

The Greensborough Patriot.

VOLUME VIII.

GREENSBOROUGH, NORTH-CAROLINA, APRIL 4, 1846.

NUMBER 1.

Published Weekly
BY SWAIN & SHERWOOD

PRICE, THREE DOLLARS A YEAR,
\$2.50, IF PAID WITHIN ONE MONTH AFTER THE DATE
OF SUBSCRIPTION.

WE SHALL BE HAPPY YET.

BY NEW JAMES CHRY.

Fear not, beloved, though clouds may lower,
Whilst rainbow visions melt away,
Faith's holy star has still a power
That may the deepest midnight sway.
Fear not! I take a prophet's tone,
Our love can neither wane nor set;
My heart grows strong in trust—Mine Own,
We shall be happy yet!

What! though long anxious years have passed,
Since this true heart was vowed to thine,
There comes, for us, a light at last
Whose beam upon our path shall shine.
We who have loved 'mid doubts and fears,
Yet never with one hour's regret,
There comes a joy to gild our tears—
We shall be happy yet.

As, by the wandering birds, that find
A home beyond the mountain wave,
Though many a wave and storm combined
To bow them to a ocean grave—
By summer suns that brightly rise
Though first in mournful tears they set,
By all Love's hopeful prophecies,
We shall be happy yet!

THE THREE DAYS. An old Woman's Story.

Paris, 14th, 1830.

"Will you not go with us to the Tuileries to-morrow?" said I, "the weather promises to be fine, and, according to accounts, the scene will be unusually gay. Look, Philippe..."

"Sang Colotte," muttered the old lady, with a heavy shrug of her shoulders, "ah!"

I stared, as you may well suppose, and, slowly repeating this very elegant appellation, wondering how she came to utter it.

She fidgetted restlessly about upon her chair, stamped the floor impatiently with her foot, and her knitting needles were busily at work, and again ejaculated "Bah!"

"Well, but, Madame Basil," laughed I, "what is no answer to my question—will you go?"

The old lady took off her spectacles, wiped, and put them on again, drew forth her snuff box, extracted a pinch, and slowly returned the tabacotier to its resting place, sighing heavily, and fixing on me one of the saddest looks I ever saw, said in a low but meaning tone, "Non."

"And why not?"

"I shall never go there again; it is just fifteen years since I have seen either the Palais Royal or the Tuileries, and I sincerely trust no circumstance may ever arise that would compel me to cross those hated paths more."

As the poor old lady uttered these words a tear stole slowly down her hollow cheek, and her hands trembled so violently, that the work fell from her fingers. Not knowing very well what to say, I remained silent, though doubtless my countenance betrayed the wonder and curiosity her manner, rather than her words, had excited.

After an interval of several minutes, during which she was evidently endeavoring to recover her self-possession, she gazed steadily at me, and said in a calm, composed voice, "Are you easily frightened?"

"No," replied I, "it takes a great deal to do that; but why do you ask?"

"Have you patience to listen to an old woman's story?"

"Most assuredly, and thank her for it, too."

"Well, then, draw your chair close to mine, and do not interrupt me till I have done."

As I was desired, and she told me no tale of fiction, but a tragedy real life, herself the heroine.

"On the morning of the 27th of July, 1830 I was walking with my grand-daughter in the gardens of the Palais Royal; the day was remarkably beautiful, the air being clear, bright, and soft, and wholly free from those oppressive heats so usual at this season of the year. We had just drawn a couple of chairs, and I was observing to Marie how exceedingly quiet every thing appeared, when a fearful yell, the simultaneous mingling of ten thousand voices, burst upon our startled ears, and at the same instant a gentleman whom I knew slightly rushed past us, exclaiming, 'Fly, fly! they are entering the gardens by the passage; fly! fly! save yourselves! for the love of heaven don't stay another moment, or you're lost!' and, without further explanation, he disappeared. So sudden was the transition from perfect calm and tranquility to frightful uproar and stunning clamor, that for one minute we stood like two statues, transfixed with terror and amazement; the next, by an involuntary impulse, without exchanging either word or look, we fled as fast as our trembling feet would carry us, nor halted until we gained the court of the house in which I then lived. My consternation was so overwhelming, that I had scarcely power to notice anything, but as we turned into the Rue St. Honoré, Marie ejaculated in a breathless whisper, 'Grandmaman! grandmaman! see, the shops are all shut'

And so they were; in the course of those few hours the demon of rebellion had risen in all its hateful might, and Paris was once again to become the scene of terror, bloodshed and death.—Every house was closed and barricaded, and all save the infuriated mob, had deserted the streets.

