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The Girls.

God bless the girls, Whose golden curls, Blend with our evening dreams;

The Approach of Death.

The article on Death in the New Encyclopedia, has the following: As life approaches extinction, insensibility supervenes, a numbness and disposition to repose, which does not admit the idea of suffering.

PROFIC: A gentleman near town received a letter from Putnam county, Indiana, the other day, informing him that Mrs. —, a former resident of this county, had presented her lord with five heirs at a single birth.

VERY FINE.—There is no conceit like that of eighteen to twenty-two, inclusive. If you want to hear heavy and unflinching assertions about things and persons, look for them there.

FEMALE "POP."—Miss Muloch has established this word to mean the conditional secrecy of woman, by the following sentence in her last book: "And here is one accusation which I must sorrowfully bring against women, as being much more guilty than men.

MI FIST KISS.—She put one arm round my neck, and tother when whar the circling goes round a boss, tuk the inturn on me with the left foot, and gin me a kiss.

DR. STEINROTH, a German economist, proposes to add to the food of man by bleeding oxen, cows, and sheep, and using it for food.

YOUNG LOVE.—Horace Walpole, in one of his letters, wrote: "Corydon firmly believes he shall be wretched forever if he does not marry Phillis. That misery can but last till she has lost her bloom."

THE FOLLIES, vices, and consequent miseries of multitudes, displayed in a newspaper, are so many admonitions and warnings, so many beacons continually burning, to turn others from the rocks on which they have been shipwrecked.

By command of the Emperor of Russia, the end of the war in the Caucasus, which has lasted 30 years, will be celebrated throughout the whole of that country on the 6th of September.

A short man became attached to a very tall woman, and somebody said that he had fallen in love with her. "Do you call that falling in love?" said an old bachelor. "It is more like climbing up to it."

A QUESTION FOR RAILROADS.—Does the warning, "Passengers are requested not to stand on the platform," apply to delegates to the Charleston Convention?

TO CONVERSE WITH SPIRITS.—Our Devil says: "Lay a quarter on the table at a grog shop, and they will show themselves instantly."

Democratic Victories.

No 1. The murder of Broderick, "because he opposed a wicked Administration and the extension of slavery." 2. The destruction of the Free South (newspaper) in Kentucky, because it opposed the extension of slavery.

POLITICAL.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce says that a majority of the Southern Senators agree with Mr. Benjamin in saying that if the seceders should be compelled to withdraw again from the Democratic Convention they will no longer be a minority of the South, but a majority.

THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL (Catholic and Democratic) says the Charleston Convention "has not expressed, directly or indirectly, approbation of a single action of Buchanan since his election—in fact, wishing success before the people, it dared not, if it would."

"NON-INTERCOURSE" EXPLODED.—The New Orleans Picayune notices the fact that notwithstanding all the clamor about non-intercourse, the export of shoes from Boston to the Southern States shows a considerable increase for the last three months over the corresponding period of 1859, and asks: "Of what effect is all the cry of non-intercourse, when, in the very heat of the excitement against Northern manufactures, the trade of the South with the most obnoxious of Northern States grows, as shown by these statistics?"

BRIGHAM YOUNG has furnished the Rev. Elia Nelson of Medford, the following facts concerning his personal history: "I was born in Whittingham, Windham county, Vermont, June 1, 1801. I have living, four brothers, John, Phineas H. and Joseph, older than myself, and Lorenzo D., younger, and a sister named Nancy, all of whom live in the Great Salt Lake City. My father's name was John. He was born in Hopkinton, Middlesex county, Massachusetts."

PRETTY GOOD.—A Chinese merchant in San Francisco tersely gave an American friend his ideas on the Japanese Embassy's reception in this country, as follows:

"Japanese great men now—Americans want more Treaty—by 'n' Treaty be signed, Japanese like anybody—just like Chinese—just like dam nigger."

The London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian says that a list of those who attended the Sayers and Heenan fight would be curious. It would show how largely a relish for "gymnastics" enters into the nature of many quiet scholars, dignified politicians, hard-wrought literateurs, and even grave magistrates and zealous divines.

