

GREENSBOROUGH PATRIOT.

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

VOLUME I.

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COMMUNICATIONS.

"But will remember, if you mean to please,
To dress their best with modest and ease."

FOR THE GREENSBOROUGH PATRIOT.

NORTH-CAROLINA, No. VII.
INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS.

"Nec in l'ist of them that hope;
H'less we all my evils, all remediless."

MILTON.

It is not my belief, that any internal improvements which could be made, other things being the same they are, could wholly relieve North Carolina from her present embarrassments. By Internal Improvement here, I only mean the effecting of facilities from rivers, the opening of canals, & the erecting of Rail Roads or other roads. But though these improvements might not wholly relieve us, yet, by affording a cheap conveyance for the interchange of productions in different portions of the State, and for throwing the surplus into the mart of the world, it could not fail to have a potent influence over our prosperity and enterprise.

When flour is worth \$7 per barrel at Newbern, and wheat is plentiful in the upper country, say 2 or 300 miles from the market, no man would be puffed in wagging his flour to market; for it would cost him nearly half its value to get it there; and the balance would not justify the undertaking. But if the farmer could get his flour to market for less than one dollar per barrel, he would realize a profit, which would impart new vigour to his enterprise. Again, salt frequently costs but 50 or 60 cents per bushel in Wilmington; whilst, in the upper country, it always more than doubles these prices. The difference is owing to the expense of carriage. These two instances sufficiently illustrate the subject, for the comparative effect is nearly the same in other instances, according to the weight and bulk of the commodity.

As things are, the active citizen of this State has many and strong inducements to emigrate. He may remove to very distant States, and yet, if North-Carolina offers the best market, he may compete with her own inhabitants. In verity, when the improvements now in progress shall be completed, the citizens of Ohio and Indiana may rival us in our own markets. They will be, in effect, nearer to our trading towns, than we of the upper country. The narrow policy of our Statesmen is a by-word and a reproach among our Sister States. They have so far outstripped us, in the honourable race of improvements, that we have shrunk back to the goal, oppressed with an incubus.

We owe this state of things, in part to the monopolizing, self-aggrandizing projects of a few speculating aspirants, who were, a few years ago, at helm; in part, to our own ignorance, and consequent contractedness of spirit; and perhaps we may justly attribute a part to that baleful fatality, which has hovered over our destiny from the earliest moment of our existence as an independent State.

Our State offers a facility for internal commerce, if not superior, at least equal, to that of other States. Some years ago, our politicians and others began to be convinced of our natural advantages, and to think of improving them; but, instead of adopting a rational policy, and a calculating judicious course, their avidity to see splendid works, and to reap splendid profits, precipitated them into premature measures. Accordingly, they secured charters, purchased lands at enormous prices, as the seats of their operations, and the situations of future towns, and to work they went, without system, or experience, or skill. The State, meantime, invested her surplus funds, which were then considerable, in these ill-concerted schemes. Extravagance marked every step; and what was done, was done to no purpose. The funds were squandered; the romantic projectors were involved in difficulty, and bankruptcy. Ruin and consternation spread around; for, in their fall, they were not alone, but with them they carried others, whom they had involved as securities. Like the falling of mighty oaks, they crushed all within reach of their wide-spread boughs.

Then commenced another scene. The public mind having been excited, to an unusual degree, with the anticipation of something great, was now suddenly depressed with disappointment. Artful and designing men were ready to seize on this state of public fee-

ling, and to convert it into a stepping-stone, from which to elevate themselves to power. Abusing the ignorance and versatility of the people, inveighing mightily against internal improvements, not discriminating between the greatness of the object to be attained, and the impropriety and inadequacy of the measures adopted for its attainment, and being aided by those who were yet sore with the wounds received in the attempts already made, they have succeeded in turning the current of popular opinion altogether against internal improvements, and have raised themselves to places of honor and trust, under the promise of opposing every attempt, how judicious soever it may be, at the bettering of our internal commerce. This game is still played with success. Meantime the best interests of the State are suffering for the want of something effectual being done. An enlightened people can discern the difference between economy and parsimony; whilst ignorance is naturally short-sighted and penurious.

