Carlisle Herald.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY B. BEALTY.

VOLUME XLVII. CARLISLE, JUNE 10, 1846. NUMBER XXXVIII

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

OFFICE in the South West angle of the public Square, back of the Court-House

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Dollar and fifty cents a year IN ADVANCE.
Two Dollars, if paid within the year.
One Dollar for six months.
These terms will be rigidly adhered to.

RATES OF ADVERTISING,

Advertisements, making fifteen lines or less, will be charged at the rate of Fifty cents for one insertion,—three times for One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. Yearly advertisers will be charged at the following rates:

One Column, with the paper, for one year,	$25
Half a column, do. do.	$13
Two Squares, with quarterly changes,	$10
Business Cards, with the paper,	$5

JOB PRINTING, OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

Such as Handbills, Blanks, Circulars and every other other description of Printing, executed handsomely and expeditiously, and at the LOWEST PRICES.

Cards.

DOCTOR AD. LIPPE,
Homeopathic Physician.

OFFICE: Main street, in the house formerly occupied by Dr. Fred. Ehrman.
Carlisle, April 9, 1845.

DR. I. C. LOOMIS,
DENTIST.

WILL perform all operations upon the Teeth that are required for their preservation, such as *Scaling, Filing, Plugging, &c.*, or will restore the loss of them, by inserting Artificial Teeth, from a single Tooth, to a full set. ☞ Office on Pitt street, a few doors South of the Railroad Hotel.

N. B. Dr. Loomis will be absent from Carlisle the last ten days, in each month.
June 11, 1845.

CHARLES B. PENROSE,
Late Solicitor of the Treasury of the United States,

WILL practice Law in the several Courts of Lancaster County. Office in South Queen Street, lately occupied by John R. Montgomery, Esq.
June 18, 1845.

JOSEPH KNOX,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, (late of Pittsburg, Pa.) will practice in the Courts of Cumberland and the adjoining counties. Office on West High street, next door to J. Hamilton, Esq.
Carlisle, October 8, 1845.

COLWELL & M'CLURE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

WILL attend promptly to business entrusted to them in the counties of Cumberland and Franklin. Offices, one door west of the Jail, East High street, Carlisle, and next door to Stumbaugh & Hoover's Drug Store, Shippensburg.
April 24, 1844. tf-26

S. DUNLAP ADAIR,
Attorney at Law.

OFFICE in South Hanover street, two doors below J. H. Graham, Esq.
July 16, 1845.

THE MANSION HOUSE HOTEL
Fronting on the Cumberland Valley Rail Road,
CARLISLE, PA.

LATELY kept by Gen. Willis Foulk, has just been taken by the subscriber. It is newly furnished and has been thoroughly repaired. Passengers in the cars, strangers, travellers and visiters to Carlisle, are invited to call.

Terms moderate, and every attention paid to the comfort and convenience of those who patronize the establishment.

J. A. WINROTT.
Carlisle, April 16, 1845.

LUMBER! LUMBER!

THE subscriber has now and will constantly keep on hand all kinds of LUMBER, such as White Pine Boards, Planks, Scantling, Shingles Shingling and Plastering Laths, &c. all of which will be sold at the river prices, with the addition of hauling, for Cash, at the Warehouse of
WILLIAM B. MURRAY.
Carlisle, November 5, 1845.

TO HOUSE KEEPERS.

JUST received at the store of D. S. ARNOLD, a splendid lot of **CARPETS**, which will be sold at the following prices:

Stair Carpets 9 cents per yard; 1 yard wide Venetian Carpets, 25 and 31. Stair carpets, 12 cents per yard; 1 yard wide Ingrain, 31¼, 45, 56, 75, 85 and $100. Also, Matting, Furniture, and Floor Oil Cloths. The above articles were purchased at auction, and will be sold 50 per cent. cheaper than ever was sold in Carlisle.
April 8, 1846.

FARMERS LOOK HERE!

I HAVE just received a lot of Pouty and Mears' celebrated centre draught
Self-Sharpening PLOUGHS,
which I will sell at Philadelphia prices, with the addition of the freight.
April 30. WM. B. MURRAY.

ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!

THE subscriber, having a large supply of fine clear ICE, will be able to supply families and others with this desirable article during the coming season, on the most moderate terms.
MARY WEAKLEY.
March 25, 1846.

GROCERIES.

A Fresh lot of Sugars, Coffee, Molasses, &c. &c. Also, Teas and Sdices—just recd and all for sale at the lowest notch.
March 25, 1846. C. O. ILBY.

SMITH COAL.

