

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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ECONOMY.

If time is money, so is economy. As economy is none too much in the fashion of these days, we wish rather to bring it into notice among our patrons, the mechanics. We are afraid, however, that the thing has been so much talked about, that it is got to be an old story & that people are tired of hearing about it, as it is of hearing the same truths from the pulpit every Sabbath; but as the lessons of the one are no more practised than those of the other, it seems quite as necessary as it ever was before to say, on the authority of Dr. Franklin, that it is the road on which those who would thrive must travel. And since some things are better described by showing what they are not, we shall endeavor to show what in a few instances, is not economy.

1. It is not economy to be idle at any time. Every hour of the day is silver to the working man, & if he would labor about one hour, without doing or learning any thing useful, he might with as much reason, take a quarter of a dollar out of his pocket, and throw it into the dock.

2. It is not economical to buy or hire a larger or handsomer house than any one can pay for. Some folks who ought to be plain mechanics, not contented with that, must needs put on a little of the fashionable. A mechanic not only can, but ought to be a gentleman; but he will be more of one, by sticking to his trade.

3. It is far from economical to turn day into night and night into day. This is one of the most prevailing fashionable sins of the age, though not so great an extent as in the old country, where Dr. Franklin, whom we have already mentioned, proved most clearly, that the practice alluded to is very expensive, in an essay which we advise every one to read, who thinks the sun does not shunt till he has been risen three or four hours.

4. It is not economical to be so prejudiced in favor of old customs as to reject every improvement, however valuable, that threatens to drive one out of the 'good old way' of doing things.

5. Some people seem to prefer to go to work the hardest way, to do whatever they set about. Others spend all their strength in the first few strokes, and have none left for by and by, when the heat of the day comes on. This is not economy. Slow and sure—*steadily*—is the word with him who does most—*ay*, and best too. There is economy in labor, as well as in time and money. There is a piece of economy, (we forget where we first came across it) which we can but think of every time we see a poor hard working mason, carrying his hods full of bricks up a high ladder. The simple contrivance of a rope across a pulley, would enable him to raise, by his own weight in descending, a much heavier load of bricks than he can carry up—in less time, with no waste of strength, which is always great where the workman has to lift his own body together with his load, up an almost perpendicular ascent.

6. We have not time to say every thing, but we would say finally, it is not economy to put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day. Yet many will do it; and why? Because they are a little too indolent to have all their work done; they are afraid there will be hardly enough to do to-morrow.

HORRID EFFECTS OF AVARICE.—An old man at Pau, in France, after many years of toil, amassed a sum of money which he considered too large to keep in the house with safety, resolved to place it with the Mayor of the district for security and wait upon him for the purpose of asking his permission to be allowed so to do. Permission was given by the mayor without hesitation and the old man returned with a quiet mind to his house. On the evening subsequently to his interview with the mayor, a gendarme, who lodged in his house returned home as usual supped with the old man and his wife, and then retired to bed. About midnight a knocking was

heard at the door. 'Who is there?' was the question, 'Friends!' was the reply; and the door was opened, when two men wearing masks, rushed in, and demanded of the old woman, whom they first met, all the money in the house. She pretended to go and get it, but at this moment the gendarme appeared at the top of the staircase, and discharged two pistols at the robbers, who instantly fell wounded to the floor. The officer immediately ran to the house of the mayor, but he was not at home. He returned to the wounded men, raised them up, and took off their masks, when the robbers were discovered to be—the mayor and his son!

The following is a 'first rate' old thing; and even if the reader has seen it before a reperusal will do him no harm.

POPULARITY—A DIALOGUE

SCENE—A Lawyer's Office.

Enter a Presbyterian.

LAWYER.—Good morning Mr. P. Take a seat sir. I attended your meeting yesterday, and was highly gratified with your new preacher. I admire the warm and powerful style your clergymen are of late adopting. It is certainly well calculated to awaken the thoughtless. If you settle Mr. M. in your society, you may consider me a subscriber. It is true I am not attached to any order of christians, but I believe that the great bulwark of our national liberties must be the diffusion of knowledge; and I have always observed your people to be foremost in patronizing and sustaining our seminaries and institutions of learning. By the bye, this reminds me that our election is at hand—I hope Mr. P. we have the pleasure of numbering you among our friends—in the approaching contest.

