

# The Greensborough Patriot.

VOLUME VI.

GREENSBOROUGH, NORTH-CAROLINA, OCTOBER 12, 1841.

NUMBER 28.

## Published Weekly BY SWAIN & SHERWOOD.

PRICE, THREE DOLLARS A YEAR,  
OR \$2.50, IF PAID WITHIN ONE MONTH AFTER THE DATE  
OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Failure on the part of any customer to order a discontinuance within the subscription year, will be considered indicative of his wish to continue the paper.

ADVERTISEMENTS.  
Inserted at the rate of one dollar per square, (fifteen lines) for the first week, and twenty-five cents for every continuance. A liberal deduction allowed in favor of those who advertise by the quarter or for a longer period.

### THINGS THAT CHANGE.

Knowest thou that seas are sweeping  
Where cities once have been?  
When the calm wave is sleeping,  
Their towers may yet be seen;  
Far down below the glassy tide  
Man's dwelling where his voice hath died.

Knowest thou that flocks are feeding  
Above the tombs of old,  
Which kings, their armies leading,  
Have lingered to behold?  
A short, smooth greenward o'er them spread,  
Is all that marks where heroes bled.

Knowest thou that now the token  
Of temples once renowned,  
Is but a pillar, broken,  
With grass and wall-flowers crowned?  
And the lone serpent rears her young  
Where the triumphant lyre has sung!

Well, well, I know the story  
Of ages passed away,  
And the mournful wrecks that glory  
Has left to dull decay.  
But thou hast yet a tale to learn  
More full of warnings sad and stern.

Thy pensive eye but ranges  
O'er ruined fane and hall,  
Oh! the deep soul has changes  
More sorrowful than all.  
Talk not, while these before thee throng,  
Of silence in the place of song.

See scorn—where love has perished;  
Distrust—where friendship grew;  
Pride—where once nature cherished  
All tender thoughts and true!  
And shadows of oblivion thrown  
O'er every trace of idols gone.

Weep not for tombs far scattered,  
For temples prostrate laid—  
In time own heart lies shattered  
The altar it had made.  
Go, sound its depths in doubt and fear!  
Heap up no more its treasures here.

### ADVICE

OF PATRICK HENRY TO HIS ONLY DAUGHTER.

*My Dear Daughter*—You have just entered into that state which is replete with happiness or misery. The issue depends upon that prudent, amiable, uniform conduct, which wisdom and virtue so strongly recommend, on the one hand, or on that imprudence which a want of reflection or passion may prompt on the other.

You are allied to a man of honor, of talents, and of an open, generous disposition. You have, therefore, in your power, all the essential ingredients of domestic happiness; it cannot be marred, if you now reflect upon that system of conduct which you ought invariably to pursue—if you now see clearly the path from which you will recollect never to deviate. Our conduct is often the result of whim or caprice; or seen such as will give us many a pang; unless we see beforehand what is always most praiseworthy, and the most essential to happiness.

The first maxim you should follow is, never to attempt to control your husband by opposition, by displeasure or any other mark of anger. A man of sense, of prudence, of warm feelings, cannot, and will not bear an opposition of any kind, which is attended with an angry look or expression. The current of his affections is suddenly stopped; his attachment is weakened; he begins to feel a mortification the most pungent; he is belittled even in his own eyes; and be assured, the wife who once excites those feelings in the breast of her husband, will never regain the high ground which she might and ought to have retained. When he marries her, if he be a good man, he expects to find her one who is not to control him; not to take from him the freedom of acting as his own judgment shall direct, but one who will place such confidence in him, as to believe that his prudence is his best guide. Little things, what in reality are mere trifles in themselves, often produce bickerings, and even quarrels. Never permit them to be a subject of dispute. Yield them with pleasure, with a smile of affection. Be assured that one difference outweighs them all a thousand or ten thousand times. A difference with your husband ought to be considered as the greatest calamity; as one that is to be studiously guarded against; it is a demon which must never be permitted to enter a habitation where all should be peace, unimpairing confidence, and heartfelt affection. Besides, what can a woman gain by opposition, or indifference? Nothing. But she loses every thing; she loses her husband's respect for her virtues; she loses his love, and with that, all prospect of future happiness. She creates her own misery, and then utters idle and silly complaints, but utters them in vain. The love of a husband can be retained only by the high opinions which he entertains of his wife's goodness of heart, of her amiable disposition, of her sweetness, of her prudence, of her devotion to him. Let nothing, upon any occasion,

ever lessen that opinion. On the contrary, it should augment every day; he should have much more reason to admire her for those excellent qualities which will cast a lustre over virtuous woman when her personal attractions are no more.

Has your husband stayed out longer than you expected? When he returns, receive him as the partner of your heart. Has he disappointed you in something you expected, whether of ornament or of furniture, or any convenience? Never evince discontent; receive his apology with cheerfulness. Does he, when you are house-keeper, invite company without informing you of it, or bring home with him a friend? Whatever may be your repast, however scanty it may be, or how impracticable it may be to add to it, receive them with a pleasing countenance, adorn your table with cheerfulness, give to your husband and your company a hearty welcome; it will evince love for your husband, good sense in yourself and that politeness of manners which acts as the most powerful charm. It will give to the plainest fare a zest superior to all that luxury can boast. Never be discontented on any occasion of this nature.

In the next place, as your husband's success in his profession will depend upon his popularity, and as the manners of a wife have no little influence in extending or lessening the respect and esteem of others for her husband, you should take care to be affable and polite to the poorest as well as the richest. A reserved haughtiness is a sure indication of a weak mind and an unfeeling heart.

With respect to your servants, teach them to respect and love you, while you expect from them a reasonable discharge of their respective duties. Never tense yourself or them, by scolding, it has no other effect than to render them discontented and impertinent. Admonish them with a calm firmness.

