

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
THREE DOLLARS AFTER THREE MONTHS

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TERMS

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Orders to order a discontinuance within the year, will be considered a new engagement; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid.
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AGRICULTURAL.

FROM THE NORTHAMPTON COURIER.
SILK CULTURE.

France is considered a silk growing country, yet she does not grow sufficient for her own manufactures, and it is said, annually imports raw silk to the amount of \$2,000,000.

England, owing to the humidity of her climate, cannot raise the worms to advantage, and for her numerous manufactures is obliged annually to import the raw material from other countries to the amount of about \$17,000,000. It is stated that we import annually of Raw Silk to the amount of about \$10,000,000, and of the manufactured over sixteen millions.

Unless the United States push the culture of the Mulberry trees and raising of cocoons beyond any thing now in operation, many long years must intervene, before we can supply the demand of our own markets. Inhabiting as we do one of the best climates in the world for manufacturing silk of the best quality, instead of paying ten millions of dollars annually to other nations for raw materials, we ought to export 2 or 3 times that amount.

It is said our imports of Silk stuffs exceed our exports of Bread stuffs—why is this? Only because we do not duly appreciate and improve the means we have. Let our intelligent farmers be convinced that the silk business is profitable, and then we can hope that every exertion will be made to extend the cultivation of the mulberry and raising of cocoons.

It is a matter of regret, that any one should view the subject as a wild project, and say, that although it may be good business for a few years, if it failed to flourish, every body would engage in it, and glut and ruin the market. We wish the subject could be so presented to our fellow citizens, as to impress them with the importance of examining the subject, on the broad scale of greater national importance than any agricultural subject ever yet pursued.

But it doubts and fears shall remain, we only ask them to commence the culture of the mulberry on a limited scale for a few years, not to interfere with any other agricultural pursuit. Let the experiment be made upon some of our almost barren and useless portions of poor, dry, stony and gravelly soil.

It may be asked, if the silk business can be made more profitable than almost any other crop, why not take the best and richest land? A fair question indeed. But such land is not the best for the Chinese Mulberry, and it would be desirable to have every patch of poor, waste, dry land devoted to some useful purpose.

Mules.—It is surprising that the farmers of this neighborhood do not turn more of their attention to the raising of mules, for the use of their farms! They are very scarce hereabouts, and we can not account for it in any other way, than that their value is not properly appreciated. They are more profitable stock to raise than horses; they will live on straw, and stubbles, & browse, and always command a handsome price; they are not liable to the train of diseases which visit horseflesh. They also live twice as long.
Salem Chronicle.

Paste made by putting acetate of sugar of lead into it, instead of the old way of mixing it with alum, keeps it from moulding, clear, and quite moist for months together. We have heard that Mr. Hodgson, of Hatfield, communicated this mode of making paste to a book binder in Currier street, London, in 1819, and that he has found from long experience that it is by far the most useful way he ever heard of.

Noble Jesses.—Mr. William Nelson, of Amherst, sheared from thirty lambs 13 months old, thirty-seven and three-fourths pounds of good wool, being nine and one fourth pounds to each sheep!

Independence of the Farmer.—The merchant or manufacturer may be robbed of the reward of his labor, by the changes of the foreign or domestic market entirely beyond his control, and may wind up a year in which he had done every thing which intelligence and industry could do to secure success, not only without profit, but with an actual diminution of capital. The strong arm of mechanic industry may be enfeebled or paralyzed by the prostration of those manufacturing or commercial interests to whose existence it so essentially contributes, and on whom in turn it so essentially depends. But what has the industrious and intelligent farmer to fear? His capital is invested in the solid ground; he draws on a fund which from time immemorial has never failed to honor all just demands; his profits may be diminished indeed; but never wholly suspended; his success depends on no mere earthly guarantee, but on the assurance of that great and beneficent Being who has declared that while the earth endureth, seed time and harvest shall not cease.

FARMERS' WORK FOR AUGUST.

[Extracted from the Farmer and Gardener.]
In the early part of this month the sowing of a full supply of turnip seed should be attended to, not only for the table but also for stock.

If you have any ground to clear, girdle your trees this month: if you have under-wood in a field that you desire for cultivation next season, cut down the bushes immediately and girdle the trunk also. Trees and bushes thus served at this season of the year stand less chance of growing than when done at any other, and the roots it is stated will the sooner rot, and offer less resistance when you come to grub them up.

