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THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

BY T. J. HEADLEY.

At length Moscow, with its domes, and towers, and palaces, appeared in sight; and Napoleon, who had joined the advanced guard, gazed long and thoughtfully on that goal of his wishes. Murat went forward and entered the gates with his splendid cavalry; but as he passed through the streets, he was struck by the solitude that surrounded him. Nothing was heard but the heavy tramp of his squadrons as he passed along, for a deserted and abandoned city was the meager prize for which such unparalleled efforts had been made. As night drew its curtain over the splendid capital, Napoleon entered the gates and immediately appointed Mortier governor. In his directions he commanded him to abstain from all pillage.

For this," said he, "you shall be answerable with your life. Defend Moscow against all, whether friend or foe." The bright moon rose over the mighty city, tipping with silver the domes of more than two hundred churches, and pouring a flood of light over a thousand inhabitants. The weary army sunk to rest; but there was no sleep for Mortier's eyes. Not the gorgeous and variegated palaces and their rich ornaments—nor the parks and gardens, and Oriental magnificence that every where surrounded him, kept him wakeful, but the ominous foreboding that some dire calamity was hanging over the silent capital. When he entered it, scarcely a living soul met his gaze as he looked down the long streets; and when he opened the buildings, he found parlors and bed rooms and chambers all furnished and in order, but no occupants. This sudden abandonment of their homes betokened some secret purpose yet to be fulfilled.

The midnight moon sailing over the city, when the cry of "fire!" reached the ears of Mortier; and the first light over Napoleon's falling empire was kindled, and that most wonderful scene of modern times commenced. The burning of Moscow.—Mortier, as governor of the city, immediately issued his orders, and was putting forth every exertion, when at daylight Napoleon hastened to him. Affecting to disbelieve the reports that the inhabitants were firing their own city, he put more rigid commands on Mortier, to keep the soldiers from the work of destruction. The Marshal simply pointed to some iron covered houses that had not yet been opened, from every crevice of which smoke was issuing like steam from the sides of a pent-up volcano. Sad and thoughtful, Napoleon turned towards the Kremlin, the ancient palaces of the Czars whose huge structure rose above the surrounding edifices.

In the morning, Mortier by great exertions, was enabled to subdue the fire. But the next night, Sept. 15th, at midnight, the sentries on watch upon the lofty Kremlin, saw below them the flames bursting through the houses and palaces, and the cry of "fire! fire!" passed through the city. The dread scene had now fairly opened. Fiery balloons were seen dropping from the air and lighting upon the houses—dull explosions were heard on every side from the shut up dwellings and the next moment a bright light burst forth, and the flames were raging through the apartments. All was uproar and confusion. The serene air and moonlight of the night before had given way to driving clouds, and a wild tempest that swept with the roar of the sea over the city. Flames arose on every side, blazing and crackling in the storm, while clouds of smoke and sparks in an incessant shower went driving towards the Kremlin. The clouds themselves seemed turned into fire, rolling in wrath over devoted Moscow. Mortier, crushed with the responsibility thus thrown upon his shoulders, moved with his Young Guard amid this desolation, blowing up the houses and facing the tempest and the flames—struggling nobly to arrest the conflagration.

He hastened from place to place amid the blazing ruins, his face blackened with the smoke, and his hair and eye-brows signed with the fierce heat. At length, day dawned, a day of tempest and of flame; and Mortier, who had strained every nerve for thirty-six hours, entered a palace and dropped down from fatigue. The manly form and stalwart arm that had so often carried death into the ranks of the enemy, as length gave way, and the gloomy Marshal lay and panted in utter exhaustion. But the night of tempest had been succeeded by a day of tempests; and when night again enveloped the city, it was one broad flame, wavering to and fro in the blast. The wind had increased to a perfect hurricane, and shifted from quarter to quarter as if on purpose to swell the sea of fire and extinguish the last hope. The fire was approaching the Kremlin, and already the roar of the flames and the crash of falling houses, and the cracking of burning timbers were borne to the ears of the startled Emperor. He arose and walked to and fro, stopping convulsively and gazing on the terrific scene. Murat, Eugene, and Berthier rushed into his presence, and on their knees besought him to flee; but he still clung to that haughty palace, as if it were his Empire.

