



"The star-spangled Banner—long may it wave, Over the land of the free, and the home of the brave!"

Wednesday, October 28, 1848.

REMEMBER THIS!!

Let it not be forgotten that the Presidential Election will continue but ONE DAY, the present year, and that it will be held, in ALL THE STATES, on TUESDAY the 7th day of NOVEMBER NEXT! Democrats, remember this, and do not fail to be at the polls!

Oct. 21, 1848!

Great Democratic Mass Meeting in Dover!!

There will be a Grand Mass Meeting of the Democracy of Old Mason, (and the adjoining counties) held at Dover, in said county, on Saturday, the 21st instant, to which everybody is respectfully invited. Arrangements have been made to secure the very best of Sermons from a distance, and every preparation will be made for the purpose of rendering all those comfortable who may attend.

Turn out, fellow Democrats, one and all, and let it be a gala day for the friends of Cass and Butler, which will long be remembered! The Democratic fires are burning brightly everywhere, and let us take new courage from the light which they shed around us.

Remember the heavy vote which you polled in Old Mason for the gallant POWELL, and resolve upon increasing that vote on the 7th of November, when you will be called upon to cast your suffrages for the people's candidates, Gen. LEWIS CASS, and our own gallant Gen. WILLIAM O. BUTLER. Let everybody be there to send up a shout for the heroes and statesmen whom we purpose to elect to the first offices in the people's gift, and to bear the burdens of democracy from the able speakers who will be present. Do not forget the day—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21.

Democratic Meeting in Fairfield!!

We are requested to state that the Democracy of Old Mason, and the neighboring counties, will meet at FAIRFIELD, on the FIRST SATURDAY IN NOVEMBER, (the Saturday before the election), for the purpose of hearing good speaking, and consulting together for the public good. W. T. Reid and E. Whitaker, Esqs., of Mason, and J. M. Alexander, Esq., of Fleming, will address the people. Turn out, fellow democrats, one and all, and keep the ball in motion!

Democratic Barbecue in Campbell.

There will be a grand democratic barbecue at Alexandria, Campbell county, Kentucky, on the fourth Saturday in this month. We have received a very polite invitation to be present, and sincerely regret that the election is too close a hand to permit us to leave home. We must forego the pleasure of being with our good Campbell friends on that occasion, in consequence of editorial duties; but hope a goodly number will turn out; Old Mason, and all the counties around. There will be excellent speaking, and ample preparations made for all who may attend. Let it be another Boone meeting, friends, at least five thousand strong!

Messrs. J. T. Crook & Co., have commenced rebuilding their extensive Hemp Establishment at East Maysville, which was recently destroyed by fire.

The Democrats of Florida, it is said, have elected their Governor by a majority of 400, and have a majority in the Legislature of from 5 to 11. Not bad.

We call attention to the new advertisement of the city authorities in Washington, in to-day's paper. They are the men who are always ready and willing to give great largess.

Some alarm exists in New York, lest the Cherokees should reach that city. The Express urges the city authorities to make preparations for it, in the event of its coming.

The day approaches.—Democrats, are you ready?

TUESDAY, the 7th day of November, is rapidly approaching—that day so full of interest to every American freeman—that day which is to decide the fate of the Presidential candidates for the ensuing four years, and, perhaps, forever. Three weeks hence the great battle will be fought between the disciples of dough-faced whiggery, on the one side, and the sturdy, staunch, and invincible democracy, on the other; and we feel it to be a duty incumbent upon us to endeavor to rally the forces of the latter to the conflict. Freemen, patriots, democrats, are you ready for its struggle? If not, lose no time in putting yourselves in battle array! Let your business be all so arranged that nothing of that sort shall prevent you from devoting one day to the good of your common country. Be ready to go to the polls early on the day of the election, and ready that you may go on TUESDAY, as there will be no opportunity of voting after that time, as the election for President and Vice President continues BUT ONE DAY, the present year!

Rally your friends and your neighbors, and take them with you to the polls; see that none be left behind. Take them all up to the polls and see that they vote according to the dictates of their own consciences. Let them not be intimidated, or overawed by the "noise and confusion" which whiggery will endeavor to create; nor be kept back from the polls by a sea of howling fellows, who usually congregate there on the morning of the election, for that purpose. Stand shoulder to shoulder and boldly contend for freemen's rights against all the machinations of the artful demagogues, who are striving to mislead you. Let no designing, crafty, truckling political office seeker deter you from discharging your duty, and your whole duty, to yourselves and your country on that day; but walk "square up" to the polls, and vote for CASS and BUTLER, the people's candidates! Do not forget this, good friends, and you will triumph in the struggle.