The latest suggestion for the torture of the coming Japanese recommends that all the Missionary Boards send delegates to Washington to lay before the Princes the leading points of doctrine, with a view to their proper understanding of the religious condition of the United States.

Rev. Dr. Archibald MacLay, an eminent Baptist clergyman, died in New York lately, at an advanced age.

Fire-Eaters Invisibile in the South.

Rev. J. S. C. Abbott writes thus kindly and flatteringly of the South, in which he must have been particularly favored, and of the people he met there:

"The society I meet here is frank and agreeable. Indeed, it seems to me that there must be two classes of Southerners, as different from each other as light is from darkness. I often wonder if our brethren at the South are bewildered by the same diversity of character in our Northern men. The Southerners whom I meet at the South in social intercourse, to whom I am introduced at hotels, in steamboats, and at the fireside, are genial, friendly, courteous—gentlemen in tone; kind and polished in manners, ever recognizing the courtesies of refined society. But there is another class whom I never meet, whom I seek for in vain, but who are revealed to me in newspaper editorials, in the Convention speeches, and in Congressional debates.

It is difficult to account for the fact that one never meets any of these fierce creatures in his travels. I have not met with a single one. I have seen, of course, some uncultivated men, some poor and debased, some profane men, but I have met with not a single specimen of this kind of character; and I can truly say that almost every Southerner whom I have thus far seen, has seemed to me a courteous, unassuming, kind-hearted gentleman. I expected to have caught a glimpse of some of these creatures, tearing over the hills like a locomotive under an attack of delirium tremens. But thus far I have been disappointed. I have met with many who were truly genial companions, and whom any gentleman would love as estimable associates and neighbors and friends. Do those fierce men, who utter such terrible menaces, like lions, sleep in their lair by day and never come out but in the night?"

AN UNPROFITABLE PINT OF WHISKEY.

A case has been decided in the Court of Common Pleas, in Champlain county, Ohio, which is a loud caution to liquor sellers. Peter Lawson sold to one Reed Brush a pint of whiskey; Brush got "intoxicated and drunk," as the law states it; Brush did furiously seize an axe, and with force and violence did cut and chop off the left foot of his wife, Mrs. Brush. There is a wise and salutary law in Ohio, giving to wife, child, parent, guardian, employer, or other person who shall be injured in person, property, or means of support, by an intoxicated person, a right of action against the person who sold the liquor to the intoxicated person. Under this law Mrs. Brush sued Lawson, the grocer, for \$30,000 damages for the loss of her foot by the means of this pint of whiskey. The defence alleged that the maiming was the result of a domestic quarrel, brought about by the unchaste conduct of the wife. But the judge very properly ruled that immortal conduct on the woman's part could not forfeit her claim to legal protection, and that the law considered her drunken husband as merely the instrument of Lawson in cutting off her foot, and held the latter as truly responsible for it as if he had done the act with his own hands. The jury, therefore, found a verdict of \$5,000 damages against Lawson, and in favor of the abused wife.

ARIZONA SUMMED UP WITH A DISCOUNT.

An officer of the United States Army, who has traveled, thus expresses his opinion of Arizona.

"We have just traveled over the much talked-of territory of Arizona. Such another God-forsaken, untimbered, unwatered, and unfishable country, never before fell under my vision, and my optics have run over a good deal of what is called bad country."

A GOOD LAW.—The late Legislature of Massachusetts passed an act whereby "any person who shall wilfully send to the publisher of any newspaper, for the purpose of publication, a fraudulent notice of the birth of a child, or of the marriage of any parties, or of the death of any person, shall upon conviction thereof be punished by a fine of not exceeding one hundred dollars."

DIVORCES IN INDIANA.—Indiana is reaping a rich harvest in the divorce line, but can scarcely be said to be adding to her reputation. Divorces are granted on the most shallow and frivolous pretenses. Among other recent cases is that of a woman in Clay county, who was married to a different person fifteen minutes after obtaining a divorce from her husband.

