PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY GRAHAM & JOHNSON. J. A. JOHNSON, EDITOR.

TERMS. TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within *one month* of the time of subscribing, or the renewal of subscription. A failure to notify a discontinuance is considered as a new engagement.

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. XXXV. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1852. No. 41.

ADVERTISEMENTS Not exceeding one square (14 lines) inserted THREE TIMES for ONE DOLLAR, and TWENTY FIVE CENTS for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in proportion. A liberal deduction to yearly Advertisers. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Merchants and others who advertise by the year, will in no case be allowed to insert any advertisement not connected with their regular business, without an additional charge.

All orders addressed to the publishers, post paid, will receive prompt attention.

THE SPIRIT'S REVELATION.

BY J. WM. WEIDEMEYER.

"TELL me, ye departed spirits,
Who, in mystery, round us dwell,
Dare ye hold converse with mortals,
And your tale of wonders tell?"

"Ask us not to break the secret,
Aught beyond the grave reveal;
In the gray night's gloom and stillness,
Drawn toward the earth we feel:

"For there is a strange communion
'Twixt men and our spirit band;
Oft in omens we approach ye,
Brothers of ancient land.

"From the glittering orb of even,
Gliding down upon its beams,
Noiseless as the step of zephyr,
Do we visit you in dreams.

"At the couch of all true-hearted
Stand we guardian in their sleep;
For the loved ones left behind us
Do we faithful vigils keep.

"See yon spirit mother hovering
O'er her fondly-cherished child
Smile on it in tender sorrow—
Drink its breath in rapture wild.

"And the ghostly husband beckons,
Loving to his lonely wife;
In yon lunar bowers he bids her
Join with him in spirit-life.

"Playing with her flowing tresses,
Pillowed on her heaving breast,
Comes the spirit-child to linger,
By it's mother's lips caressed.

"Never can the tide be severed
'Twix the hearts that truly love;
And for every friend departed,
One ye gain with us above."

GETTING INTO A TIGHT PLACE.

During the brush between "Uncle Sam," and the "Britishers," a regiment was raised in Canada, called the "King's Own," but was more properly nicknamed the "Devil's Own," its advent in a place being more dreaded than an incursion from Yankeedom. The officers kept up the Satanic fame of their corps with commendable spirit, the "pillar" being Ensign D'E He was the most consummate practical joker in the army, and his messmates held him in awe in consequence of the repeated success of his tricks upon them. After an outrageous affair which nearly cost the lives of two or three of his comrades, it was resolved to retaliate at the earliest opportunity, which soon offered.

The regiment, on the march to the frontier, bivouacked in the vicinity of L'Acadie. It then became a question of some import to know how the mess table was to be garnished One suggested a very common expedient among both officers and men, viz. a visit to some neighboring hen coop. Another immediately added that, at about a mile from the encampment, he had noticed an old lady feeding some pretty plump geese.

"Let's have them by all mean," cried D'E.

The party sallied out, and on reaching the old lady's premises, a reconnoitrance showed the geese were penned in under one of those ovens which the generality of Canadians build near their houses, instead of baking their bread as in this country.

"Who'll crawl in?" came to be the question.

"D'E——will, he understands the business, and is the smallest chap among us," said one of the party.

"Certainly," cried the Ensign, who always sought distinction in exploits of the kind; "I will but some of you must go to the house and entertain the old woman so she may not interrupt my operations."—D'E., although a slight man, had to exert his utmost strength in order to squeeze himself half through the little door of the pen.

"Now," he cried, wa ding off the attack of a billigerant old goose; "run in to the old woman."

And they did run in.

"Madam! Madam!" they cried—there's a fellow stealing your geese! Come quick—quick!'

The old lady flew to the chimney corner, seized her broom-stick, and sallied to surprise the Ensign in the hottest of his tussle with his ferocious antagonist, the patriarchal goose She instantly proceeded to intimate her presence by dealing the trespasser a terrific blow, the full force of which fell upon the exposed part with unrestricted effect, as he had on his "shell-jacket" only.

"Hello, there! Stop that, you fools—you hurt!" shouted the officer.

"Hah, you rascal," the unfortunate woman shrieked. "I'll teach you to rob a poor lone widder of her lovful property," and she applied her weapon to the culprit with redoubled energy.

"Murder!" yelled the Ensign.

"That's it," whispered a captain who owed D'E a grudge of long standing.—Give it to the fellow," he added, patting her encouragingly on the shoulder.

"Oh—murder! Murder-r-r-r!" yelled the depredator.