PRESBYTERIAN—I will think of it sir.

[Exit.]

Enter Baptist.

L.—Good morning, Mr. B. I am glad you have called. Well I went down to the river yesterday noon, to witness the immersion—and I must say that it is a beautiful ordinance; and it seems to me that your mode of administering it is the most simple and primitive. To see a little group stand upon the banks of the flowing stream—unite their voices in that beautiful hymn—'O, how blest are they,'—while the candidate goes down into the water, and comes up out of the water, sings forcibly to one's mind the scenes of Jordan and Judea. Besides your clergyman, elder K is a very interesting man. Your church government I have always admired—it is so republican. It was elder L. of your order, who carried the great Chesire cheese to Jefferson. He has been a faithful old patriot. Ah this puts me in mind that the Jeffersonian principles are again to be contested this fall, and I hope we shall find you, Mr. B. as firm a patriot as Elder L. has been.

[Exit.]

Enter Episcopalian.

L.—Your most obedient servant, Mr. E. happy to see you, sir. Well, I was in New York last week, and I walked four miles in the morning to hear bishop H. He is a truly polished and eloquent man; and there is something in your mode of worship so systematic and so much in accordance with decency and order, and so much the opposite of that wild, ranting kind of worship, that I have fallen in love with it. You see here, I have bought me a common prayer book. The organ and choir in bishop H's church are superior to any I have ever heard. I called on the bishop the next morning, and obtained an introduction to him. He does not, of course, take any open part in politics, yet he gave me to understand, in the course of our conversation, that his feelings was on the right side.

[Exit.]

Enter Methodist.

L.—How do you do brother M. I call you brother because my parents were Methodists, and when I was a child, the preachers used to visit our house, and I used to call them all 'brother,' from hearing my father and mother call them so. It is singular how strong the impressions of childhood are. Though I do not profess religion, yet I always feel more at home in a methodist meeting, than in any other. And yet I do not know whether this arises so much from the force of my early impressions, as from that simplicity peculiar to your worship, and which is so congenial with my taste. I was riding through G. the other day, and as I came opposite a piece of woods I heard the sound of singing. I immediately discovered there was a camp meeting in the vi-

city, and notwithstanding my business was very urgent I could not resist my inclination to attend. So I tied my beast to a tree and after walking a mile I came to the camp ground. The first object that met my eye was the presiding elder, brother G. appealing in a most evangelical manner, to the people, who were seated beneath the shading branches of the surrounding forest.—How forcibly it brought to my mind the mount of Olives. I am considerably acquainted with Mr. G. and though he takes no part in the political contests of the day, yet in feelings he and I have always concided.

[Exit.]

Enter Universalist.

L.—How do'do Esq. Well, I attended your meeting in the school house the other evening, and was well edified with the sermon. Your ministers, whether right or wrong, are certainly men of talent. Mr. S. used most splendid machinery in his sermon, and his arguments, admitting the premises were certainly irresistible. I should have been pleased to have invited him home with me, but my wife was rather out of health that evening. I cannot see for my part, why people should be so prejudiced against your sentiments. They are certainly very much misrepresented.—There is one thing people say about your doctrine, however, which is true; and that is that it is extremely captivating;—and as for us I'll see I can say that many of our best citizens are universalists.—Let me see, I'll have to go that you have always been a warm politician and on the right side. Well, the approaching contest requires our unanimous exertions.

[Exit.]

Enter Quaker.

L.—Well, Thomas, how is thy health? I am glad thee has taken the trouble to call.

Q.—I do not trouble gentlemen of thy profession very often; but I have called this afternoon to pay over some money to thee. As we friends do not believe in training men in the art of killing folks systematically, they oblige us to pay for the enjoyment of our principles; and I understand thee is the—I forget what military people call it—the man who receives the commutation money.

L.—Yes, and I wish I could get off as cheap as you do; whereas it costs me ten times the sum, besides eight or ten days drilling every year. But what renders the task more unpleasant, is the reflection that always arises when I see the bunnies firing, and hear the drums beating around me, that the object of all this preparation is to train us in the art of destroying each other. And then I always think of the peaceable settlement of Pennsylvania, by Penn. My grandfather was a Quaker and I have always admired his plainness of dress, simplicity of language, and pacific sentiments. In short, Thomas, I have often thought that if we were all Quakers, society would resemble the state of our first parents in Eden.

