Indiana State Sentinel.

SEMI-WEEKLY.

ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY.

INDIANAPOLIS, SEPT. 25, 1847.

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Bounty Lands for Volunteers.

The undersigned has received the forms and specific instructions from Washington City, for procuring the Land Warrants or Scrip for Volunteers entitled to the same; and having printed forms, he is enabled to attend to the same on short notice, and at a low fee.

GEORGE A. CHAPMAN.

To Correspondents.

R. A. C., Williamsport. Your fine club arrived too late to be supplied with the last paper, the edition being exhausted. Your request shall be attended to.

Railroad Celebration.

It is now ascertained beyond all doubt that the iron is laid, ready for the cars, on the Madison and Indianapolis railroad, within four miles of this city, and that the wood work is ready for the iron up to the depot at this place, and that the workmen are progressing in laying the iron at the rate of from half a mile to three quarters of a mile per day, so that if we intend to commemorate the event of the arrival of the first railroad car at Indianapolis, in a respectable manner, worthy of the metropolis of the young giant of the west, arrangements must be commenced this day, as there is no time to lose. We have intimations that many of the citizens of Cincinnati, Lawrenceburgh, Madison, Louisville, Jeffersonville and New Albany, and other towns and cities on the Ohio river, and many others from Logansport, Delphi, Lafayette, Covington, Terre Haute, &c. &c., on the Wabash, and of all the towns and villages on the road, as well as the whole of Central Indiana, are anxious to be present at an event so important in our State's history; we therefore call a meeting of the citizens of Indianapolis and Marion county generally, at the rooms in the second story of Norris's row, at three o'clock on this day, (Saturday,) for the purpose of making arrangements for the celebration; to appoint a committee to ascertain of the railroad directory what day to fix for the celebration, and to correspond immediately with our friends in neighboring towns and cities on the subject. Let us all move together in the celebration. All say, for the honor of Indianapolis, there must be a celebration, and a few of us have determined that there shall be one of some kind; and it now rests with our citizens to say whether it shall be worthy of the capital of Indiana or not.

MANY CITIZENS.

Fifth Regiment Indiana Volunteers.

At 6½ o'clock A. M., September 23d, the tenth and last company of the above named regiment, was reported and accepted. The following are the companies, commandants, and places where organized:

1. "Wayne Guards," Capt. D. W. Lewis, Fort Wayne.
2. Indiana Guards, Capt. H. Hall, Madison.
3. Rough and Ready Guards, Capt. George Greene, Jeffersonville.
4. Covington Guards, Capt. R. M. Evans, Covington.
5. Montgomery Boys, Capt. Allen May, Crawfordsville.
6. Shelbyville Hards, Capt. S. McKinzey, Shelbyville.
7. Hancock Whoys, Capt. Jas. R. Bracken, Greenfield.
8. Centre Guards, Capt. John McDougall, Indianapolis.
9. Grabbers No. 2, Capt. A. C. Gibbs, Lawrenceburgh.
10. Washington Guards, Capt. E. G. Cary, Marion.

This regiment has been raised, reported and accepted in about nineteen days, less than three weeks, from the issue of the Governor's proclamation and the first general order of the Adjutant General. Two more companies, it is expected, will be added to the regiment by permission which has been asked by Col. Lane.

National Convention.

We are glad to see many influential papers in favor of holding the next Democratic National Convention at Cincinnati. It ought to be held there by all means. It is now much nearer the geographical centre than Baltimore, and affords all the facilities of the latter place. No delegate from the "uttermost parts of the" country will ever regret his visit to that emporium, viewed in any light. The eastern and northeastern delegates who have never seen the west, and who probably think the account of its true greatness exaggerated if not entirely overrated, will find that "the half has not been told" them. For *their* sakes, that on their return to their constituents, they may be able to say "*I have seen the elephant,*" let them agree and come! Come and examine; and if the high inducements which will be found are not sufficient to cause them to "leave the graves of their fathers," and *settle* in this land flowing with "milk and honey," "hog and hominy," they may at least be inclined to send out a portion of their *surplus females*, who are very much wanted as "helpmeets, wives and mothers."—We go for CINCINNATI emphatically!

BLOOMINGTON COLLEGE.—We have received a copy of the 17th Annual Circular of the Indiana University at Bloomington, comprising the catalogue of students, &c., &c. The summary shows a total of 163 students; and the Institution is represented to be in a more flourishing state than heretofore.

We perceive also, that Judge Otto will be associated with Judge McDonald in the Law Department.—This will render the Law School equal to any in the country. From what we learn, the Board of Trustees are determined to leave no effort untried to still further add to the justly high standing of the college, and we hope will be successful.

SETTLERS WANTED—LANDS GIVEN TO THEM.—The Arkansas Banner says the State of Arkansas invites emigrants to come and take lands which have been forfeited for taxes, and no payment will be required for them. The Auditor, upon proof of settlement, will make a deed, which deed the Supreme Court of the State has decided will be *valid*. The forfeited tracts comprise some of the finest lands in the State, and now is the chance for a cheap home, or a speculation.

