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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THE RECONCILIATION.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Yes, all is well—the cloud hath passed away
That hung above our friendship's path awhile;
For truth hath pierced it with a golden ray,
And love's own sunshine bathed it in a smile.

Yes, all is well, my brother—see I place
My hand upon my late tumultuous heart,
And its soft pulses speak the calm of peace,
Which sweetest is just after storms depart.

Now let our friendship flow, like gentle river,
With no dark stream its silver waves to stain—
And oh, let no cold wintry iceberg ever
Come floating down its summer tide again!

Let nought disturb our harmony of soul,
Let nothing come between thy heart and mine,
But let the circling years, as on they roll,
Bring us yet more of sympathy divine.

We are but one remove from heavenly birth,
Let heavenly truth be on each lip and brow,
Let us be free, let not the dust of earth
Weigh down the white wings of our spirits now.

So when we tread Eternity's dim shore
Our souls may know each other, and rejoice
That no disguise in earthly life they wore—
And spirit voice may answer spirit voice!

From the Saturday Evening Post.

TWO LEAVES FROM A MERRY RECORD

BY HELEN IRVING.

It is delightful to meet once in a while, in this world of proprieties and "proper people"—amid the fashionable suppressing of all the heart's impulses, the subduing of all its caprices—one of those independent, fun-loving beings, who, joying in the consciousness of capabilities for laughter, as well as love, dare, spite of mammas and maiden aunts, to walk according to the dictates of their own mischievous hearts, having in no wise the fear of "Mrs. Grundy" before their eyes.

Such a one is my merry cousin, Mag Maitland—always having her own will—always making her self and everybody else happy, in her own way—always doing the sauciest things in the world with impunity. A laugh and, "it's just like our Mag," or at most, an *attempt* at a "lecture," being generally all she has met, from the time when at school it was her delight slyly to tie together across the desks, the long Kenwigsian braids of two studious unconscious damsels, until the present, when she is a gay debutante of seventeen in the halls of fashion, only saved from being a flirt, by her warm and generous heart.

And Mag is so pretty—but 'tis needless to say that, for who would be foolish enough to imagine that she could fearlessly play the thousand and one fantastic tricks that she does, if she had not the reddest and most beautiful lips to pout, and the plumpest, whitest shoulders to shrug, when in a pet at being "scolded"—or the darkest, softest eyes, to plead so archly and demurely for forgiveness. To be sure she is—beautiful; else she could never be the "saucy madcap" that she is. The world accords all things to beauty—power and dominion indulgence to its wishes, submission to its caprices—and then smiles at its coquettish independence of its opinion. Everybody admires Mag—everybody loves her—everybody laughs at her sayings and doings—and yet—if I should attempt the same things—!

Mag and I always spend at least a part of every summer together—her home is in one of the gayest and warmest of cities, and she comes to us every year at Irving-Place to breathe the fresh air, and borrow a tint from our roses for her cheeks. Oh! what rare times we have had! and yet, I have not a bit of her dashing, daring spirit about me. It may be for this very reason that I love it so in her, and take such inward delight in its exhibition. I say *inward*, because I seldom dare let her perceive the satisfaction her mad pranks afford me, for love gives me much influence with her warm impulsive nature, and I oftener feel called upon to act as Mentor than to assist in merry-making. However, these advice-givings are almost over, for once, having persuaded her out of an arrant piece of mischief, she afterwhile repented her of her goodness, and attributing all to me, dubbed me thence forward "Saint," and she has now only to cry, "Here Saint Helen!" to quiet all remonstrance.

But I must tell you of an exploit of Mag's, which will give you some insight into her mirthful character—an "exploit" worthy of Kate Richmond or any other of the sisterhood of madcaps.

It was August—sultry, dusty August—Mag had been with us ever since June, and what with daily walking, riding, sailing or fishing, we had well nigh "come to an end" of all the amusement our village afforded. Our little stock of beaux had one by one dropped off, to the springs or to the sea-shore—we had not seen a new face for a fortnight, and at length Mag declared it was perfectly insufferable—something *must* be done. So one night we held a council over our dressing-table, and resolved first to enlist mamma in our cause, and then tease papa to take us to some watering-place—it mattered not much to us *where*—only for a little while, to revive our spirits, and give us something to think and talk about for the next few weeks.

