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REMARKS OF MR. BENTON,
On the U. S. Senate, June 1st, in reply to Mr. Cass,
ON THE OREGON QUESTION.

Mr. Benton spoke about an hour in reply to Mr. Cass. He asked him if he had been engaged in the sport of the fox-chase?

Mr. Cass made a negative sign with his head. Mr. Benton. "Nor I either; but I have learnt one of the rules of the sport, which is, never to attempt to ride on both sides of the sapling. The Senator from Michigan seems to have been ignorant of this rule, at least politically; for he is on both sides of Greenhow—washing his hands of him in the beginning of his speech, holding fast to him in the end. Mr. B. said he should spend no time on the Utrecht treaty, but he would say there were two sets of commissioners to be appointed under the tenth article of that treaty—one to determine boundaries between the French Canadian and the British Hudson Bay territories, the other to determine them between French Canada and the British Atlantic colonies in the south.—The former was to be done in a year; the latter without limitation of time. Commissioners acted under the first; they failed to agree under the latter; and these two sets of commissioners are confounded by Mr. Greenhow and his followers.—Charlevoix speaks of these latter commissioners as being appointed in 1719—six years after the treaty of Utrecht—and discharged in 1722, without having come to any agreement. These two are confounded, and what Charlevoix says of the latter is applied to the former. Such an error as this is so gross as to show that there is entire confusion in the ideas of those who speak upon the subject. Mr. B. complained that the Senator from Michigan had slipped over all the strong proofs which he had adduced upon the line of Utrecht, such as the King's map, Jeffries's Geography, the exclusion of the British for fifteen years from Louisiana, by virtue of that line, and the refusal of the British Ministers to take any notice of their complaints.

But Mr. B. would not quit the great point before the Senate, to go into an argument about the line of Utrecht. The point before the Senate was a declaration of title, on the part of the United States, to Frazer's river and its valley, known as New Caledonia, and, as such, occupied by the British without question since 1806. Mr. B. said this was the great question; for it was a question of peace or war, and a war upon a mistake—a blunder—geographical and political. The blunder was, that the United States had a line with Russia, dividing the country with her from the sea to the Rocky Mountains, and that all the country on this side was ours. This was the political blunder. The geographical blunder was in relation to Frazer's river and its valley, called by the British New Caledonia, and which was assumed to be a part of our Oregon. There was no such line, and no such extension of our Oregon. The Russian line was in the sea, and confined to the islands. Frazer's river and its valley, covered with British establishments since the year 1806, covered the country from 55° to 49°. These were the facts. But the fifty-four-forties, upon a mistake as to the Russian line, and upon a mistake as to Frazer's river, set out to take that entire river and valley from the British; and, therefore, to involve us in war, and that ignorantly and unjustly, with Great Britain. Their double error had been shown; and the readings of the treaties with Russia and Great Britain detected this double error. The gentlemen who had led the country into error, who had prepared them for a war upon a mistake, instead of retracting it, had this day taken their course to persevere in it! And what was war upon mistake before, now became war upon design, and without a pretext. Mr. B. said, without a pretext; for the Senator from Michigan, in a speech of an hour and a half this day, with an instinctive dread of the fatal point, never once mentioned Frazer's river; never once mentioned New Caledonia; never once ventured to assert that the United States had one particle of claim to that British possession. Yet he would still adhere to 54° 40', which includes it; and thus, by inference, go to war for what he could not even venture to name.

Mr. B. said it was a case to try the faculty of poor human nature. The great organs, and five hundred small ones following its notes, and many ten thousand tongues, had proclaimed the 54° 40' line, and our right up to it; and, thus acting upon the patriotic feelings of the people, had prepared them for a war with Great Britain for that line, when there was no such thing; and for Frazer's river, on this side of it, without knowing it was there. The people had been led into error; inflamed to the war-point upon a mistake; and, when the mistake was shown, the tug of another war came upon poor human nature. To admit the error and ask pardon of God and man, was the part of justice and candor; but was humiliating to vanity, and self-love, and the pride of consistency. To persevere in this error, after it was detected, was the part of human frailty; and the Senator from Michigan, on the part of his party, has obeyed the law of frailty: he has persevered in error: he converts into design what was in the beginning a mistake! We are now to have war, as far as the Senator and his party can make it, upon design, and without pretext; for he could not name Frazer's river, which is the sole object, and would be the instant cause of war.

