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LAUGH, LADY LAUGH!

Laugh, lady laugh!
There's no avail in weeping;
Grief was never made
To be in beauty's keeping;
Tears are of a stream,
Where pleasure lies decaying;
O'er sunny waters playing;
Laugh lady, laugh!

Sing, lady, sing!
There is a charm in singing
When melody its spell
Upon the air is flinging;
Sweet sounds have often won
More than the fairest face;
And harp have always been
The playing of the graces;
Sing, lady, sing!

Love, lady, love!
There's always joy in loving;
But sigh not when you find;
That man is fond of roving;
For when the summer bee
Takes wing through beauty's bowers,
He knows not which to choose
Among so many flowers;
Love, lady, love!

A Rough Diamond.

More than half a century ago, a Scotchman named David, made his appearance and settled in the north end of Boston. From what part of the land of cakes he came, what was his cognomen, or how or where he had lived previously, it is not our present purpose to inquire. Let it suffice that he was a man. His features were coarse and harsh, after the most approved Lowland Scotch pattern; and, in figure, he was tall, gaunt, broad-shouldered, and big-boned. Immediately on his arrival, he addicted himself unremittingly to the hardest kind of manual labor, and soon gained the reputation of the best drain-deliver and well-sinker in the city. Rough was he in speech, uncouth was he in dialect; caustic and severe was his language, and niggardly were his habits; for all of which causes he was pretty generally disliked by his neighbors during his lifetime. He was never known to purchase aught for himself beyond the bare necessities of life. On his family he enjoined constant industry and frugality. He stigmatized the poor, in mass, as lazy, worthless vagabonds; and was never seen to give any of them a crust or a penny. For all that, his untiring industry and scrupulous honesty were qualities which it was impossible not to respect.

In the beginning, he had bought a small ten-foot tenement, of two rooms, and in it he lived till the day of his death. Yet he grew rich. With his savings, and the accumulated interest thereof, he bought many small buildings, calculated for abodes of the poor. He did not, however, grow indolent, or vain, or proud, as he grew rich; prosperity wrought no change in that iron old man. Hot or cold, wet or dry, David might daily be found at the bottom of some excavation, bare legged, with his coat off, and the sweat streaming from his brow. Very rigorous he was in exacting punctual payment of his rents, scolding abominably at the least delay; and yet David was never known to distress a widow or a sick person who had shown himself willing to work when well. To drunken, idle, or extravagant tenants, he was inexorable as fate; and thereby he acquired the reputation of an insatiable, grasping, miserly tyrant and oppressor; indeed, of a kind of Caldeonian ogre.

It was not uncommon in David's neighborhood, especially among his tenants, for persons in distress to find relief at their door when they least expected it, in the shape of a cord of wood, a barrel of flour, a pair of blankets, or the like; but no one knew the source whence these bounties flowed. It was generally supposed that David's cruelty had stirred the compassion of benevolent persons, who cared not to have their good deeds known of men; or, it might be that the donors were wasting pains and money in vain attempts to shame the Scot out of his hard humor. How much did that common liar, Madam Common Report, wrong the old Scotchman.

But it was not to be denied that David could be charitable, though those who admitted the fact qualified it by adding that it was only in his own way—when it cost him nothing. No one was more ready to lift a fallen horse, or to watch with the sick, or treated them more tenderly than he did—all without intermitting his daily toil. Once he was called to sit with a child that had the croup. On the third evening, the doctor called, and prescribed a draught, to be taken at a prescribed hour, without fail, or the infant would inevitably die. He then retired, and weary David, after reiterated admonitions to the nurse to awaken him in time to administer the potion, settled himself in an arm chair by the bedside, and allowed sleep to prevail over him.

While he slumbered, one Golly Lollipop, an excellent neighbor and thorough gossip, happened in unfortunately; and forthwith a consultation took place between the nurse and her over the sick bed. The worthy old ladies considered the cause and the phases of the disease, tasted and smelt the prescription, and arrived at the conclusion, *scilicet*, (David being asleep) that the

physic did not look wholesome, and that it was best not to administer it.

It was near morning when the Scotchman awoke. The child was dead long before, and the nurse had been afraid to awaken him. He rubbed his eyes, and asked at what hour the babe had departed. At two o'clock, she replied. The dose was to have been given at twelve. He looked and saw it on the mantle. Frowning, he asked her why she had not obeyed his and the doctor's commands.

She did not know; she meant no harm. At any rate, two heads were better than one, if one was a doctor's. Neighbor Lollipop had just dropped in, and tasted the phial, and it tested a kind of curious, so she thought it best for the child not to take it.

"You thought!" cried David, fearfully incensed. "You b—h! and so you and that auld faggot have murdered the bairn!"

With that he smote the woman with his stick more than once. She sued him for it, and obtained one cent damages. Surely that was a righteous verdict; if ever man was justifiable in inflicting a most unmerciful drubbing, surely David was.

One day a poor old woman, at whose door a load of wood had just been dropped by some means discovered that David was her Good Samaritan and inferred, justly, too, that he was the unknown benefactor of the poor of the North End. She ran to his house with all the speed gratitude could inspire, cast herself sobbing aloud, at his feet, and with uplifted hands exclaimed—

"O, Mr. W—! you! you, whom every body calls a miser! you! But the poor widow knows of your goodness; and all the neighborhood shall know it too."

"Haud yere tongue, ye daft jade," said the immovable old man. "Gang yere ways hame, and dinna cleave me wi' yere clishmaclavers; and mmd, ye dinna say naething to naeboddy. I'll hae a' the pair widows in town aboot me; gin yere any the wiser."

Thus lived that grim old man, careless of the world's ways and the world's opinions; reckless of the sympathies and amenities of life; dispensing good in secret, in his humble, but useful and honorable career; like the starless night, which, though gloomy to the eye, sends fresh life to the drooping flowers, and new vigor to man and beast. And so he died, neither asking nor receiving sympathy from any but his own children. His fortune has long been distributed or dissipated, and there is none left to mourn for rough, honest Davy, not one. His daughter had his remains conveyed to Mount Auburn, and erected a stone to his memory, which, could he have foreseen, he would have rebuked on his deathbed, as a needless and extravagant expense. But, slept he without a stone, God would notwithstanding know where to find him, when the last trumpet shall sound the final awakening.—*Saturday Rambler.*

We Can Do Nothing.

What a cowardly conclusion! How miserable, mean and selfish! How full of naked falsehood and unblushing hypocrisy! Shame upon the man, or the woman, that with uplifted eye, and fainting heart, says, when any good is to be accomplished, "Oh, we can do nothing."

We never act upon any such belief in worldly affairs.

Go where you will—in counting house, shop, or work room—watch whom you please, divine lawyer, merchant, mechanic, manufacturer, and when money is to be made—when private plans are to be carried out—when hard jobs are to be done—you never hear this forlorn excuse.

There is no faint-heartedness then. They can go, one and all, for any of these ends, without dinner, without sleep, stand heat or cold, front bravely storm or tempest—bear any privation and brave every peril. But if the call be for time and means to redeem the fallen, to meet and convince prejudice, to encounter heated opposition—to bear calumny, and the voice of hate and threatening to do good, and get curses for doing it—Oh then the cry is, "we can do nothing."

It is all a sham and a lie. There lives not an intelligent being who cannot do something to elevate his character, and improve the moral condition of others. We care not who he may be, nor what his lot in life. He can act so as to make all around him say, when he dies, that the world is better for his having lived in it. And what is the best state, and the highest station in society if those who fill them, fail to merit this eulogy when they pass away? What all wealth and honor, if when slapt of them, and the heart is laid bare, there is nothing left but a barren selfishness, and a cold coarse corruption? Better starve, and be honest, than possess renown with such torturing acquisitions. Better feed on husks, and have a glowing generous heart, than pumper the body, and possess only a grovelling spirit. Poverty of heart, of all penury, is the blackest ill which can befall man.

Some amend this speech and say "we can do nothing because we are poor." Does that dash worldly goods, make you mean? Does it dash generous emotion? Can it fetter the tongue! May such want chain the inner man, and depolish him of his glory? Impossible. Truth is immortal, and it matters not who speaks it. It will be heard, when heard—any command, often, even when the utterer is the humblest of men.

Goodness is invincible. He who has it may be cled in the beggar's raiment, and yet be as a peer. It makes him first. It gives him the right to speak, and there comes with that, the right to sway. Go into legislative hall, church, caucus, school room, in large or small assemblies, and let one rise who is unlearned, awkward, yet honest, and truthful, and he will carry the day, against a winning oratory and a startling eloquence, even if he be poor as poverty itself. There is no excuse. We can all of us do something—do good—if we will it.

We like the working man's (R. V. Hayday's) reply to this poor, paltry excuse, and would have his spirit animate every bosom. He was told that he could do something to benefit himself and his class; but was met at the same time, with the common objection, "we can do nothing because we are poor." He was poor in purse. Yet was he rich in heart. He felt indignant at the cowardice of men thus situated, and poured out his fulness in burning verse against all such base recreancy.

"Poor men can do nothing!" is that what you say! Oh! surely you never mean it at all!—Reflect for one moment then tell me, I pray, if the poor are not rich, the world's 'Great' very small!

Was Franklin a rich man? Was Jenner? Was Watt!—Galileo! Columbus! Can any one tell The wealth or estates our great Newton had got? Was Washington rich? Joan of Arc! William Tell?

Of poets and sages, now pray tell me which Was the wealthiest man; blind Homer of Old, Our Shakespeare, John Milton! Were these over-rich, Did their wealth consist in mere silver or gold?

Was Horndell, was Davy a great millionaire? Was Burns very wealthy, or even Tom Hood! Had Goldsmith a banker, and if so, pray where! No names these for idle, yet the men are all good.

Now these all did something I think for their kind, Each one in his own grand particular range; But it never occurred to these rich ones in mind, To inquire if their names would go down upon 'Change'.

Be firm, and in Truth's cause unflinching by stern, It called on to suffer, then ye can endure, Be true to yourselves, and you'll very soon learn That you can do something although you are poor.

Louisville Examiner.

Letter from Buena Vista.

We avail ourselves of permission to publish the following extract, not so much for its news, (for it does not claim to give any,) but for its easy and agreeable sketches of the Mexican towns and country through which the writer has passed. There is a tinge of quiet romance in his descriptions, peculiarly pleasant to the reader, after having been surfeited with the rugged sketches of battles and war in that region for the past few months. The extract is from a letter of ARTHUR P. JOHNSON to his relatives in this place.

