

# GREENSBOROUGH PATRIOT.

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

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## COMMUNICATIONS.

"But still remember, if you mean to please,  
how your pen must with modesty and ease."

FOR THE GREENSBOROUGH PATRIOT,  
NORTH-CAROLINA, No. VIII.

### THE BANKS.

"Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,  
Except when fast-approaching danger warns."  
Goldsmith.

Much has been said about the mismanagement and fraud of the Banks. It is reduced to a certainty, that a system of consummate knavery has been pursued to an unparalleled extent.—When fraudulency is systematized and legalized,—when a set of unprincipled harpies conspire to spoil the people, and pamper their insatiable avarice on the plunder, and are permitted to perpetrate these deeds with impunity,—what may be deemed the state of public morals?—what avails the show of liberty?—or what limits should be prescribed to public indignation?

The inquiry naturally offers itself, which deserves the most unqualified censure, the Banking Incorporations for surpassing the provisions of their charters, or the State Legislature for suffering them to do it? or may not these bodies be so interlinked, and, in some way, identified, as that, to censure the one, will be to condemn the other? This appears to be the easier and more probable way of accounting for the management of these concerns. Otherwise, I should unhesitatingly give it as my opinion, that the Legislature merits the greater share of the blame. The Banks are but a creature of the Legislature. They were spoken into existence by that body, and the moment they transcended the condition of their birth, they were virtually dead; nothing but a legal investigation being necessary to sink them into utter annihilation. This investigation the Legislature should have procured to be made. But the Legislature either suffered itself to be deceived by the artifices of these unnatural creatures, or it winked at their fraudulent proceedings. To suppose the Legislature deceived, is to suppose it a composition of imbecility; for it was from time to time warned. To suppose its connivance, is to suppose it a mass of corruption; for no other conclusion is rational. Now if I knew which was the less disparagement from the character of a Legislature, imbecility, or corruption, I would, in so extreme a case, incline in my judgments, to the side of charity.

It is said there is a chain, which being let down from Jupiter, comes in contact with the earth. We may perhaps best account for the way in which the Banking Institutions have been conducted, and permitted to proceed, in the following manner. Instantly upon chartering these institutions, a large number of our most influential men became stock-holders; whilst, in a short time, a still greater number became Bank debtors. It must be born in mind that interest moves the world. The Stock-holders were tempted to surpass the limits of their Charters, for the sake of deriving large dividends from their investments. The Bank debtors were induced to favour the Banks, for the fancied benefit of indulgence; which is but the benefit of rendering the future cowardly and disgrace more inevitable and complete, from having flattered awhile in borrowed feathers. Meantime men of smaller fortunes are indebted to these Bank debtors. The moment a man becomes deeply indebted, he becomes a covering slave. If the Banks are any way pressed upon, necessity, as they say, will compel them to press upon those who are their debtors; and if those indebted to the Banks are compelled to pay, the like necessity will compel them to press their debtors. Thus is produced a vast dependence, by which the Banks have been enabled to maintain their ascendancy over the Legislature; and, whilst they are entrenching themselves about the possessions of the whole country, they have the address,—the consummate effrontery,—to make the people believe that they are exercising the greatest lenity and indulgence.

The people of N. C. perhaps others also, have been very imprudent in regard to contracting debts. The flood of apparent prosperity, which overwhelmed us during a few of the years subsequent to the conclusion of the last war, together with the sudden and unexpected ebb, produced a state of things so disastrous, that had a majority of the most judicious economy, can scarcely retrieve the consequences.

The overflowing abundance of money, and the ease of acquiring it, introduced general extravagance. The unexampled emolument of trade, produced a universal spirit of speculation. The cheapness of every article of clothing, introduced a taste for show in the ornaments of dress. Extravagance, Idleness, and Pride, but illly comport with the hardness of the times which the ebbing tide left; but yet they had become so habitual, as to be seldom laid aside in mature time to redeem the consequences of their long continuance. The country was filled with debt and consequent dependence. The Banks seemed to be the first great link of a concatenation, that descends, as we have noticed, to the most obscure individual of the State. The fortunes of many have been, and still continue to be, suspended on the mercy of creditors.