IMPROVEMENTS OF THE AGE.—Two centuries ago not one in a hundred wore stockings. Fifty years ago not one boy in a thousand was allowed to run at large at night. Fifty years ago not a girl in a thousand made a waiting maid of her mother. Wonderful improvements in this age!

Our exchanges all contain brief editorials headed, "Prepare for the Census." A woman in Herkimer county, New York, has done so. She presented her husband with two fine boys and a girl.

The Japanese.

At first sight they will be called Chinese, as they resemble them in general appearance very much, so much so the majority of people cannot be made to believe that the Chinese and the Japanese are not one and the same. It is on becoming acquainted with them that we see the difference, and wonder why it is that they can be called the same people. The Chinese, as seen in this country, are stupid, sulky, lazy and dirty, who live by begging, or "business," as they consider it, of sitting on the sidewalks with two or three dozen, perhaps, of penny cigars. This they call business. The Japanese are sprightly, intelligent, very sociable, quick to understand, and very cleanly. Nothing annoys them more than to ask them if they are not descendants of the Chinese—they tell you "No; that their country was a powerful nation before the Chinese existed." The Japanese have never been conquered; they are proud and rather haughty—one of their peculiar characteristics is their national pride.

Their present dynasty dates back 2,400 years. As to the primitive occupants of Japan there is a great diversity of opinion. They are supposed to have passed from Mesopotamia to the shores of the Caspian, thence a long journey to the Amoor, eastern shore of Asia, thence to Japan. Some assign to the Mongol stock, and some to the Tartar family. This seems to be the more generally received opinion, although they do not all resemble each other in complexion or physiognomy. The characters which they use in writing, their mode of living, their habits, customs and general appearance, are certainly very much like the Chinese.

The Japanese insist that there are no words in their language which resemble words of the same meaning in the Chinese language. It is a singular fact, that there is great similarity between the Japanese and the North American Indian languages—some words being identical—showing that it is not at all improbable but that our native Indians first came from Japan—having been blown off in their junks on to the Oregon coast.

The mystery which has surrounded this wonderful people for thousands of years, by its non-intercourse with the rest of the world, will no longer exist. Our country has done that which no nation of the East could effect, although centuries trying to do what we have the first time trying—opening the ports of Japan. They have done us the honor of sending to this country the first national representation, and we hope their mission may be a successful and pleasant one.

Prayer.

In concluding my last article, I remarked that the earnestness and fervor with which any favor is craved, is generally in proportion to the feelings we have of the want of that favor, the urgent necessity of our obtaining it, and the ability of the person from whom it is craved to grant it. And so with prayer. The mere fluency and flippancy of the tongue are not prayer. The most consummate arrangement, eloquence, and correctness of language do not constitute prayer. The lips give but the utterance. Words are but the signs of ideas. It is the heart that prays.

Among the many instances of prayer to which it has been my privilege to listen, or that have come within the range of my experience, there are two in particular to which I shall briefly refer, as an illustration of the foregoing views.

I happened at one time to be in St. Petersburg, the capital of Russia, and, in company with an English gentleman who had for many years resided there, was visiting some of those public places in that magnificent city to which the curiosity of strangers and foreigners is most commonly directed. In passing through the spacious barracks-yard, I observed a column of soldiers drawn up, apparently on parade, but accoutred in their side-arms only. In a moment, at the word of command, they stood as a unit, solid as a marble statue.

A tap of the drum, and their tall fur caps were off like a glance, and their heads gracefully bent over their bosoms, their caps being held up before their faces. I asked my friend what this meant. "They are now praying," said he, "or supposed to be praying." A few minutes more, and another tap of the drum, when, with the quickness of thought, their caps were on again and the whole column marching off to the music of the band. This I was told was one of the holidays of the Russian Church, and the soldiers were marshaled to prayers before going on duty. "Everything," said my friend, "is done here by system, even to that of saying prayers, and should any of these soldiers be unhappy overcome by a spirit of more earnest devotion than his comrades, and continue in a praying attitude longer than the law allows, or should any of them show any indifference whilst in the legal attitude of

praying, he would be severely punished.

