

The Oregon Argus.

W. L. ADAMS, EDITOR.

OREGON CITY:

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1859.

The Election.

As we go to press, the result of the recent Congressional election is still in doubt. One day Stout, and the next Logan, is ahead—but we are inclined to think, from all we can hear, that Logan is elected by a majority not exceeding ten. We will not be able to give the official returns until next week.

The celebration and exhibition in connection with McMinnville College, Yamhill county, on the 4th, excited more interest and attention than any other commemoration of the national birthday in this section of the State. The citizens of McMinnville furnished the dinner, and the college the literary part of the entertainment.—Both were ample, complete, successful. President Chandler promised that all who were present should be fitted, mentally and physically. The promise was redeemed.

The original oration, by Thomas Brentz, and valedictory, by J. P. Jones, were meritorious productions, and gave promise of future usefulness and success on the part of these young gentlemen, if they persevere in their efforts to ascend the hill of science.

It only remains for us to say that if those interested in McMinnville College do not relieve it from its indebtedness, and place the institution on a firm basis for future operations, they fail of the performance of a very important duty.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—The returns that have already come in indicate the reelection of Gov. Stevens as Delegate in Congress by a large majority.

BOATS LAID UP.—The steamer Onward, Capt. Jamieson, of the Upper Willamette trade, was laid up at Canemah on Tuesday last, on account of low water and scarcity of freights. The Express, Capt. Straug, between Oregon City and Portland, will cease running this week, and fall.

ASSASSIN.—Mr. John Thomas, our newly-elected county Assessor, has entered upon his office, and performs its duties in such a way as to present a delightful contrast to the jackass who was imposed on us last year.

DROVES OF CATTLE.—Droves of cattle have been passing through town this week and last from up country, going east of the Cascade mountains.

SCICIDE.—We learn from the Advertiser of the 8th that a man named Thos. McKie took poison and died from its effects, at the Des Chutes one day last week. He had been much troubled with rheumatism for some time and had previously threatened suicide.

FRAZER RIVER.—The Portland News of the 14th inst. says that the Cowlitz brought as passengers some Frazer River miners, who give discouraging accounts of mines, country, climate, and everything else.

"THE ROMANCE."—We have received from J. H. Still & Co., San Francisco, the first number of "The Romance and New York Leisure Hour Companion," a monthly repository of novels, tales, essays, histories, sketches, anecdotes, and facts, of the most lively and entertaining description. "Stored with the treasures of the literary world; And with a spice of truth, too."

A distinguishing feature of the "Romance" will be the regular publication of the Waverley Novels, each of which will be finished in four, or at most five numbers. It is a quarto pamphlet of fifty pages, and well printed. Price \$1.50 per year, at the office of publication—12 Ann St., New York. J. H. Still & Co., San Francisco agents.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.—We call attention to the advertisement of the Paper Warehouse of Geo. J. Brooks & Co., San Francisco. Those dealing in their line will do well to favor this firm with orders, as we know Messrs B. & C. will furnish the best articles in their line with promptness and dispatch.

JOHN MOONEY is on hand again with a stock of boots and shoes, which he proposes to sell low. Those indebted to Charman & Warner will find something to their interest among the new assortments, and also Gibson & Potter's friends.

What Oregon Needs.

Ed. Adams: In a late number of that interesting little visitor, the "Daily Advertiser," an article appeared under the title of "Far West," to the writer of which we Oregonians must feel under many and lasting obligations. The encomiums therein, literally heaped upon us, must be highly gratifying to our vanity. I always knew that we are a great people, and that Oregon is a great and flourishing State, but like the juror and his eleven obstinate colleagues, I can never reason my fellow citizens into the same opinion. A thousand thanks, "Far West," a thousand thanks! I like flattery—it is a benevolent institution. It shows that, while the world is piously confessing our sins, there is some one charitable enough to acknowledge our virtues, even although they should require a touch of the brush to make them legible. Flattery is a panacea for the blues; it is better than chloroform. It don't make a body sleep out all sensitiveness and feeling, but like mesmerism, it lulls us into a sort of dreamy tranquility, which, if not lasting, is at least gratifying while it lasts.

