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."

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THE WORKS OF CREATION.

I PRAISED the Earth, in beauty seen
With garlands gay of various green;
I praised the Sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
And Earth and Ocean seemed to say,
"Our beauties are but for to-day."

I praised the Sun, whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I praised the Moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky;
And Moon and Sun in answer said,
"Our days of light are numbered."

O God! O good beyond compare!
If thus thy meaner works are fair,
If thus thy beauties gild the span
Of ruined earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be
Where thy redeemed shall dwell with thee!

[From the New York Despatch.]

THE LAST TRICK.

A city green-horn, a veritable cockney, whose real name it would be cruel to put in type, and so we will call the done-brown, Smith—was neatly picked of his feathers, by a sharper who happened to be laying out in Hoboken, a few days ago.

Mr. Smith was strolling along the sea-walk, enjoying the delicious breeze, when it occured to him that by wiping the perspiration from his forehead his comfort would be proportionately increased. To do this, however, it was necessary to raise his hat, and the raising of the hat was the cause of his subsequent disaster. A paper fell from Mr. Smith's hat,—fell upon the ground unperceived by Mr. S., who passed on. But the sharp eyes of a fellow who lay stretched out on a neighboring bench, were upon the paper, and when Mr. S. had passed, the bench lounger got up and secured the little slip. He cast his eyes over the writing and exclaimed with a gesture of vexation and contempt—

"Bah! only an unreceipted tailor bill!"—And he was about to cast the worthless scrap into the river, when he stopped suddenly, looked curiously after the receding form of Mr Smith and scratched his head as if perplexed; then his face brightened up, and slapping his right hand violently on his leg, he said, "Yes, that will do," and quietly followed in the trail of Mr Smith.

Mr. Smith, after refreshing himself with an ice cream and a glass of soda water at the Elesian Fields, resumed his walk towards the dyke, and had just entered the little grove beyond the Pavilion, when he became aware that some one had tapped him gently on the shoulder. He turned round and saw a good looking, middle aged man, in a plain dress, standing by him.

"Mr. Smith," said the stranger.

"Yes, sir, my name's Smith."

"John, of——street, New York," continued the stranger,

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Mr. Smith, I have rather an unpleasant duty to perform," the middle aged gentleman said, pulling out at the same time a large pocket-book, and looking over the papers as if in search of a particular one.

"What's that;" asked Smith.

The middle aged gentleman did not answer; he could not find the document he was looking for, and Smith was obliged to exercise all his patience. At length the paper was found, a law blank apparently just filled up. Smith was not allowed to examine it. The middle aged gentleman held it between his thumb and finger, looked Smith straight in the face, repeated,

"John Smith, of——street New York."

"Yes, yes, and what the mischief do you want of me," said Smith, with nervous trepidation..

"All right, Mr. Smith," remarked his companion, as he returned the paper to the pocket-book—"all right, sir, I'll trouble you ride as far as Hackensack, if you please."

"Hackensack! and what must I go to Hackensack for, I should like to know?"

"By virtue of a warrant regularly issued, and which commands me, a deputy sheriff of Hudson, State of New Jersey, to take the body of John Smith, of——street, of New York, if he shall be found within the limits of New Jersey, and the said body safely lodge in the jail at Hackensack, to answer the suit of ——, tailor, of New York, in the sum of fifty dollars damages, &c. &c. And may God save the Commonwealth of New Jersey," ejaculated the pretended deputy as he reverently lifted his hat, and recovered his wind.

"Fifty dollars damages," exclaimed the bewildered Smith—"why, that's my tailor, and I only owe him thirty-five."

"The amount expressed in the writ is only a form of law, sir," said the sharper-sheriff. "The exact amount of your indebtedness to Mr.——, tailor is thirty-five dollars and sixty-two and a half cents."

"So it is," returned Smith, "but what put him up to sueing me in New Jersey? I have always been a good customer, and—"

"He sent in your bill on the 1st of July, and it would seem that you took no notice of it"

Poor Smith, his nerves were completely unstrung.

"I thought that blamed law was repealed, by which a poor fellow coming from New York to get a mouthful of fresh air in Hoboken, might be carried off to Hackensack."

