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BY
ALFRED P. JUMP,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
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TERMS.
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The Easton Gazette.

VOL. XXXIX. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1856. No. 44.

ADVERTISEMENTS,
Not exceeding one square, (12lines) inserte 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 desired, 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 editor, post-paid, will receive prompt attention.

ALFRED P. JUMP,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Easton, Md.,

WILL practice in Talbot and adjoining counties, and attend punctually to all business entrusted to his care. CLAIMS of all kinds collected and payments promptly made over

☞ He may be found at the "Gazette" Office. sep 27–tf

CHEAP LUMBER.

50.000 feet White Pine and Hemlock Lumber will be received in a few days at the low rate of $15,00 per thousand. Also
30,000 Hart and sap shingles,
30,000 No. 1 Hart do.
20,000 Plastering laths,
15,000 I siding, good quality, on hand and for sale by (aug 23) R. THARP.

DENTISTRY.

DR. BAIRD, would most respectfully inform the citizens of Easton and the surrounding country, that he will be in Easton during the first weeks in *August, October and December*, and at such other times as his services may be called for.

☞ A line addressed to him at Cambridge will meet with prompt attention. [june 28–6m

A. B. PRITCHETT.
CABINET MAKER,

HAS his shop on Dover street, a few steps from Washington street, where he is prepared to make up Cabinet Work of the various kinds. All orders for COFFINS promptly attended to, and Coffins sent to any part of the County required. Orders for any work in his line of business left with Mr. Saml Pstchett will receive prompt attention.
may 12–y A. B. P.

CO-PARTNERSHIP.

HAS this day been formed between the undersigned for the purpose of *Grave Bricking, Street-Paving, Repairing and putting up Chimneys*. They will keep constantly on hand Bricks of the best material for Graves, which they will furnish at moderate prices when called on so to do. They will execute with dispatch all work in their line of business at short notice and in the best manner. When not engaged in the country they can be found at their residence in Easton.
JOS. NEWNAM.
JAS. R. WRIGHT.
August 18, 1856. [aug 23–tf

GEO. W. MORLING & SON,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
259 *Baltimore St., corner of Hanover,*
BALTIMORE.

WE would respectfully inform our friends and customers that having closed out our last year's stock, we are now opening an entire new stock of *FALL & WINTER GOODS*, which we are determined shall not be surpassed by any House in the country. Having secured the services of the best cutters, we can guarantee satisfaction. We will have our stock complete on or about the first of September, when we shall be pleased to see all who are in want of good clothing.
GEO. W. MORLING & SON,
aug 30–tf Merchant Tailors.

DISSOLUTION.

THE co-partnership heretofore existing between David & Charles Keilholtz has this day (June 31) been dissolved by mutual consent. Charles Keilholtz is authorized to settle the business of the late firm, and all persons indebted for castings, plows, &c., are requested to make immediate payment to him. Those who do not pay up or settle their accounts by note before the 1st day of September next, will find their accounts in the hands of an officer for collection according to law.
DAVID & CHARLES KEILHOLTZ.
Easton, June 31, 1856.

N. B—The subscriber having purchased the interest of his brother in the foundry, will carry on the business as heretofore. He has on hand a large stock of castings and plows which he is selling at the usual rates. Farmers are respectfully requested to continue their custom. Strict attention will be paid to business.
jy 12 CHARLES KEILHOLTZ.

WHEELWRIGHTING
—AND—
BLACKSMITHING.

THE subscriber begs leave to inform his customers and the public generally that he still continues to carry on the above business near Skipton. He has now on hand a lot of the best materials, and is prepared to put up new work in a manner that cannot fail to give entire satisfaction, and on terms as accommodating as the times will admit of. He will warrant all new work made by him.

He has in his employ an experienced BLACKSMITH, who is prepared to execute work in the various branches of that business in the best manner and with the utmost promptness. Particular attention paid to *Horse Shoeing*, for which the *Cash* will be required. In this line of his business he can't be beat—try him.

