

## NUMBER 32

**THIS** establishment is now open for the accommodation of travellers and boarders. Every thing is being fitted up anew, and will soon be in a condition to give entire satisfaction to all who may favor the proprietor with a call.

Clean dry stables and good lots of hay, water for stock. Provender and grain of all descriptions in abundance. Grain for Drivers at market prices.— Every attention that can reasonably be expected, will at all times be given.

ALLEN DENNY,  
Canton, 25, Front.

32 ft



## LETTERS FROM THE ARMY.

The last arrival from the Rio Grande supplies a deficiency in the previous accounts of the battle of Monterey, by furnishing a number of letters describing the operations of that division of the army, which was engaged on the east side of the city, under the more immediate command of Gen. Taylor. In the absence of the official despatches we copy below a portion of these letters, prefacing them with a more brief and general statement which was furnished the New Orleans Tropic by two of the officers who took part in the action.

From the New Orleans Tropic of October 21.

We are greatly indebted to Lieut. Sacket, of the dragoons, and Lieut. Curd, of the artillery, for the following facts. They left Monterey on the 14th, and reached Matamoros on the 21st. Lieut. Curd is a bearer of despatches from the army to Washington.

On the morning of the 14th Gen. Taylor, with McCullough's company of the Texas Rangers, had advanced very near the town, when several twelve pounders were opened upon them from the Mexican citadel, which caused General Taylor to return as far as the Walnut Springs, the American camp, about two and a half miles from the city. The rest of the day and the next were occupied with reconnoitering by the engineers, in ascertaining the nature of the fortifications of the city preparatory to the siege. About noon on the 20th, Gen. Worth was ordered with his division of about two thousand men to take the city in the rear, and to storm the heights commanding it, the particulars of which have been published.

On the morning of the 21st, about the time Gen. Worth was gallantly carrying all before him on the other side of the town, Gen. Taylor advanced with his forces on the opposite side, to divert the attention of the enemy from Worth's operations in the rear. His engineers were all actively employed in making the reconnaissance, with orders, if an opening offered, to call for troops to make the entrance. He called upon the brigade commanded by Colonel Garland, composed of the third and fourth regiments United States infantry, to lead the attack. Attached to the fourth regiment was the company of volunteers commanded by Captain Cheevers, who behaved bravely. They passed through a cross fire of two forts, and encountered in the streets of Monterey a destructive and galling fire from batteries in front. Immediately the first infantry and the Baltimore battalion were ordered into the city to support the third and fourth regiments, when the whole of the command were ordered to move to the left to avoid the fire of the enemy.

They found themselves exposed to a fire equally severe from another barricade. At the same time the Mexicans were firing from every house-top, pouring down upon the assailants a most destructive fire of musketry and artillery. And this is the point where so many of the American officers were killed. From this point the command moved to where they could fire into the gorge of one of the forts they had passed. At that moment the fort was attacked in front by the Mississippi and Tennessee volunteers. And here it may be mentioned that a company of regulars scaled the walls of a house near the gorge of the fort, and poured a galling fire of musketry upon the Mexicans within, causing them to evacuate the place speedily. This attack of the volunteers and the fire of the regulars caused the evacuation alluded to. While on the approach to the attack of the fort the Tennessee regiment were taken in flank by a shot, by which many of them were killed and wounded. The Ohio regiment also took an active part in the operations of the day. Too much praise cannot be awarded, both to volunteers and regulars, for their gallantry on this day. The batteries of Captains Dragg and Ridgely were incessantly engaged at this point, as the terrible destruction of horses amply testify, and General Taylor was in the thickest of the fire during the whole time. Where the "shots fell fastest and thickest" there was the undisturbed fort of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. So much for the first day, during which time and the preceding night the fort taken possession of was successfully maintained by Colonel Garland's command and Captain Ridgely's battery.

On the 22d there was little fighting on the east side of the town, that being confined to General Worth's movements on the west, but during the day Colonel Garland's command was relieved by Gen. Quitman's brigade, consisting of the Mississippi and Tennessee volunteers.

On the morning of the 23d, Gen. Quitman, seeing that the Mexicans had evacuated a second fort in his rear, promptly took possession of it, when the enemy opened their fire upon him. He immediately repelled the assault, and renewed the attack upon the city. Gen. Taylor at once reinforced General Quitman with his whole command, the foremost of which was the eastern regiment of mounted Texans, under the command of the untiring Col. Wood, who, from a Mexican house-top, in the midst of a terrible fire from the enemy, addressed his undaunted troops, calling on them to remember Mir, Goliath, and the murder of Fannin and other patriotic Texans. The Texans then sent up their war cry and rushed to the onslaught, fighting from house to house with the rifles they had used against the same enemy in the battles of their country, doing fearful and bloody execution throughout the day. And we may here remark that all the troops under General Taylor worked with the energies and fierceness of men determined to conquer or die, and that the result was bloody in the extreme, so far as the Mexicans were concerned. The reader may appreciate the terrible fierceness of the battle when he is informed that from eleven o'clock in the morning until dark, the music of the battle field was nothing but a continued roaring of artillery, escopettes, musketry, and the unceasing shoutings of the assailants, with the howling and banging of the cannon, and the terrible din of the day.

On the same night, (that of the 23d,) at 7 o'clock, Gen. Worth, from his position, commenced throwing shells into that portion of the town occupied by the enemy. The second shell fell within twenty feet of the Cathedral, which contained an immense quantity of ammunition, killing a great many of the Mexican cavalry, and which, if it had fallen into the Cathedral, would have destroyed all that portion of the city. At 9 o'clock, probably in consequence of the shells falling all around his residence, which was in that quarter of the town, Gen. Ampudia sent in his letter for a capitulation by Col. Moren, who, from being lost, did not deliver the same until morning. The result was that Ampudia must have passed a very uncomfortable night, as the shower of shells continued until morning.

The number of Americans killed and wounded in the siege of Monterey was 560, about 200 of them killed. The Mexicans are known to have lost certainly 800, and probably 1200 in killed and wounded.

Correspondence of the Baltimore Sun.

