

THE RALEIGH STAR AND NORTH CAROLINA GAZETTE.

THOS J. LEMAY, Editor and Proprietor.

"NORTH CAROLINA:—POWERFUL IN MORAL, INTELLECTUAL AND PHYSICAL RESOURCES—THE LAND OF OUR BIRTH AND THE HOME OF OUR AFFECTIONS."

[THREE DOLLARS A YEAR—IN ADVANCE]

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From the National Intelligencer. EDITORS' CORRESPONDENCE.

We were thrown quite into a flutter yesterday by receiving in our bag from the Post Office the following letter from the Public's old friend MAJOR JACK DOWNING, who seems to have written it to us for the purpose of communicating to the Public, in his plain way, some views of President Polk—Young Hickory, as he delights to call him—which that distinguished functionary had not thought necessary to confide to his most confidential friends before he met with the Major.

On board the Steamboat on Long Island Sound, bound to Connecticut and down East, June 28, 1847.

Mr. Gales & Seaton:

MY DEAR OLD FRIENDS: I and Mr. Buchanan and the rest of us overtook the President last night at New York, where we found him pretty well tucked over, having got through with all his bird-egging in that everlasting great city, and ready to push on this morning down East. I was going to write a line to friend Richie, as he's the Government Editor, as soon as I could get up with the President, and let him know how the old gentleman stood the journey. But I happened to look in your paper and I see brother Ingersoll from Philadelphia, sends his letters to you. This puzzled me a little at first, because I knew that he was on Mr. Richie's side. But I looked along, and I see he called your paper a "powerful journal," and then the thought struck me that I had read somewhere that "there's a power behind the throne greater than the throne itself." Well, thinks I, that Ingersoll is a cunning fellow, but he ain't a going to get ahead of me. If he writes to the power behind the throne I will too. So, if Mr. Richie complains, and says I must right to him just smooth it over to him, and tell him the reason of it and tell him when the old ship gets on 'tother tack and his paper gets on behind I will write to him.

As I had come right on from Mexico the shortest cut, and had brought a letter from General Scott to the President, as soon as I got to New York I run right up to the tavern where he stopped to give him the letter. Folks told me he was at the Astor House—that great tavern made out of hewed stone. So I went up, and went in, and asked one of the waiters if Colonel Polk put up there?

"Is it Jimmy Polk ye name; young Hickory, the President?" says he. "Sartin," says I. "Yes," says he he's here up stairs in his room. "Show me his chamber as quick as you can; I must see him."

"You can't see him to-night," says he. "Young Hickory is tired out, and can't see nobody at all at all. Why wasn't ye on hand in the Governor's room if ye wanted to see him? All the boys have a chance there."

Says I, "that's nothing to the pint; I was on the road from Washington then, and am going to see the President to-night if I have to go through the stone walls of this house for it."

Then along come Mr. Stutson: and says he, "Patrick, what's the row here?" "Here's a fellow getting wrathy," says Patrick, "because I won't let him go up to the President's room."

At that Mr. Stutson turned round to me, and as soon as he see me, he ketched hold of my hand, and says he, "Major Downing, I am very happy to see you. I'll show you right up to the President's room myself. I'm sorry you was't here before. We've had some very pleasant entertainments since the President's been here."

When I got into the President's chamber he was laying down on the bed to rest, and looking as tired as a rat that had been drawn through forty knot-holes. But as soon as he see me he jumped up, looking rather wild, and says he, "Major Downing how are you? I didn't think of seeing you back from Mexico as soon as this. How does things go on there now?"

Says I, "they don't go on hardly at all. They are waiting for more help. Scott and Taylor are growing rather red and angry to think you should chuck 'em away into the middle of Mexico there and then not send 'em help to fight the way out again. And it seems to me, Colonel, you do hold back in this business a little too much. If you don't send 'em help pretty soon, then guerillas will eat our little armies all up. Why, Colonel says I, "if this was my old friend Hickory, he would have had them Mexicans half whipped to death by this time. But here's a letter from Scott, to tell ye what he thinks about the business. I come in post-haste to bring it. He says he won't

stir from Puebla till you send on more men to take the place of all them that's coming home.

