

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

BRUNER & JAMES,
Editors & Proprietors.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR
IS SAFE."



RULES: DO THIS, AND LIBERTY
GEN'L. HARRISON.

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From the New Orleans Evening Mercury.
THE HEROINE OF TAMPICO.
All recollect that, previous to the taking of Tampico, Mrs. Chase, the wife of our Consul at that place, sent to Com. Conner an exact plan of the entire town, harbor and forts of Tampico, with information of the exact strength of the place; and that, on receiving the documents of Mrs. Chase, the Commodore immediately set sail for Tampico, and took the place without opposition, owing his success entirely to the information sent him by that accomplished and patriotic lady. We give below a letter, for which we are indebted to the kindness of our friend, Mr. B. M. Norman, to whom it was addressed, written by Mrs. Chase herself, giving, somewhat in detail, the taking of Tampico, and the part she had in it. Much less praise, we think, has been bestowed on the conduct of this courageous and patriotic lady than she deserves, and we trust that our Government, in consideration of the very distinguished services which she has rendered, at the peril of her life, will unquestionably reward her with enduring honors.
We doubt whether there is a letter on record, written by a female hand, breathing a purer patriotism, a nobler ardor, a more courageous heart, than that of Mrs. Chase, which we give below. She is a noble example among our countrywomen, and her name will descend, on the pages of our history, winning the admiration of future ages. We give the letter entire, it being the most authentic account that can be furnished. She writes thus:
Tampico, Dec. 14, 1846.
My Esteemed Friend: A great change has come over the spirit of my dream—at least within the last month—so that I almost doubt the existence of my own senses, we have at this moment some twenty sail of vessels in the river Tampico—steamers passing and repassing, the sight of which pays me, in part, for my six months' solitude and suffering. I am not a believer in Purgatory, but I think I have passed through that ordeal by residing in an enemy's country alone, not only hostile in feeling, but hostile and unprincipled.
My dear friend, I scarcely know how to relate to you friendly solicitude toward me and especially. In beginning my imperfect narrative, my great misfortune seems to accompany me—my pen can never keep pace with my feelings.
You will have been aware of Mr. Chase's reputation, agreeably to the decree of the 12th of May last; and in compliance with that act, he left only twenty-four hours notice to embark, or eight days to retire, twenty leagues into the interior. We prudently chose the former, and embarked forthwith on board the *St. Mary's*, the blockading vessel off the Bar of Tampico, leaving some eighty thousand dollars in his store, with no other protection than such as I could afford, and two clerks, one of whom was a Mexican—and, in accordance with the spirit of Mexican chivalry, commenced holding me. In fact, my annoyances were so numerous that I cannot give you them in detail, but merely sketch an outline, knowing the sympathy you feel for my perilous position in this new drama. In the next place, Inez de Prieta, in obedience to the Commanding General, passed me a notice that my privileges ceased as the wife of the American Consul, and my eyes must be closed. I replied to him, in the most decisive manner, that I was not only his wife, but also his constituted agent—in addition to this I was a British subject, and, as such, neither the Judge, nor the General could deprive me of my natural rights, as the English law admitted of no abridgment—stating that any infringement on its prerogative would be hastily chastised by that Government—and, in confirmation of my assertion, referred the learned General to the Law of Nations.
Thus defeated and exasperated, I was obliged to send an open note to my husband, then off the Bar. But, thank God, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, He directed me, and I conceived a plan which again defeated his hostile purpose, and sent by stratagem nine letters in eight weeks, and through the same means received replies. But those things were daily making inroads upon my health and my spirits, which I most carefully concealed from my good husband, knowing the intensity of his feelings for his government, and particularly for my welfare.
In the meantime drew a plan of the city and river, and had it sent to Com. Conner and Capt. McCauley, of the *John Adams*, with a correct description of all the forts, the number of guns, a list of the troops and how they were posted, and every political movement, so that through Mr. Chase and his agent, they knew every important movement in this section of the country.
They abused and insulted the American name and nation to such an extent that it often caused me to retire and pray God for the day of retribution. With the exception of my faithful America, I had but little human sympathy, as all the English influence was against our national cause.
