

# GREENSBOROUGH PATRIOT.

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

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THE

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### COMMUNICATIONS.

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

FOR THE GREENSBOROUGH PATRIOT.

#### STEAM! STEAM! STEAM!

"Laugh where we must, be candid where we can."

MR. EDITOR: I am very young, and am of so generous a mould that I wish no harm to any one alive; but I am something of a disciple of the philosopher Democritus, of laughing memory. I indulge in humour and ridicule at the expense of my friends and of mine unfrinds.—I have lately had the English Grammar infused into my noodle by the force of steam; and I want the opportunity of making a display, and of saying a word or two in favour of that power that has unloosed my tongue; and has inspired me with audacity to use it. O, steam! thou art mine indulgent nurse, the pabulum of my brain! Thou art a potent propeller, heater, infuser of knowledge. Thou canst propel against tide and current; thou canst infuse knowledge into the mind. Thou power propitious to the human race, thou goddess, (for thou shalt ever be a goddess to me,) mine altar shall perpetually smoke with sweet incense to thee.

Happy am I that I escaped the examination of those two unsophisticated clowns, Swain and Reynolds, who stand about the "why" and the "wherefore;" for so I have the advantage of thinking I know a thing or two, or more. In vain do the carles attempt to oppose the potency of steam. They are quite antique in their whims. They do not keep pace with the spirit of the times in which they live. They would interfere with the private concerns and notions of the people, and give them information unasked for, and prevent them from being cheated into the good, which some might otherwise refuse. But, for the most part, they have preached to the deaf long since. For the people, or, at least, those who have the discrimination to judge that great effrontery is great talent, or can very well supply the place of talent, spurn their impertinent interference. They will never submit to the slow and sordid measure of encouraging native genius at the rate of \$8 per annum, rather than lavish \$10 per fifty on vagrant steamers; nor will they allow their children to absorb the pap of their brain by studying a year, "and some times more," to acquire that which may be steamed into them in fifty days, with little or no exertion on their part. To chagrine the carles to distraction, and to afford these discriminating gentlemen an opportunity to expend their "literary fund" to good purpose, it is proposed to introduce the steam system into all the rudimental branches of literature. The Primer will be taught by steam in five days for one dollar; Webster, in twenty days for four dollars; Murray's Introduction and Reader, in forty days for eight dollars; Writing, in fifteen days for three dollars; Arithmetic, in fifty days for ten dollars; English Grammar, in do. for do. Geography, in forty days for eight dollars; which will complete the course in 220 days for the small sum of \$44.00. What a saving of time, money, and study; and as it is proposed to abolish all corporal punishment, except that of puding sky-high with a sudden current of steam, the saving of rods, and stripes, and groans, may be added. It is nonsense to talk about permanent school-houses and school funds, common schools, schoolmasters, schoolmistresses, and such sort of useless things, as if the dull course pursued at present was to continue forever. The way by steam will soon supersede all these. Kinney and Polkore may hang up their fiddles. The next Legislature of North Carolina will fall greatly below all preceding ones in point of sagacity, if it does not distribute the "literary fund" of the State to the encouragement of learning on the steam system. If any body should have the "unblushing perversity of opinion" to suspect, that after the process of steaming there might remain some vacuities of the mind unregimented, he may rest assured that, if our spaces of the mind shall be unfurnished with knowledge, and learning, they will be well struttled with vapors and fumes, which will do just as well.

