

BY D. W. CRAIG.

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For the Argus.

The Friend & Prize.

O, how I'd love that friend who'd come
When I am sad and lone,
Who'd make the anguish of my heart
The source of her own!

What's odder than the glittering throng,
Who heed their revelry,
Who'd come to quell but one short hour,
And give her love to me?

She could not wear a smiling brow
While mine was touched with gloom,
But like the violet, seek to cheer
Dull midnight with her bloom.

Who would not prize that generous soul,
Which like the cedar high,
Upright, the same unchanged, now—
To every changing sky?

Whose fledge does not fade away,
When wavy tempest blows,

But when sad winter's icy crew,
Loos'd greater through the snow.

She glows with the flaming flock
That seek a southern sky;

But longer where the wounded bird
Has laid him down to die.

One such, I seek, a friend in truth,
Whence her fortune be;

A rainbow and the storm of life,
A white sail on life's sea.

The WANDERING BARD.

WOMAN'S TRIALS.

The following article, from some other publication, is sent to us by a lady friend: We suppose she would intimate that there are some husbands who would not be particularly injured by reading it:

In point of real trial to temper, nerves and poise, there is no comparison to be made between woman's duties, and those devolving on the men. Where I sit, I hear the click of a shoemaker's hammer. From morning till night it seems never at rest. The shoemaker leads a laborious life, but how stout and calm. He drives the peg, and he knows it will go. He made so many shoes yesterday, he will make so many to day. At just such a time he will go home to dinner, with just such an amount of work accomplished. But his wife busies in her kitchen, how a lady who is governed by no laws, and upsets all her calculations. It is shape not the morning, she will spring through her washes, and ironing, or baking, and basting; but if he awakes, as improbably will, at the most critical moment, everything must give way. It is of no use to plan, for a chubly fat kowkew down all her arrangements. Her body is the most despotic of all tyrants; he has not the slightest regard for public opinion. It is of no manner of importance to him, whether the fire goes out, and the room is unheated or not. If he wishes to be reckoned he must be reckoned, regardless of consequences. Then very likely there are three or four more little ones who must be washed and dressed and fed, besides having dress and food prepared for them. If they are all in the soundest health they need constant watchfulness; for children are like pegs, in the shoemaker's hands, which go only where they belong. Children are constantly making little dives, right and left, and every where getting into mischief. Pick them out of the sugar-fish, and they are next in the mud-suds-jug. If there is a sister on the premises, they will be sure to pitch in headfirst sooner or later; and if there is no sister, it shall go hard but they will find a tub of water somewhere, big enough to sit down in. Sensors and knives, every thing that has an edge to it, draws them as if they were made of steel. A perverse prompting moves them to pound every thing that can be hurt by pounding; and scratch, and cut, and tear, according to the respective sensibilities of the object. So it goes, even when they are well; but when, besides this, we think of the great army of measles, and scarlet fever, and chicken-pox, and mumps, and cholera, and cholera infantum, and inoculation, and teething, that lie in wait for the young immortal and his mother, the prospect is appalling; for the brunt of it all comes on the mother. What is true of the shoemaker and his wife, is true of the blacksmith and his wife, and the tailor and his wife. I know there are occupations that are more complex, and demand the exercise of all the powers. But the merchant and the lawyer, however absorbing and perplexing may be their avocation, have to do with grown-up people. The merchant's clerks are often quite as gentlemanly and well educated as himself. His brother merchants are acute and self-involved, but reasonable. The lawyer's client may be ignorant and stubborn, but he is an accountable being, and swayed by a honest but powerful logic; but the wife is the mistress of servants incredibly raw and inexperienced, even when well disposed, and the mother of terrible infants.—Let a man try to work with such tools and such membranous, and see how he succeeds.

