

The Oregon Argus.

W. L. ADAMS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OREGON CITY:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1856.

The U. S. M. steamer Columbia reached Portland last Tuesday morning. We are under obligations to Wells, Fargo & Co., for express favors.

Eating His Words.

The editor of Chapman's hand organ at Salem some time ago disgorged a load of democratic sweetmeats, mixed with what he facetiously said were "white hairs pulled from the head of a horse by Parson Billy," &c. The dish was kept before his readers for several weeks as a "rich treat of democratic viands." Nobody however seemed to relish it, and in order to get it out of sight, the young man has finally swallowed it all back himself, and licked the plate. He writes a letter, which he pretends he got from a "whig attorney," denying the truth of the libel he published.

Our advice to the young man is,—Be more prudent hereafter about publishing libels on us, or we may not give you quite as long a time to swallow it back as we did this time.

If it doesn't set well on your stomach, you can work it off with a dose of Chapman's purgative.

Bees.

We hear that some person brought a lot of honey bees from California by the last steamer, which are now being sold in Portland. We think the experiment of raising bees in Oregon has been fully tested by Dr. Davenport in Marion county, and has proved a failure. The sunshine in winter invites them from the hives, when the rains chill them before they are able to get back.

A Know Nothing Lieutenant Governor of Missouri.

The official returns complete of the Missouri election foot up as follows: For Governor—Polk, blackdemocrat, 46,889; For Know Nothing, 40,573; Benton, Democrat, 27,527. Lieut. Gov.—Jackson, blackdemocrat, 41,017; Newland, Know Nothing, 41,205; Kelly, Democrat, 23,964. The Know Nothings and blackdemocrats in Missouri got so mixed up at the polls that they couldn't tell whether from which. The Buchaneers in the other Southern States have been trying to get the Know Nothings to fuse with them, but the prospect is, that if there is any union effected, it will be by the Buchaneers dropping their own candidate and going over to the Know Nothings, as many of them did in Mo. The Know Nothings now compose the strong conservative Union element in the South, and they are not sufficiently lost to all sense of shame and decorum to their duties as American citizens, to unite with the nullifiers and secessionists who rally under the polluted rag that blackdemocracy flings to the breeze.

Struck a Lead.

We understand that our indefatigable fellow citizen, Gen. McCarver, has bought an interest in the hole out of which was dug that "mammoth horn," in Polk county, and that he is now "prospecting" in the "hole" aforesaid for the mate to the horn already excavated, preparatory to leaving with the prize for the States.

Omnia.

At a Buchanan assembly in Pennsylvania, lately, a cannon was brought out to be fired once for every State that would vote for Buchanan. They began down at Texas, and came along up till they got to Pennsylvania, when the cannon burst. The deep mouthed thunderer didn't want to commit that State to treason.

The Standard says that it has information from Col. Wright's camp to the effect that the Regular forces are all to be withdrawn from Middle Oregon, and the whole country east of the Cascades left to the Indians.

Mr. W. Williams has laid us under obligations for beautiful specimens of the American Pippin and White Winter Pear, main apple.

Mr. Flaherty has handed in a solid cabbage head measuring four feet and four inches in circumference, and weighing twenty-seven pounds. If any body can beat that it is time you were shelling out.

We will put Clackamas county against Oregon for raising vegetables.

We learn that the Washington Territory Volunteer property, lately sold at Vancouver for scrip, brought more than the Territory paid for it.

J. M. Bots lately made a masterly stump speech at a Whig meeting in Richmond, Va., a portion of which we shall publish next week.

We heard a report that G. L. Curry returned on the last steamer. Some say he staid all night in town on his way up, but we have not been able to learn the particulars.

Closed Up.

Mr. Bacon has left the Main Street House, and Sprenger & Shank left the Oregon House about the same time.

Mr. Hood advertises his nursery today. We hear his trees are unsurpassed in this county.

Report of the Yamhill Agricultural Fair.

Held at Lafayette Oct. 23, 1856.

The executive committee announced the several examining committees, who reported certificates to be awarded as follows, to wit:
To Daniel Johnson, best stallion over 4 years old.
" Stephen Hussey, best stallion 3 yrs. old.
" John Laughlin, best horse colt 2 years old.
" Reuben Gant, best horse colt under 8 months old.
" John Laughlin, best brood mare.
" Ahio S. Watt, best fifty 2 years old.
" John Laughlin, best mare colt under 8 months old.
" Melchi Johnson, best carriage horse.
" Joseph Watt, best saddle horse.
" Charles H. Burch, best bull.
" Stephen Hussey, best cow and calf.
" Isaiah M. Johns, best specimen of ap-ples.

