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WHO TAKES CARE OF THE BIRDS! Who taught the bird to build her nest...

The Dead Sea Expedition.

The September number of the Southern Literary Messenger contains an article of profound interest on this subject, from the pen of Lieutenant M. F. Maury...

The Secretary of the Navy received favorably the proposition of Lieut. Lynch, and an opportunity soon occurred, by which it could be conveniently carried into effect...

The navigation of the Jordan was found to be the most difficult and dangerous, from its fearful and frequent rapids.

The party proceeded daily with their explorations, making topographical sketches as they went, until they reached the Southern extremity of the sea...

In passing the mountain of Uzdum (Sodom)

we unexpectedly and much to our astonishment, says Lieut. Lynch, "saw a large, rounded, turret-shaped column, facing towards S. E."

The party that circumnavigated the lake, returned to their place of departure, and brought back boats in an complete order as they had left them...

Thanks to the good management of Lieutenant Lynch, the whole cost of this scientific exploration of the Dead Sea was but seven hundred dollars.

The bottom of the Northern half of this sea is almost an entire plain. Its meridional lines at a short distance from the shore scarcely vary in depth.

The Southern half of the sea is as shallow as the Northern one is deep, and for about one fourth of its entire length the depth does not exceed three fathoms (18 feet).

There are unquestionably birds and insects upon the shores, and ducks are sometimes upon the sea, for we have seen them—but cannot detect any living thing within it; although the salt streams flowing into it contain salt fish.

He thus speaks of the Jordan—"The Jordan although rapid and impetuous is graceful in its windings, and fringed with luxuriance, while its waters are sweet, clear, cool and refreshing."

Another not less singular fact, in the opinion of Lieut. Lynch, "is that the bottom of the Dead Sea forms two submerged plains, an elevated and a depressed one."

We have given this condensed view of Lieut. Maury's instructive article, with its extract from Lieut. Lynch's letters, believing that the interest of the subject will excite us in the eyes of our readers...

Mr. PRESIDENT, THE HISTORIAN. We learn from the letter of the correspondent of the Boston Courier, that the celebrated author of "Cosmos," Humboldt, referring to this country...

The chief opportunity of seeing native scenery is mixed up with a curious custom observed on Whit-monday at the summer gardens, when the unmarried girls parade themselves for the chance of being selected and sought in marriage by those who are on the lookout for wives.

Who are happy men? The mechanics—they live to benefit others—are always ready with a word to encourage—a smile to cheer—a look to persuade, and a dollar to assist.

SENSIBLE WOMEN.—"When I am making up a plan of consequences," says Lord Bolingbroke, "I always like to consult with a sensible woman."

The Death of the Dominic.

My old schoolmaster is dead. He died of a stroke, and I wonder none of his pupils have ever done the same. I have been flogged by many masters, but his rod, like Aaron's, swallowed all the rest.

An arm, a man, and a cane. It was Englished to me one day in school hours when I was studying Robinson Crusoe instead of Virgil, by a storm of bamboo that really carried on the illusion and made me think for a time that I was assaulted by a set of savages.

Life death was characteristic. After making his will he sent for Mr. Taddy, the head usher, and addressed him in the following words—"It is all over, Mr. Taddy—I am sinking fast—I am going from the terrestrial globe—"

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Execution of Bailly.

In Lamartine's History of the Girondists, that book in which he so eloquently describes the rise and fall of a body of men in whose footsteps he has himself closely followed in this last Revolution, possibly to share their fate, occurs the following description of the last scene of one not unlike himself in magnanimity of character nobleness of soul—Bailly, Mayor of Paris.

His name condemned him. He marched to death among the throng of the multitude. His punishment was no less than a protracted assassination. His head bare, his hair cut, his hands tied behind his back with an enormous cord, his body covered only by a shirt beneath a freezing sky, he slowly traversed the quarters of the capital.

Arrived at the place of execution, these refined men of wrath made Bailly descend from the tumbrel, and forced him to make on foot the tour of the Champ de Mars; they ordered him to kick the ground on which the blood of the people had flowed.

The executioners were ordered to take down the scaffold, piece by piece, and to reconstruct it close to the Seine, upon a dung heap accumulated from the sewers of Paris.

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GOOD MAXIMS.

The world esteems men by their success in life, and by general consent, success is evidence of superiority.

