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 Model Amer. Courier.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

BY 'ANONYMOUS, JR.'

Not many years since, there resided in Portland, a man who, for present purposes, shall pass by the name of Jones. He was a boisterous, troublesome, quarrelsome fellow. He was somewhat above the ordinary height, with large black whiskers, and an exuberent crop of hair. He had the reputation of being a man of great courage, and a dangerous foe to encounter; but how this reputation had been acquired it would be difficult to tell, as he had never been know to display any trait of real personal courage. But no matter, every body gave a tacit acquiescence to the opinion; therefore, according to the old adage, it must be correct. Being aware of the estimation of his character, he lost no opportunity of improving the advantage to the great annoyance of those whom he chanced to meet. He sported upon a patrimonial legacy, which was being rapidly dissipated by his dissolute and extravagant course of conduct.

It was a favorite diversion of his to annoy travellers whom he chanced to meet, in his frequent rides into the country, by causing them to turn out, giving him nearly the whole road, to their great inconvenience, especially when they happened to have loaded vehicles. If they offered to demur at his unjust requirement, a few threats, accompanied by his dare-devil manner, and terrific personal appearance, was sufficient to bring them to a compliance. In this way, he soon became generally known in the adjoining towns, and as generally dreaded and feared.

A few miles from Portland, dwelt an honest Quaker by the name of Green, noted for his activity and great strength, who was no less attached to the principles of peace, than (with the exception of an occasional *black sheep*, with whom you, Mr. Editor, may have met in your time,) are generally the respectable denomination of Christians to which he belonged. But even he did not furnish an exception to the well-established truism, that "there is a point beyond which endurance ceases to be a virtue."

Never having met with Jones, he was an entire stranger to him, although not to his character. On a cold winter's day, Green was slowly wending his way towards the principal city of the Pine Tree State with his four ox-team and sled heavily laden with wood. There had recently been a heavy fight of snow, and the roads had been "broken out," as it is termed, with a snow-plough, so as barely to admit vehicles to pass each other comfortably, when the respective drivers were accommodating. On either side the snow formed an almost impregnable wall. While walking leisurely along by the side of his team, his right arm resting on the ox yoke, in meditative mood, his attention was suddenly arrested by the sound of bells, and on looking up, he saw a man with a horse & sleigh dashing furiously towards him, and he lost no time in turning his team out according to custom, so as to give the stranger half the road, who, instead of acting likewise, drove up directly in the centre of the road until both teams were nearly in contact, when, stopping his horse, our hero called out at the top of his voice—

"Hallo, there, old broad-brim, turn out! turn out!"

"Thee's got half the road, and thee may go by if thee wishes," calmly returned the other, at the same sticking his goad stick into the snow and folding up his arms to await patiently the movements of the other.

This only called forth the same insolent requirement—"turn out! turn out!" in still louder tones, if possible.

But Jones little thought he was arousing the lion in the person of the peace loving Quaker, instead of being himself the lion, as usual.

"I don't know what kind of a man thee calls thyself," said the other; "but if thee was an honest man, thee would not ask more than half the road, especially as I am loaded and thee is not; besides, thee must see that I cannot turn out further, if I would, without plunging my team into the snow-bank."

"Don't prate about honesty and snow-banks here," said Jones, "but turn out! I say once more, and I'll give you just two minutes longer. If you don't comply in that time, I'll just have to take the trouble to turn you out. Do you hear that, you old anti-fighting Foxite?"

"I hear thee for an insulting braggart," said the Quaker, who now more than suspected whom he was dealing with, "but I neither fear nor intend to heed thee and thee may make the time as short thee pleases; I shall not move my oxen till thee passes, and thee had better attend to thy own team, and let mine alone."