AHIO S. WATT, Sec'y.

California News.

The election in California has gone as we predicted it would. The returns were not all in up to the 6th inst., but enough to show that Buchanan has carried the State. The vote in round numbers, so far as heard from, stands near as follows:—Buchanan, 28,000, Fillmore, 16,000, Fremont, 15,000. The Buchanan party has probably elected a majority to the Legislature in the State at large, although the "people's reform party" have carried San Francisco county against the "Sag nicks" and ballot box stuffers, and some dozen or more Republican members of the Legislature are known to be elected in other parts of the State.

In the late election Buchanan probably received the vote of 15,000 Jews, 2,000 abolitionists, and 5,000 greasers, while the other 3,000 voters consisted of office seekers and political gamblers. Such men, of course, care nothing about the Pacific Railroad, and little or nothing about any thing else but free whiskey, and a free fight with whoever the filibustering policy of the blackdemocracy kicks up a row with.

Although Buchanan gets a minority of the whole, yet his having a majority over either of the other candidates, entitles his faction to hang out from the ramparts of California's citadel the black flag of secession sectionalism, blackened with the insignia of a black party, the principles of which are as hostile to the genius of our free institutions as the sting of the Cobra Copella is fatal to animal vitality. God forbid that the citizens of any other State should prove equally recreant to the sacred trust committed to them by our Revolutionary sires.

From the San Francisco News Letter we gather the following items of news:—Brigham Young has now over fifty wives. The Trinity Journal says that \$2,500,000 in gold dust have been taken out in that county during the past year by about 2,600 miners, making an average of nearly \$1,000 to the man. A potato weighing eight pounds has been raised in Shasta county. A borax spring of great value has been discovered in Shasta county. Quicksilver in flasks is now offered for sale in San Francisco, from the new mines near San Jose. The people of California voted on the 4th inst. on a proposition to make a change in the Constitution of that State.—It is proposed to change a section of the Constitution prescribing the manner of altering the Constitution hereafter. Some large Oregon apples are selling at the fruit stores for five dollars each. San Francisco is infested with Italian and Chinese beggars. A magnificent suspension bridge has been erected over the Stanislaus on the road leading from Stockton up country. The bridge is 248 feet long, 14 feet wide, 40 feet high, and cost \$25,000. A company has been organized, with a large capital, for the purpose of raising sugar beets, manufacturing sugar, and distilling alcohol. Kennovan, the American pedestrian, has accomplished his great feat of walking 106 consecutive hours without sleep or rest.—Transparent glass ballot boxes were generally used at the late election in California instead of the old fashioned wooden ones. The copper mines in Carson's valley are proving to be exceedingly rich and extensive. Quartz mining throughout the State was never more prosperous than now. At the Pacific Company's mills, at Placerville, the proceeds for six weeks, ending Sept. 6 was \$8,740, after paying all expenses.—Black lead of great purity has been recently discovered in California. Some of the tunnel miners in Sierra county, who have worked on for one, two, and three years without striking the rich dirt, and some of whom had to beg credit for even a sack of flour, are now working dirt that pays, and are worth from ten to fifty thousand dollars each. At Springfield the lower jaw bone of some animal was lately taken out, measuring three feet in length, seven inches in thickness, and weighing over eighty pounds. Several of the teeth were remaining in a perfect condition. The Chinese on the Stanislaus are divided into two parties. Over twelve hundred of them lately met, armed with guns, pistols, knives, clubs and axes, for a big fight, but were prevented from coming in collision by the interference of some of the whites. California manna is produced upon the leaves of some of the oaks on the banks of the Sacramento, and is gathered by Indians. There is a Jewish paper published in San Francisco called the "Voice of Israel," which says there are as many as thirty or forty thousand Jews in California. They, of course, went en masse for Buchanan. Flour in California is dull at \$8 and \$9.50 per bbl.

