EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE--"Literature well or ill-conducted, is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

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POLITICAL.

Remarks of Judge Hanson before the Convention in Baltimore, April 10th 1840.

It has become apparent, to the great bulk of the American people, that the present Administration of their government is not fitted to increase or preserve the blessings and privileges of a free and intelligent nation; to foster the pursuits of a laborious, ingenious, and sperited population, that it is not in accordance, with the genius, past history, or future destinies of a vast republican Empire; that its principles and measures are as ill calculated, to consolidate the credit, strength and resources of State Sovereignties, as they are to bind together, and cement a confederation; that it has failed to engender or keep alive a veneration for the constitution or to cherish an unaliable love for the Union; that it has on the contrary, by incessant and unrelenting assaults upon capital, good faith and enterprise, disunited the interest and thereby torn asunder the good feelings, which bind men to each other, that it has destroyed that salutary confidence which is essential to this Commonwealth, and all the communities that compose it; that it has in fine chilled the hearts and the hopes of the poor and shut the hands of the rich. It is therefore, that we hail the approaching whig national convention, to be held in the city of Baltimore on the 4th day of May next, as an unerring harbinger to the coming of better things; that we greet the numerical power; (composed as it is of all classes,) and to which the intelligence from every quarter, daily adds rank to rank, and squadron to squadron as a perfect manifestation of the thorough and sweeping change in the conduct of public affairs, resolved upon by the people. We rejoice, that our fellow citizens (since what is past cannot be recalled) are so far benefitied by present suffering, as to be awakened to a sense of impending evils, more serious and calamitous; and of which few can fail to perceive 'the inevitable ruin.' Surely our administration presents us to the whole world, as a nation of contrarieties and contradictions, we are held up to other nations in every fantastic and antagonist position, that a people can be regarded; our principles and our practice are perfect antipodes to each other, theories abstractions, solecisms and paradoxes, make up the sum of our political economy; while the political empirics, driven from their moorings the once fast anchored axioms of the constitution, a constitution to which Washington had affixed his seal and given verity by experience.

Our perversions and absurdities indeed almost afford plausibility to the assertion of the ancient Philosopher that there once existed a race of men of a conformation entirely different from those of our generation, and who shall undertake to deny the possibility, that at some distant era, when History shall again be handed down by allegory and tradition, that a people who are perpetually moving one way and looking another, shall not be represented as a race of men, who carried their faces behind them, and turned their backs upon themselves. So singular is the incongruity between our words and our actions, that no disinterested spectators, even of the present age, can fail to be struck with amazement, by professions, continually at variance with conduct; with results diametrically opposite to those professed to be intended: and of causes simulating effects, between the beginning and end of which, no connecting consequences, ever existed.—Vain however, would be the attempt, to enumerate all the inconsistency of those who deal with the obliquity of partizan tacticians, instead of applying the established principles of statesmen.

The poor man is to be enriched, by reducing the wages of labor; the rich are to be impoverished by the hoarding of their gold; the products of the earth, instead of being cultured by the sweat of the brow, are to wither and die amidst idleness, hunger and desolation; all surplus produce is to rot in the granery of the Farmer, for the want of markets, furnished by the employments of artisans, and laborers, fisheries, factories, work shops, roads and canals; the condition of the country is to be improved, by arresting all improvement; debts are to be paid by the annihilation of property. The interest on loans, is to be discharged by borrowing from the lenders of the capital; gold and silver are to represent, instead of being represented by paper and credit; and whilst the precious metals are promised in abundance they are again burried beneath the face of the earth, the vaults of banks or the strong boxes of avaricious thrif; or melted down for the gold services of plate which adorns the Presidential dinner table, of the very republican nabob at Washington.

