

FROM THE ARMY.

INTERESTING INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE FIELDS.

On the morning of the 21st, whilst Gen. Worth was reconnoitering, near a mile in advance of his troops, the Mexicans endeavored to cut him off.—He heard their musketry fired at him to his left and rear. Wheeling his horse, he and his staff put spurs, and passed safely by the Mexicans, who were so eager to do much, that they permitted him to escape.

When Capt. C. F. Smith was ordered to storm the first height Major Chevalier, of the Texas Rangers, asked permission from Gen. Worth to accompany the storming party.—“No, sir,” said Gen. Worth, “I wish Captain Smith especially to command that expedition.”—“There shall be no difficulty about that,” replied the gallant Major.—“I’ll go under Capt. Smith.”—“Very well,” said Gen. Worth, “you can go, sir.”

A shell from Lieut. Rowland’s howitzer having penetrated the roof of the Bishop’s palace, buried itself in the body of a Mexican, and there exploded, tearing the poor fellow to pieces. An American soldier, gazing on the scene, said to his officer, “Lieutenant, that man is killed very dead.”—“I never saw a man killed so dead before in my life.”

On the evening of the 23d, when Gen. Worth had given directions for his troops to retire a few squares and get a good night’s rest, a young but gallant officer, 2d Lieut. Jos. F. Hoos, 1st artillery, stepped up to him and said in an energetic tone, “General I consider that the very worst order you ever gave in your life, sir. We know by the shouts of our men that they are dying well. We know, sir, by the small number of wounded brought back that they are not much exposed. And, sir, the moral effect will be bad on our men, and the Mexicans will look upon it as a retreat and take courage.”—The General turned his head and despatched another aid to Gen. Smith with instructions to retire or not at his discretion. Accordingly they did not retire.

Capt. Musson, of Louisiana, was in position where the balls were whizzing so fast. Many of the Mexican Cavalry had been dismounted, and Capt. M. seeing one unhorsed, and making tracks with race horse speed, he called to him to stop, saying, “I can shoot you down, but I will give you a chance.” The retreating Mexican was a sensible man and would not stop. Capt. M. then put spurs to his steed, and soon coming up with the Mexican (who was armed with a long, savage looking sabre) tried to get him on his weapon side, but in vain.—The Mexican struck the magnanimous Captain a blow with his sabre on the left shoulder, and at the moment the Captain was about reciprocating the favor, by a dexterous use of his sword, a soldier let fly his musket, and the poor Mexican was made to bino the dust and expire.

Gen. Worth and the Texans.—At the close of the siege and capitulation of the city, a Texan officer proposed that the Texans give Gen. Worth three cheers, and that they wait on him in person and give him a soldier’s shake of the hand. The proposition was received with enthusiasm, and the cheers were given in a way that made the welkin ring.

From the Wilmington Commercial.

FROM GEN. WOOL.

We have been favored with the perusal of a letter from Col. Gaston Meares, our townsmen, now in Gen. Wool’s Division of the Army, to his friends here, which contains information. The letter is dated, “Camp on Rio Trio, Texas, midway from San Antonio to Rio Grande, Oct. 2 1846.” We extract as follows:

“An express being about to leave from Camp for San Antonio, I am happy to find so favorable an opportunity to write you, as doubtless you feel anxious to hear from me as often as circumstances will admit.

“In accordance with General orders, we struck our tents near San Antonio, on the 26th September, and took up the line of march for the Priedio on the Rio Grande, whence we are destined, as I before informed you, for Chihuahua.

The army has had, so far, an uninterupted and pleasant march through a high prairie region of country, sufficiently watered with fine streams for our encampments. There is scarcely what might be called a habitation from San Antonio to the Rio Grande, with the exception of a miserable Dutch village, near the former. We find the country abounding in game and always have good venison and fish, soon after our arrival in camp, so that so far we have fared remarkably well as soldiers.

“We know nothing definitely of our prospects for getting a fight, &c. as every thing is in perfect confusion, so far as reports are concerned, so that I will not even venture to make any surmises relative to our future course.

“Although my time is very much engaged from the duties devolving upon me as Adjutant of the Regiment, yet I find some pleasant associations from the numerous acquaintances I met in the army. Col. Harney has a fine Band connected with his Regiment, and we are regaled with fine music from it, almost every evening.

