

BY D. W. CRAIG.

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# The Oregon Argus.

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

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### For the Argus.

#### The Flow-Boy.

The summer has gone, with its fruits and its flowers, its autumn is here in its season, its showers, its winds and cool with her life-giving showers, the earth from whose lap we are fed. A healthier hue, for the turf waxed green, fresh charms to dame nature has lent, while withered and prostrate the fern may be seen, and the bushes with hazel-nuts bent. (seen.) The flow-boy, in rustic simplicity great, with joy whistles all the day long; He sings not for greatness, save toil and in sweat, but urges his team to "go long." As he struggles, thoughts wander thus, or akin: The hay in the mow and the rick, The slaves are all gathered, the grain's in the bin, The fruit is most ready to pick. Our pokers (pure Berkshire) soon we can slay, (What stomachic joy filled a min!) To get what a feast on a cold winter's day, To find sausage for breakfast to find! He mimes pie for dinner: sweet cider to quaff— A cooling but fire at eve; How happy the song—low hearty laugh, Unhappy scarce would believe. While musing, there came from across yonder hill, As a were, a shower of hail, A torrent of water so gloomy and chill He thought it December again. 'Twas he thought of his home, the hearth bright And red, He thought of the board from which daily he fed, The pallet of straw warm and neat. He thought of the trees as they rocked in the blast, Whose forms were both slender and tall, How truly they braved it, yet, when the shock Seemed conscious of nothing withal. (passed.) He thought, too, the leaves that were strewn o'er the ground, Aured him that he soon must die; He pondered awhile, whether joy would be found In those realms to which all men lie. The dark frowning sky, the elements' wrath, He heeds not—he knows not alarm; His soul is unshackled by bigotry's lash, All nature for him has a charm. O, flow-boy, in rustic simplicity great, From nature thou seemest to grow woe; Though pedants of books may eternally prate, Thy wisdom theirs all unadmits. Now, that summer has flown and autumn is here, And water is fast drawing nigh, May peace, health, and plenty thy pathway still Thy breast be estranged to a sigh. (cheer.) And when thou hast whistled, and pondered, and The years that to mortals are given, (plover.) May a rest that is tranquil thy dust be allowed, Thy soul transferred to a peaceful heaven. SALEM, Nov. 1, 1860. Leo.

### "THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT."

One of the best travesties on the old nursery tale is the following from an exchange: The White House—This is the house that Sam built. \$100,000—This is the malt that lay in the house that Sam built. James Buchanan—This is the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Sam built. S. A. Douglas—This is the cat that killed the rat, that ate the malt that lay in the house that Sam built. Breckinridge—This is the dog, that worried the cat, that killed the rat, that ate the malt that lay in the house that Sam built. Bell-Everett—This is the cow with the crumpled horn, that tossed the dog, that worried the cat, etc. New York Express—This is the maiden, all forlorn, that milked the cow with the crumpled horn, that, etc. Journal of Commerce—This is the man, all tattered and torn, that kissed the maiden, all forlorn, that, etc. New York Observer—This is the priest, all shaven and shorn, that married the man, all tattered and torn, unto the maiden all forlorn, etc. Independent—This is the cock that crowed in the morn, to waken the priest, all shaven and shorn, that married the man, all tattered and torn, etc. Abe Lincoln—This is the hunter with trumpet and horn, that owned the cock that crowed in the morn, to waken the priest, all shaven and shorn, that married the man, all tattered and torn, that tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that killed the rat, that ate the malt that lay in the house that Sam built.

There is an old story which represents a couple of sagacious crones discoursing on the probable principle which guided Adam in the names he gave to animals. One asserted that he did not see why he called a lion by the name of lion. "Why," replied the other, "that is simple enough to me. He called it a lion because it looked like a lion!" We doubt if the Democratic party could now get its appellation on such a principle of naming. Nobody would think of calling it a Democratic party because it looks like a Democratic party.—N. Y. Post.

"They say that smoking cures hams, and herrings, and badlocks, and many other things—but all I know is, that I have tried it on my wife's temper for the last dozen years, and it hasn't had the smallest effect in curing that."

Many have been the discussions in regard to the essential distinction between matter and spirit. Punch some time ago attempted to settle the question in this sharp, short way: "What is mind? No matter. What is matter? Never mind—What is the soul? It is immaterial."