After a vivid, and perhaps not unjust detail of the transcendent advantages which our State affords to the immigrant, he proceeds in an eloquent climax of most brilliant adjectives, to pronounce us prosperous, industrious, liberal-minded, peaceable, hard-

working, intelligent citizens, whose days are spent in obtaining honest support for our families, as well as doing all we can to advance public good. Can any one ask more than this? But this is not all. From these premises he deduces the very rational and logical conclusion that "such a people, together with their children, cannot fail to prosper in a country so enlightened as ours!" This reminds me of a reply I once heard made by an enlightened "son of the Emerald." Being asked by an impatient interrogator how many children he had, he replied, "Just four children—an' a little boy, yer honor."

Any people may, as well as individuals, fancy themselves great, prosperous, and enlightened, when they are neither the one nor the other; but the silly frog found out that it required more than mere puffing to enlarge itself to the size of an ox. Neither will the empty flattery nor the fulsome adulation of interested panegyrists fetch wheat to our mills, produce to our markets, or build a single shed to protect the cattle from perishing in the rains and snows of winter. "Soul, take thine ease," is not the theme from which to preach to Oregonians just now. We want stirring up, rather. The truth is, we are far behind the times in every branch of agricultural enterprise and industry. These are the essential elements, the indispensable prerequisites of prosperity, wealth, and greatness, and without these, the probability of any State or country ever becoming prosperous, wealthy, or enlightened, is doubtful in the extreme.

That Oregon has the bone, the sinew, and the soil, is not to be denied; but the *primum mobile*, the first moving power, is not in proportion. We want the will and the energy to drive forward the cultivation of the land. These Oregon wants, and these she must have developed before she can possibly become a great and prosperous State, and ere we can claim the bombastic eulogy of "Far West," even with all our anticipated increase of population from the Plains—children and all.

From Snake River.

DES CHUTES, July 12. ED. ADAMS: Perhaps you would like to have something from this region of country, and as I notice no one has as yet given you any account of affairs here, I will send a few lines myself, and if I see 'em printed in your 'valuable paper' (I believe that will do), I shall continue to furnish you with all the items of interest that may be picked up in the region round about Snake River.

We are now making regular trips up Snake River, with the new and splendid stern-wheel steamer Col. Wright, under the command of the popular Captain Len. White, of whom it is not necessary to speak further than to say that passengers who travel with him will be well taken care of. We go as far as the Pelouse crossing, some sixty miles from the mouth of Snake River. The water has been very high, with an average current of seven miles per hour during the high stage. The country presents a most barren appearance all the way along the river, and stock-raising is about all it is fit for. Several immigrants from the Willamette Valley, with their stock, are settling in different parts of the country. There may be some 'society' here after a while—in fact, we are looking for quite an addition at this point soon, from your 'neck of woods.' (Tell 'Rick' and 'Frankie' to make haste.)

Report says the mines are paying very well. How true it is, I cannot say, but am inclined to think the Colville mines are rich. Gen. Palmer got through all right. The Indians report that a fight took place with the company that went up Snake River, in which some fifteen or twenty whites were killed. The number of Indians sent to 'kingdom come' is not stated; but probably the official reports of the battle will foot up some seventy-five or eighty redskins put *hors du combat*.

Lieut. Mullan's road expedition is beyond Snake River, having crossed near the Pelouse. The road would be a good thing, if it was put through the most practicable route—but big types of course know how to lay a wagon-road, and make cottonwood bridges that are not safe for their own teams. Who ever heard of a bridge being built by a company that dare not drive their own teams across it, but ford the stream?—It has just occurred to me that I might be called upon to fight a duel with some Lieutenant's brother, who, by the way, is 'inter-trader' along with the road expedition—so I must 'dry up,' for to stand up before a rifle at ten paces, would make my knees smite together like Belshazzar's. I dislike dueling.

Can't you make it convenient to take a trip with us this summer, and see our fine country? Come along when Greely makes us a visit. I will try to chalk his 'white hat,' and yours, too, if you have one.

