The North Carolina Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY WILLIAM W. HOLDEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION OF THE STATES—THEY "MUST BE PRESERVED."

RALEIGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1847.

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TERMS.

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OFFICIAL.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, Oct. 30, 1847.

The receipts into the Treasury during the quarter ending the 30th September, 1847, were, as nearly as can now be ascertained:

From customs	$11,070,000
" lands	832,760
" miscellaneous	15,670
" loan of 1846	111,000
" loan of 1847	5,144,700
	$17,174,130

The *expenditures* during the same period were—

Civil, miscellaneous, and foreign intercourse		$1,120,453 64
On account of the army, &c.	$9,186,406 27	
Indian Depart.	691,795 05	
Fortifications	109,158 00	
Pensions	583,332 36	
		10,570,691 68
Navy		2,384,805 45
Interest, &c., on public debt		11,687 49
Redemption of and interest on treasury notes		612,501 63
		$14,700,139 89

R. J. WALKER,
Secretary of the Treasury.

It appears by the statement of the Treasurer, which we publish this day, that the nett balance in cash in the Treasury is $4,825,000. Upon inquiry, it appears that the amount of the loan and treasury notes yet to be paid in is near $5,000,000—making, in all, of cash that could be used before the meeting of Congress, nearly ten millions of dollars. But to this should be added, probably, $4,000,000 of accruing revenue up to that date from customs, lands, Mexican tariff, &c., and we have the sum of $14,000,000 *applicable to the expenditures for the month preceding the approaching session of Congress; thus proving that we shall not be out of funds at that date.*

We also call attention to the official statement, published above, of the receipts and expenditures for the last quarter. This is the first quarter of the *first fiscal* year under the tariff of 1846. The receipts from all sources during this quarter, it will be seen, are $17,174,110, and the total expenditures for the same quarter, $14,700,130 80—*thus showing an excess of receipts over expenditures for that quarter of* $2,473,991. If, however, we deduct the proceeds (as well as payments) from loans and treasury notes from each column respectively, it will leave the receipts for the quarter $11,918,430, and the expenditures $14,075,950; thus showing an excess of expenditures for the quarter over receipts of $2,157,520 It is estimated, however, that the receipts from the Mexican tariff, in addition, during the last quarter, exceeded $500,000; which (excluding the avails of loans and treasury notes) would make the excess of expenditures over revenue for the quarter about $1,657,000.

But as to the new tariff, the nett revenue from customs under it actually paid into the treasury for the first quarter of its fiscal year—namely, from the 30th June, 1847, to 30th September, 1847—we see is $11,070,000. Now, on reference to the same nett revenue from the customs for the same quarter under the tariff of 1842 preceding—namely, from 30th June, 1846, to 30th September, 1846—we find that revenue was only $6,125,000, or *but little more than one-half the revenue from customs for the same quarter under the new tariff.* We republish the former official statement for that quarter, and ask a comparison of the results.

The receipts into the treasury for the quarter ending 30th September 1846, were, viz:

From customs about	$6,125,000
" lands	640,000
" miscellaneous sources	17,000
" treasury notes issued under act 22d July, 1846	1,953,950
	$8,735,950

The expenditures for the same period, were, viz:

Civil, miscellaneous, and foreign intercourse	$1,644,271 20
Army proper	8,153,659 30
Fortifications, ordnance, and arming militia	462,627 09
Indian department	827,880 03
Pensions	962,757 77
Redemption of treasury notes and interest	62,096 82
Redemption of treasury notes which were purloined, and interest	5 388 30
	$14,088,661 27

R. J. WALKER,
Secretary of the Treasury.

TREASURY DEPART. Nov. 2, 1846.

Thus is the tariff of 1846 already self-vindicated, and Mr. Walker's estimate more than sustained. We will add, in conclusion, that, *under the new tariff the exports of our own products largely exceed the imports;* thus showing what the protectionists call the balance of trade in our favor. Oh! Mr. Webster, Mr. Evans, Mr. Huntington, Mr. Abbott Lawrence, distinguished as you all are, where are your predictions? Surely neither of you is a Daniel in financial prophecy, whilst the much abused estimates of Mr. Walker come out of the lion's den and the fiery furnace unscathed.