Jones had now arrived at a new era in his life. For the first time he had found his authority calmly and decidedly resisted. He deliberated in his mind what course to pursue. He almost regretted having made the unreasonable demand, but having made, he thought he must sustain it, or his reputation for courage would be ruined. He never had felt himself so overawed as by the determined and piercing gaze of the Quaker's clean and unflinching eye. "Surely he'll make no resistance," thought he, "it would be inconsistent with his religion, and would disgrace him; therefore I shall succeed"

Then summoning all his resolution, he jumped from his sleigh, with a determination of carrying his threat into execution. The other remained unmoved until he approached, and commenced whipping his oxen to drive them into the snow. Peace principles were now of little avail; in the impulse of the moment they were either forgotten or deemed impracticable, which is altogether unimportant. Taking his goad in his right hand, and springing forward like a tiger upon his prey, with the iron grasp of the other he seized Jones by the collar. It had the effect of an electrical shock: the whip dropped from his hand, and he trembled like a condemned culprit, when some cruel punishment is about to be inflicted, while the other slowly raised his large oak goad over his head, and deliberating a moment whether his hand should now for the first time inflict so well-merited a punishment upon his fellow man, he let it fall upon his back with all the force an almost Herculean arm was capable of imparting, continuing to repeat it until our hero cried loudly for mercy. The Quaker, thinking justice now satisfied, ceased, and relaxed his grasp—the other being hardly able to support himself, and addressed him thus—

"Now, if thee doesn't get right into thy sleigh, and go along about thy business, I'll give thee just what thee desarves."

It is needless to add that our hero did not require a repetition of the admonition, much less the infliction of the penalty attached to its non-performance; a specimen of which he had just partaken of, but immediately complied, not however without requesting his chastiser not to mention the circumstances, at the same time giving his voluntary promise never to be guilty of insulting a gentleman in like manner again.

But it is said "murder will out;" so in this case; the joke was too good to be kept a secret, and it soon became noised abroad; and instead of being feared by every body, as formerly, he appeared to fear every one, or shun them at least. Some of the boys were so ill-bred as to cry out when they saw him in the street, "I'll give thee just what thee desarves!" when Jones would soon be among the missing.

But the effect upon him was most salutary. Being so greatly chagrined at the wound his reputation had suffered, he secluded himself from society as much as possible; and this gave him opportunity to reflect upon the folly of his conduct, which led to a resolution to lead a different life—in short, to become a gentleman He engaged in business, and thus saved a greater portion of his patrimony from waste, and gained the respect of the community. He is now said to be a wealthy merchant and, what is better, an honest man. He often laughs over the joke, and says he "caught a Tartar" when he stopped the old Quaker. He is also an active member of several benevolent associations, and although he has not yet joined the Friends he is President of a Peace Society. Thus the utility of chastisement—at least in one instance—is well supported.

A VERITABLE CASS LETTER.

We published the other day, a letter from Buffalo, in which reference was made to a letter which General Cass wrote on the subject of the Wilmot Proviso. The whole letter has been published in the True Democrat, printed at Ann Harbor, (Michigan.) We publish it in full. It was furnished to the Democrat by Mr. Wilson, to whom it was addressed.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 19, 1847.

My Dear Sir—Your friend Doyle will be selected as a lieutenant, and I am glad we can give you this proof of a desire to pay respect to your recommendation.

I am pressed to death by business, or I would write you a longer letter. However, the newspapers give you a full account of our strange proceedings. We have not done much good; but they say it is darkest just before daylight, and I am inclined to think that our darkest hour has passed. It seems to me that good is coming out of mischief. There is a more determined spirit to support the administration than I have seen heretofore.

It is now distinctly understood, and it will be the democratic sentiment through the country, that every thing must give way to a vigorous prosecution of the war, and that no measures must be proposed that will embarrass the Administration.

The Wilmot Proviso will not pass the Senate. It would be death to the war—death to all hopes of getting an acre of territory—death to the administration, and death to the democratic party. It was not so intended. It no doubt originated with proper feelings; but things have now come to such a pass, that its adoption will produce these effects.

It is distinctly avowed by the Southern members of Congress that they would not vote for any measures for the prosecution of the war, nor would they ratify any treaty, if this provision becomes a law. It will probably go back from the Senate to the House, where I hope the appropriation will pass without any proviso.