Domestic productions are to be encouraged by bounties upon foreign fabrics; and whilst there is to be abundance of poverty, to furnish plenty of rags, readily converted into Hiroglyphic shinplasters, and these are to be the only manufactories, which are sure to flourish, with or without a tariff; with or without foreign use or domestic consumption; unless indeed the treasury notes of the Government should enter the list as a competitor & thus clearly demonstrate the financial asbility of the head of the treasury, and with the aid of Mr. Buchanan, a (capital Old Federalist) home markets are to be discharged, and all labour to be rewarded *at a penny a day*, as in China—Amidst these canomalies, *all* Banks are to be put down by the destruction of one, whilst in the place of that one, thousands are to be erected and fostered, by way of proving that *none* ought ever to have existed; and whilst that *one*, consisting of three fourths of its capital, of the hard, earnings of husbands and fathers, for the support of widows and children, is to be crushed, at all hazards, myriads are to start up *with no capital at all*, for the benefit of speculators, and adventurers, and thus the administration's sympathy, for the orphan and the aged soldier, is to be illustrated, and hard money only to be trusted in the hands of absconding sub-treasurers; and as if this war upon property, upon the pursuits business and enterprise of every man and all classes of men, were not too much to be endured, and too gross a fraud upon a sagacious and thinking people, their morals, their religion, their elementary political creeds, coevel with their declaration of Independence, are all to be desecrated by absurdities, which have not even the bad eminence' of being compatible with themselves.

Truly the measures and the doctrines of this northern man with southern principles, are sufficiently party colored to denote that equivocation and paltering in a double sense which none but a proficient, in the black arts of a magician in this age of reform could have the temerity to practice. At one moment this northern man with southern principles, this Harlequin Proteous-like Diplomatist, holds out to the North, Gen. Jackson's great proclamation, the force act, & the second article to wit: that article, under which the Prince of Nullifiers, (now a repentant and pardoned sinner) was to be hung up, drawn and quartered. In the next whilst in one breath, he eulogises in a lovely song, the Palmetto,—he declares to the Unionist of the South, that no colors are to be unfurled but the *colors* of the Union; in another he whispers to the fanatic of amalgamation *that all colors are alike*, and that liberty knows no distinction. But lo! and behold, in one month, nay not one month we see him, (or rather *hear* him,) ready to shed the last drop of his northern blood, in the support of southern principles, and in defence of the rights of the slaveholder: of rights to which the abolitionist contends christianity affords not the least shadow or pretense of existence—Christianity! yes, these administration tergiversators, have christianity in their mouth; that sort of christianity which expelled from the national councils, the ministers of God; that christianity, which would extend to the poor Indian, its blessings of civilization, by extermination and indiscriminate murder; yes the christianity of those, who would as if there were not already more than enough of yelpers at the capital; augment the pack by the importation of bloodhounds from Cuba; of blood hounds to act the part of a christian army; of bloodhounds in the place of holy missionaries, of bloodhounds, curs and mongrels, pampered upon the bread and substance of the land, whilst the poor revolutionary pensioner without whose heroic achievements (with no bloodhounds for an ally) this land would never have been a land of liberty, are naked and starving for the want of the miserable pittance, which is at this moment, withheld from them; not in order that a "better currency" than rags should cover their nakedness and stay their hunger, but that a "better currency" should line the pockets of minions and favorites, who would never have earned it by honest industry. It seems, however, that this importation of bloodhounds, this stain upon the escutcheon of the nation is to be forever obliterated; and how do think Mr. President and gentlemen?—why forsooth. I am told that is asserted) I know not upon what authority it is avouched) that when an Indian shook his blanket at one of these blood hounds, he put his tail between his legs and run like a subtreasurer. But we forbear; let there be no acrimonious feelings, bitterness or wrath, in the midst of the cheers and hopes that surround us. We are all one people, and we trust that there is more of error than of vice among us. We are ready to offer our arms, and to take to our bosoms every deluded son of our country, and go hand in hand to the rescue. We see the day not far distant, when those who infest the Palace, block up the avenues of the Senate, forestall public opinion, waste their time and compromit their honor and independence, in pursuit of office and emolument may be *reformed* into better citizens and more useful men.

