

The Greensborough Patriot.

VOLUME IX

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ANNIVERSARY.

[As the 23d of February would fall upon Tuesday of
Court—a particularly thronging day of county business—the
"Guard" anticipated the day and had their anniversary
parade the 19th, when Washington's Farewell Address
was read by JAMES H. LINDSAY, and an address deliv-
ered by L. SWAIN.]

GREENSBORO, N. C., Feb. 21, 1848.

Lindsay Swain, Esq.
Dear Sir—As a Committee of the Greensborough
Guard, we have been requested to tender to you the unani-
mous thanks of our Company, for the able and eloquent
Address delivered by you to them on the 19th, instant,
and request a copy of the same for publication.

Sincerely hoping that you will gratify the wishes of
your friends in this respect, we remain,

Yours most respectfully,

R. G. LINDSAY, }
S. G. THOMAS, } Com.
D. F. CALDWELL, }

GREENSBORO, Feb. 21, 1848.

Gentlemen: You are aware that the Address upon which your com-
pliments are so liberally bestowed, was prepared in un-
derstandable haste. Nevertheless, if the disconnected thoughts
which it presents, are judged to have any tendency to im-
press the truth that it is morally right to POLITICALLY
REST—to show the importance of sustaining a prop-
er personal independence in public affairs—and to call
attention to the subject of the closing allusion, it is at
your service.

Your obt. servant,
L. SWAIN.

To R. G. Lindsay, S. G. Thomas and D. F. Caldwell,
Committee.

ADDRESS.

Gentlemen of the Greensboro' Guards:

We have assembled for the purpose of celebrat-
ing the Ninth Anniversary of our association as
a military company, as well as to commemorate
the Birth-Day of the venerated Protector of our
infant liberties.

It is pleasant, and I trust not unprofitable,
to come together as we do this day, to strengthen
our social ties—to renew our pledges of faith to
our country. I cannot look upon the purpose of
such a meeting to be that of a mere holiday recre-
ation. The men of this country, in the Farewell
Address which has been so impressively read in
your hearing, give to the occasion a seriousness
which touches the heart. It is our purpose to
profit by the suggestions of the day, in order to
a thoughtful and proper discharge of our duties
of American citizenship.

Gentlemen, there are certain sentiments, which,
under happy turns of expression, striking a com-
mon chord in the public mind, have become fix-
tures in the dialect of patriotism. They are our
national proverbs. Our people are fond of them,
because they serve to express their impulses and
transmit their convictions aptly and readily. These
sentiments are not in themselves the result of in-
vestigation or of logical deductions; but, struck
out by the sudden inspirations of genius—they
are admired for their brilliancy; the fresh emo-
tions of nature—they kindle answering emotions
in the heart of the multitude. They are cher-
ished for their beauty and their truth. What, for
instance, can more beautifully illustrate our form
of Government, or more truly express the senti-
ment of union that dwells in the hearts of our
countrymen, than the following toast:—"The
United States: Distinct like the billows; yet one
like the sea!" We remember that the expres-
sion rose upon the ear, and filled the public mind,
like a prevailing tone of music.

But there is another sentiment, come down on
the popular voice with the sanction of over thirty
years—a sentiment involving the political duties
of the citizen and the moral duties of the man,
to which I design particularly drawing your at-
tention on this occasion. It was, I believe, first
embodied in its present familiar form by our gal-
lant naval hero, Commodore Decatur:

"Our Country: May it ever be right; but
right or wrong, our country."

At first blush, this sentiment appears repulsive
to a heart whose affections have been tenderly cul-
tivated; seeming, as it does, to involve the neces-
sity of doing wrong with one's country. And
some, I apprehend, misunderstanding the nature
of their obligations to country and of their allegi-
ance to its institutions, have permitted a short-
sighted patriotism to urge them to the support and
vindication of known wrong, for the reason that
their country was involved in it.

Now, the man who recognizes the obligations to
his Maker imposed by the Christian code, will not
commit wrong—not even for the land of his birth
and the institutions of his fathers. Patriotism—
exalted as the virtue is held to be among men—
is yet of human definition, and does not enter into
the holy and sublime attributes of Christian per-
fection. When God commands, never to do evil
—His child must vindicate the authority, and il-
lustrate the excellence of the command, even an-
midst the jeers of a world and the flames that en-
circle the martyr's stake.