CAMP NEAR MONTEREY, OCTOBER 16, 1846.

I pressed to give you such few items of news as I could furnish after hunting for a day or two since

the battle. Before I begin, however, I wish to ask you one or two questions; and first: Is our Government asleep, or have they determined to let old Rough and Ready alone to fight on his own hook? It really does seem to me that there is great fault somewhere. When we have sugar, we have no coffee; when we have bread, we have no meat; when we have meat, we have no beans; and a more completely furnished and armed set of men you never saw. The transportation for this army is miserably deficient, and had the Government evinced half the desire to sustain this army as this army has shown itself anxious to win laurels, there would not have been one half the number of discharges and deaths there have been. Will you, therefore, be good enough to give the "powers that be" a gentle hit on this score?

Secondly: A copy of the New Orleans Tropic found its way to the encampment yesterday, and it created an excitement I shall only partially attempt to describe. It stated, in so many words, that Gen. Taylor—mind, you, the hero of the 23d and 24th of May—was to be superseded, and Maj. Gen. Butler was to receive the appointment to the chief command of this army. I never saw so much excitement in my life.

Our company (Capt. Stewart's) met in public meeting, and called on our officers to know if it was true, and every man of us threatened to leave the army instant if Old Rough was superseded. They seemed as angry as the men, and, after pledging themselves to us to throw up their commissions if the statement proved true, the whole battalion met in public assembly and unanimously adopted a resolution that they would form a guard of honor to escort the Old Hero to the Rio Grande in the event of his being superseded.

The gallant Tennesseans (the heroes of Monterey) now caught the excitement, then the Mississippians, and I firmly believe that the moment the Government attempts this proceeding the army of occupation will be broken up.

This army has no confidence whatever in Gen. Butler. His charge (the second one) was ill timed, injudicious, and ineffectual; and it was during this charge that the immense slaughter of our force, especially on the part of the Tennesseans, took place. It was made by the orders of Gen. Butler without orders from Gen. Taylor; and I firmly believe that we all would have shared the fate of our lamented Colonel (Watson), and been cut to pieces, had not Gen. Taylor rode up under a most tremendous fire and ordered us to retire. It was here that our beloved General had his horse shot. However, he escaped, and his escape was and is yet a miracle, for I think I may safely say that I saw the dust of fifty bullets fly round the hoofs of his horse. Gen. Butler had been wounded, and a soldier was tying a handkerchief round his leg when Gen. Taylor rode up. They had hard and hard words, when Gen. Taylor exclaimed, "Sir, I order you to retire." Gen. T. now turned full towards us, and in a firm clear voice, which was heard by every man, ordered us to retreat to a corn-field near by. In one word, Butler has the unanimous consent of the volunteers to return to private life; and, for me, I solemnly declare that, although I came here to serve during the war, I will apply for my discharge before I will ever consent to accompany a charge of bayonets which shall be made under the orders of Major Gen. Butler. I admit him to be a brave man; he led the division in person, and was wounded while at its head; but he lacks prudence, foresight, and other qualities necessary in a commander-in-chief. I again repeat that if our Government should attempt to supersede Gen. Taylor, and to appoint Gen. Butler in his stead, the army of occupation, at least the volunteer portion of it, will be broken up. They (the volunteers) will never consent to serve under any General. No, not even under Twigg or Worth, both of whom have at Monterey gained immortal honors. Taylor, or, as we familiarly call him, "Old Zack," is the boy for us. I ask you to be good enough, gentlemen, to let the Government know the real sentiments of the volunteers on this matter.

You may, probably, wish to know how a young soldier feels when he smells powder for the first time—I will tell you. At first I felt as though I should like to have been out of the party, and looked from one end of the battalion to the other to see if I could see any one run. Yes, I felt like running, I must acknowledge, but they all stood like men, and I could not bear the idea to be the first to run, and therefore kept on with the rest. The Tennesseans were about ten yards in our advance, the Mississippians about the same distance in our rear. You will therefore see that I had to "stand up to the rack, flogger or no flogger."

At this moment an awful fire was opened on the Tennesseans. They fell by scores, but the balance stood like veterans. We were fired upon by a cross fire from nine and twelve pounders, and a murderous discharge of small arms from corners of streets, doors, windows, and tops of houses.

By this time Col. Watson was trying to get us ahead of the Tennesseans, (having applied for the advance and received from Gen. Taylor the promise of it,) and, while in the act of giving three cheers, was shot down. He was on our right, some twenty paces ahead of us. I saw him fall, and all apprehension now left me. I made an involuntary effort to get to him to afford him help, but was borne on by the pressure of the mass behind, and willingly yielded to it, impelled by a thirst for revenge that would have carried me through a storm of bullets, or laid me out in Monterey. We were now within fifty yards of the wall, behind which the enemy were now lying in perfect security, and at this moment General Taylor rode up in gallant style, accompanied by a young officer. Now came the thrilling scene of all. A huge Tennessean sung out, "Silence, men—here comes Old Zack—three cheers for Old Zack!" Three tremendous cheers were now given, until

"Heaven's broad arch rang back the sound."

I trembled for his safety, for I expected to see him fall every moment. Great God! I never can forget that sight. The gallant old soldier turned to the young officer who accompanied him, and received from him a spy-glass, which he applied to his eye, as if to survey the scene around him. There laid at least four hundred men shot down; the General calmly shut up the glass, and returned it to the officer, and then riding still nearer the foe, until he was up even with the Tennesseans, gave the order to "retire." I followed him with my eyes till I saw him beyond the danger of the small arms, and then almost involuntarily uttered an ejaculation of thanksgiving to the Almighty that his invaluable life was still preserved to his country.

Oh! gentlemen, the sight was fearful. The word may be *unsullied*—I cannot help it, it was horribly fearful. The man who can contemplate such a scene as four hundred men dead and dying, and not feel deeply, keenly feel, he is made of sterner stuff than the materials of which I am composed.

MONTEREY, (Mexico), Oct. 7, 1846.

