

GREENSBOROUGH PATRIOT.

"THE IGNORANT AND DEGRADED OF EVERY NATION OR CLIME MUST BE ENLIGHTENED, BEFORE OUR EARTH CAN HAVE HONOR IN THE UNIVERSE."

VOLUME I.

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COMMUNICATIONS.

"But will remember, if you mean to please,
To press your point with modesty and ease."

For the Greensborough Patriot.

No. V.

In the preceding number, we have taken a brief view of the evil effects accruing to those whose lot it is, to be made a prey to prejudice—or an unfavourable or ill-founded bias—a misshapen guest of our thoughts—the hyena of human happiness—that does, on some occasions, even infest the dominions of the dead—a companion of the suspicious, and blind leader of the ignorant. In this discourse we will see how it affects the happiness of those who admit this dim-sighted creature of ignorance and misconception to sway their opinions of others. Prejudice, like a hero, makes violent attacks on the mind of him who is addicted to it, and blasts the happy repose he might otherwise enjoy. It comes on like a storm in the night, and raises furious winds, and roaring billows. It keeps his thoughts in a constant state of effervescence, and his mind is seldom at ease. In trying to magnify the faults of others, or diminish the lustre of their true merits, the person who is subject to blind, capricious prejudice, is much like a cat in a hot oven, constantly turning and making dreadful contortions. If fits of anger should supervene, as is frequently the case in this almost incurable disease, its symptoms will become abundantly more alarming; and the poor soul that is thus buckled about on the tempestuous ocean of evil surmises, false conjectures, and wrong conclusions, and falls a prey to the violent storm which these are apt to occasion, will be very liable to be swallowed up in the whirlpool of discontent, and melancholy; from which it will be almost impossible for him to return.

In a person of a spenetic, melancholy disposition, the machinations of this artful deceiver commonly transmute the five senses into one, that is, into the sense of feeling, and he, who is thus transmogrified, feels as though he was constantly walking among thorns, or on a bed of nettles. Nothing goes right with him—nobody pleases him; and, therefore, he exhibits a variety of ridiculous figures. He is mad at the world, and he thinks the world in return is mad at him. Thus his life is a continued series of misapprehensions, misconstructions and various sensures, and none can have much satisfaction with him, or place much confidence in his professions of friendship, if he should happen to make any.

Having in the preceding observations on this subject, endeavoured briefly to point some of the distressing effects, and considerable inconveniences of prejudice, when it influences us to an unfavourable bias; it seems proper, I should make a few suggestions on the cure of this dreadful malady.

I. In the first place, I would recommend an abatement of self-love. This passion very strongly intensifies unfavourable sentiments of others around the heart, and fixes them there with impressions not easily erased. A teacup-full of self-abasement, taken every morning, upon an empty stomach, would be of admirable service to convalescents of this kind.

I. I would next recommend to patients afflicted with this malady, to a strict regard to truth in judging of others; and be sure they do not allow an inflexible belief of ill to settle in their minds, till they have weighed the evidence, on both sides, in the balance of candor and impartiality, and obtained a mathematical demonstration of its existence.

Lastly, I most solemnly admonish my readers, to a scrupulous observance of the apostolic injunction, for us to cultivate an esteem for others, even above that for ourselves; taking care that it does not degenerate into flattery; and endeavour to prefer others before ourselves, where propriety will admit. This will greatly tend to lessen our prejudice, and act as a preventative of the disease. In fine, if we would be clear of this fatal consumption of our own and others' happiness, we must neither be a tale-bearer, nor a receiver of their ill-savouring booty; for this tends much to generate and strengthen our prejudice against others; but, endeavour to practice the lesson taught by a celebrated physician, and a wise man, to his children, "If they could speak no good of others, to be sure to speak no evil." Be careful, readers, and not let this soul-destroyer of peace, tranquillity, grace and ascendancy over your minds.

Excerpt.

For the Greensborough Patriot.