But amid the necessities which encompass the
human mind in this dark estate, I trust, my friends,
we have sufficient light to perceive, that no man
is the worse Christian for being a true patriot; and
that no man who is a true Christian can be a bad
patriot. So far as the gallant Commodore's senti-
ment involves moral duty, it is sufficient to say,
that the individual who does right under all cir-
cumstances, does best for his country. This is
the highest and the holiest definition of patriotism.
Heaven speed the day, when it may be recog-
nized by all mankind! It is a pleasing contem-
plation, that so many good hearts and powerful
intellects of our land, are constantly insulating this
exalted definition of this much abused term into
the popular mind: it is the harbinger of that joy-
ous period, when men will look for its true mean-
ing in the Bible—that only sure foundation of
rational freedom to the world.

But your country sometimes does wrong.—
What are you to do? Does your citizenship bind
you as a moral agent to sanction the wrong? No.
Will you then expatriate yourself—leave your
country and its wrong behind you? To what
corner of the wide world will you flee, to find a

spot where there is no country for you?—a place
where the blindness, the selfishness, the ambi-
tion, the passions of your race involve no social
error? You may take the wings of the morning,
and fly to the remotest parts of the earth, and
you will find no rest for the sole of your foot—no
calm haven for your troubled and fastidious spirit.

While you dwell upon the face of the earth, you
will find social and patriotic duties imposed upon
you;—and where should you perform them, but
in this fair land of your fathers, of your birth, or
your adoption?

No—your own dearest interests,—the interests
of your family and posterity—of your country-
men, of mankind—the glorious associations of the
past, and the happy converse of the present, bind
you to that "land of every land the pride," where
Providence has cast your lot as a citizen. Right
or wrong, it is your country. You are bound to
stand by it—to live with it—to rejoice with it—to
endure with it—if need be, to perish for its good.

When right, it is your happiness and pride.—
When wrong, it is your plain duty to devote the
energies which God has given you to the repair-
ing of that wrong.

What true wife, when she sees a husband
turning aside in the paths of error and folly, will
straightway cast out his name, cut loose her af-
fections, and turn away from him as a heathen
and a stranger? Ah! her love waxes stronger
for the erring one. Even her reproaches are
those of love. She unobscures her best affec-
tions; pours out all the treasure of her tears, and be-
comes more an angel in her mission of the heart.

In ten thousand instances of actual life we may
see realized the passionate exclamation which the
poet puts into the mouth of his heroine—

"I know not, I ask not, if guilt it is that heart;
I know that I love thee, whatever thou art!"

Thus it is with ardent patriotism. Such are its
generous, uncalculating impulses. The more that
error is seen to arise, the warmer becomes
the desire to shield the country from the evil and
disgrace thereof. Nothing else, except foreign
insult, so thoroughly kindles the pure fire on the
altar of the patriot's heart.

In years past and in countries less free, those
who claimed the divine right to rule, have called
that traitor, which was, in fact, the most exalted
patriotism. The edicts of rulers, sanctioned by
the popular spirit, (constituting the voice of the
country and the essence of patriotism as then un-
derstood,) have made strange requirements of
men. In the reign of Mary in England, the ven-
erable Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer, and the three
hundred who were burned to death in three
years for the peculiarity of their faith, were sacri-
ficed to the British spirit which the world then called
patriotism, yet, and by every holier name,
the result of their martyrdom has been a clearer
perception of the virtue designated by that term.

Those called "traitors" and "heretics" were the
highest style of patriots. Their blood has not
only been the seed of the church; but political
freedom has also found its first growth in the
same sacred element. And those stern old Scotch
Covenanters, who stood out against the constitu-
ted powers that attempted to enforce modes of
worship and rules of faith upon their consciences,
and who resisted them to the death—were they
traitors to their country? No, they were patriots
of genuine stamp; and Freedom owes no higher
debt of gratitude, than to that noble band of
suffragans in her cause.

