

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

BRUNER & JAMES,
Editors & Proprietors.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR
RULERS."



DO THIS, AND LIBERTY IS SAFE.
Gen'l. Harrison.

NEW SERIES,
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INTEMPERANCE.

BY MRS. L. H. SHORSEY.
Parent! who with speechless feeling,
Over thy cradled treasure bent,
Every year new claims revealing,
Yet thy wealth of love unspent;
How thou seest that blossom blighted
By a dread untimely frost?
Alas! labor unrequited?
Every glorious promise lost?
Wife with agony unspoken,
Sinking from affliction's rod,
Faintly prop—thy idol broken—
Faintly raised—next to God?
Husband! 'ere thy hope a mourner,
Of thy chosen child ashamed,
How thou seest her burial borne her,
Unrepented—unreprieved?
Child! in thy tender weakness turning
To thy heaven appointed guide,
Dost thou loveliest burning,
Toss with gall affliction's tide?
Sist! but offer labor bearing,
Dost thou see the grave can throw
Dost thou see how they down despairing
To a heritage of woe?
Country! on thy sons depending,
Singing in manhood, bright in bloom,
How thou seest thy pride descending,
Scandalized to the unclouded tomb?
Re—like one of God-like birth—
And Jehovah's aid imploring,
Sweep the spoiler from the earth.

HUNTING AND EATING IN AFRICA.

Our foreign files sometimes afford us, as our readers know, agreeable extracts from books which reach us. Among such is the novel of a volume of adventure in South Africa, which must offer, according to what we see of the subject, much that is entertaining. The work relates to scenes quite new, and is composed with much spirit and intelligence, yet with an unaffectedness, and absence of the aerial effort to make much out of things which nowadays renders the products of book-writing so wearisomely exaggerated. To the historian and the epicure, as well as to the sportsman, Mr. Methuen's pages must be quite interesting.—National Intelligencer.

Life in the Wilderness; or Wanderings in South Africa. By H. H. METHUEN.

The world much like to know how it came to pass that phrenologists have neglected to assign any square, half inch on the surface of the human cranium as the seat of that strong passion which with us bears the name of "a love of wild sports." Mr. Methuen appears to be animated with a large share of this spirit as falls to the lot of many. Naturally of a delicate constitution, he had taken a voyage to the Cape in 1841, and his health having been restored, returned home in the following year. But his delicate climate seemed not to have agreed with him, and he again sailed for the Cape in 1843, with the intention of settling there as a colonist of any fair prospects of success presented themselves. This intention he subsequently relinquished; and, meeting at Graham's Town three gentlemen who had either also abandoned their original design of settling in the colony, or were in no haste to put their design in execution, the four sportsmen planned an expedition beyond the colony into the interior region of South Africa. The party were out together eight months, and although the expedition did not penetrate into the interior farther than was originally intended, the result was satisfactory enough to the persons concerned, and likely to be unattended with advantage to the public, as it tends to show that, with a well-organized train and skilful shots, much might be towards clearing up the mystery which hangs over the central regions of South Africa within the tropics. The narrative of the incidents which befall the party during their journey is a most interesting one. Mr. Methuen not only a first-rate shot, but a good naturalist and skilful draughtsman, and he handles the pen with almost as much facility and effect as does the pencil, possessing the art of making a few strokes tell. Game the party shot in abundance, from the rhinoceros, the elephant, the giraffe, down to antelopes and partridges. The killing of the latter, on one occasion, was not less than twenty at a shot. The appearance of the rhinoceros is explained by the statement that the animals were all seated in a row, having come to the pool to drink, and the unsportsmanlike character of the shot is humorously excused on the observation that there were many mouths to be satisfied, and that they were too hungry to allow of scrupulous scruples.

SHOT AT A CROCODILE.

