

# The Greensborough Patriot.

VOL. XV.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C., OCTOBER 29, 1853.

NO. 753.

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**Advertising Rates.**  
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tisements as follows:

3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	1 YEAR.
One square, \$3.50	\$5.50	\$8.00
Two squares, 7.00	10.00	14.00
Three " (col.) 10.00	15.00	20.00
Half column, 18.00	25.00	35.00

**GREENSBOROUGH  
Mutual Life Insurance & Trust Company.**

THIS Company, as its name indicates, is upon  
the mutual principle, and embraces two distinct  
departments, to wit: Life Insurance and Trust De-  
partments. This attractive combination offers to  
Policy holders double the ordinary security, without  
destroying their right to a full participation in the  
entire profits of the Company. Premiums will be  
received, in cash, either annually, semi-annually,  
or quarterly, as may be agreed upon at the time the  
Policy is issued.

In the TRUST DEPARTMENT, or Deposit Sys-  
tem, the payments made to the Company are en-  
tirely optional with the Depositor, as regards the  
amount and the time at which they are made. A  
party may pay in as much or as little, (not less than  
one dollar), and as often, as may be convenient for  
him, without any obligation upon him to continue  
his payments, and may withdraw them at his plea-  
sure.

So that, on the plan of this Company, there is  
created at one and the same time an assurance pay-  
able at death—a fund available in sickness—and a pro-  
vision for old age.

See Pamphlets furnished by the Company.

**OFFICERS OF THE COMPANY.**

Directors—Ralph Gorrell, Lyndon Swaim, John  
A. Gilmer, D. F. Caldwell, Richard Greene, David  
McLean, Richard Sterling, John M. Logan, D. P.  
Weir, E. W. Ogburn, Robert M. Sloan, Robert P.  
Dick, Henry B. Elliott.

President—RALPH GORRELL.

Vice President—LYNDON SWAIM.

Secretary and Treasurer—D. P. WEIR.

Attorney—JOHN A. GILMER.

Examining Physicians—Edwin Watson, M. D.;  
Consulting Physicians—D. C. Mebane, M. D.; J.  
L. Cole, M. D.; D. P. Weir, M. D.

General Agent—William H. Cumming.

Any information relative to the Company may  
be had by addressing D. P. WEIR,  
Jan. 25, 1853. Secretary and Treasurer.

**GREENSBOROUGH  
MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.**

THE cost of insurance on the mutual plan is but  
a small sum, compared with a joint stock com-  
pany. This company being located in the Western  
part of the State, consequently much the larger por-  
tion of the risks are in the West, very many of which  
are in the country.

The Company is entirely free from debt; have  
made no assessments, and have a very large amount  
in cash and good bonds, and is therefore confidently  
recommended to the public.

At the last Annual Meeting the following Officers  
were elected for the ensuing year:

JAMES SLOAN, President.

S. G. COFFIN, Vice President.

C. P. MENDENHALL, Attorney.

PETER ADAMS, Sec'y and Treasurer.

**DIRECTORS.**

James Sloan, Dr. S. G. Coffin,

Dr. J. A. Mebane, J. M. Johnston,

C. P. Mendenhall, William A. Wright,

Wm. S. Rankin, Wm. A. Gilmer,

Rev. C. F. Deane, Dr. C. Watkins,

James M. Garrett, Carolina F. College,

Jed. H. Lindsay, John I. Shaver,

W. J. McConnell, Salisbury,

E. F. Lilly, Greensborough,

W. P. Moore, Raleigh,

H. H. Burwell, Newbern,

H. H. Burwell, Henderson,

J. L. Bridges, Tarborough,

W. H. CUMMING, PETER ADAMS,

General Agent, Secretary

May 10, 1853. 732:2v

T. C. ALBRIGHT, R. F. ARMFIELD,

**ALBRIGHT & ARMFIELD,**

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

HAVING permanently located in Greensborough,  
will attend promptly to all business intrusted  
to their care. January 10th, 1853. 712:1y

**NOTICE TO NORTH CAROLINA AND  
VIRGINIA MERCHANTS.**

**STEVENSON & WEDDELL,**

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF STAPLE AND  
FANCY DRY GOODS,  
FAYETTEVILLE, VA.

NOW offer to the trade a large and command-  
ing assortment of British and Continental  
Goods, together with a large stock of Do-  
mestic Fabrics, purchased before the recent  
advance in prices.