For four or five days past, as I have already informed you, we have been on short allowance for food, and have therefore had to resort to *sungging*; in other words, some few Mexican steers have been slaughtered to appease the hungry of our men. In one case it was detected, and the poor culprit is now in the "guard house;" but hunger honors no law, and scores have fallen since. Just be good enough to give the Secretary of War a jolt under the fifth rib, and ask him if he wants to kill us all off, for I pledge you my word hunger is producing disease, and that is making more victims than the bullets of the foe.

Our countrymen at home, I am sure, have no idea of our sufferings. I am equally certain that they might have been prevented if proper means were employed by those whose business it is to see to our wants. It takes a great deal to feed 6,000 men, and the truth of the whole matter may be summed up in these words: our government has not sustained Gen. Taylor as he ought to have done, nor in the way and to the amount he has long since demanded.

I gave you an idea in my last of the excitement which prevailed in camp in regard to General Butler. It received ten times force yesterday by a report that got out that Gen. Taylor was about to throw up the command. This was considered as a confirmation of the previous alarm, and during the whole day clubs of fifteen to twenty men in the different regiments of volunteers might be seen cursing, damning, roaring, and pitching. It was finally quieted at night by an officer assuring them that "Old Zack never would give up the command while he could draw his sword, or until he was ordered to do so by the Government." As I feel pretty confident that the Government dare not recall him, and as I know that the volunteers will never let him escape himself against the enemy's fire, my mind is easy about the matter; but I must confess I was "pretty considerably" alarmed and excited.

There is also a report here that General Butler is to be sent to take Gen. Patterson's place in command of the Rio Grande posts; and that Gen. P. is to be ordered to some active command. But *nous verrons*, as the patriots of types would say.

It was my intention in this letter to have given you a full account of the storming of this place, but Capt. Owens (who in consequence of Col. Watson's death succeeded Stewart in command of Company A) will leave here in a few days for Baltimore, and he will furnish you with items. Our loss was immense, at least 900 men killed, wounded, and missing. The Mexican loss is not much greater. It is now pretty well ascertained that Gen. Taylor was himself opposed to the armistice which he granted, and only yielded from the fact that nine out of the thirteen officers whom he consulted strenuously advised it. I believe, if "Old Rough" (God bless him!) had his own way, we could have taken the citadel in *one hour's time*, and with a small loss. There is a report here to day from Camargo that *Caudles* is playing the devil with us between here and that place. But one hears so many reports that you cannot tell which is true or false.

Correspondence of the Baltimore American.

MONTEREY, September 27, 1846.

I should like to give you a full account of the operations of our army from the time we reached this town until we were forced to capitulate, but have neither the time nor the space to devote to it. I shall therefore only speak of the part that our battalion played, including the actions, thoughts, and reflections of one of its members, your old friend and humble servant.

On Monday last, the 21st, (after having been under arms a portion of the previous night, exposed to a heavy rain, at 7 o'clock A. M. we marched from camp with four companies of the 1st infantry, and, after an hour's hard marching, we issued from a cornfield directly in front of a battery, or rather fort, of some six or seven pieces of artillery, and crowded with infantry, which opened on us the moment the head of our column made its appearance. We were within point blank range, and I, for the first time, heard the whistling of shot. Our battalion was immediately formed in line of battle under this fire, and we were ordered to charge. Forward I went, cheering and waving my sword, and the men came after me gallantly. When within a hundred yards of the trenches I looked back to see who was following, being anxious to know the men. Judge of my astonishment when I beheld the four companies of regulars marching by a flank to the right. I saw Colonel Watson shouting, but as to hearing a command, that was an impossibility, owing to the deafening roar of the cannon and musketry. I saw the head of our line changing its direction, and I knew at once that the point of attack was changed, and ran at the head of my company to intercept the head of the column. I reached just as Col. Watson was dismounting from his horse, which the next moment fell from a shot. The Colonel cried out to the men, "Shelter yourselves, men, the best way you can." At this time the battalion was scattered over a space of about an acre, and the men were lying down, the shot in most instances flying over our heads. But the guns were soon depressed, and the shot began to take effect.

I was lying close to Colonel Watson, alongside of a hedge, when he jumped up and cried out, "Now's the time, boys; follow me!" I was up and after him in a second, my men following me. We were now in a street or lane, with a few houses on either side, and within a hundred yards of three batteries which completely raked it, in addition to which two twelve-pound guns were planted in the castle on the right, and completely enfiladed the whole distance we had to make. Add to this the thousand muskets on the house-tops and in the barricades at the head of the street up which we advanced, and at every cross street, and you may form some idea of the deluge of balls poured upon us. (Bear in mind that the four companies of regulars were now with us, the one intermingled with the other. Onward we went, men and horses falling at every step. Cheers, shrieks, groans, and words of command added to the din, whilst the roar of the guns was absolutely deafening.)

We had advanced up the street under this awful and fatal fire nearly two hundred yards, when we reached a cross street, at the corner of which all who had succeeded in getting thus far alive halted, as if by mutual consent. I was shaking Col. Watson by the hand, whilst he was complimenting me, when a shower of grape, round, and canister shot came from the corner above, and five officers fell, and I do not know how many privates. Each man sought some place of apparent shelter. I sat down on the ground, with my back to the wall of a house. On my left were two men nearly torn to pieces. One of them was lying flat on his back, with his legs extending further in the street than mine. Crash came another shower of grape, which tore one of his wounded legs nearly off. He reared up and shrieked, and fell back a corpse. I never moved, for I was satisfied that one place was as safe as another. Directly opposite to me was my brevet Second Lieutenant Asquith: on the right hand corner was Lieut. Bowie, also of my company; and close to me sat Colonel Watson and Adjutant Schaffer. In a few minutes I saw our color sergeant, old Hart, come past with his right arm shattered, (it has since been amputated,) and in a few minutes there came our battalion flag, borne by one of the color guards—our glorious stars and stripes, and note this, that it was the first American flag in the city of Monterey—an honor which we know belongs to our battalion.