Mr. Editor:—I have just returned from a long journey, bringing with me all the fatigue incident to the like performances. You may have a little itching to know the reason of my troubling your honour with my riding rheumatism. But hark, honey, that is not all; I have a bit of a story to tell to yourself, (don't let the old women get hold of it, they would blow a body sky high; they are a very magazine of buck-wood and gunpowder,) by way of old friendship, I can assure you, sir, you may feel yourself mightily obliged, for I have not so much as named the thing to my mother. I thought she may have guessed as much; for, when I came home, I took her hand so gently, and gave it—none of your pump-handle shakes, but a right, pretty minister-shake, with a modest squeeze, while a sweet smile played upon my lips. Oh! if—had only been there—I was going to say, I went right to my room, and set down, and looked right at one place all the while, and I kept thinking; and for the soul of me I can't now tell what I thought, perhaps I thought every thing, and may be nothing—but any way, they made me go to my sapper, and there I set like a statue, and kept my elbow on the table, holding a cup of hot tea, tipped up so as to run gently down on my pantaloon. I can tell you, sir, this soon made me jump. It may be the skin will slip a little, but I think it was about what we call a cold sweat; so I finished my supper and went straight to bed, I had almost forgot to tell you that I did not go to sleep. I felt so well, I thought I never should want to sleep any more; and so I got right up, for I wanted to tell somebody something, mightily. But I found no one there, so I went right about this letter, and I did not get it half done before I sealed it up, in three places, with the writing all on the outside, so that you might read it right off, and not have the trouble and delay of breaking it open. I then started a boy with it to you, and told him to run, for his life. But never mind to read the letter, go right off and tell it to your old friend. I wish that every body would. How good a person feels when they feel well. How like an angel she looked! Grace was in her step; Heaven in her eye; in every gesture dignity and love.

Oh! may I by indulgent fate's decree,

With thee lead all my life, and die with thee.

You won't, Mr. Editor, my old friend, you won't say any thing about it. I could not help it. Any man may tumble into a pit by surprise, you know. What a lovely Venus. Raptures! Raptures!—But don't let the old women get hold of it. Don't let them—keep dark. If you ever get in love, my old friend, I'll never tell of it. Oh! love, where dwellest thou? Oh! my old friend, I believe it is all over me, mind, body, and extremities. By the way, Mr. Editor, I have just room and time enough to tell you, that I have sit and trotted one foot, my head awry upon one shoulder, and my tongue hanging out of the lower corner of my mouth, till I am fast asleep. I can't say when I shall awake again.

BACHELORUM.

SELECTED.

"And 'tis the sad complaint, and almost true,
Whate'er we write, we bring forth nothing new."

CHRONICLES.

Of the Tribe of N. Carolina, Chapter VII.
(Concluded.)

55 And as these things are always done, and even printed in the law books, and sent forth altogether at the expense and for the edification of the people, I have counted that the sons of Belial will esteem just the bidding of it so to be, as nothing in my favor, and therefore intreat that I may be received, as one among them, and be appointed unto some office, which will give me dignity and bread.

56 And as I have understood, that thou art to be made a great judge, in which case thy seat will be vacant, I supplicate thy good word and interest in my behalf, as thy successor, and doubt not my merits and capacity to fill this office as worthily as any other person, thyself only excepted.

57 And I will do as thou biddest me, even when thou servest thy brethren, the better to uphold their cause, in the lesser office of great judge of this tribe.

58 But should this great and high office not seem good unto thee to bestow on thy servant, behold! I have read thy great speech, wherein thou hast set forth, that thy brethren lack honest and faithful servants to rule over and direct them; and now thy greatness may be assured, that as I have ever served them faithfully and truly, without flinching where it was to my own loss and damage, not only of substance, but of things more precious, and even unto bonds and stripes, that this is a good earnest that I will serve them equally well in a more eminent and profitable office, and it is mine that I be preferred among the choice few of honest and faithful servants thou mayest choose out, and that I be placed according to my merits, peradventure not far from the goodly treasurer of this tribe.

59 And I have made up my mind, in case I get this office, that I will ever well and truly keep and practice all the usury, extortion, uncleanness, witchcraft, sorcery and sin, required of such exalted dignified officers; and I will not tell tales, as others have done; and I will pay over, fairly and honestly, the wages and profits of my doings, as others have not done, and observe such an outward appearance of purity and honor that no person shall dare to suspect my integrity and uprightness; and even should any thing be proved against me, they will not believe it.

and the judges being of our own brotherhood, I shall come off clear and go unpunished; and I will at all times yield unto thee all due fellowship and obedience, and not wax proud, haughty nor dishonest.

60 And all of these things being done by thy puissance and greatness, thou wilt ever receive the prayers of thy servant, OBEDIAH.