But at length the shout, "The Kremlin is on fire!" was heard above the roar of the conflagration, and Napoleon reluctantly consented to leave. He descended into the streets with his staff, and looked about for a way of egress, but the flames blocked every passage. At length they discovered a postern gate leading to the Moskwa, and entered it, but they had only rushed still farther into the danger. As Napoleon cast his eye around the open space, girdled and arched with fire, smoke and cinders, he saw one single street yet open, but all on fire. Into this he rushed

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and amid the crash of falling houses and raving of the flames—over burning ruins, through clouds of rolling smoke, and between walls of fire, he pressed on; and at length, half suffocated, emerged in safety from the blazing city, and took up his quarters in the imperial palace of Petowsky, nearly three miles distant. Mortier relieved from his anxiety for the Emperor redoubled his efforts to arrest the conflagration. His men cheerfully rushed into every danger. Breathing nothing but smoke and ashes,—canopied by flame, and smoke and cinders—surrounded by walls of fire that rocked to and fro and fell with a crash amid the blazing ruins, carrying down with them red hot roofs of iron; he struggled against an enemy that no boldness could awe, or courage overcome. Those brave troops had heard the tramp of thousands of cavalry sweeping to battle without fear; but now they stood in still terror before the march of the conflagration, under whose burning footsteps was heard the cessant crash of falling houses, and palaces and churches. The continuous roar of the raging hurricane, mingled with that of the flames, was more terrible than the thunder of artillery; and before this new foe in the midst of this battle of the elements, the awe-struck army stood powerless and affrighted.

When night again descended on the city, it presented a spectacle the like of which was never seen before, and which baffles all description. The streets were streets of fire—the heavens a canopy of fire, and the entire body of the city a mass of fire, fed by a hurricane that whirled the blazing fragments in a constant stream through the air. Incessant explosions from the blowing up of the stores of oil, and tar, and spirits, shook the very foundations of the city, and sent vast volumes of smoke rolling furiously towards the sky. Huge sheets of canvass on fire came floating like messengers of death through the flames—the towers and domes of the churches and palaces glowed with a red-hot heat over the wild sea below, then tottering a moment on their basis were hurled by the tempest into the common ruin. Thousands of wretches before unseen, were driven by the heat from the cellars and hovels, and streamed in an incessant throng through the streets. Children were seen carrying their parents—the strong the weak; while thousands more were staggering under the loads of plunder they had snatched from the flames. This, too, would frequently take fire in the falling shower, and the miserable creatures would be compelled to drop it and flee for their lives. Oh, it was a scene of woe and fear inconceivable and indescribable! A mighty and close-packed city of houses and churches and palaces, wrapped from limit to limit in flames which are fed by a whirling hurricane, is a sight this world will seldom see.

But this was all within the city. To Napoleon without, the spectacle was still more sublime and terrible. When the flames had overcome all obstacles and wrapped every thing in their red mantle, that great city looked like a sea of rolling fire, swept by a tempest that drove it into vast billows. Huge domes and towers, throwing off sparks like blazing fire brands, and towered above these waves and now disappeared in their maddening flow, as they rushed and broke high over their tops; scattering their spray of fire against the clouds. The heavens themselves seemed to have caught the conflagration, and the angry masses that swept it, rolled over a bosom of fire. Columns of flames would rise and sink along the surface of this sea, and huge volumes of black smoke suddenly shoot into the air as if volcanoes were working below. The black form of the Kremlin alone, towered above the chaos, now wrapped in flame and smoke and again emerging into view—standing amid this scene of desolation and terror, like virtue in the midst of a burning world, enveloped but unscathed by the devouring elements.—Napoleon stood and gazed on this scene in silent awe. Though nearly three miles distant, the windows and walls of the apartment were so hot that he could scarcely bear his hand against them. Said he years afterwards:

"It was the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, and clouds of flame, mountains of red rolling flame, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the ocean of flame below. Oh! it was the most grand, the most sublime, and the most terrific sight the world ever beheld."

A Baltimore Monument.—The Philadelphia Times says that Boston is very justly called the Monumental City. The following inscription found on a monument in one of the grave-yards of that city, says the Times, has been copied for us by a friend, *verbum et literatim*: "Here lies the remains of a very worthy and respectable citizen who kept a grocery, and chandelier establishment at the corner of — and — streets. This stone is erected by his bereaved and disconsolate widow, who takes this opportunity to inform her friends that she intends to carry on her husband's former business at the same place, and wants to get the custom and patronage of all her husband's many former friends and customers."