When I saw the flag, notwithstanding the novelty of the scene around, a thrill of pleasure shot through me, and I felt as if I could die, for I had made up my mind to die; and no man there ever thought for a moment that he would get out alive, and most of them did not. The firing still continued without the slightest intermission whilst we remained at this memorable corner, which was perhaps for fifteen minutes. When we were ordered to charge up the street, a slight hesitation was manifested by both regulars and volunteers, but the officers sprang to the front in double file, I being alongside of Col. Watson.

We advanced, I suppose, about fifty yards, when Col. Garland, of the army, ordered us to retire. We still advanced, and he again ordered us to retire, adding this time, in good order. I became separated from Col. Watson, and never saw him again. He took the left hand side of the street, and I the right hand, and when I had reached the open field where he had first ordered us to lie down, I was joined by Lieut. Asquith, who, to my inquiry, answered that he had just left the Column, and supposed that he would soon be with us. Seeing no other officer around me, I rallied the battalion (remember that the firing was just as hot and as incessant now as it had been at the first) and led them down to make another attack on the fort, having made up my mind to take it or die in the attempt.

Imagine my surprise—a most agreeable one, I confess—to find the fort in our possession, it having been captured by the Mississippi and Tennessee regiments when it turned its fire on us as we charged into the town. I have not the slightest doubt that it was the charge made by the 1st infantry and our battalion into the city which made the Mexicans retreat from the fort.

I was ordered to shelter my men from the fire, and await further orders. I took them in the ditch and clambered over the ramparts to take a look at what was going on. My appearance was greeted with a dozen or so of musket-balls, which accelerated greatly a retrograde movement, and I sat down quietly with ten feet of dirt between me and the enemy's shot. This was the first spot I had been in, in which I was out of fire for more than two hours, and I was nearly exhausted. One of my men now came up and reported to me the death of poor Col. Watson, whom he had seen fall from a musket-shot through the neck. As well as I can learn, the Colonel, in retiring from the city, inclined a good deal to the left, and became separated from the main body of the battalion; and, in company with Lieutenant Bowie, who remained with him, he met another column advancing to the attack, joined them with the few men he had with him, and fell a few moments afterwards. He met with a gallant soldier's death, his face to the foe. His loss is deplored by all who knew his generosity of heart and chivalry of character. His loss to me, individually, is great, but to the battalion it is irreparable. I know not how we will get along without him. We have much, very much to contend against, and have had ever since we left home. But of all this more anon.

We had been in the ditch for about a quarter of an hour when Capt. Ridgely's battery came up also for shelter; but his appearance was the signal for the castle to open upon us, which killed one of his horses, the very first shot, and wounded one of my men. We were now ordered to support Captain Dragg's battery, which had taken a position to cut off the Lancers who had sailed out to intercept what they thought was our retreat. We killed five or six of them, and the rest fled back to the city.

We were again ordered to the fort, to be ready for another attack on the city. Again the castle opened on us, and every shot told, and I never was so glad in my life as when I got into the old ditch. But it was a short-lived gratification, for a regiment of Mexican infantry were firing on Captain Webster's battery, and their balls raked the whole fort, ditch, and all. We were then ordered to join the Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee troops, which were forming on the plain for another attack on the city.

The attack was not made, although I was burning to have revenge, and from the time I last left the ditch until we were ordered back to the camp by General Twigg, we were constantly under fire, being in open view and fair range of the artillery in the gray castle. I was under first one General and then another until I became completely worn out, as well as my command, which had remained so faithfully with me. I returned to camp as night approached, wearied in body and mind, but thankful to God for preserving my life through the perils of the day.

Thus terminated, as far as our battalion was concerned, one of the longest and bloodiest battles ever fought on this continent; and, strange to say, our battalion only lost six killed and twenty wounded. I had about thirty-eight men of my company in the fight, and three were killed and three wounded; yet every one of those that escaped has told me he did not expect to live through the day, and most of them had their clothes struck by the balls.

I cannot realize that my loss is so small, so completely were my ranks raked by the shot. Above, below, alongside, between legs and arms, every where the balls whistled and howled. The air seemed cut to pieces by the quantity that the artillery hurled at us, and it would be childish to tell you how close they came to me, and what and how many escapes I had. Others will hereafter tell you of the first day's fight at Monterey, and I now tell you that I was in that fight and exposed to shot for nine hours.

I have thus given you a hasty and ill-digested account of my doings on the 21st. I could fill fifty pages if I were to give you a detail of the whole week's work which resulted in the capture of this important town; but I will stop short, for my back aches now from writing this on my knees. Of my own company I cannot say enough. I love them. They stuck to me through every phase of fortune, and one of them, as he was dying, told me to write to his father and tell him "he died like a true patriot."

We clip the following truthful *moreau* from an exchange paper:

There is a class in America that worship and adore riches; that will seek the attainment of their object even among the ruins of their country. If a scheme is suggested by which their interest is increased, they dash on headlong in its support, regardless of principle, insensible to the laws of the land, and reckless of the rights of the laboring community; they have no national attachments, or patriotism; their ledger is their bible, and their money their God.

## PARAGRAPHS.

DETAILING INCIDENTS IN THE MEXICAN WAR.

**The Evacuation of Monterey.**—Mr. Haile, the special correspondent of the *Picayune*, writing from Monterey, says that the Mexicans marched out of the city in three divisions, of 2,500 each, on the 26th, 27th, and 28th ult. To this number, he says may be added 2,000 horsemen, who left the city in small parties, and 5,000 citizens, all of whom took up arms, making the total force engaged in the defence of the place, about 11,500 men. The Mexicans as they defiled through the streets, made "any kind of a noise," with their horns, trumpets, kettle drums and fifes. The army was accompanied by a vast crowd of women of every shade of complexion, and every degree of beauty and ugliness. Officers' wives, with faces muffled and hats on, rode on horseback—soldiers' wives on donkeys, and the camp followers generally on foot, some of them bearing enormous burdens. He noticed one pretty little creature about nine years old, with a peevishness upon one arm, and a parrot perched upon her hand. The Mexican soldiers looked sullen, and their eyes gleamed with hatred and a desire for revenge. Ampudia had to pass through the Texas camp, and it is said that he manifested the utmost trepidation on this occasion.