All orders promptly attended to in person, and a discount of 6 per cent. will be made on all cash payments. He solicits the business of farmers, and hopes by strict attention, by dispatch in the execution of all orders, and by the use of none but the best materials, to retain the public confidence and a continuance of the patronage heretofore extended to him.
tem. 20–1y JAMES AUSTIN.

COACH MAKING.

THE subscriber (surviving partner of Anderson & Hopkins) takes this method of informing his friends and the public generally that he has taken the shop, stock, &c., of the late firm, and will hereafter carry on the

COACH-MAKING BUSINESS

in his own name. From his long experience in the business he flatters himself that he will be able to give general satisfaction, and hopes by a prompt and faithful attention to business, to merit a continuance of that favor and patronage which have heretofore been so liberally extended toward him.

He is prepared to manufacture Carriages of all kinds to order, in a very superior manner, at short notice, and on reasonable terms. Repairing also executed with neatness and despatch.

He has now on hand and ready for sale a fine assortment of Carriages, Harness, &c., both new and second hand, of various patterns and finish, which he would respectfully invite the public to call and examine.

Orders from a distance punctually attended to, and all new work warranted for 12 months.
mar 28–y SAM'L B. HOPKINS.

GLAUBER SALTS—Farmers in want of Glauber Salts for their Wheat this Fall, will please hand in their orders at once to prevent disappointment in getting their supplies.
sep 13 DAWSON & BRO.

HAY RAKES—on hand and for sale by
june 28 JAS. H. GRACE.

For the Easton Gazette.

MY SLIPPERS.

BY THE PILGRIM BARD.

I.
Let Poet's lyres some nobler theme discover,
To woo the muse, while listening ears attend;
Be mine the task—I ask a nobler, never—
To sing the TRIBUTE of an absent friend.

II.
For oft when Sol with sultry beams is shining,
And all the air is fervid with his heat,
At eventide, in languor half reclining,
What comfort gave they to my weary feet.

III.
Or when anon from noisy care retreating,
In pensive mood, I sought some bower or stream,
What joys arose, as to my heart repeating, [nam.
Remembrance breathed the generous GIVER'S

IV.
And oh, how oft from winter's hills descending
When bleakly dreary all the barren earth—
What pleasure yield they when my roving ending,
I've sought the comforts of the strangers hearth.

V.
Where'er I rove—less humble objects scorning
To look on thee, the sweetest memories stir,
And when afar my weary steps are turning,
Each eve reminds me SOMETHING still is dear.

VI.
In purple bright the golden thread entwining,
With curious art so beautifully blent.
I trace the impress, though all undesigning,
Of friendship's warm and generous intent.

VII.
Each devious mode, each tinsil slight, revealing
The steady eye, the skillful hand that wrought
Each varying shade so plainly, sweetly telling
With what of woman's tenderness 'twere for ought.

VIII.
Let Poet's lyres some nobler theme discover.
To woo the muse, while listening ears attend:
Be mine the task—I ask a nobler, never—
To sing the TRIBUTE of an absent friend.

HOW TO CONVERT A DEMOCRAT.

The editor of the "American Union," an excellent family paper published in Boston, is responsible for the follwing good one:

Jack D., then a most bigoted and unreasonable party man, now a prosperous and influential lawyer in one of our Southern States was a red hot Democrat, and his chief pleasure seemed to consist in making the fact as notorious as possible to the whole world. His friends and acquaintances who know him well, and whom he had often victimized, with one consent pronounced Jack a bore, and his politics a nuisance: but with a stranger the thing was essentially different. Seized by the button at the moment of introduction, Jack would astonish him by a rapid rehearsel of the articles of his political creed, and branch out into an interminable rhapsody on the manifest destiny of the great Democratic party.

One unlucky day. Jack met, at the house of a mutual friend, a young lady of great personal beauty and accomplishment: attracted by her loveliness and captivated by her intelligence, he became assiduous in his attentions, forgot for a while his "principles," and without inquiring what might be the political preference of his "lady-love," imprudently proposed' was accepted, and they were married.

The wedding was over. the guests had departed, the happy pair had retired to their chamber, and were snugly ensconced in bed, when Juck, in the course of a quiet conversation with his wife, unwittingly alluded to his favorite subject by casually speaking of himself as a Democrat.

