

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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REVIEW OF THE CAREER, CHARACTER AND SERVICES OF ZACHARY TAYLOR.

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HIS EARLY HISTORY.

The presentation of the name of Gen. Taylor as a candidate for the high office of President of the United States, and the unusual circumstances attending his nomination, with its cordial acceptance by so large a portion of the people, as a candidate free from any of those ultra party prejudices so usually exacted from competitors for lofty public positions, render it equally interesting and important to understand the whole inner framework and nature, the mind, the character, the principles, private and public, of a man whom overwhelming public sentiment seems already to have pointed out as the next Chief Magistrate of the Republic.

The best, the fullest, and the most satisfactory exposition of all these particulars, will be found in the simple narrative of some of the most important and brilliant achievements of his life. His qualities speak in his acts; and his acts have been always great ones: his spirit, his mind, his sentiments, both moral and political, his whole character, are expressed, with a grand lucidness, on what is now the recorded page of his country's history; and to those acts and that history we would commend all free citizens of the United States, who, before casting their votes in the approaching election, would know his qualifications and peculiar fitness to occupy worthily the chair so so beneficently filled by the Father of his Country.

The character of Taylor is one that both kindles the heart and satisfies the judgment. It opens scenes of glory, upon which every American can ponder with proud satisfaction; and with none the less approbation that, amid them all, the chief and ruling actor in every scene in a plain, calm, frank, unaffected, clear-headed, kind-hearted American citizen, who reconciles the lofty merits of the hero with the simple virtues of a true republican.

General Zachary Taylor comes from a sturdy and patriotic stock, worthy to give a President to the United States. His father, a son of the Ancient Dominion, a neighbor and friend of Washington, commanded one of the Virginia regiments during the Revolutionary war, through which he fought with honor. Before the Revolution, however, in his early youth, he had proved his courage, and the true American spirit of adventure, by exploring the forest mysteries of the great Mississippi Valley—then a bowling wilderness, pastured by the buffalo, and roamed by the savage red man.

Leaving his brother surveying lands on the site of the present city of Louisville, where he was soon afterwards slain by the Indians, Richard, the bravest adventurer of the day, proceeded on a solitary expedition of discovery, westward as far as the Mississippi river; whence it is said entirely alone, he made his way safely back to Virginia, through the unknown wilds of Tennessee. At the close of the revolutionary struggle, in the year 1785, he went a second time to Kentucky to visit it, to pass his life among the scenes hallowed by his brother's blood. He went as an emigrant, with a wife and three children; of whom the youngest, born in Orange county, Virginia, on the 24th of November, 1784, and then less than a year old, was ZACHARY TAYLOR, a true child of the border, reared amid the perils, and privations, and severe labors of every kind which they encountered who, in that day, reclaimed the desert from the barbarians, and founded the institutions of freedom in the depths of the forest.

It was in this hardy school that Taylor acquired the education and qualities, the simple habits and manly virtues, which have, at length, lifted him up to view as one of the renowned men of the world, and commended him to the confidence of twenty millions of American freemen, as worthy to serve them, in the Executive chair, as the representative of their sovereignty. Where is the man to be found more worthy of the honor? Did the father, who so anxiously guarded his little family through the dangers of the "Wilderness Road" to Kentucky, or the mother who bore the youngest born in her arms, dream, in the fearful night watches of the woodland camp, that the helpless infant, slumbering on its bed of leaves, should, after the long interval of sixty-three years, humble the pride of Mexico at Buena Vista, and return from that field of fame, to rule, three years later, a mighty republic, which, at the early day of that journey, had no constitutional existence? No; it was that Providence alone, which foresees and directs the affairs of men, that prepared the extraordinary destiny of the little wanderer; and even President Madison, a relative of the family, when, in 1808, he sent a lieutenant's commission to Zachary, then a young Kentucky farmer, whose elder brother, Lieutenant Taylor, had just died in the army, only deemed that he had secured to the country the devoted service of another member of a patriotic family. Thirty-seven years more were yet to roll, before the eyes of men could be competent to read the horoscope of the young subaltern of the 7th regiment of United States infantry.