L.S.—Enclosed is the price of my fifth year's subscription to the Argus. I am a few weeks behind time, but then, you know, I am up here on the confines of civilization, and can't be as prompt in paying as those who live in the valley close by you.

The North American Continent contains a population of about 45,000,000.

The Baltimore American warns the coming Slaveholders' Convention in Maryland against taking any severe action against free negroes, saying: "There is enough Black Republicanism in Maryland to make a nation, and to establish an organ, if the slaveholders will only set a little temperately, and give the excuse to raise the cry of persecution."

Southern Methodists in Oregon.

Mr. Edmon: With your permission, I will notice through the columns of the Argus an article published in the Corvallis Union, on the Southern Methodist Church, over the signature of Rev. O. Fisher. The object of the Rev. gentleman is evidently to awaken sympathy and make capital in favor of the Church South, by raising the cry of persecution, opposition, and misrepresentation. The Rev. gentleman knows well that the spirit of persecution will not be tolerated in free Oregon, and therefore he seeks to make the people believe that he and the few scattered over Oregon who want a Southern church, are persecuted.—The Rev. gentleman, to give this cry effect, intimates that he has received orders to leave the State, and therefore becomes eloquent in the midst of his trials and persecutions, and assures his enemies there is no *run* in him. Hear him: "We are in a free country, whose glorious Constitution guarantees the same religious privileges to all; we feel under no obligations either to leave the State or to be controlled by the religious dictation of others. We claim the right to think and act for ourselves, while we obey the laws of our country and the mandates of our God."

Now, Rev. O. F., I ask you candidly, why do you use this hypocritical cant?—Why act so unworthy of the name of a Christian minister? Who has said you ought to leave the State? Who has sought to control you by his religious dictation? During the week that you penned this *waal* on account of your persecutions, and which you were so anxious should be heard all over the land that you requested all the papers friendly to "religious freedom" to give it one insertion, and while you were writing about "denominational enemies," you were occupying one of their churches night after night and for two whole Sabbaths. Does this look like the strong opposition you complain of?

But you say the editor of the P. C. Advocate has opposed your organization here. Now, all that has been said in that paper amounts to this: There is no necessity in Oregon for the organization of the Church South. Now, according to your doctrine of equal rights, had not the editor of that paper a right to speak and act for himself? And does not your apology for the organization of the Church South confirm the correctness of the conviction expressed by him? You state that the chief advantage gained by the separation "has been to give the gospel to Southern slaves as it never was before." Have you come to Oregon to preach to Southern slaves—to organize for their benefit—to greatly improve their "social and physical condition"? Truly, thou art a benevolent, self-sacrificing man!

But I am happy to inform you that that system, whose fundamental principles are oppression and injustice, is not in our midst,—and when submitted to the people for their acceptance, they by a large majority rejected it as the *Upas tree* of the moral world, beneath whose shade all intellect languishes and all virtue dies. We, therefore, do not need your self-sacrificing labors among us for the benefit of the slave.—There does not exist among us any necessity for an organization of your kind. But I congratulate you as a sojourner in a free State. Here you have your privileges.—You can stay or go. You and your co-laborers can go in and out among the people, and gather into one fold all that have any sympathy with slavery, and no man will object. The glorious Constitution is respected in Oregon—religious freedom is secured to all.

But I will proceed a little farther, in order to convince you that you are not sincere in all this cant. You say the "Plan of Separation" gives the Church South equal privileges and rights with the M. E. Church, and the "glorious Constitution guarantees the same religious privileges to all."—Surely, you do not intend to give out the impression that the M. E. Church has the same privileges in a slave State as the Church South—that the "glorious Constitution" protects them at all? In this free State, you can pass in and out among the people, and gather into the fold of the Church South all who love slavery, and no restrictions will be placed upon you. But have the ministers of the M. E. Church the same protection in passing in and out among the people in slave States, to gather into the fold of Christ those opposed to oppression, as you boast of possessing in Oregon? Have the people protection in the privilege of asking for ministers of the M. E. Church to come and take the spiritual watch-care over them, as the few scattered over Oregon have in asking for Southern ministers?—or must they "leave the State, or remain without the Church"? How was it in the State of Texas, from which you formerly hailed? How was it at Bonham, during the session of the Conference of the M. E. Church in that place. I want you to tell the people of Oregon all about that mob—how it originated with members of the Church South—how a number of her ministers were present and participated in the proceedings—how the resolutions were dictated by them—and how that mob of blacklegs, whisky drinkers, border ruffians, and members of the Church South, headed by a member of the Church South, proceeded to the church on the holy Sabbath day, at the hour of divine service, and imposed upon free citizens of the nation restriction of speech and conscience, which no despotism of Europe imposes on a free citizen of the nation. All the ministers but two of the M. E. Church have been driven