Much attention is being paid, in the Sandwich Islands, to agricultural fairs, improving stock, and planting nurseries.—The honey bee has been lately introduced to the Islands, and several species of foreign birds.
Men who are known to have belonged to the Vigilance Committee are not safe when out after night in San Francisco. Ruffianly assaults have lately been made upon several of them at the saloons. The Alta California says they have got a cheese on exhibition in San Francisco, weighing 340 pounds. The same paper states that excellent specimens of tobacco are now being produced in California, and no doubt exists but that State will yet prove as well adapted to producing the article as Virginia.

[From the N. Y. Herald.]

The Dirty Linen of Communities and Nations—How to Wash it Decently.

That quick-sighted philosopher, Napoleon the Great, on one occasion, when harassed beyond forbearance with the noisy squabbles of his family for place and power, observed to them that every family had its dirty linen, but that prudent and decent people washed their dirty linen on their own premises, and hung it up to dry in their own garden, instead of flaunting it before the world in the public highway.—Under the veil of this homely suggestion there lies a world of wisdom to families, communities and nations; for not only every family, but every community and every nation, have more or less of dirty linen, which, from self-respect and decency, they do, or should, wash and dry upon their own premises, and not on the public highway.

As a nation we have our dirty linen, and a good deal of it—especially our dirty nigger linen of the South. The fathers of the constitution and the Union, impressed by the same ideas of decency and propriety as Napoleon, shaped their action accordingly; and whatever their troubles and squabbles about niggers may have been, they always modestly and studiously avoided the public offense of braiding them to the world. In the convention which framed our organic law of union, there was a violent in-door controversy upon niggers, which threatened to destroy the great work of the Revolution, in secession, divisions, anarchy and confusion? At this crisis the cool and reflective Franklin suggested an adjournment over to Monday, and that the interval be employed in solemn prayer, to the end that a spirit of conciliation and compromise might prevail.—His advice was followed, and it resulted in that glorious fruit of conciliation and compromise, the Constitution of the United States. But in that sacred instrument of wisdom and patriotism, so carefully did the parties concerned in it endeavor to conceal this dirty linen of slavery from the world, that neither the term free white, nor negro, nor mulatto, nor slave, nor servant, occurs in the constitution, from the beginning to the end.

With no other light before him than the constitution, the reader would most naturally conclude that there were no niggers in the country; and his illumination upon the subject of slavery would be limited to such expressions as these—"free persons," "three fifths of all other persons," "no person held to service or labor in one State," "the migration or importation of such persons as any of the States now existing shall think proper to admit," &c. These clauses, however, refer to slavery, slaves, niggers, slave representation, fugitive slaves and the African slave trade; but mark how studiously the washing and drying of this dirty linen is concealed from the public eye. So lady, sensitive and sublime was the sense of liberty with our revolutionary fathers in their construction of a constitution for a free people, that they would not permit the word slavery, nor slave or slaves, to be used even in their concessions to slavery.

Now, mark the contrast between the giants who framed the constitution and our shameless secession pigmy politicians of the present day. A few miserable fanatics of the North first undertook the indecent exposure of this domestic and dirty linen of Southern slavery to the world. The South became indignant; but the South became imprudent. Not satisfied with decently resisting the indecent interferences of Northern fanatics in their domestic affairs, reckless Southern demagogues and fire-eaters forthwith began to hang out their dirty linen on every public highway, and to bring up their heavy washings to Washington. But now they have gone beyond all bounds of moderation and decency, and our Northern States are filled with Southern missionaries, in the character of big he nigger wash erwomen, shaking and flaunting their dirty linen in our faces from Maine to California.

Mr. Cobb and Mr. Benjamin tried it in Maine on a large scale; but the disgust of that people at such conduct was very strongly expressed in their late election.—And yet, as if this warning and the indecent exhibitions of their dirty nigger linen down South, by such fierce washerwomen as Gov. Wise, Mr. Keitt, and Bully Brooks, were not enough—we have New York and Pennsylvania full of the same general class of disturbers of the peace and decency of the family. In Pennsylvania, Gov. Cobb, and Gov. Johnson of Georgia, are prominent among these nigger linen wash-

ermen; and in New York, Gov. Floyd and Senator Hunter are just as busy in threatening disunion unless we help to elect Buchanan, and thus secure, by fair means or by foul, new slave States, new territories for niggers, new markets for niggers, and higher prices for niggers, up to an increase from one to five thousand dollars a head for good healthy field niggers. In fact, this general exhibition of the nigger linen of the South by Southern democratic washerwomen, big and little, up here in the North, shocks every sense of propriety and decency, and has become little better than a public nuisance.