FOR Blacksmiths' use, together with Pine Grove and Lyken's Valley Coal, kept constantly on hand and will be sold at the lowest possible price for Cash, at the Warehouse of
Nov. 5, 1845. WM. B. MURRAY.

Fancy Articles.

A GREAT variety of fancy articles on hand and for sale cheap at the Drug and variety store of Stevenson and McCarthy.
July 11.

Sheriffalty!

To the Electors of Cumberland Co.:

GENTLEMEN:—I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the
OFFICE OF SHERIFF,
at the next General Election. Should you honor me with a majority of your suffrages, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of the office with fidelity.
WILLIAM B. MULLEN.
South Middleton township,
April 22, 1846.—te.

To the voters of Cumberland county.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the
OFFICE OF SHERIFF,
of Cumberland County at the next general election and will feel grateful to your for your support.
JAMES F. LAMBERTON.
Dickinson tp. May 27, 1846.

To the Voters of Cumberland county.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—I offer myself to your consideration for the
OFFICE OF SHERIFF,
at the approaching election, and shall be thankful for your support. Very respectfully, yours, &c.
JOSEPH A. EGE.
South Middleton township,
April 22, 1846.—te.

To the voters of Cumberland county.

FELLOW-CITIZENS.—I offer myself as a candidate at the next election for the
OFFICE OF SHERIFF,
and will be thankful to the citizens of Cumberland county for their votes. If I am elected, I will attend to the duties of said office with fidelity.
WILLIAM WOODS.
Frankford township, May 13, 1846.

To the Electors of Cumberland County.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the
OFFICE OF SHERIFF
of Cumberland county at the next General Election, and will feel grateful to you for your support.
ANDREW ROBERTS.
Carlisle, April 22, 1846.—te.

To the Voters of Cumberland county.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the
OFFICE OF SHERIFF
of Cumberland county at the approaching election, and will be thankful for your support.—Should you elect me, I pledge myself to perform the duties of said office with fidelity.
DAVID MARTIN.
Carlisle, April 29, 1846.

To the Voters of Cumberland county.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—I offer myself as a candidate for the
OFFICE OF SHERIFF
of Cumberland county, at the next general election, and most respectfully solicit your votes. Should you think me worthy, and elect me, I will endeavor to discharge the duties of the office with fidelity.
JAMES McHAFFIE.
South Middleton township,
May 6, 1846.—te.

To the Voters of Cumberland county.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—I offer myself the your consideration as a candidate for
OFFICE OF SHERIFF,
of Cumberland county at the next general election, and most respectfully solicit your support.
WILLIAM M. MATEER.
Carlisle, May 6, 1846.

To the Voters of Cumberland county:

FELLOW CITIZENS.—I offer myself of your consideration for the
OFFICE OF SHERIFF,
of Cumberland county at the next general election. Should you deem me worthy of said office, I will endeavor to discharge the duties faithfully and impartially.
DAVID CRISWELL.
Shippensburg, April 30, 1846.

To the Citizens of Cumberland Co.

GENTLEMEN—I offer myself as a candidate for the
OFFICE OF SHERIFF
of Cumberland county, at the next general election, and most respectfully ask your support. Should you elect me, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office with fidelity.
ROBERT McCARTNEY.
Carlisle, April 29, 1846.—te.

To the Voters of Cumberland county.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the
OFFICE OF SHERIFF
of Cumberland county, at the ensuing General election, and respectfully solicit your suffrages for the same. Should you elect me, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office with fidelity and impartiality.
JOHN WYNKOOP.
West Pennsborough township,
April 29, 1846.—te.

To the Voters of Cumberland county.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the
OFFICE OF SHERIFF
of Cumberland county, at the election in October next. Should you elect me, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of the office faithfully, impartially, and according to law.
CHRISTIAN INHOFF.
Carlisle, April 29, 1846.—te.

To the Public Generally.

FELLOW-CITIZENS AND FRIENDS.—I respectfully inform you that I am a candidate for the
OFFICE OF SHERIFF
of Cumberland county, and should you think me worthy and elect me as such at the next general election, I pledge myself to use my best abilities to serve you faithfully.
JAMES HOFFER.
Carlisle, April 29, 1846.—te.

To the Voters of Cumberland county.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—I hereby offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the OFFICE OF SHERIFF, at the election in October next, and most respectfully request your votes for the same. Should I be elected, you may rest assured, I will do the duties of the office faithfully and honestly, and will thank you for the honor conferred.
Very respectfully, your ob't. serv't.
W. FOULK.
Carlisle, April 15, 1846.

CLOTHS & CASSIMERES.