“Among the peculiarities of camp I must not omit mentioning the fact, that Major Hunter, the Paymaster of the Army, has his lady along, who is sufficiently of a heroine to accompany him in the expedition. They travel very comfortably, the roads being excellent, in a close carriage. We shall reach the Neveca to-morrow, the most important stream between this and the Rio Grande, and as we will make a Depot for provisions and probably some fortifications there, we will probably remain some week or ten days at Priedo.”

IMPORTANT EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF COL. BAILE PEYTON, IN RELATION TO THE BATTLE AT MONTEREY. COL. PEYTON WAS IN GENERAL WORTH’S DIVISION :

“The volunteers from the different States behaved in the most handsome manner. They have won for the citizen soldier the admiration and applause of the officers and soldiers of the regular Army, who speak of their

conduct in the highest terms of approbation and eulogy. Amongst the volunteers none have shown more conspicuously than the 1st Regiment of Texas mounted Riflemen, commanded by that Chevalier Bayard, Col. J. C. Hays, better known as Jack Hays. This Hays, better known as Jack Hays, has corps, from the Colonel to the private, has fully sustained its former reputation. In the first affairs in which Gen. Worth’s division was engaged on the morning of the 21st, Col. Hays, with several companies of his mounted Riflemen, were thrown forward to open the ball, which he did most beautifully, encountering and shooting in the presence of the General, the Colonel of dragoons who commanded the enemy’s forces. In scaling heights, storming batteries, and clambering over walls and house tops, the voice of the gallant Colonel and the reports of the unerring rifle of the ranger, were ever heard in the van.—The courage and constancy, and subordination of this corps, is the theme of admiration in the army.

But my object is narrative and not eulogy. It is not necessary for me to go into detail in relation to the terms accorded to the Mexican Army in the capitulation. If any one not acquainted with the facts of the case should object that our commanding General has granted terms too favorable to the retiring Army, let it be remembered that our invincible little army had already suffered severely in baring the bosoms of our best citizens, and bravest officers, and soldiers, to the batteries of an unseen foe; that the city was still immensely strong in its defences; that the Mexican Army was double that of our own; this army was in possession of the strongest part of the city, each house of which is a fortress within itself; that each remaining street was barricaded and most of them defended by cannon; and that when driven from the city the Mexican Army possessed a fortress called the Citadel, of immense capacity and great strength, to which the whole army could have retired. To have taken this work without a siege train, as we were, by assault, would have cost us very dearly. Independent of these considerations, our provisions were growing short, and our ammunition was quite limited. We were far removed from our supplies and reinforcements, while the enemy might have been reinforced at any moment.

This is, in my judgment, the last battle which will be fought in the Mexican war. Gen. Ampudia, in urging a pacific course on Gen. Taylor, stated repeatedly that he knew that Gen. Santa Anna was disposed to peace; that he was well assured that the course adopted would lead to peace between the two countries; that his object was to save the effusion of blood and the honor of his Government. But if the war is to be prosecuted, we are in possession of one of the strongest, most healthy and beautiful places in Mexico; from which, when our reinforcements and supplies arrive, our army cannot be expelled by any force which Mexico will be able to send against it. We have taken arms and ammunition with which we can act offensively or defensively, according to the course of events and the policy of the Government. If it be the policy of our Government to extend our boundary beyond the Rio Grande, then the line of the Rinconada, agreed upon as that beyond which the Mexican troops are to retire, is the most eligible which can be indicated by the geographical features of the country.”

FROM THE PETERSBURG REPUBLICAN. A LETTER FROM THE ARMY.

The following letter, written by a member of the Vicksburg (Miss.) Volunteers, now at Monterey, to his sister in this town, was received here yesterday. It will be perceived that the writer was attached to the gallant Mississippi Regiment which did so much execution in the attack on Monterey. It is due to him to say that he did not write the letter with any expectation that it would ever be read by the public, and that, in the hurry and bustle of “striking tents,” the only substitute he could find for a writing desk was the top of his hat.