"The Legislature of the State of New Jersey did repeal that law, in 1842, but New York having refused to give up certain persons charged with grave offences, committed in New Jersey, the Legislature, at its last session, re-enacted the law, and by virtue of that re enactment you are now my prisoner," said the mock official, with solemn dignity.

"Well, all this is strange, and news to me," said Smith—"first, that my tailor should sue me, and second that I could be nabbed in Hoboken."

"We live, Mr Smith, in an age of strange and starting events," remarked the other, with the quiet emphasis and deliberation of a philosopher—"Europe, last New Year's Day, as little anticipated the shock of revolution, as you anticipated, on the Fourth of July, this arrest. But look—Europe is heaving like an angry sea, and you are moving, or about to move, for Hackensack jail—this way, Mr. Smith, if you please. We shall find the jail wagon by the road side, yonder."

But Mr. Smith was in no hurry to obey.

"I have only five dollars by me," he said, biting his finger nails with vexation.

"Precisely the amount of my fees," said the officer. "Now, Mr. Smith, you wear a watch, I see—if it is the value of the debt—we can easily arrange the matter without troubling you to go to Hackensack."

"The value of the debt" said Smith, pulling out a gold lever—"why it cost a hundred, and any pawnbroker would advance seventy dollars on it."

"You speak truly, Mr. Smith," remarked his companion, his eyes glistening as they fell upon the watch. "That is what I propose, Mr. Smith—pay me my fee, five dollars, and give me the watch, which I will send to-morrow morning to the tailor, where you can call and get it, after paying the bill."

"It is the best I can do, I suppose," grumbled Smith, as he handed over the watch and five dollars—but, Mr. Sheriff, you must loan, or give me a sixpence to pay my ferriage over the river and out of this cursed trap—that five dollar bill is all the money I have with me"

"Take a dollar Mr. Smith," said the Sheriff, generously presenting a one dollar bank-note—"you may need some refreshment."

Smith took the dollar and put for the Barclay Street Ferry. The sharper leaned gracefully against a tree until his victim was out of sight, and then he stepped quickly on board the Pioneer, which landed him at the foot of Nineteenth street.

Poor Smith! He rushed to the lower ferry house—fierce to put himself face to face with the perfidious tailor.

"That bill is *counterfeit*," said the ferry master, returning the one dollar note.

Smith begged his way over the river, and rushed down to his tailor with his imprecations and complaint.

"Why, Smith, my dear friend; you've been drinking—you are crazy I have'nt sued you—I can't sue you in New Jersey.

"Yes, the law was re-enacted last winter in retaliation.

"Pooh, pooh—there's no such law there. I sent you your bill a fortnight ago, and have not thought of it since."

"Oh, yes, I got the bill—it's in my hat now, and I intended to pay it in a week at the longest."

Smith took off his hat—the bill was not there. Then a light broke into his brain—he smote his forehead with his clenched fists. "Watch—five dollars, counterfeit one dollar—what a fool I have been."

True enough—if Smith had been a countryman; but he was a New York cockney.

BOLTERS.

The following card, which we find in the Hollidaysburg Register, speaks the sentiment of thousand of the abused and deceived "democracy:"

We, the undersigned, formerly belonging to what is called the Democratic party, feel called upon to state that we voted for Polk and Dallas in 1844, upon the assurance of the papers and leaders of the party, (particularly in Hollidaysburg) that they were the friends of the Tariff of 1842 We are now fully satisfied that we were willfully & knowingly deceived, not only from the fact of that very Tariff bill being repealed, but from finding those who published in their papers, proclaimed on the stump, & carried on their banners—"Polk, Dallas, Shunk and the tariff of 1842"—are now denouncing it, and advocating the British Tariff of 1846 We are free to acknowledge that by deception they induced us to vote in favor of English interests; that was their fault—if they do so again it will be ours.

TERENCE BRADY,
THOMAS O'BRIAN,
JOHN CUNNINGHAM,
PETER BOYLE,
JOSEPH GILL.

Hollidaysburg, Sept, 1st, 1848.

GEN. TAYLOR'S LETTER TO THE INDEPENDENT TAYLOR PARTY OF MARYLAND.

