# 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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**Advertisements**

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## FANNY HALL.

BY CHARLES G. EASTMAN.

The sweetest girl of all I know
Is the charming FANNY HALL.
The wildest at a husking,
The gayest at a ball;
Her cheek is like a Jersey peach,
Her eye is blue and clear,
And her lip is like the sumac
In the Autumn of the year.

Canova never made a hand
Like hers, so plump and fair;
Poor Raphael had been crazed with her
Madona brow and hair;
And I'm inclined to think if Powers
Could see her; he would grieve
To find a romping Yankee girl
Had beaten Mrs. Eve!

There's not a blemish in her form,
No fault about her face;
Sit down and gaze from morn till night,
You'll find her—perfect grace;
And then, to finish all, her voice!
From the sweetest birds in spring
You couldn't tell it's warble but
She "dosen't know a thing!"

*Montpelier Vt.*

## OUR COUSIN ELLEN.

From "Heart Histories," in Godey's Lady's Book.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

"I say, Grace," said my friend, Kate Richmond, "I like your cousin Nelly right well; she comes wonderful near angelhood; but then she wants something—I scarcely know what, but *something*. Does she not lack feeling?"

"You're out there, Kate," I replied, "for our Nelly is *all* feeling."

"Ah, that is just what I meant; it is too evident, too much on the surface, too foamy and frothy—there is no still, unfathomable deep. Or she has no rich hoards of passionate feeling—it is all in small change."

"Why, Kate," said I, half piqued by her want of penetration, "Nelly is yet a mere child. You surely would not ask for strong concentrated passion in a girl of seventeen. The woman in her nature is yet a sealed fountain; but she will develope gloriously by and by, mark my words. Her character will yet reveal itself in marvellous strength and beauty and our eyes shall behold it."

If ever there was one I knew thoroughly, heart, mind and soul, it was my sweet cousin, Ellen Montgomery. She came to us a fairy-like child, of ten summers, an orphan. Her father had died while she was a mere infant, and when his widow after a few darkened years, was about to follow him, she tenderly bequeathed her sole earthly treasure to a fond and devoted sister, my own mother, well-beloved.

Cousin Nelly found a home, indeed.—She was the pet and idol of the household. Our father indulged her, and our mother seemed to feel for her a peculiar tenderness, yet we young folks were never jealous. We saw her growing up surpassingly beautiful; yet we never envied her.—There was a magnetism in her loveliness which drew our hearts to hers and fastened them there. At no time of my life have I seen a character so freshly, dewyly natural as hers—one that so turned itself out to the sunlight, was so transparent in its perfect simplicity. She positively could not comprehend the artificial rules of propriety-teachers—what she termed the stupid, meaningless laws which oppress modern society. Perhaps it would have been wise in us to have preached to her on the danger of thus remaining as God had made her—to have counseled her to conform to the regulations of fashion. Our weakness in failing to do this may have cost her some heartaches.

At the time Kate Richmond made the remarks I have noted down, Ellen was the acknowledged belle and beauty of our village. Generous, amiable and light-hearted, she rapidly won the earnest regard of all. And she was a most indefatigable hoarder up of affection; bee like, she flew from heart to heart, weighing herself down with the sweets of tender and kindly feeling. Yet those who knew her well believed her to possess a rich inner nature, unrevealed even to herself, and that the heart which seemed to open fully to all, was yet but a half-unclosed flower, capriciously delaying its unfolding, and waiting to have its most glowing leaves kissed apart by the lips of the angel of Love.

It was soon after Ellen was seventeen that the heir of the Grahame Property, Mr. James Stuart Grahame, (I give the name in full, as he always wrote it,) burst upon us in sudden glory. He had left our town when a lad, and after graduating at Yale and visiting the land of his fathers, old Scotia, with his mother and sisters, had now come down to have the grand old mansion made inhabitable as a summer residence. Young, rich, handsome and haughty, his advent naturally stirred up our village into a state of delightful excitement. It was at a May party when he first met with us. He was certainly what romantic young ladies call "interesting" in appearance, besides being

> 'Perfect in form and feature,
> And so divinely tall;"

but then he had a cold, condescending way with him—a manner I always feel myself especially called upon to resent—and one could see at a glance that he was as proud as the fallen "son of the morning." I afterwards found that, like a true Scot, this pride was his distinguishing trait and ruling passion; it was within, around him, and emanated from him in all directions.

