

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 BIRDS AND THE HOME OF OUR AFFECTIONS."

[THREE DOLLARS A YEAR—IN ADVANCE]

VOL. 25.

RALEIGH, N. C. WEDNESDAY JULY 28, 1847

NO. 25

If President Polk will condescend to read Maj. Jack Downing's letter to the editors of the National Intelligencer, he may learn a useful lesson, such as we apprehend President's as well as Kings often need, but which they rarely hear from the courtiers and sycophants who crowd the parlours and repose in saloons of palaces. The Emperor of China, it is said, was the last man in Pekin to hear of the capture of Canton by the British forces. His flatterers lacked the firmness to tell "the Brother of the Sun" of an event so humiliating to his pride. Disagreeable truths as rarely reach the ears of the Presidents as Monarchs—and it is not remarkable, therefore, that they are often ignorant of the true state of public sentiment—especially when they may have just returned from a "tour of relaxation." We hope, therefore that Major Downing may find success to the Presidential chamber in his hour of retirement.

Rich. Whig.

To the Editors of the National Intelligencer.
LETTER FROM MAJOR DOWNING.

Downingville, away down East.

In the State of Maine, July 6, 1847.

Mr. GALE & SEATON: My Dear Old Friends: My letter on board the steamboat on Long Island Sound was cut off so short by the bell's ringing for us to get ready to go ashore, that I didn't get half through telling you the talk I had with the President that day; and we've had so much talk since, and seen so much on the journey, that I shant be able to tell you one-half nor a quarter on in a letter. It would take a whole book to give you a good notion of the whole story. But the President will be back to Washington before you can get this letter, for he started to go back last Saturday; so you can get the whole account of the journey from him. He'll be delighted to set down and tell you all about it; for he has been amazingly pleased with the whole journey, from top to bottom. He's been on his high heeled boots all the way. Instead of growin more stoopin by bowing so much, it seems as if he stood straighter than ever. He told the Governor, in his speech at Augusta, Saturday, "It seldom happens that the course of any man's life is marked by so distinguished a reception as has been accorded to me to-day." Well so it has been all the way along, hurrahing, and complimenting, and firing, and speeches, and dinners, and sappers, and shaking hands.—On board the steamboat from Portland to Augusta we got a little breathing time, and had a good long talk.

Says the President to me now, Major, says he, I want you to be candid. No one is a true friend to one in a high station unless he will be candid and speak the truth. And now Major I dont want you to flatter me: I want you to be candid, and tell me just what you think. You went along with President Jackson when he made his tour down East, and had a chance to see the whole operation; and now I want you to tell me candidly if you think the people was any more fond of him than they are of me.

Well, now Colonel, says I, not wishing to hurt your feelings at all, but seeing you've asked my candid opinion, I wont deny but what the people are very fond of you, amazingly fond, perhaps as fond as they can be. But after all, these things aint exactly equal to old Hickory's times.

But what do you mean? says he. Well, says I, the people all seem to be amazin fond, but somehow it seems to have a sort of mother-in-law show about it; it dont seem to be so real as they showed to old Hickory.

Well now, Major, says he, and he red-dened a little when he said this; says he, that only shows how strong your prejudices set in favor of the old General. But I thought you was a man of a stronger mind and sounder judgment. I cant agree with you against the evidence of my own senses. Did you notice all the way long how thick the crowds flock'd round me to shake hands with me?

Yes, says I; but they didn't go it with such a rush as they did when my old friend the General come this way.—They jammed around him so they had to climb over each other's heads to get at him. And I had to take hold sometimes by the hour together and help him shake hands with 'em or he never would have got through with one half of 'em.

Well then, says he, did you mind how loud they cheered and hurrahed wherever we came along?

Yes, Colonel, says I, I heard all that; but my gracious, wherever old Hickory made his appearance, the crowd roared out like thunder.

