

NEW SERIES.
GREENSBOROUGII, N. C, FRIDAY MURNING, OCTOBER 26, 1838.

| Bo YHOOOD <br> By Lieut. L. W. Patton, U. S. Army <br> I never see the lyughing eyes <br> O: joyous beys at play, <br> But metaorse fond wathin me rise, of chillituot's happy day; <br> To - aport upon the festive ground Sromd all I hat to do, <br> Aut winn my comrades laught around |
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1 ridume cared fir du-t and noise,
$\square$
Oh! richer far than now;
I neser pued hir forequ land,
Nor si, hid tir distant sea:
The top which turned beneath my hand,
But now upon my troubled soul,
My thoughts are where the titlows roll-
And where the whirlwinds awecp.
I lov to see the bending mast.
Buw down before the storm,
The whig without e form.
$\square$
$\square$


$\square$






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and that ewery grant of power should be
Watched wah mense jealousy, as an ill-
ruikentent abndgisent of the rights of the
Cuivictitent abradgment of the rights of the
commumity. Ife fiad, too, the most unboua.