If you would be wise, you should occupy all the spare time of your hands in husbanding manure.

Your Sheep should now command your attention, it being the period of the year when that destructive insect or fly termed *astaxia ovis*, lays the foundation of its future mischief. A little preventive care practised now may save you many valuable lives among your flock, whereas if you neglect the present occasion all your exertions in future may be exerted in vain.

The remedy is simple; and you should not omit it!—Place in a box under cover within reach of your sheep a small quantity of tar, mix with it an equal portion of salt—to this they will daily resort, and while in search of the salt will so search their noses as to defy the attacks of the insidious insect, that has proved so unprofitable a destroyer of the race.

If you have thistles or other noxious weeds in your fields, as this is the season when they are mostly in flower, cut them down near the ground, and you will find next year that they will be much fewer in number. A few annual attacks of this kind, will rid your estate of most of these pests which so annoy you and deteriorate the quality of your produce.

Your wheat lands should now command your prompt attention, whether you contemplated sowing on your corn ground or on a clover lay or grass sward: for although we would not recommend very early sowing, still we do most cordially admonish you to be beforehand in your preparation.

In the selection of your seed you cannot be too particular, and it seems as a well established principle in the economy of this grain as any other, that the same wheat should not be raised more than two years on the same farm in succession.

No seed wheat should be sown before being well soaked in brine, lime-water or ley, and rolled in plaster, ashes or lime.

Rye.—The season has arrived when the ground for this grain should be got ready. With regard to the time of sowing it may be safely laid down as a rule, that any time between the middle of this or the next month will answer, or, indeed, even much later. It thrives best on a gravelly soil, and will make a saving crop on any ground in moderate heart. The most approved opinion is that it is not an exhauster of the soil, and will therefore prosper best on land which is not rich.

How much wisdom in the following remark of Gibbon:—The English dwell with rapture on the trophies of Edward the third, and his gallant son the black prince, on the fields of Crecy and Poitiers, and on the Kings of France and Scotland, and on the Kings of France and Scotland, at the same time prisoners in London. To a thinking mind, Edward's encouragement

to the woollen manufacture is of greater value than all these barren laurels.—National Gazette.

MISCELLANY.

FROM THE AMATEUR.

I AM JUST SIXTEEN.

'Heigh ho,' yawned Mary Sandborn as she took up her lamp to go to bed. 'Heigh ho! I wonder what ails me—I have no cold, I am not sick, and father gave me a new dress this morning; yet I want something, I wish I knew what it was. Perhaps Henry could tell me, I'll ask him tomorrow morning.'

Mary went to bed and tossed and tumbled and felt no better. In the morning her eyes looked as if they were bound in red ferret, and she complained of a head ache. Nevertheless her mother offered her a cup of strong coffee, saying it was good for that disease, she replied, I thank you ma, help Henry first if you please.'

Mr. Sandborn, Mary's father was a merchant. He had a store on India or Long Wharf, and dealt in canvases, hamp, raven's duck and other articles of Russian goods. He was an honest man and a good father, but took little heed of any thing, but the fluctuations of trade and the rise and fall of the market. One day his daughter asked him how he liked Henry Willet's son. 'O very well, he replied, but I should like his pants better if they were made of linen instead of crepe.'

Henry Willet was the son of his correspondent at St. Peter-burg, and had been sent in early childhood to Boston for the benefit of our schools. On leaving college at eighteen, he expressed a willingness to enter Mr. Sandborn's counting room in order to be initiated into the mysteries of trade. Perhaps he would rather have chosen one of the liberal professions but there was something under his guardian's roof that made him very unwilling to leave it. So he remained here until his 20th year had expired, with the prospect of seeing his name printed in yellow letters after Mr. Sandborn's able expiration of his minority. His paternal one day declared that he loved Henry as well as if he were his son. 'Ah,' said Mary, 'I wish he were your son.'

'And why so,' said her father. 'Because,' replied Mary with a smile of bewitching naivete, 'he would then be my brother.'

