



Our's are the plans of fair delightful peace, Unwary'd by party rage to live like brothers.

The People's Ticket! FOR PRESIDENT, Gen. ZACHARY TAYLOR, OF LOUISIANA.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT, HON. MILLARD FILLMORE, OF NEW YORK.

- ELECTORAL TICKET. District No. 1. Hon. KENNETH RAYNER. 2. Hon. EDWARD STANLY. 3. HENRY W. MILLER, Esq. 4. Hon. W. H. WASHINGTON. 5. GEORGE DAVIS, Esq. 6. JOHN WINSLOW, Esq. 7. JOHN KERR, Esq. 8. 9. J. W. OSBORNE, Esq. 10. TODD R. CALDWELL, Esq. 11. JOHN BAXTER, Esq.

RALEIGH, N. C. Wednesday, September 6.

THE "FIRST COMMUNICATION."

In that good-tempered article of the last "Standard" upon the "second communication" from the Cass and Butler Club, and the reply thereto by the Rough and Ready Club, the amiable Editor thus discourses about "Communication the first:" "We cannot, however, pass over without remark, the last paragraph in the reply of our opponents—They suggest that 'this, the second communication from our Club to them, should be the last.' What was the first communication? 'Out of respect' to them, we have heretofore forbore to speak of it; but now, as they have alluded to it, it shall be known. A short time before the August elections, the Democrats of this City addressed them a respectful letter, requesting to share with them the expenses of a Barbecue, and to have a free discussion, so that the people could hear both sides; and this request they also declined!"

We certainly feel vastly obliged to the "Standard" that it has so long "forborne" to hurt the feelings of the Rough and Ready Club, and demolish Whiggery generally, by a publication of that Correspondence. We confess that we have shuddered every time the "Standard" has been handed to us since, in awful dread that this first correspondence might meet our eye. We at last began to feel easier, when weeks had elapsed and no notice was taken of that disastrous affair. A kindly spirit had evidently come over that print. "Out of respect" to those whom he had in his power, he inclined to mercy. But that second communication and its reply, roused him all over. He could stand it no longer—and out it must come. "It shall be known," saith our wrathful neighbor. Well, if it must come—if the blow must fall on our devoted heads—we are determined on one thing, viz: to break its force by stealing a march on the "Standard." We have nerved ourselves to the act. We hope the Rough and Ready Club may survive the awful catastrophe.

Dear Sir: I have been requested by many members of the Democratic party, who desire to participate in the expenses of the Barbecue which their Whig fellow-citizens propose to have in this City on the 1st of August next, to request that they may be permitted to do so, and that a free discussion may be had by such persons as may be selected to represent each party, on that occasion. Will you do me the favor to refer this request to the proper authority, and inform me of its decision. I have the honor to be, very respectfully, D. K. McRAE, Pres't of the Cass & Butler Club. G. W. HAYWOOD, Esq., Pres't of the Rough and Ready Club, Raleigh.

Among the recent deaths in England we notice those of Captain MARYATT, author of Peter Simple who died on the 9th inst.; of Laughton, Norfolk, after a long and painful illness; Sir Nicholas HARRIS NICHOLAS, the compiler of "Nelson's Letters and Despatches;" and Mr. EDWARD BAINE, editor of the Leeds Mercury.

Longfellow's Evangeline has been honored by a republication in England of two rival editions by two prominent London publishing houses. When the "Trade" in Great Britain quarrels for priority in the use of American literary capital, it argues that the question of "who reads an American book" can be answered without going far out of the vicinity of the Quarterly Review.

Will Cass get a State? This question is getting to be frequently asked, by Whigs and Democrats, since the nomination of Van Buren at Buffalo. While that nomination destroys the faintest hope of Cass' election, yet it will not deprive him of the comfort of having the vote of at least one State. He will get one. He will get the State of Edgecombe! But will this elect him? Here's a question for the Edgecombe democracy.

Who signed a bill containing The Wilnot Proviso? JAMES K. POLK!!! Let it be remembered, that to-morrow (Thursday) night, is the time for holding the next meeting of the Rough and Ready Club. The Hon. Kenneth Rayner is expected to address the meeting. Let us have a robust!

