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THE OREGON [illegible]

A WEEKLY [illegible]

DEVOTED TO [illegible] INTERESTS [illegible]

D. J. Sc[illegible]

INVARIA[illegible]

One copy, p[illegible]

One square [illegible] each [illegible]

For every [illegible]

A liberal [illegible]

The [illegible] marked [illegible] continued [illegible]

A[illegible]

The [illegible] Agents [illegible]

J. L. [illegible]

[illegible]

☞ The people of Mad[illegible] so strictly to [illegible] destitute of [illegible] supposed that [illegible] ventive of sound [illegible]

The Cuba [illegible] latest accounts [illegible] that the revolutionists [illegible] vajal, have [illegible] Matanzas, which [illegible]

☞ The [illegible] Thanksgiving [illegible] to crow over the Democrats [illegible] killed off all their members [illegible]

☞ The Legislature of Tennessee [illegible] the 6th inst., passed resolutions of wel[illegible] come to Kossuth, and inviting him [illegible] to Tennessee [illegible]

[illegible] But never [illegible] dinate. It was Major Nordling, the commander of the post.

"John," said he to the sergeant, "let one of the men bring my horse. I intend to ride down to the city to-night."

"Yes, sir."

The sergeant dispatched one of the guard to the barn, for the purpose of bringing the major's horse. On his return with the steed, fully caparisoned, he whispered to the sergeant—

"Who is that old woman in the barn? I believe she is the devil."

"Hush!" said the sergeant, "don't let the major hear you. I don't want him to know that we send country women to sleep in barns. He'll give us a lesson that we shan't forget!"

The major mounted his steed, remarking at the same time—"Sergeant, I can't find Capt. Hardyuk at his quarters. As soon as he returns, tell him that special and sudden business has called me to the city, and I may not be back before morning. Of course he will assume command until my return." He put spurs to his horse, and rode off at a rapid pace.

"Now, tell me what you mean about that old woman in the barn," said the sergeant to his brother soldier, "I didn't want the major to hear it."

"Well, I'll tell you. Just as I went in to the stable, I found an old woman talking to the horse, and the animal groaned to be rubbed by her, for he rubbed his nose against her face as if she was an old acquaintance. I said to her, 'Who are you? This is Major Nordling's horse.' 'Oh, the major can make no allowance to sleep here to-night,' said the old woman; 'I was axin' the horse to give me a warm part of the stable.' When I tried to drive the animal away, he almost bit me for disturbing him so."

"Go—Go!" said the sergeant, "I see it all. Run to the stable at once and arrest that old woman, while I attempt to overtake the major. There is murder in his path. Be quick!"

The sergeant darted down the road at full speed, shouting as he ran. It was now dark and his cry of alarm echoed from sentry to sentry.

On what frail tenure human life depends! He heard at no great distance a single musket-shot. Then came a wild scream, as from a man in his last mortal agony. In another moment, rushing by him with furious speed, came a horse and rider, and the sergeant could see in the dim light for an instant a woman's dress fluttering on the back of the animal. An echo rung out, and nothing was heard but the retreating hoofs.

"I knew it! I knew it!" exclaimed the sergeant, as he rushed along the road.—About a quarter of a mile beyond where the Bloomingdale Church now stands, he fell over a body which lay at full length in the road, the blood forming almost a pool around it.

It was the corpse of Major Nordling. He had been shot from his horse, and the murderer had then deliberately plunged a dagger into the breast of the wounded victim until life was extinct.

There was but little doubt as to the murderer, though he escaped. Something like a year previous, the body sergeant of Major Nordling had deserted, in consequence of a severe flogging he received for some trifling offence. He left a written note behind him, declaring that one day or another he would have the life-blood of his commander. Between him and the Major's horse—an animal he had raised, with an affection almost of humanity—there existed a singular attachment, sometimes noted as extraordinary in the account of that noble creature. The sergeant was right in his guess when the soldier told him the scene in the stable—The deserter and the old woman were the same, and his revenge was accomplished. There is a true legend of a deed perpetrated in Bloomingdale in 1783.

☞ If a tallow candle be placed in a gun and be shot at a door, it will go through without sustaining any injury; and if a musket ball be fired in water it will rebound and be flattened as if fired against any hard substance. A musket ball may be fired through a pane of glass; and if the glass be suspended by a thread, it will make no difference and the thread not even vibrate. Cork, if sunk 20 feet in the ocean, will not rise on account of the pressure of the water. In the Arctic regions, when the thermometer is below zero, persons can converse more than a mile distant. Dr. Jamison asserts that he heard every word of a sermon at the distance of two miles on a still day, with perfect distinctness.