The distance from Camargo to Monterey is 160 miles, the road running for the most part over a level soil, altogether uncultivated and covered with low, thorny bushes. In this region there are but few trees of any size, the medium height being about 20 feet; they appear to be stunted in their growth and are the most crooked I ever looking specimens of timber I ever saw. Now and then a steep hill or a deep ravine breaks the monotonous regularity of the road, but these are scarcely looked upon as impediments or annoyances, as they serve to relieve the traveler by their very contrast with the boundless expanse of level country which every where meets the eye.

The first place of any note, as you advance towards Monterey, is Mier, 30 miles from Camargo. It is rather irregularly built, though a handsome town, slightly elevated, and containing a spacious plaza and two churches, besides several manufactures, though rather indifferently in point of mechanism and structure.

Sixty miles further on is Cerralvo, a fine little place, well watered and beautifully situated. One cathedral of very antiquated model and venerable appearance rears its lofty domes from a gentle eminence, commanding a view of the town. It boasts no less than four bells which are regularly tolled morning and evening for prayers. It was at this place that the 1st Ohio regiment was attacked and subsequently surrounded by Ureña and his band numbering 4 or 5,000. The Ohioans held them at bay whilst they despatched an express to Gen. Taylor then at Monterey, apprising him of their situation. With his usual activity the old chief hastened down to their aid, thereby causing the tallest sort of a *scatteration* among the Mexican cavaliers who so affectionately desired their companionship.

Still further on the stately towers and white stone walls of Marin are to be seen on the top of a considerable eminence which commands an uninterrupted view for miles around. Conspicuous for its height and dazzling whiteness stands the only cemetery in the city. It is well stocked with graves marked in the usual way by a small heap of stones at the head. The Mexicans have a singular way of burying the dead. The corpse is conveyed in great pomp to the grave, attended always by a numerous throng of mourners, and without more ado, consigned to its narrow resting place, minus a coffin, the dirt thrown in and then beat firmly down with the ends of sticks. Marin is somewhat larger than Cerralvo, but not so pleasantly situated, and singularly enough, is scarcely inhabited, save by wolves; at least such was the state I found it in the first time I passed through, though when I entered it some two weeks ago I found that it contained about one-fourth the original population. The cause of its desertion, as far as I was able to learn, was this. Some few months ago a train consisting of over 100 wagons, was cut off and a number of the teamsters and escort were inhumanly butchered by Ureña and his desperadoes. This occurred within a few miles of Marin, and the inhabitants, many of whom were no doubt engaged in the affair, dreading the vengeance of outlaws upon the event should be discovered, fled to the chaparral, where they have been ever since, with the exception of some, who, finding every thing quiet, have ventured to return and resume their several occupations.

From Marin to Monterey it is only one day's march, and the road, as well as the country through which it passes, assumes a more smiling aspect. Fields of waving corn border the road for a considerable way and the marks of something like agriculture become more apparent as the distance gradually lessens towards Monterey. After passing through two ranchos of rather suspicious appearance, the houses of which are nothing more nor less than a collection of miserable hovels, the fair city of Monterey with its domes and turrets can be seen 4 miles off. It is situated at the base of a towering mountain whose summit maintains close fellowship with the clouds, and seldom appears altogether deserted by its aerial neighbors. You enter the city by a small neat stone bridge supported by arches of the same material, much in the style of our own architecture at home. Over this narrow causeway our army passed on its first entrance into the city. The houses on either side of the streets which are narrow but clean and well paved, bear the marks of the desperate contest which secured to our troops a free entrance into so handsome a hostile city. All along from the pavements up to the eaves the buildings are defaced with the marks of bullets and cannon balls, and here and there may be traced the course of grape and canister as they glanced transversely from building to building, up the long straight streets, and finally buried themselves in the first object before them. At this place they have a magnificent cathedral which towers high above the low houses around. I had the pleasure of witnessing the ceremony of high mass performed in it, and was much struck with the superstitious observance of all the little forms connected with it, by the Mexicans. When I entered they were all kneeling and continued in the same posture, during the whole ceremony, with no other signs of animation than those conveyed in the motion of crossing the breast and thumping the forehead. Situated on the top of a high hill on which no traces of vegetation are apparent save a little stunted grass and dry moss, which scantily cover the soil, stands the famed Bishop's Palace in all the frowning majesty of strength and elevation. It appears to possess every advantage for either defence or offence, and if well garrisoned would doubtless hold out against a greatly superior force for a long time. Of the building, style and architecture, I will not venture a description. You have doubtless heard it more accurately described than any effort of mine could picture it.

From Monterey to Saltillo, 60 miles, the country wears a new appearance. Mountains steep and rugged, with their bold and many cliffs contrast strongly with the immensity of low, level country on the Rio Grande. Some of them are indeed sublime and present the most grand and beautiful scenery of nature. At one place there is a passage through these mountains called the pass of "Rinconada." A place better fortified by nature I have never seen. A few guns of heavy calibre planted upon some of the heights above would hurl destruction on an advancing foe, but strange as it may appear, the Mexicans neglected to take advantage of these favorable positions when old Zack was advancing against Saltillo, and would inevitably have to wind through this identical passage. It is true Arista (I believe it was) commenced some preparations of the kind which I saw as I passed, but from what cause I know not, abandoned his works before their completion. There are some few ranchos on the road and among the mountains, but these contain nothing of interest. Here and there a mill may be found, the machinery of which is pretty much on the same principle as those in the U.S., with only this difference, they are more simple. Their water wheels are turned by streams of the purest and most refreshing water I ever drank, and so cold, it chills my teeth while I think of it.

And now Saltillo lies before us. Of all the Mexican cities I have passed through, this certainly is the largest and most beautiful. It is built with the most precise regularity and contains some really magnificent buildings. The cathedral is the boldest and largest structure I have yet seen in this country. There is also an extensive nunnery here as well as two or three smaller churches. The plaza is remarkable for its regularity and neatness; it is perfectly square, bounded by unbroken rows of stone buildings on each side, and presenting the appearance of an immense court yard. There are a number of valuable stores here as well as manufactures, great and small. A most excellent market, well supplied with the fruits of the season, is at all hours thronged with vendors of every description of produce and manufacture. Apples and pears, cabbages, onions and red pepper are the chief and by far the most numerous articles in the vegetable line, while bread, cakes, lemonade, beer and milk are not a whit behind in the profusion in which the market is crowded by them.

Our regiment entered this bustling city after a march of five days from Monterey, and the men were forthwith assigned quarters on one of the principal streets near the plaza, in buildings which had fair to afford us a comfortable tenement so long as we occupied them, for they were airy and spacious and in excellent condition withal. Right cheerfully then did "all hands of us" aid in unloading the baggage wagons and snugly stowing away our scanty effects; but alas! for the uncertainty of human calculations. No sooner had we all arranged our respective rooms and carefully closed doors and windows in anticipation of a violent storm which announced its coming in sundry muttered grumblings and occasional flashes, as well as by the ominous appearance of a large black cloud which came rolling towards us from the east, than, post haste, here came a premonitory order from Gen. Wool, commander of the U.S. forces at Buena Vista to Col. Paine, desiring him with his regiment to repair without delay to his encampment, bag and baggage, and take up his quarters there. With unwilling ears we listened to this unwelcome order, and with heavy hearts disarranged the studied order of our rooms and reloaded the wagons. The worst of it is that the threatening storm broke upon us in a tone of malice in the deep thunder as it rolled unceasingly overhead and seemed to shake the very mountains around while the rain poured down as if in derision upon our devoted—not heads, for those as well as the carcasses that supported them were snugly ensconced in the open house, hand-bags, knapsacks and the like stuck out of the wagons a-gallop, all of which had been put into the wagons again if not soaked as full as sponges, at least as completely saturated that the fluid found

its way through the bottom of the wagons in streams of no inconsiderable magnitude. But, luckily, Providence has ordained that there shall be an end to every thing—and so in this case the cloud emptied its burden and being satisfied with its safe delivery and perhaps diverted at the woe begone contentment of the North Carolina boys as they contemplated their "dripping garments," cleared away its dark frown, smiled at its own changed appearance, and with a wink and a nod told Sol who just then came sauntering by, gradually mingled with the atmosphere and disappeared from view.

In a few hours afterwards we were all encamped at Buena Vista, where we now are and perhaps will remain for some time. Two other regiments viz: 3d Mississippi and Virginia, are encamped with us. The term "Buena Vista," or more properly "Buena Vista," signifies "good view." But the view is not an extensive one.

The eye cannot range as far as the horizon, for we are literally encircled, as it were, with a girdle of mountains. They form an irregular circle of which our camp is nearly the centre and as far as the mountains will permit the eye has an uninterrupted ramble all over the plain on which we are encamped and the late battle ground.—We are situated just on the verge of the field where so many brave fellows lost their lives. I contemplate an excursion thither in a few days. I am told that the marks of the contest are plainly discernable, and that the Mexicans who fell in the battle are still lying on the same spot and in the same position as when they fell.

There is a good deal of talk among the volunteers about an advance upon San Luis Potosi being in contemplation. I have had no positive information upon the subject, but think it not unlikely. As yet we have heard nothing from General Scott and we are perfectly ignorant of either his present or future movements. Many of the volunteers in the Virginia regiment are very sanguine in their expectations of a speedy peace and some have actually wagered five and ten dollars that we will all reach home by next Christmas.

A WOMAN OF GOOD TASTE.

The following very happy and equally true sketch is from the London Quarterly:

"You see this lady turning a cold eye to the assurances of shopmen, and the recommendations of milliners. She cares not how original a pattern may be, if it be ugly, or how recent a shape, if it be awkward. Whatever laws fashion dictates, she follows a law of her own, and is never behind it. She wears very beautiful things which people generally suppose to be fetched from Paris, or at least made by a French milliner, but which are often bought at the nearest town and made up by her own maid. Not that her costume is either rich or new—on the contrary, she wears many a cheap dress, but it is always pretty, and many an old one but it is always good. She deals in no gaudy confusion of colors, nor does she affect a studied sobriety; but she either refreshes you with a spirited contrast, or composes you with a judicious harmony. Not a scrap of tinsel or trumpery appears upon her. She puts no faith in velvet bands, or gilt buttons, or twisted cordings.

She is quite aware, however, that the garnish is as important as the dress; all her inner border and headings are delicate and fresh, and should anything peep out which is not intended to be seen, it is quite as much so as that which is. After all there is no great art either in her fashion or her materials. The secret simply consists in her knowing the three grand unities of dress—her own station, her own age, and her own points! And no woman can dress well who does not. After this we need not say, that whoever is attracted by the costume will not be disappointed in the wearer. She may not be handsome nor accomplished—but we will answer for her being eventempered, well-informed, thoroughly sensible, and a complete lady.

A Shower.—A merchant was one day returning from market. He was on horseback, and behind his saddle was a valise filled with money. The rain fell with violence, and the good old man was wet to the skin. At this time he was quite vexed, and murmured because God had given him such bad weather for his journey.

