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The Argus will be furnished at Three Dollars per annum, if paid in advance.

The Oregon Argus.

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

Vol. VI. OREGON CITY, OREGON, MAY 12, 1860. No.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:
One square (twelve lines, or less, breviter measure) one insertion..... \$ 3 00
Each subsequent insertion..... 1 00
Business cards one year..... 20 00
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True Friendship.
Pale stars look down from on high—
Light clouds float o'er the sky—
While the moon, like beauty shy,

Jimmie's Grave.
A little grave 'neath the willow's shade,
A grave in the parent's heart is made,

Church & Militant.
At a colored convention of all the darkies of Kent and Essex, in Canada, a light took place between the Rev. Mr. Jones,

From the South.
JACKSONVILLE, April 26, 1860.
ED. ARGUS: I cannot help saying something of this part of our country, from the fact that it is undoubtedly undergoing some of the most astounding changes since it was first settled.

However, after deliberate consideration, I have come to the conclusion that these dry times are for the best in the future, from the fact that this whole southern and even the northern portion of Oregon is undergoing a clean and thorough prospecting, and in two years or less we will be reaping the rich harvests of new and vastly rich mines.

By the way, I will say that I have just returned from Siskiyou county, Cal., where I have been for two weeks. Times there are a little more spirited than here, though the people complain of their being very stupid.

I was secretly posted, not long since, by a friend of mine, with regard to a new discovery of a placer mine not far from this place. My partner and I quickly packed a mule with the necessary equipments for a prospecting tour, and started over high mountains, without a single mark of a trail to guide our course.

Well, there is but little left for me to say with regard to the quartz discoveries. Gold Hill is still extravagantly yielding fortunes to its owners. The lead known as the "Blackwell Lead" prospects very well for crushing with machinery; and several others in the vicinity of that and Gold Hill are prospecting very flatteringly.

of his brethren. The quartz of the latter is very singular, indeed; it has a bluish cast, and breaks up like unslacked lime, in which they find a living prospect of the finest gold I ever saw—apparently as fine as flour.

Enclosed in the above letter was a small package of the dust. They raised the color almost every place they tried from Des Chutes to the Similkameen.

Another great humbug is just about being hatched out in the Nez Perce country. While at Walla Walla, I thought I could distinctly hear his wings buzzing.

Resolved, That in regard to the non-extension of slavery into free territory, a cardinal doctrine of the Republican party, we are but re-affirming the policy and practice of the Republican party of Jefferson's day, and carrying out the principles of the illustrious men who framed the Constitution and founded our Government.

Resolved, That in view of the deliberate and publicly avowed purpose of the leaders of the Democratic party, in the event of their losing, by a constitutional majority, the power and plunder of the Federal Government, to seize the National Armories and break up the Union, it becomes the first duty of every lover of his country and of the Union by his vote and influence to bury them in a political grave, from which their voice of treason and anarchy can never again be heard.

Nature and Man.
Ralph Waldo Emerson read a remarkable essay, at the Musical Hall in Boston, lately, upon the relatedness of man to nature, and the insensibility of mankind to the glorious heritage they possess.

It is impossible to conceive the littleness of man as compared with infinite space, yet how splendid is the furniture of his mind. By astronomy worlds and systems are weighed, but what a puny thing is the astronomer.

Hints for Farmers.
1st. Invest all your capital in land, and run in debt for more.
2d. Hire money to stock your farm.

NEW ORLEANS SUNDAY SPORTS.—We have obtained a brief outline of some of the refined and Christian Sabbath exercises which are to come off to-day.

The reporter of the Memphis Dispatch was present lately at the disinterment of the body of a young lady who had been buried more than five years.

REPLIES TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following is a "take off" of the weakly replies to correspondents, which appeared in the columns of some newspapers.

One Week Later from the Eastern States.
BY PONY EXPRESS!
The steamer Panama reached Portland on last Sunday morning, having left San Francisco on the 2d of May.

NEWS SUMMARY.
PUBLICATION OF BUCHANAN'S LETTER TO WALKER DURING THE KANSAS TROUBLES! GREAT SENSATION.

The Washington correspondence of the New York Tribune contains the celebrated letter of President Buchanan, dated 13th July, 1857, to Robert J. Walker, then Governor of Kansas, in regard to the submission of the Leecompton Constitution to the people of Kansas.

END OF THE POTTER-PHYROR DEBATE.—Both Potter and Pryor have been arrested. Before the arrest, much correspondence passed between the parties.

Col. Lander, of the Wagen Road Expedition, acted as the friend of Potter. After the lapse of twelve hours, Potter accepted the challenge, and named Bowie knives, of equal weight, as the weapons; to fight in the open air or in a private room in the District, within the next twelve hours; distance at the commencement of the engagement to be four feet; two seconds to be present to each principal, to be armed with one navy revolver each; the fight to commence at the word three; the call to be decided by the toss of a piece of money.

Lander replied that his principal detests and abhors the barbarous and inhuman mode of settling difficulties usual among duellists, and that as he is unacquainted with the usual weapons of the duello, he had selected such as would alone enable him to stand on equal terms. He would not go out of the District.

Col. Fry, Postal Agent for California, Oregon, and Washington Territory, has resigned. There will probably be an Agent for Oregon, and Washington Territory, and it is generally understood at Washington that J. M. Vancycle, Esq., will receive the appointment.

