

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

BRUNER & JAMES,
Editors & Proprietors.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR
IS SAFE."



RULERS: DO THIS, AND LIBERTY
Gen'l. Harrison.

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From the Southern Literary Messenger and Review.
THE BUTTERFLY AND THE FLOWER.
"Love, with born of heaven, in blissful wings,
And of earth, it plumes them back again,
And so we lose it."

Deep in the bosom of a southern forest, there
grew a beautiful flower, the sweetest flower in
any lonely region. Its leaves were of the pure
white, for the first time unfolding to the
world around them, and revealing as they did
the fine and delicate droppings of violet and
purple, which before, like so much hidden
wealth, had lain within its bosom. Its odor
was fresh and exquisite, and no flower in all
the forest could come near it for sweetness, or
beauty. In excellence, and in condition, it was
truly alone.

But it was not destined to be alone always.
There came to it, one morning in May, a golden
butterfly—a rover among the flowers—an an-
cient robber of their sweets. Gayly he plied
his flight throughout the forest,—now here, now
there,—sporting about in a sort of errand uncon-
sciousness. It was not long before he inhaled
the odor,—it was not long before he saw the
pure white leaves, and looked down, with a yearn-
ing eye, upon the rich droppings of purple and
violet, which nestled in the bosom of the isolated
flower.

Flying around, in mazy, but still contracting
circles, he gazed upon the loveliness of the flow-
er, and grew more and more enamored at each
moment of his survey. "Surely," he thought,
"this is a flower by itself—love's own flower—
dwelling in secret—budding and blooming
only for his eyes, and denied to all beside." It
was good fortune to have found it,—I will
die in its bosom,—I will enjoy its charms as
I have enjoyed those of a thousand others.—
Verily, it will better deserve my embraces."

Even with the thought, came the quick resolu-
tion, and another moment found him lying—
lying close, and pressing fondly upon the bosom
of the flower. There was, at first, a slight ef-
fort to escape from the embraces of the intruder—
the flower murmured its dissent; but the
murmur died away into a sigh, and the sigh was
hushed, as so much delicious dew of Eden, by
the pressing lips of the butterfly. He sung to
the flower of his love—he, the acknowledged
lover,—the unlicensed drinker of sweets—the
economical winner of affections, with which he
did not share his own,—he sang to the flower
a story of his love; and, oh! saddest of all, the
young flower believed the dishonest story which
he told.

And, day after day, he came to the solen em-
brace;—and, day after day, more fondly than
ever, the lovely flower looked forth to receive
his visits. She surrendered her very soul to his
keeping, and her pure white leaves grew tinged
with the pressure of his golden ringlets, while
his kisses stained with yellow the otherwise
delicate loveliness of her lips. But she heeded
not, she knew not of the change in her puri-
ty; while yet the embrace was still fervent—the
kiss still warm upon his lips—the return of
the worshipper still certain to her altars.

But when was love ever certain? not often,
where the lover is a butterfly! There came, in
time, a change over the fortunes of the flower,
for there came a change over the habits of the
wanderer. He gradually fell off in his atten-
tions. His passion grew cool, and the ease of
his conquest led him to undervalue its acqui-
sition. Each day brought him at a later hour,
and his stay with the flower grew more and
more shortened at every visit. Her feelings
perceived the estrangement long before her reason
had taught her to think upon or understand
it. She, alas! felt not of her own changes;
she only had consciousness of his.

At length she murmured her reproaches; and
the grievance must be great when love will
so fondly as to complain. "Wherefore," she
said, "Oh! wherefore hast thou lingered so
long? Why dost thou not now, as before, vie
with the sunlight in thy advances? I have
looked for thee in vain. The yellow beetle has
been all the morning buzzing around me, but I
frowned upon his approaches. The green
grasshopper had as long under my shade, and
told me a dull story of the love which he had
for me in his bosom; and more than once, the
glittering humming-bird has sought my embraces,
but I shut my leaves against him. Thou
only hast been slow to seek me—thou whom
only I have longed to see. Ah! wherefore,
when I so much need thee, is it thus?"

