

Star and Republican Banner.

[D. A. BEULER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.]

“FEARLESS AND FREE.”

TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XVII.—18.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 12, 1847.

[WHOLE NO. 880.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS!

THE subscriber will keep constantly on hand a supply of the **Best & Freshest Oysters** that the market can afford—which he will serve up to his customers in the best style, either roasted, stewed, or fried.

He has an apartment fitted up for the accommodation of LADIES, who may feel a desire to partake of Oysters—to whom every attention will be paid.

FAMILIES can be accommodated with Oysters by the gallon, quart or pint, on the shortest notice and most favorable terms.

JACOB KUHN.
Dec. 4, 1846.—if

VALUABLE TOWN PROPERTY

At Public Sale.

WILL be offered at Public Sale, on the 22d of February, at the Court-house in the borough of Gettysburg, at 2 o'clock, P. M., a

HOUSE & LOT, situate in Chambersburg street, in said Borough, and adjoining the Lutheran Church. Attendance will be given and terms made known by

D. HEAGY,
Agent of Mary Heagy.
Jan. 22, 1847.

SAVE YOUR TEETH.

Dr. Ferdinand E. Vandersloot, RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Gettysburg and vicinity that he is prepared to perform every operation pertaining to his Profession; such as Filing, Cleaning and Plugging Teeth, with Gold, Silver, Tin-foil, and Composition.

He will insert irremovable teeth on Pivots, or Gold or Silver clasps, in the most durable manner.

If carious teeth are properly treated at a reasonable time, the progress of the decay may be entirely arrested.

He will insert them, from one to entire sets, in such manner, that they will make the articulation of the voice perfect, and materially assist in mastication.

From the success which has attended his professional operations for a number of years past, he is confident he can satisfy all who may favor him with a call.

For his place of residence inquire at the store of Mr. Samuel Fahnestock.

REFERENCE is respectfully made to the following gentlemen:

Rev. Prof. BARBER, Rev. Dr. SCHMUCKER,
Rev. E. V. GENAW, Prof. H. H. CARY,
Rev. T. H. SWITZER, Dr. D. HONKER,
Rev. S. M. MELLIS, Dr. C. N. BELLEENT,
Dr. D. GILBERT,
March 20.

DENTISTRY.

DR. J. LAWRENCE HILL,

Surgeon-Dentist, RESPECTFULLY offers his professional services to the citizens of Gettysburg and surrounding country. He is prepared to attend in all cases usually entrusted to the DENTIST, and hopes, by strict attention to Dentistry alone, to be able to please all who may see fit to entrust their teeth in his hands. Office at Mr. McCosh's Hotel.
May 15.

J. H. REED,

OFFERS his professional services to the people of Adams County. His Office is the one on the public square in Gettysburg, lately occupied as a Law-Office by Wm. M. Sherry, Esq. He has also made arrangements to have the advice and assistance of his Father, Judge REED of Carlisle, in all difficult cases.
September 20.

THOMAS M'CREEARY,

OFFICE in the South-east Corner of the Diamond, between A. B. Kurtz's Hotel and R. W. M. Sherry's Store.
Gettysburg, Dec. 12, 1845.—if

LAW NOTICE.

ALEX. R. STEVENSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OFFICE in the Centre Square, North of the Court-house, between Smith's and Stevenson's corners.
Gettysburg, Pa.

CAPS! CAPS!

W. M. RUTHRAUFF has received a handsome assortment of Caps, consisting of Cloth, (men and boys) Velvet do. Silk oil do. He also has Fur Caps much cheaper than usual, and good Oil Cloth Caps as low as 25 and 37 1-2.
Nov. 13.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE "STAR AND BANNER." WOMAN. AN INCIDENT OF THE PRESENT MEXICAN WAR.

Perchance 'twas love that led the trembler forth,
Amid the ghastly horrors of the field,
Where men, with hearts, had met like savage beasts,
Abased for blood, and agony, and death,
To goad and tear each other, limb from limb,
And die—with imprecations on their lips,
And all dark passions raging in their souls.