"Strike lower, my good woman," said the vindictive captain, with as much coolness as if he were superintending a military flogging.

The injunction was implicitly followed. D'E roared with pain, and made superhuman efforts to extricate himself. His comrades, all but the inexorable captain, were rolling upon the grass, convulsed with laughter.

"I'll give you a guinea if you'll stop," cried the Ensign.

"I'll give you two—go it," whispered the captain, urging her on.

She resumed the castigation with a blow that sent the broomstick flying in two pieces. D'E. grew desperate, and with the yell of a Mohawk he escaped—a goose in each hand.

He feasted alone upon the booty that night; but the others were too delighted to complain of a slim mess in consequence.—*Cottage Gazette.*

Letter from Major Jack Downing.

DOWNINGVILLE, STATE OF MAINE, SATURDAY, Sept. 18, 1852.

Mr. Gales and Seaton; My dear old friends. I wish I had better news to write to you I'm pesky afraid Gineral Scott is coming in. And, arter all, I don't know why I should feel so much afraid of it, especially on my own account, for I don't spose he's a very bad man. But I feel bad for Uncle Joshua. His whole heart is bound up in the post-office, and if he should lose it, I'm afraid it would almost be the death of him. He's had it now more than twenty years, and he's more fond of it because it was give to him by dear old Gineral Jackson. He loves it now like one of his own family, and I think it would be the hardest one of the family for him to part with, unless 'tis Aunt Keziah. If he should lose ary one of 'em, that is Aunt Keziah or the post office, I know it it would break his heart. And that's what makes me feel so bad at the turn things has took down this way in favor of Gineral Scott. If any way could be contrived to keep Uncle Joshua in the post office, I wouldn't care a snap if Gineral Scott did come. And I guess there's a good deal of the same sort of feelin a mongst a good many of the Democracy. I'll just give you a sample of it.

There's Cousin Sargant Joel, he can't live without hurrahing for somebody as much as two or three times a day. He got in a habit of it in old Hickory's time, and he couldn't never leave it off since. Two or three weeks ago Uncle Joshua and I was in the barn, planning a little about getting out the voters to the election, when all at once we heard somebody back of the barn hollar with all his might "Hurrah for Gineral Scott." We both started and run round the corner of the barn as fast as we could, and who should we see there but Cousin Sargent Joel, standing on a stump, swinging his hat all alone, and hollering at the very top of his voice, "Hurrah for Gineral Scott." Uncle Joshua looked as cross as thunder, and Cousin Joel colored a little as soon as he see us, but he swung his hat again, and sung out once more. "Hurrah for Gineral Scott, and I don't care who hears it."

"What's that you say?" said Uncle Joshua.

"I say, hurrah for Gineral Scott, and I don't care who hears it," says Cousin Joel, putting on his hat and jumping off the stump.

"Well, this is a pretty piece of business," said Uncle Joshua, "setting such examples as this to the neighbors. There's many a word spoke in jest that's turned into arnest before it's done with; and you ought to be careful how you set such hurrahs agoin. If you once get 'em started there's no knowing what'll be the end on't."

"I don't much care what'll be the end on't," said Cousin Joel.

"Why Joel, what do you mean?" said Uncle Joshua; "if you are goin to turn Whig, say so, and let us put you out of the synagogue at once, and be done with it. I want a plain right up and down answer, are you going for Gineral Pierce or not?"

"I spose I shall," said Cousin Joel

"Then, why in the name of common sense dont you hurrah for him?" said Uncle Joshua, "and try and get up some enthusiamsy. You ought to be ashamed to throw your hurrahs away on 'tother side."

"Now, Uncle Joshua, I'll tell you what 'tis," said Sargeant Joel, straightening himself up jest as he used to at the head of the company in the Nullification times, says he, I'll tell you what 'tis, Uncle Joshua, I'm willing to vote for Gineral Pierce to help you to keep the post office, and I mean to; but you needn't ask me to hurrah for him, for I can stand no such tomfoodery as that. I've tried it, and it won't go no how. It makes me feel so much like digging small potatoes and few in a hill. But when I get right hungry for a hurah, I give it to Gineral Scott, and I find there's refreshment and nourishment in that, something like real meat; it makes me feel as it used to when we gin the loudest hurrahs for Gineral Jackson"

Uncle Joshua turned away, looking rather down in the mouth, and saying, "he didn't know what the world was coming to."