FOR THE WAR.—Mr. J. T. BOSWORTH, late of this office, and now one of the proprietors of the New Albany Democrat, has enlisted for the war, and been chosen Orderly Sergeant of the corps to which he was attached. We vouch for him in every respect.

MAINE ELECTION.—We have only room to say that the democracy of Maine have made a clean sweep. Particulars next week.

Letter from the Junior Editor.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 20, 1847.

DEAR GEORGE—I left Albany, N. Y., on the evening of the 13th inst. for New York city, on the steamboat Rip Van Winkle. Three other boats started at the same time, and for ten minutes there was a trial of speed among them. One of the boats, the Columbia, kept abreast of us for some time. She evidently had intended to pass us; and had got up her fires so high that the *blaze* appeared at the top of both her chimnies. She did not however accomplish her purpose, and we led the van. The night was rainy and dark, and we therefore had no opportunity to witness any of the scenery along the river. We were uncomfortable in other respects. There were full 400 passengers, and every berth was occupied, besides temporary sleeping places. I had the pleasure of lying upon a table, for which privilege I paid 50 cents. Cheap enough? We did not get to New York in time for the Philadelphia morning boat, and therefore waited the New Jersey cars which started at 9 o'clock. Meantime I walked through the rain to the Astor House to see my friend Coleman. The House was so full of guests that he had taken private lodgings. I hunted him out, took breakfast with him, talked of old times and new, and finally left him at the railroad ferry. The railroad across New Jersey was the first *good* road I had yet seen. It was a pleasant trip, through Jersey City, Princeton, Trenton, &c. to Bristol on the Delaware. We passed, of course, in the neighborhood of one of the revolutionary battle fields, and I regarded it with the greater interest, as I knew nothing and nobody else. The railway for a considerable number of miles runs parallel with the Delaware and Raritan canal, and a common road. The rain of the preceding night had raised the stream so high as to cover acres of usually dry land; but I did not hear of damage being done. At Bristol, took steamboat for Philadelphia, where we arrived at 3 o'clock. Went immediately aboard of boat for Baltimore, and had a very agreeable trip down the Delaware to Newcastle. At the last place again took the cars across a portion of New Jersey, and after a very smooth trip of 15 miles, again took boat to cross the Chesapeake Bay. By this time it was dark again, the wind blew freshly, and we were deprived of the pleasure of *seeing*. We reached Baltimore at one o'clock. Left boat for Barnum's hotel. It was crowded—beds, sofas, cots, and every possible place that could afford any one a chance to sleep. Finally obtained the *last* unoccupied bed at the Exchange. Next morning, Thursday last, ascertained that business did not require my presence here till to-day, and therefore left for Washington city, where I remained till Friday noon. I found the Federal city to be something like what it was described to be by John Randolph—a city of "hacks and w—es, of splendid poverty and magnificent distances,"—though some of the qualities I know but little, —especially of the second,—except by hearsay. I ran through all the public buildings, the most interesting of which are the Capitol, the Patent office and general Post office. In these alone there is enough to engage one's attention for a month. I have not time now to speak of them particularly. I not only saw the *big buildings*, but the *big men* in them also. Of the last, I should judge Mr. Secretary WALKER to be the greatest politically, though the smallest physically, among those whom I conversed with. Mr. Buchanan possesses very prepossessing manners, and must please those who have the honor of his acquaintance. I found our old friend W. J. Brown in good health and spirits. It need to be a complaint that the Representatives of Indiana at the Capital were reserved, cold, formal and inhospitable. None can thus complain of Mr. Brown. He is just the same good natured, abstract, and humorous genius that he used to be *at home*. Office has not made "big man me" of him, as it has of some others whom you and I helped to place and power. Among others whom I saw at the President's house on Friday evening were Gov. Bagby, Senator of Alabama, who is said to be an *honest* man; Gen. Kearney, who is awaiting an investigation of the difficulties between himself and Col. Fremont, in California; Major Eaton, whose business I know nothing about, but suppose him to be fishing for office, which *perhaps* he may get, for I believe he is from *Tennessee*; Clifford, the Solicitor, and Medill of the Indian Department, both good looking men,—and several others whose names I forget. I looked, painfully, for the *shade* of Gen. JACKSON, but I need not say that I saw nothing of it. Among those whom I met unostentatiously, Mr. Rives of the Globe, was one of the most agreeable. His easy and friendly address and sincerity of manner, puts one on easy and pleasant terms at once. He is a man among ten thousand, though perhaps not of the "Upper Ten." I regretted that I could not see Mr. Blair, the bosom friend of Jackson, and the former able editor of the Globe. He was out of town, on his farm, whither I did not have time to go. I saw Mr. Burke also, the Commissioner of Patents, and one of the most talented members of the Administration. I wish all the rest were as good democrats as he, and further, that he occupied a position where his capacities could have more ample scope. Besides these, I had an introduction to fifty others, of whom I have not time to speak, even could I now recall them to memory.