MONTEREY, Mexico, Sept. 30th, 1846.  
My dear Sister,—After a long, bloody and hard fought battle of three days the glorious star-spangled banner waves over the town of Monterey. On the 21st the battle commenced and on the 24th the Mexican flag was hauled down and the American standard planted in its place. I am incompetent to describe to you the scenes that occurred on those days.

On the morning of the 21st the Mississippi Regiment were ordered under arms, (Riflemen), and proceeded to the scene of action, (the battle having already been commenced by the Artillery,) and had not been on the ground two minutes before the whole Regiment were engaged in the hottest of the fight in attempting to storm a fort, which we did in less than twenty minutes, taking with the fort several pieces of artillery and prisoners, but we did not stop at this, for scarcely had the first fort been taken when a general rush was made for the second, which met with the fate of the first. All this time the regiment was undergoing a galling fire from the third fort, which raked us fore and aft with both cannon and small arms, but notwithstanding the havoc that was made in our ranks the third fort would have been taken had not the Mississippians been ordered to retreat by the Commander-in-chief. On Tuesday we rested on our arms, and the fight was continued by the artillery, which did great execution in the Mexican ranks. On Wednesday, we were again ordered to the charge, and the third fort met a similar fate of the others. From this fort, we rushed in the town, where we stayed all day shooting and dodging, every man going on his own hook, as it was impossible for an officer to assume any command over us. The Mexicans occupied the tops of the houses, and we the streets and the lower part of all the houses that we could get into. Our Colonel, Jef. Davis, has immortalized himself. He is one of the bravest men I ever saw, and it is to me a wonder that he was not killed, as he was at all times in the hottest of the fight. Our gallant Lieut. Col. A. K. McClung was shot, and I am afraid mortally wounded. Gen. Butler was shot through the thigh, but not much hurt. Gen. Quitman had two horses shot from under him, but escaped unhurt himself. Our brigade, consisting of

one regiment of Tennessee troops and the Mississippi regiment suffered a very severe loss, having upwards of one hundred and seventy killed and wounded. Such a thing as a Rifle regiment (without bayonets) storming and taking these forts I do not suppose is recorded in the annals of history. I will not say too much in our praise, but will leave it for others to do, who, I am convinced, will do us full justice. Thank God that I have escaped unhurt. And I pray to God that it may never be my fate to witness another such a scene. Monterey is a beautiful place, situated in one of the most romantic places in the world, with a climate unsurpassed. Tropical fruits of all kinds abound here in great abundance, and I have a delightful time every day eating oranges, figs, bananas, grapes, citrons, pears, peaches, and a variety of other delightful fruits. But as I have said before that I was incapable of doing justice to this place with my pen, I will not attempt further description. Gen. Worth has distinguished himself. Our regiment has been ordered to strike tent and march to a grove about three miles from town, and I am compelled to quit writing to make preparations to march. R. M. M.

We copy from the Baltimore American the following very interesting letter from a Baltimorean commanding one of the companies of Baltimore volunteers in the battle of Monterey :

MONTEREY, Sept. 27, 1846.

When within a hundred yards of the trenches I looked back to see who was following, being anxious to know the men. Judge of my astonishment when I beheld the four companies of regulars marching by a flank to the right. I saw Col. Watson shouting, but as to hearing a command, that was an impossibility, owing to the deafening roar of the cannon and musketry. I saw the head of our line changing its direction, and I knew at once that the point of attack was changed, and ran at the head of my company to intercept the head of the column. I reached just as Col. Watson was dismounting from his horse, which the next moment fell from a shot. The colonel cried to the men, “Shelter yourselves, men, the best way you can.” At this time the battalion was scattered over a space of about an acre, and the men were lying down, the shot in most instances flying over our heads; but the guns were soon depressed, and the shot began to take effect.

I was lying close to Colonel Watson, alongside of a hedge, when he jumped up and cried out, “now’s the time, boys, follow me.” I was up and after him in a second, my men following me. We were now in a street or lane with a few houses on either side, and within a hundred yards of three batteries which completely raked it; in addition to which two twelve pound guns were planted in the castle on the right, and completely enfiladed the whole distance we had to make. Add to this the thousand musketers on the house-tops and in the barricades at the head of the street up which we advanced, and at every cross street, and you may form some idea of the deluge of balls poured upon us. (Bear in mind that the four companies of regulars were now with us, the one intermingled with the other.) Onward we went, men and horses falling at every step. Cheers, shrieks, groans and words of command added to the din, whilst the roar of the guns was absolutely deafening.