And how does the Senator conduct his new design? By endeavoring to make me a fifty-fourty man; by reading mutilated scraps out from my speeches, torn from their context, and made, by mutilation and false application, to apply to 54° 40' on the continent, when I applied it to the islands; making it apply to New Caledonia, when I spoke it of the valley of the Columbia. I had occasion to cut some of the fifty-fourforties for the "simples" which I spoke some days ago, and must now do it again—but first explain the operation, as it is only understood in the West. It comes from horse surgery—cutting a horse's eyes for the hoofs. The horse is subject to a disease of the eye, something like cataract, which blinds him; and, when emollient remedies

fail, the knife is applied, disensed part cut away, and then the animal sees clear. So of the simplices. The allusion is metaphorically to the cutting for the hoofs, and is to make a simpton see clear, by opening his eyes to what he did not see before. All these caterers for the Senator; all these searchers among my old speeches, may look out when they are worth it, for the operation of being cut for the simplices. Of course, the operation cannot be performed on a Senator.

A line has been cut from one of my speeches in which 54° 40' is mentioned, without continental prefixed. The Senator from Michigan gravely parades that line to-day to make me an advocate for 54° 40' to the mountains. In fifty places in the same speech the existence of such a line was denied and ridiculed. Yet the Senator, to deceive the people unacquainted with the subject, to keep up a delusion, instead of admitting his own error, endeavors to make me an accomplice in his error! Well, if he wants my authority, he shall have it, and that is, that there is no such line, and never was; that the honest feelings of the people have been misled, their patriotism excited about a nonentity, and a war provoked for what has no existence. I tell him this, if he wants to quote my authority. Let him confess his error, and recant, if he wants my opinions.—I give them to him freely, and when they may be of service to him. If an individual is leading two neighbors to a quarrel, and a fight, upon a mistake, he is bound to acknowledge the mistake as soon as he finds it out, and go and stop the discord which he has created. This is the course among mere individuals. How much stronger when the quarrel is to be between nations, and war the consequence! The Senator and his party—the big organ, and those which have followed its notes—have been leading the country to a war with Great Britain upon a mistake, upon a blunder, upon an ignorance of treaties and geography. The mistake has been exposed by reading the treaties and producing the geography. Instead of admitting the error the Senator from Michigan, for himself and friends, perseveres in it; and thus what was mistake in the beginning becomes design—a design to have a war with Great Britain, without daring to name the pretext; for Frazer's river, or New Caledonia, are words not to be got out of their mouths. They will go to war for them, but not name them, much less state a title to them. In the name of all that is reasonable, why not state their claim to Frazer's river? I have stated the British title, and am not ashamed nor afraid to do it, no more than I should be to state their title to Canada, and it is as clear in one case as the other. The British discovered that river in 1793, settled it in 1806, covered it over with establishments from head to mouth, from 55° to 49°, and had it so covered when we treated with Spain in 1819. Spain never claimed it, never sold it to us, never saw nor heard of the river; and all the statesmen who made the Spanish treaty immediately yielded Frazer's river to Great Britain, from head to mouth, from 49° to 55°. Irrefragable documents prove this, and I have heretofore shown them to the Senate. This is the British title, admitted by Mr. Monroe and his Cabinet in 1823, stated from their acts a few days ago. Now, let the Senator state the American claim to the same. Let him only state it. He does not attempt it. He eschews the fatal sound of Frazer's river, and of the forty British posts upon it, but still wants the people to believe it is theirs, and to go to war for it. I say war! for any attempt on our part to take the British establishments on Frazer's river would be followed by war as quickly and as justly as an attempt to take their towns in Canada. This is dreadful. We are the American Senate, sitting in the eyes of the present age and of posterity, and upon a great responsibility. By our acts war may be made, and we are bound by every sacred and every human obligation to make no mistake in bringing so great a calamity. War is a calamity in itself—a war upon a mistake is a double calamity; but a war upon design, and after the mistake is detected, is a calamity for which there is no name. It rises to the magnitude of the greatest crime. I read the treaties which showed the mistake. I thought it very probable the fifty-four-forties had never read the Russian treaties, and did not know what they said. I produced the geographies to instruct them in Frazer's river, for I thought they were ignorant of it. I did all clearly, intelligibly, indisputably. I waited for the result. In fact I waited long, and until delay was dangerous, before I could venture to set them right. I knew the frailty of poor human nature, and that, instead of thanks, resentment would more probably be my reward.—Well, it has come—a personal attack on myself—reading mutilated scraps, furnished by caterers, to show me inconsistent, and then not able to do it. Not able to help out their miserable deception: even by any words culled from my innumerable speeches, and mutilated for the purpose, and then misapplied. What was said of islands applied to continents: what was said of the Columbia river applied to New Caledonia; what was said of the Oregon river applied to Frazer's river. Miserable perversion every where, to turn me against myself, and make me a party to the deception of the people.

