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### A CHILD'S FIRST IMPRESSION OF A STAR.

She had been told that God made all the stars  
That twinkled up in heaven, and now she stood  
Watching the coming of the twilight on,  
As if it were a new and perfect world,  
And this were its first eve. How beautiful  
Must be the work of Nature to a child  
In its first impression. Laura stood  
By a low window, with the silken lash  
Of her soft eye upraised, and her sweet mouth  
Half parted, with the new and strange delight  
Of beauty that she could not comprehend,  
And had not seen before. The purple fold  
Of the low sunset cloud, and the blue sky  
That looked so still and delicate above,  
Filled her young heart with gladness; and the eye  
Stole on with its deep shadows. Laura still  
Stood, looking at the west with that half smile,  
As if a pleasant thought were at her heart,  
Presently, in the edge of the last tint  
Of sunset, where the blue was melted in  
To the faint gold self-venies—a star  
Peep'd suddenly. A laugh of wild delight  
Burst from her lips, and putting up her hands,  
Her simple thoughts broke forth expressively—  
"Father, dear Father! God has made a Star!"

### RELIGIOUS.

"There came one running, and kneeled down  
to Jesus, and asked him, saying, Good Master,  
what shall I do to inherit eternal life? And Je-  
sus said unto him, Why callest thou me good?  
There is none good but one, namely, God. Thou  
knowest the commandments. Do not commit  
adultery, do not kill, do not steal, do not bear false  
witness, defraud not, honour thy father and moth-  
er. And he answered and said unto him, Mas-  
ter, all these have I observed from my youth.—  
Then Jesus, beholding him, loved him, and said  
unto him, One thing thou lackest: Go thy way,  
sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor,  
and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come,  
take up thy cross, and follow me. But when the  
young man heard that saying, he went away sor-  
rowful; for he had great possessions. And Je-  
sus looked round about, and saith unto his disci-  
ples, How hardly shall they that have riches en-  
ter into the kingdom of God!"

### REMARKS.

It is hard for a rich man to enter into the kingdom  
of God; because it is hard for such an one to become meek  
and lowly in heart, and to lead a life of gospel humility.—  
It is plain from the concurrent testimony of scripture and  
experience, that great wealth has a tendency to excite and  
cherish a haughty and disdainful spirit, and to become the  
idol of its possessor; and thereby it indisposes one for em-  
bracing the humble and self-denying religion of Jesus.  
Though there be some rich people, of a God-like bene-  
volence, whose characters are encompassed with a glorious  
splendor, whose liberal hearts devise liberal things, and  
who, like benevolent angels, do minister for good to the  
needy family of man; we must nevertheless, in a general  
view, yield to the sentiment of an inspired apostle—  
"They who will be rich fall into temptation, and a  
snare, and many hurtful lusts, which drown men in  
destruction and perdition."

Men who are struggling with incessant solicitude to heap  
up immense riches, which they can enjoy but a short time  
do not seem to consider that they are not only indispos-  
ing their own minds for a better state of existence; but also that  
the great treasures, which they shall leave to their children,  
will be likely to render those children haughty, idle, euer-  
vated, and debauched. Was not that prayer of Agur,  
"Give me neither poverty nor riches."

[E. W. HAMPSON.]

The Christian's motto ought ever to be that of  
his Great Master: "To this end was I born, and  
for this cause came I into the world, that I should  
bear witness unto the truth." The champion of  
the cross has to do with exhibiting truth—not  
with combatting error. The true Christian phil-  
anthropist, as he sees a world benighted and op-  
pressed with darkness will be led to spend his  
energies, not in complaining of the darkness, or  
blaming this one or that one for producing it, but  
he will take the lamp of eternal truth in his hand  
and press on through the wilderness, heeding  
not the complainers about him, and only showing  
the path.

The Christian morality, being most pure and  
sublime, tends to ennoble the human nature, and  
to render us better, and happier in all the rela-  
tions of life. Compare the Christian law with the  
frigid precepts of philosophy; compare the Chris-  
tian scheme of relative and social duties with  
Chesterfield's maxims of politeness, professedly  
founded on dissimulation and hypocrisy of heart;  
how striking is the contrast! You immediately  
see the divine origin of the one, and that the other  
is the mean and selfish offspring of that wisdom  
which is from beneath.