Washington Union.

From the Washington Union.

Letter from General Shields.

MEXICO, Sept. 27, 1847.

To the Editor of the Union:

DEAR SIR: I hope you will permit me to avail myself of your columns to notice an article, which first appeared in the New York Herald, and afterwards obtained circulation in other papers throughout the Union, reflecting severely upon the medical department of the army, and referring to the treatment of my first wound as an instance of the ignorance of the surgeons of that department. The following is the article to which I allude:

"Many members of the medical department of the army are lamentably deficient in skill and experience. In proof of this, I would point to the fact that the surgeons in attendance on General Shields did not discover the extent of his injuries for a month after he received his wounds, being for all that time ignorant that two of his ribs were injured. Gen. Butler will, in all probability, be lame for life, through either the ignorance or the neglect of the surgeon who dressed his wound. Many other instances of a like nature are within my knowledge."

I regard it as an act of simple justice to attempt to rescue the character of the surgeons who attended me, in my time of trial and suffering, from the imputations contained in this article. I received the wound to which allusion is made on the 18th of April, at Cerro Gordo, while assaulting a battery of five guns, with a portion of my command in front—another portion of my command having attacked it at the same time, pursuant to my orders, on the flank. The wound was made by a leaden or iron *grape* nearly three times the size of a musket-ball. It entered my right breast, just under the nipple, and passed out of my back within about half an inch of the spine. From the spot where I fell I was carried on the arms of soldiers (under the direction of my aids, Lieuts. Hammond and Davis) about two miles to the general hospital. During the whole of this route my course might be tracked by the blood which streamed out of the wound. The agony I suffered was so intolerable that I longed for death, and often requested to be stretched on some smooth green spot, where I might breathe my last within hearing of the victorious shouts of my troops. My aids, however, remonstrated with me on this, and had me borne onwards to the hospital. Here my wound was dressed, and the blood staunched, by Dr. Wright, of the regular army, and Dr. McMillan, then attached to one of my regiments as acting surgeon. From the hospital I was again borne on a litter, the same day, about two miles and a half to a little hut on the Jalapa road. Here I was attended for several days by Dr. McMillan—every one expecting that every hour would be my last. From this place I was borne in a few days on a litter to Jalapa, where I remained until my recovery. I was attended during the whole of my illness by Dr. McMillan, who exhibited during that time not only the most consummate skill as a surgeon, but such care, assiduity, and devotion, as to endear him to me for life. I must not omit to mention that Dr. Vanderlinden, Surgeon-General of the Mexican army, (who had been made prisoner by my command,) rendered efficient aid to Dr. McMillan during a portion of this time. The broken ribs to which allusion is made in the article were not only known to the surgeons who attended me, but to myself, the moment I was stripped and examined; but this was considered so trifling a matter, compared with the terrible nature of my wound, that it excited but little uneasiness and attention. It becomes me to say here—what I sincerely feel—that my recovery has been providential; medical skill and surgical talent could do but little for such a terrible wound. I understand there is no instance recorded of such a recovery. I attribute, therefore, with a grateful heart, my preservation and recovery to God alone; but next to God, my gratitude is due, and my recovery attributable, to the skill and devotion of my attending surgeon, Dr. McMillan, recently, I am happy to say, permanently appointed. But I will go farther, and assert that the medical department of the regular army will compare, in professional skill and intelligence, with that of any other medical body of equal size in the world. Some of the more recent appointments I know also to be excellent; but there are doubtless some who are confessedly deficient in all the attributes of surgical skill and experience. This could scarcely be avoided under the circumstances, and considering the hurried manner in which the appointments had to be made. I regret to say that I am again suffering under the affliction of another wound, received at the storming of Chapultepec. The wound is from a musket ball, received in the left arm, which has occasioned me much pain, but my surgeons assure me the arm is