JUST received at the store of the subscriber, Cloths and Cassimeres, which will be sold at very low prices. ROBERT IRVINE, Jr.

Poetry.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MAJOR RINGGOLD.

He has fallen! he has fallen!
The chivalrous and brave!
The young and ardent soldier
Is dreaming in his grave!
He has fallen! he has fallen!
With a glory on his name,
In the budding of his laurels,
And the morning of his fame!

Death! thou art called beautiful
In the Innocent and fair;
As thou comest like a blessing
On the evening's scented air!
But, Death! thou art more glorious,
When the youthful hero lies,
With the flag of Freedom waving
Like a meteor o'er his eyes!

He has fallen! he has fallen,
For his country fair and free!
In the foremost ranks he's fallen,
For no craven heart had he!
In the summer land they've placed him,
Neath a sky that's ever blue,
And Heaven never smiled on one
More generous and true!

Miscellaneous.

From the Musical Gazette

DAVID JONES' PIANO.

Have you ever read about the village of Hard-Scrable, and the man who had been twice at the capital? If you have, hunt up the old paper that contains the story. But if you have not, which I believe is the case, let me tell it to you.

This village of Hard-Scrabble was, as its name indicates, not very well to do in the world, and was moreover, almost out of the world, being in the newer part of Arkansas, and at some distance from the capitol of that State.

There was a man in the village who had been twice to the capitol, and was, consequently, a great character among the Hard-Scrabblers, was much looked up to by the young, and his opinion had much weight in difficult matters. His name was Jones, but he was more familiarly known as "the man who had been twice to the capitol." This man had a disciple, or hanger-on, or shadow, whose name was Thomas Meek, who looked with great veneration on "the man," and very innocently considered him one of the greatest travellers that ever lived. Indeed, how could he help believing so, when he was so often assured of the fact by the individual who should know the best, the "man who had been twice to the capitol." Did any one build a new house? Mr. Jones was ready with the story of six that he saw going up at once in the capitol. Did somebody in the evening throw a log on the fire? Mr. Jones had seen iron stoves, where you could boil and bake and stew in 'em, all at once. Did a good woman let her tea kettle boil over? Mr. Jones had seen a steam engine! Did any one launch a canoe? Mr. Jones had seen a steamboat. What was Mungo Park to "the man who had been twice to the capitol?" Not many in Hard-Scrabble had ever heard of Mungo Park, not been given to education. Mungo Park was not so great a man as Mr. Jones, or at least did not feel as great. There was one little failing that Mr. Jones had, in common with other eminent travellers, he sometimes stretched a truth a little. To be sure, the truth was never stretched so far but Thomas Meek's mouth would open wide enough to swallow it but this bad habit of Mr Jones led him one time into difficulty as you shall hear.

It chanced that a family from the east-ward, attracted by something desirable in the location of the village which form the scene of our tale, came to reside in its vicinity. Some weeks before their arrival various articles of furniture arrived and were safely stowed away. Most of these articles were seen and duly examined by the villagers, so that by the time the family took possession, it was pretty generally known with what new fangled and old fangled articles their house was filled. It was said (but not one had seen it) that they had brought a *piano* with them.—What was a *piano*? No one knew, or rather only "the man who had been twice to the capitol." He knew everything. In answer to the enquiry, whether he had seen a piano at the capitol, he replied, with an "of course" toss of the head, "Oh yes, they are as plenty as black-berries there. I saw loads of them in every street."

Mr. Meek's countenance became solemn, and his rest was disturbed by dreams of pianos. The pianos of his dreams, however, were shapeless affairs, there not being any data in in his mind to form instruments of regular proportion. What would not Mr. Meek give to see that piano? Why did he not, then, go to the house of the strangers, and request the privileges of seeing it? Mr. Meek was an honest and diffident man, and was afraid; besides, I do not know that he thought of it. But he explained his difficulty to Mr. Jones.

"Let's go and see it," said Mr. Jones.

"Go and see it?" said Mr. Meek, doubting whether he had heard right.

"Yes, go and see it," repeated Mr. Jones.

A new light broke in upon Mr. Meek's.—"Go and see it—that would be a gratification! But—I—" said he musingly.

"What?" said Mr. Jones.

"Won't they be offended?"

"Offended, no.—We must go to work in the right way, that's all. The piano may be outside, and if we have to go into the house—" here the great traveller hesitated, for, if the truth must be told, he was a more bashful man to the capitol than in Hard-Scrabble.

"You have seen a good deal of society, suggested Mr. Meek.

"That's true," observed Mr. Jones, complacently.