Gayly the butterfly replied to these reproaches,
and heeded the increasing pallidness of the
victim of his snares. "Over a thousand forests
I have been flying, each as beautiful as this—
on a thousand flowers I've been tending, none
less lovely to the sight than thou. How couldst
thou dream that, with a golden winglet, broad,
and free, and beautiful like mine, in a single
spot I still should linger, of the world around
unknown? No; no; mine is an excursive
spirit—for a thousand free affections char-
actered, wouldst thou have me, like a groping spider,
striving still to girdle myself?"

It was a murmuring, and a sad reply of the
now desolated flower, and she lived not long
after she had made it: "Ah! now I know
mine error—my sad error,—having no wings
myself, to mate with the lover who hath wings
only. Alas! that I have loved so fondly and
foolishly; for while thou hast gone over a thou-
sand forests, seeing a thousand flowers, I have
only known, only looked and lived for a single
butterfly." Drooping beneath her own shroud-
ing leaves, the victim had no more reproaches.

The false one was soon away, after this, to
another forest; for his ear loved not the lan-
guage of complaint, and he had sense, if not
feeling enough, to know that her's was uttered
but too justly. The flower noted his departure,
and its last sigh was an audible warning to the
young bud which grew into bloom beside it.—
The wood-spirit heard the sigh and the warning;
and when the bud began to expand in the plea-
sant sunshine, he persuaded the black-browed

spider to spin his web, and to frame his nest in
the thick bushes that hung around it; and many
were the wanton butterflies, after this, who,
coming to prey upon the innocent affections, be-
came entangled, and justly perished because of
the guardian net-work thus raised up for its pro-
tection.

MR. BENTON ON OREGON.

The reporter of the N. Y. Herald gives the
following account of Mr. Benton's
great speech on Friday:

Oregon—The Funeral Discourse of 54 40
—Deliberate Onslaught of Col. Benton
upon Messrs. Polk, Buchanan, Green-
how, Allen, Cass, Hannegan, Adams,
Giddings and Co.—No such line as 54
40.

Col. Benton rose to address the Senate
and there was a general movement in the
galleries to see him as well as to hear him.
He said that the bill before the Senate
was a proposition to extend our laws over
the territory west of the Rocky Mountains,
without saying what was the extent of
our limits. This was a wrong proceeding.
He did not think that this was the way to
proceed either in the settlement of the
question, or in the occupation of the territory.
He thought it the business of negotia-
tion, and not of legislation, to settle the
boundaries of the territory; and this was
the reason he had waited and declined
any expression of his views at length upon
the subject. But now, while negotia-
tions are pending, that we are about to
legislate a jurisdiction over an undefined
extent of territory—a proceeding, which
would at once, forestall all negotiation—
it altered the state of the case. As events
were going on, we propose to establish a
jurisdiction over a territory 3000 miles off
—a power, the extent of which we cannot
determine; and in this condition of things
he would forego all considerations of prop-
erty, policy, or expediency, in a review
of this question of the boundary. He pro-
posed to do it upon the principle of "ask-
ing nothing but what is right, and submit-
ting to nothing that is wrong." In under-
taking this ungracious task, his attention
would first be directed to the exposure of
several great errors in existence—errors
at home—errors greatly pernicious, and
the origin of all our late difficulties. At
the head of these errors was the assumption
by the Treaty with Russia of the line
of 54 40, establishing, so far, the territory
as ours up to that line on the one side, and
as the territory of Russia down to that line
on the other. This was the great error.
There was no such line established in the
world. There was no such line establish-
ed between the United States and Russia.
None, sir. So far as that line was estab-
lished, it was made as the Northern line,
not for the United States, but for Great
Britain. He repeated the declaration,
that, so far as such a boundary was pro-
posed, it was done to make it the Northern
boundary of Great Britain, and not of the
United States. Colonel Benton then
commenced his researches into the records
to establish this point. He went back to
the time of Peter the Great, referred to
the growing power of Russia, and to the
jealousy of England and the United States
against the extension of such power on the
North-west coast. He next cited the
efforts of Great Britain and the U. States,
at a triple arrangement between them-
selves and the Emperor Alexander, in re-
spect to a joint occupation of the territory.
But Alexander, like a wise man, acting
upon the principle that "short settle-
ments make long friends," refused the co-
partnership, and desired only to have his
own. Col. Benton then read from the
treaties respectively between Russia and
Great Britain, and between the U. States
and Russia; both were substantially the
same in fixing the Southern Russian bound-
ary at the line of 54 40 in the sea, and
up the Portland Canal, an arm of the sea,
across to the Mount St. Elias, or the coast
range of mountains, thence along said line
Northward toward Behring's Straits and
the Frozen Ocean. There was no treaty
with Russia by which our title to fifty-four
forty was claimed or acknowledged. The
claim was on the side of another party.—
The learned Senator, in proof, read again
from the treaties upon the subject. There
were also some maps upon which this
boundary was correctly laid down. There
was a map by Greenhow, in which it was
correctly copied. In copying, he had done
it well, but when Mr. Greenhow undertook
to decide upon treaty stipulations as de-
fining boundaries—when he undertook to
settle international disputes—his authority
was quite another thing. In copying this
map he was correct. He had put the line
of 54 40 as it ought to be, running it up
from the sea along the Portland canal—
thence to Mount St. Elias, thence in a
northerly direction to the frozen regions.
Col. Benton then produced another and
later map, with the line of 54 40 running
straight across to the Rocky Mountains,
dividing springs from their branches, and
branches from their springs. Ten thou-
sand copies of this erroneous map had been
distributed by order of the Senate, through
the country; and from various sources,
hundreds of thousands of them had been
distributed. The line had been drawn full
and strong from the sea to the Rocky
Mountains, when there was no such line

