THE OREGON ARGUS.

BY D. W. CRAIG.

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For the Argus.

We All Weep.

See that infant, yet nestling on its mother's bosom—why does it shed tears, and sob, and sigh? Some little pain, some unknown want, disturbs it. A careless nurse perhaps has hurt its tender body in her dandlings to hush its cries. Touch it gently; it has its own little troubles.

Why does that curly-haired boy, not yet into his teens, plod along to school with swollen eyes and tear-marked face? His mother has bade him forsake some favorite haunt; his baby sister has torn up his kite; and, more than all, his slate, his handsome slate, his father's Christmas-gift, is broken! He has wept until his curly head aches.—Frown not upon him, but speak to him kindly; he has his own little troubles.

Why does that young girl move restlessly about her room, and then sit down by the bedside, bury her face in the pillow, and weep? She has watched from the window for hours, for those to come she loves. A dear old school-mate—a cousin,—or perhaps a lover! The night has come,—she is still alone—her *mother* is no more—her father but poorly understands her wants—she feels too sad for anything but tears. Call her not foolish! Speak to her gently; she has her own troubles.

Why does that man of business, after a day of care, customers and smiles, sit down at evening, and, after long and wearing thought, cover his face with his hands, and weep? Stern misfortune has followed close upon his efforts; yesterday a loss—to-day, an unexpected note to meet—a reputation at stake, and nothing with which to keep it secure. Chide him not, but cheer and assist his flagging energies; he has trouble enough to bring tears.

Why does that woman of entertaining conversation and elegant manners retire from the social parlor to her own silent room to weep? Did you not see the wine-glass pressed to her husband's lips? The small crib by her bed is empty—a little grave contains its recent occupant. A companion drunk with wine is her only earthly comforter. She feels deserted.—O, pity her sorrow! She has sufficient cause for tears.

Why does that venerable pair, as they sit in their old arm-chairs, speak in broken accents, as tears chase each other down their wrinkled cheeks? A son, a man of whom they had been proud, is in a felon's cell. A daughter has forgotten their love! The world looks dark. Tears but ill express their woe. O, pity their sorrows, for they are more than they well can bear.

Yes, we all weep. There are tears of pain, and tears of sorrow, tears of regret, and tears of disappointment, tears of remorse and tears of despair—many, yes, very many; and then there are a *few* tears of—JOY!

LIZZIE LYNN.

Election Returns--Official.

Counties.	Shell.	Logan.
Washington	241	378
Multnomah	596	627
Clatsop	65	63
Columbia	87	60
Wasco	342	218
Yamhill	337	470
Marion	366	1043
Clackamas	404	442
Polk	273	250
Linn	736	683
Benton	402	263
Lane	628	551
Umpqua	122	200
Douglas	553	417
Jackson	830	464
Josephine	497	277
Tillamook	13	10
The returns from Coos and Curry not being in in the time required by law, were not counted. Geo. K. Shell's official maj. is 78.—With Coos and Curry, his majority would be 103.		
Coos	73	65
Curry	67	48
Total	6632	6529

The whole number of votes cast for Congressman in the State, is 13,161.

THE FLOATING BATTERY.—The New York correspondent of the Charleston Mercury writes: Strolling over to Hoboken the other day, I learned that work is still being prosecuted upon that immense mystery—the floating battery—commenced by the late Commodore Stevens, on a contract with the Government. This enigma is carefully fenced in from the prying scrutiny of the public; and it is believed that no newspaper reporter has ever found his way into the sacred inclosure. Rumor says that the battery is to be built exclusively of iron, and will be strong enough to stand the united broadsides of the whole English fleet, among which it will glide at pleasure, (propelled by steam,) and pour its death volleys from hundreds of port-holes. This battery has already been seven or eight years in progress of construction; nearly a million of dollars have been spent upon it, and it is yet nowhere near completion. It is intended to be the principal defence of the harbor.

☞ Never be guilty of any offense against decency or propriety.

Mr. Peters's First Wife.