A Great Discovery.—Our Argus eyed cotemporary has made the discovery that an obscure Whig print in Alabama is fearful the Whig party is destroyed, and lest a portion of them go over to the democracy, the Union will be dissolved.

Perhaps our cotemporary likes this authority better than that of Gen. Foote, the Locofoco Senator from Mississippi, who recently declared that "much depends upon the action of the Whig party, for *the disunion feeling* is more prevalent among the *Democrats*, misled by certain leading politicians and corrupt editors, than among the Whigs."—Chicago Jour.

☞ Dr. James R. Manley, Tom Paine's physician in his last moments, died at New York recently.

An Incident of the West.

About a year since, a tem[illegible]rance man moved with his family from South Carolina to the west. The spaciousness of the population and the continual travel past his p a e, rendered it a necessary act of humanity, in him, frequently to entertain travelers who could get no further. Owing to the frequency of these calls he resolved to enlarge his house, and put up the usual sign.

Soon after this, an election came on; the triumphant party felt that it was a wonderful victory, and some "young bloods" of the majority determined, in honor of it, to have a regular "blow out." Accordingly, mounted on their fine prairie horses, they started on a long ride. Every tavern was visited on their route, and the variety thus drunk produced a mixture which added greatly to the noise and boisterousness of the company. In this condition they came, about a dozen in number, to our quiet temperance tavern. The landlord and lady were absent; the oldest daughter fourteen years of age, and five younger children, were alone in the house.

These gentlemen (for they considered themselves such) called for liquor.

"We keep none," was the modest reply of the young girl.

"What do you keep a tavern for then?"

"For the accommodation of travelers."

"Well, then accommodate us with something to drink."

"You will see, sir, by the sign, that we keep a temperance tavern."

"A temperance tavern!"—(here the children clustered around their sister.) "Give me an axe, and I'll cut down the sign."

"You will find an axe at the wood pile, sir."

Here the party each one with an oath, made a rush to the wood pile, exclaiming, "Down with the sign! down with the sign!" but the leader, in going out, discovered in the adjoining room, a splendid piano and its accompaniments.

"Who makes that thing squeak?" said he.

"I play sometimes," said she, in a quiet, modest manner.

"You do? Give us a tune."

"Certainly, sir," and taking the stool, while the children formed a circle close to her, she sung and played "the Old Arm Chair." Some of them had never heard a piano before; others had not heard one for years. The tumult was soon hushed; the whip and spur gentlemen were drawn back from the wood pile, and formed a circle outside the children. The leader again spoke:

"Will you be so kind as to favor us with another song?" Another was played and the little ones becoming reassured, some of them joined their sweet voices with their sister's. Song after song was sung and played. One would touch the sympathies of the strangers, another melt them in grief; one would arouse their patriotism, another their chivalry and benevolence; until at length, ashamed to ask for more, they each made a low bow, thanked her, wished her a good afternoon, and left as quietly as if they had been to a funeral.

Months after this occurrence, the father, in traveling, stopped at a village, where a gentleman accosted him—"Are you Colonel P. of S.?"

"I am."

"Well, sir, I was spokesman of the party who so grossly insulted your innocent family, threatened to cut down your sign, and spoke so rudely to your children. You have just cause to be proud of your daughter sir; her noble bearing and fearless courage remarkable in one so young and unprotected. Can you pardon me? I feel that I can never forgive myself."

Confession of a Pickpocket.—A celebrated pickpocket, who was lately sent to the State Prison for his misdeeds, being noted for his marvellous adroitness in pocket riding, was requested to reveal the secret of his success, when the following, among other disclosures, were made; we publish them as likely to be useful to those who are willing to take a hint.

"I never," said the pickpocket, "attempted the pocket of any old resident of a city, but uniformly strangers and countrymen." But on being asked how he distinguished them, he replied: Very easily, and gave the following list of persons, who were the regular victims of the "craft."

"Persons in an omnibus, who take out their pocket books when the stage stops, are sure to be countrymen. Those who stop to converse on the sidewalks, or in thoroughfares; or take out pocket books at the box or pit offices at theatres, or steamboat offices. All those who stop to gaze at shop windows, or count money, or show pocket books in the streets, nine in ten he is green, and we victimize him. Persons who stand up in theatres, or stand on crosswalks, are generally country folks, and we make sure of them."