And yet our people had been so inflamed
as to be ready to go out and establish that
line by the sword, marching all the way,
and sighing as they went along,
"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

It is sweet and graceful to die for our
country. And yet, sir, after marching all
the way for this line of 54 40, when they
would get there, they would find there
was no such place. The whole thing is
imaginary, intangible, and is dispelled in-
to thin air. All this excitement—all this
patriotism—all this waste of words and
time, sir, has been about nothing, or is
something too ridiculous to excite the brave-
ry of the people to the point of war.—
No such thing ever existed, sir. You can't
find it. There is no such line. It is ridi-
culous—it is ridiculous, sir; and speak-
ing of it hereafter, let it ever be said—
"Oh! mountain that was delivered of a
mouse, hereafter thy name shall be 54
40." (General laughter.) No such bound-
ary line was ever established, as the con-
tinuous line of 51 40; but as far as agreed
upon, it was the northern boundary of
Great Britain. Col. Benton continued his
citations from official papers of the State
department, including the correspondence
upon this subject, during the administra-
tion of Jefferson and Mr. Monroe, show-
ing that our government had uniformly
contended for 49, as our northern bound-
ary. Great Britain could not forget these
facts. No, sir, the growth of her states-
men was not so rapid as to forget the
events of twenty-three years back. And
yet, sir, after offering her five degrees of
latitude as her own, over and over, we
prepare to squeeze her out of it entirely.
We are to go jam to 54 40 on one side,
and Russia is to come jam down on the
other, and we are ready to go to war for
it; such is the position of the advocates of
54 40. We must close up and squeeze
out Great Britain entirely. We must not
let her have room to put her lion's paw
upon it, even if it were small as the foot of
a dove. Is this right? Is this decent?
No, sir, it is neither right nor decent.—
The original idea was that Oregon should
be divided into three parts—Russia have
the North, Great Britain the middle, and
the United States the Southern portion.
Russia has received her portion—ours was
still in dispute. The first great error then
was that our title was good up to 54 40.
He had corrected this error, and from this
time henceforth there will be no such line
as 54 40, and if so it will be known as the
Northern boundary of Great Britain. The
next error upon this Oregon question was
almost equally pernicious with the first.
It was pernicious because it was an error.
It was the unsubstantiated dogma that
our title was clear to the whole of Oregon
from the indivisibility and unity of our
title up to 54 40—that there was no break
in it. From this dogma of unity follows
the corollary that our title is clear to the
whole of Oregon. Now, sir, if we come
to examine it, we shall find that in part
our title is good, and in part bad; and
that the dogma and the corollary must go
down together. There are breaks in the
title. To the Columbia it is complete.—
North of that it depends upon the Span-
ish treaty of 1819. This single view
breaks up the unity of the title. There
are two breaks in the first division, and if
we go further we will find there are two
more. The dogma of the unity of title
was exploded—our title was good to part,
and bad to other parts—and it is the place
of sensible men to examine all the parts
in their relations to each other.