Lieutenant Taylor commenced service, under the command of General Wilkinson, at New Orleans; whence having been prostrated by yellow fever, he was transferred to the Northwest, where he

served, under General Harrison, up to the close of the war of 1812. It was in that year he was made a captain, and placed in charge of Fort Harrison, on the Wash-bash; where, commanding a petty garrison of fifty men, of whom two-thirds, and himself with them, were rendered nearly helpless by fever, (for it was a very unhealthy post,) surrounded and attacked by an overwhelming force of savages, he enjoyed the first opportunity of proving that his fate was a charmed one, and that it was his particular lot to fight, and prevail over, superior numbers. He never has gone into battle, except against the greatest odds; and he has never come out of battle except as a victor. Old Sylla, the famous Roman general, who was always victorious, believed that his prosperity arose from a special luck or good fortune; and he called himself *Felix*, the *Happy* or *Fortunate*. The same surprising success has, heretofore, always marked the career of Taylor; who, however, assumes no surname, but leaves all to his countrymen, who have already decided to call him—not Taylor, the Happy or Fortunate—but Taylor, the next President. We want a man of happy fortunes to preside over the affairs of the Republic. But let us observe how these happy fortunes began at Fort Harrison.

DEFENCE OF FORT HARRISON.

Fort Harrison was a mere stockade or block-house fort, designed for defence against Indians, containing barracks, store-rooms, a guard-house, &c., but without artillery, or any other better means of resisting a siege than muskets, and the determined resolution of a young commander, incapable of fear; and whose own sickness, with extreme bodily debility—the weakness, and, for a time, the consternation, of his force—the presence of terrified non-combatants—nine women and children—the number of his foes—the exposed position of the fort, remote from all succor—and, let us add, the recollection of a young wife and child, (for Taylor had married in 1810,) to whom his thoughts, on that dreadful night, must often have wandered—failed to drive him from his balance. "My presence of mind," said the young captain, in his despatch to General Harrison, "did not for a moment forsake me." It was 11 o'clock, on the night of the 4th of September, 1812.—Hostile Indians were around, in unknown numbers. Two young men had been shot and scalped, the evening before, at a little distance from the fort, and their bodies found and brought in that morning. In the evening a party of thirty or forty Indians made their appearance, attempting the treacherous stratagem of a flag of truce—which did not, however, deceive the cautious Taylor—and proposing a conference next morning. Captain Taylor prepared for the pretended conference, by immediately inspecting the arms of his men, serving them with sixteen rounds of ammunition, and, setting a guard of six privates and two non-commissioned officers, "all that he could, for he had only ten or fifteen men able to do any thing at all, the others being sick or convalescent." (We copy the words of his despatch) and ordering one of the non-commissioned officers to make up for deficiencies in the guard by walking the rounds all night, "to prevent the Indians taking any advantage of us, provided they had any intention of attacking us."

At eleven o'clock he was awakened by a musket shot, and, rushing from his bed, he discovered that the attack had been begun by "several hundred Indians"—that the fort was in flames—and that his men, overcome by the horror of their situation, and the shrieks of the women and children, were completely paralyzed by terror, so that two of them, and "two of the stoutest," too, leaped the pickets, in an unavailing attempt to escape. In this desperate conjuncture every thing depended upon the courage and resources of a poor sick youth, who had never been in battle, but to whom, and to whom only, all looked for protection. Here, in this little beleaguered post, on that night of terror, flashed out the lineaments of that character which, lately, shone so gloriously, with a mature grandeur, at Buena Vista. As calm, as resolute, as quick in expedients, as ready in their execution, the young Captain exhibited all the traits of the illustrious General. It was the flames which caused the panic; they were rapidly opening a pathway to the fierce besiegers; but it was a single block-house only which was on fire; and it was equally possible, as he perceived, to arrest the conflagration, and to provide a new barrier behind the burning block-house. The suggestion and the orders of Capt. Taylor immediately inspired the soldiers with new life; "and never," said he, "did men act with more firmness or desperation." Some clambered to the roofs, throwing them off, amid showers of bullets and arrows, so as to intercept the flames, which were thus soon subdued; others wrought at a temporary breastwork, so that when the block-house fell, the savages found themselves repelled from its ashes by a new wall of defence "as high as a man's head," whence came the flash and balls of American rifles. In short, the Indians, fierce and numerous as they were, were baffled—repelled—defeated; and at six o'clock in the morning, abandoning their expected prey, they fled from the ruins of

Fort Harrison, as the legions of Santa Anna fled, in after years, at Buena Vista, from the wrecks of the few shattered regiments and broken battalions which made up the petty, but invincible, army of him who saved Fort Harrison.

