



To the Mark, 'is Taylor can.
A WHIG SONG.—By N. P. WILLIAMS.
Tune—"Dandy Jim of Caroline."

I.
Come Whigs! come brothers—one and all!
Flock to the "Rough and Ready" call!
Come stand up close and hear our song,
And follow it up with chorus strong!

II.
Now, where has been, for many a year,
This will so firm—this bond so clear?
Such men, for fame, will oceans swim!
Zack chose that fame should come to him.

III.
Zack's coat is loose—his manners "rough";
But, near him, hearts long, fast enough;
And the old gray coat will do to wear,
Though a bullet-hole shows here and there!

IV.
To faithful guard a weary past—
At any odds to fight a host—
To spare the weak—to keep his word—
To hold his own, by pen or sword.

V.
When Hull's surrender laid us low,
Fort Harrison next met the foe;
Hope saw the onset in despair—
She didn't know that Zack was there!

VI.
Worth twenty lives the risk'd renown,
The desperate stake, to save Fort Brown;
But Palo Alto clean'd the track,
And through Resaca went old Zack!

VII.
By ruthless storm, at Monterey,
More proudly might have gone the day;
But wife and child stood by the foe,
And Taylor let the glory go!

VIII.
But Polk began a rat to snell;
Zack serv'd his country quite too well!
To his "high horse" they "holled" whoe!"
But couldn't stop "old Whiskey" so!

IX.
Supplies cut off—"boys" all away—
In doors, they thought, he'd have to stay.
And now Polk's passport friend might call,
And laugh at Zack behind his wall.

X.
Down came Sant' Anna, five to one—
With thanks to Polk, expecting fun!
Buena Vista was n't far,
Zack let him do his laughing "thar!"

XI.
Had was the foe that day to drive—
One new recruit to veterans five!
But when it grew too tough, they say,
Old spy glass came and turn'd the day!

XII.
Buena Vista's star is bright!
But where will fall its purest light!
On Zack's last order sad and low:
"Bring in the wounded, friend and foe!"

XIII.
A heart with victory softer grown—
A head that knaves soon let alone—
A hand no foe drove ever back—
And a soul all truth has glorious Zack!

most intelligent minds. There give efficiency and direction to other agencies. The experience of the last half century has demonstrated, in a remarkable manner, the transforming power of Christianity, in the savage islands of the Pacific, in the kraals of the Hottentots, and among our own wandering tribes, as well as among the Brahmins of India and the disciples of Confucius;—refining and elevating the character of all, inspiring those sentiments of true benevolence, that impartial regard for the welfare of fellow beings, to which every system of religion is a stranger.

THE SEVEN YEARS WAR.
This war raged from 1756 to 1763, and almost all the European powers were engaged in it. It originated in a dispute between England and France, relating to the Canada; the French encroached on a tract of country claimed by the English, in the wilderness, uncultivated, and uninhabited, excepting by savages, and this war has often been called "a strife about so many acres of snow." The miseries which it occasioned in the interior of Europe, have been seldom equalled, and at length, the Grand Seignior invited the European Ministers at his Court to hold a conference, and after stating to them the great abhorrence he felt at the bloody war then raging between so many Christian nations, offered his mediation for effecting a general peace! The offer of the Mahomedan peace maker was not accepted, but rejected with pride and scorn, and hostilities were continued, until poe'rly brought peace. This war is represented by historians, as one of the most successful that England was ever engaged in. One hundred ships of war were taken from the enemy, or destroyed, and twelve millions sterling acquired in prize money; but these glorious successes cost the nation 250,000 human lives and upwards of one hundred and eleven millions sterling! The slaughter of the opponents and allies of Great Britain in this dreadful contest, was little less than 800,000 men!