[Mr. Buchanan was a listener to this
speech, and seemed to be much edified.
Mr. Pakenham looked on and said nothing.]
Col. Benton next adverted to the treaty
of Utrecht, as establishing the boundary
line between the French and English pos-
sessions along the line of 49, indefinitely,
westward from the Lake of the Woods.—
He was called again to refute Greenhow's
book, and he did it because the endorse-
ment of a Senator had entitled it to con-
sideration. He said he would refer again
to the records of the Department of State,
which he did, citing the correspondence
upon the Oregon question under Mr. Jef-
ferson's administration. Col. Benton had
also a letter read from Mr. Pitkin, of New
York, of April last, to Mr. Webster, em-
bodying the opinions of Timothy Pickens,
Hutchins and others in support of
the line of 49 as being established by
commissioners appointed under the treaty
of Utrecht. Col. B. next referred to a
map being printed in London under the
patronage of the prince, in 1753, in fur-
ther support of the line of forty-nine. A
strong red line was drawn all the way
through upon this map in the forty-ninth
parallel. Col. Benton said, that gentle-
men were thus peculiarly unfortunate in
staking themselves upon a line which does
not exist, and against a line which does
exist. This third error, then, that the
treaty of Utrecht gave no authority for
the line of 49, must go with the rest. The
Puddle Lane rebellion which has been
excited all over the country, and which has
reached this chamber, holding here, in
this chamber, divided empire, must now
die—and die, sir, the death of the ridicu-
lous. Col. Benton said, in conclusion, that
he had thus consumed his time for the
day in removing the rubbish out of his
way. When the question was resumed,
he proposed to go into the body of the
subject.

From the Richmond Whig. COURSE OF THE WHIGS.

The ungenerous assault so frequently made
upon the Whigs, in connection with the Mexi-
can War, by Journals devoted to the Adminis-
tration, which seem to regard every unfriendly
criticism upon the conduct of the President as
synonymous with a want of attachment to the
country—in the prosperity of which, by the way,
it may safely be assumed, the Whigs, as a party,
have at least as deep an interest as their as-
sailants—fully justify the following severe re-
tort, which we find in the last New York Ex-
press:

"The 'Union,' as the organ of the Govern-
ment, is making itself contemptible in the im-
putations it throws out against the patriotism of
the Whigs, and the Whig Press, in this Mexi-
can war.
Who is Gen. Taylor, now leading our arms
to victory and to glory, in Mexico? A warm
hearted, staunch, high minded, Henry Clay
Whig. Mr. Clay has not a warmer friend in
the world, one more devoted to him, one who
was more anxious for his election to the Presi-
dency. Nor was there a man in the country
more opposed to the Texas annexation, or to
THE WAY IT WAS DONE.
"Who is Maj. Ringgold, whose life has just
been offered up in the battle-field? Another
Whig, and a Henry Clay Whig! who was
thoroughly opposed to Texas annexation, and
THE WAY IT WAS DONE. We did not know Col.
McIntosh and the others, who have fallen, but
from their gallant bearing, in the discharge
of their duty, we have no doubt they were men
of the same school.
"Commodore Conner, who has rushed to the
scene of the war off the Brazos, as soon as he
heard of it, is, we are told, another Whig.—
Gen. Scott, who is to lead our forces in Mexico,
has been a leading Whig candidate for the Presi-
dency, and has poured out his blood freely for
his country.
"The Whigs are not SPOOTERS, froth-makers,
declainers, rampant orators, such as the 54 40
men are, and all that clan and school of mock
patriots; but when any hard fighting is to be
done for their country, when men or money are
wanted in the battle-field, they are there,—not
spouting, nor making speeches, but ACTING, as
Gen. Taylor does. If there are any cowards
in the day of trial, any distinguished for their
words, and recreant in their acts, they will be
found among the frothy 'democracy.' When
Whigs make pledges they MEAN what they say,
which is much more than can be said of the
Dorr democracy men."

