

# The Oregon Argus.

W. L. Adams, Editor.

OREGON CITY:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1860.

## Republican Nominations.

For President,  
**ABRAHAM LINCOLN,**  
OF ILLINOIS.

For Vice President,  
**HANNIBAL HAMLIN,**  
OF MAINE.

For Presidential Electors,  
T. J. DAVIS, B. J. PENROB, W. H. WATKINS.

## The Poor Tools.

The organs of both factions of the Democracy are now very busy in making up extracts from the writings and speeches of prominent Democrats to show that this or that particular principle has been endorsed by the very men who now spit upon it.—Buchanan, Poor Pierce, Yancey, and a host of other great lights of Disunionism, are being quoted by the Douglas papers as having once swallowed 'squatter sovereignty' as the corner-stone of all true Democracy. By this, the Douglas organs wish to show that the Administration or Breckinridge party is inconsistent, having scouted the old creed, and adopted the exact opposite of what they lately held to. On the other hand, the Yancey organs are publishing contradictory and conflicting extracts from Douglas' speeches, to show that in trying to ride the three-legged hobby of the 'Dred Scott decision,' 'squatter sovereignty,' and 'unfriendly legislation,' he is a very unreasonable and inconsistent man. The natural inference drawn by these editors from the published record is, that all such Democrats as are following the lead of men who head the faction to which they do not belong, are a very silly set of asses. The conclusion these knights of the quill so naturally come to is a legitimate one, and we are not disposed to question its soundness. It has always looked to us as though it must be a humiliating position for a white man to occupy, to be compelled to swear all the time that "principles are eternal, and men change," and at the same time to stand shivering in the ranks, with both ears open to catch the order from headquarters to bawl for 'squatter sovereignty' to-day, and shout for its opposite to-morrow—to denounce a 'slave code' to-day, and applaud it as part of the very Constitution to-morrow—to swear that a Disunionist deserves death to-day, and get down on the marrow-bones to kiss the feet of the Yancey villains whenever the order comes from Charleston, Baltimore, or the White House. As humiliating as this position may appear to be, and as it really is, it is nevertheless the position of all such as are still hugging the decaying carcass of Sectionalism called by fanatics 'Democracy.'

To show that Democrats of modern times are political weathercocks, set up to be twisted this way or that way—mere tools of unprincipled and designing men—we need not go outside of Oregon.

"What is a Democrat?" is a question that has been so difficult to answer, that the organs of fanaticism here have failed to settle it after having devoted, according to our best calculation, just four thousand six hundred and some eighty odd columns in trying to make the whole thing as clear as mud. We propose to run over a fraction of our own political history, out of which to frame a mirror in which Democrats can see their faces. Now all you Democrats who claim to be such from principle, and believe that principles are eternal—that is, that a true principle to-day cannot become a false principle to-morrow,—will please to look into our mirror and see what manner of things you are. In the first place, you know that you, instead of thinking for yourselves, let your organs think for you—whatever your papers teach, you swallow. Well, then; when Lane's nigger Hibben published Douglas' speech in 1857 in favor of squatter sovereignty, and applauded it as "sound, rock-bottomed Democracy, the very doctrine on which the Oregon Democracy all stood," you Times Democrats swallowed it right down, didn't you? You all thought it was an eternal truth, as palpable as the nose on a man's face, and wondered with Jim Buchanan and Lane's nigger how any man could think otherwise, didn't you? Well, the very next steamer came, and Hibben got instructions from his master, that Douglas and Jim Buchanan (the dispenser of federal pap) had quarreled, and that he (Hibben) must go against Douglas and squatter sovereignty. Hibben had a long leader already set up in type, extolling Douglas and his 'garrat principle' to the skies. Now, if that leader had been printed, you would have opened your mouths and swallowed it with as much gusto as a snake ever sucked down a toad, wouldn't you? Well, but the leader wasn't printed; it was—in accordance with Joseph's wishes—the sagacious Joseph, who was shrewd enough to side with the party which like

Judas "carried the bag"—was taken out of the form, and never printed—but the Times from that hour denounced Douglas as not much of a statesman, and rather a visionary fellow any way—and hooted at squatter sovereignty as altogether too rotten a thing for the Oregon Democracy to stand on. Well, you paused, hesitated perhaps for a moment, and, whirling round so quick the hind side of your pants stuck straight out before you, you shut your eyes, gulped down the nigger's second dose, and said it tasted wonderfully Democratic, didn't you?