We made the river our return a little way from the wagons, and disturbed a crocodile according to the habits of its race, on the banks. These creatures easily take the water, and diving into it, commonly show their heads above the surface, exposing merely their eyes and the tips of their noses, as if to see if the coast be clear or no. This crocodile adopted the above-mentioned ruse; and, as a last resource, I seized the extremity of his tail and held it fast, while Frolic ran away from him, and he, drawing the nose tight, we pulled him out in fine style. Having secured him with another ball, we secured him on a pony of mine, one of those domesticated crocodiles which are shot for nothing unless their masters do so. The tail touched the ground on one side and the head dangled against his ribs, and he walked on unconcerned as if he would have driven most Englishmen mad. We could not help laughing at the queer spectacle presented by this uncouth reptile on horseback. On examining

the creature minutely, I perceived how exquisitely adapted was its conformation to its life and predatory habits. The small green eyes were on a prominence on the highest part of the head, so that they alone might be raised above the water, when all other portions of the body were submerged; the teeth locked together like those of a gin, and the lower ones fitted into cavities or sheaths in the upper jaw, rendering escape from their hold nearly impossible; the ears, which were scarcely perceptible, were merely two slits running behind the eyes on a parallel with the jaws; nostrils enclosed in a circle, small, and on the tip of the nose; color on the back dingy yellow and black; belly white, eight parallel jagged lines on the back, one running down to the extremity of the tail; five toes on the fore-feet, four on the hinder; thirty-six teeth in the upper jaw; entire length seven feet two inches. Nearly allied in color to the mud, capable of seeing all above it, and furnished with long jaws, and tremendous teeth, the crocodile lies in wait for game in the ford and shallows where they drink, and probably kills them in most cases by seizing their heads and drowning them."

AN UNWELCOME VISITER.

"30th.—Before daylight I was roused from my slumber in the tent by Bain saying, 'something has got hold of an ox'; and, listening, heard the poor creature bellow and moan piteously, but in a kind of stifled tone; the horses had all been fastened to the wagon wheels, but the oxen, having had a hard day's work, had been allowed to lie loose during the night.—Mr. Barlett's hint flashed on my recollection, but all soon became quiet again, and till dawn nothing could be done; in the course of half an hour the gray light was, we judged, sufficient for our purpose, and three of us, well armed, sallied forth in the direction of the outcry to reconnoitre. We marked a crow hovering, and by its guidance soon discovered one of the best oxen lying dead. We approached with caution, and a quick-sighted Hottentot pointed to the large print of a lion's foot in the sand just by us. The lion had attacked the ox in the rear, and fastened its tremendous claws in the poor wretch's side, one having pierced through to the intestines; he had then bitten him in the flank, and, to show the prodigious power of the monster's jaws, the thigh joint was dislocated, the hide broken, one of the largest sinews snapped in two, and protruding from the wound; having thus crippled his victim, he had apparently, seized him by the throat and throttled him."

A QUAGGA BATTLE.