As near as I can find out, there's a great many Democrats in this State, and other places too, that's in the same fix as Cousin Sargent Joel Downing; they've tried to hurrah for Gineral Pierce, and can't. Over to the raisin of Squire Jones's barn 'tother day, arter they all got through, Squire Jones, who is a great Democrat, called out, "now let us give three cheers for Gineral Pierce." As quick as a look they all swung their hats, and about three-quarters of em sung out, as loud as they could holler, "hurrah for Gineral Cass." At that Squire Jones flew in a rage, and told em they was traitors to the party, and no true Democrat would hurrah for any body but Gineral Pierce. That touched the dander of the rest of em, and about twenty swung their hats and cried out lustily, "hurrah for Gineral Scott," and asked Squire Jones if he liked that any better.

These things has kept Uncle Joshua very uneasy along back, and before our State election, which come along last Monday, he got quite nervous; and he aint no better yet. We've been in quite a state of conboberation all the week, trying to find out how the election's gone, but it's a hard sum to work out. I went over this morning to help Uncle Joshua figure up. He was sitting to the table with his spectacles on, and the papers spread all around him, and a pen in his hand, and a dark scowl on his brow. He was thinking so hard he didn't seem to know when I come in. Says Aunt Keziah, says she, "I'm dreadful glad you've come in, Major; your uncle will make himself sick working over them figures."

Says I, "Well, Uncle Joshua, how are we coming on?"

"I'm afraid we are coming out at the little end of the horn, Major," said Uncle Joshua, and he looked up over his spectacles so pale and melancholy it made me feel bad. Says he I don't like the looks of it a bit; the State is on the back track again towards Whiggery, jest as 'twas when Harrison came in."

"Oh, I guess not," says I, for I wanted to cheer him up as much as I could.—"The liquor law has played the mischief with this election all round, and got things badly mixed up; but if we sift em out carefully we shall find the Democrats as strong as ever." Uncle Joshua shook his head. Says I, "let us see the figures. Here's the returns from three hundred towns, all the State except some of the outskirts. Mr. Hubbard and Mr. Chandler, the two Democratic candidates for Governor, has together more than fifty-eight thousand votes, and Mr. Crosby, the Whig candidate has a little more than twenty-seven thousand

The Democratic vote is more than double the Whig vote. This don't look as though the State was going back to Whiggery."

"That don't amount to nothin at all," said Uncle Joshua; "a good many thousand of temperance Whigs voted for Hubbard, and a good many rum Whigs voted for Chandler; and when the Legislature comes to meet Crosby will stand jest as good a chance to be chose Governor as any of em, and better too if the State goes over the dam the 2d of November, and you may depend it's drifting that way, or else I've forgot how to cipher. Jest look at the Legislature. Last year in the Senate there was about five Democrats to one Whig, and now the Whigs have elected *fourteen* Senators and the Democrats only *seven*, leaving nine or ten no choice or doubtful. And then in the house it aint much better. Last year we had a clear majority of more than thirty, and now, it don't look tho' we should have more than ten majority. And if the State goes for Scott, I believe the Legislature will go that way too, Governor and all.

"But, may be, Uncle Joshua," says I, "the Whigs havn't gained as much as you think for, after all. It looks bad in the Legislature, I see, but it may be all owing to the rum business, as you say about the Governor"

"No, no, it isn't that," said uncle Joshua, with a heavy sigh; "you may depend upon it the State has got a Whig drift—The Congressmen tells the story, and there the rum business has nothing to do with it. In the last Congress we had five Democratic Representatives and the Whigs two. Well, now how is it? In the next Congress this State has six Representatives, and the Democrats have made out to elect three and the Whigs three. It's jest an even balance, and a few more of them foolish hurrahs for Gineral Scott will tip the State agin us.

"Well, we must stir round," says I, "and try to stop this hurrah business, and may be we can save the State yet. If I ketch Sargent Joel at it again I'll cashier him.—If Democrats can't hurrah for Pierce they musn't be allowed to hurrah for no body. But, after all, Uncle, suppose we should lose this State, the nation is safe for the Democracy. You must remember we have a large majority of the States, and nigh two thirds of the members of the last Congress."