THE END OF FOUR GREAT MEN.
The four great personages who occupy the most conspicuous places in the history of the world, were Alexander, Hannibal, Cesar, and Bonaparte.
ALEXANDER, after having climbed the dizzy heights of his ambition, and with his temples bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of countless millions, looked down upon a conquered world, and wept that there was not any other world for him to conquer, set a city on fire, and died in a scene of debauch.
HANNIBAL, after having, to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps, and having put to flight the armies of the mistress of the world, and stripped three bushels of golden rings from the fingers of her slaughtered knights; and made her foundations quake, fled from his country, being hated by those who once exultingly united his name to that of their God, and called him Hani Baal, and died at last by poison administered with his own hand, unlamented and unwept in a foreign land.
CESAR, after having conquered eight hundred cities and dying his garments in the blood of one million of his foes, after having pursued to death the only rival he had on earth, was miserably assassinated by those he considered his nearest friends; and in that very place, the attainment of which had been his greatest ambition.
BONAPARTE, whose mandates kings and popes obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name—after having deluged Europe with tears and blood, and clothed the world in sackcloth, closed his days in lonely banishment, almost literally exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving over the deep, but which did not nor could not bring him aid.

THE SHREWD BETTER.
In some States laws exist against betting on elections, the penalty being disfranchisement. Such a law, however, does not exist in New Hampshire; and so the glorious privilege is freely exercised by all those who wish.
Not long since a limb of the law (not a little twig, but a pretty muscular limb) from Rockingham county, changed to be at Concord; and in course of conversation with the great dons who manufacture public opinion, and disseminate it through the Patriot, to the sources from whence it should come, the topic turned like a needle to the pole, to the Presidential election. A recent editor of the Patriot could discern the political skies clear and bright for Cass; but not so the one with whom he was conversing; there was to him a thick mist between Cass and the White House, dark as Egypt, and almost as dense as the smoke in Cass's bar-room after Governor S. had been puffing a long nine there for half an hour.

RESPECT TO AGE.—There is a story of an occurrence at Athens, during the celebration of games in honor of a god, illustrative of the respect paid by the Lacedaemonians to old age. The seats in the theatre were crowded, and an old man entering late, found no seat. Some young men beckoned him towards them, and offered him a seat; but as he advanced, they sat closer together, making the vacant seat father along, and continued to do so as he approached it, so as to excite the laughter of the audience. There were deputations of the theatre devoted to foreigners, and as the old man approached the seat of the Lacedaemonians, they all arose. The Athenians, with characteristic impetuosity, cheered their courteous neighbors with tremendous applause, and the old man turning around remarked, "The Athenians know the right, the Lacedaemonians do it."

MASSACHUSETTS THE STARTING POINT.
Old Massachusetts has ever taken the lead in what is great, good, useful and profitable. She established the first school in the States, the first academy and the first college. She set up the first press, printed the first book and the first newspaper. She manufactured the first cloth and the first paper. She planted the first apple tree, and caught the first whale. She coined the first money and hoisted the first national flag. She made the first canal and the first rail-road. She invented the first mouse trap, and washing machine, and sent the first ship to discover islands and continents in the South Sea. She produced the first philosopher and made the first pin. She fired the first gun in the Revolution, gave John Bull his first beating, and put her hand first to the Declaration of Independence. She invented Yankee Doodle, and gave a name for ever and ever to the "Universal Yankee nation."

GEN. TAYLOR'S MOLESTY.—Many Democratic papers ridicule Gen. Taylor's humble idea of himself, and seem to think it a great disqualification. They do err, not knowing the "book of wisdom," which plainly says—"Nest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him."
How the domineering of Gen. Cass, in Congress, contrasts with the modesty of Gen. Taylor's reports from the field!

GEN. TAYLOR'S QUALIFICATIONS FOR THE PRESIDENCY.—Democratic Testimony.
The Norfolk Beacon has an intelligent correspondent who has been writing from New Orleans several interesting letters to that paper over the signature of "Yorktown." From his last letter we extract the following voluntary tribute to General Taylor's abilities and qualifications for the Presidency. This testimony comes from a Democrat who has formed his opinion from a conversation with old Zack, and we presume, ought to be good authority with Loco Focos. Herr what he says:
Evils of Prejudice.—The Hon. Mr. Cabell, of Florida, lately obtained a claim of some eleven hundred dollars for a Democrat constituent, and sent him the sum under his frank. The Democrat, upon receiving the package and seeing the frank of Mr. Cabell, thought it was a Whig document, and was just on the point of throwing it into the fire, when a "sober second thought" prompted him to open it, and he discovered to his joy the eleven hundred dollars, which were saved as a "brand from the burning."

