

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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WHOLE NO.

THE

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FOR THE GREENSBOROUGH PATRIOT.

Books & papers from the Genius of Prosperity.

What word to the inhabitants of Carolina is a strong drink. Carabinos! Once I was young, you and dispensed my benignity through your goodly hand. But these many years I have been destined to hover above you in a dark and anxious suspense. Shall I be destined forever to return, and cheer you with my living presence? Or must I, pale and thin, stretch my wings for eternal flight? Suffer me once to speak out. Suffer me the space to tell what you are—a race of drunkards, two and animals. This is a hard saying! but as a certainty you must hear it. You must know it. You must know the greater part of you are drunkards, and do know it. He that drinks ancient spirits of ill is a drunkard. Any of you are always found ready enough to risk out your sometimes unbuttoned, sometimes contemptuous epithets, at what you are pleased to call honest, and beastly drunkards. Poor shamed mortals! can you not see that short drinking is what does the mischief? Must you be told that *occasional* drinking, so much in vogue among you, is, in the highest degree, criminal? But for the, you were another sort of people than you now are. I am commissioned to follow you. Eat not taste not; handle not. Reject my admonition, and it is at the peril of every thing you hold dear. I am a genius that will not always dare to speak with you. Do you hear? Issy that much the greater portion of you are drunkards. You do this. You are ignorant of the symptoms of drunkenness. A man is drunk, not only when he utters, rears, blasphemous, or rolls unconsciously in the waves one stench of his filthy vomits, but when he does as says things that he would not, had he not used a all; or does or says things in a different tongue, or omits his duty through negligence or forgetfulness, that otherwise he would have performed; this is drunk. If you would prosper, either individually or collectively, you must watch and be wise. I call upon you, every one, to consult him of his own experience. Every moment you pass controlled by these artificial means, is, to say the least, so much of your existence thrown away. You attempt with some success, to hide your imbecility from the view of another with the cloak of feigned folly. I hear thousands and tens of thousands saying to one another, "A dram is good in its place."

"But sooner or later, you will all wish you had it at place in you. By this your descendants are perverted, by this, your substance is lost, your happiness interrupted, your administration justice partially perverted into oppression, legislative assemblies corrupted, and your religious and councils degenerated into little more than trifling absurdities. However secure you may fancy yourselves from the view of another, speak, and the genius of prosperity—I can, I detect you. Beware! this pernicious article which you have unnaturally converted into a fancied necessity of life, is silently gnawing you, and your institution is gradually to death. Carabinos! Agent! touch not, taste not, handle not. till you pause and reflect."

FOR THE GREENSBOROUGH PATRIOT.

Editor—it is a fine clear day, and we we are of wood to cook withal; but we have arrived with the load of good hickory wood. As we had previously brought in from the patch a fine mess of fowls, we concluded to cook them, if it could be done soon enough to kill a beef afterwards, as our spring water will rarely boil old bacon good, or fat. While so long for our dinner, the printer's nosecone about gravitation popped into our mind; and as they talked of a fresh supply of turnips, why should we not have a mark or two? Perhaps, as the true motto of our paper is, *Truth, Justice, and the Public Welfare*, the editors to the latter part of the dialogue, was ex-

pecting, we cannot tell, but we believe so; if not, tradition has certainly handed it down to us.

"A certain king of the ancient sea-girt Isle, received a present of a remarkable turnip, said to be the largest, if not the best, ever known to be raised on that Island. Such rare circumstance excited the generosity of the monarch. (Tyrants are sometimes generous.) He directed to reciprocate, and ordered a considerable sum to be presented to the poor peasant, we think several guineas; but mark the sequel: the poor man had a neighbour who had an elegant saddle mare. On hearing of the success of his neighbour at court, he drew the inference that it was small at present occasions such a garrulous return that the probability was, if he were to take a present to his master, he would perhaps receive enough to fix himself in a state of opulence. He accordingly presented his beast to his king—a noble present surely! The superintendent asked the king, what must be done to the man whom he delighted to honor? — The reply was, give him the great Turnip!" Was not that a good turn? — Now, I can't only afford one good riding master, on such terms; or if you ever had, buy you two of your best fops, you would not have to complain to your patrons of the necessity you were under to borrow a beast to ride into the neighbouring counties, to dun your absent debtors, and perhaps it might prove as profitable a swing to you as it was to the king. But there would be this in it, it might serve to exhaust your stock of provisions.