P. O. Committee will report favorably on the proposition of Cal. Stage Co. to carry a daily mail to Portland from Sacramento, for \$100,000 per annum. We will have a daily mail.

Corwin on Caleb Cushing and Mayor Wood.
In a speech at Waterbury, Conn., a few weeks since, Tom Corwin, who is stumping Connecticut in the track of Fernando Wood and Caleb Cushing, got off the following:
He dare say that Mayor Wood would try and prove that Thomas Jefferson didn't believe what he wrote on the subject of slavery. [Laughter.] Possibly there might be a Mayor of New York who didn't know any better. It was decided in 1810 that whatever a State government could do for a State, Congress could do for a Territory. Such was the decision of the men who made the Constitution. Did they know what they meant by the instrument? Was John Marshall and the Supreme Court in 1810 ignorant of the scope of the Constitution? He should like the Mayor of New York to go into the Cabinet of Monroe, and find the answer to the question, "Has Congress power to prohibit slavery in the Territories." James Monroe, a slaveholder, a Virginian, said Congress did possess the power. Dr. Fernando Wood, who came up here to teach Connecticut, thank God, knew more than the founders of the Constitution, and could reveal the truth. [Laughter.] None of these were Lord Mayor of the City of New York. [Renewed cheering and laughter.] If John Quincy Adams were to give his answer now as to whether Congress has power in the Territories, Dr. Wood would say, "Who is this Yankee? Was he ever Mayor of Boston? Oh! he couldn't have known much." [Laughter.]

No, we were asked to throw aside the teachings of the Constitution, to trample on its precepts and how down to the dictates of the demagogues. [Applause.] What did they hear from Caleb Cushing? Why, that Moses favored slavery. Moses was an abolitionist, because Moses killed an Egyptian white man, because he found him killing a Hebrew nigger. [Laughter.] Well, what about Noah? There was no Maine liquor law in force, so he laid down after drinking too much, and had a very remarkable nautical adventure—and so Ham became a slave. [Roars of laughter.] What did the Bible say? He would rely on it, until he got some better revelation from Caleb Cushing or the Lord Mayor of New York. [Laughter.] He would suggest to Caleb that although it was better for the negro to be a slave, it was not better for the white man. He would ask Caleb and the Lord Mayor of New York, "Are you the sons of Japheth?" "Yes." "Was Japheth a brother of Ham?" "Yes." "Is the negro the son of Ham?" "Yes." "Then the negro is your cousin." [Laughter, long prolonged.] And he would ask Caleb and the Lord Mayor, "Do you think it is treating your cousin like a gentleman by sending his wife to Alabama and his children to New Orleans?" [Laughter.] He would remind them that the army of United States Marshals that pursued the fugitives to the promised land were swallowed up in the Red Sea, and that the Fugitive Slave bill was repealed. [Tremendous applause.] There were arguments to be found in the Bible for both sides. As the bubbling groan of the doomed pursuers rose up, the song of Miriam—the "Hail Columbia" of that day—was borne away on the wind. He should have been glad if the Lord Mayor and Caleb Cushing could have been at that scene. [Laughter and applause.] He would enforce all law, even to the fugitive slave law, as the majority ought to rule.

A Look into the Senate.

A correspondent of the Pittsburgh Chronicle, writing from Washington, says:
I noticed, as I sat in the gallery of the Senate, that all who came in near me asked first to have Seward pointed out to them. There he sat, as intent upon a copy of the Globe as if he had never done ought in his life except to pore over the incalculations of the newspaper mite. His hair is getting white. His face is one of the most calm and intelligent I ever saw. He looks the great man he is. A constant intercourse with good and great men, intense study of models in history, great thoughts and themes to the development and examination of which he has brought the lore of the learned in all ages, and his more rich experience and observation, have given to his noble face a peculiarly clear and lofty expression, such as the great masters give to the heroes and ages which live and shall live in their fadeless hues on the speaking canvass. Mr. Seward has a speech ready which I hope to hear before I leave this city. It was given out that he was to speak to-day, but he did not. He has several mean fellows to pay his respects to—fellows who took advantage of his absence to call him traitor, scoundrel and disturber of the national peace.

Mr. Seward is, perhaps, in many respects, more like the late Lord Macaulay than any other man in this nation. I see Mr. Douglas in the Senate, but he is very fidgety. It is difficult to keep him in one seat; he likes to go over and fawn upon the Southern Senators, shake hands with them, palaver with them, as if those stubborn chaps, Toombs and the rest, would take the trouble to give the little fellow a thought. They hate him, and have no concealments.

Most of the faces and heads in the Senate do not strike me as distinguished men. After you have seen the clear and intellectual countenances of Fessenden and Davis, who much resemble each other, the calm, classic, thoughtful, manly beauty of Sumner; the jolly phiz of the inimitable Hale; the honest beaming expression of Mr. Cullam; the immense, unwieldy corporation of Preston Kiaz (yester out wild); the earnest, passive east of Seward; the haughty and determined glance of Toombs, and the leaden, owlish, submissive glower of Bigler, you will be content, on ordinary occasions, to step out and take refreshments in the lobby, or fresh air on the Capitol grounds.

The highest mountain is 22,200 ft. high.