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A Review of the Career, Character and Services of ZACHARY TAYLOR. (Republished from the North American and U. States Gazette, Philadelphia.)

HIS EARLY HISTORY. WAR WITH MEXICO.

Few persons ever doubted that the annexation of Texas, urged as it was, by Mr. Polk, in a spirit of contempt and defiance to Mexico, and with the haughtiest disregard of consequences, could fail to lead a war with that country. The war was foreseen, if not actually desired—if not really sought and intended to be provoked, as a new element of political intrigue, and a means of popularity for the administration. At all events, the probability of such a war was manifest enough, (the whole country anticipated it;) and it was provided for, apparently, by those who wished it, as a happy possibility, from which great honor and profit might be expected. The great mistake of the contrivers was in vainly supposing that the prizes of victory would fall to their share. They did not dream that a Fate above them, of which they were the blind instruments, was using them, their plans and their projects, to build up the reputation of a new and great spirit, before whose superior fortunes theirs should bow, like the genius of Anthony before that of Octavius. It has happened with the last as with the first of American rulers who planned the conquest of Mexico. When old Velasquez, the governor of Cuba, in 1520, projected the invasion of the empire of Montezuma, his grand desire was to procure a general to execute his will, sufficiently competent for that purpose, but not famous,—oh, no!—an obscure and modest man, and so perfectly destitute of ambition as to be willing to fight and conquer in the name for the benefit of Velasquez merely, without any selfish aspirations of his own. The result was that Velasquez chose the humble Cortes, as the agent to win his laurels; and we know how it all ended,—immortal renown for Cortes, contempt and oblivion for Velasquez.

When Mr. Polk sent Brigadier General Zachary Taylor, with the troops of the United States, to Texas, to fight his three months' war on the Rio Grande, it never entered into his calculations that the then comparatively obscure hero of Okechohee might return from the campaign to battle all his ingenious schemes of reelection, and even oust him from the seat of honor he so unworthily occupied. There is, however, a special Providence in the fall of a sparrow, and there is, certainly, not less in the unexpected uprise of a great man, modest and unambitious, to power and dignity among the chiefs of mankind. It was upon the Rio Grande, remote from his country and from succor, amid deserts, surrounded by Mexican chaparrals and Mexican armies, outnumbering three or four to one, his own small and ill-appointed force; sent thither, in the midst of all those dangers, to perform, at the President's order, the needless bravado of planting the American flag on the banks of the long-coveted Rio del Norte, and the still more superfluous duty of protecting the Texan frontier from Mexican invasion; it was there, in the first clash of the President's war, the country suddenly became aware that it possessed, in Mr. Polk's general, a greater man than Mr. Polk, a towering spirit, with new and mighty destinies, worthy to be united with its own. There was the thunder of battle; the smoke of cannon ascended to the firmament, and with it a name—a thought—a vision of future eminence, which, in a moment, struck upon the imagination of every man in the United States.

It is not necessary that we should review the detailed history of the appearance and progress of General Taylor in Texas, at the head of the Army of Occupation, in July, 1845, until he met the Mexicans at Palo Alto, ten months afterwards. All the circumstances of this period, described in his official correspondence, have long been before the public, which is familiar with every detail. All that we need pause to remark is, that Gen. Taylor, however destined to win renown in the approaching war, went to Texas not to make war—not desiring, not even expecting war to occur; but, manifestly, hoping or thinking—"the wish was father to the thought"—that there would be no war, and that the presence of his army on the new frontier would have the good effect of removing the only danger, by preventing the otherwise possible inroads of exasperated Mexicans into Texas. This appears undeniable, both from his official letters and his acts, and from nothing more clearly than his calm and just accounts of the Mexican forces and military preparations on the Rio Grande; for he always scouted the wild rumors of gathering armies, that designing men, anxious for hostilities, sent home: from his indisposition to "call for volunteers from the United States," which he did not believe would "become necessary, under any circumstances;"—and from the fact that although instructed by Mr. Bancroft, acting Secretary of War, as early as June 15, 1845, to occupy a post "on or near the Rio Grande," he avoided doing so (Mexico having made "no declaration of war, or committed any overt act of hostilities, he did not feel at liberty," he said, "to make such a movement") until constrained by the President's orders of January 13, 1846, "to move forward with his force to the Rio Grande," and there he selected the site opposite

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

BRUNER & JAMES, Editors & Proprietors.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR RULES."