The Christian laws are addressed to the heart;  
they reach and bind us even as to our thoughts,  
and the secret motives of actions. They incul-  
cate love as the great principle of human conduct.  
Supreme love to God, and universal benevolence  
to men, are the great commandments in the Chris-  
tian code.

This love, like the influence of the magnet,  
would attract mankind to one another, and cause  
each to esteem the interest of another as if it were  
his own. And if this love might be universal, in-  
juries of every kind would cease, all the social

and relative duties would be willingly perform-  
ed, and this world, in a moral view, would be-  
come a paradise.

Jay, speaking of the mysteries of religion, says,  
"Ask me not for the solution. I only know the  
fact, I see two ends of the chain, but the mid-  
dle is under water; yet the connection is as real  
as it is invisible. By and by, it will be drawn  
up."

### MISCELLANY.

#### A Glimpse at Merrie England.

Professor E. Wright, (known as the able and  
ingenious translator of *La Fontaine's Fables*), in  
his letters to the Boston Chronicle, makes the fol-  
lowing shrewd observations upon the state of af-  
fairs in England:

Time, which carries not for mortals, has brought  
me to the close of my look in England. It is very  
awkward to sum up and generalize when one has  
only begun to observe; therefore understand me  
as giving generalizations of things as they seem to  
me—what a fly that lights upon England for a  
twinkling and is off, thinks of it.

As to the bounties of Providence, substantial  
blessings and beauties, I cannot conceive how  
more could have been granted in the same space  
than is the lot of this so far as nature has made it  
"merrie England." After seeing the golden har-  
vests of the rich eastern counties and Yorkshire,  
the meadows of the Thames, above all the garden  
valley of the Tweed; the mines of Derbyshire;  
and another region to which the wise do not car-  
ry coals; the bays and lochs of Scotland; the  
pikes and fells, and dales and moors of Westmore-  
land; the springs of Malvern; the valleys of the  
Severn and the Wye—even taking a nap on the  
brow of the Wyndcliffes—surely I have a right  
to say "Avaunt, all geography; this is the very  
spot where the human race ought to develop itself  
in all its power and glory." But truly, the  
race as a mass, is far and painfully below what a  
nurseling of republicanism, alighting on the  
Wyndcliff, and drinking in the beauties of the  
wide landscape, and knowing nothing more of En-  
gland, would expect to find it. There is igno-  
rance and coarse brutality, and sullen hopeles-  
ness and haggard wretchedness, far beyond what  
there ought to be in the midst of such beauties  
and blessings. Yet there is not a little, but a  
great deal among the human inhabitants, that is,  
like the landscape, noble, and lovely, and glorious  
—and that, not in one class, but in all classes,  
from the highest to the lowest. And a peep at  
history will convince one, too, that the race is here  
making a progress that is truly encouraging and  
sublime. Indeed, history writes this upon the  
landscape. The old feudal castles, now possessed  
by ivy and owls; the ruinous abbeys, the dimly-  
remembered battle fields, are way-  
marks that show how the race has gone for-  
ward. The Alfreds, the Shakspears, the Hamp-  
dens, the Newtons, the Miltons, the Howards, the  
Wesleys, the Hogarths, have not lived in vain.—  
Their manes are worn worthily by men whom  
it might be irreligious to mention now, but who  
will shine as the stars by and by; men who are  
doing what Cromwell did, in a wiser way. They  
have approached in fact, nearer than in form to  
the desired goal: In enumerating the governing  
powers of England, you have not done when you  
have mentioned king, lords and commons. The  
press is to be named, and that not at the tail of the  
list. The press has outgrown the power of what  
is called the government, to control it either by  
fear or favor.—Look at the Times newspaper with  
a net revenue equal to that of a third rate Euro-  
pean potentate. Ministers have bribed it till it is  
beyond the reach of their bribery. They look up  
to it with fear and trembling, and a degree of  
humble obedience. It is the voice of the most  
vigorous intellect of England saying what will be  
most likely to find an echo in the breasts of one  
hundred thousand independent Englishmen as  
they swallow their buttered and boiled eggs. Look  
at Punch, too, with wit and wisdom enough to  
insure him a hundred patents of immortality. He  
governs a great part of England, very much for  
its good. The Pecksniffs of the land take hints  
from him, to edify their dupes. Hence one may  
conclude that England is growing, and has grown  
wiser, and, of course, happier. Yet if one were  
to task himself to write down the folly and hum-  
bug and happiness of England it would be diffi-  
cult to decide where to begin, and quite impossi-  
ble to end.

