

The Oregon Argus.

W. L. ADAMS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OREGON CITY:

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1859.

To the Republicans of Oregon.

There will be a Convention of the Republicans of Oregon at SALEM, on THURSDAY, THE TWENTY-FIRST DAY OF APRIL, 1859, for the purpose of nominating a Delegate or Representative to Congress, and for the purpose of transacting such other business as may come before the Convention.

The Committee suggest that the following appointment be adhered to in electing delegates:—Curry 1, Coos 2, Jackson 4, Josephine 3, Douglas 4, Umpqua 2, Lane 6, Lin 6, Benton 4, Polk 4, Yamhill 4, Marion 2, Clackamas 3, Washington 3, Multnomah 4, Columbia 1, Clatsop 1, Tillamook 1, and Wasco 1.

The Committee also earnestly request that a full and complete organization of the Republicans be perfected in every county at an early day, and that the chairman of each county committee immediately send his name and post-office address to W. C. JOHNSON, Clerk of the Central Committee, at Oregon City.

W. T. MATLOCK, Rep. Gen. I. H. WAREFIELD, Com. W. L. ADAMS, Editor.

Jan. 22, 1859.

Why the War Debt was Cut Down.

Jo Lane's colored Sanecho Panza (Hibben) has written several letters to the Times, endorsing Lane's faithfulness, great ability, and sound Democracy. He shifts the responsibility of the committee's report cutting down the war debt, from Jo Lane's back, and, as Faulkner, the chairman of the committee, is an intimate friend of Lane's, and one of the leading sectionalists, instead of bestowing hard epithets upon him, Hibben charges the whole business upon Atkinson, the Third Auditor, who, at the request of Congress, sent in a document upon the claims of Oregon and Washington for expenses incurred in our Indian war. Here is Hibben's opinion of Atkinson, given in a letter to the Times of last Saturday:

"Mr. Atkinson, the Third Auditor, has forwarded to Congress his famous letter in reply to the request of Mr. Faulkner. The Third Auditor's letter is a tissue of epigrammatic and a torrent of ignorance and absurdity. He 'picks flaws,' liggles about trifles, and makes himself supremely ridiculous in the weak effort to appear extraordinarily wise, sagacious and knowing. He is a brilliant living example of the melancholy fact that the 'fools are not all dead yet.' In order to make out his case he gleams examples of extreme profligacy, and compares them with prices paid for similar articles and services in the eastern and middle States. * * * The matter is again within the sensitive fingers of the Third Auditor, and his report to next Congress will want something of being worth the paper upon which it is written. Oregon has a voice now in both branches of Congress, and this fact will become a thing of realization when again this subject comes up for action."

Now the question will suggest itself to every thinking man, if Oregon had the 'voice' of Lane, Smith, and Grover, before the committee that cut the war debt down, and then refused to report in favor of an appropriation by this Congress, what influence will the same Democratic 'voice' have in the next Congress? But, as our readers may like to know what the 'trifles' were that Atkinson 'higgled' about, we clip an item from the Washington correspondence of the N. Y. Independent:

"A document is now before me illustrating in a small degree the method by which we are presenting up to \$100,000,000 of annual expenditures in a letter from the Third Auditor of the Treasury, addressed to the House in answer to a resolution of that body, asking for information on the claims for Indian hostilities in Oregon and Washington Territories. The primary cause of the hostilities is not given, from the single fact that, among the immense mass of papers—weighing hundreds of pounds—in that office, not a single allusion is made to it. * * * Oregon, in October, 1856, has submitted a report to the Secretary of War, in which she claims for the sum little sum of \$4,419,949.33 were presented for payment from the National Treasury. This is for Oregon only. The Washington claim is more modest, but touches the handsome figure of \$1,814,475.45, making for both these young Territories a sum reaching nearly \$6,000,000. The items in the account are rich. The limits of my letter forbid extensive quotations. The price of labor is fabulous; the ordinary laborer \$4 per day, while clerks are awarded \$10 per diem invariably. Horses, by quantity, are purchased for \$300 and \$400 apiece—hired at \$1 per day; chaises for officers and men are rented at from \$100 to \$200 per month, and one little item of 'expressing message from Deer Creek to Port Orford' is set down at the cool price of \$800—a handsome sum for an ordinary horseback ride."