It was not very difficult to bring mamma over, although at first she made many objections, the principal of which was, that Mag, who was hardly sixteen, of course had not yet come out, and she feared her city father and Aunt Clara would not like her being introduced at a watering-place—But we overruled all, and the next morning, after papa had finished, to his entire satisfaction, his breakfast and the morning papers, we commenced the attack.

It would be needless to recount the ifs and buts, pros and cons of that long harangue—we were armed at all points, and teased as only two merryhearted girls in their teens can tease. So at length after casting one long, lingering look through the open window at the groups of trees leaning over to look at their shadows in the cool, dark water—at the grassy slope, always the freshest, freshest green—he consented to take us for a few days only to—it seemed was but five or six hours' distance. We must be ready to set out on the following Monday—to return on Saturday.

Such happy faces as our mirror gave back to us that day—such long, delightful consultation as we held, as to what we should do, and say, and wear! there was no room in all our girlish hearts for anything but happiness.

Oh! what is life is sweeter than this joying of a youthful spirit, over the dew-sparkling rose of some new joy or hope, before it is learned that there can come scorching sunrays to wither, or cruel storms to blast it?

But to our sport. We had been at ——now nearly a week, during which time the weather had been wretchedly, insufferably warm—"unparalleled even in the memory of the oldest inhabitant." And as Mag and I stole to our room on the last night of our stay, we did dare to speak to each other, with no little satisfaction, of the *next*, which we should spend in our spacious one at home, and exchange this stifled atmosphere for the cool breezes that always come to us at night over the lake.

"Not," as Mag said, "that we'd not enjoyed ourselves—no, but who'd have thought it would have been so hot?"

At the gong's first long reverbation next morning, I awoke, and opened my eyes in no small astonishment and seeing Mag, who I well knew loved a "morning-doze" quite as much as myself, already dressed, and sitting by the window reading. In answer to my wondering inquiries, she only said, demurely, that she rose early in order to finish that last new novel of Lover's, which we had found in our room. But ah! there was an arch smile in her eye, and a comical drawing down of the corners of her mouth, which I was sure did not *wholly* spring from sympathy with the fine humor of the author over whose pages she was bending. I knew there was mischief of some kind underway, but what, I could not divine, and Mag kept pertinaciously at her book, while I went on with my toilet.

It was hardly completed, when I was attracted by an unusual commotion in the passage—an opening and shutting of doors, mingled with shouts of "waiter—waiter!"—a confused calling over of numbers and angry words; and once in a while, a solitary, good-natured laugh, which sounded very like my good papa's.

"What is it—what *can* it mean," said I, and I turned to Mag, who was standing with eyes sparkling and lips apart, her whole face glowing with merriment, and breathing the very quintessence of fun.—A vague apprehension shot through my mind, as I exclaimed, "Oh, Mag! what *have* you done now?"

Merrily her childish laugh rang out, as she clapped her litle hands, exclaiming, "Isn't it capital—capital—hear them—only hear them! I stole softly out this morning to each chamber door, and *mismated all the boots!* all but uncle's—I was so afraid you'd wake, and then I knew you'd put on the *saint*, and spoil all," and again she laughed, as she remembered the boot, a thought smaller than the rightful one, which she had left at the door of a portly dandy, whose chief aim seemed to be to compress his awkward foot into the smallest possible compass, in bold defiance of the corn-laws, and those of symmetry.

The tumult increased, and the laughter grew more general, while above all were heard the angry imprecations, not-to-be-repeated—of two or three miserable victims, hurrying for dear life to be in readiness for the early train; and the mad fury with which the unlucky boots were hurled down the long passage, to the infinite amusement of the lookers on, and amid the jokes of the easy, comfortable ones, who had no idea of spoiling their appetites by getting into a passion on such a melting morning.

At length, these "*Red-cross* knights," as Mag termed them, rescued their property from the grand melee, and made for the cars, and with them departed most of the hubbub.