'Dear, dear! no toast, eggs boiled as hard as brickbats, and the coffee stone cold,' and Mr. Peters rose from the table in a temper by no means amiable, and rang the bell violently. There was no answer. He rang again, a third, a fourth time, still no answer. Out of all patience, he went to the door and called—'Maria! Maria!'

A slight, pretty woman, dressed in a soiled, tumbled wrapper, with hair in a state of direful confusion, answered this summons. She had one of those round, bright faces, which Nature intended should be decked with continual smiles, but now, with all its roses in bloom, it was drawn out its full length, and the large blue eyes had a serious or rather doleful expression, totally at variance with their usual joyous look. Her voice, too, had lost its melodious ringing sound, and was subdued to a dismal whine.

'What is it, Joseph?'

'Where's Bridget?'

'Gone out for me. I want more white ribbon for my ascension robe.'

Mr. Peters said a very naughty word, and then continued, 'Cold coffee, hard eggs, breakfast not fit to eat.'

'I wish,' whined his wife, 'you would think less of temporal matters, and turn your attention to the great end of life.'

'Hang it all, madam, I would like to enjoy my life while I do have it.—Here was I, the happiest man in the United States, with a pleasant home, a chatty, cheerful, loving wife, and good, quiet children; and now, since you have joined the Millerites, what am I?'

'Oh, Joseph, if you would only come into that blessed circle.'

'Oh, Maria, if you would only come out of it. Where are the boys?'

'I am sure I don't know.'

'Are they going to school to-day.'

'My dear, their teacher has given up the school, and is turning her mind to more exalted objects. Oh, Joseph! turn now while there is time. You have still a week for preparation and repentance.'

'Repentance! Well, when I take up the subject, it will take rather more than a week to put it through.'

And Mr. Peters put on his coat and took up his hat.

'Joseph,' said his wife, 'you need not send home any dinner. I shall be out, and I'll take the boys over to their uncle's to dine.'

Joe made no answer, unless the violent, emphatic manner in which he closed the door, was one. Muttering with anger, he strode into a restaurant, to make a breakfast. Here he was hailed by one of his bachelor friends, Fred Somers, who looked up as he heard Joe's order.

'Hallo!' he cried. 'You here! Why, what are you doing here at breakfast time?—Wife sick?'

'No.'

'Had a quarrel?'

'No.'

'Gone out of town?'

'No.'

'Then why don't you breakfast at home?—Chimney on fire!'

'No.'

'Servants all dead?'

'No.'

'Children sick?'

'No.'

'Well, what in thunder is to pay?'

'Maria's joined the Millerites!'

Fred gave a long whistle, and then said, 'Going to ascend next week?'

'Yes, and if I don't commit suicide in the meantime, you may congratulate me. I am almost distracted. Can't get a decent meal, children running riot, servants saucy, house all in confusion, wife in the blues, either quoting the speeches of the elders at me, or sewing on a white robe, and groaning every third stitch. Hang it all, Fred, I've a great mind to take poison, or join the army.'

'H'm h'm! you give an enchanting picture, but I think I can suggest a cure.'

'A cure?'

'Yes, if you will promise to follow my advice, I will make your home pleasant, your wife cheerful, and your children happy.'

'Do it!' cried Joe. 'I'll follow your word like a soldier under his officer. What shall I do?'

—

At tea time Mr. Peters entered his home whistling. Maria was seated at the table, sewing on her white robe, and there were no signs of preparation for the evening meal.

'Maria, my dear,' said Mr. Peters, cheerfully, 'is tea ready.'

'I don't know,' was the answer, 'have been out all day, attending meeting.'

'Oh, very well, never mind. Attending meeting? You are resolved, then, to leave me next week?'

'Oh! Joe, I must go when I am called.'

'Yes, my dear, of course. Well I must resign myself, I suppose. By the way, my dear, has it never occurred to you that I shall be left a widower with three small children? I think I am a handsome man yet, my love,' and Joe walked over to the glass, passed his fingers through his hair, and pulled up his collar. Maria looked up rather surprised.

'You see, my dear, it is rather a relief for you to go quietly, you know. It is so wearing on the nerves to have a long illness; and besides, my dear, there will be no funeral expenses, and that is quite a saving.'

