THE STAR AND BANNER.

"S. H. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR." "FEARLESS AND FREE." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XIX—8. GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 5, 1848. NEW SERIES—NO. 50.

Valuable Personal Property at PUBLIC SALE.

On Friday the 5th day of May next,

AT 10 o'clock, A. M. the subscriber will sell at Public Sale, at the College in Gettysburg, Pa. a very large variety of valuable Personal Property, viz:

ONE ENGLISH COW,

1 two year old Heiffer, 5 Hogs, 1 Sleigh, 1 set of Harness, 12 Stoves and Pipe, a Halloway Cookstove, 12 Beds and Bedsteads, 2 polished Mahogany Side Tables, 12 dining, breakfast and kitchen Tables, 4 dozen Chairs, 12 Washstands, with pitchers and bowls, 1 Settee, 5 Cupboards, 1 tin Safe, 1 Sideboard, 2 Bureaus, 7 large Rocking Chairs, 3 Clocks, 1 barrel Copper Kettle, 2 swinging Globe Lamps, 1 Astor Lamp, a large quantity of Queensware, Pots, Pans, Kettles, Tubs, Barrels, Meat Vessels, 40 good Flour Barrels, 2 Desks and Bookcase, 12 Looking Glasses, a lot of Carpeting, and a very large variety of other

Household & Kitchen Furniture.

☞ As the subscriber intends removing to the west immediately, all the above articles must and will be sold. TERMS—All purchases of $7 and under, Cash; on all over $7 a Credit of 6 months, with approved security. JACOB KUHN.

Gettysburg, April 21, 1848.—ts

O YES! O YES!

THE undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he still continues his business as

Auctioneer & Sale Cryer,

He can always be found at his residence in Latimore township, near Col. JOHN WOLFORD'S Mill. Persons desiring the services of a Sale Cryer, are requested to give him a call. ☞ Terms moderate.

GEORGE F. MILLER.

April 21, 1848.—3t*

Notice to Tax-payers.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Commissioners will make an abatement of FIVE PER CENT. upon all State and County Taxes assessed for the year 1848, and paid to Collectors *on or before the 1st of July next*, and collectors are hegeby required to make said abatement to all persons paying before said day. Collectors will be required to make their payment on or before the *4th day of July next*, otherwise they will not be entitled to any abatement. It will be the duty of Collectors to call upon individuals personally between this and the 1st of July next.

JOSEPH FINK,
A. HEINTZELMAN,
JACOB KING,
Commissioners.

Attest—J. ARNDESBAUGH, *Clerk.*

April 21, 1848.—3t

NOTICE.

LETTERS Testamentary on the Estate of ADAM GARDNER, sen., late of Latimore township, dec'd, having been granted to the subscriber, residing in said township, he hereby gives notice to all who are indebted to said Estate to call and pay the same without delay, and those having claims are desired to present the same properly authenticated for settlement.

GEO. ROBINETTE,
March 24, 1847.—6t *Ex'r.*

NOTICE.

LETTERS of Administion on the Estate of CHRISTIANA HOOVER, of Reading township, having been granted to the subscriber, residing in Berwick township, Adams county, notice is hereby given to all who are indebted to said Estate, to make payment, and those having claims to present the same properly authenticated for settlement.

SAMUEL DITZLER,
March 31, 1848.—6t *Adm'r.*

NOTICE.

LETTERS of Administration on the Estate of JAMES M'GAUGHY, sen. late of Hamiltonban township, dec'd, having been granted to the subscriber, residing in said township—Notice is hereby given to all those indebted to said estate to make payment, and those having claims upon the estate to present the same, properly authenticated, for settlement.

HUGH F. M'GAUGHY, Adm'r.

April 21, 1848.—6t

NOTICE.

LETTERS of Administration on the Estate of JOHN M'BRIDE, late of Latimore township, dec'd, having been granted to the subscriber, residing in said township—Notice is hereby given to all those indebted to said estate to make payment, and those having claims upon the estate to present the same, properly authenticated, for settlement. JOHN WOLFORD,

April 21, 1848.—6t* *Adm'r.*

NOTICE.

LETTERS of Administration on the Estate of ELIZABETH EBERHART, late of Latimore tp. Adams co. deceased, having been granted to the subscriber, residing in Menallen tp., he hereby gives notice to all indebted to said estate, to make payment without delay, and to those having claims to present the same, properly authenticated, for settlement.