"We had ridden within a mile of the mountains, which, clad in wood at their bases and intersected by dark ravines, formed with their rugged summits a most striking object, when we encountered some Bakatlas, armed with shields and assegais. They talked very fast, and made many signs, from which we concluded that they knew where game was, and were desirous to lead us to it. Parties of men, however, shouting with stentorian lungs, issued from the bushes on all sides; a giraffe was seen striding rapidly away; presently a herd of quaggas, pallabs, gnooks, and ostriches showed themselves. I shot a pallab and a quagga, right and left, but only obtained the horns of the former, the natives having skinned the head. Fresh bodies of men, running and hallooing, burst in view, till we were completely mystified on the subject. The quaggas turned back, and I rode after them, and, by the hedge on each side of me, first discovered the object of the natives, and that I had entered within the limit of their game-traps. Two wattle hedges, of perhaps a mile in width at the entrance, contracted to a long narrow lane, about six feet in breadth, at their termination, where two covered pitfalls, with a number of loose poles placed in parallel lines above each other at either extremity of the pits, to prevent any creature escaping or pawing down the soil. Noises thickened around me and men rushed past, their skin cloaks streaming in the wind, till, from their black naked figures, and wild gestures, it needed no Martin to imagine a pandemonium. I pressed hard upon the flying animals, and, galloping down the lane, saw the pits choke-full, while several of the quaggas, noticing their danger, and turned upon me, ears back and teeth showing, compelling me to retreat with equal celerity from them. Some natives standing in the lane made the fugitives run the gamut with their assegais; as each quagga made a dash at them, they pressed their backs into the hedge, and held their broad oxhide shields in his face, hurling their spears into his side as he passed onward. One managed to burst through the hedge and escape, the rest fell pierced with assegais like so many porcupines. Men are often killed on these hunts when buffaloes turn back in a similar way. It was some little time before Bain and I could find a gap in the hedge and get round to the pits, but we at length found one, and then a scene exhibited itself which baffles description. So full were the pits that many animals had run over the bodies of their comrades and got free. Never can I forget that bloody murderous spectacle; a moving, wriggling mass of quaggas huddled and jammed together in the most inextricable confusion; some were on their backs, with their heels up, and others lying across them; some had taken a dive and only displayed their tails; all lay interlocked like a bucket full of eels. The savages, frantic with excitement, yelled round them, thrusting their assegais, with smiles of satisfaction, into the upper ones, and leaving them to suffocate those beneath, evidently rejoicing in the agony of their victims. Moseleli, their chief, was there in person, and, after the lapse of half an hour, the poles at the entrance of the pits being removed, the dead bodies, in all the contortions and stiffness of death, were drawn out by hooked stakes secured through the main sinew of the neck; a rude song, with extemporaneous words being chanted the while.

MY FIRST GIRAFFE.

"As we advanced the signs of game thickened, and with them were interspersed the foot-prints of lions; still nothing could be seen.—Striking at last on the fresh track of elephants, we espied, to my infinite delight, some giraffes quietly cropping the high boughs of the mokala tree; their long taper neck stretched to the full length, twisting their flexible upper lips round the leaves and young shoots. A short council of war was held—a long one to me—and away we darted in pursuit. The animals soon perceived us and took to flight; charging through some bushes, and striding clear over others with their Broddinagian legs, and cantering in the most ludicrous manner imaginable—the hinder legs at each spring coming beyond the fore one, and working outside them by at least two feet; their tails all curled over their backs, and their necks and heads rocking from their peculiar motion, like a ship's mast in a heavy swell. I was quickly alongside the largest, and contrived to separate it from the herd, when, although strongly excited, I could not help remarking the strange sight which these colossal brutes exhibited, each followed by such insignificant, dwarfish men and horses, whom, had the fugitives possessed courage to make resistance, one of the kicks must have annihilated—truly is 'the fear of man on all creatures.' Thorns scratched and tore my clothes to ribands; all my companions vanished, though reports on all sides proclaimed the work of death in progress; and my giraffe, amusing itself by throwing dirt and sticks behind it in my face, I galloped ahead, and, dismounting, fired my favorite two ounce Purday's rifle behind its shoulder, when, to my great joy, the animal stopped, after running twenty yards, reeled, tottered, and laid its steeple-neck prostrate on the earth." Then came a certain degree of compunction; I knew the flesh and skin would neither of them be wasted, and I rarely deviated from the rule of never taking away life but for the sake of procuring food or a specimen; but the full, eloquent black eye of the giraffe called me murderer, and I could hardly bear to look at it. They are beautiful exemplifications of vast power, united with perfect benevolence, or inoffensiveness. The Balal came up to me, and merry smiles illuminated each tawny visage at thoughts of the banquet in store. Cutting off the tail with its long tuft of black hair, I rode to seek the Griquas and Frolic, who had absconded, and it proved, on inquiry, instead of attending to me, had been hunting for his own pleasure; but under the circumstances his fault was pardonable. Out

of ten giraffes six had fallen; they were all cows, and mine, the largest, was only about fourteen feet in height, but it being the first time I had seen the creature in its wild state, it appeared enormous. I have since shot the bull standing between eighteen and nineteen feet high, and, amongst several adult males killed by me, generally found this to be the outside limit of their stature. I always carried a measuring tape and tinder-box beside my shooting gear; the latter is indispensable in case of a traveller being lost and benighted. The sun had set, and Griquas, covering the bodies of the dead giraffes with bushes, left a Balala in charge of each till they could bring their wagons on the morrow.