Nelly was our queen, and never shall I forget the startling impression which her first appearance, in all her grace, gayety and blooming beauty, made upon Grahame. He gazed awhile with eyes dilated and lips apart, and then pressed eagerly forward for a presentation. It did my heart good to see the imperious, travelled aristocrat kneeling humbly, blushing like a very schoolboy, and timidly kissing the rose tipped fingers of our laughing litle Nell. But my triumph gave place to a slight feeling of apprehension, as I remarked the eyes of Her Majesty *pro tem.* fixed with evident interest on the glowing face of her courtier-like admirer. I saw it was all over with *him*—that he could do nothing less than haul down colors and surrender to Commodore Cupid; but I did not wish the heart of our brave Nelly to prove so easy a conquest. But what availed my wishes! All through budding May and leafy June was Greenwood cottage honored by the frequent presence of Grahame the admirer, Grahame the friend, Grahame the lover, Grahame the adorer, and Grahame the affianced of our darling Cousin Ellen!

The bridegroom elect was boyishly proud of his betrothed, and seemed to exult in having won the beauty of M——. To others he was as imperious and fastidious as ever, but deferential and fondly attentive to Ellen. And she—how gloriously the woman awoke within her! How she trusted in him—how she cared for him—how proud she was of him—how she doted on and treasured up his lightest words! How she poured her very soul out in grateful worship! Yet she loved him familiarly; she sang, and danced, and laughed, and jested with him till her own beautiful and joyous existence seemed so intertwined with his that they could not be separated.

At last, with much "pomp and circumstance," the female part of the family of Grahame came to M——. Ellen and I were among the first to call. We found the mother a stiff, formal Scotch woman, and the two daughters exceedingly plain and exceedingly disagreeable. What was pride and haughtiness in the brother was supercilliousness and insolent arrogance in them. As they knew of the engagement, I was indignant at the airs assumed towards Ellen. Dear girl! it was the first time I had ever seen her painfully embarrassed. The very atmosphere seemed to oppress her. Yet she rattled on, and said many charming things, and some, it must be confessed, more distinguished for *naivete* than wisdom. She even, when James was mentioned, began warmly praising him out of the fullness of her innocent little heart But the old mother looked solemn, Miss Euphemia prudish, and Miss Margaret giggled.

On our way home I hinted to Nelly that it were best for her not to seek to *win* the regard of the lofty Scotch dames, but to give them a sufficiency of coldness and formality, and *queen it* in her turn. But no—she had such a holy faith in love—she would subdue them with kindness; she would wind herself into their hearts, and they *must* love her yet. I then suggested that she should endeavor to conceal her partiality for Grahame in the presence of his mother and sisters. I might as well have counselled a wild rose to hide her blushes. It would out. It revealed itself in a thousand ways, and on no occasion did the sisters of Grahame fail to notice it and call the attention of others, till James was evidently annoyed by those very demonstrations of preference which once thrilled his heart with proud pleasure.

Finally, Ellen was honored with an invitation to spend a week at "Grahame Place." She returned before the visit was completed, sad and ill. I questioned her, and she said she had never so felt that she was an ignorant country girl; that she found she could not sing and play Italian like Miss Euphemia, nor speak French and paint in oils like Miss Margaret. "And then," said she, while her face grew crimson, "*I was dressed so plainly.*"

"But, surely," I remarked, "their manner did not make you feel this? Were they not kind and affable?"

"No; cold and neglectful."

"But James—how was he?"

She threw herself on my breast with a gush of tears, and murmured—"He was like the others."

*Concluded next week.*

☞Augustus Beach is married to Miss Hollbrook. It is well that a *whole brook* should have a *beach*.

From the Hagerstown Torch Light, of Saturday, August 28.

## THE LOCOFOCO MASS MEETING—COL. THOMAS' SPEECH.

On Tuesday last, after a protracted notice, the self-styled "Democracy" assembled in "Mass Meeting," in Hagerstown. The Whig Convention met on the same day, and from indications in the morning, we had every reason to believe that the Whigs would outnumber their competitors, an anticipation which was not far from being realized. At half past two o'clock, the assemblage, (a considerable portion of which was Whig,) collected in the market-house and was addressed by the Hon. Philip Francis Thomas, the Loco Foco Candidate for Governor. In order that those not present might be able to form some idea of his views, we took notes of the heads and most striking portions of Mr. Thomas' speech, from which we are enabled to give a hasty and imperfect synopsis.