We do not concur in so much of the forego-
ing article as seems to insinuate that our polit-
ical opponents are destitute either of patriotism
or courage. Those qualities, we respectfully
suggest, are monopolized by neither party; and,
we do not question that the "rank and file" of
both will always be found promptly rallying un-
der their country's flag whenever the emergen-
cy may demand their services. Is it not, how-
ever, most ungenerous and most unjust, that the
Whigs, as a party, should be so constantly as-
sailed, and held up to public reprobation, as de-
void of national feelings and sympathies, be-
cause a few of their number—an infinitesimal
portion—whose affinities are known to be with
the Abolitionists, have thought proper, since the
commencement of hostilities on the Mexican
frontier, to express unpatriotic and anti-national
sentiments and opinions? Is it not equally un-
fair and preposterous to construe every unfriend-
ly criticism upon the conduct of the Adminis-
tration, in the progress of the Mexican contro-
versy, as in itself evidence of a lack of patriotism,
and to stigmatize those who question the infal-
libility of Mr. James K. Polk, as having been
by one Locofoco Editor, as guilty of "modified
treason?" Has it come to this, that although,
when war exists, the Whigs are as ready as
their opponents to pour out their treasure and
their blood in defence of their country, they are
to be denied the right to express an opinion in
regard to the character of the measures by
which its peace has been disturbed? Are the
tax-payers and the fighting men to be gagged,
as well as to be fleeced and slain? To what
consequences might not this slavish dogma lead?
If a state of war is to stifle enquiry into the
means by which the country has been involved
in it, and to silence all discussion on the sub-
ject, and if every expression of opinion adverse
to the policy of the Administration is to be sil-
enced by the clamors of its partisans, proclaim-
ing that those who pause thus to examine and
to criticize the acts of the Government, are traitors
and poltroons, it is easy to see that the tremen-
dous power of making war, though vested
by the Constitution exclusively in the represen-
tatives of the people, in Congress assembled,
may at any moment be exercised with impunity
by the Executive, from whom, for the gravest
reasons, that power has been expressly with-
held. At this very moment, indeed, the Presi-
dent might plunge us into a war with Great
Britain, by a course not dissimilar to that which
he has pursued towards Mexico. Let us sup-
pose that before the expiration of the convention
of joint occupation by which Oregon is held by
the United States and Great Britain in common,
the President should order an armed force to
march to the extreme limits of the territory, our
title to which he has pronounced, authoritatively
and officially, to be "clear and unquestionable,"
with a view to take exclusive possession
and to exercise exclusive jurisdiction over it.
Every man will at once admit that this would
be an act of aggression which Great Britain
could not fail to regard as equivalent to a decla-

ration of war; and the reception of the intelli-
gence in Downing street would at once lead to
preparations for resistance and retaliation. The
armies and navies of Great Britain would be
promptly put in motion to avenge the outrage,
and we should be attacked at every assailable
point. No one would doubt, at such a moment,
the duty of every good citizen to meet and repel
the enemy. But will any patriot—will any man
who regards the Constitution as the sheet anchor
of our liberties, and who sees, in this usurpation
by the Executive of the war-making power, a
dangerous infraction of that charter—will any
man, who professes to be governed by the max-
im, that while, as a nation, we ought to submit
to no wrong, so on the other hand, we should
demand nothing of other nations which is not
right—hesitate, even in the act of contributing
his money or of shouldering his musket, to con-
demn the act of the Administration, by which
the country would be involved by the Executive
in an unjust war, and these pecuniary and per-
sonal sacrifices rendered necessary? Surely
not. To argue otherwise, would be to give a
carte blanche to the President—to break down
all the checks and limitations which were de-
signed by the framers of the Constitution as
barriers against the encroachments of that offi-
cer, and as safe-guards to the interests, rights,
and liberties of the people. In truth, if this
dogma is to prevail, the President is "every
inch a King," and is invested with unlimited
authority. In Great Britain even, where the
Monarch has the exclusive power to declare war
and to make peace, the Commons may hold him
in check, if he attempt to exercise it capriciously
and unjustly; by withholding from him the
"supplies" necessary to its prosecution. If,
then, in the United States, the President, by his
own act, may plunge us into war, and if, when
he demands "supplies" of our Commons to carry
it on, neither the representatives of the people
nor the people themselves may scrutinize his
official acts, and if they believe that he has
done wrong, so say, and condemn him while
they defend the country,—if this be so, our Con-
stitution is indeed, what it has been more than
once styled, "a nose of wax,"—and our Presi-
dent, instead of being a Republican Chief Mag-
istrate, with limited powers, may at any time
play the Monarch on as grand a scale as the
Emperor of all the Russias. Commencing now
with the denial of the right to criticize and con-
demn, how long will it be, before, in the abused
name of Democracy, punishment will be inflicted
upon those who dare to impugn the motives
or to censure the acts of its Autocrat?