"What!" said she, turning sharply and suddenly upon him, "are you a Democrat?"

"Yes, madam," replied Jack, delighted with the idea of having a patient listener to his long restrained oratory; "I am a Democrat: a real Jeffersonian Democrat attached to the principles of the great Democratic party—a regular out and outer, double dyed and twisted in wool."

"Just double and twist yourself out of this bed, then," interrupted his wife. "I am a Whig, and I will never sleep with any man professing the abominable doctrines you do."

Jack was speechless from absolute amazement. That the very wife of his bosom should prove a traitor was horrible—she must be jesting. He remonstrated—in vain: tried persuasion—'twas useless: entreaty—'twas no go. She was in sober earnest, and the only alternative left him was a prompt renunciation of his heresy or a bed in another room. Jack did not hesitate.

To give up the great and established doctrines of his party, to renounce his allegiance to that faith which had become identified with his very being, to be ruled by the mere whim and caprice of a woman, was utterly ridiculous and absurd, and he threw himself from the bed and prepared to quit the room.

As he was leaving the door, she callad to him, "I say, my dear, when you recant your heresy, and your past error, just knock at my door, and perhaps I will let you in."

The door was violently slammed to, and Jack proceeded wrathfully in quest of another apartment.

A sense of insulted dignity and a firm conviction that he was a martyr in the right cause, strengthened his pride, and he resolved to hold out till he forced his wife into a capitulation.

In the morning she met him as if nothing had happened, but whenever Jack ventured to alude to the rupture of the night previous, there was a "laughing devil" in her eye that bespoke a consciousness of his power, and extinguished hope.

A second night he repaired to his lonely couch, and a second day was a repetition of the first—no allusion was made to the forbidden subject on either side. There was a look of quiet happiness and cheerfulness about his wife that puzzled Jack sorely and he felt that all idea of forcing her into a surrender must be abandoned.

A third night he was alone with his thoughts. His reflections were more serious and composed than on the night previous. What they were, of course, was only known to himself, but they seemed to result in something decided, for at his wife's door. No answer. The signal was repeated in a louder tone; still all was silent; and the third time the door shook with the violent attack from the outside.

"Who's there?" cried his wife, just roused from a deep sleep.

"It's me, my dear; and perhaps a little the best Whig you ever saw."

The revolution in his opinion was radical and permanent. He removed to another county, became popular, offered himself as a candidate on the Whig ticket for the Legislature, and was elected, and for several sessions represented his adopted county as a firm and decided Whig although not so noisy and disputatious as before.

RULE OR RUIN.—If any dispassionate man doubts the utter recklessness of a great portion of the Democratic party, at the present juncture of our national affairs we think he will find something in expressions like the following to remove his doubts. There is fast growing to be that in the tone of a majority of the Democratic journals South of us to set men reflecting in serious earnest before entrusting the party they represent with power in any capacity. The sad experiences of history have taught that the constant recurrences of men to any favorite impulse of passion, however evil, is apt in the end to lead to its adoption, and that familiarity with the idea of treason, as with any other selfish vice, is but too prone to lead to its perpetration. With this conviction firmly rooted in our minds we observe with alarm the very men who preach the election of Fremont to be tantamount to a dissolution of the Union, speaking in the next breath as we shall quote. It looks like the treasonous idea of disunion was becoming attractive, and that any one event *which does not bring the triumph of "the party."* will furnish as good an excuse as another. We trust thinking men will ponder these evidences of the "rule or ruin" spirit *this day:*

The Fredricksburg Record, one of the most ultra Democratic papers in Virginia recently declared:—

"Were we compelled to choose between Seward and Fillmore for President, we should not hesitate a moment to prefer the former."

The North Alabama Register (also Democratic) has the following:—

"The whole Whig party in the North was just as much freesoil as Martin Van Buren or Prince John: and we emphatically assert that Martin Van Buren and his son John always have been and are now sounder upon all constitutional questions (the subject of slavery included) than Millard Fillmore, and we had rather support either of them for President than to support Fillmore?"

The Richmond Enquirer, the organ of Virginia Democracy, said recently that Martin Van Buren was an angel of light compared with Millard Fillmore.