I am, perhaps, a little prosy, but I will leave the sensitive heart to whom these lines are addressed, and so continue. I daily watched, not very christian-like, for the moment of retaliation, hoping to be able, although alone in combat, to 'square accounts' with my fierce captors, and, if possible, place myself and party on the credit side of this entangled account.
Santa Anna recommended to the Government of Mexico the confiscation of all American property in order to carry on the war, and that all Americans residing in this country should be made prisoners of war, as a fatal stroke to the warring pirates—the *gratia* name given to those applied to them—and that this garrison should be reinforced with some 30,000 more troops. When I read this article in one of the leading periodicals, it was rather gratifying to me, upon the old Roman motto—
"Who would be free, himself must strike the blow."
In other words, my case was at best helpless, and now even desperate, and required a desperate remedy.
Two spies came daily to my house, always under the guise of friendship; and on one occasion, one of the wretches believing that I was possessed of items concerning the American Government, I represented to him that 30,000 troops were to join Gen. Taylor at Matamoros,

30,000 more had been despatched to capture San Juan, etc., and closed with remarking that I would be compelled to close my house within a day or two, as a force of 25,000 to 30,000 troops was coming against this place—which bit of romance so frightened my poor Amelia that she thought the General here would call me to account for it.
"Next day I had a call from the captain of the port, who wished to know the truth, and inquired if Mr. Chase had written to me to that effect; and soon after some other of the high functionaries discovered me to be an important character in their daily rounds. In a conversation with the father-in-law of the General, I recommended to him an early retreat, as the wisest course to be taken; and that same night, a private post was despatched to San Luis Potosi, upon the strength of the information so received, through me; the town of Tampico was ordered to be vacated on the appearance of this large force off the bar; scouts were sent in every direction, to procure mules, etc., for the conveyance of property to the interior; and two schooner loads were shipped to the city of Panoqui; six hundred stand of arms were sunk, the canon were removed from the Fort, and the troops evacuated the place. I then despatched to Commodore Conner an account of the state of things, and in triplicate to Havana, under different covers to my husband, urging his return forthwith. These were sent by an agent, who supposed them mere letters conveying a wish to my husband to meet me at Vera Cruz, to accompany me to Havana. I spent a restless night and morning, but it has certainly brought its reward. My letter to the Commodore was dated October 23d; he received it October 27th, and immediately called a meeting of his senior officers and laid my despatch before them. It had due weight. Provisions were brought from Point Isabel and distributed amongst the squadron, and on the 12th November they left Isla Verde, and on the morning of the 14th were in sight, twenty leagues off the bay of Tampico. I was so confident of the coming of the squadron, that in anticipation of their coming, I had a flag-staff made one week previous, and had it erected upon the house-top, in order to raise the first American flag hoisted as a right over Tampico. On my first sight of the fleet my pent-up feelings gave way, and I wept as a child for joy, seeing that God had brought deliverance to the captives, and in anticipation of soon seeing the object of my affection, and also in gratitude to Him who is mighty to save, and that my feeble efforts had wrought so strangely in our national welfare. Here I must pause, and say I cannot pretend to describe my feelings at that time. Fortitude seemed to give way; and in the midst of this emotion, I again saw the squadron nearing the bar, the boats manned and the line passing, (they standing their own pilots over that intricate passage,) and the broad pennant flying at two mast heads—the blue and red. My faithful Amelia and myself ran to Mr. Chase's office, and in solitude offered a prayer, then pulled the flag down and alone rushed to the house-top. I carried it up and tied it on the line with my own hands, and we—Amelia, myself and Mr. Uder—hoisted it, myself giving the first pull. Thus we defied the whole town of Tampico. I sent for some of the Americans, but not one possessed courage or national spirit enough to lend a hand.