"Well," says he, "that don't prove whether we shall have two thirds or one-third in the next Congress. If the States go on as they have begun it will be pretty likely to be one third. There's only three States that has elected their Representatives to the next Congress yet, and that is Maine, and Missouri, and Iowa. And only jest look at em. Three years ago they stood twelve Democrats and two Whigs, and now they stand seven Democrats and six Whigs. How long will it take at that rate to turn our two-thirds into one-third? I'm afraid there's a Whig drift going over the country that'll swamp us. Sailors tell about the big tenth wave that rolls up, and carries every thing before it, and I'm thinking it seems to be a good deal so in politics. There was a big tenth wave in 1840, and you remember what work it made. It looks a good deal as if there is another big tenth wave rolling up now, to swamp the Democracy and upset Congress. We've got to have trying times, Major. I don't know what'll become of the country if the Whigs get the upper hand." He said this with such a mournful expression that I see the tears come into Aunt Keziah's eyes. She's a good christian woman, and she laid her hand on his shoulder, and says she, "Oh, Mr. Downing, pray don't be so worried, but trust in Providence."

And now, Mr. Gales & Seaton, if you can say any thing to encourage us, or to relieve Uncle Joshua's anxious mind, you would do a great kindness to your old friend, MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

DEMOCRATIC REPUDIATION OF PIERCE.

Ever since the nominations for the Presidency were made intelligence has reached us, through the exchange papers, from all quarters of the country, that hundreds of men who have heretofore acted with the so-called Democratic party, are avowing their intention to vote for Winfield Scott at the election in November next. This change has been taking place to a far greater extent, and embraces a far larger number of persons than can be well ascertained through the medium of the Whig press. Thousands of intelligent men, everywhere, who have a warmer and stronger affection for their country than for the mere ties of party, are silently canvassing in their own minds the issues of the contest and the merits of the candidates; and the resolution of each to support at the polls the good, heroic and devoted patriot, who, for forty years past, has done so much to promote the honor and defend the liberties and welfare of the nation, will probably be given no voice until the ballot, bearing the loved and revered name of Scott, is cast in his favor. Nor is this purpose to reward the great services and to express a proper appreciation of the eminent virtues and talents, civil as well as military, of him who has been distinguished in peace as in war, confined to classes or kinds of men. Individuals high in position and character, as well as those of humble station, are manfully throwing off the trammels of partizan attachment and prejudice, and courageously declaring their determination to oppose Mr. Pierce, and also stating the reasons which actuate them. Among the most conspicuous instances of this high-toned and independent spirit which is spreading so rapidly through the masses of the people, in all sections of the Union, we notice that of Ex Governor Lucas, of Iowa, who occupied the distinguished post of presiding officer of the Convention which nominated General Jackson for his second term. In a letter, remarkable for its sound sense, earnest patriotism, and fearless defiance of party censure or resentment, he announces the motives which have led him to adopt the course of action he intends to pursue in the pending election; and we are induced both on account of the convincing arguments of the letter, the eminent source from which it emanates, and the decided political relations of the writer for many years past, to publish, thus prominently, the following extract. We ask all persons to read and ponder it attentively.—Ex Governor Lucas says:

I have, sir, as you know, always been a Democrat; I was born a Democrat, and I expect to live the balance of my days as such, and then die a Democrat:

I supported Thomas Jefferson for the Presidency. I supported Mr. Madison for two terms, Mr. Monroe twice, and was one of the electors in Ohio that voted for Monroe at the time of his second election.—In 1824 I was placed at the head of the Jackson electoral ticket in Ohio; in 1828 was chosen an elector in that State, and gave my vote as such for Gen. Andrew Jackson. I was President of the Democratic National Convention at Baltimore, in 1832, which nominated Gen. Jackson for re-election, and recommended Martin Van Buren as a candidate for Vice President on the same ticket. I supported Mr. Van Buren for the Presidency in '36 and 40. I voted for General Cass in '48, and should freely vote for him again, were he a candidate. These are so many proofs of my title of Democrat. This title has been well earned, and my right to it shall never be impaired. But I cannot support Franklin Pierce, by word or deed, for the important office of President, consistent with the principles which I have ever as a Democrat entertained, nor with the voluntary pledges that I made to the Democratic Convention of Ohio, which nominated me in 1834 as a candidate for re-election to the office of Governor of that flourishing State; these pledges being as follows:

"My motto has been Principles, Measures, and Men that will carry principles into effect. And you may rest assured that whatever may be my station or situation in life, you will always find me in the ranks of Democracy, supporting the principles and measures that were professed and acted upon in the administration of a Jefferson, a Madison, and a Jackson, and such men as will carry their principles and measures into effect."