Mention the Pierce administration, guided by the ferocious and brutal disunion counsels of such public disturbers as Atchison and Jeff. Davis, has been washing their dirty nigger linen in the blood of free white men, women and children in Kansas, and thus steeped and dyed in human gore, has been exposing it to the four winds of heaven. From Kansas, the same revolting terrorism has spread itself like a frightful epidemic all over the South, until, fierce and bloody as the brutal street women of Paris in the first French revolution, these nigger linen washerwomen of the South trample all laws and all social decencies under foot.

And what are the results? We have had a foretaste of them from the Iowa, Vermont, and Maine elections; and on the 14th of this month, [October], the accumulated pressure of this popular reaction will give, in Fremont majorities of from twenty to fifty thousand, the solution for Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana. The result in November will be a revolution of unparalleled majesty and power, and it will inaugurate a new epoch of peace, law, order and constitutional and fraternal reciprocities between all sections of the Union. We shall then see what fools and ninnyes, what senseless declaimers and ranters these Southern and Northern secession traitors are. The question now is, not shall the niggers be liberated, but shall white men be made slaves! To submit to this Southern democratic terrorism is to submit to the condition of slaves and niggers. We must elect Fremont—uphold the sovereignty of the people—make good the rights of white men under the constitution, not only in the United States Senate, not only in Kansas, but throughout the South, including the Congressional district of Mr. Brooks, of South Carolina, and the city of Richmond, under the very nose of Governor Wise.

Finally, with the new epoch of the constitution, and of white men's rights, a new era of good feeling will come to us, in which all sorts of our dirty Northern linen, as well as the dirty nigger linen of the South, will be washed and dried at home. The day breaks and the stars are bright.

Speech of Gov. Hamlin.

At a Republican meeting in Lancaster, Penn., Oct. 1, the new Governor of Maine addressed fifteen or twenty thousand of Buchanan's neighbors. Here follows his speech:

The President after a few remarks, introduced Gov. Hamlin, of Maine, who was received with all kinds of cries and demonstrations. The noise having somewhat subsided, he said—I have come to hold converse with you in the heart, the center of the line. Looking on this immense concourse of citizens, and moved by the enthusiasm moving you, I shall be able to return to my own State, and say to my friends in the East, the glorious old Keystone State is right. The citizens of this old dominion are not unmindful of the obligations resting upon them. Your soil is fruitful with the blood of freemen, and if the liberties of this country were secured at the price of so much toil and blood, it belongs to us to secure this conquest gained for us by the sacrifice of the lives and fortunes of our fathers, and hand them down intact to our children. The skillful mariner on the trackless ocean watches the changes in the sky, notes the accumulating clouds, and should the winds of Heaven drive him from his track, he knows the principles by which he may ride through the tempest and eventually regain his course. We may learn lessons of wisdom from the mariner; we may see where the ship of State is tending; note who mans her, and divine where she is going. There is but one question for us to determine; old axioms are dead, and now have no practical bearing. You might as well dig up the remains of an antediluvian era, unroll the mummy from its sarcophagus, as to talk of tariffs, banks, or the distribution of money from the public lands. These issues are all passed away, and another and more vital one has placed them forever among the things that were.

The question of freedom ought never to have been discussed, and would not have been, but that a party falsely called democrat, has sold to slavery the free labor of the North, and we have no other alternative than either to meet the issue or become slaves ourselves. The South learned that there was a party of men in the North who could be made subservient to its purposes, and if that Northern subserviency had not existed we should not now have been engaged in the present struggle. It has now become the one absorbing issue whether the institutions of our country, based alone on liberty, shall be subverted and henceforward and forever based only on slavery. The Declaration of Independence was founded on freedom, and the constitution was based on it; no other government ever secured the rights of the people and the laboring man. Republics existed in Greece and Rome, but the masses were ignored, and their liberties never were secured. The founders of our constitution took the experience of former republics, and on such precedents framed the only constitution which has contained the elements of republican strength—it was based not on wealth, but on labor. In what consisted the capital of the Revolution? Not in wealth, nor commerce, nor manufactures, nor banks, nor stores—for them we had

