

BY D. W. CRAIG.

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The Oregon Argus.

-A Weekly Newspaper, devoted to the Interests of the Laboring Classes, and advocating the side of Truth in every issue.-

VOL. VI.

OREGON CITY, OREGON, APRIL 28, 1860.

No. 3.

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One square (twelve lines, or less, brevity measure) one insertion..... \$ 3 00 Each subsequent insertion..... 1 00 Business cards one year..... 20 00 A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

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Life's Duties. Breathe for the truth and right, Warriors, with your weapons wield, Meet the foe without fright, On the world's great battle-field!

New Talk and Church Scandal. That tall young fellow's here to-day! I wonder what his name is? His eyes are fixed upon our pew— Do look at Sally Dame!

It appears from official returns, in the Almanac for 1860, which has just appeared at Rome, that the number of Roman Catholic bishops in the world amounts to 850, exclusive of ninety apostolic vicariates and several prefectures.

To Stop Bleeding.—C. C. Lyon, a dentist of Maspeth, L. I., writes to the Scientific American, as follows: "Observing recently a case of death caused by hemorrhage from the extraction of a tooth, the following should be known as an infallible remedy: Make Plaster of Paris into the consistency of soft putty, and fill the cavity. It will soon become a solid plug."

A phrenologist has been examining Queen Victoria's head, and says that he finds the bump of adhesiveness was sadly deficient, if it existed there at all. In justice, however, to this gentleman, we must state that the Queen's head under examination was a postage stamp.

A loving couple in Memphis, Tenn., lately stopped a justice as he was riding through one of the principal streets on a donkey, and requested him to unite them in the holy bands of wedlock. He at once complied, without discounting, having the male and two or three passers-by for witnesses.

TWIN CHILDREN BORN IN DIFFERENT YEARS.—The following announcement is from a Scottish paper:

"At Silverhilllocks, Gambia, the wife of Charles Wilson, of twin daughters, one born on the 31st Dec., 1859, and the other on Jan. 1st, 1860."

IRISH NEWS.—Says the New York Irish News: "It was his life-long habit of drinking that broke down the brain of Sir Walter Scott. People said his writings did it. But doubt the amount of work would never injure a temperate brain."

Mrs. Crockett, the widow of the celebrated Davy Crockett, died recently in her 74th year, in Johnson county, Texas, of apoplexy.

South Carolina seems terribly agitated now upon the subject of disunion. The whole State is as lively as an old cheese.

HOUSEKEEPER'S HELP.—Hold a needle between the teeth when peeling onions, or grating horse-radish, and you will experience no inconvenience from either.

Cut a raw potato in half, and use it instead of a rag for scouring knives. It cleans them in less time, and far better, than a cloth.

The Kentucky Senate rejected the bill prohibiting the marriage of cousins—year 11, says 19.

Here.—Stephens and Hazlitt, two more of the Harper's Ferry rioters, were hung on the 16th of March.

Chinese Sugar Cane.

EO. ANGUS: I notice that one of the correspondents of the Oregon Farmer recommends the cultivation of the Chinese Sugar Cane in Oregon. If that plant can be grown here in perfection, it will save to Oregon a vast sum of money yearly.

I have heard that in the south part of this valley the plant has been successfully grown, and syrup made from it; but have been unable to learn the name of the successful cultivator and manufacturer. I do not think there is any obstacle to the growth and maturity of the plant here, except the cool nights in summer; and I do not know that even that peculiarity of this climate will prevent the maturity of the cane. The Chinese Sugar Cane is essentially a different plant from the Indian corn. In autumn, it is found to stand more severe cold than the corn without being killed.

I have some knowledge of this plant, its cultivation, and the manufacture of its juice into syrup. If it is desired to start a crop early, the seed can be sown in a hot-bed, very thick, and at the time when the ground is properly prepared and warm, it can be transplanted, with certainty of living, in drills—the plants to be placed ten or twelve inches apart. The ground should be plowed deep, for the roots of this plant will descend three feet, if there is no obstruction. The plant should be cultivated as corn.

