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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SOULS, NOT STATIONS.

Who shall judge a man from manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for Princes,
Princes fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May beclothe the golden ore
Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—
Satin vest could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar
Ever sweiling out of stone;
There are purple buds and golden,
Hidden, crushed and overgrown,
God, who counts, by souls, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me,
While HE values thrones the highest
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, upraised above his fellows,
Oft forgets his fellows then;
Masters—rulers—lords—remember
That your meanest hands are men!
Men by labor, men by feeling,
Men by thought, and men by fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine
In a man's ennobled name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans;
There are little weed-clad rills,
There are little inch-high saplings,
There are cedars on the hills.
But God, who counts by souls, not stations,
Loves and prospers you and me,
For to HIM all vain distinctions,
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth and fame;
Titled laziness is pensioned,
Fed and fattened on the same,
By the sweat of other's foreheads,
Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifteth up its voice,

But truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light,
And sunset's wrongs shall never prosper,
While there is a sunny right;
And God, whose world-heard voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Will sink oppression with its titles,
As pebbles on the sea.

A RICH YARN.

The Yankee's Pewter Dollar.

Travellers have all discovered that strangers making their *debut* in large or small villages generally create more or less sensation among the "natives;" who—if the stranger puts on any degree of mystery, or stops among them any length of time—lose no space nor spare no exertions to sift him to the very bottom.

In one of these localities, the overgrown village of Dayton, Ohio, several years ago there made his appearance, a long-legged, lean, lank specimen of human nature, whose *tout ensemble* bespoke him from "the land of pork and beans," or as some seem to reckon it, "the land of steady habits, away down East! The critter seemed somewhat out of his latitude, and how, or whither he came, none appeared able to elucidate; but certes it was, the stranger created no little sensation and observation as he sauntered around the village, peeping at this and peeping into that, with his fists carefully stowed away into the deep recesses of his spacious pockets, and his fuzzy white hat, knocked and "crowded" into all manner of acute angles and indentations, sitting jauntly upon his tow-hair covered head. He had been seen making his *entree* into the village by the tow-path of the canal, from towards Cincinnati, early in the morning; and about noon, after having pretty well threaded each by-way, lane, street, avenue, and alley of the village, he brought up at a cake and beer shop near the centre of the place, and immediately stalked into the aforesaid depot of cheap fodder. A Dutchman kept the shop, and as it was a place of common resort of the idlers and stragglers, it was tolerably well stowed when our down-east *genus* popped his long, hatchet-shaped phiz into it He took a cool survey of things in general, and the pyramids of gingerbread piles and things in particular.

"How dy'e deou?" says he, giving the old fat Dutchman behind the counter a familiar nod, which the cake and beer man returned with another nod, and a sort of low gutteral vibration between a snort and a grunt. "Guess yeou got some cakes and beer here, hain't ye?"

'Well, I think I has a few,' says the beer man.

'Well, yeou hev, that's a fact; well, yeou, I'm darned hungry, hain't had a bit o' nothin' tu day, and guess I'll hev a few o' them notions, any way,' says the stranger, who by this time was the cynosure of all eyes, and the object of considerable merriment to the crowd in and about the beer shop.

The Dutchman and the Yankee "dickered" awhile about quantity and price, but finally the matter being adjusted, the Yankee sat down upon a whiskey cask, arranged his fodder before him on the end of the counter and started his masticating fossils, full chizzle.

'Stranger,' says one of the crowd, I'll bet somethin' you're a Yankee.'

'Well, guess yeou'd win tu on that,' says the Yankee.

'Oh! I know'd you was, you're all terrible critters for gingerbread, hain't you?' continued the inquisitor.

'Ye es,' says the Yankee, taking a pull at his beer, 'I reckon we deou devour it once in a while. 'Tian't hard to take when a feller's innards are nigh on to a col-lapse.'

'Whar do you hail from when you're at home, any-how?'

'Where deou I hail from?' says the Yankee.

'Yes—whar dy'e b'long?' continued the questioner.

'Where deou I belong?' Ye-es,—(another swig of beer)—Well, squire, seem' it's yeou, I'll tell *yeou*. I cum from a mighty ways deown to'ards sunrise; ye es, mighty surprisin' folks deown our way; *spry*, teou, always up afore the sun, darned old critter,—often hev to giv it a pry in the cold mornings to get it up and off beout its business. Fact, by golly! Wern't for spry folks deown there in Maine, guess you'd hev to deou without a sun 'casionally out this way, for it often takes a heap of coaxin' and stirrin' to get the old blazer to rise and spread herself!'