"Before the twilight had given place to darkness we drew near our camp, but were astonished by the ground which, at our departure was whitened over with long dead grass, being blackened and smoking. Instinctively every eye sought for the wagons, but they stood seemingly uninjured. My companions, on our arrival, told me that the fire had come on them very suddenly, and that they had arrested the course of the flames with the greatest difficulty by burning a lane through the grass in front of the wagons, and keeping the fire under subjection with green boughs, or, in Cooper, the American novelist's words, 'by making fire fight fire.' The whole reminded me strongly of the description in his Prairie of a party similarly situated. There were some grounds for suspecting that this fire had been made maliciously, and the whole race of Balalas were indiscriminately consigned to obloquy. A kraal of some Bechuans from Metto, who were travelling with us, was utterly consumed; the fire had passed within twenty feet on either side of our camp, and in one place was within an ace of burning the tent. We could still see on the distant horizon a broad red line of conflagration. There were at least one hundred and fifty pounds of gunpowder in our wagons at the time which, in colloquial phrase, would have ensured a pretty blow up; and vain would have been my search for wagons or friends, if such an event had occurred."

SICHELE AND HIS COURT.

"Bain and myself having been politely requested to visit his Majesty in his royal residence, we proceeded thither, and found him seated on the ground in his cotla, or public court, with a queen reclining near him on an ox-hide. Aware that we were not accustomed to this mode of sitting, they, with great courtesy, handed to me an inverted bowl, and a wooden pillow to Bain.

"In the course of the conversation which then ensued, Sichele expressed a wish that the English queen would come and see him.

"A dish of sour porridge was next ordered in, of which the king first partook; then, alas! we followed suite; and then the queen, his favorite, swallowed at least two pints; after which she graciously gave the remainder to the court, and never did fingers do mouths better service than did those of her attendants."

"The queens paid us another begging visit; entering our tent before we had dressed in the morning, and watching with much pleasure and interest the European manner of attiring the person. His Majesty has at last promised us guides to the Marika.

"21st. Queens, lords, and commons have again been begging, filling the tent, and smothering us with dust and heat, not to mention certain nameless visitors whom they left behind them.

"Into the ear of one man I locked a brass padlock of a carpet bag, to his infinite satisfaction; but, finding he could not unclasp it at pleasure, he came back grew angry, and insisted on its being removed, which of course was done.

"On this day our journey was again to be renewed, and just before our departure we saw some person approaching in European costume—to all appearance a most slovenly, ill-favored fellow—whom on his coming up we found to be Sichele, clad in the clothes we had given him—his trousers too short, his coat too tight, and his stockings the color of the soil around. He walked amongst his admiring subjects with conscious superiority, but, despite his efforts to conceal it, looked ill at ease in the trammels of civilized dress. He charged us to send him back lots of elands' fat, and kill plenty of game for him; and he sent a large party with us to carry these things home to his abode."

THE LATE JUDGE MARTIN.

A statement has gone the rounds of the papers imputing fraud to the late venerable Judge Fraucors Xavier Martin, of New Orleans, (formerly of Newbern, N. C.) in the making of his will. He left his large estate, nearly half a million, to his brother in New Orleans, and it was asserted that his real intention was to give the property to his relatives in France but that by leaving it as he did he evaded a law of Louisiana which lays a tax of 10 per cent, on devises to foreigners. We observe that the Supreme Court of Louisiana, in affirming the validity of the will, has taken occasion to repel, in most decided terms, the imputation of fraud, as altogether foreign to the known purity and uprightiness of the Judge's character. This is a gratifying decision, and it gave general satisfaction in New Orleans.

Prevention of Infection from Typhus Fever.