I left Washington on Friday noon. The up train of morning cars from Baltimore had run off the track near Bladensburgh, and delayed our departure half an hour beyond the usual time. We proceeded slowly till we came to the place of accident, and then we put on the steam. We made the whole distance —— miles, in one hour and forty minutes—three quarters less than the usual time.

It is now raining hard here in Baltimore, and looks for all the world as if it would rain as it sometimes does at Indianapolis. On Saturday, I crawled to the top of the Washington monument, whence I could look over the city. It is curious how insignificant every thing appears when we are able to *look down* upon it. It was so at Washington. While on the roof of the Capitol, it seemed as if I could put it all in my pocket,—on the ground, it was twice as large a town as I had imagined it to be. But after I got *on* the *ground*, I found they could pocket *me* much easier than I could pocket *them*,—so far as the *dimes* are concerned, I should add to Randolph's list of qualities that of "pickpockets," at least. Nevertheless, *coppers* forms a part of the currency in Washington, as well as the more precious metals—*brass* being predominant.

Politics—*en passant*. I did not leave the tripod at home for the purpose of concocting political editorials from abroad. On the contrary I hoped to escape that task, and I *mean* to escape it. I cannot but notice, however, that the Phila. "North American" and the National Intelligencer contain an unfair extract from one of our late articles, relative to the annexation of Texas, &c. It would not suit their purposes to copy a *fair* extract. That would put the boot upon the right leg. I am picking up a few items relative to things in general as well as politics in particular, which I will in due and good time communicate to our readers, as occasion may require or afford opportunity. For the present,

Adieu, J. F. C.

DEMOCRATIC ALMANAC FOR 1848.—We have a few copies of this excellent publication, which we can spare to our friends. It is emphatically the politician's *vade mecum*. Only a dime.

Correspondence of the State Sentinel.

WASHINGTON, SEPT. 19, 4847.

MESSRS. EDITORS—That portion of the people of this country—the democracy—who believe that the existing war with Mexico was brought about by the perfidy of that government, will hear with feelings of inexpressible delight, of the gallantry and heroism manifested by our officers and soldiers before the mighty city of the AZTECS.

How it is calculated to elevate the character, not military only, but moral, of our citizen soldiery, in the estimation of ourselves and the civilized world!

How well do I remember, during the debates in the American congress upon that most exciting and eventful occasion—the Oregon question—the many sneers that were cast, not by foreign writers alone, but by those calling themselves Americans, at the impotency and inadequacy of the ways and means of the United States government for a conflict with a public enemy. With what little effect, democratic members repeated, again and again, their assurances of the readiness of the masses, at that very moment, to fly to the standard of their country in defence of their country's rights and honor.

How the events of this war with Mexico have put to flight and scattered to the winds the philosophy of such contracted minds.

The events of this war have astonished even ourselves: they have been their own rivals. The battles of the 8th and 9th of May, 1846, knew no parallel in bravery, skill or results, until the siege of Monterey furnished it:—both were eclipsed by the sanguinary conflict of Buena Vista:—all were thrown into the shade by the victorious bombardment of the Gibraltar of America—Vera Cruz:—the battle of Cerro Gordo disclosed the fact, that none had, up to that time, been a demonstration itself, compared with it; for it had reserved for *that* field to prove the truth of the old adage, that "science will prevail":—and now it is said by those who are paid well for knowing, that the battles near the Mexican capital have never, in the most chivalrous and successful days of Hanibal, Alexander, Napoleon, or Wellington, been equalled by few—that all history, both ancient and modern, furnish nothing to compare with it.

Is it possible, that the moral, the lesson of this war, can ever be lost upon, or lost sight of, by the American people? Are some politicians so unwise as not to remember that such a thing as *history* invariably finds its way to the abode of the most obscure and apparently humble voter in our wide spread dominions? Is it possible that such men expect to address themselves to the honest yeomanry of our country, dealing out anathemas upon this war, pronouncing it, on our part, unrighteous, unholy and blood-thirsty, and never hear the questions asked them:

"How came *you*, then, to encourage it?"

"How came it, if such be your *real* and *honest* belief, that none in the land were quicker than *you* to peril—not money, time, health and influence only, but your *life* withal, in *such* a cause?"

"Did you not raise a company, and make every exertion possible to be the captain of that company, destined, as it publicly and notoriously was, for the support of this war, which you now tell us was, in your opinion, conceived in iniquity and rapacity, in a spirit of conquest and plunder, in a lust for aggrandizement and power?"

"Were you not a member of the congress that passed a bill declaring that a state of war now exists between this government and that of Mexico, by the acts of the latter; and did you not vote for that bill, and that, too, under the solemn and awful responsibilities of an oath?"