Merchants are respectfully invited to call and ex-  
amine our assortment, as we feel confident we can  
offer as great inducements to purchasers as can be  
found in this or any other market.

N. B.—Orders promptly attended to.  
September 17th, 1853.

**1853.  
FALL AND WINTER GOODS.**

THE undersigned are now receiving the largest  
STOCK OF GOODS in their line that they have  
ever offered to the trade, consisting of a very ex-  
tensive assortment of DRY GOODS, HARDWARE,  
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, & READY-MADE  
CLOTHING. To which they invite the attention of  
their old customers and wholesale buyers generally.

HALL & SACKETT,  
Fayetteville, Aug. 20, 1853. 744:1f

**COOPER, LEPPINCOTT, COFFIN & CO.,**

(Late Murphy, Cooper & Co.)  
Wholesale Dealers in

Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods,  
No. 34 North Third Street,  
Opposite the City Hotel, Philadelphia.

CHARLES W. COOPER, CHAS. F. DEW, STEPHEN COFFIN,  
WM. V. LEPPINCOTT, (708-15) DANIEL MURPHY

J. B. STARR. J. M. WILLIAMS.

**STARR & WILLIAMS,**

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC  
DRY GOODS,

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS,  
AND

Ready-Made Clothing,  
HAY STREET, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.  
May, 2853. 729:1y

**WORTH & ELLIOTT,**

(Successors to J. D. Williams.)  
Forwarding and Commission  
MERCHANTS,  
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

J. A. WORTH. [W. P. ELLIOTT.]

**T. C. WORTH,**

FORWARDING AND COMMISSION  
MERCHANT,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

**R. M. ORRELL,**

Commission and Forwarding  
MERCHANT,  
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

**J. C. POE,**

DEALER IN STAPLE AND FANCY  
DRY GOODS,  
HAY STREET, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.  
July 23d, 1853. 739:1f

**MICHAEL TRACY,**

WHOLESALE DEALER IN  
Confectionary Fruits and Groceries.  
No. 204 Market St., ab. 6th so. Side,  
NEXT DOOR TO RED LION HOTEL,  
PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

**DRUGS! DRUGS! DRUGS!!**

**W. C. PORTER,**

DEALER IN  
Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, &c.

AN just received and opened a large assortment  
of Drugs and Medicines, comprising every  
article usually called for in this market. Also, an  
excellent lot of

Choice Perfumery,  
consisting of Cologne, Pomades, Extracts for Hand-  
kerchiefs, Powders, Soaps, &c. Also, the fine-  
st Brands of Cigars ever offered in this market.  
Call at the sign of the Golden Mortar, East Street,  
Greensborough, N. C.  
October 7th, 1853.

**EFLAND & WOODBURN,**

FASHIONABLE TAILORS,  
South Street,  
GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

**DR. JOHN L. COLE,** having permanently

located in Greensboro', offers his Services,  
in the various branches of his Profession to the citi-  
zens of Greensboro' and adjacent country.  
January 22, 1853. 713:1f

**50 oz. Quinine,**

JUST received by Express, and for sale at the  
sign of the Golden Mortar, by  
W. C. PORTER.

**ATTENTION!**—The Captains and commis-  
sioned officers of the 5th Regiment N. C.  
Militia are hereby commanded to appear in Greens-  
boro' on Saturday the 5th of November next, at 11  
o'clock, A. M., for General Court Martial. All hav-  
ing business will please attend.  
J. A. PRITCHETT, Col. Com. 753:2w

**Wanted,** some 2 or 3000 feet of fencing plank  
—oak or pine.  
R. G. LINDSAY.  
Oct. 19, 1853.

**Fairbanks' Platform Scales.**

Long known—severely tested—Al-  
ways right—The acknowledged Stan-  
dard.

Agents,  
Geo. C. Ewing, 21 Charles street,  
Baltimore. Fairbanks & Co., 89 Wa-  
ter street, New York.

Railroad, Hay, Coal, and Farmers' SCALES, set  
in any part of the country, at short notice.  
October, 1853. 752:3m

**New Goods for Fall and Winter Trade.**

NEW style Hats, Caps, Shoes and Boots, and  
Dress Goods for Ladies and Gentlemen. Gro-  
ceries, Hardware, Cutlery; Steel for drills and in  
short all articles that are usually kept in our line,  
will be found at  
J. R. & J. SLOAN'S.  
September, 1853.