CATO.

SELECTED.

"And to the last companion, an old and tame,
What else we write, we bring forth nothing new."

A ROVIAN FOR AN OLIVER.

An English gentleman of the John Bull dimension, had an occasion to travel in a stage coach from Oxford to London.—The stage carried six passengers, and our hero occupied two places (as is considered of his size he occupied but) for himself.—The other four seats were taken up by Oxford students.

These youths arrived at the stage before him, and each singly possessed himself of a corner seat, leaving a central seat on each side vacant. The round, and coppered face of John Bull soon after appeared at the carriage door, and peeping into the interior, and observing the bumptious garment which had been made, he said when a while you see I am of a pretty considerable size, gentlemen, so I have taken two seats. I will be satisfied if one of you will move into the opposite seat, so that I may be able to enter.

"My good sir," said a pert young lawyer, possessed in nine tenths of the height, and engaged two seats—there they are, come in each other. We exchanged one each, came fast, entered rapidly into possession, and our claims to the seats we occupy, are indisputable."

"I do not wish to dispute your claims," said he older, "but I trust to your politeness to enable me to pursue my journey."

"O hang politeness," said a hopeful young squire of some noble house, "I have a horror of a middle seat, and would not take one to oblige my grandmother. One sits so ungraciously; and besides loses all chance of looking at the pretty girls along the road. Good old gentleman, arrange your concerns as you please, I stick to my corner." He leaned back, yawned, and settled himself with hopeless composure in his place.

Our corpulent friend, though not a man easily discomposed, was somewhat put out by this ungracious obstinacy. He turned to a smart looking youth with a sneer in his face, a clerical student, who had hitherto sat in a reverie, dreaming, perchance, of some fat benefice. Will not you accommodate me?" he said; this is the last London stage that goes to day and business of urgent importance calls me to town.

"Some temporal affair, no doubt," said the graceless youth, with an air of mock gravity; some speculation after fifty lira. Good fellow, at your age, your thoughts should be turned heavenward, instead of being confined to the dull, heavy tapereel of clay that chanc'd us to earth; and his companions roared with laughter at the clever joker.

A glow of indignation just colored the stranger's cheek; but he checked the feeling in a moment, and said with composure to the fourth,—"Are you also determined that I should lose my place, or will you oblige me by taking a centre seat?"

"Ah do, Tom," said his young lordship to the person addressed; he's something in the way of your profession, quite a physiological curiosity. You ought to accommodate him."

"Say I be poisoned if I do," replied the student of medicine, in a dissecting room, he would make an excellent subject, but in a coach, and this warm weather too! Old gentleman, if you'll place yourself in my case, I'll engage in the course of dietetics and calisthenics, to save you hereafter these pangs of a double seat. But really, to take a middle seat in the month of July, is contrary to all the rules of hygiene, and practice to which I have a perfect sympathy."

The laugh was renewed at the old gentleman's expense, and the party of four, who had

haunted "Harkee, gentleman," said he, "settle the business as you like, but it wants but three quarters of a minute of twelve, and with the first stroke of the university clock my horses must be out. I would not wait three seconds longer for the king himself. It would lose my situation?" And with that he mounted his box, took up the reins, called to the ostler to shut the door, and sat listening, with upraised whip for the expected stroke.

As it sounded a deep, venerable belfrey, the horses, as if they recognized the sound, started off at a full gallop with the four young rogues, to whom their own audacity at our fat friends' disappointment afforded a proude theme for jests and merriment.

The subject of their mirth in the mean time, hired a post chaise, and followed and overtook the coach at the second stepping place, where the passengers got off for powder, or dinner. As the post chaise drove up to the inn door, a young chamber swain, dressed with his wet hair, went,

"Where have you been?" said the corpulent gentleman, with a smile and a hand.