'Reckon you have mighty cold snaps down that way!' says one.

"Cold sna-aps?' says the Yankee. 'I guess we deou g-t up a lee-le the coldest sna-ps deown there in Maine, 'casionally, ever yeou did see, *per*-haps.'

'What do you call cold weather, down there among you Yankees?'

'What do we call cold weather?' says he 'I ken tell yeou, squire: when the cattle's tails drop clean off, and the grind-stone busts; when ram's horns snap like pipe-stems, and the ceow's bags freeze up; when snow falls fifteen feet upon a level, and hard enough on top to bear an ox, when four and a half proof freezes, and the fire goes out; then, jest about *then*, squire, we consider it a mighty cold snap o' weather.'

This picture of cold weather symptoms in Maine tickled the crowd amazingly, and the *laugh* seemed to 'fire up' the Yankee—

'Guess yeou needn't take on so beout it; bet five dollars yeou hain't got no sich cold sna-ps eout here, any-how!"

As no disposition manifested itself among the crowd to chalk up to the Yankee's weather in Maine, the critter choked down his rising dander, and with a gulp swallowed down the residue of his beer, crowded the last cake into his mouth, and giving that aperture a wipe with the back of his bony hand, he faced the Dutchman.

'Neow landlord, cipher up the damages, and I'll square the acceount.'

'Well, dere vos der beer six, and dere vos der cakes, ten, dat vos sixteen cents.'

'Sixteen cen-ts? I swan that's a heap o' money to invest in cakes and beer, anyhow; sixteen cents? Guess twelve and a half will do, won't it?'

'No, dot it won't,' said the beer man; 'chust down mit der monies.'

'Well, neow, guess you needn't git riled up abeout it any how; guess I kin plank the *pewter* witheout gittin' cantankerous abeout it. But s'pose yeou call it jest fourteen cents, cash up, and no grumblin?'

'Bosh!' growls the Dutchman; 'dewn mit der monies, and clear out of mine house mit yor tampt Yankees.'

'Oh, neow! sheow your monkey, will yeou? Guess yeou can't skeer a feller, no heow; but I say, yeou, heold yeour gizzard and let's ar range business; fourteen cents and—a si-gar—what dy'e say?'

Ready to explode, the old Dutchman frothed at the mouth like a fresh tapped beer cask; but finding that his cool, self-possessed antagonist was not to be gotten rid of without a pecuniary advantage, the Dutchman made the sacrifice, dumped down a 'melee,' on the counter, and demanded the cash, fourteen cents, in full!

Leisurely hauling out an old greasy wallet, carefully encircled with innumerable tapes and yarns, a Spanish dollar was brought forth, the wallet closed up, stowed away, and the dollar patiently placed upon the counter by the imperturbable down-easter.

'Neow, there's the pewter, jest smash that, and take eout your bill,' says he.

The moment the Dutchman put his fingers on the dollar his Dutch blood seemed to centre in his expansive face; so red, flaming red, became this *locale*, that a candle might have been ignited therein.

'Shorge! Shorge!' bawls the beer man to one of his deputies, 'run down to der squhires and git der constable come quick; by'ne mine got, dis dam Yankee got der counterfeit monish!'

Maybe there wasn't a general muss!—The Yankee abroad at all times a *genus* of supposed duplicity, trickiness, sharp bargains; and cute 'dodges,' was at this critical epoch—the time that Ohio was so bountifully supplied with 'bogus'—and by his suspicious manœvering, made an especial object of mistrust and doubt. The bare mention of his presenting a counterfeit dollar was the *cue* for all the lookers on to rush up to the counter, surround the down-easter, and examine the dollar, while the deputy shopman made a brake for the constable! The whole movement was so suddenly executed, that 'down east' found himself in the hands of the fangs of the law before he could well say '*punkins*,' A grand raft of folks honored the 'down-east' with a procession to the office of that high and mighty puissant arm of the municipal law—the magistrate.

'Passing counterfeit money, eh?' inquired the magistrate of the plaintiff.

'Yaw; dat is the moush vot he vos pass on me,' says the Dutchman.