It is true that a man's responsibilities are in one sense greater. If he makes a master, he brings down with him partner, clerks, wife and children, sometimes shaking even church and society; while the woman may let that and the other duty slip without the sky's falling. But on the other hand, it is the greatness of the matter at stake which supports the man, and the littleness which disheartens the woman. She has the same composure—perpetually changing, yet perpetually the same—of little care and duties, which cannot be dispensed with, yet which never seem to amount to anything. It is all very well to enjoin her with "fashioning the young mind," and "training the hand that is to guide the world," and modelling the greatness of the next age, with all that sort of thing, but it is a long way to the next age, and when the future statesman comes along, to his mother with Spalding's Prepared Glue, stuck all over his face, and hair and clean apron, and his little fingers bleeding from the cuts of the broken bottle, it is difficult to perceive—

—“the spirit

Which shall rule men's minds, and make them bow

As to one God, throned and in power.”

The Oregon Argus.

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Castles in the Air.

A writer in the Philadelphia *Press*, after alluding to Prescott's History of the Conquest of Mexico, wherein that city is spoken of as being at the time of conquest by Cortez, one of unparalleled splendor, says:

Judge Wilson, however, has gone near enough to the palaces, and dived deep into the archives to discover that this magnificent picture was painted for the Spanish market, with all the exaggeration necessary to make it palatable to Moorish taste, while in reality, these palaces were but mud castles, and even Montezuma himself was only an Indian chief! What a beautiful delusion has faded away! What a castle in the air has Present reared to be dispelled by the touch of a later historian of the conquest of Mexico! But how far Present so impeded upon you ask—He relied upon the testimony of such men as Bernal Diaz—a name assumed by interested parties, or perhaps a myth, and whose writings are in no way reliable.

Mr. Wilson's theory is, that all the aborigines on this continent have a family type, and point to a common but remote time and place. The Aztecs were thoroughly and essentially Indian, and their cultivation simply exhibits a further advancement of those primary ideas of civil and social life that were common to the Indian family. The testimony drawn from the very nature of true Indian institutions deems that the Aztec Government was a monarchy; that Montezuma, so far from being the Emperor of the Aztecs, was only one of a large number of sachems who equally, by their joint authority in council, administered the affairs of the commonwealth. As the leading sachem, therefore, and residing in a metropolitan city, he was first brought into contact with the Spaniards, and the splendor and power of the Aztecs, as set forth in their own recitals, tended to magnify their own exploits.—His disquisition on the most engrossing topic of the present age, namely, the extinct nationality of the ancient civilization in Central America—is intensely interesting. In fact, the wreck of an extinct Southern empire is the grand enigma of our continent. The remains of ancient cities homogeneous in character extend the whole length of Yucatan, and reappear in Honduras and Tehuantepec. In their solidity they are like the Egyptians, nor do they appear less venerable; yet the Central Americans, at the time of Cortez' conquest were not Egyptians, although the vestiges of the ancient civilization are proven, beyond dispute, to be of Egyptian or Phenician origin. What a field for the antiquarian! What a task for the historian!—Has that beamng eye closed in death?—Has that tongue of eloquence been silenced forever? Yes, but he has died in the cause of humanity. Of foreign birth, he laid down his life for the country of his adoption. Let native born traitors contemplate the picture with what composure they can.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF GEN. BAKER.—The Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York, during his eloquent speech at Brooklyn, thus touchingly alludes to the late Gen. Baker:

Alas, poor Baker! He was swifter than an eagle; he was stronger than a lion and the very soul of manly bravery and manly daring. He spoke with me at the great Union Square meeting in April, and his fiery words and patriotic eloquence still ring upon my ear. And has that noble heart ceased to throb—that pulse to play! Has that beamng eye closed in death?—Has that tongue of eloquence been silenced forever? Yes, but he has died in the cause of humanity. Of foreign birth, he laid down his life for the country of his adoption. Let native born traitors contemplate the picture with what composure they can.

A LARGE BOOK CONCERN.—The London Wesleyan Methodist Book Concern is in that state of prosperity that the Watchman says it is about to enlarge its establishment. It adds:

Nearly two millions of tracts have been issued by the book room during the year, the average number of pages being eight in each tract. Of the hymn book 139,180 copies have been sold, being nearly two thousand more than the number sold the preceding year. Of the new school hymn book 89,200 copies have been sold. Of the Magazine 15,500 of the sixpenny, and 10,500 of the shilling number have been sold monthly, being three thousand more than last year. Of the other periodicals the sales have also been largely increased; the whole number last year was 100,000, this year 201,000.

