

The Oregon Argus.

W. L. ADAMS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. OREGON CITY: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1856.

Prospects of the Advocate.

"After having attended to the first part of our duty in estimating the salary of the Editor, which is placed at the lowest figure at which he can comfortably live, we have carefully enquired into the present condition of the subscription list, and find it below the number actually necessary to sustain the paper."

It is painful to hear that your "subscription list" is several hundred "below" what it was two months ago.

"Our design in this article is to call the attention to this fact, so that the remedy may be at once applied. The number of subscribers must be increased to two thousand before the first of January; and to do this work, each friend of the paper must enter the field and labor heartily."

How will each friend of the paper "goon being burdened," if before the first of January he "must enter the field" and tug and sweat through storm and sunshine to raise the subscription list to two thousand? At the rate subscribers are falling off now, their labor we fear will be like that of the boy who is trying to get up hill slips back two feet, while he gets up one.

"We possess peculiar facilities for such a work. Our instrument ministry covers the entire country with a complete net-work of instrumentalities which can reach every family in the land without taking a single step outside of our legitimate employ. Say, our pastoral work demands this very thing. And by far the most useful thing we can do on our first round on our circuit and district is to circulate far and wide the Pacific Christian Advocate."

Now brethren that want do. You will recollect that the late Conference ordained a fast day, "in view of the painful fact that there is a slight decrease in our numbers." The query then arises. If with the circulation the paper had last year, there was a "decrease" in our numbers, what will the "decrease" be, if its list is increased to two thousand?

Restless, as we don't want to be selfish, we are willing to give you the benefit of our experience in publishing, and you can act upon our suggestions just as you please.

We have had no "Itinerant ministry" of some fifty or sixty preachers, "covering the entire country like a complete net work," begging, exhorting, and entreating sinners to take the Argus, and saying, "I will not let you go, unless your money you bestow."

To support the paper, and yet we have constantly and steadily increased our list till it is amply sufficient to "sustain our paper." The key to this secret is, that we have labored hard, in our own office, to make a paper that would recommend itself. Hence when our paper goes into a new section of country, a man's neighbors borrow it, read it critically, and finding that instead of being devoted to building up sects and parties, it advocates those great principles of true democracy that lie at the foundation of good government, and social order, striving to lay a foundation broad and deep, upon which all patriots, of every creed and party can work shoulder to shoulder in pushing on the glorious car of reform, which like John the Baptist, is a harbinger to the reign of pure and undefiled religion, we say when they discover this, they of course conclude that it is just the paper they want, and forthwith proceed to order it.

One subscriber obtained this way, is worth a dozen, who take a paper merely to get rid of the bald impertunity of him who besieges them, and who inwardly resolve to discontinue the paper as soon as the year is out, and who drag heavily through the year, venting anathemas upon the "dry, cultishing," that somebody forced them to take.

We tender this bit of experience to our brethren of the press "free gratis and for nothing." The whole secret is contained in seven words—make a paper that will recommend itself.

More Turling and Twisting.

Only a few weeks ago, we spoke of the sudden change that had taken place in the treatment of the Know Nothing by the sectional democracy. We then showed that some of the same presses which had been abusing the Know Nothings as "traitors" and "midnight assassins," were already attributing to them a large stock of "pure patriotism." We were not prepared however to hear the Fillmore party called the "national democracy" by one of these organs. But such is even the fact. To prove this we address the St. Louis Intelligence an American organ as our first witness:

HAS, R. C. WINDROP FOR FILLMORE.—Hon. R. C. Windrop, of Massachusetts, the speaker of the House of Representatives, and Senator in Congress, an old line Whig, and one of the foremost men in the country, in a letter published on the Presidential question, says he has seen no nomination for the Presidency which seems to promise so much of peace and harmony to the country at large, and so much of assured stability to its institutions, under existing circumstances, as that of Mr. Fillmore; and if every man who thinks he has honest aims, and if every man who thinks the safest and best plot for the existing emergency, would act as he thinks and give him a vote, he would in electorate vote, unimpeded by any returns of recent elections, and regard one of any opposition to the election of Fillmore.

