

**TERMS.**—Two Dollars per annum in advance. Advertisements inserted at \$1 per square for the first, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Court Or- gers charged 25 percent higher.

(From the Richmond Whig.)

### THE WAR—ITS RESULTS.

The fact that General Scott has been ordered to proceed to the seat of war, and it is said that, with his Staff, he left Washington city last Tuesday morning—for the purpose of taking the command in chief of the land forces, is one of many circumstances going to show, that the Administration, tacitly confessing the want of energy and skill hitherto exhibited in the prosecution of the campaign, has been at length satisfied of the necessity of more vigorous efforts, as well as a more wisely digested plan of operations. It is rumored also that Commodore Stewart, now the Senior Naval officer, is to be sent to the Gulf of Mexico, with a considerably increased force; and we may therefore expect, at no distant day, to hear of an attack upon the fort of San Juan de Ulloa—by some persons well qualified to judge, deemed impregnable to an assault by sea, but which, defended by the Mexicans, in whose firmness, notwithstanding recent occurrences have tended to increase our respect for their soldierly qualities, we have not very strong confidence, it is to be hoped may be successful.

We infer from these movements, that all hope of the speedy restoration of peace has been abandoned by the Administration. Indeed, it is so stated explicitly by the "Daily Fountain," a paper published in Washington city, which professes to have "the very best authority" for its statement—and which adds that "it has been determined to take, at all hazards, the Castle of St. Juan de Ulloa, and to occupy it and the port of Vera Cruz until our stubborn enemy shall be reduced to submission—that Tampico, Mazatlan, Alvarado, Tabasco, Campeachy, and every other Mexican port at which trade can be carried on, is to be seized and held by our forces—that General Taylor has been entrusted with full power and positive orders to harass and destroy the enemy in every possible way, and, so soon as the new reinforcements, which are to be increased immediately to the utmost point allowed by law, shall reach the scene of operations, to march to the city of Mexico—and that no quarter, consistent with the rules of civilized warfare, is to be given thereafter to the enemy until he sues for peace, and shall make entire restitution for the expenses of the war."

The last remark in the above extract points to a chapter in the future history of this country, the opening sentences of which are already written, and may be read by those who run; but the concluding portion is yet sealed, and may not be fully revealed until the clouds of war shall be entirely dispersed. How is Mexico, already bankrupt and crushed to the earth by a national debt infinitely beyond her means of payment—which, indeed, has been literally unable to comply with the stipulations of its treaties with the United States, admitting its obligations and agreeing to indemnify our citizens for innumerable spoliations and robberies—how we ask, is the Mexican Government to update this large and daily augmenting amount? No one, we presume, supposes that it can pay in cash—and, as for its promises, we have already seen, that, when an infinitely smaller sum was involved, its inadequate means compelled it to allow the drafts upon it to be dishonored. There is but one mode in which it can be made to defray the expenses of the war—and that is by the cession of a portion of its territory. This, we presume, will be the ultimatum of our government, whenever the parties to the contest shall seriously address themselves to the task of its termination. The question then is, how much territory will be deemed sufficient for this purpose? Will California, the importance of which, in a commercial point of view, if we do not secure it, it will fall into the hands of Great Britain, will reconcile many to its acquisition, who nevertheless look with unaffected apprehension on the consequences to the Union and to the cause of free government that are likely to result from the extension of its limits—will California suffice? Or, the annexation of Texas having failed to "round off our frontier" and to serve as a wall of defense, is there yet another "outside row" on her borders, which it is essential to secure, in order to produce this geographical symmetry and to serve as an impassable barrier to foreign aggression? Must New Mexico and Tamaulipas, Chihuahua and New Leon be annexed to the Union, as "indemnity for the past and security for the future"? And if we are thus to extend the limits of this Republic, and to enlarge its "area" to an extent greater than that over which the Roman eagles flew, can we reasonably expect that our existing form of government will long be able to resist the disturbing and debilitating influences that will be thus necessarily combined with

that of liberators. We go to establish free government—to put down monarchy and anarchy, and other "evils" opposed to the welfare of the masses. Our principles are utilitarian—"we go for the greatest good of the biggest many," as the stump orator in Tennessee said. It is to establish the glorious principles of the progressive democracy that we rally. See the glorious stripes and stars! How proudly will they glisten in the sun, when floating o'er the halls of the Montezumas! The eagle of America is soaring proudly aloft. Who shall check his flight? His overshadowing wings shall extend over the broad area of the continent, and with all its appurtenances. Remember this Consalvo! In a quarter of a century Brother Jonathan will have kicked every vestige of European rule off' of those aforesaid premises, and turned all the yellow bellied Mexicans into good Yankees.

