

# Edgefield Advertiser.

"We will cling to the Pillars of the Temple of our Liberties, and if it must fall, we will Perish amidst the Ruins."

VOLUME XII.

EDGEFIELD, S. C. MAY 19, 1847.

NO. 17.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.  
BY WM. F. DURISOE,  
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

NEW TERMS.  
Two DOLLARS and FIFTY CENTS, per annum, if paid in advance—\$3 if not paid within six months from the date of subscription, and \$4 if not paid before the expiration of the year. All subscriptions will be continued, unless otherwise ordered before the expiration of the year; but no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Publisher.

Any person procuring five responsible Subscribers, shall receive the paper for one year, gratis.  
ADVERTISEMENTS conspicuously inserted at 75 cents per square, (12 lines, or less,) for the first insertion, and 37 1/2 for each continuance. Those published monthly or quarterly, will be charged \$1 per square. Advertisements not having the number of insertions marked on them, will be continued until ordered out and charged accordingly.  
Communications, post paid, will be promptly and strictly attended to.

## IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.

From the N. O. Delta, 6th inst.  
The U. S. transport steamship New Orleans, Capt. Wright, from Vera Cruz, arrived last evening. She left on the evening of the 29th ult., and brought us our correspondence and the latest papers to the day of her sailing. We proceed to lay their interesting contents before our readers.

We would, in the meantime, state that we have conversed with an intelligent passenger, who came over on the New Orleans. He says that he understood Gen. Taylor had succeeded in communicating with Gen. Scott, and that the object of the despatch was a formation of a mutual understanding between them, with a view of joining their forces preparatory to a descent upon the city of Mexico.

Santa Anna boasts that there is still another Thermopylae on the road between Puebla and Mexico.

Scott pushes on without stop or falter; the destructive storm of Cerro Gordo delays not a day or an hour his onward march; with a boldness, an energy, and a mastery activity beyond all parallel, he has passed through the considerable town of Jalapa, traversed the dangerous and difficult road thirty miles beyond, and appears with the old vanguard army, under the gallant Worth, before the far-famed castle of Perote. This Bastille, so renowned in Mexican history as the gloomy system of oppression and unmitigated Revolutionists, of the unhappy victims of anarchy and of rabble rage, but still more familiar to the Americans as the dungeon of those brave men whose cruel wrongs gave the first impulse to the spirit whence this war was sprung—this strong prison-castle, with its battery of enormous guns and powerful defences, surrenders to our arms without a blow. If one stone still stands upon another of this gloomy monument of Mexican servility and imbecility the flag of the "stars and stripes" waves over it, and American cannon and American bayonets bristle around its now invincible walls. Not here does Scott's army rest its wearied limbs. A three days' march will precipitate our victorious columns into the warlike town of the ancient Tlascalans. Puebla—whence marched the valiant warriors with whose bodies, slain in hand to hand combat, Cortez made his famous "Bridge of Corpses"—with its 60,000 inhabitants, will yield to our little army. And then—but let us look no farther—let us await until the event will justify it, before we raise the cry of exultation, and rejoice over the last great achievement left to American valor—the capture of the city of the Montezumas!

Correspondence of the New Orleans Delta.  
LETTERS FROM CHAPPARAL.  
JALAPA, Mexico, April 21.  
Eds. Delta.—I arrived at this lovely place yesterday morning, and found that Gen. Twiggs had hoisted the American flag in the city the day before. He followed the retreating heroes of Cerro Gordo to within a few miles of Jalapa, when all traces of them, as a body, disappeared, and he encamped for the night within three miles of the town that evening, and entered and took possession of it early next morning.

Santa Anna did not pass through Jalapa, but, in company with Ampudia and Torrejon, turned off to the left at his hacienda, and halted for the night at the "nine mile pass," which was being fortified, but which, on second consideration, it was deemed prudent to evacuate. This evacuation took place yesterday morning, and in the evening Col. Hearney's dragoons took possession of the Pass—Gen. Worth following in their footsteps. A number of small arms were taken at the Pass, but they are of little or no value.

Gen. Worth, it is said, will move on to Perote, at which place many think he will have a fight, as it is reported here that additional defences are being made.

All along the road between Perote and Puebla, the Mexicans here say we will be opposed, and contrary to general belief, it is said the Commander-in-Chief will shortly move in that direction.