Thanks to the prowess and the wisdom of
Washington and his great companions, we live
under a government which makes no such ex-
ceptions. If there is any one particular of the in-
stitutions which they framed more excellent than
another, it is that all legal interference is forever
prohibited in the relations between the individual
and his God. The world knew not before that
this was a point too sacred for human legislation.
And though the degradation and misery of half
the people of Europe to this day attest the enor-
mous sin of a State Religion; yet the honors and
revenues of intolerance, in the hands of the great,
perpetuate the crime. But in this free land, we
sit every man under his vine and fig tree, with
none to molest him or make him afraid. We ac-
knowledge no governing rule, except the will of
the majority, under the direction of a well de-
fined constitution. The greatest good of the
largest number is the foundation theory of our gov-
ernment—more thoroughly carried out in fact
than in any other government that ever existed.

While our form of government has abolished a
thousand evils which heretofore existed in civil
society, and has ameliorated others; yet we find
human nature the same that it has been in all
ages—liable to run in the broad channels of error,
which its restless passions have been wearing wide-
ever since the fall of man. There is an element
in our country—the offspring, it is true, of that
fundamental principle of our institutions, the will
of the majority—the influences of which are some-
times felt oppressively in society. I allude to
Public Opinion—a power that always commands
the ready deference of the more disingenuous
minds of the country, and weighs down and
crushes numbers of the honest and feeble. Public
Opinion is perhaps generally right in its decis-
ions; but it is not always so. And right or wrong,
there is at times a fearful intolerance in its sway,
that requires to be checked by the defiant attitude
of the bolder spirits of the land.

It has been said that "the voice of the people
is the voice of God." The maxim has come
down to us from a remote age, and from a distant
country, where duties were not possessed of the
lovely and reverent attributes of that right-
eous Governor of the Universe whose the worst
of us now acknowledge. They were

"Gods partial, changeable, passionate, unjust;
Whose attributes were rage, revenge and lust."
The voice of the people may always, indeed, be
similar to the voice of those gods in its power;
but in its righteousness and truth it is not always
similar to that of the God who is Lord. It was a
scorching scream uttered by a lady, that when
the Redeemer of mankind was upon earth, this
Voice cried out—"Crucify him! crucify him!"

I indise no captious bickerings against any
decisions of the popular judgment in our day.
But I cannot subscribe to the maxim—"Vox populi,
vox Dei," because it is false in fact, and be-
cause it would be a surrender of that personal in-
dependence which every citizen ought to maintain,
in order to act with proper efficiency and dignity
in public affairs. These views assume a practical
interest, when we call to mind the opportunities we
have had to observe a disposition in seekers of
popular favor to go with the people—right or

wrong. With some, the popular voice is the
voice of omnipotence; they set themselves to
inquire its direction with an assiduity seldom dis-
played in the search of truth; and follow its man-
dates with unquestioning servility. And a disposi-
tion to be part of "the people" to reward without
favors those who are so polite as to think precisely
as we think, has put many a knave and sinner in
to our public councils, and kept out men of sterling
integrity, talent and independence. I have
frequently called to mind, with a feeling of ad-
miration, an incident in the political life of the
eccentric John Randolph: He differed on some
important point from the people of the district be-
fore whom he was a candidate for Congress. Did
he grunge, and fawn, and compromise, and explain
away with honied phrase, the point of difference?
No. From every stump he mounted he told them
they were wrong;—and what is more, he con-
victed them of the fact—so powerful is the lan-
guage of honesty and independence. Such lan-
guage always commands respect, if it does not
convince. The man who entertains views op-
posite to those of the popular mind, and has the
moral courage to express them truly and boldly;
—though he may fail of success, he bears in his
heart that sentiment of self respect which he would
not exchange for all the honors of place and all
the sweets of popular adulation. Were it proper
on this occasion, I could point you to living men
of the highest order of mind, and distinguished by
eminent public service, who have preferred the
right in the obscurity of retirement, before the
attainment of the most honorable stations, when a
compromise of principle was suggested.

"For more true joy Marcellus, exiled, feels,
Than Caesar with a Senate at his heels."

Sycophancy to the sovereign people, I look upon
as scarcely less degrading to the mind, than
sycophancy to the sovereign king; for each is a
trickling to power. The sycophant sells his soul
for a price—a price that cures to his own self-
ishness, not to the benefit of his country. The
demagogue and the courtier should be classed in
the same base vocabulary. The one, no more
than the other, can never be an exemplar of that
style of independence which gives grace and dig-
nity to legislation or to the administration of office.