The people are gravely led by these electioneering stump-orators, that they have nothing to take to market; that it is nonsense to be at the expense of making provisions for carrying off their surplus produce, when, so far from having any thing to carry to market, they are in want of every thing; that they should first turn their attention to improvements in agriculture; and that, perhaps after the lapse of a century or two, some improvements of the facility of commerce may become necessary and practicable. They have even gone so far as to make some regulations, and offer some premiums, to encourage improvement in agriculture. This is a sample of the extreme fatuity of our little Statesmen. Who will, or who can, be at the expense and trouble of improving his land, whilst his surplus produce will do nothing towards remunerating him for his troubles, and defraying the expense? Notwithstanding our wretched modes of culture, the exuberant productions of the country are often a burden on the hands of the cultivator. The amount to which our productions could be swelled, would they yield us any profit, is incalculable. It is the vilest absurdity to talk of our having nothing to carry to market. Our grievance is not that we have nothing to spare, nor altogether that there is no market, but that nothing, under existing circumstances, will bear carrying to market.

We are in a quite critical and desperate situation; constantly growing poorer for the want of a convenient market, and already too poor, for rather, I should think, (and indeed and premiums,) to engage in improvements. While the subject is so unpopular, and our Legislature composed of men, who have gained their eminence by giving a pledge to hold the purse-strings, to suggest any thing to be done, would be "a case, pearls before swine." Not long since, a gentleman of high standing, and great talents, and doubtless well informed on the subject, made, in a series of elaborate publications, a powerful exertion to create popular attention to the erection of a railroad, from Newbern, through the centre of the State, to the western extremity. But the people are slow to decide. The general mass are too ignorant to think for themselves on a subject of such importance, and their advisers, except such as live near the proposed route, are disinclined to favour the measure. Moreover, *money is wanting*, and most men feel doubtful whence it is to be obtained. The people have been too often duped by specious pretences, that they cannot now be advised to their real interest, especially if expense be involved.

It may be observed, that, if from the nature of our coast we have no adequate port, we might, with propriety, so direct our operations, as to embrace the benefit of markets in adjoining States. It might, indeed, hurt our State pride, to build up great cities in other States, with the means which we fancy ought to build up one or more in our own; but as such cities are generally the hotbeds, in which is engendered every species of vice and debauchery, and from which is spread a contagion, infecting the whole surrounding country, they may justly be considered as a curse to be avoided, rather than a blessing to be sought.

It might be added, that were we void of debt, ignorance, sloth, pride, dissipation, and injustice, and possessed of their contraries, independence, intelligence, industry, humility, economy, and justice, we might be very happy, with even less commerce than we now have. But, as an improvement of the facilities of internal commerce would advance our prosperity, and assist in the acquisition of some of the desirable objects above enumerated, without rendering more difficult the attainment of any, the subject certainly is worthy the notice already taken of it; and should the period ever arrive, when our greater grievances are redressed, and popular attention is aroused to the redress of this, I shall rejoice, if still alive, and able to wield a pen, to add my pitance towards the advancement of so great a good.

POLYDOR.

Ninety years hence not a single man or woman now twenty years of age will be alive. Ninety years! alas! how many of the lively actors at present on the stage of life will make their exit long ere ninety years shall roll away! And could we be sure of ninety years, what are they? "A tale that is told?" a dream, an empty sound that passeth on the wings of the wind away, and is forgotten. Years shorten as man advances in age; like the degrees in longitude, man's life declines as he travels towards the frozen pole, until it dwindles to a point and vanishes forever. Is it possible that life is of so short duration? Will ninety years erase all the golden names over the doors in town and country, and substitute others in

their stead? Will all the now blooming beauties fade, and disappear; all the pride and passion, the love, hope, and joy pass away, in ninety years, and be forgotten? "Ninety years!" (says Death) "do you think I can wait ninety years? Behold, to-day, and to-morrow, and every day, is mine! When ninety years are past, this generation will have mingled with the dust, and be remembered not."

SELECTED.

"And 'twas the sad complaint, and almost true,
Whatever we write, we bring forth nothing new."

EVENTS OF THE WAR.

The following article furnishes useful memoranda to any reader who takes an interest in the present war between Russia and Turkey. He can refer to it, with the aid of a good map, to trace the progress of the Imperial troops, noting every step of their invasion, during the two campaigns.—It may be remarked however, respecting the terms stated as those upon which the Emperor Nicholas would be willing to make peace, that such were the conditions of 1828, and are probably much more moderate than would now be accepted. From appearances, it is not the intention of Russia to negotiate until her troops shall have entered Constantinople; when she can, at her leisure, explain what she means by *vindictive for the past and security for the future*.