He soon reached the border of the forest. What was his terror on beholding on one side of the road a robber, who with leveled gun was aiming at him and attempting to fire! But the powder being wet with the rain the gun did not go off, and the merchant giving spurs to his horse fortunately had time to escape.

As soon as he found himself safe he said to himself, "How wrong was I not to endure the rain patiently, as sent by Providence. If the weather had been dry and fair, I should not probably have been alive at this hour; the rain which caused me to murmur, came at a fortunate moment to save my life, and preserve to me my property."

August 14, 1857.—First Printed Book.—The first printed book on record is the Book of Psalms, by Faust, and Schaeffer, his son-in-law, which was published at the time here annexed. Several works were printed many years before, by Guttenberg; but as the inventors wished to keep the secret to themselves, they sold their first printed works as manuscripts. This gave rise to an adventure that brought calamity on Faust; he began, in 1450, an edition of the Bible, which was finished in 1460. He carried several printed copies of it to Paris, and offering them for sale as manuscripts, he had the misfortune to be thrown into prison on suspicion that he dealt with the devil—for the French could not otherwise conceive how so many books should so exactly agree in every letter and point, unless the devil (who in those days of darkness, was thought to be always in every person's elbow, to appear when ready at every person's service, and offer his services for hire in propria persona, Faust, in order to prove that he was not concerned with the infernal powers, and to obtain his liberty, was obliged to disclose his secret, and inform the ministers how the work had been done!

Painting to the Life.—The Philadelphia Galaxy says, an artist in that city, painted a cow and cabbage so natural that he was obliged to separate them before he had finished, because the cow commenced eating the cabbage.

Madness is less common in persons whose hair is red than in those whose heads are covered with locks of other colors.

REVOLUTIONARY OFFICERS.—The Cincinnati Advertiser gives the following record as to the closing scenes of life and final resting places of some of that gallant band of officers who figured in our revolutionary struggle:

Gen. Mercer is usually said to have been killed at the battle of Princeton, but really died of an epileptic fit, in that neighborhood, a week after that affair. The popular notion is derived from the fact that he received a blow in the head from the butt end of a musket, in the hands of a British soldier, in full retreat with his comrades. He was knocked down and stunned for some time—as the consequence. Gen. Mercer was buried in Christ Church, Philadelphia.

Putnam was disabled from active service in the very middle of the strife, 1779, by a paralytic stroke, but survived till 1800, being 72 years of age at his death. He was buried at Brooklyn, Connecticut.

Wayne died at Erie, Pa. where was buried.—At a later date the body was transported to Chester county, Pa. Although nearly a quarter of a century had elapsed, the lineaments of the deceased hero were distinctly visible, and the features recognized by persons present; of course, the corpse crumbled to dust on exposure to the atmosphere.

Schuyler, who deserves all the credit of the capture of Burgoyne, of which he was deprived by Gen. Gates assuming the command, just as all the arrangements for the battle had been made at Saratoga, died at New York in 1804.

Steuben, the Chevalier Bayard of our Revolution, *dux par et sans reproche*, after vainly endeavoring to obtain the fulfillment by congress of their engagements to him, returned to Ulster, New York; the legislature of which State voted him a township—six miles square—of land in that neighborhood. Here in a humble log house he died, and was buried adjacent in 1797.

St. Clair's last resting place is at Greensboro, Westmoreland county, Penn. A neat marble pyramid was erected over his remains by his masonic brethren.

Mifflin, the idol of Pennsylvania, died in Lancaster, Pa., and was buried there.

Maxwell, who commenced the battle of Brandywine, by opposing Knyphausen's troops, in their attempts to cross Chad's ford, died at Flemington, New Jersey.

Montgomery and McDougall are buried in New York.

Alexander—Lord Stirling, at Albany.

Parsons, at Marietta, Ohio.

Morgan, the hero of Cowpens, at Winchester, Virginia.

Sullivan, at Exeter, N. H.

Scott, in Kentucky.

Knox, at Tomaston, Maine.

Henry Lee, in Virginia.

Charles Lee, lies at the foot of Gen. Mercer's tomb, in Christ Church, Philadelphia.

ISTHMIUS OF PANAMA CANAL.—The *Journal of the Franklin Institute* for June contains copious extracts from Michael Chevalier's Examination of the Isthmus of Panama, translated from the French. It is shown that the distance across, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is upwards of 70 miles—that from the Gulf of Papagaya, on the Pacific, to Lake Nicaragua, is 17 miles—that the lake is 131 feet above the Ocean, and the summit of the intervening ridge 143 feet above the lake—that several surveys terminate a canal from the gulf at a point near the town of Nicaragua, on the lake—that the port of San Juan of the South is well spoken of by scientific men, and believed to be a fit determination to the canal on the Atlantic side. The distance from Lake Nicaragua to the Atlantic, at San Juan on the route the canal would go, is about 75 miles, an easier *though longer* route; there would be no deep cutting. Lake Leon is 26 feet higher than Lake Nicaragua, and empties its waters into it. A canal using the waters of the former, would require about 30 locks between the two oceans.

CRIMINALITY EXPOSED.—We learn from the Lynchburg Virginian that two officers of the Branch Bank of Virginia at that place have been detected as defrauders. The parties are William B. Averett, Teller, and James B. Green, Book-keeper. The amount of the defalcation, it is thought, may reach forty or fifty thousand dollars. Green has been arrested and is now in jail. Averett is at large, but officers are in hot pursuit of him. They both had until this discovery borne the most honorable and exemplary character, and when it was known that they were the parties, the whole community was astounded. They had both been guilty of stealing this money in small grabs for some three years.

We learn also from the Washington papers, that William T. Jones, a clerk in the post office of that city, and son of the late postmaster, was arrested upon a charge of stealing a letter of value, and held to bail in the sum of \$5,000. He, too, had been stealing money for two or three years. Will not these developments of crime be a sufficient warning to others to keep their hands from evil and their tongues from lying? We hope so.—*Richmond Southerner.*

PRECIOUS STONES.—The precious stones are of various colors and transparent. The Diamond is white; Ruby and Garnet, different shades of Red; Amethyst is violet; Sapphire and Turquoise, different shades of blue. Emerald, Beryl, and Aquamarine, are different shades of green. The Topaz is yellow. The stones that are not deemed precious, are the Opal, Cornelian, Onyx, Sardonyx, Agate, and Jasper. These will all take a fine polish; they are of various colors and are used by Jewellers for ornaments.

CHURCHES IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.—The following is the number of Churches of each denomination in the City of New York:—

Baptist,	26	Associate Presbyterian,	3
Congregational,	7	Asso. Reformed do.	3
Dutch Reformed,	15	Reformed do.	13
Friends,	4	Protestant Episcopal	11
Jewish,	9	Roman Catholic,	13
Lutheran,	3	Unitarian,	3
Methodist Episcopal,	31	Universalist,	2
Methodist Protestant,	1	Welsh,	2
Presbyterian,	33	Miscellaneous,	12

PREPARATORY STUDY.—Before any man sets out to invent perpetual motion, we recommend his practising the trick of getting into a basket and lifting himself up by his handles. When he succeeds at that he can go ahead with perpetual motion with some prospect of success.

Hunting and Eating in Africa.

Our foreign files sometimes afford us, as our readers know, agreeable extracts from books that never reach us. Among such is the notice of a volume of adventure in South Africa, which must offer, according to what we see of it in the subjoined, much that is entertaining. The work relates to scenes quite new, and seems composed with much spirit and intelligence, yet with an unaffectedness, and absence of the eternal effort to make much out of things which nowadays renders the products of book-making so wearisomely exaggerated. To the sportsman and the epicure, as well as to the naturalist, Mr. Methuen's pages must be quite a treat.—*National Intel.*

Life in the Wilderness or Wanderings in South Africa. By H. H. METHUEN.

One would much like to know how it came to pass that phenologists have neglected to assign any square half inch on the surface of the human cranium as the seat of that strong passion which with us bears the name of "a love of field sports."

Mr. Methuen appears to be animated with as large a share of this spirit as falls to the lot of any man. Naturally of a delicate constitution, he had taken a voyage to the Cape in 1841, and, his health having been restored, returned home in the following year. But his native climate seems not to have agreed with him, and he again sailed for the Cape in 1843, with the intention of settling there as a colonist if any fair prospects of success presented themselves. This intention he subsequently relinquished; and, meeting at Graham's Town three gentlemen who had either abandoned their original design of settling in the colony, or were in haste to put their design in execution, the four sportsmen planned an expedition beyond the colony into the interior region of South Africa. The party were out altogether eight months, and although the expedition did not penetrate into the interior so far as was originally intended, the result was satisfactory enough to the persons concerned, and is likely to be attended with advantage to the public, as it tends to show that, with a well-appointed train and skilful shots, much might be done towards clearing up the mystery which still hangs over the central regions of South Africa within the tropics. The narrative of the incidents which befell the party during their journey is a most interesting one. Mr. Methuen is not only a first-rate shot, but a good naturalist and skilful draughtsman, and he handles the pen with almost as much facility and effect as he does the rifle, possessing the art of making a few strokes tell. Game the party shot in abundance, from the rhinoceros, the elephant and the giraffe, down to antelopes and partridges. Mr. Methuen killing of the latter, on one occasion, no less than twenty at a shot. The apparent marvel is explained by the statement that the birds were all seated in a row, having come down to the pool to drink, and the sportsmanlike character of the shot is humorously excused by the observation that there were many mouths to feed, and that they were too hungry to allow conscientious scruples.

The following extract verifies the old adage that with sportsmen "all are fish that comes to net."

SHOT AT A CROCODILE.

