

The Middlebury Daily.

"IN THE DARK AND TROUBLED NIGHT THAT IS UPON US, THERE IS NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON TO GIVE US A GLEAM OF LIGHT, EXCEPTING THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—WEBSTER.

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JUSTUS COBB, PUBLISHER,
BY WHOM ALL KINDS OF BOOK AND JOB PRINTING WILL BE EXECUTED ON SHORT NOTICE.

TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS HOOD.
BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Another star 'neath Time's horizon dropt,
To gleam or unknown lands and seas!
Another heart that beat for freedom's part—
What mournful words are these!

C. Love Dirine that claspest our tired earth,
And lull'st it upon thy heart,
Thou knowest how much a gentle soul is worth
To teach men what thou art;

His was a spirit that to all thy poor
Was kind as slumber after pain,
Why open soon thy heaven-deep Quiet's door
And call him home again?

Freedom needs all her poets: it is they
Who give her aspirations wings,
And to the woe of music give
Her wild inspirings.

Ye that have led him, nor art thou unkind,
O Love Dirine, for 'tis Thy will
That generous nature leave their love behind
To work for Freedom's ill.

Let laurels and roses weigh on other tombs,
Let anxious zeal for other dead,
Bustling the bannered depth of minister-glooms,
With their exulting tread.

His epitaph shall mock the short-lived stone,
No liehen shall its lines efface,
He needs these few and simple lines alone
To mark his resting place.

"Here lies a poet; Stranger, if to thee
His claims to memory be obscure,
Thou wouldst learn how truly great was he,
Go, ask it of the poor."



AGRICULTURAL.

FALL PLOUGHING.

November is the best time, says a correspondent of the Albany Cultivator, for ploughing lands that are to be planted the next spring. I am on the borders of controversy in making this statement, but it seems to me that the following advantages arise from the practice:

1st. At this season the team is stronger, and the weather more favorable for breaking up grass land than in the spring.

2d. As the spring of the year is the most hurrying season to the farmer, it is a great help to him to have the ploughing done the fall previous.

3d. In turning the land over so late in the season, nothing green starts up, and the frosts of the winter immediately following the grass roots are killed—the surface, also exposed to the action of the frost, is mellowed, and in the spring the land will be divested of every thing, and crumble down before the harrow as fine as a garden bed. The labor in planting and weeding the corn and potatoes is considerably lessened by this means.

4th. The winter arrangements of the worms are entirely reversed. I speak particularly of the cut-worm, my land not being infested with the wire-worm.

Fall ploughing on my land is a complete remedy for the ravages of the cut-worm. Contrary to usual practice, a small field, about one and a half acres, was broken up last May and planted in corn. In planting, I noticed that there were great numbers of small cut-worms in the land, and took the hint at once that there would be trouble in due time. By the time the corn was up, the worms were ready for operations, and although we went over the field three different times, destroying all that could be found, they still got the mastery, and at a certain time not one hill in two hundred was left standing. The field was replanted to the small, early Canada corn, on the 13th of June, being careful in planting to kill all the worms that could be found. Two days after this, two men destroyed between 300 and 600 of these worms in an afternoon on the same field. The cut-worm does not usually work in corn-hills after the 20th or 25th of June, and as the second planting did not come up till after the 20th, it stood well. Twice as many hills were planted in the rows as were planted originally of the larger corn, and I harvested this fall over one hundred and sixty bushels of ears of ripe corn, from the field. The crop was rather too expensive, but as the land was very well fitted in the way of manure, I was determined not to be beaten by the worms, if hard fighting would do any good. The remainder of the field, left in grass, seemed to be full of these worms, as I ascertained by striking in the hoe in a number of places; and I supposed at the time that the crop of grass would be materially injured by them. On the contrary, I could not discover that it was, the swaths being stout and heavy at mowing time.

POTATO DIGGING.