The day of deliverance is approaching. The day of our travail is come: the day when we may all rejoice, that the Old Petticoat Granny, Wm. H. Harrison is at hand. We do therefore hail him as our *deliverer*; we are not ashamed in our agony and dismay, to cry out for his help; yes the old petticoat General William Henry Harrison, comes to our rescue He comes; the coward! who in every battle was victorious; the *coward!* who never turned his back upon the enemy of his country; the coward! who in every conflict from Tippecanoe to the Thames, was seen 'with his beaver up,' to course along the lists, scattering his lightnings around:" and whilst in the hottest of the fight & in every post of danger the fire of his eye gleamed like a sword, and his own peculiar voice was heard ringing in the ears of every soldier, those memorable words, "stand to your guns, my boys never surrender." till not a foe was left upon the field. Tis he we claim as our deliverer. We look to him; yes to him, W. H. Harrison, to restore the perished credit and fill the exhausted and pillaged coffers of the country. We look to him, W. H. Harrison; who retired from office poor and in debt, whilst he replenished and filled the national treasury with millions of dollars not one of which, ever stuck in his palm in passing through his hands. It is to him William Henry Harrison, we turn, who was the adviser, the friend, the father to every poor emigrant, who settled beyond the mountains; who was always ready to take by the hand, the poorest settler of the meanest log cabin in the wilderness; it is him that we look once more for peace and plenty, for private and national prosperity, for a restoration of all the privileges and blessings of freemen; in a word we look to him, under the blessings of providence, for the *great consummation of public and private faith.* 'Tis to such a deliverer we look; to 'our old tried hard cider, log cabin, Tippecanoe. Not to such a deliverer as the Emperor Alexander of Russia, he the deliverer who delivered Kings, Emperors, and, a whole continent of nations into the hands of the Holy Alliance; but we seek to be delivered from an alliance, than which none was ever more *unholy*, & from under the pressure of which, no people ever groaned more, than we the people of the United States: 'tis to such a deliverer we look. And if in as mongrel a pack, as was ever littered in a kennel, there be not included in the deliverance, a pair of notable twins engendered in the cabinet of the kitchen, then in the language of the facetious old knight, "there is no skill in surgery."

But let us no longer linger with the past, for the time has come, to give thanks and rejoice. Those upon the look out, are proclaiming joyful tidings from all around us. Land is once more in sight, and our perils at an end. Too long have we been at sea with out chart or compass "tossed about by every wind of Doctrine" but the great swell of public opinion is resetting; the under tow of intrigue and corruption is running out, sweeping along with it, the turbid feculence, that polluted the land, we trust, to be, for ever, "in the dark ocean of oblivion buried"—the rain bow of promise is again to be seen; distempered elements are every where, dispersing, and the prow of our bark once more points, to a haven of safety.

With the memorable words of Harrison, for our motto, if we unfurl upon our banners "stand to your guns my boys and never surrender" and inscribe upon our ballots "the people must do their own voting & their own fighting" then we hazard nothing in the prediction that hey will fill three-fourths of the ballot boxes in the country. Animated, then by these hopes and toiling in one cause, there is every incentive to greet our coming friends, to Maryland, at the approaching National Convention. We therefore hope that our whig fellow citizens, need only to be reminded of the duty to extend the hand of good fellowship, & open wide the door of hospitality, throughout the State, to the friends of him, the string of whose latch was never pulled in, when a stranger needed shelter; and as it is expected, that at the approaching celebration, that the public houses of accommodation, may not be sufficient, for the reception of all our numerous visitors, we undertake to assure all those, who may honor us with their company, of the shelter and comfort, of at least our own roof trees, and with as good entertainment, as ever log cabin and hard cider afforded.

GENERAL HARRISON'S WITNESSES.

It is a circumstance so remarkable as to seem almost providential, that the principal witnesses in favor of General Harrison's capacity, patriotism and courage, are the very persons whose interest it is to decry him. Long ago, before he was thought of for President, they put upon record their opinion of him, and, whenever they attempt to impeach him, their own declarations, as to his great qualities and eminent services, rise up in judgment against them. From the highest of the party to the least, we find witnesses in his behalf. To begin—

RICHARD M. JOHNSON, the present Vice President; What has he said of Gen. Harrison? He was at the battles of Tippecanoe and of the Thames, and knew, from personal observation, the whole conduct of Gen. Harrison. Hear him, ye traducers of the fame of the Hero. In a speech in Congress, several years after these battles, Col. Johnson thus spoke of his old Commander:

'Who is General Harrison? The son of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, who spent the greater part of his large fortune in redeeming the pledge he then gave, of his 'fortune life and sacred honor,' to secure the liberties of his country.