"We made the river on our return a little way above the wagons, and disturbed a crocodile sleeping, according to the habits of its race, on a mud bank. These creatures easily take the alarm, and, diving into the water, commonly rise again to the surface, exposing merely their eyes and the tips of their noses, as if to see whether the disturbance be clear or no. This crocodile adopted the above-mentioned ruse; and, aiming in a line with his eyes, but some six inches before him, I had the good luck to send a ball quite through his brain. He bled much, dying the water, and lay on his back at the bottom, visible by his white belly. After some difficulty in finding a ford, we crossed and proceeded to the spot where he lay. Forcing a path through the high flags which lined the river's margin, we looked up the crocodile with a long stick; but, snake-like, though stupified he was not dead, and always wriggled out of the fork. As a last resource, I seized the extremity of his tail and held it fast, while Frolic ran the nose of a rim over his body above the hind-legs; when, drawing the nose tight, we pulled the gentleman out in fine style. Having first drilled him with another ball, we secured him whole on a pony of mine, one of those docile and admirable cape shooting horses that seem to fear nothing unless their masters do so. The tail touched the ground on one side of him and the head dangled against his ribs on the other; but he walked on unconcerned by a rider which would have driven most English horses mad. We could not help laughing at the queer spectacle presented by this uncouth savage reclining on horseback. On examining the creature minutely, I perceived how exquisitely adapted was its conformation to its life and predatory habits. The small green eyes were on a prominence on the highest part of the head, so that they alone might be raised above the water when all other portions of the body were submerged; the teeth locked together like those of a gin, and the lower ones fitted into cavities or sheaths in the upper jaw, rendering escape from their hold nearly impossible; the ears, which were scarcely perceptible, were merely two slits running behind the eyes on a parallel with the jaws; nostrils enclosed in a circle, small, and on the tip of the nose; color on the back dingy yellow and black; belly white, eight parallel jagged lines on the back, one running down to the extremity of the tail; five toes on the fore-feet, four on the hinder; thirty-six teeth in the upper jaw; entire length seven feet two inches. Nearly allied in color to the mud, capable of seeing all above it, and furnished with long jaws, and tremendous teeth, the crocodile lies in wait for game in the ford and shallows where they drink, and probably kills them in most cases by seizing their heads and drowning them."

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

"30th. Before daybreak I was roused from my slumber in the tent by Bain saying, 'Something has got hold of an ox; and, listening, heard the poor creature bellow and moan piteously, but in a kind of stifled tone; the horses had all been fastened to the wagon wheels, but the oxen, having had a hard day's work, had been allowed to be loose during the night.—Mr. Bartlett's hint flashed on my recollection, but all soon became quiet again, and till dawn nothing could be done; in the course of half an hour the gray light was, we judged, sufficient for our purpose, and three of us, well armed, sallied forth in the direction of the outcry to reconnoitre. We marked a crow hovering, and by its guidance soon discovered one of the best oxen lying dead. We approached with caution, and a quick-sighted Hottentot pointed to the large print of a lion's foot in the sand just by us. The lion had attacked the ox in the early dawn, and fastened its tremendous claws in the poor wretch's side, one having pierced through to

the intestines; he had then bitten him in the flank, and, to show the prodigious power of the monster's jaws, the thigh-joint was dislocated, the hide broken, one of the largest sinews snapped in two, and protruding from the wound, having thus crippled his victim, he had apparently seized him by the throat and throttled him."

"The habits of the king of beasts are not of that noble order, which naturalists formerly ascribed to him. In the daytime he will almost invariably fly from man, unless attacked, when his courage is that of mingled rage and despair. I have seen the lion, suddenly roused from his lair, run off as timidly as a buck. It is said that even at night they do not like to seize a man from a party, especially if the persons exercise their voices; and that the carcass of an antelope, or other game, may be preserved by hanging some strips of a branch near, so that the lions may clash together when blown by the wind: a white handkerchief on the end of a ramrod is another receipt for effecting the same object. The lion is a stealthy, cunning brute, never attacking unless he has the advantage, and relying on his vast strength, feels sure of the victory. The natives tell incredible stories of his sagacity, which would almost make him a reasoning animal. There are well authenticated cases on record of lions carrying men away at night from the fire-side, but these are quite the exception—they are gregarious, as well as twenty having been seen in a troop."

MY FIRST GIRAFFE.

"As we advanced the signs of game thickened, and with them were interspersed the foot prints of lions; still nothing could be seen.—Striking at last on the fresh track of elands, we espied, to my infinite delight, some giraffes quietly cropping the high boughs of the mokala tree; their long taper neck stretched to the full length, twisting their flexible upper lips round the leaves and young shoots. A short council of war was held—a long one to me—and away we darted in pursuit. The animals soon perceived us and took to flight; charging through some bushes, and striding clear over others with their Brobdignian legs, and cantering in the most ludicrous manner imaginable—the hinder legs at each spring coming beyond the fore one, and working out side them at least two feet; their tails all curled over their backs, and their necks and heads rocking from their peculiar motion, like a ship's mast in a heavy swell. I was quickly alongside the largest, and contrived to separate it from the herd, when, although strongly excited, I could not help remarking the strange sight which these colossal brutes exhibited, each followed by such insignificant, dwarfish men and horses, whom, had the fugitives possessed courage to make resistance, one of the kicks must have annihilated—truly is 'the fear of man on all creatures.' Thorns scratched and tore my clothes to ribands; all my companions vanished, though reports on all sides proclaimed the work of death in progress; and my giraffe, amusing itself by throwing dirt and sticks behind it in my face, I galloped ahead, and, dismounting, fired my favorite two ounce Purday's rifle behind its shoulder, when, to my great joy, the animal stopped, after running twenty yards, reeled, tottered, and laid its steeple-neck prostrate on the earth." Then came a certain degree of compunction; I knew the flesh and skin would neither of them be wasted, and I rarely deviated from the rule of never taking away life but for the sake of procuring food or a specimen; but the full eloquent black eye of the giraffe called me murderer, and I could hardly bear to look at it. They are beautiful exemplifications of vast power, united with perfect benevolence, or inoffensiveness. The Balalas came up to me, and merry smiles illuminated each tawny visage at thoughts of the banquet in store. Cutting off the tail with its long tuft of black hair, I rode to seek the Griquas and Frolic, who had absconded, and it proved, on inquiry, instead of attending to me, had been hunting for his own pleasure; but under the circumstances his fault was pardonable. Out of ten giraffes six had fallen; they were all cows, and mine, the largest, was only about fourteen feet in height, but it being the first time that I had seen the creature in its wild state, it appeared enormous. I have since shot the bull standing between eighteen and nineteen feet high, and amongst several adult males killed by me, generally found this to be the outside limit of their stature. I always carried a measuring tape and a tinder-box beside my shooting gear; the latter is indispensable in case of a traveller being lost and benighted. The sun had set, and Griquas, covering the bodies of the dead giraffes with bushes, left a Balala in charge of each till they could bring their wagons on the morrow.

"Before the twilight had given place to darkness we drew near our camp, but were astonished by the ground which, at our departure was whitened over with long dead grass, being blackened and smoking. Instinctively every eye sought for the wagons, but they stood seemingly uninjured. My companions, on my arrival, told me that the fire had come on them very suddenly, and that they had arrested the course of the flames with the greatest difficulty by burning a lane through the grass in front of the wagons, and keeping the fire under subjection with green boughs, or, in Cooper, the American novelist's words, 'by making fire fight fire.' The whole reminded me strongly of the description in his *Prairie* of a party similarly situated. There were some grounds for suspecting that this fire had been made maliciously, and the whole race of Balalas were indiscriminately consigned to obloquy. A kral of some Bechuanas from Metito, who were travelling with us was utterly consumed; the fire had passed within twenty feet on either side of our camp, and in one place was within an ace of burning the tent. We could still see on the distant horizon a broad red line of conflagration. There were at least one hundred and fifty pounds of gunpowder in our wagons at the time which, in colloquial phrase, would have ensured a pretty blow up; and vain would have been my search for wagons or friends, if such an event had occurred."

A QUAGGA BATTLE.

"We had ridden within a mile of the mountains, which, clad in wood at their bases and intersected by dark ravines, formed with their rugged summits a most striking object, when we encountered some Bakatlas, armed with shields and assegais. They talked very fast, and made many signs, from which we concluded that they knew where game was, and were desirous to lead us to it. Parties of men, however shouting with stentorian lungs, issued from the bushes on all sides; a giraffe was seen striding rapidly away; presently a herd of quaggas, pallabs, gnoss, and ostriches showed themselves. I shot a pallab and a quagga, right and left, but only obtained the horns of the former, the natives having skinned the head. Fresh bodies of men, running and hallooing; burst in view, till we were completely mistified on the subject. The quaggas turned back, and I rode after them, and then, by

*It is a singular fact, that under no circumstance, either of pleasure, pain, or fear, are the giraffe known to utter any sound.

the hedges on each side of me, first, discovered the object of the natives, and that I had entered within the limit of their game traps. Two gentle hedges, of perhaps a mile in width at the entrance, contracted to a long narrow lane, about six feet in breadth, at their termination, where were two covered pitfalls, with a number of loose poles placed in parallel lines above each other at either extremity of the pits, to prevent any creature escaping down the sail. Noises thickened around me and men rushed past, their skin-locks streaming in the wind, till, from their black naked figures, and wild gestures, it needed no Martin to imagine a pandemonium. I pressed hard upon the flying animals, and, galloping down the lane, saw the pits choke-full, while several of the quaggas, noticing their danger, had turned upon me, ears back and teeth showing, compelling me to retreat with equal celerity from them. Some natives standing in the lane made the fugitives run the gauntlet with their assegais; as each quagga made a dash at them, they pressed their backs into the hedge, and held their broad oxhide shields in his face, hurling their spears into his sides as he passed onward. One managed to burst through the hedge, and the rest fell pierced with assegais like so many porcupines. Men are often killed on these hunts, when buffaloes turn back in a similar way. It was some little time before Bain and I could find a gap in the hedge and get round into the pits but we at length found one, and then a scene exhibited itself which baffles description. Never can I forget that bloody murderous spectacle; a moving wriggling mass of quaggas huddled and jammed together in the most inextricable confusion; some were on their backs, with their heads up, and others lying across them; some had taken a dive and only displayed their tails; all lay interlocked like a bucket full of eels. The savages, frantic with excitement, yelled around them, thrusting their assegais, with smiles of satisfaction, into the upper ones, leaving them to suffocate those beneath, evidently rejoicing in the agony of their victims. Moseleli, their chief was there in person and after the lapse of half an hour, the poles at the entrance of the pits being removed, the dead bodies, in all the contortions and stiffness of death were drawn out by hooked stakes secured through the main sinew of the neck; a rude song, with extemporary words being chanted the while.

"Vultures hovered overhead in anxious expectation of a feast, and Moseleli, who received us civilly and shook hands with us, sat in his leopard-skin caross upon a dead quagga, receiving the congratulations of his courtiers, for this flesh is a favorite food with them. His appearance was mild, but undignified. We were in great haste to witness this sight, since it had been a royal hunt, such as the Highlanders practised of yore for the amusement of their chieftains. A large extent of country is encircled by men on these occasions, who narrowing to a centre, drive all the game enclosed within their ranks to the desired point. I counted twenty quaggas as they were being extracted from one pit not more than ten feet square and six feet deep."

SICHELE AND HIS COURT.

"Bain and myself having been politely requested to visit his Majesty in his royal residence, we proceeded thither, and found him seated on the ground in his cotia, or public court, with a queen reclining near him on an ox-hide. Aware that we were not accustomed to this mode of sitting, they, with great courtesy, handed to me an inverted bowl, and a wooden pillow to Bain. "In the course of the conversation which then ensued, Sichele expressed a wish that the English queen would come and see him."