The shrewdness of these observations of the pickpocket must be obvious to all city people, and accounts for the remarkable fact that city residents seldom suffer from the operations of these light-fingered gentry.

The Yankee and his Progress.

A French traveller in this country thus sketches our national physiognomy:

"Picture to yourself, if you please, a lean figure, with bony wrists, feet of dimensions that would forever tarnish the escutcheon of a gentleman; hat stuck upon the back of the head; straight hair; a cheek swollen, not by an accidental cold, but, from morning till night, by a lump of tobacco; lips stained yellow by the juice of the same plant; a black coat, with narrow skirt; a tumbled shirt; the gloves of a gendarme; trousers in harmony with the rest of the equipment, and you will have before you the exact portrait of a thorough bred Yankee."

And of the ugly animal's present doings and reputation, a leading writer of Germany thus speaks:

"No where in the world," says the writer, "does the blood so swiftly rush thro' the veins, nowhere does life flow in so full a stream, as among the citizens of the United States. It is true that this great natural power exhibits, here and there, a wildness and absence of control, of which we have lately had to condemn a manifestation of reckless extravagance. But a milder influence will appear in later years; and even now, what a sure calmness and calculating prudence is joined with the youthful exuberance of the American! John Bull, whose most cunning eye he opens, whose swiftest vessels he outsails, regards the rapid growth of his daring young relative, with a mixture of jealousy, fear, and pride of kindred.

"The gigantic development of power in the American nation has naturally not been in every sphere and direction. At first it devoted itself to the establishment of political constitutions, and in this displayed a wonderful organizing faculty.—The next path upon which it entered was that of exchanges and commerce, and the acquisition of material power. Whoever, with the jaundiced Thomas Carlyle, should insist on regarding the Americans with contempt or pity, because they have not produced, so called heroes of soul, poets, philosophers, artists, &c., would be greatly in the wrong. They have not yet had time for it. But the day will come when they will also gather laurels on the nobler paths of human activity."

Mrs. Swisshelm on Dancing.—The following remarks, from the piquant pen of Mrs. Swisshelm, contain enough truth to justify their re publication, and suggests enough more to awaken profitable reflection:

"One curious fact we have observed with regard to dancing. This is, the more deeply a church or individual professor is steeped in the spirit of money-grabbing, intemperance or slaveholding, the greater is their abhorrence of dancing. This appears to be a convenient scapegoat on which the sins of congregations are laid, that they may be borne into the wilderness. Let a preacher at any time submit to a gag which shall, on some special occasion, forbid his opening his mouth for the dumb, or reproving a wealthy distiller, or fat usurer, who grinds the poor to pay pew-rent and forthwith we get a fresh anathema on dancing. Show us a wealthy deacon's wife who will higgle with a widow to get washing done for twelve and a half cents a dozen, and then pay her in trade, or give her two dimes and four coppers for twenty-five cents, and we will show you one who will take a spasm over the iniquities of a cotillion. We never knew the rule to fail, and have watched its workings for so long that whenever any one begins a lecture on dancing, we suspect him or her for being a worshipper of Mammon. Old Christian, in his journey, danced for joy, but the old man with his muck rake was too busy. Nothing appears better calculated to contend with the hard, money-loving spirit of our age than music and dancing. It tends to melt the hard crust which the dust of ledgers forms around the hearts of our people, and there is no place to which we should go with a subscription paper for a charitable object, with more hope of success, than to a social party, where all are dancing to the music of two good violins and a trombone."

Accounting for it.—We heard one of the unterrified and unwashed lower ten accounting very satisfactorily a few nights since for the adoption of the General Banking Law:

"That's the way," said he, "the whigs allers beat us, they out *general* us.

Fust they 'lected Gen'ral Harrison—then they run in Gen'ral Taylor—and now they've 'lected Gen'ral Banking Law. It's no use to argy—the people allers go the millingtary ticket!"—Chicago Jour.

Age of Candidates for the Presidency.—Mr. Clay is seventy-five. Mr. Webster and Gen. Cass are about sixty-eight. Gen. Scott is sixty-seven. Gen. Houston, Com. Stockton, Gen. Wool, Gov. Marcy, and Gen. Butler, are each about sixty. Mr. Buchanan, is sixty-two. Gen. Lane is upwards of fifty-three. Judge Douglass is thirty-nine.

☞ The President has decided to remove Brigham Young from the Governorship of Utah.