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FROM THE UNITED STATES GAZETTE.
Friend Chandler.—The accompanying story, is from the pen of one of the fair daughters of New England, who is now enlightening and adorning the society of the chief city of the west, for one of whose literary associations it was written, but has never yet, I believe, appeared in print. I may be trespassing perhaps, in giving it to you for publication without the author's consent. I believe it has been in many hands in manuscript, and several copies been taken. I have ventured to do so. Its beauty and simplicity, together with its elegant and chaste, and I may add eloquent style, as well as the correct sentiment it breathes throughout, would not detract from the credit of any author, no matter what may be his fame or attainments.

AUNT MARY.
Since sketching character is the mode, I too take up my pencil—not to make you laugh, though peradventure to put you to sleep.
I am a tolerable old gentleman—an old bachelor, and what is still better, an unpretending and sober minded one. Lest, however, any of you ladies should take exceptions against me in the very outset, I will merely remark en passant, that a man can sometimes become an old bachelor, because he has *too much heart*, as well as too little.

Years ago, before any of you ladies were born, I was a good-for-naught of a boy, of precisely that unlucky sort, who are always in every body's way—and always in mischief. I had to watch over my upbringing, a father and mother, and a whole army of brothers and sisters. As I have before insinuated, I was sort of a family scape grace among them, and one on whose head all domestic trespasses were regularly visited, either by real desert or by imputation. For this order of things, I confess, there was a solid and serious foundation in the constitution of my mind. Whether I was born under some cross-eyed planet, or whether I was fairy struck in my cradle—certain it is, that I was a sort of 'Murad the unlucky,' an out of time, out of place sort of boy, with whom nothing prospered. Who always left doors open in cold weather? It was Henry. Who was sure to overset his coffee cup at breakfast—or knock over his tumbler at dinner, or to prostrate the salt-cellar, pepper-box and mustard pot, if he only happened to move his arm? Why Henry. Who was plate-breaker general to the family? It was Henry. Who tangled mama's silks and cottons, or tore up the last newspaper, or threw down old Pluche's clothes horse with the clean ironing thereupon? Why Henry.

Now all this was no malice preposse in me. I really believe, I was the best natured child in the world—but something was the matter with the attraction of cohesion, or the attraction of gravitation, with the general disposition of matter around me—that let me do what I would, things would fall down or break, or be torn or damaged if I only come near them; and my unlikeness seemed in exact proportion to my carelessness in any matter. If any body in the room with me had a head-ache, or any kind of nervous irritability, which made it particularly necessary to be quiet, and if I was especially desired to be so, I was sure while stepping round on tip-toe, to fall headlong over a chair, which would fall upon the shovel, which would fall upon the tongs, which would animate the poker, and altogether would set in action two or three sticks of wood, and down they would all come with a racket, that showed they were disposed to make as much of the opportunity as possible.

In the same manner, any thing that came into my hands or was at all connected with me, was sure to lose by it. If I appeared in a clean apron in the morning, I was sure to make a full length prostration thereupon on my way to school, and come home nothing better, but rather worse. If I was sent on an errand, I was sure to lose my money in going, or my purchase in returning; and on these occasions my mother would often comfort me with the reflection that it was well my ears were fastened to my head, or I would lose them too. Of course I was a fair mark for the exhortatory powers not only of my parents, but of all my aunts, uncles and cousins to the third and fourth generation, who ceased not to reprove,

rebuke and exhort with all long suffering and doctrine. All this would have been very well, if nature had not gifted me with a very unnecessary and uncomfortable degree of feeling, which, like a refined ear for music, is undesirable, because in this world it meets with discord ninety-nine times, when it meets with harmony once. Much therefore as I had occasion to be scolded at, I never became used to scolding, so that I was just as much galled by it the forty-first time as the first. There was no such thing as philosophy in me. I had just that unreasonable heart which is not informed into the nature of things, neither indeed can be. I was truly shrieking and proud. I was nothing to any one around me, but an awkward unlucky by, and was nothing to my parents but one of half a dozen children, whose faces were to be washed and stockings mended on Saturday afternoon. If I was very sick, I had medicine and the doctor. If I was a little sick, I was exhorted to patience, and if I was sick at heart, I was hit to prescribe for myself. Now all this was very well. What should a child want but meat and drink and room to play, and a school to teach him reading and writing, and some body to take care of him when he was sick? Certainly nothing. But the feelings of grown up children exist in the minds of little ones of ten than is expected, and I had even at that early age, the same keen sense of all that tainted the heart wrong, the same longing for something which should touch it aright, the same discontent with latent matter of covert affection, the same craving for sympathy, which has been the unprofitable fashion of the world to all ages. And no human being possessing such constitutional, has a better chance of being made unhappy by them than the backward, uninteresting, wrong-doing child. We can all sympathize to some extent with men and women, but how few can go back to the sympathies of children, can understand the desolate insignificance of not being one of the *grown up people*—of being sent to bed to be out of the way in the evening, and to school to be out of the way in the morning—of manifold similar grievances, which the child has no eloquence to utter, and the grown person no imagination to conceive.