"A dish of sour porridge was next ordered in, of which the king first partook; then, alas! we followed suite; and the queen, his favorite, swallowed at least two pintas; after which she graciously gave the remainder to the court, and never did fingers do mouths better service than did those of her attendants."

"The queens paid us another begging visit; entering our tent before we had dressed in the morning, and watching with much pleasure and interest the European manner of sitting the person. His Majesty has at last promised us guides to the Marikwa."

"21st. Queens, lords, and commons have again been begging, filling the tent, and smothering us with dust and heat, not to mention certain nameless visitors whom they left behind them. "Into the ear of one man I locked a brass padlock of a carpet bag, to his infinite satisfaction; but, finding he could not unclasp it at pleasure, he came back, grew angry, and insisted on its being removed, which of course was done."

"On this day our Journey was again to be renewed, and just before our departure we saw some person approaching in European costume—to all appearance a most slovenly, ill-favored fellow—whom on his coming up we found to be Sichele, clad in the clothes we had given him—his trousers too short, his coat too tight, and his stockings the color of the soil around. He walked amongst his admiring subjects with conscious superiority, but, despite his efforts to conceal it, looked ill at ease in the trappings of civilized dress. He charged us to send him back lots of elands' fat, and kill plenty of game for him; and he sent a large party with us to carry these things home to his abode."

"It is difficult to refrain from making further extracts from so amusing a work, but we must do our incinations a violence, and forbear. In taking leave of our agreeable companion, however, we feel we may venture to congratulate him, in the name of Alexis Soyer, and every true gastronome in Europe, upon the novel, though succulent, *pieces de resistance* which his 'Life in the Wilderness' has enabled him to appreciate. It is with much satisfaction, perhaps not unalloyed by a little envy, that we learn from one who has partaken of the dainty, that an African bustard is better than the best turkey; that the flesh and fat on the ribs of a well-fed rhinoceros, cut into steaks, and introduced to the gridiron, are no bad substitute for mutton chops, and that the hump of the animal is no less agreeable. The flesh of the female giraffe, we are told, very much like beef; quagga steaks are prime, though they have a flavor of their own; and an elephant's foot baked, from which a gelatinous substance like calves' head is abstracted by means of a spoon, forms, when duly seasoned with pepper and salt, 'a most delectable dish.' How Mr. Methuen, with the tuition of the luxury yet in his palate, must have chuckled as he wrote down these words!—But what would not we have given for his experience of a 'filet de crocodile' or a *gogit d'hippotamus*!"

Advertising Rates of the Patriot.
One dollar per square (15 lines) for the first week and 25 cents for every continuance. Deduction made in favor of standing advertisements, as follows:

	Three months.	Six months.	One year.
One square.	\$3.50	\$5.50	\$8.00
Two squares.	7.00	10.00	14.00
Three " (14 col.)	10.00	15.00	20.00
Half column.	18.00	26.00	35.00

MISCELLANY.

NORTH CAROLINA FISHERIES.

An intelligent correspondent of the Southerner, published at Richmond, Virginia, writing from Edenton in this State, speaks as follows of the Fisheries in the vicinity of that place. The information is of an interesting character, and from a source that is entirely reliable:

"The Fisheries contiguous to this place are a matter of considerable interest, and quite worthy a brief notice in my letter. For the very brief season they exist, they are decidedly the most important interest known to the people of this State.—There are, on the Albemarle Sound alone, some 55 Fisheries, which work Seines varying from 1,000 to 3,000 yards long, using each about 100 hands and 15 or 20 horses. Some of these seines have been known to catch as many as 300,000 herrings and as many as 13,000 shad at one haul! The amount of capital invested in the different Fisheries in the Albemarle District, is *Three Hundred Thousands Dollars*, giving employment for two months in the year to about five thousand hands and two hundred vessels, consuming annually about one hundred thousand bushels of salt, and putting up annually ninety thousand barrels of herrings. Of the Fish caught three-twentieths may be allowed for shad. A few years since one haul was made on the Roanoke River containing forty-five tons of Rockfish! This, I know, will sound to you like a 'Fish Story,' but I receive my information from one of the most respectable and intelligent citizens of Edenton, and am willing to stand by it. The seine happened to encounter a regular shoal of 'rocks.'"

"TOM CORWIN, THE WAGON BOY."

Thomas Corwin, the U. S. Senator from Ohio, is generally known in the Union as the "Wagon Boy." How he came by this sobriquet, the following paragraph will explain:

"During the late war with Great Britain, Gen. Harrison's army had to be supplied with provisions from the interior of Ohio. These, at one time, were cut off, and the army was in great distress. A call was made for volunteers, who were to be charged with the responsibility of conducting through the fearful and uninhabited portions of Northern Ohio, wagons laden with supplies for the army. As you may suppose, few volunteers appeared for this hazardous and comparatively inglorious service, but among those who did appear, was 'Tom Corwin,' then quite a lad.—He drove his team through—and from that day to this, he has been known as 'Tom Corwin the Wagon Boy.'"

SINGULAR STORY ABOUT "HOLLOW WARE."

The following graphic account of the Texas "flying artillery" used in the battle of San Jacinto, (says Cist's Cincinnati Advertiser) we find in an exchange paper. It bears Ringold's all hollow:

"Sam Houston's flying artillery, used at the battle of San Jacinto, was one four-pounder, lashed with a piece of raw hide to the back of a Jackass. When the piece was discharged, it would throw him forward on his face with such force as to detain him in that position until the piece was re-loaded, and as he rose and brought it within range of the Mexicans, the match was applied, and away went the animal on his face and knees, and away went thunder and flame and death-dealing balls, and away went the Mexicans, helter skelter. This was the memorable hollow ware furnished by the Texas 'sympathizers' of Cincinnati, at the suggestion of Gen. R. T. Lytle. 'Mr. Chairman,' said the General, 'I am conscious that it would be a violation of neutrality for us to send munitions of war to Texas. But, sir, we can send them hollow ware.' The yell of delight which followed the suggestion still rings in my ears. The hollow ware was sent, and a young man to serve it. That piece of flying artillery won the battle of San Jacinto. The battle of San Jacinto achieved the independence of Texas. Texas independence led to Texas annexation, to war with Mexico and the war with Mexico may make Zachary Taylor President of the United States. That single phrase 'hollow ware' accomplished all this, besides other more distant results yet in the womb of the future. What magic dwells in a single word, at times!"

GOOD ADVICE.—In reply to a private letter addressed to one of Massachusetts' most able, energetic and benevolent men, and one of the Union's noblest ornaments, for an account of the new manufacturing town of Lawrence, in that State, we received a private letter in return, an extract of which we must be excused for publishing. We hope it will be read with profit:

"Our people are all hard at work constructing railroads, ships and factories. Most of the latter were commenced before the passage of the late tariff act. Most persons here, I think, are inclined now to work on their own way, without looking to the government for protection. We are all in favor of giving protection to labor and building up our whole country. We shall now have an opportunity to teach some of those States which have been against the protection of labor, who it is that most requires it. I have no time to write letters—besides, our new town has not advanced far enough to make much of an account of it yet. In about a year, I hope you will come here and examine for yourself. You of Virginia should go for roads in your improvements. The present generation has no time to lose—besides, there is a debt due from the present to the future generations of men."—*Richmond Southerner.*

PROGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES.—When Washington was inaugurated the first President of the United States, a population of some 3,500,000 souls then occupied thirteen States on the Atlantic coast, covering an area of some, 473,000 square miles. The population of these United States have swelled to 20,000,000. They have added 814,810 square miles to their represented territory. They have risen to the first rank as a commercial nation and have successfully disputed with England the Dominion of the seas.—They have become an object of dread to the despots of Europe, and of admiration and hope to the people of the world. Their flag is respected in all quarters of the world, and their friendship courted by all nations. They have successfully pushed their claims to the Pacific Ocean, and doing so, have been declared in Europe as the first nation that has "obtained from the fears of England what her sense of justice would not yield." These wonderful results are, doubtless, mainly to be attributed to the virtue, energy and freedom of the people.

A school-master who was as fond of his grog as the use of his globes, was asked the difference between gravity and gravitation. "When I've drank five glasses of grog," replied the pedagogue, "my gravity vanishes, and my gravitation begins to operate."

A servant girl, writing a letter, asked her master if the next month had come in yet. He laughed. "Well," said she, "what I meant is has the last month gone out yet?"

There are 2800 pores in a square inch, and 2500 square inches of surface in a man of ordinary height, therefore the number of pores are seven millions.

THE SANCY DIAMOND.—Charles, Duke of Burgundy, was possessed of a costly and splendid diamond, which he wore on his hat at the battle of Nancy. This valuable jewel was found amongst the spoil by a Swiss soldier, who sold it to a French gentleman of the name of Sancy. In his family it remained above a hundred years, until a descendant of the family, who was captain of the Swiss soldiers in the service of Henry III., was employed by that monarch to procure him a reinforcement of soldiers from Switzerland. The King being driven from his throne by a league which was formed against him by his subjects, was so totally without resources that he was unable to send any money for the payment of his troops. He therefore borrowed Sancy's family jewel, which was to be sent to Switzerland as a pledge. Sancy sent the diamond by one of his own servants. But he and the diamond both disappeared. The King reproached Sancy for his credulity in trusting so valuable a treasure to a man; and he pledged for his own credit and that of his servant, in whose fidelity he had implicit reliance, set out in search of him. He found that he had been waylaid and murdered, and that his body was concealed in the forest. Sancy still confident in the poor fellow's zeal and integrity, caused the body to be disinterred and opened when it was found that to deceive the robbers he had swallowed it. This diamond, which went by the name of the Sancy, afterwards became the property of the crown, but was stolen in the general wreck of French royalty during the revolution.

THE ICE TRADE. They tell us from Batavia, says the *Pice Presse*, that the commerce in ice, but recently commenced in the burning climate of India and the Indian Archipelago, has already become to the United States, who principally carry it on, one of their most lucrative articles of export. In a climate the temperature of which is almost constantly from 26 to 28 degrees of Reaumur, they have ice; they drink iced champagne in Calcutta, Madras Bombay, Batavia, Manila and Canton, where the alacrass was lately the only refreshment in use.—To give some idea of this new equatorial commerce and its importance, we need only mention one house in Boston which in a single year has sent to Asia 101 vessels with cargoes of ice, which have yielded eighteen millions of florins. This is almost as much as the product of the whole wine harvest of Bordeaux.