JOHN BURKHOLDER,
Adm'r.

April 7, 1848.—6t

Garden & Flower Seeds,

OF every variety, from the celebrated SHAKER Gardens, New Lebanon, N. York,—also RISLEY'S Garden and Flower Seeds—just received and for sale at the Drug and Book Store of

S. H. BUEHLER.

Gettysburg, March 17, 1848.

GARDEN SEEDS, WARRANTED Growth of 1847, in every variety, just received, and for sale at the Bookstore of

KELLER KURTZ.

March 17, 1848.

[BY REQUEST.

SIBERIA.*

When the sunlight crept o'er the hill,
Spreading fulgency rich o'er the earth,
I walked by the murmuring rill,
Courting Nature, in gladness and mirth.
I rambled far down in the dale,
Heard the cuckoo moan, plaintive and low:
There the night birds have told their sad tale,
And their wailings made sympathy flow.
Ere the day when my childhood began,
The yell of the savage rose clear,
When no friend taught the white man to shun
That dread foe with his anger severe.
The day quick returned to my mind,
When the knife and the hatchet untombed
Sought the pale face, and drag'd them unkind
To their haunts, where they danc'd round the doom'd.
I strove to be free from the dell,
Where the gloom of a dungeon appeared;
Where the spirits of the Red-men might dwell,
O'er the forms which some monster had reared.
With fleetness I then turned away
From the vale, where my life-blood congeal'd;
Where my feet were unwilling to stay,
And o'en bravery proved not a shield.
I quickly ascended the hill,
Delighting its summit to scan,
Nor knew that my heart thus would thrill,
To make me forget I was man.
Such prospects, oh, who can describe!
Their beauty, what language define!
My soul—no, thou canst me not bribe!—
Sighed eagerly, ah! were these mine!
A mansion, whose ruins lie there,
Whose walls have long tottered and fell,
Was once the resort of the fair,
And the home of the happy to dwell.
Nor ever was landscape more sweet,
With its orchard not distant a league,
And laughingly under my feet
Played the bright flowing Conococheague.
Far out as the eye wish'd to reach,
The meadows, from mountain to hill,
Lay stretched as a sea from the beach,
Though their beauty was lovelier still.
In the distance far off I espied
The spire of some sacred domain,
Its strength the North wind has of tried,
For it stands far above the vast plain.
No picture of fancy I paint,
Nor can fancy a fairer one show,
To add to the scene it would taint,
To deprive, could ne'er lovelier glow.
Siberia, 'tis said, is the name
Of the place upon which I then trod,
Its grandeur has won for it fame,
Which the world would be willing to laud.
Unlike Asia's vast desert and chill,
On whose surface no verdure appears,
It has grove, has plain, valley and hill,
And its water both gladdens and cheers.
And fondly true lovers have sate
'Neath the branching old trees in that grove,
Not exiled—sad jealousy's fate—
But breathing free accents of love.
'Tis cheering to gaze on the scene,
Where with beauty the earth is replete;
When the sky of the soul is serene,
There heaven is doubly more sweet.
Oh! gaze there one moment at bliss;
Unveil the bright glories above;
Where the joys of the angels ne'er cease,
But where all is one vast sea of love.
'Tis there I would gladly remain
And on bright, golden pinions I'd soar,
With the angelic host through that plain
Singing "Glory to God evermore".

S. W. E. G.

Gettysburg, April, 1848.

*The subject of these lines is the name given to the location of a mineral spring, although of limited reputation, yet surrounded on all sides by a wild and romantic scenery, in the vicinity of Chambersburg, Pa., which renders it place of resort in summer, for the young and gay. Any one visiting the spot cannot help but be impressed with the inappropriateness of applying to it the cold and dreary name of Siberia.

A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

BY REV. DR. BESCHER.

In a historical account of wars, the most remarkable occurrences only are mentioned and those battles described from which important consequences resulted, while skirmishes, or acts of individual enterprise, however marked by courage, are generally unknown. It thus of necessity happens, that while philosophical correctness of outline is secured, the dramatic interest of the narrative is lost. An outline however philosophical, is but the unfinished sketch of a landscape; it presents little to arrest the eye or excite the feelings. But complete it, array the trees in robes of green, scatter clouds over the blue surface of the sky, let flocks graze in the meadows, and man cultivate the fields, let ships float down the smooth rivers to the sea, and the waves of the dark ocean dash on the shores, and we regard the picture with delight. In the following narrative, it is my design minutely to sketch an incident of the Revolutionary war.