We have for some time thought of giving a little advice to our readers in regard to the time of digging potatoes and the mode of keeping these roots, but we are not certain that we can point out any mode that will prove effectual to keep them from rotting after they are dug.
Before any fields were infected with rot it was the practice of many to put potatoes into the cellar as soon as they were dug; not suffering the sun to come to them when this could be avoided. And now we are satisfied that no potatoes are so sweet as those that have been kept from the sun and the air.—But since so many potatoes have rotted in the cellar it has become necessary to adopt some different mode of keeping them.

It is known to old farmers that there is much risk incurred when potatoes are put into the cellar in large heaps, while the weather is warm. This has ever been the case before rot was heard of. Heat and moisture always favor an inclination to rot. And tho' drying them before they are put into cellars injures their flavor, we cannot doubt that there is less danger in storing them after they have had the sun for one day than when they are carted in fresh from the field.

We have thought also that less risk is incurred when they are put on floors, in small heaps, or in barrels, than when put in large heaps on the cellar bottom. And we now urge our readers not to make large heaps of potatoes in any case. There can be no doubt that small heaps are better.

In regard to the safety of cellars compared with barn floors, at this season of the year, a farmer from Chelsea tells us that those which he put in his barn three weeks ago, spread on a floor, have rotted much; while those put into his cellar, in large heaps, have shown no signs of rot. All were dug at the same time, and from the same lot.

Some nice observers recommend to pull up the vines that are blasted and burn them, leaving the potatoes in the hills till the weather is cooler. This is done to prevent all communication between the poisoned stalk and the bulb. This is practiced on the same principle as cutting down the vines with a scythe when the signs of blasting first appear.

And if the blast is owing to some poisonous insect on the vines, cutting them off, or pulling them up and apart from the bulb would seem to be of use.
Some farmers have dug their potatoes early in hopes to secure them before any rot should affect the roots. But as they cannot be so well kept out of the ground as in the hill where they grow, it would seem a better plan to cut off, or to pull out the tops, than to dig very early for storing.

Almost every theory regarding the cause of the rot is met by facts wholly inconsistent with it. We are at a total loss for a cause, unless it be some poisonous insect that preys upon the vines.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

DANIEL WEBSTER'S FARM.

The great "Defender of the Constitution," it is well known, prides himself as much upon his skill and reputation as a Farmer, as he does upon all the fame which he has acquired as a Lawyer, Statesman or Diplomatist. Every body has heard of his great Farm; of one thousand acres or more, at Marshfield; or they have of his old homestead at Franklin. Both are among the very best in New England, and the only wonder is that a man possessing two such pleasant retreats, should content to spend half his time away from them, among the dust and dirt, the knavery and intrigues of Washington. But it is neither of these farms we now speak. About half way from Meredith Bridge to Meredith Village, on the old stage road, near what is called the "Parade," Mr. Webster has another Farm, which is undoubtedly to him "an older," if not "a better" possession, than either of the others. And there is a story about it, too, which is worth repeating. Some thirty-five or forty years ago, when Mr. W. was a younger man than he is now, and a practicing attorney in Portsmouth, he held an execution against an individual on the "Parade," in satisfaction of which a "nice little place"—a five acres, more or less—as it was represented,—was set off to him. Sometime after, while journeying with his family in the interior, Mr. Webster concluded to ride up and see his "nice little place," with the tenant who occupied it.—Climbing over the long hills, which intervene between the "Bridge" and the "Parade," he at length reached it, when he found—a log hut with about half an acre of the veriest trash in the shape of rocks and bushes to be seen anywhere in the Granite State! This was the extent of his "nice little place"—very nice, undoubtedly, to hold the world together, but of no conceivable utility for any other purpose. Without slighting from his carriage, the "Lord of the Manor" called the old lady, who he found in possession as tenant, to the door, and after sundry queries as to whether she paid her rent regularly, and if not, whether she should not be turned off the place, &c., and the old dame protesting that she was poor and unable to pay—that she had heard the owner was "a very clever soul," and did not believe he would be so cruel as to turn her out of house and home, &c., &c., Daniel pulled a sum of money from his pocket, and assuring his tenant that he knew the owner very well, told her to occupy the premises as long as she could afford to for the money he gave her, and be sure and take good care of them! Whether Mr. W. has ever visited his "nice little place," since, we know not; but it still remains in his possession, and is known in the region round about as "Daniel Webster's Farm."—*Dover, N. H., Enquirer.*

