

THE TARBORO' PRESS.

Whole No 1109.

Tarborough, Edgecombe County, N. C. Saturday, May 1, 1847.

Vol. XIII. No. 16.

The Tarborough Press,
By GEORGE HOWARD, JR.

Is published weekly at Two Dollars per year if paid in advance—or, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents at the expiration of the subscription year. Subscribers are at liberty to discontinue at any time on giving notice thereof and paying arrears. Advertisements not exceeding a square will be inserted at One Dollar the first insertion, and 25 cents for every continuance. Longer advertisements at that rate per square. Court Orders and Judicial Advertisements 25 per cent. higher. Advertisements must be marked the number of insertions required, or they will be continued until otherwise directed, and charged accordingly. Letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid, or they may not be attended to.

POLITICAL.



From the Warrenton Reporter.

TO THE PEOPLE

Of the Sixth Congressional District.

In the "Tarboro' Press" of the 27th of March, is an article over the Signature of "a Democratic voter," addressed to "Messrs. M. T. Hawkins, A. H. Arrington, and Dr. Pritchard," the object of which is expressed in the following words, viz: "It is possible, nay it is probable, that the election of the next President of the United States will devolve on the next House of Representatives. Now, I enquire of each of you, for whom you will vote, if a member? for example—will you vote for the nominee of the Democratic National Convention?"

I shall endeavor to be as explicit in my answer as the character of the enquiry will admit. Should the people of the District do me the honor of choosing me to serve them in the next Congress I must feel myself in honor bound to represent them, and shall to the best of my ability carry out their wishes and promote their interests; but I cannot promise to vote for the nominee of any "convention," whether it hold its sittings in Baltimore or elsewhere, until I know who that "nominee" is. If, upon all great and important questions he is true to what I believe to be the best interests of the country—if he is "honest, capable, and faithful to the constitution;" if he advocates the fair and equal participation of all sections of the Union in all its burdens and benefits: then—opposed as I am to caucus nominations, and to the habit which is growing upon our people of making all things—the welfare, honor and happiness of the country—subservient to the selfish views of party politicians—I should not hesitate to cast my vote for him. If, on the contrary, the nominee of the Baltimore Convention should be a mere politician, ready, Dalghetty like, to adopt any opinions that may be suited to the section for which they are designed: "a northern man" in all his actions, "a Southern man" in words only; yielding to the one section every thing that interest or fanaticism may claim, whilst from the other he withholds that equality of rights which the constitution guarantees, I should feel that to cast my vote for him would be a gross dereliction of duty, for which I would deserve the reprobation of every patriotic and virtuous citizen.

I will avail myself of this opportunity, as I shall of every other that may present itself, to urge upon my fellow citizens the vast importance of looking well to the action of mere party politicians whatever their professions—of investigating for themselves the great questions of the day, and avoiding by all means any premature pledges to sustain the nominee of any caucus. It is a system of party management unknown to the constitution and unrecognized by the fathers of our political faith. It is the most efficient means whereby the interested and often unprincipled leaders of a party succeed in directing public opinion to the accomplishment of their own selfish purposes. It proscribes the great and the good to make way for the available. It ostracises the Statesman to elevate the Partisan; and he who will be most liberal in promises of rewards, or is most likely to be the mere instrument of faction—the mere tool of party, will in most instances be chosen to carry out its purposes.

Mr. Macon once said that "he would as

soon be caught with a stolen sheep on his back as participating in a Political Caucus." I will not go as far as he did, but I will express the belief that if the glorious institutions which our fathers bequeathed us are ever to be overthrown; if this confederation of Sovereign States is ever to be rent asunder and the fair fabric of our Temple of Liberty reduced to rubbish and ashes,—the line of policy which produces the evil will have its origin in and receive the sanction of a "Party caucus;" and the man who shall be the most efficient architect of all this ruin will be a "caucus nominee." Even now we can look forward to a "national convention" as likely to produce nothing but evil. The whole political weight of the north is against us upon a question of deeper interest to us than all others combined. The leaders of both parties, Democratic and Whig are engaged in a desperate struggle to win the support of the abolition fanatics, and as the north can out vote us there is almost a certainty that the same influence which carried the Wilmot Proviso twice through the House of Representatives will be brought to bear against us in the Baltimore Convention, and a candidate for the Presidency be forced upon us who is willing to break down all the compromises of the constitution to secure the votes of that band of wretched madmen who have vowed that "abolition shall be accomplished by the physical force of the enslaved, if it cannot be effected by the moral power of the free."