If I can rely on your secrecy Mr. Editor, I will tell you a pretty thing. Do you know what hidden motives the Messrs. Duncans had for inviting the carles, Swain and Reynolds, to meet them, under various pretexts? I can tell you. They intended to get them into a current of hot steam, and there fumigate and sweat them into "repentance for offences and reformation," and afterwards to receive them into "favour." But the ignorant and bigoted codgers seem determined to defeat their kind intentions; for, having smelt out the trick, they under pretence of fearing the flatulency of the Duncans, refuse the "convention" until they may have time to arm themselves with certain daggers called "umpires," and "moderators," by which I suspect they mean a 20 pounder. But I cannot repress a smile when I reflect, that, at last, their "discretion and foresight" are insufficient to prevent them from rushing precipitately into the gloomy vortex of an irretrievable fatumization. They have unwearily agreed, for a certain purpose, to attend an examination, to which they will come unarmed and unattended except "by ignorance and pedantry," who, the Duncans say, always go with them, walking hand in hand, like an amiable pair. It is surmised that these, of right, belong to the fraternity of steamers; and that they will make an effort to recover their attendance. Well, that the distance may be no objection, one of the Duncans intend going right down into the neighborhood of Swain and Reynolds, and there introducing themselves to the acquaintance and good graces of all the gentry thereabout who have the peculiar tact of discrimination which enables them to mistake effrontery for talent, and in whom every neighborhood of North Carolina abounds. With these the carles can have no influence; and from the sons and daughters of these, he can easily make a school. When the time of examination arrives, it is intended that the whole posse of the fraternity, Duncans, Brights, and all, shall attend; and that the steam shall be raised seven times higher than it was wont to be raised. When the examiners or carles are absorbed, as to their minds, in attempting to prove what the Duncans say "cannot be rationally proved by all the lawyers and school-masters in America," viz. "that the proposition unto always follows like," some study rogues of us are to pick them up and plunge them "beyond their circumscribed comprehension into the seven times rarefied steam, and there to humble them by making them cry, 'for about the space of two hours,' 'Great is the way by curtation.' Be not alarmed Mr. Editor for the safety of the carles. Four out of the four thousand steam doctors will be present, and will, during the vaporization, administer bounteously of Cayenne pepper and other acrid and heating medicaments, so as effectually to keep up the warmth of the system and preserve vitality.—Will you not attend, Mr. Editor, to see the *fun* and the *fun*? We shall have nothing like "a gob of wedding cake" to offer you; but we will have a plenteous stoop of generous wine, (for we are fond of it,) of which thou mayest "use a little for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities."

PHILO STEAMO.

Vapor-Castle April 6th.

P. S. When the cloud shall have dispersed, that is, when the carles shall be steamed into "repentance for offences and reformation," and received into the "favour" of the fraternity, I intend setting up for a steam teacher. If you should have a sufficiently exalted opinion of *mine abilities*, by which you will understand I mean *mine impudence*, I desire you to give me a pull in the "Patriot." In return, I will teach you the art of composing and writing by steam; a thing that will be vastly essential to you who have so much of both to do.

### SELECTED.

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

A TALE OF A TRAINING.

Or a chapter of the adventures of the Massachusetts Militia.

Nobody, up and down the country, was equal to Josh Beapole, of Rye.—He grew up faster than a hop-vine or a string bean. He was a man before he knew it, and being told of it, gave himself such airs that he was thought quite the thing by all the girls ten miles round. He was an absolute dandy, if such a thing could be, among the woods. He was the foremost in all husking parties, quiltings, house-warmings, sleighrides, and scrapes of all colors, wore an eel skin quene and a ruffle shirt on Sundays; and so by hook and by cook got into such favor with the feminine gender, that he might have taken his pick out of the whole town. There was not one who would have said no to such a gallant gay Lothario as our Josh, except one, but as the Devil would have it, she happened to be the very one Josh wanted to get.

There is no accounting for the whims of a woman, so we shall not attempt to assign the cause why Nancy Crabtree turned up her nose at Josh Beapole.—Certain it is that Josh stuck to her like a bur, without any effect. She carried her head high, looked askew and gave Josh the go-by whenever he attempted to be familiar.

Some thought that she looked upon Josh, with all his accomplishments, to be no great things. Others thought she had set her cap for the parson of the parish. There might have been some truth in

the last supposition, for when the parson, to her great surprise, married the widow Slay, Nance began to relent, and Josh found himself getting into favor. He laid siege to her heart with redoubled ardor, and the whole town at last thought it a match. —Still, she was now and then a little offish, and Josh was sharp-sighted enough to see that he must cast about for some uncommon expedient to push his suit. "The girls," thought he, "are fond of titles and show and parade; Nance would have snapped up with the parson to a dead certainty; now if I can get to be a captain of militia, I shall come off conqueror.—If she turn up her nose at me then, the devil is in her."

So Josh set about intriguing for the office, and as the actual incumbent had been for several years somewhat cramped with the rheumatisms, and unable to march faster than common time or carry his body nearer to a perpendicular than 47 degrees, people began to think he had served his country long enough.—Without much difficulty he was prevailed upon to resign. Josh set himself as candidate for the office, and having opened a grocery store, came in by an unanimous vote, for it is a standing maxim in the country that the best man in the world for a militia captain is a grocer or a tavern keeper. Now was Josh near the completion of his wishes. A captain! who could resist a captain!—But little did he think that the very stick which he took up to help him over the ditch would itself knock him into the mud. However, let us not anticipate the catastrophe of the story.

