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POET'S CORNER.

WHAT IS WBERY?
And what is whigery? a tie
Run down! the freezing int of fame—
A something hard to be shed—
A body left without a mi—
A riddle to be guessed—cord
In poetry not often heard
And used in modern prose
To have a most lugubrious sound,
As if it came from under ground.
At least to general whigs seems
The knell of their departed dreams,
Out that the hard a bird's-eye view
Could take and draw its essence true,
Or show by smiles and sibilus
What federal whigery resembles,
'Tis like a ship on ocean,
Whose helm is gone and book lost,
One half its crew turned officers,
Following to what portie steers,
'Tis like the westerly wind track—
A railroad run through one track—
Like that old writing one wall—
A flock of geese lost in quail—
A steamboat grounded a snag—
A staff of a hundred of rags—
A syllable which has to read is—
A *fa* which knows in where its creed is;
A *sh* which knows in where its creed is;
The shadow of a former cabin—
A broken bank that's been known
To say in promises all—
A runner that has mist his goal—
A crew in search of *Smes' Hale*;
In short, 'tis the same old stuff,
Called Federalism, anath' enough,
And what's that *faith* when the pole
That modern Whigery explains;
Or where's the whigery now explain
That system which should maintain,
If that's a system how's it nations,
And nursed by contrivance,
A crude disoriented, self scheme,
A banker's hope, the jester's dream,
A scheme, if it can't for any,
To enrich the few and find the many.
But whigery has its up and downs,
And many times itself inflames,
And is in such a hopeful way
It knows not what to do or say.
Ask now a whig his parties:
Right in the throat the sever sticks,
And if he gulps it out at last,
He says, "the Extra Seion's past;
He has no interest upon care
For politics and State affairs."
Ask if his acts when in *ex* straits
Have helped the people the States,
Or if the whigs release his pledge,
'Tis sure to set their teeth on edge;
Inquire how goes the whig reform,
He says, "the sky looks like a storm."
Or ask if wages have grown higher?
He says "the has not thought to inquire."
Ask what Texas now will do,
Or what he thinks of *Tyle too*,
Or who now holds the sword and purse?
He says, "the does not care a curse."
Was ever party by disaste,
Seen running headlong down hill faster?
Or one that seemed so much possessed?
(We mean his leaders, not the rest,
For in their ranks we sometimes find
An honest heart, a worthy mind,
And anxious to see their wild errand faces
Found in such unbecoming places.)

SELECT TALE.

The Battle of Trenton.
From the manuscript of an eye witness.
"Whose bullet on the night air sang?"
Bride of Abydos.
I had scarcely put my foot in the stirrup before an aide-de-camp from the commander-in-chief galloped up to me with a summons to the side of Washington. I bowed in reply, and dashed up the road. The general in chief was already on horseback, surrounded by his staff, and on the point of setting out. He was calm and collected, as if in his cabinet. No sooner did he see me than he waived his hand as a signal to halt. I checked my steed on the instant, and lifting my hat waited for his command.
"You are a native of this country?"
"Yes, your excellency."
"You know the road from M'Conkey's ferry to Trenton—by the river and Pennington—do you?"
"As well as I know my alphabet," and I patted the neck of my impatient charger.
"Then I may have occasion for you—you will remain with the staff—ah! that is a spirited animal you ride, Lieutenant Archer, he added smiling as the fiery beast made a demi-volt, that set half the group in commotion.
"Your excellency."
"Never mind," said Washington, smiling again, as another impatient spring of my charger, cut short the sentence, "I see the heads of the columns are in motion—you will remember," and waving his hand, he gave the rein to his steed—while I fell back bewildered into the staff.
The ferry was close at hand, but the intense cold made the march any thing but pleasant. We all, however, hoped on the morrow to redeem our country by striking a signal blow, and every heart beat high with the anticipation of victory. Column after column of our little army defiled at the ferry, and the night had scarcely set in before the embarkation began.