"When shall we go?" inquired the disciple.

"This afternoon."

Accordingly, towards night, the two might have been seen approaching, with not too hasty steps, the abode of the new comers.—Mr. Meek had two reasons for going slow.—He was afraid to speak to the ladies, who formed a majority of the household, and he was afraid there might be a large dog about the premises. Mr. Meek was a timid man. His last fears proved unfounded, and it was pretty evident from the appearance of the windows, &c., that the family were not at home. Mr. Jones noticed this, and, advancing confidently, gave a moderately loud rap on the door. "They're not at home," said he after waiting awhile.

"Look here," said Mr. Meek, who had been standing at such a distance that he had a view of two sides of the house at once.—"What's this?" inquired he, pointing to a wooden machine, containing a number of rollers, and turning by a crank, which stood in one part of the piazza.

"That's it," said the man who had been twice at the capitol.

Mr. Meek was silent. He looked for a while at a distance, then carefully approaching, stood on this side, and then on that, and, at last with a boldness which surprised himself took hold of the crank, and gave it a turn. A thumping noise inside was the result.—Another turn (made with circumspection, for fear of damaging the instrument,) had the same effect, after which the great man and disciple departed, the latter with a lighter heart and more buoyant steps than on his approach.

There were, from henceforth, two great men in Hard Scrabble. Mr. Meek had not only seen the piano, but made it go.—The curiosity of all was now fairly aroused, and many were the looks, from a distance, at the piazza where stood the mysterious instrument; but it had now disappeared, and no one possessed hardihood enough like Mr. Jones, to make a call for the express purpose of seeing it.

At length, however, it seemed that all were to behold the piano with their own eye, and perhaps feel, and make it go, as Mr. Meek had done. The newly arrived family, desirous of cultivating good feeling with their neighbors, invited the major pait of the villagers to spend the evening with them.

When the evening specified arrived, as might be supposed, not many of the invited were lacking. The assembly was rather a silent one, despite the efforts of the entertainers to make time pass pleasantly. Something seemed weighing upon the minds of the guests. There were various whisperings, and glances in various directions, as if for something that ought to be present, all of which puzzled the kind hearted hosts exceedingly. But the evening had almost passed, away, and as nothing could be seen that answered Mr. Meek's description of the piano, Hard-Scrabble seemed destined to sit on thorns for a time longer. At length however, some one suggested that several of the old inhabitants should beg to have the piano performed on; and these, after sundry irresolute whisperings and gestures, succeeded in raising courage enough to say to the lady of the house, that they hoped that it wouldn't give no offence, but they had heard a great deal about a piano that people said they, the newcomers, had, and wanted to know if they would be so kind as to oblige them by making it go. A request so modestly made was cheerfully assented to, and all eyes were instantly directed to the door, expecting to see the strange machine rolled in; but what was the astonisment of all, when one of the young ladies of the house went to a thick high table, at one side of the room, and turning over part of the top, attached by hinges to the other part, disclosed to view a row of white and black keys, which she shortly began to strike down, with her fingers, producing from the inside, a beautiful tune.

"But Mr. Meek said that it was a great modern thing, turned by a crank!" exclaimed some one.

"Turned by a what?" inquired the new comers.

"A crank. He said it stood in the portico the other day, and he saw it and made it go."

"O, that must be our washing machine," said one of the daughters; and the company were conducted to an outhouse, where the machine quietly stood, apparently unconcious that it had been the theme of so much speculation.

There were two men who went home before the rest, and they were David Jones and Thomas Meek. From that hour Mr. Meek ceased to reverence Mr. Jones. The great name of "the man who had been twice to the capitol" began to diminish. His word was doubted, and his statements not believed.—His star began to drop down towards the west, and on the day when a Yankee trader entered the village, advertising a number of "Dave Jone's pianos" for sale, it popped over the horizon, and he was no longer a resident in Hard-Scrabble. His "pianos" however, are in extensive use, and if you travel that way of a Monday, you will probably hear them "go."

CURIOUS PROPERTIES OF THE FIGURE NINE.—To our mechanical friends who take an interest in figures and mathematical problems, the following properties of the figure 9 may be interesting and perhaps curious. It may afford amusement for a leisure hour to perform the operation for themselves. If nothing more, it will be good exercise for the calculating mind.

Multiply 9 by itself, or by any other of the digits, and the figures of the product added together will amount to 9. The component figures of the amount of the multipliers, (viz, 45) when added together make 9.

The amount of the several products or multiplies of 9, (405) when divided by 9, gives a quotient of 45; and the component figures of either dividend or quotient makes 9.