Stately 'twas love that led her from her home
To this polluted field—where hideous forms
Of death, and anguish, glared on every side,
And shattered limbs, and mangled carcasses,
Lay festering in their pools of blinding blood,
Even in her pathway,—making her soul sick,
And her heart faint with horror, as she sought
With hope, that was a very agony,
The dear familiar form of her heart's lord,
Who went out to the battle, and came not,
At the appointed hour, unto the spot
In which his presence was a well of joy.

"He is sore wounded, or he would have come."
She said,—and hushed the throbs within her heart,
Which would have whispered "dead!" So she went forth,
To seek him in his need, and minister
With love's fond care to his necessities.
Alas! how miserable he may be!
Disabled by deep wounds, or fractured limbs,
And lying in some leathern suit, amid
His dead and dying comrades, suffering pain,
And thirst, and hunger. So she filled her shell
With clear, cold water, from the shaded spring;
And stored her basket with sweet household bread,
And laden thus, went forth, with trembling hand,
To search for her beloved. Sick, and faint,
And horror-stricken, at the fearful sights
Of death in each distorted, ghastly form,
She glanced at each spilt, begrimed, and
Of those who fell, with war's unsdy ire
Maddening their spirits, or of those who died
In lingering anguish, with the late regret
For home and dear ones, lightly left afar,
And left forever, for this horrid fate,
O, how the thought of home, with its warm hearts,
Came to him in that hour!—home, with its loved
His calm security, his quiet rest.

Oh, for the mother's, for the sister's care,
To sooth his agony, and whisper peace
To his departing soul. Oh, for the hand
Of her, the best beloved, to bind his wounds—
To raise his head from off the blood-stained earth—
To hold a cup of life to his lips—
To mix sweet words of love with her warm tears,
And pour her fervent spirit into his prayer,
The earnest prayer which God would deign to hear.
From griefless heart like hers. And so he died,
With these vain longings gnawing at his heart,
And cradling in the chambers of his brain,
Becoming thus indelibly impressed
Upon the marble of his rigid face.

But there were sights upon that sanguine field
Far more heart-rending than the face of death;
The wounded, mangled, writhing, as those
Whose it was! "O, that the summer
Residence of the Prince!" "Ah! indeed,
then I expect to dine there this evening!"
My informant looked inquiringly at my
breast to see whether I wore an order or a
riband.

In a few minutes I was safe ashore and
went to a hotel that stood just on the bank
of the river, from the vestibule of which
you have a splendid view far up and down
the celebrated Rhine. Ruined castles,
ancient towers, smiling villages, and *laughing*
vineyards greet your eye on every
side—but I had no time to sentimentalize.
I retired to my chamber and spent more
than my usual time at my toilet, for I was
going to visit a Prince.

But who, after all, was he? Reader:
he is a naturalist—an every-day prince I
would not stop to visit. They are not usu-
ally men of scientific distinction. Prince
M., of N., is a naturalist of world-wide
fame—he is a traveller without—he has
visited our country and published one of
the most magnificent books on it ever issued.
It is illustrated with the finest steel
engravings that European skill could pro-
duce. All the resources of the printer, arti-
st, paper-maker and book-binder were put
in requisition in bringing out that book. It
is a *chef-d'œuvre* of the book-making art.—
The next time you go to Washington visit
the Library of the State Department (not
the Library of Congress),—and ask for it.

If you have any taste for the fine arts, you
will be in raptures. Well, this nobleman
laid aside his aristocratic reserve when he
was here—he did not renew the starchy
on his shirt collar every day, but freely mingled
with the people, and especially natu-
ralists. He was much admired for his
plainness of manner, as well as for his sci-
entific acquirements. He was *jeeted* and
addressed by many of our people, and he
promised a reciprocity of the same favor.
I had a letter to him from a gentle-
man of high distinction in our country, and
anticipated a rich scientific treat. I ex-
pected to see his valuable collections of
Natural History and his Library of Zoologi-
cal works. I was full of the highest
hope, for I knew he was at the palace.
"What time does the prince dine?" said I
to the landlord of the inn. "At four o'-
clock." I'll just be in time, thought I.
I hired a two-horse carriage,—who goes
to visit a prince in a one-horse vehicle!

