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 Boston Atlas.]

OLD ROUGH AND READY.

Hearty and hale on the downhill of life,
Matured by labor and strengthened by strife,
Grey from exposure where danger was rife,
Our Zach has grown *rough* and grown *old*.

Quick as the flash from the flint and the steel,
Prompt to express what his bosom may feel,
Eager to show a patriot's zeal,
He is watchful, and *ready*, and bold.

Old!—like the oak in whose age we delight,
Rough!—like the diamond whose heart is still bright,
Ready!—to wake like the watch dog at night,
When the wolves shall break into the fold.

Long may he yet live to his country endeared!
Long as its chief ruler may he be revered!
By friends well beloved and by enemies feared,
When the tales of his prowess are told.

[From the Ladies' National Magazine.]

THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

Kate Darlington was a belle and a beauty; and had, as might be supposed, not a few admirers. Some were attracted by her person, some by her winning manners, and not a few by the wealth of her father. But though sweet Kate was both a belle and a beauty, she was a shrewd clear seeing girl, and had far more penetration into character than belles and beauties are generally thought to possess. For the whole tribe of American dandies, with their disfiguring moustaches and imperials, she had a most hearty contempt. Hair never made up, with her, for the lack of brains.

But, as she was an heiress in expectancy and moved in the most fashionable society and was, with all, a gay and sprightly girl, Kate, as a natural consequence, drew around her the gilded moths of society, not a few of whom got their wings scorched, on approaching to near.

Many aspired to be lovers, and some more ardent than than the rest, boldly pressed forward and claimed her hand.—But Kate did not believe in the doctrine that love begets love in all cases. Were this so, it was clear that she would have to love half a dozen, for at least that number came kneeling to her with their hearts in their hands.

Mr. Darlington was a merchant. Among his clerks was the son of an old friend, who, in dying some years before, had earnestly solicited him to have some care over the lad, who at his death, would become friendless. In accordance with this last request, Mr. Darlington took the boy into his counting room; and in order that he might, with more fidelity, redeem his promise to the dying father, also received him into his family.

Edwin Lee proved himself not ungrateful for the kindness. In a few years he became one of Mr. Darlington's most active, trustworthy and intelligent clerks; while his kind, modest gentlemanly deportment at home, won the favor and confidence of all the family. With Edwin, Kate grew up as with a brother. Their intercourse was of the most frank and confiding character.

But there came, at last, a change. Kate from a graceful sweet-tempered, affectionate girl stepped forth almost in a day, it seemed to Edwin, a full grown lovely woman, into whose eyes he could not look as steadily as before, and on whose beautiful face he could no longer gaze with the calmness of feeling he had until now enjoyed.

For awhile, Edwin could not understand the reason of this change. Kate was the same to him, and yet not the same. There was no distance—no reserve on her part; and yet, when he came into her presence, he felt his heart beat more quickly, and when she looked him steadily in the face, his eyes would drop, involuntarily, beneath her gaze.

Suddenly, Edwin awoke to a full realization of the fact that Kate was to him more than a gentle friend or a sweet sister. From that moment, he became reserved in his intercourse with her, and, after a short time, firmly made up his mind that it was his duty to retire from the family of his benefactor. The thought of endeavoring to win the heart of the beautiful girl, whom he had always loved as a sister, and now almost worshipped, was not for a moment entertained. To him there would have been so much of ingratitude in this, and so much that involved a base violation of Mr. Darlington's confidence, that he would have suffered anything rather than be guilty of such an act.

But, he could not leave the home where he had been so kindly regarded for years, without offering some reason that would be satisfactory. The true reason he could not, of course, give. After looking at the subject in various lights, and debating it for a long time, Edwin could see no way in which he could withdraw from the family of Mr. Darlington, without betraying his secret, unless he were to leave the city at the same time. He, therefore sought and obtained the situation of supercargo in a vessel loaded for Valparaiso.

When Edwin announced this fact to Mr Darlington, the merchant was greatly surprised, and appeared hurt that the young man should take a step without a word of consultation with him. Edwin tried to explain; but as he had to conceal the real truth, his explanation rather tended to make things appear worse than better.