The President took the letter and read a few lines, and threw it down upon the table; and says he, "It's no use; Scott may grumble and growl as much as he is a mind to, but it's no use. This war is a concern of my own getting up, for my one use, and I shall manage it just as I please." Says he, "Major Downing, there's reasons in all things. I don't want them Mexicans whipped too fast, especially when them upstart Generals get all the glory of it. When I found Taylor was swelling up too large, I meant to a stopped him at Monterey and draw off a part of his glory on to Scott. But that Taylor is a headstrong chap, a dangerous man. He overstepped his duty and blundered on to that victory at Buena Vista, and set every thing in a blaze. I shan't overlook it in him very soon. If the selfish creature had only let Santa Anna give him a handsome licking there, we might a had peace in a little while, for I had things all arranged with Santa Anna to wind the business right up in such a way that we might each of us have made a handsome plum of it.—But that unpardonable Taylor must cut the slash round with his handful of men, untutored volunteers, that I thought were as harmless as a flock of sheep, and contrive by that awful blunder at Buena Vista, to pour all the fat into the fire.

"Well, then, Scott has'n't behaved much better." He licked the Mexicans too fast by a great sight, and is swelling himself up in the eyes of the people shamefully. I thought if I could a sent Col. Benton on there, he would a squeezed the glory out of 'em in a little while, and settled 'em down as they would'n't a been dangerous. But that vagabond Senate would'n't let me do it. That was too bad, Major, when them too Generals were attracting all the glory that belonged to me that the Senate would'n't let me do any thing to offset them. But I'll let 'em know that Young Hickory isn't to be beat any more than Old Hickory was. I've sent Mr. Trist on to look after matters, and to see that the armies don't go too fast; for I'm determined Scott and Taylor shan't whip the Mexicans any faster than is prudent. All the glory that's to come out of this war fairly belongs to me and I'll have it."

"But," says I, "Colonel you are a going to send more men, ain't you? Or what are you going to do? How are you going to wind the business up?" Says he, "I am too tired to talk over my plans to night. But there's no need of you going right back to Mexico yet. Mr. Trist is there, and I can trust him to look after matters, and you better jump into the boat with us in the morning and take a trip down East, and we can talk the subject over at our leisure."

About five o'clock in the morning the President ratted away at my door and waked me out of a sound sleep; and when he found I wasn't up, says he, Major, you must be spry, or you'll be late for we're off at six."

I was up and dressed about the quickest, and went out and fact, there was a quarter of a mile of soldiers, all ready to escort us to the boat. And down we went, through whole streets full of men and women, and boys and gals, of all sorts and sizes, and some running and crowding, and some hollering and hurrahing, and in a few minutes we were aboard the steamboat, and the bell rung, and the steamer puffed, and off we went on the Sound towards Connecticut.

The President had a little room to himself, and he made me go right into it with him, and he set down in an easy chair, and put his feet upon another, and says he, "Major, I'm glad to get out of the crowd again; we'll take a few hours of rest and comfort on this voyage. This being President Major, is mighty hard work; but, after all, I like it. I've had a glorious time of it in New York. Every body was running after me, and it seems as though I had lived through a whole year in the three days, and I don't believe any body ever received more honors in so short a space of time in this country."

"Well," says I, "Colonel, it seems to me a pity you told the folks at Baltimore the other day that you should retire when this term was up. You might go two terms as old Hickory did just as well as not, you are so popular."

At that he gave me a tuck in the ribs and a sly wink, and says he, "Major, don't you understand that? Telling of 'em I should'n't stand another term is just the right way to make 'em the more fierce to have me. Don't you know Antony said Caesar refused the crown three times, just so as to be more sure of having it placed on his head? A d

just see how Santa Anna is working it now in Mexico. When he gets pretty near run down, and shivering in the wind and nothing to stand upon, he sends in his resignation, with a long patriotic speech about shedding the last drop of his blood for his country, and all that, the people refuse to receive his resignation, and cry out long live Santa Anna! and away he goes again and drums up another army of soldiers.

"But to tell the truth, Major," says he, "when I made that remark at Baltimore I had some little notion of retiring.—Our party was so cut up, things looked dark ahead, and I find this Mexican war something of a bother after all.—Taylor and Scott commit so many blunders, I had really then some notion of retiring when this term is up. But, since I got along to New York, things seem to look brighter, I'm popular, Major; I know I am. I should'n't be surprised if the Whigs made a demonstration in my favor yet. They seemed very fond of me in New York; and so did every body, every body you could mention; even the market-women took me by the hand and called me young Hickory, and gave me lots of fruit. There, do you see that pineapple on the table there?" says he. "That was given me at the Fulton market, as we were going over to Brooklyn on Saturday. Cut away, Major, and help yourself to it; it's a nice one. And here's a paper of most excellent tobacco," says he, "that was presented to me at the same time. You go into the pineapple and I'll go into the tobacco, and then we'll have a little more talk about the war."