The Balt Patriot contains the following letter from Gen. Taylor, to a committee of the late Independent Taylor party of Maryland, which was presented to the convention of that party, held in that city in July last, but which was withheld from publication in accordance with a request from Gen. Taylor, contained in the letter. The convention, it will be remembered, placed this letter in the hands of Wm. H. Collins, Esq., with instructions to furnish a copy for publication, "whenever Gen. Taylor, or any of his authorised friends shall ask for the same for that purpose."—The Hon Reverdy Johnson, having received a letter from Gen. Taylor, authorising him at his discretion to call for this letter it has been delivered to him by Mr Collins, and Mr. J gives the following reason for its publication:—

"The failure heretofore to give the letter to the public, because of a request to that effect from the General himself, unexplained by his motive for making it, has, with some, given rise to suspicions that it contained matter derogatory to his frankness and integrity. These I deem it due to him to have dispelled, and I know no mode so certain to accomplish it, as giving the letter itself."

The following is the letter:—

BATON ROUGE, LA, June 29th, 1848.

Gentlemen:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your polite communication of the 12th instant, calling my attention to certain statements, relative to my position before the country as a candidate for the Presidency, which are represented to have been made in the Whig National Convention, recently held in Philadelphia, pending the action of that body, by Judge Saunders, of Louisiana, in the name of the delegation from that State; and requesting to be informed whether such statements were made by my authority. I have to inform you, in reply, that, on their way to that Convention, Judges Winchester and Saunders, of the Louisiana Delegation,—who have been, for many years my personal friends and neighbors,—wrote to me, requesting my views, before the meeting of the Convention, as to the course I desired my friends to pursue in that body. In two communications addressed to them in reply, I informed them, in substance, that at my distance from the scene, it would be quite impossible for me to give any specific instructions upon the subject; that many questions or contingencies might arise during the action of the Convention, the character of which I could not foretell; and that they must, therefore, assume the responsibility of acting for me;—that I felt my honor and interest safe in their hands, and that whatever they should seem fit to do, I would most cordially approve.

I substantially informed them, further, that unless they should discover an evident disposition to treat me unfairly,—which I had no reason for supposing would be the case,—I thought that my friends should go into the Convention, as they had been selected by their fellow-citizens for this purpose; but that, having once entered it, they were, of course, bound, if I were not nominated, to sustain and support the nominee, whoever he might be; and that I hoped they would do so heart and soul. That I was a candidate for the Presidency, only so far as my friends had chosen to make me one; but that having been placed in my present attitude towards that subject, without any agency or act of my own, directly or indirectly, I did not feel myself at liberty, by any such act, to withdraw myself; that my friends, in whose hands I had ever been, could do so whenever they should see fit, and finally, that if they could succeed in electing to that office any one better qualified for its duties than I was, and who was at the same time honest, truthful and patriotic, it was their duty to go for him; and that, so far from being disappointed or mortified, I should hail the result with joy.

Such, I think, has been the language which I have uniformly held on this subject since my name was first mentioned in connection with it. I regret that I have not a copy of my communications to Judges Saunders and Winchester; but the above I believe to be their substance. Under the general authority then thus given these gentlemen, I shall deem whatever statements they may have made to be right and proper; and, confident in their integrity and in the sincerity of their friendship for me, I shall sustain them without qualification. I, therefore, now take upon my own shoulders the responsibility of the acts of the Louisiana delegation, in that Convention, and am prepared to stand by the consequences, in their length and breadth.

I regret exceedingly that my friends in Baltimore, whom you represent, should have thus misunderstood the course pursued by the Louisiana delegation in the Convention, and should have imagined that I had abandoned the position which I have uniformly held in my published letters on this subject.

I feel bound however, to respect the opinion of those who honestly differ with me; and, therefore, while I feel conscious of no change of feeling or inconsistency on my part, I cannot expect or desire that any of my friends, whom you represent, should do violence to their own sense of right and wrongs, by supporting my election, while they believe I have changed my political views. I ask no man, be he Whig, Democrat, or Native, for his vote. I take every American citizen's interest in the welfare of his country, to be as pure and as deep as my own; and I have therefore, no right, and certainly no desire, to influence his action in the exercise of the important duty of voting for the officers of this Government.

Though I have no objection to your circulating this communication among such of your friends as may be interested in it, yet I request that it may not be published. My aversion to the appearance of my name in the public prints, in connection with such subjects, is my apology for the request.