DO THIS, AND LIBERTY IS SAFE! God! Harrison.

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SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1848.

Matamoros, instead of the more distant Laredo, because that was the nearest place to his depot at Point Isabel, and he did not think it "entirely safe" to "separate his force further" at the time.

No: it is obvious, as from his letter of November 7, 1845 that the veteran's mind was full of kinder thoughts than those of battle and victory—thoughts about the health and lives of his poor soldiers, if compelled upon summer marches, in that unhealthy climate, to found the posts contemplated by Government on the Rio Grande. "I cannot urge too strongly upon the Department," he says, "the necessity of occupying those posts before the warm weather shall set in. A large amount of sickness is, I fear, to be apprehended, with every precaution to be taken; but the information which I obtain leads me to believe that a summer movement would be attended with great expense of health and life."

Sent to Texas, ostensibly, and as he felt and believed, only to guard the new frontier of the republic, in the vicinity of a people whom he considered "well disposed towards our Government," no General in the world could have entertained more pacific views and wishes; none could have acted more faithfully and judiciously upon the resolution, by a purely defensive and conciliatory course, to preserve peace and avert the horrors of war. Reluctant to move, and moving only, upon the Rio Grande, when positively ordered by the American Government to do so, he went desirous of peace, but prepared for war, and ready to repel and punish any assault which his forbearance might not prevent. It was not until March 29th, 1846, while on the banks of the Rio Grande, that he was compelled to abandon his hopes, and acknowledge that the attitude of the Mexicans was "decidedly hostile." It is foreign to our present purpose to comment on the order of Government which induced, or exasperated, them to assume such an attitude; but when they threw down the gauntlet and drew the sword, the soldier of Okechohee sighed; yet he was in a moment in his harness; and in six weeks, Palo Alto, and La Palma, and Zachary Taylor, were names for history.

PALO ALTO.

Who can forget the state of public feeling in the United States produced by intelligence of the events on the Rio Grande, between the 10th of April and the evening of the 7th of May, 1846. Between those two dates had occurred all the events, successive steps in the progress of war, between the murder of Col. Cross in the chaparral, and the departure of General Taylor from Point Isabel, at the head of twenty-three hundred men, to cut his way to the relief of Fort Brown, through the as yet unnumbered hosts of Arista.—The public mind, in fact, was on a sudden stunned and alarmed by the novel and dangerous circumstances that had arisen. There was not merely war on the Rio Grande, but formidable, urgent war; and at the same moment, the garrisons at Fort Brown and Point Isabel, and the little army of Taylor, marching and counter-marching to support both, seemed about to be swept away by the rolling avalanche. Arista had crossed the Rio Grande in superior numbers; the chaparrals were swarming with his troops; Fort Brown had been suffering bombardment for four days (from May 3d); it was entirely surrounded and cut off from any communication with the American General, except such as could be effected through the intermedium of signal guns and the desperate agency of the daring Walker. Then it was that the whole public mind was filled with anxiety and boding fear. Then was felt, and bitterly accused, the wanton improvidence of Government which had sent so small a force of Americans to encounter, in that remote spot, far from reinforcements, the shock of the Mexican war it had so rashly provoked. Then, too, it was that the words of Taylor's last despatch, on leaving Point Isabel—"Should the enemy meet me, in whatever force, I shall fight him"—disclosed a hero equal to any emergency; but, at the same moment, that hero, marching with his petty twenty-three hundred men, plunged again into the Mexican desert, and was for a while, lost to the sight of his countrymen. All was, for some days, suspense, doubt, and painful speculation. Every man had for his neighbor an anxious query about the American army and Gen. Taylor:—"Had he not marched that army to inevitable destruction? Had he not been surrounded, in those thickets, by overpowering numbers, and there been crushed, cut to pieces, or compelled to seek safety in the calamity of capitulation? If he should have the good fortune to reach and shut himself up in Fort Brown, how long could he maintain himself there, waiting for reinforcements?" In short, the country was full of such speculations, and the anxiety became, if possible, still more intense, when it was suddenly put an end to by a fresh arrival from the seat of war, with the astounding account of two marvellous victories. Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma! how those names sounded over the land as with a clang of clarions!—Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma! and these two Mexican names were suddenly the joy and happiness of the whole American people. There was no loss, there was no dishonor; the army was not

only safe, but covered with glory. The hosts of Arista had fled; Point Isabel and Fort Brown were permanently relieved; and Matamoros and all the Mexican towns of the Rio Grande remained at the discretion and mercy of the American commander.