Again: before Lane imported Hibben, you all pretended to believe that the Republicans were in favor of letting poor niggers vote; consequently you rolled up the whites of your eyes terribly when you learned that the Republicans were about to organize in Oregon—you were all down on 'nigger equality,' were you not? But the moment an imported nigger came here, and took the reins of the Democratic cart in his own hands, you were all willing to get up and ride behind him, were you not? When Lane's nigger went to Salem, and, by the force of his eloquence and the power of his odor, induced the State committee to adopt 'caucus sovereignty,' you all swallowed 'caucus sovereignty' as readily as a duck swallows cold mush—didn't you? Well; if Hibben had taken the popular sovereignty side of the question, and succeeded in making the committee adopt 'popular' instead of 'caucus' sovereignty, you would have all devoured that as an excellent dimmyeratic dish—wouldn't you?

But you Delusion men—let us have a word with you. You are all down on Gerrit Smith, because you say he teaches negro equality, amalgamation, and so forth. Well, you are willing to vote for and be led by Delusion Smith, who practiced in Ohio what Gerrit has only taught in New York. When Delusion stumped the State, landing Douglas and enlorgizing Bush, you swallowed both Douglas and Bush at one gulp, didn't you? But when, in 1860, he throttled them both, denouncing one as "worse than a murderer," and, after killing them, he skinned them, gutted them, and hung them up to "freeze, as did the notes in Munchausen's trumpet," you all cried Amen!—didn't you? Again: when the news first came from Baltimore that Douglas and Breckinridge were both nominated, you didn't know for a while which you would go for—did you? Well, Delusion didn't know, either; he was waiting for information. If Delusion hadn't yet made up his mind, your minds wouldn't be yet made up—would they? But the very next mail brought advices from Joseph, and the very issue of the Medium that ran up the names of the Disunion candidates at its mast-head acknowledged sundry favors from Joseph, among which was a 'tea plant'—(that tea plant had probably a bang-hole in it.) Delusion's Medium was now fairly at sea for Yanceyism, and you all got aboard, didn't you? Now, if Douglas had made a stronger bid than the Yanceytes, by sending two 'tea plants' instead of one, Delusion would probably have gone for "Douglas and the Union," instead of Yanceyism and Disunion, and you would all have tumbled into the same dug-out—wouldn't you? So you see that your Democracy all turns on a little cheap whisky that runs down Delusion's throat instead of your own! You see that, don't you?

But a word with the subscribers to the Eugene City Herald. When the news came that the Yanceytes had bolted the Charleston Convention, you of course read and swallowed right down such expressions as this, which we find in the Herald of May 29:

"It will be seen that several of the most Southern States of the Union, after having failed to fasten their peculiar endemic views upon the Convention, retired from that body, and left its deliberations untrammelled by their presence. \* \* \* As it is, the Democratic party in the Union can congratulate itself that the only faint semblance of sectionality which ever clung to its skirts has been cut entirely away, and that it stands now absolutely clear of aught (save than the broad, pure, national principles of conservative Democracy."

Well, when you read that, you rejoiced that the Sectional, Disunion fanatics had left the Democratic party—didn't you? But a few weeks after, when the sniveling Herald, in payment probably for a "tea plant" or some similar consideration, ran up the nominees of this same Sectional faction and swallowed the Disunion candidates at one gulp, you all ran up and licked the plate your masters had eaten from—didn't you?

And you of the News—the last and least of the Democratic family—permit us to step on your tails to draw your attention. When the News first ran up the name of Douglas at its mast-head, and urged, with all the power of its half-rat and half-kitten howl, the election of Douglas, you were all for Douglas too, were you not? But the very next week, when, as it is said, the paper was induced to haul down the name of Douglas and run up the name of Breckinridge, for a keg of butter, you all went for Breckinridge, too—didn't you? Now if the friends of Douglas had thought it worth while to keep the name of Douglas flying there, at the expense of two kegs of butter, you would have still shouted for Douglas—wouldn't you? So you see that your Democracy has been decided by one keg of rancid butter, that grossed another man's griddle-cakes instead of your own.

We might hold up our mirror a while longer, but we presume that every Democrat who has looked into it has already seen the full-length portrait of a jackass.

## GLORIOUS RESULT!

Baker and Nesmith Elected U.S. Senators!