not—but the stalwart farms and hard arms and hands of the sons of labor gave it its strength. Our fathers believed in the wealth of a man's own muscles and labor; and upon such a capital they framed the noblest the freest government that any people ever had. But now the question is thrust upon us, shall capital own the free labor of the North, as it now owns the slave labor of the South? (Cries of "No, no.") When I look around on this vast assemblage, and see the flashing eyes, the determined looks, the evidences of labor; when I survey this beautiful country through which I have passed—the fruitful well cultivated fields, the cattle and the flocks, the many smiling farms, the homes of a contented and happy people scattered amidst the hills and glades—I feel warmed by your prosperity, and say to my friends in the cold and rocky East, Pennsylvania is safe for freedom and labor. I was once a democrat—when there was a democratic party; but now when it bows its head to slavery, I will none of it. The party has no right to longer use the name; but my friends, when nothing remains of it but the name, let us be a little generous, and not take away that also. I rejoice to find that the great body of Henry Clay whigs are with us here. Some of the leaders have proved false to his memory, and are now leagued with his political enemies, and declaring for the man who maligns him to his death. My personal recollections of Henry Clay do not extend far back. When I first saw him it was in the Senate at Washington. He was not the Henry Clay he once had been; his strength was impaired, his tones had lost much of their fervor; but when he rose in his seat and declared that never would he consent to the extension of slavery over one foot of territory now free, the great orator warmed up, his bright eye flashed, and he was again the man formed to lead so great a Senate and so noble a people. But now some of his old political friends are proving false to his great principles, and are joining themselves with his worst enemies.

A Voice—Give us a little of Maine.

Why you had a little bit of Maine on the 8th of September. (Laughter.) Our opponents swear that the election was not a legitimate, for only one party voted. (Cheers.) I guess they are about right, for there was scarcely anything of their left. How did we do it? I'll tell you how we did it. We beat them by Maine hard work. We organized, we had committees in every district—Congressional, Legislative, all the way down to school districts; and we organized every voter, and we knew just how the folks were going. That's how we did it; and if you will leave this meeting, and all of you become missionaries, and get to work in right earnest as we did, Pennsylvania will be just like Maine. To protect freemen, not to make slaves, was the object of our fathers in establishing this government. "The protection, not of life, nor of liberty, but the pursuit of niggers," is now the democratic doctrine. If Washington and Jefferson were to rise from their graves and appear again amongst us, they would not find the government as they established it. Did you ever hear of that man who got asleep in his wagon along the public road? Well, his horse was stopped and taken out of the shaft, and the man was left sleeping on in the wagon; but at last he woke up, and he couldn't make out whether he had lost a horse or found a wagon. If Washington and Thos. Jefferson were to see the present democratic party they would have to own they had either lost themselves or found a new party. Now we propose not to meddle with the institution of slavery where it exists, but we want to bring back this government to its first principles. If Washington or Jefferson were now to appear and enunciate such principles as they gloried in during life, they would be branded as "abolitionists," and I tell you that neither of them could possibly obtain the smallest, least important Post-office in the whole State of Pennsylvania. See the effects of liberty in the great West, her teeming cities, her marts of commerce, her well cultivated fields, her never ending bands of railroads, her lakes crowded with sails, her immense prosperity; look and admire all this and tell me whether you do not desire such a result for your Territories. The administration goes to work to repeal the Missouri Compromise. Why? To extend slavery. But we are told slavery cannot go into these Territories. Then why say it? (Cheers.) The South has the reputation of being given to the study of politics, they are viewed as a species of impractical theorists, as political abstractionists; but I will tell you, I never knew the South to go in for a practical question without obtaining a practical result in favor of themselves. Northern men told us at the time of the repeal of the Compromise that it would not affect freedom; but they said this merely to screen themselves. Governments were instituted to protect the laborer, but the South claims labor as property. The South has a right to carry into the Territories all its property that is such by the law of nations, but not that which is property only by local law; for when that property gets beyond the jurisdiction of local law, it is no longer property.

