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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FACTS AND FANCIES.

A FIRST OFFENCE UNPARDONED.

O there has many a tear been shed
And many a heart been broken,
For want of a gentle hand stretch'd forth,
Or a word in kindness spoken.

Then ok' with brotherly regard
Greet every son of sorrow,
So from each tone of love his heart
New hope, new strength shall borrow.

Nor turn—with cold and scoraful eye
From him that hath offended;
But let the harshness of reproof,
With kindlier tones be blended.

The seeds of good are every where:
And in the guiltiest bosom,
Sunn'd by the quickening rays of love,
Put forth their tender blossom.

While many a noble soul hath been
To deeds of evil harden'd—
Who felt that bitterest of griefs—
A first offence unpardon'd!

From the New Orleans Bulletin.

A LETTER FROM GEN. TAYLOR.

We give below a letter from Gen. Taylor, which has been written by him with a view to correct any misunderstanding as regards various recent publications of detached extracts from his private letters to individuals, which have been given to the public in violation of that tacit confidence which is always understood to attach to communications of that description.

The present letter gives a clear and connected statement of the circumstances which led to his nomination as a candidate for the Presidency, and defines his position in connection with it in a manner that cannot be misunderstood, and which, we think, defies future misrepresentation, even by the most reckless of his political opponents.

We deem it unnecessary to make any comments on the letter, as it speaks for itself, in the clearest and most satisfactory manner. We recommend it to the especial *perusal of our Democratic friends:*

EAST PASCAGOULA, Sept. 4th, 1848.

DEAR SIR: On the 22d day of April last, I addressed you a letter explaining my views in regard to various matters of public policy, lest my fellow citizens might be misled by the many contradictory and conflicting statements in respect to them which appeared in the journals of the day and were circulated throughout the country. I now find myself misrepresented and misunderstood upon another point, of such importance to myself personally, if not to the country at large, as to claim from me a candid but connected exposition of my relations to the public in regard to the pending presidential canvass

The utmost ingenuity has been expended upon several letters and detatched sentences of letters which have recently appeared over my signature, to show that I occupy an equivocal attitude towards the various parties into which the people are devided, and especially towards the Whig party as represented by the National Convention, which assembled in Philadelphia in June last. Had the letters and scraps of letters been published or construed in connection with what I have heretofore said upon this subject, I should not now have to complain of the speed with which my answers to isolated questions have been given up to the captious criticism of those who have been made by enemies by a nomination which has been tendered to me without solicitation or arrangement of mine, or of the manner in which selected passages in some of my letters, written in the freedom and carelessness of a confidential correspondence, have been communicated to the public press—But riven from the context, and separated from a series of explanatory facts and circumstances which are, in so far as this canvass is concerned, historical, they are as deceptive as though they were positive fabrications. I address you this letter to correct the injustice that has been done me, and the public to the extent that I am an object of interest to them, by this illiberal process.

I shall not weary you by an elaborate recital of every incident connected with the first presentation of my name as a candidate for the Presidency. I was then at the head of the American army in the Valley of the Rio Grande. I was surrounded by Whigs and Democrats who had stood by me in the trying hours of my life, and whom it was my destiny to conduct through scenes of still greater trial. My duty to that army and to the Republic, whose battles we were waging, forbade my assuming a position of seeming hostility to any portion of the brave men under my command—all of whom knew I was a Whig in principle, for I made no concealment of my political sentiments or predilections.

Such had been the violence of party struggles during our late presidential elections, that the acceptance of a nomination under the rigorous interpretations given to the obligations of a candidate presented to the public with a formulary of political principles, was equivalent almost to a declaration of uncompromising enmity to all who did not subscribe to its tenets. I was unwilling to hazard the effect of such relationship towards any of the soldiers under my command, when in front of an enemy common to us all. It would have been unjust in itself, and it was as repugnant to my own feelings, as it was to my duty. I wanted unity in the army, and forebore any act that might sow the seeds of distrust and discord in its ranks. I have not my letters written, at the time, before me, but they are all of one import, and in conformity with the views herein expressed.