It was, undoubtedly, the previous anxiety and alarm which gave such unusual depth to the impression made on the national feelings by these two victories.—But, intrinsically, and in every aspect, they were great events, full of a strange and most sublime interest. They settled, as it were, the whole question of the result of the Mexican war—there never was a doubt of it from that moment; and they satisfied the country and convinced Europe that the military energies of the American people had not suffered from a long peace, and from devotion to commerce and the arts of industry—that, in fact, nothing was easier or more natural than for Americans to follow the lessons of Washington, "in peace to prepare for war," and so be always in readiness for every exigency of fate. The history of the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma will ever be as captivating to American minds as national hymns are, full at once of music and the associations of national glory.

Was it not the "bulging" system of tactics, which General Taylor resolved to employ even against Arista, with all his might of armed men, occupying defensive positions selected by that General himself? Nothing was ever heard of, in the history of the war, more daring than that march of Taylor, on the 8th and 9th of May, to Fort Brown, in which, to proceed at all, he was obliged to charge right upon and over the lines of Arista's army of upwards of six thousand men. It was at noon on the 8th, that Arista, in complete order of battle, posted at Palo Alto, and occupying the whole road to Fort Brown, was perhaps surprised—if not actually confounded—by the return of Gen. Taylor, whom, four days before, in the Matamoros newspaper, some Mexican idiot—perhaps the General of the North himself—had charged "with flying in so cowardly a manner to shut himself up at the Point." There he was again, with his little army—eighteen hundred infantry against Arista's four thousand—two hundred horse against two thousand—encumbered, too, with a train of no less than three hundred wagons, carrying the supplies for Fort Brown; there he was, indeed, that "cowardly" American General, who was soon, of course, brought to a halt by the majesty and terror of the Mexican arms!

Did he intend to run away a second time? Poor foolish Mexicans! At two o'clock the Americans were in motion—retreating? No, advancing to the charge; advancing in good order, firmly and resolutely—until it was necessary to bring the Mexican cannon into requisition to compel the fearless desperadoes to halt at seven hundred paces, and unlimber their own artillery. But why should we repeat the oft-told tale, now familiar to every boy, nay, to every girl, in the United States. All the boasts, the promises, the efforts of the Mexican chieftain to naught; volleys of grape—stratagems—and charges of horse, were alike in vain; and at night-fall, the hosts of Arista retired behind the shelter of the chaparral, and the Americans slept victoriously on the field of battle. But the battle was not yet over. Mortified, but enraged, and reinforced with more troops, in number greatly exceeded his losses, Arista fell back to the strong, the very strong position of Resaca de la Palma, where he hoped to enjoy a great success, but, in reality, only awaited his own final and overwhelming overthrow.

RESACA DE LA PALMA.

The Americans slept on Palo Alto, on a field of victory—nine killed, and forty-nine wounded; but among these were Ringgold and Page, whose names will remain identified forever with the recollection of the Army of Occupation and the campaign on the Rio Grande. The next day, the 9th of May, dawned with the assurance of another battle. Arista, drawing together all his forces, with reinforcements from beyond the river, was entrenched in the ravine of La Palma, in the very heart of the chaparrals; whence, although, on the preceding day, the two armies had measured strength in a kind of formal duello of artillery, at which Arista had been beaten, it was manifest he could not be driven unless, in close fight, in hand to hand encounter, at the point of the sword and bayonet. And this was precisely the character of the fierce and sanguinary battle of La Palma, in which Taylor renewed the attack with only about seventeen hundred men. Cannons roared and horsemen charged, at first, as on the preceding day; but the fight was soon characterized by regiments of foot approaching closer and closer to each other—breaking into parties to tread the dense thicket—and so engaging, at last, squad to squad, man even to man, in a kind of general melee; in which the superior qualities, moral and physical, of the North American over the mongrel Mexican, soon gave the victory to the former. In no other battle in modern time were there ever so many opportunities given for the display of personal courage

and gallantry; and in no other were there so many instances in which individuals, and especially privates and non-commissioned officers, distinguished themselves by exploits of chivalrous daring. In the heat and in the most critical period of the battle, it was precisely such a struggle; every bush had its combatant, every little opening in the thicket a fray of persons or of files; and for a time, so close and furious was the fight, so inextricably interwoven were the American and Mexican infantry, that both Duncan's and Ridgley's batteries became useless—they could not be pointed at any group or force of Mexicans which Americans were not charging through and through, and driving before them.