safe. So entire has been my recovery from the effects of the former wound, that at Puebla I assumed command of a brigade, consisting of the New York and South Carolina volunteers, and the marine corps, under Lieut. Col. Watson. We marched from Puebla and entered the valley of Mexico with an army amounting in all to ten thousand two hundred men. Our march was one of extreme difficulty—over roads broken up and filled with rocks. We reached San Augustin on the 18th of August, from whence we could see the enemy's troops and works at Contreras. On the 19th I led two regiments—the New Yorkers and Palmettos—across a route that was deemed impassable by Mexicans for everything but goats; joined the other forces in the night; remained most of the night without shelter or covering, under incessant rain; and joined in the attack in the morning which carried the position, and cut Valencia's whole force to pieces. All this I encountered without suffering any injury from the effects of my former wound. From Contreras I joined in pursuit of the enemy towards Mexico. We came up with the main body of his army at Churubusco. The enemy's force was about thirty thousand. The position was most formidable. The fortifications were not only exceedingly strong, but their infantry was posted under cover of embankments, which afforded them such protection as to enable them to fire on us with security. The battle at this place was not only a bloody but a terrible one. The Mexicans determined to make it their last great struggle, and the Americans fought with desperation; knowing that nothing was left for them but success. Here I lost over half my command in killed and wounded. Some of the noblest officers and bravest men that ever marched to battle fell on that bloody field. Yet we routed the whole Mexican army, and drove it, panic-struck, into the city; and had I, who happened to be in the advance, only been permitted to continue the pursuit into the city, I doubt not, from what we have since heard of their fright, that they would have run through the city, and sought shelter in the mountains. Peace, however, being the great object, it was hoped that the moment was favorable for that purpose. Santa Anna, however, whose whole being is a composition of falsehood and treachery, employed the time in preparation for defence, and imposed upon us the further necessity of carrying Chapultepec and taking the city. This was all done, too, in the most glorious manner. The whole American force on the ground, exclusive of killed and wounded, when Mexico was taken, was less than 8,000; the whole force employed was little more than 6,000. So, my dear friend, you may tell the world that an army of between 6,000 and 7,000 Americans has taken the city of Mexico, strongly fortified, with an army of between twenty and thirty thousand men within its walls. True, we have suffered, and suffered severely. Many a noble spirit has breathed his last in the valley of Mexico; but the glorious results have proved to the world the invincibility of the American arms. I have been thus diffusive, to show that my recovery has been tested by every species of trial and endurance to which the human system can be subjected. It is a hard case, therefore, that the physicians who contributed so much to this recovery should be accused of incapacity, and that my recovery, in itself so wonderful, should be vouched as an instance to prove this incapacity. I trust those journals that gave place, inconsiderately, to the article to which I allude, will do me the favor, in justice to my physician and the medical department of the army, to insert this letter.

I have the honor to be, your friend and obedient servant, JAMES SHIELDS.

Skeeter Nets. A correspondent of the St. Louis Reveille says, the other evening we were strolling lazily along through the market, and hearing a stout, raw-boned countryman, sitting on a barrel near his waggon, grumbling to himself, as he scratched his tanned visage, we came to a stand and made ready for a talk.

"Musquitoes troublesome? inquired we."

"Some," answered our friend on the barrel, "That thar tavern,"—pointing to one opposite—"whar I put up las nite, kontains a few, and they do nibble pretty free, sartin."

"You ought to made the landlord give you a net, my friend," was our next, whereupon the "sovereign" rose from his barrel and was delivered of the following phillippic against that useful article of bed-room furniture:

"Ef you mean skeeter nets stranger, they ain't wurth shucks. I got tuck in with them things once, but it can't be done again, no way. I had heered of skeeters afore I cum here, and was agoin' through town, behind my wagin cursin' the natur of a place whar such things was hatched, when I seed a sign hanging out—"skecter nets for sale"—I splurges into the shop and bought a pair on 'em."