Well, Major, says he, they couldn't beat him cheers that the Democrats

and Capt. Rynders give me at Tammany Hall, I know; thunder itself couldn't beat that. It's no use, Major, for you to argue the pint; no President ever received such marks of honor from the people before, I am sure of that; I mean the whole people Federalists as well as Democrats; that is, if there is any such people as Federalists now days, and Mr. Ritchie says there is. Only think, the old Federal State of Massachusetts did the business up as handsome and seemed to be as fond of me as Governor Hill's State; I couldn't see any difference. You must confess, Major, that even your old friend Hickory didn't receive so much honor in Massachusetts as I have.

Well now, says I, Colonel, I dont want to hurt your feelings, but you are just as much mistaken as you was when you sent old Rough and Ready into Mexico. Have you forgot how they took the old General into Cambridge College and made a Doctor of him?

Who cares for that? says the Colonel; says he turning up his nose. Didn't the Democrats and Capt. Rynders take me into Tammany Hall and make a Tammany of me? No, no, Major Downing, it's no use for you to argue the pint against my popularity; for I've got eyes and I can see; and I want you to mark my words, I tell you I'm more popular with the whole people than ever old Hickory was in all his life. He was very popular with the Democratic party, but I am fully persuaded he hadn't such a hold upon the affections of the whole people as I have.

Here the President got up and walked about the floor, and seemed in a deep study for as much as five minutes.—At last says he, Major I missed a figger in my speech there at Baltimore 'tother day. I see it now, and I don't know exactly how to get over it.

How so? says I. Why, says he, I ought not to have said, right up and down, pint blank, that I should retire when this term was up. I should only have talked about my desire to return to private life. I was too hasty, and committed myself too soon.—There never was a better chance for any body to be elected than there is for me now, if I hadn't made that unfortunate remark. Jackson stood twice, and Jefferson stood twice, and I suppose it is really my duty to serve my country as long as they did. But if I should undertake to run agin, I spose they would be throwing that Baltimore speech in my teeth.

Well now, says I, Colonel, can't you see your way out of that? You wasn't born down East so far as I was.—It's no great of a job to get over that trouble.

At that the President brightened up a good deal; and says he, Well Major, I'll tell you what 'tis if you'll get me over that difficulty handsomely, when we come to have another shuffle for the offices, you may choose my card in the pack, and you shall have it.

Well, says I, Colonel, about that remark of yours at Baltimore, that you should give up when this term is out, all you've got to do is to get Mr. Ritchie to take it back in the Union; let him declare that it was only a sort of speculation, hastily thrown out, without much consideration, and that so far as he understands, neither the President nor any of his Cabinet entertain any such views. Then you can go along just as smooth and safe as if nothing had happened.

Fact, that's it, says the Colonel, snapping his fingers; strange I don't think of that before. Major, you do beat all for working out of difficulties! I believe I'll make up my mind to go ahead another term; I don't see any thing in the way. I'll tell you how I think of working it. I've been reading over this letter of Taylor's to the Cincinnati Signal. He's an old head, but he aint going to come another Bona Vista blunder over me. If I don't take the wind out of his sails before long, I'll engage to make him King of Mexico. And I'll try him on his own tack, too. I'll come out and declare that I won't be the candidate of no party neither; and throw myself upon the people. I'm convinced, from what I've seen on this journey, that the Whigs will go for me almost to a man. Van Buren and Wright, who say I'm not the man for the Northern Democrats, may go to grass. I go for the people the whole people, and nothing but the people.

Well, says I, Colonel, that's the road; and I wish you a pleasant and prosperous journey.

We had some more talk about the war before we reached Augusta, but I haven't got time to explain to you the President's views about it in this letter. He says he means to keep a tight rein over Taylor, and not let him do much, and when he does do any thing, make him report it to the Government through Scott. I asked him if he wasn't afraid

of making too tall a man out of Scott by placing him on Taylor's shoulders, and he said no, he should look out for that, and it he see any danger of it he should make Scott report to the Government through Mr. Trist.

