

BY D. W. CRAIG.

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ADVERTISING RATES. One square (12 lines or less, brevity measure) one insertion, \$2.00; two insertions, \$3.00; Each subsequent insertion, 1/3 the year.

For the Argus. Reform, and Reformers. "Reform" is getting all the go. I'll see if I can't have a show, And tell the people what I think About reform in food and drink.

Senator Crittenden. The Boston Journal says: "Another of the ancient lights of the U. S. Senate is soon to go out. By the election of Mr. Breckinridge to Kentucky, John J. Crittenden, the oldest member of the Senatorial body, retires from a public service that has been most honorable to himself and most useful to the country."

The Candidate for Speaker.—Hon. John Sherman, the Republican candidate for Speaker, is a native of Ohio, 36 years of age, and represents the 13th District of that State. He lives at Mansfield, Richland county, and is a lawyer by profession. He has been four years in Congress. He was the Chairman of the celebrated Congressional Committee to investigate Kansas affairs, in the 34th Congress. He was reared in the Old Whig school of politics, and has ever been an earnest advocate of protection to American industry.

For the Argus. Widowed Love. "Softly into heaven she faded, As the star when moon appears, While we stood in silence round her, Gazing at her through our tears."

Ab! Miss Smiley, it is quite plain that you have looked on but one side; or rather that you have looked but once. Very fine sentiment, Miss Smiley, but there is some doubt about its being appropriate when it appeared, if that was after the first week of wailing had passed. Doubtless you witnessed the coffin slowly lowered into the cold, damp grave; doubtless you saw his manly breast heave, and heard him groan under his load of bitterest grief; and you supposed such unutterable sorrow would have, if it did not last, an enduring impression.

Two weeks have passed. It is a warm, sultry night. Although late, the light still flickers in Fred Grey's window. The hours wear away, and the clock rings out, twelve—one—and two. Still the light gleams from the window. Come, let us look in, for a feeling of anxiety creeps over me.—Ah me! there sits Fred, fan in hand, close beside the bed where his beautiful wife lies racked with pain. The morrow comes, and brings with it solemn-plizid M. D.s, blundering help, anxious assistants, gossiping visitors, and heat, sultry, smothering heat. Every woman I meet says Mrs. Grey cannot live—some say, not two days; some, not till morning; while others are quite sure she is dying now. And poor Fred, devoted Fred, distracted Fred, is on every tongue's end. In fact, the husband's agony and wailing devotion seem to excite more sympathy and remark, than the ceaseless pain and malignant disease that deprive his wife of a moment's rest.

The morning comes, oh! so calmly beautiful. The sufferer is now free. Yes, "Softly into heaven she faded." The grief of the widower is now spoken of freely, as there is no other demand on the sympathies. One says "he is a ruined man"; another that "his earthly happiness will be buried in her grave"; a third that "such unfeigned lamentations have never been heard of, since the death of the loved and beautiful Charlotte." Leopold alone could mourn like Fred Grey; and even he had married again after the lapse of more than a half-score years; this, Fred could never do. Indeed, some wondered that he had not effected his own dissolution by a dose of Prussic acid. And were it only suggested, some cautious persons, doubtless, would think it expedient to appoint, and some I presume would be willing to become, a body-guard, to prevent any such thing.

The following day the burial takes place, as usual, except there is an unusual amount of sympathy for the chief mourner. Strong-lunged ministers exhort, preach, and pray that he may have strength to bear the trial. Eyes that were considered tear-proof, are drenched. Old men, with trembling accents, thank heaven that they have not been subjected to this greatest of all afflictions. Middle-aged men shudder with terror, as they think of the partner of their own bosom being possibly thus torn from their embrace. Young men wonder how Fred can survive. Friends are busy trying to make every thrope of grief lighter if possible. Pall-bearers, in mournful uniform, move sadly along with the bier, and the long procession winds slowly from out our village. Allow me to pass hurriedly by two whole weeks of sorrow, and two of subdued sadness. And now, as a complete month has elapsed, people begin to breathe more freely. Many say "the worst is over"; that he really will live, and that, too, without a spell of sickness; which at first, from the violence of his suffering, was considered inevitable. Two weeks more have scarcely joined the past, yet Fred comes out quite a different man. Time! Time! what canst thou not do? Thy constant footsteps have buried cities, beaten down mountains, and thy ceaseless changes converted the bed of the mighty deep into dry land! O, Time! surely thou canst work wonders! and sometimes very rapidly, too.