When John Hampden stood up alone against
the exactions of a powerful monarch, who was
sustained by the courts of his realm, and whose
feet were kissed by a down-trodden people,—did
he display a soul to submit to wrong, even from
the appointed authorities of his country? The
windward, and the earthquake, and the fire of
power passed by him; but no divinity was there.
The still small voice of true patriotism whispered
the right to him, and to that alone his soul gave
heed; he became an expounder and his example,
his influence spread to kindred hearts and strong;
and the constitution of his country, after the throes
of a bloody revolution, was purified. That man's
name will be sanctified in the calendar of lovers
of their country, through all succeeding time. Even
in this country, on this free soil, his memory de-
serves a monument, to perpetuate the stern senti-
ment of independence that filled his heart. To
him, American fellow citizens,—to that stout-
hearted Englishman, do we owe the everlasting
establishment of the principle, that the people
shall not be taxed without their own consent.—
The revolution which was declared in America
in 1776, actually began in the land of our trans-
Atlantic fathers one hundred and thirty years
before. While Hampden, with an inflexible pur-
pose of soul that commanded even the respect of
the cavaliers around the throne, put in motion the
revolution that secured the rights of the people in
his own country,—he laid the foundation of that
great revolution on the Western Continent, which
gave birth to the fairest, freest, happiest govern-
ment that ever, in the good providence of God,
existed in the world.

Fellow citizens, our chief business as patriots,
is to watch our country, and keep it out of the
wrong. "The price of liberty is perpetual vigi-
lance." This is a maxim which will never lose
its importance or its truth.

And where should we look for inroads upon
our popular liberty? Do we fear the diplomacy
or the arms of any foreign Power on earth?
The suggestion would be an insult to the patri-
otism and valor of the American name. You, my
friends, who appear today under arms and in
this splendid military array, and stand ever ready
to do battle for "your faith and your firesides,"—
your gallant band is only one of thousands such,
animated by the same love of country, and the
same willingness to defend it. The moment an
invading army should put foot upon our soil, a
million of swords would be ready to leap from
their scabbards and smite them to the dust.

American reputation for bravery in arms has
been obtained in three sanguinary wars. Twice
upon our own soil, hand to hand, and steel to
steel, with the most powerful nation of modern
times. * * * The sword of war had rusted in
its scabbard for thirty years, when it was again
drawn, against a more ignoble foe, but against
formidable odds of numbers, and in the enemy's
own land. Palo Alto, Ranca de la Palma, Mon-
terey, Buena Vista; Yeta Cruz, Cerro Gordo,
and the suburbs of the City of Mexico, tell in
blood the tales of our triumphs. For skill in our
officers, and bravery in our soldiers, the cam-
paigns of Taylor and Scott scarcely have a par-
allel in the history of modern warfare. The in-
domitible valor of our countrymen is vindicated,
—even though, it may be, at the expense of the
gentler virtues which had adorned our name.

No—we have waited too long for the attacks
of any nation on the globe. Foreign force or
guile we alike defy. We are conscious of our
great strength.

Has the time come, then, when we may fold
our hands to rest, and leave the jewel of our
Popular Freedom without watch and ward?
Without subjecting myself to the imputation
of paroxysm feeling on this occasion, I may be
permitted to express some honest fears, that in
the growing greatness of our power as a Nation,
we are neglecting the liberty and happiness of
the individual;—in the accumulating glory of
the Confederacy, forgetting the rights, and posi-
tion, and importance of the separate States. It
should every where be solemnly impressed upon
the people, that the internal economy of their
government demands their first, and most anxious
care. Fearing no force or influence from with-
out, the decay of liberty can alone begin in the
eyes of our patriot watchers be chiefly turned.