The list of killed and wounded, on our side, is much larger than was first reported—it is over 350.

Col. Childs is the military Governor of Jalapa.

I send you a Mexican paper. There are two days later dates here, but this contains all the important information.

CHAPPARAL.

JALAPA, April 23.

Eds. Delta.—An express has just got in from Perote. Gen. Worth reached that town yesterday, at 11 o'clock, A. M. He found it completely evacuated by the soldiers of the enemy, and Col. Vasquez left behind to surrender it with decency. An immense number of small arms, the big guns of the castle and city, and ammunition, were taken possession of. It was unfounded, the report that the guns had been spiked in the castle; they were found in excellent order.

Gen. Ampudia, with about 3,000 cavalry, in a wretched condition, was near the town when our troops entered, when he was put off.

Santa Anna had not been in Perote, since the fight at Cerro Gordo, and he is supposed to be somewhere in the mountains.

In haste,  
CHAPPARAL.

From the able and intelligent correspondent of the Vera Cruz Eagle, we copy the following:

JALAPA, April 20, 1847.

Yesterday, at noon, I left the encampment near Cerro Gordo simultaneously with the thousands of Mexican prisoners who had been released on parole, and who were wending their way to their different homes, or to some place from whence they may again be forced to take up arms against us. I believe their line, extended as it was along the road, was full five miles in length. The Guardia Nacional was the only corps that maintained any order in their march—the residue trudging along as best they could, and in most admirable disorder. We rode over the road on which they marched with much difficulty, turning our horses heads twenty different ways in the space of half an hour, to avoid riding them down. They were less sad than men under similar circumstances would generally be, and cracked many a joke at their own expense. This was in the early part of the march. But towards sunset, when they had measured 15 or 20 miles of their journey—most of them in their bare feet—they became quite silent and sad, and the effects of the fatigue of the day, combined with previous privations, told sensibly upon them. I felt much interested in the numerous camp women—the devoted women who follow them through good and evil—and I grieved me to see them, worn down with fatigue, moving at a snail's pace, their heavy burdens almost weighing them to the earth. The women of sixty or more years in her rebosa—the wife, far advanced in that state that "women wish to be who love their lords"—the youthful Senorita frisking along with her lover's sombrero on her head; even to the prattling girl who had followed padre and madre to the wars—could all be seen at one view moving along—and barring the hardships of the tramp, unconscious of the existence of misery in this world.

These women, like the Indians, are the slaves of the men—a slavery they submit to under the all powerful influence of affection. In addition to their bedding and wearing apparel, they pack upon their backs the food and the utensils to cook it in, and worn out as they are by the toils of the day, whilst their husband or lover sleeps, they prepare his repast.

When the Mexicans first surrendered, it was about their dinner hour. In one of their forts the camp kettles were taken from the fire, and the rations were being proportioned out, when the order for surrender came from the second in command—so they had to march out without their dinners. That evening, although large quantities of food had been served out to them by our commissaries, they were picking up old bones, stale pieces of bread, and every thing that could be eaten. Yesterday, on the march, they would run up to a beef, killed the day before by our advance, and cut off every piece that could be obtained, as eagerly as though they were half famished.

From the foot of Cerro Gordo to Santa Anna's hacienda, the road side was lined with dead Mexicans and horses.—At and near the rancho where General Twiggs overtook the retreating enemy, they lay thick around, and a more horrid scene it would be difficult to picture. Mexicans lay dead in every direction; some resting up against trees, others with legs and arms extended, and occasionally a lancer lying with his arm upon the charger that received his death-wound from the same volley that ended the career of his rider. Some of the prisoners passing through would halt to view the features of the deceased, and then, mending their gait, regain their place by the side of those more fortunate in the fight.

At the place above cited was to be seen all the property, other than munitions of war, taken from the enemy. In one place, arranged in good order, were all the pack saddles—then the pen containing mules—the provisions next, comprising rice, beans, bread, pepper, piloncillos, garlic, &c., piles of shoes, knapsacks, and all the paraphernalia of a Mexican camp. Capt. Robert Allen, A. Q. M., stopped for a moment, and gave orders as to the removal of these things.

The muskets taken from the enemy were broken on stones as I passed the spot where they were. They were of no earthly use to us, and hence the summary mode of destroying them.

Correspondence of the Picayune.

JALAPA, April 25th, 1847.