"In thirty minutes the Ayuntamiento called upon me and ordered me to haul it down. I replied that it was raised as a right of protection. They said I had no such right. I rejoined that it was a matter of opinion in which we could not agree. They said it was a burlesque upon their nation—a lady taking the city—and what would the supreme Government of Mexico say? I replied very laconically, 'Queen sabe?' and offered them wine under the new banner. They threatened the house. I ran to its top, and asked Mr. Uder if he would stand by me. He replied, 'Yes.' 'Then,' said I, 'the flag must remain, or all of us be sent over the house-top, as I shall never pull it down nor suffer any Mexican to sully it by his touch.' I had been robbed, my store entered and pillaged of more than two thousand dollars in the dead of night; and when the regiment from Puebla entered this city, they entered my store and carried off goods, and I had no redress, and still less sympathy; and though alone the God of the Just was my captain general, and I had nothing to fear from all Mexico. And now the hour of my redemption was at hand. I expected they would either fire upon or storm the house. I rested with my right arm round the flag-staff, the banner waving in majestic beauty, and the squadron nearing the city, where they saw the flag. It was like lightning to pilgrims to know from whence it came, but soon the officers saw two female forms standing by it, and gave three cheers in front of the city, and then came to my house, which had been now nearly six months as if proscribed for some crime or plague, and my fault was that of being the wife of an American. Com. Perry and the municipal authorities came to my house on arrival, and also Com. Conner. My despatches have been sent to the State Department, and I have letters of thanks from the officers commanding, who have changed the name of Fort Libertad to Fort Ann, in compliment to me.— They arrived on the 16th. Forty-eight hours after came Mr. Chase, crowning all my happiness.
"You will no doubt have heard part of my story previous to this reaching you, knowing the interest you feel; and this unlimited friendship evinced by you, I have thus taken the liberty to give as far as practicable in detail, and have extended my account far beyond my intention, and at the same time trusting that you give at least a reading to this imperfect scroll, and may never feel the pangs of mental affliction, as felt by me.
"You very kindly inquire if the existing war has injured us in a pecuniary point? It has very materially, but that loss has not in the least allowed my spirits to flag. My trust is in Him who can withhold or bestow. We have suffered in mind, in person, and pocket, but with feelings of interest toward our beloved country and duty to the cause, and like the widow I was willing to contribute my mite for the honor of the country he had so long represented, and as a dutiful wife to follow him in weal or woe, ac-

ording to the pressure of misfortune, and an impending danger, even to the bleak wastes of adversity should not chill my ardor in following his advice and his cause, and trust to God.
"We will lose nearly one-half of our stock of goods. No doubt the United States Government will indemnify Mr. Chase at a future day.
"Our house will be turned into a garrison, and three field-pieces will be placed upon it.— I am willing to stand by my husband at a gun until we both die or are victorious."
CHARLES HOSKINS—U. S. ARMY.
The names of nearly all the officers who fell at Monterey have gone the rounds of the country, with brief memoirs illustrated with water-color gallant action they had performed, or noble quality they were endowed. So far as I have seen, one has been omitted. And to those who appreciated him, this omission, like that of the bust at the pageant, directs their attention to him the more earnestly, and revives those ties of endearment, which, alas, can in future only link to his memory. This officer is CHARLES HOSKINS, First Lieutenant and Adjutant of 4th Infantry.
Lieut. Hoskins was a native of Edenton, North Carolina. He graduated at the Military Academy in 1836, and immediately joined his company in the Cherokee Nation. In various capacities, but particularly as quartermaster, preceding and during the Cherokee difficulties, he won the approbation and entire confidence of his successive commanders, Generals Wool and Scott. And on the departure of the Indians and the troops, he disposed of the public property and closed the affairs of Government in that country, a responsible trust executed with judgment and ability. In 1839 he moved with the regiment to Fort Gibson, Arkansas, and discharged his multiplied staff duties in such a manner as to elicit tokens of admiration from his commanding officers, and, harder task, to the satisfaction of all with whom he came in contact. He was commissary, and occasionally quartermaster, at this post nearly three years, during the station of his regiment, and by his mildness of disposition and urbanity of manner gained the attachment of his inferiors, while his correct and efficient performance of duty secured the respect of his superiors in command.— Nearly all his family had died of consumption, and his appearance at that time indicating that he would prove a victim to the same disease, was a constant source of apprehension, and he resolved with the hope of averting it, to shun sedentary occupation and lead an active life.— Joined by several of his comrades, the lamented Porter among them, he employed all his leisure in the manly exercise of the chase—an amusement as becoming to the daring and gallantry of the officer as the grosser sensual excesses are demoralizing and destructive. He abandoned books and the house for the free air and high excitement of the prairies, and became a skilful and fearless horseman, with scarce a superior in the army. The *Sporting Magazine* records many of his feats, though not blazoned with his name. His memory will long be cherished on the spot of his hardy sports and miniature victories.