The Senator picked a hole, or thought he picked a hole, in a word of mine, in one of my speeches, and a very short word—the word "all." I said all the statesmen of twenty and forty years ago left Frazer's river to Great Britain, and offered to divide by 49°. He denies the "all," and instances that Mr. Monroe's administration in 1823 offered 51°. That is beautiful! I read you, in sundry places, that they offered 49° as a first proposition, and upon a principle known to be erroneous and to be rejected, to be followed immediately by the offer of 49°, which was done, and, in fact, as good as agreed to by Mr. George Cannon, the Prime Minister. Yes; they offered 51°, and upon objection to it offered 49°; but by leaving out the 49° the Senator from Michigan undertakes to pick a hole in my "all." If he had done it, it would have been nothing; but he has not done it; and I now repeat and reaffirm my assertion, and invite him to put all the caterers to work to find an error in it if they can. I affirm that every American statesman of twenty and forty years ago—Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison in 1807, Mr. Monroe and his Cabinet in 1823, to divide by 49°, leaving Frazer's river wholly to the British, and that because it belonged to them.

This is the Senate of the United States—a place for grave and responsible deliberation. Not a place for errors, or the toleration of errors, but for the correction of errors. The people have been misled—grossly and widely misled—ignorantly

at first, as we were bound to believe; designedly now, as we painfully see. The fifty-fourty line never existed. The treaty proves it; yet its existence is still affirmed, to mislead the uninformed, and to save the misleaders from the mortification of exposure.

I have performed a painful duty. I waited long before I would undertake it. To make head against a mass of error—to set a nation right that had been led astray—was a herculean task, but I have ventured upon it, and do not regret it. The people may be led astray, but they do not love error. They love truth and justice; and if there is no 54, 40, as there is not, they do not want to fight for it. If Frazer's river belongs to the British, as it does, they do not want to take it away from her. The people are just, and ready to act on Jackson's great maxim: ASK NOTHING BUT WHAT IS RIGHT—SUBMIT TO NOTHING THAT IS WRONG.

The people have nothing but their country to take care of; and they want nothing but right and justice. Politicians have themselves to take care of, and country and people are subordinate considerations. Was ever the like seen of that which we have witnessed? A people led to the verge of war about a line that did not exist—without misleaders ever reading the treaty which was supposed to establish it! A river of a thousand miles in length, covered with settlers for fifty years upon it, without knowing such a river was there! And when the treaty and the river was produced, and the mistakes shown, instead of confession and repentance, resentment and attack upon him who exposes the error, and saves the country from senseless, ignorant, unjustifiable war.—The misleaders may act thus: not so the people. They will rejoice at their deliverance from delusion; they will shudder to think they have been led to the verge of war upon the mistake of a treaty, and a blunder in geography. And I am ready to abide their judgment upon my correction of this mistake, and their perseverance in them after they were exposed. This day has been the most humiliating of my Senatorial life. I have felt for the American Senate when I have seen a member clinging to error, and endeavoring to keep the people in error, even at the risk of war, by endeavoring to do away the plain words of a treaty; by garbling and mutilating scraps of speeches to depreciate another Senator—when the great question was one of the peace and honor of the country, in the presence of which every selfish feeling should have stood abashed and rebuked.