Henry did not wish any such thing. Yet he loved her with an affection beyond that of a brother and would have told her so, had he dared. In another year, that he to himself if my father makes the advances I have a right to expect, and it I continue to give Mr. Sandborn satisfaction, I shall become his partner and of course his equal. Mary will only be sixteen then, and it would be unfair to engage her affections now before she has a chance to form any judgment for herself. Courage, a year will soon be over, and she will like me as well as she does now.

This forbearance was very honorable on his part no doubt, but it led to a course of conduct very little pleasing to Miss Sandborn. Henry waited on her to church and looked out the exercise of the day for her, but she had little of his company elsewhere. If she asked him to attend her to the theatre or any of the fashionable resorts of the gay, he was sure to be engaged in business. Mary was grieved at this, and believed herself slighted, but her resentment was not enduring. She redoubled her efforts to please him, and ere the year elapsed discovered why she valued his approbation so highly. She no longer yawned and wondered what ailed her. The occasion was as follows:

She was sick; at least she imagined so, and her father sent for Dr. G.—. The good physician listened patiently to her complaints of sleeplessness, loss of appetite, &c. and decided she had the vapors. 'You want air and exercise,' said he. 'Let Mr. Willet or your father take you in an open chaise to Cambridge, or Dorchester or Dedham three times a week, and I will answer for your recovery.'

'I can't go to day,' said Mr. Sandborn, 'I have too much business to attend to; but Henry will go, I know to oblige you, and I dare say you had as lief have him as me.'

'O yes, full as lief, and a great deal rather,' replied Mary very innocently. 'He is an excellent driver.'

Henry could have no objection and he accordingly drove the chaise to the door, and took Miss Sandborn in. Till they took leave of the rough pavement in Roxbury neither said any thing, and then the

conversation was carried on in monosyllable, for Mr. Willet, poor fellow, was afflicted with bashfulness. At last, however, matters took a more lively turn.

'How green the grass is,' said the lady, for want of something better.

'Very green indeed. It always is in the spring time,' answered Henry, and then relapsed into silence.

'What birds are those sitting on the rail yonder said Mary, after a pause of some minutes.

'I believe they are turtle doves,' replied the youth. In fact they were crows, but the interlocutors were both city bred, and if they fell into a mistake they may be pardoned for ignorance of Natural History. The doves, black as they were, served them for a topic.

'What, are those the birds that love one another so well?' rejoined the young lady.

'Yes,' said Mr. Willet; 'the very same, and it is said that whenever one of the pair is killed the other pines away and dies of grief.'

'I'm sure I don't wonder at it,' exclaimed Miss Sandborn, her eyes at the same time filling with tears. 'I am sure I should pine away and die too in such a case, should you not Henry?' As she spoke these words her eyelids closed and her head inclined towards Mr. Willet's shoulder. The question embarrassed him; so did her posture, and he hesitated as he replied 'I believe hearts are not broken so easily.'

Then followed another long pause, during which Henry's eyes were fixed on the road before him. At last Mary raised her head with this is a very long road: is it not Mr. Willet?

'It is just 45 miles before it comes to the sea,' he answered. 'I have travelled often on the way to New York. It passes through Providence.'

'Providence?' said Miss Sandborn, musingly, 'is it not there people runaway to get married?'

'I have heard so and believe it is true,' answered her lover.

'If we were to run to Providence now and get married I wonder what folks would say,' rejoined Mary, 'it would be a fine joke would it not Henry?'

'I should not care much what any but your parents might say,' replied Mr. Willet. 'He would call me a dishonorable swindler who absconded with the property entrusted to him. But he will have no reason to be angry with me for I would not ask you to do so far all the money in the world, and if I should you would not consent.'

'Ah, Henry,' said the young lady, 'there is no knowing what I might do.' Here her head dropped again. 'Do you think it would be very wrong then? Would my father be very angry?'

'Indeed he would,' replied Willet. 'In the first place I have not asked you of him—he has not refused, and therefore he would have a right to complain. Besides you are so very young that he would have reason to say that I led you away.'

'Indeed,' rejoined Miss Sandborn, 'I would tell him that I went away of my own accord without being led by any body. But why don't you ask him then and if he refuses we shall have a good excuse for running away afterwards—I am very forward though, for perhaps you would not have me at any rate.'

'Would I not,' cried Willet, 'heaven knows I would. You know that I am not of age yet, and set up in business;—he would laugh at me. I must wait until I get twenty one, for then my father is to advance me ten thousand dollars to begin with. I can ask your father then without blushing.'