After we visited Augusta, and Hallowell, and Gardiner, I tried to get the President to go out to Downingville, but he said he didn't think it would do for him to stop any longer this time, though there was no place in the country that he was more anxious to see, and he promised, the first leisure time he could get, to make a flying visit there. I asked him if he didn't think it would do for me to go out and stop a day or two, as I hadn't seen uncle Joshua or Aunt Keziah or any of 'em there for a long time. He said, certainly, by all means, and he would hurry back to Washington and look round two or three days and see what was best to be done about this Mexican War business, which according to the letter I brought on from General Scott, seemed to be getting into something of a snarl. He said he would have things all cut and dried by the time I got back along to Washington, so that we could make up our minds at once what is best to be done.

Your old friend,
MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

From the New York Express.

Major General Pillow.

As we supposed would be, the reply of this favorite of Mr Polk to the charge of the Tennessee volunteers has been noticed by Col. Haskell who has done himself credit and Gen Pillow justice. The whole statement of the Major General is taken to pieces in detail and shown to be, from one end to the other filled with falsification and quibbling. He stands charged with conduct that no gentleman or soldier would suffer to remain unexplained for a moment, and is rendered unfit for service in the army so far as cowardice and falsehood can effect it. In the Nashville Whig, of the 29th of June, is published the letter of Col. Haskell; but we are able to give extracts only of his statement: He says;

It is more than probable that I should not have given the reply of Gen Pillow any public notice whatever—bearing as it does an ample refutation of its leaping statements of facts on its own face—had it not been for the fact that he has thought proper to assail my reputation by charging me with precipitately retreating from the field at Cerro Gordo charge which if true dishonors me both as an officer and a man—but which if false equally dishonors him for making it. While, however I am defending my character from this unfounded attack, I shall take this occasion to review such portions of the reply of Gen. Pillow, as I deem worthy of public attention, and at the same time to make some further developments connected with the history of the affair at Cerro Gordo, which when taken in connection with Gen. Pillow's official report will, I am satisfied, startle and astonish the public mind.

In reference to the charge that Col. Haskell attacked the wrong battery and not the one ordered by General Pillow, he says:

"It was the second of three works, (No. 2.) which my regiment was ordered to attack and one of the strangest rank most reckless declarations which Gen. Pillow has made is, that I was not ordered to assault battery No. 2, nor was that battery ever assaulted." In the same paragraph which contains this extra ordinary misstatement Gen. Pillow declares that it never was intended that Col Wynkoop should assault No. 1.—How does this subsequent statement agree with the language of his official report of the 18th April, 1847? In that paper he says: "I therefore directed Col. Haskell who commanded the assaulting force intended for the attack of battery No. 2, to assault that work with vigor and carry it at the point of the bayonet. His party moved onward to the assault with energy, &c. &c. And, in a subsequent paragraph of the same report, he says; In the meantime, Col. Wynkoop, who commanded the storming party designed to attack battery No. 1, succeeded in gaining the position, where the assault was to have been made, &c. How flatly the official report and his reply contradict each other! But the General for the purpose of relieving himself from the ridicule which necessarily follows him for having ordered the attack on No. 2, while the attacking party was exposed to its dreadful fire in front, and to the raking fire of the batteries on either flank asserts that adjacent angles of No. 1 and 2 were the intended points of assault! Why, what sort of quibbling is this! Is not the angle, part of a work, how attack the angle of a work, and leave the work itself unattacked! Ridiculous!"

Col. Haskell goes on to assert that General Pillow's "angles" are all fabulous, and that he (Pillow) was wholly ignorant of the place he ordered to be attacked.

In relation to the false movement ordered by Gen. Pillow, when forming his line to engage, Col. Haskell shows the Pillow, who has so strongly defended his course, in his regimental report, by an error of the pen, or of copying. Col Haskell was made to say the right of his regiment was upon "the left of the path instead of the right, when it was the left of course throwing his

left still farther out to the right, and, in short reversing the regiment, bringing rear in front, like his famous entrenchments. He says;

"I challenge General Pillow to deny, in explicit terms, that the wings of my regiment were changed and ranks reversed. He has not denied it. He only contends, in his reply, that if he ordered me to rest my right on the path, and; throw my left square off to the left, then, by that order the regiment was properly placed as to its wings and ranks. But he gave no such order and he knows it. He rested by right on the right of the path and threw my left square off the right not to the left, as inadvertently said in the first publication of myself and officers, and this he dare not deny; for if he does, he well knows that every officer and private of my regiment will testify differently.

