

BY D. W. CRAIG.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING: One square (twelve lines, or less, breviter 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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Editorial Extension-Speech from President Buchanan.

WASHINGTON, May 8.—About three hundred Western Editors and Publishers of Western and Southwestern papers, accompanied by about one hundred ladies, called upon the President to-day, and were received by him in the great East Room. Mr. A. S. MITCHELL, of the St. Louis News, spoke in behalf of his associates, and commended them to the hospitable welcome of the President. The President replied as follows:

Sir—I am happy to greet you and the hundreds around me, more especially because of the presence of the ladies, who never come to trouble but to cheer me. I assure you, you are heartily welcome.—This house is not a palace, to be sure, as you have styled it, but it is altogether the People's, and the President himself who occupies it is only the Chief Servant of the People. There is this peculiarity about the President, that he is elected by the People, and he owes no allegiance to any human power but the People. (Applause.) The duties of the President are hard, and I shall soon retire from them; and if the new President that is to come in shall be so happy in assuming the duties of the office as I am in laying them down, he will be fortunate indeed. Nevertheless, it seems that there will be no lack of men quite willing to endure the Presidency.—(Laughter.) We are likely to have candidates enough to represent all the issues known to the country. Nevertheless, I am persuaded that the prevailing wish of the American People will be to cherish and preserve the Constitution as it is, and the Union. (Applause.) For my part, I should desire to draw no single breath beyond the existence of this our beloved Union. (Much applause.) I am pleased to see this assembling together of so many of the Editorial fraternity. I think its effect will be salutary on yourselves, in relieving your relations of much of that acrimony that has sometimes marked the press. I am reminded of an anecdote that I know not whether I should relate.—(Cries of "Tell it," "Go on.") It occurred when I was Minister to England. I was talking with a distinguished English statesman, who said to me, "Mr. Buchanan, I should infer from your newspapers that the American People always choose out their greatest scoundrels and make them President." (Much laughter.) I replied that "I did look so, but it was only a way we had to talk of each other thus—we really didn't always mean it."

Mr. Buchanan closed by expressing again a cordial welcome to his guests, and then proceeded to receive them each by the hand warmly, as they separately presented themselves.

After leaving the White House, the tourists proceeded to Mount Vernon.

A PROPHECY FULFILLED.—In the Illinois contest of 1858, Judge Douglas had much to say about the sectionalism of the Republican party. In reply to one of these tirades, not always expressed in the most becoming language, Hon. Abraham Lincoln used the following remarkable terms: "I ask his attention, also, to the fact that by the rule of nationality he is himself fast becoming sectional. I ask his attention to the fact that his speeches would not go as current now South of the Ohio river as they have formerly gone there. I ask his attention to the fact that he facilitates himself to-day that all the Democrats of the Free States are agreeing with him. If he has not thought of this, I commend to his consideration the evidence of his own declaration on this day, of his becoming sectional too. I see it rapidly approaching. Whatever may be the result of this ephemeral contest between Judge Douglas and myself, I see the day rapidly approaching when his pill of sectionalism, which he has been thrusting down the throats of Republicans for years past, will be crowded down his own throat."

ANOTHER WARNING TO YOUNG LADIES WHO READ NOVELS AND WRITE POETRY.—The Henderson (Ky.) Reporter says: We understand that a young lady of Uniontown, a few days since, committed suicide under rather romantic circumstances. Miss Catherine Adams—for that was her name—formed an attachment for a young gentleman, which was not appreciated or reciprocated. She procured a gun, and placed the muzzle against her head and pulled the trigger with her toe, blowing out her brains, and killing herself instantly. This unfortunate affair was the result of novel reading. The young lady was accomplished and has written several very pretty literary pieces.

SLANDER.—Against slander there is no defence. Hell cannot boast so foul a fiend; nor man deplore so foul a foe. It stabs with a word—with a nod—with a shrew—with a look—with a smile. It is the pestilence walking in darkness, spreading contagion far and wide, which the most wary traveler cannot avoid. It is the heart-searching dagger of the assassin. It is the poisoned arrow whose wound is incurable. It is the mortal sting of the deadly adder. Murder is its employment—Innocence its prey—and Ruin its sport.