Let us once succeed in that for which we are striving, and we shall have four times as many sympathizers with us South, as there will be sympathizers with them in the North. The idea in the slave States now is, that any man who can't swallow a nigger whole is an abolitionist, and I tell you there are a good many such in the South. The New York Day Book lately advised the slaveholders no longer to read the New York Herald, for it had become hostile to them and turned abolitionist!—But the South Carolina Times replies that the South will continue to take the Herald, for that there are many in their midst who are so false to Southern principles that they are glad to read such opinions as they find there. Tell you there are six millions of non-slaveholding white men in the South, and they are all sympathizers with us. The chief objection they have down there to Col. Fremont is because they know he will do exactly the same with the nullifiers as Old Hickory promised to do, and present democracy is nothing but the old nullification story. If they desire to try this question after Fremont's election I tell you and them, we will try this question constitutionally, we'll see who are the disunionists, and whether the minority is to rule the majority. We will peril our lives to protect the government. (Immense applause.)

I saw something yesterday in a Philadelphia paper which is novel in this campaign. An advertisement announced that Senator Bigler would address the friends of "Buchanan, Breckinridge and free Kansas." I thought if I could only meet my friend Bigler I would ask him to talk to me of virtuous prostitution, or any other such likely subject. Free Kansas and Buchanan! (Laughter.) When slavery goes into any Territory, white labor must go out, for the two cannot exist together, unless white labor consents to be degraded.

The Hon. Anson Burlingame arrived at this moment, and the meeting was for some time too excited for Gov. Hamlin to continue. Silence being at length restored, he said: Col. Fremont is one of yourselves; he has worked himself up by his own exertions, he has labored with his own hands, he is worthy of the support of the laboring man. (Cheers.) Do your duty in this campaign, and may God and the right assist you in the preservation of liberty and independence, and may Pennsylvania join with us in the far East in declaring that Jessie's choice is our choice.

Governor Hamlin retired amidst long continued cheers for Maine and Fremont.

The Hon. Thaddeus Stephens stepped forward to apologise for Mr. Wilmot's absence, and the audience would not be satisfied unless he addressed them. Mr. Stephens said:—

When old men attempt to address you it must be in quiet tones. I rely upon the yeomanry of this State to ensure a triumph in this contest. Many times have I met you, fellow citizens, but the present crisis is more terrible than any since the Revolution. The very existence of your republic is at stake. Many regard this contest as one of several merely, but it is the one final; and if the counties turn not out en masse, we shall be beaten by the cities. The cry of "The Union is in danger" is the argument of fools to an audience of idiots. Douglas, that Northern traitor, was born on free soil, but he married the daughter of a slave dealer, and inherited his father-in-law's principles and niggers. Mr. Stephens then reviewed the late proceedings in Kansas, and stated that the great danger to the liberties of this country seemed to arise from the Judiciary, and that in Pennsylvania we have already seen it sold to the slave power. We have three candidates and three platforms in the field. One platform I would like much better if the twelfth plank had not been brought from South Carolina and put into it. There is a wrong impression about one of the candidates. There is no such person running as James Buchanan. He is dead of lockjaw. Nothing remains but a platform and a bloated mass of political putridity.—But we have a candidate who depends for success upon you and this State; and out of the various principles now at stake, you have to choose under which banner you will fight.

The "Dubious, Slippery, Trimming Democracy."

The Tribune quotes from the Carolina Times, showing that the fire eaters in South Carolina are mightily out of humor with their Northern tools for doing no better at the Maine election. The Times says:—

"The contest was chiefly between the Black Republicans, and what little regard there may be for the Constitution, and the rights of the South in the dubious, slippery, trimmer, squatter sovereignty, Kansas-Nebraska Democracy of the North."

Northern doughface democrats will please to take off their hats, make a low bow, lift up one foot and say, "Thank 'ee Massa."

I saw something yesterday in a Philadelphia paper which is novel in this campaign. An advertisement announced that Senator Bigler would address the friends of "Buchanan, Breckinridge and free Kansas." I thought if I could only meet my friend Bigler I would ask him to talk to me of virtuous prostitution, or any other such likely subject. Free Kansas and Buchanan! (Laughter.) When slavery goes into any Territory, white labor must go out, for the two cannot exist together, unless white labor consents to be degraded.

The Hon. Anson Burlingame arrived at this moment, and the meeting was for some time too excited for Gov. Hamlin to continue. Silence being at length restored, he said: Col. Fremont is one of yourselves; he has worked himself up by his own exertions, he has labored with his own hands, he is worthy of the support of the laboring man. (Cheers.) Do your duty in this campaign, and may God and the right assist you in the preservation of liberty and independence, and may Pennsylvania join with us in the far East in declaring that Jessie's choice is our choice.

Governor Hamlin retired amidst long continued cheers for Maine and Fremont.