WESTERN MILITARY INSTITUTE.—J. F. Johnson, Esq., has issued an address to the public, in behalf of this excellent Institution, which calls upon the public for aid, and we do think that Kentuckians should "come to the rescue." The school is located in Georgetown, Scott county, and has acquired a name and a reputation which should not be permitted to sink into obscurity for the lack of pecuniary means to keep it up, in all its vigor and usefulness. Subscriptions and donations are asked for, in the confident hope that the Institution will be able to sustain itself, after it becomes a little older. It deserves the aid solicited, and we trust that the good people of the State will promptly afford it.

O. DELAY.—The whigs say that there have been six lives of Gen. Cass published. This is a lie, of course, and only got up to divert public attention from the *fourteen* different lives of Gen. Taylor which are said to be extant. The lives of Taylor are fast multiplying, and some one of his biographers will be called upon soon to write out his political death.

DEBILITY.—A letter from Fayette county, Ohio, informs us that our *Moccasin-head* friend, Borrem, is late whig candidate for the legislature in that district, and to be a voter by large promises of pleasure, to be enjoyed by said voter, at Columbus, next winter, in the event of *Moccasin-head's* election. Delicacy forbids that we should say more of the inducement held out to the individual. We are informed, however, that he accepted the offer, voted for Borrem, and now demands his reward; but as the people have elected a decent man to the office, and left the notorious *libertine at home*, he is, as usual, unable to pay off. Very, "the way of the transgressor is hard."

Georgia Triumphant!

The Washington Union of the 11th, gives the full returns from 22 counties in Georgia, which show a clear democratic majority of 266. In the same counties in 1847, the whigs had a majority of 25—a large democratic gain since last year, when few towns, democracy, was elected by a majority of 1200 voters. The remaining 41 counties will swell the democratic majority to 2000, and the State is safe for Cass and Butler, by at least 3000, says the Union! The democrats have greatly increased their vote upon that which elected Gov. Towns. So much for *cooney* in that quarter.

The Green and Barren River navigation will be completed by the 15th inst.—Herald. And that of Salt River on the 7th of November, so make ready to take passage.

Father Fimmel, and his summary.

The rabid old coon who conducts that filthy little sheet, called the Lexington Atlas, continues to show his *long ears* and expose his ignorance and meanness, by keeping up his vile assaults upon the worthy Postmaster of this city; but since we exposed his superlative ignorance last week, the old man finds it an uphill business to wage the warfare which he commenced with so much fire and fury, upon an innocent individual. But, as the limitations from his battery are not likely to harm any other person than himself, and are made up of *suppositions only*, we do not think it necessary to notice them as we should, were they to come from a different source, couched in different language. From the *stupidness* of the old gentleman in *suppositions*, one might very readily "suppose" that if he had never been Postmaster at Georgetown, he would never have had the opportunity to dispose of the office, in order to keep from being removed; and that his hostility towards other Postmasters, arises from a sense of his own unworthiness to fill such an appointment, rather than from any lack of honor, probity, and faithfulness upon their's.

Be this as it may, we know that his base and malicious attacks upon Mr. Stanton are altogether *false and groundless*, and that they are *known to be such* by every citizen of Mayville and the surrounding. This being the case, and having already shown the recklessness of the man who has made the assault, we must be excused from noticing the old fellow hereafter, as it is very unpleasant for us to descend to that level which he occupies.

His furious boasting of physical prowess—his taunts about putting our own equanimity to the test—and all his braggadoccio flummery, may pass for what it is worth. "We regard it about as much as we generally do the *braying of a Donkey, or the screech of the Owl*, neither the noise nor the animal that makes it, disturbs our equanimity; and as to the old fellow's *courage*, we have only to say that "barking dogs is not apt to bite," nor is a *cooned* likely to fight—except at a great distance from his enemy. We are far from being pugnacious or pugilistic in our disposition or physical powers, but were we to meet the old man, in all his fury, we should never think of doing him harm, and were he to assault us, we should only retaliate by *picking him up and putting him in our coat pocket*.

The filthy slang with which the Atlas of Friday last abounded, may pass unheeded. We never will descend to the common level of the *Whig*, and, noticing such contemptible stuff, nor have we ever been known to lose sight of a formidable enemy, by turning aside, Don Quixotte like, to fight a *wind-mill*. While Whiggery is in the field, we cannot consent to waste ammunition by shooting at such small game as is the old doard who controls the Atlas.

