

BY D. W. CRAIG.

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For the Argus.

Destiny.

Slowly, toward the distant sea, Flows the mighty river; Slowly grows the forest tree, But it ceaseth never. Slowly, men of genius climb Heights of greatness, yet to be, Feeling that 'the tide of Time' Reacheth to Eternity. Nature bids the river flow Onward, to its ocean home, Bids the forest arches grow Slowly toward the sky's blue dome; Bids the men of genius climb Heights of greatness, yet to be, Knowing that 'the tide of Time' Reacheth to Eternity. OREGON CITY, Dec. 18, 1859. J. D. L.

Jimmy's Wooing.

The wind came blowing out of the west, And Jimmy moved the hay— The wind came blowing out of the west— It stirred the green leaves out of their rest, And locked the blue-bird up in his nest, As Jimmy mowed the hay. The swallows skimmed along the ground, And Jimmy mowed the hay— The swallows skimmed along the ground, And rustling leaves made a pleasant sound, Like children babbling all around— As Jimmy mowed the hay. Milly came with her bucket by, And Jimmy moved the hay— Milly came with her bucket by, With her light foot so trim and sly, And snatched cheek and laughing eye— And Jimmy mowed the hay. A rustic Ruth in luscious gown— And Jimmy moved the hay— A rustic Ruth in luscious gown, He watched her soft cheeks changing brown, And the long dark tress that trembled down, When'er he looked that way. Oh! Milly's heart was glad as gold— And Jimmy moved the hay— Oh! Milly's heart was glad as gold; But Jimmy thought her shy and cold— And more he thought than'er he told— As Jimmy mowed the hay. The rain came pattering down again, And Jimmy moved the hay— The rain came pattering down again, And, under the thatch of the linden tree, Jimmy and Milly, a coming twin, Sat sheltered by the hay. The merry rain-drops he ried in, Under the thatch of hay; The merry rain-drops he ried in, And laughed and pattered in a din, Over that which they saw within, Under the thatch of hay. For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast, Under the thatch of hay— For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast, Like a wild bird fluttering to its nest, And then I'll swear she looked her best, Under the thatch of hay. And when the rain came laughing out Over the ruined hay— And when the rain came laughing out, Milly had ceased to get and put, And twittering birds began to shout, As if for a wild bird-dy.

Mysterious Woman.

Place her among flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy, waywardness, and sometimes folly—annoyed by a dew-drop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's wing, and ready to faint at the rustle of a beetle; the zephyrs are too rough, the showers too heavy, and she is overpowered by the perfume of a rosebud. But let real calamity come—rouse her affections—enkindle the fires of her heart, and mark her then; how her heart strengthens itself—how strong is her purpose. Place her in the heat of battle—give her a child, a bird—anything she loves to protect—and see her, as in a relative instance, raising her white arms as a shield, as her own blood crimson her upturned forehead, praying for life to protect the helpless. Transplant her in the dark places of earth—awaken her energies to action, and her breath becomes a healing—her presence a blessing. She disputes, inch by inch, the stride of the stalking pestilence, when man, the strong and brave, shrinks away, pale and affrighted. Misfortunes daunt her not; she wears away a life of silent endurance, and goes forward with less timidity than to her bridal. In prosperity she is full of odors, waiting but the winds of adversity to scatter them abroad—pure gold, valuable, but unaltered in the furnace. In short—woman is a miracle—a mystery, the center from which radiates the great charm of existence.

ADVICE OF THOMAS CARLYLE TO READERS.—Readers are generally not aware of the fact—nevertheless it is a fact and one of great magnitude, and of terrible importance—that their first grand necessity in reading books is to be vigilantly and conscientiously select. Books are, like human souls, divided into "clean and unclean," or, compared to beasts, into "clean and unclean." Clean books should be read, and unclean books should be avoided.

The Oregon Argus

—A Weekly Newspaper, devoted to the Interests of the Laboring Classes, and advocating the side of

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Correspondence of the Argus.