Dr. J. C. Smith, obtained £5,000 from Parliament, for the following recipe: "Take six drachms of powdered nitre (saltpetre), and six drachms of sulphate acid (oil of vitrol.) mix them in a tea-cup. By adding one drachm of the oil at a time, a copious discharge of nitrous acid gas will take place. The cup to be placed during the preparation on a hot hearth or a plate of heated iron, and the mixture stirred with a tobacco pipe. The quantity of gas may be regulated by lessening or increasing the quantity of ingredients. The above is for a moderate sized room; half the quantity would be sufficient for a small room. Avoid as much as possible breathing the gas when it first rises from the vessel." No injury to the lungs will happen when the air is impregnated with the gas, which is called nitrous acid gas; and it cannot be too widely known that it possesses the property of preventing the spread of fever.

GEN. TAYLOR'S POLITICAL OPINIONS.

From the Norfolk Herald.
Although we have had sufficient evidence to satisfy us that Gen. Taylor is essentially and practically a Whig, we have no objection to adding to the mass of testimony upon that head, the following extract of a letter which has been handed to us by a friend. The letter is from an officer of the Virginia Regiment, long known to us as a gentleman of character and intelligence, in whose judgment and veracity we have entire confidence:

CAMP NEAR BUENA VISTA, June 11, 1847.

"I hope to be with you at the next election, and give 'a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether,' for 'Old Rough and Ready.' I see by the Democratic papers that they are trying to throw some cold water on his nomination for President, and to doubt whether his political principles are of the Whig School. I have the satisfaction to know that he is a genuine Whig. This I have learned from his most intimate friends, and among others from his own brother. So that there can be no mistake in this matter. I also know, that he is the avowed candidate of nearly the whole army; and that he will go it in 1848 with a perfect rush. As I am now on politics I will give you my idea of the state of parties in our Regiment.

Of the 13 Captains, 9 are Whigs.
Of the 39 Lieutenants, 28 are Whigs.
The Colonel and Major are Whigs, and the Lieut. Col., although a Democrat is an open advocate for 'Old Rough and Ready' for the next Presidency. Two-thirds of the rank and file of the regiment are also Whigs. Gen. Wool, who is now in command of our division, is a Whig, as also a large majority of the officers in the North Carolina and Mississippi regiments, and I am satisfied that if an election was to take place in our camp to-day on political grounds, that we could show you a 'Bethel' if not an 'Old Trap' majority.

—After this statement of facts I think you will agree with me that the Whigs have a curious way of affording 'aid and comfort to the enemy.' Santa Anna, I am certain, thinks so; and I am sure he would rather receive such aid and comfort as his friend James K. Polk afforded him, than any he has received from Taylor, Scott, Wool, &c.

GENERAL TAYLOR'S POLITICS.

Some of the Locofores papers affect to believe that Gen. Taylor's politics are unknown, or doubtful. If there had been the least doubt in their own minds, they are too sagacious to have treated him as they have done. They never would have thought of censuring him in Congress, or taking his forces from him, or withholding that high praise to which he is so well entitled. They would gladly enough have brought his overwhelming popularity to the aid of their own administration and party.

A MILITARY CHIEFTAIN.

At a complimentary dinner lately given to the Hon. Mr. Bendinger, a Democratic member of Congress from Virginia, the following among other polite toasts, was drunk:

JAMES K. POLK.—Distinguished alike for valor and skill as Commander-in-Chief of the American armies, as well as for his wisdom and statesmanship as President of the United States.

How fortunate it is for a great man to have friends that, in spite of envious opponents, do justice to his merits.

But for these friends of Mr. Bendinger, the world would, in all probability, never have been informed of the 'valor and skill' displayed by Mr. Polk as commander of the American armies. The truth is, that, will all the information at present abroad in the land, at least one-half of the people are profoundly ignorant that the President is a perfect war-horse in a fight, and led in person the armies of his country through blood and slaughter on the plains of Buena Vista and the heights of Cerro Gordo. What had Scott and Taylor to do with these sanguinary conflicts? The future historian must look well to this matter, and on the authority of this little toast correct an error into which the people are rapidly falling. The valor and skill displayed in the various battles of the President, and the warlike qualities that it is confidently believed he will hereafter display, are his own right property, and coming generations should be duly enlightened as to the when and where, the times and places, with victory his valor and his daring. Polk has done some essentially hard fighting in the Mexican war, and the Virginia boys know it. We shall look to them to do justice to his military prowess, and prevent his bloodstained laurels from being transferred to the brows of Taylor, Scott, Worth; Twigg and others, none of whom, according to the most authentic accounts, has ever as yet been in a battle.