Never, under any circumstances, assume a responsibility you can avoid consistently with your duty to yourself and others.

Base all your actions upon a principle of right; preserve your integrity of character, and, in doing this, never reckon the cost.

Remember that self-interest is more likely to warp your judgment than all other circumstances combined; therefore look well to your duty when your interest is concerned.

Never make money at the expense of your reputation.

Be neither lavish nor niggardly; of the two, avoid the latter. A mean man is universally despised; but public favor is a stepping-stone to preferment—therefore generous feelings should be cultivated.

Let your expense be such as to leave a balance in your pocket. Ready money is a friend in need.

Keep clear of the law; for, when you gain your case, you are generally a loser of money.

Never relate your misfortunes and never grieve over what you cannot prevent.

No man who owes as much as he can pay, has any moral right to endorse for another.

Have these office-holding gentry any claims to be called the followers of Jefferson and Jackson?

The true Government Policy.

THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER of Saturday contains another of the "campaign" articles, the whole series of which are so well and ably written. The following extract relates to a period which may be called the "Golden Age" of the Republic.

Now, there are but two sorts of party proper to good institutions and natural to our own. One of these founders itself on existing interests and their preservation; the other upon opinions. The first of these is the Conservative party; the second that of innovation, now generally styling itself, by a more flattering title Progressive.

From the beginning, party had among us, resolved itself into these two forms, but neither pushed its own views to excess. For a time the Federalists were ultra-conservative, through a natural alarm at the enormities of French Democracy; and Mr. Jefferson from his tendency to French theories, was as much over-disposed to be guided by speculative ideas, by a policy which regarded too much untrodden opinions rather than solid interests.

They were both Conservative and Progressive and thus satisfying both these tendencies, (which, as we have said, determine men in politics, these to the old, these the new—the sober and thinking to guide themselves by the past, the headlong or unquiet to expect every thing of the future,) they united both in one great party of the country. There could be nothing better.

The Government was pure, impartial, moderate, and active only for good; three-fourths of its time and all its energies were not, as now, employed only in sustaining itself at the expense of the country, making war upon half the citizens, corrupting or inflaming the rest, and spreading discussion and danger. If powers which had been dispersed were assumed, they were first such as precedent after precedent had sanctioned—the precedents of good times and high authorities; secondly, the powers so assumed (to incorporate a Bank, to carry on Internal Improvement, and to protect Domestic Industry) were not for the exclusive aggrandizement of the Executive, and did not tend to monarchy; and thirdly, they were all purely beneficial.

The election of Gen. TAYLOR to the Presidency bids fair to restore the blessings of the happy period here so truly described. The hope of such a restoration is itself exhilarating. The ultraism of parties receiving no encouragement at his hands, the asperities of political strife must subside; and men who go into public life must serve their country honestly, without danger of partisan obloquy.

As a matter of course. Hence, the Compromise Bill, which Stephens and others, by their vote, laid on the table, was a mere trick, and they so voted because they believed with Cass, that in those regions, it (slavery) is forbidden by law. Yet in the face of this opinion of Cass, southern Locofoco agitators denounce Stephens & Co. for believing the Cass creed. Verily it would seem as if those who profess to "place their trust in the intelligence of the people conceive no position too monstrous for the popular credulity."

To the following we would particularly ask the attention of our Quaker whigs of North Carolina, it really seems to us that there ought to be no situation among them between Taylor, the friend of Peace, and Cass, the "inevitable War" man.

Prospects in Pennsylvania.—Putnam, who has extensive means of acquiring information, gives the following cheering tidings from Pennsylvania: "Letters have been received here from leading Quakers in Pennsylvania, which states that the honest broad brims are going en masse for Zachary Taylor, because he is a straight-forward honest man, and a man of peace, opposed to war and carnage, although he fights the battles of his country when ordered by his Government to do so; whereas Gen. Cass, although he never fights himself, is furious for conquest and for involving the country in war! No doubt Gen. Taylor will get every true Whig vote in Pennsylvania, and a great number which were to the last election cast for Mr. Polk. If, then, Wilmore's declaration prove true, that Van Buren will poll 23,000 Democratic votes in Pennsylvania, and that he will the signs indicate, how, in the name of common sense, can the Old Keystone fail of going for Taylor by an elegant majority?"

Have these office-holding gentry any claims to be called the followers of Jefferson and Jackson?