The Atlanta (Ga.) Intelligencer, a leading Buchanan paper in that State, grows still bolder. Hear it:

"For our part, we do not scruple to say it, that we would sooner see Fremont, traitor as he is to the home of his birth, the President of the United States than Mr. Fillmore, who never ceased to hate and persecute the South, until the South had bought him off with the Vice Presidency."

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.—THE DEATH KNELL OF QUACKERY.—"Oh, blessed health!" exclaims Sterne, "tis thou who "enlargest the soul and openest all its powers to receive "instruction and to relish virtue. He that has thee has "little else to wish for; he that is so wretched as to want "thee, wants everything with thee." The truth of this apostrophe every one must acknowledge; poor Sterne spoke from sad experience. And yet, familiar as every man is with the truth herein expressed, no mortal could compute the members who ruin themselves in body, mind, and fortune by neglect to employ the proper remedies when health fails. How is this neglect to be remedied? The evil has become so consecrated by age, that the man who undertakes to amend it requires no ordinary hardihood, such a man is Professor Hollaway.

The honest laborer in the cause of humanity finds no sadder discouragement "than in the complacent indifference with which people prefer rather to endure a long existing evil, than to incur the trouble necessary to get rid of it. The more aged an error has become, the more difficult it is to remove it. This is true in an especial manner of the art of healing, as it was known and practiced before the advent of this wonderful genius whose mission has been to re-establish the treatment of human ailments in a rational way.

One by one the venerable abuses that have disgraced the past are disappeard, and among the rest, the errors that have crept into medical practice have got their dismission papers, and are obliged, to use a vulgar phrase, "to cut and run." Where it may be asked, are the proofs? Proofs! Why, there is one great, patent, palpable fact, which has been staring the world in the face for the last twenty years, and working its way through popular prejudice into popular favor with a success which is the most unquestionable evidence of its power as a proof. The medicines of Professor Holloway have been silent but powerfully effecting a change in the science of physic which the world itself has begun to wonder at.—It is well known that the cause of all the diseases and suffering to which people are subject are very few, although their indications may be numerously varied. The old plan of curing diseases was by affecting their results without affecting their primary causes. Professor Holloway initiated a new mode of treatment by the discovery of his Pills and Ointment, which, whilst immediately grappling with the ultimate symptoms, reach also to the seat of the disease and eradicate the first causes, thus destroying all subsequent liability to similar affections. We do not mean to praise these Pills and Ointment. We confine ourselves to stating facts, and are perfectly satisfied that no eulogy is needed. They speak for themselves.—*Mobile Register.*

A LETTER FROM MR. FILLMORE.

CHARLESTON, Oct. 6th, 1856.

Editor Chronicle and Sentinel:

Dear Sir—Enclosed you will find a letter from Mr. Fillmore, which you will please publish with the enclosed article, also sent me by him, and enclosed in his letter, having endorsed on it "*My sentiments—M. Fillmore*," as you will perceive. Now, while I am free to admit that Mr. Buchanan is conservative, especially so far as the South is concerned, (having out "Ostend,") and have no doubt he would make a good President; yet I prefer Mr. Fillmore because he is *not a platform with self-adjusting planks that may be removed and substituted at pleasure.* I trust the "*Nervous Politicians*" in Georgia will be satisfied that Mr. Fillmore is reliable on this as all other points, the "*iron ribbed Democracy*" to the contrary notwithstanding.

Your obedient serv't,
J. W. M. BERRIEN.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 29, 1856.

