

BY D. W. CRAIG.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. The Argus will be furnished at Three Dollars per annum, if paid in advance.

The Oregon Argus.

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

VOL. VI.

OREGON CITY, OREGON, DECEMBER 8, 1860.

No. 35.

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One square (twelve lines, or less, brevity measure) one insertion..... \$ 3 00

Disparity in Marriage. The marriage of a young lady with a gentleman some twenty years her senior is a very frequent occurrence; yet, whenever such a marriage does take place, there are always fifty people ready to talk about the sacrifice, and to aver that it is impossible that she can love him—and, in fact, that it is altogether shocking.

For the Argus. To Spiritualists. No. 1.

While I was in New York last fall A. J. Davis was engaged to lecture at Dods-worth's Hall for a series of Sabbaths. I had a great desire to see and estimate for myself the leading man of the leading declamation, and, on one occasion accepted the invitation of a spiritualist to accompany him to his morning service, though it seemed, as I passed up Broadway—all the week so turbulent with the stream of human beings pouring through it, but so still now—almost a desecration to waste the few quiet hours that the world of money-makers had left me in the satisfaction of such a curiosity.

The hall is square. On one side is an orchestra; facing it, on the other side, is a desk for the minister or the fiddler, as occasion may require. It is seated with chairs, which may at any time be removed for dancing. It was still early when we arrived, and I had a good opportunity to inspect the audience as they came in. Most of them were elderly, staid, intelligent, well-to-do persons in appearance; but also, perhaps, rather more cynical and self-confident than any other large congregation I had ever met.

The appointed hour had passed some time, and I was beginning to grow impatient, when a little man, whom I at once knew by his resemblance to published portraits, came up the aisle and took the desk. Mr. Davis is much more childish in appearance than I had supposed. There is a pinched, consumptive, nervous shade over his face. The veins stand out from his forehead in clear blue lines. His forehead is narrow, low, round, and retreating; but with a good development immediately above the eyes, and up the middle through the forehead. A mass of hair, which had been piled up against the side of his hat, overtopped it. The shoulders were held back primly. Altogether he is an exceedingly slight figure—I almost think I could have puffed him about the room as I would a tittle-down. He was closely followed by his wife, who took a seat near him. She also is quite slight and lady-like. Her dress was very plain.

I was a little shocked by the introductory exercises. At a signal from her husband, Mrs. Davis arose, and, with the prettiest of dimples peeping slyly from either cheek, as if conscious of some funny thing coming, announced, "My friends, we will read from the Proverbs of Tupper instead of Solomon." It was an unfortunate sentence; without it the pious bathos of this dullest of Englishmen would have been merely a bore; but when placed in such a contrast, it was sickening. A lady in the orchestra sang to a melodious accompaniment a very familiar Spanish air, but with such taste that the congregation seemed spell-bound, and scarcely breathed. I could fancy the "voices from the spirit-land" of which she sang. When this was concluded, without prayer, which, I believe, Mr. Davis deems unnecessary trouble, the lecturer arose.

The subject was, "The Royal Road to Knowledge." Intuition in science, in business, in society, in religion, was the royal road. First impressions, contrary to common experience, were to be accepted on all occasions as infallible. Now, whatever may be Mr. Davis's theory, his business prosperity, and, above all, his address as a speaker, betray the most careful tuition.—For nearly an hour I sat without uneasiness under a gentle stream of figures dressed and extended in the most classical style. Otherwise, there was no argument, no proof—it was all illustration. Every word was weighed carefully, every gesture was proper, but mechanical and strained. His voice was deep and heavy, entirely incongruous with the appearance of the man. It was as if a boy were speaking in the deliberate, authoritative tones of manhood. His eyes have an insincere, glassy expression, that is not pleasant. His little wife sat all the time the most interested and proudest of his hearers. When, toward the conclusion of the address, he indulged in some sly allusions to "brimstone" as a doctrine of intuition, I could see the dimples again breaking out.