The inquiry here naturally offers itself, how far were the Banks the means, in the first place, of producing this state of things? It may be answered that they were almost the sole authors, for they furnished the instrument; yet, to do them justice, it must be admitted, that, so far as they did not transcend the limits of their Charters, nor exercise usurious practices, they are measurably innocent. But, so far as their instrumentality in producing this state of things, proceeded from their transcending of the terms of their Charter, or other fraudulent practices, they are guilty and amenable.

I stop here, for a moment, to notice the deleterious influence which this state of debt & dependence has over the freedom of elections. As above observed, the man deeply indebted becomes forthwith a cringing slave. I will leave my reader the easy task of drawing his own inference, concerning the facility of converting this servile dependence into an instrument of intrigue. I will suggest the inquiry whether on this account alone, (to say nothing of the mischief accumulating elsewhere,) it would not, long ago, have been better to bring the Banks to terms? There would before this time have been less debt, less dependence, and consequently more freedom in the exercise of the elective franchise. And I would seriously inquire, whether such an event might not have a salutary effect on the materials which compose the State Legislature?

It is notorious that the Banks have a claim of four millions of dollars against the citizens of this State. From which it would seem, that a large proportion of our citizens' property, is suspended on the arbitrary caprice of those, who, judging from the rapacity with which they have involved others in debt, will exercise but little clemency in collecting, when the mature time shall have arrived. Now it is evident, from facts which have been developed, that a large portion of this amount has been accumulated by fraudulent impositions, and that, should these iniquitous demands be ever paid, it would produce a wide spread devastation throughout the State. In such a crisis, what should be done?—what can be done? Why, much should, and every thing that a sovereign people wills, can be done. In the first place, the proportion of this vast amount which has been evidently accumulated by fraud, should be struck at one dash from the account. In the next place, all that is dubious, when the preponderance of probabilities is unfavourable, should be treated in the same way. If any thing remains, it should be secured, to the amount of their claims to those stock-holders, so far as they can be identified, who have never wittingly connived at these misdeeds. And lastly, we

"Should force destruction to refund her spoil."  
This may seem a rather summary way to dispose of the business, but it is just and legal, founded on the maxim, that "no man shall be permitted to enjoy the advantage of his own wrong;" and certainly, no further proof of the commission of a fraud need be required, than a concession to the charge on the part of the accused.

To see a tribe of all-devouring aristocrats swallow, at one riotous meal, the fatness of the land, whilst the mass of the community are consigned to poverty and starvation, would be a most disgusting spectacle to a freeman, even had they a much fairer pretence for the deed; but it becomes intolerable, when we take into consideration the unheard of knavery that has been practiced for the purpose of gaining a pretext to do it. From the temporising and imbecile character of past Legislatures, we have much to fear, and nothing to hope, from the present. Though the cause of justice and the stress of the times, should call with the voice of thunder, we have too much reason to apprehend that the Legislature will turn a deaf ear. With trembling anticipation, I suspect that the issue of the affair will be, that the power of these foul harpies, instead of being forever annihilated, will be prolonged for a time adequate to enable them to reap the full advantage of their own wrong, and gradually complete the work of devastation, which public resentment would deter them from doing instantaneously. Than this protraction of their power, nothing could be more desirable to them, or more abhorrent to a man of an independent spirit.

I have not the desire, had I the ability, to conjure up a tempest; but I can say to my fellow-citizens, behold! a portentous cloud is lowering in our horizon, which has already given signs of being fraught with delictious vapours, and threatens to inundate us with universal ruin. If we have one particle of energy remaining, let us be on the alert. Our fears are strongly excited, but the interested are pouring in their foul action, "the smooth emollients" of flattery, to assuage them; whilst they are busy in using many hideous shapes, and hurrying them through the land, with the view to excite counteract-

ing terrors. No device is unessayed, for goodly spoil is in jeopardy. Whilst we wish and demand no more than justice, to rest satisfied with less would be to act with unfaithfulness to the public weal. The subject deserves to be well understood, and rigorously acted on. We have but to will our safety, and we are safe. The fiat of fate is not more irrevocable, than our will is sovereign. But we are slow to determine, and still slower to act.

Let us for once arouse, and stand to our post.