We now introduce one of our Territorial sheets as our second witness:

THE VIEWS OF EDWARD ERETT AND R. C. WINDROP, ON THE WHIG PLATFORM (Maine) who it would well hereafter act with the national democracy, is what that of the eloquent Rufus Choate—Czapky's Organ.

Here we see that the Fillmore party, which Windrop supports is called the "national democracy." There is no getting out of this, unless the editor acknowledges, he stole his item from a Fillmore paper as he did the one from the Albany Evening Journal.

The Enterprise made a trip to Corvallis this week.

Plant an Orchard.

We are glad to see so much interest manifested by the people generally in the cultivation of fruit. Experiments have at last proven that Oregon is not excelled by any country on the globe for raising all kinds of fruit that do well in the northern and middle States, with perhaps very few exceptions. By the blessing of Heaven we expect to live in Oregon some 80 or 90 years more, but we never expect to see the day, when good winter fruit will not pay the producer a fair remunerative price. We once lived in a district of Virginia, which had been settled for more than a hundred years, where the farmers all had old orchards standing, of half a century's growth yet good grafted winter fruit could never be bought at New Years for less than one dollar a bushel, although dried apples could be had in the fall for 37 cents per bushel. Even in York State where orchards were old when we were born, Mr. Robert I. Pell is now cultivating an orchard of twenty thousand bearing trees, all of the Newtown Pippin variety. Mr. Pell picks and packs his apples in barrels, with the greatest care, and sells them all as soon as they arrive in market for from one to two dollars a bushel. These apples are then shipped to England, where many of them have been actually sold to the nobility for a guinea a dozen.

But aside from pecuniary considerations there are abundant other reasons why every man ought to plant an orchard of the best varieties of trees, and then attend to it. Your children, after they have grown up and left you, will always remember the orchard loaded with golden fruit with the most pleasing emotions, and next to the old iron bound bucket that hung in the well, it will be indelibly stamped upon the memory, ever and anon sitting with its image across the memory and awakening reminiscences of home and childish joys, which but for the memory of the old orchard, which like a talismanic wand conjures them up, might have been effaced from the memory forever. Every man knows how this is from experience.

If, then, you wish to make home pleasant to yourself and attractive to your children, plant an orchard. If you wish to have something acceptable to give to your friends and to the poor, plant an orchard. If you want to render a thousand troubles and ills that flesh is heir to, more tolerable, and add to the happiness of your family, plant an orchard. If when you die you look back and see that you have done nothing more for the world than to have reared a good orchard, you cannot say that you have lived to no purpose.

War Claims.

The commissioners appointed by the Secretary of War to "audit and allow" Oregon and Washington war claims have met and found that none of them have received any specific instructions, as to their course from the department in Washington. If no instructions arrive by the coming mail, it is said they will proceed to "audit and allow," as seems best in their own judgment.

The Willamette has raised so that the Jennie Clark is now able to come over the Clackamas rapids.

Broke Jail.

Parker and Lewis, two notorious prisoners who were brought down from the Dalles broke jail just at dusk last Thursday night. The person who was hired to keep the jail states that he left them both in the cells, and was absent only about fifteen minutes, but upon his return the locks were broken to one of the cell doors and the outside door of the Jail and the prisoners were gone. The sheriff thinks the keeper failed to lock one of the prisoners in his cell, and this one let out the other. Fifty dollars and all necessary expenses are offered by the sheriff for Wm. Parker.

Accident.

On last Saturday three stage horses were lost in endeavoring to ford Molalla in coming down from Salem. We learn that the driver by some means succeeded in detaching the horses from the coach and made good his own escape. One horse has been found that got out alive, and another drowned animal has been found, but what has become of the other two no one knows.

Visit on Hand.

Those who are in want of fruit trees will do well to read Mr. Stanton's advertisement in another column. Mr. S. has taken extra pains to supply his nursery with a great variety of the choicest kinds of fruit ever brought to this country, and he has now a bearing orchard that would pay any man for riding fifty miles to look at it.

Tulatin Improvement.