His regiment made a tour in Florida, in the winter of 1841. He met no opportunity for distinction. Few had better fortune in Florida.— It was a war and a country to lose rather than to gain reputation. In the following summer he marched to Jefferson barracks, Missouri, and eagerly sought the same field of recreation to which he had grown accustomed, and the excitement of which he so keenly relished. Ere long he was transferred to a company stationed at Fort Scott, Missouri, where, surrounded by prairies and with ample leisure from duty, his wish was indulged. While at the barracks, he became attached and betrothed to an accomplished and arable lady, residing at Potosi, Missouri. To consummate this union, he obtained the only leave of absence—excepting for a short buffalo excursion in 1841—that he asked for during an active service of more than ten years. He was indeed all the soldier. The home of his youth made desolate by the fell destroyer which sweeps off families in a season, his regiment was his only home—its officers his kindred. His wife returned with him to Fort Scott, and he was happily enjoying the choicest blessings which life could afford when the Mexican difficulty carried his regiment to Corpus Christi in 1845, and separated him from his family forever. He was here made adjutant, and held this important post in the memorable actions of the 8th and 9th of May. Major Allen, commanding the regiment, complimented his coolness, efficiency, and gallant bearing. He rendered valuable services, but his position, or adverse fate, prevented his achieving any brilliant distinction. If fortune ever exerts influence in the affairs of mortals, it is on the field of battle. The bravest may not always perform heroic deeds, nor profound skill guard against ever-changing circumstances impossible to foresee, nor the loftiest genius invariably detect the crisis and improve it. Even the combination of these, which constitutes the great captain, cannot ensure success. Chance has her dominion, and wields a capricious sceptre, in spite sometimes of human reason and superhuman effort.
Lieut. Hoskins was still the adjutant at Monterey. His regiment was posted on the night of the 20th September to cover a mortar batte-

ry established in a hollow, within range of the fire from the Mexican citadel, and was more or less exposed all night. On the following morning it was directed to storm a fort on the left and at the outskirts of the town. Three companies, numbering only a hundred men—a forlorn hope—advanced to the charge, directly in front of the work. Three batteries, the fire from the citadel, and the small arms of two thousand men, opened upon this slender column. At its head marched its brave and modest commander, Major Allen, (now of the 2d infantry,) who had led the regiment in the battles in May; Lieut. Hoskins and Lieut. Graham since dead. When within a hundred yards, the fire became horribly destructive; Lieut. Hoskins was shot through the heart by a ball from an escopet, and died without uttering a word. His arm stiffened, with a finger pointing to his wound. He had a presentiment of his death. Lieuts. Graham and Woods, and thirty-five men, more than one-third the entire number, fell at the same moment. The wonder is that a single man survived to approach so near, yet Major Allen and a few of the remainder passed to within thirty feet of the wall before withdrawing for reinforcement.
The record of Hoskins's fate has been brief—an insertion of his name in the list of the killed, often misspelt, occasionally attached to another regiment than his own. Even in the only history of the affairs of the 8th and 9th of May, he is designated Lieut. A. Hoskins.
Thus silently perish the professional ability and pride of the officer and the social virtues of the friend. This is military glory! Yet duty demands a sacrifice, and—
Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.