Quiet was now nearly restored, and by an occasional witticism that reached our ears, we concluded they were making the best of it, and as the gong sounded once more, and mamma tapped at our door to escort us to breakfast, Mag extorted from me a promise that I would not "tell" her, and "don't look *conscious*," added she, "for if you do, they'll all know it was I."

Never was a merrier-looking party at a *table d'hote*, than was ranged in the great breakfast-hall that morning. The news had spread like wild-fire, and the more fortunate wights, who lodging, in other parts of the house, were out of the reach of Mag's fun loving propensity, were in a high glee, pronouncing it the best joke of the season; and the sufferers finding how the current ran, thought it wisest to join in the laugh, and cry "capital" also—with the exception of the finikine, fat dandy, before alluded to, and a crusty, crabbed old batchelor, who having gone too far before discovering their mistake, had suffered sundry twinges, which in no wise tended to improve their tempers on that sultry day.

There were countless surmises as to the author of the deed, but no one thought of suspecting the demure little maiden, who sat with downcast eyes, as intent upon her coffee cup, as though she had been reading her fate therein.

They should have seen her that night, as she glowingly detailed the whole to Frank, who being just her age, and a twin spirit, enjoyed all her pranks with the keenest delight—they should have seen her sparkling eye, and heard her exulting laugh, and—learned to keep guard over their pedal decorators, when Mag roomed near.

Such is Mag in merry daring—and long may she keep her wild, yet loving spirit, while there are so few sunny hearts—so few impulsive natures—so few who *reveal* the glow within.

* * * * * * *

Mag came down to us last summer for her usual visit in July—more bright and beautiful than ever—with all the nonchalance of seventeen as to lovers, and and all its romance as to love—with the warmest of all hearts for dear "Saint Helen," and the most mischievous of all prank-playing spirits for Cousin Frank.

She had been with us but a week when there dawned upon our little village, in all the splendor of his military glory, a live Lieutenant, from Mexico!

It appeared, that being in delicate health he had come North to *recruit*, and having some old school fellows resident in this place, had concluded to tarry here for a while.

He brought a letter of introduction to my father, from an old and valued friend in the army, and taking a lively interest, as did my good papa, in all that concerned the war, we felt assured from the first, that we should see not a little of Lieutenant J. Williams Dudley, U. S. A.

Unfortunately, for the romance of the thing, the Lieutenant was not handsome. He was small in stature, with a face pale and thin, and a low brow, over which hung a profusion of light, curly hair; while his cold blue eyes did anything but flash forth fiery patriotism. Nevertheless, he was evidently quite proud of himself, and of his figure, and always carried his really well-formed shoulders as though he felt the weight of future epaulettes. His dress was in the height of fashion, and

"All that's best of dark and bright,
Met in his buttons and his boot."

He was a famous story-teller, and "lived his battle o'er again," every day—was particularly fond of talking of *Mo-hi-co*, and *Vera Cruz*, and took especial pains, always to call the *outre*-looking straw hat which he wore, his *sombrero*.

Here was a mark for Mag, you may sure, and numberless were the witticisms she perpetrated at his expense—but the jokes of which he was the object, passed unperceived by the poor Lieutenant, as long as Mag's dark eyes flashed, and her own bright smile dimpled her cheeks.

We saw it—all but Mag—plainly enough the poor fellow's heart had been spared by the Mexican bullets, only to be pierced as hopelessly by General Cupid.

Yes he was in love—there was no mistake about it, though Mag *did* curl her pretty lip so contemptuously at the bare possibility and laugh the idea to scorn on all occasions.

One lovely evening we proposed a walk to the hills near by, to watch the sun set.

We were a party of six, but spite of Mag's manœvering, she did not escape the Lieutenant for an escort; and with no little chagrin she took his proffered arm, conscious that one, at least of the party was enjoying her discomfiture most heartily.

It was a magnificent evening, and we lingered on the hills to watch the last gorgeous cloud melt into gold, ere we turned our faces homeward. We stood now on the brow of a high hill, the one nearest home. It had been one of our favorite haunts when children, and we knew its every foothold—the descent was very gradual for about one fourth of its distance when from a little ledge of rock it suddenly became steep, almost precipitous. It had been a choice amusement then, with us, to start hand and hand from this spot, and run swiftly down, driven by the impetus far across the green meadow that spread out at its base.