I shaved closer and washed cleaner, and
gave my hat and coat an extra brush, much
to their astonishment. On my way up
the high hill I asked my coachman whether
he was authorized to drive close up to
the palace door? "Yes!" said he, "when
I have the honor of driving gentlemen of
the nobility." "Well," I replied, "you
may do that to-day, for you are driving an
American King!" The fellow looked
round at me with a dubious air—"Yes," I
repeated, "an American King, for in my
country we are all Kings." He evidently
did not believe me, and had so little respect
for my royalty that he actually fell asleep,
as his panting horses were tugging up the
hill. A smart thwack of my cane across

Visit to a Prince who was not "AT HOME."

"Captain, I wish to be put ashore at N—"
"It shall be done, sir."

On the afternoon of the 14th of last July,
I was rapidly gliding down the glorious
Rhine on a small dandy steamboat, with
her deck crowded with passengers. I heard
French, German, Russian and American
spoken by the motley assemblage, for each
of these nations was fully represented.—
You see in one day all sorts of people in
the great thoroughfares in Europe, and
hear a whole polyglot at once. An hour
or two before I disembarked, I went up to
a young man, who had a beautiful girl care-
lessly leaning on his arm, as she gazed with
admiration on the ruins of an ancient castle.
We were just passing, and addressed
him thus: "You are an American, I pre-
sume, sir?" "Yes, sir, and so are you, I
take it." I could almost always tell an
American in a crowd,—there's an inde-
scribable something in his bearing, that dis-
tinguishes him, but I recognized this one,
from the fact that one corner of his mouth
was slightly stained with tobacco; that is
pre-eminently an American characteristic.

It was mutually gratifying to learn that we
were from the same city,—lived for twenty-
years three squares of each other,—had
often heard of each other, but never met.
He introduced me to his young wife, and
who should she be, but the daughter of one
of my female school-mates of bye-gone
years, for whom I remember having felt a
very tender juvenile passion. Strange co-
incidences do happen in this journey of
life!

"Get your trunk ready, sir,—we shall
soon be at N—." "Thank you, Cap-
tain!" We rounded a tongue of land, and
the beautiful village of N— burst on our
view. Towering high above the dwellings
of its quiet citizens (for it is partly a Mora-
vian town) were seen the battlements of a
lordly castle, the winter residence of the
distinguished nobleman I was going to vis-
it.

On a high hill, about three miles from
the village, I observed a magnificent palace,
whose snowy whiteness contrasted
beautifully with the deep green forest in
which it was partly embowered. It was
a striking object,—it stood proudly pre-
minent and challenged the admiration of every
voyager on the Rhine. I inquired
whose it was? "O, that's the summer
residence of the Prince!" "Ah! indeed,
then I expect to dine there this evening!"
My informant looked inquiringly at my
breast to see whether I wore an order or a
riband.

In a few minutes I was safe ashore and
went to a hotel that stood just on the bank
of the river, from the vestibule of which
you have a splendid view far up and down
the celebrated Rhine. Ruined castles,
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repeated, "an American King, for in my
country we are all Kings." He evidently
did not believe me, and had so little respect
for my royalty that he actually fell asleep,
as his panting horses were tugging up the
hill. A smart thwack of my cane across

his brassy shoulders, with a threat that
I would hurl him down the precipice,
brought him to his senses. After that he
plainly thought that I acted very like a
King. At length we arrived at the palace. I
will not describe it. It is about twice as
long as Pennsylvania College, that is, about
300 feet. It is surrounded with gardens
and groves, crowded with statuary and
fountains and all the embellishments of a
princely residence.

