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## LIFE, DEATH, AND ETERNITY.

A shadow moving by one's side,  
That would a substance seem,  
That is, yet is not,—though deserted—  
Like skies beneath the stream;  
A tree that's ever in the bloom,  
Whose fruit is never ripe;  
A wish for joys that never come,—  
Such are the hopes of Life.  
  
A dark inevitable night;  
A blank that will remain;  
When waiting is in vain;  
A gulf where pathway never led  
To show the depth beneath;  
A thing we know, and yet we dread,  
That dreaded thing is Death.  
  
The vaulted void of purple sky,  
That every where extends,  
That stretches from the dazzled eye,  
In space that never ends:  
A morning, whose uprise sun  
No setting e'er shall see;  
A day that comes without a noon,—  
Such is Eternity.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

## THE MUFLLED PRIEST.

### A SCENE IN ANCIENT ROME.

The sisters of the chapel, lately thronged with many worshippers, were silent. The sounds of pray or which had echoed through the arched roof, were hushed. The assembly which had kept in solemn, but erroneous devotion, had disappeared; and the stone image—the senseless object of their adoration—smiled grimly in the gloomy loneliness, as his chiselled features displayed themselves in the temple, erected by superstitious wealth, to his service.

But one individual remained; a long robe of sombre hue concealing his person; who leaned, as if in deep thought, against the pedestal, on which stood the deity. He was the deity.

A long shadow was cast on the floor, and instantly afterward, a tall gaunt figure appeared at the door; a mantle of spotless white overhung his shoul-ders, scarcely concealing his broad and ample chest. The erectness of his carriage, the dignity of his step, and the proud curv upon his lip, proclaimed him to be a man of rank and ambition.

A contemptuous sneer played upon his countenance—as he cast his eyes about the sanctuary, he glanced towards the stern deity itself, as its deformed features seemed to assume an expression of indignation at the audacity of the intruder. The stranger then turned toward the altar on which, in a golden vase, richly studded with jewels, burned an offering of frankincense, emitting a pale blue smoke, which rose and festooned from pillar to pillar, disseminating its perfume through the adjacent space. None of these, however, seemed to produce either awe or respect in the mind of the Roman; for, striding past the shrine, he cried:

"Priest! dost sleep?"

The individual whom he addressed slowly turned his head, and muttered, "Tis he!" then drawing his robe more closely about him, answered:

"No, I sleep not. The Priest of this deity is not as other men, he needs no sleep."

"Cease this folly," cried the senator impatiently; "well I know all tricks and juggles of thy craft; save thy precious trash to dose the vulgar—reserve thy lectures for the fools who kneel to this thing of stone!"

"Beware! rash man," returned the Priest, "how, in the sanctuary of this house, you brave his vengeance; what thou thinkst stone, may possess power to strike terror to even thy stubborn heart!"

"Forbear this idle talk," exclaimed the other.

"Idle talk!" repeated the Priest, with deep solemnity of manner, "obdurate as thou art, this deity, through me, can disclose that, which would make thee tremble!"

"I would fain witness the skill of which thou vauntest," said the senator, in a more serious manner; for, he was unconsciously imbibing a portion of the awe which pervaded the place.

"Thou shalt be gratified," returned the Priest. "What I now tell, thou thinkst buried in thine own bosom, unknown by others; if I disclose it to thee, doubt not that he who presides here, can read the hearts of all who approach him, whether to worship or to scoff."

"Proceed, proceed," cried the other.

"Twenty years since, Armenia, thou wert a general, the commander of a legion —"

"Well done for the omniscience of thy god," cried the Roman, jeeringly; "my many triumphs have chronicled the truth of thy remark in the archives of the republic. Is this thy wonder?"

"Interrupt me not," answered the Priest, calmly;

"when I finish, speak what words thou'st mind—till then, listen." Twenty years since, when thou wert general, thou had'st a friend—had'nt start'd thou now! Twenty years since, I too had a friend, but I do not tremble. Thy friend loved thee, revered thee, and shared his all with thee. Through his high influence, when accused before the senate, thou wert enabled to save thy name, thy honor, and thy life. Although thy junior, thou soughtest him for advice, and using, it did'nt bind the brow with laurels of victory. When surrounded by barbarism, and the javelin taken from one of thine own hand, was bared at thee, his buckler warded off the well-aimed blow—but," and his manner became more

impressive, his voice more melodious, "that friend, alas! lived an Italian girl, soft, pure, and lovely as the sky which arches over her native land—Sic, thou start' again; did I not tell thee I would make thee tremble? Yes, he loved the girl, not with the vice feeling which tempted me to gaze upon her charms, and admire her for them alone. His fondness was for herself, her rich angelic mind, more than even her dazzling beauty. Treacherous thou strovest to supplant him in her affections, by the splendor of military rank, knowing, as he had confided to thee, that their vows had been exchanged. Thou found'st thy arts useless and did'nt change thy love to hatred. The girl became thy friend's wife, when thou, falsely accusing him of crime, did'nt use thy power to tear him from her arms—sell him into bondage—confiscate his property, and strike his name from the list of citizens. His wife survived her miseries, but a year, while thou did'nt return to the capitol loaded with the spoils of the enemy. Yet with the red hot hand of guilt grasping thy conscience, and even now, proud and ostentatious before the world, the god tells me in thy chamber, thou'rt a coward—starting in alarm, if the least noise breaks on the midnight."

"Who art thou that dost know all this?" cried the Roman, in evident alarm.

"I am the Priest," answered the other, "of the deity, who can unnerve even the Roman senator!"

A paleness overspread the face of Armeniaus, as he looked first on the graven image, and then on his oracle; but, by a violent exertion, resuming his wonted carelessness of demeanor, he said:

"Well, if it is so, let it rest—though 'tis all false, as thou hast said, yet here is a purse; I present it to thy god, or thee; I suppose it's the same thing—I will to morrow add another. He may be all thou'st represented him, but I believe neither in stocks nor in stones—however, I have an object; but first, Priest, can't thou keep a secret?"

"Why ask; have I not formerly done so for thee?"

"Tis true! but this is of more importance."

"So shall my lips be sure-guarded."

"Priest, I am rich!"

"Thy gifts to me have proved it."

"I am beautiful!"

"Yonder jeweled vase attests it."

"Well, then, I will trust thee; serve me well, and I will erect a sanctuary to thy deity, the proudest in Rome."

"My ears are open, and my heart prepared to meet thy words," said the Priest.

"Tis this," continued Armeniaus: "The proud Augustus, our new censor, is about to make him self prince of the senate, and I would thwart him. I have no line of noble ancestors, on whom to base my claims; it is superstition that must aid me; that thou canst command. Thy temple is the resort of the rich, and the poor of the city—of the high and the low; by thy aid, and that of yonder stone, my desires may be accomplished; if thou will, and I succeed in my designs, I swear to keep my promise."

The Priest consented; when the two, having consulted measures for the furtherance of their scheme, the aspiring censor withdrew; while the Priest, drawing aside a veil, entered an inner apartment, and the shades of night enveloped the capital of the world.

The multitudinous noises of the gay metropolis were dimly visible in the breaking day, that stole thro' the portico of his temple, while equally inflexible the Priest sat at its feet, his face hid in the ample folds of his mantle, presenting only the undefined outlines of a man.

As the gray haze of morning yielded to the strengthening dawn, the senator, with a deep frown settled on his brow, walked in and saluted the Priest, who rose to receive him.

"Why here, and so early?" demanded the latter. "I could effect nothing in the short period since we parted yesterday."

"Tis not for that I sought thee," answered the visitor.

"Then why this visit?" returned the Priest.

"For vengeance!"

"Thou shalt have it," replied the Priest, gathering his robes about him.

"Thou knowest not what I mean, foolish Priest."

"Still thou shalt have vengeance;" and a dry cough, like a death rattle, sounded in the throat of the Priest—it might have been a laugh.

"Silence," said the senator, sternly laying his clenched hand upon the altar; "the new-made laws have deprived us of our innate right to punish our slaves with death—yet I have a slave must die!"

An involuntary shudder passed over the heathen Priest, but he pulled his robe more closely about him, and the start passed unobserved. Armeniaus continued:

"I have a niece, my brother's daughter. She lives with me, my adopted child. This slave has dared to love her. I could let that pass, but she, the daughter of a freeborn son of Rome, forgetting her birth, returns his passion. I heard her swear it to him at the last midnight. That seals his doom, and the slave shall die! Were it not that suspicion resting on me might blight my brilliant hopes, this hand had done the deed; but I am unused to tricks, I leave it to thee; thy trade is craveness, and thou canst full suspicion. That's but my fee," he said, casting a bag of gold upon the altar; "my reward shall make thee rich."