Col. Thomas first contended that the old questions of a National Bank, the Distribution of the Public Lands, the Tariff, and the Sub-Treasury, were, in a manner, dead, and did not require discussion. The Mexican War was the only question upon which the Whigs relied. But for it, said he, they would have no grounds upon which to stand, in opposition to the Democratic party.

He then went into an exposition of the cause of the war, and an examination of the course of the Whigs in connexion with it. He argued with a view of showing that, at first, they charged the Annexation of Texas as the true cause of the war, and afterwards, with an inconsistency characteristic of them, shifted their position and contended that the war was brought on by the Administration, in ordering Gen. Taylor to the Rio Grande. [The combination of the two causes he did not think proper to notice.]

For his part, he denied that the removal of Gen. Taylor to the Rio Grande was the true cause of the war. War actually existed, by the act of Mexico, long before this event. It was, he contended, the Annexation of Texas, by the joint Resolutions of Congress, which brought hostilities upon the country—and this cause existed before Mr. Polk came into power.

He then proceeded, at considerable length, to argue the question of our title to Texas, by treaty; and at length coming back to the movement of General Taylor, contended that the order to advance was issued by the advice of Gen. Taylor himself—the same Gen. Taylor, he remarked sneeringly, who is now the candidate of the Whig party of the United States.—[Here he was interrupted by the first burst of applause.] To prove that this movement was made by Gen. Taylor's advice, he referred to the letter of Gen. Taylor to Gen. Gaines, in which, Mr. T. asserted, Gen. Taylor has taken position with the Administration.

He then animadverted upon the course of the Whigs, whom he charged with denouncing a war which the honor of the United States required to be waged—a war which has done more for Mexico now, than any thing which has occurred within half a century—a war which has elevated our own national character abroad—a war which is justifiable upon every principle of right.

As to Gen. Taylor, he denied that he holds principles in common with the Whig party, and quoted from his letters to prove it. He said that he was right, and that if the Whigs attached themselves to him they would again be effectually Tylerized.

He then turned to the charge of Repudiation, which, he said, had been brought against him in an article published in a Baltimore paper, and avowed to have been written by Mr. Coleman Yellott, a member of that bar, and one of his colleagues whilst in the Legislature. He was ready to answer the charge; and so far from desiring to repudiate, he had been uniformly an advocate of State Faith. But the whig party were the worst kind of Repudiators. He went into the Legislature in 1843, and before the meeting, he happened to pick up a newspaper containing a card from the Whig Central Committee of the State, in which the promise to pay the debt of the State was made, and a plan pointed out for that purpose. He treasured it up. When he went into the Legislature he found himself in the minority—saw the Message of Gov. Thomas and the Report of the Treasurer, exhibiting a deficiency of $275,000, and he quietly waited to see what course this professing State Faith Party would pursue, and the first thing was a proposition to give the collectors of taxes additional time to pay in. He determined to test the sincerity of the Whigs, and offerred an amendment to suspend suit upon Collector's bonds: the whigs voted against it, and so amended his resolution as to postpone the time of payment, several months, until after the first Wednesday of October, when the election for Governor was to be held. This he denounced as a piece of management to secure the election of Gov. Pratt—as dishonest—as contradictory.

He then dwelt with much ssverity upon the report of the Committee of Ways and Means, made by Mr. (now Chancellor) Johnson, its Chairman, in which the committee attempted to show that so far from there being a deficiency of $275,000, there was a surplus of $500,000. This he charged to be a deliberate falsehood, as Gov. Pratt and the Legislature subsequently, virtually, admitted.

He next assailed the law which provided for enforcing the collection of taxes, and contended that it was merely creating unnecessary power, where already sufficient existed in the hands of the Collectors, and that it only subjected the taxpayer to additional burdens and expenses. And for doing this he was denounced as a Repudiator. Was he, he exclaimed, to bow at the foot-stool of power, in order that he might avoid the ridiculous charge of being a Repudiator?