We had advanced up the street under this awful and fatal fire nearly two hundred yards, when we reached a cross street at the corner of which all who had succeeded in getting this far alive halted, as if by mutual consent. I was shaking Col. Watson by the hand, whilst he was complimenting me, when a shower of grape, round and canister shot, came from the corner above and fire officers fell, and I do not know how many privates. Each man sought some place of apparent shelter.

I sat down on the ground with my back to the wall of a house. On my left were two men torn nearly to pieces. One of them was lying flat on his back with his legs extended further in the street than mine. Crash came another shower of grape which tore one of his wounded legs nearly off. He reared up and shrieked, and fell back a corpse. I never moved, for I was satisfied one place was as safe as another. Directly opposite to me was my Brevet 2d Lieut. Aisquith; on the right hand corner was Lieut. Bowie; also of my company; and close to me sat Colonel Watson and Adjutant Scharfer. In a few minutes I saw our color sergeant, old Hart, come past with his right arm shattered. (It has since been amputated,) and in a few minutes there came our glorious stars and stripes; and note this, that it was the first American flag in the city of Monterey—an honor which we know belongs to our battalion.

When I saw the flag, notwithstanding the novelty of the scene around me, a thrill of pleasure shot through me and I felt as if I could die, for I had made up my mind to die, and no man there ever thought for a moment that he would get out alive, and most of them did not. The firing still continued without the slightest intermission whilst we remained at this memorable corner, which was perhaps for fifteen minutes. When we were ordered to charge up the street a slight hesitation was manifested by both regulars and volunteers, but the officers sprang to the front in double file, I being along side of Col. Watson.

We had been in the ditch for about a quarter of an hour when Capt. Ridgley’s battery came up also for shelter, but his appearance was the signal for the castle to open upon us, which killed one of his horses the very first shot, and wounded one of my men. We were now ordered to support Captain Bragg’s battery which had taken a position to cut off the lancers who had sallied out to intercept what they thought was our retreat. We killed five or six of them; and the rest fled back to the city.

We were again ordered to the fort to be ready for another attack on the city. Again the castle opened on us and every shot told, and I never was so glad in my life as when I got into the old ditch. But it was a short-lived gratification, for a regiment of Mexican infantry were firing on Captain Webster’s battery, and their balls raked the whole fort, ditch and all. We were then ordered to join

the Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee troops which were forming on the plain for another attack on the city.

I cannot realize that my loss is so small, so completely were my ranks raked by the shot. Above, below, alongside, between legs and arms—everywhere the balls whistled and howled. The air seemed cut to pieces by the quantity that the artillery hurled at us; and it would be childish to tell you how close they came to me, and what, and how many escapes I had. Others will hereafter tell you of the first day’s fight at Monterey; and I now tell you that I was in the fight and exposed to shot for nine hours.

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA NORTH AMERICAN. IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO. DEPARTURE OF SANTA ANNA FOR THE SEAT OF WAR.

The barque Elizabeth J., Captain John S. Remington, arrived here yesterday from Havana, whence she sailed on the 10th inst. Captain R. communicates to the Philadelphia Exchange that the British mail steamer, bringing advices from the city of Mexico to September 30, and Vera Cruz to the 1st inst., arrived at Havana on 7th, with news of the utmost importance. Santa Anna had taken up his line of March from the city of Mexico, 25th September, for the theatre of war, at the head of 4,000 troops. A decree had been recently issued at the city of Mexico, reducing the duties on all articles of import 50 per cent. The laws prohibiting the importation of certain descriptions of merchandise, have been suspended.

Gen. Paredes, late President of Mexico, came passenger in the British steamer, and was to have embarked soon after for Europe, to recruit his health, which had been impaired by the cares and responsibilities incident to his late station.

EXTRACTS FROM MEXICAN PAPERS.