The subject of the narrative I frequently saw in my youthful days, and as I write, his venerable form rises vividly before my mind. I received the narrative from one who heard it from his own mouth, and soon after I committed it to writing. Farther than this, I cannot vouch for its truth. I will, however, add that I know of no reason to doubt its correctness. However this may be, it is enough for me if I faithfully perform all that I have undertaken—that is, to tell the story as 'twas told me.

After the retreat of Washington from Long Island, and the evacuation of New York, those places were wholly in the power of the British. These occurrences cast a gloom over the minds of such as were interested in the welfare of the nation. Many were greatly discouraged and almost ceased to hope for success. Circumstances were, indeed, very unpromising. New York is the key to the Sound, and the possession of that place, together with Long Island, left the whole adjacent coast at their mercy. The British, after occupying the Island, erected on it a fort, nearly opposite to Saybrook, which was used as a depot for stores and provisions for the army.

There was at that time stationed in Connecticut, a regiment of select soldiers, who were reserved for hazardous exploits.—They were under the command of a colonel, who was a man of undaunted courage and uncommon energy and decision. He was highly esteemed by Washington. He watched attentively the motions of the enemy, and procured all the information he could obtain respecting the situation and strength of the fort. He then laid a plan of taking it by an unexpected assault by night, and communicated it to Washington, requesting, at the same time, permission to carry it into execution. Washington was surprised at the proposal, and after deliberating a few moments, refused his consent. The army was then greatly diminished, and to hazard the lives of so many brave men in an attempt, the success of which was uncertain, seemed little short of madness. The colonel retired, but was not discouraged. He petitioned a second time with no better success. The third time his entreaties were so earnest, that Washington was affected, for the lives of his soldiers were dear to him. "Colonel," said he, "you are one of my strongest supports, and your men are the flower of the army. I cannot let you go; it is too hazardous." Still the colonel entreated.—Washington then said, "Do you think you *can* take the fort?" The reply was, "May, it please your honor, I *know* I can." "Go, then," said Washington, "and the blessing of the Lord attend you. But let no man on earth—no, not even your own soldiers—know where you are going." The colonel retired, selected one hundred and twenty of his best men, and marched to Saybrook, where the boats lay. It was night when he embarked. His men inquired where he was going? His only reply was, "Follow me." They then crossed the Sound as nearly apposite the fort as possible, and on landing, commenced their march towards the fort, concealed by the shades of night. No sound was heard but the light tread of cautious footsteps, and the suppressed whisper. At length the fort was dimly seen through the darkness. In a low voice, the colonel ordered the band to halt. He then pointed to the fort, laid open his designs, and added a few words to excite their valor. He then divided them into three sections, each under the command of the bravest man. The attack was to be commenced on three sides at the same moment. The signal was the firing of the first gun. After entering the fort, the watchword was to be repeated; it was "Washington and Liberty." They then separated, and marched in cautious silence. Every eye was fixed on the fort, every ear attentive to the smallest sound, every heart throbbed quick. They faintly saw the sentinel slowly pacing backwards and forwards, unconcerned, and little thinking that his last hour was come; that the sun, whose first rays were so soon to enlighten the east, would never again meet and cheer his eyes. He turned and walked from them, and they quickened their march whilst unseen. As he turned again, he saw them. Startled, he exclaimed,—"Who comes?" No one replied. He repeated his question, but still there was silence. He then fired; this was the signal. The colonel touched the shoulder of the man that stood next him. He rushed upon the sentry with his bayonet. He fell and expired. At that instant the assault was commenced. The contest was short. The enemy in their sleep had not dreamed of an attack. The sound of the watch-word of American freedom roused them from their slumbers, and ignorant of the numbers of their assailants, and distracted by the three attacks, they fought without order or effect, and soon surrendered. The colonel was first in the fort, and his men had scarcely sounded the watch-word, ere it was repeated by the second band, and before it had time to be re-echoed, it was shouted by the third.—The enemy, ashamed to have been so easily conquered, retired to a building within the fort, and fired from the windows. Enraged by this treachery, the colonel entered sword in hand, and a scene of carnage ensued. No quarter was given, and the bodies were thrown from the windows.—The stores were immediately destroyed, and the fort injured as much as possible. The hay for the horses of the cavalry was in two long rows, at the distance of a quarter of a mile. The colonel took five men, and ordered the rest to march directly to the boats, lest their retreat should be cut off. He and his companions seized some horses that were there, and rode quickly to the hay, and discharged their pistols in various parts of it, and it was soon in a blaze. They waited no longer, but marched with all possible expedition to join the other party, whom they soon overtook.—They gained their boats just as the enemy appeared at a distance in pursuit of them. A few shots were fired, but they were soon out of reach. The colonel and his brave band were received by Washington with the greatest joy as those risen from the dead.