"Did your constituency send you there to vote for *a sin*, and it *a falsehood*, besides?"

"Did we not see you, on a very particular occasion, at New Albany, the skeleton of a broken-down politician, entertaining, as it now appears, these very sentiments in relation to this war, but very willing, if you could do so with a 1500 or a 2,000 dollar office, to endorse the war, by accepting a field officers' commission, and re-vamping yourself, thereby, in politics?"

If such men think the people of this country gullible enough to swallow such stuff, they will find, as they generally do, but, alas for their schemes, too late, that they have been following false gods. True, they are, most of them, *lawyers*; and think, because they can split hairs before the people, to their own entire satisfaction, that they have made a most unanswerable argument; but they are, invariably, as the Frenchman once was with the stage coach, '*parfectly disguste*' with the results of the ballot box; on which occasions it is amusing to hear them sing out, '*cheatery*:' and swear by their Maker that the *locofocos* have pipe-laid—have triumphed, not by the votes of American citizens, but by this foreign influence!

If such men expect to practise with impunity such things, in such places and on such occasions, they will hear from the multitude a request for them to show their *faith* by their *works*. G. W. K.

The Killed and Wounded.

We have run our eye over the list of killed, wounded, and missing, and are surprised at the small number of those killed, compared with the wounded. Our account *may* vary a few, say not over 20, from the official. We make

Killed	137
Wounded	858
Missing	40
Total	1035

A large majority of the wounded are reported as slight, while we find not over 8 or 10 set down as *mortally* wounded. In this way, the report seems not so heart-rending as saying "upwards of a thousand killed and wounded." It is bad enough; but our only wonder is, that the loss is so small under the circumstances. The result of all the battles in this war will have a powerful effect on the European governments.

Ours are the Boys!

A correspondent in the army, speaking of the recapture of the guns taken by Santa Anna at Buena Vista, gives the following sketch: "In taking one of the batteries, two cannon were discovered, bearing the U. S. arms. They were two of the three captured by Santa Anna at Angostura, and strange! RECAPTURED BY THE IDENTICAL COMPANY to which they originally belonged. The scene which followed, beggars all description. A lover beholding the object of his first vow, a husband returning to his bride, could not exhibit joys more ecstatic than our soldiers manifested in the presence of these trophies! They all but hugged and embraced them, and rent the air with wild huzzas, while drawing peals of eloquence from the object of their devotion."

By Telegraph.

Reported for the Cincinnati Daily Enquirer.

NEW YORK, Sept. 21—8 P. M.

Two English houses have failed to-day; and rumor has it that others have suspended,—but as yet I have heard nothing definite of any further stoppages.

A forged draft for $10,000, on Chenils & Burritt, through the Phœnix bank, was detected to-day, and is the cause of considerable excitement. The forgery was executed by an extensive stock broker.

From the South.

PETERSBURGH, Sept. 21—9 P. M.

The mail is in from the South, but the papers contain no news from the seat of war.

The deaths from yellow fever at New Orleans on the 13th, were, from Hospital 29, and Lafayette 17.

True, to the Letter.

The following sensible remarks we copy from the Iowa State Gazette. We trust they will be read and acted on by the people generally. We have, also often brought to the attention of our cotemporaries, the suicidal policy of advertising prospectuses of eastern papers and periodicals, generally for the poor pittance of an exchange, thus paying twenty times more than the value of them, ruining their own papers, and if not cheating, at least imposing on their readers. It would be far better to advertise for their own business than for a mere nominal sum, and thereby give character to their location, and increase the chance of greater patronage. Another simple thing they do, viz: Advertise quack medicines for prices in many instances 200 to 300 per cent less than that charged to their regular customers. It is no uncommon thing to have these agents show us agreements to advertise a large amount, sometimes a column, for ten, fifteen, or twenty dollar sa year; and we know of one case where an advertisement ranged at those prices, which we *refused* at one hundred and twenty-five; and another, inserted in a paper in this State, one year, for ten dollars, for which we received seventy-five for six months; and it was a *bore* at that. Our local friends should charge such advertisements at least as much as they charge their business friends. But to the article.

The Telegraph.

We think one very essential benefit will result to editors and publishers of newspapers in the far west from the magnetic telegraph, which has not yet been sufficiently appreciated; that of arresting the foolish disposition of many persons to leave their own local paper to struggle for a bare support, while they are giving their patronage to some eastern print under the impression that it affords more news and at an earlier date, in both of which they are usually mistaken. If the money expended for distant papers could be steadily transferred to the credit side of local, *western* papers, it would enable their publishers to give their patrons a far more valuable and interesting journal than can be furnished by eastern publications all of which must of necessity contain a vast amount of local matter, of no sort of interest whatever beyond a moderate circumference of their local origin.