A CANDID OPINION.

The following, from the pen of the Editor of the Union, in May, 1846, before Gen. Taylor was thought of for the Presidency, will show the real opinion of Father Richie, and how little reliance is to be placed upon efforts from the same quarter to disparage the Old Hero: "THE PEN WORTHY OF THE SWORD." "Nothing can be more happy, appropriate, modest, yet dignified, than the despatches from General Taylor. They are worthy of the man and of the occasion which has called them forth. We thoroughly agree with the compliment that the New Orleans Courier pays to the general order of Gen. Taylor, giving thanks to his troops for their bravery and good conduct." "The American reader will remark with pride and pleasure the striking contrast it exhibits to the tedious, extravagant, vain glorious productions of the Mexican General. The neatness of the style is admirable—not a word too much or in the wrong place—all in full keeping with the energy and decision with which his MILITARY OPERATIONS ARE CONDUCTED." Semi-Weekly Union, May 30, 1848.

Was Gen. Washington a Whig. As upon the subject of "pledges," Gen. Taylor occupies the same ground that Gen. Washington took, we may well ask this question, because Gen. Taylor will not pledge himself, his Whiggery is doubted. General Washington, after bringing the Revolution to a triumphant close, and presiding over the Convention that framed the Constitution, was called upon to become a candidate for the Presidency. He wrote as follows to two of his friends: "From a letter to Benjamin Harrison: 'MOUNT VERNON, 9th March, 1789. 'I will therefore declare to you that, should it be my inevitable fate to administer the government, (for Heaven knows that no event can be less desired, by me, and that no earthly consideration short of so general a call, together with a desire to reconcile contending parties, so far as in me lies, could again bring me into public life,) I will go to the chair under no pre-engagement of any kind or nature whatsoever.'"

From another to Benjamin Lincoln. "MOUNT VERNON, 11th March, 1789. "Should it become inevitably necessary for me to go into the chair of government I have determined to go free from all positive engagements of any nature whatsoever. This is the answer I have already given to a multiplicity of applications; and I have assigned as the true reason of my conduct, the predominant desire I had of being at liberty to act with a sole regard to justice and the public good." "Such 'pledges' are surely good enough Whig principles for everybody. 'To serve one's country with one's whole heart, is to be exactly the right sort of a Whig.—N. Y. Express."

The National Intelligencer of Saturday says—"The Democrats of Vermont recently nominated CHARLES K. FIELD for Lieutenant Governor. But he 'spurns the bribe,' after this fashion: 'I have this morning addressed a letter to the State Committee, declining the nomination of Lieut. Governor and directing them to strike my name from the ticket. I believe such a course due to the Democracy. My views were not known to the convention at the time of the nomination, and it is possible the nomination, was adopted from the belief that, in common with many others that I was an ardent supporter of Gen. Cass. In no event whatever can I be induced to vote for him—he is cowardly—an unprincipled political hack—and a marvellous worthy nominee of the worthless tricksters who assembled at Baltimore. "It is rather painful parting with old friends, some of whom I have acted with for more than twenty years; but I cannot consent to violate one of the earliest political maxims that was taught me, which was to be always consistent. Again: I am influenced by a cardinal maxim of the Democracy of this country, 'Every thing for principles, nothing for men.'"

Gen. Quitman, the gallant and distinguished Captain—is also in favor of Old Zach. Gen. Quitman received nearly as many votes at the Baltimore convention, for Vice President, as Gen. Butler. Verily Gen. Foote is a prophet. "Cass will not receive a vote South of the Potomac" and at the North, the cry is, "why will he persist in distracting the party!"

Commodore Stewart of Pennsylvania is of the same way of thinking. The Baltimore American says: "The Philadelphia News declares that the gallant veteran Com. Stewart, is in favor of Gen. Taylor for the Presidency. There is peculiar significance in this, when it is remembered that Com. Stewart was a prominent candidate for the Presidency before the Democratic National Convention which nominated Mr. Polk."

George Kremer, of Union County, Pa., commonly called "Honest George," an out and out Locofoco, has declared for old Rough and Ready.