THE ADMINISTRATION AND GEN. SCOTT.

The impression is abroad that Mr. Polk is
afraid to put Gen. Scott in command of the vol-
unteer forces now raising for the United States.
Mr. P. is afraid to have his own littleness con-
trasted with Gen. Scott's whole-souled gallan-
try and patriotism, particularly as the General
is a Whig.
The Philadelphia North American says:—
"The statements made by our able Washing-
ton correspondent, in relation to the course pur-
sued by the Administration towards Gen. Scott,
cannot fail to excite apprehension and indigna-
tion among all parties. The selection of Gen.
Scott to command the forces raised under the
recent act of Congress was announced in the
"Union," and hailed in all quarters and by all
parties, with exultation and delight. What has
occurred to excuse the capricious inconsistency
of the Administration? Is not the hero of
Chippewa as worthy now as then? If there be
a reason for a step which thus outrages the na-
tion and her bravest defender, it must be a se-
cret personal and political reason. The indul-
gence of such motives, at such a time, is utter-
ly inexcusable. This injustice to a gallant, a-
ble, and faithful officer has no parallel in our
history, and is rendered the more obvious by
the magnanimous example set by Gen. Scott in
refusing to pluck the proffered laurels which
have been earned by the heroic Taylor. The
effect of such an act must be to discourage the
army and to inspire distrust in the people. It
is a blow, a heavy one, at the service in gen-
eral. The position to which General Scott was
called, not only by the President, but by the
voice of the whole nation, was due to his past
aetues, genius, and experience—to his past ac-
chievements and his present high rank and
character. The country will not sanction the
course of the President who, startled into jeal-
ousy by the acclaim with which all parties
hailed the selection of the hero to lead on our
armies to victory, now seeks to dishonor and
dismiss him. The design and attempt will
kindle a flame of popular indignation such as
kindle a flame not witnessed for years. The
country has now the cause of the country not of a
faction; and the effort to betray and degrade
the army through its chief, in order to subvert
universal political purposes, must meet with
universal reprobation.

BAD TASTE.

We are sorry that Gen'l. Taylor has soiled
the laurels which he so gallantly won by call-
ing the fort at Point Isabel "Fort Polk." Was
this name given in commemoration of Mr. Polk's
exploits in the last war, when he ducked back-
wards and forwards across Duck river to dou-
ble the drafts made for soldiers to fight their
country's battles?
Why was not this fort called Fort Ringgold,
in commemoration of the heroic death of a gal-
lant soldier? Or after the brave May, whose
conduct mainly contributed to our glorious vic-
tory? Either of these names would have sound-
ed like a trumpet's blast to every patriot, while
the present name is enough to make a man sick
at the stomach. Fort Polk!! Where is my
smelling bottle.—Peterburg Intelligencer.

