THE EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

VOL. XXXI. EASTON, (MD.) SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 19, 1848. NO. 34.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY
Saturday Morning,
BY
GRAHAM & JOHNSON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS per Annum, payable half yearly in advance

Advertisements

Not exceeding a square inserted Three times for ONE DOLLAR, and TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for every subsequent insertion.

LIFE.

Life, believe, is not a dream
So dark as sages say;
Oft a little morning rain
Foreteils a pleasant day.
Sometimes there are clouds of gloom,
But these are transient all;
If the shower will make the roses bloom,
O why lament its fall?
Rapidly merrily,
Life's sunny hours flit by,
Gratefully, cheerily,
Enjoy them as they fly!

What though Death at times steps in,
And calls our Best away?
What though sorrow seems to win,
O'er hope a heavy sway?
Yet hope again elastic springs,
O'er hope a heavy sway?
Yet hope again elastic springs,
Unconquered, though she fell;
Still buoyant are her golden wings,
Still strong to bear us well,
The day of trial bear,
For gloriously, victoriously,
Can courage dwell despair!

CURRER.

A FAITHFUL SENTINEL.

A PARTY of officers having been off to a Mexican fandango, are thus received by a volunteer sentinel —"On the picket guard, at the pass that night, was, among others, one of company G, whose name was Betts. Now, Betts was a small man, with an intelligent countenance, keen eye and pleasant appearance—fond of a joke, and prided himself, at all times, in performing strictly the duties of a soldier in every particular. He had heard the colonel's commands to the guard mentioned before; and, as this party was approaching, he was walking the narrow pass to and fro with his loaded carbine at a support. His comrades were at a little distance, soundly asleep around the guard fire, for the night was cold. The officer of the guard had, against the line of his duty, left the picket and gone into the tents of the camp guard, about half a mile. The white rows of tents shone in the moonlight beyond; but there were no lights there, for all were asleep. Betts heard the sound of the horses' hoofs of the coming party before he saw them. He stood erect. They came nearer, two lieutenants front. 'Who comes there?' he challenged, in a quick, loud and distinct voice, that brought them to a halt in an instant. 'Friends,' was the reply. 'Halt! advance, friends, and give the countersign!' 'We have not got it. You know us; I am Lieutenant Smith, acting adjutant, and—.' 'Halt, and remain where you are,' quickly replied the sentinel, with a very significant motion toward the lock of his carbine. The two were astonished; while the colonel, behind, hearing this, was much amused, and drew his horse up, to see it out. The adjutant commenced to speak again, but the sentinel would hear nothing but the countersign; and what that was they knew not. Colonel Thomas knew Betts by his voice, and besides, could, in the moonlight see him plainly, and was really pleased to see his faithful performance of orders.

"After a pause of some moments, in which he thought the lieutenants had been sufficiently troubled for not having the countersign, he advanced up their side. 'Mr. Betts,' said he, 'I am pleased to see you so prompt and decided in the discharge of duty; and, I trust, the lesson will not be lost on these officers; for officers should set an example of military discipline to the soldiers. Let these gentlemen in, and depend upon it we think much more of your firmness.' 'Have you the countersign?' said the sentinel to him, in reply to this. 'The countersign?—no—it is not necessary for me to have it. You know me; I'm your colonel.' 'You can't go in,' said the sentinel, as he drew himself up erect before them. 'Look at me,' said the colonel, as he advanced out of the shade of some chapparel, on the side of the road, into the bright moonlight that played and glistened on his large epaulets, his broad gold lace, and the gilt head and scabbard of his sword. 'Don't you know me, now, Mr. Betts?' The sentinel coolly surveyed him and his horse. 'I might know you in the day-time, but now I do not know you; you cannot go in; remain where you are.' 'But we must go in,' said all, as they advanced their horses up—'there will be no harm——.' Quickly, the sentinel threw up his carbine, with his thumb upon the lock, and his finger on the trigger, and called out: 'Stop! you are near enough!'—and stop they did; there was danger in proceeding.