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The valley Whig states that in a recent political discussion at Fincastle, SHELTON F. LEAKE, the Democratic Elector for the Albemarle district, pronounced Gen. Taylor a "TRAITOR" to his country, and compared him to BENEDICT ARNOLD. The charge was received in dead silence by the democrats as well as the whigs present.

Gen. Cass never favored the Abolitionists in his life.—Washington Union. We suppose you mean his Southern life.—Louisville Journal. Take one letter from Taylor, and you have Tyler.—Ohio Statesman. Take one letter from C. Cass, and what sort of an animal have you.—Louisville Journal. GEN. SHIELDS.—The Hibernal Society of Illinois has presented Gen. Shields with a gold medal. In his address, on the occasion he said: "For my own part, I will pledge myself here that if Ireland ever strikes for liberty I will join her in the struggle, and consecrate the residue of my life to her service; and I sometimes think that Heaven has preserved my life for some good purpose—and I know of no more purpose more holy, more benevolent than that of aiding in the redemption of my native land."

A GOOD IDEA.

We copy from the New York Herald the following letter from New Orleans. It will speak for itself: NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 15, 1848. GENERAL TAYLOR.—An important development is said to have been made by Gen. Taylor, in regard to the policy to be pursued towards the gift offices under the administration, if he is elected. It is so much like the old man, it is so purely Washingtonian in its principles here, knowing of it, do not make it public. As often as it is mentioned, it meets the hearty concurrence of the press. It cannot, though, well pleased office-holders, or those who ply pen and tongue daily in denunciations of the hero, with the prospective remunerations of a fat office. Some weeks since, in conversation with some of his friends, on the subject of the probable pension list for the sufferers by the Mexican war, Gen. Taylor remarked that he not only thought it expedient, but just, that all the subordinate officers in the gift of the executive such as light-house keepers, custom-house officers, even to collectors—should be given to the maimed and wounded, according to their several capacities for those situations, instead of bestowing pensions upon them; thereby making a great saving to the country, and bestowing a due reward to many whose wounds or want of limbs engaged them from following the pursuits of life engaged in by them previous to their taking up arms for their country—this of course, irrespective of all dirty party feelings. Such a noble sentiment does honor to the old man, and were this alone his platform, it speaks worlds of patriotism and his sense of justice. Such was the course of our earlier Presidents, and adhered to by all, up to the election of Gen. Jackson, when the gratitude of the republic became a discount, and old men, who had bound up their wounds alongside of their massacred sons, on the fields of the late war, were driven from their petty situations, which barely supported them; because they dared to adhere to the administration from which they had been receiving their bread for years previous. In this age of revolutions, let us hope that the people are opening their eyes to the wire-workers and spoliage-thieves, and that we will, as one people, be redeemed, regenerated, and disentrained" from this detestable servility to party.

TENNESSEE—A RICH SCENE. Among the victors in Tennessee are that glorious Whig, Ex-Governor Jones, and Ex-Governor Brown, both of whom are regarded by their respective parties as their champions on the stump—hence a great desire has been felt to witness their encounter on that famous rostrum. They met a few days since in Dandridge, Jefferson county, when the following scene as described by the correspondent of the Knoxville Register, came off: "One of the most amusing incidents of the discussion took place during Gen. Jones' notice of the law signed by Gen. Cass while Governor of Michigan, providing for the hiring out or imprisonment of certain persons mentioned therein. Under this law Gov. Jones contended that he could bring his competitor to the prisoner's stand, find him guilty, and imprison him or hire him out to the highest bidder.—He read the law to Aaron, and then called upon him to come forward and hear his sentence, which was that he should be imprisoned for we don't recollect how many stripes, well laid on, under the charge of spending his money foolishly and wasting his time unnecessarily, in canvassing the State against old Zach! It was a rich scene."

This must have been particularly galling to the Democratic champion, who it will be recollected last year canvassed the State as the Democratic candidate for Governor, to secure which office he professed himself for Taylor, for the Presidency; in preference to all other candidates—the evidence of which, Ex-Governor Jones most unkindly introduced by the following ticket: Rough and Ready Ticket. For Governor. AARON V. BROWN. Augusta Chronicle.