"As the porter was closing our court door, a man forced his way into the yard, staggered toward the foot of the staircase, gave a faint cry, and fell down—dead!"

I uttered an exclamation of horror; the old lady laid her hand gently on my arm, quietly repeated the word "patience" and calmly proceeded with her terrible tale.

"I cast my eyes upon the corpse, its limbs were frightfully convulsed, its features drawn and distorted, death had struggled hard with its victim, every line of the face was changed; but a mother needs no second look to recognize her son—it was my poor Jules!"

"Ah! well," continued she, "I can't cry now! my life has been one ceaseless scene of suffering, and I've wept till my poor old eyes are dim and dry; I've no tears left to shed; I wish I had, perhaps 'twere better for me."

"With the aid of our concierge and his wife, we managed to carry him up stairs and lay him on his bed; the blade of a broken knife was in his side; I drew it out; I have it now. Ah! they had stabbed him to the heart, the monsters! my poor, poor Jules!"

"While we were hanging, maddened by our misery, over his blood-stained corpse, a second yell, like that we had heard in the Palais Royal, only ten times more revolting, started us from the bedside, and, rushing to the windows, we beheld a hideous, furious, drunken mob, armed with missiles of every description, pouring through the street from all its openings, and tearing up the stones to aid them in their deeds of death. Onward the torrent rolled, howling and roaring towards the Tuileries. Those who have seen a mob ascending in all its terrors as I've so often done, know but too well its fearful strength; those who have not can little guess the horrors of its march."

"We were living then, as I think you know, in the Rue St. Honoré—that was the great scene of slaughter. I will not tire you by a relation of all the miseries which came beneath my notice during these three terrible days; I shall tell no more than what immediately relates to myself, and that will sufficiently explain why I have no desire to participate in the rejoicings of to-morrow."

This word was uttered with a bitter smile. Poor soul! what a sickening mockery must it have sounded to her ear!

"In the midst of this hideous din a cry arose, louder, more fiend-like than the rest, 'To the Tuileries! to the Tuileries! quick, quick! put upon the throne! to the Tuileries!' and a mob of fiercer we saw approaching, borne on the shoulders of six frantic wretches, the half-naked body of a young man covered with the blood that slowly trickled from a dozen ghastly wounds—'Me! my poor, poor Marie!' moaned the unhappy old woman, quite overcome by those many heart-breaking memories this relation of her miseries vividly recalled.

"My child! my Marie!" repeated she, in tones of accents; "my lost, my murdered Marie!" and, raising her eyes, she fell back in her chair perfectly motionless. I had seen her once or twice before, well knowing that unbroken silence was the best restorative; I neither moved nor spoke.

At length she slowly opened her eyes, and again taking her knitting, she calmly continued her melancholy story:

"I know which party he received his deathblow none can tell, whether from a random shot of the soldiers, or a stab from the patriots, I know not, but he and my son Jules were among the first victims slain. They were murdered on their way to residence; they had been intercepted by the band."

"Jules! not drop the moment he was struck; enough of was left to enable him to reach home; the assassins did their cruel work more quickly than I had feared."

"The rage seized his corpse, and choosing to turn it to my account, stripped it to the waist, stably in twenty places to make it appear more terrible, and in that state bore it in triumph to the Tuileries, and amid shouts of fierce laughter placed it on the throne!"

"Henri St. was a student of the Polytechnique, and affianced husband of my lost Marie."

"Poor darling! she hung over the balcony gazing in speechless agony on the mangled corpse of him she loved truly, a monster from an opposite house demanding in a hoarse, savage voice, to which side we fled. At the risk of my conscience I cried as loudly as I could shriek, 'The people! the people! liberty! liberty!'—Whether the mischief really did not hear me, or willfully chose to misunderstand me, I cannot tell; but leveling a gun in his hand, he paused for an instant; I saw his aim, and endeavored to draw my polluted child away—alas! alas! 'twas all in vain. I heard a laugh like that of the infernal, and next moment my hapless Marie lay dead in arms; the ball had pierced her young heart, stopped its pulses forever!"