Here follows a long list of articles with the prices charged, as also the prices allowed by Grover and the other two commissioners—for instance, \$3 each for every shoe set by a blacksmith. Barley was charged \$9 to \$12 a bushel, and allowed \$3.50; wheat charged \$4 per bushel, and allowed \$2.50; hay charged \$160 to \$200 a ton; allowed \$120. Straw charged \$20 a ton; allowed \$20.

Then, to show what articles were really worth in Oregon, the Auditor refers to some of the 'government sales' after the war, as follows:

"Mr. Peters sold at auction at Jacksonville, Aug. 27, 1856, 26 horses for \$1,291, being a little less than \$13 each; 200 mules for \$18,076, being at an average of \$90 each. This included 127 sparrows and peck saddles, costing about \$15 each; 7 wagons were sold for \$362, an average of \$51.70 each; 898 bushels wheat sold for \$370.25; 261 bushels sold at 71 cents—\$183.91; 637 bushels sold at 62 cents—\$394.94; 50 riding saddles sold for \$204.30, the rates being from 33 cents to \$29 each; iron, 24 cents; nails, 16 cents; cups, 25 cents; hats 50 cents; 123 pair boots, \$1 55 per pair, and 29 pairs at \$2.40 per pair. There are no remarks made as to the condition of the property sold. Of 150 sheets drawing paper, for which \$450 were paid, 75 sheets were used; the remaining 75 sheets sold for \$11.26."

"We 'back that if this whole war debt business could be probed to the bottom, and we could know to what party favorites these monstrous prices were 'allowed,' who pocketed the proceeds of the government sales, and what other developments of rascality among our Oregon officials have induced the committee to cut down the debt and deprive the volunteers of their pay, with such honest men as turned out their property at a fair valuation, we should see developments that would startle even a Democrat. Now we happen to know that many articles were put into the service at a very small advance on the cash price.—Dement & Co., for instance, put in several thousand dollars worth of goods at a mere

nominal advance on their wholesale cash prices, and we have no doubt other merchants did the same. We also know many farmers who put in horses, cattle, and grain, at as low figures as they would have sold for on a year's credit. These men must be cheated out of their pay because Congress thinks swindlers managed the war, swindlers fixed up the accounts, and swindlers pocketed the proceeds of government property, sold for a song.

But, hold! Don't sell your 'scrip' yet for less than ninety cents to the dollar, and even that may be less than it is really worth. If you (Democrats we mean) don't think so, hear Hibben:

"The government is sadly in debt, and it is, so they say, impolitic just now, to increase this indebtedness. This is, at least, the true reason, which cannot stand fire for a great while. Gen. Lane is sanguine of its payment, and boldly tells the opponents of the measure that it is a thing which must be done. Now that they have seen him engineer a State into the Union, when the debt was regarded as impossible, they have great faith in his power to do this—secure the payment of this debt."

There you are! Now, run to that fellow who has just bought your scrip at thirteen cents to the dollar, and offer seventy-five cents to get it back, as Hibben informs you Jo will yet 'pass the law.' Jo, the 'great statesman,' got the State admitted—how? Hibben says he 'engineered it into the Union,' much the same, we suppose, as he used to 'engineer' a flat-boat loaded with whisky through the clutes on the Mississippi—by giving orders to the man at the helm. The way he thinks he 'engineered' Oregon into the Union, was by promising to obey orders this time, and give the sectionalists his vote every time they wanted it. They are sure of his vote without voting for his war bill—and so they are of Delusion's and Grover's. What influence will men have who will go before Congress and tell such falsehoods as that Oregon has ninety thousand inhabitants or more, when every member of Congress knew it to be false and that her population did not probably exceed 45,000 at the most? None whatever. The only use they have for them in Washington is as tools for the negro-breeding Democracy. So that is promoted, little do they care about our interests—and so Jo Lane, Smith, and Grover pocket their eight or nine thousand dollars a session as pay and mileage, what do they care for anything further?

Laying the Wires.

