

BY D. W. CRAIG.

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The Waltz.

To music's sweet measure in couples they whirl, Laying the floor as they circle and curl; The toes of the ladies go tippy-tip,

Thrilling Incident of Border Life.

The old settlers of Kentucky are familiar with the name of Captain Christopher Miller. He was one of those bold and dauntless spirits to whom we are indebted for the rescue of the State from the dominion of the bold and bloodthirsty savage.

Tom Paine—How he Escaped.

A contributor to the Atlantic Monthly has taken pains to take up a number of curious accidents and incidents in the career of Thomas Paine, the apostle of Liberty and also of Unbelief.

The Dark Side of Paris.

A Paris correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune says that that city is a hell, where ten thousand cheeks are galled with tears, ten thousand lips are fevered with hunger, ten thousand hearts are racked by the accidents of life—there is no Torquemada so cruel as life!

A Presidential Dinner.

As many of our readers may be personally interested in knowing the minutiae of a dinner at the White House, and all wish to know how such affairs are conducted by the (for the time being) head of the government, we copy from the recent letters of "Occasional" to the Philadelphia Press the following description:

The hour is generally fixed at 6 o'clock P. M., the time when millions are taking their supper. You receive a card about the size of an ordinary playing card and if you are invited by the President, the dimensions of the card are double, and generally reads as follows:

"The President requests the honor of your company to dinner on Friday, April 6, at 6 o'clock P. M. An early answer is requested."

If you go to the President's, you are expected to dress in your best clothes, and to wear white gloves. You are introduced into the small reception room, where you find the President, Miss Lane, Mrs. Judge Roosevelt, James Buchanan, Jr., and the rest of the household.

LOVE OF WOMAN.—It is as natural for men to love women as it is for sparks to fly upward. We recollect of reading of a king who had a son born to him. The astrologers predicted that he would lose his sight if he was permitted to see the light before he had reached the age of ten years;

CURE FOR A FELON.—Having very nearly lost a finger by one of those excruciating ills to which our flesh is heir; I feel compelled by a sense of duty to proclaim the following remedy. After suffering so much with the one aforesaid, I knew the symptoms too well to be mistaken in regard to them, and after a day and night of torture, rose at two o'clock, and administered the following: Take half a gill of strong vinegar, dissolve in it a tablespoonful or more of salaratus—heat as long as the flesh can bear—soak the felon as long as desirable, repeat the applications as often as the pain returns, and a cure is certain.

It is from true fiction—from living products of the creative imagination—children get their first ideas of the wonderful, of a world out of nature, the supernatural and divine. The pure fiction is the purest truth—the natural and necessary ailment for the young imagination.

AVERAGE HEIGHT OF THE HUMAN RACE.—Mr. Silverman has been pursuing certain investigations and from them he arrives at a conclusion that the average height of the human race has remained unchanged since the Chaldean epoch, four thousand years ago.

A householder in a Western village is filling up his census schedule under the column headed, "Where born," described one of his children as "born in the parlor," and the other was born "up stairs."

The Henry Clay statue inauguration took place April 12th, at Richmond. The ceremonies were very imposing and the crowd immense.

No marvel it is that conventional rules Wear off their reserve in our fashion'd schools, Where men are seen hanging, with faces of hair, To female balloons all inflated with air.

At Home. The rain is sobbing on the wofish; The house is dark, the hearth is cold; And stretching drear and aery gray, Beyond the cedars, lies the bay.

Three Fighting Deacons. The Cleveland Plaindealer is responsible for the following: In a small neighborhood in Geauga county live three deacons. The first is a Methodist, the second a Presbyterian, and the third a Baptist.

They wrangled over the matter until the danger of each deacon arose to fever heat, and each vowed he would hold a meeting at the red schoolhouse the very next evening, which happened to be Friday last, and on that evening at early candle-light the schoolhouse was crowded with Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, and several world's people.

Before the smoke had cleared away, the reserve, one McLelland, was far in the direction of the remaining Indian who was doomed to be captured. The Indian observed him as he came bounding towards him with the swiftness of a roebuck, and he set off at the top of his speed.

PLANTATION JUSTICE.—The Vicksburg (Miss.) Sun reports that a negro on Mr. Woolfolk's plantation, a vicious fellow—becoming offended at a black woman, walked up to her as she was working in the field, and deliberately plunged a knife into her breast. He then fled to the woods, and after giving several other negroes to understand that their turn would come next, and after them two white men living near by. He was pursued and captured, by the aid of dogs, after a hard struggle, and taken back to the plantation, where a consultation was held on his case.

SAVON.—This section of Sardinia, which has just been annexed to France, is of but little importance as adding to the wealth of that country. It embraces an area of only 4270 square miles of exceedingly mountainous country, embracing Mounts Blanc, Cenis, Little Bernard, Iseran, &c. The valleys are narrow, much subject to the ravages of avalanches, and the soil poor, yielding scarcely enough grain for the consumption of the population, which numbers about 600,000. Cattle raising is the principal occupation. The business and resources of the country are so limited that many of the Savoyards emigrate to France and other countries to seek a livelihood. The province is valuable to France only in a military point of view.

A COMMENTARY ON CESAR.—Julius Cesar's letter, "I came, I saw, I conquered," has been admired for nearly two thousand years for its terseness. We think it rather verbose. The words "I saw" are entirely superfluous. Indeed we think "I came" wholly unnecessary. "I conquered" would tell the whole story. But Julius had, no doubt, a good deal of leisure when he wrote the letter, and his style suffered in consequence.