I tell the people there is no such line as 54° 40' from the sea to the mountains. I tell them that, so far as such a line was ever proposed by the American Government, it was proposed as a northern line for the British, and not as a northern line for ourselves. I tell them that 49° was offered by Mr. Jefferson, by Mr. Monroe, and by all the early statesmen, without exception, who negotiated the treaties which gave us Louisiana and the Spanish claims to Northwest America. I tell them that the British claim to Frazer's river is precisely the same with our own to the Columbia. And I say to them that, whoever says the contrary of this will be henceforth a wilful deceiver. I make great allowance for ignorance—for the mistakes of ignorance—but ignorance ought to be docile, and surrender on conviction. I make a broad distinction between the wilful and the ignorant deceiver, and a broader one still between the deceivers and the deceived. The former are generally few, the latter many—the former are more or less culpable, the latter always innocent. Of the myriads nay millions who have propagated the error of 54° 40', all but few were the innocent repeaters of what came to them in a way that they could not doubt it. All these will rejoice to be relieved from their error. Instead of getting angry with me, they will thank me for the trouble I take to set them right. They want nothing but truth and justice, and I thank God that I have the courage to give it to them, regardless of all earthly consequences. I am right. I speak to save my country from the calamities of a war upon mistakes and blunders. I rely upon the equity and intelligence of the people, and give defiance to ignorance, malice, and misrepresentation.

When the vote is taken on the instruction which I have submitted, let the Senator from Michigan move to strike out 49° and insert 54° 40'. We shall then see the sense of the Senate, and the country will see who perseveres in error, and converts into design what was at first the mischief of mistake.

THE YELLOW FEVER IN MEXICO.
Alluding to the *vomito*, or yellow fever Gen. Thompson says that according to the estimates of those most entitled to confidence, less than five per cent of those attacked die. This estimate does not include the patients in the hospitals, for the general theory of being sent to the hospital is so great that many are deterred from applying for relief until their cases are beyond the reach of remedies. Some facts came under his observation which went very far to shake his confidence—never very great in medical theories. The universal treatment of yellow fever by the Vera Cruz physicians, is very simple and certainly not very unpleasant—it is nothing more than cold application to the stomach and head juice and sweet oil given internally; and this practice is so generally successful as to give the result which he has stated—five per cent of deaths. They say there that a colonel is certainly fatal; but heath the other—the colonel side of the question. The prisoners of the Santa Fe expedition were released on the 16th of June and arrived at Vera Cruz in August, where they remained more than a month forty five of them were attacked by the yellow fever and in its most malignant form as may be well supposed from their irregular habits and the total destitution of all the comforts of a sick-bed.—They were attended by a physician who belonged to the expedition, and whose practice was to give large doses of calomel—not more than one died.

Thompson's Mexico.

000,000 "to break up the running gear (Felix is a sadder) of ruin and foul legislation." Some of the amendments proposed by him were too indecent for publication; and failing in his efforts, at last, to attract attention or to raise a laugh, (to the credit of the House, be it said,) he placed his legs upon his desk, and his head and shoulders upon the seat of his chair, his body resting upon air, and in this position he went to sleep!—*Richmond Whig.*

THE CURSE OF WAR.

The judicious observations below are from the New York Evening Post, a Journal of great ability and high in favor with the Democratic party.

