

# Greensborough Patriot.

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

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

TWO DOLLARS IN ADVANCE OR  
THREE DOLLARS AFTER THREE MONTHS.

VOL.-1.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1836.

NO.-19.

## TERMS

The PATRIOT is published weekly at two dollars per annum, only, if paid within three months; if not paid in that time, three dollars. No subscriber will be received for a shorter period than six months; and orders for the paper must be accompanied with the cash—when beyond the State. A failure to order a discontinuance within the year, will be considered a new engagement; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid. Advertisements, not exceeding eighteen lines of printed matter, will be neatly inserted three lines for one dollar; and twenty five cents for each succeeding publication—those of greater length in the same proportion. LETTERS to the Editors must be POST PAID, otherwise they will not be heeded.

FOR THE GREENSBOROUGH PATRIOT.

## THE HUNTERS:

A STORY OF  
THE DAYS OF MY GRANDFATHER  
(Concluded.)

Before the dawn of day Holman aroused his sleeping sons to prepare for their departure homewards. He very evidently hastened his preparations by fully divulging his suspicions that hostile Indians were in their neighborhood. He knew that the region where they had hunted belonged to no particular tribe, and that therefore, he was committing no aggression on ancient right. He also knew that if his party had been discovered it was by a cunning and reckless enemy, for such was the character of the enemy who haunted the "dark and bloody land." It was probable, he thought, that they had accidentally discovered a party hunting in this remote region; and being allured by their natural thirst of blood, one of their number had slyly crept up to reconnoitre previous to an attack. But seeing several fires and the quantity of "plunder," he perhaps concluded that the party were wealthy and large, and that it would be prudent to attack them at that time. And that on being discovered, he mocked the howl of his less savage brother of the desert, the wolf, to prevent suspicion.

By the time day dawned, the hunters were ready to depart. Their very horses seemed animated with the prospect of returning home. And the hearts of the hunters were glad as they briskly wound their way up the acclivities of the mountain, without any assault from the Indians. The darkness of the hour and the thrilling suspicions of Holman had prevented them from observing the gay decorations which with Kie had ornamented himself. As the light advanced and their sense of danger subsided, they made the gallant appearance of the light hearted had a subject of merriment. He had belted himself with a new bearskin girdle—fixed his hunting-knife in a sheath of the same material—made new tops to his moccasins of a spotted fawn skin, which extended halfway up his legs, and his broad tuckon hat was fiercely cocked.

The old man smiled as he surveyed him. "Rally!" said he, "if we'd had a scum-mage with the Indians they could hardly have told you, my son, from general Brod-dock."

"They might have found me about as good mettle," replied Kie.

"I'm glad to hear you talk thus my boy for we may yet have need of all your mettle, before we leave these rocks."

"What!" exclaimed the boys in a tone of revived apprehension.

"I'm a little suspicious that some cunning redskins are still too near in our neighborhood," replied the old man, glancing a wary eye over the cliffs and switching his horse into a faster walk.

As the sun began to peep above the heights the hunters were wending their way, in single file, down the southern declivities of the mountain. The horses were each laden with a sack of their well earned meats; over the sacks were spread the skins of the deer; and the load on each horse was surmounted by some two or three bearskins, which formed secure and easy saddles for the hunters.

The development of forest and mountain made by the rising sun, is sublime and inspiring. At this season of the year he appears suddenly to rear his head in unclouded brightness; and his glancing rays, against the wild summits of these ever-during piles, seem but to show the vastness of the solitude. The awful solemnity of the scene would engage the heart of the veriest clown; and we cannot but sympathize with the feelings of the youthful Kie, this son of nature's own fashioning, when he saw the still sunshine gleaming on the mountain heights, or wooing the calm recesses of the valley. Behind him, over

the Cumberland valley, there spread, in graceful wavings, an immeasurable sea of woods; while right, and left, and all before him, arose the tremendous ridges—bearing the heavens on their shoulders,—their bosoms studded with glittering cliffs, and the dark green pine trees responding in the lone pride of their perennial beauty. Young Kie's soul was rapt away as he gazed on the awful landscape. He forgot to brood over fancied dangers—he almost felt that he could lay him down and die in the stillness of the solitude, and mingle his spirit with the invisible guardians of this holy place.

It was probably owing to the circumstance of Kie's lofty imaginings that he entered a coming contest with such manlike coolness and intrepidity. For by this time Holman had stopped his horse and was gazing intently through a long defile of the forest.