"It is very kind of you to weep for my sorrows," said the old lady, seeing I was vainly endeavoring

to stifle the tears that would force themselves despite of my best efforts to check them. "Yes, very kind; you, English have feeling hearts. Ah! your sympathies have never been searched by the sight of bloodshed; an English woman can little comprehend the terrors of such scenes as these poor old eyes have witnessed. I saw my husband beheaded; he suffered the same day—nay, the very hour in which Louis Seizeime ended all his miseries. I'll tell you about him some day—not now, not now."

"We were ever staunch adherents of that unfortunate family, and we have suffered so bitterly by our attachment, I love them still—ah! well, well."

"When the Three Days were over, and something like peace restored, they began to think about collecting the dead. The soldiers were ordered to remove the bodies, but they positively refused to give the slightest assistance. A number of the laborers, lured by the promise of double wages, consented to commence the dismal work, but in so brutal and slovenly a manner did they go about it, that they rather obstructed than aided each other."

"One scene made a fearful impression upon my mind even amid all the horrors of my own wretched position. I had gone to the front of the house to close our windows, the stench from the street, which was literally mudded with blood, becoming more unbearable every minute. As I leaned out to reach the shutter a burst of mocking laughter smote painfully on my ear, and looking down I beheld a baker's cart, in which they had piled some ten or twelve corpses, laying on its side, the bodies having scarcely any covering (for no sooner did a victim fall than the women rushed upon it, and carried away every article that was of the slightest value,) being heaped one upon another in the middle of the horse road.—Oh! 'twas a fearful, sickening sight."

"After standing a minute to contemplate this hideous spectacle, the wretches set up a second stunning shout and ran off, leaving the cart and its ghastly load immediately under our windows."

"The weather had now become intensely hot; pestilence seemed to menace us from every quarter—what was to be done? Plenty were found to direct, though none would obey. At last, as the only chance left of staying this threatened plague, the landlords called upon their tenants to assist in clearing the streets, and gentlemen of wealth and rank might be seen removing the dead and replacing the torn-up pavements."

"They wanted to bury my Marie and her father with the martyrs, but I would not consent to that; they he side by side in Pere le Chaise; I will take you to see their tomb some day."

"Do you wonder now why I have no wish to participate in the rejoicings of to-morrow? The revolution that placed Louis Philippe on the throne made me a lonely, desolate old woman; took from me all I loved or lived for. I will not go with you to the Tuileries."

What Shall We Do to be Saved.

To this question, as many different answers are virtually given, as there are different denominations of professed christians, and yet, most of them at variance with the most plain, pointed and simple instructions given by the Saviour, himself. The reprehension, written by the prophet Isaiah, "In vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines, the commandments of men," and which was applied by our Lord to the hypocritical pharisees, is even more applicable to the professedly theological leaders of the present day. The popular and dignified churches, regard all those as heretics, who take the scriptures of truth for their guide, independently of the preaching, teaching and traditions of the reverend clergy; and it is a lamentable fact, that nearly all the members who constitute those churches, follow the church's doctrines, and clerical constructions, instead of examining the Bible to see whether the leaders are right or wrong. There is scarcely a point of peculiarity which is observed by popular church members, and which constitutes the difference between them, and the world of non-professors, but what has been instituted without any gospel authority. Our Saviour said explicitly, "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me, shall be loved of my Father." (John, xiv 21.) and again, "If ye keep my commandments ye shall abide in my love." (John, xv 10.) This, then, is the true answer to the question "What shall we do to be saved." The "commandments" of Christ are generally explicit and plain; and require no extraordinary literary attainments to understand the true import and signification thereof; but to so construe and mistify them, as to conceal their ostensible import, and reconcile them to the indulgence of pride, luxury and worldly honor, requires all the tact and skill which can be derived from a theological, in addition to an ordinary collegiate education. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth," is one of those commandments, and a very plain one. "Sell that ye have, and give alms," is another. "Swear not at all," is a very conspicuous commandment. Others enjoin childlike humility. Yet these, and nearly all others of the most pointed and essential commandments, are slightly passed over, or construed to mean anything else; while the pretended duties of joining the churches, building meeting houses, paying rich salaries to ministers, keeping the Sabbath, attending church, supporting a choir of singers, and observing many other customs which are

no where commanded by the Lord or his apostles, are virtually enjoined and required, as the main points of christianity. But know, immortal man, that this is not the way to be saved. You must discard the unwarranted traditions of men; study, learn and obey all the commandments of Christ, according to the plain, ostensible sense thereof, and submit to have your name cast out as evil, and to be reviled as a heretic—which will most assuredly be the case, if you do thus obey—and trust the consequences to Him who best knew what course of conduct was or would be, the most perfectly consistent with your eternal well being.