That many of the northern party leaders look to a convention as the means of duping the South and accomplishing their own selfish purposes, is as clear as the sun at noonday. How else shall we account for their bitter, undying hatred to the "unwavering champion of his country's cause?" How else explain the systematic effort of all their drilled forces, with the "Lieutenant General" at their head, to forestall public opinion, and by one universal torrent of malignant calumny and falsehood, induce the people of the South to strike down their own most able and efficient leader ere the great battle begins? All this is part and parcel of that system of party tactics, which having its origin in corruption, seeks to perpetuate itself by fraud, and is ready to disfranchise a whole section of our great confederacy and dissolve the Union itself to promote its own unhalloved ends. Look to it in time, men of the South! It will be too late when the fetters are riveted upon your limbs!

The least we can do with a proper regard for our own interests and honor is to declare in advance our firm and unalterable determination to support no man as a candidate for the Presidency or any other office, who will not fearlessly and freely pledge himself to sustain the South in her just and rightful claim to a fair and equal participation in all the benefits, as she bears more than her proportion of the burdens, of our common government. For my own part, my vote shall never be cast for any man who favors or even excuses the odious & unjust proposition known as "the Wilmot Proviso," which goes to degrade and disfranchise the whole South, denying to our citizens an equal right with the people of the North to the territory which may hereafter be acquired by our government. Sanction this—by voting for its advocates or in any other way—and with our own hands we set the seal to our own degradation and become, as we shall deserve to be, but the "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for the politicians of the north. Sanction this and the blood of the brave Southerners which now enriches the soil of Mexico will cry aloud from the earth and call down curses on us as recreant sons of noble sires. Sanction this, and deep will be our degradation—so secure the fetters that bind us at the feet of our northern lords—that nothing less than such a convulsion as will rend the pillars of this magnificent Union and scatter to the winds of Heaven its disjointed fragments, will ever restore us to our rightful position in the eyes of the world.—Sanction this, and the children of the sunny South will become in our land in little more than half a century from the birth of our government, the same trampled slaves, the same vile, degraded subjects of northern tyranny that it required a thousand years of violence and bloodshed to make the people of Rome. Sanction this, and a Despotism is upon us worse than that of the sword—a Despotism

of vice and corruption ever ready to plunder and oppress those who by their own act shall become its slaves!

No man of ordinary capacity will suppose that I express these views with the hope of advancing my own interests or popularity: all know that it is much easier to swim with, than to breast, the current; but, believing as I do that the time has arrived for the people of the whole South without regard to party, to unite for the preservation of the constitution and their own defence, I do entertain a hope that the wise, the virtuous and the patriotic will sustain the principles I advocate if they will not sustain me. My appeal is to that portion of my fellow citizens who are more patriots than partisans—to the people rather than to their self constituted leaders—and if I can but awaken those who have no purposes to subserve but the public good to the immensity of the interests, to this and all future generations, which are staked upon the issue of the contest shortly to commence, I shall be content whatever their decision as it respects myself.

Going into the canvass under the motto "A union of the South for the sake of the South," I feel myself equal to either fortune, and whether triumph or defeat await me, I shall bow with entire submission to the PEOPLE'S will.

Respectfully your fellow-citizen.

R. C. PRITCHARD.

From the N. Orleans Picayune.

LETTER FROM GEN. TAYLOR.

We have been placed in possession of a private letter, addressed to Gen. E. G. W. Butler, of the parish of Iberville, by Gen. Taylor, which will be read with the greatest avidity. Whatever relates to the battle of Buena Vista, of an authentic character, must possess an absorbing interest.

Headquarters at Agua Nueva,

Army of Occupation, Mexico,

March 4, 1847.

