THE 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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[From the Daily News.]

HUZZA! NOW, FOR OLD ROUGH AND READY.

TUNE—"*Rosin the Bow.*"

Huzza, now, for Old Rough and Ready,
The man of the people is he;
He always is True, Firm and Steady;
He's the choice of the brave and the free:
CHORUS—He's the choice, &c.

"General Taylor never surrenders!"
Though hosts should encompass him round;
Where bullets and blows fall the thickest,
'Tis there he will always be found.
Chorus—'Tis there, &c.

When pressed by the host sent to crush him,
When the spirits of most 'gan to flag,
He cried in voice loud and fearless,
"A LITTLE MORE GRAPE CAPTAIN BRAGG!"
Chorus—A little more, &c.

Our President now we will make him;
His prospects is glorious and bright;
In the White House we surely will place him—
"Rough and Ready will always do right!"
Chorus—"Rough and Ready, &c.

A PRIVATE LETTER TO MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

Post Office, Downingville, Maine
JUNE 30, 1848.

DEAR NEPHEW:—Bein our army is about breakin up in Mexico and coming home, I thought the best chance to get a letter to you would be to get your old friends, Mr. Gales and Seaton, to send it on that way, and may be it might come across you somewhere on the road, if so be, you are still in the land of the living. Your aunt Keziah is in a great worriment about you, and is very much frightened for fear somethin has happened, because we haven't heard nothing from you since your last letter. I try to pacify her, and tell her the fightin was all over, and nothin to do but to finish up the court martial the last time you writ, and that there isn't agoing to be no more annexin' till Mr. Cass comes in President, and you'll soon be along. But all wont pacify her; she's as uneasy as a fish out of water, and says she lays awake half the night, thinking of them garillas, for fear they've got hold of you. So I hope you'll write home as soon as possible, and let us know whether you are dead or alive, and set your aunt Keziah's heart to rest

For my part, I hope you will hurry along back as fast as you can. Our politics is very much mixed up and in a bad way about the Presidency. It would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to tell how it's comin out. It was a very unlucky hit when President Polk sent old Zack Taylor down to Mexico. He wasn't the right man. But, then, I 'spose Mr. Polk had no idea of what sort of a chap he had got hold of It can't be helped now, but it's like to be the ruin of our party. The Democratic party haint seen a well day since Taylor first begun his Pally Alto battles; and now we are all shiverin as bad as if we had the fever and agay. I dont know, after all, but this annexin' Mexico will turn out to be an unlucky blow to the party; for what will it profit the Democratic party if they gain the whole world and lose the Presidency? Ye see, the Whigs have put up Taylor for President; and it has completely knocked us all into a cocked hat. There isn't one half of us that knows where we stan or which way we are goin; and there isn't a party fence in the country that is high enough to keep our folks from jumping over. They are getting kind of crazy, and seem to feel as if old Hickory had got back again, and they was all running to vote for him.—The Whigs laugh and poke fun at us, and say they have got as good a right to have a Hickory as us Democrats have. We put up Gineral Cass first, and thought we should carry it all hollow; for he's a strong man and took a good deal of pains to make the party like him all over the country. And if the Whigs had done as they ought to, and put up Clay, of any one that they had a right to put up, we should a carried the day without any trouble. But the conduct of the Whigs has been shameful in this business. Instead of taking a man that fairly belonged to 'em, they have grabbed hold of a man that got all his popularity out of our war, and was under the pay of our Administration, and has been made and built up by our party, and the Whigs had the impudence to nominate him. Well that riled our water all up, so we couldn't see bottom nowhere. But we soon found there was a shiftin and whirlin of currents, and the wind and the tide was settin us on to the rocks, in spite of us. We soon see that old Rough and Ready, as they call him, was a going to be too much for Cass But, as we was all making up our mind that it was gone goose with us, John Van Buren, of York State—he's a smart feller, a son of President Van Buren, and a chip of the old block—he sings out, "Don't give up the ship yet; if one hoss aint enough to draw the load, hitch on another." Well the idea seemed to take, and they stirred round and got up another Convention at Utica, in York State, to see who they should put up, and they all pitched upon President Van Buren. Mr. Van Buren patted them on the shoulder, and told 'em to have good courage & go ahead, for they was on the right track, but they must hitch on somebody else besides him, for he had made up his mind four years ago not to take hold again. But they stuck to him with tears in their eyes, and told him there wasn't another man in the country that could draw like him alongside of Cass; and if he still had any patriotism for the party left he musn't say no. And they worked upon his feelins so much that at last he didn't say no. So now we've got two candidates, Cass & Van Buren, and good strong ones too, both of em; and if we can't whip Taylor I think it's a pity. I know as well as I want to that we shall give him a pesky hard tug. Some are afraid we aint hardly strong enough yet, and they've called another Convention to meet in Buffalo the 9th of August, to put up another candidate. But others are faint-hearted about it, and say it's all no kind of use; we may put up twenty candidates, and Taylor will whip the whole lot: it's a way he has; he always did just so in Mexico. If they brought twenty to one agin him, it made no odds; he whipt the whole ring, from Pally Alto to Bona Vista.