Multiply any row of figures either by nine or by any one of the products of nine multiplied by one of the digits, as 18, 27, 36, 45, 54, 63, 72, 81, and the sum of the figures of the product added together will be divisible by 9.

Multiply the 9 digits in the following order, 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9, by nine, or by any other of the products of nine mentioned in the last paragraph, and the product will come out all in one figure, except the place of tens, which will be an 0, and that figure will be the one which multiplied into 9, supplies the multiplier; that is, if you select 9 as the multiplier, the product will be (except the place of tens) all ones; if you select 18, all twos, and so on. Omit the 8 in the multiplicand, and the 0 will also vanish from the product, leaving it all ones, twos, threes, &c., as the case may be.—*Farmer and Mechanic.*

☞ Letters from Washington state that a most discreditable course has been pursued by the Administration, in relation to Gen. Scott. It will be remembered that it was recently announced that the General was appointed to take command of the army just called into the field to operate against Mexico, should extensive operations become necessary. But the administration, so it is said, have thought well to pause and have concocted a Bill authorizing the appointment of two Majors and four Brigadier Generals, in addition to the present military establishment, the object being, as is believed, to avoid placing Gen. Scott in a position to which his character, his service, his rank entitle him. But such a movement, all the circumstances considered, seems almost impossible.

General Scott, it is understood, refused to supercede Gen. Taylor, being unwilling in any way to interfere with the honor of that veteran. But he was perfectly willing to accept the command of the forces ordered by Congress, because such a step would by no means disparage or reflect upon Gen. Taylor.

☞ Kentucky, Missouri, Tennessee and Ohio, have already organized large bodies of volunteers for the Mexican war.

From the Army.

[From the Baltimore American.]

Battles on the Rio Grande.

The following minute and graphic account of the battles of the 8th and 9th May, in which our gallant Army won for themselves imperishable renown, will be read with deep and thrilling interest. It is from the pen of a heroic officer who nobly bore his full share of the duties and dangers of the trying occasion:

CAMP OPPOSITE MATAMORAS,
May 13, 1846.

On the 1st of May the Army under Gen. TAYLOR took up its line of march at 3 o'clock, P. M. for Point Isabel, thirty miles distant, in order to force up from that point provisions which were necessary to the maintainance of our Fort here. To defend it in our absence Gen. Taylor left the 7th Regiment of Infantry, BRAGG's battery of four six pounders, Capt. Lown's battery of four eighteen pounders and some convalescents as a garrison— the whole under the command of Major BROWN of the Army. We had heard of the crossing of six or seven thousand of the enemy to oppose our march to our Depot, and expected to fight them going down—but did not meet with them. On the 2d instant, in the afternoon, we reached Point Isabel, and on the 3d heard the bombardment of our Fort at this place. This bombardment continued at intervals for several days. In the meantime, Gen. TAYLOR, having learned by express from Major BROWN that he could hold the Fort, put his whole command to work in the entrenchments at Point Isabel, the basis of our operations, and having made it sufficiently strong and loaded about three hundred wagons with provisions and ammunition, he determined to proceed at once to the relief of our gallant little band in this Fort, and to give battle to the enemy if necessary. He commenced his march at 2 o'clock, P. M. on the 7th instant, in the following order:—A squadron of Dragoons, commanded by Capt. May, in front: the third Brigade, composed of the 3d and 4th Regiments of Infantry and Ringgold's Light Artillery; the 5th Infantry not Brigaded, and the 1st Brigade, composed of the Artillery Battalion serving as Infantry; Duncan's Light Artillery and the 8th Regiment of Infantry—to which must be added two eighteen pounders drawn by oxen, and Capt. Kerr's squadron of Dragoons protecting the rear—the wagons on the march being in a great degree interspersed between the Brigades for greater security.

On the night of the 7th we encamped about 12 miles from Point Isabel, without seeing the enemy. On the 8th we had advanced about 5 miles, when we descried the enemy some two miles distant, drawn up in great force on the open Prairie, and occupying the crest of a very gentle slope with their backs to the thick bushes, called in this country "chapperal."