'Umph, ah! yes, yes, base counterfeit—rascally fraud!' continues the magistrate, feeling the greasy, white coin, which was nicked with a penknife, rung, smelled, and otherwise tested by the *tales de circumstan'ibus*.

'Well, Mr. Bomwig,' says his honor 'go on and tell how and when this transaction took place and all about it.' His honor then gave a magisterial snort and cough, and the beer man went on to state his case.

'Vell, then squirhes, I vos behint mine counter, all by mineself, mit Shorge, mine clark, and all dese oder gent-amen vos sthanding dere too; vell, vile I vos going out; dis tam——'

'Come, come, sir, no swearing here, Mr. Bomwig,' says the magistrate.

"Vell, den, squhires, dis t-t Yankees coom in mine shop, eat mine cakes and drinkt mine beer, den de ta-ta- (magistrate shakes his head) den he, dis Yankee, shews me down to fourteen cents, and den he gives dis ta—(frown from the magistrate) dis bogle tollar, vot ish a tam spurish ceunterfeit.'

'I shall fine you, sir, five dollars for that oath, sir!' said the magistrate, in rage.

'That's right, squire, put it to the darned critter; consarn him!'

'Silence, you rascal, or I'll send you to the penitentiary without a hearing!' says the foaming magistrate to the Yankee; who had, up to the moment of breaking silence, been quietly chipping off the top of a very ugly cane in his possession.

'Oh! well, squire, if you say so, guess I'll shet pan at once; and if yeou jest hand over that pewter o' mine, guess I'll put eout of this town, any heow!'

'Will you? We'll see about that, you rascal!' responded the magistrate. 'Now, constable,' he continued, 'search the rascal;—see how much of that base coin he has secreted about him.'

The Yankee was forthwith fumbled over, tumbled and tossed, every seam and quarter of his rough, plain, and substantial toggery duly scrutenized, and the contents—a large jack-knife, piece of chalk, strings; a wallet, and two letters—were placed upon the desk of the magistrate.—The contents of the wallet exhibited several hundred dollars in good specie-paying bank funds, a gold piece, and two five francs, all genoo-ine stuff; although the court tried mighty hard to throw some doubts upon the purity of the funds, it was no go, and the attempt to question the means by which so much money came into the possession of such a queer, common-looking biped, proved equally futile, as the examination of the letters indicated very distinctly that the down easter had a dad and mam of some repute in the State of Maine, and heaps of love, affection and regard for their perambulating offspring—now in the meshes of the Western law.

'Have you been robbing any body, sir? are these your letters, and this your money, sir?' inquires the magistrate, keenly scrutinizing the Yankee.

'Well, squire, I reckon as heow them doc-aments be mine, ef I know anything abeout law and gospil. And——'

'What is your calling—what do you follow for a living?' interrupted the magistrate.

'What deou I follow for a livin! Yeas; well, squire, I live abeout like other folks, deou breath principally, and——'

'Come, sir, no impudence,' says the magistrate, 'answer direct and to the point. How come you in possession of this counterfeit dollar, this vile fraud, eh?'

'*Counterfeit!*' says the Yankee, with evident spirit, 'ceounterfeit dollar? Squire, deou you pretend to say that dollar is counterfeit?'

'Counterfeit, sir? certainly I do; and if you don't render a ready and distinct account of how it came into your possession, I'll commit you forthwith!'

'Well, perhaps you will,' says the self-possessed down easter. 'But I calculate, squire, to prove yeour no judge of specie, if you be of law, and I'll jest bet yeou or any one else, squire, that that are dollar there is gen-eo-ine stuff, and noth-in else. A fust rate, rale gen eo-ine Spanish dollar, *by jingo!*'

'Why, you rascal,' says the magistrate, 'don't I know good money from bad?'

'Calkerlate yeou don't, squire. Ef you want to bet on't I've got the doc-ements to lay up *any how*' says the Yankee.

'Bait him' 'Bait him, squire!' 'Safe bait, squire!' was the cry in court; and the magistrate, in the heat of the excitement and apparent safety of the 'risks,' (i. e. having all the funds in his hands) forgot his dignity and authority, and cried out—

'I'll bet you fifty dollars that that is a bogus dollar!'

'Done,' says the Yankee, with the utmost coolness; 'done squire. Jest lay up yeour rags along side o' my hull wallet there, and ef I lose—*rake 'em all deown!*'

'That I will,' says his honor, 'and send you to Columbus into the bargain, sir!'