England may be said to live under a trinity of  
evil, kingcraft, priestcraft and beercraft. In this  
let me not be misunderstood to speak disrespectfully  
of that interesting daughter of Eve, the queen  
who with such exemplary patience obeys the  
command imposed upon her as a mother, nor of  
the reverend clergy, nor yet of the noble brew-  
ers, many of whom write *sir* before and *bart* after  
their names. They are all honorable persons, I  
hope and trust; but the craft to which they were  
born or bred, I am sure cost England immensur-  
able woes. O that I had the eye of a prophet and  
could say that there was visible in the dimness  
of the future, any thorough relief. As it is  
anguine hope without seeing any thing, guesses  
that deliverance must come somehow or at some  
time or other. The order in which the evils press  
upon the country seem to me to be, first beercraft,  
second priestcraft, third kingcraft. Till the  
beercraft is removed—till the people get the clear  
heads and strong hearts which pure water gives

—in vain you lift at the others. Suppose you  
abolish the taxes and tithes and give England a  
cheap government and free church and full suff-  
rage, to what will it amount, so far as the masses  
are concerned? Precisely to more beer and con-  
sequences of beer! I may be mistaken; truly I  
have found warm and zealous promoters of thor-  
ough temperance, but they seem to be regarded  
as the maddest fanatics. Nine men out of ten  
of the laboring classes, so far as I have been quite  
inquisitive, have not the slightest barrier them-  
selves and stupidity and drunkenness, but their  
inability to get enough beer. It is their undoubt-  
ed creed that beer is a blessing, and one of their  
deepest sorrows that their wages will not allow  
them to get plenty of it, with a drop or two of gin  
by way of a luxury. Look at poor Chartism,  
befogged in beer! fighting as often as any way a-  
gainst itself, and selling to its worst enemies even the  
little suffrage it commanded. If the masses of  
England could be induced to enter upon the car-  
eer so gloriously begun by those of Ireland, they  
would soon take a position which would settle  
many of the knottiest questions of politics, and the  
crafts of the priest and the king would be swept  
away like the meshes of the spider. The state  
and the church would then take their places as  
servants of the people—not masters. Yet with  
all this which to an American mind is so evident,  
staring them in the face, there are plenty of sincere  
philanthropists here, enemies of slavery, of corn  
laws, of church tyranny, of a vampyre aristoc-  
racy, who will pity you for not drinking wine with  
them; who will raise the cup of Greece to their  
own lips and then lament the oppression and de-  
gradation of England's poor! Put the brewers  
of England in the same condition with her feudal  
castles and monasteries, and her poor will soon  
take care of the other vampyres.

There is one sign of the times, however, which  
is hopeful. The discovery in Germany of the  
wonderful sanatory properties of cold water is  
making an impression upon the higher and mid-  
dle classes here. The doctors are not able to  
laugh it down. After spending fortunes on phy-  
sicians in vain, invalids go to Grafenberg and are  
healed. A child with scarlet fever, is wrapped  
in a wet sheet and gets well. Men rummage  
their libraries and find that just such cures have  
been performed at Malvern a hundred years ago,  
and the water when analyzed is the purest possi-  
ble. And they find cases in which patients with  
raging fever and delirium have broken loose from  
their nurses and jumped into the Thames or some  
horsepond, and their madness has proved better  
than the wisdom of the doctors.