THE SENTIMENT IS WORTHY OF THE OLD PATRIOT-HERO, AND IT MAY BE REGARDED BY ALL PARTIES AS AN INDICATION OF THE SPIRIT IN WHICH HE HIMSELF WILL ADMINISTER THE GOVERNMENT WHEN HIS COUNTRYMEN SHALL CALL HIM TO THE PRESIDENCY.

A letter from an officer in the Virginia Regiment, at Buena Vista, says that Gen. Taylor is "a genuine Whig, and that he will go it in 1848 with a perfect rush." He adds, that in the Virginia Regiment, the Colonel, Major, 9 out of 13 Captains, and 21 out of 39 Lieutenants, are Whigs, and the Lieut. Col., although a Democrat, is an open advocate for Old Rough and Ready. "Two thirds of the rank and file of the regiment are also Whigs." General Wool, who is now in command of our division, is a Whig, as also a large majority of the officers in the North Carolina and Mississippi regiments, and I am satisfied that an election was to take place in our camp to-day on political grounds.

A PREDICTION AND ITS FULFILLMENT.

So long as the present tariff remains undisturbed, the prices of provisions must remain high.—Nashville Union.

The above is from a pet organ of Mr. Polk in Tennessee.

Now read the following from another Loco organ—the New York Journal of Commerce. It says:—
The price of corn is now so different from the expectation of the owners far West, that the charges are more than the article is worth. Large parcels of corn and some other products have been abandoned to the forwarders, so many cargoes the consignees would sell for charges. The original purchase money, therefore a total loss, and the owners unable, they will suffer a still farther loss.

And the following from the Albany Statesman:—

On 'change yesterday morning a Western farmer, who had been tempted beyond the quiet confines of his broad and productive acres into the uncertain whirlpool of the grain market, offered for sale a lot of 6000 bushels of handsome Western flat corn. During the rule of the high price of May and June he had chased this property at 91 a cent per bushel. Now he asked but 54 a cent, and was offered, as the very highest figure, 32 a cent. At this he probably sold, and if so, lost the decline of price, independent of all the expenses of travelling, freight, &c., 59 a cent per bushel. At one time, not long since, the same kind of corn sold readily at 1 1/4 a cent.

And this from the New York Express:—

The Editor of the Nashville Union, who has declared that, "so long as the present tariff remains undisturbed, the price of provisions will remain high," can, perhaps, explain to the growers of Tennessee how this fall was occasioned. The new tariff is in successful operation, so the Locofores tell us, and in the breath, they say that farm produce, sent for a foreign market, is a loss to the Western farmer, and that if he is able, he will be to pay something besides. This looks like being obliged to pay for being hanged. Under the old tariff, we know, the farmers got something for their corn, but under the new law the free-traders say it is worse than nothing to the Western owner.

These are some of the effects of the 'benefits and blessings' of Free Trade!!

From the Fayetteville Observer.

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The Louisville Journal says it has seen a letter from General Taylor to the Hon. Wm. J. Graves of Kentucky, in which Gen. Taylor twice declares that he is "A WHIG"—he declares this directly and unequivocally. At the same time he disclaims all partisan bitterness, and avows his anxiety to see his beloved country delivered from the disastrous consequences of violent partyism. In one paragraph, he says, that, although himself "a Whig," yet, if he had the power to make a President of the United States, and if he knew who, in the high office of President, would administer the Government in the greatest purity and do most toward restoring it to what it was in the early days of the Republic, he would make that man President, no matter to what party he might nominally belong.

The sentiment is worthy of the old patriot-hero, and it may be regarded by all parties as an indication of the spirit in which he himself will administer the government when his countrymen shall call him to the Presidency.