J. M. BERRIEN, Esq.—*Dear Sir:*—Your two favors of the 25th instant have just come to hand, and furnish additional evidence that I am constantly misrepresented both North and South. In the North I am charged with being a *pro-slavery man*, seeking to extend slavery over free territory, and in the South I am accused of being an *abolitionist*. But I am neither, and as I have invariably refused to give any pledges, other than such as might be inferred from my known character and previous official conduct, I have not answered to the public any of these charges. If, after all I have done, and all the sacrifices I have made to maintain the constitutional rights of the South, she still distrusts me, then, I can only say, that I hope she may find one more just, and fearless, and self-sacrificing than I have been, and that when found, she may show her gratitude to her confidence. And so of the North—if, after all I have done to maintain her constitutional rights, and advance her interest, she distrusts me, I hope she may find one more worthy of her confidence and bestow it accordingly. I shall have no regrets for myself in either case. I am only anxious that the country should be well governed, and that this unfortunate sectional controversy between the North and the South be settled, and a fraternal feeling restored. But I apprehend, that the difficulty is, that the extremes on each side want a President favoring their own peculiar views as against their opponent. I cannot consent to be such a candidate for either side. I am for the whole Union, North and South, East and West, and if my country will not accept me on those conditions I shall not complain.

The enclosed article, copied into the Richmond Whig from the Buffalo Commercial speaks my sentiments on the Missouri Compromise. It may or may not suit your latitude, but I have not one thing for the South and another for the North, and therefore I send it.

In conclusion, permit me to express my sincere thanks for the kind interest you have manifested in my success as the candidate of the Union. I remember your lamented brother well, and was proud to call him my friend. I wish his valuable life could have been spared to aid us in this struggle to save our country.

With sentiments of respect,
I am, truly and sincerely yours,
MILLARD FILLMORE.

P. S.—I write in haste, without time to copy or correct.

MILLARD FILLMORE.—A friend who was an eye witness of the following incident, narrated it to the editors of the New Orleans Creole, as an illustration of genuine love for humanity. The principal actor in the scene doubtless never expected that it would have been the subject of a newspaper paragraph; but it is so characteristic of true generosity and nobleness that it is here produced in the words of the narrator:

"In the year 1851 I chanced to be one of a party who were taking an evening drive in the suburbs of the city of Washington. On nearing one of the cemeteries the attention of one of our party was arrested by a female, with three small children, seated near the closed gate. She seemed deeply afflicted, and her miserable apparel and that of the little ones told a tale of suffering which was truly distressing. We had gone but a short distance when the person whose attention had been arrested by them ordered the driver to turn and drive to the place where they were seated. Descending from the carriage, he approached the woman and inquired the cause of her sorrow. In a plain and simple style she told her story thus:

"'Two years before her husband had left his home to find a better one in America. He had worked very hard, and saved money enough to send for his family, and had a small home prepared to receive them. That day they had arrived, but alas! not to meet the glad husband and father, for two days previous he had fallen from a staging where he was at work, and now,' said she, pointing to the gate, 'he is in there. I've come out with my little ones to see the grave—but it's too late. The gate is shut, and we must come back tomorrow.' The poor woman quite overcome, and the children cried at beholding their mother's grief.

"'Will you take a seat and ride home?' said the gentleman. 'O, thank you, thank you, sir: but I could not think of it.' He insisted, and taking one of the forlorn little creatures in his arms, he placed it in the carriage. The mother and remaining two children followed. I took a seat beside the driver, and ordered him to drive as the woman had directed. The little ones soon dried their tears, and amused us by their innocent prattle, the youngest one often asking if we were going to take him to his father.

"A half hour's drive brought us in front of a poor little hovel, which the woman said would be home if Jemmy were there.

"Assisting the party out, the gentleman conducted them to the door, then, drawing forth his card, he asked the woman's name. 'Bridget Murphy,' said she. Writing it on the blank side, he handed it to her; with a bank bill, saying, 'when you need more send the card to me;' then bidding her a kind good night, he took his seat, and we rode in silence to our respective lodgings.

"That man was Millard Fillmore, the President of the United States."

For the Easton Gazette.

PRIMARY SCHOOLS—MISTAKES OF TEACHERS, &c.—With your permission, Mr. Editor, I will call the attention of parents and guardians of children to the ruinous practice of threatening and scolding children, prevailing to some extent in some of our Primary Schools: and in the beginning of this article, by leave, to say however well a man may be qualified to teach, a habit of scolding and angrily threatening children, should exclude him from the school room. A child of delicate nerves may be unfitted to recite a well studied lesson, by the fierce gesticulations of a teacher, and the hours of children made miserable by the quarrelsome disposition of men better qualified to manage a managerie than a primary school.