I could not decide with reference to Mr. Davis's clairvoyance. I have said that his lecture betrayed most careful preparation; now, on the supposition of its intuitive origin, this might possibly have been so; but it should also have made no mistake in history. I noticed several mistakes in classic allusions, which were afterward apologized for by my spiritualistic friend. I noticed, also, that instead of looking through the back of his head at the clock, which was behind him, he paused and turned round. I think any one who is acquainted with the circumstances under which his first and

greatest work was composed must admit that there was ample opportunity for deception in its composition. But I do not know that it is necessary to suppose Mr. Davis dishonest in the belief of his own powers, and it is equally unnecessary for us to credit them. Since my residence in this State, I have made clairvoyance a special subject of investigation. I have seen children under the influence of such mental exaltation that they could deliver an appropriate address from Washington to his army, or at the will of an operator they would personify Gough, or any other character. In the ordinary state, they could not put ten words together accurately. I saw an Indian war-dance, and heard an Indian speech, from children who scarcely knew what an Indian is. Now, it is known that before his mesmerism Mr. Davis was almost an imbecile. Why may we not suppose that he is deluded by his own experience? Why may we not account in this way for the phenomenon of his history?

It is a fortunate thing for the world that the spiritualists have never had a competent leader. Confident in the convincing power of the manifestations to which they owe their origin, they seem to have neglected a permanent organization, without which no body can perpetuate itself. Little parties come together here and there wherever they can find a place secluded enough to indulge their peculiar marital practices;—but a general organization has never been attempted. Mr. Davis did, indeed, enjoy the honors of an oracle for a time, but the task was too much for his limited powers. He is not an organizer, nor an executor, nor a reasoner. He has no personal force, no magnetism. He can illustrate a thing; that is all. Hence he has retired again to individuality. While many infidels have found it convenient to use the spiritual manifestations against Christianity, it has been without concert, and spiritualism has now reached its culminating point—indeed, it is already declining. This is manifest in nothing more surely than in the suspension of its leading papers. It may have a feeble resurrection if a second Jo Smith can be found to call it forth, but it is not probable. It has no positive points of faith—there is nothing to propagate except some silly experiments with tables, which can be made by any one; and there is no reward offered for propagation either in this world or the next. The greatest movement which has ever threatened the Christian church in America, has become the laughing-stock of the world. F. J.

New York, Oct., 1860.

ARIZONA.—The Portland Daily News has some interesting information about this territory, obtained from Mr. A. W. Clark, a young gentleman who has traveled extensively in Arizona and New Mexico.—Mr. Clark says that the report made to Congress, about one year ago, by some one, and still insisted on, that ten thousand white inhabitants had their homes in Arizona, is false. He cannot conscientiously place the number over two thousand. Taking it altogether, he considers it a terribly desolate country, and very much overrated by all those who write from there. The soil requires irrigation in order to raise cereals, even, and not a one-thousandth part of the otherwise tillable land can ever be cultivated on account of the scarcity of water. As a general thing the water found in canons in the mountains of that country, sinks as soon as it reaches the plains. Timber for fire wood, even, is very scarce, except in the mountains.—There are but a few streams, besides the Gila and the Rio Grande, with sufficient water to sustain large settlements, probably none but the Mimbres, the San Pedro, and the Santa Cruz. The climate is good and well adapted to the raising of most kinds of fruit, and wherever water can be had for irrigation, all the crops, except potatoes, raised in the Western States, can be successfully cultivated.

THE APPLE TRADE.—Week after week, wagons from the Willamette, heavily laden with apples, arrive in this Valley. Generally quick sales for ready cash are realized by those engaged in this trade, but recently there has been experienced some difficulty in the disposal of their fruit. The market is pretty well stocked, and money is too scarce. The failure of fruit crops in this Valley the present year was a very fortunate matter for our Willamette fellow-citizens, though a hard blow to our own people. In another year or two, enough of every variety of hardy fruits will be raised in this county, and this will keep among us a good deal of money, which has heretofore every year been paid away to the fruit-growers North.—Jacksonville Sentinel.

The most common error of men and women is that of looking for happiness somewhere outside of useful work.—It has never yet been found and never will be, while the world stands. Of all the miserable human beings it has been our fortune to know, they were the most wretched who had retired from useful employments, in order to enjoy themselves.