Waiving all criticism on questions of public
policy now under discussion in the political cir-

cles,—we may safely be exhorted to try those
questions by the standard of the Farewell Ad-
dress which has been read for our improvement.
That paper was composed after age and experi-
ence had ripened almost to perfection the natu-
rally profound judgment of its author. Next to
the life-long example of patience, courage and fi-
delity of the great and good Washington, we
ought to cherish the advice which he left to pos-
terity in this Address. Imbued with its spir-
it, and squaring our lives by its counsels,—our li-
beries will be safe through all coming time. It
were well to put this question to our hearts,—
the spirit of Washington were permitted to mingle
its guardian presence in our affairs, how much
of our conduct would he approve, and how much
would meet his disapprobation!

In conclusion, gentlemen—it matters little how
you keep alive the sentiment of patriotism;—
whether by apt sentences—by popular songs—
by imposing monuments—by storied urn, or an-
imated bust." The act and utterance that finds
a ready echo in the popular breast, will always
show the state of feeling and of virtue in a nation.

Some great man said, "Let me make the songs
for a nation, and I care not who makes their laws."
He understood the force of popular sentiment, to
which every thing must bend; and he knew, too,
the influence carried into every corner of a nation
on the pervading voice of music. Why—the
tune, alone, of "Yankee Doodle," embodies a
sentiment cotemporary with the birth of our na-
tional independence; and to this good day its sin-
gularly mellow notes animate the old and inspire
the young. It is the offspring of the same lively
genius that has given utterance to our national
proverbs. It is heard with delight, when even
the stately and labor-drenched composition of "Hail
Columbia" fails to charm. It is suitable to all sit-
uations and emergencies—fitted to grace a triumph,
or to soothe disaster. And when this tone shall
cease to charm the American ear,—its associa-
tions, alas! will be forgotten; its sentiment will
be dead; the Spirit of Liberty, whose songs are
sung to its stirring notes, will be fled forever.

Monuments erected by public gratitude, to the
illustrious dead, were mere useless heaps of stone,
except for the sentiments they perpetuate. They
are profitable, they are beautiful—sublime,—as
they convey to successive generations a continual
memory of the benefactors of our race. Wins-
ses of the good which departed patriots have done,
the multitudes who gaze, revert to the purpose
of their erection, and emulate the virtues of which
they bear record.

Certain "renowned men of the Roman com-
monwealth used to say, that whenever they be-
held the images of their ancestors, they felt their
minds voluntarily excited to virtue. There could
be the wax or the marble that possessed this power,
but the recollection of their great actions kind-
led a generous flame in their breasts, not to be
quelled till they also by virtue had acquired equal
fame and glory."

I own, gentlemen, that I should feel a patriotic
pride in seeing a monument of during granite
erected here—upon this spot—to the memory of
General NATHANIEL GREENE. There can be
nothing invidious in the selection of this name
from among the heroes of the Revolution, con-
nected as it is with the South, and with our im-
mediate vicinity, in its great associations.

Indulge me, gentlemen, in a brief reference to
this officer's connexion with the campaign of '81.
On the direction of the Master Spirit of the
Revolution, Greene penetrated the South, when
the thickest gloom of war hung over our desolat-
ed plains. Civil strife had added its horrors to the
scene. Washington regretted that it was out of
his power to send soldiers to the South; but he
sent a General, and that General effected, by the
force of his character alone, such union and com-
bination of the scattered and discordant materials
of war, as had been considered before hopeless,
and became himself the centre and soul of the
American cause. But after all his exertions, how
incomplete was his preparation to cope with the
Saxon valor and serried array of Cornwallis, fight-
ing under standards on which the eagles of vic-
tory had perched for a thousand years! Nothing
but his patient bravery, and an abiding sense of
right and duty, could have sustained him in the
dreary emergencies of that campaign. A General
inspired by the hope of military renown alone,
would have given up the contest in despair.

The patriot cause had been rashly risked at
Camden, and the result is described as "one of
the most unalloyed calamities of the revolutionary
war." "Freedom shrieked" when De Kalb and
his continental fell. The barriers of effectual
resistance were broken down, and the invaders
poured into our interior, with standards advanced,
devoicing all before them with steel and brand.
But Greene opposed his stalwart arm to the rush-
ing war. On the field of Guilford he vindicated
the strength of the American arms and retrieved
the fortunes of the South. Compelled to retire
before the best disciplined troops of Europe, fight-
ing under the eye of the first General of the age
—he retired with his face to the foe; leaving six
hundred of the flower of the British army to be
the dust in death. Cornwallis staggered for a
moment in the arms of this sad victory, and re-
treated precipitately toward his ships. Greene
was close upon his rear; and blows were follow-
ed, until success crowned the patriot cause at
Eutaw Springs.