He then went into an analysis of the Coupon law—denounced it as a Repudiation measure, and asked if this was honest—if this was State faith. He censured the Whg party for placing the State, for selfish purposes, in this position, until after the next Gubnatorial election. It was, said he, a miserable, pitiable, shilly-shally law for enforcing taxes—to feed the hungry attorneys, and to make the sheriffs fat.

When the Canal question—that great question, upon which has always rested and now rests the credit of the State—came up, he advocated it with all his ability, although the Whigs, in the main were found hanging back or opposing it. He believed it to be a financial measure.

He then adverted to the charge that he had attended a Repudiation meeting in Talbot. He denied that the meeting was a Repudiation meeting. He denied that he attended it; and charged that Gov. Pratt had subsequently appointed the President of it, Register of Wills of Talbot County.

He then directed his attention to the Bill which he offered in 1843, called his Repudiation Bill. He denied that it was a Repudiation measure. What is repudiation? asked he. Is it repudiation to pay? Take all we've got—we give it to you, was what he said to the Bond-holders. Entering into an explanation of his scheme for exchanging the State works for her bonds, he read from the address of the Whig Central Committee, to prove the value of the public works, and by taking this data, by the sale of the Bank Stock, and by the issue of $300,000 of bonds, he figured $14,000,000 with which to discharge the debt of $15,000,000 [He dwelt with great stress upon the fact that the Whigs proposed to sell the works at the same valuation which he put upon them—but he did not advert to the fact that the taking of these works in payment of the bonds, by the Whig plan, was voluntary; by his, compulsory.] Winding up his remarks upon Repudiation he exclaimed: "No sir, I am no Repudiator! But if God's my judge, place me in any position, and I will never vote one cent more of taxation. If you make me Governor of Maryland, I never will advise the voting of one additional dollar."

But, he contended, there was another way in which we might escape taxation, obnoxious to the Whigs, it was true, but dear to every Democrat. It was Reform—Conventional Reform. And here the Speaker entered into a lengthened exposition of the views of his party, indulging alternately in satire, in declamation, and in argument. The judiciary wants remodelling—Constables, Clerks and Registers, all the officers of the State, ought to be elected by the people, and their salaries ought to be reduced—the salaries of some of the Clerks were enormous—and thus a great saving of money could be made to a hard toiling people. But the principal object of Reform was to be found in the representation of the several counties of the State. He came from a county which contained a population of only six thousand white persons, and yet his six thousand had a voice in the councils of the State almost equal to the voice of Washington county's thirty thousand. This was all wrong. He was a Reformer from principle, and although it might be supposed from his local position that he would favor such an arrangement as would give to his own county the greater influence, he was in favor of taking from her this undue power. He had no idea that Talbot with six thousand inhabitants, should an influence equal that of Washington with her thirty thousand.—He had no idea that Talbot, which paid but one-fifth into the Treasury of what Washington did should draw out one-fifth more in proportion to her population.—"I am in favor of representation according to taxation: that is, said he, if you pay taxes on a dollar's worth of property more than I do, I am willing you shall have a dollar's worth of influence more than I have."

And, winding up his remarks upon this branch, he said: "Trust no more to politicians—trust no more to the men who figure in the Legislature at four dollars a day," and in a rhapsody upon political rights, the election of all officers by the people, "four dollars a day and roast beef," he closed this branch of his address.

Then making a passionate appeal to his audience, the speaker exclaimed:—"When I tell you that your altars and your firesides are in danger from a domestic foe, you will not be slow in buckling on your armor." And after some remarks upon the importance of turning out at the polls, he thus concluded: "If you don't read a lesson to these aristocrats, in feeling, on the sixth day of next October, our work will be in vain, and I'm no prophet."

Returning thanks amid the plaudits of the audience, Mr. Thomas took his seat, and was followed by Mr. Lowe, of Frederick. We did not hear the conclusion of this gentleman's remarks; although we have taken some notes, and may hereafter use them. At present neither time nor space will permit us to do so.