'O! yeou needn't give yeourself any oneasiness 'beout me, perfect business transaction, squire; and I cal kelate it'll come out nice and square, *any how!*'

'Now we'll soon settle this,' says the squire. 'Here you, Jones, you're a silver-smith, feel this dollar!'

'Jones felt the dollar, grinned; smelt it, gave two grins—

'Pew-ter or Brittany, squire!' says Jones.

'*Yeou*,' says the Yankee to Jones; 'do yeou know seel-ver when you see't?' he continued grinning at the silver-smith.

'Reckon I ought to,' says he.

'Fire in that stove o' yourn, squire? (squire nodded 'yes.') Well, neow, jest give me them tongs and the dollar, so; neow, squire dunt get alarmed, no hocus pokers 'beout this (all were on the *tenter hooks* of excitement;) but by jest holdin' that dollar over them coals a minute and a half, I fetch it out a bran, spick, and span bright and gen-oo-ine dollar!'

'The mob rushed to the desk, where the Yankee dropped the dollar from the tongs, and before you could say John Robinson, Esq., the silversmith bawls—

'Squire, you've lost, by thunder! It is a good dollar, been covered with tin foil or quick silver!'

'The entire crowd acknowledged the corn, the magistrate 'confessed' it at last; but in consideration of handing back the Yankee his wallet and contents, dollar, &c., he generously said they'd call it *square*, and he would *let the stranger off!*

'The fleetle eends' of the Yankee's coat tails were soon standing out towards sunset, and court closed for that day.'

Our New York Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3, 1851.

EDITOR OF THE GAZETTE:

Very little is said here, just now, relative to the succession to the Presidency, local and State affairs almost entirely engrossing the attention of politicians. After next Tuesday when the State election is over, the ballots counted, the dead buried, and the wounded soothed into quiet, the discussion upon Presidential candidates, in respect to their eligibility, their qualifications, and their principles, will be renewed with redoubled vigor. The personal preferences of the leading journals in New York are very diverse. The *Courier and Enquirer* goes for Webster. The *Journal of Commerce* would, perhaps, support him, if nominated; although it would no doubt prefer to sustain any Democrat of equal devotion to the Union and the Compromise.

By the way, speaking of the *Journal*, I may as well inform you, that there is likely to be a rupture between Gerard Hallock, and his new partner and co-editor, George Butler, who left the management of the affairs of the Hudson River Railroad Company, to enlighten the public mind upon the beauties and virtues of Hunker Democracy, through the columns of a public press. George fancies that he has singular abilities for journalism; and he expected to make a great sensation in the editorial world. Hallock wanted money and assistance; and, in consideration of the sum of twenty thousand dollars, he kindly consented to *to take* in the eager aspirant.—The result, however, has not proved perfectly satisfactory to either party. George has written several articles, which Hallock peremptorily insisted should not go into the paper; and several that have got in, have subjected the *Journal* to so much hostility, that the poor old fellow is well nigh distracted. The *Journal* has heretofore, been a wolf in sheep skin. George Butler has been throwing the sheep skin off, and that won't do. There will be a change of proprietors 'ere long, unless George learns to fight the Whig party with a slow poison, instead of broadsides of artillery.

To return to the subject with which I commenced; the *Express* goes for Fillmore or Crittenden; the *Commercial Advertiser*, for Fillmore or Webster; the *Sun* for Houston; the *Herald* for Buchanan; and the *Tribune* keeps dark. Senator Douglas has been spending some time in the city, recently, and is laboring with might and main, to organize a party for himself, in the Empire State. I have it from one of the editors of the *Evening Post*, the Locofoco Free Soil paper here, that Douglas, not long since, attempted to open a negotiation for the support of that journal. The subject was confidentially discussed, with the aid of a basket of champagne, and a bowl of capital punch, at the Astor House, but the result is known only to the future. Douglas is making a bold push. He has thrown out the idea that he is desirous of Cuban annexation, to catch the ardent spirits of the South; and he is now trying to hook the Barnburners and Free-Soilers of the North, by making secret verbal promises and pledges, which he will either keep or not, just as may best suit his individual interests. He is one of the shrewdest and most unprincipled of the many desperate politicians in the Democratic party, and is, perhaps, the only other man now living, who unites the cunning, plausibility, and other Machiavelian traits, which are universally known to characterize his proto-type, the Sage of Kinderhook. There is a general impression, that the Country Press is governed in its action, by the course of the New York journals; and that is the reason why the politicians deem it of such importance to win the latter, and spare no arts nor appliances to effect that end. I think that this view of the matter is a mistaken one. I know the character of the Press, in every part of the Union; and I feel confident, that it is nowhere so feeble, so faithless, so corrupt, and so destitute of genuine power, as in New York.