"Tis well," muttered the Priest, "how calllest thou the slave?"

"Agricola," said the other.

The sudden start and half word which escaped the Priest, caught the other's attention.

"Why startest thou?" he demanded.

"I started!" answered the Priest, recovering himself, and stretching forth an arm, much withered and shrunk, "because this hand was never dipped in blood."

"A wise Priest," said the senator, scornfully, "I see thy object; well, be it so;" and he threw another purse upon the altar.

"Thy words must be my law," said the Priest in a low tone—"but away! the people come to worship."

The senator cast a searching glance on the muffled face of the Priest: he drew his robe about him, and casting a disdainful look on the throng which now commenced kneeling about the image, left the chapel.

When the worshippers had concluded their devotions, they retired, and soon the Priest was left alone with one person, who still knelt at the altar. The Priest having carefully fastened the doors, the devotee rose, and casting aside the gray mantle which disguised him, exhibited the fine form of Agricola the slave.

"Father," said he, "I crave thy blessing. Thou

which influence's me; but recollect, girl—Agricola is a slave!"

The momentary sternness which he had assumed, did not, however, damp the ardor of the girl! It seemed to render him still dearer to her. She placed her fragile arm about his manly neck, and in a tone of gentle reproof: "Rebuke me not, my love," she said, "thou knowest Agricola is a slave; Cynthia would share his bondage with him. Her love should make his slavery sweeter far than freedom."

"Desist, I pray thee," responded the youth, encircling her waist with his arm, with respectful tenderness, and softening his tone; "remember thy father is a Roman!"

"I know it well," she answered, eagerly, "yet still I love thee."

"I know it, Maria; alas, too well; but were I to wed thee, it would draw his indignation on us both. For myself, I care not; but for thee—the gods know, sooner would I give my head to the executioner, than those bright eyes should lower before the frown of an angry father. Maria, it must not be;" and clasping his hands in agony, he added, "let me remain a slave, though I love the wretched daughter of a Roman."

"Cruel as thou art, I still will love thee," she whispered through his ears; "none but thee I live or care for. My father's wrath I heed not, so that I possess thee: I care!"

"Hast," said her lover, as he carefully leaned toward the spot they had just quitted; "when last we met, I heard a noise, like that which just struck upon mine ear—Maria, away!"

"Never," cried the girl, filled with love's desperation, and clinging more closely to him; "never, till thou'rt promised. I will die with thee, Agricola, but will not lose thee!"

A faint noise resembling a foot-fall, broke on the silence, as Agricola strove to disengage himself from the virgin, who twined her arms wildly about his neck.

"Begone, Maria, I beseech!"

"Till you promise, never!" she articulated, nearly choked with emotion.

Again, the noise was heard—if they were discovered, ruin would befall the idol of his heart, and he degraded by the lash. A moment more; it would be too late; he put his lips to her ear—

"I promise."

In the next instant, the light form of the maid was lost among the columns; and her lover, looking hastily about, saw the shadow, evidently that of a man, cast on the pavement near him, but instantaneous was the disappearance, that it had vanished ere he was fully aware of the reality. He kneeled and placed his ear on the stones, but all was silent, save the short beatings of his heart.

The immovable features of the pagan idol were dimly visible in the breaking day, that stole thro' the portico of his temple, while equally inflexible the Priest sat at its feet, his face hid in the ample folds of his mantle, presenting only the undefined outlines of a man.

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The Priest having carefully fastened the doors, the devotee rose, and casting aside the gray mantle which disguised him, exhibited the fine form of Agricola the slave.

"Father," said he, "I crave thy blessing. Thou

hast been ever kind to Agricola; but he is poor, and all that he can return, he now presents to thee the love that springs from his heart."

"Tis all I ask," cried the Priest, casting aside his mantle and embracing him; "the love of the good is the greatest treasure. But, my son, thou failed in confidence to me, and dangers beset me; I am not now pointing you to the lives of selfish, vicious, and sinful men alone. Your experience has long since told you, that the sensualist, the mere pleasure seeking, the money making

loath me, for my days are vanity." I know his God's decree oft strikes down the bravest form, and calls it to return to earth, but man's sinfulness a long weaves the winding sheet of souls, and lays them in the urn of the second death.

And now, in conclusion, it only remains for each to ask, in which number must I be classified? Is mine an house in which not one is dead, dead in trespasses and sins, dead to life's noblest uses, dead to society's imperious claims, dead to eternity's brightest hopes, and Christ's precious promises? Let us rouse up to more holy effort; for them only may life be pronounced real. If we wear out our days in sloth, and neglect of God's commands; if the tears that Jesus shed, do not save us from ignoble ease, and luxurious indulgence, so opposite to his example, who avoided no danger or sacrifice for our sake; and bore his cross, that ours might be lightened; then do we refuse to look to Christ as our model. O, may his entreaties persuade, his doctrines convince, his precious sufferings constrain us, to follow the example of his divine life now; and when, at the decree of our heavenly Father, the last messenger glides over our thresholds, let not one dead be found. Then, in place of the great cry that went up from Egypt, the exultation he heard, of corruption fast changing into glory; may the only cry on our feeble lips then be, Death, there is no one for thee here; I have found life in Christ; and I am going to the enjoyment of it in the Father's love.

#### TEXAS AND SLAVERY.

The Richmond Wing in an article on the subject of "Texas and Slavery," lays down the following proposition:

"If Slavery is perpetuated in Texas, the North will dissolve the Union, before it will consent to the annexation; if Slavery is abolished there, as we feel confident it will be, then the SOUTH will dissolve the Union, rather than submit to such an overwhelming acquisition of strength to the non-slaveholding interest in the Federal Government!"

The Whig then goes on to say:

"The horns of the dilemma are equally fatal.—There is only one way to escape this most menacing danger, and that is to leave Texas to herself; and if we could have any influence with our countrymen, it should be devoted to beseech them to dismiss now and forever the thought of incorporating her with this Union! She is an empire in territory—as large as Virginia, Pennsylvania and New York united—with a delinquent climate and a voraciously fertile—able to support a population of 30 millions at least, and to defend her liberties against a world in arms. Let her take her own stand among the nations of the earth, in any form, and with what institutions she pleases; but let her not sink this Union and the splendid experiment it is making for the promotion of the happiness and liberty of the world. Let all the advantages of our alliance, our friendship and our trade be hers, a community of intercourse, of a common parentage, and common principles; but let us consider this Union as something too sacred to be snatched by the rude, frantic expansion of territory and the incorporation of incongruous elements."

"For ourselves we regard the annexation of Texas as so fraught with disaster to this country, that we had rather the American People, had to encounter in hostile conflict Bonaparte and the army of Italy. The last would be but a temporary and vanquishable evil! the first would be one whose unhappy effects no sagacity could foresee, no wisdom guard against, and no valor repel. It would literally be embarking on a vast ocean of experiment, without a rudder to steer by, or a compass to ascertain your position."

We have now Country enough and too much.—Our patriotic affections are already diffused over too wide a surface. Sparta had not a territory so large as the county of Albemarle! Nor Athens larger than the notorious county of Madison! Yet these two little States by intellectual superiority and discipline, not merely held the world in awe, but are transmitted to all posterity as the brightest examples of what man can achieve, when he is free and enlightened.

"Let England, if she can, establish a controlling influence in Texas. As friends of the human race, we do not object to it. She cannot so much advance our interests, as by conferring upon Texas the love of justice, of law and liberty, which so prominently distinguish Great Britain."

NORTH CAROLINA, RANDOLPH COUNTY.  
Court of Equity, Spring Term, 1843.

The bill of complaint of John R. Brown, Jesse Cox and wife Malesey, Minerva Ann Elliott, Samuel Elliott, John R. Elliott, Sarah Ann Elliott, Malesey Jane Elliott, and Franklin Z. Elliott,

against

Absalom Harvey and wife Edna, Bezzilton Brown, Abraham Dollarhide and wife Charlotte, Nancy Hendricks and Ziuri Brown.