The following is an interesting extract of a newspaper printed in the city of Mexico, dated 13th of Sept.:

“In the midst of the joy which we experience in thinking on the smiling future of the republic, so far as respects its liberties and its internal administration, it is the men who are now at the head of affairs, inspired by patriotism and good faith, continue to pursue the path of law and justice, our imagination presents to us the sad picture now exhibited by our northern frontiers. The bitter reflections to which it gives rise, check our rejoicings, and cause us to shudder at the fatal consequences which may result to us from the state of abandonment in which they are left. Invaded on all sides, what is the force which we present in opposition? It may be truly said, that of inertia only: for when New Mexico, Chihuahua, the Californias, Tamaulipas, and the coasts of the Gulf are threatened, the succors which have been sent to Tamaulipas are nothing, compared with the magnitude of the invasion. The enemy attacks us on all sides, while we are able to oppose resistance on one only. What will be the probable results of this immense disparity? What must we lose the Californias, New Mexico, Chihuahua? The recent occurrences in New Mexico, afford much reason to ponder on the probability of these losses. The activity of the American nation is unexampled. Their numerous population, unwilling to remain idle in the cities, engage in perilous enterprises, with the hope of acquiring property by the cession which the government of the Union makes to them of lands in the newly acquired territory. To the enterprising spirit of these adventurers we could oppose nothing more than the resistance of the inhabitants of those frontier States which are invaded, who, actuated by patriotic motives, or by the just desire of preserving their property and their religion, would make an obstinate resistance. But how can even this hope remain to us when the whole republic is asleep? On the other hand, the neglect with which our government has in general treated the frontier States, is an additional reason why their inhabitants should be discouraged, at a time when perhaps they alone would be able to save themselves, and save the republic from greater disasters; for it is not to be disguised that the result of the war of the north is about to be the sentence of life or death to the republic.

The monarchists are not slumbering; they are still awaiting a favorable opportunity, and they expect to find it in the northern question. There are infamous Mexicans who desire the enslavement of their country, and who would sell with pleasure the European intervention.”

Another Journal, the Insurgente, of the 10th of September, says:

“By an express, which reached this capital on Sunday last, we learn officially that Santa Fe, in New Mexico, has been taken by a division of three thousand men from the United States, who, after taking possession of New Mexico, are preparing to invade the frontiers of Chihuahua.

The enemy is advancing on all sides with a frightful celerity, and, it may almost be said, without meeting any opposition; and we behold him penetrate the heart of the republic with an insensibility and apathy which are horrible, which freeze the heart, and indicate a future at which the soul shudders.

Never can we sufficiently curse the selfish and partial calculation which induced certain administrations to regard the Texas war as an object of gain, depriving it of its prestige, rendering it odious to the people, who never saw appropriated to it the numerous contributions which it was made a pretext for exacting from them, stifling the national spirit, and disarming the departments, in order that they might fall an easy prey to the adventurers of the north.”

A letter from Monterey, dated 23d September, one day before the siege, written by a Mexican, says: “To day, if the attack we every moment expect from the Yankees is realized, there is not a doubt but that the cause of the people will triumph. Our army has just received a most opportune reinforcement of five thousand men, with sixteen pieces of cannon of the very best quality, so that our whole available force is thirteen thousand seven hundred and fifty regular troops, besides the assistance we may reasonably expect from the inhabitants. Immediately on the arrival

of General Ampudia, the city was declared under martial law; but although we are thus deprived of perfect liberty temporarily, we are thankful that we shall soon be recompensed for the deprivation by a great triumph over the enemy. General Taylor is at Cerralvo, detained by a scanty supply of mules but, determined to march up on us with his present force of about three thousand men, thinking the city is not guarded. We shall give him a glorious reception indeed, and when the news of his fool-hardiness returns to his countrymen, they will know that the glory of the Mexican flag is not to be sullied without a struggle. Our troops are at work, day and night, barricading the houses, mounting cannon, and doing everything to render the city impregnable. A soldier was shot by order of General Ampudia, charged with treason, and a proclamation of death to any engaged in traffic with the Americans has been issued by our brave General Ampudia.”

These extracts it will be seen, are not in the usual vein of Mexican bluster, but seem to indicate that the nation is coming to its senses; and may we not hope that there was some foundation for the assurances which the Mexican officers gave at Monterey, that Mexico was willing to negotiate peace.

TREMENDOUS HURRICANE

At Key West, Fla.