When these things were done, it was to our forefathers an hour of almost midnight gloom. Care, like a mountain, sat heavy upon the heart of the Father of his country. But God gave him strength, and he desponded not. His energy nerved the hearts of all; they persevered and conquered.

The history of our fathers' struggle too often feeds the spirit of effeminate vain glory. On us let it exert a nobler influence. Let it teach us never to despond in the cause of righteousness and truth. By sacrifices and toils unknown and almost unconceived by us, was our civil liberty obtained. But our highest and noblest liberty is yet unwoven. A warfare of principles yet rages; and till it is decided for God and for the truth, we are not, we cannot be truly free.

Could the lower liberty be purchased only at the price of toils and shall we shrink from paying, if need be, an equal price for the higher? Yet, through the love, wealth and ease, we are fast becoming effeminate, and ingloriously shrink from sacrifices and toils in the great war of principle that rages on every side.

Let us study once more the lives of our fathers. Let their indomitable energy and unconquerable courage shame us, and trusting the God who gave them strength, let us prepare for the fierce moral conflicts which are near at hand.

It is not without an arduous struggle that the highest and perfect liberty of our country and of the world can be secured. It will exceed all that has yet been seen on earth. It will be the warfare of the great day of God Almighty.

But let no man's heart fail—God is for us, and the result is sure.

The night is far spent—the day is at hand. Let us, then, gird on the armor of light—that having fought courageously the battles of the Lord, we may enjoy forever his victory and triumph.

SELF EDUCATION.

BY WM. WIRT.

And this leads me, gentlemen, to another remark, to which I invite your attention. It is this, *the education, moral and intellectual, of every individual, must be, chiefly, his own work.* There is a prevailing and fatal mistake on this subject. It seems to be supposed that if a young man be sent to grammar school, and then to college, he must of course become a scholar; and the pupil himself, is apt to imagine that he is to be the mere passive recipient of instruction, as he is of the light and the air which surround him. But this dream of indolence must be dissipated, and you must be awakened to the important truth, that if you aspire to excellence, you must become active co-operators with your teachers, and work out your own distinction with an ardor that cannot be quenched, and a perseverance that considers nothing done while any thing yet remains to be done. Rely upon it, that the ancients were right—*Quisque suae fortunae faber*—both in morals and intellect, *we* give their final shape to our own characters, and thus become, emphatically, the architects of our own fortunes. How else should it happen, gentlemen, that young men, who have had previously the same opportunities, should be continually presenting us with such different results, and rushing to such opposite destinies? Difference of talent will not solve it, because the difference is very often in favor of the disappointed candidate. You shall see issuing from the walls of the same school—nay, sometimes from the bosom of the same family—two young men, of whom the one shall be admitted to be a genius of high order, the other, scarcely above the pois of mediocrity; yet you shall see the genius sinking and perishing in poverty, obscurity, and wretchedness; while, on the other hand, you shall observe the *mediocre* plodding his slow but sure way up the hill of life, gaining steadfast footing at every step, and mounting at length to eminence and distinction, an ornament to his family, a blessing to his country. Now, whose work is this? Manifestly their own. *They* are the architects of their respective fortunes. The best seminary of learning that can open its portals, can do no more than to afford the opportunity of instruction; but it must depend at least on yourselves, whether you will be instructed or not not, or to what point you will push your instruction. And of this be assured—I speak from observation, *a certain truth: There is no excellence without great labor.* It is the *fiat* of Fate from which no power of genius can absolve you. Genius, unexerted, is like the poor moth that flutters around a candle till it scorches itself to death. If genius be desirable at all, it is only of that great and magnaminous kind, which, like the Conder of South America, pitches from the summit of Chimborazo above the clouds, and sustains itself at pleasure, in that empyreal region, with an energy rather invigorated than weakened by the effort. It is this capacity for high and long continued exertion—this vigorous power of profound and searching investigation—this careering and wide-sweeping comprehension of mind—and those long reaches of thought that

Think bright honor from the pale faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom line could never reach the ground,
And drag up drowned by the locks.