A DREADFUL AFFRAY.—We are informed, says the *Little Rock (Ark.) Banner*, of the 19th ult., that on the 15th, in attempting to serve a process, Deputy Sheriff Berchfield, of Saline county, was killed by the older of two brothers named Allen, upon whom the writ was to be served. As the Allens had threatened that they would not be arrested, the Sheriff summoned a posse, and, entering the house, endeavored to execute the process, when one of the Allens, both of whom were armed, lowered his rifle and shot the sheriff through the body, killing him upon the spot. Upon this, one of the posse, Mr. Low, drew a pistol and killed Allen, while the younger fired upon Low, which was also fatal. Some one of the posse then shot the surviving Allen, the ball passing through his arm, shattering the bone, and entering his breast. The wound in his case was not mortal, and he made his escape; but the officers are in pursuit of him, and he will no doubt be overtaken.

PERILS OF FALSEHOOD.—In the beautiful language of an eminent writer—"When once a concealment or deceit has been practised in matters where all should be open and fair as day—confidence can never be restored, any more than you can restore the bloom to the grape or the plum you have once pressed in your hand." How true is this! and what a neglected truth by a great portion of mankind. Falsehood is not only one of the most humiliating vices, but sooner or later it is certain to lead to many serious crimes. With partners in trade—with partners in life—with friends, with lovers, how important is confidence! How essential that all guile and hypocrisy should be guarded against in the intercourse between such parties! How much misery would be avoided in the history of many lives, had truth and sincerity been the guiding and controlling motives, instead of prevarication and deceit!

"Any vice," said a parent in our hearing, a few days since, "any vice, at least among the frailties of a milder character, but falsehood. Far better that my child commit an error or a wrong and confess it, than escape the penalty, however severe, by falsehood and hypocrisy. Let me know the worst, and a remedy may possibly be applied. But keep me in the dark—let me be misled or deceived, and it is impossible to tell at what unprepared hour a crushing blow, an overwhelming exposure may come."

HEALTH OF VERA CRUZ.—The following account of the mortality in Vera Cruz, from the 1st to the 12th ultimo, inclusive, is furnished by Dr. E. H. Barton, Surgeon United States Army, and President of the Board of Health. Total number of deaths, 103. Of which Americans, 66; Mexicans, 34; other foreigners, 3—103. Of the above number 49 died of yellow fever, as follows: Soldiers, 27; Quartermaster's Department and Americans, 17; Mexicans, 5—49.

THE HOMESTEAD.—A law has recently been passed by the Legislature of Connecticut, exempting from sale by execution any homestead or domicile, the property of any person having a family, or so much of it as shall not exceed the sum of three hundred dollars: the exemption to extend only to such homestead or domicile as shall be acquired or made after the passage of the said act.

A MODEST LECTURER.—Dr. Charles Caldwell, of Louisville, Ky., lecturing on Phrenology, once at Cincinnati, perpetrated the following:

"The three best heads, phrenologically considered, in the United States, are, first, that of Hon. Daniel Webster, second that of Hon. Henry Clay, and the third, and *best of the three*,"—added he, brushing up his hair with his hand—"modesty forbids me to mention."

STERNBORN.—Obadiah Higgins has had a falling out with his wife Susan, and left her. Being advised, the other day, to return and apologize, he stubbornly refused; saying, that so long as he could hold out, he was not going to *Sue for peace*.

During the last war, a distiller of peach brandy proverbially stupid, was made *Colonel* of militia. When the news of this promotion was reported to Mr. H., he said—"He a colonel!—a peach kernel, I suppose!"

A servant girl, writing a letter, asked her master if the next month had come in yet. He laughed. "Well," said she, "what I meant is has the last month gone out yet?"

There are 2800 pores in a square inch, and 2500 square inches of surface in a man of ordinary height, therefore the number of pores are seven millions.

WILL BE PUBLISHED IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

ON THE SEVENTH OF DECEMBER NEXT.

No. 1 of

THE UNITED STATES REPORTER,

A Daily Journal of Government, Legislative, and General News.

THE subscriber is now enabled to announce the completion of his arrangements for the establishment of a well-organized and independent Journal of News at the seat of the General Government.

The leading features of the UNITED STATES REPORTER will be the following:

I. Early intelligence of the movements of the various Departments of the Government, in reference to domestic affairs and to the foreign relations of the country, will be given with scrupulous fidelity.—Possessing peculiar facilities for obtaining information, the "Reporter" will be enabled frequently to communicate, exclusively, intelligence of the most important character.

II. The verbatim Reports of the Proceedings and Debates of the United States Senate, which the proprietor is bound to furnish daily to that body, in accordance with the terms of the contract made at the close of last session of Congress. The arrangements now made will at once fully secure to the Senate of the United States an authentic and complete record of its debates; and to the people—in a greatly enlarged degree—the benefit of the experience, sagacity, and statesmanship of that body which they have ever looked with solicitude and respectful regard.

III. The Proceedings and Debates in the House of Representatives will also be given, with fulness, impartiality and the utmost promptitude. Each day's record will be completely made up, and appear in the "Reporter" next morning.

IV. A Synoptical view of the Proceedings and Debates of all the State Legislatures will be regularly given. Members of Congress and all classes of readers will thus be kept fully and systematically informed of domestic legislation in all sections of the United States.

V. Early intelligence of all important movements in the Legislatures of Great Britain and France will be communicated by every steamer from Europe, through reporters in London and Paris, who possess peculiar facilities for obtaining information.

VI. Copious Reports of all cases in the Supreme Court of the United States which possess general interest. Great care will be bestowed upon this department of the Reporter. These reports alone, to the members of the profession, must entitle the Reporter to their patronage and support.

VII. The General News of the Day will be given in a condensed form, with industry and attention.

Such is a brief view of what the "United States Reporter" is designed to be: All the plans and arrangements have been well matured, and the hope is confidently cherished that the United States Reporter will prove an energetic, industrious, dignified, and perfectly independent journal. It will have no party views—no political bias. The proprietor, by the terms of his contract with the Senate of the United States, is bound to the condition that "the paper shall contain no political discussions except the debates." It will be a vehicle of news—not the organ of any set of opinions. The grand aim of the subscriber is to establish at the seat of Government a faithful and prompt reporter of all sorts of intelligence—a responsible agent, on which the politician, the business man, the manufacturer, the mechanic, and every one interested in the affairs of Congress and the Government may rely at all times with implicit confidence.

It is believed that the establishment of such a reliable journal of intelligence, on terms which place it within the reach of the great masses of the people, at the commencement of what promises to be a most interesting and eventful period in the history of Congressional proceedings, will be regarded with favor by all classes of the community; and having thus stated his objects, the subscriber respectfully solicits a liberal and general support from the enlightened public of the United States.

JAMES A. HOUSTON,

Stenographer to the U. S. Senate.

The "United States Reporter" will be printed on a large and handsome sheet, and issued every morning except Sundays, at the rate of six dollars per annum; single copies, two cents.

In connection with the daily paper, there will be issued from the same establishment,

THE MIRROR OF CONGRESS.

This publication will contain exclusively the Reports of the proceedings and debates of the Congress of the United States. It will be issued semi-weekly, in an elegant quarto form, throughout the sessions of Congress, and will be furnished to subscribers at the rate of two dollars for the long session, and one dollar for the short session. It is believed that this great national work will be deemed indispensable in the library of every public institution, politician and professional man, throughout the country; and that it will be regarded by the great mass of the people as the very best political text book for their own instruction and that of their children.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

Throughout the sessions of Congress, extras will be issued from the office of the "United States Reporter," containing the reports of all such debates as may possess particular exciting interest.

All newspapers throughout the United States who publish this prospectus once a week from this date till the meeting of Congress, will be entitled to an exchange with the United States Reporter, and will be placed on the list of those to whom the extras will be despatched.

All subscriptions and communications to be post paid, addressed "J. A. Houston, United States Reporter, Washington, D. C."

July 29

NORTH CAROLINA—DAVIDSON COUNTY,

Superior Court of Law.

Mary Oment

vs

Yarborough Oment.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that the defendant Yarborough Oment is not an inhabitant of this State: It is therefore ordered by the Court that publication be made in the Carolina Watchman and Greensboro Patriot for three months, for the said Mary Oment to be and appear at the next Term of Davidson Superior Court of Law, to be held for the county of Davidson at the courthouse in Lexington, on the 1st Monday after the 4th Monday in September, then and there to answer the petition of the said Mary Oment and, on judgment pro confesso will be entered up against him and the case set for hearing.

Witness, A. Hunt, Clerk of our said Court at office this 28th day of June, 1847.

THE PATRIOT

GREENSBOROUGH,

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1847

THE CONGRESSIONAL ELECTION.

We have not received complete returns from any district in the State, except our own, the 4th. But enough is known to put the matter beyond doubt that our delegation in the next Congress will stand six Whigs to three Locos. There were, indeed, but two districts in which there were any serious doubts as to the political complexion of the representation—the 5th and 9th. In the 5th Mr. Venable, Loco, has succeeded—Mr. Kerr, however, having lessened the loco majority, as shown between Graham and Hoke, from 775 down to about 160. This in itself is equal to a "victory;" but it would have been more "glorious," could that ardent and talented and high-souled Whig, John Kerr, have succeeded to a place in the Hall of Representatives. The labors and the sacrifices of no other man in the State, at this juncture, so well entitle him to the gratitude of his party. In the 9th district Col. Outlaw, Whig, has no doubt overcome a locofoe majority and succeeded by a handsome majority over Asa Biggs—the gentleman for whom the Locos of the last Legislature cast their votes for U. S. Senator in place of Haywood. Col. O. is a gentleman of solid talent and political acquirements, and will, if we have not altogether misapprehended his character, make one of the most useful members of Congress from North Carolina.

Except in the closely contested districts, so far as we have had opportunity to observe, there has not been a general turn-out of either party. The great rains which fell about the election time, no doubt prevented the attendance of many voters.

In all probability, the Delegation to Congress from this State stands as follows:

1st. Either Clingman or Bynum, Whig.	
2d. Nathaniel Boyden, Whig.	
3d. Daniel M. Barringer, Whig.	
4th. Augustin H. Shepperd, Whig.	
5th. Abram Venable, Loco.	
6th. John R. J. Daniel, Loco.	
7th. James J. McKay, Loco.	
8th. Richard S. Donnell, Whig.	
9th. David Outlaw, Whig.	

First District.
No returns. T. L. Clingman and J. G. Bynum, both Whigs, in the field.

Second District.			
Boyden	Boyle	Vogler	
446	497	85	
365	278	303	

No news from the other counties; but we have information that Boyden is elected by from 700 to 900 majority. Boyle was a whig, but ran we believe as an anti-convention candidate. Vogler, loco, backed out once; by what process he got backed in again we do not know.

Third District.
No full returns. Mr. Barringer had no regular opposition; but the locos probably voted for Walter F. Leake.