"How are you, Smith?" said Jones. Smith pretends not to know him, and replies hesitatingly, "Sir, you have the advantage of me." "Yes," retorts Jones, "I suppose everybody has that's got common sense." Smith looks unhappy.

Women are not naturally funny.—They range above or below it. They may be keen and witty, but not humorous.—Nevertheless they are good creatures—many of them.

We find self-made men very often, but self-made ones a good deal often.

### For the Argus

#### To Spiritualists.

No. 1. I gave you in my last sketch of spiritualism as it appears among the cultivated,—among those who see the necessity of organization, of lectures, of papers, of morals, of Sabbath observances, and an aping of the machinery for religious propagation. These are the aristocracy of the sect, and like all aristocracies, bear but a small proportion to the other classes. What may be, perhaps, termed the middle, and by far the most numerous, class, believe simply as an opiate to conscience—their interest is entirely subjective—when they have succeeded in making themselves comfortable they go about their business very careless as to the faith of other people. These would be infidels in any event—their adoption of spiritualism or any other particular form of infidelity is of no consequence to the world. There is still another class—the lowest—whose influence is much more felt, much more baneful, than either of the preceding. It is composed of those who have not only an athletic and subjective, but also a positive pecuniary or passion interest in the propagation of their sect.—These are the argonauts of modern society; they prey upon it with tricks of hocus-pocus—they shriek at woman's rights conventions, getting up the anti-orthodox resolutions—they seek to destroy the right of property, the sacredness of matrimony—they overthrow whatever is established.

I saw a very good type of this class in B—about six months ago. I was at a Water-Cure, seeking to amuse myself while my body should expel some of the pains that had crept into it during my boyhood. It was a snowy, blustering day, and we had gone through with everything that promised a chance of fun. We had walked the prescribed distance: we had played in the gymnasium till we were tired; we had read in the library where there was no fire till our fingers ached; we had sung till our throats were in danger of being obstructed like Munchausen's horn; and finally in despair we had returned to the parlor (unanimously voted a bore always), piled on fresh coal, and sat around the debilitated stove, idly watching the snow-flakes without, till dinner or something else should give us a better occupation. It is strange that a trivial circumstance will arouse a party to life from such a mood. The announcement of some one coming in our direction caused a score of fair noses to be pressed against the southern windows, in spite of the danger that the roses of their proprietors would immediately desert their cheeks to bloom in a more conspicuous place. The authoress, who walked with her eyes resolutely bent to the earth all day, forgot her melancholy in the general excitement. Here was a little old lady who had been jerked out of shape and health by unseen forces; who, in obedience to her heavenly guardians, had deserted father and mother to tell her exercises to the unsympathizing world, but whose passions had all finally degenerated into an extravagant fondness for a little green reticule; deserting her last friend for a peep into the snow. Curiosity was literally on tiptoe. A tall man, bending before the storm, came up under the bare oak trees, and when at length his foot was heard on the scraper, there were a great many hopes that he might prove interesting. He proved to be quite elderly, and to the disappointment of the ladies, dressed in shabby clothes. His forehead was narrow and retreating in the line of a very long and protuberant nose. The whiskers straggled over his face at pleasure, without fear of scissors or razor; the hair hung down his neck in thin Indian locks. On entering, he threw an eager, scrutinizing glance around the party; his next motion was to send from his trumpet-like nose, through a folded handkerchief, a snort not very soothing to nervous patients. There, in a creaking, unearthly tone, he inquired for Dr. T.—"I'm Dr. Cogswell," continued he, "m-bby some o' yer hever heard o' me—the first spiritulist in America. Some o' my cases were published in the Spiritool Telegraph. Tell character by phrenology or psychology." After a pause, "Tell yer friends' character just as well a hundred miles off as if they was here."—And here, elevating his eyebrows till they mixed with his hair, and doubling himself up and clapping his knees, he burst into a startling shriek of laughter. Then suddenly stopping, he drew from his bosom a bundle, and, taking a sheet of paper, held it indefinitely toward the company, saying, "Here's my circular; p'rhaps some o' you'd like to see it." Now, spiritualism and phrenology are standing topics for discussion at all Water-Cures, and it may well be supposed that this announcement caused what the mesmerists call a 'pleasant shock.' But I beg pardon. I left our visitor holding his circular toward us. As no one seemed willing to tamper with so dangerous a document, I examined it, and