Poor Hibben must be nearly worn out in the service of his master. The last steamer but one brought, as we stated before, a vast quantity of Lane's circulars directed to the faithful, besides documents and letters almost without number. Since Smith has drawn the short term, and Lane has decided to re-elect him to the Senate, a new burthen has been imposed upon the colored scribe—the consequence of which is, the last steamer brings a letter from Hibben to each of the Clackamas members of the Legislature, and we have no doubt to every other member in Oregon whom they dare approach, arranging the plan of operations in the Legislature which Gov. Whitaker will soon assemble, unless the clique have him so by the nose that through him they can thwart the election of a Lane Senator by some political legerdemain.—What Hibben has written, we know not, but we notice that our Clackamas members and the Land Office officials are seized with a new zeal for Lane all at once, and the fever has reached the boiling point with Dolf, while Guthrie is fairly moving things in the direction of Lane's wishes. Czupkay's Agent is generally denounced as an 'abolitionist,' a 'tool of Nesmith's,' &c., &c., and they are assured by the Lane men here that they 'happen to know' that they can carry the present Legislature, and crush out what they call the 'central power' at Salem. There isn't a bushite in this city that we know of, except it be perhaps Pownall, but how many they can scare up in the brush, we couldn't tell. Such nationalists as Colard are not interested in the fight, and 'don't care which whips' while, on the other side, Kelly says he sympathizes even with Lane in a quarrel with such a creature as the Agent.

Well, that's about the history of the state of Democratic politics around here.—We give it merely as a matter of history, thinking it may interest some of our Democratic subscribers, and not that we care anything about the matter.

The Salem organ has, however, so far had the heels of Lane, it hasn't left a grease spot of him, in holding him up as an inefficient, unprincipled, egotistical ignoramus. It has more than endorsed everything we have ever said of him, and it has also proven Delusion to be a two-faced falsifier—just what we have proved him to be more than once. Now, if Delusion and Lane will retort upon the Agent by telling all they know of his rascality, they will have fairly swallowed each other. They have a fine opening for a beginning—by overhauling the 'Gardner memorial,' the 'Leland's wife libel,' the 'Know Nothing petitions,' the 'Jackson county returns,' and probably some undeveloped revelations on 'Chickopee vouchers,' and a few other matters of that sort. These Democrats, if they would, could make some rich revelations concerning each other. Shall we have them?

We have on hand a letter from the Hon. W. A. Starkweather, of this county, giving his reasons for withdrawing from the Democratic party, but its length precludes its insertion this week. It shall appear in our next issue.

It hasn't rained for two days past.

The Weather.

The weather that we have had since Feb. 7th has been unparalleled in the history of Oregon from its earliest settlement down. Seven weeks ago last Monday was a clear sunny day that gave promise of our usual sunny February. But, alas for human expectations, on the morning following we looked out of our window upon a snow-clothed earth and an angry, storm-covered canopy overhead. What we thought at the time to be only a 'short shower,' has proved to be the prelude of about seven weeks of one everlasting storm of cold south wind, making the forests moan, and bringing cold rain, hail, snow, fog, and mist, all jumbled up together, much after what we have always conceived to be the order of such things in the world of chance. We have had, it is true, an occasional glimpse of the sun—just enough to satisfy us that he hadn't been blown from the firmament, and that at some time before 'dog days' he might be expected to smile on the world again. The consequence is that the grass which is usually abundant at this season of the year has started but little, and hundreds, we might say thousands, of poor cattle and horses have concluded to wait for grass no longer, and have gone to that 'bourne' whence no animal returns. The losses of stock fall heavily upon many, but especially upon an editor who, whilst at his post laboring for his country, in addition to the annoyances and hardships caused by delinquent subscribers, hears the 'news' (that isn't the kind of 'news' editors are anxious to gather) that the winter has made sad ravages among his favorite family cows, and that the poor horses, the prospect of riding which made the little ones dance for joy, have given up the ghost, and that their bones lie scattered over the old ranch, once the home of a happy family, but long since deserted for a post where the enemies of our common country could be watched and their efforts to demoralize and enslave the people, crippled. But to us, 'twill all be the same a hundred years hence, and we hope that those who live in the year 1959 will live under a wholesome Government sustained by an honest constituency—and paying subscribers—and that if they do happen to have such a terrible spell of weather as we have had for the last seven weeks, they may be smart enough to be prepared for it—that's all.