from the State of Texas. Have not the papers of the Church South approved and justified the conduct of that mob, its violation of the laws of God and of the land? And you, here in Oregon, whining about opposition, writing about persecution, and at the same time occupying a church of the denomination which this cry is raised against! There are in your course duplicity and insincerity that ought to be rebuked.

I would further say, I am sorry to see you so gassy in Oregon. The intelligence of the people will not endure this. You say, owing to the increased facilities of preaching the gospel to the slaves in the Church South, "hundreds of thousands have been converted to God through her instrumentality"—then you add, "there are now near two hundred thousand in the communion of the Church South." Look at these statements—"hundreds of thousands hopefully converted," "near two hundred thousand in the communion of the church!" Well, Mr. Fisher, you are ignorant of the general intelligence of the people of Oregon, or you would not have become so inflated in such a short time.—Your forerunner talked about big work in California when he first came among us, but he can't touch you in the big talk.—

But why tell the people of Oregon that the "social and physical condition of the slave is constantly improving," because your Church has erased from her Discipline all reference to slavery, and now is inculcating the doctrine that slavery is of divine right,—applying opiates to the conscience of the slaveholder when it lifts up its voice against oppression? Just think of it: Near four millions of human beings suffer under cruel bondage, and yet their cries provoke no sympathy from those ministers of the gospel who daily hear of these sufferings and wrongs inflicted by a Christian community, and who yet utter no remonstrance, no prayer, no admonition in the ears of that community! but tell us that under this silence about oppression the "social and physical condition of the slave is constantly improving"! Verily, a "deceived heart hath turned him aside, that he cannot deliver his soul, nor say, Is there not a lie in my right hand?"

But, after all, the Rev. gentleman assures the people of Oregon that the great object he has before him in coming among them is to spread scriptural holiness over the land. He should not forget that it is not "by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit," saith the Lord of Hosts, that God must give the increase. He ought to have come trusting in the power of divine grace to give success to all his efforts, without this *waal* about persecution, and without allowing his eager desire to succeed, to cause him to forget a serious declaration made by him years ago—that he would not prostitute to mercenary ends an influence designed to be used for noble purposes. I assure him that the advertisement of himself in the last part of his article is in bad taste.

Equal Rights.

Trip to Waila Waila—Notes of Travel July 6th.

Turned our backs on Portland, and began to glide rapidly down over the placid waters of the Willamette. Not much steam in the boiler, but plenty in reserve, concealed in certain long-necked receptacles under cork. Cool, pleasant breeze meeting us, fresh from old Neptune's dominions, until we turn a sharp angle up the Columbia, when our breeze is behind, and in front we have only a sultry sun. But old Hood, dressed in his snowy mantle, looms up in grand sublimity, looking like a huge sentinel upon our valley's mountain wall. Passengers slightly enthusiastic in view of the steamer some distance ahead. Observed several consulting the steam gauge, and heard some wondering in an audible tone of voice if they couldn't "give her just a little more." Passed "other steamer," however, without difficulty, when excitement subsided slightly. Gentlemen "spiritually minded" seen smiling through an aperture in the establishment where surplus steam is generated—comforted thereby. Leaving the "city of soldiers" after a short halt, our gay steamer (brightened by a few rays of beauty, accompanied by masculine representatives) flung the foam from her prow, and on submerged fields, and floating fences and bridges, rushed up into the quiet solitude of the Cascades. In one place I saw the water falling, and falling, and falling, and falling; seeming as if it would never reach bottom. Felt a kind of dropping sensation, as if the bottom had fallen out from under me, and I was going down—down—down. Scenery growing wilder and more romantic; mountains towering skyward on either side, cliffs becoming more precipitous, until grandeur and sublimity were the only words which occurred to me as fitting adjectives to employ in description.