One of the greatest victories achieved in Ohio, at the late election, was in the election of Judge Smart (dem.) over Joel S. Berreman, (whig), in the Representative district composed of Highland and Fayette. The whigs of Highland found that democracy was bound to triumph there, and got Fayette backed on to him, with a whig majority of from three to four hundred, for the purpose of securing a whig Representative; but the people would not permit them to have one after all.—Joel S. Berreman, *alias Moccasin-head, alias Blood-hound*, was the man selected to run the race, and he did run—but a long way behind his competitor, Judge Smart! If the Highland whigs expect to secure the election of such a man as Berreman, they must attach Ross and one or two more whig counties.

MARY THE SLANDERERS!—The infamous slanders which were put forth by the whigs of Ohio against Col. WELLES, in relation to alleged defalcation, &c., have been put to rest by the good people of Butler county, where he resides—that county having given him the overwhelming majority of 1435 votes for Governor. This shows, very conclusively, the estimate which his neighbors place upon him, and would forever seal, with condemnation, the base and infamous scoundrels who sought to tarnish the reputation of that gentleman.

Glorious Ohio! We should like to give an especial *crow* for a great many individual counties in Ohio; if we had space to devote to it. Old Fairfield, Pickaway, Highland, and many others have covered themselves with glory, and we rejoice with their glory in the democracy in the result. We congratulate you, old friends—push on the ball!

The Chances for the Presidency.

As the Whigs are just now making a considerable noise about Pennsylvania having elected a Whig Governor, and as they have made a hasty calculation of the chances for the Presidency, leaving that State out of the Democratic list; but at the same time we are far from conceding it to be one of the *doubtful* States. We believe that it will be certainly going for Cass and Butler, in November, as any of the other States enumerated. The classification which we make is as follows:

Table with 2 columns: State and Votes. Includes entries for Maine, New Hampshire, Virginia, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, Indiana, Illinois, Alabama, Tennessee, Missouri, Arkansas, Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, S. Carolina, Florida, Texas, and Total 159.

From the above it will be seen that without Pennsylvania, we have 159 electoral votes certain for Cass, while Taylor can count certainly upon only 31.—There are 100 doubtful votes, including Pennsylvania, and we look the States upon giving these votes as being fully as likely to cast them for the Democratic candidate, as for General Taylor; that is, all of them except Pennsylvania, which we count safe for Cass; and that will increase his 126 votes, making 185 in all.—We do not make this estimate for the Whigs of course; but we believe it to be more correct than any thing which they can make out.

A Whig Calculation.

A sagacious whig friend in this city thinks our table above presented, is altogether too favorable to the democrats, and politely requests us to publish the following, as the result of his calculations upon the subject. We desire that our readers may preserve both tables until after the election, then compare them, and see which approximates nearest the true result. Our readers will see from this, what sort of calculations whigs generally make.

Table with 2 columns: State and Votes. Includes entries for Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Vermont, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, North Carolina, Georgia, Louisiana, Tennessee, Kentucky, Florida, and Total 163.

"Of the doubtful States, consider Taylor's chance the best in Mississippi, Indiana, Ohio, and Iowa, casting 45 votes; and Cass' the best in Maine, Virginia, Illinois, Alabama and Wisconsin, casting 20 votes. This would give Taylor 209 votes, and Cass 81."

GRANDILOQUENT.—The editor of the Herald has become exceedingly grandiloquent, since he has heard that democracy has been triumphant in Ohio; and, from his style, one would very naturally suppose he is rapidly verging towards lunacy. Hear him in deploring the disastrous result in that State, he says: "The setting shadows of summer clouds, passing over the sun's disc, the varying colors of the Kaleidoscope, are almost palpable in the light of shadow, produced upon the brow of zealous partisans by the flashes of the telescope. Now, that all sounds *layer-like*; but there is something in 'the feeble shadows of summer clouds passing over the sun's disc,' which we cannot properly comprehend. As the sun is behind the clouds, we should suppose the shadows of them would pass over the earth, and not over the 'sun's disc.' The whole of the above sentence is peculiarly rich, and must have some allusion to Taylor's defeat in November, if it could only be understood."

The Washington Union at last gives up New York to the Whigs.—Herald. We have seen no such thing in the Union; but suppose it to be there, that paper does not give up Ohio, as you will be, reluctantly, compelled to do. Gen. Taylor stands very little better chance in New York than in Ohio, and no sane man believes he can make a respectable show in either.

A tavern, but not an "ultra" tavern.