PRAIRIE AND MOUNTAIN LIFE. GOING A BULL.

One of our fellow travellers, who sought the mountains for health, recreation and novelty, without any speculating aim whatever, was a plain, blunt, good humored, and free spoken man, by the name of OGLE, from somewhere in Illinois, if memory serves correctly. On the 22d of July, the day we reached Independence Rock, he was out far from camp, in company with our excellent little surgeon, Tilghman; both of them always active and eager in search of game. They had encountered various stray groups of Buffalo, succeeding admirably in scaring them, one after another, out of sight, when late in the day, they were lucky enough to cripple a veteran bull so badly, that they were enabled to follow and overtake him on their mules. Popping another ball or two into the old beast, he dropped, rolled his eyes, tossed his head angrily, and then lay still, apparently quite dead, while the victorious hunters jumped from their saddles, hobbled their mules, drew their knives, and prepared for the butchering, in great exultation. Little surgeon Tilghman, a passionate, and already accomplished student in anatomy, had conceived an intense desire to obtain and carry home with him, should he get back, the complete skull, horns, and scalp of a buffalo. Actuated by this inclination, he now set to work, cautiously examining the physiognomical aspect, and phrenological presentation of his new subject; during which in enthusiastic forgetfulness, he seated himself upon the animal's shoulder, leaning over between the horns, and enjoying in the fullest degree, his new and fantastical ottoman. Ogle, more intent upon procuring meat, and returning to camp, had sharpened his knife, and made a vigorous cut near his tail, to commence the operation of skinning. A violent shake of the bull's head, intimating, no doubt, in an instant sent the surgeon rolling five yards distant, and the mule rolled then picked himself up, and took to his pedal propellers, may be interesting to imagine; while Ogle, who was a stout, round shouldered, and slow-motioned man, was suddenly seized with a nimble fit, that sent him jumping over the sage bushes and getting out of the way with that extraordinary rate of speed rendered classic in the famous epic of 'Old Dan Tucker.' Strange as it then appeared, and strange as it must now seem in reading, the mortally wounded bull rose and ran a full half a mile from the spot where it first fell, while Ogle, and the surgeon, after recovering from their consternation, mounted their mules, and followed the runaway game, with desperate determination not to be swindled out of their supper. The bull stopped, worn with weakness almost to the last gasp, and turned upon his pursuers. In an instant two more balls were driven into the creature's side, and, after moving a step or two, and glaring wildly around him, down he tumbled, head foremost, as before. Surgeon Tilghman thought proper to maintain a respectable distance for a few moments, before resuming his scientific examination of the animal's skull; but Ogle, who possessed as daring a spirit as any man alive, and whose eye uneasily marked the sun plunging lower and lower momentarily towards his fiery western couch, walked cautiously but firmly up to the beast, and deliberately stuck his knife up to the handle in the region of its liver. What was the astonishment of the two amateur buffalo butchers, when the tortured monster again tore the earth with its short horns, and struggled furiously to its feet! The Surgeon was on his mule, and fifty yards distant, in an instant. Ogle was not so lucky, for his mule was on the opposite side of the bull, while his rifle stood against a sage bush in another direction. To get possession of both was impossible, and he could only precipitately seize the gun and make off on foot with an expedition at once alarming and ludicrous. Ogle ran like a man about to dive into the water for a swim, and as he started, and jumped over, and cut round the sage bushes, that grew thick and high all over the ground, and turning quickly every moment to see if the bull was after him; tripping, stumbling, and falling, and falling again in many desperate efforts to recover himself, he was at length doubled up, straightened out again, twisted, wriggled, and bounded about, in contortions so unchristian-like and inconceivable, that nothing like it may be mentioned, unless one can imagine such a freak of modern improvements, as Calvin Edson, manufactured into a rubber suit, by means of a blown up India rubber suit, and running a race with whirlwind!