But imagination must fill out the picture for those who have not been blessed with a sight, as I must hasten along. Arrived at the foot of the Cascade portage slightly obfuscated, and allowed the passenger coach to go without me; in consequence had a pedestrian exercise of some six miles to the steamboat landing. Consoled myself by considering the case of two unfortunate who not only walked, but carried near a hundred pounds apiece. Reached the town at last, and found it mostly tight, though some portions had previously become loose and floated away. Spirited conflict soon after my arrival between four braves with two muskets and three others with a pair of pistols. Battle only to see which could fire fastest, so nobody was killed and wound-

ded, and after the contest all hands took a drink in token of amity. As the Hastalos, which runs on above the Cascades, does not start till the morning, I had time to look around and see some old acquaintances, amongst the rest, Mr. F., an old resident of Linn City, who now keeps "public house" at the upper Cascades. Spent the first night out, with him, and in the morning, after the steamer had completed her loading, bid the Cascades "good bye," and "slid" for the Dalles. But this letter is long enough, so I will bring it to a close. If I have leisure at the Dalles and above, I will give you a few items in regard to what I see and hear. So no more, but remain as usual, EX-STUDENT.

PORTLAND, July 13, 1859.

ED. ADAMS.—Dear Sir: I must enter my protest against the practice of newspaper editors catching street conversation of persons occupying humble and private positions in life, and so changing the substance of it as to make the party stultify himself before the public, as an editorial in the Argus of the 9th inst., headed "Consistency," would make me do. In that article I am made to say I was anxious for Mr. Stout's defeat, as his election would be detrimental to the payment of our war scrip, but voted for him because the election of Logan would gratify Mr. Bush. This would betray a smallness in me that my entire life would contradict. My statement to you was, what others have frequently heard me say since the election, that had I been governed in my vote alone by pecuniary considerations, I should have voted for Logan, as the peculiar condition of parties in the next Congress might favor his efforts in procuring its payment. It is true, I said something about his election gratifying Mr. Bush, who I thought desired the destruction of the Democratic party rather than lose his Salem influence over it. Higher motives, however, always have governed, and I trust always will govern, my vote, little as it is worth, than that of pleasing or displeasing Mr. Bush or any other individual. I ever have voted, and ever will vote, the Democratic ticket, because I believe the principles enunciated by that party to be correct, and shall never think it worthy of enquiry whether the success of that party pleases or displeases Mr. Bush. These are, in my estimation, reasons enough to control me without the silly one that Mr. Bush controlled my vote. Please give this a place in the Argus. I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

M. M. McCARVER.

Finger Boards. ED. ADAMS: It would be a great convenience to travelers if road supervisors would comply with the law, as they are sworn to do when inducted into office. Sec. 39 of the road law reads as follows:

"Every supervisor shall erect and keep up at the forks of every highway and every crossing of public roads, a guide or finger board, containing an inscription in legible letters, directing the way, and specifying the distance to the next town or public place situated on each road respectively."

THE CASCADE ROAD OPEN.—Mr. Dobson has crossed this side of the Cascade Mountains, by the Barlow Gate trail, with his pack-train of one hundred and two mules. He reports, however, the existence as yet of some twelve miles of snow, but which is very firm and hard, and therefore is no material obstacle. Quite three thousand head of cattle, he informs us, have already passed this way, by Foster's Ranch, and he also saw a number of families on the way. A large number of cattle were reported as in movement in this direction, south and west of Foster's.

A NEW TRAIL.—Mr. Dobson, while waiting to cross the Mountain, cut out a new trail on the south side of Sandy, from Foster's to the upper ford of Sandy, thus avoiding the bad crossings of that troublesome stream. This new trail is about fourteen miles in length; it passes over a less hilly country than the old one, and has an abundant supply of feed for stock by the wayside, which is not the case, we are advised, by the other route.—Dalles Journal.