Fourth District.			
Stokes	Shepperd	Clemmons	
713	873		
Rockingham	284	646	
Guilford	1354	321	
Randolph	953	258	
Davidson	718	536	
	4022	2634	
	1388		

Fifth District.			
Kerr	Venable		
956	881		
Chatham	1194	620	
Casswell	298	1081	
Orange	1621	1437	
Person	reported maj.	240	

This gives Mr. Venable a majority of 160.

The Standard has the majority from Person at 251. Mr. Kerr has reduced the loco majority in this district over 600 votes.

Sixth District.			
Daniel	Arrington	Toole	
927	670	57	
Franklin	560	395	30
Warren	610	134	13
Halifax	maj.	149	
Edgecomb	632	787	60
Nash	maj.	434	
Johnston	443	398	44
	3321	2818	204

Daniel's majority over Arrington, 503. The whigs of Wake, who voted at all, we understand voted for Arrington.

Seventh District.			
Hall	McKay	Bryan	
411	608	53	
New Hanover	103	620	74

No further returns. McKay of course elected.

Eighth District.			
Lane's majority in Wayne 597. Donnell's majority in Greene 56; in Lenoir 103; in Beaufort 375; in Pitt 130; in Washington 100—no other counties heard from. Donnell's election certain.			

Ninth District.			
Perquimans	maj.	210	
Northampton	435	380	
Pasquotank	522	211	
Camden	499	92	
Chowan	maj.	89	

At the last election, Outlaw received only 41 majority in Perquimans, while in Northampton, he had, at the last election, 21 majority.

THE RAILROAD TO DANVILLE.
We can do no less than call the attention of our readers and the public, particularly the residents of Rockingham county, to the subjoined proceedings of a meeting of the citizens of Leaksville. It is no matter of surprise, that they should desire light and information on a project which, if carried out, will contribute so materially to their advantage, in agriculture, manufactures and trade. Surprise would more naturally arise, why they have not earlier and more anxiously pushed their inquiries on this point. We suppose, however, that, like their fellow-sleepers of other portions of the State, they have been nodding among the poppies which grew up, rank as poison, all over the projected and exploded schemes of internal improvement some 20 or 30 years ago. Perhaps they now feel that it is necessary for them to do, what it seems their own State cannot do for them,—tear the "loathsome weeds away;" and wake up to their own interests, as likely to be served by the enterprise of Virginia.

But we hear that the Virginians themselves, along the route and at each terminus of the proposed work, are strangely indifferent to its success. In this connexion, we would direct attention to an inquiry as to the power of choice given to the subscribers, between *Richmond and Petersburg*, for the north-eastern terminus. We have not seen the act of incorporation; but have understood that such power of election as to routes is in some way conferred. The Petersburgers, if we may judge from the tone of the "Intelligencer," are dead against the project. Now, if that town could be itself directly funnelled by the Railroad, the views of its enterprising citizens might be so far changed, and concentrated upon the work, as to secure for it a larger amount of contributions than can be had from Richmond. We presume it would be a matter nearly indifferent to the people residing in the regions of Virginia and North Carolina round about Danville, whether the other termination should be at Richmond or Petersburg. An outlet for their produce, manufactures, trade and travel is what they want; and neither of the above points can boast much advantage over the other, in this respect.

For the Patriot.
A meeting of the citizens of Leaksville was held the 11th August, 1847, to take into consideration the construction of a Railroad from Richmond, Va., to Danville on Dan River.

Dr. A. B. Johns having been called to the Chair, and J. W. Burton appointed Secretary, the Chairman explained the object of the meeting; whereupon, the following Resolutions were passed:

Resolved, That the citizens of Rockingham County hold a meeting at Wentworth, on Tuesday of Rockingham August Court, (the 24th inst.), for the purpose of eliciting such information on the subject as is desired, to carry the work into execution.

Resolved, That Dr. T. W. Keen and Jesse Shelly, Esq., act as a Committee to invite W. P. Tunstall, Esq., Col. George Towns, William M. Treadway, Esq., and Gov. John M. Morehead, and such other persons as they think proper, to participate in the proceedings of said meeting.

On motion, the Secretary was desired to forward a copy of the proceedings of this meeting to the Danville Herald and the Greensborough Patriot, and request the publication of the same.

On motion, the meeting adjourned.

A. B. JOHNS, Chm'n.

J. W. BURTON, Secretary.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, for July is received. The History of the Conquest of Peru by our countryman Prescott, is reviewed in terms of high praise. This is a rarity for Blackwood, which seldom permits an opportunity to slip where it can sneer at the Americans. The ill-natured habit of remark towards our country and our countrymen, by this otherwise inimitable periodical, detracts a good deal from the pleasure of the "Yankee" reader. Yet, among nations as among individuals, we have a desire to hear what people say of us; and among the splenetic and bullish surliness of sentiment manifested towards us by this foreigner, the intelligent American may frequently find criticisms upon some vice or rudeness of character that we ought to profit by.

SALISBURY.—A meeting was recently held in the town of Salisbury, in favor of the Charlotte and S. C. Railroad, and addressed by Messrs. Osborne, Boyden and H. C. Jones. The meeting was an animated one, and at its close it was announced that the books were now opened to receive subscriptions. Some stock was immediately taken, and the work was progressing with a fair promise that Rowan will do something handsome.

INDIANNA.—In the 2d district, Henly, loco, is re-elected by a reduced majority; 4th, Smith, whig, re-elected; 5th, Wick, loco, re-elected by a greatly reduced majority; 7th, Thompson, whig, elected in place of McGaughey, whig. No other returns.

Mr. W. E. DEMILL, the General Agent of the N. C. Mutual Insurance Company, is at this time visiting our place. Such of our citizens as are not already insured, can insure in this Company at home upon the mutual plan, at a great saving of expense. Mr. Demill may be found at Col. Galt's Hotel.

THE CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN.—The Union roundly contradicts the story of the Rev. Mr. McCalla—that the President told him the Catholic chaplains, appointed at the commencement of the war, intended to act as spies. And Mr. McCalla has come out in a Philadelphia paper, reiterating his statement. So there is a direct issue of veracity between his Excellency and his Reverence.

KENTUCKY.—It was feared that the Whigs would sustain an overwhelming defeat in Kentucky, on account of several candidates having come out in each district. But the returns are coming in more favorably than was anticipated.

From the Hillsboro Recorder.

OUR DISTRICT.—Taking the vote at the last Presidential election as a test of the strength of parties in this district, (when the Democratic majority was 775,) the Whigs have reason to rejoice somewhat over the result of the late election.—True our national councils will not have the benefit of the enlightened judgment, the impassioned eloquence, and the sterling integrity which would have been found in the person of our candidate; but at the same time, it is gratifying to know that our principles are gaining friends—that whereas in 1844 the majority was 775, it is now but 100; and Mr. Kerr will have the consolation to know that his forcible presentation of truth has had a great instrumentality in producing this result.

We did hope for even more than the Whigs have accomplished. Our candidate is an able debater; and though his opponent is also a man of ability, we fondly hoped that the truth, as Mr. Kerr presented it, would dissolve the ties which bind the Democrats so closely together in their party allegiance; that under its influence their prejudices would melt away like snow-flakes before the sun; so that our candidate would be returned by a respectable majority. These were our hopes. But calm reason would whisper that our hopes were not to be fully realized. Many see the errors into which our leaders have brought them; but not liking to be called "turn coats," or bear the jeers and taunts of those of their old associates who have become so strongly wedded to their party that they cling to it "for better or for worse," as a man takes his wife, they conclude to hold on a little longer, for consistency's sake.—When the evil comes to the worst; when they shall feel as well see what Polk and his policy have done for the country; when the war shall have piled upon us a public debt mountain high, and the marshes and their deputies shall commence collecting a direct tax; then the party shackles may be broken, and the claims of the country be once more heeded. Would that all men acted upon the principle, that while it is human to err, true wisdom consists in acknowledging our errors and forsaking them.

STATE OF THE POLLS IN THE 4TH DISTRICT.

	Stokes.	Shepperd	Clemmons
Germanston	87	89	
Stewart's	17	63	
Salem	182	139	
Stone's	18	7	
Cross Roads	99	105	
Whicker's	34	44	
Blakely	6	5	
Mitchell's	22	49	
Snow Creek	27	62	
Boyle's	64	37	
Shackelford's	38	45	
Spainhour's	52	115	
Bethania	58	95	
Stafford's	9	38	
	713	873	

	Rockingham.	Shepperd	Clemmons
Wright's Roads	57	118	
Wentworth	59	72	
Leaksville	57	84	
Ira D. Reid's	16	29	
New Bethel	31	40	
Warriner's	24	57	
Madison	35	103	
Rocky Springs	21	14	
Norman's	1	57	
Grogan's	3	72	
	254	646	

	Randolph.	Shepperd	Clemmons
Bridge	57	6	
McMasters'	31	84	
Bray's	21	25	
Dorsett's	51	1	
Little River	30	4	
Gray's Roads	58	1	
White's	31	2	
Brookshire's	46	1	
New Market	49	5	
Asheboro'	129	19	
New Salem	183	46	
Lassiter's	24	1	
Cranford's	20	0	
Hoover's	100	25	
Franklinville	91	24	
Troy's	14	14	
	953	258	

	Davidson.	Shepperd	Clemmons
Lexington	263	272	
Clemmons'ville	44	13	
Hussey's	34	53	
Ward's	15	38	
Lee's	49	9	
Hains's	142	20	
Pinkston's	19	20	
Adderton's	122	72	
Browntown	40	39	
	718	563	

GREAT FRESHET.—We regret to learn that immense damage was occasioned by the freshet in this county last week. Nearly all the mills and bridges on Little River, and on Flat River commencing high up in Person, were swept away. All the corn on the low grounds is mostly destroyed, large quantities of hay have been swept off, many of the meadows greatly injured, and a large number of sheep and other stock overwhelmed in the flood. We have not heard what damage has been done in the western part of the county, except that the bridge on Alamance has been carried away. The rain had been falling in frequent showers for several days, but most of the damage was done on Friday night.

Hillsborough Recorder.

Elisha S. Bunker, commander of the old steamer Fulton, that made the first trip from New York to Providence round point Judith, died at New York, aged 75 years.

FROM MEXICO.
The hopes of peace, founded on the mission of Mr. Trist, are all for the present dispersed "in thin air."

From the Charleston News.

The Courier, by aid of Special Express, has been put in possession of later news from Mexico. It is important, inasmuch as it puts to rest, for the present, all prospects of effecting a peace through the medium of negotiation. Gen. Scott was to have marched on the Capital on the 15th ult., and we shall, doubtless, in a few days, be in receipt of intelligence of exciting interest.—We do not think it probable our forces have met with any resistance from Santa Anna this side of the Capital, presuming Scott to have advanced. We can scarcely credit the report that he was preparing to oppose Scott with 22,000 men, or that he has at any time, since his defeat at Cerro Gordo, meditated any serious opposition to the triumphant march of the American Army.