Cultivate your mind by the perusal of those books which interest while they amuse. Do not devote much of your time to novels; there are a few which may be useful and improving in giving a higher tone to our moral sensibility, but they tend to vitiate the taste, and to produce a disrelish for substantial intellectual food. Most plays have the same cast: they are not friendly to the delicacy which is one of the ornaments of the female character. History, geography, poetry, moral essays, biography, travels, sermons, and other well written religious productions, will not fail to engage your understanding, to render you a more agreeable companion, and to exalt your virtues. A woman devoid of rational ideas of religion, has no security for her virtue; it is sacrificed to her passions, whose voice, not that of God, is her only governing principle. Besides, in those hours of calamity to which families must be exposed, where will she find support, if it be not in her just reflections upon that all ruling Providence which governs the universe, whether animate or inanimate.

Mutual politeness between the most intimate friends is essential to that harmony which should never be once broken or interrupted. How important is it then between man and wife! The more warm attachment, the less will either party bear to be slighted, or treated with the smallest degree of rudeness or inattention. This politeness, then, if it be not itself a virtue, is at least the means of preventing discontent, and even quarrels; it is the oil of intercourse, it removes asperities, and gives to every thing a smooth, and even a pleasing movement.

I will only add, that matrimonial happiness does not depend upon wealth; no, it is not to be found in wealth; but in minds properly tempered and suited to our respective situations. Competency is necessary; all beyond that point, ideal. Do not suppose, however, that I would not advise your husband to augment his property by all honest and commendable means; I would wish to see him actively engaged in such pursuit, because engagement, a sedulous enjoyment in obtaining some laudable end, is essential to happiness. In the attainment of a fortune, by honorable means, a man derives satisfaction in self-applause, as well as from the increasing estimation in which he is held by those around him.

In the management of your domestic concerns let prudence and wise economy prevail. Let neatness, order, and judgment be seen in all your different departments. Unite liberality with a just frugality, always reserve something for the hand of charity, and never let your door be closed to the voice of suffering humanity. Your servants, in particular, will have the strongest claim upon your charity; let them be well clothed, nursed in sickness, and never let them be unjustly treated.

### SPANISH PROVERBS.

He who still works, may, if he please,  
Be always thinking of his ease.

He who is foolish when he wives,  
Is like to die before he thrives.

Did every fool a white cap wear,  
Men would a flock of geese appear.

Wine is a turn-coat, first a friend,  
But e'er a traitor in the end.

Who seeks revenge for every wrong,  
May live in honor—but not long.

That pleasure shun, which may to-morrow,  
Perchance, become the cause of sorrow.

### Col. Dick Jones's Fight.

[The inimitable story which follows was written for the "Spirit the Times," by the author of "The Quarter Race in Kentucky."]

Col. Dick Jones was decidedly the great man of the little village of Summerville. He was Colonel of the Regiment—he had represented his district in Congress—he had been spoken of as a candidate for Governor—he was at the head of the Bar in Hawkins County, Kentucky, and figured otherwise largely in public life. His legal opinion and advice were highly valued by the senior part of the population, his dress and taste was law to the juniors—his easy, affable, and attentive manner charmed all the matrons—his dignified politeness captivated the young ladies—and his suavity and condescension delighted the little boarding-school misses—he possessed a universal smattering of information—his manners were the most popular; extremely friendly and obliging, lively and witty; and, in short, he was a very agreeable companion.

Yet truth requires it to be admitted that Col. Dick Jones was professionally more specious than deep, and that his political advancement was owing to personal partiality more than superior merit—that his taste and dress were of questionable propriety; for instance, he occasionally wore a hunting shirt white fringed, or a red waistcoat, or a fawn-skin one, or a calico morning-gown of a small yellow pattern, and he indulged in other similar vagaries in clothing. And in manners and deportment, there was an air of harmless (true Virginian bred and Kentucky raised) self-conceit and swagger, which though not to be admired, yet it gave piquancy and individuality to his character.

If further particulars are required, I can only state that the Col. boarded at the Eagle Hotel; his office, in the square, fronted the Court-house; he was a manager of all the Balls—he was Vice President of the Summerville Jockey Club—he was trustee of the Female Academy—he gallanted the old ladies to church, holding his umbrella over them in the sun, and escorted the young ladies, at night, to the dances or parties, always bringing out the smallest ones. He rode a high headed, proud-looking sorrel horse, with a streak down his face; and he was a general referee and umpire, whether it was a horse swap, a race, a rifle match, or a cock fight.

It so chanced, on a time, though Col. Jones was one of the best natured of men, that he took umbrage at some report circulated about him in an adjoining county and one of his district, to the effect that he had been a federalist during the last war; and, instead of relying on the fact of his being a school-boy on Mill Creek, at that time, he proclaimed, at the tavern table, that the next time he went over the mountain to Court, Bill Patterson, the reputed author of the slander, should either sign a *libell*, fight, or run.

This became narrated through the town,—the case and argument of the difference was discussed among the patriarchs of the place, who generally came to the conclusion that the Colonel had good cause of quarrel, as more had been said of him than an honorable man could stand. The young store boys of the village became greatly interested, conjectured how the fight would go, and gave their opinions what they would do under similar circumstances. The young lawyers, & young M.D.'s, as often as they were in the Col.'s company, introduced the subject of the expected fight. On such occasions, the Col. spoke carelessly. Some good old ladies spoke deprecatingly, in the general and in the particular, that so good and clever a young man as Colonel Dick should set so bad an example; and the young ladies, and little misses, bless their little innocent souls, they only consulted their own kind hearts, and were satisfied that he must be a wicked and bad man that Colonel Jones would fight.

Spring term of the Courts came on, and the lawyers all started on their circuit, and with them Colonel Jones went over the mountain. The whole town was alive to the consequences of this trip, and, without much commotion or understanding on the subject, most of the population either gathered at the tavern at his departure, or noticed it from a distance, and he rode off, gaily saluting his acquaintances, and raising his hat to the ladies, on both sides of the street, as he passed out of town.