'Of the career of Gen. Harrison I need not speak—the history of the West, is his history. For forty years he has been identified with its interests, its perils, and its hopes. Universally beloved in the walks of peace, and distinguished by his ability in the councils of his country, he has been yet more illustriously distinguished in the field.

'During the late war, he was longer in active service than any other General Officer; he was perhaps oftener in action than any one of them, and never suffered a defeat.'

What can be more emphatic?—What more clearly entitled to credit? This eulogy was pronounced at a time when there was no motive to decry the illustrious benefactor of his country. After years of reflection had confirmed the first impressions of the observer of his conduct and when every other motive than a love of justice was at rest.

The next witness is Isaac Hill—the great gun of the Loco Focos in the Eastern States—the Goliah of Van Burenism in New England. He was, in 1813, the Editor of the New Hempshire Patriot, and in his paper of the 23d of November, 1813, he spoke in this strain of the Commander-in-Chief of the North Western army:

"What man living, whose whole heart and soul is not Brutish, that cannot sincerey rejoice in the late victories of Perry and Harrison? that does not feel a pride in the valor and patriotism of the heroes of the West who have freed a country large as the empire of Alexander the Great, from the Indian Tomahawk and scalping knife? If there be such a one, he is a traitor to his country; he possesses the spirit of a murderer."

The Patriot of January 7th, 1812, contained the following paragraph relating to the letter of General Harrison addressed to Congress, after the glorious battle of Tippecanoe.

"To every American who feels for his country, the perusal of that letter will produce pride and pleasure."

The next witness whom we shall call upon the stand is Thomas Ritchie, the Editor of the Richmond Enquirer, and the leader of the party in Virginia.—His paper, after the war, was full of praises of Gen. Harrison. It would fill our sheet to recite all these eulogies—but the following will suffice to shown what was the opinion which Mr. Richie entertained of Gen. Harrison after his conduct had been investigated by a committee of Congress.

In addition to this, let any man read the following extract from the same paper, in 1813, and judge what credit is to be given to the denunciations of Gen. Harrison which come from the Richmond Enquirer.

From the Enquirer of October 19, 1813.

'These benefits we owe to the intrepidity of Perry, who paved the way, and to Harrison, whose skill, prudence, and zeal, have at length reaped their just reward. This gallant general has now put all his enemies to shame. After struggling with difficulties under which an ordinary man would have sunk, after passing through a wilderness of morass and mud, so difficult of access, that the wagon horses could not carry provender enough to support them during the journey, he reached the consumation of all his labors; repairs the vices of Hull, wipes off the stain which he had cast upon our arms, stands on the ruins of Malden; muzzles the Indian war dog; and proves to the world that Americans want only an opportunity to display the same gallantry on the shore which they have done upon the wave.'

From the Richmond Enq., Feb. 6, 1817.

GENERAL HARRISON.

It is scarcely necessary for us to repeat the warm sentiments of respect which we entertain for General William Henry Harrison. During the late war we have repeatedly borne our humble testimony to the gallant hero of the Armies of the North-West. An envious cloud, however, gathered round his head, which is now finally and forever dispersed. The report of the Committee, whose investigation Gen. H. himself demanded, is conclusive upon this subject—but it is pleasing to read the warm and emphatic effusions of a member of that Committee, Mr. Hulbert, which we have published in this day's paper,

JOHN M. NILES, lately the Loco Foco Senator from Connecticut, and twice the Loco Foco candidate for Governor of that State, who was in 1813, the Editor of a paper in Hartford, spoke of the conduct of Gen. Harrison in the most extravagant terms of praise declaring that the blessings of thousands of women and children rescued from the merciless tomahawk of the savage rested upon him and his brave troops,'

JOHN SPEED SMITH, a gentleman of Kentucky, who has spoken of as the Van Buren candidate for Governor of that State, and who was one of Gen. Harrison's aids in the battle of Tippecanoe, has recently written a letter in which he bears the strongest testimony to the valor and conduct of the General, and declares that he was, alone, entitled to all the credit of his great victories—the whole arrangement of the battles being the result of his own plans and directions.