A WISE ANSWER.—The Palmyra Courier tells a good anecdote illustrating the view which is taken of Mr. Van Buren's course, and the course of those who support him. The story runs thus: A venerable clergyman in an adjoining county, was holding a familiar talk with his Van Buren son-in-law lately, on politics. The

young man was urging an entire forgetfulness of Van Buren's past misdeeds, and a reference only to his present position. "Suppose a man, after living a life of wickedness, should repent, and ask to be received into your church—wouldn't you admit him?" he inquired. "Certainly," was the reply of the clear-headed old man, "certainly if his repentance was sincere; but until we have tried his faith, we wouldn't make a Bishop of him!" That's it.

MISCELLANY.

From the Providence Journal.

LETTER FROM MADEIRA.

THE ROMANTIC STORY OF ITS DISCOVERY.

[With the following letter we conclude the pilferings which we have ventured to make upon certain private correspondence, again asking pardon for the offence, and promising to do so no more—because we fear that we shall not have another opportunity.]
It would have been an obvious contradiction to the whole design of nature, if an island so beautiful as I have described, so beautiful beyond my power of description, had been discovered in the ordinary course of trade or of exploration; if the traffic-stained sails of commercial adventure had first been stirred by its balmy air, or even if the spears of chivalry had first caught its sunlight on their glittering points. No key but Romance should have unlocked this treasure to the world, no light but the Morning Star of Love should have guided the bark which first approached these shores. And so it was. You shall listen to the whole story, and the more because in a letter now before me, you have the presumption to speak—wretched man that you are—of the "fabulous discovery of Madeira." Fabled, indeed! So it is always with those who, bound in the avocations of commerce or of politics, can find nothing real which may not be reckoned in dollars or added up in votes. Every thing is fable which cannot be deposited in bank or which may not be printed in a great hand-bill. Fie upon you for such a perversion of nature, such stupid incredulity. Learn that the affections and the gentler feelings are the home of truth, and that the instinct of love is a better guide than all the calculations of interest. So listen to the story. It is well that you are not here, if you presume to doubt it.

It was in the reign of Edward III. that Robert Machim, an English gentleman of high birth, fell in love with Anna D'Armet (Dorset), daughter of one of the proudest houses of England. To match her beauty and to all the accomplishments which the age allowed her sex, she added what you would call the more substantial charms of wealth. She returned the passion of her gallant and handsome lover; but such was their difference of station, that they dared not communicate the secret of their love to her father. It was, however, discovered, and excited the utmost indignation in the enraged parent, who conceived that nothing less than deep dishonor upon his family would follow so unsuitable a match. It was not difficult, in that feudal and barbarous time, for a nobleman high in rank and in favor with the Court, to make the authority of the King the instrument of his private vengeance. Machim, upon some pretext, was arrested in prison, while he was confined, Anne was forced into a marriage with a man her equal in rank, and borne away, an unwilling bride, to one of his castles in the vicinity of Bristol, where it may be well imagined that her imprisonment was more intolerable than the dungeon in which her lover languished. The ambition of her family being appeased, the unfortunate Machim was released, after a confinement of two years, which his persecutors thought would prove a sufficient cure for a love that was now rendered doubly hopeless. But they little knew the strength of an affection which absence and imprisonment could not change, and which even despair had not power to destroy. The first use which he made of his liberty was to seek an interview with his mistress. This was not easily accomplished.—She still pined in dreary magnificence in her husband's castle, watched by jealous eyes, and he knew that to be seen even in the vicinity would be fatal to him and disastrous to her.

