

# Greensborough Patriot.

A. E. HANNER & C. N. B. EVANS,  
PROPRIETORS AND PUBLISHERS.

"TO GIVE TO AIRY NOTHING—A LOCAL HABITATION AND A NAME."

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## TERMS:

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## HUSBANDRY.

### FAMILY ECONOMY.

There is nothing which goes so far towards placing young people beyond the reach of poverty, as economy in the management of their affairs. It is as much impossible to get a ship across the Atlantic with half a dozen butts started or as many bolt holes in her hull, as to conduct the concerns of a family without economy. It matters not whether a man furnish little or much for a family, if there is a continual leakage in the kitchen, or in the parlor, it runs away, he knows not how; and that demon, waste, cries more, like the horse-leech's daughter, until he that provides has no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house, and it is the duty of the wife to see that nothing goes wrongfully out of it—not the least article, however unimportant in itself, for it establishes a precedent; nor under any pretence, for it opens a door of ruin to stalk in, and he seldom leaves an opportunity unimproved. A man gets a wife to look after his affairs, to assist him in his journey through life, to educate and prepare his children for a proper station in life, and who will not dissipate his property. The husband's interest should be the wife's care, and her ambition should carry her no farther than his welfare and happiness, together with that of her children. This should be her sole aim, the theatre of her exploits is in the bosom of her family, where she may do as much in making a fortune as he possibly can do in the counting house or work shop. It is not the money earned that makes a man wealthy, it is what is saved from his earnings. A good and prudent husband makes deposits of the fruits of his labor with his best friend; and if that friend be not true to him what has he to hope? A wife acts not for herself only, but she is the agent of the man she loves. And she is bound to act for their good, and not for her own gratification. Her husband's good is the end at which she should aim; his approbation, is her reward. Self-gratification in dress, or indulgence in appetite, or more company than his purse can entertain, are equally pernicious. The first adds vanity to extravagance; the second fastens a doctor's bill to a long butcher's account, and the latter brings intemperance, the worst of alleivils, in its train.

He who spends most of his time in mere sports and recreations, is like him whose garments are made along the fringe and whose diet is nothing but sauce.

To make plain gingerbread.—Mix three pounds of flour with four ounces of moist sugar, six an ounce of powdered ginger and one pound and a quarter of warm treacle, melt half a pound of fresh butter in it; put it to the flour and make it a paste; then form it into nuts or cakes, or bake it in one cake.

### EARLY FRUGALITY.

In early childhood, you lay the foundation of poverty or riches, in the habits you give your children. Teach them to save every thing; not for their own use, for that would make them selfish—but for some use. Teach them to share everything with their playmates; but never showing a desire to destroy anything. I once visited a family where the most exact economy was observed; yet nothing was mean or uncomfortable. It is the character of true economy to be as comfortable with a little as others are with much. In this family when the father brought home a package, the older children would, of their own accord, put away the paper and tie the neat, instead of throwing them in the fire, or tearing them to pieces. If the little ones wanted a piece of twine to spin a top, then it was in readiness, and when they threw it upon the floor, the older children had no need to be told to put it again in its place.

## SELECT.

### AN ANECDOTE

FROM "LIFE IN THE WOODS."

Among the earliest settlers in the wilds of Salmon River, was a Vermontese by the name of Dobson—a large, resolute, and athletic man. Returning one evening from a fruitless hunt after his vagrant cows, which, according to custom in the new country, had been turned into the woods to procure their own subsistence from the rank herbage of the early summer; just before emerging from the forest, upon the clearing of his neighbor, the late worthy Joseph Sleeper, he saw a large bear descending from a lofty sycamore, where he had been in quest, probably, of honey. A bear ascends a tree much more expertly than he descends it, being obliged to come down stern-foremost. My friend Dobson did not like very well to be joined in his evening walk by such a companion; and without reflecting what he should do with the 'varmint' afterwards, he ran up to the tree on the opposite side from the animal's body, and just before he reached the ground, seized him firmly by both of his forepaws.—Brun growled and gnashed his tusks—but he soon ascertained that his paws were in the grasp of paws equally iron-strog with his own. Nor could he use his hinder parts to disembowel his antagonist, as the manner of the bear is, inasmuch as the trunk of the tree was between them. But Dobson's predicament, as he was endowed with rather the not-reason, was worse yet. He could no more assail the bear than the bear could assail him. Nor could he venture to let go of him, since the presumption was, that Bruin would not make him a very gracious return for this unceremoniously taking him by the hand. The twilight was fast deepening into darkness, and his position was far less comfortable than it otherwise would have been at the same hour, surrounded by his wife and children at the supper table, to say nothing of the gloomy prospect for the night. Still, as Joe Sleeper's house was not far distant, he hoped to be able to call him to his assistance. But his lungs, though none of the weakest, were unequal to the task—and, although he hallooed and bawled the live-long night, making the woods and walking ring again, he succeeded no better than old Glendower, of old, in calling spirits from the vasty deep. It was a wearisome night for Dobson—such a game of hold-fast he had never been engaged in before. Bruin, too, was probably somewhat worried, although he could not describe his sensation in English, albeit he took the regular John Bull method of making known his dissatisfaction—that is to say, he growled incessantly. But there was no let go in the case, and Dobson was therefore under the necessity of holding fast, until it seemed to his clenched and aching fingers, as though the bear's paws and his had grown together.