Republican Ratification Meeting.

On the evening of the 26th ult., the Republicans of Belpassi, Marion county, Oregon, having previously received information of the result of the late Presidential election in Oregon, California and the Atlantic States, assembled in Mass Meeting in the Hall of the Belpassi Institute, to express their gratification. The Hall was well filled. The following resolutions were adopted with a free good will:

Resolved, 1st, That the recent triumph of the Republicans of Oregon, while it affords to every ardent Republican great cause for rejoicing, when viewed as a present party triumph, is but the foreshadowing dawn of a noon-day success, that will finally liberate down-trodden Oregon from the domineering tyranny of democratic misrule and oppression.

2nd, That we return sincere thanks for the propitious smiles of a beneficent Providence, and the firmness and discretion of those members of our Legislative Assembly, who, at its late session, in their concurrent wisdom, conferred on the people of Oregon the lasting favor of electing to the Senate of the United States, that worthy citizen, accomplished gentleman, renowned orator and talented statesman, Col. E. D. BAKER. And that if any Republican member of that assembly had, from selfish motives, refused to vote for Col. Baker, we would forever have scorned and despised him, as entirely unworthy of the confidence of any Republican voter.

3rd, That we are happy to learn from the late election returns, that the people of the Pacific coast have ceased to appreciate the high constitutional bearing and chivalrous gallantry of such political tricksters, humbugs, demagogues and impostors as Lane and Gwin.

4th, That our thanks are due to the fleet pony, and his master, for the glad tidings, which they bring us from our brethren in the Atlantic States.

5th, That we regard the election of Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin, as a great triumph in behalf of freedom, free labor, honest industry and national prosperity; and that we have great confidence that they will bring to the administration of our national affairs, clean hands, honest hearts and great abilities.

6th, That we hope and expect that they will give due consideration and support to a liberal homestead law, the payment of our war debt, a Pacific railroad and other questions affecting the interests of this coast.

7th, That we are not unmindful of the efficient services and untiring zeal of the Republican Editors of Oregon.

8th, That copies of these resolutions be sent to the Oregonian, Oregon Argus, and Eugene City Press for publication.

9th, That we return our thanks to Gov. Whitaker, for appointing (if he has done so) a day of public Thanksgiving for the many great and glorious good things that have of late fallen to the lot of Republicans of Oregon.

After which speeches were made by Major Magone, Wm. T. Ramsay, Samuel Brown, Jos. Engle, and several others.

The Belpassi brass band, during the intervals, discoursed sweet music. Our Democratic brethren also were present and favored us with a number of speeches—said that we had beaten them this time, but that they would be up and kicking in sixty-four. The evening passed away amid much manifestation of feeling, and finally at a late hour the meeting adjourned, amid the exultations of the Republicans and (as I suppose) the regrets of the fallen Democracy. SAMUEL BROWN, Pres't. E. M. ENGLE, Secy.

Baron Bunsen, in his great work, "Egypt's Place in Universal History," fixes the creation of the world at about the year B. C. 19,752. He determines, also, that the flood occurred about the year B. C. 9,252. He says that the Egyptians knew nothing of the Deluge, "the climate centre of which was in the tenth millennium B. C., but which was assuredly many hundreds in operation."—The early history of the Bible he considers as mere tradition, and the dates assigned to certain names "from Adam downward, and then from Seth, and so on, cannot be taken in a literal sense as signifying the ages of individual men, but as epochs of human development." He thinks that the old Chinese is the nearest approach which we have to the original language.

Garibaldi has the warm wishes of all true-hearted Americans. Come what will, the name and the heroic deeds of the Italian chief have passed into history.—The man who can organize and conduct a Revolution in Italy without satisfying the long-boarded vengeance of the Italians, and without maliciously staining his own hands in blood, is not only a great, but a good man. He deserves to stand side by side with the illustrious Washington.

The Farmer's Advocate prescribes for colic in horses, a blanket wrapped around the body and drenched with cold water. It steams like a boiling pot and cures in fifteen minutes.

The Paris police, one of the best organized and most effective bodies of its character in the world, now number 4,500 agents; the pay is \$800 per annum per man.