The bull dashed violently after Ogle a few minutes, but paused again, too weak to continue the chase. There is something most appealing and piteous in the slow turning of these huge creatures from side to side, and the indescribable glare of their dark eye-balls, when struggling between death and impotent rage. Pain, misery, anger, wonder, blind fury, and overwhelming terror, seem to speed in this minute denotement of departing life. Again and again will they recognize themselves from the approaches of death, and make new efforts at escape and

venge. This poor bull suddenly discovered Ogle's hat on a sage bush, where he had left it, and making a plunge, the animal drove one of his short horns right through it, so that when he rose erect again, he had the hat sticking upside down upon his head. Nothing could exceed the absurd effect of this picture. A witness of the scene might have observed Doctor Tilghman in the distance, rolling from side to side upon his mule, in an ecstasy of laughter, while Ogle, having just paused from his flight, and turned, stood staring at the bull, with a hat on, in the most ludicrous amazement. "Well, you may take my hat," said Ogle, "seeing as you've got it already, and seem to have no notion of dying." The next moment the bull fell forward, panting in agony, upon its fore knees, starting still more wildly, and then slowly rolled over on its side with a long gurgling gasp; that together with the stiffening out of his legs, told the work to be at length fairly over. Day was just sinking to a close, when the two successful sportsmen got to work in earnest with their knives upon the warm carcass; Ogle stripping off his skin to get to the meat, while the Doctor was sawing at the under jaw to get the tongue out, which latter operation was rendered perplexingly difficult, on account of the beast having plunged his nose into a stubborn cluster of the everlasting *artemisia*, as he fell. To cut a tongue out conveniently and well, the head should be turned up, so as to rest upon its horns, but in this case the old bull, as if bent on giving his butchers as much trouble as possible, with malice prepense and aforethought, rammed his proboscis tight into an abominable sage brush, so that the little Doctor had to tug like a Trojan to turn the ponderous skull even a few inches, to get a chance with his knife at the throat. Night lowered over our camp at Rock Independence, and nobody could tell anything about Ogle or the Doctor. Signal guns were fired at dusk, at dark, at seven, eight, and nine o'clock, but still they did not appear, and it was near ten, when the amateurs at length found camp, with a supply of fresh meat, and the Doctor's laughable history of *going a Bull*.

FROM THE SAVANNAH REPUBLICAN. *Small Matters.*—The present Congress seem resolved to give a pretty fair illustration of what is meant by Democratic economy. After charging the Whigs with extravagance because they reduced the expenditures of the Government to something less than \$24,000,000, and levied duties upon imports to an extent sufficient to pay not only the current expenses, but the Locooco debt of the nation, these very men, according to a statement recently made in the Senate, will have to appropriate at least *fifty-four millions* of dollars during the present session! If all the public Bills pass, the amount will be swelled up to \$68,766,668!!! This is done under the pretext that the country is in a state of war, and in order to complete the debt of *twenty per cent.* is taken out of Mr. Ritchie's printing account—but nothing like \$60,000 on a single job! It is not the people to be deceived however. These immense sums are not given for legitimate war purposes. Much of the money is distributed in the payment of *jeoncontracts* given to political favorites, a for the support of partizan dependants — at no inconsiderable portion of it is sandered, not only uselessly, but fraudulently. It will be recollected that during the profligacy of Mr. Van Buren's administration it was alleged that a certain member of Congress from the Eastern States actually boxed up and shipped home a large quantity of superior paper (some of it same wastefulness and extravagance a small way are beginning again to be imitated. The Clerk of the House of Representatives recently advertised, "as we learn in an exchange paper, "for estimates furnish the members of the 29th Congress with 800 English pen-knives, four blades, best pearl, stag, or buck handles, of the highest finish and of the best quality; the pattern well known as the "Congress Knife."—Twenty dozen ditto, to be distributed, making just four hundred and eighty knives for each member, and over, for which we suppose they will like and inconceivable, that nothing like "Here are \$1550 given for pen-knives; and two more for pocket-handkerchiefs." Why not furnish Mr. Sawyer with his sauses, or Mr. A. B. and C. with their brandy and oysters gratis?—surely this would be but another step in the same grand system of progression. If members of Congress are to be furnished with knives for their families at home, they should not supply the material upon which they use them! And as Mr. Sawyer uses his knife indiscriminately upon *quills* and *usages*, why not furnish these "devoted servants of the dear people" with a supply of the real, genuine *Bologna*? This would tend to elevate the tone of their patriotism, and give them increased vigor for the various *rows* which ennoble themselves from the approaches of death, and make new efforts at escape and