As daylight returned, and the smoke from Mr. Sleeper's chimney began to curl up gracefully, though rather dimly in the distance, Dobson again repeated his cries for succor; and his heart was soon gladdened by the appearance of his worthy but inactive neighbor, who had at last been attracted by the voice of the impatient sufferer, bearing an axe on his shoulder. Dobson had never been so much rejoiced at seeing Mr. Sleeper before, albeit he was a very kind and estimable neighbor.

"Why don't you make haste, Mr. Sleeper, and not be lounging along at that rate, when you see a fellow-chrisian in such a kettle of fish as this?"

"I run! Is that you, Mr. Dobson, under a tree there? And was it you I heard hallooing last night? I guess you ought to have your lodgings for nothing, if you have stood up against that tree all night."

"It's no joke, though, I can tell you, Mr. Joe Sleeper—and if you'd had hold of the paws of a black varmint all night, it strikes me you'd think you'd paid dear enough for it. But if you heard me calling for help in the night, why didn't you come and see what was the trouble?"

"Oh, I was going tired to bed, after laying up log-fence all day—and I tho't I'd wait till morning, and come out bright and airy. But if I'd known 'twas you—"

"Known 'twas me!" replied Dobson bitterly, "you knew 'twas somebody who had flesh and blood too good for these plaguy varmin'ts, though—and you know there has been a smart sprinkle of bears about the settlement all the spring!"

"Well, don't be in a huff, Tommy. It's never too late to do good. So hold tight now, and don't let the 'arnal critter get loose, while I split his head open."

"No, no, said Dobson. 'After holding the beast here all night, I think I ought to have the pleasure of killing him. So you just take hold of his paws here, and I'll take the axe and let a streak of day-light in his skull about the quickest.'

The proposition being a fair one, Mr. Sleeper was too reasonable a man to object. He was no coward either; and he therefore stepped up to the tree, and cautiously taking the bear with both of his hands, relieved honest Dobson from his predicament. The hands of the latter, though early stiffened by the tenacity with which they had been clenching for so many hours, were soon brandishing the axe; and he apparently made all preparation for giving the beady blow—and a shelly it would have been had he struck off since, like the sons of Zarah, Dobson failed to strike but once. But, to the surprise of Sleeper, he did not strike—and to his further consternation, Dobson swung the axe upon his shoulder, and marched away, whistling as he went with as much apparent indifference as the other had shown when coming to his relief.

It was now Sleeper's turn to make the forest vocal with his cries. In vain he raved, and called, and threatened. Dobson walked on and disappeared, leaving his friend as sad a prospect for his breakfast as himself had had for his supper.

To relieve the suspense of the reader, it is right to add that Dobson returned and killed the bear in the course of the afternoon.

### SUMMER AND WINTER.

"I remember," said an old man who was shivering with cold, and pinched with hunger, "I remember, when the land was under the dominion of a beautiful and magnificent princess. She was of radiant looks and lofty mien, and her people lived upon her smile; they perished under her frown. Flowers burst around her footsteps. Her breath gave perfume to the violet; her cheek lent its blush to the rose. Her approach was every where welcomed by songs of gladness. The poor man opened the door of his solitary cottage to greet her, and the sick man raised his head to the uncurtained window, to feast his languid eye upon her happy retinue.