In order to begin the campaign with uncommon splendor, Josh determined upon a sham fight; there is nothing like a sham fight for all lovers of military glory, nothing like a sham fight for all lovers of fun and frolic up and down the country. It was immediately noised abroad, and great preparations were made in all quarters, for witnessing the grand show to be made by the Rye company and their new captain. Josh had bespoken a brand new uniform of blue, turned out with yellow lannel, and it was thought would cut such a dash, and make such a flaming appearance as to steal the heart of every girl who was made of penetrable stuff. Josh was not a whit behind any body in the confidence of his hopes. "By the hokey!" said he, as he looked at himself in his regimentals, "if this don't take the sunshine out of her eyes, she's harder than hickory!"

At last the long expected day came; and what a flocking, and crowding, and bustling there was! the like had not been known in those parts "within the memory of the oldest inhabitants." Such throngs of jolly duncels and old grannies, such crowds of every age, sex, and condition; such a rattling of chairs, and carts, and wagons; such an array of booths and tents, and extempore retailing shops; such a show of gingerbread, sugar-plums, and molasses candy! There was no end to the wonders and the novelties which this grand occasion brought into display. Josh marched his company up and down with great *clat*, and though they did not display a perfect regularity of uniform, and were unable exactly to keep time in marching, yet they were pronounced to have an uncommonly martial appearance.

According to the plan previously drawn up, the sham fight was to represent the capture of Lord Cornwallis, at Yorktown, and a spacious pigstye on the side of the hill was fixed upon to be the scene of the conflict. The wooden walls of this formidable dwelling were accordingly cleared of the swinish multitude, and by the help of a few plank and rafters metamorphosed into the fortifications of Yorktown. Josh placed half of his company under Lieutenant Shute in the pigstye, to act as the British army under Lord Cornwallis, while he himself, in the character of General Washington, took the command of the besieging army. The whole plan of the attack, defence, and surrender, was as follows:

Lord Cornwallis was to open the campaign by detaching half a platoon of his forces under Corporal Spinbutton to forage in Deacon Styles' cabbage-garden. These, on being attacked by General Washington's guard, who were to form a corps of observation at the Hole in the Wall, were to retreat across Dobson's Folly and Mud Lane, till they reached Turkey Cock's Vengeance, where they were to make a stand and receive a reinforcement from Yorktown, whereupon the American advanced guard were to commence a retreat, and he hotly pursued by the British across Peg's Run and Long Twisted Boggerly till they reached Dog's Misery, where the main army, under General Washington in person, was to be stationed. Here Corporal Spinbutton was to receive a check and draw off his forces, leaving behind him his baggage, consisting of two knapsacks of bread and cheese. The whole American army was then to take up the line of march, and proceed in three columns through Widow McQuirk's cow pasture and Skunk Sids' orchard, till they arrived at Deacon Styles' cabbage-garden, where they were to debouch and prepare for the grand attack.—The assault was made by the main body, under General Washington, while a detachment of five men, under Sergeant Dolittle, was to manoeuvre upon the enemy's flank and storm his outworks, consisting of a couple of haycocks.—Hereupon the enemy was to beat a parley, and Lord Cornwallis was to despatch a flag of truce to General Washington, to treat to a surrender, but the two generals not agreeing about the terms, the action was to be renewed, and a sharp firing kept up as long as the ammunition held out. At this time, finding the fortune of the day going against him, General Washington was to put himself at the head of

the troops and lead them at the point of the bayonet. The detachment above mentioned having possessed themselves of the enemy's haycock outworks, and a ravelin and half moon made by a pile of logs, were to pour in a galling fire and enfilade the whole tenaille of the enemy's works. Taking the advantage of this, General Washington was to enter the entrenchments, sword in hand, when the enemy was to hoist a white flag, and the surrender of the pigstye was to follow.

Certainly Josh Beapole's general orders were drawn up as well as any of Bonaparte's bulletins. The plan of the campaign was excellent, and not a man on the ground but would have betted ten to one that Josh and his army would carry the pigstye, but by the strangest chance in the world it turned out that Count O'Reilly did not take Algiers, but Algiers took him!

The rival armies took their stations, and the battle began. Immense crowds flocked around the scene of action, all wrapt in wonder and breathless with curiosity to view the great spectacle of the capture of Yorktown.—All eyes were turned upon General Washington, the hero of this eventful day. Josh did really cut a most gallant figure at the head of the American army on this occasion. His dazzling regimentals, with their show of brass buttons and yellow baize, shone out among the general officers of the staff like the meridian sun among the stars. His enormous chaparran, surmounted with a bunch of cockerel feathers a yard in height, caused him to loom up from the rank and file of the army, like one of Don Quixote's giants; while his legs being incased in a monstrous pair of new cowhide boots that came a foot and a half above his knees, imparted a most imposing military stiffness to his gait.—"General Washington! General Washington!" exclaimed every tongue—and every one agreed that

—Take him for all in all.