A child may be peevish and fretful from bad health or defective training, and it ill becomes his instructor to add to their unhappy temper by faultfinding and abuse.—Would it not be better to speak gentle and loving words of encouragement to soften the feelings and win the confidence and regard of the immortal ones entrusted to his care? Will any parent sanction conduct in presence of his child that he would not see that child imitate? Does not a teacher's example influence a scholar for weal or for woe, and have great tendency in the formation of his character? How important then that men of good morals and happy tempers should be selected as instructors of our youth! In days gone by, unfortunate mebriates governed our schools, and well and sorrowfully do we remember one poor fellow who when drunk would use such epithets as "blockhead, dunce, numbscull," &c., and taunt the little ones for their ignorance, provoking their confusion and evil temper, and actually encouraging older scholars to laugh at their errors! Happily for us, however, such monstrous conduct is passing away and the man is now justly regarded as a contemptible brute who uses any but chaste and gentlemanly language to little children, or who manages his school without regard to their feelings, or making due allowance for the weaknesses and frailties of the young.

I may pursue this object hereafter: at present let me say to all interested that it is a matter of grave importance, and deserves their attention in selecting teachers for the coming year. The fact is, if we were as particular in choosing teachers as farmers and merchants are in securing overseers and clerks, the interests of children would be secured. Employ none but competent instructors—men competent to instruct in morals as well as literature, and give all such liberal salaries: Pay well and demand full and impartial discharge of duties.

Sept., 1856. R.

New York Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Oct. 10, 1856.

There are no great crowds abroad now except at the political meetings, and at the American Institute Fair. This latter attraction has filled the Crystal Palace, for the last few evenings with as large and brilliant assemblage as one used to meet there in the palmy days of the great exhibition. The Institute fairs have always been well patronized—but the receipts of this year must be much larger than those of any previous one. The machinery department is peculiarly attractive, containing some new and very important inventions. The mechanics of New York are peculiarly favored with opportunities to improve themselves in their line of business. A course of free lectures has just been inaugurated for the benefit of artisans, to be delivered in a hall near the Cooper Institute. When that magnificent building is completed, and fitted up according to the plan of its noble founder, it will furnish everything that the mechanic can need for a practical education. The Astor Library must not be forgotten as an invaluable aid to the practical and theatrical artisans of the city—who seem to avail themselves of its privileges full as extensively as the literary class.—The quiet and seclusion of the Library, and its imposing array of the silent teachers of mankind, afford a striking contrast to the noisy marts of business so near at hand.—There is but a block between the cloister-like Library, and gay Broadway on one side, or the industrious Bowery on the other.

The Erie Railroad engineers have made themselves conspicuous lately by "strikin g" simultaneously, to the number of one hundred and fifty. The travellers in that direction, of course, are thrown into utter consternation. Engineers have refused to serve the company at double the usual wages. They complain that they are not paid for the time they lose while their engines are being repaired. We met one of the engineers the other day, who complained very strenuously of this arrangement. He was a jolly fellow with a miniature locomotive in his cravat. He seemed to be as proud of his engine as a fast man could be of his 2.40 nag, or a fireman of his machine.

One of the lowest shifts which depraved humanity has ever resorted to for support, is the emigrant runner business. The runner, very frequently is not satisfied with securing the money of his victim, but if he finds an unsophisticated and unprotected woman, he knows how to turn her attractions to his advantage. The keepers of bad houses willingly pay a large commission to these runners, who entice female emigrants into the dens under pretence of providing them with boarding places. A policeman was arrested yesterday, charged with decoying a young emigrant girl into one of these houses, where she was forcibly detained for some time.

We are in the midst of a glorious Indian Summer. It is sanguine weather, favorable for enthusiastic demonstrations, which we have in abundance, and for political wagers, which are lively enough now. Rides, bon-fires, torchlight, etc., are to be had gratis now by all intelligent voters, as these inducements are tossed about right and left by the drummers who get up mass meetings. Serenaders are also in order, this moonlight weather. This sort of entertainment, however, is getting scarcer than it was wont. For since organ-grinders have the field by night, youthful and ambitious performers on the guitar are often rewarded with showers of bad pennies.