HORSE-STEALING.—A horse and mule were stolen last Saturday night in this city—the former from the stable of Mr. Day and the latter from the stable of Mr. Miller. The locks were broken, and the animals, together with saddles and bridles, were taken. The owners went in pursuit of them Sunday morning, and tracked the thieves to Mr. Adams's beyond Molalla, where they were very quietly taking dinner—having been unable to cross Pudding River. They surrendered without any resistance, and were brought to town, and next morning had a hearing before Justice Burns, who, in default of bail to the amount of \$1000 each, committed them to prison. They acknowledged the stealing of the animals. These same chaps a short time ago stole a gun and watch in Washington county, which they traded off in this city. They are strangers, their names being Vaughn and Marsels, one an Irishman and the other a German.

"We do not usually regard as a conservative party, one the confessed, pre-eminent leaders and representative men of which declare themselves believers in the doctrine of a 'higher law.'"—*Dallas Journal.*

Oh, yes, you do—you regard the framers, aiders, and supporters of the Lecompton constitution as 'conservatives,' and they are all 'higher law' men, for the border-ruffian Democrats expressly declare in the Lecompton constitution the authority for slavery is 'above all constitutional enactments.' That is the ground taken by Stephens and all the leading sectionalists, who, finding it unsafe to base the 'inalienable right' of all Democrats to 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of niggers' upon the constitution, have abandoned the attempt at length, and, like the border-ruffians in Kansas, have placed it on the 'higher law' basis. So you see you are a 'higher law' disciple yourself.—Don't you call yourself a 'conservative'?

Our Trade with Asia.

As much has been said within a few years about diverting our Asiatic trade from its present channel around Cape Horn and directing it through the heart of the continent by means of a Railroad from this coast to the Atlantic seaboard, we propose to post such of our readers as have never informed themselves as to what our trade with Asia consists in, and what it amounts to per annum by way of imports from that country.

For the year ending June 30, 1857, the value of tea imported into the various ports of the United States from Asia amounted to \$5,757,636; coffee, \$1,150,001; lincseed, \$3,000,000; cordage, \$2,662,500; gunny bags and cloth, \$2,240,606; sugar, \$1,535,000; hides, \$1,183,107; saltpeper, \$1,068,207; spices, \$605,424; dye-stuffs, \$602,218; shawls, \$105,190; silks, raw and manufactured, \$994,239; tin, in pigs and bars, \$556,755; cigars and tobacco, \$140,000; india rubber, \$133,258; wool, \$21,000; castor and other oils, \$125,000; camphor, \$53,000; gums, \$37,000; embroideries and clothing, \$84,843; dye-woods, \$49,500; tanned skins, \$77,000; China ware, \$81,000; other articles, \$25,000; making in all \$22,204,534 as our average yearly trade with Asia.

The river is falling rapidly.

FROM JACKSONVILLE.—The Sentinel of March 12 represents the weather as cold and disagreeable, with considerable snow. The Sentinel hears great complaint about poor cattle, and adds—"In fact quite a number of cattle has died."

Davis Evans has erected a new saw-mill on the north side of Rogue River, near the mouth of Evans Creek. Bacon is worth 30 cents, beef scarce and poor, and but little wheat in the valley—so the Sentinel thinks they will have to get their supplies from this section when the mud dries up.

The Sentinel has been advertising in vain for a long time for butter, lard, potatoes, onions, flour, chickens, and wood, from delinquent subscribers—elements which even a pro-slavery editor finds indispensable to comfort, if not to existence—but as the potatoes and onions don't come, T.V. advertises that he will sell the Sentinel office "cheap for cash" (no onions taken)—and says "an office well conducted in this place can make money," leaving one to infer that, as the Sentinel under its past 'conduct' no negro principles hasn't made even onions or potatoes, it hasn't been very 'well conducted'—a conclusion we and T.V. wouldn't fall out about.

"There are times in the life and affairs of man that are difficult to solve."—*Sentinel.*

Oh, yes, of course there are—and one of the 'times in the life and affairs' of a loco-foco editor that is 'difficult to solve' is when, after four years and eight weeks of labor in advocating slavery under the delusion that it would 'pay,' he finds his estate insolvent.

MOUNT VERNON ASSOCIATION.—The following named ladies have been appointed by the Vice Regent of the Mount Vernon Association in Oregon, to receive subscriptions in their respective counties for said Association:

Mrs. AMORY HOLBROOK, Oregon City, Clackamas Co.; Mrs. L. F. CARTE, Salem, Marion Co.; Mrs. ABIMON R. FLIST, Roseburg, Douglas Co.; Mrs. S. ELLSWORTH, Eugene City, Lane County; Mrs. R. E. STRATTON, Scottsburg, Umpqua Co.; Mrs. GEORGE FLAVEL, Astoria, Clatsop County; Miss ELLEN I. WINCHESTER, Coos Bay, Coos Co.