A faithful friend, who had adhered to him through all his misfortunes, established himself as a servant in the household of the lady's husband, through him a communication was soon established between the lovers. Although she had not enjoyed the advantage of reading George Sand, and had never heard of the Countess Fausta, it required little persuasion to induce her to renounce the vows which had been extorted from her, and to return to the arms from which she had been so cruelly torn. Arrangements were made for her escape, and a vessel was ready to bear her to France, where the criminality of her adventure would be overlooked in its romantic derring. A party of Machim's friends, introduced by the one who had gained a footing in the castle, bore the lady in triumph and in safety to the vessel where her lover awaited her. It was a fine night, and the moon shone brightly on the sea, but rendered the voyage doubly dangerous. Yet it was impossible to postpone it. The vessel had been standing off the coast; the escape from the castle could not be concealed an hour, and the suspicions of the lady's friends would at once rest upon the daring adventurer who had been released from their toils, to take such terrible revenge upon his persecutors. The sails were set, and amidst the rattling of the vessel towards the shores of France, so commenced their voyage of love. The friends of Machim, who generously accompanied him, were little acquainted with navigation, even as it was imperfectly understood at the time. There was no skillful pilot on board, and they soon lost all account of their position, and were driven unexpectantly wherever the winds might carry them. For five or six days they thus tossed about, not knowing where they were, and in constant fear of being driven on some barbarous coast, or of being engulfed in the waves which roared around them. On the morning of the sixteenth day the wind went down, and they found themselves close to the land. They had discovered this beautiful island. The most inhospitable shore that ever stretched sheltering arms into the sea, would have welcomed them with delight. With what rapture they were gazed upon this glorious scenery, these rocks crowned with verdure and blooming with every bright and beautiful flower. A boat was sent to the

shore, and soon returned with such reports of the unknown and uninhabited land, that Machim, with Anne and a few of his friends, landed to find repose and refreshment after their weary and dangerous voyage. They found the same beauty of scenery, climate, and the same tempting luxuriance of nature, which for four centuries have charmed all beholders. The spot where they landed, which is still commemorated in the name of the little village of Machim, is one of the loveliest of the whole island. Enchanted with the scene, they selected a spot where an immense tree overshadowed a little opening surrounded with laurels, and determined to erect such a slight and temporary abode, a bowler rather than a cottage, as the climate required, and to which the shrubs and trees around them afforded abundant materials. The spontaneous fruits of the island, and the honey which filled the crevices of the rocks, afforded them the most delicious and grateful food. They remained here three days, busy with their plans for the future, and determined to remain in their new found home until the whole company had recovered from the fatigues of the voyage. They had taken nothing from the vessel for their accommodations, and had just provided a place for such things as they required for their temporary residence, when on the night of the fourth day a storm arose, and the anchorage, which with all the modern improvements in navigation has never been safe, proved insufficient to hold the ship, which was soon driven away before the wind. On the morning of the fifth day, the vessel was just visible to the despairing wife who stood upon the shore, watching with straining eyes the little ship never came back. It was taken by the Barbary pirates, and all on board were sold into slavery.

This last misfortune proved too much for the delicate frame of Anne, already shattered by suffering and worn by grief and agitation. She never recovered from the shock, and by day she faded away, till she died in the arms of her husband, who had been her husband. They buried her in a sylvan chapel, which, with pious hands, they had erected to commemorate their deliverance from shipwreck, and over her grave they placed a rude cross of cedar. In that grave Machim buried every hope that made life tolerable, and he did not long survive her lot whom he had suffered so much, and who had sacrificed every thing for him. His last request was that he might be buried in the same grave with his Anne, and he dictated an epitaph relating their unfortunate history, and concluding with a pious entreaty that if the spot should ever be visited by Christians, they would erect over their sepulchre a church consecrated to the Redeemer.—Many years afterwards this request was fulfilled, and I have stood within the church, which still occupies the spot, and have seen the cedar cross which was erected over the grave of Anne.

The survivors of this ill-starred expedition made their escape in an open boat, and were thrown on the coast of Barbary, where they were taken captives and sent to Morocco. There they met with their shipmates, who had experienced the same fate.—They also met there a Spaniard, named Juan de Morales, a pilot, who had been taken captive by the Moors, and with whom they often conversed upon their marvellous adventures, and described in glowing terms the island to which the tempest had driven them away. Morales was ransomed by the King of Spain in whose service he had been engaged; but on his return was again made prisoner, off the coast of Algarve, by Joao Goncalves Zarco, and carried into Lisbon. Zarco was one of the most eminent navigators of that adventurous period, and was under the patronage of the great Henry of Portugal.—He rescued from his captivity a number of men, all of that companions of Machim had related, and was seized with the natural desire to visit the unknown land of such surpassing beauty. His desire found a ready advocate in his princely friend, and John I., King of Portugal, fitted out a ship, and gave the command of it to Zarco, with instructions to proceed on his voyage of discovery.