LECTION LYRICS. Poetry is a rather scarce article now-a-days, and we must make the most of what we get. This is our excuse for extracting a small bit of a Cass-and-Butler lyric, which we find in the Albany Argus. It goes to a sublime height—considering the theme. Our readers must be content with a couple of stanzas to-day—perhaps they may get more of it when the dog-days are past. Thus begins Albany Tyttus: THE CHOICE. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah, boys! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah, boys! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah, boys! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah, boys! On or the lines of Canada— Or in the walls of Monterey— They have unfading laurels won, And mighty deeds of valor done.

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah, boys! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah, boys! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah, boys! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah, boys! The voice of Cass quelled wilds afar, He brought the pride of Britain low, Brave Butler bled in Mexico.

The "mighty deeds" on the lines of Can-a-day, will astonish the world no less than the line in the Argus. "The voice of Cass quelled wilds afar!" What a young buffalo!—Why cannot they "let him roar again?" as the ancestor of this Albany poet said of the lion which he desired to personate in the tragedy of Pyramus and Thisbe. There are Indians yet to be roared down.

A small poet at the Court of Louis XIV.—we disclaim all allusion here to the "mighty deeds" of a certain General, who ministered at the Court of Louis, in which he had represented the kingdom of France as moving out of its place to meet the King. "Now," said the satirist, "though this happened in my day I do not remember it." There are many persons living—ourselves among the number,—who were old enough and wide awake enough to have heard this miraculous roaring of the young buffalo of the West, when his voice, like the horn of Orinda at Bonosca, valies, shone so many tall fellows down upon their marrow-bones; but we have not the slightest recollection of such a phenomenon.

He brought the pride of Britain low; Brave Butler bled in Mexico. No less logical than lyrical, the sequence and the sentiment are equally wonderful. If brave Butler's vic-tory over many tall fellows down upon their marrow-bones, is not greater in amount than the quantum of British pride pulled down and plucked of its feathers by the brave Cass, we guess there was little plebeian suffrage by the former gentleman. Boston Courier.

MR. FILLMORE AND ABOLITIONISM "The Richmond Whig" labors to prove that Millard Fillmore is not an Abolitionist. "That's not the question," is a "Wilnot Proviso" man? that's the question.—Lynchburg Republican.

So, it would seem, that the "Democrats" have dropped their game of pretending to consider Millard Fillmore as an abolitionist;—and we are glad to see, that the "Wilnot Proviso" man thus putting on the same Platform with their President Mr. Polk, who has given his assent to the Oregon Bill, with the "Wilnot Proviso" incorporated in it.—Now as Gen. Cass warmly supports the administration of Mr. Polk, and has pledged himself to follow in his footsteps, is it not fair to presume that he is of the same opinion as Mr. Polk, and would, in a future period, to give it aid and comfort? We suppose, however, this will depend on "circumstances." Petersburg Intelligencer.

The residence of Gen. Cass, at Washington, was hung with garlands of flowers woven and presented by ladies with a garlanded their joy at his nomination.—Galesia Jeff.

And the effigy of Gen. Cass was hung at San Agustin with a rope, by the volunteers, who thus signified their joy at his effort to reduce their pay for clothing.—Chicago Field Piece.

beloved by all in this command, officers and men. All take pleasure in obeying his commands; and when an order is given by him, there is emulation among all who hear it, to obey it. His treatment to the Mexicans is marked with the same urbanity. They, at least such of them as have been in the habit of serving the camp with milk and other little nicenacs, love him as much as his own soldiers do.

On a certain occasion, one of these poor devils complained to Le Capitan, that a volunteer had entered his rancho, and appropriated to his own use some of his edibles, without paying for them. Now this was a breach of orders which General Taylor could not overlook, so he brought the marauder identified by the Mexican, and cross-examined him. The general examined and cross-examined him, in relation to the offence, for upwards of two hours, at the end of which time he arrived at the conclusion, that the volunteer was not quite so much to blame as his accuser represented; but thought deserving of some punishment; and what was the punishment do you suppose he inflicted upon him! Why, he directed a barrel to be placed in front of his tent, directed the volunteer to mount it, and kept him standing there for two hours.