Whereas the complainants have filed their bill of complaint against the defendants in Randolph court of equity, alleging that they and the defendants are the heirs at law of Samuel Brown dec'd, and tenants in common of ten tracts of land in said county which descend to them as the heirs of said Brown, and praying that said lands may be sold for the purpose of partition among them; and it appearing to the court that the defendants are not inhabitants of this State—it is ordered by the court that publication be made for six weeks in the Greensborough Patriot, notifying the defendants to appear at the next term of the court of equity, to be held for said county on the fourth Monday of September next, then and there to plead, answer or demur to said bill; otherwise the same will be taken pro confite, so and heard ex parte.

Witness, J. Worth, clerk and master of said court, at office in Asheboro the 4th Monday of March 1843. 166 pradv \$5 60 J. WORTH, c. m. e.

\$75 REWARD.—Runaway from the subscriber some weeks since, a yellow negro man Harden, but is believed to be harbored and protected in the county at this time, having been lately heard of. It is thought there are intentions of aiding him to a free State or coaxing him off and selling him. He is about twenty-eight years old, middle size or rather under, is left handed, has one thumb a little disfigured by a stroke with a hammer, being a blacksmith, stutters a little, has one tooth out next to one of his eye teeth, is very crafty and sensible, and would pass, from his color and appearance, for a free negro; his clothing &c. would perhaps be changed if described. I will give fifty dollars reward for his apprehension and delivery in any jail so that I get him, and twenty-five dollars for the apprehension and delivery in jail of any white person or persons, harboring, aiding or taking him off.

E. W. OGBURN, p. m.

Oxford, Guilford county, N. C. April 26, 1843. 120  
15,000 LBS. IRON, manufactured by the King's Mountain Iron Co., embracing every variety of size usually demanded in this market, for sale a price that cannot fail to please. J. & R. SLOAN,  
Greensborough, August 7, 1841.

#### COMMUNICATION.

GEN. JACKSON.

Extracts from a work entitled "Chronicles of the Nineteenth Century," a veracious history written and published in the year of our Lord 2842, by Fiducius Falstaff. A. M.

About the year 1830—as near as we can ascertain from histories now extant, and from traditions handed down through the shadows of a thousand years—a celebrated Catawba chief called Andrew Jackson held the chief office in the ancient Republic of North America: He was elected President or Dictator—the synonymous terms—by acclamation; which was nothing more than the citizens universally and simultaneously extending their hands towards heaven and bawling at the top of their voice, "Huzzas for Jackson!"—In what manner a person of his birth, color, habits and education attained the supreme command of that republic, is a matter of curious enquiry: Half Indian and half Spanish, he possessed all the cunning and bravery of the former with the bloodthirstiness and perfidy of the latter; born and raised in the wilds of Florida, he possessed the endurance of the Indian and Spanish tribes with spirit of partial civilization of the republican settlers: Inured to the camp he there learnt the wiles and stratagems of war with which he afterwards astonished all North America. Without principle or object he fought where pay was best—a mercenary soldier: Crime followed in his footsteps and marked his path with blood. He first joined the ranks of the Spaniards and battled against the aboriginal armies of the soul—acquiring the title of *Don*; next he fought in the ranks of the Indians against the Spaniards and North Americans; hence his title of *Cheif or Captain*. His prowess and stratagie at length becoming so well known he was adopted by the republicans and contended against his former friends. Being also successful with these last he rose to the distinction of General, which is the next office in grade to Dictator.

It was in one of his campaigns here that he gave evidence of his uniformly sanguinary disposition by the execution of some soldiers of the American army with two other persons of notoriety—Buster and Butternot; these last, without the shadow of reason, he peremptorily ordered to be shot. The soldiers who had volunteered for a certain period and who had served that period were about returning to their homes when he had them arrested, tried by a court martial and shot; at each of these executions he gave his *ipse dixit*, which translated means "yell or whoop." This was the yell of exultation, for there were three kinds—the yell of command—the yell of exultation and the yell or whoop of war; these were so fierce and unearthly that it chilled the blood of all who heard. And historians say that like "Roland's horn in Roncaville's battle" it rived rocks and was heard thro' all the neighboring provinces.

The North Americans or "white skins," as they were sometimes called in derision, having subdued all their internal enemies by the aid of their renowned leader, were preparing to live in peace under the shelter of their shanties and log cabins, when the tocsin of war sounded from a foreign enemy. This enemy residing beyond an extensive sheet of water termed, in that day, the "herring pond," was a prosperous and powerful people. They inhabited the Island of Briton or Brittan—were of large stature compared with our present diminutive race, and very warlike. They accused the Americans of fishing over half way the "pond" and this was the point of difference between the two nations. There was the famous and populous City of Orleans in the republic situated at the mouth of the Missouri river which does not now exist but whose site is supposed to be covered by the Texan channel, and whose once thronged streets are now occupied by slim reptiles and other creeping things: This city it was not possible for an enemy to approach but by a narrow peninsula on the southern side; and here was necessarily the point of attack by the Britons. But Don Andrew Jackson, with unparalleled sagacity, dug extensive ditches and threw up breastworks of cotton-bags and timber across this peninsula which made it altogether impassable even without a living opponent. In the annals of warfare never was there a more shrewd device or a course dictated by better judgment: The only criticism that could justly be offered to this plan, was, that he had not retired and left the Britons to be foisted by *natural* obstacles without any risk to his own men. He of course defeated the enemy with little effort and was soon after chosen Dictator as before explained over distinguished and eminent civilians—native Americans too. It was a few months after the battle just related, he manifested his overbearing disposition by imprisoning three Americans, or "white skins" as he called them. The news of peace between the Britons and this nation had sometime arrived and the British fleet had made its way nearly half way over the herring pond on their return home, when three American gentlemen named Louveller, Hal and Dick wishing to testify their joy in their own way, determined to give a great ball or dance. The General told them they must perform a war dance after the manner of his country if they performed any at all; but they, either not knowing their man, or ignorant of the dance, or being too timid to bow the knee to a dog, refused obedience to the India-spanish rule; when he, dressed in his title "brief authority" and wishing to "play his tricks before high heaven," immediately threw them

into prison, and would have taken their lives but for his late advancement by *their* own countrymen.

Hiliterate and incapable of performing civil transactions himself, he called around him a cabinet (so called) of automata worked by secret wires according to his own wishes, who daring not contrive, implicitly obeyed his mandatory *ipse dixit*. Each one of these had a narrow circular plate affixed round his neck, with this inscription "My Dog," signed, A. Jackson: If these, as some of them did once, ever thought for themselves or expressed their own opinion, the illustrious Don would apply the anterior part of his foot to the posterior part of their bodies—a mode of salutation common in those days—and send them by a sudden impulse from the palace; they would then turn round, thank him for his courtesy and retire to their shanties.—Five of these automata, Van Jorum, Eathon, Branch, Cleun and Inram were laborers of this cabinet: an unfortunate difference arose between the two first with their chief, on the one side, and the three last on the other. The chief gave his mandatory *ipse dixit* that the families of Branch, Inram and Cleun, should associate with Van Jorum's paramour Mrs. Eathon, and thereby make his cabinet a family as well as political unit. They replied that their families had some claim to decency, virtue and morality, and they could not obey his wishes; more especially as such compliance had nothing to do with the transaction of public business. This was enough. He severed the wires that connected them together, and *saluted* them, while they, with many bows of deference, retired. No sooner had the General, Don, Chieftain or Hero as he was diversely called, ascended the Dictatorial chair, and reorganized his automatic cabinet, than savage like he laid rough hands on all the wise institutions of his predecessors. The good advice and judicious measure of Washington, Franklin, Hamilton and Adams—men held in some estimation in the earlier days of the republic—were slighted and disregarded: Indeed they were accused, by implication of being Federalists, Tories, Traitors, and bad they lived in the Don's time, would have been immediately executed by this intolerant personage. He professed great love for the people, and they, in return, being very generally rude and uncivilized, placed the most implicit confidence in him—confidence, even to the most abject submission. Hence he was styled the high priest of Democracy; and however paradoxical it may be to say the republic was governed by a Dictator, it is nevertheless true. Vaunting themselves the most free nation under the sun they were ruled with the most despotic sway. "Perish commerce" "perish credit" "I take the responsibility" were the maxims on which he acted. He pulled the check wire connected with the automatic treasurer—seized the monies of the treasury, where it was by Congress deposited, and placed them in his own pocket and exclaimed, "Behold! I take the responsibility."