They needn't should look upon his like again.

The old men gaped and wondered, the old women did the same; the boys shouted and marvelled, the girls looked on, stared and admired. Josh Beapole never appeared so irresistible before; Nance was absolutely delighted, and every body thought she was positively done for.

The first part of the plan of operation succeeded to admiration. The American scouts discovered the British just in the nick of time; and fell upon them at the moment when they were about to make a terrible havoc among Deacon Styles' cabbages. The retreat was ably managed, and the marching and countermarching executed without any other mishap than the loss of a corporal and two privates who got stuck in the mud at Long Twisted Boggerly; and a little puny, duck-legged drummer who fell into Peg's Run and was taken up for tipsy. The grand attack commenced, the outworks were carried by assault. The American army pressed forward, Gen. Washington flourished his sword and exclaimed, "On! on! my brave boys." Lord Cornwallis mounted the ramparts of the citadel, and thundered defiance at the assailants. Bang! bang! went the guns—huzza! huzza! shouted the spectators. The musketry roared again, the drums beat a terrible *generale*, the sky was rent with shouts and surrounded in smoke! Sure never did pigstye present a scene so sublime before.

But just at this moment all the spectators were struck with surprise at observing an uncommon appearance in Yorktown. Their ing suddenly ceased, and the whole garrison fell instantly into a most singular confusion; presently Lord Cornwallis came tumbling over the walls of the pigstye with his whole staff at his heels, and the rank and file of the garrison after them hurley burley, pell mell, scampering off like mad. Every body stared and was struck with astonishment.—But we must go back for a moment to explain the cause of this.

The same pigstye, as we said before, was cleared of its tenants a day or two previous, and the pigs shut up in another enclosure. It so happened that an obstinate, surely old sow, not liking her new quarters, contrived to get loose early on the morning of the battle. After rooting about the fields and stuffing herself with a monstrous meal, she trudged instinctively back to her old dwelling, where she got in unobserved while every body was absent at dinner. There she snuggled away in a dark corner and fell fast asleep.

But the roaring of the musketry and the rolling of the drums, and the shouting of the multitude, and the tramping up and down of Lord Cornwallis and his soldiers upon the citadel of Yorktown, at length aroused the snoring animal, and she opened her eyes with a significant grunt, wondering what could keep this dreadful pother o'er her head. Getting up and poking her snout into the open air, she found her peaceful domicil filled with men of war, making such a racket and tustarra as were enough to drive any hog in the universe crazy.

No hog could be more hogghish than the one of which we speak. She was a cross-grained, sape-pish, and as malicious a piece of pork as the country for ten miles round could show, and more than that, she was of about four hundred pounds weight. In an instant she sprang among the enemy, and knocked down a platoon of them before any one was aware of the new assailant. The next instant she uttered a *aid de camp* out at the sally port, and gave Lord Cornwallis a grip in the rear at the lack of his pantalons which ruined that portion of his regimentals forever and aye. His Lordship sprang over the walls in a jiffy without waiting for his coat, and the whole garrison was put to the rout in the twinkling of an eye. Some threw themselves over the











## POETRY.

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

### BROTHER JONATHAN AT A WEDDING.

Did ever you go to a wedding;  
What a bother and rumpus they make;  
What fun they do have at a wedding;  
My stars! what a monstrous big cake.

Oh crickes! I wish I'd been pet;  
I vow! he has got real spunk;  
I'll be darned to darnation if pet  
Did't cut off a tarmal great junk.

By gorril! say I, brother Pet,  
Just give us a bit of that are;  
'Twas covered with lasses, so sweet,  
And chuck full of raisins;—I s—

Very quickly, I seed cousin Dick  
Stand up with his sweetheart, so grand,  
By murder they looked real slick;  
If they did't, I hopes I'll be d—d.

If you have this ere gal for a wife,—  
Oh Lord! how my heart, it did feel;  
Says the Priest, will you have her through life?  
By snorters, says Dick, I just will.

Then she stood, and was kissed by them all;  
By jimmie! my heart, it did crack;  
But says I, who's afraid of a gal;  
So I gives her a thundering smack.

With others, I seed cousin Sue,  
A dashing, and going to dance,  
With her ribbons, all streaked with blue—  
Oh thunder! I wanted a chance.

Soon as ever they'd danced, they brought on some  
rum,  
And I never did see such a rig;  
We were all of us drunk—no wonder such fun,  
For we all took a d—h good swig.

Dick the groom, was so corned—oh dear how we  
laughed;  
When we tumbled him into the bed,  
He hawled for his wife; I tell ye, she walked  
As if she felt queer in the head.