Occasionally it occurs that a man will want to write a letter to his friends, and has no materials to do so. Without hesitation he applies to the "old man," and gets all he wants, pen, ink, paper, and water, which comes from his private stock, which is always at the service of his soldiers.

While reviewing them, to see, no doubt, how they looked after their scrimmage, an old soldier, who served under him in the Florida war, proposed, at the top of his voice, "Three cheers for Rough and Ready," which were given with all the honors. As soon as they were subsided, the old general, every feature in his open countenance speaking volubly, graciously took off his cap and returned thanks, and addressed the gentlemen I would be happy to treat you all, but I have got nothing, except some Rio Grande water, with which to do it."

On one occasion a volunteer, getting tired of discipline, thought he would relieve himself of it for a time at least, and with that view absented himself for a week without leave, and made a trip to the country. As soon as his absence was made known in the camp, he was proclaimed a deserter, and men sent in pursuit of him. He returned, however, before he was arrested, and immediately made his way to the old general, and told him, in mitigation of punishment, he was always accustomed to open backwood life, and it went hard with me to be confined so much.—"Well," said the general, "don't do so again, my boy, without leave," and directed him to go to his quarters. "That man," thinks Gen. Taylor the best man living, and he would willingly lose life itself at his bidding.

A FRIEND'S REASONS. I think, said a friend the other day, that if it is our inalienable "destiny" to have a Locofoco President, it would be best for the country that Polk should be continued in office. The reason for this opinion he illustrated by the following anecdote. An old lady who was tenant to a very overbearing landlord, discovering him on a certain occasion approaching the house, got upon her knees and prayed so as to be heard by him, that his "span of life" might be protracted even far beyond that of her own. The landlord having heard the prayer, was induced to ask the old lady why she had prayed so for him, as he was not aware of ever having conferred any benefaction upon her, calculated to interest her in his behalf? True said the old lady, you never conferred a favor upon me in your life, but I am now old and have been a tenant of your grandfather, whom I found to be quite a hard landlord; after his death I was a tenant to your father, and he was a harder landlord than your grandfather, and when your father died I became your tenant, and found to my sorrow that you were worse than both put together. I prayed therefore, that your life might be spared, "lest a still greater evil come upon me" in the person of your son. So said the Friend, Jackson was a hard President, Van Buren a harder, and Polk worse than both put together, and so soon as they change him for another Locofoco, he thought that in order to avoid "a still greater evil," it was better for the country, that James should be kept in office. The same friend remarked, that, as between Cass, a maker of war and Taylor a maker of peace, it was his "unalienable destiny" to vote for Zachary, believing that his election would secure the tranquility and prosperity of the country.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN. BY MRS. E. LITTLE. "The rights of woman" what are they? The right to labor and to pray, The right to watch while others sleep, The right to see others weep: The right to succor in distress, The right while others curse to bless; The right to love whom others scorn, The right to comfort all that mourn; The right to feel new joy on earth, The right to shed the soul's high worth, The right to lead the soul to God, Along the path her Saviour trod— The path of meekness and of love, The path of faith that leads above; The path of patience under wrong, The path in which the weak grow strong: Such are woman's rights, and God will bless And crown their champions with success.

WOMAN'S POWER. Oh, how they fear, Woman, who call the weak! For thou art strong, of overcoming sleep! Thy heart's warm tenderness, that sends a deep love; Thy eyes and ears are open to receive The beauty of the music of God's truth; 'Tis hungering and thirsting after righteousness: Feeling how much—add yet enduring all; 'Tis timid and trembling, yet omnipotent In strength where'er the voice of duty calls: "Last at the cross and earliest at the grave;" The angel messenger of peace and love To bring, fallen man; the hope forlorn Of slavery's wretched thrall; first to each work Of mercy and each work of love; thou art Not weak—for this is heaven's own power, The might of Virtue!