**General Taylor's Orders.**—Gen. Taylor issued the following brief order after the victories at Monterey:

HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF OCCUPATION, Camp near Monterey, Sept. 27, 1846.

Orders No. 123.—The Commanding General has the satisfaction to congratulate the army under his command upon another signal triumph over the Mexican forces. Superior to us in number, strongly fortified and with an immense preponderance of artillery, they have yet been driven from point to point until forced to sue for terms of capitulation. Such terms have been granted as were considered due to the gallant defence of the town and to the liberal policy of our own Government.

The General begs to return his thanks to his commanders, and to all his officers and men, both of the regular and volunteer forces, for the skill, the courage and the perseverance with which they have overcome manifold difficulties, and finally achieved a victory shedding lustre upon the American arms.

A great result has been obtained, but not without the loss of many gallant and accomplished officers, and brave men. The army and the country will deeply sympathize with the families and friends of those who have thus sealed their devotion with their lives. By order of Major General Taylor.

(Signed) W. W. S. BLISS, Asst. Adj't. Gen. Official, Geo. A. McCall, Act'g Adj't. Gen.

**Gen. Worth's Mode of Attack.**—An officer in the army, who was present at the storming of Monterey, says:

"Gen. Worth has just completed a series of the most brilliant operations in modern warfare, and with little loss. He carried fort works, and then came into the town where every house was a fortification. He noted this: Divided his columns, moving parallel, and opening their way with pickaxes through the houses and walls. Thus when they knocked a hole in the house they of course had possession, and in this way avoided the streets and the enemy's fire from roofs of houses and barricades thrown up in every direction."

I have been reading various accounts of the dreadful mortality of our troops on the Rio Grande. It is shocking to think of. I find in the *Alabama Journal* of the 21st instant a letter from one of the volunteers of that State, dated "Camargo September 22nd," in which the writer says: "from actual calculation, more than one thousand men have died upon the banks of the Rio del Norte, to say nothing of the immense numbers that have been discharged and sent home in a lingering condition, many of whom will undoubtedly never recover. The Alabama regiment alone has lost one hundred men, which is one in ten, and all this, too, in about three weeks. I think these unfortunate men should be held in as patriotic and kind remembrance by their countrymen at home as if they had fallen in battle, which would on many accounts have been far preferable."

"Most of our regiments are cut down now from three to five hundred men, when all started with more than nine hundred." Speaking of the battle of Monterey, the writer of the letter says: "Tennessee and Mississippi are covered with wounds and covered with glory. The Tennessee regiment is literally cut up, having lost over one hundred and thirty men in the charge, and having only about three or four hundred at the commencement."

A late Mexican paper contains the following letter from Monterey, written just before that place was besieged by our army, which shows how confidently the Mexicans relied on the strength of their position:

"To-day, if the attack we every moment expect from the Yankees is realized, there is not a doubt but that the cause of the people will triumph. Our army has just received a most opportune reinforcement of five thousand men, with sixteen pieces of cannon of the very best quality, so that our whole available force is fourteen thousand seven hundred and fifty regular troops, besides the assistance we may reasonably expect from the inhabitants. Immediately on the arrival of General Ampudia the city was declared under martial law, but although we are thus deprived of perfect liberty temporarily, we are thankful that we shall soon be recompensed for the privation by a great triumph over the enemy. General Taylor is at Camargo, detained by a scanty supply of mules, but determined to march upon us with his present force of about three thousand men, thinking the city is not guarded. We shall give him a glorious reception indeed, and when the news of his foolhardiness returns to his countrymen, they will know that the glory of the Mexican flag is not to be sullied without a struggle.—Our troops are at work day and night, barricading the houses, mounting cannon, and doing every thing to render the city impregnable. A soldier was shot by order of General Ampudia, charged with treason, and a proclamation of death to any engaged in traffic with the Americans has been issued by our brave General Ampudia."

Although, by the capitulation, the Mexican army had a week in which to march out of the city, Ampudia left on the morning of the second day, with a majority of his army. Ampudia requested Gen. Worth to ride out of town with him, the general opinion being that the valiant Mexican was afraid of being intercepted and cut off by his known enemies, the Texans. General Worth and staff accordingly accompanied him a mile or so out of the town. But the close of the third day, the whole Mexican army, amounting, it is supposed, to 8000 regulars and 2000 rancheros, had completely evacuated the city, leaving Gen. Taylor and his gallant troops in undisputed possession. Gen. Taylor afterwards received a letter from Gen. Ampudia, advising him of his safe arrival at Saltillo. A rumor soon after reached Monterey, that Gen. Ampudia had left Saltillo on his way to Mexico.

**From Mexico.**—The Mexican Government has issued requisitions for 30,000 troops, to be at Mexico or San Luis Potosi, in 70 days after the date of the order. Santa Anna has addressed a letter to the Minister of War, declining to assume the reins of government, on the ground that his duty calls him to the field, against the "perfidious" enemies of the Republic. Truly Mr. Polk in assisting Santa Anna to return displayed an uncommon stupidity. *—Flagstaff Sentinel.*

ing Gen. Taylor and his gallant troops in undisputed possession. Gen. Taylor afterwards received a letter from Gen. Ampudia, advising him of his safe arrival at Saltillo. A rumor soon after reached Monterey, that Gen. Ampudia had left Saltillo on his way to Mexico.

**Generals Taylor and Ampudia.**—At the consultation between these Generals, after the three days siege of Monterey, the speech of the Mexican Chief opened thus:

"As I understand that the Mexican Government has consented to receive a commissioner to settle all matters of difference with the United States—as I was authorized to retire from the city without offering any resistance, and as the glory of the Mexican nation and arms have been retrieved, I am willing there shall be no more bloodshed."

When Ampudia spoke of the "glory of the Mexican nation," Gen'l Taylor laughed outright. When he spoke of the "commissioner," General Taylor said to a member of his staff:

"It reminds me of the man writing to his friend that the road over which he had travelled was so intolerably bad, that for several miles his horse sunk up to his shoulders, and that he could compare it to nothing but a lake of soft soap. After friends, in replying to the letter, said where there is so much soap, there must be some life (hey)."