**For Sale—On Good Terms.**

A House and Lot in Liberty, about three  
hundred yards from the Court-house in Win-  
ston-Forsyth county. The lot contains two acres,  
well fenced. The house has four good-sized rooms  
and a cellar. There is a well of excellent water in  
the yard. The kitchen is ample, the smoke-house  
good. There is also an office in the front yard, on  
the corner of the street, and was formerly occupied  
as a tailor-shop. The stable has three stalls and a  
carriage shed. There is a flourishing young orchard  
on the place.

This eligible situation can be purchased on time,  
with good security, and on very reasonable terms. Ap-  
ply to HENRY HOLZER, Esq., Winston, the Rev.  
CHARLES F. DEANE, Greensboro', or JOHN A. MUCK,  
Glen Anna, Davidson county, N. C.  
Oct. 19, 1853. 752:6w

**NOTICE.**

I shall offer for sale, at the court house door, in  
Town of Greensborough, on Monday the 21st of  
November next, 410 acres of land, listed by Sally  
Peoples, on the waters of Haw River, adjoining the  
lands of Thomas Saunders and others,—or such  
quantity thereof as will pay the Taxes for 1851 and  
1852—\$4.60 for each of those years—together with  
the costs and charges of the sale.  
W. A. WINBOURNE, Sheriff.  
Oct. 18, 1853. 752:6w. (pr. adv. \$2.25.)

**EXECUTORS' SALE**

WILL be offered at public sale, on Tuesday the  
22nd day of November next, (being court  
week.) at 1 o'clock, without reserve,  
30 Shares—F. & W. Plank Road Stock.  
10 Shares—N. C. Rail Road Stock.  
Executors of Jesse Harper,  
Deceased.  
752:3w

From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

**Truth.**

BY RICHARD COE.

Not alone in realms of beauty—  
Not alone beyond the skies—  
If on earth we do our duty,  
Heaven all around us lies!

White winged angels fan us ever,  
Unseen spirits round us move,  
When we make a good endeavor,  
When we do a deed of love.

Spirits of the dear departed  
Press upon the brow and cheek  
Loving kisses, tender-hearted,  
From their pale lips pure and meek.

And their gentle voices mind us  
We are passing fast away;  
May their loving spirits find us  
In the bright eternal day!

Let us, then, with firm reliance  
On the just and on the right,  
Bid a fierce and stern defiance  
Unto error dark as night!

Let us, then, with faith unfeigned,  
Say to truth thou art my guide;  
Come on wealth or want most pinching,  
Let whatever fate betide!

Let us, then, the right impressing  
On the mind and heart of youth,  
Give to age a solid blessing,  
In the sacred love of truth!

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

**THE UTILITARIAN.**

Translated from the French.

BY ANNET WILBER.

"The diligence from Paris!" exclaimed a  
waiter, opening the door of the dining-room of  
the great Pelican, at Colmar.

A middle-aged traveller, who had just finished  
breakfast, hastily rose at this announcement, and  
ran to the entrance of the hotel, where the heavy  
carriage had just stopped.

At the same moment, a young man put his  
head out of the window of the coupe. Both re-  
cognised each other and uttered a cry of joy.

"Father!"

"Camille!"

At these two exclamations, simultaneously ut-  
tered, the door of the carriage opened; the newly  
arrived sprang from it, and threw himself into the  
arms of the elder traveller, who pressed him to  
his breast.

The father and son were meeting for the first  
time, after a separation of eight years, which the  
latter had passed at London with an uncle of his  
mother. The death of this relative, of whom he  
was the heir, had at last allowed him to return  
to the paternal mansion, which he had left al-  
most in childhood, and which he was now to re-  
visit as a young man.

After the first excitement of the interview had  
passed away, M. Isidore Berton proposed to Ca-  
mille to set out immediately for their homes near  
Ribeauville; the latter, impatient to see the place  
of his birth, accepted; the cabriolet was prepared  
and they started.

There is in these first interviews, after a long  
separation, a certain embarrassment which inter-  
rupts the conversation with involuntary moments  
of silence. Unaccustomed to each other, we ob-  
serve, we attempt to discover the changes which  
time has wrought in ideas as in person; we seek  
for the past in the present with a sort of uneasy  
uncertainty. M. Berton, occasionally, was an-  
xious to know the young man who had returned  
in the place of the child who had left him. Like  
a physician who examines a patient, he question-  
ed him slowly, observed each of his impressions,  
and analyzed his slightest words.

As he continued his study, he suffered himself  
to be borne away by the current of conversation,  
and began to speak of his own tastes and occu-  
pations since his departure.