Meanwhile I was solicited by my personal friends and by strangers, by Whigs and Democrats, to consent to become a candidate. I was nominated by the people in primary assemblies—by Whigs, Democrats and Natives, in separate and mixed meetings. I resisted them all, and continued to do so till led to believe that my opposition was assuming the aspect of a defiance of the popular wishes. I yeilded only when it looked like presumption to resist longer, and even then I should not have done so had not the nomination been presented to me in a form unlikely to awaken acrimony or re-produce the bitterness of feeling which attends popular elections. I say it in sincerity and truth, that a part of the inducement to my consent was the hope that by going into the canvass, it would be conducted with candor, if not with kindness. It has been no fault of mine that this anticipation has proved a vain one.

After I permitted myself to be announced for the Presidency, under the circumstances above noticed, I accepted nomination after nomination, in the spirit in which they were tendered. They were made irrespective of parties, and so acknowledged. No one who joined in those nominations could have been deceived as to my political views. From the begining till now I have declared myself to be a Whig on all proper occasions. With this distinct avowal published to the world, I did not think that I had a right to repel nominations from political opponents any more than I had a right to refuse the vote of a Democrat at the polls, and I proclaimed it a broad, that I should not reject the proffered support of any body of my fellow citizens. This was my position when, in November last, I returned to the United States; long before either of the great divisions of the people had held a national convention, and when it was thought doubtful if one of them would hold any.

Matters stood in this attitude till spring, when there were so many statements in circulation concerning my views upon questions of national policy, that I felt constrained to correct the errors into which the public mind was falling, by a more explicit enunciation of principles, which I did in my letter to you in April last. That letter, and the facts which I have detailed as briefly as a proper understanding of them would permit, developed my whole position in relation to the Presidency at the time.

The Democratic Convention met in May, and composed their ticket to suit them. This they had a right to do. The National Whig Convention met in June, and selected me as their candidate. I accepted the nomination with gratitude and with pride. I was proud of the confidence of such a body of men representing such a constituency as the Whig party of the United States—a manifestation the more grateful because it was not cumbered with exactions incompatible with the dignity of the Presidential office, and the responsibilities of its incumbent to the whole people of he nation. And I may add, that these emotions were increased by associating my name with that of the distinguished citizen of New York, whose acknowledged abilities and sound conservative opinions might have justly entitled him to the first place on the ticket.

The Convention adopted me as it found me—a Whig—decided but not ultra in my opinions, and I should be without excuse if I were to shift the relationship which subsisted at the time. They took me with the declaration of principles I had published to the world, and I should be without defence if I were to say or to do anything to impair the force of that declaration.

I have said that I would accept a nomination from democrats, but in so doing, I would not abate one jot or tittle of my opinions as written down. Such a nomination, as indicating a coincidence of opinion on the part of those making it, should not be regarded with disfavor by those who think with me; as a compliment personal to myself, it should not be expected that I would repulse them with insult. I shall not modify my views to entice them to my side; I shall not reject their aid when they join my friends voluntarily.

I have said I was not a Party Candidate, nor am I in that straightened and sectarian sense which would prevent my being the President of the whole people, in case of my election. I did not regard myself as one before the Convention met, and that body did not seek to make me different from what I was. They did not fetter me down to a series of pledges, which were to be an iron rule in all, and in despite of all the contingences that might arise in the course of a Presidential term. I am not engaged to lay violent hands indiscriminately upon public officers good or bad, who may differ in opinion with me. I am not expected to force Congress by the coercion of the Veto, to pass laws to suit me, or pass none. This is what I mean by not being a party candidate. And I understand this is good Whig doctrine—I would not be a *partizan* President, and hence should not be a party candidate in the sense that would make me one. This is the sum and substance of my meaning, and this is the purport of the facts and circumstances attending my nomination, when considered in their connection with, and dependence upon one another. I refer all persons who are anxious on the subject, to this statement for the proper understanding of my position towards the Presidency and the people. If it is not intelligible, I cannot make it so, and shall cease to attempt it.

In taking leave of the subject, I have only to add, that my two letters to you embrace all the topics I design to speak of pending this canvass. If I am elected, I shall do all that an honest zeal may effect to cement the bonds of our Union and establish the happiness of my countrymen upon an enduring basis.