The discoverer sailed from Argave on the 1st of June, 1492, and soon reached Porto Santo, an island near Madeira, where he landed at the very spot which had been discovered by Machim, and which appeared to be the only place where a landing could be effected. For the whole bank was walled up with the trunks and branches of immense trees, which had been uprooted and borne down by the mountain torrents. He sent a boat to the shore under the direction of Rui Paes, who found every thing precisely as it had been described. Observing the marks of footsteps on the shore, he traced his way to the little chapel which held the grave of Robert and Anne. There he found the cross of cedar, and the inscription which Machim had dictated. Paes returned to the ship, and on the 2d day of July, 1492, Zarco landed and took formal possession of the island in the name of his master, the King of Portugal. Two priests accompanied him, who performed mass in the chapel and read the hundredth psalm, and the officers of the ship, in conformity with the request which they found inscribed upon the cross, they laid, with pious solemnity, the corner stone of a church dedicated to the Savior. The edifice was subsequently completed, and a church stands on the spot to this day. Tradition says that the immense tree which overshadowed the grave furnished the material for the whole structure. Zarco was appointed Governor of the island, which he had added to the dominion of his King, and was raised to the rank of nobility. His descendants still remain there, and some of the principal families trace their descent from him. A large painting, representing the discovery of the island by Machim, and valuable, I am bound to say, rather as a historical record than a work of art, adorns the walls of the Governor's palace. And every man and woman in Madeira believes the story, and so do I; and never do you presume to call it "fabulous," again.

FORTUNE.

Use worthily all that is called Fortune. Most men gamble with her, and gain all and lose all, as her wheel rolls. But do thou leave as unlawful, these winnings, and deal with Cause and Effect, the chancellors of God. In the Will work and acquire, and thou hast obtained the wheel of Chance, and shalt always drag her after thee. A political victory, a rise of rents, the recovery of your sick, or quite external event, raises your spirits, and you think that good days are preparing for you. Do not believe it—it can never be so. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principle.—*Emerson.*

SPEECH FROM GEN. TAYLOR.

[On the 16th of September, the citizens of Harrison County, Miss., gave a grand barbecue in honor of Gen. Taylor. An address, on the behalf of the citizens, was made to Gen. T. by Hon. JOHN HENDERSON, who alluded particularly to the battle of Buena Vista, and the conduct of the Mississippi volunteers in that battle. To the address of Mr. HENDERSON Gen. TAYLOR made the following reply, which we copy from the New Orleans Picayune.]

It is with emotions of no ordinary embarrassment, Mr. President, that I find myself called upon to respond to the cordial reception with which I have just been met by the authorities of Harrison County, and the citizens of Harrison County. I cannot, indeed, expect to do justice to the occasion, and especially less able to offer, in adequate terms, my acknowledgments for the very flattering language in which this greeting has been tendered by the talented citizen who has just addressed me. I can only, therefore, offer you my warmest thanks, and assure you that the style of my reception here is particularly grateful to my feelings. This simple and unassuming manner of meeting my fellow-citizens carries me back to the pleasant scenes of my early life. I was reared from infancy to early manhood in the West—among men of the most primitive tastes and republican simplicity. We there frequently met on occasions like this, to exchange freely our opinions on National and State affairs, and to devise measures for the defence of our borders, which at that day the General Government was sometimes unable to protect. On these occasions were often collected, too, those men of other parts of our country, who had not only aided the Father of our country in achieving our independence, and stood by his side in many of his hard-fought battles, but who afterwards filled with honor to our country conspicuous places in our legislative bodies, both National and State. I have been educated in the simple and republican habits so happily preserved in this country, and do not wish to change them in my old days. You will then understand me when I assure you again that the manner of my reception here is more agreeable to my feelings and taste than could be all the pomp and pageantry of a reception at the most splendid Court of Europe.