*From the Rough and Ready.*

## GEN. TAYLOR—MR. THOMAS—MR. POLK AND THE WAR.

We are informed that in his speech in Baltimore County, Mr. Thomas, taking up the slang of the "*Argus*," charged upon Gen. Taylor the act of bringing on the war, by recommending the movement of his troops from Corpus Christi to the Rio Grande. Mr. Thomas is aware that an inferior can never be held responsible for the acts of a superior, and that it was more than the commission of Gen. Taylor was worth to have made such a movement without authority from his Government. The published correspondence will show, (and we refer to our paper of the 7th inst for a copy thereof,) that he was directed by Mr Bancroft, acting Secretary of War, under date of June 15, 1845, "*to select and occupy, on or near the Rio Grande, such a site as will consist with the health of the troops, and will be best adapted to repel invasion.*" &c. Gen. Taylor, in obedience to those orders, took post at Corpus Christi, which Gen. Donelson, when Minister to Texas, had declared was "*the most western point occupied by Texas.*" He remained there, notwithstanding the Government frequently gave him broad hints, that, as the Rio Grande was the point of his ultimate destination, he ought to take position there; but the old General was not so *green* as to be caught in a trap which the cunning politicians at Washington wished to set for him, in order to enable them to escape from the responsibility of ordering him into the territory which was left by the act of annexation to be settled by negotiation with Mexico—for Taylor knew the dishonesty of those with whom he was dealing—he was not going to be made a cat's paw by Mr. Polk and his Secretary, and was determined to have his orders in *black and white* before he moved a peg. Accordingly, in his letter to the Secretary of War of Oct. 4, 1845, after repeating that his then position had answered every purpose for which it was taken, he adds:

"For these reasons, our position, thus far has I think, *been the best possible*: but now that the entire force will soon be concentrated, it may well be a question whether the VIEWS OF GOVERNMENT will be best carried out by our remaining at this point. *It is with great deference that I make any suggestions on topics* which may become matter of delicate negotiation; but, IF OUR GOVERNMENT, in settling the question of boundary, MAKES THE LINE OF THE RIO GRANDE AN ULTIMATUM I cannot doubt that the settlement will be greatly facilitated and hastened by our taking possession at once of one or two suitable points on or quite near that river. Our strength and state of preparation should be displayed in a manner not to be mistaken. However salutary may be the effect produced upon the border people by our presence here, we are too far from the frontier to impress the Government of Mexico with our readiness to vindicate, by force of arms, if necessary our title to the country as far as the Rio Grande. The "army of occupation" will in a few days be concentrated at this point in condition for vigorous and efficient service. Mexico having as yet made no positive declaration of war, or committed any overt act of hostilities, I do not feel at liberty, under my instructions, particularly those of July 8, to make a forward movement to the Rio Grande, without *authority from the War Department.*"

It will be seen by this extract, which is not garbled, as the locofoco prints have presented it in their columns that Gen. Taylor considered the post which he then held, (Corpus Christi,) which our own Minister to Texas, remember, had declared was the western boundary of that State and consequently, if attacked by the Mexicans, would have been defended by him, as "THE BEST POSSIBLE" for his troops—but if the Government was bent upon having the territory in dispute between Texas and Mexico, whether the latter would or not, the sooner the better that steps were taken to effect that object, and to show to Mexico our determination to carry our purposes into effect; "consequently it was now a question (says the old hero) whether the VIEWS OF GOVERNMENT will be BEST CARRIED OUT" by his remaining at that point, and it was with "GREAT DEFERENCE" that he proceeded to point out, not what he considered right in a matter of such delicate negotiation, *but what the Government had made up its mind to effect.* This is the plain purport of the language of Gen. Taylor, and the locofocos know it can be construed in no other way; otherwise, instead of garbling his letter as they do, the would give so much of it as would present a fair statement of the old hero's position & language. *But that is not their object?* Notwithstanding they pretend to believe that the war is popular yet they are very anxious to shift the responsibility of bringing it on from the shoulders of the President and his party to those of Gen. Taylor knowing that the indignant storm which is gathering throughout the country will burst upon their devoted heads, if they cannot shelter themselves under the protecting arm of the brave old hero whom they have, in almost every way, endeavored to crush, and whose reputation, dearer than life to the soldier, they tried to blast, by passing a vote of censure upon him for an act which will ever be considered one of the choicest chaplets upon his brow—the humanity evinced in the capitulation of Monterey. But so far as Maryland is concerned, we are determined that they shall not succeed—thanks to our vigilant Whig friends in all the counties of the State, we are now enabled to reach the people through our press, and we intend to lay bare the impostures which they are endeavoring to palm upon the people.