MIDDLE OREGON.—We have conversed with Mr. Marshall, of Linn county, who went to the Walla Walla country some seven weeks ago, to select him a claim.—Upon his return, he informs us that they have had very little rain in that section within the last two months. Once or twice he saw a few snow flakes. The grass was green and abundant, and the settlers were making gardens when he left.

The Willamette has been higher this week by some three feet than it has been before this winter—too high indeed for most any boat to go through the Rock Island chute. The Elk, notwithstanding, went through last Monday, the first time in its history it has ever done so at this stage of water. The Elk, with Capt. Sweitzer aboard, could go, however, where few other boats would dare try to go.

TREE SENTIMENT.—We clip the following, penned by a California editor when in one of the moods that we think every editor will fully appreciate:

"From and after this date no job work can be taken from this office until paid for; unless some responsible person assumes the payment of the same. We adopt this rule for the purpose of protection from those sharks who prey upon the public. Those non-producers who have never done an honest day's work since their advent in California; men that get credit from every one they can, without the slightest intention of ever paying for what they receive; it is these ghouls that cause those numerous bankruptcies among publishers which this country is noted for; who are, annually, candidates for some position, and on such occasions they order, with cool effrontery, several thousand election tickets and posters, and receive the same without saying money once, as though ink and paper cost nothing, and a printer's labor not worth mentioning."

"It was for this description of men (?) who did one or two honorable exceptions, that we did work for at the late election—loafers who never intended to pay for their printing when they had it done—dirty, contemptible dogs that they are, it never occurred to them once that an honest mechanic had to live as well as they, and if it had, what difference would it have made with these unprincipled, office-seeking wretches, these preys upon any respectable community, whether an honest man gains a respectable livelihood or not."

We clip the above as quite applicable to a few cases we have in our eye in Oregon, and we would most respectfully refer the person to it who writes 'confidentially' to us asking for our influence toward getting him nominated for Congress—a man who has never paid a dollar toward supporting our paper, and who is too stung, too mean and contemptible to care for principle, for the success of a paper, or a party, other than it may secure his personal promotion. We shall never ask any man to vote for you in convention or out of it, and if you should succeed in getting a nomination, you may think yourself well off if you get a cold support from us. Men who are too stung to support a Republican paper, or too dishonest to pay us what they owe, are not fit material for Republican candidates, and we don't intend to give a warm support to any such—if we support them at all.

"She isn't all that my fancy painted her," bitterly exclaimed a rejected lover, "and worse than that, she isn't all that she paints herself!"

A correspondent in Umpqua, in a letter to us dated March 23d, makes the following remarks concerning the resolutions adopted at the 'Republican' meeting in Portland some weeks since:

"As an individual I object to the fifth resolution, but as a Republican I am enraged at the sixth, and I unhesitatingly deny its being the true expression of the National Republican party. If I am mistaken, I wish you would inform me; and as soon as I am convinced that this resolution is an article of Republican faith, I shall incontinently abjure the party and all its belongings. Here it is: '6th. Resolved, That the people of every organized Territory are, and of right ought to be, perfectly free to establish or to exclude slavery, and to settle according to their own pleasure all their domestic institutions.' Well, really! I did not expect to see the 'Kansas-Nebraska bill' in the capacity of a plank in a Republican platform. The resolution is a self-evident absurdity. If 'the people of a Territory may establish or exclude slavery,' they are no longer a Territory, but a sovereign State to all intents and purposes.—If 'they can settle according to their pleasure all their domestic institutions' (including polygamy, free-loveism, highway robbery, or what not), without being in any way responsible to the General Government, what would they gain, in the name of common sense, by becoming a State?—No, sir, this is not Republicanism, but the very principle that Republicanism opposes. If such an absurd proposition were carried into effect, there would be anarchy, confusion, and civil war, in every new Territory, and in fact, as has been already the case in Kansas. Why, sir, the strongest proponent to eternal justice, that the Republican party has, is found in the fact that Congress, and Congress only, has the right to dictate to Territories on the subject of slavery, or any other subject of national interest and importance,—or I am sadly behind the times. * * *

"According to the above resolution, five hundred thieves may go into any new territory of the United States, set up for themselves, and do just as they please; and all that Congress can do is to look on, pay their expenses, protect them from invasion, and say nothing. Oh, magnificent freedom! If this is American Republicanism, I would rather be a serf in Russia. * * *

Let us be at least respectable, if not successful. Let our platform be such as every honest man may claim without blushing. Let there be no concessions, no compromises, no giving soft names to villainy. Let us take the right ground, and stick to it, if we never succeed."