Your cold blooded political theorists and calculators, like Calhoun, and Clay, and Webster, and McLane, and Buchanan, and Wright, and all that sort of second rate, behind the age people, mere talkers, may grumble and growl—they may go to cyphering about the expense, but it won't do. "Down the expense!" "We go for principles," say the Progressives. "We go for the rights of man." "Hurrah for Extension and Bobby Walker." "Hurrah for the Union and Father Ritchie." Hurrah for the stony President Polk threw from the top of the Rocky mountains! Ho! Anti-Renters. You shall have land now just as much as you will take without paying rent or anything else. Ho! you who are in debt, and all you who are in such bad credit that you cannot get into debt. "Ho! all you who have been turned out, and all who cannot turn into offices. Now is your time. Extend! Extend! Extend!" This will enable you all to be satisfied, contented and happy. It is the political philosopher's stone that will furnish inexhaustible wealth, and continual rejuvenescence to the progressive Democracy! The principle never can die. The policy never can become extinct. The opposition of those who deprecate this mighty people becoming a great military republic, will not be heard—it will be drowned in the cheering shouts of "Extension!" "Extension!" "Extension!" This is the true meaning of "E Pluribus Unum." One of many may be said of each one of our "extensions." All hail the banner of liberty—shout, freeman shout. Music there—strike up Hail Columbia, President's Quick Step, Star Spangled Banner, Yankee doodle-doo Yankee doodle-Dandy, and now play the "Extension Grand March." How magnificent! Landlord bring out your whiskey; see how the small potato politicians are sneaking off behind the crowd. Ah! my lads, you may hang up your fiddles. The age of chivalry is come. "Extension! Extension! Extension!" "Land and Liberty," are now the soul stirring war cries. Bobby Walker will make all these people walls Spanish, or he will walk over them. "The Secretary stands alone." Erect in his greatness—what care he for the Presidency? But he will yet be President. It is so written in the book of fate by Father Ritchie, and will happen, despite the efforts of his many enemies. If he should decline the burthen, his horseman, the fearless Dallas, will do. This is written in the book of fate also. It is one of the chapters in the Chronicles of the Rise and Progress of the Glorious doctrine of "Extension."

The destiny of this people can be foretold. This is an eventful era. Mawkish, common place, sentimental, fastidious, shilly shally political theorists and quacks, are out of place. A new race is about to take the field. The Yankee Alexander, Caesars and Napoleons, are now to come forth on the stage of action. "Extension!" "Extension!" "Extension!" is now and hereafter the sibboleth to power and distinction. He who opposes it, is a doomed and defeated man.

Yours, alarmingly,

"OLD POINT."

### STEAMBOAT COLLISION.

An extra from the office of the N. O. "Picayune," states that the Steamboat Sultana, from Vicksburg, came in contact with the Steamboat Maria, bound up the river, and so violent was the concussion as to break the connection pipe of the Maria, by which the Chief Clerk, Second Engineer and 25 and 30 deck passengers were sealed, and many of them so severely that there was no prospect of their recovery. The Cabin Passengers were all saved, although by the immediate sinking of the Maria, between 25 and 30 persons more were drowned. The wounded were carried to the Natchez hospital.

### LAMENTABLE STEAMBOAT DISASTER.

The magnificent Steamboat, *Atlantic*, one of the line which carries Passengers between New York and Boston, via Norwich and Worcester, was entirely lost on Thursday night, the 26th ult., during a tremendous gale—going ashore on Fisher's Island and breaking to pieces. She had on board 62 souls, 40 of whom are missing.

# THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

BRUNER & JAMES,  
Editors & Proprietors.

KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR  
IS SAFE.

RULERS. DO THIS, AND LIBERTY  
Gen'l. Harrison.

NEW SERIES,  
NUMBER 33, OF VOLUME III.

SALISBURY, N. C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1846.

pre-existing antagonist interests, which, as we have seen, have been already numerous and powerful enough to threaten their overthrow?

But we will not press this enquiry now. Indeed, in the present state of our relations with Mexico, and the natural temper of the public mind, which is more interested in the events of the war than in its probable results, it would be an unprofitable if not an unwelcome task. We are content to adopt the language of a toast recently given by Mr. Winthrop, the able representative in Congress from the city of Boston: "OUR COUNTRY, WHATEVER ITS BOUNDARIES"—but we will add, may these boundaries never be enlarged by wars of ambition and conquest—for in wars waged for national aggrandizement, inevitably lie the germs of future discord and disunion, with all the evils and horrors that must follow in their train.

