lane died (date not given) of inflammation of the brain 50 miles east of Fort Hall. He was properly buried, and a substantial stone raised above his remains.

Capt. Nedra's train, 13 wagons and 50 head of cattle, was last seen at Raft River, bound in by the Applegate route.

Independent train, 18 wagons and 50 head of stock, was at Fort Snyder.

Capt. Goodall, in a difficulty with a Mr. Tuttle, was shot in the mouth, the ball passing nearly through the head. He was, however, getting along at last accounts. The difficulty occurred within a few miles of Fort Boyce.

The emigrants, with the exception of Capt. Sheats' train, were abundantly supplied with provisions. Capt. Sheats' company was destitute of food.

There was at Grand Round a company of Artillery, from Camp Floyd, destined for Fort Vancouver. The company consisted of (100) one hundred men and eight field pieces. Mr. Criswell did not ascertain the name of the commanding officer.—Portland News.

Reply of Gov. Douglas to Gen. Harney.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, Victoria, Vancouver's Island, 13th Aug., 1859. Brigadier General Wm. S. Harney, Commanding the Troops in the Department of Oregon.

Sir: On the evening of the 10th instant I had the honor of receiving your dispatch dated Fort Vancouver, August 6th, 1859.

In reply thereto, I must thank you for the frank and straightforward manner in which you communicate to me your reasons for occupying the island of San Juan, in the Haro Archipelago, with a portion of the military forces of the United States under your command.

I am glad to find that you have done so under your general instructions from the President of the United States as Military Commander of the Department of Oregon, and not by direct authority emanating from the Cabinet at Washington.

You state that the reasons which induced you to take that course are the "insults and indignities which the British authorities of Vancouver's Island and the establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company have recently offered to American citizens residing on the island of San Juan by sending a British ship-of-war from Vancouver's Island to convey the Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company to San Juan for the purpose of seizing an American citizen and forcibly transporting him to Vancouver's Island to be tried by British laws."

I will explain for your information that the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company hold no official position in Vancouver's Island, nor exercise any official power or authority, and are as entirely distinct from the officers of the Executive Government as are any of the other inhabitants of Vancouver's Island.

To the reported outrage on an American citizen, I beg leave to give the most unhesitating and unqualified denial. None of Her Majesty's ships have ever been sent to convey the Chief Factor or any officer of the Hudson's Bay Company to San Juan, nor has any attempt ever been made to seize an American citizen and to transport him forcibly to Vancouver's Island for trial as represented by you.

Up to a very recent period but one American citizen has been resident on San Juan. About the commencement of the present year a few American citizens began to "squatter" upon the island, and upon one occasion a complaint was made to me by a British subject of some wrong committed against his property by an American citizen, but no attention was paid to that complaint, out of consideration and respect to the friendly Government to which the alleged offender belonged, and whose citizens, I think it cannot be denied, have always been treated with marked attention by all the British authorities in these parts. With reference to San Juan, in particular, I have always acted with the utmost caution to prevent, so far as might lie in my power, any ill feelings arising from collisions between British subjects and American citizens, and have in that respect cordially endeavored to carry out the views of the United States Government as expressed in a dispatch from Mr. Marcy, dated 17th July, 1855, to Her Majesty's Minister at Washington, a copy of which I herewith enclose for your information, as I presume

that the document cannot be in your possession.

Following the diffused policy recommended by that dispatch, I should in any well grounded case of complaint against an American citizen have referred the matter to the Federal authorities in Washington Territory, well assured that if wrong had been committed reparation would have followed.

I deeply regret that you did not communicate with me for information upon the subject of the alleged grievance; you would then have learned how unfounded was the complaint, and the grave action you have adopted might have been avoided. I also deeply regret that you did not mention the matter verbally to me when I had the pleasure of seeing you at Victoria last month, for a few words from me would, I am sure, have removed from your mind any erroneous impressions, and you would have ascertained personally from me how anxious I have ever been to co-operate to the utmost of my power with the officers of the United States Government in any measures which might be mutually beneficial to the citizens of the two countries.