RIVINGTON.

"AS THE EMPIRE STATE GOES SO GOES THE UNION"—It is generally understood that the State of New York has never been defeated in a Presidential election, as she has always cast her vote in favor of the successfull candidates, and consequently, the saying, "As New York goes, so goes the Union."

Now if this be true it settles the question as to who will be the successful candidate on the fourth of November next. Mr. Fillmore being the only national candidate, New York, true to her instincts and her past history, will vote for him, who alone is the Union candidate that can receive the support of each National vote in an American country.

We do not think there is a doubt, nor the ghost of a doubt as to how New York will vote. The spirit that is now abroad in the land, the light that is pouring its flood upon the popular mind, and the truth that is directing the hearts of our citizens, will as an avalanche sweep away, like cobwebs, the hopes of Fremont and Buchanan and concentrate upon Mr. Fillmore such a compacted mass of voters, that are true to their country, and the whole Union, as to ensure his carrying the Empire State by at least twenty thousand majority. Nothing is more certain, and all that is necessary to ensure an increased vote, rests with his friends.

Let those who desire to see him elected do their duty, their whole duty, and nothing but their duty.

And why should any man, with the same mind, a patriotic heart, and who really and truly desired the perpetuity of his 'country's glory,' refuse for one moment to decide the important question, and say, (and all acknowledge that as Mr. Fillmore is the safest candidates, because he is the National American candidate, whose life and acts is one of the brightest pages in our history,) he has been trusted and proved faithful, and I'll trust him him again.

In fact he is the only one under existing circumstances that we can safely trust, and when we look at the momentous interest, the very vitality and life of a republican government and institution, would it not be a species of phrenzy to elect another in the place of him who alone deserves your suffrage.—*Brooklyn Evening Star.*

"JAMES B. PLATFORM."—This is now, says the Memphis Eagle and Equirer, the real name of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. James Buchanan no longer exists, having merged his identity into an automaton called "James B. Platform." The Locofocos should cease calling their candidate "Old Buck." It is a misnomer. The name implies something peculiar, something sturdy and strong-minded: and the nominee of their party is neither.—We have an "Old Hickory," a 'Black Dan,' a "Mill Boy of the Slashes," an "Old Rough and Ready," and an "Old Bullion." These were the names of men—great glory, hard headed old heroes, who controlled, and were not controlled by others. But "Old Buck," is a nickname implying something that dose not exist. Let it be dropped, and the Locofoco nominee be denominated "James B. Platform."—*Cinn. Times.*

SENATOR BENJAMIN AT HOME.—Mr. Benjamine addressed a meeting of Democrats and old line Whigs, at New Orleans, on the 2nd. The Bulletin informs us that his speech was a failure, being a special plea in his own behalf, and remarked:

Whenever he mentioned the names of Clay and Fillmore, the house shook with applause: and when the meeting broke up the crowd went down stairs hurrahing for *Fillmore!* FILLMORE!! FILLMORE!!! vociferously, and kept it up long after they reached the street and into Lafayette Square. In fact, a Fillmore procession was formed outside on the instant and marched through the streets! If Mr. Benjamin raises such enthusiasm everywhere for Fillmore, we suggest that the Fillmore men in the city request him to visit every parish in the State. It will save them a good deal of labor.

GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.—The New York Express says:

"The 'Brooks' men in this State will all vote for Fillmore and Donelson, making no bargain, and desiring none.—and if the Buchanan men don't mean to throw their votes away, they will do so likewise,—and that is all the bargain that exists. There are about 400,000 people in this State, and they don't intend that the State *shall go* for Buchanan,—150,000 of them Fremont men,—and 250,000 of them Fillmore men,—all *against* Buchanan men,—and 150,000 Buchanan men, and 250,000 Fillmore men, that don't intend it shall go for Fremont."

A MAD OX IN THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.—On Wednesday morning in New York city a mad ox rushed suddenly through the streets. He attacked a man named Cornelious Lynch, goring his abdomen and tearing out his intestines. A woman was also knocked down and considerably injured.—The animal was finally shot.