At last what a rumpus and fox,  
When the gals they did want to go home;  
I sneaked up to Sue—but she gave me a cures,  
So I darned her, and crawled home alone.

ALONZO.

### Lines written for the 1. of JANUARY.

I wonder where the years are fled,  
What frolics in my boyhood's sight!  
Oh! how I blame their tardy tread,  
And how I long to speed their flight!  
I know not then how grossly I'm light,  
They swim like atoms in the beam,  
Greenness—unknown to curious weight  
Save in the noon days sunny gleam.

But there's a void within can tell  
How fleet they mount the melting cloud,  
And how where spirits like them, dwell  
With ages in their mighty shroud,  
Another joins the elfin crowd,  
Mid shout and glee, and joyous chime;  
Whilst my full soul would rove abroad,  
Seek and rebuke the slaver, Time.

I found him, busy o'er a grave—  
'Twas nature's—of her year bereaved,  
Its foot had touch'd the fatal wave,  
And he, nor wist, nor care she grieve'd.  
I knew him by the tears that he'd  
His locks, and marked them for my own—  
Whilst every sigh my heart had heaved,  
Still trembled on his pinions down!

I charged the rinkled spirit, restore  
The buds of life's redolent morn,  
That laugh'd along youth's greensward shore,  
And blushing clasp'd the dewy thorn,  
Bade him reveal me, whether borne,  
They lov'd, the blossoming, and the gay;  
Why from my side—my kiss—were torn,  
The victims he had wrapp'd in clay!

The year whom'd the wizard spoke,  
But frown'd—how stern, I'll ne'er forget!  
Spread his vast wings (for morning broke),  
With earth's unblest vapors wet—  
And told, how many a sun had set  
On years my bounding bosom stole!  
How, I had mingled ev'ry sweet,  
And quaff'd unarm'd, my diamond bowl!

'Twas true—and yet my foolish heart,  
Would hush him, e'en their forms again  
Once more to suffer—and to part—  
To live, to feel that life is vain,  
To live, to feel that life is vain,  
To live, to feel that life is vain,  
To live, to feel that life is vain,

Why lure them from their azure plain,  
To toils, and storms, and glooms, and doubt?

Then pointed 'cross the pebbly flood,  
While mists obscur'd the distant air;  
Nor, as intent on flight he stood,  
Gave answer to my heeded prayer—  
'Save—'Son! embark seek, find them THERE!  
Ah! whither lies that land? I said—  
Reply was not!—All shapes were air!—  
I wonder where those years are fled!

## VARIETY.

"Fancy has stored all her powers away"  
In tales, in trifles, and in children's play.

Jonathan's visit to the General Court.—I guess you won't be a little struck up when you find that I'm in Boston. I went up to the State House to see what was going on there; but I thought I'd get off my apple sauce on my way—and seeing a sign of old clothes bartered, I stepped in and made a trade, and got a whole suit of superfine black broadcloth from top to toe, for a firkin of apple sauce—which didn't cost me much I guess at home.) Accordingly I rigged myself in the new suit, and you'd hardly know me. I didn't like the set of the shoulders, they were so dreadful puckery; but the man said that was all right. I guess he'll find the apple sauce full as puckery when he gets down into it—but that's between ourselves. When I got up to the State House I found them at work on the railroad—busy enough I can tell you—they got a part of it made all ready. I found most all the folks kept their hats on except the man who was talking out loud and the man he was talking to—all the rest seemed to be busy about their own concerns. As I didn't see any body to talk to, I kept my hat on & took a seat, & look'd around to see what was going on. I hadn't been comfortably long before I saw a slick-headed sharp-eyed little man, who seemed to have the principal management of the folks, looking at me pretty sharp. Are you a member? says he—sartin says I—how long have you taken your seat? says he. About ten minutes, says I. Are you qualified? says he. I guess not, says I. And then he left me. But he soon returned and said it was proper for me to be qualified before I took a seat, and I must go before the Governor! By Jink! I never felt so before in all my born days. As good luck would have it he was beckoned to come to a man at the desk, & as soon as I was back was turned I gave them the slip. Just as I was going off, the gentleman who brought my turkeys took hold of my arm, and I was afraid at first that he was going to carry me to the Governor. How long have you been in the house? says he. Says I, I haven't been here long.—Then says he in a very pleasant way, a few of your brother members are to take pot-luck with me to-day, and I should be happy to have you join them. Says I, yes, and thank ye to too.—How long before you'll want me, says I. At 3 o'clock, says he, and gave me a piece of paste board with his name on it—and the name of the street, and the number of his house, and said that would show me the way. After strolling around and seeing a great many things about the State House, I went into the street they called Bacon street, and my stars! what a swarm of woman folks I saw all dress up as if they were going to meeting.—You can tell cousin Polly Sandburn, who you know is no pink stern, that she needn't take on so about not being genteel in her shapes—for the genteel ladies here beat her as to size all hollow. I don't believe one of 'em could get into our fore door—and as for their arms—I shouldn't want better measure for a bushel of meal than one of their sleeves could hold—I took out the piece of pasteboard and began to inquire my way and get along completely, and found the number the first time—but the door was locked, and there was no knocker, and I thumped with my whip handle, but nobody came. And says I to a man going by, don't no body live here, and says he, yes. Well how do you get in? Why, says he, ring and says I ring what? And says he the bell. And says I where's the rope? And says he, pull that little brass nub: and so I gave it a twich, and I'm sure a bell did ring; and who do you think opened the door with a white apron before him? You couldn't guess for a week—so I'll tell you. It was Stephen Furlong, who kept district school last winter for \$5 a month, & kept bachelor's hall in aunt Jerusha's tother end of the old house. We was considerably struck up at first, both of us; and when he found that I was going to eat dinner with Mr.—, and the General Court, he thought it queer kind of doings—but says he, I guess it will be as well for both of us not to know each other a bit more than we can help. And says I with a wink, you're half right and in I went.