61 When I had recorded these things in the Chronicles of mine own tribe, I lifted up my eyes and said:

62 O, my Father and my God! Thou hast commanded us to pray for these sons of Belial; and why not for Satan?

63 Is he more unclean and abominable in his doings.

64 This man was of a worthy and honorable family, and such as should compose the sinews and strength of a virtuous and upright people. He had had a goodly heritage, honestly gotten, and is one of the many thousand simple hearted and well meaning people, whom the purity of the laws and the counsels of the wise and mighty should have led on prosperously to heaven! And by following them he is made to steal for bread; and infamy and shame have fell upon his house and it is undone forever.

65 Was it for this, his father fought and bled and left his dying counsel? Was it for this, he fought himself? What more could the oppressor have done?

66 This is indeed the end of the rag! Accursed be the sons of Belial for thus spreading their wicked and lawful net around the innocent and weary, and gathering them unto destruction! Yea, verily, and unless they speedily repent, they shall be accursed of God, and the sin will hang round their necks like tons of lead to sink them to the hottest depth of the burning abyss.

67 But it is said by our great and mighty ones, that in all this, there is neither hardship nor sin. And that the people must continue to suffer it for their own good; and those of them, who are, as this man was at first, must be made even as he is now; for neither their wisdom nor the law can provide a remedy. But why do they not act upon their doctrine, and banter the people by thousands, since it would be charity and tender compassion for them to do it?

68 Behold Obediah now goeth in his simplicity unto the greater sons of Belial, seeking favor and kindness! The sinner might as well go unto Satan. They are overburdened with hangers on already, and have bid the rulers make a law to shake them off.

69 He hath nothing more to give them; and will the sons of Belial bid the rulers make laws in his favor, without pay? Yea verily, they may do it, from pure love of mischief and sin, to increase the taxes of the people by filling their yearly law books with such abominations that a prudent husband and father might not suffer one of them to come near his house, fearing lest it might be read.

70 But unless some such wickedness should be in their heads, Obediah will be as harshly and unbecomely received by their high and mighty ones, as if he were a prophet sent from God to rebuke them of sin, and his petition as little heeded, as if it were a chapter of the Bible.

71 But how long must these sinful and filthy sons of Belial continue to afflict this suffering land?

72 Behold, their great and mighty high priest has already devised two laws to give unto them: greater power and longer duration, and set them forth from his great eminence that the people might tremble and the rulers take heed and know what to do!

73 And must our complaisant rulers make these laws, and then make this self same high priest a great judge to sit in judgement on them? And if they do this thing, will not God raise up a strong and mighty one to thresh their skulls with a flail of iron and break them in pieces, like empty potter's vessels?

74 Verily they will deserve it.

75 But peradventure this son of Belial, who has thus dealt with my brother after the usual way, finding himself under the rag, and seeing the plunage of his sin returned on the shaft, which pierces his bosom, and brings him low, hath repented, indeed, and can make Obediah some little restitution, which might benefit him somewhat, until the law should take it away.

76 Verily, as God hath cheered and blessed me, it behoveth me to do good unto my neighbor. And I put a crust of bread and a bottle of water in my wallet and took my staff and went unto this son of Belial.

77 And lo! he was sitting at the feet of a certain tribe of priests of the very kidney of that priest, who wrote the carnal book to persuade the people to build a great rail road to carry oil and sell all the things they lacked, and he was learning to be like unto them. And I took him unto myself and shewed him this petition and spake unto him in loving kindness and said:

78 Make restitution of thy goods unto the uttermost, my brother, that thou mayest find peace, and rest unto thy soul, and that God may forgive thee in the world to come.

79 But he said he had been taught by his masters, that God did not require restitution from the sinner unto the person he had injured or defrauded unless the law of the land could excuse it, but only required repentance of an unto him, and that he should go and profess a good profession unto his servants, the priests, and give unto them freely of his substance, to prosper the good cause. All of which he had done and had been received unto their tribe, which in meekness and humility they styled the tribe of the sinner, and was about to become a priest

himself for the sake of doing the greater good, and should do nothing, save only, as he was taught. And I said:

80 How much worth toward righteousness and unto God hast thou repented? Not one mite. Your house is indeed swept and garnished; and take heed lest your last end be worse than the first.

81 And I spake unto the priests, saying: Doth not your disciple belie your doctrines? Speak unto him that he do otherwise. And as for yourselves, restore the money he has given you; for it is in your hands, the unjust pledge, and he, from whom it was fraudulently taken, hath great need.

82 And after counselling among themselves, they said, he hath stated our doctrines truly, and we shall not bid him do otherwise; and as for the money he hath given unto us, we have placed it in the temple of money changers with the gifts and charities of the pious and devout; and if the law of the land will take it from us, be it even so.