Come, let us enter this parlor. Lay aside your fancy, and look at life as it is. What do I hear you say? "Who is that? Possible? Can that be Fred Grey, the widower who could not be comforted?—Can that be the voice, now whispering in softened accents love's honeyed words to you fair girl, that so short a time ago was broken with grief? Is the hand, now caressing with tender yet ardent touch that pretty curl of auburn hair, the same that but six weeks ago wiped the death-sweat from the brow of a dying wife? Are those eyes, now brimming with fiery admiration as they gaze on that form so lithe and young, the same that shed such floods of tears over you newly-made grave? Can this be the same man, now ecstatic with delight as he hears from raby lips the longed-for words, "I will be your bride," that when I looked before bowed haggard and woe-worn over the shrouded and queenly form that now lies all beautiful and still beneath you fresh-turmed sod?" Yes, Miss Smiley, it is the same; it is even Fred Grey. Talk about "the ashes of affection's broken flowers"! You had better be writing ditties to soothe the friends, who are doomed to have their nerves shocked, their heartstrings touched, and are obliged to confess their sympathies cheaply sold, and the wonderful drama a stupendous farce. Such lines would find many hearts to heal; but your present theme is impracticable in the extreme;—a mere fancy, in these days. Such utopianism is uncalled for; and the next time your imagination starts off on such a "wild-goose chase," call it back immediately, and clip its wings.

The Steamboat Convention. SALEM, JAN. 12, 1860. S. M. Gilmore, of Yamhill, was called to the chair, and C. Hoel, of Marion, appointed secretary. All persons present were invited to participate in the discussions of the meeting. Amos Harvey, A. Zeiber, H. M. Waller and L. Heath were appointed a committee to prepare a constitution for the meeting. Adjourned to meet to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock, A. M. S. M. GILMORE, Pres't. C. Hoel, Sec'y.

The committee reported a constitution. On motion, report was received, and committee discharged. On motion, agreed that the constitution reported be read and discussed, section by section. After thus considering and amending the constitution, the meeting adjourned, to meet at half past one o'clock. Afternoon Session.—On motion, the constitution, as amended, was adopted. A. C. R. Shaw was appointed canvassing agent. The secretary was directed to furnish the different papers of the State with the proceedings of the meeting, and a copy of the constitution, for publication. Adjourned sine die. S. M. GILMORE, Pres't. C. Hoel, Sec'y.

Whereas, we, the Farmers and Shippers of the Willamette Valley, being satisfied that the high rates charged for freight and passage, by the owners of steamboats navigating the Willamette river, tend greatly to retard the growth and the development of the resources of the country, do therefore agree to form ourselves into a joint stock company, for the purpose of building steamboats to navigate said river, and do form the following constitution. Art. I.—Sec. 1. The name of this company shall be the "Farmers and Shippers' Transportation Company."

Sec. 11. Each shareholder shall only be accountable or responsible for the amount subscribed by him. And the said Board of Directors shall not have power under this constitution to contract or incur any indebtedness beyond the amount of cash on hand. Sec. 12. There shall be appointed a General Canvassing Agent, on January 13th, 1860, for the State, whose duty it shall be to establish a thorough system of canvassing in all the counties on the Willamette river, and as soon as he shall become satisfied that there has been fifteen thousand dollars of stock subscribed, he shall cause by notice or otherwise an election to be held in the several counties, by the stockholders, for the purpose of electing delegates as prescribed by the constitution. He shall also cause the delegates to meet at such time and place as he may designate, for the purpose of a more thorough organization. Said delegates to serve as Directors until the first general election. Sec. 13. This constitution may be altered or amended at any regular meeting of the Board, by a majority of the members thereof; provided, such alteration or amendment shall be submitted to a vote of the whole number of stockholders for adoption or rejection, and if a majority of the whole number of stockholders shall vote for the same, the said constitution shall be considered so altered or amended.

It will be seen by the following notice that Mr. Shaw caters at once upon the discharge of the duties assigned him: The undersigned will be much pleased to meet the Farmers and Shippers of the Willamette Valley to discuss the merits of the formation of the "Farmers and Shippers' Transportation Company," at the following times and places, viz: Lafayette, Saturday, Jan. 28, 6 1/2 P. M. McMinnville, Monday, " 30, " " " Dallas, Tuesday, " 31, " " " Monmouth, Wednesday, Feb. 1, " " " Corvallis, Thursday, " 2, " " " Starr's Point, Friday, " 3, " " " Eugene City, Saturday, " 4, " " " Lancaster, Monday, " 6, " " " Harrisburg, Tuesday, " 7, " " " Peoria, Wednesday, " 8, " " " Albany, Thursday, " 9, " " " Jefferson, Friday, " 10, " " " Salem, Saturday, " 11, " " " Attend, it will do you no harm to hear what can be said.