A tremendous hurricane occurred at Key West, a small island in the Florida reefs, on the 11th of October. Upwards of fifty vessels and many lives lost. Among the vessels were U. S. brig Perry, crew saved. (She had on board Commodore Sloat from the Pacific squadron,) and U. S. Revenue Cutter Morris.

Key West and Sand Key light houses were both washed away.

Out of 600 houses at the town of Key West, only 6 remain uninjured; the balance are either unroofed or blown down. The tide was five feet higher than high water mark, and ran through the middle of the town at the rate of 4 miles an hour.

The citizens fled to the back part of the town, which is rather higher than the rest, into the bushes, laid down and held on, expecting every moment the waves would reach them. Parents were separated from their children, husbands from their wives, and all was confusion, terror and dismay. The island trembled to its very centre; a few hours more and a white sand beach would have covered the now desolated remains of Key West. The occupants of the Marine Hospital were expecting every moment to go into eternity. It is a large stone building, and being surrounded with 5 feet of water, running by six miles an hour, cutting the sand out from the foundation, the situation was awful. Thirty feet of the stone washed away from one corner, fifteen from the other, and the roof blown off. All of the wharves are washed away or injured; not one warehouse escaped the fury of the storm; wood and stone seemed all to be going one way—to destruction.—There is not more than six out of six hundred houses, that are not unroofed or blown down. Three hundred are estimated to have been blown down.

The public buildings at the fort, as well as the wharf, are all gone, and the fort is a mass of ruins. It is estimated that the government alone will lose about \$200,000. The Custom house is much injured, but the United States Barracks at the East end of the town sustained no injury, and are occupied by the crew of the brig Perry and revenue cutter Morris, and by the collector of the customs and those whose houses have been blown down. The streets and roads are impassable, being filled up with lumber and the ruins of fallen houses. Some large sticks of lumber from the fort are up in the middle of the town.

This same storm visited Havana, and destroyed upwards of fifty vessels. Many houses were destroyed and lives lost.

This year has been remarkable for the destruction of life and property by storms.

REMAINS OF COMMODORE DECATUR.—The melancholy office was performed, this forenoon, of removing the remains of the gallant and accomplished Decatur from the vault at Kalamazoo, where they had reposed for more than twenty years. He fell on the 22d March, 1829. Kalamazoo is a beautiful country seat within a mile of this city, and was some time the residence of the celebrated Joel Barlow. Being recently disposed of by Col. Bonford to Mr. Fletcher, from the north, it was thought proper, with the consent of Mrs. Decatur, (the commodore’s widow, who now resides in Georgetown,) to transfer the ashes of Decatur to Philadelphia, where his father had lived. They are to be deposited in the church-yard of St. Paul’s, and a monument is to be erected over them. Major Twigg, on the part of a committee of Philadelphia, came on to superintend the removal of the remains. Care was taken to avoid all publicity, and not even to notice the performance of the ceremony in the public papers. Few attended, of course, with the exception of the Secretary of the Navy and the heads of the bureaus of that department.

The lid of the inner coffin was opened, and every lineament of the fine face was gone. Nothing remained but the skeleton, and a few fragments of the dress.

The coffin was conveyed to the railroad, on which it was this evening conveyed to Baltimore. Preparation were making to receive the remains with some distinction in the Monumental city.—Washington Union.

COMMODORE DECATUR.—General Cadwalader, of Philadelphia, has ordered the volunteers of his division to parade on Thursday, 29th instant, to receive and escort the remains of the late Commodore Stephen Decatur, on their arrival in that city. A subscription paper has been left at the Philadelphia Exchange for the purpose of raising funds to erect a monument over the departed hero. This procession will be a grand and imposing affair.

EXCELLENT! EXCELLENT!

We have frequently within the last six months, had occasion to speak of that deprecable spirit which seems sometimes to actuate some of the federal, alias wig pressers, in discussing the course of the President and Congress in relation to Oregon, Texas, and the Mexican War. The National Intelligencer, the leader, generally, in this unpatric course, was once a democratic paper, and uttered as much disgust at the course of the “federal papers” of those days as every patriot must of the present day must feel at their course now. The Washington Union, in showing up the torism of the Intelligencer of the present day, quotes an extract from the same Intelligencer of 1812, edited by the same men who now edit it; and how well did they describe the present course of the self-styled wig papers.