"Well, stranger, I got in the darndest place fur them bugs you ever seed or tho't uf. I just settled thar fur spite and speculashun, "fur," ses I, "they can't hurt me no how—I'm loaded, primed and full cocked, just ready to go off, and look out, skeeters, for I'm arter you fast."

"Well, jest to cut the matter short, the tryin' time come at last. I thought it was too squar to hold 'em (for the cend war just as big as the mouth,) but the maker outer know; so I spreads my net, and baited her with a stump of a candle, and lays down in as near the state Adam did in the garden, afore he got tuck in, as any speciuen of human natur could.

"They didn't trouble me at first, but bymo-by they come at me strong. 'Bite, ses I, and sing over it like an Ingin; bite and be darned; Ill have you afore long—I'll clare you clean out uf this secshun, like Saint Patric did the snakes in France!' But they come at me too fast; I swar, stranger, thar warn't a spot on my boddy bigger than a pin head, whar one of them hadn't sot hisself to work—so I had to go to fitin'; and we had it hard for some time, but the skeeters got a little the best of me that nite. The wust was to cum yet, for I got up in the mornin' swelled so that I'd grow'd most too big for my britches; and thinkin' how I'd make the children ring off the necks of them in the net, and when I cum to look, thar warn't but one in it, and he got away! So my old 'oman jest cut the darned thing up, and made Sunday frocks out of 'em.

"They may do down here stranger, whar the skeeters are tamer, but they won't do up in our diggins—ourn are too noin'; and I wouldn't sleep in a room whar one of them things was sot, no how!"

England. The Editors of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce have been favored with the following extract of a letter written by a merchant of New York who has long been a resident in one of the most populous manufacturing districts in England. The letter is addressed to his partner in New York:

"You will learn from the papers the frightful state of the mercantile world on this side of the water. Confidence is almost annihilated, and the distress for money is unparalleled. Loans are now being made in London, Liverpool, and in all the important manufacturing and shipping marts, of money *payable on demand*, and on undoubted security at 10 per cent. per annum interest. Say what they may, the harvest is only an average for *corn*, (meaning the cereals,) whilst the peas, beans, and turnips are *fearfully short*—and the potato crop is doomed. To add to the alarm, we are advised that the cholera, in its westward march, has already reached Poland, and it is feared that we shall be visited with that scourge this winter. The track it follows is almost identical with that of 1831–'32."

Newspapers. A man eats up a pound of sugar, and the pleasure he has enjoyed is ended; but the information he gets from a newspaper is treasured up in the mind to be enjoyed anew, and to be used whenever occasion or inclination calls for it. A newspaper is not the wisdom of one man, or two men; it is the wisdom of the age, and of past ages too.

A family without a newspaper is always half an age behind the times in general information; besides they never think much, or find much to talk about. And then there are the little ones growing up in ignorance, without any taste for reading.

Besides all those evils, there's the wife, who when her work is done, has to sit down with her hands in her lap, and nothing to amuse her, or divert her mind from the toils and cares of the domestic circle. Who, then, would be without a newspaper?

Benjamin Franklin.

The Cholera.

The great scourge of humanity—a scourge more awful than Atilla and his Huns—more terrible than the eruptions of a volcano—more devastating than the throes of an earthquake—the great scourge of the Cholera is at this moment advancing towards us with silent but indomitable rapidity. If we may believe the information received almost daily from the frontiers of the Russian Empire. Its course is described as being northwesterly, and it is said to have already penetrated the interior of Europe. God defend us from the agonies which desolated the world in 1832!