FROM YUCATAN. We are indebted to Capt. J. P. Levy, for the latest advices from Tabasco. He left there on the 13th instant. Advices had just been received from Pechucalsa that a declaration had been made there for Santa Anna and Federalism. Gov. Belches was at the head of the movement. The motives of the insurrection are represented as any thing but patriotic, the chief object being to raise contributions from the indolent agriculturist and overburdened merchants. The conduct of the Government of Yucatan is represented by Captain Levy as marked by duplicity. Professing neutrality, the people are said to be the most virulent enemies we have. Mexicans avail themselves of the anomalous position of Yucatan, and place their vessels under the protection of the Yucatan flag, to screen them from our vessels of war. By these vessels the other ports of Mexico are supplied with provisions and other desirable articles. We have been informed, from a source entirely distinct from Capt. Levy, that the Government of Yucatan is playing with our Government, and that the most influential merchants of the country side with Mexico in the war with the United States, and used all their influence to put down the late *quasi* revolution in Yucatan.—[N. O. Picayune.

THE OLD FRENCH CLAIMS. The House of Representatives yesterday performed an act of grace for which we most cordially give them credit. By a large majority, and against a very strenuous opposition, they passed the bill providing some, though inadequate, indemnity for the French spoliations on American property prior to the year 1800. A generation of men has passed away since these claims were assumed by the Government; they have been strongly reported in favor of by successive committees; they have vanquished the prejudices of numerous opponents in both Houses who have given them a candid examination, and bills have passed one House or the other, at different times, for their relief; but never, until now, has a bill for the object received the concurrent vote of both Houses. It does honor to the justice of Congress, and we rejoice at it. Although many of those enterprising citizens, mariners or merchants, whom these lawless spoliations ruined, have long since sunk into their graves, and cannot be cheered by this act of tardy justice, their children or grand-children, we hope, survive to enjoy its benefit.—[Nat. Int.

The *New Tariff*.—We see that the government paper has been deceived in relation to the valuation of dutiable commodities under the new law. Friday's paper says the duties are to be collected on the "actual market value in our ports; in New York or Philadelphia, not at Canton or Manchester." The reverse is the fact. [N. Y. Sun.

Ad Valorem Duties.—The *ad valorem* duties are all on the foreign valuation, not the value of the articles in this country, as many suppose. This is an important, and will prove a serious, matter to some of our manufacturers.—[Phil. Chronicle.

Pontoon.—The word "pontoon," often used in the accounts from the army, is of French origin, and means a flat-bottomed boat, or lighter; and a "pontoon bridge," is a bridge composed of such craft.

Our cotemporary of the Charleston Evening News, speaking seriously on this subject, says: "Such speculation is unworthy of the men who ought to compose such an assembly."

Attack on Gen. Taylor.—The New Orleans Jeffersonian—an Administration paper—is out in a savage attack upon Gen. Taylor, to whose want of prudence and sagacity it attributes the breaking out of the war upon the frontier, with all the consequences that have resulted. The Tropic regards this attack upon the veteran as an indication of the feelings of the Administration itself; and the Jeffersonian, it seems to think, has been selected to throw out this feeler, with a view of ascertaining how far it may be safe to follow up the assault upon the reputation and feelings of "Old Rough and Ready." We shall see.

The Court of Inquiry.—The Court of Inquiry at Fortress Monroe, in the case of Gen. Gaines, merely met and adjourned on Saturday. Gen. Gaines is closely engaged in preparing a written statement of his case, which will probably be laid before the Court to-day or to-morrow. One of the grounds of justification is, that the Secretary of War, in a letter to Gen. G., under date of November last, speaking for the President, used language which would authorize the General commanding the western division, in a case of "imminent peril," to make requisitions for volunteers. And, should that point not be conclusive of the case, that the call for volunteers was a mere error of judgment, and not an offense against the laws, subjecting the offender to a court martial, and that too upon the former precedent and official admission in the case of the call for the Louisiana volunteers last year.—[Norfolk Beacon.

TWO DAYS LATER FROM MEXICO. PENSACOLA, July 23, 1846. Sir:—The U. S. frigate *Raritan*, commanded by Comdr. J. P. Levy, arrived here yesterday from Vera Cruz, which place she left on the 17th inst., being two days later dates than received at Princeton.