SLANDER UPON GEN. TAYLOR.
The "Democratic Review" for September has a critique upon the battle of Buena Vista, in which the writer alleges, that it was fought without generalship, and gained by the bravery of the troops in spite of the blunders of the commander.
This impudent assertion was doubtless made by some heartless Political hack, who never saw a battle-field, who is without the capacity to muster a corporal's guard, and therefore, incompetent to speak upon the generalship displayed upon the field of Buena Vista. That our volunteers, and the few regulars who were there, behaved bravely, nay, with intrepidity of courage, all truthful hearts acknowledge; the disparity of the forces, the fearful odds against which our gallant little army had to contend, and the glorious result of the battle, speak in a language which none can mistake, as to the praise which is due to the soldiers as well as to "Old Rough and Ready," who marshalled them to victory. To the soldiers the meed of indomitable courage is due, but that courage was rendered available by the presence and skill of Gen. Taylor. In him every soldier had the most unbounded confidence—for him, and for their country, they were ready to do or die—they felt, that, whilst he was at their head, all that could be done by human courage and human skill, would be achieved, and thus feeling, they received the oft-repeated charges of Santa Anna, and his cohorts, with unflinching hearts, unblanching cheeks, and under the lead of their patriotic "Old Chief," won for their country one of the most brilliant victories recorded on the pages of history—turned back the current of the war—and laid the ground work of those succeeding deeds in arms that produced the peace.

FILING NEWSPAPERS.—One of the many things which I have to regret, when I review my past life, is, that I did not, from earliest youth, at least as soon as I was able to do it, take and preserve, I believe the technical word is "file," some good newspaper. How interesting would it be now to a sexagenarian to look into the papers which he read when he was twelve or sixteen, or twenty years old! How many events would this call to mind which he has entirely forgotten! How many interesting associations and feelings would it revive! What a view would it give of past years! What knowledge would it preserve by assisting the memory! And how many valuable purposes of a literary kind even, might it be rendered subservient to! How much do I wish that I could look into such a record when composing this short article! But newspapers are quite different things now from what they were sixty or seventy years ago. They are unacceptably more interesting and valuable; in this respect, at least, (I believe in many others,) these times are better than the former. Formerly the editors of newspapers were obliged to strain their wits and exhaust their means in order to obtain matter to fill their pages. Now the great difficulty is, to insert all the valuable interesting materials that are poured upon them from every part of the world, and from every grade and phase of society. Now, newspapers employ many of the best thoughts of the most highly gifted men, on the most momentous subjects, and their reports and statements are far more accurate than they formerly were or could be.

MIRTH AND WISDOM.—Nobody can deny that there is truth in the old saying, "It is good to be merry and wise." Not only is this simple truth, but sound philosophy. It is an excellent thing to be mirthful, when you can; to smile at what amuses you; to laugh at what is ludicrous; in short, to look at the sunny side of things, and even in the gloom and cold of winter, to recollect that there is "a good time coming" when the sunshine and warmth of the glorious summer will make all things glad. Thus, even while we enjoy ourselves, we may be "wise" in doing so. We may be exercising that hopeful, practical philosophy which makes the best of the present, and looks cheerfully forward at the future, with its rich promise.

A GENTLE HINT.—A country parson who was not over promptly paid by his parishioners, on entering the church one Sabbath morning, met one of the most wealthy of his flock and asked the loan of a dollar. "Certainly," said the man, handing over the coin. Dominic put it into his pocket and preached his sermon in capital style, and on coming down handed the identical dollar to the man from whom he borrowed it. "Why," exclaimed the lender, "you have not used the money at all." "It has been of great service to me, nevertheless," replied the parson. "I always preach so much better when I have money in my pocket." The hint was taken and the balance of his salary made out the next day.

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INCAPACITY OF GEN. CASS.
It is said in the Buffalo Express, that General Jackson was strong in opposition to Mr. Cass's appointment to the War Department, and that at least on two occasions, he avowed his conviction that the Florida war grew out of Cass's timidity, instability of purpose, and lack of energy, and that an able, honest and determined man in charge of the Department could at any stage of that miserable squabble, have brought it to an honorable termination in six months time.

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