We do not know that the purpose of some of our leading statesmen is correctly shadowed forth by the following half-playful, half-serious letter from Washington, which we met with in the New York Herald. We copy it nevertheless, because it is "germane to the matter," and because there is in it, in despite of the manner in which the subject is treated, food for serious thought:

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20, 1846.

*Extension!—Extension!—Extension!—The New Progressive Democracy Battle Cry—R. J. Walker and other great men—Destiny—Prophecies and Eloquence.*

Our sources of information are undeniably. They are various, and all corroborative. The Richelieu of President Polk—the master-mind of the "annexation administration," has projected a political campaign, which, it well fought with zeal, and vigor, and unity, (*vide* father Ritchie, *passim*) will not fail to overthrow their enemies. The crusade of Peter the Hermit was a small potato business in comparison with the glorious undertakings now in contemplation—nay, resolved on by the Executive Sanhedrim of Colonel Polk. The Secretary of the Treasury we know has declared that there will be but two great questions involved in the next struggle for the Presidency, and he has announced them in advance. First, is the upholding of the Walker tariff bill of 1846, without modification; and the second, the great American doctrine—the progressive democratic doctrine of "extension." I will give you ere long some hints on the tariff question. A few words will now suffice as to "extension." It is a great—a mighty—a grand—a magnificent conception.

This illustrious author is confident it will stifle and extinguish all the other piddling disputes of the American people—abolitionism—anti-rentism—internal improvements—harbor bills, all will sink into insignificance, and be forgotten in the consideration of this bold, and indeed, sublime policy. Annexation, it is said, carried the election of 1844. "Extension" is a second edition of the same great American policy, revised and corrected, enlarged and improved. On the banners of the standard-bearers of the progressive democracy in '48, will be emblazoned in letters of fire, "go-a-head," "keep what you get, and get all you can." Extension, extension—enlarge the area of freedom. Ho! for Panama! Hail! for Cuba! Huzza for the Canadas, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick included! Do you doubt this? Let me tell you, if you do, you are behind the age. The blood of the progressive democracy is up. The lion-spirit of our Saxon forefathers is aroused. Onward, onward—Extend, extend, are the watchwords and counter-signs. Have we not magnetic telegraphs, steamboats, rail-roads, and gun-powder made by soaking cotton in "hell-broth"? Who can stop us! Who will stop us?—Who dare try it? Wo, wo, to St. George, if he lifts a finger towards interference in our south-western extensions. If he dare, we must wait till we have finished them, before he shall yield his northern colonies on this continent, and Jamaica and the Bahamas, to Brother Jonathan. Dare Louis Philippe venture, in his old age, to intermeddle, and leave a bloody war for his successor, whoever he may be, to end, with the most powerful people on earth! None of them will seek to impede the consummation of our "manifest destiny." The puny squeakings of the small beer politicians in Yankee-doodle-dom won't be heard. We have already got Oregon up to 49, Alta-California, Chihuahua, New Mexico, New Leon, and Tamaulipas. It is true we have not got up to 54 40 in Oregon—we have no Alvarado, nor New Mexico, nor Vera Cruz, nor San Juan de Ulloa, nor Tabasco; nor Tampico, nor Tampico. Wait awhile with patience.—All things are not done in a day. We shall get them all, and more too. Remember my prophecy. In three years we shall have them, and with them Zacatecas, Guanajuato, Popocatepeti, Huasteca, Tezcuco, Pachuca, Timpangos, and Zumpango; and then the extension must be commenced in the East and North, and in the West Indies. Our banner is

*The Old Federalists.*—A late Philadelphia paper publishes the following address. In giving it to the people the editor says:

"We are not prepared to say that we believe the document given below to be genuine, indeed we are confident it is not. But we do not arrive at this opinion because the address, in itself, is inconsistent with the character or position of the signers; for it contains nothing that can be gainsaid or explained away. The course of the Federalists is truthfully marked out and their present position and purposes faithfully described. But we have reason to think that, though the gentlemen whose names are used, most potently believe in what they said, they think it not honest to set down. Therefore, we are disposed to doubt that it fell from the green bag of one of the signers, and was picked up by a passer by. We give it, however, at a venture, and leave the Union and Pennsylvania to determine its genuineness."

ADDRESS TO THE SURVIVING MEMBERS OF THE OLD FEDERAL PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES.