But, Mr. Editor, it is your duty and that of all good men and patriots, all who wish to preserve to our people the blessings of peace, not to fan the flame of war. War is a fearful curse, desolating in its march, and leaving misery in its train. For Heaven's sake, let us not needlessly rush into the crushing debt of a protracted war. When we look at the "down-trodden millions" of England, let us remember what has trodden them down; when we contemplate their blighting taxes, let us consider what has brought those taxes upon them; and let us remember that it is the producing classes on whom the burden of all taxation falls. The annual taxes of England are about \$250,000,000. Of this sum nearly \$150,000,000 is raised to pay the interest of the accursed legacy of debt created by her former wars! The balance is raised to pay her army and navy and the civil list; the latter amounting to about eighteen cents on the dollar of the whole amount of the annual taxes.—Surely, if war can be avoided, every consideration affecting the happiness of the people requires that it should be.

The paralysis of business since Congress met has caused a loss of more than three times all we claim as due from Mexico. The valor of volunteers, the excitement of "Extras," the patriotism of politicians, and the contracts of commissaries, may all be very well in their way, but they will be a very poor compensation for unrewarded industry, and a heavy and needless load of debt, for a people who cherish a "debt-paying policy." What motive have the Farmers, Mechanics, and other industrious people of this State, who now find the rewards of their steady and compensated industry barely sufficient for the respectable support and education of their families—what motive have they to shoulder the added burden of a great war debt, with their own means greatly lessened by the interruption of business? What consolation will it be to them, when they find themselves deprived of their present means, to be told that our troops have revealed in the "halls of the Montezumas?" War is a game for kings to play at with the people for their pawns. But we, who are sovereigns ourselves, may not be used as pawns.

These views are suggested in no spirit of submission to wrong. They are prompted by no willingness to submit to insult or oppression, even if it should require life to resist them. But the *ultima ratio* of a national war should be withheld so long as there is any hope of amicable adjustment. It will be becoming a great, powerful, and victorious republic again to hold forth the olive-branch in one hand before striking another blow with the sword which she holds in the other.—Our example led Mexico to throw off a foreign yoke, and to establish free institutions. Torn as she is by internal dissensions—weakened and impoverished as she is by them—wronged as she feels herself to be by our assumption of territory which she claims—we may well afford to be magnanimous, to point out again to her her duty, and again to offer her peace.

LOCOFOCOISM AND THE WAR!

We do not recollect when we have seen the Democratic party as sore upon any subject, as they are, (and that justly too,) upon that of the war with Mexico. They are well aware, that it had not been for the bungling and headlong manner with which they managed the annexation of Texas, we should not now be at war. The Locofoco party know it is responsible for the blood and money which this useless war has cost the Country. They know that if our Army had not been ordered to take possession of disputed Territory, the sound of the drum and the roll of the flag would not be heard from one extremity of the Union to the other.—They know that when this question is once brought before the American people and rightly understood by them, Locofocoism is doomed to fall, and hence their base attempts here of late, to brand the Whig party with being enemies to their country at this time. They may circulate falsehoods as much as they please, it will and shall not deter us from speaking out plainly upon the subject the sentiments we entertain. We verily believe, that the President and his party know that the course they were pursuing would involve the country in war; but regardless of their duty, determined to risk it, hoping it would be a popular move, and secure them the favor and support of the people for years to come. This undoubtedly was the expectation; but since they have seen that the Whig party is determined to fight and vote all that is necessary to carry on the war—to bring it to an honorable close, and at the same time hold Mr. Polk and his Party responsible for the injury inflicted upon the country, they have raised the *false cry of treason* against the Whigs to draw off the attention of the people—to prevent them if possible, from enquiring who brought this calamity upon them, and what it was done for. This is the object of the Locofocos. It will do no good. The People are already beginning to ask what are we to gain and what is it for, our country is now at war with Mexico. And already do we begin to hear the notes of condemnation issuing from the lips of many, both men and women who love their country as dearly, and who would in a just cause do as much for it, as the pampered democracy at Washington.