Horrors of a Cannibal Camp.

The faithful journalist is too often required to relate the horrible particulars of massacres, which, under a better administration of Indian policy, had not been. Reading and writing of these bloody tragedies, we are incensed and shamed that the stout-hearted men and women who voluntarily move back the frontiers, are abandoned by Government to butcheries, mutilation, or ravishment by savages. We have before related a recent massacre of immigrants on their way to Oregon. About the last of October an expedition went from Walla-Walla to collect the dead and wounded. They found twelve out of forty still living, but naked and nearly starved to death. The poor, emaciated wretches had eaten up all the dead, save one! and upon that last putrifying corpse they were about to commence their horrid carnival. The dead had been torn up out of the grave by their former companions, starving and mad. The cannibals were lying down to their dread feast, surrounded by bones and fragments of human flesh, and would never have risen from that feast of death. Great God! are they American men and women—the brave explorers of untraversed woods—the outguards of civilization and religion, who are thus left to the mercy of savages and to eat one another, while millions are dealt out with official hands to lazy, lounging officials, whose offices are almost sinecures, and whose bodies and souls are not worth the scalp-lock torn from the lion-hearted subduer of the wilderness? Shame to the country; curses for the driving policy which will talk of war with powerful civilized nations, but which is unequal to the gigantic enterprise of building a miserable stockade fort here and there along the emigrant's road, to protect adventurous men from scalping, and feeble but brave-hearted women from starvation and cannibalism.—S. F. Mirror.

THOMAS JEFFERSON ON SECESSION AND DISUNION.—Thomas Jefferson wrote to John Taylor, of Caroline, under date Philadelphia, June 1, 1798. Mr. Jefferson, after stating that in Republican governments "opposite practice and violent" discussion must always exist, and that one opinion must prevail over another, goes on to say:

"But if on a temporary superiority of the one party, the other is to resort to a secession from the Union, no Federal Government can ever exist. If to rid ourselves of the present rule of Massachusetts and Connecticut we break the Union, will the cut stop there? Suppose the New England States alone cut off, will our natures be changed? Are we not still to the South of that, and with all the passions of men? Immediately we shall see a Pennsylvania and a Virginia party arise in the residuary confederacy, and the public mind will be distracted with the same party spirit!"

"What a game too will the one party have in their hands by eternally threatening the others, that unless they do so and so, they will join their Northern neighbors. If we reduce our Union to Virginia and North Carolina immediately, the conflict will be established between the representatives of these two States, and they will end by breaking into their simple units.—Seeing, therefore, that an association of men who will not quarrel with one another, is a thing which never existed from the greatest confederation of nations down to a town meeting or a vestry; seeing that we must have somebody to quarrel with, I had rather keep our New England associates for that purpose, than to see our bickerings transferred to others."

It is true that we are suffering deeply in spirit, and incurring the horrors of war and long afflictions of enormous "public debt." But who can say what would be the evils of secession, and where would they end?

MUTTON AS AN ARTICLE OF FOOD.—We mean to repeat a thousand times, or at least till what we say has some effect upon our countrymen, that a pound of lean, tender, juicy mutton can be produced for half the cost of the same quantity of pork; that it is infinitely healthier food, especially in the summer season, and those who eat it, become more muscular, and can do more work with greater ease to themselves than those who eat fat pork. We know nothing more delicious than smoked mutton hams of the Southdown breed of sheep. Venison itself is not more delicious.—Am. Agriculturist.

A GREAT TRIUMPHATE.—Three of the greatest men that now loom up before the view of mankind are Louis Napoleon, Victor Emmanuel, and Garibaldi. And what is somewhat singular is that there should be sympathy, friendship and confidence between them. The first two are kings, the other a plebeian insurrectionist, who aims at the dethronement of Kings and Popes, and the establishment of Italian independence.

Mr. James Parker, conductor on the Western Railroad, attained his professional majority of 21 years, on Thursday, the 27th ult., having acted as conductor on the first trip made over that road, on the 27th of Sept. 1839, and continued uninterruptedly ever since. During that time he has run over 1,280,000 miles.

