plied on one condition—namely—that I should be the painter.'

'Oh, you old rascal!' cried Dick.

'A capital bargain,' said Tom Durfy.

'But not a safe convenant,' added the attorney.

'Don't interrupt me, gentlemen,' said the Doctor. 'I got some rose pink accordingly, and I defy all the hosiers in Nottingham to make a tighter fit than I did on little Jinny, and a prettier pair of stockings I never saw.

'And she went to the ball?' said Dick. 'She did?'

"And the trick succeeded,' added Durfy.

'So completely,' added the Doctor, that several ladies asked her to recommend her dyer to them—so you see what a woman will do to go to a dance.—Poor little Jinny!—she was a merry minx—by the bye, she boxed my ears that night for a joke I made about the stockings. Jinny said I, for fear your stockings should fall down when you're dancing, had'nt you better let me paint a pair of garters on them?'

Major Noah's First Duel

The last Union has a very agreeable article, in the Major's happiest vein describing his first duel. He opens with a reference to a visit he had just made his friend, Col. Webb, whom he found 'well, quite well—his whiskers were as large and fierce as ever, with here and there a few supernumerary white hairs, and his spirits if any thing were more buoyant and elastic, as if he had accomplished a certain specific and desirable object by the issue of the recent meeting. Over the elbow of his capacious arm chair reposed a pair of significant crutches. I thought of Sir John Falstaff—

"There's honor for you"

The details of the Colonel's duel drives the Major into a soliloquy on the code of honor, and then to recounting his own experience as a duellist.

The Major, when young, went to Charleston, the metropolis of the land of chivalry, to edit a paper. Party spirit ran high, and he bringing about political revolutions in that section of the Union, must be prepared to fight his way; and a leader must exhibit something 'more solid than mere oratory.'

The Major soon got into a difficulty by venturing to differ with a 'young sprig of Federalism,' at a public meeting about the war. A challenge was received accepted, and the pistol practising, &c., regularly gone through; but the 'high contracting parties' met together and said the duel between these promising young party men should not come off. A reconciliation was planned and effected, & the troop of lookers on who went to see the duel were disappointed.

This peaceable termination caused the Major's courage to be suspected. Soon afterwards he got into another scrape and about the time the duel that grew out of it was to take place his antagonist was taken sick, and thus the second duel was disposed. The Major's courage was still more strongly suspected, and there were those who expressed the opinion that he would not fight. And a person who was determined to see whether there was good ground for this opinion, picked a quarrel with him and sent him a challenge coupled with an agreeable assurance that he would neither accept explanation nor apology. The Major proceeds with his account:

'The dear public was all agog again;—there was to be a fight after all. My friends, who had hitherto stood sponsers for my bravery, surrounded me with unabated confidence. My opponents sneered and prognosticated that I should yet 'creep out of it.' I felt cool and determined; I would submit to no insinuations of such character. and made all the necessary preparations. I was rather indifferent to the result. I had no property to leave, no will to make, no family to provide for—I might be cut if it is true, at an early period, and full of promise, but it was not of my seeking. Come! what come may, this meeting was to take place. My friend Governor Geddes, lent me his carriage and horses, and a case of fine hair triggers. My surgeon was engaged and the whole city was on the *qui vive* for the duel. I slept that night at the house of a friend, and several acquaintances had assembled there to set up with me, talk over the matter, and make arrangements for the morning. Sitting up with a person about to fight a duel is something like sitting up with a dead man; all serious, solemn and grave; no witticism, do attempt to keep up fictitious spirits. They all talked as if some important event was on the tapis. I threw myself on the bed to take a short repose and fell into a perturbed sleep. I was restless and uneasy, tossed to and fro; hideous dreams and spectres floated in my imagination; I was awakened by hearing the servant below grinding coffee. My friends were whispering together in the alcove. I felt wretchedly—my lips were parched, and my head feverish and confused—I arose at dawn and took a cup of strong coffee, and all things being ready, we got into the carriage and set off for the field of honor! It was a beautiful morning—the air was pure and balsamic—the eastern sky was streaked with orange tints, and the mist was fading from the hills—the birds were singing, and the tall pines were waving gently in the morning breeze—the world never looked more beautiful.