"'Here is a pretty end to a frolic,' said the adjutant, while the colonel looked stern with vexation. They turned their horses heads together, and held a consultation. 'Where is the officer of the guard?' said the colonel to the sentinel, who now had turned to walking back and forth across the path before them, and who showed no disposition for conversation. 'Gone into the camp,' was the reply. 'Well, send after him, then.' 'Should like to accommodate you, gentlemen, but can't leave my post.' Here, then, was a predicament.—They dismounted, and sat on the ground, holding their horses, waiting for the officer of the guard. The night was cool; the wind was, and had been the whole day, from the north. They tried to laugh, but they were too cold. They pleaded earnestly with the sentinel; but it was of no avail—for he, pacing his interval, would talk no more. In about two hours (which seemed ten to them) the officer of the guard, who had been down at the camp guard fire, enjoying himself finely, thinking that it was time to relieve Betts, came up, and was astonished to find the colonel, adjutant, and a lieutenant, sitting on the ground, shivering as though they had the ague. He let them in at once, and they were glad to get to their tents, and cover themselves with blankets. In the morning, when meeting Betts in camp, they complimented him highly; and he brought to the colonel's recollection his previous order, that 'no one, not even himself, should pass at night without the countersign.'"—*Furber's Twelve Month's Volunteer.*

Anecdotes of the Battle Field.—A correspondent of the New York Courier, relating incidents in Mexico, mentions the following anecdotes:

You have often, no doubt, heard of *presentiments of death.* One of the singular presentiments which is so common before and in action, and which certainly must excite the astonishment of us all, occurred at the battle of Churubusco. Frank Taylor's battery was under the heaviest fire in that fatal but brilliant action, and was terribly cut to pieces, losing some eleven men and twenty-two horses. A private had run back to the limber for a cartridge. He obtained it, but paused before he returned, evincing a decided disinclination, nay almost dread of it. Taylor, riding by, and seeing the man's hesitation, instead of reprimanding him, knowing he was a brave man, said, "come my man, it will never do to show any cowardice here!" At the word *cowardice*, the soldier, stung to the quick, jumped to himself, and with the dread presentiment staring him in the face, rushed to the piece reached the muzzle, delivered his cartridge, and was instantly shot through the heart.

In the attack on the Garita Belen, an instance of as desperate courage and presence of mind is recorded as probably ever was enacted. Have patience for another one. It is an anecdote of that gallant soldier and accomplished gentleman, Persifer F. Smith. While our troops were gallantly and steadily advancing from arch to arch of the acqueduct in the attack upon the Garita Belen, one of the gallant rifles, in attempting to cross the causeway, was struck by a grape shot and fell. General Smith cried out, "one of you go and bring that man under the arches!" No movement took place—the air was black with the flight of grape shot, and few wished to expose themselves to the iron hail for one they supposed dead. "Will none of you go and bring that man in?" No movement followed the appeal. Coolly and camly the General walked out from under the cover of the acqueduct, and, amid that terrible fire, went to the man, picked him up and carried him under the arches, evincing in that act the coolness which has rendered him so conspicuous as a general, and that generosity and humanity which has literally made him the *darling* of the division. Long life and promotion to such a noble soul!

REPUBLIC OF THE SIERRA MADRE.

Many of our readers must have been struck, on Thursday, with the letter of our Washington correspondent, "Independent," on the subject of the new scheme of Mexican spoliation, known—or mysteriously hinted—to the public under the cant name of the "Buffalo Hunt." The statements made in that letter add strong confirmation to the accounts which have appeared in other quarters in regard to this strangely nefarious and dishonorable project; of which the President of the United States declares, in his message, of Tuesday, to the Senate, that he has no information, but which, notwithstanding, appears to be well known to, if not encouraged by, some distinguished personages in Washington, under the shadow of the Capitol, and even, so to speak, within the glare of the broad eye of the Republic.

The project of the "Buffalo Hunt," to be executed by certain adventurers who propose to take upon themselves the elegant nickname of "Ousel Owls," aims at nothing less than "revolutionizing several of the Departments (States) of Mexico, with a view of forming the republic of the Sierra Madre." And this object is to be effected not by a simple, innocent, frank and open system of political propograndism—not by republican missionaries proceeding to those benighted regions for the purpose of instructing the inhabitants in the true principals of republican liberty, as understood and successfully practised by us in the United States—but by preaching a crusade against them, by raising an armed force of "four or five thousand men," (to be commanded by a well known American general of volunteers, distinguished in the late Mexican war,) whose incentives are to be "the tin mines of the Sierra Madre" and "the rich lands of the valleys"—and by marching this armed force against them, with drums beating and colors flying, compelled them at the point of the bayonet, to accept sedition, treason, severance from their country, conquest, subjugation—complete enslavement to the will of their foreign patriots and "Ousel Owl" brethren—under the name of deliverance from the tyranny of Mexico.