With great respect, gentlemen, I am your obedient servant, Z. TAYLOR

Messrs. Chas. H. Pitts, John W. Walker, Th. S Alexander, and others, Baltimore, Maryland.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

GEN. TAYLOR AT PASS CHRISTIAN.

PASS CHRISTIAN, Sept. 12, 1848.

By a hasty note I last night informed you of Gen. Taylor's near approach to this place, but in consequence of the boat's early departure I could not furnish you with further particulars. I will now attempt to give you a description of the reception which I will at once say was most enthusiastic and harmonious. At about half past 8 o'clock the magnificent steamer Oregon, Capt. Hiern, appeared in sight, far in the distance to the eastward, and a rocket and gun from the boat announced—according to previous arrangement—that the Old Hero was on board.—The signal being promptly answered by a detachment of young men from the Washington Artillery Company, of your city, in a moment as if by magic, the whole line of the beach, for a distance of *seven miles* was lighted up with torches and bonfires! The effect was imposing beyond description. You could have seen a pin in the road, or even on the white-shelled walks of the yard of the hotel. The light in the old light house was completely eclipsed, and the moon, floating in the clear blue ether, paled as she looked down upon the glaring fires.

Rocket after rocket shot gracefully up from the approaching steamer, and gun after gun came booming over the waters, while the cannon on shore were answering and reanswering the salute in a manner to make the blood tingle in one's veins. At last the Oregon reached the wharf, when a committee, consisting of the Board of Selectmen of Pass Christian, headed by their President, and several gentlemen residing in the hotel, went on board, and being presented to Gen. Taylor, escorted him to the house. As the escort, with "Old Zach" at the head, proceeded along the extensive wharf and up the hill, through admiring lines, of old and young, girls and boys, ladies and gentlemen, the shouts of welcome and the hurras of joy that arose from a thousand throats, were almost deafening. At length the old soldier was ushered into the spacious saloon of the hotel, which was filled with his fair countrywomen, to greet him with their smiles and sparkling eyes, and was formally welcomed in a truly appropriate and eloquent address by William C. Micou, Esq., of New Orleans.

"Old Rough's" response was short explicit, and to the point, as follows.

SIR,—I find myself overwhelmed with emotions that defy expression on this occasion. In tendering, to me the hospitalities of the residents of Pass Christian, permanent as well as temporary, you have pleased to allude in flattering terms to my career in Mexico. I lay no claim to praise for the success which crowned my exertions in the trying and sanguinary struggles, in which it was my lot to be engaged, between the forces under my command and the comman enemy of my country. I but tried to discharge my duty to that country whose servant I was proud to be. Sir, the manner in which you have alluded to my brothers, in arms, on both lines of our army, has filled my heart with gratitude and my eyes with tears It was not due to me that the enemy with which I contended was vanquished, but to the brave soldiers that stood by and sustained me in times of peril. To them belongs the glory and to them I frankly yield all claim to the laurels that adorn their brows.

Sir, I feel sensibly the kindness and honor done me this night; and while I cannot command language suitably to express my emotions, I beg to thank you and my friends around me for such a flattering manifestation.'

Great preparations are being made for the ball to-morrow night. We hope to see a crowd from your city, as well as from Mobile and the various watering places adjacent. The citizens of the Pass and of Harrison county generally are getting up a grand pic-nic and barbecue in honor of Gen. Taylor, to come off on Friday and Saturday next, and to which every body is invited. People from the surrounding country are coming in to take part in these merry-makings. You shall be kept duly informed of what transpires during Gen. Taylor's stay among us.

I cannot close my letter without a word of praise to Capt. Hiern for the style in which he conducted affairs on board his boat. Besides the brilliant flight of rockets to which I have alluded, as the beautiful Oregon neared the wharf she displayed three magificent blue lights, giving an effect to the already imposing scenes perfectly indescribable. In a word, Capt. Hiern did all in his power—as he always does—to gratify the public and his numerous friends. Yours, &c. F. A. L.

P. S.—I have just learned that the medal voted by Congress to Gen. Taylor for his brilliant victory of Monterey is to be presented to the gallant old soldier to-morrow evening at the opening of the complimentary ball. The presentation is to be made through Charles Harrod, Esq of New Orleans, to whom it was intrusted by the Secretary of War when Mr. Harrod was in Washington.