"The morn in russet mantle clad
Walked o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill,"
Shakespeare.

and I was probably about to quit this world so fresh and gay and beauteous—in the season of youth, with every bright and encouraging prospect before me, not by fell disease or decay of nature, or sudden visitation of Providence, but a victim to what was called *honor*. I was either to kill a man who had never wronged me, or meet my death at his hands without having ever wronged him. What madness, folly and infatuation! yet tyrant custom had stamped the impress of chivalry upon such appeals, and they could not be evaded I puffed from me several heavy sighs as these and similar thoughts passed through my mind I felt no fear—I felt sorry for myself—I felt the same regret that I should have felt for another person in my situation. The carriage drove on rapidly, and my friends regarded me with an interest that was quite painful, and I wished the affair was over. At length we reached the appointed spot, it was a beautiful valley on a fine level piece of ground, in the neighborhood of two or three cottages—every thing looked green, fresh and beautiful.—On alighting from the carriage I found a large party of gentlemen present; some had arrived in gigs, and some on horseback, and some pedestrians together with a few colored gentlemen, and many miscellaneous persons, drawn from the neighboring cottages, having understood that something of importance was going on.—In a few minutes my antagonist and his friends made their appearance, and the necessary preparations commenced. As I was the challenged person I had the choice of weapons, distance, and position I chose ten paces—the parties to stand back to back at that distance, and wheel and fire at the word. I chose this mode for several reasons—it was in consonance with the rules of honor, which did not necessarily claim a victim by a direct and deadly aim; it also gave a chance for both or either to escape, besides I did not wish to incur the stern gaze of my antagonist—a deadly scowl, tossing off the hat, and some melo dramatic action for effect, to throw me off my guard or shake my nerves as Marshall tried in the case of Webb. Not seeing my man until brought face to face by the word *fire*, and the sudden wheeling gave no advantage to either, and was deemed by all considering the slight cause of offence, as proper and expedient. One of my seconds stepped over the ground—he had short legs, and I imagined that ten paces had actually dwindled to six.

We took our stand back to back I looked around and found that my man was not on a direct line with me, and I moved a step to the right to bring him on a level. All things were ready—the spectators looked on silently and anxiously—the question was asked, 'Gentlemen, are you ready?' We both answered with a clear, strong voice, ready. 'Wheel and fire.' At the word, I wheeled with an action and position which would have done no discredit to Hamlet on seeing his father's ghost; both pistols went off simultaneously.—In wheeling, I had a broad front view of my man, before touching the hair trigger; I looked at him—saw him reel and fall. I was transfixed to the spot—I lost all sense of my own danger—I had killed him! The blood of the first Cain was on my head. I awoke to a sense of my own condition my knees smote together, & I shuddered with horror. There was considerable bustle and running among the spectators, who had crowded round the fallen man. I walked towards him: he lay on his back, with his eyes open, and to my great joy and satisfaction I heard him say, 'I'll have another shot.' He was only wounded; the ball had entered below the knee, and penetrated through the calf of the left leg, which was bleeding copiously. I breathed freely; I was not only uninjured myself, but I had not killed my antagonist. As he could not stand to take another shot, the affair was considerered as honorably ended. My surgeon extracted the ball and bound up the wound; I loaned my carriage to the injured man; and my conduct was pronounced superfine throughout. All doubts of my courage had vanished; friends and foes shook hands with me; the police officers who came to see, not prevent the fight, mounted their nags; the carriages, chaises, gigs, and buggys, began to move from the field; and thus ended the whole humbug, as it really was, and with it my first duel. I had no more challenges after that affair; and I presume no one will challenge my friend Webb in order to test his courage, after his late encounter with the Apostle of Temperance.—Had Marshall killed Webb, I have no doubt he would have taken to the bottle again in order to drown his grief for so uncalled for a sacrifice.

"Thus conscience makes cowards of us all."

Opium Eaters

—The Philadelphia Inquirer, on the authority of a friend who keeps a drug store, states that in the lower part of that city there are many opium eaters and laudanum drinkers:

"They are, generally speaking, abandoned women, who have imbibed the habit in hours of gloom and despondency; but he states that there are other cases in which the needy and unfortunate have become opium eaters in moments of sickness and pain, and having once resorted to the drug for the alleviation of their bodily misery, they have found it impossible to abandon the habit. In some cases these miserable beings are indeed to be pitied. Without opium or laudanum they are wretched, and when unable to obtain money to purchase any, their condition is appalling in the extreme. In some cases, four ounces of laudanum are consumed daily, or enough to kill four persons under ordinary circumstances.—Women will sometimes come into his store trembling in every limb, in consequence of being deprived of their usual portion of the potion. They will grasp it with the utmost impatience, and swallow it down instantly. Not unfrequently they pawn their clothes and the furniture in their houses, in order to obtain money to buy opium."