THE NEWSPAPER.—A good newspaper taken in a family seems to shed a gleam of intelligence around it. It gives the children a taste for reading, it communicates all the important events that are passing in the busy world—it is a never-failing source of amusement—and furnishes a fund of instruction that will never be exhausted. Every family, however poor, if they wish to hold a place in the ranks of intelligent beings, should take at least one newspaper. And the man who, possessed of property sufficient to make himself easy for life, and surrounded with children eager for knowledge, is instigated by the vile spirit of cupidity, and neglects to subscribe to a newspaper, is deficient in the duties of a parent or a good citizen, and is deserving of censure from his intelligent neighbors.—Child's Magazine

The dying words of Gen. Harrison, were— I wish you to understand the true principles of the Government—I wish them carried out—I ask nothing more. Let every Whig remember these words, and vote accordingly, for a President who will be governed by the Constitution.

ECLIPSES. The Rochester American says, there will be eleven Eclipses this year, four of the Sun, two of the Moon, and one of the Stars—the latter total: visible in all parts of the United States, and a portion of Mexico.

From the Taylor Anecdote Book. GENERAL TAYLOR AND THE ILLINOISIAN.—General Taylor, at Victoria, visited the Illinois Volunteers, and the way the boys crowded around him, and his own satisfaction. The General threatened immediately to make a large and gentle noise, whilst he orderly rode a splendid dragon horse, whilst he himself dressed in a clean and handsome uniform, whilst the General had on the same old frock-coat and a big Mexican straw hat.—"Franko, the orderly, got about six salutes to Taylor's one, the 'Suckers' taking him for the General, and wondering why they called him old Taylor. When at last they found out that the old ranchero was the sure-going general, they inferred, from his plain appearance, that it would be nothing amiss to offer him a hand to shake, and they went at it with such good will, that by the time the two regiments finished squeezing it, there had been little feeling left in it. As the ride off, there were many who wondered whether that was the animal on which he charged the Mexicans.

A VISIT OF CEREMONY.—The singular simplicity that marks Gen. Taylor's personal appearance and habits, has become a subject of universal fame. It is curious that a soldier, so eminent in all the qualities of discipline, should be so citizen-like in his own appearance. Commodore Conner on the contrary is an officer that is not only strict in his dress, but has an extra nicety about it. He appears in full and splendid uniform on all public occasions, being the exact counterpart, in this particular, of General Taylor. At the proper time, Commodore Conner sent word to General Taylor that he would come on shore to pay him a visit of ceremony. This put old "Rough and Ready" into a tremendous excitement. If Commodore Conner had quietly come up to his tent, and given him a sailor's gripe and sat down on a camp-chest, and talked over matters in an old-fashioned way, General Taylor would have been prepared; but to have the most carefully dressed officer in our navy, commanding the finest fleet, come in full uniform, surrounded by all the glittering pomp and splendid equipments—to pay a visit of ceremony, was more than Gen. Taylor had, without some effort, nerve, looking in his own appearance. Commodore Conner, he determined to compliment to Gen. Taylor, and through him the navy by appearing in full uniform, a thing his officers associated with him for years had never witnessed.

In the mean while, Commodore Conner was cogitating over the most proper way to compliment Gen. Taylor. Having heard of his peculiar disregard of military dress, he concluded he would make the visit in a manner comporting to Gen. Taylor's habits, and consequently equipped himself in plain white drilling, and unengaged, came ashore.

The moment Gen. Taylor heard that Commodore Conner had landed he abandoned some heavy work he was personally attending to, about the camp, and precipitately rushed into his tent, delved at the bottom of an old chest, and pulled out a uniform coat, that had peacefully slumbered for years in undisturbed quietude, slipped himself into it in his fastening it so that one side of the standing collar was three button-holes above the other, and sat himself down in an uncomfortable "as can well be imagined." With quiet step, and unattended, Commodore Conner presented himself at General Taylor's tent. The noble representatives of our army and navy shook hands, both in exceeding astonishment at each other's personal appearance.

GENERAL TAYLOR TAKING LEAVE OF THE VETERANS.—The hour had arrived when nearly all those troops whom he had led through so many dangers and privations, whose veteran brows were surrounded with laurels gathered at Re-acade de la Palma, Matamoras, and Monterey, were to be detached from the army under Gen. Taylor, for the purpose of co-operating with a land and sea force shortly to attack the city of Vera Cruz and the castle of San Juan de Ulloa. The parting must have been affecting; and the address of the old hero proves that he felt it to be: "It is with deep sensibility that the commanding general finds himself separated from the troops he so long commanded. To those corners, regular and volunteer, who have shared with him the active services of the field, he feels the attachment due to such associations, while to those who are making their first campaign, he must express his regret that he cannot participate with them in its eventful scenes. To all, both officers and men, he extends his heartfelt wishes for their continued success and happiness, confident that their achievements on another theatre will redound to the credit of their country and its arms."