In both these battles, the first and the last, the smallest and the greatest, fought by Taylor, he displayed precisely the same qualities—calm fortitude, perfect equanimity, constant presence of mind, great caution, unconquerable resolution, and the secret power of imbuing his followers with his own courage—which made both, though fought under desperate circumstances, victories. We shall find these great military qualities exhibited during his whole military career; and we shall find other qualities, and analogous though diverse, united and co-operating with them under other circumstances, which combine to form the elements of a great character, equally adapted to the successful rule of an army and the administration of a State.

THE BATTLE OF OKEECHOBEE.

For twenty years succeeding the victory of Fort Harrison—that is, from 1812 to 1832—Zachary Taylor, though still serving in the army, may be said to have returned to the life, and resumed the habits, of a simple citizen. Fortune offered him no further opportunities of victory, because none of battle, during the remaining term of the British war; and, after that, came a long and happy period of profound peace, in which the Republic waved in prosperity, and the duties of the soldier were to garrison posts, to watch the frontier, to open roads of communication in the newer States and Territories—employments presenting none of the aspects of war, and not altogether incompatible with the enjoyments of civil society and domestic happiness. Under such circumstances, and amid such avocations, General Taylor was always able to preserve unchanged the manly habits and natural traits of his early life; and the events of the Mexican war have made all aware that, even in the camp, the character of the citizen, in him, has never been lost in that of the military man.

The year 1832 was the period of the Black Hawk war, in which Taylor led a regiment in the battle of the Bad Axe—the only battle he has ever fought in which he did not command. From 1836 to 1840 he was in Florida, engaged in the Seminole contest, in which the decisive victory of Okeechobee, on the 25th of December, 1837, obtained for him his brevet of Brigadier General, and the conduct of the war, as commander of the Florida troops, during the two last years that he remained in the territory. We do not know that the battle of Okeechobee, though interesting enough from its fierce and sanguinary character, and the brilliant success that crowned it, and though pronounced by General Jesup, (then General Taylor's superior officer,) in his despatch, as "one of the best fought actions known to our history," ought to detain us from the review of the far more important conflicts of the Mexican war, in which the great qualities of Taylor were so signally and so suddenly made manifest to the Union. In the determined spirit, however, with which he set out upon a march of one hundred and fifty miles, disregarding all the impediments of a country impassable to artillery, and in action of cavalry, resolved to storm the savages out of their swamps and hammocks, he exhibited the same energetic will, afterwards so strikingly illustrated at Palo Alto and La Palma, as well as a system of tactics, perhaps caught in his boyish days in Kentucky, from some of those rugged hunter-heroes of the Indian wars, from whom, as tradition has it, he acquired his first lessons in the military art. There is, or used to be, a story told in the West of a certain character, a famous Indian fighter and scout, long remembered under the nickname of Captain Dudley Bulger, derived from a circumstance which we are going to mention, who used to belong to the country about Salt River, the very region in which the elder Taylor had established his family. This worthy, in his capacity of scout, accompanied General Wayne in the expedition against the Northwestern Indians in 1794; and, on the eve of the battle of the Fallen Timber, coming in with the latest report of the position of the Indian army, (strongly posted among thickets and down-fallen trees) was admitted into the General's tent at the moment of a council of war, when Wayne, who had doubtless formed his own resolution, was about to demand the opinions of his officers. Some advised one, and some another method of attack, until all had spoken; when Wayne, perhaps for the humor of the thing, turned suddenly, and demanded the opinion of the scout. "Why, General," replied the intrepid scout, "if you axes me what to do, I should say, just move ahead and bulge right over them!"—a sentiment highly approved by Mad Anthony, who, accordingly, charged the Indians out of their lair with bayonets; and so, to the great delight and immortal honor of his adviser, "bulged right over them."