Then Liberty smiled, and spread out her hands
in joy and triumph; and Peace began to rebuild
her bowers, and scatter her roses over the blood-
stained land!

Under Providence, we owe an incalculable
debt of gratitude to this departed patriot, for the
blessings we now enjoy. And here, in the midst
of a thriving population—in the vicinity of that
hard-fought field—in a town which bears his
name,—who would not be proud to have laid a
stone in a Monument erected to the memory of
Greene, and devoted to the perpetual Union of
these States? That whenever a thought should
arise against the integrity of the country—when-
ever a hand should be raised to cleave down lib-
erty—a sight of this daring record of virtuous
heroism, should smother the treacherous thought
in its conception, and wither the hand in its tra-
ditionary act. That every passer by, for a thou-
sand years, might look upon that pile, and call to
mind the memory of one of the best and bravest
of the gallant spirits who, "through peril and al-
arm," stood by our infant Republic in its dark-
est day.

The less tenderness a man has in his nature,
the more he borrows from others.

A Leap Year Story.

BY JOE MILLER, JR.

From the St. Louis Revueille.

Sam. Smith sat at home, on New Year's day,
in dishabille. His beard was unshaved, his hair
was uncombed, his boots were unblackened, and he
was leaning back in a picturesque attitude, with
his heels against the mantlepiece, smoking a
cigar. Sam thought to himself that it was Leap
Year, and how glorious it would be if the ladies
could only be induced to pop the question, in ac-
cordance with their ancient privileges. As he sat
watching the smoke which so gracefully curl-
ed; his fancy glowed with the idea. How deli-
cious it would be to have the dear creatures
fondling on him, and with tender glances endow-
ing to do the agreeable! As he meditated his
heart softened, and he began to feel a squeamish,
womanish sensibility diffuse itself over his feelings,
and thought he would faint with propriety the
first time a young lady should squeeze his hand.

"Rap, rap, rap," sounded at the door. Sam
peeped through the Venetian blinds. "Mercy,"
exclaimed he, "if here isn't Miss Jones, and I all
in dishabille, and looking like a fright—goodness
gracious! I must go, right away, and fix myself
up."

As he left the room Miss Jones entered, and
with a composed air intimated that she would wait.
Miss Susan Jones was a firm believer in woman's
rights, and now that the season was propitious,
she determined to take advantage thereof, and to
do a little courting on her own hook. It was one
of woman's privileges, which had been usurped
by the tyrant man, and she was determined to as-
sert her rights, in spite of the hollow formalities
of a false system of society.

Meanwhile, with a palpitating heart, Sam Smith
went through a series of personal adornments. The
last twist was given to his collar, the last
twirl to his whiskers, and, with white cambric in
hand, he descended to the parlor, Miss Jones rush-
ed to receive him, and grasping his hand with fer-
vor, said:

"Dearest how beautiful you look," accompany-
ing her words with a glance of undisguised ad-
miration.

"You are the divinest man I ever saw," said
Sam; applying his cambric to his face to
hide his confusion.

"Nay, my love, why so coy?" said Susan;
"turn not away those lovely eyes, dark as the
jet, but sparkling as the diamond. Listen to the
voys of fond affection. Here let us rest," said
she, drawing him to a sofa; "here, with my arm
around thee, will I protest my true affection."

"Leave me, oh, leave me," murmured Sam;
"think of my youth, my inexperience—spare, oh
spare my palpitating heart."

"Leave thee," said Susan, pressing him closer
to her; "never, until the story of restless
nights, of unquiet days, of aspirations, fond emo-
tions, and undying love, is laid before thee.—
Know that for years, I have nursed for thee a
secret passion. Need I tell how each manly
beauty moved me; how I worshipped like a sun-
flower in the lurid light of those scarlet tresses;
how my fond heart was entrapped in the meshes
of those magnificent whiskers; how I was willing
to yield up to the government of that 'imperial';
thy manners, so modest, so delicate, enchanted
me—joy to me—for thy joy was my joy. My
heart is thine—take it—take it—but first let me
snatch one kiss from those ruby lips."