The Legislature of Kentucky, in 1812, unanimously voted the following tribute of praise to the Hero of Tippecanoe:

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Kentucky, That in the late campaign against the Indians, upon the Wabash, Governor William Henry Harrison has behaved like a hero, a patriot and a general; and that for his cool, deliberate, skilful and gallant conduct in the battle of Tippecanoe, he well deserves the warmest thanks of his country and his nation.

COMMODORE PERRY, the hero of Lake Erie, who was an eye witness to Gen. Harrison's achievements, thus testifies in his behalf in a letter to Gen. Harrison dated August 18th, 1817, Com. Perry said:

'The prompt change made by you in the order of battle, on discovering the position of the enemy, has always appeared to me to have evinced a high degree of military talent. I concur with the venerable Shelby in his general approbation of your conduct in that campaign.'

Other witness of the heroism of Gen. Harrison could be produced. But why seek to establish what would never have been questioned but for the base purposes of party? If Gen. Harrison had been a coward, would the Legislature of Indiana have unanimously petitioned Congress to continue him as the Governor of the North Western Territory? Had he been incompetent, would the people of that State remember him with a gratitude only excelled by that which the child feels for the parent? The States of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, are impatient for an opportunity to repel the foul aspersions. Cincinnati, the place of his abode, has repelled it—Cleveland, St. Claresville, Indianapolis, have repelled it. No occasion has been lost, and when the day comes, the whole population of the three States, who are not trammeled or delude by the arts of the office holders, will, with one voice unite to overwhelm with confusion the traducers of one of the greatest Captains and most meritorious Statesmen of the age.

From the National Gazette.

The project of the Secretary at War to institute a standing army of national militia, which is commended by the President in strong terms, has been assailed in very decided terms. The question like every other should be fairly examined on its own merits without any reference to the politics of its projectors. Does the country need such a mode of defence as that proposed by Mr. Poinsett and Mr. Van Buren? We cannot view the subject in other than the light which this inquiry suggests. If the actual condition of the seaboard and frontier defences is such as to require such a standing army of federal militia in preference to State militia, then the proposal should be seriously entertained, without reference to the apprehension that the two hundred thousand men so organized would become in whole or in part the unscrupulous political supporters of the President. Indeed we have a better opinion of the American character as developed in a soldiery capacity than to suppose it would be controlable to the sacrifice of every liberal and patriotic consideration and interest. We merely hint upon this subject, extracting from the Secretary's Report the proposition. We shall give another day the details of the plan, or at least a synopsis of them which have been lately afforded by Mr. Poinsett.

"It is proposed to divide the United States into eight military districts, and to organize the militia in each district, so as to have a body of twelve thousand five hundred men in active service, and another of equal number as a reserve. This would give an armed militia force of two hundred thousand men, so drilled and stationed as to be ready to take their places in the rank in defence of the country, whenever called upon to oppose the enemy or repel the invader. The age of the recruit to be from 20 to 37; the whole term of service to be eight years—four years in the first class, and four in the reserve: one fourth part, twenty five thousand men, to leave the service every year, passing, at the conclusion of the first term, into the reserve, and exempted from ordinary militia duty altogether at the end of the second. In this manner, twenty five thousand men will be discharged from militia duty every year, and twenty five thousand fresh recruits be received into the service. It will be sufficient for all useful purposes, that the remainder of the militia, under certain regulations provided for their government be enrolled and be mustered at long and stated intervals; for, in due process of time, nearly the whole mass of the militia will pass through the first and second classes, and be either members of the active corps, or of the reserve, or counted among the exempts, who will be liable to be called upon only in periods of invasion or imminent peril. The manner of enrolment, the number of days of service, and the rate of compensation, ought to be fixed by law; but the details had better be left subject to regulation—a plan of which I am prepared to submit to you."