At last we crossed the Delaware. The whole night had been consumed in the transportation of the men and artillery, and the morning was within an hour or two of dawning before the last detachment had been embarked. As I wheeled my horse on the little bank above the landing place, I paused an instant to look back through the obscurity on the scene. The night was dark, wildland threatening—the clouds betokened an approaching tempest—and

could with difficulty penetrate with my eye the fast increasing gloom. As I put my hand across my brows to pierce into the darkness, a gust of wind, sweeping down the river, whirled the snow in my face and momentarily blinded my sight. At last I discerned the opposite shore amid the obscurity. The landscape was wild and gloomy. A few desolate looking houses only were in sight, and they scarcely perceptible in the shadowy twilight. The bare trees lifted their hoary arms on high, groaning and creaking in the gale. The river was covered with drifting ice, that now jammed with a crash together, and then floated slowly apart, leaving scarcely space for the boats to pass. The dangers of the navigation can better be imagined than described,—for the utmost exertions could often just prevent the frail structures from being crushed. Occasionally a stray file would be heard shooting shrilly over the waters, mingling feebly with the fiercer piping of the winds,—and anon the deep roll of the drum would boom across the night, the neigh of a horse would float from the opposite shore, or the crash of the jamming ice would be heard like far off thunder. The cannoners beneath me were dragging a piece of artillery up the ascent, and the men were rapidly forming on the shore below as they landed. It was a stirring scene. At this instant the band of the — regiment struck up an enlivening air, and plunging my rowels into my steed, whirled him around into the road, and went off on a gallop to overtake the general's staff. It was now four o'clock, and so much time had been consumed that it became impossible to reach our destination before daybreak, and consequently all certainty of a surprise was over. A hasty council was therefore called on horseback to determine whether to retreat or not. A few minutes decided it. All were unanimous to proceed at every peril.
"Gentlemen," said Washington, after they had severally spoken, "then we all agree—the attack shall take place—general," he continued, turning to Sullivan, "your brigade shall march by the river road, while I will take that by Pennington—let us arrive as near eight o'clock as possible. But do not pause when you reach their outposts—drive them in before their ranks can form, and pursue them to the very centre of the town. I shall be there to take them in the flank—the rest we must leave to the God of battles. And now, gentlemen, to our posts." In five minutes we were in motion.
The eagerness of our troops to come up with the enemy was never more conspicuous than on the morning of that eventful day. We had scarcely lost sight of Sullivan's detachment across the intervening fields, before the long threatened storm burst over us. The night was intensely cold; the sleet and hail rattled incessantly upon the men's knapsacks, and the wind shrieked, howled, and roared among the old pine trees with terrific violence. At times the snow fell perpendicularly downwards—then it beat horizontally into our faces with furious impetuosity—and again it was whirled wildly on high, eddying around and around, and sweeping away on the whistling tempest far down into the gloom. The tramp of the men—the low orders of the officers—the occasional rattle of a musket, were almost lost in the shrill voice of the gale, or the deep, sullen roar of the tortured forest. Even these sounds at length ceased, and we continued to march in profound silence, increasing as we drew nearer to the outposts of the enemy. The redoubled violence of the gale, though it added to the sufferings of our brave contingents, was even hailed with joy, as it decreased the chances of our discovery, and made us once more hope high for a successful surprise. Nor were those sufferings light. Through that dreadful night nothing but the lofty patriotism of a free-man could have sustained them. Half clothed—many without shoes—whole companies destitute of blankets, they yet pressed bravely on against the storm, though drenched to the skin, shivering at every blast, and too often marking their footsteps with blood. Old as I am now, the recollection is still vivid in my mind. God forbid that such sufferings should ever have to be endured again.
The dawn at last came, but the storm still raged. The trees were borne down with sleet, and the slush was ankle deep in the roads. The few fields we passed were covered with wet, spongy snow,—and the half buried houses looked bleak and desolate in the uncertain morning light. It has been my lot to witness few such forbidding scenes. At this instant a shot was heard in front, and a messenger dashed furiously up to announce that the outposts of the British were being driven in.
"Forward—forward," cried Washington himself, galloping up to the head of the column, "push on my brave fellows—on!"
The men started like hunters at the cry of the pack as their general's voice was seconded by a hasty cry from the riflemen in the van, and forgetting every thing but the foe, marched rapidly, with silent eagerness, toward the sound of the conflict. As they emerged from the wood the scene burst upon them.
The town lay but a short distance ahead, just discernible through the twilight, and seemingly buried in repose. The streets were wholly deserted, and as yet the alarm had not reached the main body of the enemy. A single horseman was seen however, fleeing a moment through the mist—he was lost behind a clump of trees,—and then re-appearing, dashed wildly down the

main street of the village. I had no doubt he was a messenger from the outposts for a reinforcement, and suffered to rally one we knew all hope was gone. To the forces he had left we now therefore turned our attention.