BOY CONVICTED.—The term of Court just closed here presented some scenes that could not call serious reflections to all; but the most impressive lesson there taught was the trial and conviction of young Eclection. The prisoner is a mere boy—of the soft, downy chin and upper lip gave evidence of the first dawning of manhood's strength and the responsibility of disobedience. The grand jury found an indictment against him for murder in the first degree. The evidence showed that in the heat of an inextinguishable passion he had stabbed his fellow playmate with a large knife, of which wound he afterwards died. The arguments of the counsel were such as might have been anticipated—the age of the boy, the feelings of the father, the deep anguish of the mother, were all appealed to, if possible to soften the jury and make them lay hold of every circumstance that went to mitigate the offense. But the law had been broken—one human being had been sent in the flush of youth to appear before his final Judge. The jury were acting under a solemn duty; however painful the task, it was their solemn duty to find the prisoner "guilty." The humming noise of the spectators ceased; all was hushed; counsel stopped whispering to their clients or rustling among books and papers; not a sound disturbed the awful silence of the large hall, when the Judge told the prisoner to "stand up." There he stood; young, with but eighteen years of childhood and youth, at the very threshold of life, he stood to receive a felon's doom. All of life that was before him lay black and withering amid the scorn and reproach of his kind. Ruined and blasted in his own prospects, death, worse than death, awaited him. Why, it may be asked, on one such as he should the law thus deal with rigor? We answer, all should feel, know, and teach their children, that the law is no respecter of persons; none can

break it with impunity. This young man stood thus arraigned, thus accused, and thus convicted, more because of a foolish and fearful habit he and too many others have acquired, than from wickedness or evil intention. The habit that doomed this young man to ignominy and disgrace, brought a cloud over the anticipations of his father, and grief of the bitter gall to theaching heart of his poor mother, was that of going constantly with deadly weapons upon his person, which in a moment of passion he had most unfortunately used, and now most woefully must take the consequences of that fatal moment's work. No intent is kill being shown from the evidence, he was sentenced for manslaughter to three years in the penitentiary.—Peoples' Press, Eugene City.

The New York Tribune's Washington correspondent says that since the result of the Virginia election has been known the Democratic leaders have begun to propose Senator Fitzpatrick, of Alabama, as the Charleston nominee. The South demands the candidate.

The Staunton (Va.) Spectator says that the western slope of the Blue Ridge is now covered with millions of locusts. They appeared first on the top of the mountain, about two weeks ago, and seem to be moving in a westerly direction.

The Old School Presbyterian General Assembly have determined the location of the North Western Theological Seminary of their Church, by the decided vote of 240 for Chicago, to 17 for Indianapolis.

OREGON CITY MARKET.—Wheat \$1.10; flour \$6.00 to \$6.50; potatoes 75; oats 62; butter, fresh, 20c—packed, 20c; bacon 15 to 16c; eggs 30c.

Meeting of Teachers. EDITOR OF THE ARGUS: Permit me through your columns to invite all the teachers and friends of education in Clackamas county to meet in Oregon City on Friday afternoon, August 5, 1859, at 1 o'clock, for the purpose of consulting in regard to what will be the best method of elevating the common schools of this county. J. D. Post, School Sup't Clackamas Co. July 2.

Notice is hereby given to all the Christian congregations in Oregon that, owing to circumstances not necessary to mention, our State meeting will not be at Salem this fall, but is to be held at McMinnville, Polk county. All the congregations throughout the State are earnestly requested to send delegates to said meeting, number of members composing churches, &c. Said meeting to include the 2d Lord's Day in September next, and to begin on Thursday at 10 o'clock. J. E. McLean, Moderator, Polk county, June, 1859.

Sewing Circle. The ladies connected with the First Congregational Church in Oregon City, take this opportunity to inform the public that they have recently organized a Sewing Circle, for the purpose of assisting in defraying the expenses of the church.—They are now ready to receive work from gentlemen or ladies, which shall be promptly and neatly executed on reasonable terms. Any gentleman interested in the object may become honorary members by paying an annual subscription of \$2.00. Any donations will be gratefully received. March 26, 1859. Secretary.