And while on this subject, we may as well avert to a very foolish custom of western newspapers generally and one to which we ourselves plead in some measure, guilty; that of inserting prospectuses and puffs of papers published in our eastern cities, thereby giving our influence directly against ourselves in contributing to increase their circulation at the expense of our own. There is a courtesy which all members of the press owe to each other, and which we would be far from endeavoring to abridge; but this courtesy is far from requiring of us such a forgetfulness of our own interest as to adopt a course calculated to advance that of other publishers at our own expense.

And there is another fact connected with this matter which would bring home to a portion of the community with a force of truth they cannot evade. It is, that many who take both their local and an eastern or distant paper, too frequently pay for the latter in advance, leaving the former to be settled for at some distant time, or perhaps never. We do not mean to be understood as saying that this habit is general; but it is not uncommon.

We add one word only concerning those who, being abundantly able, take no paper at all. They are generally, mean people, and go where you may, you will find such is their reputation in the neighborhoods where they reside.

About cities there always are, and probably always will be, idle, lazy loungers who make it their business to read other people's papers, while they spend ten times the cost of their subscription every year in liquor, or what is equally as bad, and far more repulsive,—tobacco.

War Intelligence.

Important Details.

At this writing, we have no official details of the late great victories. The unofficial crowd upon us rapidly; but as most of them contain items of importance, we give as much as our space will permit.

The Washington Union of the 16th says:

"The country is becoming impatient for the termination of the suspense in our relations with Mexico. Politicians are beginning to discuss the armistice and the duration of the negotiation. The battle was fought on the 19th and 20th of August. The armistice was concluded on the 24th. The commissioners had their first meeting on the 27th—their second on the 28th—and were to have a third meeting on Monday, the 30th August.

"We have no accounts as late as that day. "This armistice shall continue as long as the commissioners of the two governments may be engaged on negotiations, or until the commander of either of the said armies shall give formal notice to the other of the cessation of the armistice, and for forty-eight hours after such notice."

"We have not the slightest disposition to prejudice the question, or to find fault with any one. But much will depend upon the energy of the American commissioner. Much too depends upon the American commander.

"We shall wait with great anxiety for further news from the army. If an honorable peace can be made, we shall hail it with pleasure; but it must be promptly made. If not made at once, let the fact be known; and let the war be pressed with all our energy, and be brought to bear more stringently upon Mexico.—As an officer writes on the 25th, "to get a peace, we may have to conquer it, not to conciliate a peace; and to do this, we must conquer the people. We have almost had enough of conciliating to negotiate."

"We understand a steamer has to be kept in readiness at Vera Cruz to receive the General's official details of his transactions and convey them to the government. They may, of course, be expected in a few days. Along with this fact, this evening's southern mail brings a short note from the General's camp, conveying the following interesting intelligence. It reduces the number of our killed, and we shall be most happy to have it confirmed. We give the extract as it comes:

"EXTRACT.

"TACUBAYA, August 28.

"Our loss in killed, wounded, and missing on the 19th and 20th is 166, of whom 13 are officers; 122 rank and file were killed. The Mexican loss in killed, wounded, and missing is at least 15,000. We have now granted an armistice, which it is hoped will lead to peace. Negotiations have already commenced."

The Washington Union of the same date says, in another article:

"We undertake to say, in relation to the whole subject—that it would be most unfortunate if Mr. Trist should permit the negotiation to be spun out beyond the shortest possible time—say two or three days; for, as we are now advised, *that* course is the very policy which the wily politician Santa Anna would himself prefer for rallying and organizing his means; and, under the same reservation, we may add, it is to be regretted that as long a period as forty-eight hours after the negotiation had terminated has been allowed for the resumption of hostilities."

Henry Clay Nominated.

The *New York Tribune*, on the day following its extraordinary manifesto in behalf of Mr. Clay's friends, admonishing the universal Whig party to say and do nothing about the claims of candidates for the present, published under its editorial head the proceedings of the "Democratic Whig Young Men's General Committee," a meeting of which, held at Broadway House, September 3d, passed a series of resolutions against General Taylor, (though not in name,) and in favor of Henry Clay. One of their resolutions tells the whole story:

"*Resolved*, That, in the designation of the person for the Whig candidate for the approaching canvass, we have encountered no embarassments, have met with no discordant opinions, and for that high and solemn trust we do not hesitate again to inscribe and blazon on our shields the much loved and long-honored name of HENRY CLAY."

There is something beautifully modest in all this. One day the Whig party is warned by the admirers of Mr. Clay to be still—to wait—to say nothing about their preferences—they do not wish to dispute or discuss—and the next, they come out, and boldly take their own position, by nominating Mr. Clay! This is assuming the dictatorship with a vengeance.—*Era.*

PROMPT ARREST.—Charles Blake decamped from Buffalo with $700 worth of silks for New York. He was arrested on his landing in that city, news having been forwarded by telegraph. We live in the days when rogues are struck by lightning.

Thrilling Description of the Battle Field!

[BY AN EYE WITNESS.]

Extract of a very interesting letter received in Washington.