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In our last we copied from the Baltimore Patriot an extract from a letter from a prominent Whig to a prominent Democrat, giving a most glowing description of Gen. Taylor. We hope our readers remember the extract, of which the following is the history:—

"A letter was addressed, since the late session, by the Hon. Dixon H. Lewis, Senator in Congress from Alabama, to Col. Baillie Peyton of New Orleans, making inquiries relative to the political views of Gen. Taylor in regard to certain questions in which the State Rights party took deep interest. Mr. Lewis, in his letter, which is not published, said that, if Gen. Taylor's views on these subjects were sound, he would support him for the Presidency, even if he were a Whig.

"Col. Peyton had recently served under Gen. Taylor, with the Louisiana volunteers, and shares largely in his esteem and confidence. He was also known as a distinguished politician, having been a prominent member of Congress, formerly from Tennessee. This gentleman is the author of the letter in reply to Mr. Lewis's questions. He does not profess to speak by authority. He disclaims that. But he correctly states the sole ground on which Gen. Taylor would consent to be a candidate, it is to be presumed that he is equally correct in other respects.

"Mr. Lewis was highly delighted with his reply, and gives it to full faith. Mr. Lewis's declared opinion, that Gen. Taylor will be supported by all the Southern States.

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On 'change yesterday morning a Western farmer, who had been tempted beyond the quiet confines of his broad and productive acres into the uncertain whirlpool of the grain market, offered for sale a lot of 6000 bushels of handsome Western flat corn. During the rule of the high price of May and June he had chased this property at 91 a cent per bushel. Now he asked but 54 a cent, and was offered, as the very highest figure, 32 a cent. At this he probably sold, and if so, lost the decline of price, independent of all the expenses of travelling, freight, &c., 59 a cent per bushel. At one time, not long since, the same kind of corn sold readily at 1 1/4 a cent.

And this from the New York Express:—

The Editor of the Nashville Union, who has declared that, "so long as the present tariff remains undisturbed, the price of provisions will remain high," can, perhaps, explain to the growers of Tennessee how this fall was occasioned. The new tariff is in successful operation, so the Locofores tell us, and in the breath, they say that farm produce, sent for a foreign market, is a loss to the Western farmer, and that if he is able, he will be to pay something besides. This looks like being obliged to pay for being hanged. Under the old tariff, we know, the farmers got something for their corn, but under the new law the free-traders say it is worse than nothing to the Western owner.

These are some of the effects of the 'benefits and blessings' of Free Trade!!

A MILITARY CHIEFTAIN.

At a complimentary dinner lately given to the Hon. Mr. Bendinger, a Democratic member of Congress from Virginia, the following among other polite toasts, was drunk:

JAMES K. POLK.—Distinguished alike for valor and skill as Commander-in-Chief of the American armies, as well as for his wisdom and statesmanship as President of the United States.

How fortunate it is for a great man to have friends that, in spite of envious opponents, do justice to his merits. But for these friends of Mr. Bendinger, the world would, in all probability, never have been informed of the 'valor and skill' displayed by Mr. Polk as commander of the American armies. The truth is, that, will all the information at present abroad in the land, at least one-half of the people are profoundly ignorant that the President is a perfect war-horse in a fight, and led in person the armies of his country through blood and slaughter on the plains of Buena Vista and the heights of Cerro Gordo. What had Scott and Taylor to do with these sanguinary conflicts? The future historian must look well to this matter, and on the authority of this little toast correct an error into which the people are rapidly falling. The valor and skill displayed in the various battles of the President, and the warlike qualities that it is confidently believed he will hereafter display, are his own right property, and coming generations should be duly enlightened as to the when and where, the times and places, with victory his valor and his daring. Polk has done some essentially hard fighting in the Mexican war, and the Virginia boys know it. We shall look to them to do justice to his military prowess, and prevent his bloodstained laurels from being transferred to the brows of Taylor, Scott, Worth; Twigg and others, none of whom, according to the most authentic accounts, has ever as yet been in a battle.

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