The Hon. Thaddeus Stephens stepped forward to apologise for Mr. Wilmot's absence, and the audience would not be satisfied unless he addressed them. Mr. Stephens said:—

When old men attempt to address you it must be in quiet tones. I rely upon the yeomanry of this State to ensure a triumph in this contest. Many times have I met you, fellow citizens, but the present crisis is more terrible than any since the Revolution. The very existence of your republic is at stake. Many regard this contest as one of several merely, but it is the one final; and if the counties turn not out en masse, we shall be beaten by the cities. The cry of "The Union is in danger" is the argument of fools to an audience of idiots. Douglas, that Northern traitor, was born on free soil, but he married the daughter of a slave dealer, and inherited his father-in-law's principles and niggers. Mr. Stephens then reviewed the late proceedings in Kansas, and stated that the great danger to the liberties of this country seemed to arise from the Judiciary, and that in Pennsylvania we have already seen it sold to the slave power. We have three candidates and three platforms in the field. One platform I would like much better if the twelfth plank had not been brought from South Carolina and put into it. There is a wrong impression about one of the candidates. There is no such person running as James Buchanan. He is dead of lockjaw. Nothing remains but a platform and a bloated mass of political putridity.—But we have a candidate who depends for success upon you and this State; and out of the various principles now at stake, you have to choose under which banner you will fight.

The "Dubious, Slippery, Trimming Democracy."

The Tribune quotes from the Carolina Times, showing that the fire eaters in South Carolina are mightily out of humor with their Northern tools for doing no better at the Maine election. The Times says:—

"The contest was chiefly between the Black Republicans, and what little regard there may be for the Constitution, and the rights of the South in the dubious, slippery, trimmer, squatter sovereignty, Kansas-Nebraska Democracy of the North."

Northern doughface democrats will please to take off their hats, make a low bow, lift up one foot and say, "Thank 'ee Massa."

Presidential Election.

For the benefit of those who are of the opinion that the Presidential election still comes off on the first Monday of November, we have thought it best to state that the act of Congress, of January 23, 1845, provides that

The electors of President and Vice President shall be appointed in each State on the Tuesday next after the first Monday in the month of November in the year in which they are to be appointed; Provided that each State may by law provide for the filling of any vacancy or vacancies which may occur in its college of electors when such college meets to give its electoral vote; And provided also, when any State shall have held an election for the purpose of choosing electors and shall fail to make a choice on the day aforesaid, then the electors may be appointed on a subsequent day in such manner as the State shall by law provide.

An Appropriate Vote.

On the train of cars which conveyed Senator Douglas to Galena, a vote, as usual now-a-days, was taken. The canvassers did not know Douglas, and when they came to him, while going through the cars, the following conversation took place:—

CANVASSER—Who do you vote for, sir—Buchanan or Fremont?
DOUGLAS (angrily looking up from the perusal of the Chicago Times)—Vote for the Devil!
The result of the canvass was as follows:—
Fremont, 117
Buchanan, 15
Fillmore, 17
The Devil, 1

Douglas it seems yet "honors his father," although we doubt not the "old gentleman" would have felt himself as highly complimented if Douglas had voted for James Buchanan.

Buchanan wrote a strong letter to the Californians in favor of the Pacific Railroad, which we shall publish next week.

The Hon. Mr. Foster, M. C. from Georgia, closed one of his latest speeches in Congress by the following slip at the conduct of the Southern democracy, of which he is a member:—

The time has changed. We hear no more of "old federal, blue light, abolition whigs." And, in fact, I have not heard much lately of "dark lanterns." But now it is "glorious old whig party," "glorious old whig party," "patriotic Americans," and the cry has become almost Macedonian,—"Come over and help us!" "Help! help! everybody run here!" Why, what on earth is the matter? Is there any foreign enemy on our shores? Have Indians broken out? "No, no, worse than that; there is mutiny in the Democratic camp. Come and help us manage our friends, or the country is lost."

The New Orleans Delta learns that Red River has demurred on its own mouth, and makes its way to the Gulf through Atchafalpa Bayou.—There is no doubt that this was the former course of the stream, and at one time it never touched the Mississippi, but pursued the course which it has now resumed, emptying into the Gulf far to the west of the Mississippi. The Red River is now low, and it remains to be seen whether when full, it will not retrace the outlet to the Mississippi.