Just as we got cleverly under way they sung out on board the boat for the passengers to get ready for landing. So I must cut my yarn off here for the present; but likely as not you'll hear from me again. Your old friend, MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

The Philadelphia Ledger has the following paragraph. We sincerely hope that the rumored prospect of an early peace with Mexico may be speedily realized.

IMPORTANT.—Prospect of Peace.—We learn from a reliable source at Washington that there is a prospect of a speedy peace with Mexico. The letter communicating the information says it may be in less than twenty days. The Mexicans have had the whole text of the treaty, which Mr. Trist carried with him, communicated to them, and they are satisfied with it. The President will call an extra session of the Senate, and this news will probably shorten his visit to the North. This is an important fact, and we have no doubt from the source whence it came that it can be relied upon.

THE HACIENDA OF SANTA ANNA.

Twelve miles beyond Cerro Gordo is the hacienda of Gen. Santa Anna. As this distinguished functionary owns pretty much the whole country between Vera Cruz and Jalapa, he finds it convenient to have two other residences; but the hacienda near Cerro Gordo was his favorite retreat. Here it was he lived in dignity, previous to the disastrous battle that lost him his presidential office and his popularity among his people. It was a bold dragon Major who first of our army, entered this princely abode; he gazed with astonishment at the surrounding splendor, and had not proceeded far to examine, before the name of General Santa Anna met his sight, and informed him where he was. The residence was characterized by a species of oriental splendor; fourteen large rooms crowded upon each other, filled with costly ottomans, from the walls of which suspended rare works of art. Everything had been precipitately abandoned; upon a centre table in one of the principal saloons lay an unsealed note, in the writing of the Dictator. It stated that "he left every thing to the mercy of a generous enemy."

The Major peered about as if he had got into an Arabian Enchantment; he examined attentively the pictures and coveted a saddle with costly trappings and stirrups of gold inlaid with silver; he peeped into a little recess, and his heart throbbled—there was a couch for a prince. Upon the adjoining tables were scattered costly perfumes, and on the floor, as they had abandoned two pretty Spanish feet, was a pair of elegantly wrought yet tiny slippers. The Major was a gallant man and an honorable one—dragon as he was; he could forego the saddle and the stirrups, gold though they were—but he wanted a trophy, and he placed the slippers in his pocket with a thrill at their feel that would have done honor to a galvanic battery. Yet his heart smote him, and he placed the treasures back

and walked into the more exposed parts of the house. He went into the neighboring pounds and viewed the splendid cattle and horses that were luxuriating in ease; when, presently, there dashed by an aid of General Scott ordering the Dragoons to pursue the retreating Santa Anna. In an instant the Major was mounted, and his men followed with a yell of delight. A few hours elapsed when he returned to the splendid hacienda. What a change! the fine cattle had been driven off, the saddle still remained, but the gold and silver was gone. The pictures were destroyed, and hung in fragments from their frames; the splendid cushions had been cut asunder and the mirrors broken into a thousand fragments. So ended an incident in the drama of this Mexican war.—N. O. Daily National June, 8.

GEN. TAYLOR'S RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES.

The New Orleans National says: "The return of Gen. Taylor to the U. States is looked forward to as an era in the history of our time. The very thought of his welcome home fills the mind with intense interest, and when it is announced that he has landed upon his natal soil, the hearts of his fellow-countrymen will throb as if they were threaded by magnetic wires."

And then after quoting some remarks of the N. Y. Tribune, says: "We would add that we learn from good authority, that the General's private affairs will demand his presence in the United States in November next, at which time he will ask leave of absence, not at present, as has been stated."

SOUTHERN AND NORTHERN CANDIDATES.

Alleged Inconsistency of Taylor's Friends.

The Editor of the Fredericksburg Recorder, in his last letter from New Hampshire, goes in strongly, on the ground of expediency, for the selection of the next Democratic candidate for the North. He says that the Democracy of the North "would cheerfully rally for any Southern Republican, did they not feel that they are, by the rule of alternation, entitled to the next candidate." On the other hand, he asserts that the Whigs of the North are so identified with Abolitionism that they can neither supply a candidate which the Southern wing will support, nor support a Southern man themselves. "I think the Southern Whigs appreciate their difficulty, and that they will endeavor to run Gen. Taylor by hurrah! but I can tell our zealous friends of the Richmond Republican that their efforts to make the war odious, have recoiled here, with dreadful effect upon the head of their candidate. The alacrity with which Taylor has been run up at the South has roused the jealousies of the 'allied army' at the North, and all sorts of unsavory epithets are applied to the chief butcher of this unholy war. Taylor can't get a vote here and I am glad of it—not because I admire him less than others, nor because I like the reasons for which he is opposed—but because I want to see the demagogues rebuked, who wish to ride into power upon his well earned popularity, and because I don't like these sudden transfers from the field to the Presidency."