The Vera Cruz papers of the 15th inst. publish the news of the Oregon treaty, under the head of "Very Important News." The state that in consequence of the treaty, Mexican people are called on to make efforts to save their country from the hands of the robbers of the "del Norte." They remind the Mexicans of the time in which the French were driven out of Madrid and the cities of the country in possession of the enemy. This was by a guerilla warfare, in which small parties of the enemy were murdered whenever they were found. Paredes has not left the city of Mexico, and it was found impossible to raise a body of 5000 to follow him. It is the opinion of all well informed persons that there is nothing to prevent Gen. Taylor marching directly to the city of Mexico, and are no troops to oppose him. Gen. Mora, the new commander of the city and city of Vera Cruz, who has succeeded the vice-president Bravo, has entered the city at work every morning on the low sea, adjoining the castle, where he is three additional breast works. About sunset the soldiers are exercised at target firing. They are mostly of large calibre, and throw to a great distance. The American squadron is anchored in the Green Islands. The opinion daily gains that the castle can only be taken by *escalade*, "boarding," as Jack calls it. This the sailors of the squadron are eager to undertake. The British steamer arrived at Vera Cruz on the 14th, without Santa Anna, and the informed now say there is no probability of coming there at all. The yellow fever is making great havoc among the troops both in the castle and in the city. The soldiers being mostly from the interior are not accustomed to the climate of the coast, and, therefore, suffer in health very severely. Vera Cruz could easily be taken by two or three thousand men, who could land their north or south of it.—At present the city is near deserted. Excellent health prevails throughout the squadron, the frigate *Raritan*, alone except on board which vessel the scurvy prevails to a great extent.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT. Andrew Howard, who was executed at Dover, N. H. on the 8th inst, for the murder of Miss Phebe Hanson, in his confession says:—"My conviction is just, my punishment merited. But had I known that I should have been hung, if I was detected, I should never have committed the deed, which doomed me, a young man just in the prime of life, to an ignominious death. I supposed the punishment was imprisonment for life."

A gentleman of Baltimore has ordered as a present to Gen. Taylor, a complete set of camp equipage, made principally of block tin, consisting of 100 pieces, including pans, trays, cups, coffee-pots, knives and forks, &c. &c. The whole of the equipage will weigh not more than 100 lbs, and is yet sufficient to prepare dinner for fifty persons.

Among other "relics," in one of the Egyptian cathedrals, is a bottle full of the identical darkness, with which Moses overpowered the land of Egypt!

A STRIKING FACT. A few days ago, Mr. Cameron presented to the Senate the proposition of a meeting "of Democratic citizens residing in the valley of Wyoming, to present their entire opposition to any extension in the Tariff of 1842"—among prominent actors at which meeting Hendrix B. Wright, Esq., the President of the Baltimore Convention which nominated Polk and Dallas, and by which famous resolutions were adopted of which so much has been said, and in conformity to the doctrines of one of which Mr. D. has professed to consider himself pledged to give the casting vote in favor of the British Tariff—a tariff of which Senator Cameron truly said, "if the bill had been drawn by a British Statesman, could not have discriminated more in favor of British workmen"—a tariff of which Senator Niles declared in his place, one-third of the Senators approved, and which Senator Benton brands as "a contradictory, incomprehensible, grossly fictive and fraudulent!! And yet the Tariff, thus dispraised by those who voted for it—thus confessedly crude and impracticable in its detail and threatened in its results the most disastrous consequences—this tariff, repudiated and rejected at by a considerable number of the very men, who, under some strange delusion, have nevertheless voted for this odious and inefficient measure, which to bankrupt the treasury, lead to a National Debt, to diminish the wages of labor, to discharge the currency, to cripple our manufacturing prosperity, to enfeeble commerce, to paralyze agriculture, and an abominable measure has been forced on the country by means which even our own friends dare not avow, and which they even shrink from characterizing. And this is done, too, in pretended conformity with a pledge said to have been given in the resolutions of the Baltimore Convention, in the teeth of the fact that the President of that Convention is generally among the number of its active opponents, and uniting with his "democratic" neighbors of Wyoming in the declaration that Polk and Dallas never would have been nominated by that body had it been assumed that they were opposed to the tariff of '42, against which that resolution professes to have been levelled! The nulls of party perfidy, abounding as they do in acts of treachery and fraud, find no case surpassing this in magnitude or enormity.—[Richmond Whig.