**Blockade in the Pacific.**—The following late and interesting intelligence has been received by the New York Journal of Commerce, in a letter dated

PERU, Sept. 12, 1846.

Commodore Stockton has declared the whole of the Coast of Mexico in the Pacific in a state of blockade. Commodore Stockton has established himself Governor in the Capital of Upper California. It is reported that the ports of Lower California are to be taken possession of, and San Blas made a rendezvous for the squadron and their prizes.

The Cyane arrived off-San Blas on the 21 of this month and sent the notification of the blockade to the authorities. She is cruising off the coast, occasionally anchoring in the bay, and has seized a couple of coasting vessels. Another vessel has also arrived off Mazatlan, and has cut out of that harbor a coasting vessel.

**BLOCKADE OF THE MEXICAN PORTS ON THE PACIFIC.**—COM. STOCKTON'S PROCLAMATION.

To all whom it may Concern.—I, J. R. Stockton, Commodore and Commander-in-Chief of the United States Naval forces in the Pacific Ocean, and Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Territory of California, do, by the authority of the President and Congress of the United States of North America, hereby declare all the ports, harbors, bays, outlets and inlets on the West Coast of Mexico, South of San Diego, to be in a state of vigorous blockade, which will be made absolute except against armed vessels of neutral nations.

All neutral merchant vessels found in any of the bays and harbors on said coast on arrival of the blockading force, will be allowed twenty days to leave.

Given under my hand and seal, this nineteenth day of August, A. D., one thousand eight hundred and forty-six, at the Government House in the "Ciudad de los Angeles," the Capitol of California.

(Signed,) J. R. STOCKTON, Commodore and Commander-in-Chief of the Naval Forces of the United States in the Pacific Ocean, and Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Territory of California.

**Col. Fremont.**—A letter from Monterey on the Pacific to the editor of the *Alexandria Gazette* contains the annexed notice of our interesting young countryman, Lieut. Col. Fremont. The letter is dated July 20:

"Col. Fremont's party arrived here yesterday, having had some pretty hard fighting with the Mexicans and Indians. They number about two hundred, and are the most daring and hardy set of fellows I ever looked upon. They are splendid marksmen, and can plant a bullet in an enemy's head with their horses in a full gallop. They never think of eating bread, but live upon meat all the time. They never sleep in a house, but on the ground, with a blanket around them, their saddle for a pillow, and a rifle by their side. I should like to give you some more minute account of them, but time will not admit."

**Gen. Worth.**—It is worthy of note, that the Mexicans evidently thought that Gen. Taylor with the main body of the army was, where Gen. Worth really was. Everything on that side of the city was managed with such skill, prudence and generalship,—leaving no opening for them to strike,—that they thought of course that General Taylor was there. This is proven by the fact, that they sent all their flags of truce, even that of capitulation, to General Worth. Early on the morning of the 24th, they sent Gen. Taylor's note, under a flag of truce, to General Worth, requesting permission to send all the old and infirm men, all the women and children out of the city. Gen. W. read the note, and addressed a letter to Gen. T., condemning in the most energetic terms the granting of such a request. Accordingly, when Gen. T. read the note, and Gen. W.'s letter, the request was refused.

**Gen. Worth and the Texans.**—At the close of the siege and the capitulation of the city, a Texan officer proposed that the Texans give General Worth three cheers, and that they wait on him in person and give him a soldier's shake of the hand. The proposition was received with enthusiasm, and the cheers were given in a way that made the welkin ring. After which they waited upon the laureled General, and congratulated him upon the success which had crowned his valor and skill.

**Ampudia.**—The Matamoros *Flag* states that a Mexican officer, who was in the battle of Monterey, says that "Ampudia was in favor



# MISCELLANY.

W. R. MYERS, S. S. MYERS AND W. S. BURR  
ACQUITTED.

The Case of the Commonwealth vs. Messrs. Myers and Burr, was resumed before the Hon. Judge Court on yesterday. The Court (who have all along manifested a praiseworthy patience) was engaged during the whole day from half past ten A. M., until a quarter past eleven P. M., in listening to the arguments of the counsel.

After Mr. Mayo had concluded the case on behalf of the prosecution, Mr. Lyons opened in behalf of the defence. (His speech received the profound attention of a large audience, and its conclusion was marked by an outburst of applause. Mr. Gustavus A. Myers followed on the same side in an ingenious argument.

Mr. R. G. Scott concluded the argument for the defence. Its ability was universally recognized, and there were occasional interruptions by plaudits, although it was in the Court of Justice. Mr. Mayo wound up the whole case in behalf of the prosecution, in an elaborate and candid argument.

The vote was then taken, and the Court, by a vote of five to two, discharged the parties from all further prosecution. The announcement of this result was received with enthusiastic shouts of applause from a crowded Court room, which we cannot trust ourselves to describe.

Richmond Enquirer.

## REV. E. WADSWORTH.

This able and zealous minister, whose pulpit and pastoral labors for two years past had so won upon the popular mind and feelings as to make him a general favorite in our community, and whose extended usefulness and multiplied labors had so greatly endeared him to the very large congregation, in whose midst he had preached with so much pathos and power, and in whose behalf he had labored with such signal brilliancy and success, gave his valedictory on Sunday evening last to the largest audience that we have ever seen convened together on any similar occasion in our city. It is understood that he resigns his pastoral charge, to enter on the new and untrodden duties of the Presidency of La Grange College, Alabama, to which he was elected by the Board of Trustees, on the 14th of this month. Whilst common with our citizens generally, we regret to lose from our very midst the services of so able a divine and so ripe a scholar, we nevertheless feel assured, that the institution, over whose destinies he has been called to preside, and whose interests are so linked with the success of Methodism in the extreme South, has made a most judicious election, and one that must and will find favorable by its future increased success and patronage.—*Norfolk Beacon.*

**The Judge no Lawyer.**—An attorney in the west of Scotland, brought an action against a farmer for having called him a rascally lawyer. An old husbandman being a witness, was asked if he heard the man call the plaintiff a lawyer?

"I did," was the reply.

"Pray," says the judge, "What is your opinion of that word?"