The Legislature went into joint convention on Tuesday, Oct. 2, and on the 4th ballot elected Col. E. D. BAKER and Col. J. W. NESMITH to the U. S. Senate!—The vote stood—Nesmith 27, Baker 26, Deady 22, Williams 20, Curry 2, Stout 1, blank 1.

In twelve days from to-day this glorious news will be telegraphed from one end of the Union to the other, and will strike terror to the hearts of the Pro-Slavery, Disunion faction now seeking to retain their hold upon the Government!

## The Senatorial Election.

The news of the election of two Senators to represent Oregon in Congress, will, we are assured, be a source of great satisfaction to the people of the State and of the country. The combination by which it was effected was made by the people in June, and has been honorably and fairly carried out by their representatives.

Col. NESMITH, who is elected for the long term, enjoys the confidence of his party, and will, we have no doubt, justify it hereafter.

Of our Republican Senator, Col. BAKER, we need not speak. He is too well known to the whole country, to require any words of praise from us. We exult in his success—we admire the skill with which he has conducted the whole campaign—and we rejoice in the prospect which his election opens for the State.

Republicans of Oregon! you have achieved a glorious victory! Pursue the retreat—enjoy the fruits of the triumph—let the Republican star still blaze over both of the new States of the Pacific Coast!

GLORIFICATION.—We learn that upon receiving the news of the election of Col. Baker to the U. S. Senate, the Republicans of Champeog fired one hundred guns in honor of the event. One hundred guns were also fired by the Republicans of Lafayette, and a like number at Dayton.

Our friend Vaughan, who, by the way, is a man of good many sound ideas, says that his observation has led him to the conclusion, that such men as were nursed by negroes, and sucked their milk during infancy from them, are all pro-slavery men in Oregon, while such as drew their milk from the breasts of white women are sure to be Republicans. We rather think friend Vaughan is correct.

MISTAKE.—The Portland Advertiser charges us with appropriating its dispatches without giving it credit. The Advertiser is mistaken. The dispatches we published, to which it alludes, were copied from different southern journals, principally from the Red Bluff Semi-weekly Independent. No paper 'hooks' more news items than the Portland Advertiser itself.

AGRICULTURAL ADDRESS.—Through inexcusable neglect, we omitted to notice the very excellent address of Rev. Hezekiah Johnson, in our remarks last week upon our County Fair. The address of Mr. Johnson was delivered at the Court House before the Agricultural Society and a large number of citizens, among whom we were pleased to see many ladies.

STREET IMPROVEMENT.—James Athley and S. W. Moss, Esqs., the enterprising contractors upon our streets, are progressing finely with their work in grading and macadamizing the same. The work has already reached the corner of Mr. J. R. Ralston's residence, and we believe it is contemplated to extend it as far as Ninth Street, near the Congregational Church. Main Street when thus completed will, without doubt, be the finest and most serviceable street in Oregon.

McLOUGHLIN ENGINE CO. No. 1.—Our allusions to the Fire Company last week have caused a little ill feeling on the part of some of the members of the Company which we think unwarranted and unreasonable. Our remarks were prompted in the greatest good nature, and certainly without the most remote intention of wounding any one's feelings, and how any thing personal can be tortured out of what we then said, is beyond our comprehension. We may be duller than most others, but this much we do know—nothing personal was intended. There are three classes of men we always aim to treat with the greatest respect, namely—members of fire companies, pilots on the Mississippi river, and engineers on passenger boats generally. If we have failed to do so in this instance, why, we beg pardon—that's all.

Our Fire Company we always knew contained the right material for the formation of an active and efficient company in our city—organization being the principal thing needed. That we learn is in a fair way of being accomplished, and when it is done, we hope to see the organization maintained. With the present complement of officers, from the worthy foreman, William Dierdorf, Esq., down, we have every assurance that the Company will be an honor to Oregon City and the State.

NEW GOODS.—N. Brown, Esq., of the firm of Brown & Brother, returned on the late trip of the Brother Jonathan, bringing an extensive addition of goods to their already large assortment. The ladies are particularly invited to call and examine their new style of dress goods, &c.

Delusion announces that he will retire from the editorial chair of the Democrat at the expiration of the present volume, two weeks hence.