A Journeyman Printer.

At the Typographical Celebration in Rochester, a few days since, Mr. William A. Welles, a journeyman, gave the following sketch of his life, which is the greatest 'mess of pi' that we ever heard of. He says:

Mr. President.—It has often been remarked that the fortunes of the members of the Typographical profession have been more diversified and precarious than that of any other class of men.—The changes constantly taking place in their circumstances render them an easy prey to all the vicissitudes of life.

The printer is an intellectual being. No class of men, in any age of the world, have given evidence of so great versatility of talent, universal knowledge and variety of reading, as the body Typographical. The biography of many printers would be both amusing and instructive. By way of illustrating the above declaration, I offer the following crude, rambling recollections of a somewhat adventurous journey through for through life; not that I would, in so doing, claim any notoriety for my many 'hair breadth 'scapes,' but from an inclination to let my fellow craftsmen read a page of my story; and if any good should result from my experience, to bequeath the record of the incidents of my times, for the amusement of others.

I served nearly seven years' apprenticeship in the office of the late Alderman Seymour, 49 John street N. Y. In this office, associated as fellow-workmen, were the late Commissary General of this State, A. Chandler, Mayor Harper, N. York; Gen. George P. Morris, now editor and publisher of the 'New York Mirror'; John Wind Elliott, the Foreman, (one of the notorious 'Mirandi Expedition,') and your humble servant.

About this time I pulled the first number of the 'New York American,' then edited by Charles King, James H. Hamilton and Gulian C. Verplanck. The first edition of 'Salmagundi' was also printed in this office, about this time, from the MS. of Washington Irving; in the composition of which I assisted. In Van Winkle's office afterwards, I set up the three first numbers of the 'Sketch Book,' by the same gifted author.

In Boston, I worked upon the 'Columbian Centinel' for 'Old Ben Russell,' who discharged me from his office for drumming Yankee Doodle as I beat the last sheet of the inside of his paper one morning, after having worked eleven tokens imperial within the preceding ten hours!

From Boston I went to Plagg and Goul's office, Andover, Mass., and was employed in setting up from his MS, Gibbs' 'Hebrew Lexicon,' which contained nineteen different languages, including those usually styled 'dead.' At this period of my history, I procured a Midshipman's warrant, and went to sea in the frigate Brandywine, Commodore Morris.

The ship sailed from Hampton Roads, in September, 1825, having on board as passenger, that illustrious statesman and patriot, Gilbert Mottier, Marquis de Lafayette. During a voyage of 28 days, I saw much of this great, good man. The General conferred a particular favor upon me by entrusting to my care a rattle snake, an opossum, a grey squirrel, cock robin, and a poodle dog—the last a present from a lady in Philadelphia. I was on board the Brandywine on the night of the memorable 26th of September, 1825, upon which occasion was thrown overboard more than \$50,000 worth of property, to lighten the vessel, while in the head of the Bay of Biscay.

When in Portsmouth, (England,) I had the honor of being a guest, on board the Brandywine, at a dinner given to His Royal Highness, the Duke of Clarence, then Lord High Admiral of the British Navy, Lady Noel, wife of Lord Byron, her little daughter Ada, Admiral Lord Bellingham, and several other dignitaries of the British realm.

From England we proceeded to Gibraltar, we sailed up the Mediterranean on the European shore touching at such ports as Cadix, Port Mahon, Naples, Pisa, Palermo, Malta, the coast of Calabria, &c., &c.; then crossing to the Asiatic and African side of the Mediterranean; then running down to Gibraltar. From the Lock we took the trade winds and made the Cape de Verd Islands, and the Cape of Good Hope. From thence to Ascension and Elba Islands. After cruising upon the coast for six weeks, the ship ran over to Staten Land, off the pitch of Cape Horn.

I have visited the cities of St. Pauls, the Island of St. Catharins, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Ayers, Montevideo and Mouldinado, on the River La Plata; St. Salvador, at the head of the bay of All Saints, Guinda, and Pernambuco; Maranhon and Para on the Amazon. I have also been in all the ports of the U. S. except New Orleans and Charleston.