Every woman would rather be handsome than good.

It is estimated that all the people who have lived and died since the creation would find room to stand in a space much less in extent than the State of California.

OPEN VS. COVERED DRAINS.—Mr. M'chi thus explains the reason why covered drains are so much more effectual than open ones: "A deep open ditch will not drain the adjoining soil, because, when the sides are dry, the water rises up towards the surface, by capillary attraction, and thus heads back the water behind it. Put pipes into the bottom of this ditch, fill it up, and it will then drain the adjoining soil."

THE NEW YORK CORRESPONDENT OF THE Mobile Register, a Democratic organ, thus writes: "Jefferson Davis, C. C. Clay, A. G. Brown, and other Southern Democrats, who make Seward's home a sort of headquarters, will tell you that Seward will make a better Southern President than any man, not of the South; that they will unflinchingly support him by defeating Douglas. Privately, Mr. Buchanan sent a person to Mr. Seward with a list of names now holding office that the President is interested in."

MEXICO.—California exchanges state that a report came from Mexico by the Golden Age that Miramon had declared war against the United States, but the rumor is not generally accredited.—J.B.

IF you want to kiss a pretty girl, why kiss her—if you can. If a pretty girl wants to kiss you—why let her, like a man.

The number of insertions should be noted on the margin of an advertisement, and otherwise it will be published till forbidden, and charged accordingly. Obituary notices will be charged half the above rates of advertising. Jon PAINTING executed with neatness and dispatch. Payment for Job Printing must be made on delivery of the work.

The Union and the Constitution.

In the Jan. number of the Typographic Advertiser, we find the following beautiful article. We do not remember ever having seen an article of its length, so fully covering the subject:

Aaron Burr was suspected of a treasonable intent; and he became an object of scorn, contempt, and detestation. The malcontents of his countrymen followed him even till he became old, and bent, and shrivelled; and the grave scarcely sufficed to shield him from the curse of the people.—A change has come over us. Men burl forth torrents of blasphemy and treason; and they have their defenders! Others hurl thunderbolts—puny—indeed—against the temple of the Union; and they find admirers! Contingencies are pitted against the perpetuity of our institution, till many sit down coldly to calculate their value.—God forgive them, and rectify their perverted consciences before they plunge into irremediable ruin! When fratricidal blood shall run down the gutters of our streets, and crimson our hillsides—when riot and ravage and war shall be upon our woman, and when trembling and horror shall abide in every home—then, at all events, will their eyes learn to see and their hearts to feel the desolations they have brought upon the fairest heritage that Heaven ever bestowed upon a nation; and they will be glad to slink from the miserable chaos they have created, into a worse than fellow's grave.

Can a sane man dare to estimate its value? If there be a single infelicity in it, is it strange? What earthly blessing do we possess that is absolutely perfect? Shall we cut our throats, because a tooth aches—shall we divorce our wife because she has a mole on her arm—shall we kick our child out of doors because he lumps—shall we kill our brother because his convictions of duty are different from ours? No, no, no, no! The present spirit of political and moral intolerance is but a resurrection of a meek-checked, devil-eyed, personation of bigotry that centuries ago shed martyr blood because nobler intellects would not bow down to its own opinion-god. Let it be exercised. Let every true man awake from his soporific, and come to the rescue of the Constitution and the Union.—Let not a skeleton faction in any section of the land poison the well-spring of public sentiment. Else we perish.

BRODERICK'S GRAVE.—On 'Mount Vernon,' a commanding eminence in Lons Mountain Cemetery, is situated the grave of Broderick. It is but a short distance from the principal entrance to the grounds on the eastern side. The grave is in the centre of a lot forty feet square, which has been designated by the Monument Committee as the size of the grounds in which the monument is to stand, the base of which is to be of solid granite, typical of the character of the man it will commemorate. The grave itself is inclosed by a railing four feet square, which was erected by the direction of Wm. McKibben. Last Sunday, a number of ladies and gentlemen visited the grave, and completely covered the enclosure with flowers of all kinds. Thus the memory of the lamented dead keeps fresh and green with those who claimed friendship and common humanity with the 'iron man' while living.

A VOTER FOR WASHINGTON.—One of our respected citizens, Dr. Earl Bill, says the Sandusky Register, who is in his ninety-fourth year, voted at the recent election in Sandusky. He cast his first vote for George Washington for President. Dr. Bill was formerly a resident of Oneida county, State of New York, where he lived many years and is extensively known. Although so far advanced in life he enjoys tolerable health, his mental faculties being but little impaired.

Can we realize that this Republic is no older than that? That there is one among us living and exercising the right of a freeman who voted for our first President? What mighty advances and improvements have the United States made within the memory of that man, and how must he be affected when he contemplates them!

SLANDER JUSTIFYING MURDER.—Wm. H. Burkle was tried in King and Queen county, Va., lately, for shooting and killing Joseph Broach. A letter to the Richmond Enquirer says the charge was admitted and justified upon the plea that Broach had willfully and maliciously slandered his daughter, a young lady still in her teens and at school. The court, after hearing the evidence, without argument from the counsel, discharged the prisoner, who is one of the most respectable citizens of the county. The trial created intense excitement, and when the verdict was announced, the whole crowd of spectators rose to their feet and gave vent to the most hearty approbation.

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