At last, however, numbers, pride, every thing on the Mexican side, yielded before the unconquerable resolution of Taylor and his little army. The spirit that dictated the remarkable despatch—remarkable as the utterance of a resolution at once so calm and so gigantic—"should the enemy meet me, in whatever force, I will fight him,"—meant the last clause to be understood as the promise, not of a fight merely, but of a victorious one. Taylor had set out to relieve Fort Brown, and meant to do it; not an American in his army but had set out in the same spirit, meaning to do the same thing. In whatever way effected, the General had infused his own determination and confidence into the hearts of all his soldiers; and hence it was that seventeen hundred men, this day, rushed at once right into close quarters with seven thousand, driving them, pell mell, from their redoubts, their guns, their ravine, their thickets, nay, their camp itself; until the Mexican defeat was an utter rout, and Arista and his troops, chased by a handful of American horse, rather for observation than injury, to the Rio Grande, seized upon the friendly opportunity of night to place its waters as a barrier between them and their now terrible conquerors. Taylor remained again upon a field of victory—lamenting, however, the loss of thirty-nine killed, and ninety-three wounded, officers and men—of whom Lieutenants Inge, Cochrane and Chaddburn, were the highest in rank of those slain; while Lieutenant Colonel McIntosh and Captain Hoe, of the 5th infantry, were, both by rank and the severity of their injuries, most distinguished among the wounded.

The loss of the Mexicans was never accurately known, but was always believed to have been eight or ten times that of the Americans, who gathered nearly two hundred of their dead. But the injury to Mexico could not be counted by her killed and wounded, picked up on this fatal field. Here fell her pride, the dream of her martial merit, every thought of her ability to contend in arms with the Republic of the North. The eagle of the prickly-pear and serpent, after two severe buffets, had flown away, screaming, from the bird of the arrows and the olive-branch. The rampart of the Rio Grande was annihilated, and the republic of the silver mountains stood open and defenceless, incapable of being any thing higher than the victim of our vengeance, or any thing lower than the object of our magnanimous pity. The victory of Resaca de la Palma was, in effect, the conquest of Matamoros—of the Rio Grande—of all the country to the foot of the mountains—to Monterey; and all these mighty results, which immediately followed that great feat of arms, were magnificent trophies, won for and presented to the Republic by a general who had sought to prevent war—who was always anxious to lessen its calamities and bring it to an end—and who, even then, in the moment of his great triumph, while doing full justice to the heroism of his officers and men, who had fought so well and bravely, yet indulged in no exultation unworthy of his calm, humane, unselfish, his truly lofty character. Did these victories, which intoxicated so many Americans, and begot all those novel notions about the conquest of "Mexico," "inevitable destiny," &c., produce any change whatever in Gen. Taylor's views or wishes? Did he ever show any increase of war-appetite? Did he not, in fact, remain till the last, the same calm, moderate, merciful spirit, who had no burning passion to go on indefinitely killing Mexicans and conquering Mexican territory, but was anxious that peace should be restored, and thought that the United States could afford to treat her—magnanimously, with a gentle and pitiful forbearance in all things. Had his moderate spirit prevailed in the councils of the Administration, we should probably have had an earlier peace; and we can well believe, it would not have been less honorable.

(To be Continued.)

GEORGE M. DALLAS'S TESTIMONY.

At the dinner given to General Shields and Quitman last winter, in the city of Washington, the Vice President said, with point and verity, "there is no American father who will not exultingly stand in the highway, and say to his son—"See there on that old Whitey—that's Zachary Taylor!" There is no doubt such is the spirit that animates the American people. Washington, Saturday.

ARRIVAL OF THE AMERICA.

SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE. The steamer America arrived here at one o'clock to-day, bringing Liverpool dates of the 21st ult.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—JULY 21.

Lord John Russell said I rise to give notice that I will, at the sitting of the House at 12 o'clock to-morrow, move for leave to introduce a bill to enable the Lord Lieutenant or other chief governor or governors of Ireland, until the first day of March, 1849, to apprehend and detain any person or persons suspected of conspiring against her Majesty's person and Government.

UNITED STATES POSTAGE.