This plan is approved of by the President in his Annual Message in these terms:

"The present condition of the defences of our principal sea ports and navy yards, as represented by accompanying report of the Secretary of War, calls for the early and serious attention of Congress; and as connecting itself intimately with this subject, I cannot recommend too strongly to your consideration the plan submitted by that officer for the organization of the militia of the United States."

From the Texas Sentinel of March 24.

On the 19th of March, a body of 65 Indians arrived at St. Antonio, bringing Miss Lockhart, a little girl, taken by them a year and a half since from the Guadaloupe, for the purpose of holding a council with the agents of our government. They said they wished to see if they could get a high price for her; and if so, they would bring all the other prisoners, one at a time. Miss Lockhart stated that she had seen all the other prisoners at their camp a few days before she left. Col. W. G. Cooke, acting Secretary of War, being present thought it proper to take hostages for the safe return of the prisoners, and Col. Fisher was ordered to march two companies and place them in the immediate vicinity of the council room.

After some parleying in relation to the prisoners, one company was ordered to march into the room, and the other to the rear of the building, where the warriors were assembled. The chiefs were then told that they were prisoners and would not be liberated until they restored their white prisoners. One sprang to the back door and attempted to pass the sentinel, who presented his musket, when the Indian drew his knife and stabbed him. A general rush was then made for the doors. Capt. Howard caught one by the collar and received a severe stab. He then ordered the sentinel to shoot the Indian, which was instantly done. They all then drew their knives and bows for battle, and the whole twelve chiefs were immediately shot.

In the meantime Capt. Reed's company was attacked by the warriors in the rear of the yard, who fought with desperation. The Indians were driven into the stone houses, from which they kept a galling fire with their bows and rifles, whenever their arrows struck, it was with such force that it penetrated to the feather. A small number succeeded in gaining the opposite side of the river, but Colonel Wells pursued them with a party of mounted men, and killed all, with the exception of one renagade Mexican.

A single warrior took refuge in a stone house, refusing every offer of life sent him through the squaws, and after killing and wounding several of our men, the building was fired at night, and he was shot as he passed the door.

The whole number of warriors, excepting the Mexicans, amounting to 35, were killed, besides 2 women and 3 children. Our loss was 7 killed, viz: Lt. W. M. Dunnington, privates Kammiski and Whitney; Judge Thompson, of Houston; Judge Hood, of Bexar; Mr. Cayce, of Matagorda, and a Mexican.

Wounded—Captain G. I. Howard, 1st Inf.; Capt. Matthew Caldwell, 1st do; Lt. E. A. Thompson, private Kelly, company 1; Judge Robinson, Mr. Higginbotham, Mr. Morgan, and Mr. Carson. Total of wounded, 8. Howard, Thompson and Kelly, very severely.

At the request of the prisoners, a squaw was liberated and well mounted to go to the main tribe, and request an exchange of prisoners; she promised to return in 4 days, with our captive friends, and Cols. Cooke and McLeod will wait until the return.

We learn from Mr. Durkee, who arrived from Austin yesterday, that Col. Burleson has been called upon to organize an expedition forthwith to operate against the Commanches. He will raise one company on the Colorado and at Austin, and take with him the company which left Houston a short time since, under Captain Fearce, and a body of Tonkwa Indians.

Col. Maverick has brought information to Houston that on the advance of the Centralists under Arista, towards Guerrero, where the provisional government of the new republic of Rio Grande was established, the members of the Government appointed the lake of Espantoso, on the Nueces river, as the temporary seat of Government of the new republic. A company of their troops is now said to be on its way to take possession of the spot.

The morning Star calls this an invasion of our territory and hints that our government should not let it pass unrebuked. The measure is doubtless a violation of the nice rules of international etiquette, but we think our government would show a want of proper equanimity to allow itself to be disturbed by an event so trifling.

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