So you see what sort of a pickle we are in, and how much we need your help jest now. But there's one thing I have on my mind pretty strong. You know this appointment in the Downingville Post Office, that you got Gineral Jackson to give me, has always been a great comfort to me, and it would be a sad blow to me to lose it now in my old age. I wish you would make it in your way to call and see Gineral Taylor as you come along home and try to find out how he feels towards me; because, if he is to be elected any how, I can't see any use there would be in my biting my own nose off for the sake of opposing his election. And I dont think that patriotism to the party requires it; and I'm sure prudence don't.

When you get to Washington, call and see Mr. Ritchie and try to comfort him; I'm told the dear old gentleman is workin too hard for his strength—out at nights in the rain, with a lantern in his hand, heading the campaign. Try to persuade him to be calm and take good care of himself And be sure and ask him how the Federals are goin this election, for we cant find out anything about it down here. I used to know how to keep the run of the Federals but now there is so many parties, the Democrats, and Whigs, and Hunkers, and Barnburners, and Abolition folk, and Proviso folks, all cris-crossin one another, that I have my match to keep the run of 'em. But your aunt Keziah says the clock has struck and I must close the mail.

So I still remain your loving uncle,
JOSHUA DOWNING, P. M.

THE CHARACTER OF ZACHARY TAYLOR.

BY WORTHINGTON G. SNETHEN.

The character of Zachary Taylor approximates very closely to that of George Washington. It is full of all the attributes of human excellence. It abounds in moral strength, symmetry and beauty. It stands upon the broad base of honesty and is crowned with the glory of truthfulness. Like a huge Dorian column that rears itself aloft, it is marked by simplicity, repose and firmness. It is a pile of manly glories. There is no ruin about it or near it, no falling stone, no bramble at its foot, but all is fresh, new and perfect The study of such a structure will amply repay the labor.

The absence from Zachary Taylor's character of the vices that ordinarily disfigure the life and actions of public men, enables the observer to enjoy in an intense degree the contemplation of the positive virtues which this wonderful man possesses. If regarded from afar, he is like to some lofty oak on a mountain peak—there are no forests, no obstacles to hide it from the sight of the beholder. If seen from a near point of view, he is like to the statue of the Father of the country from the chisel of Greenough—an embodiment of a man without a blemish.

The corner-stone of Zachary Taylor's character is *honesty*. Every other stone in the structure is out of the quarry of pure morals—rough, askless of value. Honesty is the source, whence all the purposes of his life spring; the channel along which they flow; the sea to which they hurry their waters. As with the thoughts, words and deeds of Washington, so with those of Taylor—no man can mistake their origin. They are the emanations of a pure mind, having no object in view but the public good; and about what constitutes the public good, honesty never cavils, never dispute, never hesitates. This grand moral principle in the heart of man is like charity. It recognises as quickly what the public good is, as the latter principle is quick to recognise our neighbor. Taylor's honesty has passed into a proverb among those who know him. It is a shining light, illumining his character. It is the sun of his moral and mental world.—It throws its rays upon all men and things, with whom and with which he has to do Devoid, in almost a superhuman degree, of the stimulus of personal ambition, or if he possesses it, successful like Washington in suppressing its influence upon his thoughts, words or actions, Taylor presents, in his person and in his deeds, a glorious example of the value which a truly humble and honest man is to the age in which he lives; for without honesty, there cannot be humility, and Taylor, as well as Washington, has shown the truth of this philosophy.