From that time, only one subject engaged the thoughts of the good people of Summerville, and on the third day the common salutation was, "Any news from over the mountain?" "Has any one come down the road?" The fourth, fifth, and sixth came, and still the anxiety was unappeased; it had, with the delay, become insufferable, quite agonizing; business and occupation was at a stand still; a doctor or a constable would not ride to the country lest news of the fight might arrive in their absence. People in crossing the square or entering or coming out of their houses, all had their heads turned up that end of the road. And many, though ashamed to confess it, sat up an hour or two past their usual bed time, hoping some one would return from Court. Still all was doubt and uncertainty. There is an unaccountable perversity in these things that bothers conjecture. I watched the road from Louisville two days, to hear of Grey Eagle beating Wagner, on which I had \$100 staked, of borrowed money, and no one came, though before that some person passed every hour.

On the seventh morning the uneasy public

were consoled by the certainty that the lawyers must be home that day, as Court seldom held a week, and the universal resolve seemed to be, that nothing was to be attended to until they were satisfied about the fight. Storekeepers and their clerks, saddlers, hatters, cabinet-makers, and their apprentices, all stood out at the doors. The hammer ceased to ring on the anvil, and the bar-keeper would scarcely walk in to put away the stranger's saddle-bags, who had called for breakfast; when suddenly a young man, that had been walking from one side of the street to the other, in a state of feverish anxiety, thought he saw dust away up the road, and stopped. I have been told a man won a wager in Philadelphia, on his collecting a crowd by staring, without speaking, at an opposite chimney. So no sooner was this young man's point noticed than there was a general reconnaissance of the road made, and before long doubt became certainty, when one of the company declared he knew the Colonel's old sorrel riding-horse, "General Jackson," by the blaze on his face.

In the excited state of the public mind it required no ringing of the Court-house bell to convene the people; those down street walked up, and those across the square came over, and all gathered gradually at the Eagle Hotel and nearly all were present by the time Col. Jones alighted. He had a pair of dark green specks on right hand in a sling, with brown paper bound round his wrist, his left hand held the bridle, and forefinger of it wrapped with a linen rag "with care." One of his ears was covered with a muslin scrap, that looked much like the countrywomen's plan of covering their butter when coming to market; his face was clawed all over, as if he had had it raked by a cat held fast by the tail; his beard was unshorn, it being "too delicate an affair," as said about his wife's character. His complexion suggested an idea to a philosophical young man present, on which he wrote a treatise, dedicated to Arthur Tappan, proving that the negro was only a white well pummeled; and his general swelled appearance would induce a belief he had led the forlorn hope in the storming of a bee hive.

The Colonel's manner did not exactly proclaim "the conquering hero," but his affability was undiminished, and he addressed them with "Happy to see you, gents; how are you all?" and then attempted to enter the tavern; but Dick Daily arrested him with, "Why, Colonel! I see you have had a skrimage. How did you make it? You didn't come out at the little end of the horn, did you?" "No, not exactly, I had a tight fight of it though. You know Bill Patterson, he weighs 175 lbs. has not an ounce of superfluous flesh, is as straight as an Indian, and as active as a wild cat, and as quick as powder, and very much of a man I assure you. Well my word was out to kick him; so I hardly put up my horse before I found him at the Court-house door, and to give him a white man's chance I proposed alternatives to him. He said his daddy, long ago, told him never to give a *lie bill*, and he was not good at running, so thought he had best fight. By the time the word was fairly out, I hauled off, and took him a lick in the burr of the ear that raised a singing in his head, that made him think he was in Musqueto town. At it we went like killing snakes, so good a man so good a boy; we had it round and round, about and about, as dead a yoke as ever pulled at a log chain. Judge Mitchell was on the Bench, and as soon as the cry of "fight" was raised the Bar and Jury ran off and left him. He shouted "I command the peace," within the Court house, and then ran out to see the fight and cried out, "I can't prevent you! fair fight! stand back!" and he caught Parson Benefield by the collar of the coat, who he thought was about to interfere, and slung him on his back at least fifteen feet.

"It was the evenest and longest fight ever fought; every body was tired of it, and I must admit, in truth, that I was" (here he made an effort to enter the tavern.) But several voices, called out "Which whipped? How did you come out?"

"Why, much as I tell you, we had it round and round, about and about, over and under. I could throw him at rattle, but he would manage some way to turn me. Old Sparrowhawk was there, who had seen all the best fighting at Natchez under the hill, in the days of Dan Girty and Jim Snodgrass, and he says my gouging was beautiful; one of Bill's eyes is like the mouth of an old ink bottle, only, as the fellow said, describing the jackass by the mule, it is more so. But, in fact, there was no great choice between us, as you see. I look like having ran into a brush-fence of a dark night. So we made it round and round, and about" (here again he attempted a retreat into the tavern.) But many voices demanded, "Who hollered?" "Which gave up?" "How did you hurt your hand?" "Oh! I forgot to tell you that as I aimed a sock-dollager at him he ducked his head, and he can dodge like a diadapper; and hitting him awkwardly, I sprained my wrist, so, being like the fellow who when it rained mud had no spoon I changed the suit and made a tramp—and went in for eating. In the scuffle, we fell, cross and pile, and, while he was chewing my finger, my head was between his legs; his wooden jeans britches did not taste well but I found a bare place where they had worn out, and meat in abundance; so I laid hold of a good mouthful but the bit came out, and finding his appetite still good for my finger, I adopted Doctor Brown's, the toothsmith's patent method of removing teeth without the aid of instruments, and I extracted two of his incisors, and then I could put my finger in or out at pleasure.