Z. TAYLOR.

To Capt. J. S. ALLISON.

"DISSOLVE AND BE D——D!"

The Hon. Henry Badinger, the Representative of this Congressional District in the House of Representatives, addressed the people of Jefferson, at Charleston, on Monday the 21st inst. He was replied to by Andrew Hunter, and such a reply, (if we may credit the concurrent testimony of all who have spoken of it to us,) has not been heard in this District since the memorable "Stuart and Lucas" discussion, which has passed into a proverb. Our object, however, is not to refer to the merits of this discussion, further than to notice the following remarks of Mr. B. at the close of his rejoinder, as quoted by the Free Press:

"I would not yield a solitary inch of that country, [referring to the recently acquired territory] "for the whole Union! They" [the North] "might dissolve and be d——d!"

And these are the sentiments of the men who impudently denounced the Whigs as "Moral Traitors," for daring to differ from the President's views of the necessity and propriety of a foreign War!—Aye, it is Moral Treason to refuse to join in mischievous and unholy crusade—on the pretence of "enlarging the area of freedom"—against the property of such governments as have the misfortune to be our weaker neighbor, whilst it is of the very essence of Patriotism to excite jealousies among the citizens the different States of our glorious confederacy, with a reckless disregard of consequences, even to the extent of provoking a dissolution of the Union!!

Time was, when the reckless individual who could have alluded to a dissolution of this Union, except in terms of earnest deprecation of such an event, would either have been regarded as a fit subject for a lunatic asylum, or have suffered the just consequences of his temerity as the object of universal loathing and abhorrence.—Who does not remember the voice of indignant remonstrance raised by men of all parties in Western Virginia, against the Nullifiers of South Carolina, who threatened to raise their hands to destroy the ark of our political covenant? Who can forget the full tide of a nation's grateful thanks which poured forth in honor of Henry Clay, by whose noble efforts the impending danger was averted? What patriot heart has not shuddered at the contemplation of the designs of the miserable fanatics, whom the fell spirit of abolition has prompted to unhallowed attempts against the Union?

And now, every maudlin demagogue, who possesses neither the brains nor the patriotism to appreciate this priceless heritage of our fathers, is patiently listened to, whilst he prates of disunion as glibly, though far more irreverently than a jockey would speak of parting with a favorite horse!

Will that portion of the Democracy who *do reflect*, never awake, until it is too late, to the dangers into which these hair-brained politicians are hurrying the country? Has the Union really acquired so little value in their eyes, that they deem it a becoming subject for the profane ribaldy of political mountebanks, who scoff at patriotism, and who regard political principles only in the light of marketable commodities? Surely they have lost all regard for the country for which Washington fought and Warren died—surely they have not cast to the winds the hallowed recollections of the days, that tried men's souls! They cannot so readily forget the common toils and sufferings of our sires, as to allow these charlatans to fan a flame which threatens to destroy the temple of rational liberty where our fathers worshipped,—the august monument of their wisdom, reared in a spirit of holy compromise, and in the hope that it would endure through all future time! Will not our Democratic brethren pause for a while, to consider the inestimable value of the Union—the blessings it has dispensed and is dispensing? will they not look abroad upon this fair heritage where only the blessings of free government are dispensed alike to the rich and the poor;—where only, the alien and the stranger finds a refuge from the tyranny and oppression of less favored lands—where the beacon light of freedom sends up its cheering flame to animate the hopes of the oppressed nations of the earth, and to guide them in their pilgrimage from political degradation and despair? Have they pondered over the anticipation the fearful consequences likely to ensue from the dissolution of this bond of brotherhood? are they prepared for all the incalculable evils of anarchy—the horrors of civil war? No, no! In the hour of danger the people of America, with a few unworthy exceptions, will not prove recreant to the sacred obligations of patriotism; they will, Whigs and Democrats, rally around the ever-glorious stars and stripes, the standard of the whole Union—they will swear upon the altar of our common country "to stand by the Constitution;" and their watchwords will be the immortal sentence, "*Liberty* and *Union* now and forever, one and inseparable!"—*Berkley County (Va.) Gazette.*

A CONTRAST—HERO OF BUENA Vista—Hero of Hull's Surrender.