The cane seed can also be planted as corn, and cultivated as corn. It will, indeed, make good syrup if it fails to ripen the seeds—though the cane is better when it does ripen its seeds.

A large size of the stalk is not necessary to make rich juice. The high lands will make richer cane than the low lands. I have known an acre of cane yield two hundred gallons of syrup. Ordinarily seven gallons of juice will make one of rich syrup.

The cane stalks should be stripped of their leaves while the stalks are standing in the fields. The seed head should also be cut off with a foot of the stalk. (The leaves make excellent fodder.) Then cut down the stalks, being careful to keep the "butt" out of the dirt. Lay them in piles, and afterwards put them under cover, to work up. Stalks will keep some days without souring; but it is best to express the juice soon after cutting.

Now for your mill. The farmers in the Atlantic and Western States have iron mills, but I would recommend wooden mills until you have made thorough experiments,—at least the first year. Make two cylinders of oak about twelve inches in diameter and two and a half feet long, and put them into a frame, like the old-fashioned cider-mill, and work the mill in the same manner. Have a tub under the mill to catch the juice. Run through the mill a couple of stalks at a time. You will soon get a dozen gallons of juice. Have your kettle now ready; one that will hold thirty gallons or more will be best. Put in your juice—bring it gradually to a boil—skim off the scum as it rises. When the feculent matter ceases to rise, boil as rapidly as possible—the more rapid, the better will be your syrup. When done, put the syrup into a cask, and continue this process till you work your crop.

These directions followed, will secure a good syrup. Nicer mills and an apparatus specially made for condensing the juice, will make a finer article. Syrup thus made will not cost over thirty-five cents a gallon here, I think; and if farmers supply themselves with syrup, they will save a good deal of money for their own benefit and that of the State.

Children's Gossip.

Heigh-ho! Here is the "hope of the country" building mud houses and conducting miniature canals! Billy Kent, just pulled into trousers, is using his little fat hand to clear an obstruction from his "pretty river," which he regards as carefully as his sister does her doll. Here comes Kitty Jones, in a very meditative mood, and asks Billy if he ever saw a "Black Republican."

"I don't know of any black ones," says Billy, still improving the current of his stream. "What did you ask such a funny question for, Kitty?"

"O, I was just thinking what a dreadful thing it would be if they would make a 'publian President!'" says Kitty, with a sigh.

"You mean a Republican President, don't you?" asked Billy, straightening himself up to the full extent of his tiny limbs.

"I s'pose perhaps it's the same," says Kitty, in a very dignified manner.

"My pa is a Republican," says Billy, very boldly.

"Your pa a Republican! O, Billy!" and Kitty looks horror-stricken.

"Certainly, he is—isn't yours, too?"

"Why, no!—he is a Democrat. He says the Republicans are such wicked folks!—all they try to do, is to get the niggers to kill the white folks!"

"O, you don't know anything about it, Kitty," says Billy, impatiently: "The Republicans don't want niggers, and the Democrats do—that's the difference. Why, my pa says they are the greatest set of—story-tellers in the Democrat party that ever was—pa says 'liars,'" and Billy lowers his voice to a whisper, "but ma don't allow me to say such words—and that the Democrat papers are just full of—lies."

"O, Billy!" says Kitty, trembling violently, "my pa said this morning, to a strange man that was talking to him, that he would rather vote for a cannibal than a Republican. I didn't know what 'cannibal' meant, and I went right and asked ma, and she said they were bad people that lived away off and killed and eat folks!"

"And my pa a Republican!" says Billy, the tears glistening in his great bright eyes,—"and last summer, when your house burnt up, my pa felt so bad about it, and sent me to help build the new one, and he gave him money, too, and then your pa talk so!—I'll go right home and tell ma!" And off goes Billy, a little sad, but wondering what it is that makes a man fit to vote for, if benevolence and integrity amount to nothing. Kitty goes her way, too, saying to herself, "Surely, pa don't know Mr. Kent is a Republican, or he would not have talked so. I s'pose he meant the black ones."