However, I shall, for some time, have an excuse for wearing gloves without being thought proud." (He now tried to escape under cover of a laugh.) But vox populi again. "So you turned him did you?" "How did the fight finish?" "You were not parted!" "You fought it out, did you?" The Colonel resumed, "Why there is no telling how the fight might have gone; an old Virginian, who had seen Francisco, and Oney, and all the best men of the day said he had never seen any one stand up to their fodder better than we did. We had fought round and round, and about and about all over the Court-yard, and, at last, just to end the fight, every body was getting tired of it; so, at last, I hollered."—(Exit Colonel.)

### PARTING OF THE WIDOW'S SON.

BY MRS. SCHUMAKER.

You slender boy his bark hath launched  
On life's deceitful tide,  
His baby years of childhood o'er,  
He goes without a guide  
And the stir and strife of men  
His devious course to run,  
The tempter and the snare to him—  
God bless the widow's son.

He turneth from the pleasant door,  
And from the garden fair,  
Where with his little spade he wrought  
Beneath a mother's care—  
He bears his head like manhood high,  
Yet tears their course will run,  
When on his stranger-led he rests—  
God bless the widow's son.

Ye say he goeth forth alone  
To dare the eventful field—  
No, no! a spell is round him thrown,  
More firm than diamond shield—  
A mother's mother's fervent prayer!  
So, till his life is done,  
Till time, and toil, and change are o'er  
God bless the widow's son.

### Betrayal of Confidence.

"That which concerns another keep to thyself, and keep the key of thyself strictly."—Anonymous.

It is truly said in the Boston Transcript, that if there is one thing more than another in life calculated to disturb the kindly relations of man to man, or to violate forever those social affinities of life which make existence a pleasure, and friendly intercourse a pure, high and ennobling recreation—it is the betrayal of confidence for the paltry sake of "having something to talk about," or from a propensity for mischief which seems to exist in some minds, instigated apparently by an evil spirit which stalks stealthily throughout the world. It is difficult generally to account for the notice which prompts the idle repetition of another's conversation with a differently implied meaning from what was originally intended—or that dictates the betrayal of a secret thought expressed in confidence, and never meant to be warped by its passage to the bosom of another. The poet hath said that "all friendly trust is folly," and so indeed it seems when the confidential words of another are made to echo through the city, and suffered to feed lame scandal or to help that about which by wilful perversion, or through unlawful prevarication becomes as it were a falsehood or a calumny. There is much good sense as well as delicacy of feeling observable in the remark of another, that "the morality of confidence in the intercourse of life cannot be too carefully studied and practised. It concerns all—of either sex and of every position in the world—and perhaps half the heart-burnings that are produced in life are to be traced to some breach of confidence made either wantonly or thoughtlessly." There are two kinds of confidence; that which is plainly expressed and that which is delicately implied. Both should be binding, but the last by the noble mind should be kept as the apple of the eye—as sacredly as if the vow of inviolable faith were registered. A secret told to another is like "stolen bread," and he to whom it is imparted should remember the lines of Watkin.

"Consider all thy actions, and take heed  
On stolen bread, tho' 'tis sweet to feed."

The editor of Lord Bacon's works—Basil Montague—has some admirable remarks on Secrecy, which we take pleasure in transferring to our columns, sure that they will be received for their truth's sake with approbation—if not read with profit:

"For once that Secrecy is formally impressed upon you," says Mr. Montague, "it is implied an hundred times by the concurrent circumstances. All that your friend says to you, as to his friend, is entrusted to you only. Much of what a man tells you in the hours of affliction, in sudden anger, or in sympathy, he has spoken to you as to his own soul.

"To repeat what you have heard in social intercourse, is sometimes a sad treachery; and when it is not treacherous, it is often foolish. For you commonly relate but a part of what happened, and even if you are able to relate that part with fairness it is still as likely to be misconstrued as a word of many meanings, in a foreign tongue, without the context.

"There are few conversations which do not imply some degree of mutual confidence, however slight. And in addition to that which is said in confidence, there is generally something which is peculiar, though not confidential, which is addressed to the present company alone, though not confided to their secrecy. It is meant for them, or persons like them, and they are expected to understand it rightly. So that when a man has no scruple in repeating all that he hears, to any body that he meets, he pays but a poor compliment to himself; for he seems to take it for granted that what was said in his presence, would have been said in the same words, at any time, aloud, and in the market place. In short, that he is the average man of mankind, which I doubt much whether any man would like to consider himself.

"The happy union of frankness and reserve which is to be desired, comes not by studying rules either for candor or for caution. It results chiefly from an uprightness of purpose, enlightened by a profound and delicate care for the feelings of others. This will go very far in teaching us what to confide and what to conceal, in our own affairs; what to repeat and what to suppress in those of other people. The stone, in which nothing is seen, and the polished metal, which reflects all things, are both alike hard and insensible.

"When a matter is made public, to proclaim that it had ever been confided to your secrecy, may be no trifling breach of confidence; and it is the only one which is then left for you to commit.

"With respect to the kind of people to be trusted, it may be observed that grave, proud men are very safe confidants, and that those persons, who have ever had to conduct any business in which secrecy was essential, are likely to acquire a habit of reserve for all occasions.

"On the other hand, it is a question whether a secret will escape sooner by means of a vain man or a simpleton. There are some people who play with a secret, until at last it is suggested by their manner to some shrewd person who knows a little of the circumstances connected with it. There are others whom it is unsafe to trust; not that they are vain, and so wear the secret as an ornament; nor that they are foolish, and so let it drop by accident; nor that they are treacherous, and sell it for their own advantage; but they are simple-minded people, with whom the world has gone smoothly, who would not themselves make any mischief of the secret which they disclose, and therefore do not see what harm can come of telling it."