The Philadelphia American says: The above, from the London Sun of October 2d, the opening of a pretty long leader couched in language of similar character, expresses the feeling, almost amounting to panic, with which some of our European contemporaries seem disposed to regard the continued progress of the Oriental pestilence, which threatens a renewal of the calamities of 1831-2. The Cholera is, in fact, once more in Europe, sweeping, with all its ancient slowness of pace, but breadth of devastation, along its accustomed path, from east to west; and as we have every reason to suppose that it will pass over Europe, and, ultimately, disregarding the barrier of the Atlantic, reach our own shores, as in 1832, we have looked over our foreign files for notes of its progress, such as must naturally interest the American readers.

The last intelligence that we have from England shows that the Cholera is already at Riga, on the Baltic, which seems to be the most easterly point it has reached, and from which it extends, in a line S. S. E through Kieff (Kiew) to Trebizond, on the Black Sea, and further south, through Asiatic Turkey, into Persia. It made its first appearance in Trebizond on the 8th of Sept., and in Riga on or before the 12th. Thirty cases were reported in Trebizond on the 11th, described as not "being very virulent." About the same number of cases, daily, are reported at Erzeroum, (near Trebizond,) where one-third the cases were fatal. The mortality in the Russian towns is stated at two-thirds the number of cases. The disease had not reached Constantinople, where it was, however, almost daily expected, (a fatal case had occurred on the steam packet Sultan, coming from Trebizond,) and where a quarantine of observation had been already established. Rigid quarantine regulations had been instituted at Genoa and Palermo; and they were talked of at Malta and Marseilles.

It is impossible to divest the mind of awe, and even terror, while brooding over the anticipated advent of a dreadful epidemic, in which so many will apprehend the direct judgment of God upon an age of light and wickedness. But the ignorant suffer with the wise, and the wise are called upon and permitted to lessen the affliction which would otherwise fall upon the masses with equal weight. Experience has already proved that the resources of science in Europe and the United States are competent to the successful resistance of the East Indian plague, whose ravages were lessened, and in many instances, prevented, during its former visitation, fifteen years ago; and now, with a better knowledge of it than was then enjoyed, we have every reason to believe that, should it visit us again, it will present few of its former terrors.

Nor is there, perhaps, any occasion to expect that its passage to the New World will be a speedy one. Looking back to the records of its former occurrence, (from which we may compute its rate of travel,) we find that it made its appearance in Eastern Russia in the fall of 1830; at Moscow, for example, on the 28th of September. It was not until thirteen months afterwards that it reached England, (it broke out at Sunderland on the 28th of October, 1831,) and it was not until the 8th of June, 1832, that it appeared at Quebec, upwards of twenty months after its appearance in Moscow. Anticipating for it a similar rate of progression now, (and experience shows a remarkable uniformity, generally speaking, in its advance,) there would seem little occasion to expect its apperance in England before next October, or in America before the summer of 1849.

Science and benevolence, however, are now busily engaged in watching its steps. Governments and municipalities stand in readiness to prepare, at a moment's warning, for its approach, and we may expect its coming hereafter, should it come, assured that it cannot take us by surprise, and equally assured that all the resources of knowledge and humanity will be in requisition to deprive it of its dangers.

The first Move. A meeting of the Whigs of Buncombe County was held at Asheville, some ten days since, for the purpose of suggesting the assembling of a Whig State Convention to nominate a candidate for Governor. The meeting unanimously recommended the Hon. Kenneth Rayner, of Hertford County, as their choice for Governor. All this is well understood, and shows how political leaders presume upon the gullibility of the people.

It was currently reported, and not contradicted at the time, that while the Legislature was in session at Raleigh last winter, a caucus of the Whig leaders of the State was held, to say *not* who the people wanted as the next candidate of that party for Governor, but who they, the aforesaid Whig leaders, *would allow to run.* Well, the Caucus, Mr. Rayner being present, decided that Mr. Rayner should be the man; and in due season, out pops Mr. Woodfin, one of the aforesaid caucus leaders, and tells the people of Buncombe: "Mr. Rayner is your choice for Governor, though you never saw him and scarcely ever heard of him," and they, good souls, responded, Amen! This, we suppose, is what may be called public sentiment done up brown and furnished gratis to the people by party leaders. It has the merit of convenience, at least, as the trouble of thinking for themselves and searching into the qualifications of candidates for office, is entirely saved to the people.