My Dear General—Your very acceptable and interesting letter of the 15th November last reached me on the 24th of December, while on the march from Monterey to Tampico; but the nature of my duties since then (being most of the time in the saddle,) in addition to other matters, has prevented me from replying to it until the present moment.

Be assured, my dear sir, I have not since then lost sight of it or yourself; and I feel highly gratified for the flattering manner in which you have noticed the conduct of the officers and soldiers who marched with me from the Rio Grande, to Monterey and compelled that place to surrender after much hard fighting, as they fully merited the handsome encomiums you have thought proper to bestow on them. For this you have my sincere thanks.

[The general then alludes to the misrepresentations which had been made in regard to Major Gen. Butler at Monterey. Those misrepresentations had been the subject of conversation between them, and left no feeling like distrust or unkindness towards each other in their breasts. The letter then goes on]

I was aware of the report as well as statements in a few of the public journals, that it was intended by certain individuals to bring Gen. Butler forward as the successor to Mr. Polk, which gave me no concern, and would not even had it been the case, which I did not credit and which had been forgotten. I doubt if the subject would have again crossed my mind had it not been brought to my notice by you or some one else. I have never heard him or any of his friends allude to this matter. He (the general,) in consequence of his wound not healing, which gave him so much pain as to render him unfit for duty, left a short time since by advice of his medical attendant for New Orleans, where I hope he has arrived in safety and where I truly hope he will very soon recover so as to be able to take the field once more.

I may observe that I have been also named as a candidate for that high office by a few newspaper editors and others, which has been done without my knowledge, wishes or consent.

This I have assured all who have written me on the subject; assuring them I had no aspirations for that or any other civil office; that my whole energies, mental and physical, were and had been ab-

sorbed in such a way as I thought best calculated to bring this war to a speedy and honorable close, believing it was for the interest of both countries the sooner it was done the better—at any rate so far as ours was concerned; and that President making should be lost sight of until this was accomplished.

[Here follows a brief statement of events from the time of Gen. Scott's arrival at the Brazos till Gen. Taylor returned from Victoria to Monterey. The letter then proceeds:]

I retraced my steps to Monterey, where I arrived towards the latter part of the month [January], and where I expected to remain some time to recruit myself and horses; but a few days after my arrival I received information from the command in my front at Saltillo (65 miles in the direction of San Luis Potosi from Monterey), that the command—between 4000 and 5000 strong—under Gen'l Wool had become very much alarmed in consequence of about 100 picked men and horses, belonging to the Kentucky and Arkansas regiments of mounted men, who were sent out towards San Luis to gain intelligence respecting the enemy and to watch their movements, having been taken, after being surrounded in the night and all made prisoners by a large force of cavalry, about 50 miles in advance of Saltillo. So said one of the party who succeeded in making his escape the next night and getting back to Saltillo; also that the Mexican army was advancing in great numbers towards Saltillo. These reports induced me to join my advance immediately. Leaving Monterey on the 31st January, I reached Saltillo on the morning of the 2d February with a small reinforcement, which increased my force to 5000, when I lost no time in moving forward and establishing a camp at this place, about 20 miles in advance of Saltillo on the San Luis road, for the purpose of carrying on a system of instruction, as well as to watch the movement of the enemy, and where I expected to fight him should he attempt to move on Saltillo. Here I remained until the 21st, examining the several passes through the mountains—at which time I ascertained that Gen. Santa Anna was advancing and near at hand with an overwhelming force. Not exactly liking my position, having ascertained that he could gain my rear by two roads on my right and one on my left, and not deeming it prudent to divide my forces, and having apprehensions about my supplies which were in Saltillo, I determined at once to fall back towards that place about twelve miles, and occupy a strong position between two spurs of a mountain with a narrow valley between them, where at one point the road is so narrow as to permit the passage of only one wagon at a time, with deep gullies running up to the mountains, washed by the rains so as to prevent horses or carriages from passing them without great difficulty. Said position had been closely examined by the topographical engineers under the eye of Gen. Wool before my arrival, who deemed it admirably adapted to resist a large force with a small force, as well as adapted to the description of force which composed our army. We therefore fell back and occupied it on the evening of the 21st, and at once made the necessary preparations for giving battle.