We have news which is thought to be reliable of Santa Anna. A report came in

this morning to the effect that he is at or near Orizaba, in command of some 5000 troops, and that he intends opening a guerilla war in person, by following in Genl. Scott's rear and attacking none save small parties. This course he should adopt, most certainly; but whether he will do it remains to be seen. The height of Santa Anna's ambition is probably to capture some detached and half unprotected train; and by magnifying some such sneaking operation into a grand and magnificent action and victory—he understands the process better than even any Mexican alive—he hopes to reinstate himself in the affection and good opinion of his people.

The Mexicans here, one and all, denounce Santa Anna for a coward, a traitor, and every thing else that is bad; and I verily believe that a majority of them would rejoice exceedingly had Gen. Scott captured him the other day and hung him upon the first limb strong enough to bear his weight. That he is playing them false you cannot beat out of their heads—that he has sold the battles of Buena Vista and Cerro Gordo for a consideration they are equally confident, and in proof, they are continually talking about the \$3,000,000. They do not understand why it was that President Polk allowed him to pass freely into Vera Cruz from Havana, unless there was bribery and corruption at the bottom—the idea that our troops are a whit better than theirs, or that they can whip them, even two to one, when posted behind batteries, has never entered their heads—and hence, as a better excuse than none, there are many of them who say that they have been sold by the 'hero of Tampico.' Again, there are doubtless many—who have lost all confidence, either in his honesty or bravery; and although they may not desire a peace with us, they are still anxious to get rid of the tyrant on any terms. Such is the state of feeling here in Jalapa.

P. S. Important! 10 o'clock, p. m.—The diligencia or stage coach is just in from the city of Mexico, from whence they had received papers up to the 23d inst. The news of the terrible defeat at Cerro Gordo had reached the capital, and while it astonished and overwhelmed all classes, the news of the papers, of the public men, and of the Congress itself, will also show that it had served to inflame the people still more against the United States. Annaya has been appointed provisional President, I believe, and has been gifted with full powers on every point except that in relation to making peace with the U. States—

ordinary session, has been appointed one a traitor who talks of peace. The editor of *El Republicano* says that we may take Puebla, that we may even capture the city of Mexico but that there must be no peace. The duty of the people is to see their cities sacked and destroyed, and themselves immolated, before they talk of peace. The guerilla system of warfare appears to be recommended on all sides as their only salvation: by this means they drove out the Spaniards, and in the same way they say they must expel the iniquitous, usurping and grasping North Americans from their sacred soil. Better all die, and be blotted from the seals of nations, than come to any terms so long as a single hostile foot is on their soil, or a hostile vessel on their coast—such is the language of the papers, of the civil bodies, and the military.

From a passenger, a Spaniard, who arrived in the diligencia, we learn that as yet they have done little or nothing towards fortifying Mexico. He also says that there is a strong party in favor of peace, although the members hardly dare avow themselves. There is no regular troops of consequence on the route, and all those who occupied at Cerro Gordo, with the exception of a portion of the cavalry, have dispersed in every direction. On the 20th April, immediately after the receipt of the news of Santa Anna's defeat, Gen. Mariano Salas called a meeting of officers to devise some measures by which to preserve the nation from utter obliteration. No one here thinks that the Mexicans can ever make another stand and give another battle, but the impression is prevalent that small parties will be organized to annoy the roads, cut off supplies, and kill all stragglers. How great, in this case, is the necessity for two or three, or even one regiment of Texans.

The papers, so far as I am able to learn, say nothing of the movements of General Taylor.

G. W. K.

JALAPA, April 25, 1847—Afternoon.

I have borrowed the copies of *El Republicano* for an hour. They are dated at the city of Mexico, April 21 and 22, and the latter gives a full account of the battle of Cerro Gordo.

The Mexican particulars of the combat, as usual, are particularly rich. They say that Santa Anna sustained the combat with 6000 men against 14,000, and fought valiantly to the very last. When, finally, he found himself entirely surrounded by enemies, he forced a passage through 'los Yankoes' with a column of the 4th Regiment of the line! The fact, as every one knows, is that Santa Anna left early—all the cutting he did was to cut the saddle mule from his coach, and then cut and run.

The Mexicans admit that they had two generals killed, but give no name save that of Vasquez. Coslo and Calatayud are also named as among the killed. Gen. Scott's loss, on the 17th and 18th, is put down at 400, while the loss of the Mexicans is admitted to be 2,000 men in killed and wounded. They say that the Americans fought like hordes of savages,

kill all that presented themselves, whether wagoners, old men, or women.