GOOD SUGGESTIONS.—The President has addressed to Gen. Wallbridge the following letter, dated Washington, Nov. 19th:

Gen. H. Wallbridge, New York city—
Dear Sir: Your note reminding me of the fact that, as early as April last, you pointed out to me on the map Port Royal and Beaufort as advantageous places to make lodgements on the Southern coast, is received. I am sure to confess you were the first that called my attention to that particular locality. I also remember that you insisted we should call six hundred thousand men into the field, a considerable length of time before I had brought my own mind up to anything near so large a scale.

Yours truly,
A. LINCOLN.

A NEW ARMY VERB.—Skadaddle, we learn, is a newly invented verb now greatly in vogue among our brave soldiers on the Potomac. It is a very picturesque word most certainly, though it may not be acceptable to ears polite. It is equivalent to the verb to "abstipulate," and is like that other army verb which our soldiers brought from their campaign in Mexico, exactly of the same meaning as "vainose." Our brave boys call Mansfield's Hill "Fort Skadaddle," because the rebels skadaddled from it.

THE SOUTHERN ORGS.—The Southern organs, as we all remember, made a great boast of what they called a great victory over Billy Wilson's Zouaves on Santa Rosa Island. It is at last, however, admitted on all hands that the Confederates, after a brief conflict, were defeated, and that they fled from the Island with the utmost precipitation. As for the killed and wounded, a Pensacola paper dolefully says, "it is believed that the Yankee loss was as great as ours." Unquestionably it was not half so great.

THEIR MOUTHS STOPPED.—The Disunion papers have been continually charging Rev. Thos. Starr King with mercenary motives in his patriotic lectures and speeches. The *Call* makes known the fact that Mr. King has subscribed more to the National Loan than any other individual on the coast.

How GEN. McCLELLAN CAME TO BE SEC-

CRATOR OF GEN. SCOTT.—We have heard many inquiries made, says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, how it was that Gen. McClellan became the commander-in-chief upon the resignation of Gen. Scott from active service. It occurred in this wise: At the onset of the rebellion we had but two Maj. Gens. Winfield Scott and David Twiggs, the former of whom, by virtue of seniority, was the commander-in-chief. The title of Lieutenant-General, conferred upon Scott by Congress, gave him no additional command, but increase of dignity and higher pay and rations were attached to it. He was the oldest Major General and as such was the Command-in-Chief of our forces. Twiggs, on account of his defection to the South, was dismissed from the army. A new batch of Major Generals was created shortly after the war broke out, consisting of McClellan, Fremont, Dix and Banks. Of these, McClellan's commission was first issued, which made him the oldest Major General, next to Scott, and Commander-in-Chief upon his retirement. Had McClellan never resigned, but continued in the regular service, he could hardly have been higher than Major, and probably not higher than Captain. His resignation was lucky for him, for it gave him a chance to come in ahead of Wool, Harney, Hunter and all the Brigadier Generals who have been in the service for thirty or forty years.

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THE REVIVAL OF BUSINESS.—The N. Y. *Herald* says: As we predicted, the fall of the year has brought with it a revival of all kinds of business, which renders New York city locally insensible to the material disasters that have been brought upon the country by the Southern rebellion. Money is abundant, the specie reserve in the banks is increasing instead of diminishing; places of amusement are thronged night after night; jewelers and fancy goods stores present an appearance, nearly as animated as was witnessed one year ago; capital is finding for itself new channels of occupation, and trade and commerce are establishing themselves upon a safer and less precarious basis than ever has been known before in the United States. While Great Britain and other European nations are suffering from the loss of the American market, and our imports are diminishing, exports of Western broadcloths are multiplying so enormously, as to make nearly every foreign Power our debtor. The energy that is being displayed by the President in carrying on the war, inspires universal confidence, and with it all matters are looking upwards.