The sun and substance of the anecdote do not have occurred twenty-two years ago, at a country tavern in the upper part of Ohio, and was first published by us, in the *Pera Forester*, in 1827, a paper which was at that time conducted at Pera, Indiana. The colloquy took place between Judge Bentley, an elderly gentleman with whom we were traveling to Philadelphia, and a boy about 17 years of age, instead of an old woman, as stated below. There are also a few other slight variations from the original, but they are unimportant—the article being, in all the essential particulars, altogether correct. At that time we indulged in a hearty laugh at our old friend's expense, but never dreamed of seeing the anecdote so happily applied to the explanation of "Whig, but not an ultra Whig." The *kit* is a good one.

"I've just got an ultra Whig. There is a story going the rounds, in all the free and democratic papers and stump speeches, which so greatly ridicules Gen. Taylor's peculiarly mild style of whiggery, that it might very well be applied to the explanation for the special branding the outrageously whig Taylorian. Here it is:— 'I traveled after riding a long distance, came to a tavern. He stopped and directed the old lady in the bar-room to have his horse put out with eight quarts of oats. 'I am sorry to inform you we have no oats,' said the lady. 'Then give him some corn.' 'We are out of corn.' 'Then give him a little meal and some hay.' 'Oh, sir, we have no meal or hay—out long.' 'Will you let him stand in the yard without any food until the next day?' 'Oh, yes, sir, as long as he pleases.' 'Now bring me a plate of steak and a cup of coffee.' 'Hot rolls, hot—hot, hot, hot, and a copy of the Constitution.' 'Then bring me old vittles, continued the traveler. 'I have nothing of the kind in our house, sir, don't keep 'em.' 'I should like a glass of brandy.' 'Ain't got any of that.' 'Well, my good lady,' continued the traveler, 'you ain't going to keep anything here.' 'You do, indeed?' 'Whisky, sir.' 'Whisky, sir.' 'That was a tavern, but 'not an ultra tavern.'"

And suppose the Postmaster here should put a letter in the Cincinnati mail bag, and it should, as it would, go to Cincinnati, and be returned there to Williams-town, would the people at Williams-town have just cause of complaint against the Postmaster here?—Lexington, Ala.

Suppose the mail from Mayville to Louisville is only opened at Lexington, (which is the fact), and it is so ordered by the Post Office Department, what becomes of all the *suppositions* which you have made, and the base, malignant and unfounded censures which you have put forth against Mr. Stanton? Do learn to be honest yourself, old man, before you assault others.

Suppose the main mail from Lexington to Cincinnati is open at every office on the road, would it not detail it several hours?—Lexington, Ala.

Suppose the old curmudgeon of the Atlas was an honest man, would he be a lawyer? Or, suppose to be a wise man, would he be a natural fool? Are you answered?

We may, perhaps, know a good deal more about Post-office affairs than either the Editor of the *Flag* or the *Mayville Postmaster* thinks we do.—Herald.

It may be, indeed, that your knowledge of such "affairs" is beyond our comprehension, and that this induced you to sell out your interest in the Post Office at Georgetown, in order to keep from being removed. How much did you realize by the transfer, old gentleman?

We must apologize to our readers for saying so much about you, as we have here; but it is necessary to enable us to show that a few logical animals sometimes has long ears as well as long tails. This would give Taylor 209 votes, and Cass 81. If that had been your only object, you could have saved time, paper and ink, by protruding your own head out at your sanctum windows. The citizens of Lexington will never be in want of a *Donkey* while Father Fimmel is in their midst. It may not be improper to remark, that the calculation is based upon returns from Democratic offices. If we take the returns as given by whig whiggery, Ford's gain over Bentley is \$500.—Herald. If you had made your calculations from "democratic sources" some time ago, your party would not now have occasion to upbraid you for having deceived them, in the result. The majority which your "whig exchanges" claimed for Ford, unfortunately for whiggery, belonged to Col. Weller, the democratic candidate. It is useless to conjecture, but we will not be surprised, should certain democratic letters before many days, that it better not to "holler before they are out of the woods."—Herald. Yes, it is indeed very useful for you to "conjecture" about anything connected with political matters, as your "conjectures" have, hitherto, proven so fallacious that no confidence can be reposed in them; and if you had not believed quite so loud while you were yet in the woods, you might not now have the mortification to hear democrats *hollering* on an open plain. We sympathize, truly, with our friend of the Herald, and hope that he may profit much from past experience.

Pennsylvania.