Q.—So shall never be all Quakers, so long as so many of us are hypocrites, and so long as hypocrites have so much influence.—If thy grandfather was a quaker, I am sorry thee has so degenerated from thy ancestors. The scruples thee professes about military duty, condemn thee; for thee must be strongly deluded by the devil to violate thy conscience at so great expense. Thee speaks our language very flippantly and admires our dress. Thy ordinary dialect, and thy fashionable blue coat, figured vest, and gaudy watch establishment, are incontestible proofs of thy sincerity. Thee eulogizes Penn—I have heard thee eulogize Napoleon as highly. I have observed the duplicity thee uses for popularity. Thee reads a sermon for the Presbyterians in the morning, when they have no preaching. Thee goes in the afternoon and leads singing for the churchmen. In the evening thee goes to the Universalist meeting. Thee admits the immersion of the Baptist, the camp meetings of the Methodist, and the plain dress and language of the Friends. I will tell thee, friend, thee strongly reminds me of my brown horse. I once employed an honest Irishman to labor for me. I sent Patrick out in the morning to catch my brown horse. Now the brown horse ran in a pasture, in the middle of which was a large square pond. Patrick was gone a long time, and at length returned with the beast, after having chased him several times round the pond. 'Well, Patrick,' said I, 'on which side of the pond did thee find the horse?' 'Troth,' said Patrick, 'and I found him on all sides.'

If one apple cost Adam the ruin of all mankind, what is a barrel of cider worth?

FROM THE (N. J.) FRED. NIAN.

Political persecution.—Never before in the history of our government, was political persecution carried to any thing like the extent that it is now; and never before did any administration of the general government avow that political considerations alone controlled appointments to office. We have this avowed, however, by no less a functionary than the present postmaster general, made too with deliberation, and in an official communication to congress! Proscription, then, for difference of political opinion is the admitted rule of action of the party in power. Jefferson said that difference of opinion was always to be tolerated where reason was left free to combat it,—and he acted upon this principle of toleration, although urged by keen party contests and highly exasperated political feeling, to depart from it. There is however, none of this political toleration now—not a particle of the liberality which can discover perfect honesty in a difference of opinion—nor an approach to the magnanimity which can overlook such difference in the present dominant party. And so conscious are they that it is no longer an honor to accept office under them, or a disgrace to be turned out of office, that they have been compelled to confess that a removal from office is not to be considered as an imputation upon the character of the officer removed.—This is the answer almost in terms, of the postmaster general, to an application by a removed officer to know the reasons for his dismissal. 'When we shall attack your character,' says Mr. K. in doing, we will transmit you with the reasons for it.' No such attack is to be inferred from a removal from office. Political considerations govern appointments! This then, is the degraded state of our country, and the deplorable want of common honesty in our highest rulers. The post of honor now is emphatically the private station. Office is rather an evidence of the corruption of the holder of it, inasmuch as according to the prevailing doctrine would not have been conferred but for services rendered—or for principles and honor abandoned! We put it to honorable, high-minded men, whether such a condition of political affairs is not any thing but deplorable—and whether they are not bound as patriots and republican freemen, to give their earnest and most persevering exertions to produce a wholesome, radical reform.

To form a vigorous mind.—Let every youth early settle in his mind that it he would ever be any thing, he has got to make it himself, or in other words to rise by personal application. Let him always try his own strength, and try it effectually before he is allowed to call upon others; send him back again and again to the resources of his own mind and make him feel that there is nothing too hard for industry and perseverance to accomplish. In his early and timid flights, let him know that stronger pinions are near and ready to sustain him, but only in case of absolute necessity. When in the rugged paths of science, if difficulties impede his progress which he cannot surmount, let him be helped over them, but never let him think of being led when he has the power to walk without help, nor of carrying his ore to another's furnace when he can melt it in his own.