Mr. Hume asked Lord Palmerston to produce the further correspondence between the authorities on this subject. Lord Palmerston deferred answering the question until Monday. Mr. M. Gibson said he hoped the government would consider that the establishment of an American line of packets would be of great advantage to the trade of this country. He understood that the present cause of complaint was that a duty was levied upon all letters brought by American packets, and he could assure the government that any such distinction made between letters brought by those packets and by English packets would have a prejudicial effect upon both countries. In answer to a question from Mr. Hume, The Chancellor of the Exchequer said that negotiations were going on between America and the British government, with respect to the post office.

IRELAND.

For several months past we have been in the daily expectation of finding it part of our painful duty to announce some terrible convulsion in Ireland, but up to this period, whatever evil and criminal acts may have taken place in defiance of the law, the public tranquility has been preserved.

We are now arriving at the period when either all the preparations made by the Confederate clubs must be crushed, or that some fearful outbreak will occur.—The chief leaders of the Confederates are now either in prison, or under prosecution by the government for sedition or other misdemeanors.—Smith's Times.

The purchase and manufacture of arms is proceeding rapidly in Ireland. Last week 50 stands of arms were purchased by the Dr. Doyle Club, of which Mr. Duffy, of the Nation, is the President. Twenty thousand stands of disused military flint muskets have been purchased in London for the use of the insurgents, and all coming over in batches.

Hyland, the noted pike-maker, has left Dublin, for Carlow, with a large consignment of pikes.

The rebels have prepared a map of the city of Dublin subdivided into districts, in each of which, the points at which the clubs are respectively to muster, and where barricades are to be thrown up, are indicated. It is now arranged that if, upon the formation of the jury to try Duffy or his fellows, it shall appear probable that a conviction will be had, the clubs are to rise immediately and prevent the trial by an anticipatory, and, as they hope, a successful outbreak.

FRANCE.

Whilst the metropolis of France is still under martial law, and a vast army, under the command of an energetic dictator, keeps under restraint all the ill-subdued passions of discontent and resentment still lurking in the hearts of the vanquished insurgents, we can scarcely expect any very great amelioration in the condition of the Parisians.

It is, however, satisfactory to state that order and a tolerable degree of tranquillity continue to be maintained. The disarmament of the disaffected in the various arrondissements is rigorously called out; less apprehension seems to prevail of a recurrence of the recent fierce hostilities; the sittings of the National Assembly are not intruded upon and interrupted by a clamorous mob, the disorder being confined to their own Chamber; the theatres have been reopened by the aid of the Government, and many of the shopkeepers have resumed business.

Gen. Cavaignac pursues the even tenor of his government, and appears so far to possess the confidence of all parties. Whether the unquiet spirits, who are only in their proper element in the midst of anarchy and confusion, will tolerate a dictatorship one single day longer than is absolutely necessary, time alone can reveal. A great deal has to be done before a republic can be established upon any stable foundations.

The Paris papers of Wednesday have now reached us, and the Assembly has presented again one of those disgraceful scenes which have been occasionally exhibited since its formation. When the question whether the education at the Polytechnic and other schools should be entirely gratuitous, or whether the rich should pay for the education of their pupils, a scene of violent agitation took place, and the Government, although it carried the resolution, was, by the violent opposition made to it, compelled so far to modify it as to defer its being brought into operation until 1850.

The point in dispute was not so important as the "opened and advised" declarations of the speakers, "that the time would soon come for taking from the rich whatever superfluities they possessed." The Government amendment, moved by General Lamoriciere, was carried after a faithful tumult. The President was twice compelled to put on his hat and adjourn the sitting, and the debate was resumed the following day.

CONTINENTAL.

Letters from Remsloung of the 16th July, state that war with Denmark will immediately recommence, the conditions of peace having been rejected by the Danes. The Univers publishes the Pope's answer to the Roman Deputies. It is of some importance, in showing that the Roman Catholics have

rather taken his Holiness "at his word" and interpret their freedom literally. A letter from Corunna announces that an English vessel had landed arms on the coast of Spain. Another defeat had been won by the Carlists. One of the chiefs, Esteban, crossed into France, was about to re-enter Spain. Intelligence has been received from Gen. Nunez that he had surrounded that part of the Lombardian troops had arrived on the coast of Gen. Nunez had, after his defeat, crossed the junction with Grossi, who had taken Pizzo and had nearly destroyed it. Pizzo had had a like fate, and Monteleone was a heavy contribution. Gen. Wimpfen was sent from Naples to replace Nunez.