Mrs. Peters' lip quivered, and her large blue eyes filled with tears. Joe longed to stop his heartless speech and comfort her, but he was fearful the desired effect was not gained yet.

'So, my dear,' he continued, 'if you must go, I have been thinking of getting another wife.'

'What?' cried Mrs. Peters.

'Another wife, my love. The house must be kept in order, and the boys cared for.'

The grief was gone from Maria's face, but the teeth were set with a look of fierce wrath.

'Another wife, Joe! Another wife!'

'Yes. I think I have selected a good successor. I deliberated a long time when I was a bachelor, between her and yourself. You will like her, for she is your bosom friend.'

'My bosom friend!'

'Yes, my dear, I think on the day that you ascend, I will marry Sarah Ingram.'

'What, that good-for nothing, silly, empty-headed old maid the mother of my children! What!'

'Well, my dear, it seems to be the best I can do. I don't want to leave my business to go a-courting, and she will have me, I know.'

'No doubt! Oh! you great, brutal, hateful——'

'Stop, my dear, don't fly into a fury! We will try to spend our last week in happiness. Oh, by the way, I have a proposition to make.'

'Go on, sir! Don't spare me.'

'Ah, yes, this the very thing I wish to do. I know your mind is engrossed with your ascension, and I wish to spare you the care of the house. Suppose you invite Sarah here to-morrow to spend a week.'

'What!'

'Then we can arrange our matrimonial preparations in the evening while you are at the lecture.'

'What!'

'And, my dear, one little favor. It may be the last I shall ever ask. Stay at home one or two days, won't you, and show her round, where you keep things, and so on, so that she won't have any trouble in keeping order, after you go. You will do this to oblige me, won't you?'

Mrs. Peters, for answer, rolled up the ascension robe into a ball, and fired it at Joe. The cotton, the scissors, work-basket and table cloth, followed this missile in such rapid succession, that he was unable even to fly. Then Maria's rage found vent in words.

'So! You and Sarah! that's the reason why you whistled when you came in. You will be very glad to have me go, and marry her, won't you! No doubt of it! But you shan't marry her, sir! You shan't have the gratification. I will stay, if it is only to spite you! I won't go! I tell you Mr. Peters, I won't go!'

'But, my dear, you must go, if you are come for.'

'I won't go!'

'But consider, my dear.'

'I won't go!'

'But what will Sarah think?'

'Sarah! Don't mention her to me again. I—I—ho!—I am fairly choking?' and the little woman threw herself into a chair in a fit of hysterics.

Next morning Mr. Peters met Fred in the street.

'Well, old boy, how goes it?'

'Fred,' was the reply, 'I am the happiest man in the world. I have regained my wife and domestic peace, and got rid of a busy, tattling old maid, who, under pretence of loving my wife, was everlastingly interfering in all our household arrangements.'

'Then Mrs. Peters will not ascend?'

'No. If Sarah is to be my second wife, and step-mother to my children, Mrs. P. has concluded she won't go.'

THE NEW PLANET.—The telescope with which Dr. Lescarbault discovered the new planet nearer the sun than Mercury is very small. Its object-glass is only four inches in diameter, with a focal length of less than five feet, and it is mounted on a wooden frame which admits only of two motions, one horizontal, the other vertical. It has a magnifying power of 150 times. From Dr. Lescarbault's observations, M. Le Verrier concludes that the new planet revolves around the sun in 197 days; that the inclination of its orbit is 12° 10'; the longtitude of its ascending node, 12° 59', and that its mass is one-seventeenth that of Mercury. This mass is much too small to account for all the anomalies which have been observed in the movement of Mercury; the supposition is therefore strengthened that there is a group of those planets. The new planet can never be more than 8° from the sun, as seen from the earth, so that it can never set more than half an hour after sunset or rise more than half an hour before sunrise. This, with its very small size, renders it easy for us to understand why it has never been observed before.