Newspapers.

—"A newspaper is a school in a family of children, worth *ten Dollars a year*. Even the most barren paper brings something new. Children read or hear the contents, intelligence of the affairs of the world, and acquire useful knowledge of more importance to them in life than a present of fifty acres of land. Parents are not aware of the *vast*—we say with confidence the *vast* importance of a newspaper in a family of children. We have made the remark before, and we repeat it, that take two families of children equally smart, and both going to the same school; let one of them have the free use of the newspaper and let the other be deprived of the use of it, and it would excite astonishment to mark the difference between them. Full one half, and an important half of education, as it respects the business of the world, and the ability to rise and make one's self respectable in it—is derived from newspapers. What parent would not wish his children respectable? Who would be willing to have his neighbor's children more intelligent than his own? and yet how trifling a sum a paper costs! It is even in these hard times absolutely contemptible in amount, and no man ever felt it, except in its benificial consequences, who paid the subscription regularly once a year."

The Millerites.

—An Albany correspondent of the N. Y. Herald says: "Our whole city and county is in a perfect fever of excitement. The Millerites have arrived, & have pitched their tent & camp on Arbor Hill, about a mile from the Town Pump. The tent is of immense size, about forty feet high in the centre, and will seat 3000 persons with ease, beside the wide and spacious aisles The exercises are conducted by Brother Hines, Covert and Fitch, who do it in an orderly and impressive manner.—As much decorum and solemnity is observed as in any of our regular places of worship. The ladies are seated on the left of the males. On Wednesday and Thursday evenings it was crowded to suffocation. Not less than 1200 females and 2000 males were under the broad canvass listening to Mr. Fitch's explanations of the prophecies."

A Sad Picture of Trade.

—The New York Express says, "a number of our most enterprising master builders have recently been compelled to make assignments and to make arrangements for the bankrupt act. A large number of sailmakers, carpenters, and various mechanics are thrown out of employ—The great shipping interest, which is of such vast importance to the country and particularly to this city, is in as bad a state as we have known it for years; the great mass of large freighting vessels are wholly unemployed, and are tied up dismantled at wharves in the upper part of the city and in Brooklyn. We believe there is but one ship of any magnitude building in all the numerous ship yards in this city, a fact seldom or never known before. That the domestic manufacturers are suffering beyond all former precedent, the failures that take place among the proprietors, the shutting up of various establishments, and the large surplus of goods on hand, is conclusive evidence. Nor are the importers doing much better; they all complain that their stocks are on hand, and that they make greater losses and more bad debts than ever.

Receipe for making good Bread.

Mr. James Roche, so long celebrated in this city as a baker of excellent bread, having retired from business, has furnished us with the following receipe for making good bread, with a request that it should be published for the information of the public.

'Take an earthen vessel larger at the top than the bottom, and in it put one pint of milk warm water, one and a half pounds of flour, and a half pint of malt yeast; mix them well together, and set it away (in winter it should be in a warm place) until it rises and falls again which will be from three to five hours; (it may be set at night if it be wanting in the morning;) then put two large spoons full of salt into two quarts of water, and mix it well with the above rising, then put it in about nine pounds of flour and work your dough well, and set it by until it becomes light. Then make it out into loaves. The above will make four loaves.'

As some flour is dry, and other runny the above quantity, however, will not be a guide. The person making bread will observe that runny and new flour will require one-fourth more salt than old and dry flour The water also should be tempered according to the weather—in spring and fall it should be only milk warm: in hot weather cold, and in winter warm.—[Balt. American.

It gives us pleasure to record such an act of disinteresied benevolence as is related in the Norfolk Beacon. It is stated that the effect of the late freshet which devastated a portion of the Roanoke country in North Carolina was to raise the price of corn [for food] from two to ten dollars per barrel. A wealthy planter in that region, finding that the owners of corn were taking such advantage of the general distress, promptly ordered three thousand barrels of his corn to be sent to Halifax and sold at the prices which had prevailed before the rise of the waters. Such a man deserves to be wealthy, for he makes the right use of his riches.—*Rich. Compiler.*

Let us have the *name* of this doer of good, that it may be inscribed on the roll of honor.—[*Nat. Intell.*

The Washington correspondent of the New York Commercial writes:—"A large circular petition (signed by two hundred of the citizens of Columbiana county, addressed to the President of the United States, requesting him to resign, on the ground that he was chosen to carry out Whig measures, and that he has failed to do so, was this day received by a member of Congress, with a request that he would send it as addressed."