The Milan Gazette, of the 15th, states that M. Morichini had returned from France on a fruitless mission to Innsbruck. The Emperor of Austria declined a discussion, and the Minister at Vienna gave evasive answers. We therefore expect that Austria is not disposed to acknowledge the independence of Italy.

The Breslau Gazette states that the government has already declared its intention to form commercial treaties with the German empire, and to acknowledge the independence of Germany.

The Berlin Zeitungs-Halle, of the 15th, contradicts the report that the Poles are preparing for another insurrection.

GEN. CASS'S WESTERN SPECULATIONS WHILST SECRETARY OF WAR.

It will be remembered, that the Hon. A. Wise, in his testimony given before an Investigating Committee of the House of Representatives, in January, 1847, swore:

"I believe that Lewis Cass, Secretary of War, engaged in speculating in the public lands, contrary to law."

How much ground there was for the charge against a personage holding one of the highest and most honorable offices in the country, the reader may learn from the following extraordinary development:

In 1836 Lewis Cass, Henry Hubbard, Francis O. Smith, Francis Markoe, Jr., and Thomas M. McHenry, of Washington City, formed themselves into an association under the title of the "Western Land Association," for the purpose of speculating in Western land.

One of the Association certificates of stock taken to us. It is as follows:

"WESTERN LAND ASSOCIATION. 'Be it known, that Lewis Cass, Henry Hubbard, Francis O. Smith, Francis Markoe, Jr., and Thomas M. McHenry, on the 25th day of April, A. D. 1836, entered into an association, with the purpose of purchasing, for the purchase and sale of certain Western States and Territories, according to certain articles of agreement, date, and signed by said parties, and that the said parties, as proprietors of one thousand dollars of stock, whereof the aggregate sum specified in the ten certificates has been paid; the said parties, in said articles of agreement, agreed to a deduction of one third part of the profit thereon, and to the payment of a proportion of the necessary expenses of the association, said Association, and to no other deduction."

"Be it known, also, that said stock is in whole, or in parts not less than one thousand dollars, and is assigned to said parties, by said parties, or his Attorney, and recited thereon being Secretary in the transfer book of the association."—Washington City, 1836.

This Association for the purpose of speculation, was formed when Lewis Cass was Secretary of War under Mr. Van Buren. Cass himself, the chief of the speculation, in \$20,000, and others paid in \$100,000, making a total of \$120,000. The capital of \$220,000 was not obtained in the plan of the Association was to enter the West and hold them up for a vast amount of value. Cass being Secretary of War in virtue of his official station, having advantages over private individuals, his position gave him the control of the matter. He appointed the agent to select the territories of land—selecting his own agents, agreeing to be responsible for his own agent went to the West and made purchases all under Cass's direction, and the management of the lands.

After several years' delay, the Association began to have serious doubts that there was little or no profit in their getting anything for their money; their applications to Cass for information were of no avail. Nothing satisfactory learned from him. After a consultation each other, they appointed the Hon. Hubbard, one of their own number, to look after their interests, and ascertain if his agent had dealt by them fairly. Mr. Hubbard opened a correspondence with Cass; but failing in every effort to satisfaction from him, he wrote a long forming the honorable Secretary of War, he was a rascal; and the honorable Secretary was quiet and silent under the charge Hubbard charged him with swindling claims. Even to this day, the Association has not been able to get anything out of Cass.

We are authorized to make this statement a member of the Association, a gentleman paid \$10,000 into the hands of Cass, and has never received anything, ever in consideration of his money. Informant requests us if the facts are true, call on the Hon. Henry Hubbard was a member of the truth—to demand of him the return of the letters that passed between Cass, particularly the letter to the Secretary of War. We shall enclose a copy of the paper to Gen. Cass; if he has anything to say, let him speak out or authorize some one to speak out for him. Mr. Hubbard is aware, is a prominent member of the man that nominated Mr. De Baltimore Convention four years ago. (Note.—Mr. Henry Hubbard was a Senator from Hampshire, from 1835 to 1841.—Ed. Times.)

THE TRIUMPH SURE.

We have never seen more certain indications of dismay in the ranks of the tycoon party. At the last Meeting of the Court, the democrats were expected to pledge the party not to support Taylor. They see the rout coming, and are anxious to prevent it if they can. There is no earthly hope. We doubt any where among the tycoon party. All is confidence and dismay on the other side.