I am, with great respect, truly yours,
LEW. CASS.

R. S. WILSON, Esq.

No man can read this letter without being struck with the utter want of principle in the writer. It shows him to be the merest party schemer, one who would pass or reject, advocate or oppose a measure only as it would affect the prospects of his party, and who only looks at things as the reckless partizan. In this letter he declares he was unfavorable, at the time, to the Wilmot Proviso; not because the principle of it was wrong—not because it would do the country injury—not because it denied the equal rights of the people of the South;—but because, as the grand climax of its effects, it would be "death to the democratic party!" He does not doubt that it originated in proper feelings; and leaves it scarcely to be questioned that he had favored its introduction, but things, he says, "had come to pass," that made it dangerous to *the party*, and she therefore hopes it will be left out of the bill!

Gen Cass, it must be recollected, was, at the time he wrote this letter, a candidate for the Locofoco nomination for President, and hence his anxiety about the party. He got that nomination by pursuing what may properly be characterized as the disreputable course pointed out for himself in this letter, and he now hopes to get elected by following it up. We should do the public judgment and the public honesty wrong, by supposing that he can succeed. We should expect also, from the general character of the Southern people, if it were not that Southern subservients are getting to be as common as Northern dough-faces, that the insinuations in the letter against the manliness and patriotism of the Southern members, would be resented by them in a spirit and a manner worthy of the best days of the Republic. As it is, our confidence is in the patriotism and intelligence of *the people*, and it is to them that we shall look to vindicate the honor and patriotism of the Congress of the Union, which are attacked and discredited by this letter of Gen. Cass. It is to them, too, that we shall look—and it is a gratification to be able to look to them with some confidence—to keep out of the Presidential chair, this man, whose whole public life has been one effort to get office, and to keep it, and who now seeks to be made the Chief Magistrate of the Union, by a reckless disclaimer or avowal of any sentiment or principle, which may seem to him, for the time, to be favorable or unfavorable to his party.

And we shall not, we say, look to the people in vain to prevent such a disaster, as the election of General Cass, befalling the Union. Other countries have been cursed by such rulers, and we have ourselves had one such in Martin Van Buren All that was said of him by the Whigs—all the political abominations of which he was accused—all the denunciations which were made of him, as a trickster, as a dishonest politician, as a time server, as one who looked to his own aggrandisement in what he did or what he said—who was prepared at a moment's notice, or without notice, to take to his bosom his ancient enemy, or to abandon a friend; to adopt principles he had ever before opposed, or to turn his back upon all the professions of his public life, whenever or however his own interest or advancement would seem to be favored by it—all that has been said, and all that was thought of him, by his opponents, Martin Van Buren, by his recent course, has brought his former advocates to acknowledge to be true, and written down with his own hand, the sentence of infamy, which must ever rest on the name of the base, the ungrateful, the selfishly ambitious politician. He has rewarded his supporters for all they have done for him, by taking advantage of the position they gave him to break them down, and he has sealed his fate and their fate, by an exposure of the arts and contrivances which they took to advance him, and by withdrawing from the party its principal leaders and thousands of its followers, demonstrated that if he was base and treacherous, so were a great body of those who shared with him the honor and profits of official dignity and patronage.

"How like a hateful ape,
Detected grinning 'midst his pilfer'd hoard,
The cunning man appears, whose secret frauds,
Are open'd to the day! scorn'd! hooted! mock'd!
Scorn'd by the very men who most admired
His worthless art!"

One such man as this we have had as President, in Martin Van Buren. He now seeks to regain that place; and if there is one man who has in former days honestly opposed him or honestly supported him, who now can vote for him, his doing so would be another melancholly evidence of the disposition of mankind to be imposed upon, and there is no want of charity in desiring that all such should be cheated, because they deserved to be cheated. The history of our times and the life of the man prove, too, that if he could succeed in his ambitious desires, those who voted for him, expecting him to be true, would be cheated.