He conceived the singular idea that Congress—who were to execute his will or to transact any business dictated to them by him—should do without a record: He accordingly stationed there Tom Benton, previously a co-laborer of his in deeds of blood—a convict of theft, and a man of gigantic frame who commanded the members in the chieftain's name to obliterate the Journal; which edict was forthwith executed in the following manner: he procured a quill from a large goose, a sagacious bird; and in those days emblematic of Democracy—made a pen of said quill and with it drew black lines over the records of Congress. The Hon. (honest?) Tom Benton, like his illustrious master, unable to write, had to perform the deed by illegible marks. Henceforth from the example of these great prototypes, ignorance became the criterion of worth and prerequisite to advancement; and Congress transacted all business in pantomime—by winks, blinks, nods, stamps and a regular placement of the facial muscles. It was interesting to look upon this strange scene—this anomaly of free government.

There was the Bank of the United States located in the renowned City of Athens, which afforded the best currency in the world—and which was sometimes called "Nick's bank," from the supposition that it was conducted by diabolical or supernatural agency. It gave a circulating medium to the public much more convenient than the barter of stock and the products of the soil; yet from an innate aversion to every institution, civil and rational, the mighty chief speedily destroyed it: He went to the bank—seized the notes, for no one dared to resist him—laid them into infinitesimal pieces, and scattered them to the four winds of heaven. At this daring exploit, as well as at every other he performed or ordered to be enacted—that easy and credulous people exclaimed, "Bravo the General!" "Bravo the Don!" "Bravo the Chieftain!" "Bravo the Hero!!!" But the lust to shine or rule begins to wane when the energies of nature become chilled by the advance of age. Tired at length of the adulation of the "white skins," he resolved to retire, although the people would willingly have made him perpetual Dictator: He did not resign, however, without graciously condescending to provide for them a successor in the person of Van Jorum, formerly spoken of in this history. Each automaton of the cabinet was desirous of receiving the falling mantle of the Dictator: but he determined to subject them to a whine-sail but rather severe ordeal: He ordered that they should hang themselves by the nose, unsupported, from the back of the Chair of State, and he who hung longest, should occupy it. One declined the operation—

another had a snubbed nose turned up at the point like that of a bulldog or an Irishman, and so slipped off immediately; another having considerable weight of corpulence, sank from the chair with some injury to his nasal promontory: but Van Jorum having a crooked, long nose, and being a light agile form, won the Dictatorship easily; he hung ninety-six hours two minutes and fifty five seconds precisely, without eating, drinking or sleeping, and could have hung to this day, it is supposed, with sufficient refreshments.

From this transaction originated the phrase "Omnia nascuntur ad uno," "he hung all things," or "hung always by his hooked nose." This man, whose character will be given in another chapter, was declared victor and duly installed; when the noble Don returned to his wigwam in the State of David—providence of Tunser, leaving that great people prosperous and happy."

#### NEW & CHEAP CASH STORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER having taken the Store formerly occupied by Wm. Kerr, on west street, 3 doors west of the courthouse and opposite the postoffice, has received direct from New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, an entire new and fresh stock of Goods, which will be found lower than goods have ever been sold in Greensboro previous to this Spring. The following may be enumerated as part of his stock and prices:

Blue, Black and Invisible Green Cloths  
Blue and black Cambrics  
A good assortment of Satins, from 40 to 75cts  
Figured and plain silk, satin & Marseilles Vesting  
Red, white and green Flannels  
Super, plain and fancy linen Drapery, new article  
Fancy and plain Cambrics  
Blue and fancy colored Jeans. Yellow Nankeen  
Georgia Nankeen, from 62cts to \$1.12 for 10 yds  
Kentucky Jeans, from 25 to 50cts for best  
Domestic, Manchester and Earliman Ginghams  
Tickings, Checks, and Plaids, from 8 to 16cts for best

71 and 84 brown and damask Table Linen  
Bleached and brown Holland, from 18cts to 31cts  
Red and Blue Bordering & Toweling new article  
A large assortment Irish Linens and Lawns, from 30 to 75 cents.

Cavasse and Padding  
Plain muslin de laine, assorted colors

A large assortment of Prints, from 2 1/2 to 25 cents for best.

Furniture Prints from 5 to 18cts cents

Saletees and black tabby Velvets

Ladies' fancy silk Handkerchiefs and Ties

Ladies' fancy French Collars, entirely new pattern

Rich striped Shaffies and Sticks for dresses

Linen cambric Hoods, assorted, from 25 to 75cts

Black fillet veils and bonnet lawns

Bonnet, cap, satin and mantua Ribbons

Plain cross-barred jack-muslins and cambrics

Plain and fig'd Swiss muslins

Black and white Bobinets

Artificial flowers, assorted

Black and white tassel and green braish for veils

Thread edges, entirely new patterns, half price

Ladies' silk Mitts, from 10 to 50cts

Gentlemen's kid, Lisle, thread, silk, cotton and

Beret Gloves

Shirts, Collars, Bosoms and Suspenders

Satin and fancy Stocks and Cravats

A large assortment of Hose and half Hose, from

12 1/2 to 37 1/2 cts

Handsome assortment Cotton Fringe, half price

Silk and cotton Umbrella's—Sewing Silks

Spoon Cotton. Linen and cotton Tapes

Thread, Buttons, &c.

B-sides a great variety of other staple Goods

which cannot be enumerated, and will be sold exceedingly low.

I am also receiving a large stock of Hardware and Cutlery, assorted to suit the people generally; and also a very heavy stock of GROCERIES, which will make the people open their eyes when they see the prices and see the qualities—

Good brown Sugar from 8 to 10cts

Coffee from 10 to 12 1/2 cts

Lust Sugar from 11 to 16cts

Indigo, good quality, 10cts. oz.

Grager 12cts; Spice, do.; Pepper do.

Nails 7cts, and less by the keg.

I have a very general assortment of Goods usually kept in retail stores, which will be found very low. I do not put these prices down for the purpose of making a run on any of my neighbors—it is because I expect to stick closely to the Cash System, as I have felt the smart of crediting goods years gone by, and consider fully the old adage that the nimble expence is better than the slow shilling. Give me a call before you go elsewhere, and I will guarantee you shall not be disappointed.

April 26th, 1843. W. J. McCONNELL.

NORTH CAROLINA, RANDOLPH COUNTY.

Court of Equity, Spring Term, 1843.

The bill of complaint of Josiah Lambert, Henry Lambert, Joseph Lambert, Eliza Hobson, Polly Hobson, Joseph Hobson and John Hobson,

against

John Lambert and John Lambert, administrators with the will annexed of John Lambert deceased, Mary Lambert, Joshua Craven and Sally his wife, Eli Lambert, Jesse Lambert, Loyd Poushee and Polly his wife, Elijah W. McRill and Martha his wife, Daniel Lambert, Randolph Craven and Nancy his wife, Eli Craven, Lucretia Craven, John Brandy and Rosanna his wife

### Foreign.

**Great Agitation in Ireland—Troops pouring in—Threats of a resort to arms—Riot in Manchester, &c.**  
The steamship Acadia arrived at Boston on Thursday, June 1, having left Liverpool on the 19th ultmo.

An alarming fire broke out in Union street, in Liverpool, the day the Acadia sailed. An explosion of saltpetre had taken place in one of the buildings.

The agitation of the Repealers in Ireland is becoming very alarming to the British Government. Tens of thousands are congregated under the Repeal Standard, and the country is in the same feverish state of agitation as in 1829. To arrest this disorganization, the Duke of Wellington in the upper, and Sir Robert Peel in the lower House, declared their intention, the other evening, of putting down the Repeal agitation—by force, if necessary. Meanwhile, Mr. O'Connell has hurried defiance at his assizes, and, in terms more energetic than polite, dares them to the conflict. Troops are daily pouring into Ireland.

The great "Repeal" meeting on the Curagh of Kildare was held on Sunday. It is stated that about 70,000 or 80,000 men were present.

A tremendous riot took place at Manchester on the 15th. The brick-court of Messrs. Pilling and Henry was entered by a body of men, principally brick-makers, who fired upon the hands in the yard, wounding several of them, and destroying 64,000 bricks. They avowed it was their intention to have murdered the principals, but they had previously left. Two or three months previously, several of these men had been discharged.

A seizure of 400 bales of manufactured goods, imported by the house of Baring & Brothers, in the ship Niagara, from Boston, has been made at St. Katharine Docks.

The Gazette de France contains the details of a frightful accident to 50 workmen employed on the fortifications of Mount Valerien who had been buried by the falling of a large bank of earth. None of the sufferers had been taken out alive.

### NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

**BALSLEY & MORING** having rented the shop formerly occupied by Wm S Gilmer, propose carrying on the TAFFLING BUSINESS, and solicit the patronage and confidence of the public generally, with the promise on their part to give ample satisfaction. They have made arrangements to get regularly the Philadelphia quarterly report of Fashions; and will insure all garments, given them to make, not only to fit well but to be well put together. It is deemed unnecessary as well as arrogant by them to enter into a general puff of themselves and their advantages. Suffice it to say that their work will not be done by apprentices or women, but by themselves or competent and genteel Northern workmen.

Greensborough, April 1st, 1843

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### SPIRITS SUPPLY

The largest and cheapest assortment of Druggs, Medicines and Dyestuffs ever offered in Greensboro, at the sign of the Golden Mortar, one door south of J. & R. Sloan's Store. Physicians will find it to their advantage to make their purchases of the subscriber as he will warrant every article he sells as being of the best quality, and at rates that cannot fail to please. Their orders shall be promptly and accurately complied with, and forwarded to any part of the State they may desire.

Medicines put up especially for Family use, in quantities to suit each purchaser, with the proper directions on each package. They are prepared principally by himself, and can vouch for their purity and officinal strength. Heads of families and others are respectfully requested to call and examine his stock.

To those who are favorable to the Botanic Medicine, he can furnish them with Povel's best No. 6, Composition Powders, and vegetable Anti-Dyspeptic Wine Extracts.

VARNISHES, OILS, &c.—Best Copal Varnish, Japan do., Boot Varnish, Castor Oil, Olive do., Lamp do., Putty.

Gillott's best Steel Pens

Ever-pointed Pencils—silver cases.

Hair Brushes of sup'r quality ; Tooth ditto

Lemon Syrup ; Port Wine, in bottles

50 bottles Sulf. Quinine, at \$2.50 per bottle

30 lb. best English Calomel—warranted

Carpenter's Ex. Buchu

" Punkroot

" Comp. Syrup Sarsaparilla

Jayne's Expectorant, do Vermiture

" Carminative Balsam

Indian Hair Dye, for coloring gray, light or red hair a beautiful brown or jet black, without staining the skin

Swain's Panacea, Thompson's Eye-Water, &c. &c.

For sale by D. P. WEIR.

May 3d, 1843.

**SARSAPARILLA.** Comstock's Compound Extract.

There is no other preparation of Sarsaparilla that can exceed or equal this. If you are sure to get Comstock's you will find it superior to all others. It does not require puffing. For sale in Greensboro by J. & R. Sloan, in Raleigh by Dr. N. L. Stith, in Hillsborough by D. Heartt, in Oxford by Geo. F. Taylor, in Lexington by J. P. Mabry, in Salem and Salisbury by Comstock & Co's Agents; the above are the only Agents.

I doz. Foster's Corn Scythes, 2 doz. German Scythes  
2 doz. Grass do. 1 do. Bramble do.  
1 do. Seythe Snaths 1 do. Rowlands Spades  
1 do. Rowland's Shovels 1-2 do. Ditching Spades

Just received and for sale by J. & R. SLOAN.

**HEADACHE.** Dr. Spohn's Headache Remedy will effectively cure sick headache, either from the NERVES or bilious. Hundreds of families are using it with great joy. For sale in Greensboro by J. & R. Sloan, in Raleigh by Dr. N. L. Stith, in Hillsborough by D. Heartt, in Oxford by Geo. F. Taylor, in Lexington by J. P. Mabry, in Salem and Salisbury by Comstock & Co's Agents; the above are the only Agents.

**RHEUMATISM and LAMENESS** positively cured in the old or young, by the Indian Vegetable Elixir and Nerve and Bone Liniment—but never without the name of Comstock & Co. on it. For sale in Greensboro by J. & R. Sloan, in Raleigh by Dr. N. L. Stith, in Hillsborough by D. Heartt, in Oxford by Geo. F. Taylor, in Lexington by J. P. Mabry, in Salem and Salisbury by Comstock & Co's Agents; the above are the only Agents.

**PILES &c.**, are wholly prevented, or governed if the attack has come on, if you use the only true Hay's Liniment, from Comstock & Co. ALL SORES and every thing relieved by it that admits of an outward application. It acts like a charm. Use it.

For sale in Greensboro by J. & R. Sloan, in Raleigh by Dr. N. L. Stith, in Hillsborough by D. Heartt, in Oxford by Geo. F. Taylor, in Lexington by J. P. Mabry, in Salem and Salisbury by Comstock & Co's Agents; the above are the only Agents.

**50 KEGS NAILS** from the Cooperville Factory, N.C., a superior article, for sale by J. & R. SLOAN.

November 13.

**E. P. NASH'S PIANO FORTE.**—As the best evidence the subscriber can possibly give of his own opinion, as to the superiority of the Piano Forte which he offers for sale, and in order that others may have an opportunity of testing the matter, he proposes to place them upon trial in the parlors of such persons as may be desirous of supplying themselves with articles of the kind.

The postponement of a positive purchase of any instrument whatever for a few months, to give the different makers a fair trial, would at least do the purchaser no harm.

A line addressed to the subscriber, at Petersburg, Va., would answer just as good a purpose every way as a personal interview, since he takes upon himself the risk of selecting and guaranteeing to please in every respect.

A large assortment always on hand. Upwards of 300 have been sold by him, without ever selling a bad one.

E. P. NASH, Petersburg, Va.

### TO MILL OWNERS.

**J**UST received an additional supply of BOLTING CLOTHES, (warranted the genuine Anchor cloth,) from No. 5 to 10, which are offered at unusually low prices.

W. R. D. LINDSAY.

January 10, 1842.

## THE PATRIOT.

### GREENSBOROUGH:

Saturday Morning, June 10, 1843.

### SECOND DISTRICT.

Col. Barringer and Gen. Edney have both published cards, in which they propose to submit their claims to the decision of a Convention to be composed of a delegate from each Captain's district and to assemble at Davidson college on the 4th of July.

Col. Barringer states that he believes the Convention which nominated him expressed fairly the wishes of a large majority of the whig party; yet with two whig candidates in the field, if defeated was not certain, success was at least doubtful; and success in a new district, especially in the present crisis of affairs, he considers all-important and paramount to every other consideration but honor; he will therefore cheerfully submit to the nomination of the proposed convention.

Gen. Edney says the proposition for the Convention on the 4th of July is just such a one as he has all along contended for; he objected to the former one, because he believed the free people of the district had not been sufficiently advised with or consulted.

Both gentlemen will continue to canvass the district, for the sake of the cause, until the result of the people's convention is known.

### DEATH OF NOAH WEBSTER.

It is with a sorrow almost fatal that we chronicle the death of Noah Webster—the man that made the Spelling-Book. He died at his residence in New Haven, Connecticut, on the 28th of last month, in the 85th year of his age. He tarried long, very long, in this world—lived a life of usefulness, benevolence and goodness—and has left the impress of his intellect upon more minds than any other literary man of this or the preceding age.

Although he was successfully engaged, all his life, in arduous literary pursuits, and attained the highest honors of one of the most celebrated northern Colleges, our respect and affection for his name is founded upon his Spelling Book. Where is the man in America, not past the meridian of life, in whose earliest and happiest recollections Webster's Spelling-Book is not associated? Except the Bible, it has been the only national book we know of. The constant companion of your childhood, while it informed the head it educated the heart aright. Its lessons, and the very appearance of its pages—its rows of words, and old familiar pictures are as indelibly fixed upon the memory as your mother's face.

The biographical notice below is from the New Haven Herald:

D. Webster was born in West Hartford on the 16th of October, 1758. He was a descendant of John Webster, one of the first settlers of Hartford, who was a member of the Colonial Council from its formation and subsequently Governor of Connecticut.

Noah Webster entered Yale College in 1774.—In his Junior year, in the time of Burgoyne's expedition from Canada, he volunteered his services under the command of his father who was captain in the alarm list. In that campaign, all the males in the family, four in number, were in the army at the same time. Now notwithstanding this interruption in his studies, Mr. Webster graduated with high reputation in 1778. During the summer of 1779, he resided in the family of Mr. Stith, afterwards Chief Justice, Elsworth, at Hartford. He was admitted to the bar in 1781. Subsequently, he engaged in the business of instruction, and being strongly impressed with the defects of such books as were then used in elementary schools, published in 1783, at Hartford, his First Part of a Grammatical Institute of the English Grammar." The great success of this work, and of others of the same class prepared by him, is well known. Mr. Webster early became a political writer. His first publication in this character was at Hartford in 1783, when the State was agitated on the subject of half-pay for life to the Revolutionary army. For a series of papers in the Connecticut Courant, under the signature of "Honoring," he received the thanks of Gov. Trumbull in person, and was highly complimented by other gentlemen of distinction. At various other periods of public excitement and difficulty, the aid of his pen was solicited by those who were best acquainted with his full and correct information on questions of public interest and his ability to explain and defend his own views.