We immediately formed line to the front, and advanced calmly and quietly to the attack. Our brave and considerate old General, finding that the enemy waited to receive us, and that we were passing near a lake of water, the day being very hot and the men thirsty, halted in full view of the adversary, and directed the men to fill their cantoons with water. We had now a little leisure to examine the force of the enemy and its composition. The horizon in our front and to the right appeared lined with cavalry. (Lancers and Dragoons.) The woods in their rear were giving up column after column of Infantry, which were manœuvered with great regularity; and batteries of Artillery were observed taking their designated places in our front and on our flanks. The lowest estimate at the time of the enemy's force was 5,000 of all arms—our own being under 2,000 fighting men. We have since learned that on this occasion the enemy had over 6000 fighting men. But the greatest difficulty under which we labored was the absolute necessity of protecting in an open prairie, from the enemy's numerous cavalry, our enormous train of provisions and ammunition, without which, even if we gained a victory, we could not relieve our garrison opposite Matamoras, or maintain our position there. Besides we were miserably deficient as to the number of our cavalry, having only some 200 Dragoons, while the enemy could not have had less than 1,800 or 2,000. The men being refreshed our General rode to each Brigade, told the men to keep cool, and when the enemy charged not to fire a shot until they were repulsed with the bayonet, and had turned their backs in flight.

Our advance then recommenced slowly, but firmly, wagons and all; and when we arrived within good artillery range, their batteries opened upon us, some of their balls bouncing along the plain and passing us in "ricochoe," others flying over our heads, and falling in the rear, showing us in a few moments that their peices were served with skill and precision. A movement was now observed among the enemy's cavalry as if about to charge, and the Regiments nearest them were thrown into square, or formation preparatory to the square, and so disposed as to protect our own artillery whenever it was ordered to fire. During this time, some fifteen minutes, the enemy's fire was received in perfect silence by us, and at length, Capt. Duncan having been ordered to open upon them, advanced in the most gallant manner, and placing himself in a position to be protected by the infantry, assault the enemy's cavalry, and one which would enable him at the same time to gall their cavalry and masses of Infantry, sent a withering fire among them, which created some confusion, and which was answered by our squares of Infantry by one long simultaneous shout, which showed how anxious they were to be led to the charge, at once—but this could not be. They were destined to give the strongest evidence of courage that a soldier can exhibit—to stand in squares for hours under the fire of the enemy's artillery, so as to protect from the enemy's cavalry our own artillery, while the latter was mowing down the enemy's ranks. As soon as Duncan opened, Major Ringgold's thunder was heard on the right, Lieut. Churchill's from the 18 pounders in the centre, and all the enemy's batteries opening at the same time, a tremendous cannonading ensued, which, on this plain of almost boundless extent, presented a spectacle of great magnificence. The battle commenced at 10 minutes past 2, P. M. It had lasted about an hour, when a large body of the enemy's red Lancers charged the 5th Infantry, with a view of cutting off our wagon train. They were met with the most perfect tranquility, and a discharge of musketry from the 5th (Gen. Brook's) Regiment told us their fate. They fled precipitately, leaving men, horses, and guidons on the field. In the meantime the whole order of battle had been changed to conform to the manœuvers of the enemy, and our Brigade, the 1st, which was the left, now found itself in advance and on the right—the Artillery Battalion being on the extreme right and most in advance. It must be observed also that in these different changes our General was always slowly but steadily gaining ground to the front, and the enemy gradually falling back. The enemy's fire having slackened, and then ceased, Gen. Taylor, from his new and more advanced position, ordered all his batteries to open, and in his turn attacked the enemy with such fury as to cause evident destruction in his ranks; but still they remained firm. By a charge on them they might have been routed entirely, but then we must have exposed our wagons to be captured by their cavalry, and that could not be thought of.

The battle had now lasted from 10 minutes past 2 P. M. to about 7 P. M. At this moment the enemy was discovered coming down with his left flank in great force of cavalry and infantry, on the Artillery Battalion and the 18 pounders were served by thirty men, and the Artillery Battalion was about 360 strong. Both the battery and this Battalion were in such position that they could not be supported by the other portion of the army, and at the time the charge commenced the Battalion had deployed into line. However it was thrown into square by a prompt manœuvre, and awaited steadily the Mexican charge. On they came, "horse, foot and dragoons," shouting and yelling, when a single horseman rode into the square, and said, "Men I place myself in your square." The General was immediately recognized by the men, who gave him three cheers for this evidence of his confidence. At this moment Lieut. Churchill discharged one of his 18 pounders, loaded with grape into the advancing ranks, creating great havoc, but not checking entirely their onward movement. They marched forward to within good musket range, some 150 yards of us, halted and delivered their fire, which our men received quietly at a shoulder. Finding that they would come no nearer, Col Childs, commanding this Battalion, ordered the volley, which was given as if in parade when the enemy immediately retired, and and the action ended for the night. Our Army slept on their arms just as night found them, and occupied the position in which the enemy commenced the battle. The two armies slept quietly almost in presence of each other.—The night was serene and beautiful the moon casting the softest light on everything around us, and but for the groans of the wounded and screams of those who were suffering under the knife of the Surgeons, no one could have imagined the scenes which had occurred but a few hours previously.