"It's no witchery," said he, in a low, steady, indignant voice, "I see the painted devils at last!"

"I see nothing," said one of his sons, who had gazed so long in the same direction, that although a dusky form suddenly glided from one tree to another, he thought it an optical illusion.

"There's life in the lumps that cling so closely to those pinetrees," replied the old man. "Let's hurry behind the rocks—our devilish toes have hawk's eyes."

They all moved quickly and silently along a turn of the path, behind a cliff which effectually concealed them from the view of their enemies.

"Boys," began the old man as he checked his horse, "you remember the little torrent, just ahead, where we watered as we came over—"

"Yes, father," said Kie, "where I shot the wildcat."

"The same," continued he. "You also recollect I remarked that a choice place for an Indian ambush would be the thickets to the right; and I'm sure enough a murderous gang is hidden there—we cannot tell how many.—We can't go back; we might go to the jumping off place and not find a civil man's house.—Our home is a hundred or fifty long miles away. We must either—here he made a pause and tenderly surveyed his little force.—"Shake the primers" well into your barrels, my boys," continued he, "summing the action to the word and resuming more than his wonted sternness of countenance. "Do just as ye see me do—depend on my experience and be directed by my commands.—Kie—wherever you may befall—keep close to my side."

"Father," said the youth, in a calm tone, "I could see but four; let your judgment tell when, and my trusty rifle shall bring one of them down."

The other boys, though not so loquacious, said as much by their compressed lips and lowering brows.

"Be not deceived, boys," returned the old man, gloomily, "I shall be glad if the thicket is not alive with 'em."

When they had fairly emerged from behind the cliff they discovered, at a distance of ninety or a hundred paces, the half naked and frightfully painted forms of some half a dozen Indians, standing as motionless as the trees which partially concealed them, and their muskets presented in the direction of the hunters' path. Several more were stretched, still as the earth itself, in the long, black shadows of the pinetrees, with the muzzles of their pieces resting on the wreathed roots and pointing in the same direction. It seemed, from their position and the aim of their muskets, that they had intended to reserve their fire till the hunters entered the brook which ran across their path.

But the cunning freebooters were out-generated by the sagacious Holman. The little party moved slowly and steadily forward with their faces set toward home, but their eyes turned askance upon the still, dark forms, that mocked stocks and stones as lively as still sleep mocks death.—At length old Henry found his exact position.—He suddenly stopped his horse—

"Why lie ye there ye murdering dogs!" cried he in a proud menacing tone, which fired his sons' hearts with courage.—"My boys!" said he, quickly raising his gun to his face, and the like was done by the boys.—"Fire."

A sudden blaze darted from the pieces and four of the hideous forms tumbled to the earth.

"Your knives, my boys!" shouted Holman as they sprang from their horses and made a rush towards the foe.—But a volley was poured into their faces by the whole gang.

"Father, they've shot me!" exclaimed

Kie, clapping his hand on his thigh. The father paused; a tear started in his eye as his darling boy sank slowly to the earth. He scarcely felt the pain of a scathing shot in his own arm.—"Got tam!" he uttered with fierce indignation as the three rushed with headlong fury on the unequal foe.

Ere the combatants closed an Indian who appeared to be the chief of the band, bounded away into the thicket, with a rattling and meaning whoop, while those who remained eagerly met the hunters with a yell that made the mountains ring again. Nothing could withstand the fury of the onset of the maddened whites—the first they met fell beneath their glittering knives.

But now all hands dropped and all eyes were turned by a horrible whoop from another quarter. The Indian chief had darted from the thicket,—and what was the horror of the little party when they saw his bright ax, descending with a forceful sweep, full on the bare head of their fallen son & brother, who was peacefully reclining on his elbow. But another darting was his—he avoided the ax by a quick inclination of his head—it only grazed his shoulder.—He suddenly swerved upward, with the vigor of despair—seized the savage by the throat, and plunged his keen blade into his bosom.

"Courage father," shouted Kie, "I've killed him!"

The strong voice and stronger deed of the youth did encourage them, and they sprang like panthers on the remaining foe.

But the Indians seeing eight of their number, including their chief, stretched lifeless upon the plain while only six remained, began to fight with the wariness and resolution of men who think victory doubtful. The two Holman boys, who were young and active bounded to and fro—eluding and parrying the storm of blows aimed at them by their determined and wily adversaries. But the old man, who was stiff with age, was obliged to grapple with two strong Indians. As he parried a pass which one of them made, he knocked the knife out of his hand. He attempted to dodge a blow from the other's tomahawk, but he stumbled and fell to the ground. Quick as lightning the savage planted his knee on his breast—grasped his throat—and raised the fatal blade high to make a sure thrust to his heart—but the keen crack of a rifle was heard—the savage sank on his breast his intended victim—groaned and expired.