He's "Sketches of American Policy," published in 1784, his writing in favor of the adoption of the Federal Constitution, in defense of Washington's proclamation of neutrality, and of the treaty negotiated with Great Britain by Mr. Jay, had great influence on public opinion, and were highly appreciated. Various other topics during the same period were publicly discussed by him. In 1793, he commenced a daily paper in New York, which is

### RANDOLPH SPECIAL COURT.

ASHBROOK, June 3, 1843.

**M**essrs. Editors:—The Special Term of Randolph Superior Court is just over; and I cannot withhold the expression of the general approbation of the people at the result. It was feared by some of the advocates of the bill passed at the last session of the Legislature, authorising special terms of the Court in those Counties where the business required it, that the result would not be so favorable as the friends of the Act expected. These fears arose from several reasons; among others were these—that the Court would be held at an extremely busy season of the year, when neither parties, witnesses or jurors would be likely to attend.

In the instance in this County every thing has worked well and much to the general administration of the public justice of the country. Governor Morehead appointed Judge SETTLE to hold the Term of the Special Court. The Judge was ready to open the Court at the appointed hour, and, what is remarkable at this season, a more prompt attention in jurors has never taken place. The Judge treated the Term as emphatically a business Court; he was prompt in attending at the early hour of 9 o'clock; had the Court opened and continued in Court until nearly sunset each day—a severe trial on any man, these long days. The parties, with a peculiar promptness were ready for trial; and I have never seen more business despatched in the same length of time, and generally with more satisfaction.

Owing to the thronged state of the Docket, the costs, in many instances, had become the principal subject of controversy, and the delay was tantamount to a denial of justice. Conscious of these evils, the Judge, Bar and parties seemed to avail themselves of the opportunity of relieving sufferers of these inconveniences, and went to work in good earnest; the Docket was cleared by Friday noon, most of the causes having been tried and but few continued; and the jury and other persons in attendance on the Court dismissed to their farms.

Judge SETTLE presided among his old friends and acquaintances, greatly to their satisfaction; his opinions were promptly delivered and generally satisfactory; there were no appeals taken to the Supreme Court. The business in this County is now brought down to about a reasonable week's work for a business Judge. I hope the Special Term of the Courts in other counties will prove as useful and satisfactory as the one in this County.

Yours respectfully,

RANDOLPH.

Politics, in this country, though often derided and loudly talked against, and much condemned, are a part, necessarily, of the concern of every man; because they are made to operate upon the laws, and the pursuits, and the business of every citizen, and, because they affect the governments of the Nation and the States so as to touch the pecuniary condition, social happiness and general welfare of the whole community. Hence, every good citizen does, and must feel an interest in the parties and politics of the country—and every republican is more or less a party man,—taking sides with one or the other of the political parties, and enlisting his wishes and his hopes in the success of the division which he espouses. And it is all right and proper that this should be,—for the public good. No engrosser is too humble to be beyond the reach of evil measures, and none too high to be elevated above the fear of a bad government. Nor is there any quarter or section of the whole land which can escape from the effects of wrong measures pursued by those in authority. The knowledge of this fact stimulates to zeal; and the only requisite wanting is, that this zeal should be tempered with prudence and conducted by discretion. In high party times, there is always danger of imprudence and rashness, strife and bitterness. But a little reflection enables all reasonable and honorable men to calm down their passions or their feelings, and, admitting their own imperfection, impels them to do justice to the motives, and excuse or forgive the errors, of their opponents. It is a part of the duty of our station as citizens of a Republic, to tolerate all differences of opinion, whilst we, with independence, assert and maintain our own. But the greater shameless from care as to the policies of our country, ought not to be encouraged and cannot be excused. No man can wrap himself up in his self-sufficiency or selfishness, and say, "let the world wag on—it cannot injure me." He is wanting in love for his neighbors and affection for his country when he ceases to feel an interest as to those who are to administer the Government, or what is to be the policy of the nation. So to act is to prove, in some sense, recreant to his obligations. To every one is given in charge—"ne quid dereliqueris Republica capit," and we should all faithfully, to the best of our ability, keep and fulfil that charge.

Alex. Gaz.

### IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.

There has been a late arrival, at New Orleans, from Mexico. The first instalment of the Mexican indemnity, due to the United States, of \$270,000, has been paid, and was to be shipped on board of the U. S. steamer Dolphin, which vessel was to have left Vera Cruz on the 19th ult. This sum was obtained by a forced loan from a number of the rich capitalists of Mexico.

A NEW POSTOFFICE has recently been established in the western part of Hawfields, in Orange county, known as Ruffin's Mills, of which Dr. James A. Craig is Postmaster.

### ANGER

Gently stroke an angry rattle,  
It will sting you for your pains;  
Grasp it like a man of铁,e,  
Soft as silk it then remains.

'Tis the same with vulgar natures;  
Use them kindly they rebel,  
But be harsh, as nutmeg-graters,  
And the rogues will use you well.

**life of DR. CALDWELL** for sale at the stores of J. & R. SLOAN, RANKIN & McLEAN, G. ALBRIGHT & SON, Sept. 1842.

### 7,000 lbs. IRON

assorted sizes, just received & for sale by J. & R. SLOAN.

assorted sizes, just received & for sale by J. & R. SLOAN.

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[FOR THE PATRIOT]

\*Twas one bright summer eve—no view  
Unpleasant met the gaze; “a few  
Light clouds we floating on the sky  
Lake tears unshed in beauty’s eye”  
While trembling in the dizzy height,  
The moon with her attendants bright  
Seem’d boasting of unwanted night  
To cheer the gloom of coming night.  
No sound was heard save now and then  
The hoar lowing in the glen;  
Hence self in quiet stood  
Nor broke the pleasing solitude;  
Zephyrus too gave up his pow’r  
To stir the leaf or bend the flow’r.  
Beneath a fragrant moonlight bow’r,  
Were ast a father and a son,  
To wait upon the gentle hour,  
And muse the scene, in silence on;  
An infant son, the only boy,  
The mother’s hope, the father’s joy,  
Whose childish talk and sportive shriek  
To them a latent mind bespeak,—  
If he, perchance, for booke doth cry  
A future Calvin they deservy,  
Or if the file, the drum, the gun  
A Caesar or Napoleon;  
And often thus in future days  
Exulted high they see him raised,  
They hear him call’d the wise, the great,  
See thousands round him humbly wait  
His frown to fear, his smiles to seek  
His will t’ obey submissiv meek.  
At length the doating father spoke  
And thus the musing silence broke:—  
“See’st thou my so yon shining star  
That glimmer in the distance far?  
Come, Glycon, tell thy father, pray,  
From whence they come, or what are they?”  
The boy looked up with inward pride  
And thus unto his sire replied,  
“Yon stars that shine so bright on high  
And gem the vaulted blue  
Are gimbled holes bor’d in the sky  
To let the glory through.”

SOLOMON.

A LOVE LETTER.

“Dear Sweet: Oh, my love of loves, clarified honey and oil of citrons, white loaf sugar of my hopes and molasses of my expectations! you have been absent from me three whole days! The sun is dark at mid-day; the moon and stars are black when thou art absent. Thy step is the music of the spheres; and the wind of thy gown, when you pass by, is a zephyr from the garden of paradise in time of early flowers! I kissed you when we last met, and my whole frame was filled with sweet ness! One of your curls touched me on the nose, and that organ was transmuted into loaf sugar!—Oh, spice of spices, garden of delights! send me a lock of your hair; send me any thing that your blessed finger had touched, and I will go raving mad with ecstasy! One look from thy bright eyes would transport me uncontrollably into the third heaven! Your veins are lined with pure gold of Ophir and the blood which courses through them is milk and honey, your lips are red roses gathered from Eden by the hand of Gabriel! Your words are molten pearl dropping from your mouth! My heart blazes at the thought of thee! My brain is an everlasting fire! The blood burns and scorches my veins and vital as it passes through them! Oh come most delightful of delights, and breathe upon me with your seraphim breath! When you do come, be sure and bring that two shillings which you borrowed of me, as I want to buy some tobacco!”

JONATHAN.