The Union says: “Let us see, now, what judgment the Intelligencer of 1812 passed, by anticipation, upon the Intelligencer of 1846. We quote from the number of that journal issued on the 18th of August, 1812:

“It is impossible to read the federal papers at the present crisis—we mean the most of them, and particularly some in New England—without astonishment at the falsehood, the malice, and the folly which their polluted columns are daily disgorging. If the declaration of war did not produce a union of opinion in all the States, it was, at least, to be expected that some decency and some bounds would have been observed in a candid and constitutional opposition to it. But when a portion of our own citizens are seen openly to enlist an active and a wicked zeal in the cause of the public enemy, not merely shielding it of its enormities, but making it out to be the best, and at the same time lauding the lawful authorities of the nation with libels and abuse, in a spirit still more venal, acrid, and to be tolerated, it is calculated to excite in the bosoms of the sound and patriotic millions of the country, who are doomed to witness such baseless, sensations of the strongest and most unqualified horror, mixed with the deepest feelings of disgust!”

“These are the pure, the select, the self-made, bloated patriots, who can bow out from the highways and the house-tops: ‘tyranny!’ ‘tyranny!’ ‘proscription!’ ‘proscription!’ ‘fettered tongues, fettered presses!’ While their own language and their own acts are marked by an audacity in false assertion, piling up in a black, stupendous heap, slander upon slander, one base invention upon another base perversion; here a misrepresentation and there a lie; one day a falsehood, the next a false charge; always mixing the deadliest gall with the foulest defamation. These are the men who see everything right in the conduct of the enemy, and everything not simply wrong, but atrociously wicked, in the measures of their own country. These are the men, who in their most deliberate resolves, brand with the epithets of madmen and fools, all those who legitimately hold the powers of the nation, and who, under the most awful responsibilities, and at the hazard of all the dearest stakes, have legitimately exercised them. These are the men who from sanctified lips cast about rights; who invoke the law and the constitution; who have at last fixed it in their own belief that they are all Gen. Washington’s own sons.” &c. &c.

Let any man read some of the federal wig papers of the present day, and see how exactly this language of the democratic Intelligencer of 1812 describes them.

MADDER.—Why is it that such a vast amount of money is annually paid by this foreign countries for this article, when we have a soil and climate so admirably adapted for its production? There is no good reason why we should import madder, any more than that we should import wheat, pork, or cheese. It is one of the most sure and profitable crops to which the American farmer can turn his attention. It is not subject to be destroyed by frost, drought, insects, or farm stock. The demand for it is increasing in the same ratio with our manufactures.

James Eaton, of Windfield, Herkimer county has cultivated madder for 18 years. He has raised three years’ growth planted at the rate of 1,500 hills to the acre, that will yield, if dug present fall, over 3 lbs. to the hill; his he will not dig till a year from this fall, when it will yield 4 lbs. or over to the hill.—He has other madder which at 4 years’ growth, will yield 64 cwt. to the acre, merchantable madder. It may be well to give notice to the readers of the Cultivator, that he will be able to meet orders for seed the present fall. It will be sold, boxed and delivered at Utica, at \$1.50 per bushel. It requires 6 bushels to plant an acre. Plant on rich, mellow, dry land. An acre of madder, properly cultivated, and of four years’ growth, at \$16 per cwt.—the price he has obtained for his—will amount to over \$900.

JOHN FISK, Esq. was on Monday last chosen town clerk of Middletown, Connecticut, this being the fiftieth year he has been elected to that office. He has also entered upon the twenty-fourth year as town treasurer.

The conductor of the Farmers’ Journal, at Salisbury, owing to long continued ill-health, would be glad to have a partner in the management of the paper. The Establishment, with a little exertion, might be made one of profit to an industrious practical printer. To a person, who may bring good references, the terms will be made accommodating.

An Albany boy, 14 of years age, has in two years past cut with a common jack knife, a representation of Noah’s Ark and 150 of its inhabitants, man, beast, fowl and reptile, done in wood.—True Sun.

The Middletown paper contains the marriage of Master David Turner, of Palermo, aged seventeen, to Miss Almira Brown Liberty, aged fourteen, after a courtship of five years.