Kate heard the announcement with no less surprise than her father. The thing was so sudden, so unlooked for, and moreover so uncalled for, that she could not understand it. In order to take away any pecuniary reason for the step he was about to take, Mr. Darlington, after holding a long conversation with Edwin, made him offers far more advantangeous than his proposed expedition could be to him, viewed in any light. But he made them in vain. Edwin acknowledged the kindness, in the warmest terms, but remained firm in his purpose to sail with the vessel.

"Why will you go away and leave us, Edwin?" said Kate, one evening when they happened to be alone, about two weeks before his expected departure. "I do think it very strange!"

Edwin had avoided, as much as possible, being alone with Kate, a fact which the observant maiden had not failed to notice. Their being alone now was from accident rather than design on his part.

"I think it right for me to go, Kate," the young man replied, as calmly as it was possible for him to speak under the circumstances. "And when I think it right to do a thing, I never hesitate or look back."

"You have a reason for going, of course. Why then not tell it frankly? Are we not all your friends?"

Edwin was silent, and his eyes rested upon the floor, while a deeper flush than usual was upon his face. Kate looked at him fixedly. Suddenly a new thought flashed through her mind, and the color on her own cheeks grew warmer. Her voice from that moment was lower & more tender and her eyes, as she conversed with the young man, were never a moment from his face. As for him, his embarrassment in her presence was never more complete, and he betrayed the secret that was in his heart even while he felt the more earnest to conceal it. Conscious of this, he excused himself and retired as soon as it was possible to do so.

Kate sat thoughtful for some time after he had left. Then rising up she went with a firm step to her father's room.

"I have found out," she said, speaking with great composure, "the reason why Edwin persists in going away."

"Ah! What is the reason, Kate? I would give much to know."

"He is in love," replied Kate promptly.

"In love! How do you know that?"

"I made the discovery to-night."

"Love should keep him at home, and not drive him away," said Mr. Darlington.

"But he loves hopelessly," returned the maiden. "He is poor, and the object of his regard belongs to a wealthy family."

"And her friends will have nothing to do with him."

"I am not sure of that. But he formed an acquaintance with the young lady under circumstances that would make it mean in his eyes, to urge any claims upon her regard."

"Then honor as well as love takes him away."

"Honor in fact not love. Love would make him stay," replied the maiden with sparkling eye, and something of proud elevation in the tones of her voice.

A faint suspicion of the truth now came stealing on the mind of Mr. Darlington.

"Does the lady know of his preference for her?" he asked.

"Not through any word or act of his, designed to communicate a knowledge of the fact," replied Kate, her eyes falling under the earnest look bent upon her by Mr. Darlington.

"Has he made you his confidante?"

"No, sir. I doubt if the secret has ever passed his lips." Kate's face was beginning to crimson, but she drove back the tell-tale blood with a strong effort of the will.

"Then how came you to be possessed of it?" inquired the father.

The blood came back to her face with a rush, and she bent her head so that her dark glossy curls fell over and partly concealed it. In a moment or two she had regained her self-possession, and looking up, she answered.

"Secrets like this do not always need oral or written language to make them known. Enough, father, that I have discovered the fact that that his heart is deeply imbued with a passion for one who knows well his virtues—his pure, true heart—his manly sense of honor; —with a passion for one who has looked upon him till now as a brother, but who henceforth must regard him with a different and higher feeling."

Kate's voice trembled. As she uttered the last few words, she lost control of herself, and bent forward and hid her face upon her father's arm.

Mr. Darlington, as might well be supposed, was taken altogether by surprise at so unexpected an announcement. The language used by his daughter needed no interpretation. She was the maiden beloved by his clerk.

"Kate," said he, after a moment or two of hurried reflection, "this is a very serious matter. Edwin is only a poor clerk, and you——"

"And I"—said Kate, rising up, and taking the words from her father—"and I am the daughter of a man who can appreciate what is excellent in even those who are humblest in the eyes of the world. Father, is not Edwin far superior to the artificial men who flutter around every young lady who now makes her appearance in the circle where we move? Knowing him as you do, I am sure you will say yes."