A Prophecy.

—A correspondent at Washington of the Newark Daily Advertiser, relates the following:

I have frequently observed ladies' albums circulated through the House and Senate chamber, with the view of collecting the autographs of the members. One this morning belonging to a young lady of ——, attracted considerable attention. Upon examination I found it contained a page of well written poetry dated 23d July last in the tremulous handwriting of John Quincy Adams. This piece was descriptive of the wild chaos at at present spread over our political affairs, and anticipated coming events which would bring order out of disorder. The closing verse was as follows:

"Say for whose brow this laurel crown?
For whom this web of life is spinning?
Turn this thy Album upside down,
And take the end for the beginning."

The meaning of this was somewhat mystical, but by turning to the back of the book, and inverting it, on its last page a piece was found with the signature of H. Clay.

☞Let those who applaud the late vetoes, consider attentively the following remarks from the Lynchburg Virginian:

'When such a President as John Tyler—so weak as a man—so unpopular as an officer—without a party—scorned alike by those who denounce and by those who flatter him—when such a President can with impunity thus act, what might not be done by a man of different mould—by some Napoleon, rash and ambitious, and with genius equal to his ambition—going into office, the idol of the people, and with a triumphant majority ready to do his bidding? Does not the fact that the impudent and unpopular John Tyler can thus without difficulty, thwart the public will, satisfy every observing mind that *the Executive is too strong*, and that the only guaranty for the preservation of the public liberties is to strip him of the power which experience has shown may be so grossly abused."

The Veto Power.

Extract from the Federalist, No. 73.

"A King of Great Britain, with all his train of sovereign attributes, and with all the influence he draws from a thousand sources, would, at this day, hesitate to put a negative upon the joint resolutions of the two houses of Parliament." * *

"If a magistrate so powerful, and so well fortified, as a British monarch, would have scruples about the exercise of the power under consideration, how much greater caution may be reasonably expected in a President of the United States, clothed for the short period of four years, with the executive authority of a government wholly and purely republican."

The Grand Jury of Albany have found an indictment against *Rev* Abel Brown for a libel on Henry Clay, in advertising to prove, in a public lecture that Mr. Clay was a 'thief duelist, gambler, robber adulterer, man-stealer,' &c.—The reverend gentleman will now have an opportunity to prove his infamous charges or to suffer the punishment for his villanous slanders.

A Change.

—A Locofoco paper, in sneering at the Whigs for their complaints of Mr. Tyler's violation of their principles, says,

"It is a well known fact—a matter of history—that the Convention which nominated General Harrison and John Tyler, MADE NO AVOWAL OF PRINCIPLES.—Their chief arguments were, 'we want a change,' 'we want better times.'

Very well, and they say the same thing now: "we want a change," "we want better times." We expected a change with the election of Harrison and Tyler; and a change was commenced with the venerable patriot of North Bend But that change ceased under Mr. Tyler He went back, destroyed the good commenced, brought into operation the old principles of the Locofocos, and made times worse. Therefore 'we want a change,' "we want better times."—*U. S Gaz.*

The Loco Foco presses are crowing themselves almost to death for victories obtained in Missouri, Alabama, and Illinois, three of the seven States that voted for Van Buren in 1840, when he was beaten by the 'clever' majority of only one hundred and fifty thousand.

Ohio.

—The Legislature of this State convened a few days since, in extra session for the purpose of districting the State in conformity with the late law of Congress and in preparation for the coming congressional election; after remaining in session for some weeks, a bill was *about* passing, when the Whig members of both branches resigned their seats, leaving the Van Buren majority without the constitutional number necessary for transaction of business—it being two-thirds.