In order to show the people of Maryland what little faith is to be placed in the statements and publications of the locofoco press, we copy from the Baltimore "*Republican & Argus*" of Tuesday, the 24th the following garbled extracts of Gen. Taylor's letter which we beg them to compare with the extract of the same letter given above—we copy it exactly as we find it in that paper:

☞"The settlement "of our difficulties "will be greatly facilitated and hastened by "our taking possesion at once of one or "two suitable points on or quite near the "Rio Grande." * * * Here (at Corpus "Christi) we are too far from the frontier "to impress the government of Mexico "with our readiness to vindicate by force "of arms, if necessary, our title to the "country as far as the Rio Grande." * * * * "I do not feel *at liberty*, under my "instructions, particularly those of July "8th, to *make* a forward movement to the "Rio Grande, without authority from the War Department."☜

The reader will see by the garbling of his letter, that General Taylor is entirely misrepresented in his views, and that this is designedly done to deceive the readers of the Argus, in order to shield the administration from the odium which justly attaches to it, for bringing on the war.

But we will bring other authority which cannot be doubted, to prove that the act was that of Mr. Polk, and that the responsibility rests upon him alone, as every man of common sense knows, that even if Taylor had recommended the occupation of the disputed territory, he being a subordinate, and at that time a comparatively obscure individual, Mr. Polk was not likely to act upon his advice, if it had not suited his predetermined intention. The President in his message to Congress, most explicitly declares that the step was taken by the order of the War department and of course assumes the entire responsibility —Hear him:

"A portion of the army was ordered to advance into Texas. Corpus Christi was the position selected by General Taylor. He encamped at that place August, 1845, and the army remained in that position until the 11th day of March, 1846, when it moved westward, and on the 28th of that month reached the east bank of the Rio Grande, opposite to Matamoros" *This movement was made in pursuance of orders from the War Department; issued on the 13th of January*, 1846."

Let Mr. Thomas and his satellites, therefore, say what they will, here are facts, stubborn facts to prove, that the entire responsibility of beginning the war, rests upon their own party.

## MR. THOMAS' DEMOCRACY.

HEAR HIM, DEMOCRATS OF MARYLAND

In his late speech at Hagerstown on the 24th of August, Mr. P. FRANK THOMAS, the locofoco candidate for Governor, gave utterance to the following sentiment, which we wish to keep prominently before the people:

"*I am in favor of representation according to taxation: that is, if you pay taxes on a dollars worth of property more than I do I am willing you shall have a dollar's worth of influence more than I have.*"

"Here, Democrats of Maryland, is a pretty doctrine for you to swallow. Go it blind for Mr. Thomas and "Reform," and you may find perhaps when it is too late, that the "*Democracy*" of Virginia is to be introduced into the new Constitution which the locofocos are so anxious just now to have adopted, by which the rich man, if he holds a piece of property in every county in the State, is entitled to a vote in as many as he can reach during the election, whilst the poor man, if he does not pay taxes, cannot vote at all.—And this is the boasted DEMOCRACY of the "DEMOCRATIC" candidate for Governor!

The locofocos urge that Mr. Thomas *did not mean what he said!*" Oh no, of course not; neither did he mean to *Repudiate* the State debt when he brought in his famous bill, if you believe what he says *now*, tho' at the same time he acknowledged it was in fact an act of Repudiation; the only difference is, that *then* he thought it was going to be a popular doctrine, but *now* finding it so odious as to stink in the very nostrils of the people, he eats his own words, and denies he ever intended it as an act of Repudiation. So, likewise, after he uttered the sentiment above quoted, which are his express words, his friends finding he had shown the cloven foot a little too soon, wish it to appear that he *did not mean what he said!!* Why what next step will Mr. T. take to hasten his downward tendency! He first denies the obvious tendency of his own acts, whilst he stands charged by the most honorable men with making a declaration which convicts him of the act out of his own mouth—and now his friends proclaim aloud that *he did not mean* what he said, when he spoke in language not to be misunderstood, and to which we are assured

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