Go on, Billy and Kitty. You have much to learn yet; your confidence, now so shaken in what you hear, will have to be shaken; your credulous natures will be rendered suspicious; you will learn that men say what they do not themselves believe; you will learn that goodness and sterling integrity are not the qualities most generally prized, and too frequently are not possessed, by politicians. But God grant that you may never learn to prize them lightly; then you may properly be termed the "hope of our country."

Bible Class in the M. E. Church.—Prayer.

EO. ANGUS: Works of necessity and mercy are not, I believe, regarded as an infringement on the laudable observance of the holy Sabbath. There are few persons, however, so taken up with either the one or the other, but might spare an hour, on the Sabbath afternoon, to join in receiving, and in assisting to impart, interesting and profitable instruction.

On Sabbath before last, feeling, perhaps, something like what one of our poets somewhere calls "the winter of the heart," I took the advice of a friend, and accompanied him to the Methodist church in this city to visit the Bible class which meets there every Sabbath afternoon at three o'clock. I had seen several Bible classes before, in different countries, and in cities noted for their religious refinement and talent in the way of conducting religious exercises, in order to make them the more profitable, and I confess that I have not seen any with which I was better pleased, or, in my opinion, that was better adapted to accomplish the ends intended, than that which I visited on Sabbath before last.

The excellent manner in which the class is conducted, together with the plan of arrangement, is such as to command a pleasing interest, whilst ample ground is afforded for receiving and imparting instruction on subjects of the most solemn importance to human happiness.

To those younger members of the community—ladies and gentlemen—who would like to spend an hour of the Sabbath afternoon in an agreeable and profitable manner, I know not where they can find a more suitable opportunity than that which the Bible class in the Methodist church affords. I understand it is optional with any member visitor whether they do or not take part in the exercises.

Parents and heads of families ought to attend this class. They ought to attend, not only to give countenance and encouragement to this valuable institution, but also on account of the salutary example it would afford to the youthful members of their own families, and the influence it would necessarily exert in strengthening their minds against habits of vice and immorality. Yes, by all means, let the Bible class be well attended by both young and old. It will pay well for every hour you spend in it. But, above all, let parents, fathers and mothers, attend the Bible class in the Methodist church, and they will be more than compensated for their time.—The exercises of the class last Sabbath closed with a few miscellaneous remarks on the 23d verse of the 21st chapter of the Gospel by Matthew. The verse reads thus, "And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

In this verse, the proposition and promise are so definite, and the terms so plain and emphatic, that I shall beg to trouble your readers with the few following remarks: The subject of prayer is one of the most important, and the privilege of prayer the highest privilege which God has vouchsafed to the Christian sojourner. But how far this privilege is exercised in the spirit of true devotional feeling and a pure unswerving faith, is known only to the Hearer and Searcher of hearts. But, certain it is that all the formalities of prayer may be gone through merely to comply with the conventional requirements of a prescribed system of religious duties, whilst the pure devotional feelings of a lively faith, and fervency of spirit, may be virtually dormant—altogether wanting. The earnestness and fervor with which any favor is craved, is likely to be in proportion to the feelings we have of the want of it, the necessity of obtaining it, and the ability of the person from whom it is craved, to grant it. More anon. AMERICA.

OREGON CITY, April 23, 1860.

CITY OF THE DEAD.—We sometimes feel cause to wonder at the rapidity with which small villages become large cities—the overgrown dwelling-places of active human life, but we seldom direct our thoughts and observations to the rapidity with which the lone, last resting-places, the "cities of the dead," increase in population. Although necessarily may not call for a census of these repositories of the dead, yet such a record, kept and published occasionally, might convey a useful moral lesson. It would be, at least, a *grace* subject to dwell upon. In the year 1840, the Greenwood cemetery, on Long Island, was completed so as to receive the first—the pioneer—of its silent inhabitants, and at the end of nineteen years its population amounted to upward of 69,000. It appears that the record was examined some months ago, which gave the foregoing number of bodies buried in that one graveyard during that time.