An old clergyman, one Sunday as the close of the sermon, gave notice to the congregation that in the course of a week, he expected to go on a mission to the heathen. One of the Deacons, in great agitation, exclaimed—"Why, my dear sir, you have never told us one word of this before! What shall we do?" "Oh! brother," said the parson, "I don't expect to go out of town."

FAILINGS.—The finest composition of human nature, as well as the finest China, may have flaws in it, though the pattern may be of the highest value.

Lowly Shining Head.

Lowly, shining head, Where we lay thee down, With the lowly dead, Droops thy golden crown! Meekly, marble palms, Fold across the breast, Sculptured in white calms Of unbreaking rest! Softly, starry eyes, Veil your darkened spheres, Never more to rise In sunburnt or tears!

—Mrs. McMaister.

The Family.

The family is like a book— The children are the leaves, The parents are the cover, that Protective beauty gives. At first, the pages of the book Are blank and purely fair; But time soon wreatheth memories, And painteth memories there.

INTERESTING INCIDENT AT A WEDDING.

A curious scene occurred recently at St. Peter's Church, Liverpool. Early in the morning, a hackney carriage drove up to the gates of the church, and out jumped a pleasant looking fellow, who was immediately followed by a buxom lass. They proceeded toward the church door, but just as the bridegroom was entering the porch, a lady's hand came in contact with his head, and a regular "mill" followed. His antagonist was another young woman, and judging from the manner in which she used her arms, she must have been "taking lessons" for some time previous to the encounter. The unfortunate bridegroom was doubled up in no time; and, in order to escape great punishment, he slipped away, and ran into the center of the church. The row now was at its climax—shouts, yells, expressions of rejection love, mingled with a slight sprinkling of unparliamentary terms, echoed through the vaulted aisle. After venting all her rage upon the unfortunate bridegroom, the "rejected" turned round and gave the bride a blow between the eyes, which had the effect of creating a blush such as modesty never wore. An ineffectual attempt on the part of the latter to retaliate closed the proceedings. The Amazon retired, and the happy (?) couple, after sharing each other's sorrows, mingled into one.

A THRILLING TALE.

One of these productions is always to be found in the New York Ledger. Here is a specimen from a recently published tale: 'You are going,' she said. 'I must.' 'I know it. When will you be back?' 'As soon, sweet love, as my duties will permit.' 'How soon will that be?' 'Possibly in a month, possibly in a week.' 'Promise me that you will return as soon as you possibly can.' 'I do promise.' 'Swear it,' she said, breathing hard. 'I do swear it!' 'By your father's grave!' 'I swear!' 'By all your earthly hopes!' 'I swear!' 'By all your heavenly aspirations!' 'I swear!' 'By our mutual love!' 'By our mutual love, I swear to you, Lionnie, that as soon as I can justly do so, I will return to you!'

How people can devour the sickly sentimentality of the story papers, is more than we can conceive.

They read month after month, and never get a useful fact for their pains. NEW ANTIDOTES FOR THE POISON OAK.—The effects of contact with the poison oak, says the San Mateo Gazette, have long been a terror to our people, and we have consequently taken some pains to learn if a speedy and easily accessible antidote existed. Our search has been rewarded by the information that almost invariably near the oak vine so much dreaded, may be found a plant, the leaves of which, simply rubbed upon the parts effected by the poison, will immediately remove all irritation and injurious effects. This plant is called "wild wormwood," but for the better information of those who do not know it by this name we will describe it. It grows about two feet high; its aroma somewhat resembles that of wild mint; its leaf is about four inches long, is narrow, and forked. The color of the leaf is a dark green on the upper surface, and underneath is whitish. When the wormwood is not applied to the affected part immediately after contact with the poison oak, it will be necessary to make a strong decoction and apply with cloths

The Bonaparte Family.

It has seldom fallen to the lot of man to see such amazing vicissitudes of fortune, affecting himself and family, as has been witnessed by ex-King Jerome Bonaparte. The dreams of romance have been exceeded by the actual realities of his life. He is the only surviving brother of the illustrious Napoleon, and was born in 1784. So long has the latter been an historical character, that, at first, it appears almost impossible that the great conqueror, who after running the most remarkable career of twenty years that the world ever saw, terminated it by his death nearly forty years ago, upon the Rock of St. Helena, should have a brother now occupying a high position in the French Government.