Many are coming to the conclusion that disease  
is chiefly some mysterious modification of that  
great poison, diet, with which we are seeped into  
the world to battle, and this redounds greatly to  
the advantage of pure water. Setting poisons to  
catch poisons is growing into disrepute with these  
people, and consequently they may be and by be  
expected to see the absurdity of sending one dram  
of alcohol into the stomach to cure the disease  
made by its predecessor. The multitude of ex-  
periments which have now put the matter fairly  
to the test, seem to demonstrate that coldness  
combined with pure water, is the best means that  
has ever been tried to quench human inflamma-  
tions, and when properly applied will cure any  
patient who has strength to be cured in any way.  
This being true, the occupation—I do not say of  
doctors, for it will require science and wisdom to  
apply cold water—but of the druggist—of all med-  
ical poison manufacturers, is gone. And shall  
not alcohol be included?

From the hold this subject has taken of the  
most intelligent here, I look for a great pathol-  
ogical reform, which I think cannot fail to set the  
principle of total abstinence upon a more com-  
manding foundation than it has hitherto occupied.  
If you can get the *wine* out of the heads of the phi-  
lanthropic of the higher class, then will they see  
clearly the effects of beer upon the lower. Both  
once delivered, the nation would not be long in  
discovering the folly of working itself to death  
to support a class of grand and idle hereditary  
pickpockets, nor long in devising means of relief.  
See if the new vision bestowed upon the Irish  
people does not work out such results. England  
wants an oculist like Father Mathew.

#### Character of a True Friend.

Concerning the man you call your friend—  
tell me, will he weep with you in the hour of dis-  
tress? Will he faithfully reprove you to your  
face for actions for which others are ridiculing or  
censuring you behind your back? Will he dare  
to stand forth in your defence when detraction is  
secretly aiming its deadly weapons at your repu-  
tation? Will he acknowledge you with the same  
cordiality, and behave to you with the same friend-  
ly attention, in the company of your superiors in  
rank and fortune, as when the claims of pride  
and vanity do not interfere with those of Friend-  
ship? If misfortune and losses should oblige you  
to retire into a walk in life in which you cannot  
appear with the same liberality as formerly, will  
he still think himself happy in your society, and  
instead of gradually withdrawing himself from an  
unprofitable connexion, take pleasure in professing  
himself your friend, and cheerfully assist you to  
support the burden of your afflictions? When  
sickness shall call you to retire from the gay and  
busy scene of the world, will he follow you into  
your gloomy abode, listen with attention to your

'tale of symptoms,' and minister the balm of con-  
solation to your fainting spirit? And lastly, when  
death shall burst asunder every earthly tie, will  
he shed a tear upon your grave, and lodge the  
dear remembrance of your mutual friendship on  
his heart, as a treasure never to be resigned? The  
man who will do all this may be your  
companion—your flatterer—your seducer; but  
depend upon it he is not your friend.

#### The Quaker's Daughter.

A STORY OF OLD SALEM.

The annals of the year 1658 will ever present a  
blot on the historic page of New England, and the  
lifted veil discloses a fury of religious intolerance,  
and a violence of persecution, which darkly stains  
the character of those who, in other respects, mer-  
it our highest encomiums.

It was during the height of the popular fury in  
New England against the Quakers, that the oc-  
currences which I am about to relate took place.  
Before a small, unpainted house in Salem, on a  
beautiful summer evening, sat an old man and a  
fair girl, his daughter. Their faces illy conceal-  
ed the anxiety of their hearts, and a listener might  
easily have seen that their fearful forebodings  
were unfounded.

"Verily," said the old man, after a pause in  
the conversation, during which he had appeared to  
be engaged in inward prayer, "verily the hand  
of persecution is heavy upon us. Surely it was  
this place that caused my own wife, Rebecca, to  
go down to the grave, ere yet the grasshopper  
had become a burden as it has to me. And now,  
poor William, what will become of him? Twice  
has he suffered the cruel sentence of an unrighte-  
ous law for visiting you, my daughter. I pray  
God that he may not have the temerity to return."

"Amen," with blanched cheeks and tearful  
eyes, ejaculated the maiden. Her anxious at-  
titude, her clasped hands—all told a tale of deep  
affection. To William Horsley had her youth-  
ful faith been pledged, while she yet was in her  
native England; and the extent of his affection  
may be imagined, when it is remembered that  
twice, as the reader has already been informed,  
had he been publicly whipped for venturing with-  
in the precincts of that town from which he had  
been banished. The penalty of the third offence  
was death, and yet in spite of the danger, he dared  
week after week to visit her whom he loved; and  
her affectionate remonstrances only served to  
heighten his passion for one who, in her love for  
another, thought not of herself.