☞ The Republicans of St. Louis have had a tremendous ratification meeting. More than ten thousand were estimated to be present. Enthusiastic speeches were made by Frank Blair and others. Mr. Blair said:

'In entering upon the canvass of 1860, we do so with buoyant hopes. In holding the first ratification meeting in favor of the nomination of the Republican party, in a a slave State, we take the lead of a host of freemen throughout the Union. We have infinitely more at stake in this contest than the people of any other State. This you will all admit. We, being in Missouri, have a mission before us, not only to prevent the extension of slavery in the territories of the United States, but we have to enfranchise Missouri. (Applause, and cries of 'We'll do it, too.')

☞ It is satisfactory to the Second Advent people to know that J. V. Himes, the leader of the American flock, has made an agreement with Dr. Cumming, whereby the end of all things, including the world, is to take place in 1867. So long as these two lights were at variance concerning the time of the catastrophe of course nothing could be done.

The Anglo-Saxon Race.

In 1620, the Anglo-Saxon race numbered about 6,000,000, and was confined to England, Wales, and Scotland; and the combination of which it was the result was not then more than half perfected, for neither Wales nor Scotland was half Saxonized at the time. Now it numbers 60,000,000 of human beings, planted upon all the islands and continents of the earth, and increasing everywhere by an intense ratio of progression. It is fast absorbing or displacing all the sluggish races or barbarous tribes of men that have occupied the continents of America, Africa, Asia, and the islands of the ocean. If no great physical revolution supervene to check its propagation, it will number 800,000,000 of human beings in less than one hundred and fifty years from the present time—all speaking the same language, centered to the same literature and religion, and exhibiting all its inherent and inalienable characteristics. Thus the population of the earth is fast becoming Anglo-Saxonized by blood. But the English language is more self-expansive and aggressive than the blood of that race. When a community begins to speak the English language, it is half-Saxonized, even if not a drop of the Anglo-Saxon blood runs in its veins. Ireland was never colonized from England like North America and Australia, but nearly the whole of its 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 already speak the English language, which is the preparatory state to being entirely absorbed into the Anglo-Saxon race as one of its most vigorous and useful elements. Everywhere the English language is gaining upon the languages of the earth, and preparing those who speak it for this absorption.

The young generation of the East Indies is learning it; and it is probable that within fifty years 65,000,000 of human beings of the Asiatic race will speak the language on that continent. So it is in the United States. About 50,000 emigrants from Germany and other countries of continental Europe are arriving in this country every year. Perhaps they cannot speak a word of English when they first land upon our shores; but in the course of a few years they master the language to some extent. Their children sit upon the same benches in our common schools with those of native Americans, and become, as they grow up and diffuse themselves among the rest of the population, completely Anglo-Saxonized. Thus the race is fast occupying, and subduing to its genius, all the continents and islands of the earth.

The grandson of many a young man who reads these lines will probably live to see the day when that race will number its 800,000,000 of human beings. Their unity, harmony, and brotherhood must be determined by the relations between Great Britain and the United States. Their union will be the union of the two worlds. If they discharge their duty to each other and to mankind, they must become the united heart of the mighty race they represent, feeding its myriad veins with the blood of moral and political life. Upon the state of their fellowship, then, more than upon the union of any other two nations on earth, depends the well-being of humanity and the peace and progress of the world.—*Washington States.*

☞ The Washington correspondence of the New York Evening Post has the following anecdote:

The Douglas men now tell the Southern men that Mr. Douglas is the only man who can by any possibility save Illinois and Indiana, and are trying to persuade the Southern politicians that they must make their choice of President between Lincoln and Douglas. A Douglas man was arguing yesterday with a Southern Democrat, and the conversation proceeded after the following style:

Douglas man—I tell you that there is no man you can nominate except Douglas, who can beat Lincoln.

Southern man—I don't know about that. A good national Democrat like Lane, or Breckinridge, or Guthrie, could not fail to beat the Black Republican.

Douglas man—You're mistaken. Abe Lincoln is very popular. He will run like wildfire. He is honest and rather conservative—enough so to get conservative votes. You must take your choice—Lincoln or Douglas.

Southern man—Well; you say Lincoln is honest and that he is conservative. I think I had rather see him elected than Douglas, for we should know what to reckon on: but as for Douglas, he is tricky and unsafe. Yes, give us Lincoln rather than Douglas.