### The Demagogue.

To court the fondness of the people, is found or supposed to be, easier than to merit their approbation. Meanly ambitious of the public trust, without the virtues to deserve it; intent on personal distinction, and having forgotten the ends for which alone it is worth possessing, the miserable being concentrated all in self, learns to pander to every vulgar prejudice, to advocate every popular error, to chime with every dominant party, to fawn flatter and deceive, and becomes a demagogue. How wretched is that poor being who hangs on the people's favour! All manliness of principle has been lost in this long course of meanness; he dare not use his temporary popularity for any purposes of public good, in which there may be a hazard of forfeiting it; and the very eminence to which he is exalted, renders him more conspicuous his servility and degradation. However clear the convictions of his judgment, however strong the admonitions of his, as yet, not thoroughly stifled conscience, not these, not the law of God nor the rule of right, nor the public good—but the caprice of his constituents, must be his only guide. Having risen by artifice, and conscious of no worth to support him, he is in hourly dread of being supplanted in the favour of the deluded multitude by some more cunning deceiver. And such, sooner or later, is sure to be his fate. At some unlucky moment, when he hears his blushing honors thick upon him, (and well may such honors blush) he is jerked from his elevation by some inglorious demagogue, and falls unheeded, never to rise again. And can this be the lot of him who has been here trained to admire and love high-minded excellence—who has been taught by high classical authority to regard with the same fearless and immovable indifference, the stern countenance of the tyrant and the wicked order of the multitude, and who has learned from a yet higher and holier authority, to hold fast on whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, to abhor that which is evil and cleave to that which is good? Believe me, however, this is no fancy picture. The original may be found in the world every day. Nor will it surprise those who have had occasion to see how vain the heart is swollen, and the giddy head turned, how honesty of purpose and manliness of spirit, are perverted by popular applause. It is but the first step that costs. Once yielded to the suggestion, that a little deceit or prevarication, a slight sacrifice of principle and independence, a compromise of conscience in matters not absolutely fundamental, may be excused, when the immediate gain is obvious, and the end in view important, and the downward path becomes every day more and more smooth, until, in its descent, it reach the very abyss of vulgar, trading, intriguing, electioneering office-hunting politicians. If in this lowest depth, a lower degree can be found none of us, I am sure have the curiosity to explore it.—[Gaston's Chapel Hill Address. 1842.]

"Who are the great? The great are they,  
With hearts from pride and envy free—  
Who ne'er unbend power's sway,  
Or bow to wealth the suppliant knee—  
Who court not the applause of men—  
Are happy in a humble sphere—  
And never with the lip or pen  
Betray the heart or poise the scale."



**WING MEETING IN ROCKINGHAM.**  
According to appointment a large number of whigs met on the 14th inst. at Wentworth to take consideration the best means to promote the issue of the whigs—which is the cause of patriotism—in the present perilous crisis.  
The meeting was organized by calling ROBERT MARTIN, Esq., to the chair, and appointed J. H. MAY, Secretary.  
After the object of the meeting was explained a few pertinent remarks by WM. R. WALKER, Esq., it was, on motion,  
Resolved, That the chairman appoint one hundred whigs as a Vigilance Committee to advance the great cause in this county, of which committee himself was chosen chairman.  
Resolved, That the chairman and secretary be appointed to procure printed tickets for the Presidential election to be distributed among the said vigilance committee for the people of this county, and that said committee be informed of their appointment, and receive from the chairman tickets or distribution.  
Resolved, That a committee of ten be appointed to draft a circular to be distributed by the vigilance committee among the citizens of this county.  
Resolved, That WM. R. WALKER, the able advocate of whig principles be specially appointed to attend the great Convention of the people at the Alliance battle ground on the 9th and 10th inst. in behalf of the whigs of Rockingham. And that every whig in the county be also requested to attend.  
Resolved, That the vigilance committee meet at this place on Tuesday the 20th inst., being in the week of our Superior Court.  
Mr. THOMAS S. GALLOWAY then in a short but excellent address, entertained the meeting in a usually forcible manner; and indignantly spurned the insidious whisper of a few paltry dictators of the democratic party who tried to make little capital by saying he would not vote for Mr. Clay. He said the vote he intended to give he considered more important than any he had ever cast; and it able to be in the polls he should cheerfully and unhesitatingly give that vote to Henry Clay.  
Mr. WM. R. WALKER then rose and delivered one of his most happy speeches. To say it was eloquent and forcible is to say what all who have ever heard him know. He passed an exceedingly handsome eulogy on Mr. Clay. And he proved by the mouths of Democrats, themselves uttering misstatements of James K. Polk—and showed that Mr. Payne of Alabama and the Globe agree, the glorious double-faced, tariff and anti-tariff Dallas Globe itself, did not consider Polk competent to fill even the Vice Presidency a short time ago: Now he is a *marvelous paper man*. Mr. Walker made his own party condemn him and made him appear what he is a mere political thinginess.  
Mr. P. M. HENRY also delivered a chaste and appropriate address, showing the utter inconsistency of the pseudo-democratic party and the jarring and discordant elements of that—we had well said—faction. He instituted a just and striking antithesis—we do not say comparison—of Mr. Clay and Mr. Polk. He said it was preposterous to place, for the first office in the country, the Thumb of Tennessee against the Giant of Kentucky. We think so.  
On motion of Mr. B. W. ALEX. the proceedings were ordered to be published and the time of the meeting tendered to the chairman and secretary. The meeting then adjourned.  
ROBERT MARTIN, CH.  
Jas. H. May, Secretary.