It is not, we believe, pretended by the most ultra Southern statesman, that the mass of the Northern people, or, indeed, any considerable portion of them, are identified with Abolitionism. That a general opposition to slavery exists, is undoubtedly true; but that the North, as a people entertains any designs for its overthrow, is an absurdity which requires only a visit to that country, and the ordinary use of a man's senses to explode. At the same time, they are agreed—and without distinction of party—to resist the introduction into the Union of more slave territory. If this be the identification with Abolitionism to which the Recorder alludes, then his own Northern 'allies' are as deep in the mire as the Whigs. The Democrats of the New Hampshire Legislature have adopted this resolve:

"Resolved, That in all territory which shall hereafter be added to or acquired by the United States, where Slavery does not exist at the time of such addition or acquisition, neither Slavery nor involuntary servitude, except for the punishment of crime whereof the party has been duly convicted, ought ever to exist, but the same should ever remain free; and we are opposed to the extension of Slavery over any such territory—and that we also approve the vote of our Senators and Representatives in Congress in favor of the Wilmot Proviso."

To the Northern champions of Democracy belongs the honor of introducing that firebrand of discord, the Wilmot

proviso; and to them must be appropriated the additional distinction, to which we have before alluded, but which ought to be "kept before the people," that while the Whigs of the North are opposed to the acquisition of any more territory whatever, the Democrats of the North insist that new territory shall be acquired, and, when required, and none but freemen shall be permitted to place their feet upon its soil!

It seems to us that the charge which the Recorder brings against the Northern Whigs may with more justice be applied to its own party, and their real reason for insisting upon a Northern candidate is probably, founded upon factual opposition to Southern progress, as well as upon the sectional spirit which anathematizes all men who have not the honor to have been born within its own bailiwick.

The Recorder uses a very strong expression when it declares that Gen. Taylor cannot get a vote at the North. We once heard a noted Virginia politician aver with a warmth that showed he believed what he was saying, that "Old Harrison could not get the votes of two States in the Union." We predict that our neighbor's declaration will be followed by just such a commentary as the people in '40 pronounced upon that text. Unfortunately for the Recorder's theory that the nomination of General Taylor is an exclusively Southern movement, his nomination was first made in the North, by the press, and by assemblages of the people, in some of which even Northern Democrats forgot for a while their antipathy to the South, and united in the general enthusiasm for one whom all men are proud to claim as an AMERICAN. We believe that, generally, the Whigs of the North, and not a few of the Democrats, are animated by as fervid an enthusiasm for Gen. Taylor, and as fixed a determination to support him for the next Presidency, as are the Whigs of the South.

Exceptions may exist, but not more numerous or important than those which were manifested towards Gen. Harrison under the influence of ignorance and unjust prejudice. General Taylor will occupy strong national ground, as opposed to territorial aggrandizement, and as a champion of the Union, whose good sword has won it more renown than could the acquisition of a dozen States. There is that in his courage, wisdom, moderation, benevolence, and self-sacrificing spirit, which has stirred up the deepest longings of the popular heart, and aroused a flood which will sweep with resistless force over all the boundary lines of sections.

We have but one word to say in regard to the abuse of General Taylor to which the Recorder refers. Who denounces him thus? Who styles him the "chief butcher of this unholy war"? A few fanatics, who hate every thing good—self-conceited idiots, who endeavor to be original by slandering one whom the rest of mankind venerate; gossips, who, in their blind malice, save the object of their venom from the curse pronounced upon him of whom "all men speak well." That there is any inconsistency, however, in disapproving the course of Mr. Polk in bringing on this war, and in honoring Gen. Taylor, who has been its chief hero, we utterly deny. He has done the duty of a soldier, obeying orders. He has acted as a patriot, who, seeing his country involved in difficulties, helps her out, although he may acknowledge and deplore the folly which has produced such lamentable consequences. He does not endorse the propriety of the war by remaining in the service, any more than did the thousands of Whigs who believed the war to be unnecessary, and yet volunteered to go to Mexico, and assist in conquering a peace. As our contemporary of the Milton Chronicle remarks, there is no more inconsistency in applauding Taylor for his conduct in the war while condemning the President for bringing it on, than there is in denouncing the incendiary who sets fire to the house, and awarding honor to the fireman who endeavors to extinguish it, and arrest the progress of the flames.

Rich. Rep.

SILENT INFLUENCE.