"But, Kate——"

"Father, don't let us argue this point.—Do you want Edwin to go away?" And the young girl laid her hand upon her parent, and looked him in the face with unresisting affection.

"No dear; I certainly don't wish him to go."

"Nor do I," returned the maiden, as she leaned forward again, and laid her face upon his arm. In a little while she rose and, with her countenance turned partly away, said—

"Tell him not to go Father——"

And with these words she retired from the room.

On the next evening, as Edwin was sitting alone in one of the drawing-rooms, thinking on the long night of absence that awaited him, Mr. Darlington came in, accompanied by Kate. They seated themselves near the young man, who showed some sense of embarrassment. There was no suspense, however, for Mr. Darlington said—

"Edwin, we none of us wish you to go away. You know that I have urged every consideration in my power, and now I have consented to unite with Kate in renewing a request for you to remain. Up to this time you have declined giving a satisfactory reason for your sudden resolution to leave; but a reason is due to us—to me in particular—and I now most earnestly conjure you to give it.

The young man at this became greatly agitated, but did not venture to make a reply.

"You are still silent on the subject," said Mr. Darlington.

"He will not go, father," said Kate, in a tender appealing voice. "I know he will not go. We cannot let him go; kinder friends he will not find anywhere than he has here. And we shall miss him from our home circle. There will be a vacant place at our board. Will you be happier away, Edwin?"

The last sentence was uttered in tone of sisterly affection.

"Happier?" exclaimed the young man thrown off his guard. "Happier! I shall be wretched while away."

"Then why go?" returned Kate, tenderly.

The good ship "Leonora" sailed in about ten days. She had a supercargo on board; but his name was not Edwin Lee.

Fashionable people were greatly surprised when the beautiful Kate Darlington married her father's clerk; and moustached dandies curled their lips, but it mattered not to Kate. She had married a man in whose worth, affection, and manliness of character, she could repose a rational confidence. If not fashionable, she was a happy wife.

BRIEF MEMOIR OF SMITH O'BRIEN.—The second son of Sir Edward O'Brien, (who died in 1837) of the county of Clare, was born in 1808, his mother being a rich heiress. Sir Lucius, the elder brother, was born in 1806. Another brother married the daughter of Sir Aubrey de Vere; the wife of the Reverend A. Martineau is a sister; another sister is the wife of Hon. and Rev. C. Monsell, (brother of the Earl of Malmesbury) one of the Prebendaries of Salisbury and Rector of Wilton. The Marquis of Thomond is the present head of the house of O'Brien or Bryen, which traces its origin to the Hibernian monarch, Brian Boroihme, and if he dies without male issue Sir Lucius, Smith's elder brother, will succeed him. Smith, who has six children, is a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and was first returned to Parliament, as a Tory, for the family borough of Ennis in 1830.

After long opposing O'Connell and reform (during which period he fought a duel with the late Tom Steele,) he became a Whig and then a radical. His mother Dowager Lady O'Brien, with whom he resides, has an income of some $20,000 a year.

The following is a description of him in the bulletin denouncing him a traitor:

William Smith O'Brien—No occupation; forty-six years of age; six feet in height; sandy hair; dark eyes; sallow long face; has a sneering smile constantly on his face; full whiskers, sandy, a little gray; well set man, walks erect, dresses well.

ONE OF THE IRISH LEADERS.—We clip the following paragraph from the last number of "Lloyd's Weekly London Newspaper."

Mahoney, the guerilla chief of the Barrycal, near the slate quarries, drills a thousand men every evening at 6 o'clock: he is a man of powerful stature; his arms are a blunderbuss slung over his shoulders, a pike ten feet and a half long, containing three pounds weight of steel, with a pair of pistols slung in a belt of untanned leather. It appears there is a warrant for his arrest, which will be rather a difficult task as he can summon from the wilds of Slievenamon a formidable force to his rescue.

CASS—VAN BUREN—TAYLOR.

The character and claims of the several candidates for the Presidency are discussed with freedom and force in the following editorial in Wednesday's New York Courier and Enquirer:

The Presidential campaign is now fully opened—the Political abolitionists having at their convention in Buffalo completed the list of candidates by nominating as the standard-bearer of their forlorn hope—Martin Van Buren, with Chas. F. Adams, of Massachusetts, as the second in command.