KOSUTH AND HUNGARY.—M. Kosuth, in reply to an inquiry, states, in a letter to certain gentlemen in Scotland, that the expressions of sympathy in foreign lands for Hungarian freedom are conducive to the end sought for. He says that in consequence of the Italian war and the subsequent agitations in Hungary, Transylvania and Croatia, together with the general dissatisfaction throughout the Austrian Empire, the Hungarian question has risen to European importance; and that it is a burning question of the day. Francis Joseph is now the sick man of Europe; and he regards the Hapsburg dynasty, by its cruelties and tyranny, hurrying to its ruin. He relies solely upon the sword for the government of his people, and yet he is without money to pay his army. Kosuth regards the Hungarians and other misgoverned subjects of Austria as ripe for freedom, and thinks that the day of deliverance is at hand, unless the despotism is saved from dissolution by foreign intervention.

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS remarks: "It is a curious fact that—speaking generally—the commonplace in literature is the popular. The influence of pure literature is felt only within a select circle. Outside that circle is the dominion of the commonplace. In prose, Everett, James, and Cobb, enjoy a triumphant popularity. In poetry, the lyre and the laurels belong to Charles Swain and Martin Tupper. Tennyson is the greatest poet of this age. Tupper is an idiot. But the demand of the reading public exhausted about thirty editions of Tupper to eleven of Tennyson in the same period time. Tennyson, like all great men, has a sure and constantly increasing reputation. Tupper, like all celebrated quacks, has an ephemeral and wasting popularity."

THE HOME OF SILAS WRIGHT.—In the days when Democracy meant freedom and not slavery, the banner county of Democracy, in New York, was St. Lawrence. That county, the home of Silas Wright, used to pile up its majorities for Andrew Jackson by many thousands. True to its old principles, it now piles up its Republican majorities by quite as many thousands. At the recent town elections which have just taken place for Supervisors, the result foots up as follows: Republicans, 29; Democratic Doughfaces—nary one.

SOME YEARS AGO Mr. Kidwell was preaching to a large audience in a wild part of Illinois, and announced for his text, "In my father's house are many mansions." He had scarcely read the words, when an old coon stood up and said, "I tell you, folks, that's a lie. I know his father well. He lives fifteen miles from Lexington, in old Kentucky, in an old log cabin, and there ain't but one room in the house."

A Camp Floyd (Utah) letter says: "Little idea can be formed of the state of things in this plague spot of our country. The history of Mormonism is made up of outrages and violations of the laws of God and man."

There is a strong and eager desire, and always has been, among the bogus Democracy, to spread the notion that the Republicans are aiming at the abolition of slavery by the action of the Federal Government. The Republican party was originated by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. That repeal was a measure designed to let slavery into territory from which it had been hitherto excluded. The Northern people united in a party to execute that design, and forbid the extension of that institution. To this party they gave the name of Republican. The object for which the party was formed is still the leading object of its existence. It offers itself as a breakwater and bulwark against the nefarious purposes of the repealers of the Missouri Compromise, and against those who, every since the time of that repeal, have, in every way, exerted themselves to further those purposes. In doing this, it has condemned Presidents, Judges, Members of Congress, and agents of the Executive Government of high and low degree. Right hand and left, it has dealt its blows at the whole crew of despoilers of free territory. It has given them no quarter, it intends to give them none. Whether they go for spreading slavery by letting slave holders establish it on free territory, or for spreading it by the arm of the judicial power forbidding all attempts to interfere with its universal diffusion, or whether they go for spreading it by means of a slave code, it is all the same to the Republicans. They detest all phrases of the scheme with the same hatred. They fight against all with equal fervor, and they will continue to do so. They believe in freedom, and they do not believe in slavery. They will have the Public Domain kept sacred for free men and for free men's children, and they will with an irrepressible determination against its prostitution to the spread of the fierce accursed institution. They vow to extinguish its germs wherever they can find them newly planted if it be a possible thing. They will do this by legislation where they can, and where they cannot they will do it by the Kansas method if they are able. This spirit has been evoked by the attempt to spread slavery over the whole territory. And it will rally while the subject of it lasts.