Of all his family, he alone is permitted to witness both the remarkable rise in prosperity and fortune and their subsequent tremendous downfall, and their equally wonderful return to the height of power and influence. His recollection goes back to the time when the family of Bonaparte was not known beyond the range of a few friends and acquaintances, and when its members, in private life, were compelled to struggle in obscurity with penury and misfortune. He can recollect his mother, a widow, with a large family of children upon her hands, and when it required a hard conflict to obtain for them the necessary means of subsistence. He was in early manhood when the genius of his brother first burst upon the world, and opened to his relatives visions of power and splendor that never, even in the widest flight of his imagination, had they previously entertained. He saw his brothers and sisters placed by the magic wand of Napoleon upon nearly all the thrones of Europe, and decked with diadems and coronets.

For the first time in the history of Europe were the extraordinary spectacles observed of a family of private citizens parceling thrones and crowns among themselves, as if they were the merest baubles. Jerome was thirty-one years old when the dark clouds of disaster and misfortune gathered black and heavy over the fortunes of his family, and when the storm came that swept them from their height of grandeur and glory into the depth of humiliation and abasement. He saw the star of the Bonaparte destiny, so often apostrophized by Napoleon, sink beneath the clouds, apparently never to rise again.—For nearly forty years the blackness of night enveloped it. Not one of the original family saw this long night to a close, save Jerome; as, before that star again emerged from the political horizon, they were all deceased. Jerome has had the remarkable facility to see the fortunes of his family re-established under a new Napoleonic dynasty.

One of the chiefs of the old Empire, he holds a similar position in the new. He directs the counsels of the Regent Empress Eugenie, as he had previously done those of Maria Louisa. A great historical monument of the past is this old King Jerome, who personally has witnessed the most remarkable family history that the world has ever seen. It is not yet finished. He has not yet attained the most extreme old age, and it is possible that he may see events affecting his family quite as startling and remarkable as those which have hitherto characterized its career.

Death of the Last of the Survivors of the Wyoming Massacre.

The Cleveland Plaindealer says: Mrs. John Weedon died in Columbia, Lorain county, Ohio, on Friday evening last, aged 83 years. She was born in Jamestown, Rhode Island, in 1776, and was married in 1798. Her husband, with whom she lived happily for sixty-two years, is still alive and in remarkably good health considering his extreme age. Mrs. Weedon's maiden name was Barabeba Martin. She was one of last survivors of the Wyoming Massacre. One night in the year 1778, the Wyoming Valley—a spot of matchless beauty—was laid waste and most of its inhabitants were murdered in cold blood by Indians and the British. The historians have told the frightful tale and all are familiar with it. The poet Campbell has also told it in superb verse.

A few of the inhabitants escaped, among whom was the family of William Martin, Mrs. Weedon's father. Mrs. Weedon was twelve years old at that time, and she retained a vivid recollection of the massacre until her death. She was a prisoner with her sister in the fort where every male was put to death with the tomahawk. The sisters left the Valley with their father and mother and little sister, and traveled, with a flag of truce, through the dense forest till they were within forty miles of the Connecticut River. There they were met by two of Mr. Martin's sons and taken to Colchester. Mr. Martin and his family left Rhode Island for Wyoming, Pa., a few years before the massacre, performing the arduous journey on foot. That was the day of iron hands, brave hearts, and wills that never faltered.

Meeting Indians on the Plains.

A small number of white men, in traveling upon the plains, should not allow a party of strange Indians to approach them, unless able to resist an attack under the most favorable circumstances. It is a safe rule, when a man finds himself alone in the prairies, and sees a party of Indians approaching, not to allow them to come near him, and if they persist in so doing, to signal them to keep away. If they do not obey, and he is mounted upon a fleet horse he should make for the nearest timber. If the Indians follow and press him closely, he should turn around and point his gun at the foremost, which will often have the effect of turning them back, but he must never draw triggers unless he finds that his life depends upon the shot; for as soon as his shot is delivered, his sole dependence unless he have time to reload must be on the fleetness of his horse. On approaching strangers these people put their horses at full speed, and persons not familiar with their peculiarities and habits might interpret this as an act of hostility; but it is their custom with friends as well as enemies, and should occasion groundless alarm.