'Why not ask him now what will he do when you come of age?' asked Mary, 'I think I should like very much to know.'

'What a fool I was not to think of that before,' cried Willet. 'It would have put me out of pain long ago. I will ask your father as soon as we get home.'

It is unnecessary to record the rest of their conversation which related principally to their future prospects which in their young eyes were tinged with the beautiful tints of the rainbow.

When they reached Mr. Sandborn's house the old merchant stood in the door to receive them. His features denoted much vexation, and he was whistling 'O be easy,' according to his custom when excited. He had handed his daughter out of the chaise without saying a word and then desired Henry to repair without delay to his counting room. The youth complied and was busy with his ledger when Mr. Sandborn entered still more gloomy than ever.

'What is the matter, my dear sir?' said the youth 'has the Nauticus been cast away on her passage?'

'I should not care if she was,' replied the merchant, for she was insured for twice her value but my son, Henry, for that, a close mouth catches no flies. It is a good deal worse than that. The Nauticus has arrived while you were away riding, and is now lying at Rainsford's Island. She has brought bad news for us both my boy.'

'Well sir, let me know it then,' said Willet. 'You must I think have letters from my father for you and myself too.'

'There is no letter for you my son, from your father, or for me either,' replied the old man, but I have heard bad news from another source, and it concerns you more than me.'

'Let me know the worst then, my dear sir, at once,' cried the youth.

'You will know it too soon, and as it is I hate to be the one to tell you,' rejoined Mr. Sandborn.

'The fact is Henry, that your father has failed and is unable to pay four-pence half penny on the dollar.'

'And how sir did this happen?' asked the young man. 'It must have been by some visitation of Providence, for my father was the richest merchant in Petersburg according to the best advices.'

'He was so,' said the old man. 'But he is now the poorest, and you are right in thinking he has become so by the visitation of God. His stores were all swept away by the rising of the Neva, and his property is now a cypher. You know he never let his money be idle, and just then he had invested it all in Merchandize. He had not enough left to pay me alone and I shall be the least loser among his creditors. The greedy Russians have taken all.'

'My God! What will he do then?' asked Henry imploringly.

'Do,' exclaimed the old man. 'He must set up again, and shall, if money can do it. If I lose by him now I have gained by him before and do not you take it to heart my lad.'

This news put Henry's intended proposals out of his head entirely. He did not dare to think to become a member of Sandborn's family at least for a while, but he resolved to redouble his diligence and gain that standing by his own industry which he had expected to obtain by his father's aid. He now summoned Miss Sandborn as much as possible, having first given her to understand that though his affection was undiminished, he dared not offer himself to her father's heiress. She did not see the propriety of his scruples, for she had read a great many novels, and admired the idea of love in a cottage. She looked on riches as young men often and young women always do, as of very little importance, and wondered that Henry did not see matters as she did. She did not despair of overcoming his obstinacy, however, nor did she mope or yawn as formerly before she knew the nature of her ailment.

In due time Henry attained his majority, and became the partner of his former master. Still he had little property of his own, and did not dare speak of the object nearest his heart, to the person who could have rendered him easy at once. The old man never so much as suspected the state of his partner's feelings, nor guessed why he shunned the society of all but mercantile men and applied himself exclusively to business. He talked as much as ever about debentures, short and long pieces, hemp and duck. Not that he was merely a follower of Mammon; but had a heart as open as charity, but the habit of getting had become to him a passion in the very spring of life. That he did not undervalue his daughter's happiness will be seen.

On the day Miss Sandborn attained her sixteenth year, I met her father on change, and man never wore such a ludicrous air of perplexity. He answered me, after the common courtesies, at cross purposes, and behaved in so singular a manner, that I at last asked him what was the matter. 'Matter,' said he, 'it is a matter I cannot understand, but I will show you what astonishes me.' With that he took out his pocketbook, opened it and extracted a letter which he said he had found on his pillow that morning. I opened it, and saw the following words in a beautiful Italian hand:

Dear Father,

I AM JUST SIXTEEN.

MARY SANDBORN.

'Now,' said the old man, 'what do you think of that? I asked her myself, but she said if I could not find out the meaning she could not tell me. That was all