Having said this much we now wish to say a little more. The Republican party is not an abolition party. It has never proposed to use the power of the Federal Government to abolish slavery. Such use of that Government is not its creed and never was. It does not wish, by any national action, to interfere with slavery where it actually exists. It has no advice to give as to its management there. It has no crusades to project. It does not contemplate any national scheme of emancipation of the African race. The management of that question, its discussion, its agitation, is no part of its programme. It is content to let the slave States manage their peculiar social evils in their own way, subject only to public discussion, exposure and comment which human action inevitably provokes from a free and an intelligent people.

Every sensible man knows, or ought to know, that this is the position of the Republican party in regard to slavery. And yet we find elaborate Essayists setting down professedly to persuade Republicans to give up their ideas of abolishing slavery, with grave arguments to show them that we could not be so well off if we should thus dispose of that institution, as we would if it should be left alone. Of course these arguments in the partisan press proceed upon the assumption that the Republican party hold the same opinions, and aim at the same objects, as the non-voting abolitionists. The assumption is false, and can only deceive those who wish to be deceived.—New York Tribune.

Mystery of Kissing.

Depend upon it, a kiss is a great mystery. There is many a thing we know that we can't explain, still we are sure it is a fact for all that. Why should there be a sort of magic in shaking hands, which seems only a mere form, and sometimes a painful one too?—for some folks wring your fingers almost off, and make you fairly dance with pain, they hurt you so. It don't give much pleasure at any time. What the magic of it is we can't tell, but it is for all that. It seems only a custom, like bowing, and nothing else. Still there is more in it than meets the eye. But a kiss fairly electrifies you; it warms your blood, and sets your heart beating like a bass drum, and makes your eyes twinkle like stars in a frosty night. It is a thing never to be forgotten. No language can express it; no letters will give it sound. Then what in nature is equal to the flavor of it! What an aroma it has! How spiritual it is! It is not gross, for you can feed on it. It is neither visible, nor tangible, nor portable, nor transferable. It is not a substance, nor a liquid, nor a vapor. It has neither color nor form. Imagination can't conceive it. It can't be imitated or forged. It is confined to no climate or country, but is ubiquitous. It is disembodied when completed, but is instantly reproduced, and is so immortal. It is as old as the creation, and yet is as young and as fresh as ever. It pre-existed, still exists, and always will exist. It pervades all nature. The breeze as it passes kisses the rose, and the pendent vine stoops down and hides with its tendrils its blushes, as it kisses the limpid stream that waits in the eddy to meet it, and raises its tiny waves like anxious lips to receive it. Depend upon it, Eve learned it in Paradise.

How it is adapted to all circumstances! There is the kiss of welcome and of parting, the long-lingering, loving, present one, the stolen, or the mutual one; the kiss of love, of joy, and of sorrow; the seal of promise; and the recipient of fulfillment. Is it strange, therefore, that a woman is invisible whose armory consists of kisses, smiles, sighs, and tears?

Washington Irving's First Love.

When young he became intimately acquainted with a daughter of one of the Knickerbockers of the time, sturdy in family wealth. With the young lady he pressed his suit successfully; and in time the father might have succumbed, despite the fact that he regarded the resources with which Irving proposed to support a wife too slender to maintain that style of luxury to which his daughter had been accustomed. In an evil hour, as it seemed, a Dr. Creighton, a minister of the Presbyterian Church, despite his Scottish parentage, fell in with the gentleman whose Irving was desirous of making his father-in-law. The clergyman's eyes were dazzled by the beauty of the same young lady who had won the heart of the aspiring author, and the eyes of the father were blinded to all other considerations by the wealth which Dr. Creighton offered, together with his heart. Time and persistency pushed Irving from the scene; and the girl, obedient to her father's urgent entreaties gave his preference the precedence of her own. But the saddest part of the story remains to be told. When the question of the marriage portion was under consideration, the father stated that the family had been tainted with insanity; and to guard against the evils of harsh treatment, should his daughter be afflicted with the same malady, insisted that a certain sum should be set aside, which, in the event of such a calamity, should be devoted to her maintenance on her estate on the banks of the Hudson, and that in no event should she be removed from the mansion there.