Gen. Pierce had left Vera Cruz with a strong force, (three thousand men and 150 wagons.) During his advance firing was heard, which gave rise to the surmise that he had been attacked by guerrillas, but of course no apprehension were indulged in as to his safety.

Lieut. Fitzgerald who had been sent on an expedition with twenty five men, repaired to Santa Fe, took away some provisions belonging to the army, and set fire to the town;—it being a place of refuge to guerrillas.

At Vera Cruz the *romito* still raged, though it is stated the health of the place, generally, was much better than it had been for years previous. The Board of Health are unceasing in their labors to mitigate the ravages of the scourge.

As there was a probability of a night attack on the city, when much injury might result to persons and to property, for want of combined movements, the Governor of Vera Cruz has issued orders directing all Americans residing there to enrol themselves in a corps to be commanded by Capt. Wm. S. Tipton, and to repair on the first alarm to a place designated.

We regret to learn that Col. Wilson, acting Governor of Vera Cruz, was taken suddenly ill on the 22d ult. The disease is not mentioned, but we presume it was the Vomito. Commodore Perry has again left Anton Lizardo for Tobasco, and it is reported that the further occupation of that place is to be, for the present, abandoned.

A Vera Cruz correspondent of the N. O. Times, writes that two French gentlemen arrived from Jalapa, state that Gen. Pierce will meet serious opposition from the guerrillas and others at almost every step of his march. To impede his advance as much as possible, two bridges on the road had been destroyed, one at San Juan, and the other at El Plan, near Cerro Gordo. The latter was a fine structure. The correspondent says: "I treat my information as correct, as I have no shadow of reason to doubt the authority from which I received it, and must add that the Mexicans are greater dolts than I have ever considered them, if it be not correct."

The following, from an officer at Vera Cruz, in relation to the movements of Gen. Scott, is in the "Union" of the 9th:

VERA CRUZ, July 23, 1847.

"I was in hopes, by this time, there would be something definitive, or that we had arrived nearer peace; but as yet no commissioners have been appointed, and the government have removed to a place further south. They will make a show of defence at Mexico, but Gen. Scott will march in.—Our last dates from him were to the 10th inst. He was then to move on the 15th; and if he did, he must now be in the city.—Generals Pillow and Cadwallader, and all the train, had reached him, and his number was 12,000.

"The guerrillas have augmented since you left. The south and the north have combined, and they have threatened us that they would come in."

FROM THE RIO GRANDE.

Successful attack upon a train.—The Schooner Sarah Churchman, arrived at N. Orleans on the 20th ult., having sailed from the Brazos on the 23d. The Matamoros "Flag" of the 21st July, contains the following important intelligence in relation to an attack upon a train, which was partially successful:

"The last arrival from Camargo brings an account of a recent attack by the Mexicans, supposed to be a detached party of Urrea's troops, upon a train, on its way to Monterey. The wagon train was attended by a small escort, and following in the rear were some sixty or eighty pack mules, freighted with goods belonging to the merchants of Matamoros. The train was attacked near Marin, and the assault was directed against the rear, with a view of cutting off the pack mules, in which the Mexicans were completely successful—all the mules with their packs were captured by them. A considerable booty has thus fallen into their hands—some say about \$30,000 worth of dry goods and a quantity of tobacco. The principal loss was sustained by Mr. Tarniver, one of the most respectable merchants of Matamoros, who loses upwards of \$25,000 in dry goods; Mr. Kingsbury was the owner of the tobacco."

The following is from the Raleigh Register of the 11th:

Mr. JOSEPH D. GORMAN, one of the Raleigh Volunteers for the Mexican War; returned to this City on Saturday last, having been discharged from service on account of bad health. He left General TAYLOR's Camp on the 1st of July, at which time and place he heard from the North Carolina Regiment. They were then at Saltillo, where they would remain until Gen. Taylor was ready to make his advance upon San Luis Potosi. There had been about 125 deaths in the Regiment, and there were

about 200 on the sick list, many of them dangerously so, six having died of the measles at Monterey the night previous. It was believed that Old Rough and Ready would surely make a move upon San Luis some time during the present month, August. He also speaks in the most glowing terms of the popularity of Gen. Taylor with his men, and says all the army are for him for the next President, against the world.

There is a rumor in the papers that Gen. Scott has entered the city of Mexico, after a conflict resulting in loss—variously reported—on both sides. The report is that he entered the city about the 17th July, having left a comparatively small garrison at Puebla. We shall not be surprised if this news turns out to be correct; as Gen. Scott would naturally be disposed to push his operations with vigor, on the failure of the propositions to negotiate. To-day's mail will confirm or contradict the report: time enough has elapsed for an important movement, and for intelligence thereof to have reached home.

Gen. Scott has probably advanced without the reinforcements under Gen. Pierce, who were fighting their way through, inch by inch, against the Mexican guerrillas.

Items of Intelligence.

The Hon. Elisha Whitteley, appointed general collector for the Washington National Monument Society of Washington City, has arrived there, and will keep his office in the City Hall.

We see it stated in some of the French papers, that the Pope has under consideration a plan for uniting the Greek and Latin Church. The scheme has been frequently broached, but has as often failed.

The Macon Journal says that during the past two weeks there have been sales of some 200 bales of cotton in that place to the Georgia Manufacturers, at prices equivalent to 11 cents for strictly fair. This is at least, a quarter of a cent over the prices offered by shippers.

The St. Louis Republican, of the 22d ult., published news in eighteen days after it left Liverpool! It was less than five days going from Boston to St. Louis. This is approximation to an annihilation of time and space.

The receipts for tolls on the New York Canals, this season, to the third week in July, were \$1,654,450—showing an increase of \$502,050 over last year.

Mr. Rush, Minister Plenipotentiary from the Government of the United States to the Tuilleries, in place of Mr. King, had arrived in Paris.

The farmers and others along the line of the Erie Railway, it is said received \$20,000 from New York during this season in exchange for strawberries.

The widow of Bishop Heber is now the Countess de Valsamachi.

The population of Galveston is 4758 according to the assessors' returns. The Civilian believes that it cannot vary far from 6,000.

It is generally thought that beds are a protection from lightning. An old man named Colter was lately struck by the fluid, immediately after retiring to rest, and instantly killed.

Sixty bales of cotton were brought to Boston on the 1st inst., in the brig Spartan, from Surinam.

In Ohio the public debt is about nineteen millions of dollars, and the interest is \$1,624,200.—There is some talk of levying a tax for a sinking fund of 25 cents on each \$1000.

We learn that another requisition has been issued from the War Department upon the State of Mississippi for a battalion of riflemen, to be composed of five companies, with their appropriate field officers.

Serious disturbances took place in Groningen, Holland, on the 28th June, on account of the dearth of food. The troops killed four persons and wounded twelve. On the 29th order was established.

The Washington "Union," in reply to an article of the National Intelligencer, denies that the Administration considers, or ever has considered, California and New Mexico as annexed to the United States. Now, if the President did not, in December last, regard those territories as part of the United States, we beg some of his organs to explain to us exactly what he meant when he congratulated the country in his annual message upon "THE RECENT RAPID EXTENSION OF OUR TERRITORIAL LIMITS." If he did not mean California and New Mexico, we pray some of his friends to tell us what on earth he did mean. The truth is, the functionaries at Washington did consider those territories as already a portion of their political heritage, but they were scared away from the spoils by the indignant voice of the nation, like a vulture from an untasted carcass.—*Boston Atlas.*

THIS COUNTY.—As a portion of our papers were printed off last week before we had received the election return from Gilmer's precinct, it is proper now to say that 17 votes were given there for Shepperd, none for Clemmons. Thus, the entire vote of the county stands—for Shepperd 1354; for Clemmons 321; majority 1033.

MARRIED.—In this county, the 10th inst., by Rev. E. W. Caruthers, Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, of Mecklenburg county, to Miss MINERVA GILLARDE.

We had almost forgotten the delightful flavor of wedding cake, so long had it been since we received our lawful fee. It did our hearts good to be so liberally remembered on this occasion, after the good old fashion.

THE EXAMINING COMMITTEE will meet again on next Tuesday, the 20th.

PULL supply of Martin's LIME—sleeked and un-sleeked—for sale by MOREHEAD & WELLS.

July 27, 1847 18-2

VILLAGE HOTEL.

WENTWORTH N. C.
THE subscriber would respectfully inform all his old customers, and the public, that he has added fine New Rooms and otherwise repaired and improved his tavern establishment, and holds himself prepared to afford his guests comfortable quarters while they may stay with him.
His Table is served with the best that the plentiful country around the village affords.
His Stables have likewise undergone thorough repairs. They will be served with plenty, and attended by careful hostlers.
No pains will be spared to give satisfaction to all who may call on him.
REUBEN J. JOHNSON.
August, 1847 18-3m

*The Standard will publish 3 months, and forward account to Patriot Office.

RANKIN & McLEAN.

NOW have on hand quite a good stock of Goods for the season—just received a fine lot of GROCERIES, consisting of
150 Sacks Liveport Salt,
3 longheads Molasses,
A good lot Brown and loaf Sugars,
Rio Coffee, &c.
Also, in addition to their Groceries usually kept in such establishments, they have a fine lot of RACON and LARD—CORN and CORN MEAL—Threshed Oats, &c.
Aug. 1847

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA. DAVIDSON County. In Equity—Vacation, Spring, 1847.

James Wiseman, Ex'r of James Ellis, dec'd
Amended Bill of Complaint.
Robert Ellis and others

In this case it being alleged in the bill and appearing upon affidavit filed, that Doctor John Parsons and Mary Ann his wife are not residents of this State and it being required by the plaintiff that advertisement be made to them; I therefore order and direct that advertisement be made for six weeks in the Greensborough Patriot, a gazette published in this State, for the said John Parsons and Mary Ann his wife, to appear at the next term of this court on the first Monday after the fourth Monday of September, 1847; and then there plead answer or demurr to the plaintiff's amended bill of complaint, or the same will be taken pro confesso and set for hearing, and heard ex parte as to them.

Witness, Peter K. Rounsaville, Clerk and Master of our said court at office in Lexington; this the 11th of August, 1847.

P. K. ROUNSAVILLE, c. l. c.

Pr adv \$5 19-6

SAMUEL G. THOMAS, SADDLER AND HARNESS MAKER, GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

member, "if you do not get through before your audience will be here."

long. **A GOOD LOT OF BACON**—for sale by,
June 29 **RANKIN & McLEOD**

Dec. 27th 1847.

Oct. 1-46. J. R. & J. SLOAN

July, 1846. 154

JUN 24 1964 RANKIN & McLEAN