We are told that the plan of the "Buffalo Hunt" contemplates something more than an inroad into Tarmaulipas and New Leon from the banks of the Rio Grande, that it proposes a descent at Tampico, and perhaps some still more southern ports, but, at all events, a seizure of the coasts from the Rio Grande to Tampico, and of the interior country westward, as far as possible, into the Sierra Madre—across the Sierra Madre—down to the fat and blooming Sierras Calientes of the West and to the shores of the Gulf of California and the Pacific; sweeping and segregating, the purpose of the new republic, the entire northern territory of Mexico down to about the 20th degree of north latitude,—that is, a line extending from the Paunco river, on the east, to the Tololotlan river which empties into the Pacific at the important port of San Blas—which would give to the intended State of the Sierra Madre about two-thirds of all the remaining territory we have left to Mexico.

To just and honorable minds it will not be necessary to make any comments on the nature of such a project, whether as it regards its political lawlessness or its immortality. The government of the United States, of course, has nothing to do with the scheme, and can have no official knowledge of its existence. But it may be asked whether it be not *required* to know, as well as to take means to prevent, every unlawful enterprise against a friendly State, which happens to be a matter of almost public notoriety. And it may also be asked, whether—as the government of the United States is a mere emanation and agency of the people of the United States—the people are not under direct obligations both of law and honor to discover and discountenance—to arrest and put down—every scheme framed by lawless men in the United States to march a military force against the frontiers of a neighboring State with which we are at peace, bound by all the sanctities of public faith and treaty stipulations.

How long has it been since "the United States of America and the United Mexican States" definitively ratified that "treaty of peace, *friendship*, limits, and settlement," first agreed upon at Guadalupe Victoria, on the 2d of February? If Americans will look back to that treaty, they will find that it begins with an appeal, an adjuration a pledge of good faith of the most awful solemnity, "in the name of Almighty God"—which are the words with which it opens. Do these words mean nothing?—Were they designed to mean nothing?—Are they not, on the contrary, words of such a character and virtue—being a direct invocation to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe as both the witness and judge of the sincerity of the two parties to the compact—as ought to draw down the Divine vengeance on either party deliberately violating the spirit of the treaty?

We cannot doubt how all honest and well meaning citizens of the United States will regard any lawless project of Mexican invasion, affected to be half-veiled, rather than hidden, under the ridiculous disguise of the Buffalo Hunt; nor can we doubt that the government and the whole people of this republic are bound to interfere and put down—by public opinion, or the interposition of law, as may be necessary—the scheme and the schemers—the hunter and the hunters—the ousel owls and the armed force—at any moment when there may appear to be a prospect of an attempt to carry the scheme of brigandage—for it is nothing less—into execution.—*North American.*

WHITE SLAVERY.—Our readers will all remember the savage ferocity with which General HARRISON was attacked, eight years since, on the charge of selling white men into slavery, because, as Governor of the Northwestern Territory, he signed a bill to hire out the services of vagrants. We, of course shall expect to see them pursue the same course of virtuous indignation against Gen. CASS, for appending his signature to the following bill, when territorial Governor of Michigan:

"AN ACT *for the punishment of idle and disorderly persons.*"

Section 1. Be it enacted by the Governor and Judges of the Territory of Michigan that any Justice of the Peace, on conviction, may sentence any vagrant, lewd; idle or disorderly persons, stubborn servants, common drunkards, common night-walkers, pilferers, or any persons wanton or *licentious in speech*, indecent behavior common railers or brawlers, such as neglect their calling and employment, misspend what they earn, and do not provide for themselves or families, *to be whipped not exceeding ten stripes*, or to be delivered over to any constable, to be employed in labor not exceeding three months, by such constable, to be *hired out for the best wages* that can be procured; the proceeds of which to be applied to the use of the poor of the county.

Made, adopted, and published at Detroit the 27th day of July, 1828.