When I was seven years old, I was told one morning with considerable domestic acclamation, that *Aunt Mary* was coming to make us a visit; and so when the carriage drove up to the door, I put off my dirty apron and ran in among the heap of brothers and sisters to see what was coming.

I shall not describe her first appearance, for as I think of her I begin to grow sentimental in spite of my spectacles, and might perhaps talk a little nonsense. Perhaps every man, whether married or single, who has lived to the age of fifty or thereabouts, has seen some woman who in his mind, is *the woman* in distinction from all others. She may not have been a wife. She may not have been a relative. She may have simply shone upon him from afar. She may be remembered in the distance of years as the star that has set—as the music that is hushed—as beauty and loveliness faded forever—but remembered as it is with interest, with fervor, with all that heart can feel, and more than words can tell. To me there has been but one such, and that is she whom I describe. "Was she beautiful?" you ask. "Also will ask you one question. If an angel from heaven should dwell in any human form and animate any human face, would not that face & form be lovely? She was not beautiful except after this fashion. How well I remember her, as she used sometimes to sit thinking with her head resting on her hand—her face mild and placid, with a quiet October sunshine in her blue eyes, and an ever present smile upon her countenance. I remember the sudden sweetness of her look when any one spoke to her—the prompt attention, the quiet comprehension of things before you uttered them—the obliging readiness to leave whatever she was doing for you.

To those who mistake occasional pensiveness for melancholy, it might seem strange to say, my Aunt Mary was always happy. Yet she was so—her spirits never rose to buoyancy and never sunk to despondency; and I know, in the sentimental confession of faith, that such a character cannot be interesting. For this impression there is some ground. The placidity of a medium common place mind is uninteresting, but the placidity of a strong and well governed one, borders on the

in time, mutability of emotion characterizes inferior orders of beings—but He who combines all interest—all excitement—all perfection—is 'the same yesterday, to-day and forever.' And if there be anything sublime in the idea of an almighty mind in perfect peace with itself, and therefore at leisure to bestow all its energies upon the wants of others, there is at least a reflection of the same sublimity in the character of that human being who has so quietly and governed the world within that he has nothing to absorb sympathy or distract attention from those around. Such a woman was my Aunt Mary. Her placidity was not so much the result of temperament as of choice. She and every susceptible of suffering, incident to the noblest and most delicate construction of mind; but they had been so directed, that instead of concentrating thought on self, they had prepared her to understand and feel for others. She was beyond all things else a sympathetic person; and her character like the green in a landscape, less remarkable for what it was in itself, than for its beautiful harmony with all the coloring and shading around it. Other women have been talented—others have been good, but no woman that I ever knew possessed goodness and talent in union, with such an intuitive perception of feelings and such an instantaneous adoption to them.

The most troublesome thing in the world, is to be condemned to the society of a person who can never understand a thing unless you say the whole of it; making your comings and goings as you go along; and the most desirable thing is to live with a person who saves you all the trouble of talking by knowing just what you are going to say before you begin. Something of this kind of talent I began to feel to my great relief when Aunt Mary came into the family. I remember the very first evening she sat by the hearth, surrounded by all the crowd, her eyes gazed on me with an expression that let me know she *saw me*; and when the clock struck eight, my mother proclaimed it to be my bed time, and my countenance let me know I was to go to bed. I was so sorry to go from the back of my rocking chair, and to think how many beautiful stories Aunt Mary would tell after I was gone to bed, she turned towards me with such a real look of understanding—such an evident insight into the essay that I went into banishment with a lighter heart than I ever did before.