Exit Douglas man in a passion.

☞ Hon. F. P. Blair of Missouri has resigned his seat in Congress, to take effect at the close of last session. He informs his constituents that he made the contest for his seat as their representative and to sustain them. Having been supported by a majority of the House in claiming his rights, he now chooses to resign his seat and go to the people again, and receive their verdict also.

In all superstitions, wise men follow fools.

Revolutionary Movements.

The London correspondent of the New York Evening Post has the following deeply interesting remarks:

"Of course you hear all about Garibaldi's movements that gets into the papers, and that is all that I know. He seems to have got off with three ships, thirty cannon, and small arms, and ammunition enough to fight through a reasonable campaign; and they say, several hundred thousand dollars. This has been principally contributed in England and Scotland, I believe; six hundred pounds having been subscribed at once at a small meeting in London, a few days since. You may depend on it that it is all up with Naples, unless the royalists can, by some means, keep Garibaldi from landing, which is not at all likely, for the man is an amphibious warrior. The liveliest interest is felt here on his account, and we are all waiting with almost suspended breaths to hear of his landing in Sicily.

Well-informed Austrians living here, tell me that the government of Austria is reduced to its last straits, and must soon dissolve by inherent weakness, if not by revolution or another war. Its only hope to keep on its legs is in a rush, as a drunken man can run when he can't stand still; but the rush will bring a war, and a war will knock its pins away very quickly, unless Hungary can be brought back to loyalty, which is about as likely as that Lombardy will come back to fealty. It is beyond a question that nothing will satisfy the Hungarians but the complete restoration to their old rights, and this granted, is but the initiative of absolute independence.—The Hungarians are waiting, fully organized, for a revolution, more completely prepared than Austria will believe, until it sees them up, and I have good reason to believe that they are only waiting for Italian affairs to ripen in order that Venitia may rise at the same time.

Pulzsky is at Turin, and Kossuth, who comes and goes as he pleases, may be in Hungary now, for all we know, or for all that the Austrian police can know. The Emperor, hot-headed and impatient, will not keep a prudent and liberal man near him, and quarrels with every one who opposes him. He cannot raise money to support his army; the whole military and financial organization is rotten, and without mutual faith and unity, and his only visible hope is in conciliating the people and obtaining from them the means of putting off the evil day. His pride prevents his yielding to the Hungarians; his weakness prevents his coercing them; his Imperial Council is a sham, and no Hungarian will take place in it, and the apparent concession of making Gen. Benedek, who is an Hungarian, Governor of Hungary, will only make matters finally worse, for Benedek is a stout military despot, who will resort to extreme measures. If any difficulty occurs there will be a massacre, and then all is over. Benedek has no Hungarian sympathies; born and educated in a part of Hungary which was always loyal until now, he never in early life breathed the national spirit, and his life in the army has made him a complete Austrian. He will shoot his countrymen as readily as he would Croats.

In Vienna, the public feeling is described to me as entirely hopeless. They look on the empire as doomed.

☞ We do not believe that the world is any worse than it used to be, but there is a great deal of force in the observation of the New York Journal of Commerce, that whatever of crime is committed in this country, our 2,500 newspapers publish it—sometimes giving a *murderous* item of news *twice* in the same number even!—until all the world is made familiar with it. It is impossible for anything to be concealed with us. We exhibit all our faults and our sins without the slightest hesitation. It is so with our political evil deeds. Our 'parties' charge each other with all the wrong-doing that each and all have committed, and much more besides—to the utter disregard of the judicious remark of the great Napoleon that 'people ought not to wash their soiled linen in public.' Certainly they ought not, but we do. We ventilate our crimes, railroad and other accidents and political sins, and seem to be determined that the world shall see and know them.