The stockholders of the Tulatin River Transportation and Navigation Company held their meeting on last Saturday.—From C. W. Bryant Esq. we learn that Thomas Pope, John Ritchie, C. W. Bryant, George Olds and Thomas D. Humphrey were elected as directors.

It was voted to employ a competent person to make a thorough survey of the whole ground, and estimate the cost of the contemplated improvement. It is intended to have the surveys completed in the course of three or four weeks. This being done, all parties will know exactly what they are doing when they take hold of the matter. The motto ought to be: The improvement car, and meet be made.

Cheese.

We are now buying imported cheese, made in the States. This is wrong, very wrong. Why in the name of reason don't our farmers bestir themselves and try to save thousands of dollars that are taken out of the country every year for foreign provisions? Cheese can be made here for half the cost of butter, yet every year a good article commands as much as butter, and is scarce at that. Let a few of our butter makers try their hands at cheese next summer and see if they cannot do better at it. No one need try it however, unless they are confident they can make a good article. A quantity was brought into this market this summer which had to be cast where some people are said to "cast pearls."

We expect to add eight more subscribers to our list by the marriage of the rest of them.—Airgoose.

To be compelled to take your obscene sheet is enough to deter any respectable man from entering the "house" of Czapky's Organ.

Several of your brethren who have "danced on nothing" might have been deterred from slipping their necks into a "noose" by taking our sheet and practicing its teachings.

Obligations.

Mr. Hood has our thanks for beautiful specimens of pears. He did not leave the names.

Mr. Kirk has our particular thanks for about half a wagon load of nice winter squashes.

Delazon Smith has laid us under obligations by procuring us a fine lot of new subscribers.

On our outside will be found a letter from Rev. W. Blain, giving a dagger-like type of Delusion, the leader and owner of the black democracy in Oregon.

Out at Last.

Two weeks ago in publishing an extract from the Minden Herald of Louisiana, we remarked that the great body of wealthy men in the South were conservative and Union loving men, while it was only the fire eating politicians who own nothing, and have no interests at stake, who advocate a dissolution of the Union, in hopes in the general mass to be able to rob the Treasury or steal a neighbor's "nigger." Since then we find the determination to do this emphatically avowed in a speech of Preston S. Brooks as reported in the Carolina Times. After delivering an eulogium on Buchanan as the man for the times, he says: "On the second Monday in November next the great question will be decided. For his part, if Fremont, the traitor to his section, should be successful, it is his deliberate opinion that on the fourth of March next the people of the South should rise in their might, march to Washington, and seize the archives and the Treasury of the Government. We should anticipate them, and force them to attack us."

So it seems that the "archives and the Treasury of the Government" is what they want! If they elect Buchanan they think they are sure of it. These office seekers among the black democracy seem to think that Buchanan will let them make as free with the "archives and Treasury as Jo Lane does his friends with his whiskey and tobacco. If they fail to elect Buchanan Brooks says they must have the Treasury anyhow. It is our private opinion that the people will entrust the key of the Treasury to some better man than Buchanan, and go to raising hemp for such black democrats as are caught robbing the Treasury.

To Correspondents.

J. P. We haven't had time to look over your long communication, but waded into it about four pages deep and got stuck.—We have hung it "in the hall" for the present.

Ela. Your poetry is beautiful, and to many people would read well as a "selection." We cannot charge you with plagiarism, as we have no doubt the rascally Tepper stole it from your port folio when he first published it.

Wm. Watson. All safe, and this is your "receipt."

One of the Laws Jo Lane Passed.

Our attention has been called to an act of the present Congress concerning courts in the several Territories. The law provides that there shall be but one place of holding courts in each judicial district.—The three Judges who assemble at the Seat of Government are to fix upon these places and the times of holding courts.

This is a beautiful arrangement, truly. Well, we see that notwithstanding G. L. Curry's statement, that "not a single bill has been passed for any of the Territories," Lane has been able to push this through, in spite of the "violent opposition made to it by the Know-Nothings and Black Republicans."

The Quakers.—A letter to the Cincinnati Gazette, speaking of the Quakers, remarks: One to another. "Art thou going to the polls this fall to vote?" "Reassured I am, I know many of my sect of people who have not cast a vote in ten years. But now the question is square, and cannot be dodged. We are for Free Kansas, Freedom and Fremont."