The first charge of our gallant contingents had driven the outposts in like a shock of an avalanche. Just aroused from sleep and taken completely by surprise, they did not at first pretend to make a stand but retreated rapidly in disorder, before our van guard. A few moments, however, had sufficed to recall their reeling faculties, and perceiving the insignificant force opposed to them, halted, hesitated, rallied, poured in a heavy fire, and even advanced cheering to the onset. But at this moment our main body emerged from the wood, and when my eye first fell upon the Hessian grenadiers, they were beginning again to stagger.
"On—on—push on, continental of the —" shouted the officer in command.
The men with admirable discipline still forbore their shouts, and steadily pressed on against the now flying outposts. In another instant the Hessians were in full retreat upon the town.
"By heaven!" ejaculated an aide-de-camp at my side, as a rolling fire of musketry was all at once heard at the distance of half a mile across the village, "there goes Sullivan's brigade—the day's our own."
"Charge that artillery with a detachment from the eastern regiment," shouted the general as the battle of the enemy was seen a little to our right.
The men levelled their bayonets, marched steadily up to the very mouths of cannon, and before the artilleers could bring their pieces to bear carried them with a cheer. Just then the surprised enemy was seen endeavoring to form in the main street ahead, and the rapidly increasing fire on the side of quarter was fiercely maintained. A few moments of indecision would run all.
"Press on—press on there," shouted the commander-in-chief, galloping to the front and waving his sword aloft, "charge them before they can form—follow me!"
The effect was electric. Gallant as had been their conduct before our brave troops now seemed to be carried away with perfect enthusiasm. The men burst into a cheer at the sight of their commander's daring, and dashing rapidly into the town carried every thing before them like a hurricane. The half formed Hessians opened a desultory fire, fell in before our impetuous attack, wavered, broke, and in two minutes were lying flat well through the town,—while our troops, with admirable discipline, still maintaining their ranks pressed steadily up the street, driving the foe before them. They had scarcely gone a hundred yards, before the banners of Sullivan's brigade were seen floating through the mist ahead—a cheer burst from our men—it was answered back from our approaching comrades, and perceiving themselves hemmed in on all sides,—that further retreat was possible, the whole regiment had routed laid down their arms. The instant victory was ours, and the foe had surrendered, every manly exultation disappeared from the countenances of our brave troops. The fortune of war had turned against their foes: it was not the part of the brave men to add insult to misfortune.
We were on the point of dismantling the corner of the street ahead, and checking his foaming charger at the side of Washington, exclaimed breathlessly.
"A detachment has escaped—they are in full retreat on the Princeton road."
Quick as thought the commander-in-chief flung himself into the saddle again, and looking hastily around the group of officers singled me out.
"Lieutenant Archer—you know the roads, Colonel—will march his regiment around, and prevent the enemy's retreat. You will take them by the shortest route."
I bowed in acknowledgement to the saddle bow, and perceiving the colonel was some distance ahead, went like an arrow down the street to join him. It was but the work of an instant to wheel the men into a neighboring avenue, and before five minutes the musket of the retiring foe could be seen through the intervening trees. I had chosen a cross path, which making as it were the longest side of a triangle, entered the Princeton road a short distance above the town, and would enable us to cut off completely the enemy's retreat. The struggle to attain the desired point where the two routes intersected was short, but fierce. We had already advanced half way before we were discovered, and though the enemy pressed on with eagerness of despair, our gallant fellows were fired on their part with the enthusiasm of conscious victory. As we drew rapidly nearer to the intersection we were cheered by finding ourselves ahead—a bold, quick push enabled us to reach it some seconds before the foe—and rapidly firing about us we wheeled into the other road, we summoned the discomfited enemy to surrender. In half an hour I reported myself at head quarters at the aide-de-camp of Colonel—, to announce our success.
The exultation of our countrymen on learning the victory of Trenton, no pen can picture. One universal shout of victory rolled from Massachusetts to Georgia,—and we were hailed every where as the saviors of our country. The drooping spirits of the colonists were re-animated by the news: the hopes for a successful termina-

tion of the contest once more aroused, and the enemy paralyzed by the blow, retreated in disorder towards Princeton and Brunswick. Years have passed since then but I shall never forget the BATTLE OF TRENTON.