New York, November 4, 1859. My last letter was dated, I believe, September 26. On the next day we approached land again, which became distinct towards evening. An impenetrable tangle of chaparral descended from the farthest hills quite to the ocean. I could distinguish no land, the rocks jutting out always against the waves. It was a great relief from the burnt and bald scenery of California to see verdure again; if there had been a few trees I could have fancied myself in Oregon. The excitement on board was intense, for it was known that on the following night we should reach our first resting-place—Acapulco. All the opera and spy glasses were in constant use, and many could see in every new headland or mountain the long wished-for land-mark. As we were off the coast of Mexico, our Democratic politicians (we had enough of them) enjoyed themselves hugely in feasting their longing eyes on the mountains "full," as one of them said, "of gold, and silver, and brass," and anticipating the good time when Uncle Sam would appropriate them to himself. But night came, when, after waiting a long time, I addressed myself to sleep as the most effectual way to "kill" the next few hours.

I was aroused by the cries and excited tramping of a thousand passengers. When I reached the deck we were creeping slowly over what appeared to be a little round lake, enclosed on all sides by mountains. There were a few lights glimmering in the distance, by which we could distinguish a ship on either side of us, lying like shadows close to shore. A few hurried commands and our gun wakes

The echoes from their dens, Mds. rocky hills and gneiss, our anchor goes rattling and thundering into the water, and we are at rest. In half an hour afterwards, a host of canoes, filled with tropical fruits, shells, and various kinds of sugar and bread, were floating around us in every direction. Their native owners knew enough of English to cry their articles with a soft Spanish accent. They were not allowed to come on board, but when anything was called for a long rope holding a basket was thrown up, the money sent to them, and the article returned with scrupulous honesty. The warm, almost sultry night, the gentle cries of the natives, echoed by the mocking hill-sides, the glare of torches everywhere, I shall never forget.

Daylight came at last, and with it a swarm of passenger boats, very neatly cushioned. A few days of warm weather had made me so weak that I could only walk across the deck, but determined to go on shore and test the efficacy of a sea-bath. As I tottered down to the boats in company with several others, each "captain" was loud in praise of his particular craft, and our hands and clothes were pulled in order to attract our attention. We made a rush for the first boat that presented itself. In an instant the clamor ceased, and after repeated commands to "vamos," our "captain" departed with a sad air, for his boat was not quite half full.

With the exception of two or three buildings owned by Americans, Acapulco is simply a small collection of one story adobe houses, whitewashed and roofed with tile, thrown together with little regularity. The ladies of the city had collected on the beach, each one bearing a little stand full of delicacies to tempt our appetites as we landed; but I had been warned by the officers against an excessive indulgence in eating, and managed to run the gauntlet without suffering much depletion of the pocket or distention of the abdomen. I passed along the streets—if such they may be called—but they were almost deserted. About an equal number of pigs and natives, all puny and lean, appeared to be lounging in sleepy, blissful indolence around the doors. It was my intention to visit a small Mexican fort at the southern side of the town, but before completing my bath the signal gun for our recall was fired. Most of the passengers were on shore, and the boats were "upper-ten."

They had some fine St. Joseph, Mo., fair offered a premium jack-knife. Over

down, are perpetually green. A few huts, surrounded by patches of cane, and sheltered from the heat by cocoa trees, perch here and there where a fertile spot can be found. The great objection to it as a place of residence is the extreme heat, greater here than at any other place on the coast; indeed, the vessels are obliged to receive water at night, as the sailors cannot work in daytime.

The night after leaving Acapulco we encountered another squall, more fierce than its predecessor. When I was awakened, we were driving into an abyss of clouds, whose blackness was occasionally relieved by a horrible, blinding sheet of lightning. The storm hurst over us, deluging the vessel with water, and lashing the sea into foam. It lasted but a few hours, rendering the air delightfully pleasant the next day. These were of frequent occurrence afterwards, and our passage pronounced remarkably cool, although before reaching the Isthmus, I was again almost incapable of walking.