The next day the enemy made his appearance early in the day, after reconnoitering our position for some time, 2 o'clock, P. M., I received, by a staff officer, with a flag, a communication from Gen. Santa Anna requiring me to surrender at discretion, stating that in the event of my doing so we should be well treated; that he had surrounded me with more than 20,000 men; that resistance was out of the question—and, if I attempted it, my command would be put to rout and must be destroyed. In reply, I stated I could not comply with his demand, and he was at liberty to commence operations whenever he was inclined to do so. Soon after this the action was commenced with his skirmishers on our left, which was promptly met by ours, and continued without intermission on the side of the mountain until dark.

In the morning at sunrise he renewed the contest with an overwhelming force—with artillery, infantry and dragoons—which lasted with very slight intermissions until dark. A portion of the time

the contest was much the severest I have ever witnessed, particularly towards the latter part of the day, when he (Santa Anna) brought up his reserve, and in spite of every effort on our part, after the greatest exertions I have ever witnessed on both sides, drove us by an immense superiority of numbers for some distance. He had at least five to one against us. Fortunately, at the most critical moment, two pieces of artillery which I had ordered up to support that part of our line met our exhausted men retreating, when they were brought into battery and opened on the enemy, then within fifty yards in hot pursuit, with canister and grape, which brought him to a halt and soon compelled him to fall back. In this tremendous contest we lost three pieces of artillery, nearly all the men and horses having been killed or crippled, which put it out of our power to bring them off; nor did I deem it advisable to attempt to regain them.

The enemy made his principal efforts against our flanks. He was repulsed in every attempt on our right, but succeeded early in the day in gaining our left in consequence of the giving way of the volunteer regiments which could not be rallied with but few exceptions, the greater portion retiring about a mile to a large rancho or farm house, where our wagons & a portion of our stores were left. These were soon after attacked by the enemy's cavalry, who were repulsed with some loss.

For several hours the fate of the day was extremely doubtful, so much so that I was urged by some of the most experienced officers to fall back and take up a new position. This I knew it would never do to attempt with volunteers, and at once declined it. The scene now became one of the deepest interest. Between the several deep ravines there were portions of level land from one to four hundred yards in extent, which became alternately points of attack and defence, after our left was turned by both sides. These extended along and near the base of the mountain for about two miles, and the struggle for them may be very appropriately compared to a game of chess. Night put a stop to the contest, and, strange to say, both armies occupied the same positions they did in the morning before the battle commenced. Our artillery did more than wonders. We lay on our arms all night, as we had done the two previous ones, without fires, there being no wood to be had, and the mercury below the freezing point, ready and expecting to renew the contest the next morning; but we found at daylight the enemy had retreated during the night, leaving his killed and many of his wounded for us to bury and take care of—carrying off every thing else, and taking up a position at this place. We did not think it advisable to pursue, not knowing whether he would renew the attack—continue his retreat, or wished to draw us from our strong position; but contented ourselves with watching his movements closely. Finding, on the 26th, he had renewed his retreat, early in the morning of the 27th the army was put in motion for this place, where he arrived about 3 o'clock, P. M.—their rear guard consisting of cavalry, leaving as our advance got in sight. I at once determined on harassing his rear; but on examining the state of the men and horses, I found that five days and nights marching, incessant watching, and sixteen hours' hard fighting, had so exhausted the first and broken down the latter, it was next to impossible to accomplish any thing without rest. We remained quiet here until the 2d inst., when I pushed a command on the San Luis road to a large plantation called Incarnacion, where we found between two and three hundred wounded in the most wretched condition, besides those they carried with them and left here and on the field. Here we took about ten prisoners, the main part of the army having proceeded on in the direction of San Luis in a very disorganized condition.

On the 23d the enemy threw in our rear, through the passes of the mountains, 2000 cavalry, and early in the morning of the next day, the 23d, made demonstrations against Saltillo and throughout the day. They succeeded at one time in cutting off the communication between the city and battle ground, and making several prisoners, but were driven away by the officer commanding in the city, with two pieces of artillery, covered by about sixty