Miscellaneous.
EDUCATION.
There is a great mistake about what is called education. Some suppose every learned man is an educated man. No such thing. That man is educated who takes accurate common sense views of men and things around him. Some very learned men are the greatest fools in the world; the reason is, they are educated men. Learning is only the means, not the end; its value consists in giving the power of acquiring, the discipline which when properly managed, it gives the mind. Some of the greatest men in the world were not overstocked with learning, but their actions proved they were thoroughly educated. Washington, Franklin, Sherman, were of this class; and similar, though less striking instances may be found in all countries. To be educated, a man must be able to think, reason, compare and decide accurately. He may study metaphysics till he is gray, and languages till he is a walking polyglot, and if he is nothing more, he is an uneducated man. There is no class in the country who have a stronger interest in the proper education of children than farmers, and the subject should receive from them that attention it deserves.
GEORGE WASHINGTON.
General George Washington was passionately fond of agriculture. His improvement was ever with him an object of paramount regard. Virginia can boast of few sons to whom her agriculture has been more indebted; few who have assisted in promoting its interests to a greater extent, or with the manifestation of a more ardent and patronizing zeal. The following account of his farming operations will serve to exhibit the Father of his Country—the man first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen—in his true light.
"The farm of Gen. Washington at Mount Vernon, contained 10,000 acres of land in one body, equal to about 15 square miles. It was divided into farms of convenient size, at the distance of two, three, four and five miles from the mansion house. These farms he visited every day in pleasant weather, and was constantly engaged in making experiments for the improvement of agriculture. Some idea of the extent of his farming operations may be formed from the following facts:—In 1787 he had 500 acres in grass, sowed 600 bushels of oats, 700 acres with wheat and prepared as much more for corn, barley, potatoes, beans, peas &c., and 150 with turnips. His stock consisted of 140 horses, 112 cows, 235 working oxen, heifers and steers, and 500 sheep. He constantly employed 150 hands, and kept 24 ploughs going during the whole year, when the earth and the state of the weather would permit. In 1788 he slaughtered 150 hogs, weighing 18,560 lbs., for the use of his family, besides provisions for his negroes."
How little we know what is in the bosoms of those around us! How natural it is, however, to feel and act as if we knew; to account for all that appears on the surface by the limited acquaintance we have with circumstances and feelings—to resent an indifference of which we know not the cause—to approve or condemn, without allowance for eloquence, or despair, or love, or hope, or distress—any of the deep under-currents forever at work in the depths of human bosoms. The young man at your side at a dinner party may have a duel on his hands for the morning, or a disgrace eminent in credit or honor, or a refused heart or an accepted one, newly crushed or newly made happy—or, (more common still and less allowed for) he may feel the first depression of disease, or the consequences of an indigestion—and, for his greenishness or disagreeableness, you try to account by something in yourself, some feeling towards yourself—as if you and you only could affect his spirits or give a color to his mood of manners. The old man's thought of death, the mother's overwhelming interest in her child, the woman's upspring of emotion or love, are visitors to the soul that come unbidden and out of time, and you can neither fear nor mourn, secure against their interruption. It would explain many a coldness, could we look into the heart concealed from us. We should often pity when we hate, love when we think we cannot even forgive, admire where we curl the lip with scorn and indignation. To judge without a reserve of any human action is a culpable temerity, of all our sins most unfeeling and frequent.
THE FLIGHT OF TIME.
BY J. C. PERCIVAL.
Faintly flow, thou falling river,
Like the dream that dies away;
Down the ocean gliding ever,
Keep thy calm, unruffled way!
Time with each a silent motion
Floats along on wings of air,
To eternity's dark ocean,
Burying all its treasures there.
Roses bloom, and then they wither;
Checks are bright, then fade and die;
Shapes of light are wailed higher,
Then, like visions, hurry by;
Quick as clouds at evening driven
O'er the many-colored west,
Years are heaving us to heaven,
Home of happiness, and rest.

CHAPTER ON QUARRELLING.