So far as the Democracy of the State is concerned, we think there will be an unanimous concurrence in the nomination of Buncombe Whiggery. The author of the infamous bill to re-district the State for Congress—a measure that set at defiance law, a settled custom, justice and decency, and the sacred rights of nearly half the freemen of the State, for the petty purpose of securing a *party* triumph, is the man of all others that our Democracy would prefer to encounter in the next contest as the standard-bearer of Whiggery; such a contest will show at once whether our people have, indeed, lost their ancient and boasted character for sober-minded and firm adherence to the true principles of liberty, and to law and order—whether they prefer *party to principle* and *justice.*

Mecklenburg Jeffersonian.

For the North Carolina Standard.

Compliment to Lieut. Kingsbury.

OXFORD, Oct. 22, 1847.

SIR: The undersigned for themselves and in behalf of many of their fellow-citizens of the county of Granville, would be happy to offer you some public token of their esteem for you as a gentleman and a soldier. The have watched with unfeigned interest your course in the existing war, between the United States and the Republic of Mexico, and are especially proud of the distinguished part you acted on the memorable and bloody field of Buena Vista. Your arrival amongst them being sudden and unexpected, does not afford them the opportunity of giving you such a reception as their inclinations would prompt; they trust however, that making allowance for their "Rough and Ready" hospitality, you will do them the honor of accepting a public dinner, which they hereby tender you, to be given in the town of Oxford, on any day that you will be pleased to designate. They are with great respect,

C. H. Wiley,	R. N. Herndon,
R. B. Gilliam,	Jas. M. Wiggins,
W. S. McClanahan,	R. W. Lassiter,
Daniel A. Paschall,	Jno. R. Herndon,
L. S. Phillpot,	Jos. H. Gooch,
Jas. J. Thomas,	Wm. B. Hunt,
Benj. C. Cook,	Wm. H. Gilliam,
John Johnson,	J. C. Cooper,
J. Orsborn,	A. Spencer,

D. T. Paschall.

Lieut. C. P. Kingsbury, U. S. A.

OXFORD, Oct. 22, 1847.

Gentlemen: The invitation to partake of "a public dinner to be given in the town of Oxford, on any day that I may be pleased to name" was received at the moment intended for my departure, and I beg therefore you will excuse the imperfect manner in which I am compelled to reply.

To say that I am deeply impressed with this mark of the respect and esteem of the citizens of Granville, among whom many of my earlier years were passed, would convey but feebly the emotions excited by your kind and friendly communication. Next to the consciousness of having discharged his duty, the approbation of his countrymen, is the highest reward of the soldier. And to know that in my absence from the State, I have not been forgotten, and that my "career has been watched with unfeigned interest," to receive from the friends of my youth, the hearty and unexpected welcome with which I am this day honored, will ever be a proud recollection, and will be held in grateful remembrance to the last hour of my life. If circumstances, however, did not compel me to decline this public demonstration of your regard, a sense of duty and of delicacy, would not permit me to accept the distingushed honor which your friendship has so generously offered. With the Army in Mexico, my services were of an humble character, and though discharged with an honest zeal, are worthy of no higher distinction than should attach to every son of the Republic, who glories in his birthright.

