

# The Greensborough Patriot.

VOLUME XI.

GREENSBOROUGH, NORTH-CAROLINA, JUNE 9, 1849.

NUMBER 8.

**PUBLISHED WEEKLY,  
BY SWAIN & SHERWOOD.**

PRICE \$2.50 A YEAR;  
Or three dollars, if not paid within one month  
after the date of the subscription.  
A notice on the part of any customer to order a discon-  
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From the Young People's Mirror.  
**How to have good Neighbors.**

"So you have bought the pleasant farm where Mr. Dalton used to live?" said Mrs. Emery to Mrs. Austin. "It is a pretty place, but, after all, I shall not envy you—for there will be the Watsons under your elbow, and worse neighbors you never found. Watson, you know, spends all he can get for liquor, and his wife is little better than herself; indeed, some say if she was the woman she should be, her husband would be a better man. And their children—the pests of the neighborhood, brought up to idleness and mischief—they bid fair to perpetuate their parents' character."

"Poor children!" said Mrs. A., mournfully—"what better can we expect of them, than that they perpetuate their parents' characters, except there be redeeming influences cast around them? Their poor mother has much to harden her heart. She was an orphan, cast out on the world in infancy. Her heart never unfolded the buds of its affection beneath the genial smiles of parental love. Everything in her that was good, was checked by the evil influences which surrounded her. How can we expect one to be good and kind, who never knew what kindness was herself? We do not know, Mrs. Emery, what we should be, if our fate had been like hers."

"True—true," replied Mrs. E.; "but it does seem as if she might know enough to let her neighbors' property alone; but, you know they say she will steal."

"She does not know that she should not steal. But you and I ought to thank Heaven that, strong as we think our principles to be, they have not been tried by temptations such as hers. We do not know what it is to be hungry and cold, and see our little ones shivering around us, crying for bread, while our neighbors have enough, and to spare."

"Very well," said Mrs. Emery, rather indignantly; "we shall see how you like to have your clothes-line and your fruit-trees robbed every now-and-then."

"That will be very unpleasant, if it occurs," was the quiet reply; "but I believe society is guilty of a great deal of the mischief it suffers from such persons. They are educated in poverty and vice; no smiles of love fall on their cheerless childhood: no kind voice warns them of the evils which surround their path; no kind hand is extended to raise them up when falling; but they are often repelled with aversion and contempt by those who profess to be Christians and philanthropists."

"You have singular notions, Mrs. Austin," rejoined her friend. "For myself, I confess, I cannot help feeling an aversion to such people, and wish them as far off as possible."

"We never had bad neighbors," said Mrs. Austin, thoughtfully; "if this family cannot be improved, it may be very unpleasant living by them."

A few days after the above conversation, Mr. and Mrs. Austin took possession of their new home. They were humble, unpretending people, but they were Christians, and they had learned to believe it their duty to imitate the example of their Master. They were not among those whose sympathies were inactive, when excited by miseries which pass before their eyes.

They had entered upon a sphere which was to give trial to their patience, and an opportunity for the exercise of their Christian benevolence. As soon as they were settled, Mrs. Austin called upon the Watsons. It was not without a feeling of loathing that she entered that ruinous hovel; but she was resolved to get acquainted with them, and if possible, to do them good. The children—poor, little, dirty, half-naked things—ran away to hide, when she entered; and Mrs. Watson, with a look of surprise, arose and offered her a broken chair.

"We have just come into the place," said she, "and as I am anxious to become acquainted with my neighbors, I have taken the liberty to call."

"I am much obliged," said Mrs. Watson. "People seldom take so much notice of us."

Mrs. Austin inquired kindly respecting her health, and found that the poor woman was far from being well. The children began to creep around. She displayed a handful of apples which she took from her pocket, and they soon gathered around her. She gave each an apple, and patted their curly heads, with kind and gentle words. The little creatures looked wildly at her, as if unable to comprehend the cause of such unlooked kindness.

When the kind lady arose to depart, she asked Mrs. Watson to let Mary—a child of seven years—accompany her home, that she might send her some medicines.

The child sprang forward with a cry of pleasure, and placing her hand in that of Mrs. Austin, looked up affectionately in her face; then starting back, she looked at her mother, who, she remembered, had not given her consent. Mrs.