GET READY FOR THE "CENSUS MAN."

—Next year will occur the great decennial census of the United States, made by the General Government. Persons will be appointed for every locality in the States and Territories to gather statistics of the inhabitants, and of all the agricultural productions, manufactures, etc. Every cultivator will be asked for a concise and accurate statement of land occupied by him, the number of acres and the amount of each crop raised by him during the year ending June, etc. Those who were called upon in 1850 will doubtless remember the difficulty experienced in making up an accurate report of the crops. As the reports are required in June, it will be necessary to give in the crops gathered this year, and the suggestion that we now make is, that cultivators write down, while fresh in mind, the number of acres under cultivation, including the wheat, etc., already gathered. The number of acres of each kind, the amount per acre, and the gross amount will be required. The milk products also, and the amount of pork, beef, etc., will also be asked for.—Ex.

WEBSTER AND CROCKETT.—No two characters could be more dissimilar than those of Webster and Crockett. One had penetrated to the profoundest depths of law, statesmanship and diplomacy. The other had penetrated to the profoundest depths of the forest and was a passionate lover of its wild delights. Crockett paid Webster a compliment that both pleased and amused him. "It is related that when his celebrated speech upon Foot's resolutions was published he sent a copy of it to Davy Crockett. Shortly afterwards Davy called upon him to make his acknowledgments for the favor—remarking that it was the only speech that he had ever been able to read without the aid of a dictionary. Mr. Webster, it is said, frequently remarked, that although, perhaps, a compliment was not intended, none was ever bestowed upon him that he valued so highly.

Through the Paris papers we learn that the Abbe Vianay, whose name was known throughout France and the Catholic world as the Cure of Ars, near Lyons, died on the 4th September, at seventy years of age. They say: "He had been forty-one years in his parish, and spent nearly the whole of his time in his confessional, taking scarcely any food or sleep. He gave all he had to the poor. As soon as it was known that he was dying, the whole population crowded around his house and entered through doors and windows, and even on the roof to see the dying saint. His attendants wanted to send them away; but his last words were that he wished to die as father in the midst of his children."

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The Late Battle with the Chinese.

The Albany Evening Journal states the case thus: The battle on Peiho seems to have been the result of a succession of blunders on the part of the French and English Ambassadors. Those gentlemen, it appears, set forth for Peking with an obstinate determination not to believe anything the Chinese told them, and not to do anything they advised.

Consequently, when at Shanghai, they were invited to go to Peking by land, they curtly replied they would go by sea. Being directed to go up a certain river, they went straight up another; and when told they were mistaken, assumed their informants were lying.

They met a parcel of ragged country people on the bank of the river bank. These they took to be Mandarins. The country people told them the Mandarins were waiting for them at the mouth of the other river. This they took to be a falsehood.

Pursuing their blundering voyage, they came to some stakes, booms, and mud forts, intended to keep out smugglers and rebels. They construed them as intended to keep out Ambassadors and fleets. So without waiting to be attacked they began pouring shot into the forts. The forts, though doubtless amazed, could do no less than defend themselves.

The battle was as full of blunders as the voyage. They undertook to sail close to the forts without waiting to see if there was water enough, and, in consequence, ran aground. Then they sent a thousand men ashore, to march a quarter of a mile, under fire, through mud knee deep. When these failed to achieve an impossibility, they attributed it to imaginary Russians with Minnie rifles, disguised as Chinese with matchlock! It was not till after their disastrous defeat, that cooler reflection suggested they had been too hasty, and that had they gone to the right place, they would probably have found the Mandarins ready to receive them.

Who Uttered the Sentiment.