From the Cecil Whig.

☞ The following anecdote of Gen. Taylor is communicated by an officer who was present at the time specified.

ANECDOTE OF GEN. TAYLOR.

HIS SIMPLICITY OF DRESS &c.,

It is well known by those, who read the events that occurred during the recent War with Mexico, that on his march through the State of Tamaulipas upon its capital, Victoria, and when he reached the city of Monte Morales, an Express reached the Commander in chief with the alarming information that General Worth, was surrounded by an overwhelming army of the enemy under the immediate command of Santa Anna, and unless succored his command must be annihilated. Gen. Taylor immediately started to his assistance leaving General Quitman in command of the Mississippi, the Georgia and Tennessee Regiments, and the Baltimore Battalion of Volunteers and Thomas's Battery of light Artillery, to pursue his march. On the 29th December, having driven Urrea with 8 or 10.000 men before him, and taken formal possession of the beautiful capital. General Quitman encamped his troops about three quarters of a mile west of the city. In the meantime General Taylor having found the rumors false in reference to Gen. Worth's position, and having been joined by Gen. Patterson's command from Monterey, retraced his march, and on the evening of the 3d of January encamped his travel-worn men about a like distance from Victoria, eastward. The following morning Gen. Taylor being expected to visit the Alcalde and principal men assembled to see the great chieftain, the fame of whose mighty deeds had preceded him; and on he came, the General and his staff. Esta el Generale! Esta el Generale! they simultaneously exclaimed, pointing to a stylish military looking officer of Artillery, and long was it ere we could convince them that the plain old gentleman, in his simple undress riding a remarkably long eared mule, was that great man before whose conquering arm their choicest troops were made to fly like chaff before the autumn wind.

ANECDOTE OF GEN. TAYLOR.

We heard a good anecdote of Gen. Taylor last week, from an officer who was with him on the Rio Grande. It illustrates the substantial sensible character of this patriotic and brave old man. While he was at Matamoras, impatient for his supplies—watching every boat that arrived, and going on board of each of them—making anxious inquiries for letters and despatches, it happened that one boat brought up the famous General Pillow, with several other officers. Pillow was in full dress, with sword, epaulettes, and sash on, and being the particular friend, as well as law partner, of the President, he thought it was his duty to catechise the old General, as if he were a mere subaltern. But General Taylor like Washington, always kept his own army secrets, except when he called a council of war, and sought advice. He at first treated the impertinent officer with as much civility as he thought due to his inexperience as a military man. At last, with a great deal of pomposity, the renowned Pillow remarked.—"Gen. Taylor, if I were in chief command, I should divide my forces into two different columns, and march forthwith, by two different routes upon Monterey." "*Sir*," said Gen. Taylor with tremendous emphasis upon the word "Sir,"—"with your limited knowledge of tactics and total ignorance of localities, I doubt not you would." Pillow was dumb for some time after this!—*New Haven Palladium.*

THE CANVASS.

One distinctive feature which marks the Presidential canvass, as it is carried on by the partizans of Mr Cass, is a systematic and persevering denunciation of Gen. Taylor. The qualities of their own candidate are left in the back ground, where perhaps they appear to the best advantage; and, indeed, upon the principle that distance lends enchantment to the view," there are some characteristics of his political life which would improve the general picture if they were kept out of sight altogether

But Gen. Taylor is to be denounced.—The fact that he is "no politician" is his first—and a very grave one it is, no doubt, among those who are nothing else. He is charged at one time with being weak and ignorant, and again with being artful and calculating; he is ridiculed for his simplicity, and at the same time denounced as dangerous because of his far-reaching ambition. To believe all that is said of Gen. Taylor by his opponents, it would be necessary to ascribe to him the most contradictory qualities. Recently his military character has been impeached, and we may expect soon to hear him charged with cowardice.

