

Miscellaneous.

Whig Promises.

At the late Democratic Mass Meeting in New York the Hon. JOHN M. KRON, made the following commentary on Whig promises—Whig profession and practice. The people are now, entreated to vote for Clay, and are promised all kinds of blessings should he be elected. Let those who feel inclined to follow the lead of this deceptive party—this political will-o'-wisp, first read the remarks of Mr. M. Kron, and they will be satisfied we suspect.

My friends, you recollect what professions our opponents made when they were out of power. I will not recall the common slang of that day, but will simply remind you that they promised a total reform of all the abuses which had crept into the administration of the government under the democratic party. But all these promises were made merely for the purpose of disguising deep intended wrong to the American people, and very well exemplified the story told in an Eastern fiction of the tiger who approached a row of penitents with some blessed palm in his claws, with which he concealed his deadly purpose of devouring his victims.

removed in 12 years, 20—But the whigs took off 18 heads in 5 months, [cheers.] of postmasters; in 12 years we removed 16—the whigs managed in 5 months to kill off 33, which would not leave many at that rate of going for a short time. [Cheers and laughter.] Such is a specimen of the manner in which whig promises are kept.

Another Lie Nailed. The Globe takes off one of the latest Federal forgeries in the following manner:

LOOK OUT FOR KNAVERY! A friend has sent us a paper printed at Pittsburg, called the "Harry of the West," which contains the following: "KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE."

What the Globe thought of James K. Polk in 1839.

HERE IS THE EXTRACT!! MR. POLK IS WHOLLY AND TOTALLY AN UNFIT MAN FOR THE VICE-PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES. HE POSSESSES NO SINGLE QUALIFICATION WHICH SHOULD ENTITLE HIM TO THE CONSIDERATION OF THE PARTY FOR THAT HIGH OFFICE.

We need hardly say to any reader of the Globe that this is an outright forgery. It is wholly and totally a pipe-layer's fabrication. What the Globe thought of James K. Polk in 1829 was expressed in the Globe when he was nominated to the Presidency. We then said Mr. Polk was eminently fitted for the station he was presented for by the Democracy; and we founded that opinion upon a long acquaintance with him, covering eventful and trying periods in political history.

God. Soon after the publication of Mr. Polk's Tariff letter, a gentleman in Pittsburg came up to a knot of Whigs with a United States Gazette in his hand, from which he read that document as coming from Clay. The coons were delighted—they declared it was the "very thing," it contained the "true doctrine"—a tariff for revenue was what they wanted—Polk dare not come out that way, &c., &c. After hearing these very flattering opinions of the letter, the reader very suddenly discovered that he had made a small mistake in reading the signature at its end—that those excellent opinions on the tariff were from the pen of James K. Polk, the democratic candidate for President!

Democrats! we present to you in another column the result of the late election in the State. It is a cheering picture. In it we read the certain downfall of federalism in Kentucky, and the most conclusive testimony of the triumphant election of Polk and Dallas.

Whigs! look at the sad picture in the second page of this paper. Kentucky! the home of Clay—Kentucky! the banner state—Kentucky! which was to have given 20,000 majority for Owsley—Kentucky! which gave Harrison 25,843 majority in 1840—Kentucky! which gave Clay only 4,504 in 1844—ah! ah! has reduced the whig majority since 1840, 21,240. Well may the coon press, and the coon orators, and coon Glee Clubs; and the same old coon, and all the young coons, sneak away into their filthy dens and howl at the dismal prospects before them.

Democrats! arouse, and sweep the last vestige of federalism from the soil of Kentucky.—Louisville Democrat. Polk on the Tariff. "I hold it to be THE DUTY of government, to extend as far as practicable, by its revenue laws, and all other means within its power, FAIR AND JUST PROTECTION TO ALL THE GREAT INTERESTS OF THE WHOLE UNION, EMBRACING AGRICULTURE, MANUFACTURES, MECHANIC ARTS, COMMERCE AND NAVIGATION." Letter to John K. Kane, dated June 19, 1844.

The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. The following, postscript of a letter to the Editor of the Knickerbocker, is one of the richest specimens of fun humor, which we have met with, for a long time, and our readers' sides ache as much from laughter, as ours did, we pity them. It is rapturous, unique, and the author a genius rare to be met.