CORNER.—Two cups of butter, two and a half of sugar, four eggs, half a teaspoonful of saleratus, six sugar seed, four enough to roll, made very thin.

Thomas H. Benton, Jr., who lives in Iowa and is lately Democratic Superintendent of Education to that State is openly for Fremont.

The Mail Steamer is expected to arrive this evening.

[From "Illustrations of Human Life."] A Remarkable Story.

The story to which we shall now advert has the double value of being told we presume, on Mr. Ward's personal knowledge, and of illustrating the extraordinary chances on which human life is suffered to depend. The circumstances occurred to the well known Sir Evan Nepean in the home department. The popular version of the story has been that he was warned by a vision to save the lives of three or four men condemned to die, but 'rerieved, and who, but for the vision, would have perished through the under-secretary's neglect in forwarding the reprieve. On Sir Evan's being subsequently asked how the story was true, his answer was: "The narrative romances a little, but what it alludes to is the most extraordinary thing that ever happened to me." The simple facts as told by himself are these: One night, during his office as under-secretary, he felt the most unaccountable wakefulness that could be imagined; he was in perfect health, had dined early, and had nothing whatever on his mind to keep him awake. Still he found all his attempts to sleep impossible; and from eleven till two in the morning he never closed an eye. At length, weary of this struggle, and as twilight was breaking (it was summer) he determined to try what would be the effect of a walk in the park. There he saw nothing but the sleepy sentinels. But in his walk, happening to pass the home office several times, he thought of letting himself in with his key, though without any particular object. The book of entries of the day still lay on the table, and through sheer listlessness he opened it. The first thing he saw appalled him "A reprieve to be sent to York for the coiners ordered for execution." The execution had been appointed for the next day. It struck him he had received no return to his order to send the reprieve. He searched the "minutes;" he could not find it there. In alarm, he went to the house of the chief clerk, who lived in Downing street, knocked him up (it was then past three) and asked him if he knew anything of the reprieve being sent. In great alarm, the chief clerk could not remember.

"You are scarcely awake," said Sir Evan; "recollect yourself—it must have been sent."

The clerk said he now recollected he had sent it to the clerk of the crown, whose business it was to forward it to York.

"Good," said Sir Evan; but you have his receipt and certificate that it is gone?"

"No."

"Then come with me; we must find him although it is so early."

It was now four o'clock, and the clerk of the crown lived in Chanery lane. There was no hackney-coach to be seen, and they almost ran. They were just in time. The clerk of the crown had a country house, and meaning to have a long holiday, he was at that moment stepping into his gig to go to his villa. Astonished at this visit of the under-secretary of state at such an hour, he was still more so at his business.

"Heavens!" cried he "the reprieve is locked up in my desk!"

It was brought. Sir Evan sent to the post office for the trust and fleetest express. The reprieve reached York next morning just at the moment the unhappy man were ascending the cart.

With Sir Evan we fully agree, in regarding this little narrative as one of the most extraordinary that we have ever heard. We go further than he acknowledged, and say that to us it appears striking evidence of what we should conceive a superior interposition. It is true, no ghost appears, nor is any prompting voice audible; yet the result depended so long on a succession of seeming chances, and each of these chances was at once so improbable and so necessary, that we are almost compelled to regard the whole as a matter of influence not to be attributed to man. If the first link of the chain might pass for common occurrence—as undoubtedly fits of wakefulness will happen without any discoverable ground in the state of either body or mind—still what could be less in the common course of things than, thus waking, he should take it into his head to get up and take a walk in the park at two in the morning? Yet if he had, like others, contented himself with taking a walk in his chamber, or enjoying the cool air at the window, not one of the succeeding events could have occurred, and the men must have been sacrificed. Or if, when he took his walk, he had been contented with getting rid of the feverishness of the night, and returned to his bed, the chain would have been broken; for what was more out of the natural course of events than that, at two in the morning, the idea should come into the head of any man to go to his office and sit down in the lonely rooms of his department for no purpose of business or pleasure, but simply from not knowing what to do with himself.