P. O. BURE.

## SELECTED.

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

### THE DEFORMED GIRL.

Memory—mysterious memory!—holy and blessed as a dream of Heaven to the pure in spirit—hammer and accuser of the guilty! Unescapable presence, lingering through every vicissitude, and calling us back to the past—back to the dim and sepulchered images of departed time—opening anew the deep fountains of early passion—the loves and sympathies of boyhood—the thrilling aspirations of after years! While the present is dark with anguish, and the future gladdened by no sun-bow of anticipation, I invoke thy spell of power. Unroll before me the chart of vanished hours; let me gaze once more on thy sunlight and shadow.

I am an old man. The friends of my youth are gone before me. Some have perished on the great deep; others in the battle field, afar off in the land of strangers; and many—very many, have been gathered quietly to the church-yard of our native village. They have left me alone—even as the last survivor of a fallen forest—the hoary representative of departed generations. The chains which once bound me to existence have been broken—Ambition, Avarice, Pride; even all that wakes into power the intolerable thirst of mind. But there are some milder thoughts—some higher passages in the dream of my being, yet lying at the fountain of memory—thoughts, pure as angelic communion; and linked by a thousand tender associations to the Paradise of Love.

There was one—a creature of exalted intellect—a being whose thoughts went upward like an incense of flowers upon God's natural altars—they were so high and so unlike to earth. Yet was she not proud of her height. With the bright capacities of an unbounded spirit, there was something more than woman's meekness in her demeanors. It was the consecration of seraph intellect—the forgiveness and the tears of conscious purity extended to the erring and passionate of earth.

She was not a being to love with an earthly affection. Her person had no harmony with her mind. It bore no resemblance to those beautiful forms which glide before the eye of romance in the shadowy world of dreams. It was not like the bright realities of being—the wealth of beauty which is sometimes concentrated in the matchless form of woman. It was deformity—strange, peculiar deformity relieved only by the intellectual glory of a dark and soul like eye.

Yet strange as it may seem, I loved her, deeply, passionately as the young heart can love when it pours itself out like an oblation to its idol. There were gentle and lovely ones around me—creatures of smiles and blushes; soft tones and melting glances. But their beauty made no lasting impression on my heart. Mine was an intellectual love—yearning after something invisible and holy—something above the ordinary standard of human desire, set apart and sanctified, as it were, by the mysteries of mind.

Mine was not a love to be revealed in the thronged circle of gaiety and fashion—it was avowed underneath the bending Heaven; when perfect stars were along gazing upon us. It was rejected; but not in scorn, pride nor in anger, by that high thoughted girl. She would ask my friendship—my sympathy; but she besought me—ay, with tears she besought me, to speak no more of Love. I obeyed her. I fled from her presence. I mingled once more in the busy tide of being, and ambition entered into my soul. Wealth came upon me unexpectedly; and the voice of praise became a familiar sound, I returned, at last, with the impress of manhood on my brow, and sought again the being of my dreams.

She was dying. Consumption—pale, ghastly consumption, had been taken away her hold on existence. The deformed and unfitting timent was yielding to the impulses of the soul. Clasp her wasted hand, I bent over her in speechless agony. She raised her eyes to mine, & in those beautiful emblems of her soul, I read the hoarded collection of years—the long smothered emotion of a suffering heart. "Henry," she said, and I bent lower to catch the faltering tones of her sweet voice—"I have loved you long and fervently. I feel that I am dying. I rejoice at it. Earth will cover this wasted and unseemly form, but the soul will return to that promised and better land, where no change or circumstance can mar the communion of spirit. Oh Henry, had it been permitted! but I will not murmur. You were created with more than manhood's beauty, and I—deformed—wretched as I am, have dared to love you!"

I knelt down and kissed the pale brow of the sufferer. A smile of more than earthly tenderness stole over her features, and fixed there, like an onion of the spirit's happiness. She was dead. And they buried her on the spot which she herself selected—a delightful place of slumber, curtained by green young willows.—I have stood there a thousand times in the quiet moonlight, and fancied that I heard, in

every breeze that whispered among the branches the voice of the beloved slumberer.