"I have now fully exposed Gen Pillow's unfair quibbling about a word and have proved upon him the blunder which my officers and myself first charged him with and still insist on.

"The next point in the general's reply relates to his reconnoissances of the enemy's position. I pass over his admissions of the ignorance of the ground; because, as he says the work could not be perfectly reconnoitred, with one or two equivoques. Why did he induce General Scott to believe that he had 'carefully reconnoitred' them?

Col Haskell then goes on to show that Gen Pillow, so far from having a bad opinion of him, as a gentleman actually asked that officer to recommend him to Mr Polk as a Major General!

"While the brigade of Gen. Pillow was at Tampico and some months after it had left Camargo, Pillow sent for me one night to come to his tent; which summons being obeyed the General, after many expressions of friendship, sundry complimentary accounts of my official conduct and divers flattering comparisons between me and other field officers of his brigade, in formed me that he had reason to know that the President would shortly appoint other Major Generals for the service in Mexico, and concluded his harangue by begging me to recommend him to the President to be appointed one of them. I should utterly fail if I were to attempt to tell all the honeyed things which fell from his persuasive lips in this delectable interview.—Taken together, it was to me the richest night of the season. I cut the interview short however by assuring him an answer in writing, next morning, with the utmost frankness: 'I accoringly addressed him a note next morning, respectfully declining to recommend him. The General's petulant returned me the note that evening and doubtless, for the purpose of making me feel miserable in a blank envelope! Now, if General Pillow knew that I entertained such a personal malignity towards him and that the hatred commenced at Camargo, why did he call upon me for such a recommendation? And if I was an officer guilty of such, excesses and indulgences' as he describes, why should he have considered my recommendation worth any thing to him? How indelible was all this in General Pillow! Think of it! A Brigadier General in the field begging his interior in rank to commend him for promotion!"

In relation to the 'fact' that Gen. Pillow charged Col. Haskell with being the author of the Tennessee statement, the General is sadly beaten, and stands convicted of falsehood, as the Colonel says,

"This statement is all wrong. The steamboat Missouri on which I ascended the Mississippi river touched at the wharf boat at Memphis at the same time that the '77; on which General Pillow was descending it touched at the same place. Both boats remained at the wharf a few minutes. I met Gen. Pillow on the wharf boat and after the usual civilities, I informed him of the publication in the Picayune, which he had not heard up to that moment—told him with out being asked or charged with its authorship that I drew it up and taking aboard of the Missouri presented him a copy of a paper containing it. This however is not important one way or the other."

Col Haskell acknowledges that he 'lost his hat,' as Gen. Pillow says, but remarks that it was carried away by a shot from the Mexicans and he had enough to do, through Gen. Pillow's blunders, without stopping to pick it up. After his regiment faltered, he says;

"Seeing Gen. Pillow in the ravine, about thirty yards from me, I stepped to him as deliberately as ever I went to my dinner for there was but little danger in the ravine and the firing had nearly ceased, and reported to him that the assault had miscarried and that my regiment was severely hurt. The General, after first informing me that he was 'shot all to pieces,' ordered me to throw my command across the ravine to the left and on the hill occupied by Wynkoop."

Col Haskell contends that Gen. Pillow, after mentioning his name honorably in the despatches made a second report, while in Tennessee, charging him with misconduct and that this was done to throw off, if possible the odium that would follow such a declaration as that made by the Tennesseeans.