There was one point quite worthy of mention, that was omitted in our report of the Hon. Abram Lincoln's speech, in this city. In regard to the sentiment expressed that the Union would sometime become all free or all slave—that a house divided against itself could not stand—that there was an "irrepressible conflict" between slavery and freedom—Mr. Douglas charges Mr. Lincoln with its paternity. He says that Seward should have given Lincoln credit for it. Now Lincoln says that the credit does not belong to him or to Seward. In 1855, the Richmond Enquirer, then edited by Roger A. Pryor, expressed the identical ideas. That venerable Democratic sheet, the acknowledged organ of the Democracy of Virginia, was to be credited with the first direct expression that the Union must become all free or all slave, that there was an irrepressible conflict, &c. In Illinois Douglas plumed himself that he had squelched out the treasonable and fatal heresy, and he intimated that if he could have but spent a little time in New York, that he would have squelched out the heresy there; but no one heard that Douglas proposed to squelch out the terrible and deadly treason in Virginia. Instead of that, Roger A. Pryor, who first uttered it, was removed from Richmond to Washington, that he might edit the central organ of Douglas.—Cincinnati Commercial.

POWER OF THE JEWS.—The Jews, although scattered over the face of the earth, yet remain a secret and indissoluble bond of union and common interests. In all countries they are, as it were, the masters in their own right, and at the present time are the extent, the arbiters of the world. Maintaining, on the one hand, the balance between the different powers, and on the other

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Death of the Original Madge.

A Scotch paper contains an interesting history:

"On Sunday afternoon brought to Galashiels that of weak mind, well known to Galashiels and Melrose by various names—as Black Bess, Bet Orange, Daft Bess—was lying in a dying agony on the road near Ellwood Bridge. county police, with medical assistance, were to remove the suffering woman, who had lain there all night; but she yielded up her breath just as the medical man approached. The body was at once conveyed to the sick house here, and afterwards interred in the strangers' plot at Ladhope burying ground. Fifty years ago Elizabeth Graham was the rustic beauty, pride, and toast of Melrose and its neighborhood, respectably brought up, with health mantling on her cheek, and guileless innocence in her heart. Returning home one evening, she was set upon in the gloomy solitude of the Bogle barn, and there ruined. She returned home, or rather she immediately forsook the ordinary haunts of man, having become a raving maniac, and henceforth she dwelt apart, living alone among but not a responsible portion of humanity. The outward form of what had once been a gay and happy girl took up its dwelling place in a rude cave in the old Quarry Hill of Melrose. Here she slept at night, in summer and winter, wrapped up in a blanket, save when for some wild and woful weeks after the birth of her dead child, when she followed it to the church-yard, and would not be driven away, but slept among the tombstones to watch its grave. It was from this unfortunate wail that Sir Walter Scott drew the character of "Madge Wildfire," in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian." The particulars of the sad case were quite well known to him, residing in the neighborhood; and the reader will observe that there is a striking coincidence between the real facts as we have briefly detailed them, and the incidents in the novel as pictured by the pen of the author of Waverley."

THE CAUSE OF EARTHQUAKES.—A correspondent of the San Francisco Call puts forth the following theory suggestively in regard to the cause of the phenomena:

"What can be the cause of the phenomenon? My purpose is not so much to advance an opinion as to provoke an inquiry. The violent winds which prevail along the coast during the summer season are drawn from the north to fill the vacuum caused by the rarefaction of the air produced in the interior by the great heat; our barren and treeless hills, whose arid sides casting the reflections in the valleys, form a focus for the concentrated rays of the sun, and as soon as the ground becomes moistened, and the atmosphere cooled by the rains, the winds cease. Now, it is well known that the heat and cold (excuse my want of scientific terms) come in contact, and concussion is the result. Heat is expansive—cold contracting. Hot liquid poured into a cool glass will crack it, and hard hot metal placed on a soft cool one will produce vibrations similar to the sounds of the Aeolian harp. Now, what I would like to see proven is whether these shocks or tremblings are caused by its too sudden cooling; for earthquakes are peculiar to hot countries, and each one here has preceded by a light spell followed by a cold one.

State Sovereignty.

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