Mr.—has about nimble a tongue as you ever heard, and could say ten words to my one, and I had nothing to do in the way of making talk. I heard a ringing and Stephen was busy opening the door & letting in the General Court, who all had their hats off, and looking pretty scrumsious, you may depend. I didn't see but I could allside 'em without disparagement, except to my boots, which had just got a lick of beeswax and tallow. All at once two doors flew away from each other into the wall, and what did I see but one of the grandest thanksgiving dinners that you ever laid your eyes on—and lights on the table, and silver candlesticks and gold lamps over head—the window shutters closed—I guess more than one of us started at first; but we soon found the way to our mouths—I made Stephen tend to me pretty sharp, & he got my plate filled three or four times with soup, which beat all I ever tasted. There was considerable talk about stock and manufactures, and herbilities, and remedies; and a great loss of stock. I thought this a good chance for me to pit in a word—for I calculated I knew as much about raising stock and creeping over as any of 'em. Says I to Mr.—, there's one thing I've always observed in my experience in stock—just as sure as you try to keep over more stock than you have fader crop them well into April, one half will die on your hands to a certainty—I've tried it out and out,

and there's no law that can make a ton of hay keep over ten cows, unless you have more carrots and potatoes than you can throw a stone at.—This made some of the folks stare who didn't know much about stock—and Stove gave me a jog as much as to say keep quiet. He thought I was getting into a quagmire, and soon after, giving me a wink opened the door and got me out of the room.

## RELIGION.

"Bright as the morning star in the radiance of the sun-beams, cometh the seraph of immortality."

Religion, the child of Heaven, wears an angelic smile, and is distinguished by all the graces of its divine original. Elevated and aspiring, yet winning and attractive, benevolent, gracious, courteous and condescending; her features formed to complacency; her voice attuned to harmony; her eyes shining with benignity, and all her motions, though composed and steady, are yet graceful and unassuming.—Religion erects to her votaries a temple sacred to immortality. The good man dreads not death nor dissolution. Invited to Heaven, and called to glory, he soars above this dim spot man calls earth, and is lost in the infinite, the boundless, the incomprehensible progression of eternity, that opens to his prospect. Religion is divine vigour in the soul, triumphing over the darkness of nature, and teaching us acquiescence in the allotments of Providence. It is the image of God stamped upon human nature, refining its baseness, enriching its poverty, healing its maladies, and converting its very wants and miseries into abundance, happiness and glory.—Without this divine treasure, man is poor indeed. Amidst opulence, how needy! amidst titles and honours, how ignoble and vain! in a palace, how miserable! how contemptible on a throne!

True religion is the source of happiness, the support of society, and the dying man's consolation. It is the guide of youth, and the stay of old age. It is the fairest flower that opens on earth, the sweetest incense that ascends to the skies.