"TACUBAYA, (in full view of the city of Mexico,) August 24, 1847.

"The army left Puebla on the 8th of this month, and, after a few days' march, reached Ayotla, immediately on the margin of the valley of Mexico. Between this place and the city, about four miles distant, we knew there was a strongly fortified position, called St. Pinon; it is a small isolated mountain, surrounded by water, on one side of one of the principal causeways leading to the city. After spending a day or two in reconnoitering this place, and which it would have caused a great loss of life to have taken, it was ascertained that there was a practicable road south of Lake Chalco. The General determined to take this route, and put the army in motion, leaving our division to watch the enemy in our rear. The march was a dreadful one, being the rainy season. The road was in many places, where it passes at the foot of the mountains, and on the margin of the lake or narrow causeway, nearly covered with water, and excessively muddy; at others it was over rocky spaces of the mountains, and in places entirely obstructed by huge rocks rolled down by the enemy; but nothing seemed to damp the ardor of the army—all obstacles vanished before them. In two or three days, when the whole army was in motion, they could be seen from the front stretched out over a distance of seven or eight miles. On the 18th, the General reached a small town called San Augustin, about twelve miles south of the city, the leading division having arrived there the day before. General Worth had placed his pickets in advance for the arrival of the General; he ordered the whole division to advance and take possession of a hacienda within striking distance of a strongly fortified place called San Antonio, and also that reconnoitering parties should be pressed forward still in advance; the party was supported by a squadron of cavalry and a battalion of infantry. In passing to the front, I found that a troop which had been placed as a picket had gone forward; and as I came up with it, it made a turn in the road which brought it in full view of the enemy's battery, which opened upon them. The first fire killed Captain Thornton, mangling his body in the most horrid manner. The ball, a 16-pounder, afterwards struck the road and literally covered me with mud and fragments of stone, one of which made a slight bruise on my right thigh. A guide was knocked from his horse within five feet of me, with a shocking wound in his head by a piece of stone. It is thought he will recover, but with the loss of an eye. The reconnoissance was continued right and left with some hopes of storming the battery that afternoon; but night and the rain came on, and it was given up. Very early the next morning, I discovered from the top of the house in which we were quartered in San Augustin, a large body of the enemy, some 12,000 or 15,000 on our left, about three miles distant. The General had ordered reconnoissances in that direction towards San Angel, where I reported to him. He immediately ordered two divisions forward under Pillow and Twiggs, and followed soon after himself. The enemy were found in an entrenched camp, at a place called Contreros, with twenty pieces of artillery, some of them very heavy pieces. The attack commenced at noon, and the fire continued incessantly until dark, when it ceased on both sides, our troops maintaining their ground and occupying a village near by.

During the afternoon we watched the different movements of our troops with the most fearful anxiety, and could plainly see one of our columns resist a charge of a large body of cavalry, and the enemy falling from their saddles and taking to their heels, or rather to their horses' heels. During the whole of the night, we could see on the right a body of at least ten thousand infantry, and cavalry in reserve, towards the city; but they had not the courage to advance, although Santa Anna himself was said to be there. The attack was ordered to be renewed at 3 o'clock next morning, and the General returned to San Augustin. He left at an early hour, taking with him General Worth's and one half of his division as a reinforcement; but en route he was met by an officer, who reported that the batteries had been carried by the troops in a gallant style, Colonel Riley leading the assault. As he approached the scene of action, it seemed most incredible how our men got over the ground to the attack. It was over immense masses of lava thrown up in the roughest, sharpest, possible shapes, and covered with dense brushwood. Streams had to be crossed and deep ravines; and most of them having passed the night in a pelting rain without shelter, it appears almost incredible that they should be able to drive double their numbers from a battery of 23 heavy guns. The scene of the arrival of the General was most exciting. The cheering of the troops left to protect the property taken, and their delight on seeing him, was very gratifying. Many of the guns taken have been added to our siege train. The amount of ammunition taken exceeded by three times the whole which we brought from Vera Cruz, so that we are well provided. But the greatest cause of exultation was the recapture of two of our own guns, brought from Buena Vista, the last battle of General Taylor. When I saw the U. S. on them, I felt like dismounting and embracing them. What is remarkable about their recapture, it was made by the 4th artillery, to which regiment they formerly belonged. They, with other small captured pieces, were immediately fitted up as a light battery, and the captain (Dunn) who took them, in command of it. The General, when he received the intelligence of this victory, sent General Worth back to make a demonstration on San Antonio, whilst he, with the portion of the army which was pressing the enemy, should get in its rear. I will not stop to describe the scene on the battle field. On leaving it, the road was literally strewed with dead Mexicans, arms, broken carriages, &c. In passing a bridge, I looked over, and saw the bodies of at least twenty, piled one on the other, and the bank of the river was strewed with them, and it was some distance before we got out of sight. Going on, we came to a church, in which were confined 700 prisoners. The General halted a few minutes, and addressed the officers very kindly. Amongst them were four Generals. He then hurried out to join the pursuing enemy. We came up with them at San Angel, where they had halted. As the General passed along the line, it was one continued shout. After a few minutes we passed on to a village called Coyoacan, where we heard firing on our right, about two miles off, in the direction of San Antonio. The General immediately sent me, with Capt. Kearney's troop, to ascertain the state of affairs. We galloped on; and on approaching the place I found that Worth had turned the place by both flanks, and driven the enemy from it, and was in hot pursuit of them. I returned to the General as quickly as I had gone, and as I galloped along I heard a brisk firing in front. When I reached him I found that he was fiercely engaged with the enemy at another strongly entrenched position—San Pablo. This action lasted more than two hours, and the firing was more general and more continuous than any I had yet heard. The enemy's grape and canister flew like hail, and the fire of our infantry was one continued volley. Captain Taylor's battery was obliged to retire, being most sadly crippled—lost two officers, a great many men, and left the field with only two horses to a gun; but the enemy, although behind entrenchments, with heavy guns, could not withstand the impetuosity and valor of our troops. The place was carried by assault, and the whole armament and a great number of prisoners were taken. In the mean time, Worth having hotly pursued the enemy, came up with him at another fortified place in advance of San Pablo, called Churubusco, and, after an obstinate resistance, carried it, made many prisoners, and drove the enemy before him. The dragoons pursued and followed him to the very gates of the city. Two officers are said to have been killed inside the entrenchments of the gateway. Thus ended the day. I think you will agree with me that it was a tolerably active one—four distinct battles having been fought and won, and the enemy outnumbering us in each at least three to four times. They acknowledge to have had thirty thousand men in the field on that day; and yet we drove them on every occasion, and in the end made more than twenty-three hundred prisoners, among them seven of their principal generals, and about forty pieces of cannon. Our loss, I am sorry to say, as may be expected, has been very great. It may possibly reach one thousand killed and wounded; but the returns are not yet in; but enough is known to satisfy us that we have lost many valuable officers.