Having given you a distinct and emphatic denial to the circumstances which you allege induced you to occupy the island of San Juan with United States troops, having shown you that the reasons you assign do not exist, and having endeavored to assure you of my readiness on all occasions to act for the protection of American citizens and for the promotion of their welfare, I must call upon you, sir, if not as a matter of right, at least as a matter of justice and of humanity, to withdraw the troops now quartered upon the island of San Juan; for those troops are not required for the protection of American citizens against British authorities, and the continuance of those troops upon an island the sovereignty of which is in dispute not only is a marked discourtesy to a friendly Government, but complicates to an undue degree the settlement in an amicable manner of the question of sovereignty, and is also calculated to provoke a collision between the military forces of two friendly nations, in a distant part of the world.

I have the honor to be, sir, Your most obedient servant.

JAMES DOUGLAS.

Confession of Charles Harrison, Chief of the Horse Thieves.

—On Tuesday morning, the 16th inst., a man giving his name as Charles Harrison, and who has been about Willamsburg, in Josephine county, for several days, and who had made himself quite obnoxious to many of the citizens and miners, was taken into custody and rode on a rail. In crossing the ditch, Harrison fell off and got completely drenched. Being under the impression that the boys intended to treat him rather harshly, he agreed to confess, making a clean breast of all he knew. A blank book was obtained and the confession of Harrison was taken down in writing and signed by himself. He confessed that he was chief of the organized band of horse thieves extending from Walla Walla in the north to Scott Valley in California, giving the names of many persons who heretofore have not been implicated, and also the names of many who have been; commencing at Walla Walla, giving the name of a man well known in this community. Thence to the Umatilla, the Dalles, Sandy, Corvallis, stopping to give several names there, then on to Eugene City, the foot of the Calapoosia mountain, Umpqua, near Ambrose's, thence to Josephine county, making a long drive to a place between Grave Creek and Vannoy's, thence to Illinois Valley, and on to Scott Valley via Klamath River.—Jacksonville Sentinel.

MURDER.—We are informed by Mr. Tho. Pyle, that on Sunday, the 14th inst., at Coffee Creek, Douglas county, a man by the name of Eve Green, without justifiable cause, shot and killed a man by the name of Geo. Stout. Green was immediately arrested and has been committed to the Douglas county jail, for trial at the circuit court, which commences the first Monday in October next.—Sentinel.

CURE FOR LOCKJAW.—"We have noticed lately," says the Lancaster Gazette, "accounts of a number of deaths by this disease, which induces us to republish a positive preventive and remedy for this disease. It is the simple application of beef's gall to the wound. Besides its antispasmodic properties, the gall draws from the wound any particles of wood, glass, iron, or other substances that may cause irritation, when other applications have failed."

A CURIOSITY.—The frozen well, at Brandon, Vermont, continues to attract the attention of the curious and scientific. Ice in considerable quantities is still found at the depth of some forty feet. It is proposed to sink another shaft at a short distance from this well to see if the same peculiarity will be found.

It is announced, for the benefit of those persons who did not get a sight of the comet, that it will again appear before the public, for a few nights, in the autumn of 2147.

For the Argus.

The Summer Rain.

A cloud was sleeping in the sky One pleasant summer day, When Sol cast down his burning eye And spoiled the flowers at play.

The roses blushed a ruddier hue, The lilies turned more pale, To hide their faces from his view They strove without avail.

Drooping with shame the flowers bowed, Withered by dreadful fears, But now awake the sleeping cloud, And for their help appear.

A rail before the sun is hung To hide his burning gaze; Cool crystal drops the cloud hath flung, To quench his fiery rays.

Once more the flowers lift their heads, In beauty shine more fair; Each one its breath of perfume sheds To bless the ambient air.

JOSEPH D. LOCKR.

Oregon City, August, 1859.

Notice.

There will be a quarterly meeting of the United Brethren held in Salem on the first Saturday and Sunday in October, 1859, in the Christian church.

J. Kemmer, Presiding Elder.

Notice.

The Trustees of Oregon City University are requested to meet on Saturday, the 3d day of September, 1859, at the Baptist meeting house in Oregon City, at three o'clock, p. m. As full as attendance as may be is warmly desired.

W. C. JOHNSON, Secy.