You will recognize in the names undersigned, friends of the olden and better time, all federalists, and many of them prominent and active in the support of that party. Born and educated in the principles and sentiments of Federalism, we are proud to proclaim our undiminished fidelity to its tenets and measures. With these feelings, we beg leave to call your attention to the favorable opportunity now afforded for a reunion of all the elements of our persecuted party, and to invite your aid in the accomplishment of a consummation which has for many years been the object of our ambition. The undersigned have already effected much to secure the triumph of their old and cherished political faith. From 1828, up to the present time, we have pursued a policy which, while it seemed to be an abandonment of the old party, was in fact an united and successful effort to re-establish it. We have thrown the weight of our talents, industry and skill into the ranks of the Democracy; and we rejoice to add that we have been received with open arms.—The confidence of that Democracy enabled us rapidly to rise to a position from which we are enabled to mould, control and direct its measures and opinions.—With this power, we immediately and successfully undertook to discard the former principles and policy of the Democratic party, and to substitute those of the school in which we had been educated. Circumstances rendered us successful beyond our most sanguine expectations. Our former opposition forgotten and forgiven, many of us were raised, in the name of the Democracy, to the highest places in the republic, from whence we were enabled to force upon the party almost every point of political belief which had been before contumeliously discarded. You will find among the undersigned, the names of many now or heretofore occupying the first offices in the gift of the party. In the State of Pennsylvania, once the most ultra in opposition to us, we have assumed the entire political control: and have filled the most important offices, national and State, with stanch and unflinching old Federalists. It is true that we have been reduced to the humiliating necessity of using the mask of Democracy; but we assure our old friends that we have left the party nothing but the name. And what's in a name? We have secured all the essentials of Federalism, and can afford our conquered opponents the title. Thus have we stolen from the party its very soul, and filled its body with the spirit of our old beloved Federalism.

The destiny of this people can be foretold. This is an eventful era. Mawkish, common place, sentimental, fastidious, shilly shally political theorists and quacks, are out of place. A new race is about to take the field. The Yankee Alexander, Caesars and Napoleons, are now to come forth on the stage of action. "Extension!" "Extension!" "Extension!" is now and hereafter the sibboleth to power and distinction. He who opposes it, is a doomed and defeated man.

Yours, alarmingly,

"OLD POINT."

Nor is this the only, nor the main triumph which we have effected in the cause of our old faith. We have strengthened and emboldened the executive to usurpations of power which Federalism in its palmy days dared not aspire to.—We have claimed and exercised the executive power to make war, to conquer provinces, and erect governments, without the consent of Congress. We have made the central power, by the use of official influence, supreme: and have so used the veto power, as to make the will of the people of their Representatives, a mere shadow. We have succeeded in defeating every man prominently favorable to the last war; and fortunately secured, in the Presidency, a gentleman who in 1815, left the office of Felix Grundy and escaped into the country to avoid a call to march to New Orleans.

With these triumphs, and this power to encourage and sustain us, "We as Federalists," in the glorious words used by one of us as a preface to an oration delivered by him at Lancaster, against the war of 1812 appeal to you of the Federal party, to rally under your banner. We beg that you will not be alarmed by an empty name, but remember that every principle and measure advocated by the administration was sustained by the old Federalists, and that all which it sustains they gloried in. Under the favorable circumstances it is proposed that a secret organization of the old party should be effected, in the nature of the Cincinnati; that the faithful may be rewarded by higher honor, and the party secured in what it has so diligently and skillfully won.

Address the office of the Secretary of State.  
(Signed.)  
James Buchanan, George R. Davis,  
Wm. Wilkins, Garret D. Wall,  
Richard Rush, Peter D. Vroom,  
John M. Read, James S. Green,  
Henry D. Gilpin, Robert Stockton,  
John K. Kane, Henry Hubbard,  
Robert Green, Geo. Bancroft,  
Ellis Lewis, Robert Rantoul,  
T. Hart Crawford, Marcus Morton,  
Julian C. Verplanck, Louis McLane,  
Jas. C. Paulding, Roger B. Taney,  
Wm. C. Bryant, Benj. Howard,  
John P. Cushman, Upton Heath,  
Stephen Warren, Lewis Cass.

And many others.