PERSECUTION OF DEMOCRATS.—The following eloquent and truthful speech, says the N. Y. Tribune, was actually delivered at a Democratic caucus in the town of Saalford, Broome county, York State:

"GENTLEMEN: By G—d, we are going to beat the d—d Black Republicans. I am going to work this year. Last year we were licked because I was in jail and could not vote. I was persecuted and kept in jail because I was a Democrat. Gentlemen, the Democratic party is a persecuted party. Go to all the jails and State Prisons in the country, and you will find nine out of every ten of all the criminals Democrats. Now mark what I tell you. I am not in prison this year, and you will see what I can do."

TATERS.—The Press says that potatoes are up to \$2 in Eugene City—a price that places them entirely beyond the reach of editorial mastication. The Press says:

"For the last month how we have longed for a 'big tater to roast;' how often in our musing moods, have we repeated that favorite song of our childhood, we used to sing in the land where potatoes were plenty, and cheap too:

"The greatest fun that's under the sun,
Is to sit by the fire till the 'taters get done."
But that 'fun,' the very acme of human felicity, has been denied us, because there was 'nary 'tater' to be had for love or money."

That ought to entitle friend Pengra to potatoes enough from new subscribers to satisfy his 'longing' for the next nine months. We wish a dozen Republicans who have potatoes to sell in Clackamas for six bits a bushel, would subscribe for the Press, and pay in advance by forwarding four bushels to the editor by the next Eugene City boat.

For the Argus.

Mr. Editor—Sir: By your permission, I will hazard a prediction that Jo Lane will soon return to Oregon, and defend himself by certificates, purporting to be from Stephens, Cox, and a few others, who will be made to testify that Lane labored faithfully, industriously, ardently, to have Oregon receded into the Union as a sovereign State last year; and further, that he is a very vigilant, industrious, and influential Delegate—equalled by few, surpassed by none! All of which will be a consummate forgery, written most likely by his boy Hibben, the author of his printed defense, lately from Washington. I write this the 18th day of March, 1859, and mark well the prediction and the fulfillment.

There is but one chance for the above prediction to fail, and that is, if brother Bush & Co. should become alarmed for themselves, and pretend to be convinced by old Jo's certificates that he was innocent, and even praiseworthy, in the premises, and in effect take back all that has been said reproachfully, then, and in that event, the above prediction may fail, but not otherwise. Yet there are so many things of which he is accused, there will be some difficulty in satisfying honest men.

I am now satisfied that you and party are in the right. Set me down henceforth as a Republican. Send me your paper.

AN OLD DEMOCRAT.

Marion Co., March 23, 1859.

Mr. Editor: I see by the Argus that the S. of T. at Oregon City are gaining ground rapidly. Now, why can we not hear from other Divisions in the State?—We Sons up here would like to hear how the cause flourishes in other parts. I believe you would gladly publish an account at least once a year about how other Divi-

ions flourish, if they would only send you an account. Let us hear from some of them.

The Sublimity Division is in quite a flourishing condition, and I understand the same from the Jefferson Division. The Washington Division (located at the Liberty School-House in this county) was organized one year ago with nine charter members, and has been laboring under a great many difficulties, too numerous to mention, but we have been steadily increasing, notwithstanding a great many have withdrawn on account of having changed their residences. We now number twenty-three members. Yours, R. N.

OREGON CITY, March 28, 1859.

Mr. Editor: We notice in the last number of the Argus a news item stating that J. H. Graves, author of the 'Iron Wheel,' &c., had been unanimously excluded from the church of which he was a member, having been convicted of lying. This, we believe, does injustice to Mr. Graves; and as it has obtained a wide currency through the columns of the Argus, Advocate, and perhaps other Oregon papers, we devote a moment to a very brief statement of the facts, which we have taken great pains to secure from the most reliable sources.