And what better can be expected of Gen. Cass, should he be elected? Does any man, can any man, confide in his firmness, his consistency, his political honesty?—It is impossible. Read his letter which we publish above, and then, if there be any man who really desires or expects Gen. Cass to pursue a consistent and decisive course of policy upon any question, let him say what ground he can have for such desire or expectation. He has no ground, and must be prepared to be cheated. He cannot plead ignorance—he cannot say he acted without light. He knows what Gen. Cass has been, he sees what he says he is himself. It is not in his nature to be firm—it is not in his character to be frank. Knowing this of him, those who vote for him may not properly complain that he has deceived them, if he should come to be President. Their answer to their complaint is prepared:

"They *would* be dupes and victims and *they are!*" (*Balt. Patriot.*

GEN. CASS' EXTRA CHARGES—SUPPRESSION OF INQUIRY BY HIS FRIENDS.

On the 5th of August, 1848, ANDREW STEWART, of Penn. moved to suspend the rules to enable him to introduce the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Treasury be directed to send to this House forthwith, the letters and vouchers in support of the claims and extra allowances paid to Lewis Cass, over and above his regular salary of $2,000 a year, as Governor & ex-officio superintendent of Indians affairs for the Territory of Michigan, to wit: The letters and vouchers in support of the extra allowance paid him:

1. For clerk hire, office rent, &c., from 9th October, 1813, to 31st July, 1831, at $1,500 per annum, as per document No. 244, 3d session, 25th Congress, page 2d, amounting to $26,719 00
2. For rations, to wit: ten rations a day, at 40 cents each from the 9th October, 1813, to the 29th of May, 1822, as per same document and page, 6,610 00
3. For services as superintendent of Indian affairs, said to have been rendered out of the Territory of Michigan, from the 29th of May, 1822, to the 31st of August, 1832, at $1,500 per annum, as per document No. 6, 3d session, 27th Congress, page 13, 14,375 00
4. For aiding in the negotiation of sundry treaties, whilst Governor and ex-officio superintendent of Indian affairs, as aforesaid, 772 days, at $8 per day, and 40 cents per mile travelled by him, as per same document, pages 11 and 12, 9,744 00
5. For attending at Washington city, to settle his own accounts for extra pay, &c., 208 days, to wit, from the 21st October, 1821, to the 29th May, 1822, for mileage, ten rations per day, &c., same document, page 11, 1,448 00
6. For alleged services whilst Governor & superintendent of Indian affairs, "in preparing a code for the regulation of Indian affairs," 111 days, to wit, from the 22d October, 1828, to the 10th February 1829, as per same document, page 12, 1,520 00
7. For extra pay whilst Governor, &c., as aforesaid, "as deputy quarter master general" in the army, for one year, as per document 18, 1st sess., 28th Congress page 25, 1,001 80
8. For extra pay and allowances as captain in the regular army, whilst Governor, as aforesaid, to wit, from the 12th May, 1817, to the 28th of June, 1821, as per same document, same page, 2,526 66

63,940 46

9. Letters and vouchers filed in support of the following items in the account rendered by Governor Cass against the United States the 21st of July, 1832, (about one year after his appointment as Secretary of War,) and said not to be embraced in any of the previous quarterly settlements of his accounts with the Government, to wit: For alleged balances and over payments by him as superintendent of Indian affairs, as per document No. 112, 3d session, 25th Congress, page 16, on the following accounts to wit:

For overpayments on account of contingencies for Indian department,	$3,398 65
For overpaying to Indian sub-agents,	363 15
For overpayments on account of presents to Indians,	416 60
For overpayments on account of annuities under the appropriation act of May 15, 1820,	5,370 15
For overpayments on account of annuities under act of 2d March, 1829,	245 43
For overpayments on account of annuities under the appropriation act of 25th March, 1830,	32,711 27
For alleged balance on account of the treaty at Prairie du Chien,	440 00
For alleged overpayments and balances due him on account of Indian department prior to 1829,	10,183 61
Amounting in all to	53,128,96