A lackey stood at the principal entrance,
"Is the prince at home?" "Yes, Her, but
he is just preparing to go out in the chase."
"Deliver this card and letter to him, and
tell his highness that I shall be satisfied
with a short interview to-day." He took
them up stairs. I heard conversation; it
was like that between a prince and a serv-
ant—one voice imperative and lordly, the
other submissive and cringing. He re-
mained 15 minutes. Thought I: he's
putting things in order—perhaps putting
on a clean shirt, and he's cursing the serv-
ant for being so slow in helping him—I
shall be called presently. The servant
came down: I ran my fingers once more
through my hair, and even felt whether my
ears were in right trim. The fellow made
a low and obsequious bow, and stammered
out a hundred regrets—was infinitely (*un-
endlich*) sorry to tell me that the prince
had already gone out!!! My looks told
him that I knew he and his master lied,—
he felt it and shrunk. I looked at him more
fiercely and his eyes fell. I growled a
few words in a language which I knew he
did not understand, and in another, which
he understood. I told him that I heard
the prince speaking up stairs. He grew
pale. I turned my back indignantly upon
him, without leaving any compliments for
the lord of the manor.

I have no doubt, at any other time he
would have been glad to see me. But my
letter was from such a source as to claim
more than ordinary attention from him,
and rather than forego the pleasure of the
chase for that day, he chose not to be "at
home." I have not attempted to visit a
prince since.

Death of Monroe Edwards.

Col. Monroe Edwards, whose crimes
have given him a reputation far more wide
than enviable, died at Sing Sing State
prison, N. York, at an early hour on Fri-
day morning. He has been declining in
health ever since his incarceration, but for
the last two years he has failed so percept-
ibly as to cause general remark among
those acquainted at the prison. His dis-
ease, it is said, was consumption. For a
number of weeks past he has been delir-
ious at times; when, however, he con-
versed, he was eloquent upon the history of
his past life, and his plans for the future;
he would not contemplate the fact that he
was about to die. The Chaplain of the in-
stitution conversed with the sick man when
on his death bed. Edwards paid no regard
to what he said, appearing to be in a state
of listless insensibility until the Chaplain
mentioned the crimes of which he had been
convicted, when, for a moment he ap-
peared to come partially to his senses, and
protest that he did not commit the for-
geries. On Thursday night the hospital
was locked up as usual, and the patients
were in charge of attendants. Towards
morning it became evident that the sick
man could not long survive; indeed, he ap-
pears to have suffered death while yet a
live, that is, he imagined that he had ceased
to exist, and appealed to his attendants
to know if it was not so.

They told him no, he was not dead; but
this he refused to believe, and began to
bite his finger, which he said was without
feeling, and hence, he argued he must be
dead; and again appealed to the attendants,
asking them to feel his flesh, and tell him
if he were not really dead. The physician
to the prison was not with him when he
died, nor indeed at any time during the
night. The nurses describe the death
scene as being horrible to witness. The
dying prisoner protesting that he was dead,
yet filled with the dread of the fearful tran-
sition, and all the while endeavoring to bite
his fingers or tear his flesh, not so much
to injure his person, as to convince him-
self that the appalling change from life to
death had taken place, and he had it not to
suffer again; and so he died. What could
be more dreadful. But he is gone, charity
may now, at least, claim light judgement
upon his memory. He was guilty, but he
expiated his crimes in those gloomy
cells, where for four years he suffered
most poignantly; as a haughty, active man
might be expected to suffer, when brought
within the narrow limits prescribed by pris-
on rules. His stubborn spirit at first re-
fused to give way, but was at length broken
by the stern discipline of the institution
within whose walls he found himself; and
at length yielding to temptation, which, in
a new form, followed him even to this se-
clusion, Monroe Edwards died a most hor-
rible death in the hospital of Sing Sing
State prison. He might have been a great
man, if he had sought greatness in the path
of rectitude; but he defied the laws of his
country, and his country, in the vindica-
tion of its laws, crushed the offender.

Fiat justitia.
SUFFERING.—"Although I suffer," said
Augustine, when sick, "yet I am well, be-
cause I am as God would have me to be,
for when we will not what HE wills, it is
we that are in the fault, and not HE, who
can neither do nor permit any thing but
what is just."