### A FOREIGN SCOUNDREL.

Some time since, a gentleman, in all outward appearance, arrived in the city of Baltimore, and took rooms at one of our first hotels. In due course of time he made the acquaintance of a number of our "young bloods," and was introduced into several of our most respectable families, all being under the impression, from information derived from himself, that he was a young foreigner of wealth and distinction. He managed to comport himself so well, that a short time since he had so engrained himself in the affections of a handsome heiress, of some \$80,000, among the "Upper Ten Thousand," that a pledge of reciprocal love had passed between them, and they were engaged to be wedded.—But the "course of true love never did run smooth," and so before the nuptials were celebrated, a rumor came, and then a positive assertion, that the young cavalier was not what he professed to be, but an imposter. Inquiry was made by the friends of the lady, and it was most positively asserted that the "foreign gentleman," had in time past, expiated a crime by a life in the galleys of a foreign nation, and that at best he was only one of the lowest representatives of his nation. The match "in course" was broken off, and the "handsome young foreigner" saw proper to make off with himself also, leaving behind him numerous unpaid bills, and being the debtor of the hotel, some few hundred dollars, his bill being permitted to run up so high in consequence of his supposed respectability, judging from his conversation and the company he kept. Whether he has wended his way, no one knows, but there is very little doubt, that he will try to play the same game somewhere else, in this land of freedom, where an honest mechanic is not always respected by the wealthy, but where an upstart foreigner is too often caressed and made a fool of. The lady certainly made a narrow escape, and the lesson it has taught, will probably be beneficial and result in good.

The N. Y. Tribune of Saturday has the following:

*New Treaty at Washington.*—It has for some days been reported from the Federal Metropolis that Col. Benton has given in his unqualified adhesion to the ruling dynasty, and will be the administration leader in the Senate in the coming session.

We have just learned what is the *quid pro quo* of this adhesion. Col. Benton's son in-law, J. C. Fremont, who was recently jumped over three or four grades of his seniors in the army, and from a Lieutenant made a Lieutenant Colonel, has been appointed Governor of California! So Stockton, Stevenson, Mason and all are adrift. Fremont is to be the autocrat of the new empire, as the price of "old Bullion's" support of the tottering Executive. Such is the advantage of having a powerful friend at Court. Such is the game which great men (in station) play, using for dice the bones of the undistinguished multitude. We have this information privately, of course, but from such a source that we feel very sure of its authenticity.

*Served him right!*—A fellow who stole a pen knife or two, recently, in Richmond, Va., has been sent to the Penitentiary for four or five years. The fool! if he had robbed a bank or killed a man—some Hoyt, for instance—he'd have come off clear—but he stole a knife, and the penitentiary is too good for him—he ought to be hung.—*Milton Chronicle.*

From the Greenbrier Patriot.  
**"Brimful of wrath and Cubbage."**  
The last Raleigh "Standard" lots of *news* against our poor paper at an amazing rate—Without intimating any distinction between communicated and other matter, he charges all in a lump as "infamous"—expresses his sorrow "that the Editors of the Patriot belong to the profession" of printers—denounces the sentiments at the close of the communication in last paper as "mean, cowardly, upstart, and treasonable," and calls upon any men who sanctions them "to stand forth, until the base and faithless soul."

Such a bombardment of epithets we have seldom seen, since the days of the valiant Sir John Falstaff.

We esteem it a great pity that the Standard man should fling away his courage and throw up his valor so unprofitably, when it is all we only need but call for on the hostile plains of Mexico. There is no use in flying into a rage on this side of the Rio Grande: such mighty wrath would do doubt effect something handsome in Mexico towards concurring a peace. Such an inky canonading as he directs against us, his offending fellow-citizens, would eventually demolish a ranchero or two, and perhaps shiver Santa Anna's wooden leg.

We take it for granted, the valiant Falstaff will immediately volunteer his services "during the continuance of the war." It will soon begin to look rather ridiculous for the brave Printer of the Standard to sit at home with his arms comfortably wrapped in a lion's skin, baying out, "GO, boys! to the war!" and cursing every body who does not join in this mass of patriotism. A gentleman entertaining so voted a regard for the interests of his country and for the character of the profession of printing, is expected to proclaim to his neighbors, "Come, boys! on with your knapsack! shoulder your muskets, and come with me! I am ready to leave my family to the contingencies of life and time, and go into a foreign country and do battle 'during the war,' for seven dollars a month!" That's the way for a fellow to talk, when he is in earnest. There is something extremely absurd in your preaching to others to do that which you are afraid to attempt yourself.

But the patriotism of the Standard man is undoubtedly too deep and genuine to be longer wasted in words at home—denouncing as "mean, cowardly and treasonable" the sentiments of one who feelingly exerted the *free friends* of the Standard man to go and fight. By the way, that was what put him in a passion he had no stomach for the appeal to the "white horses," the "game cocks," and the "untarried" of his own party. But there is now no back-out in him: he will not be caught passing before he enters into this engagement "during the war." He has been feeding