One of the most easy, common, and most perfectly foolish things in the world is to quarrel, and quarrel with whom, man, woman or child, or upon what pretence, provocation or occasion. There is no kind of necessity in it, and no species of degree of benefit to be gained by it. And yet, strange as the fact may be, theologians quarrel; politicians, lawyers, doctors, and princes quarrel; the Church quarrels, and the State quarrels; nations and tribes and corporations, men, women and children, dogs and cats, birds and beasts, quarrel about all manner of things, and upon all manner of occasions.
If there is anything in the world that will make a man feel bad, except pinching his fingers in the crack of the door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after, than he did before one—it degrades him in his own eyes and in the eyes of others—and, what is worse, blunts his sensibility to disgrace on the one hand, and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other.
The reason people quarrel about religion is because they really have so little of it, and the harder they quarrel the more abundantly do they prove it. A man has a right to stand fast by his religious faith—a right to insist upon it—a right to present it respectfully, on all proper occasions, to the consideration of others, but he has no right to quarrel; and any man that will quarrel about these things, in my opinion, has not much to quarrel about.
Politicians need not quarrel. Whoever quarrels with a man for his political opinions, is himself denying the first principle of freedom—freedom of thought, moral liberty, without which there is nothing in politics worth a groat; it is therefore wrong upon principle. You have on this subject a right to your own opinions, so have others. You have a right to convince them if you can; they have a right to do the same. Exercise your rights, but again I say, do not quarrel.
The truth is, the more quietly and peaceably we all get on, the better—the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest policy is—if a man cheats you, quit dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him; no matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is generally to let him alone; for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.
WIFE LOST.
SCENE IN — STEAM BOAT.
An Actual Occurrence.
"Which is the Captain of this boat?" inquired a tall athletic man, as he came out from the cabin of — steam boat, with great precipitancy.
"That gentleman yonder," said a bystander.
"Are you the Captain, sir?"
"Yes, sir."
"Where is my wife?"
"Indeed I don't know, sir—I've not seen her."
"Now, captain, this is two bad. I came on board the boat last evening and paid you six dollars passage for myself and wife—and I should like to know where my wife has been put."
"Have you been in the ladies' cabin?"
"Yes—but she's not there."
"Shall I have the pleasure of the lady's name, sir?"
"Mrs. Maria Smith, the wife of Jerome V. Smith, your humble servant."
"May, (to the chambermaid,) is Mrs. Maria Smith in the ladies' cabin?"
"No sir—I've inquired, and she's not there."
"There—I told you so," said Mr. Smith, in great uneasiness.
"Captain," said a wag standing by, "suppose John should ring the bell all through the boat, and say—'Mrs. Maria Smith, who came on board last night cannot be found.'"
"That's a good idea," echoed a hundred voices at once.
So John, a cream-colored Leon, with an eye like an lingo's set his bell agoing, crying aloud at every interim—"Lost, Mrs. Maria Smith. Any person who knows where she is, will please hand her to the Captain's office, for the benefit of her disconsolate husband."
John bawled through the boat, somewhat to the amusement of the passengers, and finally reached the upper deck, when in passing the state rooms, in a sort of desperation for his want of success, he raised his voice to the stentorian pitch of a Knox—"Lost, Mrs. Maria Smith!"—when the fair lady rushed out of K. evidently disturbed in her slumbers, with—"Who says I am lost? Here I am. Where's Jerome!"
It is needless to say that this gave a very pleasant turn to the whole affair; and the Captain (good soul) escaped the charge of stealing a man's wife.
A faithless swain, named Thomas Jackson, in Springville, Pa., has been called upon by a forsaken maiden, Miss Pritchard, to compensate her in solid silver, for the loss of her affections—and arbitrators, appointed for the purpose, have awarded her the sum of 1200 dollars—which, after a careful investigation, they believe to be the full value, in money, of the shock and disappointment which the fair one received, on learning that her lover had proved false.
Whigery in the Tombs.—The coon candidate for Congress in the 8th district, Georgia, is Robert Tombs.

A VOICE FROM THE EMPIRE STATE.

It would be utterly impossible, says the New York Albany Argus, to keep the run of the thousand gatherings which are being held in every part of the United States to respond to the nominations of Polk and Dallas. It is a perfect torrent, city and village, town hamlet and district, come wheeling into line—filling our front and strengthening our flanks. But one banner in the South, the North, the East, and the West, now rules the Democratic hosts. We may truly say "Our union is perfect."