It was the "bulging" system of tactics which Colonel Taylor chose to employ against the Seminole Indians at the Okeechobee; and this too, in the face of obstacles greater and far more formidable than those encountered by Wayne at the Fallen Timber. The long forced march brought his command, of about eight hundred men, in view of the Seminoles, posted in great force in one of those hammocks, or island groves, rising out of deep swamps, with which Florida abounds—those Serbonian bogs amid which, three hundred years before, the chivalry of De Soto melted away, horse and man, in the vain effort to reduce the fierce ancestors of the Seminoles to the Spanish yoke.—The swamp surrounding the hammock of Okeechobee was three-quarters of a mile wide, "totally impassable," as Taylor himself says, "for horses, and nearly so for foot"—a wilderness of mud and water, and thick saw grass, five feet high, and deep creeks and quagmires, extending "as far as the eye could reach;" and behind this desperate approach lay the savages, in the gloom of the hammock, covering and commanding every step with their rifles. Nevertheless, Colonel Taylor had made up his mind; he does not seem to have thought it necessary to call a council of war: he had marched one hundred and fifty miles to find the Indians, and he had them before him. He made his dispositions, therefore, without delay, and proceeded to execute his plan of battle, which was to "bulge right over them." Into the swamp! March—charge! First line, second line—firm and steady! Right through bayou & quagmire; right through the sudden hurricane of Indian bullets and the storm of triumphant war-whoops, answered by the splash of the death-fall, and the dying groans of men mingling their blood in the pestilent pools. Gentry down, mortally wounded; Thompson dead; Van Swearingen, Brooke, and Canter dying; nearly one hundred and forty officers and men among the killed and wounded. The charge was still pursued, the marsh was passed, and in three hours the whole force of savages, fighting with uncommon ferocity, was driven at the point of the bayonet from the stronghold, marched over—utterly routed and shattered to pieces—and the victory of Okeechobee won.

It was, under the circumstances of the Seminole war, a highly important success; of the consequences of which, in breaking the spirit of the Indians, and disposing them sooner or later to make peace, Taylor must have been immediately conscious. Read his despatch, however, for a picture of the feelings natural to a victor on such an occasion! Well, it is, and long has been, before the people of the United States. The battle is described, the success recorded, but not one word of pride and triumph; no indulgence of a single feeling of elation; the thoughts of the victor run only on his killed and wounded—the loss of his dead, the sufferings of his bleeding followers. "Here," says the victor, his heart full only of this melancholy theme, "I trust I may be permitted to say, that I experienced one of the most trying periods of my life; and he who could have looked on it with indifference, his nerves must have been differently organized from my own. Besides the killed, there lay one hundred and twelve wounded officers and soldiers, who had accompanied me one hundred and forty-five miles, most of the way through an unexplored wilderness, without guides, who had so gallantly beaten the enemy under my orders in his strongest position, and who had to be conveyed back, through swamps and hammocks, from whence we set out, without any apparent means of doing so." No: the feeling that breaks out here—the first feeling—is not that of gratified ambition, but the tenderest humanity, to which "the nerves" of the brave old soldier are peculiarly "organized." And it was here, among the hammocks of Florida, as in the pitched fields of Mexico, that his acts declared the sentiments which he has since proclaimed to the world in words, "that the joy and exultation of the greatest victories"—we use his own language, spoken in December last at New Orleans—"are always, after the heat and excitement of the battle; and that war, after all, is a great calamity, and his the greatest glory who can terminate it."

Humanity is, indeed, one of the first, one of the most striking, and one of the noblest of the attributes of General Zachary Taylor.

(To be Continued.)

THE COMPROMISE BILL.

Quite contrary to our expectation upon the introduction into the Senate of the bill generally called the Compromise Bill, (from its leaving the Question of free soil in the newly acquired Territories of California and New Mexico, as well as in Oregon, to the derision of the inhabitants, and finally of the Courts of Law of the United States,) that bill, after having passed the Senate, on coming up in the House of Representatives yesterday, received at once the *coup de grace*. By a vote of 112 to 98, in a full House, it was ordered to lie upon the table, from which it will not be taken up during the present session of Congress.

Our columns being so much pre-occupied, we defer till our next paper the expression of the thoughts to which this unanticipated event gives rise.

National Intelligencer.