Long and anxious did father and daughter  
converse about their future prospects. They could  
not suppose that, known as were they to be Quak-  
ers, they should long remain unmolested; but  
there was in the breast of each a carefully nour-  
ished hope that their perfectly harmless and quiet  
life might, at least, avert for a time the storm  
which they felt to be gathering.

But these hopes were vain. As the two arose  
to retreat to their dwelling from the night air and  
dew, their attention was arrested by loud voices  
and the tread of heavy feet. Shortly a party of  
rough, ill-favored men stopped at the door of their  
humble house, and freely entering and seating  
themselves within, began to pass the usual rough  
jest which the presence of unprotected beauty  
will always excite in the minds of the brutal and  
unfeeling.

The visit filled the beautiful Quakeress with  
undisguised alarm; she, wholly unprotected, for  
her father appeared stupified by the before un-  
heard of liberties with his property, and said not  
a word; but by the occasional flash of his eye at  
some new outrage, it was easy to see that in his  
younger days, a much smaller injury would have  
called forth something besides angry looks.

The object of their coming was soon made  
manifest. "The town can't allow you, old fel-  
low," said the leader of the gang, "to lumber this  
ground any longer. So sir up your stumps and  
be off. If you're here at six o'clock to-morrow  
morning, by the whiskers of the Virgin, you shan't  
have a root to cover you."

"I obey," said the old man meekly.  
"But as for this little sparrow," continued the  
ruffian, "if she can fancy me, she shall go home  
and live with me. What say you my dear?"

The girl replied by an indignant gesture.  
"Ah! I know which way the wind lies. I've  
seen that Horsley around here before now; but  
hark ye, you know his fate as well as I do; if he  
ventures into these parts again. So warn him,  
for I'm on the look out."

The distress and alarm depicted on the girl's  
countenance was so evident, that the fellow stop-  
ped, and, after reiterating his injunctions to the  
old man, the band took a welcome leave.

"The Lord's will be done," said the Quaker  
after a short pause, "let us obey those who have  
the power."

A short time was consumed in making prepa-  
rations for their departure, but ere their arrange-  
ments could be completed, the old man was strick-  
en down with burning fever. The unusual ex-  
citement had been too much for him, and hasten-  
ed a disease, the symptoms of which he had felt for  
two or three days.

For some minutes after the truth broke upon  
the mind of the daughter, she remained stupified,  
not knowing whether to turn. All their Quaker  
friends (and they had no others) had deserted the  
place. Her lover she knew would fly to her as-  
sistance, if he could but be made acquainted with

her situation, but his presence would only in-  
crease her anxiety: and in any case, she knew  
not where to seek him.

But her strong mind soon discovered the only  
course in her almost helpless situation. The  
house, she was aware, would be sacked in the  
morning, and if she was discovered, nothing could  
save her from public disgrace. Fool and medi-  
cine, too, must be obtained for her father, and her  
only way to get it was to leave him, returning at  
night.

To a little ruined out-house, at some distance  
from their dwelling, she carried a bed, and hav-  
ing rendered the place as comfortable as possible,  
she assisted the old man thither, and having care-  
fully nursed him until morning, she early left  
him, not without fearful forebodings. Nor were  
her fears entirely groundless. In the morning  
the house was ransacked and stripped of every  
valuable. But the hovel from its mean appear-  
ance, was not visited, and in the ensuing night,  
having during the day wandered twenty miles  
for food and medicine, as she dared not inquire  
for it nearer, she returned to her father; although  
dangerously ill he appeared to be sleeping quietly.

For more than a week the devoted maiden thus  
watched by night the sick bed of her father, and  
she had already begun to look forward to the time  
when he should rise from it, and seek with her  
and one other whose name she was too modest to  
breathe, a far off spot in the wilderness where  
they might dwell in peace, when one dark night,  
as she was hastening along the road to the Quak-  
er's bedside, she felt herself clasped around the  
waist by no very gentle hands, and at the same  
time a voice not altogether unknown to her ears,  
cried out, "Hillo! my darling sparrow, what now?  
I thought as much from seeing the track of a pret-  
ty foot around the old place, this morning. Go-  
ing to get what we've left, eh? You slighted  
me the other day," continued he, in a louder tone,  
as she commenced a faint struggle, "and by the  
bones of my mother, you shall smart for it now."