Honesty, in all ages, has been justly regarded as the parent of all the human virtues, and if a man be seen to possess, in a large degree, these virtues, he is sure to be set down as an honest man, and correctly too. Vices can never be the offspring of honesty, any more than a limpid fountain can pour fourth muddy waters. In honest Zachary Taylor is found not one of the human virtues absent. They abound as the sands of the sea shore abound. They cluster around his brow in rich profusion. In his intercourse with men he is just, merciful, generous, kind, and forgiving. In the discharge of his duties, he is firm, steady, patient, persevering. In his personal bearing, he is modest, accessible, frank. So high is his reputation for justice, that men have been known to prefer Zachary Taylor's voluntary opinion upon a disputed point to the decision of a regularly constituted tribunal in the premises. His tender-heartedness is as proverbial as his love of justice, and sheds a halo around all his actions, even when duty demands that its promptings shall be silenced. He has a kind word for all, and for him injuries are written in water. To wish well and to do well to his fellow creatures are the prime purpose of Zachary Taylor's heart, and his whole life has been one example of generosity and benevolence.—His courage is of the very highest order; not merely physical, but mental and moral. The courage to do evil, to do wrong, to do injustice he has not, but his courage is, to do good, to do well, to do right. It is the courage of honesty. Hence it is never alarmed, never trembles, never knows fear, never can be seduced by promises of favor. It is a courage that is no respecter of persons. It is a courage that never shrinks from responsibility, never dreads its presence. It is never rash, tho' adequate to every emergency and duty, because to be right and to do right are the controlling determinations of his noble mind.

With humility always goes simplicity of manners. Taylor is not an exception to this rule. His simplicity of manners is the admiration of all, and it is further evidence of the presence of the great virtues, without which it cannot exist to any extent in any individual. An humble man regards his fellow-man as his equal and is accessible to all alike. This is Taylor's rule of action. There is a charm about his whole personal deportment, that invariably excites respect and love in those who are bro't into contact with him This charm, which is the legitimate operation of so many virtues centred in one man, is the secret of the confidence which his presence and his character have infused so largely into the public mind. It has been said, that a man may be known by his dress. In this particular, Taylor is true to his character, which is, never to run into extremes. While he pays every respect to the conventionalisms of society, he never exhibits any of that frivolity of mind that loses sight of the kernal in contemplating the husk.

The possession of honesty and of all the virtues of which honesty is the parent, is invariably accompanied by the existence in the same individual of great intellectual capacity. These plants cannot flourish in barren soil. Strong intellect is necessary to their growth and development. Nor will they grow and develope themselves unless the intellect be cultivated, and cullivated diligently. These truths are veritied in the person of Zachary Taylor. His intellect is of the highest order. He has cultivated it with great assiduity, and it has proved to be a fruitful field to the possessor. Every seed sown in it has brought forth a vigorous plant that has grown rapidly and yielded rich fruit. The powers of his mind are equal in every respect to his moral attributes.—They stand side by side in their glory.

Signalised by a wonderful grasp of intellect and extraordinary powers of generalization, he never fails to arrive at a correct judgment of men and things, because of the extent of data which he can command almost intuitively, upon a given subject.—Herein his honesty of purpose avails him mightily. There is no miserable and petty personal ambition present to obscure his conception, but, in the pure light of the public good, he sees every thing take its proper position, and the result becomes known to him with mathematical certainty. Gifted with the power of writing the English language more purely, perhaps, than any other man living, he has at his hands the means of announcing the deliberations of his mighty mind in words that burn with the authority of truthfulness.—By nature and by education Zachary Taylor is a law-loving and law-abiding man—His honesty makes him so and keeps him so. His career has been with men and with things, and they have left their impress upon a naturally right mind, which in its turn has re-acted upon these objects of active life, and mastered them and made them subservient to the master's use.—Herein is the philosophy of Taylor's glorious character. It has been formed by his mighty mind out of materials provided in abundance by the God of his nature. In one whole combined, it stands the proudest monument of human excellence that now fills the national eye. Fortunate for the country, that its possessor, unconscious of his merit and his glory, is about to be lifted by the popular voice to the chair once occupied by the only man to whose character he approaches more nearly than any other individual living!