Gen. Cushing, it is said, will be the Democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts.

From the Wilmington Journal.

NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

The list of the N. Carolina Regiment, taken from the Muster Rolls, has been furnished us by Adjutant J. B. Whitaker, and we hasten to spread it before our readers, as we know there are many of them extremely anxious to know the fate of friends and relatives, who went to Mexico.

The six Companies enumerated below, arrived at Smithville in 12 days from New Orleans, on Monday last, under Col. Paine. Major Wilder, Paymaster, has been endeavoring for some days past, to make the necessary monetary arrangements for paying off the Regiment. On Wednesday morning he went to Washington for this purpose, and will not probably be back before Monday or Tuesday.—So that the Regiment will not be discharged before Wednesday or Thursday.

The troops are in fine health, and are anxious to get home.

The remaining four companies, A, B, E, and G, arrived at Old Point on Saturday last. It is still a matter of doubt whether they will be discharged there or ordered round to Smithville.

CABARRUS COMPANY.

Company C, Commanded by Capt. Area.

OFFICERS.
Martin Shive, Captain, Died 15th Aug 1847. Present.
H A Area, Captain, Present.
N Slough, Lt do
J Blackwelder, Lt do
A B Pharr, Lt Resigned.

PRIVATES.
Barnhart, George K Present do
Blackwelder, J A do do
Ballard, John do do
Birmingham, Alexander do do
Blackwelder, Riley do do
Caricher, Moses K do do
Cline, Burton do do
Caricher, Wiley do do
Cable, John M do do
Dorton, James do do
Davis, Rolin do do
Faggart, Daniel E do do
Green, David do do
Gorrel, John R do do
Hartsel, Joshua do do
Hudson, William J do do
Hunnycut, Leonard do do
Hartel, Edmund do do
Hudson, Richard R do do
Hudson, James do do
Irby, John do do
Johnson, McCahey do do
Kinally, P A do do
Little, Martin C do do
Lefler, William do do
Long, Jacob K do do
Morris, John do do
Mitchell, Valentine N do do
Martin, Isaac A do do
Mason, John do do
Moring, William P do do
Morton, Stephen G do do
Powers, James do do
Penninger, Henry do do
Page, James do do
Ross, William do do
Roark, Robert do do
Samone, George do do
Smith, Valentine do do
Stough, William do do
Stewart, James do do
Trotman, Simeon do do
Tucker, Timothy do do

DISCHARGED.
Brantly, John N Discharged, June, 1847
Cress, Giles Nov 24, 1847
Lamb, John Oct 12th, 1847
Miller, Daniel March 24th, 1848
Cration, Henry Left without leave

DIED.
Braswell, Briant 22d July, 1847
Eddleman, Adam Sept 12th, 1847
Fry, Joseph M July 9th, 1847
Flowers, Enoch March 24th, 1847
Garris, William July 7th, 1847
Heathcock, John K Aug 19th, 1847
Klutch, Daniel C Oct 18th, 1847
Luton, John July 8th, 1847
McDuffie, William June 3d, 1847
Penninger, James P April 3d, 1847
Scott, Uriah Oct 8th, 1847
Stough, Martin March 28th, 1847
Sloop, A N Aug 19th, 1847
Turner, H P Aug 1st, 1847

PRIVATES PRESENT.
Ephraim Tucker, Wm Tarlton, Joseph B
Todd, Martin Vandenberg, S Winckoff, John D
F Watkins, Wm C Watkins, Wm Rinstaff,
John Swink
Kirby, J M Died 8th Aug, 1847
PRESENT—A Joiner, P C Area, L A Melchor,
J N Brown, D Goodman, J B Douglass.

CAVAIGNAC.