The over-tought feelings of the delicate youth
were too strong, and he fainted from excess of
joy. Meanwhile the enamored maiden hung fondly
over him, and—

Slowly the eyes of Samuel Smith opened—he
gazed wildly around him—then meeting the ar-
dent gaze of his "lovely," he blushed deeply,
and behind his kerchief faintly faltered out—
"ASK MY PA."

Philadelphia, Dec. 1847.

A Travelling Summer School.

GENTLEMEN:—I know that your paper is de-
voted to the interests of home; and presuming that
you consider education as one of its dearest and
most important duties, I take the liberty to address
you, feeling that, as a widowed mother, I may
claim your attention, and ask your assistance to
aid my views on this subject. I have healthy
and intelligent boys, who have been for some
years at a first-rate boarding school, and believe
that they enjoy all the advantages to be derived
from such an institution. But when I watch their
progress, and see month after month roll away in
the same dull routine of recitations, I feel that the
present system of education is very defective.—

In the winter, I believe it may be the best plan to
force boys to close application, to study lessons
from books to be recited in classes; but when the
glorious summer comes on, and the Great Giver
of all things scatters his bounteous store of beauty
over the face of Nature—when rock, and hill, and
field, and stream, all speak lessons of marvellous
wisdom and power—then, when the active air
beckons boys for freedom and the open air, to
chain him down to a dull lesson in the Latin Gram-
mar, in a warm school-room, or keep him at his
desk doing through the summer day over his al-
gebra, seems to me an outrage upon nature and
common sense.

Now, I have a plan of education for the sum-
mer months, to which I wish to draw your atten-
tion. As you are much better acquainted with
society than I am, you may perhaps, from my
crude ideas, form some practicable plan to answer
the purpose I desire to accomplish.

I should propose to some well qualified young
man to advertise for scholars, for a travelling
summer-school. Let him fix upon some certain
spot, say the city of Albany, as a meeting place.
Having collected a sufficient number of boys,
each dressed in a good strong suit of clothes, and
provided with a knapsack, containing a change
of linen, stockings, and such books as may be
necessary; let them set out early in the summer
to study, not only nature in its different depart-
ments of geology, botany, &c., but to visit manu-
factories, mechanics' shops, railroads, &c.,—
everything that can attract the attention, and add
to the useful information of the pupils. They
might walk a few miles every day, and when
they rested, arrange, review, and make a journal
of all they have seen and learnt. After our neigh-
borhood has been sufficiently explored, let their
journey to some other location. In almost every
village a temporary home could be procured, un-
til it be advisable to remove to some other place.
My own experience induces me to believe that
the most valuable part of education is acquired from
observation—for observation teaches the use of books.
Surely one half the year would be sufficient to de-
vote to books if the other half were employed as I
propose. At least if the boys do not learn as much,
they will probably be better formed and healthier
men than if they bent all the long summer day
over the desk at school. If you will write an arti-
cle on this subject, you will oblige A. SHER-
WOOD.

Specimens of Plain English.

The moralist sometimes inquires how it would
be if all people were accustomed to speak pre-
cisely as they think. That question we do not
pretend to answer; but we believe that if some
people spoke precisely as they thought, we should
hear, occasionally, such dialogues as the follow-
ing:

THE LOVERS.

Youth.—The time, dearest, has now arrived
at which I feel that we should no longer delay
our union. One only doubt exists, and presents
me from proposing that our marriage should in-
stantly take place. My doubt, fair creature, is
simply how much your papa will leave you at
his death.

Maiden.—I always feared that you did not
love me for myself alone, and now I see, clearly
that you only want me for my money. I selfish
follow.

Youth.—No love, not exactly so. I don't seek
to marry you merely for your money; but I
I should not like to marry you without your money.
I hope what I have said has not offended you,
sweetest?

Maiden.—Yes it has; and I do not think now
that we are made for one another, so we had better
break our engagement off.

Youth.—I am grieved to hear you say so; for
I certainly like you a good deal, and should your
papa one of these days, leave you what he says,
he would, I shall deeply regret that I did not
make you mine.

Maiden.—Now go away instantly, and never
let me see your face again.

Youth.—Well