How very contrary is the obstinate estimate of the heart to the rational estimate of worldly wisdom, are there not some who can remember when one word, one look, or even the withholding of a word, has drawn the heart more to a person than all the substantial favors in the world? Before Aunt Mary had lived with us a month I loved her more than any body in the world, and a utopian would have been amazed in ciphering out the amount of favor which produced the result. It was that a word—a look—a smile—it was that she seemed pleased with my new knee—that she rejoiced with me when I learned to spin a top—that she alone appeared to appreciate my proficiency in playing ball and marbles—that she never looked at all vexed when I upset her work box, and received all my gallantry and maladroit compliments, as if it had been in the best taste in the world—that when she was sick she insisted upon letting me wait on her, though I made my customary havoc among the pitchers and tumblers of her room, and displayed through my zeal to please, a more than ordinary insufficiency for my station. She also was the only person I ever conversed with, and I used to wonder how any body who could talk about matters and things with the grown up folks—could talk so sensibly about marbles and tops, and hoops and saucers, and all sorts of little boyish matters. I will say, by the by, that the same peculiarity has often occurred to older people concerning her. She knew the value of varied information in making a woman—not a pedant, but a sympathetic companionable being—and such she was to every class of mind. She had, too, the faculty of drawing others into her level of conversation so that I would often find myself going on in a most profound style and would wonder whether I was a little boy still.

When she had enlightened us for many months, the time came for her to leave, and she besought my mother to give me a letter for company. All the family wondered what she could find to like in Henry; but if she did like me, it was no matter, and so I was allowed to go. From that time I lived with her; and there are

some persons who can make the word 'live' signify much more than it commonly does—and she wrought upon my character all those miracles which a benevolent genius can work. She quieted my heart, directed my feelings, untold my mind, and educated me, not harshly or by force, but as the sun educates the flower into full and perfect life,—and when all that was mortal of her died to the world, her words and deeds of unalterable love shed a twilight round her memory which will fade only in the brightness of Heaven.

(CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST)
From the Fayetteville Observer.
THE RAIL-ROAD AGAIN.
Estimate of the annual productions of ASHE COUNTY, N. C.
5000 barrels beef.
5000 do pork.
1500 do wheat flour.
2500 do buckwheat flour.
500,000 bushels potatoes.
5000 do flax seed.
2500 pounds butter.
80,000 do tallow.
5000 do beeswax.
20,000 do wool.
50,000 do lard.
10,000 bushels cranberries.
50,000 do oats.
5000 tons h. y.
1000 do iron and casting*
20,000 do cards to be bagging.
20,000 do h. y. apples.
5000 do do. Onions.
BEETES
Spirits, cider, hemp, tobacco, maple sugar, timber, (such as cherry, walnut, &c.) fur, peltry, ginseng, seneca snake-root, &c. &c.

The county of Ashe is over 100 miles in length from N. E. to S. W. and from 30 to 40 miles in breadth. The land is uneven and in many places mountainous, but the soil is generally fertile. Blue grass, timothy and white clover are among the natural productions of the soil.
The remainder of this document contains a list of the Productions of certain counties in Virginia and Tennessee, which here is no doubt, would reach the town of Fayetteville for a market—for even now, every season wagons are seen from Virginia and Tennessee in Fayetteville, selling produce and procuring supplies.
Estimate for Johnston county Tenn.
1000 tons Iron and Castings, (present actual product 1500 tons.)
500 tons Lard.
Pork, flour and grain, about the same as Ashe county.
The whole county may be said to abound in Iron Ore of excellent quality.
This county was recently taken oil Carter—has at present 1 furnace and 7 bloomeries in operation, with a prospect of several other furnaces soon starting.