GOOD STOCK.—"Lincoln" is a good name in American history. In 1781, at Yorktown, Cornwallis surrendered his sword to "Old Ben Lincoln," and ended the war to extend British Tyranny over us. Eighty years after, at Washington, Buchanan will yield the keys to "Old Abe Lincoln," (a relative of said "Ben,") and end the present contest for Slavery Extension.

Folly and pride walk side by side.

Two Noble Heroes.

When the Lady Elgin, shattered and sinking in the waters of Lake Michigan, was slowly bearing her three hundred victims to their unmarked graves, it was the captain of the steamer who sustained and cheered the disheartened and frightened passengers. His voice calmed their agitation; his mind directed plans for rescue; his will controlled their panic and terminated their insubordination. Through the long and dreary night that was spent upon the raft, it was he who counselled and guided. And in the gray morning, when the fragile craft struck the beetling cliffs upon the shore, the captain still stood at his post of duty, and died seeking to save his charge. The name of the hero was John Wilson. When the Connaught lay rolling helpless in the trough of the ocean waves, a mass of fire between decks, her passengers momentarily expecting to be hurled into eternity, a small brig loomed upon the horizon. Hours passed, and it neared the burning ship, attracted by the signal of distress. Cheerfully the captain of the little craft devoted himself to the rescue of the endangered hundreds. Every foot of his deck was covered with living beings. Fearful lest he might be carried away from the wreck, he made himself fast with a hawser. When asked if he could save all on board, his answer was, "Aye, aye, I'll stand by as long as there's a soul on her." And he did. Not a life of the two hundred, for whom rescue seemed impossible, was lost. The name of this hero likewise was John Wilson. It is a singular coincidence, and one that will live in history.—Troy Whig.

EARLY DAYS OF THE TELEGRAPH.—In the course of his address to the Prince of Wales, at the University of New York, Professor Morse made the following interesting statement: "The infant telegraph, nursed under discouragement for a long time after its invention, struggled hard for a feeble existence. In 1838 I carried it to Paris. It there attracted the attention of many distinguished and scientific men, both of France and England, among whom were the Marquis of Northampton, the Earl of Elgin and the Earl of Lincoln; the latter gentleman received it with special favor, and consented to risk the reputation of his sound judgment by declaring his belief in its ultimate success. He took it under his own roof at London, and there invited a number of persons to witness the experiments. It is, then, with no ordinary feelings that after a lapse of twenty years, I greet in such a presence and before such an audience, the Earl of Lincoln in the present Duke of Newcastle."

A CALIFORNIA MINE OF ALUM.—In alluding to the richness of the diggings on the "bluff" in the immediate vicinity of Lancha Plana, Amador county, the Dispatch says: It is perhaps not generally known that the formation of this peak consists mostly of 'alum stone,' a substance from which alum of the greatest purity is obtained. It is also found in large quantities in Tolla and Piombino, in Italy, and is a great source of wealth to its owners.—The ore is manufactured into alum by calcination and subsequent exposure to the air for three months; the mineral being frequently sprinkled with water in order that it may be brought to the state of a soft mass. This is lixiviated, and the solution obtained crystallized by evaporation. In our opinion, the manufacture of alum from this ore in this place, would be feasible, and very remunerative to those who embarked in the enterprise."

SYRIA.—The New York Journal of Commerce is anxious for foreign intervention to stop the Syrian massacres, and closes an article on the subject thus: "O, if Oliver Cromwell were Protector of England at this time, would there not be such a stir in Constantinople as that city has not seen for three centuries! An English fleet would have passed the Dardanelles and entered the Golden Horn before now.—And Abdul Medjid would soon see the walls of his Seraglio knocked to atoms by British cannon, if he did not do better."

A MODEL BOY WITH A FUTURE.—The brightest boy of the whole class lately examined for admission to the Naval Academy of Annapolis, was a little fellow from Texas, fifteen years of age, who had been three years setting type in a newspaper office, and had studied mathematics and arithmetic with a dip candle, in the garret of a log cabin at night. He was poorly clad, and had worked at type setting in New Orleans and other points to pay the expense of his journey. If not admitted, he expected to work his way home again.