W. told Mary she might go, but promised her a whipping if she was not back soon.

Mrs. Austin took the child and departed. It was a cold day in November—and the wind fluttered poor Mary's frock, and blew the tangled curls from her naked brow. Mrs. Austin tied her handkerchief over the child's head. "Are not your feet cold?" she asked, as she looked down, and saw that she had no shoes on.

"Yes, ma'am," said Mary; "but mother says we shall get no shoes this winter, for father spends all he can get for drink."

They reached home, and Mrs. Austin found she had a pair of shoes and a shawl for little Mary, and some medicine for her mother.

The child had never been so happy before as she was when she tripped home that night. She was not only delighted with the presents which she had received, but the kind words and kind looks of her friend had fallen like sunshine upon her heart.

When Mr. Austin came home, his wife informed him of the call she had made.

"The situation of the family is truly deplorable," she added; "is there nothing that we can do for them?"

"Indeed I do not know," replied her husband.

"If there is, I doubt not you will think of it."

"Watson is terribly besotted; I met him tonight, reeling home, probably to abuse his family; and yet they say when he is sober, he is a kind-hearted, peaceable man."

"He has a good trade; and if he could be prevailed upon to work without drinking, he could support his family well. His poor wife seems indolent and hopeless; but, if she could see the prospect of better days, she would no doubt do better."

"To be sure," replied Mr. Austin, thoughtfully, "he has a good trade, and was once considered the best workman in town; but he has become so intemperate, that none will employ him. I don't know what supports his family; they must often be in wretched destitution."

"Wretched destitution indeed!" exclaimed his wife. "And now I think how we may help them. You know we want some one to work on the house immediately. Employ him—and perhaps by keeping him out of the way of temptation, and giving proper encouragement, we may induce him to break off his brutal habits."

"That is a good idea, Jane, and I will see him to-morrow, and try to engage him."

The next morning the Watsons were not a little surprised to see Mr. Austin enter their dwelling. His heart grew sick at the prospect of sin and misery around him. The shivering children were eagerly pressing round a table on which there was no food except a few potatoes. The father was standing at a shelf, preparing his morning potatoes; and Mrs. W. with uncombed hair and dirty face, stood in a menacing attitude, upbraiding him with loud and angry words.

"Good morning, Mr. Watson," said he.

"Good morning, sir," replied the poor man, with a hiccup. "I don't feel well this morning, and was about to take some bitters."

"Don't take them—they will do you no good—and I want to talk to you about business."

Watson looked at him with surprise, and then pushing the glass from him, seated himself to hear what he had to say.

"I wish to hire you to work on my house," continued Mr. A. "We have several unfinished rooms, and if you will come, I will pay you at Mr. Frost's store, where you can obtain groceries and clothes for your family."

There was something so different in the kind manner of Mr. Austin, from the rude contempt with which he was usually treated, that he felt his heart expand—he again was a man among men.

The bargain was closed—and the next morning, true to his promise, Watson came to his work. He commenced, but his hand was unsteady, and his manner restless. Mr. Austin noticed it, and kept him engaged in cheerful conversation. Before noon he asked for cider. He was told he could have none; but Mr. Austin sent him a mug of hot ginger beer, which he drank eagerly, for his thirst was intense. He kept at his work, but evidently suffered much for the want of his accustomed stimulant.

The night came, Mr. A. took him to the store and paid him for his work in some articles necessary for his family; and, with a kind and encouraging word, bade him good night. When he got home and exhibited a large salt fish and a bag of flour, the children shouted for joy. It takes but little to make children happy. Alas, that that little should be denied them! Mrs. Watson's face wore an expression of pleasure quite unusual to her, while she went to prepare supper.

A tear came into the father's eye as he looked upon his half-naked children, and witnessed the joy which one day's labor had conferred on them. He placed Mary upon his knees, and kissed her cheek with parental kindness. His passions had been checked, his better nature was aroused, and he sat thoughtful and silent during the evening. His past life came up before him. He remembered his own neglected and hopeless childhood—for he was a drunkard's child. He saw that the evil habits which he then contracted were working the ruin of himself and family; and the question came home to his heart whether he

should entail a like curse on his posterity, and make the little ones around, outcasts from society like himself. He resolved that for once, at least, he would not drink. He lay down on his pillow that night with a feeling of satisfaction that he had not experienced for years.