Among the prisoners taken, I was mortified to see between 50 and 70 deserters from our army, with the Mexican uniform on. A court is in session to try them, and I trust that many of them will be punished. It is pretty well known from their position in the battle at San Pablo, that a volley from them killed and wounded sixteen out of seventeen of the second infantry, including an officer, and leaving one officer (the adjutant of the regiment) standing.

There are many of our friends, I am sorry to say, among the killed and wounded; but I can hardly enumerate them now. Young Captain Hanson, of Washington, was killed. Col. Butler, of the South Carolina regiment, was killed; Smith badly wounded in the arm and thigh; hopes are entertained that his arm may be saved. Lieut. Irons shot through the windpipe; slight hopes of his recovery. Captain Phil Kearney lost his arm in the charge towards the gate of the city; he is doing well. There are others no doubt which I cannot recollect at this moment; but many that we are equally interested in are safe. Hagner and Colt are both safe.

War Incidents.

The Picayune of the 7th has a number of letters from its correspondents in the army at Buena Vista. We make the following extracts:

REVOLT OF COL. PAYNE'S REGIMENT.—Col. Payne of the North Carolina regiment, from the rigid system of discipline which he has pursued, has become very unpopular in his own regiment and in the Mississippi and Virginia regiments, with which he had been thrown in connexion as officer of the day. Many insults have been offered him by members of the two latter, and this feeling has gradually been ripening till it came to a head on the night of the 15th of August. A crowd assembled about different tents, of about thirty men, some his own and some privates of the Virginia regiment; and subsequently stones were thrown at his tent. A number of men also assembled in front of his lieutenant colonel's tent, who was sick and vomiting, and indulged in brutal laughter at his illness. These crowds were dispersed, and two men ordered to be taken to the provost guard. The men of one company ordered to perform the duty refused, but were compelled to obedience by the Colonel. One of them, however, refused to take his arms until the Colonel held his sword over him and threatened to cut him down if he refused. That company having evinced a determination not to obey, were ordered to the rear of the Colonel's tent, and obeyed, contrary to his expectations, and were dismissed after answering to their names. Subsequently, quite late in the evening, another posse assembled in front of the Colonel's tent, but as he came in sight, they dispersed in different directions. He ordered them to halt, but they refused. The Colonel then cried out that he would fire if they did not halt, and ordered them again; and, upon their refusing, discharged his pistol into the crowd, bringing down two men, wounding one of them mortally. This prompt and decisive step quelled the mutiny, and the Colonel reported to Gen. Cushing and Gen. Wood, who approved of his conduct. They both repaired to the camp, but every thing was quiet. I regret to say that the Colonel did not receive any very unanimous support from his officers on the occasion. The man who was so badly shot died the same night.

Right about, face.