Here, then, it seems, we have the sacred ordinance of prayer reduced to a mere systematic formality, governed, not by "the soul's sincere desire," but by the coercive discipline of military despotism, which, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, altereth not. How many may be the fervent and earnest supplications, however, and how pure the incense arising from this singular altar, are known only to that Being who "understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts."

A few more years of changes, and the scene is shifted to the Pacific coast, where we find another instance of prayer, arising from different motives and controlled by different laws, but exemplifying such a spirit of earnest and fervent pleading, such determined and unyielding, but humble faith, as, if carried into the pulpit, the closet, and to the family altar, might well remove mountains—yes, might storm the very portals of heaven and enforce showers of blessings from the hand of God on the strength and credit of his own word and promises.

I happened to have business with the Governor, and by appointment called on him one forenoon, when I found him enjoying an hour of leisure from business, in the best of humor, and, as usual, with his family around him. We talked over our business. Everything seemed satisfactory.—We were all cheerful, or tried to appear so. The Governor is well posted in a multitude of interesting little anecdotes, and has withal the native facility of telling them off to the greatest advantage. Every minute came laden with happiness, and, as is generally the case at such times, passed away without notice, for the pleasures of social and friendly intercourse are said to "add wings to the flight of time." But, be this as it may, could we, whose "lives had fallen in such pleasant places," the face sparkling with smiles, and the heart joyful with gladness, could we suppose that there was sorrow in the world? that at that very moment, perhaps, the hearts of thousands of our fellow-beings were being wrung with all the anguish and suffering which the wrongs and injustice of malvolence and cruelty could inflict? Could we, "basking in sunshine and flowers," bend our minds to suppose that even within hearing of our merry laughter there was one whose soul was wrapt in the dark panoply of wretchedness and despair? But it was so. For, alas, how true it is that "the one half of the world does not know how the other lives."

A rap at the door, and a voice announced that a lady was waiting who wished to have an audience with the Governor.—How quickly the scene changed! How soon the countenances of all assumed a serious and anxious cast! Curiosity was instantly on tiptoes. Every eye and every ear was open. The Gov. had not had any previous notice of such an interview, or of the business for which it was required, but being informed that it was not of a private nature, he requested his secretary to show her into the parlor, the other members of the family having by this time withdrawn. I had remained by invitation, and had taken my seat in the background, and with no small anxiety waited to see what would be the nature of the scene about to be enacted.

The lady was now received by the Gov., with the most cordial and respectful courtesy, a friend who had accompanied her carrying in his hand a large roll which he placed by her side when she was seated.—She was dressed in a suit of plain but deep mourning. In her aspect and appearance, she was rather a young woman, but the finger of sorrow had written its name, but too plainly, on every feature. Oppressed with grief, care-worn, sorrow-stricken, and but feeble expressions to afford any adequate idea of the heart-broken appearance which the poor woman exhibited. Be the cause what it may, it was evident that she was "a woman of a sorrowful spirit"—that she was drinking the cup of sorrow to the dregs. There was nothing affected in her appearance, however, nor in her deportment was there a single movement or feeling betrayed but what plainly arose from the spontaneous impulse of a bursting heart. For a moment, all was profound silence, solemn as the stillness of the grave. The Gov. sat waiting on her unfolding the object of her visit, which, by the way, he had by this time fully anticipated, whilst she was evidently struggling hard to do, but seemed incapable of making a beginning, having virtually lost all power of utterance. The contemplation of despair taking a last farewell of Hope, but still clinging to his garment, is not more melancholy than the feelings which her appearance suggested to the heart. Pale and motionless, 'as moonlight on a marble statue,' she seemed wrapt in her own thoughts, as if ruminating on the fearful ordeal on which she had just entered.—Here her face assumed a bright hectic flush, and her bosom heaved incessantly, as

if she could not much longer repress the turbulent commotion within. Her cheek was not moistened by a single tear, however, but it was evident, let the cause be what it may, that the fountain was full to overflowing, and I involuntarily thought what a relief it must bring her should she at this moment break forth in tears.