WASHINGTON, July 8th, 1848.

From the N. Y. Express.

FRIENDS.—A "*Friend*" (a Quaker Friend) lectures us severely upon our Taylorism, and tells us he knows hundreds of Friends in this city, Westchester, Duchess and elsewhere, "who will not support thy candidate," but who would have used every exertion for Corwin and the like. His main objection to General Taylor is, that he is a military man.

Well, whatever argument there is in that, was good against General Washington, and General Harrison, and General Scott, and General anybody else. We have never felt the force of it, and never have sympathised with those who have. We prefer, by far, a General to a demagogue. The military is a severe school of trial, and of self-sacrifice—but the demagogue is a cheat, and a liar, and a knave

Our Friend, however, comes to a point and asks us if Gen. Taylor ever would have been thought of for the Presidency, but for the blood shed in the Mexican war? Probably not. We have often expressed ourselves, that there was wisdom, and a great moral in taking a Hero created by that war—a war got up by demagogues—in order to show demagogues, for all time, that demagogue-begun wars always ended in running them, and in aggrandizing only the Generals who fought the battles. Gen. Taylor, being a sound, straightforward, upright man, is an excellent instrument for a practical teaching of this great truth. But General Washington never would have been thought of for Commander-in chief of the Continental army, and subsequently for President, but for his services under Bradock in Western Pennsylvania—nor General Harrison, but for the battles of the Thames and of Tippecanoe.

The peril to this country is not from soldiers, but demagogues. We can take care of all over-ambitious soldiers that may spring up among us. With arms in our hands, and votes in the hands of everybody, we can soon despose of a military tyrant—but what can be done with a smooth-tongued, lying hypocritical, double-laced demagogue? From such men as Cass is the peril—never from such as Taylor. What, think you, if Gen. Harrison had been President, that he would ever have got up the war with Mexico that Polk the demagogue, got up—he a soldier, knowing what war is, and its horrors, and of course abhorring it. (See what General Taylor has to say upon this subject. Contrast it with Cass:—"The hearts of the people must be prepared for war.")

But our Quaker Friend objects to Taylor, because he is a General—because he is the instrument of blood-shedding, &c. There, our "Friend" is a little bit of a bigot, he must permit us to say—and as well might we object to his religion, to his broad brim, or to the cut of his coat. He has no right as a citizen of the republic, to withold his vote from a General upon any such grounds—at least no more right than we have to withhold our votes, because of the religious opinion, occupation, or habiliments of the Friends. Soldiers are necessary, indispensable parts of the machinery of a government—so all nations say, though not so Friends. They are kept up as the Police of mankind—the Conservators of the Public Peace—and as such in our opinion, often do mankind vast service. Now, deference is due even by a Quaker to this general, overruling, overwhelming public opinion—at least such deference as should forbid him from putting any such particular trade or occupation under his ban of proscription. The only question for his conscience to consider is, "has General Taylor been inhuman, cruel, bloody, tyranical, proscriptive, or has he exceeded the bounds of his duty and his orders?" Not even a Friend but must answer with an emphatic "NO."—Well, then what has Gen. Taylor done?—He has obeyed his Government, both as a citizen and a soldier. He has obeyed the law. He might have resigned, we may be told, when ordered to face the enemy. To be sure he might—but what would even a Friend have thought of him who for thirty years had been receiving the public money as a soldier, but when told to face the enemy, to throw up his commission?

Our Quaker Friend concludes his expostulation thus:—

"Gen. Taylor's most ardent advocates do not claim for him any civil qualifications. Then why oh why, should we cast our suffrages for him? Until I can answer this question satisfactory to my own senses of right, I shall surely refuse him my support.