Holman turned his eyes and saw Kie sitting on the body of his victim chief regarding his rifle,—it was Kie who did the deed. "O! my son! my son!" exclaimed the father, a wild expression of delight gleaming on his weatherbeaten visage, as he shook himself from the dead man. He stalked up to the other Indian, who had just recovered his knife. The savage stood motionless an aghast hat the expression of unearthly dignity on the old man's countenance. "Got tam you!" cried Holman as he plunged his knife bit deep into the body of the terrified red-man.

The four Indians who were left, each having lost blood, fought with the soul-stirring energy of despair. One of them seeing Kie so tauntingly perched on the carcass of his slain chief, conceived a design of fell revenge. He swept his armed hand around him, and darted towards the youth like an eagle pouncing on his prey.

"Ye'r rifle again, Kie, or ye'r lost!" cried the father, with horror in his look.

Poor Kie, he had not yet primed, and the foe came like lightning. But the horn is ready to practiced hand. One bound more and the fierce Indian would light upon his victim; but the evanescent flash was seen—the short, shrill report heard, and the savage felt the death pang in his bosom. But his knife was up—he plunged forward—uttered a hideous yell of death, and sheathed his blade in the bosom of his own fallen Chief.

The body of the Indian sprawled over that of the gallant lad, and a deep *oh!* of anguish burst from the fond relatives—for they thought his fate had been sealed. But the youth rolled the carcass from him and called out, in an animating voice, that he was unhurt.

Three active Indians yet remained on the field. An evil genius seemed to beset them. They probably thought some superhuman influence had encouraged the hearts of the hunters and endued their limbs with more than mortal strength. They paused a moment on the fall of their last companion, uttered a long yell and sped away through the forest like the wind.

"They must not go, boys," cried Holman, "or we may never see our home. He bethought him of the muskets of the Indians who first fell, which all hands had overlooked in the hurry of the strife. In an instant the guns were to their faces, and with their quick report the last of this unfortunate ambush sank lifeless to the earth.

On the successful termination of the desperate fight, the hunters found themselves, to use their own expression 'hacked all to pieces.' Blood flowed from many a wound; but poor Kie had fared worst of all—the bravn of his rounded thigh was dreadfully torn by a musket ball. They gently bore him to the bank of the brook. The pain, the gushing blood and the terrible excitement of the recent battle, now overpowered his tender nature. As the father and brothers were laying their fevered brows the brook, they heard a faint groan behind them, and immediately saw the poor youth stretched, fainting and pallid upon the earth. The old man fanned him with his hat & chafed his forehead and temples with water. A tear— a bitter, yet a soothing tear stole down his cheek as he gazed on the pale brow of his boy and thought on his anxiety to come on the hunt—his sanguine anticipations of the pleasures of the chase, and the successful but alluring issue of his contest, in which he had borne himself so bravely. The first indications of returning sensibility was the tremulous and childlike pronunciation of a mother—Polly—mother! "We're here, Kie," said the old man, soothingly, "ye'r danger is with you."

The blood being stanch'd, the wound washed and bound up, Kie began to be refreshed, and to recover the natural buoyancy of his spirits.

The hunters were alone in the far wilderness; emphatically the silence of death reigned around them; the "stilled corpse" of their enemies lay scattered and festering on the hill, and the vultures of the mountains began to perch upon the treetops. They shuddered at the desperation of the recent struggle. They felt lonely in this Golgotha, and were not certain of security from some better concealed gang. Their frightened horses were collected, an additional bearskin spread on the most gentle paced steed, Kie mounted thereon, and they quietly pursued their way home.

L. C. S.

## HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY

A farmer called on Earl Fitzwilliam to say that his crop of wheat had seriously been injured in a field adjoining a wood, where his hounds had, during the winter frequently met to hunt. He stated the young wheat had been so cut up and destroyed in some parts he could not hope for any produce. "Well, my friend," said his lordship "I am aware that we have frequently met in that field, and that we have done considerable injury, and if you can procure an estimate of the loss you have sustained I will repay you." The farmer replied that anticipating his lordship's consideration of kindness, he had requested a friend to assist him in estimating the damage, and they thought that as the crop was quite destroyed, 50*l.* would not more than repay him. The earl immediately gave him the money.