When a party is discovered approaching thus, and are near enough to distinguish signals, all that is necessary in order to ascertain their disposition, is to raise the right hand with the palm in front, and gradually push it forward and back several times. They all understand this to be a command to halt, and if they are not hostile it will be at once obeyed. After they have stopped, the right and left, which signifies "I do not know you. Who are you?" As the wild tribes have their peculiar pantomimic signals by which they are known, they will then answer the inquiry by giving their signal. If this should not be understood, they may be asked if they are friendly by raising both hands grasped in the manner of shaking hands, or by locking the two fore fingers firmly while the hands are held up. If friendly, they will respond with the same signal; but if enemies, they will probably disregard the command to halt, or give the signal of anger by closing the hand, placing it against the forehead, and turning it back and forth, while in that position. The pantomimic vocabulary is understood by all prairie Indians, and when oral communication is impracticable, it constitutes the court or general council of the plains. The signs are exceedingly graceful and significant; and what was a fact of much astonishment to me, I discovered they were very nearly the same as those practised by the mutes in the deaf and dumb schools, and comprehended by them perfectly.

The Mississippi River once Fordable.

The St. Louis News of May 9 says: A fact was revealed in court at New Madrid in this State, last week, which is not a little startling in a scientific point of view, as tending to show that the Mississippi river of to-day is not the stream it was half a century ago. One of the oldest inhabitants of New Madrid stated on oath, that he had known the river more than fifty years, and that when he first knew it, it was a much smaller and shallower stream than it is now—so shallow, indeed, that he had waded and forded it often. Several other old residents of New Madrid confirm this statement, and declare that the river at that point, now more than a mile wide, was fordable half a century ago.

If these strange assertions be true, the great "Father of Floods" is no more the stream it was when MARQUETTE and DE SOTO floated on its bosom, than the full-grown man of to-day is the boy he was twenty years since. May not the shallowness, however, of which these old inhabitants of New Madrid speak, have been merely a temporary feature of the stream at that point, produced by the subterranean throes of 1811-12, which lasted three months, nearly overthrew the village of New Madrid, and left the marks of their fearful visitation in the yawning seams and chasms which, even to this day, are found in the southeast corner of Missouri? Those earthquakes which kept a portion of Missouri, a portion of Tennessee, and a portion of Kentucky in a state of unintermitted vibration for a period of more than six months, were so violent at times as to roll the Mississippi back on its source, and cause it to actually flow up stream for twenty-four hours, to the unspeakable terror of the scattered dwellers on its banks, and the crews of the broad-horns that floated on its troubled bosom. May not the same cause have produced a shallowness lasting for several years, which induced the old residents of New Madrid to regard the river as a comparatively small stream?

A New England writer says that it has been found that negroes can be better trusted than white men, not to betray secrets. We suppose that this is upon the principle that they always keep dark.

Be just, and fear not.

Total Eclipse of the Sun, July 6th, 1860.