LEWIS CASS,
Governor of the Territory of Michigan.
A. B. WOODWARD,
Presiding Judge of the Territory of Michigan.
J. WITHERALL,
JOHN GRIFFIN,
Judges of the Territory of Michigan.

How fearfully is every idle attack made against the good and patriotic Harrison in 1840, turned against his maligners who now support Lewis Cass for the Presidency. It seems as if a retributive justice were about to overtake and overwhelm that party which has made detraction and falsification its stepping stones to power, since its leaders first surrendered all manly in giving publicity to the base charge of bargain and corruption against Henry Clay.—*U. S. Gazette.*

GENERAL TAYLOR.

The following descriptive sketch of General Taylor is by Col. Humphrey Marshall, a Democrat of Kentucky. We commend it to the attention of all who desire to know, from unprejudiced testimony, something of the Old General's character:

"My service in Mexico frequently brought me near to Gen. Taylor, and I was industrious in my examination of the actual character of the man whenever opportunity was presented. I have no motive to deceive you, and you must take the impression I received for what they are worth. If desired to express in the fewest words what manner of man Gen. Taylor is, I should say, that in his manners and appearance, *he is one of the common people of this country.* He might be transferred from his tent at Monterey to this assembly and he would not be remarked among this crowd of respectable old farmers as a man at all distinguished from those around him. Perfectly temperate in his habits—perfectly plain in dress—entirely unassuming in his manners, he appears to be an old gentleman in fine health, whose thoughts are not turned upon his personal appearance, and who has no point about him to attract particular attention. In his intercourse with men, he is free, frank and manly.—He plays off no airs, like some great men whom I have met. Any one may approach him as nearly as can be desired, and the more closely his character is examined, the greater beauties he discloses.

1. *He is an honest man.* I do not mean by that merely that he does not cheat or lie. I mean that he is a man that never dissembles, and who scorns all disguises. He neither acts a part among his friends for effect, nor assumes to be what he is not. Whenever he speaks you hear what he honestly believes, and, whether right or wrong, you feel assurance that he has expressed his real opinion. His dealings with men have been of a most varied character, and I have never heard his honest name stained by the breath of the slightest reproach.

2. *He is a man of rare good judgment.* By no means possessed of that brilliancy of genius which attracts by its flashes, yet like the meteor, expires even while you look upon it, by no means possessing that combination of talent which penetrates instantly the abstrusest subject, and measures its length and breadth as if by intuition, Gen. Taylor yet has that order of intellect which more slowly but quiet as surely masters all that it engages, and examines all the combinations of which the subject is susceptible. When he announces his conclusion, you feel confident that he well understands the ground upon which he plants himself, and yet rest assurred that the conclusion is the deduction of skill and sound sense faithfully applied to the matter in hand. It is this order of mind which has enabled him, unlike many other officers of the army, to attend to the wants of his family, by so using the means at his disposal as to surround himself, in his old age, with a handsome private fortune, and to be blest with an almost perfect constitution. I would to day prefer his advice in any matter of private interest, would take his opinions as to the value of an estate, would rather follow his suggestions in a scheme where property or capital was to be embarked; would pursue more confidently his counsel where the management of an army was involved, or the true honor of my country was at stake, than any other man I have ever known. I regard his judgment as being first rate at everything, from a horse trade up to a trade in human life upon the field of battle.

3. *He is a firm man and possessed of great energy of character* It were a waste of time to dwell upon these traits of his character, for his military career has afforded such abundant examples of his exercise of these qualities as to render them familiar to every citizen who has ever heard or read of the man. In his army they are daily exhibited, and stand conspicuously displayed in every order which emanates from his pen.

4. *He is benevolent man.* This quality has been uniformly displayed in his treatment of the prisoners who have been placed in his power by the vicissitudes of war.—No man who had seen him after the battle of Buena Vista, as he ordered the wagons to bring in the Mexican wounded from the battle field, and heard him as he at once cautioned his own men that the wounded were to be treated with mercy, could doubt that he was alive to all the kinder impulses of our nature. The indiscretions of youth he chides with paternal kindness, yet with the decision which forbids their repetition, and the young men of the army feel that it is a pleasure to gather round him; because they know they are as welcome as though they visited the hearthstone of their own home, and they are always as freely invited to partake of what he has to offer as if they were under the roof of a father. His conduct in sparing the deserters who were captured at Buena Vista, exhibited at the same time in a remarkable manner his benevolence and his judgment "Don't shoot them," said he, the worst punishment I will inflict is to return them to the Mexican army." When Napoleon said to one of his battalions, "Inscribe it on their flag, "No longer of the army of Italy," he used an expression which was deemed so remarkable that history preserved it for the admiration of future ages; yet it was not more forcible as an illustration of his power in touching the springs of human action, than is that of Gen. Taylor illustrative of the manner in which Gen. Taylor would make an example for the benefit of the army.