As harvest, however, approached, the wheat grew and in those parts of the field that were most trampled, the corn was the strongest and most luxuriant. The farmer went again to his lordship, and being introduced, said, "I am come, my lord, to see you respecting the field of wheat adjoining such a wood." His lordship instantly recollected the circumstance—"Well, my friend, did I not allow you sufficient to remunerate you for your loss?" "Yes my lord, I have found that I have sustained no loss at all, for where the horses had most cut up the land, the crop is most promising, & I have therefore brought the 50*l.* back again." "Ah!" exclaimed the venerable earl, "that is what I like, this is what it ought to be between man and man." he then entered into conversation with the farmer, asking him some questions about his family—how many children he had, &c. His lordship then went into another room, and returning presented the farmer a check for 100*l.* "Take care of this, and when your eldest son is of age, present it to him, and tell him the occasion that produced it." We know not which most to admire, the benevolence or the wisdom displayed by the illustrious man; for while doing a noble act of generosity, he was handing down a lesson of integrity to another generation.—*English Parer.*

A young lady dressed in male apparel lately started on foot from Vermont in order to see her uncle in Pittsburg, Penn. for the purpose of asking his assistance for her father, who had formerly been in affluent circumstances, but who having met with misfortune, was at the time lying in Vermont jail for another person's debt. Having arrived at Newcastle, Pa. she was informed that her uncle was as poor as her father and could render her no assistance. Disappointed and discouraged, she turned her steps homeward, and her purse becoming exhausted, a brute of a landlord on the road seized part of her clothing in payment of a night's lodging. She afterwards stopped at a public house in Meadville, and her sex becoming known, she was kindly furnished with proper clothing and the means of prosecuting her journey home. Such an example of filial affection in a young and delicate female, used to all the refinements of society, cannot be too much admired. Her disguise was assumed for the purpose of securing personal safety during her journey—a journey of something like 600 miles, undertaken solely for the purpose of liberating a father from prison.

New York Courier and Enquirer.

*Keep a Watch over the Heart.*—A woman's life is one of affection; and that affection, when once fixed upon an object, whether the object be worthy or not, is generally unchangeable. How very necessary is it, then, that a right estimation of the world should be early implanted in her mind, and she be taught to question first impressions, and to judge of individuals from certain infallible signs, which the older and more experienced in the world know to be true tests of character. A woman should never encourage a preference for a man who betrays any want of correct feeling, or manifests traits of disposition, which, in moments of sober reflection she would pronounce such as she could not easily bear with, were they continually showing themselves in our daily intercourse, and whom she would be bound by all laws, human and divine, to love, honor, and esteem.

*Crops.*—We are now in the midst of harvest, and seldom has nature yielded a more bounteous return for the labor of the husbandman in this part of the country. Still, there are grumblers in the most fruitful seasons, but they will generally be found among those who take the least pains to prepare their ground for crops, or who allow nature to take the butt end of the work after they are committed to the earth.—*Richardson (L) Palladium.*

*Love of married life.*—The affection that links together man and wife, is a far holier and more enduring passion than the enthusiasm of young love. It may want its gorgeousness—it may want its imaginative character, but it is richer in holy trusting attributes. Talk not to us of the absence of love in wedlock! What! because a man has ceased to sigh like a furnace, we are to believe that the fire is extinct! No, it burns with a steady and brilliant flame; shedding at benign influence upon existence, a million times more precious and delightful than the cold dreams of philosophy.—*Con. Mag.*

Mr Van Buren's prospects in Pennsylvania are becoming more desperate. The late Convention of his friends was distinguished by the most violent bickerings among themselves, and finally broke up in a row. Their President told them that their proceedings were most disgraceful—that it would have been better they had never met, &c. Mr. Van Buren never had any popularity in that State, independently of the name of Jackson, and even that was not proof against his denunciation of the State for passing the Bank bill. The people feel that they have a right to manage their own affairs without the dictation of Van Buren, and they will not submit to have their most important measures subject to his approval or condemnation.

"Another cause, too, operates strongly against him there; the open declaration of his supporters, that, if strong enough, they will repeal the charter of the Bank. This is too much like violating a contract to be palatable to honest men. The key-stone State is decidedly, therefore, *Anti Van Buren.*"—*Fayetteville Observer.*

## "COME AND TRY IT!"

WE have just received an additional supply of new **JOB-TYPE**, and are now prepared to execute *Job-Printing* with neatness, accuracy and despatch. Give us a trial!