The first reports from the Pennsylvania elections was so usual, in favor of the whigs, and they are claimed as a great victory there, up to this time. The majority that they have elected a Governor, and a majority of the members of Congress, and the Legislature, and it may be that such is the case; but we prefer waiting a little longer before we concede this much to them. They have been so badly deceived in Georgia and Ohio that we have little confidence in the news which they receive, and do not therefore, burden our columns with the returns which being in our hands. It is bad enough, if we are mistaken there, without parading figures before our readers to show how much we have lost, and we shall not do it, until we receive the official votes. We shall give it up reluctantly, if we must, but we have the consolation of knowing that we have gained nearly enough in Ohio to make it up, and that Pennsylvania will go for Cass and Butler in November.

George M. Crump, Esq., the chief clerk of the Post Office here, on the 1st inst., after a protracted illness, aged 62 years. Mr. Crump was a very decided whig.—Herald.

How long since the whig press were favored the Administration for having dismissed every whig from employment in the different offices at Washington!

SOUTH CAROLINA.—In this State the election for members of Congress and representatives in the Legislature, closed on Tuesday the 10th. What has been the result we cannot say; but as the difficulties have made very little "noise and confusion" about it of late, the supposition is, that it has gone like Ohio, for the Locofocos.

Dr. Charles Leth, late Secretary of the Cass Club at Louisville, Pa., has pronounced the cause, and closed for Taylor, by *Moccasin-head*. It is that another Bookback from your "whig exchanges!" If so, we advise you to strike such papers from your list, and cease to put forth such silly assertions in futuro.

We have carried South Carolina as far as heard from.—Lexington.

Will you please tell us how far she had been heard from on your latest dates, and whether the whigs are still ahead? Take your time, Richard!

GEN. TAYLOR AND THE CONSTITUTION.—The Cincinnati Enquirer has the following hit at Gen. Availability:

"Good morning, Gen. Taylor," said a woman to Taylor, the other day. "I don't understand you," responded the General. "I believe your health is always good; you have a good constitution have you not?" "Why, yes, I think so." "Is one Major Bliss borrowed for me to read, and to be a lawyer?" "I think he would suit me the best one he had."

The Whig show, by every movement, that they are sadly disappointed in the result of the Ohio Election. It was the strongest pillar upon which their hopes rested, and as it has crumbled, they are now in despair—they seem disposed to die hard, but die they must! Taylorism cannot withstand the shock.

A RECENTATION.—Samuel S. Bonham, Esq., one of the Taylor electors in Delaware, has declared his determination to support Cass and Butler. After stating his reasons for declining to support Gen. Taylor, in very clear and satisfactory terms, he speaks thus of Cass:

"The other hand, General Cass the Democratic candidate is both a lawyer and a civilian, and I have been much astonished to find that he has been so little, as we have here; but it is necessary to enable us to show that a few logical animals sometimes has long ears as well as long tails. This would give Taylor 209 votes, and Cass 81. If that had been your only object, you could have saved time, paper and ink, by protruding your own head out at your sanctum windows. The citizens of Lexington will never be in want of a Donkey while Father Fimmel is in their midst. It may not be improper to remark, that the calculation is based upon returns from Democratic offices. If we take the returns as given by whig whiggery, Ford's gain over Bentley is \$500.—Herald. If you had made your calculations from "democratic sources" some time ago, your party would not now have occasion to upbraid you for having deceived them, in the result. The majority which your "whig exchanges" claimed for Ford, unfortunately for whiggery, belonged to Col. Weller, the democratic candidate. It is useless to conjecture, but we will not be surprised, should certain democratic letters before many days, that it better not to "holler before they are out of the woods."—Herald. Yes, it is indeed very useful for you to "conjecture" about anything connected with political matters, as your "conjectures" have, hitherto, proven so fallacious that no confidence can be reposed in them; and if you had not believed quite so loud while you were yet in the woods, you might not now have the mortification to hear democrats hollering on an open plain. We sympathize, truly, with our friend of the Herald, and hope that he may profit much from past experience."

"The slave of Mr. W. B. Chum, who was passing, in company with his master, from Virginia to Missouri, stopped a few nights ago at Covington, and while there, the negro was enticed over to Cincinnati, by some other negroes, who robbed him of his clothes, about \$50 in money, and the slave's tools, and some money. The slave was rescued by Cincinnati, and delivered to his master.—We presume he will not trust his "colored brethren" again.

The Spirit of Jefferson, published at Charlottesville, Va., is one of the largest and most spirited papers published in the Old Dominion. It is always welcomed at our table, and we hope to see it prosper.

Gov. Johnson, of South Carolina, has resolved upon calling an extra session of the Legislature of that State, for the purpose of enabling the people to vote for Electors of President and Vice President. We take it stated that *Fair Percy* has won the stump in favor of Taylor, and we next expect to see the name of *Mother Beach* paraded before the public as a whig politician. Stranger things have happened.