This is the prowess, and these the hardy achievements which are to enrol our names among the great men of the earth.

But how are you to gain the nerve and courage for enterprise of this pith and moment? I will tell you. As Milton gained it, *hoc signo vinces*; for this *must* be your work, not that of *your teachers.*—Be you not wanting to yourselves, and you will accomplish all that your parents, friends and country have a right to expect.

EDUCATED MIND IS A NATION'S WEALTH.

When we witness the mighty achievements of art,—the locomotive, taking up its burden of a hundred tons, and transporting it for hundreds of miles, between the rising and the setting sun; the steamboat cleaving its rapid way, triumphant over wind and tide; the power-loom, yielding products of greater richness and abundance in a single day than all the inhabitants of Tyre could have manufactured in years; the printing-press, which could have replaced the Alexandrian library within a week after it was burnt; the lightning, not only domesticated in the laboratories of the useful arts, but employed as a messenger between distant cities; and galleries of beautiful paintings, quickened into life by the sunbeams—when we see all these marvels of power and of celerity, we are prone to conclude that it is to them we are indebted for the increase of our wealth and for the progress of our society. But were there any statistics to show the aggregate value of all the thrifty and painful habits of the people at large, the greater productiveness of the educated than of the brutified labor; the increased power of the intelligent hand and the broader survey of the intelligent eye—could we see a leger-account of the profits which come from forethought, order and system, as they preside over all our farms, in all our workshops, and emphatically in all the labors of our households; we should then know how rapidly their gathered units swell into millions upon millions. The skill that strikes the nail's head, instead of the finger's ends; the care that mends and saves a corn-field, that drives a horse-shoe nail and secures both rider and horse; that extinguishes a light and saves a house; the prudence that cuts the coat according to the cloth: that lays by something for a rainy day, and that postpones marriage until reasonably sure of a livelihood: the forethought that sees the end from the beginning, and reaches it by the direct route of an hour instead of the circuitous gropings of a day; the exact remembrance impressed upon childhood to do the errand as it was bidden; and, more than all, the economy of virtue over vice: of restrained over pampered desires—these things are not set down in the works on Political Economy: but they have far more to do with the wealth of nations, than any laws which aim to regulate the balance of trade, or any speculations on capital and labor, or any of the great achievements of art. That vast variety of ways in which an intelligent people surpass a stupid one, and an exemplary people an immortal one, has infinitely more to do with the well-being of a nation, than soil, or climate, or even than government itself, excepting so far as government may prove to be the patron of intelligence and virtue.—*Horace Mann.*

METTERNICH—YOUNG NAPOLEON.

We take the following sketch from Parley's Peregrination, published in the Boston Atlas:

Prince Metternich is the most powerful individual in Europe, who does not wear a crown. His house is near the palace—a slight iron foot bridge connecting his study window with one of its terraces, so that he has an imperial puppet directly under his thumb. I was fortunate enough to see him yesterday afternoon, as he was leaving the council room. About five feet in height, slightly formed, meagre, and walks with a feeble step; his head is large, the eyes grey, the mouth small and compressed, while the broad forehead is strongly marked with wrinkles of cunning or furrows of thought—perhaps both. A winning smile played upon his cheek as he acknowledged my lifted hat with polite bow, and I could hardly realize that so plainly dressed, gentlemanly a man could be the ruler of 50,000,000 of people—the antagonist of European freedom—the outwitter of Napoleon—the murderer of his son.

As a diplomatist he is unrivalled; possessing in a high degree, the power of concealing his feelings under an icy cold mask, while he carries out his political tactics, which consists, to use his own words, "in the art of telling lies with a good grace." To aid in his mind depressing task, he has organized a secret police which is unrivaled, successfully repressing every expression of thought by forcing on all the deadening conviction that the eyes and ears of spies are every where. Those who have good opportunity for knowing, assert that there is not a private circle in Vienna destitute of paid informers, whose denunciations are sufficient to banish or imprison any one, native or foreigner.