Yours truly, YORK.

THE OPPOSITION.

The "sole" DEMOCRATIC organ of this city is waging the most bitter warfare against President Fillmore, notwithstanding its daily allegation that the policy of his Administration is more acceptable to the Democrats than to the Whigs. Our contemporary employs eight or nine columns in his impression of Monday to demonstrate that the Northern Democracy have "rallied upon" and are determined to "maintain" the measures of Adjustment, in pursuance of the recommendations of the President in his annual message. This is all well. It is apparent that the Whigs of the Northern States are prepared at all events to "acquiesce" in these measures. Now, if the Democrats of the North and South are not only prepared to "acquiesce" in them, but to approve and applaud them vehemently, (as our contemporary insists,) President Fillmore has certainly taken a strong position, and laid down a tolerably broad and national platform. He may be said, under those circumstances, to represent in his sentiments no inconsiderable portion of the American people. His course pleases more than it is generally safe or desirable for a politician to please—his opponents as well as his own party. But the oddest thing is that those opponents who protest that they are so well pleased, and that the only point they care about is the maintenance of the very policy which the President has warmly recommended and undeviatingly pursued, are many of them as violent and reckless in their efforts to break down his Administration as if he were pursuing a course which they deemed the ruin and not the salvation of the country.

Such an opposition is obviously factious and mercenary; for it starts with an assumption which demonstrates that it ought not to exist. The cement of the opposition is the support of the Compromise; and the Compromise is the platform of the present Whig Administration. When men band together to overthrow an administration whose principles they approve, and whose policy they deem essential to the safety of the country, they make proclamation of a personal war, a sort of predatory expedition, in which the interests of the nation are sacrificed to promote the ambitious schemes of individuals. The Democratic party in fifteen States is opposed to the Compromise; and in fifteen other States it is divided. Take from the Democratic party the Secessionists and the Free-soilers, and deprive it of the strength derived from its Abolition alliances in the Northern States, and it is in a feeble minority in the nation. The idea that the conservative residue of the Democracy is strong enough to break down a Whig Compromise Administration, and build up a Democratic Compromise Administration, is a plain absurdity. Good men, therefore, and patriotic men, who look only to the interests of the country, will rather rally upon and maintain the ground of a Whig President and his advisers, and thereby strengthen and establish the principles which they hold in common, than endanger the success of those principles by a blind, reckless and unprincipled opposition to the men by whom they are honorably and efficiently represented.—*Wash. Republic.*

A MOONLIGHT BALLOON EXCURSION.—A Paris paper of the 14th ult., gives an entertaining logbook of an aeral voyage recently performed by M. Eugene Godard and a half dozen companions, on a brilliant moonlight night. M. Godard was endeavoring to demonstrate his ability to steer the atmospheric ship as conveniently as one riding the water, and appears to have succeeded to a charm. He passed from one point of Paris and its environs to another, picking up his passengers; and stated when he finally arose, to what points in the department he proposed to travel, and fulfilled his promise with wonderful exactness. When passing over Clichy, at an immense height, the scene is represented as one of fairy like beauty. The moon was on the horizon; the heavens, entirely free from cloud or vapor, glittering with stars; and below, the different streets and boulevards of Paris were distinctly protracted in long lines of light. At those *ganglia* of the city, the Place de la Concorde, the Palais National, etc., the effect of the gas lamps was to produce an atmosphere dazzlingly phosphorescent, and perfectly magical in its intense coloring; and the elevated towers of Notre Dame, the columns and domes, stood out in dark relief from the glaring ground. After voyaging for some hours, the balloon descended at Garges, and the party travelled cosily and safely upon terra firma back to the city.

TO CURE HAMS.—Make a pickle of two quarts of salt, to which add one ounce of summer savory, one ounce sweet majoram, one ounce allspice, half an ounce of saltpeter, and one pound brown sugar—boil the whole together, and apply the mixture boiling hot, to one hundred pounds of ham, and keep it in the pickle three or four weeks. Smoke the hams in a seed cask with one head in, with a small hole for the smoke to pass out, hang the hams to the head, and use mahogany saw-dust for fuel.