Completely exhausted with fatigue and terror,  
the little Quakeress was dragged along by the  
men until she was brought to the prison, into  
which, after some short delay in an examination,  
she was thrust, receiving as she went, the gratui-  
tous intelligence that every thing was prepared  
for giving her a public whipping in the morning.

It was not until the key turned upon the poor  
girl in the lonely cell, that the full horror of her  
situation struck her. Shame and disgrace, she  
felt she could bear when in the way of her duty,  
but to be publicly whipped—it was too much.—  
Her sensitive nature shrank from the pain and  
the exposure. The old Quaker, too; what would  
become of him! The forsaken girl fell on her  
knees, and long and earnestly did she pray for  
deliverance for herself, and health for her father.

And deliverance was not far off. As she rose  
from her knees, a light tap at the window arrest-  
ed her attention. A voice that she well knew  
pronounced her name. She flew to the spot and  
a joyous kiss through the iron bars showed that  
she well knew who was there.

But her happiness vanished when she thought  
of their mutual danger. She gently reproached  
her lover for exposing himself to so great a  
risk, and earnestly entreated him to leave her to  
her fate and save himself. But William Horsley  
would listen to no such counsel. Having heard  
of her situation, he had hastened to their assis-  
tance, and arriving near the house, was witness to  
the capture of his betrothed. He delayed only  
long enough to provide himself with necessary  
implements, and appeared, as we have seen, at  
the window of the prison, determined to res-  
cue his beloved or perish in the attempt.

Animated by love, he worked with a zeal to  
which the presence of the Quakeress added not a  
little. Her aid, also, within, was very valuable;  
and in two hours their united efforts had remov-  
ed enough of the bars to enable William to draw  
her through the opening. It is needless to say  
that the hopes of the blood-thirsty were disap-  
pointed, and that the lovers escaped free.

They found the old Quaker so far recovered,  
that with great exertions they were enabled to  
remove him to a place of comparative safety, a-  
bout three miles distant, whence, a short time  
after, they removed to one of the frontier towns in  
New Hampshire, where the usual consumption  
to such romances took place; and one of their  
descendants, from whom last summer I obtained  
the heads of this true story, is now living on the  
banks of the Winnepisseogee.

#### Life in the Country.

The following exquisite gem we take from the  
third number, just published, of Colman's Euro-  
pean Agriculture.

"To live in the country, and enjoy all its plea-  
sures, we should love the country. To love the  
country is to take an interest in all that belongs  
to the country—its occupations, its fields and its  
forests, its trees and rocks, its valleys and hills,  
its lakes and rivers; to gather the flocks around  
us, and feed them from our hands; to make the  
birds our friends, and call them all by their names;  
to wear a chaplet of roses as if it were a princely  
diadem; to rove over the verdant fields with a  
higher pleasure than we should tread the carpet-  
ed halls and regal courts; to inhale the fresh air  
of the morning as if it were the sweet breath of in-  
fancy; to brush the dew from the glittering fields,  
as if our path were strewn with diamonds; to

hold converse with the trees of the forest, in their  
youth and in their decay, as if they could tell us  
the history of their own times, and as if the gnarled  
bark of the aged among them were all written  
over with the record of by-gone days, of those  
who planted them, and those who early gathered  
their fruits; to find hope and joy bursting like a  
flood upon our hearts, as the darting rays of light  
gently break upon the eastern horizon; to see the  
descending sun robin; himself in burnished  
clouds, as if these were the gathering glories of  
the divine throne; to find in the clear evening  
of winter, our chamber studded with countless  
gems of living light; to feel that "we are never  
less alone than when alone?" to make even the  
stillness and solitude of the country eloquent; and  
above all, in the beauty of every object which  
presents itself to our senses, and in the unbought  
provision which sustains, and comforts, and fills  
with joy the countless multitudes of living ex-  
istences, which people the land, the water, the  
air, every where to repletion; to see the radiant  
tokens of an infinite and inexhaustible beneficence,  
as they roll by us, and around us, in one ceaseless  
flood; and in a clear and bright day of summer,  
to stand out in the midst of this resplendent crea-  
tion, circled by an horizon which retreats from  
our advances, holding its distance undiminished,  
and with the broad and deep blue arch of heav-  
en over us, whose depths no human imagin-  
ation can fathom; to perceive this glorious temple  
instinct with the presence of the Divinity, and to  
feel, amidst all this, the brain growing dizzy with  
wonder, and the heart swelling with an adoration  
and a holy joy, absolutely incapable of utterance;  
this it is to love the country, and to make it not  
the home of the person only, but of the soul."