Mag and the Lieutenant were leading the way; her little hand just within his arm. He looked exceedingly happy, and seemed to be talking very earnestly, and as I marked the glow on his cheek, and the something like brightness in his eye, I thought really the poor fellow was not so bad-looking after all.

Suddenly Mag half halted, then seemed to trip slightly, and the next instant the Lieutenant was rushing headlong down the hill, as though a whole Mexican battalion were pursuing him. The wind had taken off his *sombrero*, and was playing rather rudely with his elegant, curls, as on he sped—in the suddenness of the start, and the steepness of the declivity, being unable to recover himself until half way across the meadow.

Oh! such a doubtful look of surprise, mortification and dismay, as he sent up to us from his flushed face, as we stood almost convulsed with laughter at his ludicrous exhibition of powers, so valuable to a soldier. All were laughing but Mag, who had already begun to pout most exquisitely, and by the time we had reached the spot where the Lieutenant stood, was in a perfectly bewitching little pet.

"If you wished to beat a retreat, Lieutenant Dudley," she said, as she very coolly laid her hand within Frank's arm, "you need not have done it in so hurried a manner. Had I understood your tactics, I would have withdrawn from the ranks, without giving *you* so much unnecessary trouble."

In vain the Lieutenant protested—in vain he spoke of the insecure footing—Mag would not be reconciled; so the crest-fallen militaire picked up his unlucky hat, (now, "not *all* a hat,") and walked on by her side.

I looked back once in a while, to see how matters were progressing, and by the time we had reached the house, I found that Mag had consented to look pleased, and receive the thousand apologies of the discomfited suitor.

All the evening she wore such a meek, forgiving look—such a mock-heroic air, I was sure there was something more in her heart, that was dreamt of in Mr. D.'s philosophy.

The door had hardly closed upon us in our room that night, when the tide of suppressed merriment burst forth.

"Oh, Helen!" she exclaimed, "I've been dying all the evening for a laugh—did you ever see any thing done so nicely?"

"Done! Mag," said I, "what *do* you mean?"

"*Mean!* why, what I *pushed* him down oh, so gracefully! We were just standing on the edge—the starting place, you know, Helen—and by a little stumble, and just the slightest push in the world, I sent him off!—oh, it was too good—and he, poor soul, never suspecting all the while but 'twas his own fault."

"What *did* make you treat him so?"—half pitying the unfortunate victim.

"Why, would you believe, Helen, the impudent, contemptible fellow, was *just going to propose!* the words were on his lips; so you see he was off his guard.—I tell you, my pride rebelled at the thought of an offer from *him*; it shall never be said that Mag Maitland listened to the suit of a fool!"

I do not know whether the event of the preceeding night had anything to do with it, but the next day Lieutenant J. Williams Dudley called to make his adieux—he had received sudden orders to join his regiment.

I earnestly hope he may find some dark-eyed daughter of the Montezumas, more kind than my merry Cousin Mag. *She* is still heart free, and if I may judge from her letters, as dashing and daring as ever. I may tell you more of her some day.

READY WIT.—The ready wit of some of the celebrities of the stage is quite worthy of record. When Wilson, the comedian, made his debut, it was in a character formerly supported by Shuter. Upon his appearance on the stage, the audience called out for their former favorite, shouting—"Off, off—*Shuter! Shuter!*" Whereupon, Wilson turning round, and pointing to a favorite actress who was on the stage with him, replied:

"*Shoot her! shoot her!* What for? I'm sure she plays her part very well."

This happy turn set the tide in his favor, and he made a prodigious hit.

MUSIC BY TELEGRAPH.—The Cincinnati Saturday Evening News, tells the following:

"A countryman going into the office of the Telegraph in this city, a day or two since, with a friend, who was showing him the sights of the town, hearing the notes of a guitar, which one the operatives was strumming,—started back exclaiming, "Why, la me! I had no idea before that they sent music by Telegraph!"