The Richmond Whig of the 22d-inst., says:—M. F. Gaillerdet, formerly editor of the *Courier des Etats Unis*, still corresponds from Paris with that paper. His letters are frequently filled with matter of deep interest, and are in general more trustworthy than the majority of the correspondence from the same point, from the fact that he is a Frenchman himself, and can more readily than a foreigner appreciate the feelings of the French people. We are glad to see that he entertains a very high opinion of the justice and moderation of the distinguished citizen stands at the head of this article. He says of him, after having mentioned that he had been unanimously appointed President of the Ministerial Council, and had formed his Cabinet, "if the noble character which developed itself in Gen. Cavaignac during his dictatorship of danger, does not belie itself during the several months of his ministerial presidency, it cannot be doubted that he will be chosen President of the Republic at the first elections. The 23d of June will have been his political fortune, what the 13th Vendemiaire was for

that of Bonaparte. But here, in all probability, the comparison will end; for Cavaignac is an upright and conscientious Republican. He will save the Republic, which the anarchists and radicals would have destroyed beyond the reach of hope."

High as is the character here given of Gen. Cavaignac, however, it will depend on the position of the people themselves, whether they shall turn out a Washington or a Bonaparte. M. G. speaks thus of the aspect of Paris:

"I should say something of the present appearance of Paris; of the insurrection which with which its walls are indented; of the wounds inflicted on some of its noblest monuments; of the melancholy spectacle presented by the pursuit of the vanquished; of the prisoners which fill the dungeons, of the flowing; of the corpses which are passing to the cemeteries; of the thousands who fill the hospitals. (The number of deaths is estimated at 40,000, that of the wounded at 7000, that of the killed at 1000, of the wounded at 6000.) I should also say of the bloody episode of a desperate struggle which took place at night, on the Place Vendôme, between certain prisoners and members of the National Guard; but my letter has already attained its prescribed proportion."

NEWSPAPER POSTAGE.

The article in our last number, on the subject, has raised quite a hornet's nest about our ears. We have received long epistles from as many Postmasters (one postage not paid) all containing the right to charge postage on the *sette* under 30 miles from this place. These three epistles all refer to the section of the act, of the 3d of March, 1817, as conclusive on the subject; the section is copied by the trio of Postmasters, as if they supposed they were the only three copies of the act in existence. Now can either of these Postmasters tell us where to save their necks from the ter tell from this section or act, when of postage they are to charge. We charge 1 cent, 2 cents, 5 cents, &c., for if the act and section referred to establishes no rates, and it does not, may they not charge one sum as well as another.

The article at the beginning of the "book," headed "Rates of Postage," is no act of Congress, and therefore has no authority. The act of 1825, by which we are cited by one of our correspondents, which may be found on the 23d of March, 1845, and is of no more than if it never had been enacted. The act of the 3d of March, 1847, as stated establishes no rates of postage; does it repeal the rates established by the act of the 3d of March, 1845? We do not therefore retract the advice given week to our subscribers, to refuse postage on the *Gazette*, at offices more than 30 miles from this place. We have said but our Postmasters think they are right, but that does not make it so. All we ask is justice, even handed.

Cherish G.

ANOTHER BROKEN SWORD.

We see a little item traveling around the Democratic press, which makes Lafayette say, "When I had a thing well done he always called a Butler to do it." We do not care nor do we much care, to what of Butlers this recently invented of the illustrious old Frenchman reference; one thing is as clear as the sun, it had no allusion to the presidency for the Vice Presidency, did LaFayette want a thing of any of the Butler family? During the revolutionary war, we suppose, he was a democratic candidate for the Presidency was born the very year the revolutionary war ended. We should like to know what use old LaFayette made during his arduous campaigns, by not old enough to wear a sword. It must have been somebody else, done up things so elegantly, that William's mother would hardly have done out at so early a period of his existence. Very few boys have been found travelling so far from home of the man.—Columbus Enquirer.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY IN MISSISSIPPI.

The Louisville Journal, in a recent article, says: "In the southwest corner of Franklin county, Mi., there is a floor of hewn stone, neatly squared, some three feet under ground, and one hundred and eighty feet wide, tends due north and south, and is perfectly level. The masonry is to be equal, if not superior, to that of modern times. The land is cultivated, but thirty years ago was covered from two to three feet of earth. It is evidently of very remote antiquity as the Indians who reside in the neighborhood had no knowledge of its existence previous to its recent discovery. There are many traditions among the people of the object of the work, and they never have been explored. Further explorations may throw light upon its origin."

One of Mr. Cass' admirers, the great Michigander! Another has gallantly surrendered to the war of 1812!

Major General Butler, the Democratic candidate for the Vice Presidency, arrived in Washington City.