83 And I rebuked them and said, it were better that a millstone be tied about your necks, and ye be cast headlong into the sea, than teach such doctrine.

84 He is required to make restitution of his goods unto him, he hath injured or defrauded, to the very uttermost.

85 God hath said, he shall restore double, he shall restore seven fold, he shall give all the substance of his house.

86 Have his words been taken back and the heavens and the earth not passed away? Even among ourselves, when a man has sinned against his neighbor and maketh restitution unto the uttermost, it is then only, that the judge hath compassion on him.

87 Would ye have him cling to what he has unjustly gotten, and part only with a pittance, to the judge's pretended servant, and then go before the upright judge himself, for impunity and reward, not only for having offended, but likewise for having attempted to bribe him and make him partaker in the offence?

88 And how would the pretended servant fare, who has become equally an offender, at the price of slandering the integrity of the judge? Is not the great judge of all the earth more just than man? This is blasphemous. And when a man consecrateth his gift, ought he not to be careful that his neighbor hath no offence against him, that all restitution is made, his debts paid, and the gift his own and honestly gotten, lest he only mock God and become worthy of greater damnation?

89 And ought not the holy man, who receives the gift, to be likewise careful that things be so, and that the gift be so bestowed, as to bless the giver, lest his skirts be not clean?

90 But what are ye? Ye cry and whine through-out all this goodly land for gifts and charities unto yourselves as unto God, as if the Most High, maker and ruler of heaven and earth, had waxed poor and needed such hitherling as ye, and was slack in paying them.

91 And ye greedily receive these gifts, caring not how nor whence they come; and when ye get them, ye keep them if ye can, and are only careful to bestow them in the temple to be multiplied unto yourselves with usury and extortion and to curse the rulers and the people with all the sore plagues of the tribute and the rag!

92 Fear ye not that by these doings ye are spreading your beds in a deeper and hotter hell, than any of your brotherly sons of Belial? And lest ye might escape punishment even in this world, fear ye not that God will send forth a servant, whose countenance will be to your eyes like the sun, who will speak to you in a voice of thunder, and gather the forked lightning in his hand, as a scourge to lash you?

93 Verily, God rebuke you.

94 And they noted at me, but I shook off the dust from my feet, as a testimony against them, and coming unto my cabin, weary and faint, I wrote these things in the Chronicles of wisdom and said:

95 Behold the holy character, on which a pure and upright people should lean as a firm and cooling support are thus converted not only into a barbed spear to pierce their sides, but likewise become a means of releasing a deadly poison to damn their souls!

96 Of all the sins against light and knowledge this is the worst, and of all the different sorts of the sons of Belial, these self same priests, who do this thing are the most stupid, wicked and bad.

97 But who will envy these high and mighty sons of Belial, in all their greatness and pride, of what ever sort they be. The day of fearful retribution is at hand; and even now the poor upright victim of their power, whom they have driven out to wander, not having whither to go, when he siteth down by the way side and portions out to his starving children the scanty morsel of bread, the best remnant of his honest labor, and cryeth unto God for more, that he may live, has that baby consolation to his heart which all their wealth and greatness cannot purchase.

THE MYSTIC NUMBER.

Professor Eaton, in a late number of the American Journal of Science, has shown that the most favorite number of nature, is the number four. He says at least half of all known plants have the parts of fructification in fours, or in a number which is the product of four. The estimated division of animals, such as the scorpion, Medusa, hawk, and every species of coral, have their rays in fours, or in a number produced by a power of four. Throughout the whole animal division of Creation, the leading number is four. We have five fingers in the hand, and five toes in the foot, in common with all animals which have been pointed out by signs of nature, that number four. We have also four seasons, four winds, four cardinal points, four elements, four humors, four parts of the world, four



POETRY.

"And from each line the noblest truths inspire;
Nor less inspire my conduct than my song."

THE FAIR ONE WHOM I MEAN.

Die holde die ich meine—a beautiful ditty—the most elegant compliment that ever was paid, in the north or in the south, to female beauty. A translation of it has been attempted by the writer of these remarks, and is here subjoined.—*Editor Int. Journal.*

O, in what pomp of love serene,
Smiles she, the fair one whom I mean?
Tell it, my pious mouth, to earth;
Whose wonder-working hand shines forth
Whereby in pomp of love serene
She smiles, the fair one whom I mean.

Who has allum'd and kindled bright,
Like paradise her eyes' blue light?
Ev'n he whose power o'er sea and land
Heaven's blue bright bending arch hath spann'd
He hath illum'd and kindled bright,
Like Paradise, her eyes' blue light!