### The South in Motion—The Prospects of Disunion.

The following article is from the New York Times of Nov. 10th: We are not surprised—nor in the least alarmed—at the symptoms of resentment and the movements towards secession which greet the news of Lincoln's election in the Southern States. We have never supposed the South would sit down quietly and submit at once to Republican ascendancy in the General Government. The stake for which they have been playing is too high. They are too deeply committed to permit any such retreat. They would incur the scorn and contempt of their own people if they were thus to quail before the sceptre they have invoked. They are compelled to go ahead—if only to prove that they were not hypocrites and knaves in their threats. We look, therefore, for a great deal of violent talk in the Southern States. Their Governors and Legislatures and journals will denounce the Union and proclaim their determination to withdraw from its obligations and to repudiate its protection. They will call conventions, and organize their militia, and make all the preparation in their power for secession and for war—for in spite of all their talk about a peaceful separation, they know well enough that peace could not last sixty days after the dissolution of the Union. All their movements will be angry, violent and menacing. They will seriously damage the business and financial interests of the South, and affect injuriously those of the North. It is not at all impossible that South Carolina may adopt resolutions of secession and vote herself out of the Union. For all these things, and many more like them, we are fully prepared. They are to be deprecated, but we do not see how they are to be avoided. They are the results of what we believe to be a causeless panic, and find no just provocation in the event to which they are ascribed—the election of a Republican President. But we have entire faith in the final subsidence of these waves of popular frenzy in the Southern States. We are well assured that the ablest, wisest and most influential men of the South look upon Disunion as the most fatal step which they could possibly take, and that they only wait the propitious moment for throwing their weight into the scale of justice and of safety. They may not at once breast the storm and denounce the secession movement—but they will prevent all sudden commitments and action, and insist upon the most careful examination of the whole subject, in all its bearings, before any final steps are taken. This will be the best service they can render to the Union cause—for with every day of discussion the Union will grow stronger in the confidence and attachment of the South.

### Bayard Taylor on Papal Despotism.

—I have read, during the past week, in various papers, that the Papal States are the worst governed in Europe. I have read it often. The precise nature and extent of this despotism I am a little in the dark about. Our general enlighteners, the editors, do not condescend to come down to the particulars. Still a plain man may be permitted to ask a few questions. In what does this despotism of the Papal Government consist? "Is it that clergymen hold office?" For many years there has been a smaller proportion of clergymen holding office in the Roman States than in some of the States of the Union, and their salaries have been in a still smaller proportion to those of secular officers. It is one of the most economical in Europe. The salaries of the higher officers of State do not exceed \$3000 a year; and the whole civil list costs about \$600,000.

"Are the people ground down with taxes? The taxes in Rome are far less than in England, France, or New York. Are they deprived of the benefits of education? The Papal States, with a population of less than 3,000,000, have seven Universities; and the city of Rome has more free public schools than New York, in proportion to her population, and what is still better, a larger proportion of children attend them.

"Perhaps the poor are uncared for and their sufferings treated with neglect. There are more and better free hospitals for the sick, the poor and aged, the suffering of every class, in Rome, in proportion to the population, than in any other city in the world. It is not asked in Rome what is a man's country or creed. Perhaps the bad government has reduced the people to pauperism? Holland, France, and the other free and enlightened countries, have from three to ten times as much pauperism in proportion to the population. Where then is the horrible despotism? The government is an elective monarchy. It has a liberal Constitution, light taxation, very little pauperism, an economical Administration; a cheap or free education for all classes, and abundant institutions of charity for the needy and suffering. I venture to assert that the single city of New York pays more taxes, is more plundered by dishonest officials, supports more paupers, has more uneducated children, tolerates more vice and drunkenness, rowdiness, &c., and suffers more from crime, year by year, than the whole nearly 3,000,000 of people of the States of the Church?"