An apt Illustration.—A person asking how it happened that many beautiful ladies took up with indifferent husbands after many fine offers, was thus aptly answered by a mountain-maiden:—“A young friend of hers requested her to go into a cane-brake and get him the handsomest reed. She must get it once going without turning. She went and coming out brought him quite a mean reed. When he asked her if that was the handsomest she saw, “Oh no!” she replied, “I saw many finer as I went along, but I kept on, in hopes of one much better until I got nearly through, and then I was obliged to take up with any one I could get; and got a crooked one at last.”

Not bad.—May is considered an unfortunate marrying month. A country editor says, that a girl was asked last month to unite herself in the sullen tie, to a brisk chap, who named May in his proposals. The lady tenderly hinted that May was an unlucky month for marrying. “Well make it June then,” honestly replied the swain, anxious to accommodate. The damsel paused a moment, hesitated, cast down her eyes, and said with a blush, “Wouldn’t April do as well?”

“What a lazy fellow you are Jack.” “O, no, not lazy, only you see, Bill, I and work had a sort of falling out, when I was a boy, and we haven’t made it up yet.”

A Washingtonian, in his song says:  
“When a young lady signs the pledge,  
It’s just as good as two;  
For when her sweetheart finds it out,  
He’s got to sign it too.”

A chambermaid in Indiana, went to a sleeping room in the morning, and said to a traveller:—“Look-a-hee, missus, I wants ye to get up—I wants dis sheet for de table cloth!”

A country boy being asked the other day what was meant by universal suffrage, instantly replied—“why, it means that every man should suffer alike.”

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA—Guilford county. Daniel Howren & Ithamia Hunt vs. Pinckney Masey and wife and others.

Bill for construction of David Archer’s Will.

Equity—Spring Term, 1843.

It appearing to the Court that the Defendants David Land, Catharine Land and Jane Archer are not inhabitants of this State; It is therefore ordered by the Court that publication be made for six weeks in the Greenborough Patriot for them to appear at the next term of this Court, on the third Monday after the fourth Monday in September next, and then and there to plead, answer or demur to the Bill in this case filed, or the same will be taken pro confesso and set for hearing, and heard ex parte as to them.

13-6 Test: J. A. MEBANE, C. M. E.

TON PLASTER OF PARIS for sale by April 6, 1843 J. & R. SLOAN.

GUNS.—A small lot of RIFLE GUNS for sale by Dec. 10. RANKIN & MCLEAN.

NOTICE.—By virtue of a deed in trust executed to me by Col. William Hamner for certain purposes therein mentioned, I shall on Tuesday the 13th day of June next, at the late residence of said Hamner, expose to public sale all the remainder of the personal estate of said Hamner not heretofore sold, consisting of three large NEGROES, one boy and one girl, a quantity of nice and valuable household furniture embracing beds and their furniture, and bedsteads, chairs, tables, looking glasses, sideboard, bureau, cupboard and furniture, and a number of other articles not necessary here to specify.

The sale will positively take place, and terms made known on day of sale.

RALPH GORRELL, Trustee

May 8th, 1843. 14 ls

TO THE BALD-HEADED AND OTHERS. Does any know a neighbor or a friend who has been bald, and whose head is now covered with fine hair? One whose coat collar was covered with dandruff, though brushed every hour—which has now vanished entirely? Or one whose hairs at early age were turned gray, who now has not a gray hair? Children whose heads are covered with scurf—whose hair would not grow, that are now growing the fullest crop of hair? Some cases must be known to most persons. As then the cause, and you will be told, these things have been done by the use of the BALM OF COLUMBIA. Of twenty years growth is this article, its demand increasing annually some hundred per cent., though when discovered not opposed by any thing for the same purpose, now assailed by almost numberless mushroom trash preparations that will ruin the hair if used to any extent. Can more than these facts be wanted—refer to the recommendations by a list of names of respectability unequalled by any other article. Look at these things—buy this article. Stay and preserve your hair by its use, or if bald restore it. Ladies attend to this—hundreds in fashionable life are using it, the only article really fit for the toilet. Long hair is very apt to fall out. Ladies, use the Balm of Columbia in time to save yourselves the disgrace of baldness by neglect of your persons.

It is your duty, as moralists, to preserve the beauties of nature, with which a bountiful Creator has endowed you—use the Balm, for it will do.

For sale in Greensboro’ by J. & R. Sloan, in Raleigh by Dr. N. L. Stith, in Hillsboro’ by D. Heartt, in Oxford by Geo. F. Taylor, in Lexington by J. P. Mabry, in Salem and Salisbury by Comstock & Co’s Agents: the above are the only Agents.

CURE OF CONSUMPTION—Mrs. Martin, a worthy member of my Congregation, was taken ill some time since with a cold, pain in the breast, and difficulty of breathing, and in a few days she had a violent cough and pain in the side, which no medicine would relieve. She continued in this way for a long time under the medical care of Dr. Rea, but, finally became consumptive, and was evidently near the end of her earthly sufferings, when her brother persuaded her to try Dr. Taylor’s Balsam of Liverwort, from 375 Bowery. When she commenced this medicine it did not seem to agree with her for a few days, but by lessening the dose, she found it answered admirably. It relieved her cough and her difficulty of breathing instanter and we had the pleasure of witnessing her rapid recovery to health.

REV. W.M. SMYTHE.

For sale in Greensboro’ by J. & R. Sloan, in Raleigh by Dr. N. L. Stith, in Hillsboro’ by D. Heartt, in Oxford by Geo. F. Taylor, in Lexington by J. P. Mabry, in Salem and Salisbury by Comstock & Co’s Agents: the above are the only Agents.

HAVE YOU A COUGH!—Do not neglect it!—Thousands have met a premature death for the want of a little attention to a common cold.

Have you a Cough!—Rev. Dr. Bartholomew’s Expectorant Syrup, a safe medical prescription, containing no poisonous drugs, and used in an extensive practice for several years, will most positively afford relief, and save you from that awful disease pulmonary consumption, which usually sweeps into the grave hundreds of the young, the old, the fair, the lovely and the gay!

Have you a Cough!—Be persuaded to purchase a bottle of this Expectorant Syrup to day!—To-morrow may be too late.

Have you a Cough!—Bartholomew’s Expectorant Syrup is the only remedy you should take to cure you.

For this plain reason:—That in the thousand cases where it has been used, it has not failed to relieve.

For sale in Greensboro’ by J. & R. Sloan, in Raleigh by Dr. N. L. Stith, in Hillsboro’ by D. Heartt, in Oxford by Geo. F. Taylor, in Lexington by J. P. Mabry, in Salem and Salisbury by Comstock & Co’s Agents: the above are the only Agents.

D. LIN’S GALBANUM MACHINE SPREAD STRENGTHENING PLASTERS. These Plasters, greatly improved, and having the preference of all others, are warmly recommended by all doctors as invaluable for all invalids having pains in the Breast, Back, or Side. WEAKNESS and LAMENESS are relieved at once by their use, and the parts restored to strength and a natural warmth and health. Any person wearing one of these Plasters will be astonished and delighted at the comfort it affords. Those threatened with LUNG COMPLAINTS should never trust themselves a day without wearing a Plaster. It removes the irritation of incipient Consumption from the lungs to the surface of the body, and draws off the internal affection. So in LIVE COMPLAINTS, and COUGHS, and COLDS, Children with Whooping Cough should always have one, to prevent the cough settling on the lungs. Their excellence will be understood by all on a trial.

DOCTOR O. C. LIN.

For sale in Greensboro’ by J. & R. Sloan, in Raleigh by Dr. N. L. Stith, in Hillsboro’ by D. Heartt, in Oxford by Geo. F. Taylor, in Lexington by J. P. Mabry, in Salem and Salisbury by Comstock & Co’s Agents: the above are the only Agents.

HORSES that have Ring-Bone, Spavin, Wind-Galls, and so forth, are cured by ROOF’S SPECIFIC and Founder’d horses entirely cured by Root’s Founder Ointment. Mark this, all horsemen.

For sale in Greenborough by J. & R. Sloan, in Raleigh by Dr. N. L. Stith, in Hillsborough by D. Heartt, in Oxford by George F. Taylor, in Lexington by J. P. Mabry, in Salem and Salisbury by Comstock & Co’s Agents: the above are the only Agents.

D. R. BARTHOLEMEW’S EXPECTORANT will prevent or cure all incipient consumption, COUGHS and COLDS, taken in time, and is a delightful remedy.—Remember the name, and get Comstock’s.