In my land cruises, I have wrought as a printer in Portland, Me.; Concord, N. H.; Boston,

Mass.; Hartford, Ct., more than twenty years ago, (in the office of my old friend, P. Canfield now, present;) New Haven, Ct.; New York; Newark, N. J., and Philadelphia. In this city, I assisted in setting up from his MS, Prince Lucien Bonaparte's work on American Ornithology, I was also employed by Mathew Carey, one of the oldest printers and publishers in the United States, in the establishment of Poulson, Mrs. L. H. Bailey, John Bioren, Duane, 'Billy Fry,' &c.

One dark, gloomy night in 1818, I found myself in the (now) city of Buffalo, in a bar room, with but a single 'York shilling' in my pocket, about half sick, and completely tired of printing and the world. While I was discussing the ills of life, and the inconvenience of being 400 miles from home, in the wilderness, listening to the surges of Lake Erie and the cravings of an empty stomach, a gentleman tapped me upon the shoulder in a good natured manner, and asked me if I were a printer? I answered him in the affirmative. He wished to know whether I would go to Geneva, and take a situation in his office? I accepted his offer—(he slipped a \$10 bill into my fingers)—and I accompanied him to Geneva, and was in his employment until my wages amounted to \$150, when I renewed my adventures.

I have been confined in the same dungeon in the Carcel of Buenos Ayres, with Don Manuel Rosas; the latter gentleman for treason, and your humble servant for slipping a dirk into the ribs of a Goncho who attempted to take his life. I have danced in the Tertulia, with Madame Col. Coe, daughter of Gov. Balcarce—and eaten cascade root with the negroes of the coast of Africa, from a cocconut shell. I have had an audience with Gov. Balcarce in the Castle of Buenos Ayres, as one of the suit of Commodore W. Woolsey, then commanding the U. S. Squadron on the coast of Brazil, and Acting Charge at the Court of Don Pedro. I have built a saw-mill and dam across Bear Lake, Western Michigan, and been in every station in the printing business, from Devil to the Editor and publisher of a city Daily.

I was elected Vice President of the first Harrison State Convention ever held in the U. S., at Niblo's Garden, New York.

As Editor of the Washington county Post, I wrote the first editorial in favor of Harrison for the Presidency. I have sipped matia, and kicked my toes amidst the giddy throng of Buenos Ayres lasses, upon the Pampas of San Isidro; and have been dashing along the Passee of the Alameda, on the banks of the La Plata, in company with Mrs. Hallet, (the accomplished lady of Stephen Hallet, printer to the Buenos Ayres Government,) in his coach-and-four, who was at that time the richest man in Buenos Ayres.

Printers have been proverbial in all ages of the world, for their notoriety. As an instance of fluctuations of their fortunes, I might cite the case of that exalted patriot, statesman, and philosopher, whose natal day we have this evening assembled to commemorate. I speak of Benjamin Franklin a practical Printer, who by his virtuous life, and high order of intellect, rose from the humble condition of an apprentice boy to the most exalted station in life.

Tragedy of Arnold.

The following facts relative to the treasonable acts of Benedict Arnold, and the providential frustration of his designs, we copy from a speech delivered by Robert Dale Owen, at New Harmony, Indiana, February 22, 1840:

"The public events connected with Benedict Arnold's treachery, are familiar to every one; but the private details of that story are, in various histories of the period, either incorrectly given or essentially omitted. The surrender of West Point was but a small portion of Arnold's plan. He had projected the decoying thither, and betrayal into Sir Henry Clinton's hands, of General Washington himself, of Lafayette, and the principal staff officers. Had his plans succeeded, how different might have been the story history would have had to tell! A thrilling circumstance caused its failure. Arnold had invited Washington (then, if I recollect aright, on his return from Hartford) to breakfast with him at West Point, on the very morning the plot was discovered; and Washington had promised to accept the invitation. He was prevented from doing so by an urgent request made to him by an old officer, near whose station he passed, that he would remain with him, and the next morning inspect some works in the neighborhood. Washington immediately despatched an aid from his suit, to make his excuse to Arnold. The messenger rode all night, and arrived next morning at West Point. Arnold invited him to breakfast. While sitting at the table, a letter was brought to Arnold, from the post of the officer commanding the scouting parties on the American lines. As his eye fell upon the superscription, the cup which he had raised to his lips dropped from his hands, he seized the letter, rushed from the room, locked himself in his bed-chamber; in a few minutes afterward, was on his way to the English sloop of war, then lying in the North river. In the meantime, while Washington and his staff, including Lafayette, were seated at the table at the quarters of the officer whose invitation had delayed the visit to West Point, the despatch was brought to the American General, which he immediately opened and laid down without comment. No alteration was visible on his countenance, but he remained

perfectly silent. Conversation dropped among his suite; and after some minutes, the General beckoned Lafayette to follow him, retired to an inner apartment, turned to Lafayette without uttering a syllable, placed the fatal despatch in his hands, and then, giving way to an ungovernable burst of feeling, fell on his friend's neck and sobbed aloud.