They still occasionally burn a slave at the South. A letter to the editor of The Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer, dated Tuskegee, Ala., Oct. 9, says, referring to a crime, the nature of which was not stated: "The boy, belonging to Maj. Cockey of this county, was arrested to-day. A large number of the citizens, perhaps 150, met, tried, and sentenced him, and before the sun set he was burned to ashes. A horrid death, surely, but his crime was such that no mercy could be shown. No Judge, presided, no jury was impaneled. He was burned about seven miles north of Tuskegee, near Gen. Gunn's plantation. Horrid the punishment, but just, though the blood may run cold in our veins as we think of it.

Few of our readers, and perhaps few of our own citizens, are aware of the extent to which the frog trade is carried, in Chicago. There are men who, during the entire season, have made the catching and marketing of frogs a business—some of them earning three or four dollars a day by this labor. Thousands of frogs have been gathered from marshes and low wet places to gratify the epicures of the Garden City, and we are informed the trade is each season improving.—Press and Tribune.

### AN EDITOR'S LOVE STORY.

—An editor of a Southern paper relates as follows, how he once fell in love: We were never, kind reader, "desperate in love," but once, and that was with a red-no, auburn-haired girl, with a freckled complexion, who had but a few pretensions to beauty; but then she had such really beautiful eyes, deep liquid orbs;—through which her soul, in moments of tenderness, looked out in passionate fervor, and in joyous mirth flashed and sparkled with the light of a thousand dew-drops—diamonds, we were about to say—but we never saw a thousand. Her name was Laura—which when breathed softly by a very soft lover, is a very sweet name—and her clear ringing laugh fell around you like a shower of silver bells. Moreover, she wore a dark wine-colored dress, trimmed with lilac-colored velvet and black fringe, with a neat little white collar of fine lace, which is the prettiest of dresses, and has the effect to make a very plain girl look absolutely charming. She never perforated her ear to hand thereby a pendulum of glass or brass, and the only ornament on the little white hand, which needed none, was a plain gold ring, sacred to the memory of a maiden promise. Well, one evening—it was moonlight, in the summer time—we sat alone in the porch, by the cottage door, holding that little white hand in a gentle pressure, but one arm had inadvertently stolen around her waist, and a silent song of joy, "like the music of the night," was in her soul. Our lips met in a sweet delicious kiss, and bending softly to her ear, we whispered the tale of passionate devotion—we proposed. In a moment she tore her hand from ours, and with a look of ineffable scorn, she said, in a voice trembling with suppressed rage: "What! Marry an editor? You get out!" We slid.

### CLOSE COMMUNION QUESTION AMONG THE DISCIPLES.

—The "Christian Disciples" of Great Britain and Ireland, at their Annual Meeting last year, appointed a committee to inquire into the reports circulating in that country, "that some of the Churches of the Disciples in America admit 'unbaptized' persons (that is, members of non-Baptist churches) to the Lord's table." The committee addressed Alexander Campbell for information, expressing the hope that the principle of close communion would be strictly adhered to. Alexander Campbell affirms, that so far as his knowledge extends, no such custom exists among the American Disciples. He knows of no churches that have formally invited 'unbaptized persons' to participate with it on such occasions.

### EXTRAORDINARY LOVE AFFAIR.

—The London Court Journal chronicles the following, which is without a parallel in affairs of the heart: "A divorce case, under peculiar circumstances, is likely to attract public attention. A lady belonging to a distinguished family, long hesitated between two eligible suitors; she at length selected one of them, and was married, but soon fancied she had made a wrong selection, and eloped with her rejected suitor. Proceedings were instituted, and she was among the first to avail herself of Sir Cresswell Cresswell's process of 'Freedom Made Easy,' by marrying her guilty partner; but she seems to scarcely know her own mind; for she has since re-eloped with her first husband. Casuists are puzzled to decide which she may be disposed to like best."

### DYSPEPSIA.

—Dr. Tucker, of the Medical Journal, has no faith in bran bread, rye bread, etc., as remedies in dyspepsia. They are commonly supposed to exert a good feeling by keeping the bowels open by their mechanical irritation, but it is an absurd idea to give indigestible bran to a stomach already weakened, and whose complaint is that it cannot digest. Bran and other mechanical effects of irritants, though they may relieve the constipation, are not remedial, and afford a present relief of one symptom, purchased at the risk of aggravating the real difficulty. Dr. Tucker believes that cold and stale wheat bread is the most digestible, and therefore the best.