A CURIOUS CASE.—A letter from Washington to the Richmond Times, says: Ex-Senator Tappan from Ohio (a Locofoco of blessed memory) was appointed to inspect and arrange the mineralogical collections brought home by the exploring expedition, by a committee of Congress. In almost all cases there are duplicates. He was allowed by the committee, for his services, to take one of each, provided he left all the best specimens for deposit here. Like Hoyt with the Sub-Treasury, however, he backed upon this as a mere fiction and has sent off to Ohio all the best specimens for his own use; making in the operation in a short time, from 20 to \$25,000. It was discovered a few days ago, and communicated to the committee of Congress who appointed him, who instantly repealed the resolution giving the office. He resigned directly, and has made a bee-line for Ohio in quick time.—They can do nothing with him, I suppose, for it was simply a breach of privilege. But is not he an unscrupled Democrat?

CASTLE OF SAN JUAN DE ULLOA.

The first object that strikes the eye, in approaching Vera Cruz by water is the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa, with the spires and domes of the churches peering up in the distance behind it. It stands alone upon a small rocky island on one side of the main entrance to the harbor, and only about half a mile from the wall of the city and consequently has complete command of the port. The entrance on either side, is so barred with broken reefs and ledges, that it can only be used by small craft in favorable weather. The castle is circular and strongly built, and

heavily mounted. Its principal strength, however, is in its position, inaccessible except by water and its guns pointing every way, leaving no side open to the attack of an enemy.

The form of the city of Vera Cruz is semicircular fronting the sea. It is situated on an arid plain, surrounded by sand hills, and is badly supplied with water. The chief reliance being upon rain collected in cisterns, which are often so poorly constructed as to answer but very little purpose. The chief resource of the lower classes, is the water of a ditch so impure as frequently to occasion disease. An attempt was made, more than a century ago, to remedy this evil, by the construction of a stone aqueduct from the river Xampa; but, unfortunately, after a very large sum had been expended on the work, it was discovered that the engineer who constructed it had made a fatal mistake in not ascertaining the true level, and the work was abandoned in despair.

Norfolk's Rambles.

SUMMER QUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION—MAGNIFICENT PROSPECT.

The Houston (Texas) Telegraph of the 13th of May says.—We learn from a private letter that Gen. Taylor has expressed a determination to make his summer quarters at Monterey, and there is no doubt that with the force now under his command, and the volunteers that are hastening to his standard that he can establish his summer quarters in many part of the eastern provinces of Mexico that he desires. The valley of Monterey was visited by many of our soldiers, during the federal war, and they all describe it as an earthly paradise; groves of oranges, lemons, figs, and pomegranates, surround the city; and the whole valley which is irrigated by countless rivulets of pure and wholesome waters is but a continuous garden producing various kinds of vegetables, and tropical fruits in abundance. The climate, however, in summer, is rather too warm to be agreeable to persons from the northern states; but a short distance, in the elevated plains along the mountains, the climate, even in midsummer, is cool and salubrious as that of the Catskill mountains. Even the northern fruits, such as the apple, pear, &c., are produced in abundance, in those elevated regions. When our troops once get pleasantly located in that delightful region, they will be very unwilling to forsake it; and the glowing descriptions they will circulate throughout the Union, will ere long excite a desire among all classes to annex it to the United States. The stupendous chain of the Sierra Madre is a boundary mark for a great nation; but the insignificant Rio Bravo is only suitable to define the limits of states or counties.

The worst feature in the whole aspect of affairs involving the interest of this Country, is, according to our judgment, the grasping disposition of a large portion of the people. They want more land, and wherever there is a green spot, hitherward they turn longing, avicious eyes, and bend their minds for its seizure. There seems to be no stopping to enquire whether the property belongs to another, whose rights are sacred; no debating with justice and morality, any more than if such virtues were never known.—We see in the many papers that come to us, that there are those in the country who are itching for the seizure of California, New Mexico, the "annexation" of Yucatan, &c., &c., whilst "the whole of Oregon or none" men, are still carping. This shows a lamentable state of public morals, and it behooves every good citizen to do what he can to counteract it. Give no countenance to the iniquitous projects of seizing another's property, or else the day may come when this vile passion will exhibit itself to the sorrow of America in acts of violence to private property among ourselves—when they may hold who can, and they live who have the power of self defence.—*Watchman.*

On inquiring the signification of the names of the places which form the scenes of our recent victories in the southwest, a friend informs us that *Palo Alto* means *High Stake*, or *High Timber*. For *Resaca de la Palma*, no exact equivalent can be given in many English words: *Resaca* is a place overflowed by a high tide, or a flood of a river, and left dry on the fall; and *Palma* is a palm tree; so that *Palm Bottom* seems to express the meaning more nearly than any other concise form of words.