But the heart of Avarice is ice. From his mountains in the North, the tyrant saw and coveted her fair dominion. He donned his robe, and grasped his icy sceptre. He gathered his ruffian armies—swift as the winds, terrible as tempest, numerous as the missiles of the storm. They burst upon the dominions of the princess. On they drave, blighting the poor man's harvest, and locking the water-springs under the fetters of adamant.

The made our land naked, as a plain o- var which the fire has ran—mournful as a shroud enveloping the dead.

The princess dropped her garlands, and gathered up her robe for flight. Far far to the south, she fled before her pursuer, like morning sunshine chased by a April cloud, over mountain and valley a way. But there is a place where her reign is perpetual. On its limits she paused; she turned and bent upon her pursuer an irresistible smile. His spirits drooped—his foot began to falter. His sceptre dropped from his powerless hand. His sparkling diadem fell from his head, and his robe from his throne on the ice'd mountain top. His armies followed in swift retreat to thier northern fastnesses.

Our favorite returned, bringing happiness and life to her realm, which is thus soon desolated by Winter, and soon again will revive under the life giving smile of Summer.—Knickerbocker.

### AMERICAN OIL WELL.

About ten years since, whilst boring for salt water near Burkesville, Kentucky after penetrating through solid rock upwards of two hundred feet, a fountain of pure oil was struck, which was thrown up in a continued stream more than 12 feet above the surface of the earth. Although in quantity somewhat abated, after the discharge of the first few minutes, during which it was supposed to emit 75 gallons less a minute, it still continued to flow for several days successively.

The well being on the margin, and near the mouth of a small creek emptying into the Cumberland river, the oil soon found its way thither, and for a long time covered its surface. Some gentlemen below, curious to ascertain whether the oil would take fire, applied a torch, quick as a flash exhibited the astonishing spectacle of the surface of the river in a blaze which soon climbed the most elevated cliffs, and scorched the summit of the loftiest trees, to the no

small discomfiture of some of the neighbors. It ignites freely and produces a flame as brilliant as gas.

Its qualities were then unknown, but a quantity was barrelled, most of which soon leaked out. It is so penetrating as to be difficult to confine in a wooden vessel, and has so much gas as to frequently burst bottles when filled and tightly corked. The color is green, but upon exposure to the air assumes a greenish hue. It is extremely volatile has a strong pungent and indescribable smell, and tastes much like the heart of pitch pine.

For a short time after the discovery, a small quantity of the oil would flow whilst pumping the salt water, which led to the impression that it could always be drawn by pumping. But all subsequent attempts to obtain it, except by a spontaneous flow, have entirely failed. There have been two spontaneous flows within the two last six years. The last commenced on the 4th of July, 1835, and continued about six weeks. During which time 20 barrels of oil were obtained. The oil and salt water with which it is invariably combined during these flows are forced up into the pump, (supposed by the gas,) above two hundred feet and thence through the spout into a covered trough where the water soon becomes disengaged and settles at the bottom, whilst the oil is readily skimmed from the surface.

A rumbling noise resembling distant thunder, uniformly attends the flowing of the oil, whilst the gas, which is then visible every day at the top of the pump reads the passing stranger to inquire, whether the well is on fire.

SIR WM. JONES.

This man, so remarkable for his literary labors, for his industry and methodical habits, never was known to depart from the rules contained in a few simple maxims which he often repeated. The first was, never neglect any opportunity of improvement which presented itself.

The second was that whatever had been attained, was attainable by him; and that, therefore, the real or supposed difficulties of any pursuit, formed no reason why he should not engage in it with perfect confidence of success.

The third was, not to be deterred by any difficulties which were surmountable, from prosecuting to a successful termination, what he had once deliberately undertaken.

It was by attending to these maxims that he was enabled to accumulate a vast mass of knowledge, and to accomplish labors of a magnitude seldom surpassed.

### DELINEATION OF PREJUDICE.

The following forcible and beautiful delineation of prejudice is ascribed to the celebrated Dr. Price:

"Pre-judice may be compared to a misty morning in October. A man goes forth to an eminence and he sees at the summit of a neighboring hill a figure of apparently gigantic stature—for such the imperfect medium thro' which he is viewed would make him appear. He goes forward a few steps, and the figure advances toward him. The size lessens as they approach. They draw still nearer, and the extraordinary appearance is gradually but sensibly diminished; and at last they meet: and perhaps the person he has taken for a monster proves to be his own brother."