THE TRUTH BLUNTLY TOLD.—The *Villa Delta* (whose editor is an old line Democrat and voted for Breckinridge, but is against secession) has the following tart observations:

"Secession papers are eternally harping about this bloody war," "got up by the Republicans." While we are not by any means the apologist, or defender of Republicanism, it is well enough to simply say that the statement is a gross and unmitigated lie, and the man making it either himself an unmitigated fool, or thinks he is addressing fools. When Lincoln took office he found—what? Can any secessionist tell? Why, everything taken that could well be, and ten thousand men and nineteen batteries around Ft. Sumter, Washington threatened, &c., and the Government slightly objecting to the proceeding was war? wasn't it? A man making such a statement is contemptible for his ignorance.

CURE FOR THE EARACHE.—Take a small piece of cotton batting, or cotton wool, making a depression in the center with the end of a finger, and fill it with much ground pepper as will rest on a five cent piece, gather it into a ball and tie if up, dip the ball into sweet oil, and insert it into the ear, covering the latter with cotton wool, and use a bandage or cap to retain it in place. Almost instant relief will be experienced, and the application is so gentle that a child will not be injured by it, but will experience relief as well as adults.

CONDUCT OF THE NEGROES AT BEAUFORT.

—The following is an extract from a private letter from an officer engaged in the bombardment of Port Royal.

"Our success has been complete, and terror runs over the whole country. The negroes are wild, and are plundering their masters' houses. The whites have been driving the negroes away by force, and shooting them down, but they still come to the gunboats."

"The moment Gen. Drayton took to his horse in the panic of the 1st; his 200 servants went directly to the Wabash. This is worthy of notice as putting down the nonsense that the slaves are ready to fight for their masters. They surrounded Capt. Ammen in crowds at Beaufort, and one of them called out in the joy of his heart, 'I didn't think you could do it, master!'

IN THE SENATE MR. HALE MADE A SPEECH AGAINST DELIVERING UP MASON AND SIDELL.

Gen. Sumner fell from his horse, at a review two weeks ago, and injured himself so severely that it is thought he will not be able again to mount his horse. He has been relieved from the command of his division.

Small bands of rebel marauders are still engaged in destroying property in Northern Missouri. Price and his forces passed Springfield on their way South.

In the Senate Mr. Hale made a speech against delivering up Mason and Sidell, and advocated a war with England rather than sacrifice our national honor.

A conflict is impending near Boulding Green, between the Federal forces under Gen. Buell, and the rebels under Gen.

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Latest from the East.

VICTORIES OF UNION TROOPS.

Mason and Sidell Given up.

Quincy, Dec. 24.—Wm. Pickering of Illinois has been confirmed Governor of Washington Ter., and Robert Haley of California, Consul to Manzanillo.

Dec. 25.—A telegraph from Charleston states that four Federal gun-boats ascended the Edisto River on Tuesday last, opposite Rocheville and St. John's Island, 30 miles from Charleston, and shelled the camp of the 1st South Carolina Regiment. Under cover of the fire they landed a large force, and the Carolinians retreated to the brick church.

Dec. 26.—Last night the Secessionists burnt the bridge over the Charlton river, 10 miles east of Brookfield, on the Hanover and St. Joe Railroad.

Dec. 27.—The *Negro* from Liverpool, brings further European news.

A field battery, 1,255 troops, and large ammunition stores came over to Canada, on the *Australis*.

The British press continues bitter against the U. S. The war steamer *Cadmus* had arrived off St. Thomas, designed to prevent recurrence of the *Trent* affair.

It is rumored that France has offered herself as a mediator, between England and the United States, and Gen. Scott brings important dispatches from Louis Napoleon. Prince Napoleon is using all his influence in favor of the Federal Government.

By the *Press*, comes news of the death of Prince Albert, Consort of Queen Victoria. He died suddenly of gastric fever.

Dec. 28.—According to a rumor prevalent in Washington, the beligerent attitude of England towards the United States was caused by the fact that dispatches not secured at the time of the capture of Mason and Sidell, tendered to England a protectorate over the Southern Confederacy.

Official communications passed between Lord Lyons and Sec. Seward on the 27th. The latter says Capt. Wilkes acted on his own responsibility, and committed an error for which our Government is willing to make reparation. Mr. Seward concludes