#### Whisper to Husbands.

The happiness of the wife is committed to the  
keeping of the husband. Prize the sacred trust  
and never give her cause to repent the confidence  
she has reposed in you. In contemplating her  
character, recollect the materials human nature is  
composed of, and do not expect perfection.

Do justice to her merits, and point out her  
faults; for I do not ask you to treat her errors  
with indulgence, but then endeavor to amend  
them with wisdom, gentleness and love.

Do not just about the bonds of a marriage state.  
Make it an established rule to consult your wife  
on all occasions. Your interest is hers; and un-  
dertake no plan contrary to her advice and approb-  
ation; then if the affair turns out ill, you are  
spared reproaches both from her and your own  
feelings. There is in a woman an intuitive  
keenness, a sagacity a penetration and foresight  
in the probable consequences of an event, that  
makes her peculiarly calculated to give her an  
advice.

If you have any male acquaintances whom, on  
reasonable grounds, your wife wishes you to re-  
sign, do so. Never witness a tear from your  
wife with apathy or indifference. Words, looks  
actions—all may be artificial; but a tear is un-  
equivocal; it comes direct from the heart, and  
speaks at once the language of truth, nature, and  
sincerity! Be assured, when you see a tear on  
her cheek, her heart is touched, and do not, I a-  
gain repeat it, do not behold with coldness or in-  
sensitivity.

Let contradiction be avoided at all times.  
Never upbraid your wife with the meanness  
of her relations; invectives against herself are not  
so wounding. Should suffering of any kind as-  
sail your wife, your tenderness and attention are  
particularly called for. A look of love, a word of  
pity or sympathy is sometimes better than medi-  
cine.

Never reproach your wife with any personal or  
mental defect; for a plain face sometimes con-  
ceals a heart of exquisite sensibility and merit,  
and her consciousness of the defect makes her a-  
wake to the slightest inattention. When in the  
presence of others, let your wife's laudable pride  
be indulged by your showing you think her an  
object of importance and preference. The most  
trivial act or word of attention and love from you  
gratifies her feelings; and a man never appears  
to more advantage than by proving to the world  
his affection and preference for his wife.

Never run on in enthusiastic encomiums on  
other women in presence of your wife; she does  
not love you better for it. Much to be condemn-  
ed, is a married man constantly rambling from  
home for the purpose of passing away time.—  
Surely, if he wants employment, his house and  
garden will furnish him with it, and if he  
wishes for society, he will find it in his wife,  
children and books, the best society in the world.

There are some men who will sit an entire day  
with their lips closed. This is wrong; you  
should converse freely on all such occasions. Be  
always cheerful, gay and good humored. When  
abroad do not avoid speaking to your wife. Few  
women are insensible to tender treatment. They  
are naturally frank and affectionate, and in gen-  
eral there is nothing but austerity of look, or dis-  
tance of behavior, that can prevent those amiable  
qualities from being evinced on all occasions.

When absent let your letters to your wife be  
warm and affectionate. A woman's heart is pecu-  
liarily formed for tenderness, and every expres-  
sion and endearment from the man she loves is  
flattering and pleasing to her.

A husband, whenever he goes from home  
should always endeavor to bring some little pres-  
ent to his wife.

In pecuniary matters, do not be puerile, or  
too particular. Your wife has an equal right with  
yourself to all your worldly possessions. Besides  
really a woman has innumerable trifling de-  
mands on her purse; many little wants, which it  
is not necessary for a man to be informed of, and  
which, even if he went to the trouble of investi-  
gating, he would not understand.