THE FILIBUSTER PLANKS.—One of the planks in the Douglas (Charleston) platform, commits "the party" to the acquisition of Cuba, (we quote) "on such terms as shall be honorable to ourselves, and just to Spain." If we ran the Republican machine, we would—as a fitting offset to this—go strong for a plank in the Chicago platform, favoring the "acquisition of Upper and Lower Canada on terms that would be honorable to ourselves, and just to John Bull.' Meanwhile let the Union party go for the country as it is—one and indivisible. Let those who wish to 'leave their own to stand on foreign ground,'—go, and welcome. The United States of America is good enough for us.—*Frankfort, Ky., Commonwealth.*

Arrival of the Pony Express.

Douglas a Dead Cock in the Pit!

Election of Lincoln Conceded as Certain!

The Pacific arrived at Portland on Monday evening, with dates from the East to the 14th of July brought by the Pony Express. We give full details of the news:

Mail all Right.

The difficulty in regard to the transportation of the California mails has been temporarily arranged with Commodore Vanderbilt. The mails will leave on the steamer to-morrow. Vanderbilt agrees to carry them till the 4th of March, for postage, and the President is to recommend, in his annual message, such additional compensation as may be reasonable. Amount not made public. Previously the Administration had determined to send the mails by the revenue cutter Harriet Lane and others.

The Prince of Wales.

The Prince of Wales will visit President Buchanan, he having written an invitation to the Queen, expressing personal desire to receive the Prince. He has also accepted an invitation from the city of New York.

Old Friends Fall Out.

Before settlement, Gwin had a grand blow-up with the President and Postmaster General. Holt refused to carry out his promise relative to overland and ocean mails. Gwin appealed to the President to know if he sustained Holt. It is said that Dr. Gwin left, and told the President that he deserved to have no friends. He would never darken the doors of the White House while he filled it. It is not known whether the difficulty is reconciled. Efforts are being made to get the Postmaster General to send semi-monthly service over the Central route; also, to appropriate $100,000 for the Pony Express. The result is not yet known. The matter was to have been determined by the Cabinet to-day.

Political.

Breckinridge formally accepts his nomination, and says it does not become him to shrink from the responsibility of the post assigned; opposes doctrine of non-intervention by Congress, or Territorial legislature, and thinks it the plain duty of the Federal Government, when necessary, to secure citizens of the States enjoying rights in the Territories. No progress has been made in the coalition of the two factions on one ticket in any State. Douglas men propose to call a State Convention of delegates, or a mass meeting, to fill vacancies in the electoral ticket of New Jersey. The Breckinridge men talk of pursuing the same course. The probabilities now are that two Democratic tickets will be run in all closely contested States.

Mayor Wood is out in a letter urging the Democracy in every State to name one ticket. It is poorly responded to, there being very little political excitement in the country.

The Republicans of Missouri have nominated a full State ticket. James B. Gardenhire, for Governor, and James Lindsay, for Lieut. Governor.

Resolutions in support of the Union ticket, New Jersey, were voted down in a Douglas meeting, in Newark, on the 9th, by a vote of 4 to 5. The Douglas men resolved to have no compromise or fusion. The Republicans of St. Louis have re-nominated Frank P. Blair for Congress, and a full county ticket.

The Contest between Breckinridge and Douglas.

The contest between Breckinridge and Douglas has no reference whatever to the result of the Presidential election in November. The leaders of both sides freely admit that that question is practically settled, and nothing but the legal formalities are necessary to complete Lincoln's success. Their struggle is for the control of the future organization of the party, and nothing more. The design is to crush Douglas out entirely, and leave him powerless hereafter. After the 4th of March next he will be solitary and alone in the Senate, as Pugh has already been voted into exile by Ohio, and no other has espoused his cause. The Breckinridge Executive Committee having abundant command of means, and control of the official corps throughout the country, intend to organize independently in every State, and to run an electoral ticket which will not be withdrawn or compromised by any bargain. They are in for the war, and to the knife, and have notified temporizing followers in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York, that no fusion or combination ticket will be accepted on any terms. They consider any temporary coalition as calculated to demoralize their ultimate object, while it is incapable of effecting any present advantage. This general purpose will soon be announced in a more authoritative form.

Dickinson of New York is for Breckinridge, and will endeavor to take the Hards with him, but nothing has been heard yet as to the probable complexion of the State. Both sides concede Lincoln's election, but