AN ODOROUS IDEA.—Colored ladies, says an exchange, may be compared to many roses, because they were born to blush unseen,

From the Richmond Republican.

LETTER FROM GENERAL TAYLOR.

BATON ROUGE, La., April 20, 1848.

Dear Sir: Your letter of the 10th inst., which alludes to certain statements that have recently been made in some of the papers at the North, and which submits several inquiries for my consideration, has been received.

To your inquiries I have respectfully to reply:

First—That if nominated by the Whig National Convention, I shall not refuse acceptance, provided I am left free of all pledges, and permitted to maintain the position of independence of all parties in which the people and my own sense of duty have placed me—otherwise I shall refuse the nomination of any convention or party.

Secondly—I do not design to withdraw my name if Mr. Clay be the nominee of the Whig National Convention—and, in this connexion, I beg permission to remark that the statements which have been so positively made in some Northern prints, to the effect "*that should Mr. Clay be the nominee of the Whig National Convention,*" I had stated "*that I would not suffer my name to be used,*" are not correct, and have no foundation in any oral or written remark of mine. It has not been my intention, at any moment, to change my position, or to withdraw my name from the canvass, whoever may be the nominee of the National Convention, either of the Whig or Democratic party.

Thirdly—I have never stated to any one that I was in favor of the Tariff of '46—of the Sub-Treasury, nor that I originated the war with Mexico. Nor, finally, that I should (if elected) select my cabinet from both parties. No such admissions or statements were made by me, at any time, to any person.

Permit me, however, to add, that should such high distinction be conferred upon me as that of elevation to the Executive Office, the Constitution, in a strict and honest interpretation, and in the spirit and mode in which it was acted upon by our earlier Presidents, would be my chief guide. In this, I conceive to be all that is necessary in the way of pledges.

The election of another candidate would occasion no mortification to me, but to such a result, as the will of the people, I should willingly and calmly submit. As I have had no ambition to serve, but in the desire to serve the country, it would bring to me no disappointment.

With sentiments of high respect and regard, I remain your most obedient servant,

Z. TAYLOR.

O. P. Baldwin, Esq., or Ro. H. Gallagher, Esq., Editors of Richmond Republican, Richmond, Va.

LETTER FROM GEN. TAYLOR, DEFINING HIS POLITICAL PRINCIPLES.

The following letter from Gen. Taylor to his brother-in-law, Captain Allison, appears in the New Orleans Picayune, and was written two days after the above:

BATON ROUGE, April 22, 1848.

Dear Sir: My opinions have recently been so often misconceived and misrepresented, that I deem it due to myself, if not to my friends, to make a brief exposition of them upon the topics to which you have called my attention.

I have consented to the use of my name as a candidate for the Presidency. I have frankly avowed my own distrust of my fitness for that high station; but having, at the solicitation of many of my countrymen, taken my position as a candidate, I do not feel at liberty to surrender that position until my friends manifest a wish that I should retire from it. I will then most gladly do so. I have no private purposes to accomplish, no party projects to build up, no enemies to punish—nothing to serve but my country.

I have been very often addressed by letter, and my opinions have been asked upon almost every question that might occur to the writers as affecting the interests of their country or their party. I have not always responded to these inquiries, for various reasons.

I confess, whilst I have great cardinal principles which will regulate my political life, I am not sufficiently familiar with all the minute details of political legislation to give solemn pledges to exert my influence, if I were President, to carry out this or defeat that measure. I have no concealment. I hold no opinion which I would not readily proclaim to my assembled countrymen; but crude impressions upon matters of policy, which may be right to-day and wrong to-morrow, are perhaps, not the best test of fitness for office. One who cannot be trusted without pledges cannot be confided in merely on account of them.

I will proceed, however, now to respond to your inquiries.

First—I reiterate what I have often said—I am a whig, but not an ultra whig.—If elected I would not be the mere President of a party. I would endeavor to act independent of party domination. I should feel bound to administer the Government untrammelled by party schemes.