The position Mr. Pierce has ever occupied, in Congress or any other public stations, in reference to questions vital to Western prosperity, has been antagonistical to those which were advocated and dearly cherished by those eminent statesmen, whose election to the Presidency I most heartily and cordially advocated.—They taught, and I have always believed, that the Constitution vests in Congress the power to open and repair harbors and remove obstructions from navigable rivers; and that it was expedient that Congress should exercise such power whenever such improvements are necessary for common defence—for the protection and facility of commerce with other nations or among the States—said improvements being national and general in their character. I understand Mr Pierce to superadd to the above doctrine a proviso to the effect that the waters on which these improvements are proposed to be made, shall be salt, and that they shall be moved by tides. He has, in effect, declared that the depth of waters to be improved, and their capacity for trade among the States, forms no criterion for a just demand upon federal protection.—His political history, as collected from his letter to the Committee of the Convention, accepting his nomination to the Presidency in the terms set forth in the platform, furnish evidence of his hostility to all the prominent measures which tend to Western prosperity—of which internal improvements and domestic industry are the most important.

As a western man, therefore, and as an original Jackson Democrat, as a friend to Internal Improvements, and to the protection and encouragement of American Industry, I cannot and will not support such a man as Franklin Pierce for the Presidency. And as there are now but two prominent candidates before the American people, namely, Gen. Winfield Scott and Franklin Pierce, one of whom will necessarily be elected the next President, I shall most cheerfully and freely give my vote and influence to Gen. Scott. I believe him by far the best Democrat of the two, and one whom every friend to the west particularly, and to Internal Improvements, and to the protection and promotion of American Industry, ought to prefer and to cordially support.

Trusting that my position and views may be fully understood, and with the warmest wishes for the success of the friends of Western Improvements, and for suitable protection and encouragement to American industry,

I remain, truly, your obedient servant,
ROBT. LUCAS.

To S. M. BALLARD, Iowa City, Iowa.

THE WEBSTER MOVEMENT.

We must be allowed to express our regrets at the steps which some of the members of the Whig party at Boston have chosen to take. The friends of Mr. Webster went into the National Convention under the implied obligation to support the nominee. They had the same opportunity to have elected delegates favorable to their candidate as the friends of Gen. Scott had. Those delegates themselves can say that the nomination was fairly made, without the use of improper outside influence. Indeed, that influence, whether with reference to place or persons, was decidedly in opposition to Gen. Scott. Everything that transpired in that convention was in accordance with the long-settled usages of the party. Mr. Webster received but thirty-two votes, at the most, and now his friends *assert that their personal predilections must* prevail over the wishes of a majority of that body.

We intend no disrespect to Mr. Webster, for we feel none. Had he been selected candidate, we should have cheerfully given him all the support that we could command. We have the highest admiration for his talents and the profoundest gratitude for what he has done for the cause of the Whigs and the good of his country. But the support of the *principles* of our party is a paramount consideration to any attachment we may feel to any man.

The manifesto which the Webster men of Boston have published, is a specimen of special pleading that we never supposed could have emanated from a body of reasonable Whigs. To speak of no other topic, it takes for granted that Mr. Webster and his friends are the only true supporters of the Union, and, with an open insult to every other member of the party, call themselves *the Union Whig party*—For our part, we have no disposition to submit tamely to be thus read out of full communion with the true Whig party.—The assumption that the supporters of Gen. Scott are of necessity *hostile to the Union and the Constitution*, is one that we cannot permit to pass unnoticed. We go for the Union as it is, for the Constitution as it has been handed down to us, and for the support of the late Compromise measures, as the settlement of a late unfortunate agitation, and yet we go for Winfield Scott as President. We approve of the national platform of the Whig party, *on which Gen. Scott now stands*. The whole body of Whigs who support him have taken the same position; and yet we are told by a miserable faction of disappointed men in Massachusetts and Georgia that none but they are Whigs!

The manifesto proves, to its own satisfaction, that the Union is again in danger, and that no one but Daniel Webster can save it, and thus by adhering to that stale cry, attempts to defeat the election of the Whig nominee, prevent the success of Whig principles, and secure the election of the Democratic candidate, whose nomination was effected by the most dangerous enemies to the Union which it ever had.

Are not Boston men affected by the success of Whig principles? Will not a Whig administration under the control of Winfield Scott secure the desires and advance the interests of the people of Boston? The Whigs of the other sections of the Union have fought long and manfully for those interests; are they to be deserted now because the personal attachments of Boston have not been gratified?

What the result of this movement will be, remains to be seen. That its originators have any hope of success is too absurd to be imagined for a moment. It may end in nothing. But it may end in the defeat of General Scott, in the destruction of the hopes that Whig "principles will ever prevail, and in the commencement of "the long dark night" of Locofocoism. Do its movers intend this?—*Hartford (Connecticut) Courant*.