We copy the following from the Albany Evening Journal. The statements are declared to be in strict accordance with historical truth; the contrast is a striking one:

On the 21st February, 1847, when the countless army of Santa Anna had taken up their position at Buena Vista, to vanquish the Spartan band of citizen soldiers under the command of Gen. Taylor, this pure and brave man thus wrote in a private letter to a friend:

"This may be the last communication you will receive from me; I have been stripped by the government of regular troops and reduced to volunteers; and thus stripped and at the mercy of the foe, have been expected to retreat or resign; but I shall do neither. I care not for myself, but feel deeply for the noble soldiers who are about to be sacrificed for their country—we shall stand still and give them battle relying on a just Providence for a right result."

We do not quote this extract to eulogise its brave author, but to present a contrast furnished by an incident in the history of Gen. Cass. While the American army was stationed at Windsor, General Cass, accompanied by Col. Miller, was permitted by Gen. Hull to make a reconnoisance toward Fort Malden. In approaching the Canards river, a party of British troops were observed on the bridge These were fired upon and speedily retreated in confusion. "Instead of pursuing them, Gen. Cass bivouked on the bridge," and sent a messenger to Gen. Hull, asking him what he should do? Gen. Hull replied that he could remain or return, just as he pleased—he would assume no responsibility in the matter. Gen. Cass returned, although, as his biographers admit, if he had followed up his advantage, "*Fort Malden would have fallen at once.*"

This is the contrast:—When Gen. Taylor was at Buena Vista, it was very decidedly intimated to him that he ought to abandon his position and fall back upon Monterey. But he knew that this would be disgrace to himself, and disaster to the army. To retreat would be to open the entire valley of the Rio Grande to the Mexico hordes under Santa Anna. He therefore determined to "stand and give them battle." "Retreat" was a word which could not be found in his vocabulary. The result is known to the world. The battle of Buena Vista was fought and won, and the valley of the Rio Grande was held by the Army. The mischief which would have resulted from allowing the host of Mexicans which were whipped at that great battle, to scatter themselves over the vast plains occupied by our army—to attack the several feeble garrisoned posts in detail—can only be appreciated by military men, but not fully by civilians.

But how was it when Gen Cass was similarly situated? Fort Malden was the key to the western district of Upper Canada. It was to that region what Buena Vista was to the Valley of the Rio Grande. This was known to Gen. Cass. Indeed the importance of its capture has been the subject of deliberation before a Council of War; and during that Council Col. Cass professed himself very anxious to lead on his troops. But he was bolder in Council than on the field. When he might have pursued the retreating enemy, and rendered his name glorious as a Hero, he did, what General Taylor would not do under similar circumstances: he 'retreated.'

It is true he was not fully empowered to lay siege to Fort Malden—nor was he forbidden to do so. He was left with discretionary powers; so was Gen. Taylor at Buena Vista. He could retreat or advance as he pleased. If he had advanced—if he had followed up the advantage which he obtained at the Bridge—"Malden would have fallen," and the subsequent disasters which fell upon our army—the disgraceful surrender of Detroit—the possesion of Michigan by the British—and the expensive but glorious battle of the Thames—would have been avoided. That we may not be accused of exaggeration, we quote from the Argus's Biography of Gen. Cass. In the 3d number of that Biography, we find the following.

"The only body of regular troops in garrison at Malden, with the militia and Indians, had been defeated with loss, in a well contested battle, and the town and garrison itself would have fallen an easy prey to the advancing troops, before they could possibly have been succored from Forts George and Erie on the distant Niagara. It required but a commander-in-chief of energy, decision and courage to have prosecuted it to a triumphant result."

"The late John Kenzie, Esq., of Chicago, then a prisoner at Malden, informed the writer, in 1821, that there were no troops but those whom Col. Cass had engaged, and that the town, if it had been attacked, would have fallen at once."