10. The requisition drawn on the Treasury in favor of Gov. Cass, (No. 2,906,) dated the 21st July, 1832, about one year after his appointment as Secretary of War, to settle alleged balance due him on account of the overpayments, &c. as aforesaid," $35,075 00
11. The endorsement on the said account by Governor Cass, then Secretary of War, after the issue and payment of the said requisition of $35,075, for the balance alleged to be due him, by which the final settlement of the account was suspended, owing to the "peculiar position in which I (he, Governor Cass) stand in relation to the Department," and whereby the final settlment was suspended until the 5th day of December, 1837, when it was finally closed, as appears by the letter of William B. Lewis, the Second Auditor of the Treasury at that date, as per Document No. 112, 3d session, 25th Congress, page 16.

Extra charges on his private account,	$63,940 46
Charges on his public account,	53,128 96
Total,	$117,069 42
Salary for 18 years at $2,000 per an.,	36,000 00
Received in 18 years,	153,069 42
Entitled to receive per year,	2,000 00

The vote on the above resolution stood thus: Ayes 87, noes 61; two thirds voting in the affirmative, the rules were not suspended. THE 61 AGAINST THE MOTION WERE ALL LOCOFOCOS.

THE RIGHT KIND OF TALK!

At a meeting of some two thousand of the Sovereign People, held in Greene county, Ohio, on the 30th ultimo, after a sound speech from Hon. John Woods, in favor of the Whig candidates for the highest offices in the General Government, Mr. Senator Corwin—Tom Corwin, as the People fondly call him—took the stand. After some preliminary remarks, he said that he found but one Whig candidate in the field for the Presidency; and believing Whig principles to be necessary for the prosperity of the country, he should *be recreant to that country if he deserted those principles now* for the sake of men. Is Gen. Taylor a Whig? [Cries of "yes," loud and long, with a few faint "noes."] I am glad to hear those hasty "noes." I am here to testify; listen to me ten minutes, and then say "no" if you can. What are Whig principles?—Are the tariff, the currency, internal improvements—are such questions of policy, which are mutable and liable to change with the changing circumstances of the country—correct to-day, and inexpedient to-morrow, perhaps—are these the *principles* of the party? These from the *policy* of the Whigs; but the *principles* upon which that party are founded are older than all these. Whig principles did not originate with Gen. Taylor. No. Look back for centuries, and across the water, and you will find that John Hampden was the first Whig, and laid down his life in defence of their principles. *It was opposition to the one-man power.* The King wanted his ship money, but John Hampden and the Whigs said he should not have it until voted by Parliament. This was the principle brought across the water by the Pilgrims; and our fathers in '76 declared that because the King withheld his consent from laws wholesome and necessary, they, as Whigs, would no longer consent to be governed by him. What is Gen. Taylor's position upon this question—this Whig principle? Is he not a Whig? Does he not say that the people, by their representatives, must make the laws, and he, if elected, will execute them? What do the Whigs want of a President? I suppose you want a President to act under the constitution; to recommend to Congress measures he may deem necessary; to recommend appointments to office; and to stop *there*, letting the law making power created by the constitution do its duty within the boundaries marked out by that instrument. Is this so? Well, this is the position occupied by Gen. Taylor. Like you, my brother Whigs, I wanted to know, when Gen. Taylor became the candidate, his opinions; I wanted not his pledges; I wanted to know his opinions upon vetoes; for, while the People rule, our Constitution and our Government are safe against corruption, money and power; not even the powers of darkness can overthrow them. We have his opinions—we may thank the Democrats for that, for their published falsehoods drew him out—and those opinions are such as the Whigs have entertained from the time of Hampden to the present day. But, says some brother Whig, Gen. Taylor is no politician—he never made any stump speeches! No; but he is equal to every emergency, wherever placed; and the plain, honest-hearted old soldier will not be found wanting in judgment even in the White House, *where he takes up his residence, on the 5th of next March.*

A PLEASING INCIDENT—A YOUNG SOLDIER FROM TAYLOR'S ARMY.