The complimentary language in which you have been pleased to allude to my military services, which now embrace a period of more than forty years, and especially to the actions in which I have been engaged during that time, commencing with the defence of Fort Harrison in 1812, and ending with the battle of Buena Vista, has awakened in me the most grateful emotions. I feel particularly gratified at the just tribute of praise which you have paid, in speaking of these services, to the gallant men whom I commanded on various occasions, and to whom I feel deeply indebted for our success. I claim nothing save the good fortune of being the leader of such men on the occasions referred to; and to their zeal in sustaining me, and to their bold hearts and strong arms, we are indebted for our victories. The manner in which you have alluded to my being stripped of my troops on the Rio Grande, and to my being left, as it might seem, at the mercy of the enemy, just before the battle of Buena Vista, renders it proper, probably, that I should make some explanation in relation to that matter. At Victoria, which, in consequence of a complex movement which I had advised the War Department I should make, for certain reasons—an order from the General-in-chief of the army, stripping me of my troops, and a determination on the part of the General-in-chief of the army, to strike a blow at the mountain torrents. He sent a boat to the shore under the direction of Rui Paes, who found every thing precisely as it had been described. Observing the marks of footsteps on the shore, he traced his way to the little chapel which held the grave of Robert and Anne. There he found the cross of cedar, and the inscription which Machim had dictated. Paes returned to the ship, and on the 2d day of July, 1492, Zarco landed and took formal possession of the island in the name of his master, the King of Portugal. Two priests accompanied him, who performed mass in the chapel and read the hundredth psalm, and the officers of the ship, in conformity with the request which they found inscribed upon the cross, they laid, with pious solemnity, the corner stone of a church dedicated to the Savior. The edifice was subsequently completed, and a church stands on the spot to this day. Tradition says that the immense tree which overshadowed the grave furnished the material for the whole structure. Zarco was appointed Governor of the island, which he had added to the dominion of his King, and was raised to the rank of nobility. His descendants still remain there, and some of the principal families trace their descent from him. A large painting, representing the discovery of the island by Machim, and valuable, I am bound to say, rather as a historical record than a work of art, adorns the walls of the Governor's palace. And every man and woman in Madeira believes the story, and so do I; and never do you presume to call it "fabulous," again.

Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principle.—*Emerson.*

The battle of Buena Vista, under the circumstances under which it was fought, was one of the most trying situations in which a soldier can be placed. I may say, indeed, that I fought that battle with a halter about my neck. I had been advised to fall back and occupy Monterey, which, as before stated, I declined; and had I been successful this advice would have brought up in my judgment against me. I declined that advice because I believed the result would have been as disastrous as a defeat. Had I fallen back to Monterey, the whole country about me, upon which I was greatly dependent for forage, would have been to arms, or more confined in its movements, the volunteers, to say nothing of the effect of the retreat upon them, would have become sick and despondent; and deprived of all means of obtaining supplies, and particularly forage, I should not have had a dragoon or artillery horse in my command, and would therefore have been compelled ultimately to surrender, unless the siege could have been raised by the return of General Scott from Vera Cruz with the troops under his command.

The battle of Buena Vista was fought on our side by about 450 regular troops and something upwards of 4,000 volunteers, while they were opposed by at least 20,000 of the enemy; and had we lost the day, I feel that the whole responsibility of the misfortune would have fallen upon my shoulders. Yet I do not wish to censure those who placed us in that critical situation; whether they deserve blame or not, I leave for others to determine. Those who had confidence in me, and in the franchise of my fellow-citizens, would not have been so good opinion I would not harm them. For my own part, I am satisfied to hope and believe that it was all the result of accident, rather than design on their part.

In conclusion, I beg to return to you, to my fellow-citizens of Harrison County, and particularly to my fair countrywomen here assembled, my grateful thanks for the cordial reception which they have this day extended to me.

POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

A correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser, who has just returned from an extensive tour through the Western States, furnishes the following account of the political prospects in that section of the country:

My first stop after leaving New Orleans, for any time, was at Peoria, Illinois, one of the most beautiful towns in that great State. While there I heard a political speech from General Shields, who was at that time stopping there, through the State as a candidate for the office of U. S. Marshal. I was much disappointed in the man. As a speaker he is dull, prosy and uninteresting. His remarks, which were chiefly directed against Van Buren and the free soil party, caused no enthusiasm, and on his concluding, some one cried out "three cheers for the Wilmot Proviso," which were given heartily; then "three cheers for Gen. Taylor," which were as heartily given. From what I saw and heard of Gen. Shields, and of the other members of the State, I think he was greatly overrated as a man of talent, and second to no man, Gen. Fillow always excepted, in vanity.

There is in Illinois a strong free soil party, though it did not show itself in the late election, but will on the 7th of November. There are also many Democrats who then voted with their party, who will vote for Gen. Taylor. I put down this State as more certain for Taylor than Michigan is for Cass. In Wisconsin the free soil party outnumber the Cass party, and if the Whigs remain as firm as they were there, she too will give Taylor a plurality vote. In the Northern part of Ohio, particularly in Mr. Giddings's district, there is great objection on the Whigs, and there may be 6 or 8000 there and in the Western Reserve who have gone off to the free soil party, but this is more than counterbalanced by the Democratic German vote, which will be for Van Buren. In Ohio strikingly so. In the Southern States, men there who have been voting for him for the last 12 years.—Mr. Van Buren, however, will not get one fifth of the vote of the State, and as between Cass and Taylor, I consider it one of the most doubtful States in the Union.

Michigan I put down as certain for Cass, though he has opponents there of the most liberal character, particularly of the free soilers. On my arrival at Buffalo I was told by the free soil folks that there were not many seceders from the Whigs, but that as the Whigs were off they were all going with them, and I proceeded Eastward I constantly heard the same story. In conversing with intelligent Whigs in Western New York I found they could not name many dissenters, but still seemed to feel a good deal of apprehension, and on my arrival in this State, the same apprehension and timidity were felt by our friends until after the election, when their spirits became suddenly revived. Many, even seceding Whigs, expected, from the noise and bluster of the new party, to lose the State. I would remark generally, that in my travels in the free States, until I reached Vermont, there seemed to be more animosity of feeling, more bitter denunciation, between the Hunkers and Barnburners than was ever exhibited by the former and the Whigs towards each other. In fact, it was in every section of our country which I have visited there are many honest Democrats who will vote for Gen. Taylor for President. This State, the only one of the thirty that compose our Union, that has never been any thing but Whig, is just as much Whig as ever, and there is now hardly a possibility of her being any thing else.

If there is any State in the Union in which the free-soilers could make an impression on the Whig party, it is this, as they all are, and ever have been, free soilers in principle. But they are not going to yield a certainty for an uncertainty by giving up Gen. Taylor for Cass; and as the people here read for themselves, and know and understand what they read, they know that every vote given for Van Buren is one for Cass. An effort, however, is now making to amalgamate the Cass and Van Buren parties. A prominent Cass man, I. B. Vilas, of Chelsea, has written to many of the leaders of the party, urging this course to defeat the Whigs, and as I passed through Burlington yesterday, I was told that a prominent free soil leader was there from Middlebury—a man who has been with five different parties in this State, to wit—An Adams man, an Anti-mason, a Democrat, a Liberty man, and now a free soil Loce—as an envoy, proposing marriage to the Democrats, but as I was told without much success. Many of the old-fashioned Democrats declare that they will vote for an open opponent rather than an insidious friend.

You may put down this State as certain for Taylor, and Taylor as certain of being our next President.

A French gentleman in Louisiana objected most decidedly to voting for Gen. Taylor, on the ground that he was a military chieftain—"And yet," said a Whig, "you intend to vote for another military chieftain, Gen. Cass."—"This somewhat posed the obstinate Gaul, but, after a long pause he replied, with renewed animation, "Yes, yes; but Cass no military enough to hurt him."