This style of invective, as it becomes more and more bitter, gives evidence of increasing apprehension and alarm among the followers of Mr. Cass. They cannot do Gen. Taylor a greater service than by persisting in this system of abuse There is an honesty in the public mind which suffers continual outrage from these gross attacks and unjust misrepresentations. A servant of the Republic as Gen. Taylor has been since youth, illustrating the national renown by the brilliancy of his own and signalizing his career by the exhibition of those sterling, manly qualities which no detraction can obscure, is always sure of a hold upon the popular esteem and admiration which not only renders him proof against the virulence of political assailants, but causes their own calumnies to recoil upon the heads of his traducers. His opponents will by and by find that a regard for their own ends, apart from any sense of justice and propriety, enjoins them to a more becoming demeanor. The public mind has no sympathy with any denunciation of Gen. Taylor. His character is respected, and his services are appreciated by right thinking men of all parties.—*Balt. Amer.*

A SHAMEFUL PARAGRAPH.—A Locofoco paper published in Georgia, called the Griffin Jeffersonian—we can see much of the "Griffin," but none of the "Jeffersonian"—has the following shameful paragraph in its columns—

"We are happy to inform our Whig friends that Mr Stephens is walking about at the Hotel at Atlanta, smoking cigars and reading newspapers. This is a cunning little coon, and we believe was only playing 'possum awhile to create Whig sympathy, and make a little Whig capital for the ensuing contest; a commodity which he knows the Whigs will most sadly need. Mr Stephens thought perhaps if he could raise a rumpus with Judge Cone and divert public attention from the Senate Compromise Bill, it would be a happy escape for himself. Themistocles, we learn from history, cut off his dog's tail, that the people might be diverted from a scrutiny of his conduct to talk of his dog."

Language has no word of censure severe enough for such a contemptible ebullition of malignity as this.

John Norvell, over whose Taylorism the Whigs are cutting such didoes, has not voted a Democratic ticket for years. President Polk refused to give him an office, it will be remembered. He was discarded by the Democracy of Michigan in 1842.—[Locofoco papers.

The above paragraph is going the rounds of the Locofoco papers. Its statements are altogether erroneous. Mr. Norvell is now, and has been for several years U. S. District attorney for Michigan—a post which Mr. Polk would neither have given him nor permitted him to hold, if he were not a Locofoco. Since Mr. N. has come out for Taylor, he has been in the daily expectation of removal. But the "walking papers," have not yet reached him. They probably will, however, before the 4th of March.—*Alb. Eve. Journal*

CIRCUMSTANCES.—A vote on the steamboat Fawn during her last trip from Florence to Louisville stood—Taylor 28, Cass 5, Van Buren 1.

A vote on the railroad cars that arrived at Buffalo on Tuesday last, stood—Taylor 166, Van Buren 109, Cass 55.

At the opening of the Essex railroad, from Salem to Lawrence, on the 4th, the vote stood Taylor 402, Van Buren 61, Cass 2.

A vote on the packet Erie on the Miami (Ohio) canal on Thursday last, stood—Taylor 22, Cass 5. Voters principally of Ohio.

A vote on the steamer Canada, last week, from Detroit to Buffalo, stood—Taylor 102, Van Buren 54, Cass 25.

A vote on the same steamer, on her next trip, stood, Taylor 37, Cass 16, Van Buren 10.

A vote on the Pontiac railroad cars, on their way to Detroit on the 11th inst., stood—Taylor 16, Cass 11, Van Buren 4.

A vote on the steamer St Louis stood—Taylor 49, Van Buren 35, Cass 16.

A vote on the railroad cars from Sandusky to Cincinnati, on Monday last, stood—Taylor 52, Cass 15, Van Buren 10

A vote on the cars between Albany and Utica, two days before, stood—Taylor 134, Van Buren 59, Cass 29.—*Louisville Journal.*

A LAUNCH—WITH AN INCIDENT.—A Norfolk paper states that a vessel called the "Monterey" was launched there on Saturday. It was raining all the time of the launch, and the operation was so much retarded in consequence that the windlass and screws had to be applied. At three several attempts to start her, some of the workmen commenced with a huzza for Cass and Butler!" But it was no go; she held on to the ways, and could not be made to stir tack or sheet. At last Captain John Henry, an old salt, who was there, lending a hand, rallied out to the huzza boys, "Belay there my lads. I know what ails her. Now, set your mouths for Taylor and Fillmore;" and they did so to oblige him—when off she slid, without ado, and in beautiful style.

"A STOP LAW" will soon be needed in Wisconsin. The Milwaukie [illegible]sconsin threatens to ungown "the wolves in sheep's clothing," who are coaxing off Democrats into the Van Buren fold.

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