"There cannot be muckle doubt o' that," replied the man.

"Why, good man," said the judge, "there is no dishonor in the name, is there?"

"I ken naething about that," answered he; "but this I ken, if any man ca'd me a lawyer, I'd knock him down."

"Why, sir," said the judge, pointing to one of the counsel, "that gentleman is a lawyer, and that, and that, and I too am a lawyer."

"Na, na," replied the fellow, "I know, my Lord, you are a judge, but I'm sure you are no lawyer."

**Fashionable Worship.**—In our description of the "Lions of New York," some time ago, we endeavored to impart an idea of the richness, splendor and beauty of the new religious temple, called Grace Church, owned and occupied by the most fashionable congregation in the city. From the following documents, which we find in the second number of that new "Punchy" journal, the "Yankee Doodle," it would seem that a special and peculiar toilette is required for that meridian:

Miss — presents her respects to Miss — and would be glad of her company to Grace Church this afternoon.

New York, — 16. Sunday Afternoon.

Miss —'s compliments to Miss —, and regrets that she is unable to accompany her to Grace Church, as she is unfortunately only dressed for St. John's.

New York, — 16. Sunday Afternoon.

**Ambiguous Preaching.**—On coming out of church, I asked Mr. P., a distinguished lawyer, how he liked the sermon of Dr. B.

"I think," said he, "that it comes under the third head."

"Wow so?" says I.

"A certain French preacher," he replied, "after a long and pompous introduction, said, 'I shall now proceed, my hearers, to divide my subject into three parts. First, I shall tell you that which I know, and you do not know. Secondly, I shall tell you all about that which you know, and I do not know. And thirdly, and lastly, I shall tell you about that which neither you nor I know.'"

**Temporary Humility.**—Says the Albany Knickerbocker, "there is nothing takes the starch out of an aristocrat so soon as to nominate him to some office that comes before the people. He's as fawning as a dog, and as polite and neighborly as a French dancing master." Yes, but let him once get a permanent office,—that of a Judge, or Postmaster, for instance,—and how quickly they will affect haughty and independence of justice and humanity, if not of common sense.

**A Problem.**—If a lady were lame in the arm and in the left leg, if she were blind in one eye and couldn't see with the other; if she had no teeth, and her gums were worn off; if she were club footed and had a cancer on her nose, and if she had a spit-fire temper and forty-nine negroes, with seventy-five thousand dollars, how many suitors would she have?

**What an Excuse!**—A soldier on trial for habitual drunkenness, was addressed by the President: "Prisoner you have been prosecuted for habitual drunkenness; what have you to plead in your defence?" "Nothing, please your honor, but an habitual thirst!"

**A Question well Answered.**—Alexander the Great, seeing Diogenes looking attentively at a parcel of human bones, asked the philosopher what he was looking for.

"That which I cannot find," was the reply, "the difference between your father's bones and those of his slaves."

**Hots in Horses.**—In answer to various articles on the subject of hots in horses, and a cure for that disease, I beg to hand you for publication the following extract from Barilly, which goes, I think, to the root of the evil. He says:

"In twenty years' residence on my farm at Wyke, a salt water river, and always having had upwards of fifty of the horse kind, I know of no instance of their having had hots. And near sixty years ago, a noted horse doctor told me that giving salt to horses effectually secures them against hots, which I have ever since well observed, and believe to be perfectly just."

The St. Louis New Era remarked that "ten times as much property has already been destroyed by snags as would put the Western rivers in fine order," and gives a list of forty-one steamboats snagged and sunk in the Missouri river alone, as evidence of the truth of the statement. Many of these boats were new and valuable, and when sunk many of them were filled with rich and costly goods, or valuable produce. Many other boats have been sunk in the Missouri, which are not now recollected by the St. Louis editor; and a large number have been sunk and subsequently raised in a damaged condition, with the loss of their cargoes.

**The New Pope.**—An English letter writer says that the new Pope is continuing to work his wonders in Italy. He may be set down as the first since the days of the Apostles, who has wrought a miracle, for it certainly is one, to see every body so pleased with Rome. Several of his less liberal cardinals and friends, have remonstrated with him, saying the people would by and by ask for a new constitution if he continued his indulgence; his reply was, "and if they should—ought I not to give it them if it would make them happier?"

**A Hit.**—The Richmond Standard has the following, which next to Gov. Jones' celebrated hit at Mr. Polk, on the stump, is the best we have seen:

**Slang of the Day.**—Question. Is Mr. Polk, as Mr. Ritchie says, the "great father of the red man?"

Answer. He aint the father of nothing else.

The Sunday Mercury tells of an acquaintance who asked another how old he thought Miss R. was. "I don't know her age exactly," he replied, "she carries from seventeen to twenty-five."

**Bravery.**—I never knew said Lord Eriskine a man remarkable for heroic bravery whose very aspect was not lighted up by gentleness and humanity.

## THE INQUIRY.

Tell me, ye winged winds,  
That round my pathway roar,  
Do you not know some spot  
Where mortals weep no more?  
Some lone and pleasant dell,  
Some valley in the west,  
Where, free from toil and pain,  
The weary soul may rest?

The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,  
And sighed for pity as it answered "No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep,  
Whose billows round me play,  
Know'st thou some favored spot,  
Some island far away,  
Where weary man may find  
The bliss for which he sighs,  
Where sorrow never lives  
And friendship never dies?

The loud waves rolling in perpetual flow  
Stopped for a while, and sighed, to answer "No."

And thou, sereneest moon,  
That with such lovely face  
Dost look upon the earth,  
Asleep in night's embrace,  
Tell me, in all thy round  
Hast thou not seen some spot  
Where miserable man  
Might find a happier lot?

Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,  
And a voice sweet, but sad responded "No."

Tell me, my secret soul,  
O! tell me, hope and faith,  
Is there no resting place  
From sorrow, sin, and death?  
Is there no happy spot  
Where mortals may be blessed,  
Where grief may find a balm,  
And weariness a rest?

Faith, hope, and love, best seems to mortals given,  
Waved their bright wings, and whispered,  
"Yes, in Heaven."