The Declaration of war by Russia, was issued on the 28th of April, 1828. In that document, the Emperor declares that he will not lay down his arms till he has obtained the results which it sets forth, viz. all the expenses and losses occasioned by the war defrayed by Turkey; past treaties acknowledged and enforced; inalienable liberty to the commerce of the Black Sea, and the free navigation of the Bosphorus; and finally, the fulfillment of the Convention of July 21, for the participation of Greece. Present prospects indicate that he will be able to enforce these conditions. The principal events of the war, so far as we have been able to collect them, are briefly as follows:—

May 1st, 1828.—Campaign commenced.

June 8th.—Passage of the Danube, and capture of Sateunova, with 12 pieces of canon.

June 20th.—Engagement between the Russian and Turkish flotillas near Brailow; the former consisting of 17 vessels of different sizes, and the latter of 24. Of this number, 20 were taken, sunk, burnt, or stranded. Same day, a Turkish flotilla, with arms, ammunition, &c. was captured off Anapa, on the Asiatic coast; 1200 persons and 6 standards were taken.

June 23rd.—Surrender of Isakischa to the Russians, together with 37 pieces of canon, 17 stands of colors, and a large quantity of ammunition.

June 25th.—In attempting to carry Brailow by storm, the Russians lost 619 men killed, including Major General Wolf and Timoni, and 1340 wounded.

June 26th.—Brailow surrenders to the Russians, on condition of the garrison being permitted to retire to Silistria; 273 canon, 672,000 lbs. of powder, and an immense quantity of balls were taken.

June 27th.—Surrender of Anapa (Asiatic Turkey) with 25 pieces of canon, and a large quantity of ammunition. The garrison consisted of 3000 men.

July 2.—Previous to this date, the Russians had taken seven fortresses, viz. Brailow, Maschin, Toultscha, Hissova, Kustendji, Keuzgon, and Managalia—besides Anapa on the coast of Asia. Toultscha was garrisoned by nearly 2000 men, and had 91 canon on the ramparts.

July 15.—The fortress of Kars (As. Turk.) taken by storm. The garrison, it is said, amounted to 11,000 men, 2000 of whom were killed, and 1500 made prisoners, including a Pacha of two Tails; 151 pieces of canon were taken.

July 21.—Silistria invested by the Russians.

Aug. 7.—In the night following this day, the Russian flotilla before Varna made an attack upon that of the Turks and captured fourteen vessels.

Aug. 20.—The Grand Vizier left Constantinople for the army.

Aug. 22.—The fortress of Ardaghane (As. Turk.) surrendered to the Russians.

Aug. 25.—News arrived at Odessa of the capture of Achaschil & Topsachale, (As. Turk.) together with 34 standards, and several thousand prisoners.

Sept. 26.—Seraskier of Widden having crossed the Danube near Kalefat, and being on the advance, was attacked by Gen. Geismar, and after an obstinate engagement was compelled to retreat. His loss is represented to have been very severe. Same day a manifesto was issued from St. Petersburg, ordering a new levy of four men in every 500 of the population.

Oct. 7.—Varna carried by assault. Garrison, including the armed inhabitants, supposed to have a mounted originally to 22,000 men. When captured, was reduced to 6000. This was one of the most important fortresses of the Turks, and its capture secured to the Russians a permanent footing on the western coast of the Black Sea. The Emperor, in a letter to Count Diebitsch of Nov. 20, speaks of it as "that fortress which had never seen a conqueror." From this date the active operations of the campaign may be considered as ended.

Oct. 15.—Blockade of the Dardanelles officially announced by Admiral Heyden.

March 5th, 1829.—A battle was fought near the river Natonebi, (As. Turk.) in which the Turks lost 1000 men killed and wounded, and the Russians about 200.

March 20.—About this date Sizeboli was captured by the Russians, and immediately fortified for a permanent position.

April 11.—Three detachments of Turkish troops cross the Danube into little Wallachia, but are driven back, after suffering considerable loss.

May 17.—Silistria again invested, after an engagement about two miles distant, in which the Turks lost 400 or 500 men, and the Russians about 150. On the same day a battle was fought near Paravadi, the Turks being led on by the Grand Vizier in person. Turkish loss in killed, 2000, Russians, killed, 501, wounded, 627.