PARTY AND THE WAR.
It is creditable to the American people
as patriots, that the feelings of party
merged in anxiety for the success of
arms, and the vindication of our national
honor in the contest with Mexico. This
shows that there is a lively and abiding
attachment to the country, which over-
whelms every other consideration.
Such is the mania for party mes-
sage means, and party triumphs, that
friends of Mr. Polk even hoped that dif-
ferent spirit might prevail in the
party, and afford political capital of
future electioneering. This was evi-
dence from the action of democratic members
Congress.
But the result has placed the
a position which will command the
ration of all who read our history
ture times. While the partisans of
Polk, in sustaining the war movement
the day, are following the honest
party, and some of them, perhaps, look
to the reward that follows obedience,
Whigs are acting solely for their
with no inducements but those that
from the promptings of patriotism and
ty. Such is the difference, and very
it is, between those who profess to
that the measures that brought about
war, were all right and proper, and
who think that they were unwisely
udent and reckless.
Although the Whigs are of opinion
the Mexican War could and ought to
been avoided, they will not fail to
under the sacred banner of the Union
furl to the breeze of battle; whose
and stripes remind them of vicissitudes
gles for freedom, and pure and
votion to the rights of man. They
not to the array in the hope of
reward, or to pacify the spirit of
but they assume an attitude which
prizes their rights as freemen and
duty as patriots.
Whatever may be the feeling at
the incidents of a single campaign,
banish prejudices of every sort,
and democrats, natives and foreigners,
will soon forget that there ever was
a thing as political animosity, or
country save the one of their
their adoption. And although
American character will ever shine
in the milder glories and happiness
of peace, it will not be tarnished
countering the fatigues and perils
nor unsuccessfully compete with
content for the iron crown of victory.
Go—brave volunteers—go to the
formance of your duty. And al-
though cannot quench the indignation
in our bosom against the promoters
present crisis—we cannot bid you
by whatever party name you may
ed, or in whatever clime you
without expressing the hope that
enjoy the protection and blessing
vidence, and the affectionate
your fellow-citizens.—W. L. G.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT

Resolved, That the Senate advise and
consent to the following appointments in the army of the
in the regiment of mounted riflemen, or
of dragons, as authorized by the act ap-
1846:
Persifer F. Smith, of Louisiana, to be
John C. Fremont, of the army, to be
one.
George S. Burbridge, of Kentucky, to be
William H. Loring, of Florida, to be
Winslow F. Sanderson, of Ohio, to be
Samuel H. Walker, of Texas, to be
Henry C. Pope, of Kentucky, to be
George B. Crittenden, of Kentucky, to be
Stephen T. Mason, of Virginia, to be
John S. Simonsen, of Indiana, to be
John B. Backenstos, of Illinois, to be
Bela M. Hughes, of Missouri, to be
Stephen S. Tucker, of Arkansas, to be
Benjamin S. Roberts, of Iowa, to be
Thomas Ewell, of Tennessee, to be
Andrew Porter, of Pennsylvania, to be
one.
Michael E. Van Buren, of Michigan, to be
one.
Llewellen Jones, of New York, to be
North Newton, of Ohio, to be
Thomas Duncan, of Illinois, to be
William W. Taylor, of Indiana, to be
one.
Andrew J. Lindsey, of Mississippi, to be
one.
John G. Walker, of Missouri, to be
Spear S. Tipton, of Indiana, to be
Thomas Claiborne, Jr., of Tennessee,
Lieutenant.
Thomas G. Rhett, of South Carolina,
Lieutenant.
Charles L. Demman, of New York, to be
Lieutenant.
Washington L. Elliott, of Pennsylvania,
Lieutenant.
Thomas Davis, of Illinois, to be
George McLane, of Maryland, to be
one.
Murray Morris, of the District of Colum-
bia, to be Lieutenant.
Llewellen Rague, of Ohio, to be
Francis S. K. Russell, of Michigan, to be
Lieutenant.
Julian May, of the District of Colum-
bia, to be Lieutenant.

MILITARY STOREKEEPER

James G. Sturgeon, to be military store-
keeper.
Richard B. Butler, removed.

APOSTROPHE TO DEATH

BY JULIAN CRANE.
I fear thee not—oh death!
Thou stealest near me with so many
That I scarce feel thy presence,
Around me with so soft a touch is
That thou must crush me while I
And still I fear thee not—for I and
Have met before, and I have
Till every feature is familiar; now
I greet thee with a friend's unbending

I fear thee not—oh death!
Thou hast no power save o'er the
Do with it as thou wilt! From
And unto dust returning, yield my
And lay me down to sleep and be
(Alas! how frail a thing is human
But then I conquer; for that dust I
Upward towards Heaven, on my
And so, I fear thee not—oh death!

Ex-Governor Jones, of Ten-
raised a volunteer company
county, where he resides, and
services to the present Govern-
State. Fourteen companies,
upwards of a thousand men,
themselves for service at the
from Nashville.