"It was known the very day my regiment reached New Orleans that the Official would make a publication in reference to the battle of Cerro Gordo, not very creditable

to Pillow. The General was at this time in Tennessee, and was doubtless notified of the forthcoming publication by a friend from below. Then for the first time as I firmly believe, for the double purpose of gratifying his malice and weakening the force of my testimony against him he conceived the idea of writing a second or detailed report and of antedating it, so that it might appear to have been made before the publication of my officers and myself at New Orleans. If there was any such report made my Gen. Pillow in Mexico, I never heard of it and I had ample opportunities of knowing. If made there why was it not published when the others were made public? There is no such public report of his bearing date the 25th of April last. Who has ever seen it? When the truth is known it will be found that General Pillow made that second report in Tennessee and for the purposes above stated."

Upon the "modesty" of General Pillow he is clear and concise:

"He says that my Regiment was forced to retire, on account of the Gibraltar like strength of the works, but remarks in the same breath, that if I had led the charge of Haskell's command, I think I should have led it differently and with different results! The General here simply claims that in all probability he would have done an impossible thing. I am not astonished at this, for he has already shown himself capable of doing things which I had thought it impossible for a Major General in the United States army to be able to bring himself to do."

The Colonel then goes on to prove that General Pillow did not know even when the enemy had surrendered until informed by a courier from General Scott—that in short like Sancho Panza, his great prototype, he was under a cloud all the time, and though there was a deal of hard fighting his ignorance like Sancho's two shields kept him unacquainted with all—and like the poor Squire he had to be told, when all was over how valiant he had been through the fight!

"After stating that my Regiment had been forced to retire," he observes, "Upon the report of this fact to me, through at the time I was entirely disabled in the use of my right arm by a canister shot, (modest thing that, the allusion to his right arm.) I immediately formed the whole command to renew the attack and had ordered the charge, when the enemy ran up the white flag and surrendered." Now how does this agree with the official report of Gen. Pillow, bearing date April 18th, 1847? In that report he says: In the meantime Col. Wynkoop who commanded the storm in part designed to attack battery No. 1 succeeded in gaining the position the assault was to have been made; but finding that the fire of the main attack on the enemy's left had passed, I deemed it prudent to suspend further operations until it should re-commence, or until further instructions should be received from the General in chief. My whole force being drawn up for the attack of battery No. 1, I remained in this position until the news of the enemy's surrender arrived, when I withdrew my command to the National road. Which of these counter statements, I ask is true? I answer neither. After the whole brigade had been formed on the hill fronting No. 1, and after Gen. Pillow had surrendered the command to Col Campbell—which there was no necessity for his doing because his wound was a very slight one in the fleshy part of his arm—and while Col C. with his accustomed energy, was preparing the brigade to assault No. 1, General Pillow suddenly re-assuming the command ordered the brigade to be withdrawn from the neighborhood of the enemy's. And in obedience to Gen. Pillow's order, the brigade was withdrawn to the distance of at least one half mile from the enemy's works. It was at this point to which the brigade was withdrawn off from the National road and one half mile from the batteries where the courier arrived from Gen. Scott, bringing intelligence to Gen. Pillow, received by him for the first time that the left wing of the enemy had been turned, the height of Cerro Gordo carried and a victory gained. The command of General Pillow was immediately put in motion and moved to the National road. It had reached the road but a few minutes when our regular forces came marching down it bringing with them as prisoners the very officers and men who had manned the batteries Nos. 1, 2 and 3! The forces in these

batteries alarmed at the fall of Cerro Gordo, and anxious to throw down their arms not knowing what had become of the forces who had menaced them, actually sent over to the officers of the regular army and surrendered to them! Yet Gen. Pillow says that he ordered the charge, when the enemy ran up the white flag and surrendered! Now, if any man denies the correctness of this account I will appeal to Col Campbell, Roberts and Wynkoop, and a host of others, who know that the truth is as I have stated it. It is true that the enemy ran up his little white flag in token of surrender, but a moment after my Regiment had been driven back into the chapparral from the works, but General Pillow did not know it. If he did know it why did he withdraw his command giving hundreds of the enemy an opportunity to escape? Does not every one know, that if General Pillow had known of the surrender he would have received it himself and have claimed the honor of carrying the enemy's

right wing? So far from General Pillow's knowing of a surrender, I was in formed by an officer of high rank, in this city that Major Best of the 2d Dragoons, told him that the General had sent as he was informed, to Gen. Scott not only for farther orders, but actually for reinforcements! This is a part of the unwritten history of the Cerro Gordo. I have now written it and when denied, I will prove it."