## Election of Congressmen.

We suppose, from the reading of the Governor's message, that he is not in favor of a law to provide for an election of a member of Congress on the first Tuesday of November; from which his political friends infer that if a bill is passed by the Legislature providing for such an election, he will veto it. He says, however, that many people doubt the legality of the last election. In case of a veto, we trust that the Legislature will have sufficient respect for themselves not to submit to his approval any other bill on the subject; and that the people will elect a member of Congress at the November election. Sure we are that a candidate thus elected would have as good claims to a seat in the House of Representatives as Sheld; and then, probably, we should find out in due time who would get the seat. A candidate fresh from the people would be more desirable than one elected eighteen months before he would be wanted.

NEXT WINTER.—The Oregonian and Farmer are somewhat exercised about the predictions made by the Indians concerning the severity of the coming winter. Now it is just right in these papers to stir up the people to a preparation for a hard winter, whether we have it or not. Our farmers ought always to be prepared with a bountiful supply of food for stock, though heretofore we believe they have generally had but little. This year there is more hay put away for winter's use than we ever saw saved before. The early rains this fall indicate a favorable winter. We have never seen, during twelve years' residence here, a fall like this, with early rains, and warm sunny days, but that was succeeded by a favorable winter. The signs of the times indicate an open winter, Indian prophets to the contrary notwithstanding. The si-washes may be right, but, if they are, it is all guess work. The fact is, we regard the lousy race as little better authority on the weather than McCormick's Almanac on the rising and setting of the sun.

WHEAT SOWING.—Since the late glorious rains, we presume our farmers are taking time by the forelock and starting their plows—that is, such if them as are through with their threshing. Thousands and perhaps millions of bushels of grain are yet in the stack, waiting the slow motions of machines. There are not half machines enough in the country this year to meet the demand, such is the magnitude of the grain crop.

Others can do as they please, but we have made up our mind to sow no more wheat late in the fall—say after the cold rains set in. We can raise twice the wheat to the acre sowed in February, March, or April, that we can when sown later in the fall than the middle of October. We have also decided that it is much better to plow in wheat, and plow it in deep, than to harrow it in. Our best wheat by all odds this year was sown in March, and plowed in ten inches deep.

GAINING GROUND.—We notice that since the death of Coon's Express at Roseburg, the Douglas Democracy are gaining ground. Coon's Express, while it flourished as the leading organ of Black Democracy in this State, seemed an effectual bar to the aspirations of the Douglas party. In the death of Coon's Express, the Douglas Democracy have cause of congratulation, as they have nothing now to fear from the Lane batteries, although the News, Medium, Union, and Sentinel all live. Next to Coon's Express, the News will probably rank in consistency, ability, and sagacity. If the News was out of the way, we are not sure but a majority of Oregon Democrats would probably go for Douglas. As things now stand, we believe the party will be pretty evenly divided—that is, unless Coon's Express should be galvanized into life. Joseph's "tea plants" might resuscitate the editor, but printers seldom take "tea" for pay.

CONFESSION.—Delusion, in noticing the fact that Jo Lane spells dirt with two l's and barracks with an r, says that if all the voters in the Union that spell this way, vote for Lane, he will certainly be elected. That is as much as to say, if Lane gets all the ignorant votes he will be elected. We always knew that Democratic editors counted largely on the ignorance of the populace, but we never knew one before who was willing to own that the Democratic party didn't want the vote of any man who had sense enough to spell dirt—so a Democrat can eat dirt, he will never be asked whether he can spell it or not.

PETER TURNED UP.—We see that poor spitting Peter, our old friend of the Times in its palmist days, before it was violated by Lane's nigger, has turned up after a long snooze. He figured as a delegate to the Yancey Convention at Eugene City. Peter is a shrewd Democrat, although his brethren attribute but little talent to him. He is always on the paying side of Democracy, from instinct. His instinct is sharpened by necessity, which makes him always as sure to work in paying diggings as a good dog is sure to scratch at a hole that has a "varmint" in it.

Mr. C. W. M'EWEN, an emigrant, with twelve children, from Wisconsin, arrived at Portland on Friday of last week. No wonder he wished to emigrate to a land of plenty.

We are under obligations to J. M. Bacon, Esq., Clerk of the steamer Rival, for favors.

## Governor's Message.

Gov. Whiteaker's message is of considerable length, and we think we shall probably gratify our readers by making a synopsis of it.

FINANCIAL.—The Governor says that the receipts into the Treasury for the year ending 9th Sept., 1860, from taxes and other sources, are \$48,876 34; and the disbursements within the same time, \$45,106 34; showing a balance in the Treasury of \$3,770.