The next day Mrs. Austin sent for little Mary to come and spend the day with her, and take care of the babe. Poor little Mary, she was not pretty! How could she be with that cold hungry look, and those dirty rags about her! She was not good, for she had seen nothing but evil all her days. The air she breathed in the cradle was polluted with the breath of drunkenness and blasphemy; yet to Mrs. Austin she was an interesting child, for she was gentle and affectionate; and her little shut up heart seemed to open and expand, when a smile of love fell on it, as the convolulus unfolds its blossoms to the rays.

Mrs. Austin washed her face and combed her hair. She had pretty yellow curls, and a very fair complexion—and the kind lady putting on her a clean apron, thought her really beautiful! The wo-begone expression had vanished from her pale face, and her blue eyes sparkled with delight. She seemed for the first time to enjoy that buoyancy of spirit which belongs to childhood. All day long she was as busy as a bee; and when night came, and her father's work was done, she went to Mrs. Austin to have the apron taken off.

"Would you like to keep it?" asked the lady.

"Oh, yes, ma'am," replied the child, a tear coming in her eye. "I should like to keep it very much, but it is not mine."

"You may keep it, then, dear, and be sure it is kept clean."

Sweet and happy were her thoughts that night, as she tripped home by her father's side; when she lay down on her low bed, a princess might have envied her the beautiful dreams that filled her little head. Thus day after day passed. The work on Mr. Austin's house went on, and no less visible was the transformation that was taking place among the Watsons. The children were soon comfortably clad: they prattled all day of "good Mr. and Mrs. Austin;" and when their father returned from his work at night, they would all run to welcome him with their kisses, and tell him of their happiness. The heart of the poor drunkard was softened and strengthened—his resolution was taken—and each day's labor and joy confirmed him in his new life. His wife was now all cheerfulness and love, and rapidly regained her health. Their home soon became as neat and tidy as that of any of their neighbors; and where before dwelt only poverty and wretchedness, now plenty and pleasure prevailed.

Mr. Austin continued to employ his neighbor until he heard of a person who required assistance in his business. Mr. A. recommended Watson as a good workman, and as a man whom he believed was wholly reformed. The builder was satisfied, and offered to employ him for several months.

The offer was received with joy, and the reformed inebriate was again placed under circumstances favorable to his good purposes; and not long after, he was induced to join a temperance society—of which he has ever since been a respectable member.

A year has passed, since the commencement of our story, and Mrs. Emery came one day to visit her friend, Mrs. Austin. In the course of the afternoon, a well-dressed and decent-looking woman came in, leading a little child. Great was the surprise of Mrs. Emery, on being introduced to this woman, to find that she was no other than Mrs. Watson. When she arose to depart, Mrs. Austin said, "if you can spare little Mary, I wish you would send her here this afternoon; I want her to help me."

"Yes, indeed, ma'am," was the reply; "Mary shall come, for she is never so happy as when she is here."

When she had retired, Mrs. Austin said to her friend—

"You remember your fears that we should have a great deal of trouble with these Watsons; but there is not a family in the neighborhood who have afforded us more pleasure."

"This is strange indeed! Mrs. Watson so changed, that I did not recognize her! I am sure I should have known her in her former rags and dirt!"

"The whole family are changed, since Watson left off drinking. They are industrious and honest as any people among us; but you will soon see little Mary, who is a most lovely child."

"But tell me what has brought this mighty change to pass? Are you a magician whose magic wand has brought about this great revolution?"

"I believe there has been no magic employed," said Mrs. Austin, smiling. "We have given them little except kind words and a good deal of kind advice."

"Well," said Mrs. Emery, "you never had bad neighbors, and I don't believe you ever will have, if you have made good neighbors of the Watsons."

How many fond mothers and frugal housewives keep their pretty daughters and their preserves for some extra occasion—some "big bag" or other, all both turn sour. This seems to us marvelously poor economy.

## RESIGNATION.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there!  
There is no fireside, however defended,  
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
And mourning for the dead;  
The heart of Rachel for her children crying  
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! these severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours;  
Amid these earthly damps  
What seem to us but dim, funeral tapers  
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! what seems so is transition!  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—  
But gone unto that school,  
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion  
By guardian angels led,  
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,  
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing  
In those bright realms of air;  
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,  
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her and keep unbroken  
The bond which nature gives,  
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken  
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;  
For when with raptures wild  
In our embraces we again enfold her,  
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,  
Clothed with celestial grace;  
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion  
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion  
And anguish long suppressed,  
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean  
That cannot be at rest;

We will be patient! and assuage the feeling  
We cannot wholly stay;  
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,  
The grief that must have way.