"The effect produced on the young French marquis, accustomed to regard the General (cold and dignified in his manner almost the extreme) as devoid of the usual weakness of humanity, may be imagined. 'I believe,' said Lafayette to me—for it was from that venerable patriot's own lips that I obtained the narrative that I now relate—'I believe this was the only occasion, throughout that long and sometimes hopeless struggle, that Washington ever gave way, even for a moment, under a reverse of fortune; and perhaps I was the only human being who ever witnessed in him an exhibition of feeling so foreign to his temperament.—As it was, he recovered himself before I had perused the communication that gave rise to his emotion, and when he returned to his staff, no trace remained on his countenance either of grief or despondency.' So true it is, that of all human reverses, the betrayal of confidence on the part of one who has been implicitly trusted, is, to a generous nature, the hardest and bitterest to bear."

Genuine Religion.

How beautiful is that religion which teaches to love God above all things and my neighbor as myself! Religion is benevolence, and benevolence includes every virtue. The benevolent cannot be uncharitable, cannot be unfaithful, cannot be censorious, cannot be impure in act or thought, cannot be selfish; they love God and their neighbors, and they do as they would be done by. But who is religious? who is benevolent? who is at all times pure in thought and deed? who is at all times free from censoriousness, from uncharitableness? None,—no, not one. The precepts taught us as those on which "hang all the law and the prophets," the love of God and the love of our neighbor, may be impressed upon the heart and have the whole individual assent of the understanding; while the mind is in this state the individual is religious. But the cares of the world and its jarring collisions, must at times occupy the thoughts, and divert the mind from the wholesome state. The passions which have been cherished by bad education; the indulgences that have become habitual before the beauty of wisdom was perceived; the thousand and ten thousand occurrences which tempt the rich to uncharitableness, and the poor to envy and malice, all by turns banish the truth from the mind. This has led men to the desert and to the monastery; to become hermits and monks; forgetting that religion requires to do as well as to suffer. Truth becomes effective by frequent contemplation; and the habitual recurrence of its precepts induces practice.—Selected.

Flower Baskets.

When there is a lawn of opening near the house, a flower basket is one of the most picturesque and easily attained objects that can be thought of. Here the boys must help and plant four stout posts firmly in the ground so as to enclose a bed about six feet square—the rougher the better, and they should be left about four feet above the earth. In this bed put monthly honeysuckles and clematis, or any other ever-blooming vines, and surround the whole with a rough railing. Some brushwood thrown around the roots will protect them from the fowls, as well as give support to the young vines, which will soon climb over the whole, and in a year or two it will be a mass of verdure and fragrance, which will require no other care than a little manure thrown over the roots in autumn.

Another basket which is now much in fashion is made by driving stout stakes close together, leaving about three feet above the ground, so as to enclose a circle or oval of any size you like. Cover the stakes closely with bark nailed on—fill this up with compost and earth well mixed; to give it more the appearance of a basket, twist a couple of grape vines and fasten round the edge on the top and put another twist from end to end over the whole, the handle. When the basket is finished and the earth prepared, plant in the middle a cluster of ever-blooming roses of different colors, and around them all the flowers that can be procured to make as great a variety as possible; near the edge have verbenas and other delicate trailing plants, to hang over the sides; let some be trained to twine over the handle, and the effect of the whole is charming.

State Evidence.

A good story is told of George White, a notorious thief, in Worcester county, Massachusetts. He was once arraigned for horse stealing, and was supposed to be connected with an extensive gang which were laying contributions on the stables round about. Many inducements were held out to White to reveal the names of his associates, but he maintained a dogged silence. An assurance from the court was at last obtained, that he should be discharged upon his revealing, under oath, all he knew of his accomplices. The jury were accordingly suffered to bring in a verdict of "not guilty," when he was called upon for the promised revelations. I shall be faithful to my word," said he, understanding, then, the devil is the only one in plice I ever had; we have been a grand and you partnership;—you have acquitted me! you may hang him—if you can!"