SUBJECTS FOR LEGISLATION.—He recommends that two U. S. Senators be elected at the present session of the Legislature.—He also recommends the passage of a law authorizing the election of members of Congress—so that, for the future, there shall be no doubt of the legality of elections—and that provision also be made for promptly delivering to the public officers the election returns. He recommends the passage of a law prescribing the duties of the Superintendent of the Willamette valley. He states that the seat of government is now to be located, and recommends that that shall be determined by a vote of the people. He notices the fact that under the provisions of the present law, requiring bonds to be given, no suitable person will accept the office of Quartermaster General, and the consequence is that the arms of the State are scattered over the central counties of the Willamette valley. He recommends that adequate laws be provided to secure a well-trained militia. He suggests that prompt measures be taken to procure the location of the swamp and overflowed lands and other lands granted to the State by the General Government. He has exercised the pardoning power in two cases, and a commutation of punishment of one. He recommends that provision be made for the support of the insane and their care. He suggests the passage of a law for the appointment of public administrators. The Penitentiary subject is discussed at some length. We do not see as any new views are advanced upon it.—He makes no specific recommendations; we are only certain that the present penitentiary system is not satisfactory to the people. We are reminded that Oregon, the past year, has been blessed with health and a bountiful harvest. He refers to "hard times," and, as the only remedy, the encouragement of home manufactures, and industry, and frugality—very good Republican doctrine.

The close of the message, embracing several paragraphs, exhibits an ignorance of the political history of the day, equaled only by its impotent bitterness. We are ashamed of this display by the Governor of Oregon, and will refer to only one of his singular statements. He says:

"As indirectly growing out of the 'Brown invasion,' we have the unusual spectacle of four prominent candidates for the Presidency before the people."

What man of common intelligence believes one word of this? Did the Republicans nominate a candidate in consequence of John Brown's invasion? Did the Democracy divide at Charleston and Baltimore and nominate two Presidential candidates on account of John Brown's invasion? Did the old American party nominate a candidate on account of John Brown's invasion? We have no answer to this but the oft-repeated remark that "very small vessels should keep near shore," and that the Governor's friends—if he has any—should examine his documents before they are sent to an intelligent people.

BRECKINRIDGE'S SPEECH.—The election in Kentucky nearly "knocked the pegs from under" Breckinridge. For several days, with his own State against him, he was disposed to decline running for the Presidency. This fact was understood all over the Eastern States. His friends, however, induced him to keep in the field, and dispatches were sent over the country on the wings of lightning that he would still "stand." It was under this state of things, to sustain himself in Kentucky, that he was induced to make a speech a few days since. It does not equal many of his efforts. It is a whining appeal. He insists that he is not a Disunionist. But he is at the head of the Disunion party; and there is not a Disunionist in the United States who does not support him. But we are glad to say that this Disunion monster will be effectually crushed at the election in November next.

LOOK OUT FOR FORGERIES!—Lincoln has now been a candidate for several months, and everything that malice could rake up against him has been the light through the Disunion papers. Whatever comes hereafter affecting him in any possible way, should be regarded with suspicion. We expect—we anticipate—the most villainous forgeries and falsehoods to be invented and put in circulation here just on the eve of election. That has been done heretofore, and we have no reason to think that it will not be done now. "The Cretans are always liars!"

EXPLAINED.—It is said that the reason why the Democrats call the Republicans "black," is, that the Republicans are in favor of keeping the negroes black, while the Democrats wish to turn them yellow, as far as possible.

It is said that several bags of mail matter are lying at post offices on the daily mail route—the postmasters being too neglectful to deliver them to the stage-drivers. A new Postal Agent will attend to such postmasters soon.

## Massacre by the Indians

By the Julia which arrived here on Wednesday evening, intelligence was received that forty-five emigrants had been murdered by the Snake Indians on Salmon river, about 175 miles from the Dalles. The entire train, consisting of forty-six persons, with one exception, were brutally butchered. It appears that the Indians entered the encampment of the emigrants, and while the latter were not suspecting a surprise, a general onslaught was made resulting as above. The men of the train resisted to their utmost, but were finally overpowered, when six of them succeeded in escaping for a short time, but were overtaken by about ninety Indians, and five of them shot down—Mr. Shriener alone making his escape. He said he lived on berries seven days before he met with any white persons.—Oregon Farmer, Oct. 6.