Sartain's Magazine.

## The Mountain of the Ark.

The Great Ararat—which, sublimity of traditional association and imposing grandeur of form, has scarcely its equal in the world—stands as a mighty pillar on the frontier of three empires—those of Russia, Persia, and Turkey. "Aldho," says Dr. Wagner, "not more than 16,000 feet high, it rises immediately 13,000 feet above the surrounding country; while Chimborazo, according to Humboldt, exceeds the elevated plain of Quito by not more than 10,878. What an overpowering effect a monolith of such size and isolation as 'Noah's Mountain' produces on the imagination of the reader. Towards the north, south, and east, it stands completely alone, rearing itself like Etna and Vesuvius immediately from the plain. On the west it is connected with the Agridag chain, which stretches from the centre of Turkish Armenia to the plateau of the Araxes; and its height would be still more striking than it is were it not for the vast lateral extent of its terraces and declivities. It is rather singular that the Agridag, which before reaching the Ararat sinks gradually lower and lower till it almost reaches the plain, should thus suddenly rise again into this enormous pile of rocks, glaciers, and peaks; covered with everlasting snow, and piercing far into the region of clouds. It is as if the great volcanic forces in which the mountain system of Armenia originated had suddenly exerted their whole energies to rear that marvelous edifice of the mountain of the deluge. . . . At the end of the month of May the Ararat was free from snow about half way up—that is, 8,000 feet. A little further the black color of the lava was streaked with broad white stripes; and some thousand feet higher the snow has gained the victory. Snow-fields, of enormous extent, stretched along the western terraces; and on the highest the radiant dazzling white was undisturbed by a single spot, although the black rock again broke forth on the central and highest peak. . . . How often, during my stay at Erivan, when I have returned from my excursions into the surrounding country, worn out with heat, fatigue and thirst, did the sight of this scenery strengthen and console me! How often, sitting on a block of basalt on the Sanga shore, have I feasted my eyes on the glorious spectacle it presented in the rays of the setting sun, and thought with impatience of the day when I was to tread the wondrous soil!"—Westminster Review, April, 1849.

To believe in another man's goodness is no light evidence of your own.—Montaigne.

## From Wright's Casket.

### Education.

Question: What is Education?

Answer: Education is that process by which the powers and faculties of an individual are duly and harmoniously developed and disciplined, in which he acquires a thorough, practical knowledge of individual, social and political duties, and an ability and disposition to perform them all fully, accurately and promptly.

Q. What are the great departments of education?

A. Physical, Moral, Intellectual and Professional.

Q. What is physical education?

A. It is that process by which the bodily powers are duly developed and disciplined—in which the individual secures physical health strength and activity.

Q. What is moral education?

A. It is that process by which the moral faculties are duly developed and disciplined—in which the individual is made practically acquainted with the distinctions of right and wrong, in his actions with regard to others and himself, and in which he acquires a disposition to do what is right, and to avoid what is wrong.

Q. What is intellectual education?

A. It is that process by which the knowing faculties of an individual are developed and disciplined, and in which he acquires a knowledge of the existence, the relations, and the reason of things.

Q. What is professional education?

A. It is that process in which an individual makes a thorough preparation to pursue some department of labor.

Q. Are the departments of the human powers and faculties independent of each other?

A. Not absolutely. No one department can be developed and disciplined, perfectly, without regard to the others. Health, morals and intellect have strong and reciprocal influences upon each other, so that the perfection of each essentially depends upon the harmonious education of all. Still, each department may, to a great extent, be developed independently.

Q. What result will be produced, if education be restricted to the physical powers?

A. A mere animal life will be exhibited.

Q. What will be the character of persons whose education is so restricted?

A. Such persons, if employed in manual labor, will have little ability and less inclination for moral and intellectual culture. When wealthy, they will be in imminent danger of being enslaved by their animal appetites.

Q. When education is restricted to the first and second departments, or when health is combined with morality, what will be the character of such persons?

A. They will be honest, good citizens, faithful to their engagements, and trust worthy as neighbors and friends. They will, however, be incapable of self-direction, and therefore, incompetent for self-control. They will, of necessity, be compelled to ask what they are to do, and how they are to act.