The town of *Matamoras* was so called in honor of one of the early heroes of the Mexican revolution, who, like Hidalgo and Morelos, was a carle, and like them also was taken prisoner, and executed by the Spaniards.

The word *ranchero* is a *Mexicanism*. The Spanish word *ranchero* means a *mess* or *mess-room*; and this name being given by the Mexican cattle-keepers to the huts at which they ate their meals and slept, they thence derived the name of *rancheros*, and their huts were called *rancherías*.—The latter name is, however, also sometimes applied to a farm and to an Indian village.—*Union.*

A CURIOUS CASE.—A letter from Washington to the Richmond Times, says:

Ex-Senator Tappan from Ohio (a Locofoco of blessed memory) was appointed to inspect and arrange the mineralogical collections brought home by the exploring expedition, by a committee of Congress. In almost all cases there are duplicates. He was allowed by the committee, for his services, to take one of each, provided he left all the best specimens for deposit here. Like Hoyt with the Sub-Treasury, however, he backed upon this as a mere fiction and has sent off to Ohio all the best specimens for his own use; making in the operation in a short time, from 20 to \$25,000. It was discovered a few days ago, and communicated to the committee of Congress who appointed him, who instantly repealed the resolution giving the office. He resigned directly, and has made a bee-line for Ohio in quick time.—They can do nothing with him, I suppose, for it was simply a breach of privilege. But is not he an unscrupled Democrat?

RUTHERFORD VOLUNTEERS.—On Saturday last,

Thirty-Five of the Militia of the 76th Regiment were enrolled as Volunteers for the Mexican War all of them Whigs. On to-morrow, the 78th Regiment is called out for the purpose of giving others an opportunity of enrolling their names.

Republican.

The Printing Press and materials sent to Oregon city from N. Y., arrived safely, and the paper is to be called the Oregon city Commercial Advertiser.

FROM THE HALLION REGISTER.

"A man, when he has travelled, has seen something, which, when he comes home, he can relate. Good Heaven! Mrs. Grundy!—how our Joe has improved by his travels! He has seen a Whale, and an Elephant, and an Snake! What will our neighbors say about Joe?"—*Sunday.*

We do not know why, in imitation of others of the craft, who seem to consider their "goings out and comings in," as of immense importance to the public, they should not set forth in print, and send out to our readers for their particular edification, the incidents of a journey which we have recently made—not to the seat of War on the Rio Grande—nor even to the Capital of the Union, where Whigs instead of bullets fly thick as leaves in Vallambrosa!—but to the beautiful Town of Greensboro, in Guilford County, almost 80 miles from home. Beautiful, did we call it—yes, we might say, with the proper change—Sweet Auburn! loveliest village, &c.—every body knows the quotation. Charming were the hours we passed there with attached friends. We now find our heart filled with teeming recollections of our short but most delightful sojourn.

But, it may be asked, what took us to Greensboro? We answer, to witness the marriage of a dear young friend—one of the loveliest of her sex. We have long known and felt, that the true being and end of woman-kind is love. It seems, indeed, the atmosphere in which she lives, and moves, and has her being. In the smile of her lip, in the glance of her eye, in the soft and bewitching melody of her voice, we find but the semblances and echoes of the Spirit of Love. Well may the poet strike his lyre in praise of Woman; well may Warrior rush to the battle-field for her smile; well may the student trim his lamp to kindle her passionate heart—she deserves them all.