Without following up these extracts today with the remarks which they suggest, we ask the reader to contrast the facts they embody, with those connected with the history of the battle of Buena Vista. Gen. Taylor knew the importance of preventing the enemy from passing into the Valley of the Rio Grande, and although his superiors had intimated to him that he should "retreat," he would do no such thing. He "stood still"—waited the approach of the enemy—fought them and whipped them.

Gen. Cass knew the importance of obtaining the possession of Fort Malden.—He knew too, that the citizens and soldiers at the Fort were in a panic He had pretended, a few days previously, to be very anxious to capture the Fort. He was now at the head of a strong detachment of brave men—mostly regulars under the gallant Col. Miller. He had obtained an advantage at the Bridge. It was optional with him whether to advance or retreat. If he had advanced, Malden "would have fallen an easy prey to the advancing troops"—and Michigan would have been saved from the polluting tread of the enemy. But he ignominiously retreated, because Gen. Hull did not peremptorily command him to advance; and a series of degradations followed, which were only wiped out by Gen. Harrison at the decisive and memorable battle of the Thames.

Let those who seek to glorify Gen. Cass as a Hero, draw a veil over this incident in his history!

FURTHER EXPOSURE OF DOUBLE DEALING.

Some hitherto concealed and important facts, still further revealing the vascillating conduct and character to Gen. Cass in relation to the Wilmot Proviso, are brought to light in a long address "to the Southern States" by a citizen of Michigan, in the National Intelligencer. The editors vouch for his trustworthiness, though "the general complexion of his politics are democratic." The object of the writer is to warn the South to pause before she gives her confidence to a man who has assumed as many forms and colors as the chameleon. It appears by his narrative that in March, 1844, Mr. Lathrop, Speaker of the Michigan House of Representatives, left the chair to offer a resolution deprecating the annexation of Texas, as calculated to extend the area of slavery and as a violation of the spirit of the constitution. The committee to whom it was referred, reported it to the House within five days, the chairman (Wm. N. McLeod) having first, as he testifies, submitted it to General Cass, who expressed his approbation of it, and it passed on the 9th of the month.

In a letter from C. K. Green, Esq., a highly respectable gentlemen, now of the city of Detroit, dated at Niles, October 13, 1844, he makes the following statement to the Hon. J. W. Howard:

NILES, October 13, 1844.

"Dear Sir: I have to say, in answer to your letter of the 9th inst., that while in the city of Detroit, about the middle of April last, I was in the habit of meeting and conversing with Gen. Cass daily. The subject of politics was introduced by Gen Cass, and he would comment freely upon political men and measures. Upon one occasion I had a conversation with Gen. Cass, on the plank walk in front of Col Howard's house, the subject of which was the 'Tyler Texas Treaty,' upon which *he made very severe comments. He said he was opposed to the annexation of Texas upon any terms;* that we already had more territory than we knew what to do with, and the more territory we possessed the greater would be the difficulty of preserving the Union; that if we annexed more territory to please the South, we should be forced into a war with England to annex Canada, to please the North. It was intimated to Gen. Cass that England might secure Texas as a colony; to which he replied: *My God! if England wants Texas let her have it;* WE DON'T. *It is better for us to have a civilized than a barbarian nation for a neighbor.*"

The Baltimore Convention was then about to meet for the nomination of President. Mr. Hannegan, a member of the Senate from Indiana, was friendly to the nomination of Gen. Cass. He addressed a letter to him shortly after the conversation with Mr. Green, above described, requesting his views on the annexation of Texas to the Union. Gen. Cass replied, but in a manner not entirely satisfactory to his friends at Washington. He was requested to be more explicit, and the famous *Fraser Magazine* letter was the result. In that precious production *he reversed his willingness to let England have Texas, and went as far as the farthest in favor of annexing her to the United States*

On the 16th of August, 1846, the U. S. Senate took up the Two Million bill, with the Wilmot Proviso in it, which had been sent to it from the other House. Then Mr. Cass, as Senator Miller and others have demonstrated, was professedly in *favor of it.* At the next session, in 1847 he made a speech *against it*, because it was not well timed—having ten days before written the remarkable letter to Mr. Wilson, of Ann Harbor, which we published last week, & in which he made the remarkable declaration that the Wilmot Proviso "*would be death to all our hopes of getting an acre of Territory.*"

In December, 1847, he wrote the Nicholson letter, declaring that the principle of the Proviso should be kept out of Congress and that he was opposed to any legislation on the subject. This procured his nomination, and he ended by adopting the Baltimore platform out and out. But his personal and political friends in Michigan, including her members of Congress—have since the doctrine of free soil has been proclaimed,—taken extreme positions in favor of the Proviso! Such is Lewis Cass—the new northern man with southern principles. Who will trust him.—*Newark Advertiser.*

LEWIS CASS!