"The eyes of theirs eyes enlarged to a still more striking contrast with the dark shade of their sooty cheeks. "Will you have a ride, my boy, in the stagecoach?"

"Yes, sir," said the fellow, scarcely daring to believe the evidence of his ears.

"Well then—so far as the stage door. In with you, and I will be with you when you take the middle seat, so—on each side."

The driver's horn sounded, his voice was heard, only one minute and a half more, genoming; come on."

They came, bowed laughingly to our friend of the corporation, and passed on to the stage. The young fool was the first to put his foot on the steps. "Why, how now, coach, what joke is this? Get you aside, or ill teach you how to serve gentlemen, hearken again."

"Not sufficient base?" said the fat gentleman. "A'st hee, the two old seats are mine, regularly taken and duly paid for, and these youths are my substitutes. And the stage coach is free for everyone. Your kind, I have a horror of the middle seat. Pray take the corner one."

"Over-acted us," said the lawyer. "We give up the issue, and cry you mercy. My—

"Possession is nine-tenths of the law, my good sir. It would be藐视 to dislodge the poor youths you have your corner."

"Cleaven preserve us!" said the clerical student.

"You are not surely afraid of a black coat," retorted the other. Besides we might not to confine our thoughts to earthly concerns, but rather turn them heavenward."

"Old father, go throughout examination a second time than sit beside these black fellows," groaned the medical student.

"Blood is perfectly wholesome, my young friend; & you will not be compelled to violate the rules of virtue by taking a middle seat. Pray, get in."

At these words the driver, who had stood grinning behind, came forward.—"Gentlemen, you have lost me one minute and a quarter already. I must drive on without you, if so you don't like your company."

The students cast mutual looks at each other, and then crept warily into their respective corners. As the ostler shut the door, he found it impossible to compose his features. "I'll give you something to change your cheer, you grinning rascal," said the future churchman stretching out of the window; but the ostler nimbly evaded the blow.

"My white pantaloons!" cried the lord.

"My dark surtout!" said the lawyer expectant. The fifth rascal?

The noise of the carriage wheels & the unrestrained laughter of the spectators drowned the sequel of the lamentations.

At the next stage a bargain was struck, the sweeps were liberated, the seats shaken and brushed, and the worthy sons of the university made up among themselves the expence of the post chaise, the young doctor visited for once the rules of hygiene by taking a middle seat; and all journeyed on together without further grumbling.

PEDLARS.

My door has been constantly assailed by these pedlars, book pedlars, trinket pedlars, tape and bobbin pedlars, comb pedlars, retail pedlars, till my patience has been exhausted, and the disposition to violence has been restrained only by self-respect; but there was still a cap-sheaf to this bundle of evils, and I must confess I was fairly astounded when the *Gravestone pillar* came! A pedlar of Gravestones—with the best marble—neatly cut, cemented with the newest fashion—ready to be inscribed with the *hic jacet*—of my son of Adam—and urged upon you with so much prolixity that if you had no dead relatives who required the *sepulture* you would almost think it imminent upon you to kill a few for the accommodation of those benevolent laborers in the vineyard of the dead. My son had been dead scarcely a week, and these vultures had been watching his demise and sharpening their beaks to fatten upon the last kind act which affection pays to its kindest ties. I could have spared the applicant, but with wounded feelings and indignant pride, at being reminded by an inveterate dolt, whose heart is as infested as his marble, of this last duty to the memory of my child, I turned away and left him. Such acts are

indeed and insults. They are not to be suffered. The reprobate—it is time the public voice was raised against them, and I call upon all honest men to exert their forces against a set of mercenaries who would spangle the living and feed upon the dead.