GEN. TAYLOR'S LETTER.

Head quarters Army of Occupation or Invasion,
MONTEREY, MEXICO, Nov. 4, 1846.
MY DEAR *****: Your very kind and
acceptable letter of the 31st of August,
***** reached me only a short time since,
for which I beg leave to tender you my
sincere thanks. [A few confidential re-
marks on certain public transactions are
here omitted.]

After considerable apparent delay on
the part of the Quartermaster's Department,
in getting steamboats into the Rio Grande
adapted to its navigation, I succeeded, to-
wards the latter part of August, in throw-
ing forward to Camargo, (a town situated
on the San Juan river, three miles from
its junction with the Rio Grande, on the
west side, nearly 500 miles from Brazos
island by water, and 200 by land, and 140
from this place,) a considerable depot of
provisions, ordnance, ammunition, and for-
age, and then, having brought together an
important portion of my command, I de-
termined on moving on this place. Ac-
cordingly, after collecting 1,700 pack
mules, with their attendants and conductors,
in the enemy's country, (the principal
means of transportation for our provisions,
baggage, &c.) I left on the 5th of Septem-
ber, to join my advance, which had pre-
ceded me a few days to Cerralvo, a small
village 75 miles on the route, which I did
on the 9th, and after waiting there a few
days for some of the corps to get up, I
moved on and reached here on the 19th, with
6,250 men—2,700 regulars; the balance
volunteers. For what took place after-
wards, I must refer you to my several re-
ports—particularly to my detailed one of
9th ult. I do not believe the authorities at
Washington are at all satisfied with my
conduct in regard to the terms of the capitu-
lation entered into with the Mexican
commander, which you no doubt have
seen, as they have been made public through
the official organ, and copied into various
other newspapers. I have this moment
received an answer (to my despatch an-
nouncing the surrender of Monterey, and
the circumstances attending the same) from
the Secretary of War, stating that "it was
regretted by the President that it was not
deemed advisable to insist on the terms I
had proposed in my first communication to
the Mexican commander in regard to
"giving up the city," adding that "the cir-
cumstances which dictated, do not justify
the change." Although the terms of
capitulation may be considered too liberal
on our part by the President and his ad-
visers, as well as by many others at a dis-
tance, particularly by those who do not
understand the position which we occu-
pied, (otherwise they might come to a dif-
ferent conclusion in regard to the matter,)
yet, on due reflection, I see nothing to in-
duce me to regret the course I pursued.

The proposition on the part of General
Anquidia—which had much to do in deter-
mining my course in the matter—was based
on the ground that our government had
proposed to him to settle the existing diffi-
culties by negotiation, (which I knew was
the case, without knowing the result,)
which was then under consideration by the
proper authorities, and which he (General
Anquidia) had no doubt would result fa-
vorably, as the whole of his people were
in favor of peace. If so, I considered the
further effusion of blood not only unneces-
sary, but improper. Their force was also
considerably larger than ours; and from
the size and position of the place, we could
not completely invest it; so that the great-
er portion of their troops—if not the whole
—had they been disposed to do so, could
any night have abandoned the city, at once
entered the mountain passes, and effected
their retreat, do what we could! Had we
been put to the alternative of taking the
place by storm (which there is no doubt
we should have succeeded in doing,) we
should, in all probability, have lost fifty or
one hundred men in killed, besides the
wounded, which I wished to avoid, as there
appeared to be a prospect of peace, even if
at a distant one. I also wished to avoid
the destruction of women and children,
which must have been very great, had the
storming process been resorted to. Besi-
des, they had a very large and strong for-
tification a short distance from the city,
which, if carried with the bayonet, must
have been taken at a great sacrifice of life;
and, with our limited train of heavy or bat-
tery artillery, it would have taken twenty
or twenty-five days to take it by regular
approaches.