Second—The veto power. The power given by the constitution to the Executive to interpose his veto, is a high conservative power; but in my opinion should never be exercised except in cases of clear violation of the constitution, or manifest haste and want of consideration by Congress. Indeed, I have thought that, for many years past, the known opinions and wishes of the Executive have exercised undue and injurious influence upon the legislative department of the Government; and for this cause I have thought our system was in danger of undergoing a great change from its true theory. *The personal opinions of the individual who may happen to occupy the Executive chair, ought not to control the action of Congress upon questions of domestic policy; nor ought his objections to be interposed where questions of constitutional power have been settled by the various departments of Government and acquiesced in by the people.*

Third—Upon the subject of the tariff, the currency, the improvement of our great highways, rivers, lakes and harbors, the will of the people, as expressed through their representatives in Congress, ought to be respected and carried out by the Executive.

Fourth—The Mexican war. I sincerely rejoice at the prospect of peace. My life has been devoted to arms, yet I look upon war at all times and under all circumstances as a national calamity, to be avoided if compatible with national honor. The *principles* of our Government as well as its true *policy* are opposed to the subjugation of other nations and the dismemberment of other countries by *conquest*. In the language of the great Washington, "Why should we quit our own to stand on foreign ground." In the Mexican war our national honor has been vindicated, amply vindicated, and in dictating terms of peace we may well afford to be forbearing and even magnanimous to our fallen foe.

These are my opinions upon the subjects referred to by you; and any reports or publications, written or verbal, from any source, differing in any essential particular from what is here written, are unauthorised and untrue.

I do not know that I shall again write upon the subject of national politics. I shall engage in no schemes, no combinations, no intrigues. If the American people have not confidence in me they ought not to give me their suffrages. If they do not, you know me well enough to believe me when I declare I shall be content. I am too old a soldier to murmur against such high authority.

Z. TAYLOR.

To Capt. J. S. Allison.

AMERICAN DESERTERS IN MEXICO—The New Orleans Delta contains a letter from the city of Mexico, under date of the 8th ult., which says:

"Last night, about twenty soldiers and teamsters deserted, taking with them the best horses they could lay their hands on, together with their full arms and equipments. It is supposed with good reason that their object is to form a banditti, for the purposes of plundering the highways, the haciendas, and the churches of the small towns. We learn that there is already a band of American deserters and followers of the Army, to the number of about 100, now organized and operating in this way. They may have Mexicans connected with them, for all we know.—Active measures have been taken to ferret them out, but as their places of rendezvous are in the mountains, they will be hard to break up, as a party large enough to destroy them could not move as fast as they can, and a small party they would be able to defeat, for there are some very desperate men among them.

Last evening, as the Rev. Mr. McCarthy, Chaplain of the Army, was riding through one of the streets in the city, two leperos placed a pistol at his head and made him dismount, and then very quietly robbed him of his watch, all the money he had in his pockets, and his horse. Shortly after Lt. French came along the same place, and they attempted the same thing with him, but with not so much success—he drew his sabre and soon extracted himself.

ANOTHER BOUNDARY QUESTION.—An important question is now agitating the people of Delaware. It is whether a Mr. William Smith, recently elected a member of the legislature of that State, is a resident of Delaware or Maryland. The Wilmington Republican says:

According to a large map of Chester county, recently published, Mechanicsville lies in little Britain township, in that part of Pennsylvania which runs in the form of a wedge between Delaware and Maryland. Mr. Smith's residence is about 150 yards northwest of this village, and consequently about 400 yards beyond the Delaware line. The map it is said is undoubtedly correct, having been plotted from actual surveys made by Enoch Lewis, Esq. one of the oldest surveyors in Pennsylvania, and one who does not make mistakes. By this map Mr. Smith may possibly be a citizen of Maryland, but certainly not of Delaware.

MAYOR'S SALARIES.—The salary of the Mayor of Brooklyn has been increased to two thousand dollars. In New York the Mayor's salary is three thousand; in Baltimore, two thousand; and in Boston, we believe, fifteen hundred dollars

The total territory of Mexico embraces about 1,500,000 square miles. The territory to be ceded to the United States by the pending treaty embraces 655,000 square miles, with a population of about 100,000.

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