The following is an affecting instance of the extremity to which a man may be driven by want and misery. A gentleman being stopped in the night, in a street, by a man who demanded his purse in a very determined manner, at once delivered it to him. "How much money is there in it?" asked the robber. "I know not," was the answer; upon which the thief opened the purse, took out 15 francs, and returned the rest to its owner. Surprised at this extraordinary proceeding, the gentleman followed the man at a distance till he saw him enter a baker's shop, which he in a very few minutes left again. The gentleman then went and made inquiry of the baker, who informed him that the man in question having become indebted to him 10 francs for bread, he had refused to give any more credit till that sum was paid, and which had just been brought him. After some further inquiries, the gentleman having discovered the lodgings of his assailant, went there with the intention of offering relief; but he had scarcely entered the miserable garret, when the poor fellow, imagining he was on the point of being arrested, sprang to the window, threw himself out, and was taken up lifeless.—*French paper.*

An extravagant blade, was told that he resembled the prodigal. "No," replied he, "never fed swine." "A good reason," retorts the other "the devil would not trust you with his pigs!"

Tasso being told that he had a fair opportunity of taking advantage of a very bitter enemy; "I wish not to plunder him," said he, "in there are things I wish to take away from him; not his honor,—his wealth,—or his life,—but his ill will."

Pride must be allowed, to a certain degree, else a man cannot keep up his dignity. In gluttony there must be eating, in drunkenness must be drinking; it is not the eating nor the drinking; that is to be blamed, but the excess. So in pride.

A schoolmaster in England advertises that he will teach a Sunday school twice a week. A mayor of one of their cities proposes to hold his quarterly sessions monthly.

An Irish sailor fell from the mizen top of one of our ships. Every person on the quarter deck supposed he must have been killed by the fall. The poor fellow, however, got up apparently but little hurt.—The captain who was near him, inquired where he came from.—"Please your honor," replied Paddy, all the while rubbing his head. "I came from the north of Ireland."

## NOTICE.

THE subscriber having formed a resolution to remove to the west, and wishes to sell his valuable farm situated about one mile northwest from Col. Davis' & J. Hodson's Gold Mines in Guilford County, lying on both sides of Rich Land Creek whereon is an old mill seat, said to have been the first mill that ever was built on the creek. It also has on it, a valuable mill stone quarry, from which Col. Davis has been furnished with a superior quality of stones for grinding gold. It contains about two hundred acres, ninety acres of which is cleared land, with a good meadow and convenient buildings. Gold has been found on the premises. Those wishing to buy a bargain please come and see for themselves.

PHINEAS ALBETSON  
Guilford county, 18, of 3, mo. 1830—n44—Gt.

## BOOKS!

The people may not adopt the conclusion that, because we have ceased to inflict a catalogue of books upon the public, as long as a Congress speech, we have no more books to sell. We shall keep on hand constantly, such books as are in common demand in this section of country.

## "LATEST FASHIONS!"

THE Subscriber having just returned from the north, takes pleasure in announcing to his friends and customers that he has brought with him the latest and most approved fashions, or clothing of every description.

He pledges himself that his work shall be executed in a style to suit the taste of those who may favor him with their custom, and upon terms suited to the pressure of the times.

He solicits a continuance of that encouragement which he has heretofore so flatteringly received from his fellow-citizens.

ROBERT MITCHELL.  
Greensborough, April 12, 1830—n47—n48.

## NEW-YORK AMULET,

And Ladies Chronicle.

## PROSPECTUS.

THE primary object of this work will be, to circulate the progress of two availing ends, so vitally connected with our country, viz. Intemperance and Infidelity.—We shall endeavor to strip the green weeds of these evils of their flowers, and leaving the moral world a leafless desert. To do this the more effectually, we shall point out in the most vivid colors, the deformity and deleterious consequences of these most deadly evils, by interesting moral tales, sketches, fragments, essays, & scriptural illustrations. We shall endeavor to cherish in the hearts of our readers, the sublime and benevolent sentiments of the blessed gospel of Jesus Christ...to subvert the beauties and rewards of virtue in all their captivating loveliness, to awaken the better feelings of human nature—to cultivate the social and domestic affections—to lead the mind through the most delightful avenues, to the bowers of happiness and peace—to elevate and enlarge the conceptions—to imbue the understanding with the most exalted ideas of the illustrious attributes and perfections of the Great Deity—thereby leading mankind to "fear God and keep his commandments."

To accomplish these designs, we shall call to our aid, all the eloquence of truth, clothed in the most fascinating form...such as moral essays, simple or pathetic tales, varying "from grave to gay, from lively to serene"—poetical sketches, didactic articles in verse, and sometimes to enliven our pages, a tale of fancy, a humorous story, an allegory...a ballad...or a song, will receive an insertion. In each and in all, the great end and aim will be, to convey moral religious sentiments, through a pleasing medium to the heart...or, in other words, to blend "the useful with the sweet."