There is one plain rule which should govern all men—to live and let live—and in order to do that, we should encourage *regular Mechanics*. Pay your neighbor for his labor, and he will repay you with his patronage and good will. You will be better served, cheaper served in the long run, and will not waste your substance upon a set of drivellers, who are roving up and down, seeking where they may deserve. If you want a trinket, go to the jeweller, and you will know whether you obtain fine gold or impure if you want a gravestone, go to the stone cutter, and you may get a "white stone" without blemish and without fault.—*New Haven Herald.*

The weeping picture which South-Carolina will present, should she persist in her mad career of nullification, is most beautifully and strikingly drawn in the piece we have copied from the *North American Review*, on our last page. They are surely the reflection of some benevolent patriot, who has thought much and thought profoundly upon the the blasting effects of civil war, whose preparatory notes are beginning to be howled through our land, and from a quarter least of all to be expected.

The revolting sight which is made to rise slowly in view, of one member of the old federal thirteen, arming against all the rest, in a frenzied effort to dragoon them into a knowledge of their rights, is well calculated to bring back a remembrance of the days of her revolutionary misery, when Tarleton, Brown, Ferguson and Balfour, with their toroys, mauld, ill fit that state with desolation and scouring. The sufferers of that day, have handed down the disasters of Hanging Rock, of Cawden, of Ninety Six, and of Charleston, to their children, and children's children, in traditions around the winter's fireside, in a way best calculated to perpetuate a remembrance of their sorrows. And the mother, as she hems her infant to its slumbers, recognizes something in the signs of the times like that she has heard of when bearded youths were thrown into prison, and husbands led away captive, or hung before their eyes, or rebels to their king. The picture is somewhat gloomy, but it takes but one more step in Carolina to give it real existence.

The mystery is now removed, how it was, and why it was, that Col. Drayton acted with so much decision and firmness in rejecting the caucous proposition, made to him a few years since at Washington, that the delegation from this State should resign home. His unwavering opposition to these measures induced him to the prudent portion of our countrymen, and placed his name in the temple of fame, with other illustrious benefactors of their country, as companion with the Catos of other times, though he may still live to meet the fate of the old Roman patriot, for whom the tragic historian has said—

"From this last fierce contending nation, know What dire effects from civil discord flow."

"Tis this that shakes our country with alarms, That gives up Rome a prey to Roman arms, produces fraud and cruelty and strife, And robs the guilty world of Cato's life."

"Oh the woes of a wedded life."—The old bachelors of England have clubbed together in order to gather up facts on "Matrimonial Statistics." We agree with Governor Pope of Arkansas, in denouncing the state of "single blessedness," and in consigning all the old bachelors to misery; yet we would not prevent these destitute mortals from deriving all the happiness they can from the imaginary unhappiness of others. The following they contend is a fair statement of matrimony in some of the principle towns in England, in 1816:

Wives eloped, 1132; Husbands run away, 2347; Legally divorced, 4177; Husbands and wives that exhibit to the world the most perfect paradigm in public, calling each other "My beloved Sophia, My kind Charles, My charming Editha," but who pinch and scratch each other all night, 6934; Living in open hostility, 17,345; Secretly discontented, 73,269; Mutually indifferent, 55,240; Passing for happy, 27; Hardly happy, 14; Truly happy, 5; Total, 100,000. Appalling! appalling! only FIVE out of ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND!!!

Portland Advertiser.

We have been politely favoured by a friend with the following copy written upon the back of a one dollar bill on the bank of Bremen. It utters a mere keen rebuke than could be expressed in a volume, to those who sanction by their example, a practice so inequitable—more especially should it smite the conscience of the individual, whoever he may be—for we know neither the writer nor his despoiler—that has been instrumental in causing this wretchedness. As run. Let young men, yea and old men follow the advice he gives, and take timely warning from the fate of this "ruined young man!" The original we mentioned is in the possession of Mr. W. Cresswell of this town.

"MILLIDGEVILLE, Nov. 8 1830.
This is the last dollar which I can call my own out of an estate of \$10,000.—And what have I lost? Not only my fortune, but my character is injured and my health is impaired. Now young men take warning—be ware of GAMBLING! — on this day twenty-one years ago, for it was on that day, I was without a place where to lay my head."

A RUINED YOUNG MAN.