Until that Convention had defined its course and cause, there might be some excuse for hesitation on the part of those who, habitually averse to the vehement strife of parties, and little conversant with the real motives of party drill-sergents, were looking to a third organization as likely to present some name to which the wise and good might rally—if indeed they can in a republic be wise or good who habitually underrate or neglect the exercise of the elective franchise as a solemen obligation. But, now all doubt is at an end, all apology for hesitation done away, and the names, now presented, of Lewis Cass, Martin Van Buren, and Zachary Taylor, so distinctly typify and foreshadow the doctrines and the policy which each, and the supporters of each, are likely to carry out, that they who run may read.

Let us briefly glance, in succession, at each of these names, and at the measures and men they represent.

Lewis Cass needs no biographer, for he has written himself down. His letters, his speeches—particularly his eulogistic rhapsody about Louis Philipe, when one Louis was King and the other Lewis was minister and courier, contrasted with the pæans of delight shouted forth by Lewis the Presidential aspirant over the downfall of Louis the King; these have made Gen. Cass known to the people, but not respected by them.

It is more true of Gen. Cass than of any public man within our recollection, who has filled the same high stations, that he has no moral weight with the people; their unerring instincts have taught them to distrust a man who shifts his ground as his prospects vary,—and their honesty condemns the too facile politician who would be all things to all men.

But although Gen. Cass has failed to secure for himself the respect of his countrymen, he has imbued them with a feeling of distrust and alarm as to the course he would pursue if elected to the Presidency, which is not likely to be readily overcome.

General Cass seems to be a thorough believer in "Manifest Destiny;" and that belief, embittered and rendered more intense by blind hatred of England, seems to animate and control his whole conduct.

He is for familiarizing our free, peaceful laborious, industrious, thriving, moral, population with the taste and habits of war; he is for annexing to our homogenous races, born and brought up in the knowledge and use of free institutions, all the mongrel races of all contiguous territories, *Cuba*, *Mexico*, the *Canadas*—the whole West Indian Archipelago!—who knows? To your manifest-destuny-man the rights of other nations, the incongruousness with our own of the new populations he aims to incorporate with us, are as nothing—reason, religion, rights, are of no avail against manifest destiny, the charms of annexation and the chances of the Presidency.

Nor is it for freedom only that General Cass is willing to embrace all contiguous territories. He goes as heartily for extending the *area of slavery* as that of freedom, and is altogether a Northern man with Southern principles.

With Gen. Cass as President, therefore, we must count upon being embroiled in continual war—in dishonest efforts at territorial aggrandisement, at the expense of the treasure, blood, peace, and morals of our own countrymen; and upon converting into a permanent and most dangerous party division the difference of opinion—which so long as not made a line of party demarcation, is comparatively innocuous—existing between the North and South on the subject of slavery.

General Cass, moreover, is so much the slave of "circumstances," that neither a protective tariff nor internal improvements would find any support at his hands.—Nay worse, they would find those hands ready at the bidding of party, to strangle both by a veto.

We do not make this statement in any vein of exaggeration. Let those who may suspect us of exageration, look at the Baltimore Platform, as laid down by the Convention that nominated Gen. Cass, and at his letter, not only acquiescing in, but evidently approving that platfrom, and then ask himself what chance there would be under the presidency of Gen. Cass, identified with such doctrines, either for the protection of domestic industry by a well regulated tariff, or the improvement of our great highways, or lakes, rivers and harbors through the aid of the General Government.

Against General Cass, then, all lovers of peace, of justice, of good neighborhood, of the great moral law of doing unto others as we would be done by—all who desire to promote and protect American industry against the pauper labor of Europe, all who believe that this General Government instituted among other purposes, to promote the general welfare—is bound to promote it by facilitating and rendering less hazardous the intercourse of our rivers, lakes and harbors—all who love Freedom, the Constitution and the Union as it is—all such must, according to our view of the professions, character and public career of General Cass, vote *against him* as President.

Against Martin Van Buren there should be no need of exhorting the whole country and Whigs especially to vote—for sentence has once been passed upon him by the public verdict, and there has nothing since occurred to induce or justify a change of that verdict.