This course became necessary to arrest the unjust and reckless enormities of the Locofoco majority, who instead of forming districts, as the law of Congress directs, of *contingnous territory*, formed them all sorts of shapes and sizes to accommodate them to Locofoism. One of them was 100 miles long, and in some places only 6 or 10 broad, another of three counties, two of which *barely* touched; another extended from the centre of the State to the boundary of Indiana another runs 250 miles along the Ohio river

The seven Whig districts gave in 1840 an aggregate Whig majority of 21,784; while the twelve Locofoco districts have a majority of only 6,334; leaving an excess of Whig majorities in seven Whig over twelve Locofoco disricts of 16,396.—By this arrangement and combination of counties, the Whigs might have a majority of ten thousand in the State, and yet fourteen Locofoco members to seven Whigs be elected to Congress.

There are other enormities still. The seven Whig districts contain a population of 524,702, while seven Locofoco districts have a population of only 462 499, leaving a Whig excess of 62,203; a greater amount of population than is contained in one of the Locofoco districts.

EASTON GAZETTE

EASTON, MD.

Saturday Morning, Aug. 27.

WHIG MEETING.

It will be recollected, that the Whig Meeting stands adjourned to Tuesday next, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Mr. Adam's report on the late Veto Message of President Tyler, will be found on the first page of our paper to-day—it was adopted by yeas 100 nays 80.—The report will be attentively read by all.

On Tuesday last the Locos of this county nominated the following gentlemen as their candidates at the ensuing election, viz:—For the General Assembly—Geo. W. Sherwood, Benj. Bowdle, M. O Colston. For Commissioners—Jos. Graham, Charles Robinson. For Sheriff—W. B. Willis.

EASTERN GALE.

We learn from the Baltimore papers of yesterday, that the heavy rain of Wednesday, caused an inundation which did a considerable amount of damage to property in that city. In Pratt street, from Light street to Bowly's Wharf, the water was so deep as to render the starting of the morning train of Rail Road Cars for Philadelphia very difficult; and the streets running thence North were deeply inundated. At the store of T. W. & G. Hopkins, head of Light street wharf, it was ascertained that the water had risen six inches higher than in the high tide of 1817. It is said to have been one of the most destructive gales with which the Chesapeake has ever been visited.

Distressing Accident.—On Saturday the 13th inst. Mr. Warner, overseer on the farm of Mrs. Skinner, of this county, had his left hand so dreadfully mutilated while attending a threshing machine, as to require amputation near the elbow.

The Gardener of Howes Goldsborough, Esq. of this county, has made us a present of Tomatoes, the largest we have seen this season—in circumference measuring from 18, 21 to 24 inches and weighing from 1lb. to 1lb. and 8 ozs.

We are indebted to the politeness of Charles Willmer, Esq. of Liverpool, for a copy of the Liverpool News Letter of the 4th August. It will be seen from an Advertisement in another part of our paper that Mr. W. has established a general Agency in that place and solicits the patronage of the American public.

THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON.

The Treaty with England, says the National Intelligencer of Monday last, the first we believe ever negotiated with that Power in the United States, was ratified by the Senate on Saturday evening (at about nine o'clock) after a discussion of four days. The proceedings are not made public; but it is generally understood that the vote of ratification was no less strong than thirtynine Yeas against nine Nays.

When we consider the variety of subjects which the Treaty is supposed to embrace, their magnitude, and the obvious and acknowledged difficulty of some of them; and when we consider the state of the country, and the effects of that unhappy party spirit, which, in regard to other important subjects so much distracts our public councils, this strong and decisive majority, necessarily made up of members of all parties, reflects the highest credit upon those who have conducted the negotiation, and gives the fullest assurance that the National honor has been maintained, and all the great interests affected by the Treaty effectually upheld and promoted.

Most sincerely and cordially do we felicitate the country on this auspicious result; and we may properly congratulate the World on the event, since if any of the difficulties, now settled had terminated in war between the United States and England, such a war must have convulsed the globe. We cannot but indulge the hope that this favorable settlement of affairs with England is but the first, in a series of measures and events, tending to restore the country to its former prosperity. Let us hail it as the welcome harbinger of better times!

We understand that Wm. S. Derrick Esq. of the Diplomatic Bureau in the Department of State, will proceed immediately to England with the ratified Treaty, and is expected to bring back the formal ratification of it by the Queen of Great Britain. The Treaty will then be officially proclaimed and published.—We heard also, on Saturday, that Mr Secretary Webster proposes going shortly to the North. His arduous summer's work well entitles him to some weeks of repose and enjoyment of the sea breezes of Marshfield.—Nat. Intel.