CARTER COUNTY.
Also abundant in Iron Ore and Lime, (I believe)—has 4 or 5 Furnaces, and perhaps double the number of bloomeries in operation, and produces Grain and Bacon in considerable quantities.
SULLIVAN & GREEN COUNTIES.
Nearly the same as Johnston and Carter.
GRAYSON COUNTY, VA.
Abounds in Iron Ore and Lead. Iron is extensively manufactured at several Forges, and the county produces as much Live Stock and Grain as Ashe. The annual and vegetable productions of Grayson and Ashe are much the same in quantity and quality.
WYTHE COUNTY, VA.
Affords excellent Iron and Lead Ores, both of which are extensively manufactured. The former into Bar Lead and Shot. Annual and vegetable productions same in quality as Grayson and Ashe, but in quantity equal perhaps in both.
SMYTHE COUNTY & WASHINGTON COUNTY, VA.
Abound in many valuable minerals, among which Salt and Plaster should perhaps be placed foremost. Of the former vast quantities are manufactured at King's Works, and of the latter many wagon loads are annually conveyed to a distance of 100 miles, (and all intermediate distances) either to enrich the fields of the husbandman, or to be used in building.
Animal and vegetable productions of these two counties, about the same as those of Wythe.

I am not aware that any considerable quantities of Coal have been discovered in the above mentioned region of country,—though, if allowed to reason from analogy, may we not suppose that Nature has been as bountiful to us as to other regions of a similar appearance?
R. MURCHISON.
OUR COUNTRY.
Who can read the following details of the growth of the country to the elements of wealth, to prescribe a limit to her progress? In 1791 the imports of the United States were valued at nineteen millions, when he it remembered, we had no factories of our own, and when even the Minister of the United States at the court of St. James knew not that cotton was the growth of his country. But at the present time when so much capital is invested in manufactures, when too, so many thousand persons produce at home many of those articles they were wont to receive from abroad yet the amount of foreign importations now reach to the enormous sum of one hundred and fifty millions are likely to increase in a similar ratio.—No wonder that the attention of the Bank of England has been directed to the subject of American trade and it has put forth its power on the occasion. It is clear however, that we will outgrow its influence, and may in time to come—and that time not distant—return the courtesy. The best policy of both England and America is a contest of kindness and not hostility, and such will be no doubt the future policy of both countries, that such a course would be wise and profitable to each the following articles will clearly demonstrate.—*Nov. Etc.*
GYPSIES.—The character of the Gypsies, as found in England and throughout the continent of Europe, and the peculiarities attached to their habits of living, are such as to induce a very general curiosity as to their history and origin. They are generally represented as fond of a wandering life, cunning, addicted to theft, and devoid of the qualities which dignify and adorn society, of the ordinary traits of which they are extremely impatient. A writer from Russia, however, who had visited that country chiefly with the view of having intercourse and conversing with the Gypsies, says that at Moscow he found many of them living in large houses and surrounded by the luxuries and associations of high life. He describes their perfection in vocal music as very astonishing, and says that their choirs surpass any other for the richness of their voices and thorough knowledge of musical science.—The same writer relates an anecdote of the celebrated Madame Catalani, who was so much delighted with a Gypsy female singer who had followed that wonderful vocalist in a performance before a brilliant audience, that she took from her own shoulders a shawl which had been presented to her by one of the sovereigns of Europe, and gave it to her rival. The Russian Gypsies, or Romances as they call themselves, resemble the members of the race in England—brown and for the most part beautiful, their eyes fiery and wildly intelligent, their hair, coal black and somewhat coarse. They say that their fathers came from Romancy land, but where that land was they knew not.

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A floating farm yard.—The following sketch of a family floating down the Ohio on a raft is at once highly graphic and characteristic of our inland emigration:
"To day we have passed two large rafts, lashed together, by which simple conveyance several families from New England, were transporting themselves and their property to the land of promise in the western woods. Each raft was 80 or 90 feet long, with a small house erected on it, and on each was a stack of hay round which several horses and cows were feeding, while the paraphernalia of a farm yard, the ploughs, wagons, pigs, children and poultry, carelessly distributed, gave to the whole more the appearance of a permanent residence, than of a caravan of adventurers, seeking a home. A respectable looking old lady, with spectacles on her nose, was seated on a chair at the door of the cabins, employed in knitting; another female was at the wash tub, the men were chewing their tobacco with as much ease as if they had been in the land of steady habits and the various avocations seemed to go on with the steadiness of clock work. In this manner our western emigrants travel at slight expense. They carry with them their own provisions; their raft floats with the current, and honest Jonathan, surrounded with his scolding, squalling, grunting lowing and neighing dependants, floats to the point proposed without leaving his own fire side; on his arrival there, may go on shore with his household; commence business with as little ceremony as a grave personage, who on his marriage with a rich widow, and he had 'nothing to do but walk in and hang up his hat.'