P. S.—Whoop! hurrah! Light! upon the world again! Where art you my fine Editor! I say, sir, I was an ass—do you hear an ass, premature, wise before my time, a brute, a block-head! Did I talk of dust and ashes! Oh! sir, I lied multitudinously! Every nerve, every muscle that didn't try to strangle me in that utterance, lied. No sir, let me tell you it's a great world; glorious, magnificent; a world that can't be beat!—Talk of the stars and a better world, but don't invite me there yet. Make my regrets, my apology to Death, but say that I can't come; positive engagement; be happy some other time, but not now!—Oh, no, this morning is quite too beautiful to leave; and besides, I would rather stay, if only to thank God, a little longer, for this glorious light, this pure air that can echo back my loudest hurrah! And then my boy—But hush! I told you I Why, sir, I've got a boy!—a boy! ha! ha! I shout it out to you—a boy! fourteen pounds, and the mother a great deal better than could be expected!—And I say Mr. Editor, it's mine!—hurrah and hallelujah forever! Oh, sir! such legs, and such arms, and such a head! and oh! my God! he has his mother's tips! I can kiss them forever! And then sir, look at his feet, his hands, his chin, his eyes; his everything, in fact—so "perfectly O. K." Give me joy, sir; no you needn't either. I am full now; I ran over, and they say that I run over a number of old women; half killed the mother, pulled the doctor by the nose, and upset a apothecary shop in the corner; and then didn't I drop the tea-bell? Didn't I blow the horn! Didn't I dance, shout, laugh, and cry altogether? The women say they had to tie me up. I don't believe that but who is going to shut his mouth when he has a live baby! You should have heard his lungs, sir, at the first mouthful of fresh air—such a bust! A little tone in his voice, but not pain; excess of joy, sir, from too great sensation.—The airbath was so sudden you know.

Think of all this beautiful machinery starting off at once in full motion; all his thousand outside feelers answering to the touch of the cool air; the flutter and crush of the ear; that curious contrivance of the eye, looking out wonderingly and bewildered upon the great world, so glorious and dazzling to his unworn perceptions—his network of nerves his wheels and pulleys, his air-pumps and valves, his engines and reservoirs; and with all that, beautiful fountain, with its jets and running streams dashing and coursing through the whole length and breadth, without stint, for pause, making altogether, sir, exactly fourteen pounds!

Did I ever talk bound to you, sir, or blue, or any other of the devil's colors? You say I have. Beg your pardon, sir, but you are mistaken in the individual. I am this day sir multiplied by two. I am a number one of an indefinite series, and there's my continuation.—And you observe, it is not a block, nor a blockhead, nor a painting, nor a bust, nor a fragment of anything, however beautiful; but a combination of all the arts and sciences in one; painting, sculpture, music; (hear him cry,) mineralogy, chemistry, mechanics, (see him kick,) geography, and the use of the globe (see him nurse); and withal, he is a perpetual motion—a time piece that will never run down!—And who would it up! But words sir are but a mouthing and a mockery.

Who is JAMES K. POLK?—Asked some of the whig journals, on the announcement of our nominations. "The next President of the United States," is the answer they have already received from the seven states which have held elections since that time, and which have exhibited a democratic gain of 75,000 since 1840. As Jeremy Diddler says in the play, they "asked for information"—how do they like the information they have got?

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KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE.—That Henry Clay is the father of the late odious Bankrupt law; by which the people have been awiddled out of millions. Henry Clay voted for this Bankrupt law—and voted against its repeal—when instructed to do otherwise.—Eaton Dem. PIPE—PIPE! If the Democrats do not keep a sharp look-out, there will be a real deal of pipe-laying by the Whigs this fall. Webster has remarked that the coons must repeat in 1844 what they did in 1840.

What is a Baby? The following, postscript of a letter to the Editor of the Knickerbocker, is one of the richest specimens of fun humor, which we have met with, for a long time, and our readers' sides ache as much from laughter, as ours did, we pity them. It is rapturous, unique, and the author a genius rare to be met.

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