But descend with us to the bridal Saloon.—There stands the Holy man. We proceed "in order due," and forming that open line, which never looks so beautiful as on such an occasion, hear the vows that bind together two willing hearts. Silks rustle, kisses echo, diamonds gleam, and fairy voices murmur around. By the way, some may suppose that a *Benedict* bath no right to disport himself as aforesaid, in such flowery fields. But this is not so. To the right-minded man, all his enjoyments are increased, on such an occasion. The ties that bind him to earth are strengthened and multiplied; he anticipates new affections and pleasures, which your cold individual, careering sloth through a vale of tears, wots not of.

By the way, speaking of tears, reminds us of the majesty of a Summer storm which we witnessed at Greensboro. We sat at the window of a splendid mansion; we saw the far-off clouds arise like giant forms against the horizon, with spears of fire and robes of purple and gold; then, as by some sudden alchemy, they melted into a mass of solid gold, from whose bosom the lightning darted its vivid chain, and the rain descended in torrents, while its source

"Hung o'er the solemn landscape, silent, dark,
Frowning and terrible."

But a trace to episode. We were pleased to find Greensboro a much larger, and more business-like place than we had any idea of, though we might have known from the enterprising character of its leading citizens, that where their energies were exerted, there could be no such word as *Jail*. Greensboro has a population of more than 2,000 souls, including the operatives of a large Cotton Factory, owned by Messrs. Tate & Co. The Town is eminently distinguished for the habitual industry, ingenuity, virtuous character, and unobstructive hospitality of its entire population. It is no less celebrated for the number and excellence of its Schools. After stating so much, perhaps, it is a work of supererogation to add, that Greensboro is Whig to the core, and that the County, of which it is the seat of Justice, thinks nothing of rolling up a Whig majority of two thousand, when the occasion demands it.

Ex-Governor MOREHEAD, our late distinguished Chief Magistrate, resides in Greensboro, and has, so far as our knowledge extends, the most elegant Residence of any private gentleman in the State, in which he dispenses with open heart, liberal hand, and true North Carolina courtesy, the old-fashioned hospitality of his fathers.

But to return to the Schools, which are the chief jewels in the crown of Greensboro's glory. Edgeworth, the reputation of which has extended over the State, is only one evidence of Gov. MOREHEAD's enterprising character—It having been solely founded by him, to afford his own daughters the advantages of thorough instruction, and, at the same time, to place like benefits within the reach of his neighbors. The local situation of Edgeworth, which is now in a flourishing state, is well adapted to the purposes of which it is designed. The building is spacious and remarkably well ventilated—the grounds spacious—and the water, (as we had an opportunity of testing on one of the very warmest days of the season,) as clear as crystal, and as cold as ice. This Institution is now under the charge of Rev. GILBERT MORGAN, a gentleman of profound learning, and great experience as a Teacher.

Besides Edgeworth the Methodist Female College, which has just commenced operations under the most flattering auspices, and with every prospect of success, and which, from its plan of construction, is a most imposing edifice, affords to the Young Ladies of that denomination, and others, the most ample means of acquiring solid and useful knowledge. We were pleased to take by the hand, in connection with this Institution, Rev. BENNET T. BLAKE, formerly of this vicinity, one of the best and purest of men.

And to crown the whole, the High School for young gentlemen, in the hands of most competent Teachers, leaves nothing to be desired in Greensboro, on the score of Education.

We must not forget, in these hasty notes, to pay a passing tribute to "mine host" of the "Greensboro Hotel." If you like a nice cup of Coffee, viands cooked exactly right, all the luxuries of each season in its turn, and moderate charges, call on Col. GOTT, whose personal courtesies will make you feel quite at home.

One of the agreeable incidents of our visit to Greensboro, was to form the personal acquaintance of our brethren of the "Patriot," from whose sensible and judicious lucubrations, we have, for many years, derived so much information.

We shall abruptly close this paragraph here, because we have an urgent demand for "more copy." And we do so the more willingly, because we lay down our pen at a point, where we shall delight to take it up again.