On the contrary, to all the objections, which before were found availing against him, is now to be added the great moral reproach, that without expressing regret for first opinions and practices in relation to slavery, and the most extravagant pretensions of slavery; and when in power, no pretension was ever deemed too extravagant by Mr. Van Buren—nor ever excited his sensibilities about "free soil"—Mr. Van Buren, now, for the gratification of political revenge against those who failed to nominate him at the last canvass, and in contradiction with his whole life, presents himself to be run as a candidate for the Presidency wholly on a sectional issue, or a geographical distinction, and seeks his own re election even at the hazard of tearing to pieces the bonds of our Union.

Mr. Van Buren is presented as a political abolitionist, and in no other light, and for such a candidate, upon such an issue, no Whig assuredly will vote;—and none but those whose minds are given up to the single idea that the 'black slaves' interests are of more consideration than the welfare of some fifteen or eighteen millions of free white men, than the harmony of this glorious Union, than the permanency of our free institutions.

For General Zachary Taylor, who that loves his country and desires an honest, bold, strong and good man to administer its highest office, can hesitate to vote?

Against the character of Zachary Taylor no man can say aught, and hope to be believed. His uncalculating patriotism has been proved by long years of unobtrusive service—always ready, always rendered at the right time, and in the right manner—and as the field expanded and greater demands were made upon his abilities, his zeal and his love of country—these abilities, that zeal, that love of country seemed to grow with the occasion and to make him equal to every exigency—superior to all obstacles, master of himself, master of fortune.

The Romans were wont to consider this last circumstance as of prime importance. *Felix et fortis*—fortunate as well as bold—were the characteristics of which, in the choice of leaders, they acknowledged the just influence, and we may wisely follow their example.

Fortunate has Gen. Taylor been in his public career. As a subaltern in the gallant and successful defence, under great combined difficulties and discouragements, at Fort Harrison—as commanding a corps in the Florida war, and especially in the bloody battle of Okechobe—as commander of the army of occupation at Corpus Christi and subsequently as leader—under orders from the President, but unsupported by reinforcements and unfurnished with supplies—of the gallant army, which marked its progress from Point Isabel to Buena Vista with an unbroken succession of victories—gained always against greatly superior numbers, and used always with unfailing moderation and humanity. Brave and fortunate in all these scenes of war and triumph, he has been not less fortunate in his manner of relating such great events, in his personal intercourse with his fellow-citizens since his return home; and in all the circumstances which recommended him to the Whig Convention, by which he was nominated at Philadelphia.

Fortunate and brave thus far the end will crown the work, and in making Zachary Taylor our next President will afford to the world, the proof that, operating upon an intelligent and patriotic people—a strong will, a clear head, an honest heart, and well proved patriotism, can enchain even so fickle a thing as Fortune.

PRACTICAL DEMOCRACY OF GEN. CASS.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston Atlas furnishes the following account of the practical Democracy of General Cass:

The following letter, written by Com. Elliott to General Cass, when the latter was about to make the tour of the Mediteranean Sea in the Constitution, at the expense of the people, gives some insight into the Democratic tastes of the great *gasometer*.

U. S. SHIP CONSTITUTION,
Bay of Gibraltar, July 28th, 1837.

"Your letter of the 13th has been duly received, and I feel happy that you contemplate entering with your family on the interesting expedition you before alluded to in your favor of October 1 from Washington. The accommodations on board the Constitution, such as they are, are freely at your service; you will not expect the elegance of your magnificent apartments at Paris, but this you will easily dispense with, when you reflect that a man-of-war has not all the luxuries of a drawing room on shore.

"Your beds, bedding and the like matters, you need not trouble yourself concerning, as Fitch, Brothers & Co., can obtain them at Marseilles. Presents, as you well remark, will be necessary in order to obtain you honors and ceremonious receptions.—I should advise you to take with you watches, pistols, diamond rings and gold snuff boxes, as those sort of things are most acceptable. As to wines, I have directed at this place one cask of sherry and one cask of Madeira; the champagne and the other French wines you mention, will best come from Marseilles.