### MARRIAGE.

A good wife is Heaven's last best gift to man—his angel and minister of graces innumerable—his Sal Polychresum or gem of many virtues; his Pandora, or casket of jewels—her presence forms his best company—her voice his sweetest music—her smiles his brightest day—her kiss the balm of his health, the balsam of his life—her arms the guardian of his innocence, the pale of his safety—her industry his surest wealth—her economy his safest steward—her lips his faithfulst councillors—her bosom his safest pillow—and her prayers the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessings on his head. So if you prize pleasure marry—If you desire health, marry—and if you value money, marry.

If every one were honest we need not lock our doors.

If every body would mind just his own business, there would be more business done.

If we talked less about other people, other people would talk less about us,

If there were fewer novels in the world there would be fewer fools.

If students would read less and think more, there would be a larger number of really great men.

If there was no distillers of ardent spirits there would be no DRUNKARDS.

One of the greatest 'small evils,'—and the small evils are often decidedly the greatest—by which man is distressed in his intercourse with man, is over-politeness—that excessive courtesy which keeps one an hour standing in the open air with the thermometer below zero, rather than get first into carriage, or suffers a capital dinner to 'cool off,' while the hungry guests are engaged in an edifying dispute as to who shall follow the other into the banquet-room. The anecdote is familiar to all, of Lord Stair, the most genuinely polite man of his day, who, when at a foreign court was motioned by the monarch, to take precedence on entering the royal coach and immediately did so without further ceremony; on which his majesty remarked that he deserved the reputation he enjoyed, for any other person would have annoyed him with protestations of 'apress-vous, Sire.' The story also related of Dr. Johnson proves the leviathan of literature, rough and unpolished as he is generally deemed, to have possessed an innate sense of true refinement, worth all the forms in the world. The King once complimented him in the highest terms upon his learning and genius—"What did you answer doctor?" asked a gentleman who had heard of the circumstances;—"Nothing, sir; it was not for me to bandy words with my sovereign." How many bows and scrapes and asseverations of unworthiness one of your superlatively modest and particularly polite individuals would have pestered his royal encomast with on such an occasion.

Mock modesty is of the same genus of bores as we have specified. The time which many an orator in deliberative bodies consumes in informing his audience that he really has nothing to say worthy of occupying their time, would be sufficient to enable him to achieve a speech as long as any harangue of the 'Demosthenes,' of our senate. The reader of Cowper will recollect the lines in which he refers to one of these exemplary personages.

A diffident exhibition of the sort once made in the house of commons by a gentleman of the name of Lamb, irritated Canning so much that he interrupted him with the remark that he could not help thinking the honorable member was consuming a great many valuable moments in an endeavor to prove what must be deemed quite a self-evident proposition—viz. that a lamb is naturally somewhat sheepish. This same lamb-like disposition is often fearfully manifested by letter writers. They will almost fill the whole sheet with apologies for presuming to indite the epistle. A case in point is furnished by a correspondent of one of the London papers lately received, who commences his communications in these elaborately self-distrustful terms: "I confess I must apologize for venturing to intrude myself on your notice, and I do so only under the confident hope that you will permit me to differ from that sentiment, and to observe that in entertaining all due deference for the discernment of his majesty's government I may be allowed to offer an opinion, &c." Who would not wish that all such persons could exemplify sir Boyle Roach's acknowledgment of diffidence in the Irish house of commons, that "it mastered him so entirely as totally to deprive him of the power of speech"—although to be sure he did proceed to mention that "nevertheless he would say a few words upon the subject under debate.—National Gazette.

A gentleman who was afterwards for many years a clergyman of distinguished acceptance in the church of England, one day called upon Dr. James Foster, justly celebrated for his able statement of the Evidences of Revelation, to converse with him upon the scepticism which then oppressed his own mind. After the necessary introduction, he began to state his objections, when the doctor, with that benevolent gravity for which he was so distinguished, stopped him with this question, "Have you asked a solution of your difficulties from God this morning? Have you prayed to the Fountain of all light for information?" Upon receiving an answer in the negative, he rejoined, "Sir, you will excuse my gratifying your curiosity on the subject of revelation, while you are chargeable with the breach of the first duties of natural religion."

Every man has in his own life follies enough—in his own mind trouble enough—in the performance of his duties, deficiencies enough—in his own fortunes evil enough—without being curious after the affairs of others.