The Rose of Sharon.—Two hours beyond, the road verges from the shore, and enters the rich pasture-land of the valley of Sharon, clothed with fresh verdure as far as the eyes can reach. The white clover springs spontaneously, and among the variety of shrubs and flowers, were a few dwarf tulips. I observed nothing bearing the appearance of what we call a rose; and, unless the 'rose of Sharon,' is the cistus viscus of Linnaeus, which grows abundantly, I know not what it may be. This tract of land, glorious as it is to the eye, is yet deficient in water in its central part; and for this reason, appears not to be frequented even by the Arabs; I traversed it for hours without noticing a single tent. The grass and the flowers spring to waste their sweetness, and to fall unseen; and the storks, striding go and fro, are the only animals by which they are visited. The soil is light, and the surface elastic, and the uneven foreground swells into hills to the east, which are backed by the mountains of Samaria beyond. I could not help thinking how many a Leicestershire gentleman would cast a covetous eye over this country, would mark it out with posts and rails, root up the cistus, and plant a little gorse.

Monroe's Summer Ramble in Syria.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER.

Pittsburg, 13 June, 1836.

Dear sir.—I lose no time in communicating, for the information of the Pennsylvania Lyceum, and indeed of the public, if you think proper to make it known, the following extract of a letter from the Hon. Judge Wilkins, of Tecumseh, Michigan. The letter is under date of the 2d instant.

To the Cor. Secretary of the Pennsylvania Lyceum.

I had almost forgotten to tell you of the wonderful discovery lately made in the neighborhood of this place, and which promises to set natural philosophy all agog.—Old John Lovet, who resides about a mile from this village, in digging a well lately about fifteen feet below the surface of the earth, came across a skeleton of prodigious size, and which must have been in the earth for many ages. Dr. Sturgis and Dr. Patterson both pronounced it a human skeleton of gigantic proportions, and necessarily of a genus long since extinct, and corresponding with the Mastodon or Mammoth in the brute order.

The thigh bone is two feet and three inches in length, and the skull is frightful. I cannot describe it otherwise than by comparing it in size and appearance to a large wash bowl. One of the teeth, which the doctors call a grinder, is enormous, and in a perfect state of preservation. It is as large as the cork of a porter bottle, with two prongs, and indented exactly like a human tooth. The workmen have not yet completed the extraction of all the bones, and great excitement prevails. Two medical men in N. York have offered the owner of the farm \$100 for the skeleton, which our doctors have advised him to refuse. From the comparison of the bones already procured from the pit, it must have composed a frame when filled with flesh united and clothed with appropriate muscles of at least twenty five feet in erect height!—Just think of it, what a world there must have been before the flood! How puny are man and man's elephant to the powerful beings of those days!

Permit me to offer a few remarks. Admitting this to be a human skeleton, in the view of comparative anatomy I think the Judge errs in his opinion concerning the height of the living man. The thigh bone two feet three inches, or 27 inches in height. Now the thigh of a man 6 feet high is eighteen inches, whence we may calculate by the rule of proportion the height of the being in question thus.—as 18 inches—6 feet:—27 inches which gives 9 feet in height; and yet the prodigious size of the skull, and also of one of the teeth or grinders, indicates a frame much higher than nine feet. The grinder is a prodigious one indeed. N. S. B.

Capital Trial.—The trial of John Earls, for the murder of his wife by administering arsenic in a bowl of chocolate, during her illness in consequence of recent confinement, took place before the Court of Oyer and Terminer of Lycoming county, Pa., at its late session at Williamsport in that county, which closed on the 15th ult. The report of the trial is given at length in the Williamsport Gazette. Sixty witnesses were examined, during the course of this trial, which occupied fifteen days. The evidence appears to have been conclusive on the minds of the jury, who after a short absence returned into Court with a verdict of GUILTY of murder in the first degree, against the prisoner. Judging its character from that which has been reported, the crime of the prisoner seems to have been committed under circumstances unusually revolting, and to be marked by features of rarely exemplified atrocity. The following are the closing passages of the address of Judge Lewis, in passing sentence of death upon the prisoner.

'Of all crimes, that of wilful and deliberate murder is perhaps the most foul and unnatural. Of all means by which a deed so dire can be committed, that of Poison evinces perhaps, the most cold blooded deliberation. Of all persons who may be the subject of this crime, the wife of your bosom—the mother of your children—the partner of your lot—whose name and whose civil existence was merged in your own, should have been the last to be thus destroyed in this hour of unsuspecting confidence. Of all occasions for a deed so dreadful, the selection of that period when she was protracted upon the bed of her confinement, with the new born babe in helpless infancy by her side, manifests a heart the most regardless of social duty and fatally bent on mischief