The terms the ardent suitor, hoping for the best, complied with. It may have been the result of hereditary disease, or the effort to crush out and kill her young hopes, but not many years elapsed before the young wife was a raving maniac. She became so violent that confinement was rendered necessary, and the family mansion was converted into an asylum. Dr. Creighton building another house on a distant part of the estate. The unfortunate woman is still living, and on quiet nights her shrieks may be heard shrilly along the banks of the river—almost audible, too, at the secluded retreat which Irving occupied. No heart knows how much the sad event may have tinged his own life, or to what exertions it may have urged him in attempting to drown all remembrances of his disappointment. Dr. Creighton has for years officiated at the humble chapel where Irving worshipped—and, singular enough, read the burial service for his former rival. To those who are aware of these mournful circumstances, the strange coincidence must have been exceedingly painful.

Dictionary of Love.

CONSTANCY.—There is scarcely a virtue in the whole code which is more admirable than constancy and conjugal devotion. Without this, all the other charms, even of female loveliness, seem worthless. Whatever beauty she may possess, even though she may have the tinge of Hebe on her cheeks, and the grace of an Ariel in her step, will go for naught if she is destitute of this chief excellence of lovely woman.

CHARMS.—This word was one of great power in the language of love, and signified innumerable devices which lovers invented to win the opposite sex and keep them true. As an example of the kind of charms resorted to in ancient times, I may mention that lovers were in the habit of making a little image of wax, and holding it near the fire, and when it began to melt, it was imagined to have the power of mollifying the heart of an estranged lover. This trick is alluded to by a Greek poet in the following lines:—

"As this devoted wax melts o'er the fire, So let Mylian Delphis melt with soft desire." Rustic lovers of the present day are in the habit of performing similar charms with apple seeds on a hot shovel. If the seeds, as they become heated, are attracted to each other, it is a sign of successful love; but if they fly apart, it is the reverse.

COQUETRY.—A coquette has been defined a woman who wants to engage the men without engaging herself. She is a composition of levity and vanity, whose chief aim is to be thought agreeable, handsome, and amiable, whether she really is so or not. A witty author compared such a woman to a fire-aten, who makes a show of handling, and even chewing live coals, without receiving any danger from the fire. She is always playing the part of love, without realizing its passion.

HANDS.—The hands are the tongues of timid lovers. Many a bashful swain, who could never find courage to open his mouth, has, by a gentle pressure of the hand, betrayed the secrets of his heart to the beloved object. When the hands of two such lovers are locked together, their hearts start into their fingers' ends, and every finger is transformed into a tongue, which discourses most eloquently of the bliss which is burning within.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.—All the poets who have written on love, have admitted a fact which is apt to be disputed by prosaic natures—I mean the possibility of instantly falling in love at the first sight of a charming woman. If the poets are good authorities, a man may fall in love as suddenly as he may lose his balance and fall from a precipice, or from the steeps of a meeting-house.

(To be Continued.)

ELEPHANTS.—Dr. Livingstone, the explorer of Africa, writes to the New York Geographical Society that his party, in ascending a branch of the Shire river, came upon herds of elephants, which appeared as far as the eye could reach. It is estimated that 800 of these noble animals were seen in one valley.

SIZE OF PARIS.—The capital of France annexed a suburb on Jan. 1st, which, by adding 300,000, makes the entire population 1,500,000. Its circumference, by the walls now being erected, is about thirty miles, and it will have ninety-two gates.