She now commenced to unfold her painful mission, and, in subdued tones of dejected embarrassment, said, "Please Your Excellency, I am the unfortunate wife—" But here, as she pronounced that sacred name "wife," that name so hallowed to every virtuous and manly bosom, although pronounced by her own lips, it brought with it such a crowd of endearing associations, of such holy and blinding relations, that she could no longer restrain the withering anguish of her heart, the fountain gave way, and she yielded to an overwhelming flood of tears. Here the Gov. for the first time interposed a few words of sympathy and encouragement, when, as if summoning up all the energy and fortitude of her woman's heart, she dried off her tears, assumed a determined calmness, and again commenced, in the following words: "Please Your Excellency, I am the wife of —, who was sentenced to be hung on Friday, the 18th of —, for the murder of —, at — on the 7th of — last. But, Your Excellency, my husband is a good man and a good citizen, and never would have committed that unhappy deed, only that he was provoked to madness by the wrongs which he suffered, and could get no remedy, as this petition will prove to Your Excellency, which is signed by all the respectable citizens where we lived." These words were spoken with so much simplicity, and with looks of such interested earnestness, as might well have reached the compassionate feelings of any human heart, whilst she, with apparently assumed confidence, commenced opening out the large roll already referred to, which proved to be a petition to the Gov. in behalf of her husband. The whole mystery was now unraveled. Her husband had been convicted of the murder of a man who had 'jumped' his mining claim and would not relinquish it because it had turned out to be rich.—He was to be executed in about two weeks from this time. As she unraveled the petition, which contained three long columns of names, her spirit seemed to return—her manner became quite buoyant—a ray of hope had darted through the dark portentous cloud which had hitherto enveloped her—and she referred with considerable emphasis to the number and respectability of the citizens who had signed her petition.

His Excellency listened with great attention, read the petition twice, and looked carefully over the names as she unrolled them out before him, pointing now to this one, and again to that one, and with almost childish simplicity commented on their great respectability, their moral standing, and how anxious they were that the sentence of her husband should be commuted. During all this time, the Gov. did not say a word—but when the poor woman had retired back into her chair, evidently pleased with what she had done, as though she felt she had made some considerable impression in favor of her husband, he asked her why she did not get the names of the Judge and District Attorney who tried the case. To this she replied, in the most candid and artless manner, "Oh indeed, Your Excellency, I did all that lay in my power to get them to put their names to it, but they would not do it for me." The latter part of this sentence was pronounced in subdued tones of the most touching pathos. Here the Gov. assumed an aspect of ominous solemnity, and after a moment of profound stillness, replied, "I am very sorry, Madam, that these gentlemen felt it their duty to withhold their names from your petition, as it shows that they have not found any motive for palliation of the crime of which your husband has been convicted, that would justify the interference of the Executive in the administration of the law." These words fell upon her heart like a shower of fiery lava. Her breast heaved—her whole form became agitated—she wrung her hands—"I saw the iron enter her soul," yet not a word escaped her lips. Political office is what I had never coveted, never wished for, but here I confess my ambition took a new direction. One office, and one office alone, I wanted. I would have given the world to be Governor, even for a single hour. Then I should have made, at least, one heart glad. Gently would I have withdrawn the poisoned arrows which were rankling in that poor woman's soul, and poured "the oil of joy into her wounded spirit." Stand or fall, right or wrong, in the eye of man, I would have taken all risks. She should have had the full free pardon of her husband, "signed, sealed, and delivered" right on the spot. And I think that my entrance into heaven would not be the less welcome because I had done so much "to bind up a broken heart." The poor woman sat for a moment as if spell-bound, when all at once she raised her eyes, and, with clasped hands, ejaculated, in tones of the most solemn supplication, "The Lord help me!" Then, throwing herself almost prostrate at the Governor's feet, there commenced one of the most affecting scenes I ever witnessed. With tears gushing from her eyes in torrents, she besought him, she entreated, she prayed, she pleaded with him, with an earnestness and a fervency, and in language so natural and so touching, that surpassed anything in the line of prayer I had ever witnessed before. This, thought I, is prayer. This is, indeed, a