5. *He is man of business habits.*—I never have known Gen. Taylor to give up a day to pleasure. I have never visited his quarters without seeing evidence of the industry with which he toiled. If his talented adjutant was surrounded by papers so was the General; and though he would salute a visitor kindly, and bid him with familiar grace to amuse himself until he was at leisure, he would never interrupt the duties which his station called on him to perform. When these were closed for the day he seemed to enjoy to a remarkable degree the vivacity of young officers, & to be glad to mingle in their society. As a conversationist, I do not think that General Taylor possesses great power. He uses few words and expresses himself with energy and force, but not fluently. His language is select. I would say, however from my knowledge of the man, that he is entirely capable of producing anything in the shape of an order or letter, which has ever appeared over his signature, and in saying so, I understand myself as asserting that he is master of his mother tongue and can write about as handsomely and effectively as he can fight. Such then is the picture of the man, not of the general, who won my esteem. I am not in the habit of eulogising men, and have indulged on this occasion because I desired to describe to you, with the exactness of truth, those qualities which, combined in General Taylor, made him appear to me as a *first rate model of an American character.* Others will dwell upon the chivalry he has so often displayed, and his greatness so conspicuously illustrated upon the field of battle. I formed my ideas of the man when he was free from duty, and had no motive to appear in any other light than such as was thrown upon him by nature, education and principles.

A SOLDIER'S TRIBUTE TO OLD ZACK.—The Louisville Journal publishes the following letter from a soldier who served under Gen. Taylor at Palo Alto and Resaca It speaks for itself:—

To the Editors of the Louisville Journal:

COLES COUNTY, Ill, July 18, 1848.

Gentlemen:—I feel it my duty to state what I have observed of the respect that Gen. Taylor manifests towards his soldiers I was under his command at the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. On our march to face the enemy, and after coming in sight of them, we continued to advance. Taylor ordered a halt, and inquired of the different commanders whether their men had plenty of water in their canteens. One and all cried out that they had none. All this time the Mexicans were advancing on us, and yet he gave the men permission to go and get water without which I am certain that I could not have stood the exertions of that day.—I heard many of my comrades express themselves in the same language. I was one of General Taylor's body guard, and was close to him all the time. He was requested by Lieut. Blake, who shot himself on the morning of the 9th, accidentally to leave his position, or the enemy would aim their centre battery on him.—But he still maintained his ground bold and undaunted. A cannon ball came close to him and killed Sergeant Dowling's horse, of Company B., 2d dragoons. On the night after the battle, the General, with part of his escort, went to each of the commanding officers, giving orders in person. I was one of the party that went with him.

On the morning of the 9th, when the enemy retreated, he sent me to the quartermaster to have teams furnished to take away the wounded Mexicans that were left on the field of battle When we entered the chapparel the enemy were killing every person that got in the range of their guns. Gen. Taylor advanced and was requested to go to the one side or the other, or a little further back, but he continued to advance; and when Capt. May made his charge, Gen. Taylor was close behind, with his cap in hand, and in the midst of 10,000 muskets and cannon of the enemy. At that time Col. Paine was wounded, and I was also wounded. On the morning of the 10th, we, who were wounded, were sent to Point Isabel. During the evening Gen'l. Taylor came into the hospital and inquired of each of us where we were wounded, and when he was going out he halted on the steps, and said he was sorry to have to leave so many brave men with such brave hearts. I for one had to forget my wound and shed tears. This was the case with most of the wounded. So highly do I esteem the brave old soldier and true hearted man, that I would at this time leave my wife and child, that are dear to my heart, and follow him wherever he might lead, if it should be necessary. Further, to show the respect that he has for a private soldier, I will add that, after I got to Matamoras, he came near where I was, and stopped and asked me how I was, expressing his pleasure in the most tender manner, to hear that I was getting better. He also listened to me at Corpus Christi, where I wanted a transfer to Co. D. 2d dragoons, Captain J. O. Graham, com. He listened to me as he would have listened to one of his officers, and I was transferred by his order. I have always supported the Democratic party. I voted for Van Buren, and in '44 for Jas. K. Polk, but as long as such a man as Z. Taylor runs for President, I shall support him. I am a Taylor man, and if you publish this, I hope that many of my old acquaintances and fellow-soldiers will do as I have done, and declare for the hero of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey and Buena Vista, and vote for him next November.