Who with such master-skill hath spread
Sweet o'er her cheek Life's white and red?
He, who to th' almond's blossom lent
Its beautiful tincture dew-besprent;
He with such master-skill hath spread
Sweet o'er her cheek Life's white and red!

Who form'd her purple mouth so fair,
So rich with sweetness living there?
He, who with lusciousness so mild,
Fills the red cherry, July's child;
He made her purple mouth so fair,
So rich with sweetness living there!

Who made her silken tresses flow,
All waving, round her neck of snow?
He whose sweet west wind o'er the plain
Rocks the glad stalks of golden grain;
He made her silken tresses flow,
All waving round her neck of snow!

Who touch'd her heavenly speech or song,
Her voice with rapture all day long?
He who did lend the lark his note,
And Philomel her tuneful throat;
He touch'd her heavenly speech or song,
Her voice with rapture all day long!

Who hath so arch'd her beautiful breast,
Where pleasure has his golden rest?
He, that the swan's white bosom fair
Curves out with plumage rich and rare
He hath so arch'd that beautiful breast,
Where pleasure has his golden rest

What artist framed, in high design
Her waist so delicate, so fine?
He from whose perfect mind beam'd forth,
Beauty's each form in heaven and earth;
That mighty artist did design
Her waist so delicate and fine!

Who breath'd into her form, a mind
So pure, angelical, and kind?
He, that the angels made on high,
These holy children of the sky;
He breath'd into her form, a mind
So pure, angelical, and kind

SETTING UP.

A chap once told St. Patrick's Dean,
While rising from his seat—"I mean
To set up for a wit!"
"Ah!" quoth the Dean, "if that be true,
The very best thing you can do,
Is down again to it."

Too many, then, that would-be-wit,
Set up for what they are not fit,
And always lose their aim;
Set up for wisdom, wealth, renown,
But end the force by setting down,
With poverty and shame.

A meddling farmer thinks he can
Set up to be a gentleman,
And then set down content;
But after many a turn and twist
Is set down on the paupers' list,
A fool not worth a cent.

When farmers' wives and daughters fair,
Set up with silk and Lehigh rare,
To look most wondrous winning
They set upon a slippery stand,
Till indigence, with iron hand,
Upset their underpinning.

Some city ladies, too, whose gear
Has made them to their husbands dear,
Set up to lead the ton,
Though they set high on fashion's seat,
Age, death or poverty, albeit,
Will set them down anon.

Some tools set up to live by law,
And though they are all over law,
Soon fail for lack of brains;
But had the lawless only just
Kept where they ought to sit at first,
They'd save a world of pains.

A quack sets up the doctor's trade—
But could he use the doctor's spade
No better than an pulley.
The man might as well from morn to night
And had no match with all mankind
To bury it in the hills.

Too many, then, who set up for
As they are, so they set down.

If ever below at present,
But when you have set up in vain,
And find you must set down again,
Tis terribly unpleasant.
T. G. FESSENDEN.

FAREWELL TO MORVEN.

Tho' far from all I hold most dear
I go, now joys, new friends to find,
Yet oft shall memory linger here,
And dwell on all I've left behind.
No change of place, or change of name,
Can make my heart one instant stray;
Firm my regard will still remain,
Tho' I am gone and far away.

Farewell my parents! tho' I go
From under your protecting care,
Still let parental love bestow
A Father's wish a Mother's prayer.
And when your little flock with joy
Assemble at the close of day,
Oh in that hour one thought employ
On that stray lamb that's far away.

And thou, in whom maternal love
Was with the tenderest friendship joined,
Who, when depressed, to cheer me strove,
And joyed the most when fate was kind,
I bid farewell! may health and peace
Bless the evening of thy day,
But when most blest, oh! never cease
To love thy child that's far away.

Scenes of my childhood! all farewell!
A last faint glimpse of you I've taken,
Yet on your charms shall memory dwell,
And dreams of other days awaken.
Ye woods, where oft I've roved so cheerily,
Will not your echo wake in sorrow,
When she who loves your shades so dearly
Shall bid you all adieu to-morrow?
Yet, tho' from all I hold most dear,
I go, new joys new friends to prove,
This peaceful home, these friends sincere
My heart shall ever—ever love!

Jane on her spouse could not bestow
One tear of sorrow when he died,
His life had made so many flow
That all the Briny foant was dried

EPITAPH.