From the palace of the executioner, we went to the tomb of his victim, in the vault of the Capuchin Convent. A pale, penance-macerated looking young monk, with a flowing beard and brown cowl, lit a candle, and preceded us down a flight of stone steps, leading to the last resting place of the Imperial House of Hapsburgh.—Here are upwards of twenty coffins on the pavement, of silver, bronze or copper, some covered with bass-reliefs, others entirely plain; but only one interested me—that which contains the remains of Napoleon's son.

Not many years ago, (it was the 29th of March, 1811,) a death-like silence reigned over Paris, though it was mid day. Carriages were stopped, the artizan's hammer ceased, thousands of Frenchmen held their breath, and abusted the cannon notes that were pealing forth from the battery. Before the invalids it had been announced that twenty-one guns would be fired on the birth of a Princess, while an imperial hundred guns salute would welcome a male heir. "Eighteen, nineteen, twenty!" hearts beat quick—"twenty-one,"—a second of mighty doubt—and then another report was heard; but the remainder were drowned by a unanimous shout of joy. Napoleon had an heir. He was rejoiced for the sacrifice he had made, in casting away his loved Josephine for his adored France. The vast French Empire rejoiced, and even in our infant republic, James Monroe wrote a letter to the Emperor, signed by President Madison, offering "congratulations on the fortunate birth of a prince, bearing from the dignity of his extraction, the title of King of Rome."

The life of this unfortunate man is too long to give here—a catalogue of oppression and attempts to subdue an eagle mind; but ransom at last carried off to a quiet grave a noble form, that military hardships could not break down, or Fanny Elssler corrupt. The "King of Rome" rests in a copper coffin, on whose side eight lions' heads hold large bronze rings, while smaller lions' heads ornament the ends. In each corner of the top is a small bass-relief representation of an overturned helmet on a lance and sword, surrounded by a wreath of laurel.

DEATH FROM HYDROPHOBIA.—Mr. Wm. Knight, a distinguished machinist of Philadelphia, who recently returned from Austria, where he was engaged as the superintendent of Mr. Norris, in building locomotives for that government, died a horrible death on Friday from hydrophobia. About nine weeks ago he was bitten by his own dog, and on Monday last was taken ill, as his friends supposed, with bilious fever, until water was brought before him, when by his raving at its sight they were satisfied of his disease. His paroxysms were so violent that he had to be tied with a clothes line to the bed until death relieved him from his sufferings.

☞ THOS. ROGERS, lately a School teacher in Lancaster, last week was found guilty of delivering a challenge to fight a duel. The punishment in this State is a fine of $500 and one year's imprisonment in the Penitentary. A motion for a new trial was made by the counsel for the defence.

BREVETS.—It is stated that a host of brevets for gallantry in the Mexican war, have been communicated to the Senate in Executive session, embracing Generals Kearny and Persifer F. Smith as Major Generals.

Sam Slick says he would rather break a yoke of steers any day, than to try to make up a quarrel between two women when the have got their dander up.

Kindness in the heart is a gem of the first magnitude. Whoever possesses this trade will sail smoothly over the ocean of life, leaving behind a memory that shall never cease to be cherished.

God has made no one absolute. The rich depend on the poor, as well as the poor on the rich. The world is but a mere magnificent building; all the stones gradually cemented together.

LETTER FROM GEN. SCOTT

TO SECRETARY MARCY.

MEXICO, FEB. 24th, 1848.

SIR:—On the 18th inst. I received your two letters of the 13th ultimo, and immediately issued the general order No. 59—a copy enclosed, devolving the command of the army in Mexico upon Major General Butler.

As the officers detailed for the Court of Inquiry, before which I am ordered to appear as a criminal, are not known to have arrived in the country, I avail myself of a moment's leisure to recall some of the neglects, disappointments, injuries and rebukes, which have been inflicted upon me by the War Department since my departure from Washington, Nov. 23, 1846.

To me the business of recrimination, however provoked, has ever been painful. In this summary I shall, therefore, indulge in no wantonness of language, but confine myself to naked historical facts, leaving conclusions to men of sense and candor.