TRUE AND FALSE HUMANITY.

The partizans of Gen. Pierce have laid particular stress upon two incidents in his life, as illustrating the generosity and magnanimity of his character. One of the anecdotes was related by Gov. Steele, of N. Hampshire, in a speech designed to aid the election of his favorite candidate. It was to the effect that Gen. Pierce met a little boy crying by the roadside because he could not enjoy the luxury of a stick of candy, upon which some of his companions were feasting; whereupon he gave him *a cent!* The other anecdote informs us that, upon the occasion of some charity sermon, Gen. Pierce happening to be in church, "emptied his pockets," and liberally contributed a quarter of a dollar to the benevolent object!

These circumstances have been recalled to our recollection by the telegraphic despatch in our paper yesterday morning, detailing, with some minuteness, the particulars of a lamentable accident which occurred during Gen. Scott's reception at Columbus on Wednesday. It appears, at at a salute fired on the occasion, a worthy German citizen was seriously injured by the bursting of a cannon. As soon as Gen. Scott was informed of the accident, he immediately repaired to the residence of the wounded man, who appears to have been in an humble condition of life, and gave his wife $30—doubtless every cent of money he had about him. Subsequently, when he learned that the German had died from the injuries received, he sent the widow a check for $400, accompanied with a becoming expression of sympathy.

We do not cite this incident as one for which Gen. Scott is entitled to any remarkable credit, or upon which a claim to favorable consideration may be rested.—There are thousands of such, and even more striking events which adorn his illustrious career. Conspicuous and brilliant as the military renown of Winfield Scott is acknowledged to be all over the civilized world, the virtues of mercy, of humanity, of Christian forbearance, and of exemplary toleration, which have been inseparably associated with all his splendid triumphs, do him even higher honor, and shed more lustre upon his name.

History, in no age and in no country, presents the name of a commander, comparing in achievements and position with Gen. Scott, whose moral reputation can challenge a severer scrutiny. From the time of his entrance into the army until this day, notwithstanding all the temptations by which he was surrounded, and the opportunities which were thrust upon him, not one blemish has tainted his character, or one imputation dimmed the brightness of his honor.—*U. S. Gazette.*

From the Providence Daily Times.

Recollect, Democrats! that those who fought the battles of Mexico were Democratic generals—Pierce, Pillow, Butler, Worth, Wool, Shields, Lane, Smith, Quitman, Reilly, &c. They were the brave leaders who led the gallant troops to victory through the leaden hail stones from the enemy's clouds of war. Hand to hand they fought and conquered—while General Scott sat safely at a distance, giving directions which those other generals counselled; and now he desires to appropriate all the honor and glory which they acheived—*Republican Herald, Sep.* 11.

Recollect that General Butler never served with General Scott in any of the battles of Mexico, and that the first time those generals came in contact, the former was, by order of President Polk, to supersede the conquerer of Mexico in his command. Recollect that Gen Wool never served with General Scott in a single battle of that war, and was never with his army. Recollect that General Lane did not join General Scott until after the capture of the city of Mexico. Recollect that General Pierce did not join General Scott's army until after the siege of Vera Cruz and the battle of Cerro Gordo Recollect that he commanded his brigade at the battle of Contreras only on the afternoon of the 19th, and that when the decisive contest on that field came on, on the morning of the 20th, he was "unable to keep his saddle or to walk in consequence of a severe injury from the fall of his horse the day before," and the command of his brigade devolved upon Col. Ransom, of the 9th infantry. Recollect the same injury prevented General Pierce from partaking actively in the battle of Cherubusco. Recollect that his brigade, like Twiggs' division, was not prominently engaged in the batile of Molino del Rey, although he with it was exposed to the heavy fire of the enemy. Recollect that Gen Pierce was, "in consequence of severe indisposition," confined to his bed during the storming of Chepultepec, and that during the 13th of September, while the only remaining regiment (the 9th) of his brigade was in the field, on the causeway of Belen, the same illness prevented him from being at its head, and it was not until 4 o'clock on the morning of the 14th of September that he rejoined that regiment at the gate of Belen, and that the city surrendered without another gun being fired by the American army. Thus much for four of the above generals, whom the Herald says "fought and conquered hand to hand, while General Scott sat safely at a distance, giving directions which those generals counselled."

During the month of August there were 384 deaths in Chicago; 249 were from cholera.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm12401-0390.jpg