But Gen. Taylor's friends claim for him all essential civil qualifications, save experience in Washington. They do say that his honesty, his temperance, his sobriety, his excellent, sound, practical education, his knowledge of men and manners, his service in the army, all admirably qualify him for government. The experience of a Washington life, they add, in these days rather unfits than fits a man for the just administration of the government. He is more likely to be an honest man, they tell us, from having been bred on the frontier than if he had been bred in the school of demagogues. But this is not the only view of the question. The real practical question is "Taylor or Cass; choose ye between them." You may say "I won't have either." This is easier, however, to say than to bring about. A practical mind surveys and takes things as they are. The candidates are in the field. No agency of yours can get them out. One or the other is to be the next President. Tens and tens of thousands will vote for them. By throwing your vote away, that is, by voting for neither, you so much do to elect Cass—that is, you do as much as you can short of voting directly for him. To "refuse a man support" because you do not exactly like him is indirectly, but effectually to aid his opponent. Think of these things Friends, and on Election day don't be an abstractionist, but count one—be a man, not half a man, as you must be by throwing a vote away.

We have many near and dear friends in the society of Quakers, and we know them to be among the purest people in the world; and, therefore, we are sorry to see any of them going on what we are sure is just now a very wrong track.

☞If the Locofocos of Indiana have the least ambition to make even a respectable show of strength at the next election, they had better appoint a committee to kick Chapman out of the State. Here is paragraph from a late number of his Indianaplis Sentinel:

"Taylor swore that our volunteers were *cowards* and of course the Quakers, who *Tories*, and all other *Tories*, will hurrah for him—no matter if he had cut the throats of their mothers."

The Louisville Journal states that the Quakers are numerous in Indiana. Their votes have great influence upon the result of every election in that State. They are as virtuous and conscientious a people as can be found on earth; yet here we have the principal Locofoco editor of Indiana, the recognized Locofoco organ of that State, stigmatizing the whole of them, without distinction, as "*Tories*," and saying that they would hurrah for a man "*who had cut the throats of their mothers!*"

Of course we do not know how the Quakers will vote at the November election, or whether they will vote at all, but we know that they are the friends of peace, and we do not think that the Sentinel's denunciation and blackguardism are at all calculated either to force them to vote against Gen. Taylor, who notwithstanding his profession of arms—is fervent in his devotion to the spirit of peace, or to drive them into voting for Gen. Cass—who, from his youth up to his nearly three score and ten—has been raging for war, and whose thoughts are as bloody as the dreams of a famished tiger.—*Newtown Journal.*

[From the Baltimore American.]

GEN. TAYLOR AND PEACE.

The American people have just cause of congratulation (says the Rochester Democrat) that our most distinguished Generals—and the most distinguished in the world—whose duty it has been, from the positions they hold, to command our gallant armies, are firm and devoted advocates of Peace. It is an evidence that, although they may be sometimes called upon to fight the battles of their country, they are, like WASHINGTON, thoroughly imbued with the principles of humanity, and good government. In the war with Mexico, which Gen. TAYLOR was personally opposed to, he has given strong evidence of his attachment to justice and humanity. It will be recollected that the course taken by Gen. TAYLOR at the capitulation of Monterey was severely censured by Messrs. SEVIER, CASS, and other Senators. While pouring out their invective, that eminent Delaware Senator, JOHN M. CLAYTON, said—

"I say, therefore, that from the bottom of my soul I thank the brave, generous, and merciful commander of the American troops. I thank him, sir, not only for his gallantry and skill, his conduct and bravery but, eminently and above all other considerations, as an American Senator, I thank him for his humanity. I honor him because he thought of and spared feeble and unoffending woman in that hour of her utmost peril; I honor him because he spared tottering age and helpless infancy; and I glory that an American General has shown himself thus alive to the best feelings of the human heart."

At a dinner in New Orleans, given in December last in honor of Gen. TAYLOR, he responded to a complementary sentiment by declaring "that the joy and exultation of the greatest victories were always, after the heat and excitement of the battle, succeeded by feelings of poignant sorrow and pain, and that war, after all, was a great calamity, and his the greatest glory who could terminate it."