In order to furnish our readers with the choicest articles both of poetry and prose—to encourage genius and foster talent, generous premiums will be awarded, from time to time, for original articles furnished. The entire services of a distinguished literary gentleman, late from London, who has for some time past been a contributor to the English periodicals, are engaged for the New-York Amulet. With these claims for patronage, the work will be submitted to the consideration of a candid and generous public. Should we succeed in our endeavors to blend usefulness and instruction with amusement and delight, our object will be accomplished.

## CONDITIONS.

The New-York Amulet—published by an association of gentlemen—will be beautifully printed on fine, white paper, 4to size, with entire new type. Its typographical execution shall equal that of any similar publication in America. It will be afforded to city subscribers in Philadelphia and New-York, who will receive them by a carrier, at one dollar and twenty five cents the volume; it is indomitably covered for preservation. Mail subscribers without covers, will be furnished with a volume, at the very low price of ONE DOLLAR—payable in advance. Should the patronage warrant the expense, the work will be embellished with copperplate engravings.

Jan. 8, 1830.

## STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Guilford County.

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions,  
February Term 1830.

Caleb Bails  
Vs  
Samuel Beeson  
et als.

Attachment—Jesse Field, Isaac Pitzer, Jonathan W. Field, & Samuel Holton of Jesse, summoned as garnishees.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that Samuel Beeson, one of the defendants in this suit, is not an inhabitant of this State; and it also appearing that the ordinary process of this Court cannot be served on him, it is therefore ordered that publication of the pendency of this suit be made in the Greensborough Patriot for three months successively, that the said Samuel Beeson be and appear before the Justices of our Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for the County of Guilford, at the Court House in the Town of Greensborough on the third Monday of May next, then and there to reply, plead or demur, otherwise Judgement of final condemnation will be entered against the Garnishees, and the property condemned to the plaintiffs' recovery.

Witness Jno. Hanner, clerk of our said Court, at office, the third Monday of February A. D. 1830.

JOHN HANNER C. C. C.  
BY A. E. HANNER, D. C.

March 1, 1830—n44.

## GREENSBOROUGH PATRIOT.

## PROSPECTUS.

THE GREENSBOROUGH PATRIOT, is devoted to the collection and dissemination of facts and arguments in favour of Public Education, the encouragement of Manufactures in the Southern States, a general improvement in the condition of our coloured population; a change in the policy of our banking institutions, and a total overthrow of that system of electioneering which has disgraced the character of our country. It will be the aim of the subscriber to collect and condense all the Foreign and Domestic News, of a moral, political, religious or miscellaneous character, that may be interesting to a reading community. In short—our paper shall be, in the broadest and most unqualified sense of the term, a friend of the people, and an unwavering defender of their rights. The great mass of our labouring population constitutes the "bone and sinew" of the land—our labours are devoted to their interest—to them we look for help in time of need.

## CONDITIONS.

THE GREENSBOROUGH PATRIOT, is printed and published every Saturday morning, on a large superroyal sheet, at two dollars per annum, payable within three months from the date of the first number, or three dollars after the expiration of that period.

Each subscriber will be at liberty to discontinue at any time within the first three months, by paying for the numbers received according to the above terms; but no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, and a failure to order a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement.

Those who may become responsible for ten copies shall receive the eleventh gratis. An allowance of ten percent will also be made to authorized agents for procuring subscribers, and warranting their solvency, or remitting the cash.

ADVERTISEMENTS, not exceeding twelve lines neatly inserted three times for one dollar—and twenty-five cents for each succeeding publication—those of greater length in the same proportion.

All letters and communications to the editor, on business relative to the paper, must be POST PAID, or they will not be attended to.

By way of encouragement to those who are willing to lead us a helping hand, we will give the following premiums: For the greatest number of subscribers (provided that number shall exceed twenty) furnished at our office, on or before the 23, day of May next, \$5.00 in cash, and the Patriot for life, or during the continuance of our establishment.—For the second greatest (provided it exceed fifteen) the Patriot during its publication.—For the third greatest (provided it exceed ten) the Patriot for three years.—For the fourth greatest, (provided it exceed five) the Patriot for one year.—For all under the fourth greatest, an allowance of ten percent, will be made.

N. B. The above premiums will not be awarded until the payment of the subscription money is rendered sufficiently certain.

Those who may undertake to furnish subscribers, will find it to their advantage to forward names as soon as they may be collected; because 12 subscribers sent in by the 23, of April, will count 12, on the 23, of May—subscribers furnished on the 23, of January, will count 4 on the 23, of May—or 24 subscribers on the 23, of January, will count 12 on the 23, of May,—and in the same proportion, for at least 27 number for a lower or better thing.