How many recollections cluster around the name.—*Chapman's Sentinel.*

Ah, yes, how many recollections and visions cluster around that name, to be sure! And then *such* recollections and visions! Just think of them! Visions of the nice young schoolmaster strutting through the streets of Wilmington with a black cockade in his hat—visions of a militia colonel breaking his sword over a stump rather than surrender it to the British, but quietly surrendering himself unbroken—visions of the same militia colonel standing before a court-martial and attempting to procure the conviction and the execution of an aged General by testimony under oath directly the reverse of his own repeatedly written statements—visions of a Territorial Governor with his arm up to the shoulder in the National Treasury drawing out nearly $100,000 in the shape of extra pay and helping himself, the unconscionable glutton, to five rations per day—visions of the same Territorial Governor, pen in hand, signing a law to punish, with stripes upon the bare back, or to knock down to the highest bidder, white men and white women for walking at night, or neglecting their work, or appearing a little sullen or stubborn toward those claiming to be their superiors—visions of a Secretary of War getting up an association with a capital of $20,000 to speculate in Western lands, and submitting quietly and in silence to a charge of villainy from his associates—visions of the same Secretary of War, under the very eye of the President, fleeing like a guilty thing from the house of a distinguished citizen of Boston at sight of an accomplished lady who had addressed a letter to him he dared not answer—visions of a minister to France seeking the royal favor by a prohibition to his own sturdy countrymen to appear in presence of Majesty except in full court dress—visions of the same foreign minister writing a fulsome book to glorify the reign of a despot who has since been driven forth an exile from his kingdom on account of his grinding and intolerable tyranny—visions of the same foreign minister sternly refusing to give a statement of facts, within his own personal knowledge, for the vindication of the calumniated character of Gen. Harrison, but officiously proffering that statement in the strongest terms the very moment Gen. Harrison became *President* Harrison—visions of a Senator in Congress raging for war and bloodshed on all occasions, with or without cause, yet voting to censure Gen. Taylor for his glorious victory at Monterey, and to degrade both Gen. Taylor and Gen. Scott by a vote in favor of the appointment of a lawyer to the chief command of the army—visions of the same Senator in Congress literally quarrelling for an opportunity to record his vote in favor of the Wilmot proviso, then dodging the question of the proviso, and then coming out openly against it—visions of a candidate for the Presidency proclaiming to his own friends in a very audible tone that the noise and confusion would prevent him from being heard if he were to answer the questions addressed to him by their chairman—visions of the same candidate for the Presidency lending himself to the base and miserable fraud of the publication of two contradictory lives of himself, one for the North and the other for the South—visions of the schoolmaster, the militia colonel, the Territorial Governor, the Secretary of War, the Senator in Congress, and the Presidential candidate, shifting from party to party, serving all masters and avowing and disavowing all possible opinions and all conceivable principles, steady only to the single determination of promoting the object of his own selfish and guilty ambition!—*Louisville Journal.*

HARMONIOUS LOCOFOCOISM.—There is a deal of brotherly love, kindly sympathy, and fraternal appreciation existing among the Ohio Locofocos. WELLER, their candidate for Governor, calls the Barnburners "scurvy sheep;" and Ex-Senator TAPPAN retorts by calling the Weller Party "whiskey democrats." The Wellerisms of the loco aspirant are very numerous, and are affectionately paraded in the papers of the barnburning division of the party.

Mr. Freaner, the correspondent of the New Orleans Delta, acted, it is said, as one of the auctioneers in the sale of government property at Vera Cruz, realizing $10,000 in commissions on the sale.

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