**DISUNION.**  
That the Locofoco party in South Carolina bent upon Disunion, is too plain to be doubted. The Quantulbums, the Rhett's, and the Sumners with their hosts of fellow laborers in the manufacture of speeches, toasts and resolutions, do not hesitate to avow their determination, either to resist the rest of the Union to conform to their will, or to dissolve the Union. This most reasonable demand will doubtless be complied with when the country becomes prepared to abolish its National Congress, and to receive its laws from the Legislature of South Carolina. Until that time the law of Congress is the law of the land, and will be upheld and enforced, at all hazards.  
One of the worst features of the South Carolina movements, is the public and frequent avowal of a willingness to wait until after the Presidential election before they dissolve the Union; their action at this time should injure the prospects of their friend Jas. K. Polk. They profess to have any confidence in his success; are willing to give him a fair chance.  
"We are willing not to press the question" (says the Charleston Mercury), "and we refrain more willingly inasmuch as we are assured as soon as certain party objections are out of the way, all our friends of the State Rights party themselves pledged to State resistance if the Union still exists, and inasmuch as within a few months no legitimate party objections will any longer exist."  
"In the actual condition of parties," (says Sumner), "I think it our best policy to defer, for the present moment, a call of the people in Convention; but in assenting to this delay, I entertain no doubt, of the right and duty of the State, to the system of protective duties, and I earnestly call the attention of the people to this subject."  
The people will thus see what an ingrate game South Carolina Locofocoism is playing; decided step taken now to dissolve the Union would of course injure Polk's prospects, and is postponed for the present. The mask thrown off as soon as the election is over, we shall see Locofocoism, in more States than Carolina, arrayed against the existence glorious Union.—*Fayetteville Observer*.

**IMPORTANCE OF A SINGLE VOTE.**—The Anti Slaves publishes the following remarkable statement of the importance of a single vote.  
In 1830, Dan Stone, of this city, was a candidate for the State Legislature. Walking up Market on the morning of the election, he overtook acquaintance going to the polls, who invited vote the opposite ticket. Stone solicited to vote "We are old friends," said he, "and I know will show a friend that mark of kindness." The reply was then comparatively quiet.  
He replied, "Well Dan, you are a pretty fellow, I don't care if I do." That vote Stone, and gave a majority of one in the town, which made Thomas Ewing U. S. Mr. Ewing's vote on the question of the appointment of Martin Van Buren as Vice President to give the casting vote, and a recalled Van Buren home. That made Van Buren first Vice President, a President, and determined the general policy of the country for four years.  
One vote annihilated all this

THE CAROLINA PLAN OF RESISTANCE  
DEVELOPED BY MR. RHETT.

While Polkery in Virginia, for time-serving purposes, is affecting to ridicule the Revolutionary government in South Carolina, and pretending even to deny that such a movement is on foot, apprehensive that it may affect the interests of Polk, Dallas and Texas—and whilst the organ of Polkery, the Richmond Enquirer, the principal agent in loading on the People of South Carolina to the innumerable excesses into which they are about to rush—hypocritically cries "Peace Peace," and studiously suppresses and garbles the evidence of their Disunion purposes and intentions—that Revolutionary movement is steadily advancing even with the encouragement which Mr. Calhoun and others have thrown upon it, under their alarm for its effect upon the Presidential prospects of Polk and Dallas. We have already said that the crisis would be postponed until after Mr. Clay's election when we may look to see Disunion come to head and Treason stalk abroad.

At a dinner given to Mr. Rhett, at Barnwell Ct. House, on the 7th Sept., that agitator entered into a more precise development of his views and plans of Resistance, and we quote the synopsis of the Charleston Mercury, conducted by his brother-in-law:

"BARNWELL C. H., Sept. 9, 1844.

"The meeting was organized by appointing Mr. John Angus, Patterson, President of the day.—In motion, a committee of three was appointed to conduct Mr. Rhett and the invited guest to the stand. Mr. Rhett was received by the meeting at half past 11 o'clock, and commenced his speech. The following is an abstract: He gave a statement of the rise and progress of abolition—reviewed the bearing of the movement in the Methodist Church on this question—noticed the effort now making by this party in the Baptist Church, and the tendency to carry the question into every church.—He then adverted to the proceedings in Congress on this subject—showed the policy of England, and drew attention to State action on the subject of fugitive slaves—took up the subject of Texas—gave a history of how it was lost to the Union, and adverted to the efforts of the government to get it back—showed the influence which the question had exercised over the Democratic Convention, which resulted in the defeat of Mr. Van Buren.—He next took up the right of taxation, gave the Colonial history of this subject and its application to us—then explained the operation of the tariff on the people, showed its oppression and illustrated the fact by examples—next adverted to the progress of the Government to consolidation, and gave the proofs—the determination on the part of the majority to keep up the system of protection and the means which would be used for so doing. He then went to the remedy—alluded to the different modes of relief.

1st. He had no hope in the Democratic party because the action of the party on the subject of the tariff, in the election of Speaker, in the appointment of Committees, and in all the tests submitted to them, had been deceptive—said the State was only pledged to vote for Messrs. Polk and Dallas and no further.

2d. Had no faith in a Convention of the whole South and nothing to be hoped from it; expeditious can't be had, and if convened, will break up in row. One state must make the issue, South Carolina must be that state, or it will not be done at all.—if South Carolina moves, then, perhaps, Southern Convention may be assembled for good.

3d. Had no faith in the scheme to tax Northern goods—not practicable and would accumulate burdens on the people of the state.

4th. He said South Carolina had taken its course, she must resist and meet her oppressor or submit. He went for resistance by the call of a State Convention—no reason for postponement—unpolitic not to get ready—necessary to take pledges from our Representatives. If we vote for the Democracy to gain the ascendancy in the House and Senate, there was no chance for redress. He showed at length the attachment of South Carolina to the Union, proved it by sacrifices which she had made to maintain it, expressed his deep attachment, and that of the State, to the Union which our fathers gave us, and of the Union of the Constitution. He desired to perpetuate the Union, and the best means for doing this, was for the State to act at once, restore the Constitution upon which it rightfully rests, throw the people in Convention, and support the decision of the Convention. He concluded by expressing his opinion that the state is completely paralysed, and his belief that prudence and policy would dictate us to move, and that speedily—believed it would be better for us and better the Union to redress our wrongs now.