That they should have surrendered a
place nearly as strong as Quebec, well for-
tified under the direction of skillful engi-
neers—their works garnished with forty-
two pieces of artillery, abundantly supplied
with ammunition, garrisoned by 7,000 regu-
lars and 2,000 irregular troops, in addi-
tion to some thousand citizens capable of,
and (no doubt actually,) bearing arms, and
aiding in its defence—to an opposing force
of half their number scantily supplied
with provisions, and with a light train of
artillery—is among the unaccountable oc-
currences of the times.

I am decidedly opposed to carrying the
war beyond Saltillo in this direction, which
place has been entirely abandoned by the
Mexican forces, all of whom have been
concentrated at San Luis Potosi; and I
shall lose no time in taking possession of
the former, as soon as the cessation of hos-
tilities referred to expires—which I have
notified the Mexican authorities will be
the case on the 13th instant, by direction
of the President of the United States.

From Saltillo to San Luis Potosi, the
next place of importance on the road to the
city of Mexico, is three hundred miles—
one hundred and forty badly watered,
where no supplies of any kind could be
procured for men or horses. I have in-
formed the War Department that 20,000
efficient men would be necessary to ensure
success if we move on that place—a city
containing a population of 60,000, where
the enemy could bring together and sus-
tain, besides the citizens, an army of 50,
000, a force which, I apprehend, will
hardly be collected by us with the train
necessary to feed it, as well as to transport
various other supplies, particularly ordn-
ance and munitions of war.

In regard to the armistice, which would
have expired, by limitation, in a few days,
we lost nothing by it, as we could not move
even now, had the enemy continued to oc-
cupy Saltillo; for, strange to say, the first
wagon which reached me since the declara-
tion of war, was on the 3d inst. the same
day on which I received from Washington
an acknowledgment of my despatch, an-
nouncing the taking of Monterey; and
then I received only 135, so that I have
been, since May last, completely crippled
and am still so, for want of transpor-
tation. After raking and scraping the coun-
try for miles around Camargo, collecting
every pack-mule and other means of trans-
portation, I could bring here only 80,000
rations, (fifteen days' supply,) with a mod-
erate supply of ordnance, ammunition, &c.
to do which, all the corps had to leave be-
hind a portion of their camp equipage nec-
essary for their comfort—and in some in-
stances among the volunteers, their person-
al baggage. I moved in such a way, and
with such limited means, that had I not
succeeded, I should have no doubt been se-
verely reprimanded, if nothing worse. I
did so to sustain the administration.

Of the regiments of mounted men from
Tennessee and Kentucky, who left their re-
spective States to join me, in June, the lat-
ter has just reach Camargo; the former
had not got to Matamoros at the latest
dates from there. Admitting that they
will be as long in returning as in getting
here (to say nothing of the time necessary
to recruit their horses,) and were to be dis-
charged in time to reach their homes, they
could serve in Mexico but a very short
time. The foregoing remarks are not
made with a view of finding fault with any
one, but to point out the difficulties with
which I have to contend.

Monterey, the capital of New Leon, is
situated on the San Juan river, where it
comes out of the mountains—the city
[which contains a population of about
twelve thousand] being in part surrounded
by them—at the head of a large and beau-
tiful valley. The houses are of stone, in
the Moorish style, with flat roofs, which,
with their strongly enclosed yards and gar-
dens in high stone walls, all looped for
musketry, make them a fortress within
itself. It is the most important place in