Devoted girl! thy beautiful spirit hath never abandoned me in my weary pilgrimage. Gently & soothingly thou comest to watch over my pillow—to cheer me amidst the trials of humanity—to mingle thy heavenly sympathies with my joys and sorrows, and to make thy mild reprovings known and felt in the darker moments of existence; in the tempest of passion and the bitterness of crime. Even now in the awful calm which precedes the last changes in my being; in the cold shadow which now stretches from the grave to the presence of the living, I feel that thou art near me—

"Thyself a pure and sainted one,  
Watching the loved and frail of earth."

N. E. Review.

### "MILISA JUTY."

"Right ableak," said Capt.——to his newly raised company, as he suddenly came in contact with a bank of oyster shells.

"That are's a wrong order," said a veteran looking fellow, with a gun without a lock and a polish not dissimilar to Rip Van Winkle's, after his twenty year's sleep.

"Keep your jaw," said the Captain "and hold up your head like a man." "Fine looking fellows," continued he, "our country is safe with such soldiers."—I say, Lieutenant, what are you arter in letting that are soldier walk on the pavement. I say, Sergeant, take three men, and bring him into the ranks."

"The Captain says you must come into the ranks and keep step," (dressing the stray soldier.) "I guess I shan't do no sich thing. I've got my feet muddly already; an if they gits wet I guess as how I shall be poorly for a month."

"You better come in now, Mr.——, I'll tell the Captain what you say."

"Ha, ha, ha, and what does I kecr if you does. An't I am independence man?"

"Captain, the man says he won't come in."

What! not mind what I says to him?—abominable! Well, let him have his own way, I guess I'll tell the Colonel, that I will. To the right about turn and mind that noddle—dress—eyes right, forward—left foot afore, boys—keep your heads up—fine looking fellows—glorious day—forward march." And away we went up Broadway in style.

"I dont like this training," said my next neighbor, "its a dead loss to me of six dollars." "And I do like it," said a dirty looking creature, "its a glorious time to frolic—almost equal to the fourth of July."

"No talking boys—no talking—I cant allow talking—regulars never talk," said the Captain.

Well, we marched a mile or two to the grand place of operations—were drummed about for an hour or so—saw half a dozen military looking men on horse-back come out to review and examine us—passed inspection—were dismissed for half an hour—half of us got drunk—were called to arms—drummed through the streets again—and then permitted to go to our homes, with headache enough to last a week. And this is—New York Militia duty.

A PRIVATE.

### CLEANLINESS.

The large village of Brock, near Amsterdam, in Holland, is said to present the most remarkable examples of uniform neatness and punctilious attention to cleanliness, that the world can produce. It is chiefly inhabited by wealthy farmers, who live in affluence upon the income of their lands. Waggon and loaded carriages are not allowed to pass through the street, the pavement of which is kept in the best possible order; while the footwalk, which is as clean as scrubbing brushes can well make it, is sanded and marked out in fanciful and ornamental figures. The doors and the porches are burnished, and the trunks of the trees which grew before them, are polished by frequent scrubbing. To gain admittance at the front door, is a favor not to be expected, except by persons of some consequence; and if the shoes of a visitor happen to be a little soiled, a pair of slippers is presented to him at the door, which he is to use as a substitute during his stay.

### THE HIGH-MINDED SLAVE.

The following anecdote, which we copy from the London Tract magazine for June, is a fine example of noble feeling in an African slave. How few are the white men, who in similar circumstances would manifest so nice a sense of honor! Among the whites, if the broken merchant, who afterwards becomes wealthy, pays the debts which he could not be compelled to pay by law, he is extolled as a singularly honest man. We do not object to this; when honesty is scarce we must make the most of what there is, but where shall we find the white man, who after escaping from a tyrannical master, voluntarily and unasked, sent back from his safe asylum the price which would compensate his master for the loss of his services!—N. Y. Observer.

A purchaser of slaves, in Charleston, S. C. who intended to sell them again, observed a fine looking man amongst them, superior to the rest, and felt disposed to retain as his own servant. He was a little surprised soon after by the conduct of the negro, who came to him and said, "Massa! you no sell me." "Not sell you, why not?"—"Me make good serv. I massa!" Having before intended to keep him, his resolution was now strengthened, and he told the negro he behaved well he would not sell him. The negro replied, "Me make a good serv. I massa."