In the hurry of preparation for Mexico (only four days were allowed me at Washington, when twenty might have been most advantageously employed in the great bureau there, of the chief engineers, chief of ordnance, chief quartermaster and chief commissary of subsistence) I handed to you a written request, that one of three of our accomplished Captains, therein named, might be appointed Assistant Adjutant General, with the rank of Major, for duty with me in the field, and there *was* a vacancy at the time for one. My request has never been attended to; and thus I have had no officer of the Adjutant General's Department with me in the campaign. Can another instance be cited of denying to a General-in-Chief, in the field, at the head of a large army—or even a small one—the selection of the chief of his staff—that is, the chief in the department of orders and correspondence.

Early in the following January, I asked that a General Court Martial be appointed, on the part of the President, for the trial of two officers, (named by me) for conduct that each had committed, that endangered, in a high degree, the success of the impending campaign, and I especially referred to the anomalous and fatal act of Congress, (May 29, 1830) which prohibited me, as the "accuser or prosecutor," from ordering the Court for the trial of cases. My application has never been noticed. This neglect, alone, ought early to have admonished me that I had no hope of support at Washington, in any attempt I might make (against *certain* officers) to maintain necessary discipline in the army I was about to lead into the field. I left Washington highly flattered with the confidence and kindness the President had just shown me, in many long personal interviews on military matters. For more than two months my expressions of gratitude were daily and fervent; nor were they much less emphatic towards the head of the War Department. Proceeding with zeal and confidence in my most hazardous duties, I learned, Jan. 27, at the Brazos, San Jago, that an attempt was on foot to create a Lieutenant General, to take command in the field over me. Shocked and distressed, I allowed no relaxation in my efforts to save my country, resolved, for the short time I should be likely to remain in commission, to be

"True as the dial to the sun,
"Although it be not shined upon."

A yet greater outrage soon followed.—Failing to obtain an act for the *citizen* Lieutenant General, a bill was urged upon Congress to authorize the placing a *junior* Major General, just appointed, (the same individual) in command over all the old Major Generals then in front of the enemy!

I will not, here, trust myself to add a soldier's comment upon those attempts; but I may thank God that he did not allow them, or subsequent injuries, to break down entirely the spirit and abilities, (such as they are) with which He has endowed me.

Foreseeing, at Washington, that, from the great demands of commerce, at the moment, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to take up, perhaps at any price, a sufficient number of vessels at New Orleans and Mobile, to transport the Regiments of my expedition from the Rio Grande frontier to Vera Cruz, I endeavored to impress upon the War Department the necessity of sending out, from the Northern and Eastern ports, a certain number of *large* ships in ballast, in order that the expedition might not be delayed, and in view of "the fixed fact"—the return of the *vomito* to Vera Cruz, in the spring of the year—that a delay of a few weeks was likely to prove a total defeat.

In a paper transmitted to me—headed "Memorandum for the Quartermaster General," marked "War Department, December 15, '46," and signed by the Secretary, which I received, Jan. 8, it is said:

"Independently of this number of transports for troops and ordnance stores, [from the North] there will be required, say, five ships for the transportation of the [surf] boats now being prepared, besides which ten vessels must be taken up and sent out in ballast, [for troops] unless stores can be put on board, to make up the number, [40] required by the commanding General."

The date of this memorandum is Dec. 15, more than three weeks after my requisition and departure from Washington.—Of not one of the "ten vessels" in ballast, or with stores, (leaving room for troops) have I heard up to this day. Relying upon them, confidently, the embarkation was delayed, in whole or in part, at the Brazos and Tampico, from the 15th of January to the 9th of March, leaving, it was feared, not half the time needed for the reduction of Vera Cruz and its castle before the return of the yellow fever. But half the surf-boats came at all, and of the siege train and ordnance stores, only about one-half* had arrived when the Mexican flags were replaced by those of the United States on those formidable places. We succeeded, at last, in reaching the point of attack, in the midst of frightful *northers*, by means, in great part, of trading craft, small and hazardous, picked up accidentally at the Brazos and Tampico; and when the army went ashore, its science and valor had to supply all deficiences in heavy guns, mortars and ordnance stores.