Lieut. Hoskins was one of those rare men whom to know is to love: not by easy temper, and ready disposition to unite with any party and adopt any opinion to secure favor, but by the possession of the most sterling positive qualities. His courage was as "true as steel," as occasion had amply tested. His generosity had no limit; it was as lavish as the sun of his rays, and proceeded from a heart overflowing with kindness. His frankness scorned the subtleties of deceit, and prompted to the bold avowal of his convictions of propriety or right. His nature was truly chivalric, comprehending the instinctive sense of honor and punctilious observance of all its precepts, which mark the hero. His intellect was quick, penetrating, grasping; he read character at a glance, and his judgment was almost unerring. As an officer, he was faithful, judicious, energetic, and enlightened—as a friend, affectionate and true to any sacrifice. He had no enemies. In all, no man ever possessed in greater perfection some of the highest traits of human character; and blended as these were with modest demeanor, unassuming manners—shrinking from notoriety, and utterly devoid of vanity and selfishness—they were the more conspicuous and the more prized. His associates paid him the spontaneous homage of their admiration and affection. If not the master spirit, he contributed materially in giving tone to the circle in which he moved.— His influence was not confined to his regiment.
In figure he was tall and slender—a face remarkable for beauty and intelligence—an eye, black, sparkling and piercing, was expressive of his character, and can never be forgotten by those who have seen it under the various phases of his feelings. He was in his thirty-third year. He has left a widow and an orphan son whom he never saw—not like the relics of many deceased officers, subject to the fruitless sympathy of the world or dependent on the charity of Government, but in affluent circumstances. Peace to his ashes! The tomb never closed upon a nobler spirit.
M. C. M. H.

THE WAR—THE LAST CAMPAIGN—FUTURE OPERATIONS.—Under this head the N. O. Picayune of Sunday publishes the annexed very interesting letter "from the pen of a gentleman who is every inch a soldier." The writer, as the Picayune justly remarks, "scrutinizes the past with a military eye, and predicts the future with the boldness of a mind convinced of the accuracy of its deductions." We ask for it the attention of our readers:
MONTEREY, MEXICO, Dec. 9, 1846.
In writing of the operations of the campaign, I beg that I may not be classed among the "scribblers from the army," who write only to trumpet forth their own fame and that of their corps—doing justice to none, injustice to many, and blinding the people as to the operations of the Army. Such letters are read with deep regret, for they are disparaging to the reputation and good name of the American soldiery. I suppose the people are, and indeed ought to be, satisfied with the achievements of the army.— We have accomplished a great deal under many difficulties and trammels, and having done so much we must claim the privilege of pointing out those difficulties and trammels, of showing cause why they should never have existed, and proving that had they not existed we should be much further advanced in attaining our object—an advantageous peace.
The fundamental principle in war is "to operate, with superior forces, a combined movement on a decisive point," and no plan of campaign can be promptly successful unless it is framed on this principle, particularly where it is the intention to act entirely on the offensive. Unfortunately for our Government this principle did not enter as an element in the present plan of campaign, and all operations growing out of it are necessarily directly opposed to it. Had we met an enterprising enemy, this defect in the present plan of campaign would have been rendered much more apparent, and its failure much more signal by defeat in detail. Suppose Gen. Wool, with his force, and enormous supply of transportation and subsistence, had been concentrated on Gen. Taylor, would the latter have marched on Monterey with only 6,000 men, not having more than enough transportation to carry subsistence for that number, and having to leave behind him his jattery train on that account? Gen. Taylor had not sufficient transportation, with a depot as near as Cerralvo in his rear, to transport with his army of 6,000 men a supply to subsist it longer than two days after the 24th, (the day of the capitulation,) and had during his engagement to despatch his train back to Cerralvo. Had this concentration been effected, Gen. Taylor would have had with his army before Monterey one month's supplies, when he could have enforced an unconditional surrender of the town and forces, or followed on their rear in retreat and eventually have captured or massacred Ampudia's entire army.