Gen. Canizales is openly accused of bad conduct at Cerro Gordo. They say that when he should have made a charge which would have been decisive, he withdrew with his cavalry—in plain terms that he ran.

Yours, &c. G. W. K.

JALAPA, April 26.

We have intelligence, this morning to the effect that Gen. Worth has advanced one of his brigades, with a battery and a troop of dragoons, to a place called Tepe Augualaca, twelve leagues beyond Perote, to enlarge the circuit of supplies. You may hear that a party of dragoons has been cut off by the enemy at the other side of Perote, but there is no truth in the rumor.

We already hear of depredations committed by the Mexicans on the roads. Even Santa Anna's son-in-law, who has the appearance of an American, was set upon, robbed, and maltreated most shamefully by his own countrymen the other night. The stage driver, who brings this news, says that all the young man's protestations that he was true Mexican were of no effect—he had light hair, blue eyes, and must needs be a Yankee. We also have a report that a number of recruits for the army, coming up under charge of Capt. Winder, have been killed by the rancho or guerillas between this place and Cerro Gordo. If the alcalde and principal men were held fully accountable and responsible for the acts of the people in the vicinity of the roads, we should soon hear an end of those outrages.

Yours, &c. G. W. K.

JALAPA, April 23.

The diligencia came in this morning from Perote, but from no point on other side, as the Governor of Puebla has ordered it to cease running this way. Passengers came through, however, bringing papers and verbal news, and in as concise a form as possible I will give you the amount of the intelligence.

Among other rumors brought by passengers, is one to the effect that Mr. Bankhead, the British Minister, has renewed his offers of mediation between Mexico and the United States, and that when the last diligencia left the city of Mexico the Congress was acting upon his propositions whatever they may have been. Notwithstanding the fixed and denunciatory tones of the public mind, there is certainly

an English report of English intervention in the distracted affairs of Mexico. Col. Garland's brigade left the Castle of Perote yesterday morning at daylight for Tepe Augualaca, and will reach that place to night. Major Smith's light battalion, a troop of dragoons, and Col. Duncan's battery accompany Col. G. We learn here that Gen. Worth has been very successful in collecting supplies.

An intelligent man with whom I have conversed, says that the Mexicans neither will nor can make any opposition at Puebla. The population is one of the worst in Mexico, and the most inimical to strangers; yet the dreadful defeat at Cerro Gordo has completely paralyzed them. At the city of Mexico, a few light breast-works have been thrown up, not only as you enter the place by the Vera Cruz road, but on the road leading to the Convent of our Lady of Guadalupe; but nothing like a regular system of defence has been as yet undertaken. Not only the Government but the citizens appear with all their vauntings, to have become stupefied at the succession of defeats which have befallen their country, and know not which way to turn or what to do. Santa Anna has written to the Government from Orizaba, stating that he has 1,500 men, and wants reinforcements and money; but his demands have been unheeded. At the city of Mexico, as well as in other places, the people appear to have lost much of their confidence in the 'Hero of Tampico,' and many have openly accused him of cowardice at Cerro Gordo, as well as of having sold the battle to the Americans. I am living at *Casa de Diligencias*, or General Stage House, and at breakfast this morning some of the foreigners were speaking of a body of men, under Gen. Leon, who were on the march from Orizaba to join Santa Anna, and they also said that Leon had shot two muleteers on the plea that they had aided the Americans.

Majors Borland and Gaines, Capt. Clay with the other prisoners taken at Incarnacion some months since, are said to be at liberty in the city of Mexico. No less than six of the party, as it is reported, have already been assassinated by the Mexicans.

Yours, &c. G. W. K.

Special Correspondence of the Picayune.

VERA CRUZ, April 25.

Gentlemen.—An express arrived last evening from Lieut. Dixon, in command of 120 convalescent soldiers from the hospitals in this city on their road to join their respective regiments at and near Jalapa, stating that the party had been attacked by about 300 Mexicans. The express rider met, two miles this side of where he left Lieut. D., a train of about forty wagoners in charge of Capt. Croghan Ker. Some fears are entertained for a train that was some five or six hours ahead of them. In fact, the Mexicans had a great rejoicing amongst themselves last evening in consequence of the capture of one of our wagon trains by the enemy. Their accounts have it, that our men (the guard) had been literally cut to pieces; but we have little

faith in any thing that comes from such sources.