Stammering (says Coleridge) is sometimes the cause of a pun. Some one was mentioning in Lamb's presence the cold-heartedness of the Duke of Cumberland, in restraining the Duchess from running up to the embrace of her son, whom she had not seen for a considerable time, and insisted on her receiving him in state.

"How horribly cold it was," said the narrator.

"Yes," said Lamb, in his stammering way, "but you know he is Duke of Cumberland!"

MIL. WEBSTER'S SPEECH AT ABINGTON.

Correspondence of The Tribune.
Boston, Oct. 9, 1848.

I have just returned from Abington, in Plymouth County, where Hon. Daniel Webster made his speech this morning at the meeting appointed for that purpose by the County Convention. A special train left here at 9 o'clock, with four large cars filled with Boston Whigs, among whom was Mr. Webster himself. We reached Abington, 18 miles distant, at ten o'clock, and found a large number of persons already collected. The clearness of the day, the finest Autumn weather I ever experienced, was very favorable to the holding of the meeting, as the public hall would not have contained more than half of the persons assembled.

The platform had been erected in a pine wood about half a mile distant, covering a knoll surrounded on three sides by a beautiful lake. From 15,000 to 2,000 persons were in attendance. The meeting was organized by the appointment of Benj. Hobart, Esq., as Chairman. Appropriate resolutions were then read and adopted, after which Hon. Daniel Webster was introduced to the audience.

Mr. Webster commenced by observing that he did not propose to dwell on any length upon the great political question of the country, his opinion in this respect having already been expressed. The question of the Presidential election was a question with but two sides—Gen. Taylor on the one, and Lewis Cass on the other. If there be any third side, he had not discovered it.

As he had already declared he had not, an general principle, advocated the nomination of Gen. Taylor as a Presidential candidate; on the contrary, he had opposed it, not of course on account of his private character, or his qualities as a military man and a citizen. It would be illegible and improper now to enter into any lengthened reasons for this position. The time is past. A while ago, convention has nominated Gen. Taylor—he is the only Whig candidate before the people. It therefore becomes a question for the consideration of all attached to the Whig cause, whether there is any other course for them to pursue, than to sustain the decision of the Convention. Every Whig in Massachusetts would unite with him in saying that, if it is proper to support the Whig nominations, the support should be hearty, manly and efficient. [Cheers.] Having been from principle, opposed to the nomination of a military man, he was now the more desirous of doing justice to the personal merits of Gen. Taylor, and his qualifications for the high office of President. He believed him to be a man of excellent sense, soundness and solidity of character, and with the most honest and patriotic intentions. He believed him to be a Whig. [Cheers.] He has made as good a platform for himself as other people have made for themselves.

The objections elsewhere made against the nomination of Gen. Taylor that he has accepted nominations from quarters not Whig, are entirely unreasonable. It was known that he had accepted such nominations before he was made the Whig candidate. He had laid down a clear and manly exposition of his principles, and if any body of men chose to accept him on those principles, they have a perfect right to do so. He declares that he will be President of the country, and not of a party. If I did not think he would, I would not vote for him. Presidents of the United States may, and ordinarily are, chosen by parties, but when they are elected, they become Presidents of the whole country. What man ever degraded himself by saying he was President of the Whig or Loco Foco party, and not of the United States? [Cheers.]

There has been reason to suppose, continued Mr. Webster, that Gen. Taylor, by the popularity of his name, and the public estimation of his services, may receive support from States not Whig. I hope these anticipations may be realized, but the main reliance should be upon Whig votes in Whig States. There are Whigs enough in the United States to choose Gen. Taylor—there is no doubt of that. [Cheers.] There have been doubts as to the result in some Whig States. As to our own State, no man entertains any doubt. [Cheers.] In some of the great Middle States—New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania, the first two important as to the general result—there is some regret that another candidate should not have been selected. In these States, I have the honor of knowing many good and true Whigs, and know their subservience to the Whig cause, and if I could draw them around me to-day and speak to them, I might venture to address them in the language of friendship, and should say to them—Overcome your dissatisfaction; relinquish your preferences; forget your disappointments, and strike one united blow for the maintenance of the Whig cause and the good of the country. [Loud cheers.]