Q. When the first and third departments are united, or when health is combined with intellect, what will be the character?

A. Such persons will be efficient in action, but wholly unscrupulous with regard to the means they employ for the accomplishment of their purposes. Such characters have done far more evil than good in the world.

Q. When the second and third departments are united, or when morals and intellect are combined, what will be the character?

A. Such persons will be honest, benevolent and intelligent, weak, nervous, and easily excited, generally unhappy in themselves, and incapable of extensive usefulness. Such persons frequently die young.

Q. When all three departments are united, or when health, morals and intellect are duly and harmoniously developed and combined, what will be the character?

A. Such persons will possess sound minds in sound bodies; they will be eminently happy in themselves, and capable of the most permanent and extensive usefulness to mankind. Such a character is the most honorable and desirable possession, and the course of action which leads to it, the most worthy of imitation.

Q. Among modern characters, whose do the great majority of enlightened men pronounce the most worthy?

A. WASHINGTON'S.

Q. Will you give a brief description of his character, physical, moral and intellectual?

A. He was more than six feet in height, and well proportioned. He possessed a strength of nerve, and power of muscle, which defied physical hardship of every description. He was a swift runner, an expert wrestler, and the most accomplished horseman of his age. His integrity was not only unimpeachable, but beyond suspicion. His love and veneration of truth, if not without a parallel, were certainly without a rival. Mr. Jefferson declares, that his justice was the most stern and inflexible he had ever known; and, also, that he was incapable of fear. His intellect was clear, strong and penetrating. His judgment solid and unerring. His caution so great, that he never said or did anything today, which he wished unsaid or undone to-morrow.

row. His self-control was absolute. It was this rare combination of excellencies, which made him—FIRST IN WAR, FIRST IN PEACE, AND FIRST IN THE HEARTS OF HIS COUNTRYMEN!"

### ALL'S FOR THE BEST.

All's for the best; be sanguine and cheerful;  
Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise;  
Nothing but folly gives faithful and fearful;  
Courage forever is happy and wise;  
All's for the best,—if a man would but know it!  
Providence wishes us all to be best;  
This is no dream of the pundit or poet;  
Heaven is gracious, and—All's for the best!

All's for the best! set this on your standard;  
Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love,  
Who to the shores of Despair may have wandered,  
A way wearied swallow, or heartstricken dove;  
All's for the best—be a man but confiding;  
Providence tenderly governs the rest,  
And the fair bark of His creature is guiding,  
Wisely and warily; all for the best.

All's for the best! then fling away terrors,  
Meet all your fears and your foes in the van,  
And in the midst of your dangers or errors  
Trust like a child, while you strive like a man!  
All's for the best;—unbiased, unbounded,  
Providence reigns from the East to the West;  
And by both wisdom and mercy surrounded,  
Hope and be happy that—All's for the best!

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### Mechanics.

It is a singular fact that the mechanic, in certain circles is looked upon with contempt and scorn. And why? Merely because he gains his livelihood by the sweat of his brow; by the labor of his hands. We have seen the social evening party—in the ball room—the flaunting miss bedecked with jewelry, the matronly mother, with one foot in the grave; pass the hard working yeoman by, silently, to greet the man who may boast of a profession, not half so honest as the mechanic, with smiles and flattery. We have seen this, and it has pained us much to think that any pretender who may come along boasting of a M. D. attached to his name, or an Hon. prefixed, can fall into perfect security, the father's fears, mother's errors and be admitted a regular visitor at that frivole where honest mechanics were refused.

Perhaps it was better that the flaunting girl did slight him, for she would not be a fit companion to share his daily toil, but that slight so apparent to all, pierced to the quick, and to the inquiries as to what occasioned it, we have heard of repeated, "he is only a mechanic."

That there should exist so little kindred feeling between men, born on the same soil, is not to be wondered at, when conceited arrogance stalks unabashed through the social circle, and tongues pandering to the thoughts within, seek a place towering above the heads of the laboring man, and seek to place him in such a position that they can construe his poverty into crime—his daily toiling into degradation. But that men—that women—who have passed the meridian of life, whose tottering gait proclaim their near approach to that borne from which no traveller returns, should seek to inspire their children with thoughts which must tend, eventually, to widen the breach which already exists in the human family, is indeed to be wondered at—to be lamented.—Nonpareil.

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