The first letter that I received from the Department, after entering the captured city, contained an elaborate rebuke, (dated Feb. 22) for having ordered Col. Harney's 2d Dragoons, to remain in the command of the cavalry with Major General Taylor, so as to leave Major Sumner, of the same regiment, the senior of that arm in my expedition. There was no great difference in the number of cavalry companies with the two armies. This rebuke was written with a complacency that argued the highest professional experience in such matters, and could not have been more confident in its tone if dictated to the greenest general of the recent appointments. Yet without the power of selecting commanders of particular corps, no General-in-Chief would venture to take upon himself the conduct of a critical campaign. Such selections were always made by the Father of his country, and the principal generals under him. So in the campaign of 1814, I myself sent away, against their wishes, three senior field officers of as many regiments, who were infirm, uninstructed and inefficient, in favor of three juniors, and with the subsequent approbation of Major General Brown, on his joining me, and the head of the War Department. Both were well acquainted with the customs of war in like cases, at home and abroad; and without that energy on my part, it is highly probable that no American citizen would ever have cited the battles of the Niagara without a sigh for his country. I am happy, however, that before a word had been received from the Department, and, indeed, before it could have had any knowledge of the question, I had decided to take with me the frank and gallant Colonel, and hope soon to learn that he, and very many other officers, have been rewarded with brevets for their highly distinguished services in the campaign that followed.

It was in reference to the same rebuke that, in acknowledging your communication I said, from Vera Cruz, April 5th—

"I might very well controvert the military principles so confidently laid down by the department (in the letter of the 22d of February,) but believing that the practice of the U. States army, in the two wars with Great Britain, would have no weight *in the particular case*, I waive further reply, having, at the moment, no leisure and no inclination for controversy."

Alluding to the heavy disappointments in respect to transports, siege trains, and ordnance stores, then already experienced, I wrote to the department, from Lobos, Feb. 28—

"Perhaps no expedition was ever so unaccountably delayed, by no want of foresight, arrangement, or energy on my part, as I dare affirm, and under circumstances the most critical to this entire army; for everybody relied upon, knew from the first, as well as I knew, it would be fatal to us to attempt military operations, on this coast after, probably, the first week in April, and here we are at the end of February. Nevertheless this army is *in heart*; and supplied as I am in the means required and *promised*, I shall go forward, and expect to take Vera Cruz and its castle in time to escape, by pursuing the enemy, the pestilence of the coast."

The city and castle were captured March 29; and, with about one-fourth the necessary means for a road-train, (no fault of mine,) the *retreat*, in pursuit of the enemy, was vigorously commenced April 8th. The battle of Cerro Gordo soon followed, and we occupied Jalapa and Perote, where we were obliged to wait for supplies from Vera Cruz. In these positions I was made to writhe under another cruel disappointment.

In my four memorials to the department on the further prosecution of the war against Mexico, written at Washington, and dated, respectively, Oct. 27, Nov. 12, 18 and 21, (it was only intimated to me in the night of Nov. 18, that I might expect myself for the field,) papers in which I demonstrated that Vera Cruz was the true base of operations, and that the enemy's capital could not, probably, be reached from the Rio Grande; I estimated that, after taking the great sea-port, "*about* 20,000 men" or "an army of *more* than 20,000 men" may be needed. 1. To beat in the field, and in papers, any accumulated force in the way. 2. To garrison many important points in the rear, to secure a free communication with Vera Cruz. And 3. To make distant detachments, in order to gather in, without long halts, necessary subsistence." And that force, I supposed, including volunteers, and aided by land and money bounties, might be raised in time, by adding ten or twelve *new* regiments of regulars, and filling up the ranks of the *old*.

A bill was introduced for raising twelve additional regiments; and I certainly do not mean to charge the department with the whole delay, in passing the bill through Congress. But it *was* passed Feb. 11, 1847, and under it, by early in April, some few thousand men had been already raised and organized. My distress may be conceived, by any soldier, on learning at Jalapa, April 27, that the whole of that force had been sent, under Brigadier General Cadwalader, to the Rio Grande frontier!

In my letter to the Department written the day after, I said I had expected that—

"Detachments" of the new regiments would, as you had promised me, begin to arrive in this month, and continue to follow perhaps into June. How many (volunteers) will re-engage, under the act approved March 3d (only received two days ago) I know not; probably but few. Hence the greater my disappointment, caused by sending the new troops to the Rio Grande; for, besides then keeping the road in our present rear open for many weeks, marches in successive detachments, as I intended, as I advanced, to leave strong garrisons in the places, Jalapa, Perote and Puebla, and to keep at the back of movement a force equal to any [illegible]

* At the signing of the capitulation, two days before, only about a fifth of the siege train had arrived.

† Gen. Taylor and [illegible] would be necessary.—Mar. [illegible]