The letter of Col. Haskell is conclusive and there can be but one opinion of General Pillow. If he really means to be an officer he should at once get admission to West Point and after unlearning all his knows now he should spare no pains to obtain in that good school, the military knowledge he needs so much. He should also imitate the habit that officers have of speaking the truth. All this done when his favorite war making President is reelected and recognizes another war, he may be able to command a company doing duty as a guard to the sutler's stores.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM GEN. TAYLOR.

The Troy Daily Post publishes the following letter from Gen. Taylor, addressed to a citizen of Lansburgh. There is no room to doubt its genuineness, the editor of the Post having seen the original. It confirms the genuineness of the "Signal" letter:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF OCCUPATION,
Camp near Monterey, May 29, 1847.

Dear Sir—It is with much pleasure that I acknowledge the receipt of your most interesting letter of the 1st inst., and to which I desire to reply in terms more expressive of my thanks to you for your kind consideration for myself, and yet more so of my high appreciation of the upright and patriotic sentiments which are the principal tenor of your letter; but I am burdened with official duties, and at this moment with many letters from distant sources, which require attention, and will necessarily oblige me to reply to you in few lines.

"The Presidential office presents no inducements to me to seek its honors or responsibilities; the tranquility of private life, on the contrary, is the great object of my aspirations on the conclusion of the war—but I am not insensible to the persuasion that my services are yet due to the country, as the country shall see fit to command them; if still as a soldier, I am satisfied; if in higher and more responsible duties, I desire not to oppose the manifest wish of the people, but I will not be the candidate of any party or clique, and should the Nation at large seek to place me in the chair of the Chief Magistracy, the good of all parties and National good would be my great and absorbing aim."

Sentiments such as these have been the burden of my replies to all who have addressed me on this subject, expressing the assurance that by the spontaneous and unanimous voice of the people alone, and from no agency of my own can I be withdrawn from the cherished hopes of private retirement and tranquility when peace shall return.

Please accept, with this, my brief reply, the warm appreciation and high consideration of Yours, most sincerely,
Z. TAYLOR, Maj. Gen. U. S. Army.

AMERICAN FASHION ESTABLISHMENT IN MEXICO.

A Tampico letter of the 16th ult has this paragraph:

"It is not astonishing! A few days ago a number of American ladies arrived in this city from New Orleans—dressed of course in accordance with the latest fashion—and as common, certain 'fictitious' enlargements of proportion beautified their persons. This afternoon, while several Mexican seniors were passing, I observed two dressed in American costume, and judging from appearance, had donned as robust a bustle as was ever logged about by an American belle. As these were the first I have seen worn by Mexicans, it was certainly amusing to see them strut through the streets a proud of their bag of brass, as a mother is of her only child. Surely, the Mexican ladies are becoming enlightened."

Several clergymen and noblemen in England have raised one hundred thousand dollars, to send seven hundred colporters into Ireland, to distribute Bibles. An exchange paper thinks that August, at such a starvation crisis, would have selected seven hundred Corn-porters to carry provisions to the dying. Chron. & Scintilla.

Prof. Goupil, of France, has reported to the savans a series of experiments on tobacco. The chief organic acid is the malic. Bimalate of ammonia may be readily obtained from the plant, which in its dry state affords 3 to 4 per cent. M. Goupil has discovered that the conversion of the precipitated malate of lead into a crystalline mass does not take place unless there is free acid present. This is an important fact, as the conversion into crystals commonly assigned as a distinguishing character. Citric acid is found in the tobacco plant, but in a very small quantity. No other organic acids could be found.

"Patrick, I want somebody to kill my hogs—do you understand butchering?" "Faith, and it's me that can lend you a hand at that same—but it's a loss you'll want along wid me for getting the fur off is the only part of the business I understand."