The total eclipse of the sun which will occur on the 18th July next, is regarded by astronomers as the most important which will be witnessed during the present century. It will be visible as a partial eclipse throughout the United States, but will be total only in a small part of Oregon and Washington Territory. The central line of the moon's shadow will strike the coast fifteen miles north of the mouth of Columbia river (lat. 46 deg. 25 min. N.) soon after sunrise, and the breadth of the shadow will be eighty miles. Moving thence in a northeast direction, it will pass near Olympia; across the southern extremity of Flathead lake, and north of lake Winnipeg, to York Factory, in latitude 57 deg. N., and on the southwest side of Hudson's Bay. At Ft. York, the breadth of the shadow will be one hundred and five miles. It will leave this continent at Cape Chidley (or Chudleigh), the northeast point of Labrador, in lat. 51 deg. N., and, bending first eastward and afterward to the southeast, after traversing the Atlantic ocean, it will reach Spain near Santander, on the Bay of Biscay. The shadow will next pass over the entire surface drained by the waters of the river Ebro; nearly all of the Balearic islands, except Minorca; strike Algeria near Cape Carbon; pass to the south of Tripoli; and, finally, at 10 h. 46 a. m. (mean time Washington), it will leave the earth at Massawa, on the Red Sea. The end of the eclipse will be at an hour later. At Astoria, the duration of the total eclipse will be 1 min. 54 sec.; at Cape Chidley, 2 min. 50 sec.; in Spain, 3 min. 30 sec.; and in Algeria, 3 min. 13 sec. It is during this phase, and when the whole of the direct light is cut off from the observers, that protuberances, sometimes rose-colored, sometimes black, and on other occasions resembling luminous clouds, are witnessed as appendages apparently to the sun. To determine their true character, is an object of most earnest endeavor, and at every occurrence of a total eclipse astronomers undertake long journeys for the purpose of placing themselves near the central line of the shadow, whence only are the phenomena visible. At the last total eclipse visible on this continent, one astronomer went from France to the nothern part of Brazil; a second from this country (under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution) traversed the desert in the northern part of Peru; and a third went from Chili also to Peru. The two former were successful; the last encountered a cloudy morning.

But, apart from the study of the solar physics, for which the next eclipse, in comparison with that just referred to, will be favorable in the proportion of three to one, its entirely across this continent and a part of Europe, whose longitude has been carefully determined, affords an opportunity to fix the geographical position of both the east and west coasts of North America with a precision which will not again occur during very many years.

It is known that the astronomer royal of England will go to Santander, and other parties will accompany him thither, to occupy stations at Portogalete, Bilbao, Pampluna, etc. The Bavarian astronomer proposes to place himself near the mouth of the Ebro, on the Mediterranean, and the French will occupy Palma, in Majorca, and Burgin, in Algeria; so that there will be near a hundred European observers stretched along the center of the shadow in Europe and Africa, a force ample to gather a rich harvest of physical results as well as of corresponding data for our geographical question.—National Intelligencer.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT CONNECTED WITH THE MR. VERNON ASSOCIATION.

The National Intelligencer relates the following beautiful incident connected with the efforts of the ladies to purchase and preserve, in its original style, the Home of Washington: "From various circumstances beyond control, South Carolina has been one of the few States unrepresented in this band of sister patriots—notwithstanding which, she has voluntarily contributed a considerable amount towards the 'Fund.' Now we understand the Regent of the Association has succeeded in obtaining the name of Mrs. Mary Chesnut, the mother of the South Carolina Senator, as Vice-Regent for that State. This lady, now eighty-five years of age, has the proud happiness of being able to say, what few living can say, that she had a personal acquaintance with Gen. Washington. In the spring of 1789 Washington visited Trenton, and was received with the most enthusiastic demonstrations by the people, especially by the ladies. A "triumphal arch" was erected on the bridge over the Assanpink Creek, at the entrance of which six young girls strewed flowers before him and sang a song of welcome. One of those girls is now Mrs. Chesnut. And she who in the dawn of life sang the song of triumphant welcome to 'The Hero,' now in its wane joins those who are endeavoring to pay the noblest of tributes to that hero's memory. We cannot imagine a more beautiful commencement and close of life. Who will not unite with us in the earnest hope that that life may be prolonged to witness the full accomplishment of this noble object?"

To the last sentiment we heartily respond amen!

Ah, believer, it is only heaven that is above all winds, storms and tempests. God did not cast man out of Paradise, that he might be able to find himself another paradise in this world. The world and you must part, or Christ and you will never meet. "Ye can not serve God and mammon."

FAILINGS.—The finest composition of human nature, as well as the finest China, may have flaws in it, though the pattern may be of the highest value.

VANITY.—Vanity is so anchored in man's heart, that a scullion, porter, boasts and wishes to have his admirers—and the philosophers themselves wish the same.—Those who write against glory wish to have the glory of having written against it; and those who read that writing against glory wish to have the glory of having read it; and I, who write this, have perhaps the same desire; and perchance those who will read it will feel it also.