You have been pleased to refer to my services at the battle of Buena Vista; and to my presence on an occasion which shed so much lustre on the citizen soldiery of the United States, rather than to any merits of my own, must I ascribe the honor of your invitation. That great victory was due alone to Major General Taylor. It was his masterly foresight that prevented a withdrawal of our forces to Monterey, and his comprehensive sagacity and unerring judgment that fixed the time and the position. That he was the only American General who would have given battle to the enemy under the circumstances, there is I presume little doubt: and that he was the only living General who could have won it, there is just as little. The most of those who served under him on that occasion, know and feel the truth of this declaration. Those who saw him, in the darkest hour of that sanguinary day, when the thousands of the enemy almost equalled the hundreds opposed to them; when many a stout heart trembled for the result, and at the frightful evidences of Mexican barbarity, which would have followed the defeat, Gen. Taylor was unmoved, and gave his orders with a calmness approaching sublimity. The storm of battle raged with terrible intensity; the Mexican lines had attained a fearful proximity to ours; defeat overwhelming and complete seemed inevitable; three Regiments of the gallant sons of Kentucky and Illinois, weakened and shattered, by seven hours of almost uninterrupted conflict, had been forced from the plateau, and there seemed no human power capable of arresting the march of the heavy columns of the Mexicans; but General Taylor still held his position, not less a tower of strength to the Americans than of terror to the enemy, round which the waves of battle beat in vain. His eagle eye saw the extremity of the crisis, and his mighty will determined to arrest it.

"High and inscrutable the old man stood,
Calm in his voice and calm within his eye,"

though at that moment, the fate of the battle, the result of the entire campaign, the life of every American from Buena Vista to the Rio Grande, depended upon himself. How his heroic spirit bore it all nobly up, has already passed into history. Among those who were most conspicuous in that last terrible conflict, North Carolina was well and worthily represented. The names of Bragg and Bryan are familiar to you all, and with them were associated Sherman, O'Brien, Thomas, Reynolds, Kilburn and French, than whom the rolls of no army can present a brighter array of youthful and chivalric daring. With no support but the moral power of the presence of their commander, the enemy were made to falter under the fire of the artillery, while the often distinguished Mississippians and the daring sons of Indiana, arrived from a distant point of the field in time to participate in the glorious repulse which terminated the engagement.

The victory won, the generosity, benevolence and sympathy of General Taylor, are not less conspicuous than his military genius in the hour of battle. The virtues of the man then serve to adorn the qualities of the Commander. With him not only the arms of the Republic, but the rights of humanity are always victorious.

But I have said more than I intended, and have trespassed I fear too far upon your kindness. If there is no theme more grateful to the soldier than the praise of his commander, those who have served under Gen. Taylor, I hope may be pardoned such a weakness.

In conclusion, gentlemen, be pleased to accept my most grateful acknowledgements for the honor you have conferred, and my best wishes for your future prosperity and happiness.

With the highest respect, I remain,
your friend and obedient servant,
C. P. KINGSBURY.

Look at the Bright Side.

Look at the bright side! The sun's golden rays
All nature illumines and the heart of man cheereth;
Why wilt thou turn so perversely to gaze
On that dark cloud which now in the distance appeareth?

Look at the bright side! Recount all thy joys;
Speak of the mercies which richly surround thee;
Muse not forever on that which annoys;
Shut not thine eyes to the beauties around thee.

Look at the bright side! Mankind, it is true,
Have their failings, nor should they be spoken of lightly;
But why on their faults concentrate thy view,
Forgetting their virtues which shine forth so brightly?

Look at the bright side! And it shall impart
Sweet peace and contentment, and grateful emotion,
Reflecting its own brilliant lines on thy heart,
As the sun-beams that mirror themselves in the ocean.

Look at the bright side!—nor yield to despair;
If some friends forsake, yet others still love thee;
And when the world seems mournful colors to wear,
Oh! look from the dark earth to heaven above thee.

Singular Occurrence. On Sunday last, a very large audience attended the North Pearl street Baptist Church, attracted in part by the fame and eloquence of the pastor, Dr. Welch, and partly, we doubt not, in consequence of the announcement made from the pulpit in the morning, that the rite of marriage would be solemnized at the close of the service.

The theme of the reverend doctor was the power and goodness of God, chosen as the basis for an appeal to the Christian charities and warm sympathies of his people in behalf of the needy widow and children of the late sexton of the North Pearl street church—C. S. Morton—who, though a colored man, was noted for his estimable Christian character, habits of industry, strict integrity, and learning, and intelligence, beyond the great majority of his class and complexion. The discourse was characterized by all the high and admired qualities which have placed Dr. Welch in the front rank of pulpit orators and extemporaneous preachers, and the appeal was not made in vain. In the midst of one of his happiest illustrations, and with voice and gesture admirably suited to the sentiment, he looked out upon the audience and exclaimed, "The Spirit and the Bride say, 'Come!'"