Or if, when he had let himself into these solitary rooms, the book of entries had not lain on the table, (and this we presume to have been among the chances, as we can scarcely suppose books of this official importance to be generally left to their fate among the servants and messengers of the office); or if the entry, instead of being on the first page that opened to his eye, had been on any other, even the second, as he might never have taken the trouble of turning the page; or if he and the chief clerk had been five minutes later at the clerk of the crown's house, and, instead of finding him at the moment of getting into his carriage, had been compelled to incur the delay of bringing him back from the country, all the preceding events would have been useless. The people would have died at York, for even so it was, they were stopped on the very verge of execution.

The remarkable figure of the whole is,

that the chain might have been snuffed at every link, and that every link was equally important. In calculation of the probability of any one of these occurrences, a mathematician would find the chances very hard against the probability of the whole. If it is asked whether a sufficient ground for this high interposition is to be discovered to save the lives of a few wretched culprits, who, as frequently in such cases, probably returned to their wicked trades as soon as they escaped, and only plunged themselves into deeper iniquity, the answer is, that it is not for us in our ignorance to mete out the value of human life, however criminal in the eyes of heaven.

[From the Western Christian Advocate.] The Tragedy at Rochester, Mo.

LETTER FROM REV. WM. SELLERS.

Bro. Cushman.—At your solicitation I herein transmit to you, for the benefit of your readers, a plain statement of facts connected with the recent mob in Rochester, as they came under my own observation.

I had appointed Saturday, June 14, to commence a series of meetings in Rochester, and had written to several ministers to come and assist me. On Wednesday of Tuesday previous a pro-slavery man by the name of Sims was shot by a free-soil man, (one Hardesty) because Sims attempted to drive him from his home or kill him. I arrived in Rochester on Thursday, about 12 o'clock. Soon after my arrival I was waited upon by Bro. Stock's store by a committee of three individuals, who said they were authorized by the citizens of Rochester and vicinity to inform me not to preach again in Rochester, and endeavor by threatening to exert a promise from me to that effect; declaring at the same time that the North Methodist preaching would not be tolerated longer in the county. I asked them for a few names of the citizens who had given them this authority; they had no names to give. I have better friends in Rochester. I then asked them if they claimed to be American citizens. They said I was a fool, and had better promise not to preach again in Rochester. I told them I would not make that promise; that I was guilty of no crime, had violated no law, and would obey God rather than men. I asked them what rights or privileges they claimed as American citizens by virtue of their citizenship, that were superior to other American citizens. At this remark, without giving me an answer, they left the store, muttering that force would be used in order to stop me.

I had some pastoral visiting to do in the country and, after attending to that important duty, on Saturday morning I started for Rochester for the purpose of holding my meeting at the time appointed. As we rode into town we observed groups of men collected at the corners of the streets engaged in conversation. The excitement appeared to be general. I rode through the village to brother Stock's stable to put up my horse, and bro. Holland who was in company with me, went immediately into bro. Stock's store. I came into the store in ten or fifteen minutes, and found several of my Rochester friends and some from the country, who had come to attend the meeting. Old bro. Holland (a sainted martyr now) was standing near the front door. One of the leaders, with several others of the mob, were standing near bro. Holland and myself having in their hands a late number of the Western Christian Advocate, containing the report of a majority of the committee on Slavery in the General Conference. I told them how that matter was adjusted, but all to no purpose; we were abolitionists still, and I must promise not to preach, or else be mobbed. I said I would not do it. About this time the mob began to collect in front of the door. I suppose there were from seventy-five to one hundred of them—some from Platte county, some from Buchanan, some from Savannah, and others from the vicinity of Rochester. Some were armed with revolvers, others had knives and clubs, while others had picked up stones in the streets. One fellow cried out, "If he had me out of the store he would soon kill me." At that remark one fellow got up by the arm and drew me to the door. Three others then came to my assistance, and seeing held of each arm and leg, they carried me to the middle of the street, where they halted—raving, cursing, and yelling like a body of savages who had just seized a prisoner.