The Mexicans have a fine chance now to work upon our trains if they could only raise courage enough to do it. Col. Wilson's force at this place is too weak to spare many from it, and if the enemy should go to work with determination they might reap a handsome reward almost without opposition. The scarcity of cavalry is severely felt. The New Orleans on her last trip from Tampico found it necessary to throw overboard about thirty of the best horses belonging to the Tennessee cavalry during a severe norther. A few cases of *wonito* are said to have occurred, but in a very mild form.

In haste, yours, very respectfully.

Action of the Mexican Congress.—Immediately on the receipt of the news of Santa Anna's defeat at Cerro Gordo, the Mexican Congress held an extraordinary session. The following account of its proceedings is translated from *El Republicano* of the 21st April. It comes in the shape of a preamble and eight articles, and we give it entire.

The sovereign constituent Mexican Congress, in use of the full powers with which the inhabitants of the Republic have invested it for the sacred object of saving its nationality; and as a faithful interpreter of the firm determination with which its constituents are decided to carry on the war which the United States are now making on the nation, without desisting on account of any kind of reverses; and considering that under these circumstances the first public necessity is that of preserving a centre of union to direct the national defence with all the energy that circumstances demand, and to avoid even the danger of a revolutionary power arising which might dissolve the National Union, destroy its institutions, or consent to the dismemberment of its territory, has determined to decree as follows:

Art. 1.—The Supreme Government of the Union is authorized to dictate all necessary measures for the purpose of carrying on the war, defending the nationality of the Republic, and saving the federal republican form of government under which the nation is constituted.

Art. 2.—The preceding article does not authorize the Executive to make a peace with the United States, conclude a negotiation with foreign powers, nor dispose, in whole or in part, of the territory of the Republic.

Art. 3.—The Executive is prohibited from imposing any civil or military employment other than those whose appointments are expressly entrusted to him by the constitution.

Art. 4.—Every agreement or treaty shall be null and void which may be made between the Government of the United States and any authority whatever, which, subverting the actual order of affairs, should set aside or take the place of the legally established supreme powers of the Union.

Art. 5.—Every individual is declared a traitor, let him be a private person or public functionary, who, either in his private capacity or invested with any authority, incompetent or of revolutionary origin, may enter into treaties with the United States of America.

Art. 6.—In the event that the actual Congress finds it impossible to continue its sessions, a permanent committee shall be immediately installed, to be composed of the oldest individuals then found present of each department.

Art. 7.—This committee, in the absence of Congress, shall perform the duties of a Government Council; shall appoint, in case of a vacancy, the person who is to take charge temporarily of the Executive powers of the Republic; shall regulate the election of a new President; shall give possession to the elected person, and shall call together the national representation.

Art. 8.—The powers which the present decree confer on the Government shall cease as soon as the war is concluded.

Such is about the amount of the proceedings of the meeting of the Mexican Congress, held immediately after the news had reached the capital of the disastrous defeat of Cerro Gordo. The editor of *El Republicano*, in speaking of this extraordinary session, in his paper of the 21st April, says that "to the honor of the legislative body it ought to be observed, that yesterday more than eighty members assembled, and that no other than sentiments of patriotism were heard expressed. May the common danger thus unite all the Mexicans, and cause to disappear even the names of our sad dissensions."

From the Southern Journal.

Mr. Ritchie assails Mr. Calhoun for not, as he asserts, aiding the administration in the measures necessary for the prosecution of the war. He says however, very little regard for truth, when he charges that if Mr. Polk's requisition for troops had been responded to at the early part of the session the war would have been closed, and peace secured. Now the records of Congress show that the President did not ask for the eleven new regiments before the 15th of January, and then attached to the bill for the appointment of a Lieutenant General, to supersede the gallant Generals who had so long and under such trials, maintained the honor of the American arms. The heroes of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, and Monterey were all to be laid aside to gratify the vanity of a bag of wind; and it requires on prophesy to say, that had that bill passed, it would have brought odium on the administration. Mr. Calhoun proved himself the best friend of

Mr. Polk in saving him from the odium of such a measure—for no man, no President, not even Jackson himself, could sully the fair fame of Rough and Ready with impunity. Mr. Calhoun stripped the bill (and for which Mr. Polk should feel grateful) of its incumbrance, and refusing to supersede General Taylor he cheerfully granted the regiments of men which Taylor knew so well how to lead to victory. Mr. Calhoun has never withheld his assent to any act and means for the vigorous prosecution of the war; he was more than satisfied, as are the American People, with Rough and Ready, who having commenced the war in a blaze of triumph, he was sure he could and would close it in a halo of glory.