From the Philadelphia News.

At a meeting of the Rough and Ready Club of one of the Philadelphia city wards held on Tuesday evening last, after the business had been transacted and an adjournment was about to take place, a pale faced youth, apparently about nineteen years of age, and a stranger to all present, asked permission of the President to say a few words about General Taylor. His request was of course granted. There was a profound silence in the meeting when he rose; and with some trepidation, apologised for asking to be heard. He said he had reason to know General Taylor; he knew him as a man and a soldier. He had been in his army seventeen months, and a portion of that time, when he was sick and exhausted by long marches, and ready to die, he found a warm hearted friend and protector in General Zachary Taylor. "Gentleman," said he, "I am but nineteen years old—I am a stranger here, and never attempted to speak in public. But I have read in some of the papers attacks upon General Taylor's character as a man—charging him with inhumanity and cruelty, and I want to say bluntly, that such charges are false—false from beginning to end, no matter who utters them. I have seen cruelty and inhumanity on the part of subordinate officers to their men—inhuman punishments inflicted for slight offences: *but never in the presence of General Taylor*—who was always a kind father and protector to the poor soldier, and whom every honest soldier in his army loved. No man of honor who ever served under him will charge him with cruelty, either to his own troops or to the enemy. I was with him at Fort Brown—marched with him to Point Isabel—was in the battles of Palo Alto, Resaca and Monterey.—After the [illegible] instead of using one of the houses in the city as his quarters, he gave them all up to the sick, wounded and suffering soldiers, and slept in his tent on a bed that was not more than four inches above the mud and water that surrounded it."

The speaker related many interesting incidents connected with the movements of the army, illustrating the benevolence of General Taylor, and the perfect confidence of the troops in the goodness of his heart, and his skill as a commander. "He made us all feel as if every man was double, and had twice the strength we really possessed, and could do twice as much as any other army in the world. He was always the first to meet danger, and used to tell us *to watch him close, and never run till he ran.* But he never ran from the enemy; he never turned away from a suffering soldier without doing all that he could to relieve and cheer him. On the march to Seralvo," continued the youth, "my strength gave out, and had it not been for Gen. Taylor, I might have been left upon the road to die or be murdered. But he saw me, and knew from my looks that I was exhausted. *He took me up and sat me on his own mule, and I rode with him in that way for several days.* He saved my life then, and I am ready to give him every drop of my blood, whenever he wants a soldier." • • • • •

"At one time we were almost out of provisions. We had nothing to eat but musty biscuit, and slushed maggoty pork.—An officer went to General Taylor, and complained that he could not eat such food. 'Well, sir,' said the General, 'come and take your dinner with me' The invitation was gladly excepted, and the officer gladly anticipating a first rate dinner, dressed himself up, and went to the quarters of the General, but instead of finding a regular dinner table, filled with delicacies, *he saw the general sitting before a fire toasting a piece of the same old slushed pork on a stick*, and that, with some musty biscuit and a little bean soup, made the dinner for himself and the disappointed officer, who expected to dine on roast beef and plum pudding. That gentleman didn't eat any more dinners with Gen. Taylor."

The young soldier continued his interesting narrative about twenty minutes, his bright eye often flashing with indignation, when speaking of the slanders with which Gen. Taylor is assailed, and his voice trembling with emotions of gratitude and affection in the relation of the benevolent acts of the noble hero and patriot.—We need not say that he was frequently interrupted by the hearty applause of the meeting. At the conclusion of his remarks, the President, having ascertained from the stranger his name, announced to the audience that the young man who had addressed them was Serg't EDWARD SHERMAN, of Massachusetts.

Mr. Sherman was elected by acclamation an honorary member of the Club.

A NOBLE REPLY.—A public functionary of Paris, who recently visited the hospitals, asked of the surgeon in attendance, "Doctor, how many insurgents have you here?" "I have only *wounded men*, was the answer.

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