"I cannot at this time express to you the many minor affairs and little arrangements, which we will talk over at our meeting; I am gratified that you should allude to our long standing acquaintance; such connexions should be remembered, and I hope that on the present occasion you will use with me all the privileges of an old friend, in which relationship I stand towards yourself.

"Your travelling on board of a government ship will warrant you against the intrusive herd of tourists who chiefly belong to the lower classes of polite society, and you will meet with many gentlemen of a superior order, particularly Sir Howard Douglass, at Corfu. While at Athens last, I was visited by the King of Greece; at Tripoli, by Ibrahim Pacha, and at Alexandria by Mehemet Ali, from whom I received a sword in testimony of remembrance.

"The ladies perhaps will find occasional recreation in listening to the overtures and waltzes of an excellent band of musicians which I have attached to the ship. With no personal acquaintance with any member of your family, I beg to be remembered to each in the kindest manner.

"I remain, dear General, very respectfully and truly yours,

J. D. ELLIOTT.

"P. S. It will be necessary for you to write to Constantinople for a firman to pass the Dardanelles, and have it sent to Athens."

What *Democratic* preparations! Diamond rings and gold snuff boxes, to be paid for out of some contingent fund, bartered for *honors* and *ceremonious receptions*. Sherry, Maderia, Champagne and French wines for the table. Relief from the *lower classes* of tourists. Superior society. A band of music for the ladies. And above all, an *old friend*, who must know his tastes, laments that the battle-hallowed cabins of "Old Ironsides" are not more worthy of the traveller, accustomed to *luxuries* and the *elegance of his magnificent apartments at Paris*. "*Vive Cass!*"

In a subsequent letter, the same correspondent adds:

"In giving Com. Elliotts letter to Gen. Cass, in my yesterday's letter, I forgot to mention that a bill was passed by the Senate, not long since, appropriating to the heirs of the Commodore "the sum of fifteen hundred dollars, for *extraordinary* expenses incurred by him while commanding the naval forces of the United States in the Mediteranean." In the manuscript claim filed in the archives of the Senate, there is a long list of the entertainments on the Constitution, which constitute every item of the demand."

EFFECTS OF THE TARIFF OF 1846.

Last year, when the prices for agricultural products and provisions were *high*—when shipments could scarcely be made fast enough to keep the generous people of *Ireland* from starvation—when *England* and *Scotland* were suffering for food, and fruitful *France*, herself, was on short commons, the *Democratic press*, and the hundred thousand *defenders* of Mr. Polk's administration, impudently proclaimed that the *high prices* of agricultural products were the results of the operation of the beautiful free-trade principles of the Tariff of 1846. The shallowness, deception, and falsehood of these pretensions are now made manifest enough. The tariff of 1846 *is still in full operation*, and yet *all agricultural products are down to the lowest ebb—wheat* ruling from 60 to 97 cents, and everything else correspondingly *low*. Those *panders* of power, who ascribed such wonderful effects to the *Tariff of* 1846, last year, knew, at the time, that they were defrauding the people out of their judgments—that they were deceiving and humbugging them—they knew that what they ascribed to that *anti-American* measure, was due to an act of Providence, who, in his mercy, had visited a noble land with famine; but they hesitated not; though, in doing so, they falsified truth and honor to practice upon the credulity of an unsuspecting people.—*Rough and Ready.*

The Harrisburgh Intelligencer says:—

The Wilmot men—alias Barnburners—of Bradford county, have called a meeting, signed by over six hundred persons, to make arrangements for a Barnburner State Convention. This looks blue for Cass in Pennsylvania.

Our Loco friends are very much worried on account of Gen. TAYLOR'S position.—We have before expressed our regrets that he can neither shape a letter nor an opinion to suit them. He has not been in the habit of consulting his opponents; he always fights and whips them, so that our loco friends have no remedy until after November, and then there may be "rest, perturbed spirits."—*Phila. Amer.*

☞ "Bobby, my love," said a silly mother to her darling, whom she crammed with tarts and other things, "can you eat any more?" "Why, y-e-s, mamma," was the young hopeful's hesitating reply, "I think I could, if I stood up."

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