On our side we had fifty-five killed and wounded.—The gallant Major Ringgold was mortally wounded, and his noble steed killed by the same shot, as he was giving his last fire for the night, and after having distinguished himself by the coolness, precision and effect with which he managed his Battery.—Capt John Page, of the 4th Infantry, was horribly wounded, supposed to be mortally. Many officers had horses shot under them.—Captain Cliss, Lieutenant Daniells, Captain Montgomery, and several others.

Many Dragoon horses were also killed, and the escapes were almost incredible. In Magruder's company two men, whilst at an order had the bayonets of their muskets cut off by cannon balls, passing just over their shoulders and between their heads. He had also a man killed on his immediate right and left. Some of the balls fell into the centres of the squares, and *recoched* out again without touching any one. Others fell just on the outside and bounded over. To stand patiently and cooly, in square, under such a fire, for five hours, without firing a shot, is the best evidence of discipline and invincible courage that troops can give. But more; the effect of this conduct, which none but regulars could have shown, must be considered. The next morning the enemy retreated, leaving the field strewed with their dead, and having lost, by their own confession, *five hundred* in killed and wounded; but we have found out since that his loss is much greater. The enemy's artillery was numerous and served with great rapidity and precision; while we had little cavalry, and they had an immense proportion of that arm. Hence our shell and grape shot told briskly among them. In short, we gained on that day a great victory. When we consider the enemy's numbers, his numerous and effective regular cavalry, and well-drilled infantry and artillery, and above all that he had chosen his own ground, that upon which he is most accustomed to fight—the plain:—and compare all this with our inferiority in all arms, and that we were incumbered by a train we could not afford to lose, we can only account for the result by the impression made on the enemy by our firm and unshaken advance; by the steadiness with which we repulsed their cavalry, and by the unrivalled skill of our artillery officers and men—to which must be added a perfect knowledge on the part of both men and officers that if we lost the battle the Fort at Matamoras would fall, the Army be destroyed, and our depot, Point Isabel, be taken, to the eternal disgrace of the American Army and the ruin of the interests of our Government for some time at least, in this part of the world. We could not afford to be driven back a single inch, and all were prepared for any thing but retreat.

On the morning of the 8th the Mexican army left the field at early dawn, and after arranging our train we commenced the march towards our Fort at this place. At 2 o'clock P. M we found the enemy drawn up in great force, occupying a ravine, which our road crossed, will thick "chapperal" or thorny bushes on either side before it reached the ravine, and a pond of water on either side, where it crossed the ravine, constituting a complete defile. They were 7000 strong, we were 51 weaker than the previous day. The General ordered an immediate attack, by all the troops except the First Brigade, which was kept in reserve, and soon the rattling fire of musketry, mingled with the heavy sound of artillery, announced the commencement of the action. The enemy had chosen his position which he considered impregnable—was vastly superior to us in numbers, and had ten pieces of artillery, planted in the defile, which swept the road with grape, and which it was absolutely necessary for us to take before he could be beaten. These pieces were flanked on either side by a Regiment of brave veteran troops from Tampico, and we were obliged to stand an awful shower of grape and bullet before a charge could reach them. The battle had lasted some two hours with great fury on both sides and many heroic deeds had been done, but no serious impressions made, when Gen. Taylor sent for Captain May, of the 2d Dragoons, and told him he must take the battery with his Squadron of Dragoons. He led every man May instantly placed himself at the head of his men, and setting off at full speed, with cheers and shouts, dashed into the defile, where he was greeted with an overwhelming discharge of grape and bullets, which nearly annihilated the first and second platoons, but he was seen unhurt darting like lightning, through this murderous hail storm, and in a second, he and his men drove away or cut to pieces the artillerists.