YANKEE DOODLE IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.—The splendid theatre of the city of Mexico attracted the universal admiration of our soldiers of every grade, and soon became the favorite resort of all. On the first night of opening the theatre after the capture of the city, between the pieces, the orchestra, which was really a very fine one, gave two or three beautiful airs, and concluded with a Mexican national air. As soon as they finished, the audience, being mostly Americans, called for Yankee Doodle; but the orchestra paid no attention. They stamped and rapped as if they would bring the house down over their heads, but still the orchestra stood out. At length the bell rang, and up went the curtain. The audience seemed for an instant as if they were willing to give it up; but at this moment a tall, slim-sided looking genius, who bore the appearance of being a real, thorough-bred patriot volunteer of the first water, raised himself about "half straight," and said: "I often heard that Yankee Doodle was the Americans' fighting tune, but as the damned eternal Grocers kept up so busy while we were fighting that we couldn't have time even to whistle a little I think we might have a little touch of Uncle Sam's favorite if its only to make a fellow think of the white settlements." This acted like an electric shock upon the audience, and they recommenced their calls for Yankee Doodle. The actors appeared upon the stage, but still they continued to stamp and falloo. Senora Canette bowed gracefully, and smiled benevolently, but it was no use; they had determined upon hearing our national air, and nothing could persuade them from it. The actors withdrew, the curtain fell, the orchestra complied with their demands, and the rest of the evening's entertainment passed off in excellent order. A Mexican gentleman remarked to his friend, that it was the best illustration of the American character he ever witnessed,—that when they are determined upon anything, neither the firmness of man, nor the solicitation of women, could induce them to cease their exertions until they had accomplished their object, and that in ten minutes after or before any efforts, you would think, from their appearance, that they were as docile as lambs, and as harmless as infants.

PERSONAL ANECDOTES OF GENERAL TAYLOR.—The character of General Taylor is pretty much what is represented. He is mild, and affable, yet firm and unflinching. If a soldier under his command thinks he is aggrieved, it is in the general he looks for redress, and never fails in getting it in case General Taylor, on inquiry, ascertains it to be well founded. The "old man" as he is familiarly termed by officers and men is approachable at all hours. He will sit and talk to the most humble man, and his information tells no that he has often witnessed at seeing him enter minutely into the private affairs of the German and Irish soldiers under his command, give them his advice when asked, as it frequently is, and when that is over, read to them from the newspapers the anecdotes of the day, which have made their way into print in the northern cities, at which he would laugh as heartily as any of them.

ED, FINALLY TO SAY, that ON ANY ONE DAY, OR ANY NUMBER OF DAYS, either before or after the 1st day of August, until the Presidential election, THE FRIENDS OF GEN. TAYLOR GENERALLY, AND THE MEMBERS OF THE CENTRAL ROUGH AND READY CLUB PARTICULARLY, WILL ALWAYS BE READY AND WILLING FOR A FREE DISCUSSION, ON THE TERMS PROPOSED IN YOUR LETTER. We have the honor to be, very respectfully, Your most obedt. servants, RICHARD HINES, JAMES P. TAYLOR, F. C. HILL, GEO. LITTLE, Corresponding Com. of C. R. & R. Club.

We have printed the last sentence of the reply in large type, that our neighbor may see it—and decide whether there is any dodging.

In sober earnest, the Whigs who compose the Rough and Ready Club have a right to complain, and do complain of their "Cass and Butler" friends, of many things connected with this, as well as the second communication.

In the first place, the proposition to have a barbecue, on the 1st of August, had been made privately to gentlemen connected with the Rough and Ready Club—who assured the gentleman who made the proposal, that it could not be accepted, to be signed substantially the reasons given in the above answer. The matter was afterwards discussed as we have heard and believe, in the Cass and Butler Club—and a distinguished member of this Club opposed the proposition, stating that he knew it would not be accepted. It was then either voted down or dropped, and the President was not authorized by the Club, to make any proposition of this kind. In the face of all this, their President sent the above letter in his official character, which though not taunting and bullying in its terms, must under the circumstances, be understood so in its spirit. Still our Club, knowing all this perfectly well, sent a reply which in its tone and spirit was perfectly respectful, and deserved a respectful treatment.