Had not the Chihuahua expedition been planned, and had the force and supplies of that army been promptly concentrated on Gen. Taylor, we would have been before Monterey eight weeks sooner, when it might have been taken without firing a gun. And why was this Chihuahua expedition a portion of the plan of campaign? Was it not reasonable to suppose that after our victories before Matamoros, our enemy would occupy and hold, as strategic points, Monterey and Saltillo, covering the strongest passes in the Sierra Madre and having San Luis Potosi as a base of operations? San Luis should then have been in the plan of campaign, the objective point, and all of our energies should have been exerted on this line. As it turns out, Gen. Kearney takes New Mexico without firing a gun, Chihuahua is taken by a small detachment from his command without firing a gun, and after the battle of Monterey Gen. Wool arrives at Monclova, and reports his advance on Chihuahua as useless, whilst our enemy, whipped at Monterey, abandons Saltillo and concentrates at San Luis, which he never could have done had General Wool's army been promptly united with Gen. Taylor's. Owing to this error in the plan of campaign our enemy not only gained time to fortify and fight at Monterey, but as a natural consequence from it, he also gained time again to concentrate at San Luis. With the combined material of the two armies the objective point, San Luis, might have been gained, and, by a decisive action with Ampudia's forces alone, at that point, the campaign might have been ended, and probably the war. These are some of the difficulties under which we have labored, and but for which our Army could have done much more for the country.— By these Gen. Taylor has been trammelled in his operations, and has not had an opportunity to display to the world what he could have done, had the plan of campaign been framed on military principles.
But let us look a little further into the difficulties growing out of and caused by the present plan of campaign. What is the relative position of our own and the enemy's force at this time? Santa Anna has beyond doubt concentrated at San Luis 37,000 men; he holds a central position which, with his force, cannot be approached from this direction even by superior forces, owing to the scarcity of water, which, on a large portion of the route, is held in tanks, and entirely at the disposal of the enemy. He holds himself invincible at that point, relying on the strength of Vera Cruz to resist attack, which must be taken before we can approach him by gaining his rear.
The number of Gen. Taylor's army is very far overrated, even by the Union, which seems to estimate it at the actual volunteer force sent into the field and the regular force prescribed by law, without any allowance for the diminution of his force from casualties and sickness, which has very far exceeded what might have been reasonably anticipated under the most unfavorable circumstances. Whatever may be thought of the strength of our force in Mexico at this date, I assert, and without fear of contradiction, that not more than fourteen thousand effective men could be brought into action tomorrow morning out of the whole army in the field. Now, what disposition of this inferior force necessarily results from the plan of the campaign? San Luis cannot be approached from this direction, and to get at our enemy we must approach him on another line. But the all-important passes in the Sierra Madre must be held, to prevent our enemy from gaining our rear; and our forces, although inferior to the enemy in numbers, are necessarily scattered, whilst Santa Anna can operate en masse on any point. Thus we find ourselves compelled to operate multiple lines, on an extended front, with an inferior force, whilst our enemy holds a single line of operations, and an interior one. This immense advantage to the enemy results entirely from the defective plans of campaign, and the only remedy is to form a new one, by which an increased force of 30,000 men must be concentrated on some decisive point. Vera Cruz and San Juan de Ullua must be taken; then, and not till then, will Mexican generals and soldiers begin to think that their arms are not invincible, and not till then will the Mexican people mistrust the prowess of their army. The fall of Vera Cruz and San Juan de Ullua may be a strong inducement to cause them to sue for peace, but I confidently believe that we will even then have to advance and fight the enemy at whatever point he may select. The Mexicans have no idea of making peace—even the private families in this town teach their children to hate Americans, and to hiss the name of Santa Anna as the saviour of their country, who is to whip the Americans wherever he meets them. It is absurd to think of peace unless our Government will take prompt and efficient measures to strike some decisive blow. Our force must be increased, the necessary subordination of military operations to the measure of supplies must be better considered, and the plans of campaign must be in strict accordance with military science. Then will our general in the field show to the world that he is not the man to win a battle and lose its advantages.

"AID AND COMFORT TO THE ENEMY."
MESSAGE.
"The Federal editors who oppose the war should be on their guard, lest, in their Mexican wrongs, they should give their aid and comfort, and thereby subject themselves to the necessity of receiving a cordial invitation to Jack Ketch."
We cut the above from an Advertiser's paper. It is not necessary to errand as the paragraph is having a general run in the Loco press.
"The monstrous doctrine that the disunion of public measures in a Republic is treason never before been stated. We do not see such exposition in Marshall's decision, or any of the Commentaries. It has remained a county court lawyer to promulge an error of that kind; and it will take another administration, as weak as the present, and as good as possible, to confirm the odious error."