While this was transpiring bro. Holland was shot, the ball striking him on the chin, passing through and breaking his neck. He expired in about thirty minutes. I afterward understood that bro. Stock was shot also, the ball cutting all his clothing and grazing the skin on his side. They also shot bro. Beattie and missed him; and he then knocked two or three of them down, and escaped at the back door. These noble brethren stood with me in the battle till they were driven from their posts.

While in the street the mob held a consultation over me, as to the nature of the punishment I should receive from them, as the embodiment of civil power, for thus attempting to preach Jesus and the resurrection under the banner of Freedom. Some said, "Cut his throat;" others, "Soak him in ether;" others, "Shoot him in the head." At last they concluded to tar me. They then carried me across the street, between another store and warehouse, to a tar barrel which was sunk in the ground and throwing me down on my back with considerable violence, held me there while they consulted as to the manner in which the tar should be applied. Some said, "Put him in head foremost;" others were for strapping me. One fellow swore they could not agree, and he would shoot me. He aimed a revolver at my head, but another wrested it from him exclaiming, "Don't shoot him, we will give him what we think he deserves." At last they concluded to do the work without stripping me. After searching me to see whether I was armed or not, and finding I had no arms concealed about my person, they commenced putting on the tar with a broad paddle. After completely saturating my hair, they gave my eyes, ears, face and neck each a plastering. I had on a black coat, satin vest, and black cloth pants. They tarred my cravat; my shirt bosom, and my clothes down to my feet. They then let me up.

I was so sore I could scarcely stand on my feet, but oh! the agony of my eyes! They appeared like balls of fire, and I thought they would burst out of my head. Although it was noon, and the hot sun was beaming upon my head, I groped my way as at midnight. After I arose to my feet one fellow said, "He has one minute to leave town;" another said, "He can have five minutes, and if he is not gone in that time he shall be shot." I groped my way into the street, they following me with their revolvers cocked telling me to step faster at the peril of my life. I was in so much misery I knew not where I was going. I could see objects, but could not distinguish one from another. By the time I got across the street, between bro. Stock's store and stable, the tar had melted some, and I could distinguish between males and females.—Here were the female members of my flock in Rochester, ever whom I felt the "Holy Ghost" had made them women, some of whom had been

ed out in the midst of this mob to rescue their brother from their bloody clutches. Some had fainted, others were crying and wringing their hands with excessive grief. I thought of the pious woman of the Revolution, and that their daughters still lived to hold a helping hand in behalf of suffering humanity. I found my horse in the yard with the bridle on, and with the assistance of one of the mob I got the saddle on, and started to go to some place on my work, as quickly as possible to get the tar washed out of my eyes. The mob followed me, however, turned me back, and made me go toward Savannah. I passed out of town, I accidentally met bro. Chamberlain and his wife, who were coming to my meeting. (I hope he will write and tell you how they served him.) When I came up to them they did not know me. After I told them what had been done, bro. C. asked me if I thought I could stand it to go to his father-in-law's a distance of twelve miles. I told him I thought I could not endure such a trip, but was willing to try it. We rode as fast as we could, not knowing that the mob was in pursuit of us. When we turned off from the main Savannah road to go to bro. Miller's, they were not more than fifteen minutes behind us. After riding so far in the hot sun, in my condition, I was nearly dead when we arrived, but through the attention of bro. Chamberlain and my kind friends at bro. Miller's, in a few days I partially recovered from the injuries received. May they receive a thousand fold in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting.

These, bro. Cushman, are facts, for which I hold myself accountable, and for which I expect to answer at the bar of God. May God take care of the scattered flock, and finally bring us all to Heaven. WM. SELLERS.

ANAKOS, Iowa, Aug. 1.

Bro. Esq. F. Hallett, who is now one of the leaders of the black democracy in Massachusetts, once published a violent Abolition paper in Providence R. I.—Argus, Oregon City.

Will the Argus-edite please inform us about when this occurred—and what the name of the paper was, he refers to? We don't believe the statement correct at all.—Times, Portland.

If there was no truth in the world besides what you "believe to be correct," a book of the size of a pocket Testament would contain an elucidation of pretty much all science; whereas if all that you "don't believe" and all that we do believe were put in a book, it would make a big one. By the way, we hope you got that "ex" we sent you proving that Jo Lane packed a challenge for Brooks, which you said you "didn't believe."