The wedding party having been notified of the time fixed upon for the performance of the nuptial ceremony, had stationed themselves at the foot of the stairway, in readiness for the signal, which was to be communicated by the sexton. The latter, when he heard the exclamation—"*The Spirit and the Bride say,* COME!"—and saw the gesture, verily believed the time for the marriage had arrived, and immediately beckoned the party to approach. They promptly obeyed the summons, and bride and bridegroom, bridesmaid and groomsman, marched solemnly up the broad aisle to the pulpit! The Doctor was in the midst of his discourse. The whole audience saw the awkwardness of the occurrence, many understood the true cause of the mistake, and all looked to see the preacher embarrassed, and the nuptial party placed in a painful predicament. But in this they were disappointed. Closing the sentence thus curiously interrupted, Dr. Welch calmly stepped down from the pulpit, and almost before the echo of his voice in the utterance of his discourse had died away, he was heard addressing the candidates for marriage in a manner most appropriate to the occasion, and in the beautiful style and fervid eloquence for which he is so celebrated. The ceremony over, the wedding party retired, and the preacher, as unconcerted as if nothing unusual had occurred, reascended into the desk, and taking up his subject at the precise point where he had left it, (though he uses no written notes,) proceeded to finish his sermon. So admirably was the awkward incident managed, that we doubt whether the party occasioning it ever suspected anything wrong.

Albany Express.

A Pretty Story in Danger of Destruction. An anecdote has long been related, without contradiction, that, at the signing of the Declaration of Independence, Charles Carroll simply wrote his name without any prefix, and that he added, "of Carrollton," at the suggestion of a friend, and to show to King George and his creatures, that he was not fearful of that designation, and that he was content to subject himself to all the consequences of the act. This was in July, 1776. There is in the Patent Office building, the original record of the first public document; "to clear Potomac river," and that George Washington headed the list of subscriptions for that purpose; and we now state that the same document contains the name of "Charles Carroll, *of Carrollton,* £1000, currency, dollars at 7s. 6d," written with his own hand. This was in October, 1774, nearly two years *before* the Declaration; showing that he had previously written his name with the prefix "of Carrollton," and when his head was not in danger! To suppose that he, at first, made the omission to escape responsiblity, is an assumption nobody can believe. It might with more propriety be said, that old Stephen Hopkin's hand didn't tremble!

Queretaro. Queretaro—the place to which the Mexicans have transferred their seat of government *ad interim*—is a fine town, or city, of some thirty-five thousand inhabitants, stone-built, and distinguished for its manufactures, particularly of coarse woolens and cottons. It is about one hundred and twenty-five miles N. W. of Mexico, and is situated on the borders of the Baxio—a great mountain plain or valley, of some two thousand feet less elevation than the valley of Mexico, which stretches, sixty or more mile wide, to the neighborhood of the larger city of Guanoxuato, and is considered the richest, as it is in fact, the most fertile tract of land in all Mexico. The whole of this country, with its vicinity, is densely peopled. The little State of Guanoxuato with a territory considerably less than that of Massachusetts, has a population of upwards of half a million. The State of Queretaro, which is twice as large, contains a population variously estimated at from one hundred and twenty-five up to five hundred thousand souls—a remarkable example of the uncertainty that exists in Mexico, in regard to the most important point of national statistics, which are all guessed at.

Queretaro is, then, the new seat of government; and there the new President, Pena y Pena, once a strong friend of peace, now an ardent advocate of war, attended by General ex-President Herrera, another convert from peace to war, convokes a Mexican Congress, from which there is, perhaps, as little to be expected of pacific inclination as from the administration of the peace President.