We admit that aiding and comforting the enemy is treason, and we have nothing to say against the "cord and hangmen" formula. They are not of our prescription. The recommended by the Loco press, and that we say nothing against them. "To aid and comfort" the enemy is to be guilty of treason. To be guilty of treason is to incur the penalty and the hangman's office." These words constitute a very pretty set of premises, and we will proceed.
Imprimis. To aid and comfort the enemy is treason.
The Mexicans had become the enemies of the United States, and were in open rebellion against our country. Battles had been fought, and blood poured out on both sides. The Mexicans constantly suffered defeat, and lacked a military leader whom they feared, and who understood their mode of warfare—a man who was banished from the country, like Demetrius from Athens, and the Poliarctes, was recalled in the hour of need. It was known that General SANTA ANNA was beloved by the army, and that he was again to get at its head. War, distraction, weakness had rendered absolutely necessary the "aid and comfort" of the troops a General capable of commanding confidence and respect.
This great General, in attempting to invade Mexico, and take command of the army, might have been taken prisoner, but by the command of the President of the United States was allowed to enter the enemy's country, take command of the enemy's army. It is not "aiding and comforting" the enemy, to confess our ignorance of the meaning of words. To aid and comfort the enemy, said, is treason.
We leave to the Loco press the business of settling the relations between treason and aid and comfort, but only show a favoring, and corrupt press, to what all their misstatements lead; and that the noise which prepares in the cord of Jack Ketch many other necks than those which they threaten.
United States Gazette.

If it be "treason to reprove Mr. Polk & Co. for involving us in a war with Mexico, that treason ought to be punished by law, and the traitors incarcerated, or if this be thought too harsh a remedy, so venial a sin, a Seditious Law" be enacted, bridling the unruly tongue, and the traitorous pen.
The other day, we traced out the successive strides of the one man Power, the monarchy of our yet so-called Republic, showing first, that a President can of himself, create a war, is a fact, second, that, if conquest, as Mr. Polk, of Illinois, contended, was announced, he was an illimitable monarch, and third, if he had such powers, we were not citizens, with rights to discuss such matters, but subjects, bound to register the edicts of our head Chief, not to speak of them. This being the doctrine carried out, it naturally enough makes necessary a "Seditious Law," to punish rebellious subjects, if not a fortress, or gallows to take care of them.
When free discussion of the acts of a public servant, such as Mr. Polk is, is denounced as treason, Seditious Laws inevitably follow the establishment of a monstrous proposition. Do the Monarchists intend to bring in such a bill? They intend to throw the whole Whig party into prison because they cannot endorse James K. Polk? Sure, they ought not to let "aid and comfort" to the enemy go unpunished.
Unbridled, unauthorized, unlimited Power must always resort to unconstitutional acts to maintain itself. The moment Mr. Polk ordered the advance of Gen. Taylor (Jan. 13th) to the Rio Grande, a wrong aggravated by the fact, that Congress was in session, that moment, it became necessary for him to denounce all as "traitors" who questioned the justice or propriety of the act. We are, no doubt, traitors, if we do so doing,—but we are the Friends, nevertheless, of constitutional Liberty. His act was treason to the Constitution, and if justice was done him, he would be impeached for it. All we say, however, against him is "treason" to him,—but Patrick Henry said, he "must make the most of it." How he can help himself, or what he can do about it, without a Seditious Law to put a stop to our talk more than we can see. A Seditious Law, surely, is necessary. General Taylor perhaps may rot in gaol under it, for he was as much opposed to that march as we are.—*New York Express.*

Correspondence of the Alexandria Gazette.
Washington Dec. 28, 1846.
A message was received by the Senate this morning, from the President of the United States, which is generally supposed to relate to the war, and asking for an increase of 10,000 men to the regular army, which I stated, some days since, was in contemplation—and also the creation of the office of Lieut. General, the intention to do which I have hitherto doubted. As the message was not read in open or secret session, I am not aware whether the conjecture is correct to its contents, I have the most direct information, however, that the objects above stated, will be asked for, and if message has not yet gone in, it will go very shortly.