Rev. Mr. Graves and Dr. Howell were both members of the same Baptist Church in Nashville, Tennessee. A personal difficulty has been brewing between these two men for the last five years. Finally, in the absence of Graves, without pursuing the course directed in the 18th chapter of Matthew concerning personal difficulties, the matter was introduced into the church.—Graves returned home, declared himself ready to meet any and all charges preferred against him in Gospel mode; protested against the church entertaining the matter until Dr. Howell had come to him privately and endeavored to 'gain his brother' in lawful manner. In this protest he was sustained by many of the best men in the church. However, the church, by a majority vote, refused to remove the matter, and determined to proceed and hear the trial; whereupon Mr. Graves refused, utterly, to become a party to any such unscriptural proceedings, and immediately, in connection with over forty other members of the church, withdrew from the fellowship of the body, and formed another church. The ex parte trial proceeded, and Graves was found guilty by the Howell faction, of having misrepresented Dr. Howell.

Subsequently both these churches or societies sent up delegates to the Tennessee and Alabama Baptist General Convention, Dr. Howell heading one list and Mr. Graves the other. This body is composed of the best ministerial and disciplinary talent of the two States. By a vote of about 164 to 26, Dr. Howell and his associates were refused admission; and Graves and his co-delegates were received, as coming from the orthodox Baptist church in Nashville.

When officers of the Convention were chosen, Graves was unanimously elected President. We state the latter fact to show Graves's standing in the denomination generally, so that the great and increasing number of readers of the 'Iron Wheel' in Oregon may not be prejudiced against the book on account of false impressions made about its author.

W. C. JOHNSON,
D. D. STEPHENSON.

OUR FINANCIAL PROGRESS.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Post thus succinctly sums up the downward progress of our national finances during the last few years:

"Mr. Buchanan took the government with a full treasury and a public debt of only twenty-five millions. Peace, as he told us in his first annual message, ruled our relations with all foreign powers.—Scarcely two years have elapsed, and we find the treasury emptied, the public debt increased by fifty millions, and two very expensive and apparently interminable, yet entirely useless, warlike expeditions on our hands. Notwithstanding the diminution of the revenue under the tariff of 1857, and the depressed state of the business of the country, there would have been no necessity for a permanent increase of our public debt, but for these two expeditions. Our expenditures during the last year were \$81,585,667. The expenditures of the government during the four years of Tyler's administration were only \$81,216,223. Thus, in less than ten years, our expenses have nearly quadrupled. The average under Tyler was a little over \$20,000,000; under Polk, \$36,730,000; under Fillmore, \$48,600,000; under Pierce, \$52,775,000; and under Buchanan, \$68,500,000—an exclusive of payments upon the account of the public debt. Our receipts under the tariff of 1857, from customs, were about \$42,000,000, a sum exceeding the expenses of the country under Mr. Polk when we were at war with Mexico, by about six millions."

M. GUIZOT ON THE EUROPEAN CAUSE.—The Journal des Debats de Paris recently had a very able article on the present position of France with regard to impending war, which has been very generally attributed to M. Guizot, the veteran minister of Louis Philippe. It admits that the government of France is pacific, but says that certain parties are interested in hurrying the country into war. It then reviews the probable consequences of entering upon this policy. Austria by itself, continues the writer, is by no means a contemptible adversary. But the neutrality of Germany cannot be counted on, for those States will choose Prussia for a guide, and her interests, alliances and prejudices, incline her to the side of Austria.—England, also now in close alliance with Prussia, and agreeing with Austria upon many converted points of the treaty of Paris, would fall to stand aloof. The same of the British public towards Louis Napoleon affords additional evidence on this point. Russia, whose co-operation with France is so highly calculated upon, is more likely to remain so lately neutral than any other European power.—Here, then, would be more than half of Europe plunged into war, with nothing to be gained by any State, excepting possibly Sardinia. The writer therefore asks if there is any sensible motive for France to assume a championship so hazardous and futile. At the same time, he acknowledges, and if to a share in the popular sympathy for Italy, and if his pacific hopes be disappointed, will follow out as ever thought, and to the end, the banner of France, while making victory, as all good Frenchmen then should do, for victory and peace.