The next is the Three Million bill to enable Mr. Polk to purchase peace. Mr. Calhoun would have voted (as he did) for it without debate—but Mr. Wilmot, one of Ritchie's par noble democrats, thought proper to put on it a rider reproving slavery and denying to the Slave States a fair participation in the victories even. Who married Mr. Polk's bill—Mr. Wilmot. Why was he not reproved for easting a fire brand in the democratic ranks? The question is easily answered, Mr. Ritchie's malignant hostility towards Mr. Calhoun preferred the assault on the latter. Mr. Calhoun stripped the bill of the infamous Proviso, and returned it, as presented by Mr. Polk, for his signature. Was he right?—in reproving Mr. Wilmot for his hostility to a measure, which he knew his Proviso would defeat, did not Mr. Calhoun show himself the sincere and true friend of Mr. Polk in granting him all that he asked, and rescuing Mr. Polk from the responsibility of the veto, which Mr. Ritchie asserts Polk would have exercised.

If dispatch was essential to the passage of the bill, was it not better to remove from it in the Senate the obnoxious Proviso, and not throw upon Mr. Polk the responsibility of exercising the veto. But could Mr. Calhoun have voted for the Three Million Bill with Wilmot's Proviso. Is there a Southern man who would not have reviled him for not having been as true, as he always has been to our rights.

From the Nashville Union.

"CORN WITHOUT THE KIMIKAL."

It is related that soon after the settlement of a flourishing city in the Southwest, an agricultural society was started by three amateur farmers, who, although they were gifted with an abundance of the theory of agriculture, and the raising of a cabbage knew on more than a dandy."

The secretary's ideas ran on fat pork, and he hoped to raise a specimen which would make his whole neighborhood, if not the whole west, envious of his reputation as a stock raiser. He was a chemist, and indulged in splendid visions of the power of the science, when applied to agricultural pursuits. He thought, too, that it would fatten pork; but all his experiments failed to improve his pigs; they were thin when he commenced, and they daily grew thinner. In passing, one day, by a Kentucky neighbor whose stock looked in fine condition, he ventured to remark to him that it was curious all the "pig tails" in the neighborhood, except his own collection, in a fat and saucy kind of kink.

"It's all in the feet," said his neighbor.

"How can this be?" inquired the Secretary.

"I give them my chemical fattening mixture, and good corn!"

"That ain't my way," replied the farmer.

"Well, what is your way?" eagerly inquired the Secretary.

"Oh," says that Kentuckian, "I give 'em the corn without the kimikal!"

The treasurer also had a great faith in the secretary's chemical mixture. He thought, if administered in large doses, the effect would be more rapid, and to fully test its power, he tried it upon a pair of fine oxen. Taking his favorite negro to the barn with him one evening, he mixed the agricultural dose, and remarked to Sam, whose eyes were widening as he looked upon the experimental food.

"Sam, this will make the fat jump upon the stock; you can almost see them improve under its influence."

"Ah, ah, de lor, massa," responds Sam, "dat is high."

The dose was administered, mixed with bran, and in the morning the treasurer waited patiently for Sam's report. Presently he presented himself his eyes shining like full moons.

"How do they look, Sam?" inquired the treasurer—"eh?"

"Bress God, massa, dat stuff you gib de animals last night make um berry fat but it kill 'em berry dead too!"

This protection that the whigs of our vicinity, with the Nashville Banner at their head, are preaching up, is a good deal of science to invent it, and very plausible theories are adduced to show why it ought to work well. But experience has shown that free trade is, like "corn without the kimikal," much the best of farmers; and that protection although it may make the manufacturers very fat, will kill the farmers very dead.

A young French gentleman who occupied a high rank in the French army, enlisted at New York on Thursday last— he had resigned his commission in the army of France, and left his friends and his native country, to join our gallant army in Mexico. He brought letters of recommendation from distinguished gentlemen both of this country and of France.