### ROMANIZING.

—The N. Y. Churchman is credited by an exchange with the following: "We say that our Lord's words, 'This is my body,' are to be understood literally, and that they contain the doctrine of the Real Presence; while Protestant Dissenters generally, as well as a numerous party professedly belonging to the Church, will unhesitatingly declare them to be figurative." The Churchman is an Episcopalian organ.

### THE BELL EVERETT PARTY OF VIRGINIA

are now fully committed to Mr. Botts' new doctrine, that property in negroes exists only by municipal law, and, consequently, where there is no municipal law establishing property in negroes, there is no title to said property.—Richmond Enquirer. That agrees precisely with the Republican platform.

### The Prince of Wales at the Tomb of Washington.

—The startling incident of the week just closed is the visit of the Prince of Wales to the President. I do not speak of it as a piece of news, or to follow in the wake of the adulatory scribblers who chronicle every word the Prince utters, and the precise number of times he sneezes. It is the moral character of the extraordinary event which I would notice—an event which will take its place on the page of history, solitary and alone, for there is none other like it. When Kings visit Presidents, when Royal Princes visit the graves of rebel demagogues, may not the Millennium be dawning? There is nothing like this visit of Prince Albert Edward to the grave of Washington in the history of any other prince or potentate. Men have risen from lowliness to splendor—from corporal to be emperor—from 'prentice boy to be president—but when before has the heir to the proudest throne in the world made a pilgrimage to the tomb of a rebel general? The man whose humble tomb the Prince reverently visited, was the chief instrument, in the hands of Providence, in wresting its most brilliant gem from the very crown he is to wear!

### THE DAY CHOSEN FOR THE VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON

was one of October's finest. A few yellow leaves in the forest which line the broad Potomac, were the only indication of "the melancholy days." The Prince and his suite, accompanied by the President and a few of his friends, went on board the Government steamer, Harriet Lane, at 10 o'clock of the morning of Friday last, and steamed down to Mount Vernon. For more than two hours the royal party remained upon the Mount Vernon estate, the most of the time eagerly searching the Washington mansion for every relic of the great and good man who once occupied it. No American traveler in foreign lands ever displayed more enthusiastic curiosity or reverential awe at the grave of royalty or intellectual greatness, than was manifested by this English party of dukes and earls, and the future King of England, at the grave of Washington.

The place where the patriot wrote, the room in which he slept, the couch on which he died, were sought out and pondered over, and as the party approached the tomb each one almost involuntarily uncovered his head. One cut a cane to carry back to England as a relic of the place; another plucked a flower as a memento of the day and scene; and the Prince planted a tree by the side of the grave, taking with him a companion acorn to plant in Windsor Forest.

Meantime the day was in very midst of its splendor—a Virginian October day!—It seemed as if Nature smiled at the happy, peaceful occurrence, and purposely added every charm of her own, that the day might never, never be forgotten.—The overhanging forests, the calmly flowing river, and the beautiful sky, made up a picture the like of which painter never put upon canvas.

Few were the words uttered by the visitors, for thought overpowered speech, and after more than two hours spent at Mount Vernon they again took to the boats, and were rowed back to the steamer.

The novels of to-day all carry a moral with them; this trip to Mount Vernon has a striking one also. "Behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" Instead of English cannon roaring up the Potomac, we have the next English King as our guest. Instead of horrid War, gentle Peace. A few years ago and our national capital was ablaze, set on fire by British torches, and Washington was full of hostile British troops.—All this is changed. The new order of things is more consonant with Christianity. England and America will never again war with each other. D. W. B.

### LANDS FOR THE LANDLESS.

—In the year 1859 our very efficient Democratic administration disposed of 18,550,292 acres of the public lands, receiving for the same \$1,628,187, or about 11 cents per acre.—Of this sum \$1,310,759 went to pay the expenses of the Land office, or, in other words, into the pockets of Democratic officials, leaving \$317,429, or about two cents per acre, to give into the Treasury!

And yet the Democratic party refuses to give the poor settlers 160 acres of those lands, which, after deducting expenses and stealing, realize to the Treasury the poor pittance of three dollars and twenty cents!

### A HORRIBLE SUSPICION.

—In 1855, one Mayberry was hung by a mob in Wisconsin, for the murder of a man Alger. Subsequent developments have given rise to the horrible suspicion that Mayberry was innocent, as he protested to the last.

Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.