**HAVE I PAID THE PRINTER?**  
When the cold storm howls round the door,  
And you, by the light of taper,  
Sit closely by the evening fire,  
Enjoying the last paper—  
Just think of him whose work thus helps  
To wear away the winter,  
And put this question to yourself—  
*Have I paid the Printer?*

From east and west—from north and south,  
From lands beyond the water,  
He weekly brings you "lots of news,"  
From every nook and quarter;  
No slave on earth toils more than he,  
Through summer's heat and winter;  
How can you, for a moment, then,  
*Neglect to pay the Printer?*

Your other bills you promptly pay,  
Wherever you do go, sir—  
The butcher for his meat is paid,  
For "sundries" is the grocer,  
The tailor and the shoemaker,  
The hatter and the vintner—  
All get their pay—then why neglect  
*To settle with the Printer?*

## SACRED MUSIC.

RECENTLY published by Hogan & Thompson, Philadelphia, the Southern Church Melodist, which we think will be found worthy the patronage of the friends of pure and rightly conducted congregational music.

Also, Gaston's Scripture Collections, a valuable book for ministers and students of the scriptures generally.

For sale by J. R. & J. SLOAN.

**WORTH BUYING.**  
I HAVE been requested by Joshua Moore, of Tennessee, to offer for sale, the Plantation whereon Canina Moore lived and died, on the waters of Beaver creek and Reedy fork. They come together in the plantation. There is rich bottom ground on each side of these water courses through the plantation. He says it can be had for one thousand dollars, one half paid down. For further information apply to Hannah Moore, who lives on the premises, or to the subscriber.

10th month, 1846. 30-4w.

**TO THE SICK.**  
I KEEP on hand at my Shop opposite Hots' carriage shop, a quantity of MEDICINES of various kinds. I have had some opportunities for acquiring knowledge of medicine, and have had a great deal of experience in nursing and attending in cases of sickness; any person wishing my services in that way, are informed that for a reasonable compensation I will render them all the assistance within my power.

G. B. CROWSON.  
Greensboro', Oct. 1846. 28-11

**COUGHS AND COLDS.**  
WE have received the Agency for WISTARS' BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY; a valuable remedy for affections of the chest, and have on hand several dozen BOTTLES, which we will dispose of by the quantity or single bottle.

DARE & CALDWELL.

**IRON MASTERS.**  
LOOK AT THIS.  
ON hand 30 FORGE HAMMERS, for sale at Olive Mount Furnace, on Tom's creek, Surry county, N. C., low for cash—warranted.

Highest prices given for HANDS by the day—month, or year.

MACHINERY of all kinds done at the shortest notice. WILLIAM HILL.  
Olive Mount, Oct. 22, 1846. 32-3w.

I AM now receiving direct from the Northern Cities one of the largest stocks of goods ever brought to this market, and selected with great care, consisting of every article usually kept in retail stores in this country. Many of our goods are fifty per cent. cheaper than ever offered for sale heretofore. Persons wishing to purchase goods would do well to see us before purchasing elsewhere, as we are determined to sell goods at such prices as will give entire satisfaction to every person that will give us a call, both in prices and quality. Those who wish to recruit their stocks and do not wish to go north for a small stock would do well to call upon us, as a large portion of our sales are made to men to sell again.

We take the present opportunity of returning our thanks to our friends and customers who have patronized us heretofore and hope to merit a continuance of the same. Call and see us and you shall not be disappointed.

W. J. McCONNELL.

# HOTCHKISS'S VERTICAL WATER WHEEL.

IN consequence of the very great popularity which these Wheels have attained by the use of nearly 4000 of them in different parts of the country, the Subscriber has sold about 100 Rights in North Carolina, 30 of which are in full and successful operation in Cumberland county. When properly introduced, they nearly double the value of the Mill, and in quality of work generally far exceed the most sanguine expectations of the owners, many of whom are gentlemen distinguished for their science and practical skill, who have attested to the value of this improvement. The Wheels are more durable, and more easily kept in order, when properly put together, than the common Platter Wheel. They will save one-third of the water, and run well in back water when there is a head above. The speed of the Saw is increased to more than double the strokes per minute.

The price of an individual right for one pair of wheels, is \$50.

We refer, among others, to the following gentlemen, some of whom have had the Wheels in operation 21 months or more, and from many of whom we have received certificates highly approving of these Wheels, and stating that their Saws, with this improvement, cut 500, 3000, 3500, and even as high as 5000 feet a day, and save one-third of the water.

For full particulars, apply to the subscriber.

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# FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

RE-PUBLICATION OF  
The London Quarterly Review,  
The Edinburgh Review,  
The Foreign Quarterly Review,  
The Westminster Review,  
AND  
Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

The above Periodicals are reprinted in New-York immediately on their arrival by the British steamers, in a beautiful clear type, on fine white paper, and are faithful copies of the originals—Blackwood's Magazine being an exact fac-simile of the Edinburgh edition.

The wide-spread fame of these splendid Periodicals renders it needless to say much in their praise. A literary reader, they stand far in advance of any works of a similar stamp now published, while the political complexion of each is marked by a dignity, candor and forbearance not often found in works of a party character.

They embrace the views of the three great parties in England—Whig, Tory, and Radical. "Blackwood," "the London Quarterly," "the Foreign Quarterly," "the Westminster," "the Foreign Quarterly," is purely literary, being devoted principally to criticism on foreign Continental Works.

The price of the REPRINTS are less than one-third of those of the foreign copies, and while they are to be had, they afford all that advantage of the American over the English reader.

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For any one of the four Reviews, \$3.00 per annum.  
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# GREENSBOROUGH HIGH SCHOOL.

THE exercises of this Institution will be resumed on the 1st day of July. The members of the Faculty are—  
Rev. E. W. CARUTHERS, A. M. President and Professor of Greek Language.  
SILAS C. LINDSLEY, A. M. Professor of the Latin Language.  
Dr. JOSEPH A. McLEAN, Professor of Mathematics.  
By order of the Board of Trustees,  
JED. H. LINDSAY, Secy.  
June 20, 1846. 15c.

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