VALUABLE RELIC.—A Liverpool gentleman possesses a papyrus manuscript which Mr. Constantine Simonides says is written in Greek character, and which he pronounces a portion of St. Matthew's Gospel, bearing the date of the first century. The proprietor of the document proposes to publish it immediately.

A man in stopping his paper, recently wrote: "I think folks doant ort to spend there munny on papers, my father never did an every body sed he was the smartest man in the kountree, and had gott the intellygentist famely of buoys that ever dugg waters."

Disparity in Marriage. The marriage of a young lady with a gentleman some twenty years her senior is a very frequent occurrence; yet, whenever such a marriage does take place, there are always fifty people ready to talk about the sacrifice, and to aver that it is impossible that she can love him—and, in fact, that it is altogether shocking. Some blame her, some pity her, some call her "poor, dear thing," and some designate her "shameless creature," but none ever give her credit for love, affection or respect toward the person on whom she has bestowed her hand. This stereotyped idea, that people must be born in the same year to love each other properly, is all nonsense. It is on a par with the cruel father and designing-mother hallucination—very well upon the stage, but not applicable to real life. For my part, I think it is just as possible for a girl to fall in love with a middle-aged man as with a young one. In fact, I think they are twenty times more agreeable, and often considerably handsomer. A boy is only a girl in coat and cravat. He thinks just as she does, has the same interest in nothing, is just as delicate and pretty, and about as reliable. A man is something greater. If she has any sense, she involuntarily feels it and admires him. As the best things improve as they grow older, a truly admirable man must become more so as he grows older; and if some women discover this, it is ridiculous to overwhelm them with the same sweeping censure. Of course some women do marry for money; but there are rich young men as well as rich old men, and the mere fact of a difference in years does not prove the assertion. Years alone do not make the disparity between them; it is the heart, the brain the soul, which should be alike in marriage. Where these are matched one with the other, a wedded pair are happy—otherwise they are miserable. In that beautiful passage in 'David Copperfield,' where, after long and quiet suffering, Annie at last opens her heart to her kind old husband, and unveils her own truth with Jack Maldon's teaching, she utters the words, "There can be no disparity in marriage like unsuitability of mind and purpose;" and these words embody my meaning better than all I could myself say. It is better, certainly, for young people to marry. It generally is the case: it is well and natural. Yet love may be just as strong with years of difference between the parties, and the outer world has nothing to do with it. We know as much of each other's lives and purposes as we do of the man in the moon; and why we should forever take upon ourselves the right of ascribing a motive, which suits with our own ideas, to all our fellow creatures' actions, is to me a mystery. I am willing, for my part, to permit even a young beauty to unite herself to a middle-aged millionaire, without stating for a positive fact that she cannot love him. Love's arrows are aimed at random; and if at times he pierces an old and a young heart at the same time, there is little cause for wonder, and surmises and insinuations are neither necessary nor delicate.

TRY IT ON OLD SAM.—Once upon a time on a plantation in Kentucky, while a little nigger baby was snoozing in its cradle, a streak of lightning came down the capacious chimney of the cabin and killed it.—Old Sam, an aged negro, came rushing in from the storm, and after seeing what had occurred, he let himself out as follows, gazing intently at the defunct small darkey; "Now, Lord, you tink you hab done great tings—jes gone an' killed a poor little nigger baby what ain't wort two dollars and a-half." And then jumping upon his feet, almost bursting with indignation, and with a defiant tone yelled out, "Spose you try it on old Sam!"

Several thousand Polish Jews have recently passed through Posen on their way to the United States, via Berlin and Hamburg. The German papers say that such an exodus of the Children of Israel has not been witnessed since that out of Egypt.

The complete census of New Hampshire, is now published, and exhibits a population of 326,175, being an increase of only 8,211 in ten years.

In New Haven, Connecticut, a boy only twelve years of age, had been sent to the poor-house, at the request of his father, for being a common drunkard.

The richest man in Great Britain is the Marquis of Westminster, whose annual income is about \$7,000,000.

The firmest friends ask the fewest favors.