Early in January last another complimentary dinner was given to Gen. TAYLOR, at Lafayette, Louisiana. On that occasion he could hardly restrain his condemnation of the course of the Administration, hampered as he felt himself to be by his official station. He was just from the field of victory and military fame, covered with laurels, but his passions and ambition were not awakened. In reply to a sentiment, he spoke the same noble sentiments which CLAY, WEBSTER, and other great and good men would have uttered! He said—

"That he found it difficult to express the feelings of gratitude that were excited in his bosom by this manifestation of regard on the part of his countrymen. He was sure he had done no more than his duty, and no more than would have been done by any patriot who might be placed in similar circumstances. The valor of our troops," said the gallant General, "had, under the favor of Providence, crowned his efforts with success; but not to the extent he had hoped for and most ardently desired. The object nearest to his heart had been to bring the war to a speedy termination, to restore peace and amity between two neighboring Republics, who had every motive to cultivate mutual good will, and whom he would much prefer to see vieing with each other in the arts of peace than contending on the field of battle.—He had always hoped and believed that by that spirit of forbearance and magnanimity which a great and powerful nation should always practice towards a feeble and prostrate enemy, peace might be restored on terms consistent with the honor, the rights and the interests of both nations.—In this however, he had been disappointed. He regretted that circumstances, to which he would not then advert, had deprived him of an opportunity of contributing more towards the accomplishment of this desirable result. This was not an occasion to utter complaints; he had submitted, and would submit, without much complaining; perhaps he had already said more than was prudent."

MR. FILLMORE TO THE FRIENDS OF IRELAND.

The following letter was received from the Hon. Millard Fillmore, in reply to an invitation to participate in the recent demonstration in New York, for the purpose of extending aid and sympathy to Ireland:—

ALBANY, May 30, 1848.

GENTLEMEN:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, inviting me to attend a meeting to be held at the Broadway Tabernacle on the 3d of June, for the purpose of extending aid and sympathy to Ireland, in the present eventful crisis of her fate; and I regret to say, that my official engagements are such as to deprive me of that pleasure.

No man who has a heart can fail to feel for suffering Ireland. Her brave sons have fought the battles of the civilized world, but her own they have yet to fight; and why England continues to hold her in subjection, against her will and by mere force, is to me unaccountable. Is it from the mere love of dominion, or the fear, that if Ireland resumes her stand among the nations of the earth, that her distant colonies may seek to sunder the frail tie that binds them to the mother country? Whatever may be the motive, it seems clear that the Union is profitless to England and ruinous to Ireland; and I trust the time is not far distant when Irishmen will again breathe the free air of an independent people.

Respectfully yours, &c.,
MILLARD FILLMORE.

Messrs. James H. Titus, Peter McLaughlin, &c, Committee.

LET IT NOT BE FORGOTTEN that Lewis Cass, the Locofoco candidate for President, in the Senate of the United States voted for a Resolution censuring Gen. Taylor for his conduct in the battles of Mexico. Yes, be it remembered, that Lewis Cass seated upon his soft chair in the Senate, far from the scene of war and danger, gloried in the effort to disgrace and destroy the old hero, whose life had been often risked in the bloody fields of battle for his country. Where is the nobleness of feeling that should govern and actuate a true and genuine Democrat? How much more like one who never looked beyond the mean and short sighted views of personal advantage, rather than a devotion to the interests of his country.

How our opponents can have the effrontery to extol Lewis Cass, as they do, in the face of such glaring ingratitude upon his part toward the man who never lost a battle, we are at a loss to understand—As sure as the month of November shall come, the People will rebuke, in tones of thunder, Mr. Cass for the infamous vote which he cast against Gen. Taylor, his officers and soldiers.

"There is a weapon surer yet,
And brighter than the bayonet,
A weapon that comes down as still
As snow flakes fall upon the sod;
And executes a freeman's will,
As lightning does the will of God;
A weapon that, nor bolts nor locks
Can bar—*it is the ballot box.*"

[*Annapolis Republican.*

HEAR AN OPONENT.—The Monmouth Democrat, a thorough-going Cass paper, declared about a year ago, its opinion of General Taylor thus:

GEN. TAYLOR—"*The whole history and acts of the man, shows that he is a genuine Republican, and we should have no fears of the safety of the country in his hands.*"

A writer in the Northampton, Mass Courier, says that to his certain knowledge some time since, Gen. Taylor wrote a private letter to Hon. Abbott Lawrence, in which occurs these words—

"*If elected to the Presidency I shall select my Cabinet from the purest and ablest* WHIGS *in the Union.*"

These words, (the writer adds) I *know* to be contained in this letter, and if I mistake not there is more to the same effect.

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