But, our Club had further reason to complain, and do complain, that at the Mass Meeting of the Democratic friends to which no Whig speakers were invited, although it was known that they were ready and willing "to meet them, on the next day, discussions were made by the gentlemen who addressed that meeting, to this correspondence—and it was tauntingly said, that the Whigs had shrunk from a free discussion.

It was also said, though we hope not by the public speakers on that occasion, that the gentlemen from whom we obtained the use of the grove, had given it only for the use of the Whigs—and would not allow Democrats to enter his grounds. We are told and believe, that Democrats were dissuaded from going to the Whig Mass meeting, by the assurance made by men, who were quite too contemptible to be named among gentlemen.

The above correspondence will speak for itself, and prove, as will also the public invitations given that Democrats as well as Whigs were desired to attend; and it will also show, that the Whigs are not afraid of a public discussion. We have men in our Club who shrink from public discussion with nobody—much less with those, with such becoming modesty have laid their foundation to their souls, and proclaimed it to the world from the hustings. Shrink from a public discussion—with whom? Who are those great Goliaths, that it is so unsafe to approach? We happen to know them. Every one of the distinguished speakers of the Cass and Butler Club were Whigs, we know their mettle. They have been among us, as deserted to the enemy. Afraid of them! As a matter of taste we might choose a different adversary. We might choose an open enemy—those who have always been so. We might possibly feel less repugnance than we ought to express, for men whose tongues have hardly yet sufficiently unlearned the German Saxon sounds of Freedom, familiar to them as Whigs, to lip the Shibboleths of Loco Foco Democracy.

We beg, therefore our late friends of the Whigs, who, whom we know so well, to believe, that those who have faithfully stood at their post, and been engaged in so many noble Whig campaigns, do by no means fear that they shall be "overmatched." We wish them to suppose that we have men left in our ranks whom we are presumptuous enough to deem incapable of shrinking from a political contest with the best of them. And we further say that in some future meeting of the Cass and Butler Club, (whenever they may suit their convenience,) instead of the old and usual dodging and "shrinking," some of the modest Invincibles should hint that there may possibly, some where in this broad American Republic, if not in our Club, politicians, nearly if quite as well informed and as capable of "speaking public on the stage," as the numerous Clerics, who add so much lustre to that brilliant assemblage of Statesmen, composing the great Cass and Butler Club of the Metropolitan City of Raleigh.

The exceeding facility with which the "Standard" magnifies political mannikins into great men, and detracts from those of real ability and distinguished reputation that choose to differ from its opinion, has its only parallel and fittest illustration in one of the myths of classical history. Prometheus, a famous prodigary Giant of Africa, compelled travellers to lie down on a couch, and if they were shorter than the couch, he stretched them to the requisite length; if they were longer he lopped off the excess. The only difference between the custom of the ancient and that of our modern Politicians, exists in a slight improvement made by the latter over the former. He has two couches—longer and very short; upon the longer he causes his political diminutive, and endeavors to stretch them to the necessary elongation—upon the shorter, he throws the great men who may incur his displeasure and hews and hacks away with a right good will. Perhaps, it is unnecessary to add, the "Standard" of measurement in either case, is equally false and untrue.

Judge ROSSMAN, a veteran Whig, of Clark County, N. Y., whose services in the campaign of 1840 are well remembered, has taken the stump at Raleigh, and will speak on Thursday evening, and on the following day, at the meeting of the Whigs, at the residence of the late General Taylor, on the 10th inst. He is expected to address the meeting. Let us have a robust!

WHO SIGNED A BILL CONTAINING THE WILNOT PROVISIO? JAMES K. POLK!!! Let it be remembered, that to-morrow (Thursday) night, is the time for holding the next meeting of the Rough and Ready Club. The Hon. Kenneth Rayner is expected to address the meeting. Let us have a robust!

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