For sale in Greenborough by J. & R. Sloan, in Raleigh by Dr. N. L. Stith, in Hillsborough by D. Heartt, in Oxford by George F. Taylor, in Lexington by J. P. Mabry, in Salem and Salisbury by Comstock & Co’s Agents: the above are the only Agents.

D. R. LIN’S CELESTIAL BALM OF CHINA.—A positive cure for the piles, and all external ailments—all internal irritations brought to the surface by friction with this Balm;—so in coughs, swelled or sore throat, tightness of the chest, this Balm applied on a flannel will relieve and cure at once. Fresh wounds or old sores are rapidly cured by it.

For sale in Greenborough by J. & R. Sloan, in Raleigh by Dr. N. L. Stith, in Hillsborough by D. Heartt, in Oxford by Geo. F. Taylor, in Lexington by J. P. Mabry, in Salem and Salisbury by Comstock & Co’s Agents: the above are the only Agents.

BALDNESS.—Balm of Columbia, for the Hair, which will stop it if falling out, or restore it on bald places; and on children, make it grow rapidly, or on those who have lost the hair from any cause.

ALL VERMIN that infest the heads of children in schools, are prevented or killed by it at once. Find the name of COMSTOCK & CO on it, or never try it. Remember this always. For sale in Greenborough by J. & R. Sloan, in Raleigh by Dr. N. L. Stith, in Hillsborough by Dennis Heartt, in Oxford by Geo. F. Taylor, in Lexington by J. P. Mabry, in Salem and Salisbury by Comstock & Co’s Agents: the above are the only Agents.

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GUNS.—A small lot of RIFLE GUNS for sale by Dec. 10. RANKIN & MCLEAN.

TO ALL THE WORLD who use Leather in any form, OIL OF TANNIN, or Leather Restorer

A new chemical discovery. Most people know that skins and hides are converted into leather by the use of Tannin extracted from certain barks, and so forth.

When the force and strength of the Tannin is worn out, leather becomes dead, hard, dry, brittle, cracked, covered with a crust, and forth. This all know. To restore them life, softness, moistness, strength, smoothness, and remove all crust, fly, or blister—restore the tannin. This substance the leather never can receive the second time; but the whole virtues of it are in this article, the Oil of Tannin—which penetrates the stiffest and hardest leather, if it has been twenty years in use; and if it tears easily with the fingers, it imparts at becomes at once like new leather, in all respects, with a delightful softness and polish, and makes all leather completely and perfectly impervious to water—and particularly Boots, shoes, carriage tops, hose, trunks, harness and in fact all things made of leather, giving a splendid polish, even higher than new leather has, and at least doubling its wear and durability, in whatever manner the leather is used. These are facts.

To convince of their truth, any man trying the article and not finding it so, shall have his money again. Remember this is serious and true.

Those who will wear old shoes, groan with corns, ride with old carriage tops, have old harnesses, and throw them away half used, look fitly themselves and all about them, expend double what is necessary for articles of leather to their heart’s content, for what we care, their prejudices are so strong they will not try a new discovery. We have no favors to ask of them, they are the greatest sufferers, and we beg for nobody’s custom or patronage. Now, gentlemen, please yourselves.

None genuine unless with the fac-simile of Comstock & Co. For sale in Greenboro’ by J. & R. Sloan, in Raleigh by Dr. N. L. Stith, in Hillsboro’ by D. Heartt, in Oxford by Geo. F. Taylor, in Lexington by John P. Mabry, in Salem and Salisbury by Comstock & Co’s Agents: the above are the only Agents.

ATTRACTION OF MATTER TO MATTER.

This principle governs the human body. Brandreth’s Vegetable Universal Pills attract all impurities of the blood to the bowels, which organ expels them from the body. Attraction and disease are both units. All accidents or infections only affect the body in proportion as they occasion impurity of the blood.

The bowels for instance are costive—this most important organ is closed—the consequence is a great accumulation of impurities, which, as they cannot get out by their usual passage, are forced into the blood, occasioning impurity of blood. Thus, Fevers, Choleras, Rheumatism, Coughs, and Colds are often produced.

Butlet Brandreth’s Pills will be used in such doses as will effectually evacuate the bowels, and health is restored at once.

Hot weather, by occasioning debility produces impurity of blood; from which arises Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, cramps in the bowels, feebleness, pain in the back and hip-joints, headache, &c., &c. These unpleasant companions are speedily removed by a few doses of Brandreth’s Pills, which soon restore health by purifying the blood.

Grief, great anxieties of mind much watching, fear, bad food, intemperance, residence near marshy land, tend in a very powerful degree to promote impurity to the blood, which soon shows itself in Erysipela, consumption, epileptic fits, apoplexy, scurvy, fever, and ague, derangement of the stomach and bowels, and which symptoms will soon be removed by purifying the blood with the Brandreth’s Pills.

Small-pox, scarlet fever, putrid fevers, even spotted fever, and fevers of all kinds are propagated only by those whose blood is in a state of impurity; these maladies are mild or virulent according as the blood be charged with impurities previous to the infection being received, and never attack those whose blood is in a state of purity. The Brandreth Pills, by purifying the blood, soon cure these maladies: in fact the Pills go at once to collect all the causes of these complaints, which are brought by their health restoring powers to the bowels, and so removed out of the body, leaving the blood pure and healthy.

Fracture, bruises, &c., &c., produce impurity of the blood by occasioning a derangement of the general health. If Brandreth Pills are not used so as to prevent an accumulation of humors in the bowels, these humors pass into the blood, and soon find their way to the weak part, i.e. the local injury, and are likely soon to produce inflammation, often mortification of the part. Whereas, were the Brandreth Pills used daily after any injury had been done to the body, nothing would go to the injured part but what was necessary for its perfect restoration. Often when a bone has been broken and this advice has been followed, it has got well in a quarter the usual time. It would well for those exposed to dangers to consider this subject, its adoption might save their bodies from mutations, might save their lives.

Ulcers are produced by impurity of the blood; and where it breaks out had in days gone by been injured and therefore its powers of life could not repel the impurity of the blood when it settled upon it. Soon the acidity or secretory excretaries the fibres and opens the ulcers.—Here we have a drain or outlet opened for the bad humors, for the impurity of the blood to pass out of the body. Salves and all kinds of applications are applied to it, but it don’t get well. But let Brandreth’s Pills be used, say four or six of them to be taken daily, the Pills will open another drain, i.e. the bowels; the bad humors contained in the blood will thus be discharged from the body by their natural outlet, and none will be left to keep up the irritation and burning in the ulcer, and it will get well.

In like manner are white swellings, an unnatural enlargement, liver complaints, gravel, salt rheum, disease of the prostate gland, cured by abstracting, with the Brandreth Pills the impurities from the blood. All persons who do not feel well should use these Pills. No man was ever sick long whose blood was kept pure. No man can be in good health if his blood be impure.

Attack then the impurities of your blood to your bowels with Brandreth’s Pills, and you will be as strong and healthy as the life within you is capable of sustaining.

Agents are appointed in every county in the state, & the sale of Dr. Brandreth’s Pills. Each agent has an engraved certificate of agency, signed B. Brandreth, M.D.

The following persons are agents for the above medical practice: J. & R. Sloan, Greenboro’ J. B. McDade, Chapel Hill, Young & Bailey, Mocksville, John Hussey, Davidson Co. J. M. A. Drake, Ashboro’, Wm H. Brittain, Summerfield, J. H. Sischoff, Midway, E. & W. Smith, Alamance, Wood & Neal, Madison, Jones W. Burton & Co, Leakesville, J. Johnson, Wentworth, J. R. Gibson, Germanton, E. Shober, Salem.

PHENOMENON IN CHEMISTRY.—East India Hair Dye—Colors the Hair, and will not the skin!!

—This dye is in form of a powder which in plain matter of fact may be applied to the hair over night, the first night turning the lightest red or gray hair to a dark brown, and by repeating a second or third night, to a bright jet black.—Any person may therefore, with the least possible trouble, keep his hair any dark shade or a perfect black; with a positive assurance that the powder, if applied to the skin, will not color it. There is no trouble in removing it from the hair, as in all powers before made.

For sale in Greenborough by J. & R. Sloan, in Raleigh by Dr. N. L. Stith, in Hillsborough by D. Heartt, in Oxford by Geo. F. Taylor, in Lexington by J. P. Mabry, in Salem and Salisbury by Comstock & Co’s Agents: the above are the only Agents.

C. CONSUMPTION.—The following remarks were taken from the last number of the Medical Magazine.

“The