UP RIVER TRADE.—Owing to the low water in the upper Willamette, the little steamer St. Clair is the only boat running above the mouth of the Yamhill just now. The fast-running steamer Jas. Clinton, however, under her popular officers, Capt. J. D. Miller, and Albert Apperson, Clerk, continues her regular trips to the mouth of the Yamhill, there connecting with the steamer Hooser, which runs to Dayton.

OREGON CITY MARKET.—Wheat, 60c; Flour, \$4n4.50; Oats 25n30c; Butter, 16n20c; Eggs, 25c.

## DIED:

On Wednesday, Aug. 22, at the residence of David Arthur, near Lafayette, Mrs. BARRAZA HALSTED, wife of Mr. Jacob Halstead, aged 57 years and 9 months. Pulmonary consumption had confined Mrs. Halstead to her bed for about nine months, with its lingering but sure and certain ravages. Her illness she endured with Christian fortitude and resignation, and expressed her willingness to depart, that she might be "from pain and death set free," and that she was happy in the prospect of exchanging this life of misery for a more glorious existence in immortality beyond the shores of time. She requested that whilst her remains were being deposited in the tomb, her favorite song might be sung, "Shed not a tear O'er your friend's early bier." Those of us who yet "tarry for a while," have the satisfaction of entertaining the glorious hope that our present loss is her eternal gain.

Near Lafayette, Yamhill co., Sept. 12, 1860, John C. Northrup, aged 72 years, formerly of Ohio.

In Oregon City, on Friday, September 27, 1860, Emma J. Enos, 11, son of Enos and Mary J. Enos, aged 3 years.

"He's gone! the spookish soul is gone, Triumphant, to his place above; The prison walls are broken down; The angels speed his swift remove, And, shouting, on their wings he flies, And gains his rest in paradise."

In this county, Sept. 25, 1860, Emma Jay, daughter of R. T. and Mary C. Lockwood, aged 10 months and 3 days.

"Lost lamb! there is a starry fold Where Innocence is safe forever; There chiding frolic and wistful cold Fun's entrance never."

Far from this sphere of doubt and gloom The fond us arms of love are round thee; With flowers of everlasting bloom Have angels crowned thee.

Sweet, perished bud of promise rare! Through cloud-rifts, in the gloom impending, Streams light to comfort our despair, The darkness is fading.

So from the tomb's that mock at Earth's pilgrim toward the sunset bing, On the Good Shepherd's tender breast Our lamb is lying.

If earnest prayer could bring him back, I would not plead for his returning Where dimly, in the midnight black, Hope's star is burning—

Where sorrow, with a trembling hand, The death-dimmed eye of Beauty cleave, And Love goes mourning, through the land, For her lost loves."

## Stoves and Tin-Ware

SEYMOUR & JOYNT, Fire-proof Building, Front St., between Washington and Alder sts., and first street between Washington & Alder. PORTLAND, OREGON. —WHOLESALE AND RETAIL— Dealers in Stoves and Tin-Ware.

Messrs. SEYMOUR & JOYNT, having been in the business for eight years in Portland, feel sure that they can sell articles in their line at prices which will induce purchasers to give them the preference. Their extensive stock of

## TIN WARE

comprises every article usually kept by similar establishments in this country.

STEAMBOAT WORK. Roofing and Gutting, and all work connected with the trade, done by

Experienced Mechanics.—Their large and well-selected assortment of STOVES is comprised (in part) of the following styles: Barstow's Harp & Bay State, Buck's Patent, Black Knight, Globe, Victor, Empire City, Superior, Pilot.

We are sole Agents for STEWART'S AIR-TIGHT COOKING STOVE For the State of Oregon.

We have aboard the Industry (now in the river) a large invoice of this celebrated (newly-invented) cooking-stove, which is more excellent than any other in use. Our stock of

Office, Parlor, and Box Stoves, FOR WOOD AND COAL, is large and well assorted, and is composed of the most approved varieties of plain and ornamental manufacture. In addition, we keep

Hydraulic Rams, Cauldrons, Furnace Boilers and Furnaces, Forc- and Lift Pumps, Lead Pipe, Lanterns (a large variety), Tin Plate, Sheet Iron, Sheet Lead, Copper, Zinc.

Brass and Copper, Brass and Iron Wire, ALWAYS ON HAND. Country Orders Solicited, and Goods packed to go safely in any part of the interior.

Country merchants can make purchases at wholesale of Messrs S. & J. at prices that will leave a margin for retailing. SEYMOUR & JOYNT. PORTLAND, Oct. 5, 1860.