The proprietor of Ribeauville was neither a  
scientific man nor an artist; but, unable to pro-  
duce, he loved the productions of others; he was  
a mirror which, without creating anything, re-  
flects creation! No impulse of intelligence was  
indifferent to him, no emotion foreign. He in-  
terested himself in all discoveries, associated him-  
self with all improvements, encouraged all efforts.

For him, life was not only to retain the spark  
which God has placed in each of us, but to in-  
crease and inflame it with other sparks. Thanks  
to the leisure allowed him by a rich patrimony,  
his activity had been able to develop itself free-  
ly, unimpeded by the necessity of providing for  
his own wants. Being limited to no path he had  
traversed them all, sustaining the courage of in-  
dustry in art, by his rewards or his sympathies.  
Alas! had seen him at the head of every enter-  
prise formed to advance letters, the sciences or  
arts, and the museums of Strasburg had been en-  
riched by his presents.

At this very moment he was causing extensive  
researches to be made in the sides of a hill, where  
some vestiges of ancient pottery had been dis-  
covered. He pointed out to his son, as they pass-  
ed, the Roman mound, and related to him how  
he had, to acquire it of its former owner, given  
him in exchange an acre of his best meadow.

Camille appeared surprised.

"You think me very foolish, do you not?"  
asked M. Berton, who was observing him.

"Pardon me, my father," said the young man.  
"I am only surprised at the bargain."

"Why so?"

"Because it seems to me that we ought to  
have a regard to utility in all things, and that this  
barren hill cannot be worth an acre of meadow-  
land."

"I see that you are not an archeologist."

"It is true; I have never understood the value  
of old pottery, or the interest people take in gen-  
erations now extinct."

M. Berton looked at his son, but did not reply.  
Desirous of knowing him thoroughly, he would  
not repulse his confidence by a discussion.—  
There was a silence of a few moments, which  
was suddenly interrupted by the exclamation of  
Camille. He had just perceived in the distance,  
among the trees, the mansion-house, of which he  
had recognized the great tower.

"Ah! yes, it is my observatory," said his

father, smiling: "for I am not only an antiquar-  
ian, my son, but I have become somewhat of an  
astronomer."

"You!"

"I have transformed the tower into a study,  
and have placed a telescope there, with which I  
can examine what is passing in the stars."

"And you find pleasure in occupying yourself  
with things beyond your reach, which you cannot  
change, and which are of no advantage to you?"

"That employs time," said M. Berton, who  
continued to avoid a serious discussion. "Bes-  
ides, you will see many other changes. The  
old poultry-yard has been transformed into an  
aviary, and the orchard into a botanical garden."

"All these changes must have cost you dearly!"

"And are of no advantage to me."

"That is to say then that you yourself con-  
demn them?"

"I do not say so; but we have arrived—let  
us descend."

The groom ran to take the reins, and our two  
travellers allowed the cabriolet to be taken to the  
stables, while they entered the mansion-house.

Camille found the vestibule encumbered with  
old armor, geological specimens and herbariums  
relating to the Alsatian Flora.

"You are looking for a hat-stand?" asked M.  
Berton, seeing him look around with a sort of  
disappointment: "that would be in fact more  
useful than my curiosities; but let us pass to the  
drawing-room."

The drawing-room was adorned, from the floor  
to the ceiling, with paintings, rare drawings or  
medallions. The proprietor pointed out some of  
these for his son's admiration. The latter ex-  
cused himself on the plea of ignorance.

"In fact, all these things are of no great im-  
portance," said M. Berton, good-naturedly: "we  
are grown up children, whom curiosities amuse;  
but I see with pleasure that you taste a practical  
value of life."

"I owe it to my uncle Barker," observed Ca-  
mille, with a little theatrical modesty: "he often  
complained of the time and treasures expended  
for the frivolous wonders of art, and sought in  
vain to discover what profit humanity could de-  
rive from blackened paper and painted canvass."

They were interrupted by the arrival of a do-  
mestic, who announced dinner, and who gave  
M. Berton a new book just arrived by the post;  
it was the impatiently-expected work of a favor-  
ite poet. He began to look over it; but sud-  
denly stopped and closed the book.

"Come, I will not delay your dinner for ver-  
ses!" said he. "Uncle Barker would not have  
forgiven me."

"I fear not," replied Camille, smilingly: "for  
he was accustomed to ask, of what use are po-  
ems?"