IT is not easy to imagine a more unfortunate dilemma than that of our contemporary of the *Union*, and therefore we are not at all surprised that he sometimes loses his good nature, and occasionally his good manners. From an ex-ambassador and a courtier—a minister indeed of two courts and double outfits in the same twelvemonth—we look very naturally for more than ordinary regard to the proprieties, and are disposed to hold him to a standard of more than ordinary elevation. Hence it is that we lament when he suffers himself to indulge in calling names—though, lament it as we may, we cannot in charity deny that, if he is cut off from this mode of assailing the Administration, there is nothing left for him.

When men are engaged in a mercenary political warfare—when their opposition to a Chief Magistrate is merely and miserably factious—when they are compelled to approve and sustain his policy at the same time that they are seeking to subvert his Administration—what in the world *can* they do if they are cut off from denunciatory language? Our contemporary, for instance, professes to believe that the salvation of the country depends on the honest and faithful observance of the Compromise measures. Time and again—a thousand times—he has expressed his conviction that this was the question the *only* question, of any pressing importance before the country. A thousand times (in vain) he has appealed to the Democratic party to "rally upon and maintain that ground." President Fillmore did the same thing a twelvemonth since.—He first joined issue on the finality of the Compromise. He first counselled and exhorted his countrymen to adhere to that Compromise as the only means of "maintaining inviolate the integrity of the Union." From that day to this he has stood firmly on that platform, refusing to recede a hair's breadth, but inviting his fellow citizens to join him and carry out his policy. He desires that they should all think with him. Many who at first violently denounced him are now acquiescing; by and by they will approve and applaud. Every day public sentiment North and South is strongly manifesting itself in favor of this policy; and, whatever else may be doubtful, there is no doubt whatever that an immense majority of the American People now stand precisely where President Fillmore stands—not merely on the spirit, but on the very letter of his annual message.

One would imagine, if the *Union* is sincere in believing these Compromise questions of such paramount importance, that it would treat President Fillmore with decency, as a man bent upon the same patriotic objects with itself. One would suppose that it would seek to lay before the country the true state of the case, and to direct its own course in a judicial rather than in a partisan spirit. The *Union* has taken up the issue tendered by the President, in the President's behalf. It has come up to the ground on which the President exhorted his countrymen to rally.—When we recollect that our contemporary was a member of the Nashville Convention—that he was one of the volunteers of whom Mr. Rhett boasted as wheeling Tennessee into line in five days—we must admit that he has manifested great magnanimity and patriotism in so far abandoning his prejudices as to respond to the summons of the President with such creditable alacrity. We know that he has taken this position against the remonstrances, and in spite of the denunciations, of the Democratic press and the Democratic party of the South—a press and a party which are much more faithfully represented by the organ of the Disunionists in this city than by the self-styled metropolitan organ of the Democracy. We understand all this, and we sympathise in the premises with the *Union*. But we submit that it can find no excuse or apology in its anomalous and unfortunate position for the language which it applies yesterday to a President, whose policy on the only question which it alleges to to be of vital interest, it approves and endorses. When it styles Mr. Fillmore an "Abolition and Federal Whig," it knows perfectly well that two-thirds of its designation are entirely false. It is well aware that Mr. Fillmore was *never* an Abolitionist or a Federalist. The *Union* knows this as well as it knows that its friend, Mr. Buchanan, was a bitter opponent of the last war with England, and a friend of the "Wilmot proviso" as far back as the date of the Missouri compromise. If it had employed these epithets then with regard to Mr. Buchanan, who is now believed to be the favorite candidate of the Southern Democracy for the Presidential office, the *Union* would have had some reason for their application. But when it uses them in reference to Mr. Fillmore, it merely indulges malice at the expense of veracity, and sacrifices its decorum to its spleen.—*Washington Republic.*

A LIVELY TRADE.—From the recent report of the Methodist Book Concern in New York, it appears that the sales for the last twelve months, were more than $200,000, being an increase of $65,000 over the previous year, and exceeding all former years. The profits on the New Hymn Book were $47,561. The Christian Advocate and Journal has a circulation of from 25,000 29,000. The Missionary Advocate 20,000. The Sunday School Advocate 65,000, with a yearly sale of Sunday School Books amounting to $5000. The Quarterly Review has 3000 subscribers.

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