The speed of his horses was so great, however, that they passed through the battery, and were halted in its rear. Then turning, he charged back, and was just in time to rescue a Mexican General officer, who would not leave his guns, and who was parrying the strokes of one of the men. He handed his sword to May, announced himself as General Vega, and gave his parole.—May turned him over to an officer, and, galloping back to Gen. Taylor, reported that he had captured the enemy's battery, and the gallant Gen. Vega, bravely defending it, whose sword he had the honor to present his Commanding officer. The General was extremely gratified, and felt no doubt that a blow had been given, from which it would be difficult for the enemy to recover—and so it proved, for a portion of the 5th Infantry, finding that the enemy had immediately re-occupied and commenced serving their pieces, gallantly charged and brought off several, when the 8th, which had just come up, marched to the attack, by its gallant commander, Col. Belknap, seconded nobly by Captain Montgomery, and took off the remaining pieces. Col. Belknap, leading his Regiment into the thickets of the fight, seized a Mexican standard, and waving it over his head, dashed on in front of his men, until his horse stumbled over some dead bodies and threw him. Being a heavy man he was helped on his horse by a soldier, who in the act received a ball through his lungs, and at the same moment a shot carried away the Mexican flag, leaving but the handle with the Colonel. He dashed ahead with that, however, and his Regiment carried every thing before it. At this moment the Mexicans gave way entirely, and throwing down their arms, fled in every direction, leaving all their stores, munitions of war arms, standards, &c. The killed, wounded and prisoners, including among the killed those who were drowned in the Rio Grande, do not fall short of 1,500—so that the enemy's loss in two days amounts to at least 2,000 men, something more than the number we had in our army.

When Lieut. Magruder introduced General Vega to Gen. Taylor, the latter expressed his deep regret that such a misfortune should have happened to an officer whose character he so highly esteemed, and returned to him his sword, which he had won so bravely.—It is said also that the General gave the captive officer an order on his private banker for a large sum, for his use when he arrived in the United States.

Immediately after the victory, a regiment marched into this fort, and was received with cheers and open arms. All had done their duty—those who were left to defend our fort—those who marched to its relief. I had nearly forgot to mention that no officer in the battle of the 9th was more distinguished than Lieut. Randolph Ridgely. His conduct drew praises from the lips of every officer. But I shall never finish if I record the feats of personal valour which occurred in this battle, where officers and men fought hand to hand for hours with the Mexicans. I shall therefore conclude with the hope that in a few days we shall be in Matamoras.

Those Horrid Banks!

The New Orleans correspondent of the Courier & Enquirer writes that

"Up to this moment the Quarter Master here is entirely destitute of funds. His supplies continued to be bought on credit, and but for the liberality of one or more banks of this city, who have advanced him largely on his personal pledge to refund it from the first moneys placed at his control, he would not have been able to have furnished the means for sending forward the volunteers!!!"

If this delightful Administration can only succeed in getting two or three more Wars on hand, the Tariff cut down and the Sub-Treasury established, with such agencies as Robert J. Walker at the head of its Finances and Jesse Hoyt for Sub-Treasurer here, the "divorce" of the Government from Banks and of the Army and Navy from either pay or rations, will be complete. Although it was known that the storm of War was likely at any moment to burst in the South-West, and our Army was sent as far as possible from its resources to encounter it, while Gen. Taylor was authorized to call for troops from the nearest States, yet it now seems that no money was provided to arm or provision them, and, with Thirteen Millions lying idle in the Treasury, the Government's agents have been buying Pork with drafts at 13¾ when he might have bought any quantity of it for cash at 10¾, hiring Steamboats at $10,000 per month which he might have bought with money for two or three months' hire, and so on. (If any one suspects gouging here, don't let him say we asserted it.) And it seems that, but for the assistance volunteered by these rascally Federal Whig Aristocratic British engines, the Banks, the loss to the Treasury would have been much greater. Once, 'divorce' the Government from all dealings with Banks, and the way the brokers and shavers will make their ten to forty per cent. on every purchase will be a caution to the Hards and the Taxpayers.—*New York Tribune.*

☞ Major Ringgold, who received his death wound in the battle of the 8th, was a son of Gen. Ringgold, of Washington county, Maryland: He was a single man, probably 45 years of age. For some time prior to his departure for the South, he was stationed at Fort McHenry, Baltimore, in command of his celebrated company of Flying Artillery. As an officer, a soldier and a private gentleman, he stood deservedly high. His unfortunate fate is deeply deplored.

Lieut. Ridgley, who succeeds him in command, is daring as Napoleon & brave as Cæsar.

OLD MARYLAND.—After the fall of the gallant Major RINGGOLD, in the recent battle on the Rio Grande, says the Baltimore American, the command of his company devolved upon another Marylander, Lieut. RANDOLPH RIDGELY, son of Gen. R. of Elkridge. Letters from the Army speak in the highest terms of the gallant manner in which Lieut. R. took the Battery into action. He was ordered to the front and was among the first brought into action at the second battle. He gave one round from his Battery and then joined the dashing MAY, in his charge on the enemy.

☞ In New York city, six pickpockets hereafter caught, are to be publicly exposed by being placed in a stout open-work cage built for the purpose, and placed in some public place. This will be worse than aquafortis to the rebels.