The father and son seated themselves at the  
table where the conversation continued on the  
same subject. Camille freely developed the op-  
inions for which he was indebted to uncle Bar-  
ker; for the latter had taught him to be sincere  
only in sincerity in the old economist, proceed-  
ed less from a love of truth than from the love  
of utility. He respected the straight line, not be-  
cause it was straight, but because he knew it to  
be the shortest. For him, falsehood was a false  
calculation, vice a bad investment, passion an un-  
necessary expense! In all things utility was the  
supreme law. Hence there was a species of bar-  
renness in the good actions of the old man; his  
very virtues appeared only well-solved problems.

Camille had adopted the doctrines of his uncle  
with the ardor of youth, applying by degrees to  
everything this question: *Of what use is it?*  
His reasoning, (which he mistook for his reason)  
had reduced social duties to mathematical propo-  
sitions. Cured, as he said, of the mental alien-  
ation called poetry, he had treated life like the  
Jew who scratched out a painting by Titian, that  
he might have a clear canvas good for nothing.

M. Berton listened to the development of these  
opinions without manifesting dissatisfaction or  
impatience. He opposed a few objections which  
the young man refuted triumphantly, appeared  
struck by his reasoning, and on separating pro-  
posed to resume the subject.

The next day, and the following days, M. Ber-  
ton did indeed renew the conversation on the  
same subject, yielding, by degrees, like a man  
who is becoming persuaded. Camille grew en-  
thusiastic as he played the part of teacher to his  
father, and redoubled his eloquence in proportion  
as he saw his triumph. At last, obliged to absent  
himself, to visit some relatives in the neighbour-  
hood, he left M. Berton entirely converted.

His absence lasted a week; this period had  
sufficed for the buds to expand, and the fields to  
be in flower. When he returned, spring was  
bursting forth in its young splendor. The swal-  
lows were skimming in the blue sky, with joy-  
ous cries, the song of the peasants responded to  
those of the shepherds, and the mild breeze wa-  
ving the green fields, wafted in every direction  
the fragrance of the hawthorn, the primrose and  
the violet.

Notwithstanding his systematic insensibility  
to all poetry, Camille could not escape the influ-  
ences of this re-awakening of creation. He al-  
lowed himself to be insensibly carried away by  
the charms of sunshine, song, perfume; an in-  
voluntary emotion seized him, and he arrived at  
the mansion in a sort of intoxication.

He met his father in the middle of the parterre,  
which served as a court of entrance. M. Berton  
was surrounded with workmen, who were up-  
rooting the flowers and cutting down the trees.  
Two lilacs, which overshadowed the windows of  
the lower story with their fragrant blossoms, had  
just been cut down to make fagots.

"The young man could not suppress an excla-  
mation of surprise.

"Ah! here you are," said M. Berton, on per-  
ceiving him. "Your arrival is very seasonable;  
come and enjoy your triumph."

"My triumph!" repeated Camille, not under-  
standing him.

"Do you not see that I have become your dis-  
ciple?" resumed the proprietor of Ribeauville;  
"I have reflected much on what you have said  
to me, and I perceive that your uncle Barker  
was in the right. We should retrace the use-  
less things of life. Now these flowers and  
shrubs are in a garden what poems are in a  
poem, unless to light a fire, like these lilacs!"

But come, come, you shall see other changes; I  
have profited by your absence, and I hope you  
will be satisfied with me."

As he spoke thus, M. Berton passed his arm  
familiarly in that of Camille, and they entered  
the house together.

The vestibule had been cleared of the curiosi-  
ties which formerly filled it, and in their places  
were hat-stands, clock-pegs and spindles. In  
the drawing-room all the drawings at paintings  
had been alike removed; and the wall, entirely  
bare, had been whitewashed. Upright and rec-  
tangular furniture had been substituted for the  
seats, a la Louis XIII., the gothic settees and  
sideboards, which were there before.

M. Berton cast a radiant glance upon his son,  
"Well!" said he, "you will not, this time,  
accuse me of sacrificing to the frivolities of art;  
our drawing-room has only its four walls, of  
which no person can question the utility. We  
shall now have a place to hang up our kitchen  
herbs, and guns, and to deposit our cloaks."

Camille was about to hazard some objections,  
but his father shut his mouth by recalling the an-  
them pronounced against blackened paper and  
painted canvass which had never been any profit  
to mankind.

The changes had not been confined to the  
drawing-room; the entire mansion had undergone  
a similar transformation. Whatever had for its  
object to please, had been pitilessly sacrificed.—  
Everything had thenceforth a daily, positive use