Yours, with respect,
WM. DAVIDSON.

SENATOR WEBSTER'S POSITION ON THE PRESIDENTIAL QUESTION.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

MR. WEBSTER AND HIS PRESENT POSITION.—The views taken by Mr WEBSTER of the Whig nomination for the Presidency, and the course he intends to take and will take in the canvass preceeding the election, are subjects of deep interest to at least a very large portion of the Whig party, and we may say to the people at large without reference to party It is natural that such should be the case. The preeminent abilities of Mr. WEBSTER, his long and invaluable services to the country, the recent attitude before the people in which he was placed by the Whig party of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, the confidence reposed in his wisdom and his devotion to the public weal—and these things unite in giving peculiar importance to his opinions and intentions at the present time. It is worthy of note, too, that very zealous efforts are made in certain quarters to commit Mr WEBSTER, or at least to represent him as committed against the nomination of Gen. TAYLOR, and thus to turn the influence of his great name in support of the views entertained and the purposes contemplated by an impracticable section of the Whig party, whose sincerrity we may respect, but whose designs we cannot wish to favor, either on the score of practical expediency or of well-considered principle.

This being the case, we have thought it at least permissible, if not within the range of our duty, to ascertain and make known what is the political position of Mr. WEBSTER—an office belonging more clearly, perhaps, to this than any other journal in New York, seeing that, subject always to the action of the Whig nominating convention, Mr. WEBSTER was our choice for the Presidency, & that, while the question was open, his nomination was advocated in these columns with all zeal and earnestness of an assured conviction. We have taken measures to know the exact truth in the matter, and *we are authorized to say that in no particular, throughout the coming canvass, will* Mr. WEBSTER *be found wanting to the Whig party or to the expression of its will, put forth at Philadelphia in the month of June.*

It has been said that Mr. WEBSTER intentionally failed to address the people at Baltimore in favor of Gen. Taylor's nomination. *This is untrue.* He was in Baltimore, ready to speak, at the time appointed, and went to the designated place. His purpose then and there to speak was frustrated only by the storm, which made a postponement of the meeting necessary,—Mr. BELL, of Tennessee, who was also announced to address the people at the same time, was in like mann r prevented from the same cause. On the part of Mr. WEBSTER, there was neither unwillingness to support the nomination, nor any oth er secret motive, to defeat his purpose. If the weather had been suitable, his voice would have been heard on the occasion.—Before the assembling of the Convention, he openly declared his purpose to abide by its decision as the duly constituted organ of the Whig party, and from that purpose he was not wavered. We do not mean to say that he ever intended to scour from stump to stump, and make speeches from July to December; but we do mean to say that his intention has been and is *to sustain the regular Whig nomination by his voice, his counsel, and his good wishes*, as occasion may present itself, and as may be accordant with his own consistency and self-respect.

His opinion of Gen. TAYLOR personally has been often expressed; he regards him as an upright, intelligent, and honest man, a true Whig, and determined, if elected President, to put forth his best efforts for the good of the country.

A friend of ours some weeks ago was in conversation with Mr. WEBSTER, on political affairs and the Presidential election; in that conversation Mr. WEBSTER said, in regard to Gen. TAYLOR, all must admit that his own conduct had been irreproachable, and far above just complaint. *He had put forth no pretension; he had vilified no competitor and used no dishonorable means for his own nomination.* He said that General Taylor's present position was not of his own seeking. He had met what seemed to be the call of a large portion of the people, and that was all.

These are Mr. WEBSTER's views of Gen. TAYLOR and of his nomination. We ven-

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11032-1345.jpg