Rhett concluded at 8 o'clock, P. M., having been for two hours and a half. This was a faint speech, eloquently delivered, attentively listened to, and well received. The earnest, unassuming manner of the orator, convinced all that the loftiest feeling of patriotism and state pride urged him to declare a course which he believed calculated to advance state honor and to secure blessings of liberty to those who had called him to their service."

Other speakers followed Mr. Rhett, Mr. C. Mr. Hutson, E. Bellinger, Jr., Col. Trotter, Col. McCord, all agreeing in the tale of woe and oppression from the tariff, and the need of redeeming the pledge of resistance, but partial differences of opinion as to the time mode. Not to impair the prospects of Polk Dallas and to embarrass their Democratic brethren by acting now, was a sentiment advanced in the discussion by these adherents of Polk's foes to the Union!!!

Disunionism in the South—Mormonism in the West—Borrism in the North—Wrightism in the North! When did a more hateful and baneful *fingi* originate the elders-loving and law-abiding *fingi* "Never! None of these abominations have sprung from the loins of that great, sound, rational and conservative party. They are no root there.

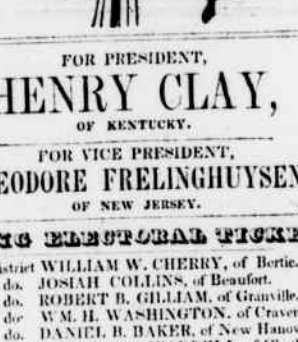
WHY DID THE "DEMOCRATS" REFUSE TO PASS MCKAY'S TARIFF WHEN THEY HAD A MAJORITY MORE THAN FIFTY IN THE HOUSE REPRESENTATIVES?

By this refusal they adopted and confirmed the Tariff of 1842; therefore no "Democrat" right to find fault with that as a "Whig Tariff." *Wilmington Chronicle.*

Whilst going out of the Capitol at Washington, Mr. Wise caught Mr. Polk by the arm, him round, and told him to his face, "he was a contemptible tool of a petty tyrant." Mr. Polk took no notice of the insult. Shall such a thing be our President? He the commander in chief of the Army and Navy of the Republic!

APPLICATION will be made to the next General Assembly for the passage of an Act to the falling of timber on all the water courses of the State.

(Oct. 2nd, 1844)



FOR PRESIDENT,  
**HENRY CLAY,**  
 OF KENTUCKY.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,  
**THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN,**  
 OF NEW JERSEY.

**WHIG PRESIDENTIAL TICKETS.**

1	District	WILLIAM W. CHERRY, of Bertie.
2	do.	JONAH COLLINS, of Beaufort.
3	do.	ROBERT B. GILLIAM, of Granville.
4	do.	W. M. H. WASHINGTON, of Craven.
5	do.	DANIEL B. BAKER, of New Hanover.
6	do.	MATRICE Q. WADDELL, of Clatham.
7	do.	JOHN KERR, of Caswell.
8	do.	AL GUSTIN H. SHUPPERT, of Stokes.
9	do.	JAMES W. OSBORNE, of Mecklenburg.
10	do.	JONATHAN HORTON, of Ashe.
11	do.	JOHN BAXTER, of Rutherford.

Election on Monday the 4th November.

**GREENSBOROUGH,**  
 Saturday Morning, October 12, 1844.

**PRESIDENTIAL TICKETS.**

We shall next week print an ample supply of Whig Tickets for the Presidential Election in November. Let every Whig who has the success of the cause at heart procure a plenty: it is important there shall be no lack of tickets at every election ground. They may be had at \$1 per thousand.

**MARYLAND ELECTION.**

*Whig Governor elected—Increased Whig Majority in both Branches of the Legislature—A Whig U. S. Senator secured.*

Thomas G. Pratt, whig, is elected Governor over Carroll, Locofoco, by a majority of 512. In the gubernatorial election of 1841 the Locofoco candidate was elected by a majority of 639. Whig gain since that time 1178—indicating a steady return of our sound and wholesome principles.

Whig members to the Legislature have been elected from seventeen out of twenty counties composing the State. The Senate stands 15 Whig to 6 Locofocos; the House of Delegates 61 Whig to 21 Locofocos. Whig majority on joint ballot 49 votes—securing the election of a Whig U. S. Senator for six years from the 4th of March next.

In the city of Baltimore there was a large Locofoco gain, no doubt effected in a great measure by the corrupt appliances which their leaders in large cities know so well how to use.

**WHIG VICTORY IN LOUISIANA.**

We had neglected to notice an election in Louisiana, the result of which is very important to the Whig cause. Alexander Declouet, Whig, was elected to the Legislature in the St. Martin Senatorial district, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Morse, Locofoco. The Whig majority was 76. In 1842 there was a majority against the Whigs of 375. Mr. Declouet in his speeches took strong ground against immediate annexation of Texas, on the Polk or Dallas system, preferring the United States to Texas.

**FOREIGN NEWS.**

The steamship *Caledonia*, arrived at Boston brought Liverpool news as late as the 19th ult. Daniel O'Connell and the other travellers have been liberated from prison by the decision of the House of Lords reversing the decision of the Judges of the Irish Court. The House of Lords decided that there was error in the proceedings of the Court below. Numerous beyond the power of limitation was the multitude, from all parts of the land, assembled in Dublin to witness O'Connell's release. The Liberator and his son John mounted on a triumphal car, some twelve or thirteen feet high, drawn by six white horses, followed through the streets by numerous companies, banners, and bands of music. On the following Sunday *Te Deum* was sung at the Cathedral and services performed by the bishop and clergy in the occasion. The next day O'Connell addressed the people: he speaks confidently of the final success of the struggle going on for repeal.

Louis Philippe was about to leave Paris on the 7th or 9th inst. on a visit to England.

A treaty of peace has been concluded between France and Morocco, at the suit of the Sultan, who, beginning to dread the power he had evoked, accepted the terms proposed by the Emperor of the French.

**THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.**

The Session is approaching, and we respectfully advise every body who wishes to be informed of the proceedings thereof, to subscribe for the Patriot. We shall have ample room to accommodate an account of all that will be done, and to—too—we expect.

We anticipate no very important business will come before our ensuing Legislature. A large State funds will prevent the establishment of an extensive system of internal improvements, less the talent embodied in the Assembly which is doubtless of a higher order than—shall be turned to some radical amendment of our laws, there will be but little business accomplished.

Our youthful correspondent "W. L. S." practices; but he has the right spirit.

Other favors on hand will be attended to as early as practicable.

understand that meeting was attended by a portion of the people of Orange, the neighboring counties of Chatham and Randolph, and a few from Guilford. A delegation of between 75 and 100, and a band of music, came up from Raleigh, and several strangers from various other dis- tricts were in attendance. Several of the Orators of North Carolina were there, and sustained the assemblage during the two days in instructive argument and glowing eloquence. They gave their names in the order in which we then spoke—Messrs. Kern, M. Q. Waddell, W. H. Waddell, Guthrie, Giles Mebane, on the first day, Messrs. H. Waddell, Gorrell Manly, Miller Badger, on the second day. Perhaps other gentlemen delivered addresses, whose names we did not hear. They kindled into a flame the genuine fire, which burns fiercer and brighter as the clouds of conflict and doubt approach nearer. Hundreds upon hundreds left that consecrated ground, with a determination to redouble their efforts for the safety of the Union, and the honor of their beloved old North State.

Alas! Old Guilford! Why could not your industrious Whigs spare a day, to meet their warm-hearted neighbors, who came up to greet you upon your very borders? Sleep on now, and take your rest! A little more folding of the hands to-morrow and the 4th of November will have past! And what is the event of that day to you? What is it to you that the destiny of a nation hangs upon that day! Your voice did once and again smite the thunder tones the ears of a bloated faction—your arm fell with desolating sweep upon the citadel of corrupt power. Is that once terrible voice to be hushed into a drizzling murmur? Is the giant overcome with the luxury of repose?

OCTOBER ELECTIONS.

Last Tuesday the state elections were held in Pennsylvania, Ohio and New Jersey. We look for the election of Shunk the Democratic candidate for Governor in the great State of Pennsylvania. He is a Tariff Democrat. But his election, unless by a very large majority, will by no means be an accurate indication of the result in November. Though doubtful, we have high hope of the Keystone State.

THE ATTACK ON DR. BASCOM.

It is beyond question that there are vigorous warriors and slanderers in the Locofoco party. In some sense they follow the advice of the old moral preceptor and "aim high"—like Death, as described by the poet, they "love a shining mark." Character the highest and morals the purest they take most pleasure in throwing their dirty missiles at. True locofoco levelling agitators are they, who aspire not to eminence of character and purity of morals themselves, but seek to bring down the highest and the best to their own degraded level.

We some weeks ago copied a letter from the Rev. Dr. Bascom, of the Methodist church, and a neighbor of Mr. Clay, to his friend J. D. Goble, bearing testimony to Mr. Clay's correct neighborhood deportment. Dr. Bascom was assailed by the locofoco press with the most scandalous vituperation, for that letter. (The following, among other gross epithets have been applied to him—"Pompous and self conceited mawworm"—"silly pedagogue"—"indigent pulpit coxcomb"—"irrevocable propagator of their [the Methodists] peculiar views of doctrine"—"wretched prevaricator"—"Rev. quibbler." &c. Referring to the Doctor's letter, a locofoco paper, "The Rally," says, "the great father of lies himself could not have uttered a more wicked, deliberate and egregious falsehood than did this wretched prevaricator, when he penned this ignominious and audacious equivocation." So bitterly has Dr. B. been assailed, that the officers of the various churches in Lexington, Ky., have thought it due to him as well as to themselves, and to the claims of truth and justice, to vindicate him against the aspersions of the locofoco newspapers, by a public attestation to his worth and virtue, a denial of all the imputations against him, and by bearing themselves the same testimony with him in reference to Mr. Clay's moral character. The following is their testimony, as copied from the Lexington (Ky.) Intelligencer:

Rev. H. B. BASCOM.—This distinguished vine, urban gentleman, and devoted Christian, whose purity of life, burning eloquence, high intellectual endowments, fervent zeal in his Master's cause have spread his name over our broad land, was recently applied to by Dr. J. D. Goble, to perform him as to the moral character and correspondence of our distinguished neighbor, Hon. Henry Clay, who, it was believed, had been falsely and maliciously assailed. For this purpose, bearing testimony to the correct deportment and good moral character of Mr. Clay, Bascom has been denounced as a hypocrite and a perfumed blasphemous, an impious liar, and other most degrading and dishonoring accusations heaped upon him. We, his friends, neighbors, of all religious denominations, therefore, feel called on by considerations of justice, a slandered and injured, false and cruelly without a shadow of foundation: and do hereby bear the same testimony contained in his letter as to the moral character of Mr. Clay, as far as we know and believe.

Methodist Ministers. Stephen Chipley, N. Headington.

Stewards of Methodist Church. Jos. Milby, P. Scott, H. Ruckel, Mar. Shaw, L. P. Yo. W. King, Wm. Rice, Jos. George, Jos. L. Ward, Hiram Shaw, B. T. Bealer, H. Hulet, David Lilly, L. O. Elbert.

Elders in the Christian Church. D. W. Wm. Vancub, Levi T. Benton, Samuel F. Minister of Baptist Church. W. F. B. dus.

Baptist Ministers. B. P. Drake, J. M. Litt, R. Brent.

Rector of Protestant Episcopal Church. F. Berkly.

P. E. Minister. Jno. Ward.

Vestry of the P. E. Church. D. M. Cro. J. Hamer, H. I. Bodley, Thos. Huggins, March, H. H. Timberlake, Wm. Incho, S. Smith.

Elders and Deacons of several Presby-