It is the bubbling spring which flows gently, the little rivulet which runs along day and night, by the farm house, that is useful rather than the swollen flood, or the warring cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God there as he "pours it from his hollow hand." But one Niagara is enough for the continent or the world while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gentle flowing rivulets that water every farm and meadow, and every garden, and that shall flow on every day and night with their gentle, quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds like those of martyrs that good is to be done; it is by the steadily and quiet virtues of life—the christian temper, the meek forbearance, the spirit of forgiveness, in the husband, the wife, the father, the mother, the brother, the sister, the friend, the neighbor, that good is to be done.

Rev. Isaac Barnes.

of May to the 5th of June, inclusive and gives the following brief synopsis of their contents:

THE MEXICAN GENERALS.

Gen. Arista was apprehended on the evening of the 29th of May, and was immediately sent under escort, towards Acapulco.—The reason for this arrest is unknown. Gen. Almonte was still in prison and had been removed from St. Jago Tlaxeco to the city of Guadalupe. He was at first accused of conspiring against the person of Santa Anna, and afterwards accused, in some of the public journals of treason—but a correspondent of the Republicano suggests that the sole motive for his imprisonment is, that he is too great a friend to his country to suit the purposes of those in power. Gen. Ampudia having refused to proceed to Quer Navaca, as ordered, was sent thither under escort.

THE DEFENCE OF THE CAPITAL.

On the 1st of June all the natives of the United States were ordered to leave the city of Mexico for the States of Jalisco or Morelia, or they would be dealt with according to the law of nations. Gens. Gutierrez, Goans, Martinez and Palomino are entrusted with the command of the lines of defence of the city. Bodies of the National Guard are said to be on their way, and constantly arriving from the adjoining States, and it is believed that from seventeen to twenty thousand troops will be concentrated for the protection of the city.

GUERRILLAS.

Accounts are published from all quarters of the formation of guerilla bands, but little is said of their performances and we are led to suspect that the records of the newspapers are rather an evidence of what the editors hope than of what their country men do. In San Luis Potosi they published a sort of guerilla code, providing for the raising of the forces and their operations—all deserters from the army, fugitives from justice, convicts for offences not capital, and vagabonds and criminals unapprehended of all kinds are all invited to join and make war as to them may seem good, against the invaders, capturing property, taking prisoners or killing, as circumstances may require, all who come in their way. The only well authenticated feat of guerilla prowess published in the papers before us is the attack on Col. Scur, which is thus described in a letter from Orizava:—"They write me from Huasteca that a guerilla assaulted the diligence from Vera Cruz, coming to Jalapa, with nine Americans whom having put to the knife they relieved of some interesting communications which were sent to the Government." There is, it is true, another story of the guerillas under Jarauta having on the 30th of May captured 80 wagons, 80 horses and killed 200 Yankees, between Vera Cruz and Antigua, but this we suppose to be the Mexican history of the attack on Col. McIntosh.

THE AMERICAN ARMY.

The Mexicans have certain information that Gen. Scott cannot expect reinforcements to a greater extent than 2000 men, and money to the amount of \$200,000, and "nothing more;" they therefore think it doubtful whether he will march to the Capital and talk loudly in that city of marching out to meet him. "There are but 6000 men," say they, "from Vera Cruz to Puebla, who ford it over a population of a million of inhabitants which the two States contain. It can be lived only because it is seen." Among the intercepted despatches was a letter from Col. Hunt to Capt. Hetered, from which the enemy draws great consolation. The Colonel gives the Captain some information relative to the money in his hands from which it appears that our worthy Quartermaster wanders under a temporary embarrassment, this is construed by the enlightened editor, in Mexico into an evidence of the want of means on our part any longer to carry on the war and they therefore exhort their fellow citizens to renewed exertions and continued constancy assured that in the end they must triumph.

SANTA ANNA.

We have noticed, heretofore, the resignation of Gen. Santa Anna, and the fact that he was still at the head of the Government; the matter is cleared up by the publication of the withdrawal of his resignation.

RALEIGH AND FAYETTEVILLE RAIL ROAD.

We are glad to learn that the projected Railroads from Raleigh to South Carolina, through Fayetteville, is attracting the attention of capitalists. There is no line of improvement, in the whole country, we believe, certainly not one south of the Potomac, which would contribute so extensively a convenience as the making of this link in the great metropolitan steam line from Maine to New Orleans. We hope soon to see this important section of the great chain under way.

National Intelligencer.

"In the Florida war I preserved my health wholly by temperance, says General Taylor. Where the water was very impure some of the officers and men insisted on the absolute necessity of using ardent spirits with it. But I always observed that they fared the worse for it. As for myself, I would mix the swamp water with coarse meal so as to clear it from sediment, and content myself with such beverage."