Here lies John Dodge, who dodged all good,
But never dodged an evil;
And after dodging all he could,
He could not dodge the D****.

VARIETY.

"Fanny has sported all her powers away
In tales, an trifles, and in children's play."

Obadiah. "You are a good for nothing lazy rascal," said an exasperated farmer to his son, Obadiah Davis. "You are not worth the salt of your mother's milk. You have neither watered the horse, nor fed the pigs. There's Sal scolding down stairs because there's no wood cut for the oven; and you have left the lane bars down and the cow has gone into neighbor Humphrey's field. Get out, you idle, lazy, good for nothing loon—out of my sight!"

Mr. Davis was six feet high. Obadiah was not more than five feet three. The last adjectives, with their terminating noun, were rendered much more emphatic by the hearty cuffs with which one was accompanied, and the last explanatory push, which came from the palm of a hand brawny with fifty years' labor, formed an insinuation not to be mistaken, that the negligent youth's company was no longer desired.

Obadiah was a lubberly looking fellow, about twenty. He bore the beating in good grace, the necessity of which frequent experience had inculcated, and without saying a word to his irritated parent, he went down the lane, a neglect of the bars of which had formed one of the counts in the declaration against him—and sat down on a stone, in a little grove of trees, and by the side of a brook, whose waters swept rapidly over their sandy bed, and filled the air with freshness and music. He ruminated awhile, with his under lip out in a pouting way, which, with him, as well as others, was a sign of some internal agitation.

"Yes," he exclaimed—for why should not farmer's boys address the groves and invoke the rural spirits, as well as Tell or Brutus?—"Yes," says Obadiah, drawing the sleeve of his coat across his mouth with more of a view to comfort than grace. "Yes, I'll be dam'd if I stand that 'ere any more. I ain't made to be beat like a dog all my life, and I think I might as well give dad the slip now as well as any other time. I'll tell him on't. If he's a mind to give me a thrill, so much the better—if he ain't, why he may let it alone."

It was about 2 days after the preceding events, that Mr. D. was surprised by the appearance of his son, apparently equipped for a journey. He stared at him for a moment, partly silent from displeasure, and partly from surprise.

"Well, father," said Obadiah, with some hesitation, "I am come to bid you good bye."

"To bid me good bye, you fool! Why, where are you going?"

"I am going to seek my fortune in the world, father. I know I am of no use to you. I think I can do almost as well anywhere else. I can't do much worse, at all events. So I am going down to York, or somewhere thereabouts to get along by myself."

Warm and deep feelings, thank heaven! are not confined to the wealthy nor the wise—and nature's fiercest passions her humblest hearts as rich in strength and delicate affections, as those which beat beneath flashing stars. Mr. Davis loved his son, for many reasons. He was the only pledge of one who had stirred up his feelings; and whom the green sod covered; and Obadiah, ordinary as was his general appearance, sometimes turned upon him with an expression of joy, which he could not suppress, which recalled him

to his memory, and which he found no where else in the wide world. Besides, he was always honest and affectionate; though he never discovered that kind of activity which might have rendered him useful in the station which he occupied—yet he was his son, and as such, he felt much more than he was in the habit of putting in words.

His eyes appeared moist, therefore, as he remonstrated with the young adventurer, and found him firm in the purpose which he had, it seemed, been a considerable time in adopting, and after much useless persuasion, with a voice softened by the thoughts of approaching separation, he asked what course he intended to pursue.

"I am going to study law."

"And how are you going to be supported while you are following your studies?"

"I guess I'll teach school," answered Obadiah with the gravity of a saint.

The old man, in spite of his sorrow, could not refrain from laughing at the thought of his young unsuccessful agriculturalist relating wisdom and knowledge to the rising generation, or pursuing the subtle shadows of justice through the mazy labyrinth of law. He looked at him with increasing wonder. There he was, with his brown coat and linsey woolsey trousers, his hair combed straight over his forehead, and his bashfulness clinging him into the most awkward attitudes, even in this attempt to explain his new prospects. But Obadiah, it appears, made up his mind, and was not inclined to return to his old employment on any terms. He then bade his father good bye, and shook hands with his sister Sally and the cook. A short walk over the farm afforded him an opportunity of performing the same tender duty towards the horses, the pigs and the old cow. All things being at length settled to his satisfaction, he started on his way. The sun was just setting, and flung its last light upon the rich landscape. The breeze was stirring the leaves of the old willow, and the rippling of the brook fell upon his ear. The poultry were gathering upon the roost, and the old dog Caesar came after him, wagging his tail affectionately and entreating eloquently, but in vain, to accompany his master upon his novel expedition. Many sensitive folks would have yielded a few soft regrets of the quiet and beautiful spot which he was leaving perhaps forever. But Obadiah never dreamed of regretting what he was doing of his own accord. He cast, therefore, only a short retrospective glance upon the scene of his boyish pains and pleasures, and having surveyed it in a moment with one eye shut, commenced his journey, whistling Yankee Doodle.