Both political and neutral papers testify to the immensity of the Democratic meeting which took place at Castle Garden, N. Y., on Wednesday evening June 10.
The New York sun says: "It was one of those monster gatherings such as cannot be collected in any other city on the Continent." The Hon. B. F. BURLEIGH President, assisted by thirty-four Vice Presidents and six Secretaries. Among the many distinguished citizens who addressed the assembled multitude, Silas Wright, our Senator in Congress, was the principal. He was most flatteringly received, and made one of his very best argumentative speeches, which was listened to with profound attention, interrupted at intervals by enthusiastic and prolonged cheering.
We give the closing part of Mr. Wright's remarks:—
"And now let me speak for a few moments of my personal acquaintance with Mr. Polk. It commenced in the year 1827. We were then about entering the fearful contest which resulted in the first election of Andrew Jackson. [Here one wild thunderburst of applause arose, and might have been heard far and wide.] I found him in the House of Representatives, a seat in which House I was then honored with. He was a young member and, also young in years. I was personal friend of Jackson, and showing by the firmness of his actions and by the soundness of his views that he well deserved the confidence of that venerable man. [Loud cheers.] And by his course, his ability and influence, he not only materially contributed to the second election of Jackson, but also to that of Van Buren in 1836, and I am proud to say that in the recent Convention when Mr. Van Buren's name ceased to be used, no other name was in use, more acceptable to my own private feelings, and I believe also to the Democracy of the Union. [Great cheering.]
Believe me, then, that no disappointment could be felt on my part, and I am glad to see that you do not feel a disappointment either, or any thing calculated to cool your ardor, or damp your hopes, in expectation of the coming contest.
Of Mr. Dallas, I have a few, very few words to say. Our acquaintance commenced when I first took my seat in the Senate; of which he was then a member. There were then a few subjects upon which we honestly differed, but since then I have known him to occupy a high rank in our sister State of Pennsylvania among the Democracy. I know him to be a man of decided and strong talent—a statesman in character as well as talent, and say for myself, whatever differences may have existed between us, he shall receive at my hands a hearty and cordial support. [Loud cheers.]
When I left you, fellow-citizens, in November last, we had a strong and triumphant majority—Has any thing occurred to change it? Have any of our old attachments altered? How then is it that this cloud has come over us, and that until lately we have been believed by our enemies to be a disappointed and defeated party. Why, we had not arrayed ourselves for battle. We had not marshalled our hosts. We had not chosen our captains.
Our vigilant and talented foe, depended upon a division created by our personal preferences—preferences which we had buried amid the ashes of the council fire at the Convention, but it is not so easy for us to forget principles for men; to throw ourselves at the foot of the enemy; and if they count upon our divisions, I believe that they count without their hosts, [loud cheers.] They will find that in November next, the Democracy of the States, with Polk and Dallas, the Constitution and the Union, will be honestly triumphant."
After adopting resolutions in favor of the candidates for the Presidency—sustaining the Democratic Republican principles of the party—complimenting Mr. Van Buren—in favor of our rights to the Oregon Territory, and of the policy of annexing Texas to the Union—the meeting was adjourned with "three times three."
BLESSED IGNORANCE.
The Whigs, says the Bay State Democrat, pretend not to know James K. Polk! Henry Clay knew him, when he exclaimed to Mr. Polk with a hoarse oath, "Go home, —, where you belong!" The United States Bankers knew him, when as a member of the House he did battle against the monster; the Bank clampones, Clay and Webster, knew him when he counselled and supported the removal of the deposits; the whigs of Tennessee knew him, when with 20,000 majority against him he canvassed the State for Governor, and beat his opponents by several thousand votes. And yet the Federal Coons affect to be ignorant of James K. Polk! The people know him, and ere the whigs are another year older, the people will teach them who he is.
A Good Answer.—A young gentleman who does not live a thousand miles from this city, was in the act of popping the question to a young lady the other evening, when just at the "witching time" her father came into the room and inquired what they were about? "O!" promptly replied the fair one, "Mr. — was just explaining the question of annexation to me, and he is for immediate annexation." "Well," said papa, "if you can agree on the treaty, I'll ratify it."—Boston Times.
Never trust a married man, who loves his wife, with a secret, for he will tell her, and she will tell her sister, and her sister will tell any body and every body.