June 11.—Great battle near the village of Kulawtscha, not far from Schounla, in which the Grand Vizier commanded in person. In this engagement and the subsequent flight, the Turks lost 5900 men killed, a great number of prisoners, 43 pieces of canon; 6 standards; all the ammunition waggons, baggage, &c. and suffered a complete dispersion.

June 15.—Surrender of Silistria to the Russians.—The garrison, consisting of 3000 men, and the armed inhabitants, of 10,000, were made prisoners of war, and among them, two three-tailed Pachas; 2-50 pieces of canon, and 100 stands of colors were taken.

June 27.—Erzerum captured by the Russians.—Among the prisoners were the Seraskier and four Pachas; 150 canon were taken, 29 of them at Hassan Kaid.

July 19.—Choris and Berburst, (As. Turkey) occupied by the Russians.

July 15.—Two divisions of the Russian army left Shumla to undertake the passage of the Balkin.

July 17-18-19.—The principle obstacles overcome, and 10 canon, 14 standards, with nearly 400 prisoners taken from the Turks, who also had many killed.

July 22.—In descending the Balkin, the Russians encountered a Turkish division of 6000 or 7000 men under the Seraskier, Abdull Rahman, and defeated them, taking two batteries of four guns each, & four other pieces of canon, 400 prisoners & seven standards.

July 23.—Capture of Mesenbria, with 20 standards, 15 canon, and 2000 prisoners. Same day, Acholi was captured, containing 14 pieces of canon, two powder magazines, &c.

July 24.—Capture of Bourgas, containing 10 pieces of canon, and abundance of military stores.

July 25.—Capture of Aidos, with the whole Turkish camp; 600 tents, 500 barrels powder, 4 standards, 4 canon, a great quantity of small arms, and 220 prisoners.

MY NEW COAT.—A FRAGMENT.

I never was so miserable as I have been since I put on my new coat. My misery was heightened by the circumstance, that I expected to be particularly happy. I put it on after breakfast. It fitted me exceedingly well and I have rather a handsome figure—at least, my tailor tells me. I have been reading Miss London's "Improvements;" but the moment I put on my new coat, I found that my thoughts wandered to Prince's street, and I could no longer participate in the sorrows of her heroine. I buttoned my new coat; for the greatest natural philosophers inform us, that we should always wear a new coat buttoned, that it may get a habit of sitting close to the body. I buttoned my new coat, and sallied forth. I passed through the western divisions of George street. It struck me that there was an unusual number of ladies at the window. I did not care; I was sure that my new coat had a fashionable cut; so I said to myself, "They may look at it if they please." I resolved, however, not to walk as if conscious that I wore a new coat. I assumed an easy good humour, a condensing kind of air; and the expression of my countenance seemed benevolently to indicate that I would have addressed words to an old friend, even although he appeared in a coat that I had seen him in six months before. I did not wear my Indian handkerchief in my breast; for I look upon that as a stratagem to which men should resort only when the front parts of their coat get threadbare. I put my handkerchief (it is real India, and I have only one of the sort) in my coat pocket, and I allowed one of the yellow corners to hang out as if by accident. I occasionally conveyed it from my pocket to my nose; but, when I replaced it, a yellow corner, by the same accident, always hung out.

At the corner of Castle street, several porters touched their hats to me; and two maid servants who were standing at the top of their area-stair looked after me till I was out of sight. When I came to where the coaches are, opposite the Assembly rooms three or four men asked me if I wanted a coach; but, though the compliment rather pleased me, I declined their offers in a dignified and gentlemanly manner. Just as I passed Gardner's shop, or between that and M'Diarmid's an individual rather shabbily dressed, whispered in my ear, "Any old clothes to sell sir?" I answered "No!" rather gruffly, for my first impression was, that a kind of sneer was intended at my new coat; but, on reflection, I feel convinced that these old-clothes-men only address persons of gentlemanly appearance; and therefore I take this opportunity of publicly expressing my regret for my severity to the individual in question, who, I am to repeat, was rather shabbily dressed. Hitherto I had met with little to ruffle me.

Just as I turned into new Hanover street, I rubbed against a white phantom, who passed on as if nothing had happened, but who left the whole of my right arm and shoulder covered with flour & dust. The daring villain was a baker, and, without hesitating, was the only one of a lineal descendant of the murderer Hag-gart, he had attempted to destroy forever my coat and my happiness. Fortunately an obliging footman,