The disadvantages under which he laboured were immense. Without education and totally destitute of the fashionable or literary world—friendless, and almost penniless, he was to make his way among those who had enjoyed proper instructions and high friends from their birth—who had ushered into public life, with the honors of college—and who would scarcely regard the quiet, plain, and retiring country boy, except with smiles of derision.

His advantages, however, were not by himself disregarded. He knew the strength of mind which had grown up in the solitude and quiet of nature's abodes, unweakened by the dissipations of fashion, and untrammelled by the fetters of a bad system of education. To know that he had great difficulty to struggle against, and that he must depend upon himself, was only to know that it was his indispensable duty to supply all deficiencies of nature or art by his own unwearied application.

In a splendid drawing room of a well known city, a young gentleman was entertaining several young ladies. They were all arrayed in rich and highly fashionable apparel. The girls were lovely; and they as well as the graceful youth whose handsomely turned periods excited so much pleasure, and whose attic wit produced such frequent bursts of merriment, seemed whiling away the hour delightfully, in all the charming and elegant familiarity of high life. A ringing was heard at the door, and the servant announced Mr. Obadiah Davis; who accordingly walked in with his hat on, and without the slightest embarrassment proceeded to business. The politeness ever attendant upon real gentility, prompted all the company to restrain their disposition towards mirth, while Mr. Davis presented his letter of introduction, and the gentleman was perusing the same. But when, after having finished and folded up the letter Mr. Chatterton introduced Mr. Davis to the ladies, as a gentleman from the country, whose intention it was to pursue the profession of the law; the lurking smiles curled their rosy lips in spite of themselves; and Mr. Chatterton himself, while he performed all the necessary duties which the etiquette of the day required, added to the humour of his fair and merry companions by a wink which did not pass altogether unobserved.

Mr. Chatterton complied with his request, which upon the recommendation of a friend, he had made to file his certificate in the office where the young gentleman, under the instruction of his father, was also studying law.

Time passed on—Charles Chatterton, in the full possession of an ample fortune and surrounded by all the blandishments of life, found a thousand things to charm him from his office. He was young, gay, and witty. His society was courted by all the acquaintance of his own sex—and among the fair and fascinating of the other, a heart like his was sure to find joys too delicious to be yielded for the drudgery of a lawyer's office, or the remote hope of future fame. He loved music, and its notes welcomed and cheered him wherever he went. Dancing was his delight; and there were snowy hands, which he knew he might have by asking, and bright eyes to flash upon him when he did ask, and how could he turn from witcheries like those for the dull and dusty volumes of antiquated law? He was an enthusiastic admirer of nature, and she wooed him in a thousand ways from his tedious task. Her breath was fragrant upon the air—and her voice came to him in winning tones upon every breeze. It was impossible for him to turn a deaf ear to her enchantment. Therefore he walked, sauntered and rode. Sometimes he wandered forth in the morning, to witness the rising of the sun, and again, in the summer night the moon would lure him out from the indolent lamp, to gaze with loved ones beneath her rays.

Now, during all this time, little Obadiah was as busy as a bee. He had taken a school, which occupied part of his time, and the income of which enabled him to defray all his expenses. Nothing called him from his duty. The moon shed her silvery radiance in vain; and he had seen the sun rise so often, that he had lost all his novelty. His feelings were not awakened by wandering affections, nor was his clear and calculating brain disturbed by the intrusive visions of fancy. Nature, art, beauty and fashion, all went on with their various revolutions and adventures without affecting him. His time was devoted to his duty and he knew no other pleasure.

Ten years passed away, and brought with it, as usual, many unexpected changes. Charles Chatterton, the lively, the elegant, observed of all observers, the mould of fashion and the glass of form, had been left in poverty by the failure of his father. Bred up in the luxuries of life, and unprepared to meet the ruder scene, he was inadequate to support himself. His fine but effeminate spirit broke down, and he now lives in poverty, neglected by his former friends, and awaiting a miserable death.