If we are (in the language of Mr. Polk
and Gen. Scott) under the necessity of
"conquering a peace," and that by taking
the capital of the country, we must go to
Vera Cruz, take that place, and then march
to the city of Mexico. To do so in any
other direction, I consider out of the ques-
tion. But, admitting that we conquer a
peace by doing so—say, at the end of the
next twelve months—will the amount of
the blood and treasure, which must be ex-
pended in doing so, be compensated by the
same, I think not—especially if the coun-
try we subdue is to be given up; and I
imagine there are but few individuals in
our country who think of annexing Mexi-
co to the U. States. I do not intend to
carry on my operations (as previously sta-
ted) deeming it next to impracticable
to do so. It then becomes a ques-
tion as to what is best to be done. It
seems to me, the most judicious course to
be pursued on our part, would be, to take
possession, at once, of the line we would
accept by negotiation, extending from the
Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific, and occupy
the same, or keep what we have possession
of; and that with Tampico, (which I hope
to take in the course of the next month, or
as soon as I can get the means of
transportation,) will give us all on this side
of the Sierra Madre, and, as soon as I oc-
cupy Saltillo, will include six or seven
states or provinces, thus holding Tampico,
Victoria, Monterey, Saltillo, Monclova,
Chihuahua, (which I presume Gen. Wool
has possession of by this time,) Santa Fe
and the Californias,—and say to Mexico,
"Drive us from the country!"—throwing
on her the responsibility and expense of
carrying on an offensive war,—at the same
time closely blockading all her ports both
on the Pacific and the Gulf. A course of
this kind, if persevered in for a short time,
would soon bring her to her proper senses,
and compel her to sue for peace,—provid-
ed there is a government in the country
sufficiently stable for us to treat with,
which I fear, will hardly be the case for
many years to come. Without large re-
inforcements of volunteers from the United
States—say, ten or fifteen thousand,
(those previously sent out having already
been greatly reduced by sickness and other
casualties,) I do not believe it would be
adviseable to march beyond Saltillo, which
is more than 200 miles beyond our depots
on the Rio Grande,—a very long line on
which to keep up supplies (over a large
route, in a country like this) for a large
force, and certain to be attended with an
expense which will be frightful to contem-
plate, when closely looked into.

From Saltillo to San Luis Potosi, the
next place of importance on the road to the
city of Mexico, is three hundred miles—
one hundred and forty badly watered,
where no supplies of any kind could be
procured for men or horses. I have in-
formed the War Department that 20,000
efficient men would be necessary to ensure
success if we move on that place—a city
containing a population of 60,000, where
the enemy could bring together and sus-
tain, besides the citizens, an army of 50,
000, a force which, I apprehend, will
hardly be collected by us with the train
necessary to feed it, as well as to transport
various other supplies, particularly ordn-
ance and munitions of war.

In regard to the armistice, which would
have expired, by limitation, in a few days,
we lost nothing by it, as we could not move
even now, had the enemy continued to oc-
cupy Saltillo; for, strange to say, the first
wagon which reached me since the declara-
tion of war, was on the 3d inst. the same
day on which I received from Washington
an acknowledgment of my despatch, an-
nouncing the taking of Monterey; and
then I received only 135, so that I have
been, since May last, completely crippled
and am still so, for want of transpor-
tation. After raking and scraping the coun-
try for miles around Camargo, collecting
every pack-mule and other means of trans-
portation, I could bring here only 80,000
rations, (fifteen days' supply,) with a mod-
erate supply of ordnance, ammunition, &c.
to do which, all the corps had to leave be-
hind a portion of their camp equipage nec-
essary for their comfort—and in some in-
stances among the volunteers, their person-
al baggage. I moved in such a way, and
with such limited means, that had I not
succeeded, I should have no doubt been se-
verely reprimanded, if nothing worse. I
did so to sustain the administration.

Of the regiments of mounted men from
Tennessee and Kentucky, who left their re-
spective States to join me, in June, the lat-
ter has just reach Camargo; the former
had not got to Matamoros at the latest
dates from there. Admitting that they
will be as long in returning as in getting
here (to say nothing of the time necessary
to recruit their horses,) and were to be dis-
charged in time to reach their homes, they
could serve in Mexico but a very short
time. The foregoing remarks are not
made with a view of finding fault with any
one, but to point out the difficulties with
which I have to contend.

I am decidedly opposed to carrying the
war beyond Saltillo in this direction, which
place has been entirely abandoned by the
Mexican forces, all of whom have been
concentrated at San Luis Potosi; and I
shall lose no time in taking possession of
the former, as soon as the cessation of hos-
tilities referred to expires—which I have
notified the Mexican authorities will be
the case on the 13th instant, by direction
of the President of the United States.

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