Our statement you refer to above, we made upon what we consider to be the best of authority. We saw the charge made against Hallett in the Journal and Enquirer, printed at Portland, Maine—a paper which is circulated among the old acquaintances of Hallett, any one of whom would have been able to detect whatever there might have been of error in the statement; besides, the Enquirer is noted for being remarkably correct in its positions. We never saw Hallett's paper, as we presume none of them ever got as far southwest as where we were residing, for the reason perhaps that we didn't patronize Abolition papers much; but we presume it was called the "Abolition Times," or some other equally euphonious name. At all events it was an Abolition paper, and Hallett edited it.

Perhaps you "don't believe" that Seth Paine, a leader of the Abolitionists in Ill. is stamping that state for Buchanan?

Well, here is our authority. The Abolitionists have called a State Convention to be held at Joliet on the 31st July inst, for the purpose of nominating Presidential Electors for this State. Gerrit Smith of New York is their candidate for President, and Saml. McFarland of Pennsylvania for Vice President. We suppose there are some Abolitionists still left in Illinois, but a good many, if not most of them have joined with the Douglasians and are going strong for Buchanan. A distinguished leader of that party, Seth Paine, Esq. of Lake Zurich, is announced for a Buchanan speech this evening at North Market Hall.—These Abolitionists, however, who have not outed their fortunes with Douglas, we suppose will be on hand at Joliet on the 31st.—Chicago Press.

But before we discuss this subject we give a little more authority, in an extract from a Cincinnati paper by way of proving that the Abolitionists and black democrats are "fusing" in various parts of the Union.

The beautiful Ohio Democracy wouldn't allow Col. Benton to speak at Columbus at their great "mass meeting," held there on Wednesday. The leaders of this democracy, after a long consultation, agreed that the Col. was not "seemly," and that he must not speak, though he had been engaged to them that he would be at their service. His opposition to the nullifiers, the border murders and thieves of Missouri, made him unground in the eyes of the Patron Buchananians of this State. According to the rules and regulations by which Democracy is made and provided, Gen. Jackson would be unseemly, and Jefferson more of a Black Republican than Blair of the Globe. But what was the occasional lumber pronounced sound by the political impostors at the State capital? We find that Alex. Long, Judge Walker of the Engineer, Stanley Matthews and Durbin Ward were the "distinguished gentlemen who addressed the meeting." Two of these, Matthews and Ward, were, not long since, unmitigated abolitionists. Long has been understood to be at least as Free Soilly inclined as the Republican party now is, and Walker is fresh from the filibuster and fire eating climate of New Orleans, and holds the opinion that "dancing with all its horrors," would be far preferable to seeing a Free Soil Administration ruling the country. Such is "Ohio Democracy." Old Union and Blair, the "thunders of Jackson" in the Senate and through the press, are unseemly. Benton is doubtless, but the great Durbin Ward, late a Warren County Abolitionist, is hailed as a true Buccanier.

We dismiss the subject by thanking you for questioning our statement, and we hope you will feel perfectly free to do so on all occasions. You can have the proof whenever you want it.

Perhaps you would like a little proof that the editor of Czapky's organ was an Abolitionist in Mass.

HON FRANK R. SLAVES.—There has been a greater demand for slaves in this city during the month of May, June and July, than ever known before, and they have commanded letter prices during that time. This latter is an unusual thing, as the summer months are generally the duller in the year for that description of property. Prime field hands (women) will now bring from \$1,000 to \$1,100, and men from \$1,250 to \$1,500. Not long since a fine negro girl sold in this city at private sale for \$1,700. A large number of negroes are bought on speculation, and probably there is not less than \$2,000,000 in town now seeking investiture in such property.—Richmond Dis.

CLEANING STORES.—Stove stoves were mixed with turpentine and applied in the usual manner, as blacked, more glossy and durable than if put on with any other liquid. The turpentine prevents rust, and if laid put on an old rusty stove, will make it look as well as new. The rest of the turpentine