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial writes some graphic letters from the seat of government. We make a few extracts as to the doings in Congress. In speaking of the first vote for Speaker, he says: "The Republicans, as usual, did not know exactly what to do [after the vote had been taken, and the Democrats being for adjourning]. They were without a leader, and their tactics were bad. In my judgment, if such a man as Alexander H. Stephens had been among the Republicans, Sherman would have been Speaker before an adjournment. It was believed, however, by the coolest-headed of them that more could be done outside by consulting upon a plan of operations and gathering up their strength, than by quarreling in the House. Mr. Greeley, who was in the editorial gallery, and who regards the Republican Congressmen as the hen does the chicks under her wings, was almost suffocating with anger, and relieved himself by doing an amount of "cussin" that would have astonished the pious schoolmasters out West, who regard him as an unimpassioned incarnation of intellect and wisdom. Greeley was in favor of persisting in forcing a vote and causing the Democracy to grow weary with filibustering."

NOTABILITIES IN CONGRESS. There were many new faces in the new Hall of the House of Representatives today, and some familiar ones gone, and some old ones, long missing, back again. Among these were Thaddeus Stevens and Thomas Corwin. These men belong to the same class of politicians, but are as different in their organization as men can be. Stevens seems to grow more bitter as he grows old, but Corwin relies more and more upon his humor, and while the face of Corwin rounds out, that of Stevens contracts upon the bones. Stevens has the pleasure of enumerating among his constituents the President of the United States—his district being that of Lancaster. There was some sensation in respect to the Hon. Daniel E. Sickles. When his name was called by the Clerk, there was a buzz of excitement, but no response. The name was called again, but there was still no response. The Clerk passed on. When he had gone through the list, he called Daniel E. Sickles again, and the gentleman responded from his seat, which is on the extreme left flank of the Democratic position, on the Speaker's right, and immediately under the ladies' gallery. There was a flutter among the crinoline when Sickles answered "here," and all eyes were turned toward him. It was a trying ordeal, but Sickles stood it without a symptom of flinching. He was dressed with scrupulous care, wearing his coat buttoned up his breast. He sat with one hand ungloved, examining his nails, and did not seek recognition from any of his fellow-members. Until they saw fit to present themselves, it was his policy to treat them as strangers. I presume there were about twenty members who were at pains to go and shake hands with him.—Sickles looks like a man of a high order of mind, and in the highest condition of health. A better picture of a strong man would be hard to find than that which he presents. The appearance of Roger A. Pryor excited a good deal of interest. He looks as though he could hardly be of the constitutional age. He does not wear any beard, and at a distance he does not look as if he required a razor to keep his face clean.—He wears his hair long, and it hangs behind his ears in the style which some young ladies now-a-days affect. His intellectual organs are good, but his feature is his nose, which is an extravagant edition of the beak of the American eagle. John J. Crittenden arrived this morning, and was warmly greeted on all sides. He is a favorite in all circles. The meeting between the old Kentuckian and John P. Hale was equal in cordiality to that of a couple of college chums, when first meeting together at the commencement of the session. It was—"Why, Hale!" and "Why, Crittenden!" and their hands snatched as they came together. Hale has a way of getting along with everybody except Frank Pierce.

CONDUCT OF MEMBERS. The temper of the House to-day was better than on yesterday. The fire-eaters were somewhat assuaged, I think, of the absurd rush upon Thaddeus Stevens, who was not saying anything untrue or unparliamentary. Mr. Crawford has freely stated that he did not understand Mr. Stevens. He thought Stevens was speaking of the timorousness of the people of the South, when the remarks of Stevens really applied to the Northern members. But such misunderstandings are dangerous. They may, and in this case did nearly, result in a scene of bloodshed and of national disgrace. It should be made a point of honor to enter the hall of a deliberative body unarmed.—But I have no doubt that two hundred of the members on the floor to-day were armed with revolvers and bow-knives. This is a fearful state of things. One rash man—one man maddened with liquor—may bring on a murderous conflict. The peril is imminent. There is in the House a surprising want of decorum. The members rush in groups about the Hall, gather in the aisles, applaud or hiss the speakers, and keep up a miscellaneous chatter, and a cross-fire of slang, wit, and impertinent interrogatories, not only undignified in a body of such importance, but which would be indignities in a street mass meeting; and the rattling of the galleries howl and roar, and stamp and clap, at their pleasure.

A courtesan, "Blue-Eyed Mary," was buried in St. Louis, lately, only the driver of the hearse and a negro sexton accompanying the body to the grave. Five years ago she was the respected and lovely daughter of a wealthy merchant of that city, but went astray.