The *Albany Evening Journal* a whig paper, and one that has hitherto advocated General Taylor's claims, and predicted his triumphant election, in view of these predictions and the recent letters of the General, says:

"But we did not foresee, nor apprehend, when this prediction was hazarded, that Gen. Taylor would have his attention turned to Presidential Letter Writing. We were sure that his enemies, if he has them, could not defeat him. He was sure and safe if he continued to keep his eye to the front, without looking toward, or if possible without thinking of the White House. But it cannot be denied that Gen. Taylor's Presidential Letters are putting a new face upon things. He is certainly not as strong as he was; and we are not now prepared to say that the old veteran may not write the People into some serious doubts as to his fitness for President."

The extracts which we give below, are from the *Boston Courier*, the organ of New England federalism, and we commend them to the attention of the *Gazette* when next it ventures on a homily denouncing the Democrats for alleged injustice to Gen. Taylor:

"The elevation of General Taylor to the highest office in the republic, on the strength of the little that is known of him by the nation at large, would be one of those improprieties that, in calm spectators, provoke ridicule. It would be analagous to what is commonly called in social life, a *faux pas*. It would be the weak result of a gust of excitement; the award issue of a puerile passion for warrior-worship; the embarrassing fruit of a mixed delight in victory, and maudlin sympathy for a profession rapidly becoming obsolete—a feeling harmless enough in a brief indulgence, but sadly inconvenient when it commits men to a practical blunder."

"The personal qualifications of Gen. Taylor for the Presidency, there is hardly any occasion or room to dispute, as so little is known about them. One thing is certain, the kind of life he has led for several years; the nature of the service he has been engaged in, the scenes he has been familiar with, the moral and physical atmosphere he has been breathing, have all been such as to favor the formation of no other than a coarse character, with vulgar and profane habits, and rude, if not low associations! quite as rough as ready; resolute, perhaps, and decisive, but how far in point of fact, does that one trait—so much lauded and harped upon that we are almost driven to the conclusion that it is the only one to be cited in the case—go to qualify a President?

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"It is quite apparent too, in many ways, General Taylor is more pleased and flattered by the idea of a nomination, than his friends would have had us believe possible. If the seduction has found its weak point in that nature of boasted sternness already, what might be expected by and by, when the prospect of power grows more enticing and the temptation more cunning and powerful? If thus much in the green tree, what in the dry?

The truth is, and we might prove it by the multiplication of such extracts as those we have given above, and from similar sources too, that all the abuse the gallant General has met with, has been at the hands of the federal press.

THE ORDINANCE OF 1787.—A discussion having arisen in the public prints as to the authorship of certain important provisions embraced in the ordinance of 1787, for the government of the western territory, now constituting several States of the Union, and especially in regard to that celebrated provision which forever excluded slavery from that vast and fertile region, our fellow townsman, Peter Force, Esq., has prepared from authentic materials the article which appears on the preceding page. From this careful exposition it seems clear that Mr. Webster was right when, in his celebrated speech on "Foot's Resolution," he ascribed the authorship (if not the original conception) of the clause above specified to Nathan Dane, of Massachusetts.

It happens that, in seeking among the archives of all the old States, and among numerous private collections, for materials for his voluminous work, "American Archives," Mr. Force became possessed of the original projects and reports submitted to Congress respecting a plan of government for the northwestern territory, from the first step in 1784 to 1787, when the ordinance was finally adopted. He has the copy of the ordinance of 1787, with all its alterations marked on it, while under consideration, just as it was amended at the President's table, amongst which the clause respecting slavery remains attached to it, as an amendment, in Mr. Dane's handwriting, in the exact words in which it now stands in the ordinance.—*National Intelligencer.*

THE FAILURES ABROAD.—The following is the list of failures reported in London, Liverpool and on the Continent:

Giles, Son & Co., London	£700,000
Leslie, Alexander & Co., do	400,000
Charles Douglas & Son, do	300,000
Coventry & Shepherd, do	200,000
King, Mervil & Co., do	200,000
Edward Robinson, do	——
Frazer, Nelson & Co., do	——
Herrin & Co., Liverpool	——
Sampson, Lingdale & Co., Stockton-on-Tees	——
J. Frazer & Co., Antwerp	65,000
Cropp Marchand, Hamburg	——

The amount of the liabilities of these houses, it is said, cannot be less than *eleven millions* of dollars.

THE "RUIN."—The way the manufacturers are rushing on their "ruin," under the destructive locofoco tariff, is wonderful. The Springfield (Mass.) Republican gives us a fresh instance. That paper says: "A company with a capital of $100,000, to be increased one-half another year, has purchased land of the value of $30,000 in that town, on which to erect an extensive range of shops for the manufacture of railroad cars and locomotives. This addition to the business of Springfield will, it is supposed, add one thousand to its population."—*Buffalo Courier.*

☞ E. B. Minor Esq., who for several years has conducted the "Southern Literary Messenger" has withdrawn from that periodical, and accepted the appointment of Principal of the Female Institute at Staunton, Virginia.