Obadiah, on the contrary, has succeeded beyond all expectation. His skill and knowledge have acquired for him a high reputation, and he is rapidly amassing a fortune, which he will doubtless know how to keep as well as to obtain. His manners, too, become polished during his commerce with the world, and the rough and awkward country lad is now one of the richest and most celebrated lawyers of one of the first States in the Union. His influence is visible upon a large portion of society, and there are rumours of an intention to send him to Congress. What a pity it is that the fine and delicate enjoyments of our nature are so often inconsistent with worldly success, and that wealth and fame must be sought by so many sacrifices of feeling and affection!—*N. York Mirror.*

Anecdote. Some time during the last summer, on a very sultry evening, three persons were brought before a round-faced, Dutch Magistrate, accused with the crime of drunkenness. The sage guardian of Morals, after promising with a stiff nod of shag, and looking as officially as he could by mounting a pair of spectacles upon his nose and seating himself by the side of a table, thus began the solemn investigation.

Magistrate. (to the first delinquent) bes you kiltly, or bes you not kiltly?

First delinquent. Guilty sir.

Magistrate. Vat you get trunk on?

First delinquent. Black trap.

Magistrate. Placktrap! Vat! you kit trunk on placktrap! Oh you cot tam trunken peast! ten py de living Shesne, I toes fine you jst forty shillin!

Magistrate. (to the second delinquent) bes you kiltly, or bes you not kiltly?

Second delinquent. Guilty sir.

Magistrate. Vat you get trunk on?

Second delinquent. Punch.

Magistrate. Bunch! Vat! you get trunk on bunch! Oh you trunken raskid! Ten py cot for cot tam sake, I toes fine you jst twenty shillin.

Magistrate. (to the third delinquent) bes you kiltly, or bes you not kiltly?

Third delinquent. I am also guilty sir.

Magistrate. Vat you git trunk on?

Third delinquent. Shing.

Magistrate. Shlink! Vat! you get trunk on shlink! Oh you tipping rogue! Ten I toes fine you jst—I toes fine you—jst noting at all, for I toes kit trunk on shlink myself some time!

A young lady one night in the Theatre was much annoyed by the impertinent remarks of a coxcomb who sat in the same box with her; at length becoming tired and vexed turned round to him with an angry countenance and said, "Be pleased Sir, to cease your impudence." The fellow was so much astonished that he could only reply, "Pray Miss, do not cut me!" "Be in no fear, I am a Jewess," answered the girl.

NOTICE.

The Subscriber has just put into operation two new working machines, at or near his own dwelling. He will card at the customary prices; and he pledges himself, that his work shall be done well. He will take flax seed, hanks or tallow in payment.

JESSE HINSHAW

Randolph, 8th month 8, 1829.—n12—3.

WINDSOR CHAIRS.

THE Subscriber respectfully returns his sincere thanks to a generous public for their patronage heretofore, and now solicits a continuance of their favors. He will keep constantly on hand an excellent and beautiful assortment of Chairs, made of good materials and in a workmanlike manner, which he will sell low for cash or exchange them for country produce. He is prepared to repair and paint old Chairs, settees, &c. on the shortest notice and at a price that must satisfy those who may employ him.

17 BEDSTEADS of fine and common quality made at the shortest notice and on the most moderate terms.

17 Orders from a distance will be thankfully received, & promptly executed. SAMUEL E. SHELTON Greensborough, N. C.—May 23, 1829.

CARDING MACHINE.

The subscriber has recently erected a wool Carding Machine; and takes this method of informing the citizens of Guilford and the adjacent counties that he is prepared to do their carding as well as it can be done in the State.

His prices are proportioned to the pressure of the times—he will card and roll, for spinning, at eight cents per pound, and break for battens, &c. at four.

His Machine is situated within a mile and a half of New-Garden Meeting-House. He has every thing in complete order, and solicits a share of the public encouragement.

ASA HUNT, New-Garden, Guilford, N. C. July, 18th 1829.

FOR SALE.

A Valuable Tract of Land, adjoining the Gold Factory of A. Lindsay & Co. and immediately in the gold region. The locality of the place would present flattering prospects to one disposed to make a purchase, for particulars apply to

DAVID L. FIELD.

August, 1st 1829.—n11.

THOSE INTERESTED LOOK AT THIS!

The Road taken at the sale of the property of Alexander S. Kels, dec. have been due since the 15, of June. The estate is embarrassed, and must be settled.

Those that are indebted, either by note or account, must call and pay before the 25, of August is the day who defer payment till after that time, will have to pay with cost.

14th 11, 1829.—n11—3.