Multnomah Lodge No. 1. E. & A. M., holds its stated communication in the Sons of Temperance Hall, on the first Saturday preceding the Full Moon in each month. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend. W. W. BUCK, W. M. D. W. CRAIG, Sec'y. 13

MARRIED:

In Stockton, Cal., 19th June, 1859, Mr. JAMES BROWN, of Oregon City, to Miss MARIAN ANNE HARRIS, formerly of Cincinnati, Ohio. On the 4th day of July, 1859, by Ira E. Parke, Esq., Mr. WILLIAM D. HARR, Clerk of Washington county, to Miss HENRIETTA SCOTFIELD, formerly of Clark county, Illinois. On a fee of a gold dollar accompanied the above notices, showing that the printer was so forgotten.

In Battleville, May 13, 1859, by Rev. S. M. Fowler, Mr. R. H. MALLORY, of Des Chutes, to Miss FRANKIE BLACK, daughter of S. M. Black, Esq., of Battleville. In Oregon City, July 10, 1859, by J. M. Bacon, Esq., Mr. RICHARD W. KNIGHTS to Mrs. MARGARET GOSD. In Benton county, June 2, by Rev. R. C. Hill, Mr. BYRON POOL, of Corvallis, to Miss JANE GRANA. In Marion county, on the 9th inst., by Rev. G. H. Small, Mr. JOSEPH S. BURGESS, of Jacksonville, to Miss IRENE J. SPIER, late of Sandusky City, Ohio.

At the residence of Joseph Lathaw, Esq., Eugene City, July 4, by Rev. R. Robe, Dr. A. W. Patterson, of Eugene City, and Miss AMANDA GINGER, of Marion county. On the 4th of July, at the residence of Jacob Wigle, in Linn county, by Rev. Luther White, Mr. MARION KIZER to Miss MARY WIGLE.

DIED:

In McMinnville, Yamhill county, July 8, 1859, Mrs. NANCY WARREN, wife of Henry Warren, aged 30 years last April. She has left a husband and 5 children. In January last she was taken sick with the measles; soon a disease which the physicians here called neuralgia settled in one foot, causing the most severe pain, which continued for six months with scarcely any interruption except what has been produced by the use of narcotics. At first the ends of the toes became cold and turned black, and soon appeared dead; this continued until the foot came entirely off at the instep joint. Several pieces of and about the back decayed, and pieces of flesh were taken out.

Dr. Morey, of McMinnville, with the consent of several of its most eminent physicians in the country, has most carefully and faithfully attended upon her during her entire sickness. Mrs. Warren was a member of the Yamhill Baptist church, and during all her protracted and most painful sickness she has exhibited a good degree of Christian calmness and resignation. She expressed a willingness to die, and talked with her husband about it as she would about any other matter, giving directions about her children, and consoling them with perfect composure of feeling. Her only anxiety was lest she should fail to maintain a proper Christian spirit in the midst of great pain, and so much weakness of mind. Her burial was attended on the 9th by a large congregation of friends, when appropriate religious services were conducted by the writer. Cal. Papers in California and Missouri please copy.

At Forest Grove, of Erysielias, Julia Frances, infant daughter of Thos. G. and Catharine Nayler, aged one month and six days.

At Forest Grove, April 25, Martha Elizabeth Stokes, aged one year.

At South Fork Yamhill, June 18, of consumption, Mrs. LEONORA, wife of Henry McDermott, of Oregon City, in the 29th year of her age.

In Portland, July 1, Stephen Deenaar, son of William and Mary Collins, aged 15 years.

Of hemorrhage, in Portland, Samuel, son of William and Dorothea Sherlock, aged 3 years and 6 months.

At Vancouver, W. T., June 29, Mary May Brockway, only daughter of Dr. H. L. and Catherine Brockway, aged 5 months and 11 days.

Dissolution of Partnership.

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership of J. G. Gibson and Robert Potter in Oregon City, under the name of Gibson & Potter, was dissolved by mutual consent on the 24th day of January last. All debts will be paid by said Gibson, and he is entitled and authorized to collect whatever is due to said firm. ROBERT POTTER. Oregon City, July 13, 1859. 14ml