The Revenue Bill.—In the House of Representatives, yesterday, says the National Intelligencer of Saturday last, fresh game was sprung and chased with spirt and animation through the whole of a long day, without running it down. Dropping the metaphor, the House having resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union—in which form of the *House* no two thirds vote is required to originate any proposition—a new Tariff Bill was introduced by Mr. C. J. Ingersoll, and became the subject of an extended debate, which was closed by Mr. McKennan; who, after an argument against Mr. Ingersoll's bill as partial and immature, and not entitled to any favor in comparison with such a bill as the House had matured, or might mature, with the aid of its able Committee, &c, moved the rising of the Committee, which was agreed to, and the whole subject of course laid over till to-day.

No man can say what will come of it. Perhaps our wishes deceive us. But, really, it seems now to be possible that some bill to supply the present glaring deficiencies in the revenue system may yet pass Congress.

The Tariff Question.

Tuesday, August 23 1842.

The event has proved that we were right in the belief, expressed by us on Saturday last, in the possibility of the passage by Congress of a Tariff bill of some sort at the present session of Congress. A bill actually passed the House of Representatives yesterday, on the plan proposed by Mr. McKennan; bring the same bill, with the exception of the section concerning the land fund, and the duties upon the articles of tea and coffee, which are omited from it, that was lately passed by congress and vetoed by the President.

The vote was exceedingly close on all the questions taken, the final vote being yeas 105, nays 103.

We do not remember ever to have witnessed, during thirty five years' attendance on the House of Representatives, a more exciting scene, a severer contest, a greater earnestness and self-devotion, than characterized the proceedings and votes of yesterday.

About four-fifths of the votes in favor of the bill, it will be seen, on reference to the yeas and nays, were given by the Whigs, the residue of the gentlemen of that party not having been able to bring themselves to vote for the bill, some of them voting against it on the general ground of objection to the duties imposed by it, others under an idea that to pass the bill would be a submission of the Legislative authority to the Executive power.—The scruples of gentlemen on either ground we know how to respect. Resistance to usurped or abused power, especially, will always command our admiration. But what we yet more admire, if possible, is the self-devotion exhibited yesterday by some individual members, (whom it would be invidious to name,) who, with a full knowledge of the aversion of their constituents to the passage of a Tariff bill without the land clause, felt it to be their duty, as Representatives of *the whole Union*, to vote for a bill the passage of which the interests of three-fourths of the people of the Union, the sufferings of a distressed People, and the necessities of the Government, imperiously required. Nor do the gentlemen who thus voted sacrifice, in our opinion, any principle. They yield nothing to the President, whose will but for the constitutional provision which confers on him the Veto power, would stand for nothing in the question. They yield only to the constitutional provision, which is as odious to us as it can possibly be to them, but which neither our opinion nor theirs can change. The requirements of the Constitution, which we cannot change, nor yet seccessfully resist by any votes or action of ours, it becomes a political necessity to yield to, in any case where useful action cannot be effected without such concession With great deference, therefore, for the opinions of those of our friends who think differently, the case had, in our judgment, arisen when it became perfectly consistent with the most ardent patriotism to yield, in a great exigency, the pride of opinion to the demands of an imperious public necessity.

Of the party in the House in opposition to the Whigs, a few only were found willing to contribute to the relief of the starving operatives in all branches of industry, to the paralyzed enterprise and energies of the country, and the absolute necessities of the Government. To those few let the credit be given to which, by this conduct on their part, they have well entitled themselves.

The fate of the bill is now in the hands of the Senate, whose decision upon it will, we suppose, soon be known.

[Nat. Intel.

The Tariff Bill.—The tariff Bill which was passed by the House of Representatives on Monday evening was sent to the Senate the same day, read twice, and referred to the Committee on Finance. Its passage through the Senate is believed to be beyond question. The Globe says—

"As the bill now stands, we have no doubt it will pass the Senate. The President will sign it, under the impression that it is the only means afforded him to carry on the Government."

Indiana Election.—Returns from all the counties except four give 30 Whigs and 20 Locofocos, in the Senate and 45 Whigs and 51 Locos in the House, making on joint ballot 75 Whigs and 71 Locos

The legislature consists of 150 members of which the Whigs have already half.—The four counties to be heard from were represented last year by 1 Whig and 3 Locos, and if the result be the same this year, there will be a Whig majority of two on joint ballot.

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