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## A DREAM OF HEAVEN.

Lo, the seal of death is breaking,  
Those who sleep its sleep are waking—  
Eden opens her portals fair!  
Hark, the harps of God are ringing!  
Hark, the seraphs' hymn are ringing,  
And the living still are singing  
Music on immortal air!

There, no more at eve declining,  
Suns without a cloud are shining  
O'er the land of life and love;  
Heaven's own harvests woo the reaper,  
Heaven's own dreams entrance the sleeper,  
Not a tear is left the weeper,  
To profane one flower above.

No fail lies there are breathing,  
There no thorny rose is wreathing,  
In the bowers of paradise:  
Where fountains of life are flowing,  
Flowers unknown to time are blowing,  
Mid superior verdure glowing  
Than is sunn'd by mortal skies.

There the groves of God, that never  
Fade or fall, are green forever,  
Mirror'd in the radiant tide;  
There, along the sacred waters,  
Unprofaned by tears or slaughter,  
Wander earth's immortal daughters,  
Each a pure immortal's bride.

There no sigh of Memory sweeteth,  
There no tear of misery dwelleth,  
Hearts will bleed or break no more,  
Past is all the cold world's scolding,  
Gone the night and broke the morning  
With seraphic day adorning  
Life's glad waves and golden shore.

Oh, on that bright shore to wander,  
Trace those radiant waves' meander,  
All we love'd and lost to see—  
Is this hope, as pure, so splendid,  
Vainly with our being blended!  
No! with time ye are not ended,  
Visions of Eternity!

[From the People's Journal.]

## THE BLUE EYES: A Story of London Streets.

BY CAMILLA TOULIN.

### CHAPTER FIRST.

"I am very late dear Fanny, but I have twenty things to tell you of, which have detained me to-day," said Walter Bingham to his wife, as she met him in the hall with a smiling face, and affectionate welcome. Their house was a small one, in an obscure and fourth rate street; but love and peace were the guardian angels that kept the portals, and shed a fairy lustre throughout the dwelling.

"Nay," replied the wife, "you said that I must not expect you before five, but that you would not be later than six; it has not struck, so I am sure I have no right to complain."

"Ah, Fanny, you never sold—but you know very well I meant to be home long ago."

Walter Bingham's history may be briefly told. He had been left an orphan when a mere child and confided by his father's will to the guardianship of his maternal uncle, the child's nearest relative. Mr. Shirley was a thoroughly worldly man. It would have been a compliment to call him a man of the world, seeing that this phrase, ugly as it is in most general meaning, nevertheless implies a grasp of mind Walter's uncle never possessed; but he was intensely worldly and selfish in all his aims narrow as they were, without sympathy beyond his own hearth, from which in this sense the orphan was excluded. Fortunately Walter's fortune amounting to about six thousand pounds, had been so tightly secured in the hands of the trustees, that beyond receiving the appointed allowance for his education, even Mr. Shirley's ingenuity could not make away with it during the boy's minority; but he was not without his plans by which to appropriate it nevertheless. On one dexterous pretext or another he avoided settling Walter in any profession or pursuit until he became of age; taking care meanwhile to make his life glide away so smoothly, that delays and changes of purpose seemed to have arisen from a most fortunate course of events.

His scheme, however, was to make Walter's inheritance the nucleus of a fortune for his own son Charles, a shrewd youth, who added to his father's characteristics a keener intellect, and, if possible, a colder heart. In due time therefore a mercantile project was brought forward, and in a few weeks a partnership was formed between the cousins. Charles Shirley was at this time seven or eight and twenty; it was represented that his experience—and circumstances had given him a knowledge of business—should be weighed against Walter's money, and they started on terms of perfect equality. A thriving business however, once established, the experienced partner had no notion of another reaping the fruits of his toil. By turns appalling his dupe—for that is the proper term—by the proposal of daring and unprincipled speculation, and impressing

him with a sense of his own unfitness to cope with anxieties, or decide on undertakings so important, in less than six years he contrived to dissolve their partnership—leaving Walter, it is true but a wreck of his property, and yet gaining his end without any violent rupture or wordy quarrel.

The cousins were opposite as light from darkness. Walter Bingham was a nature that would not swerve from the path of strict integrity for all the temptations of gain which could be offered him. His own heart had saved him from many of the evils of an imperfect and even corrupt education; but his character had developed rather late, and all which was valuable he had learned since he became his own master, and not a few of his early lessons had he unlearned during that same period. He was now a great deal too self-reliant to be made the dupe of any one. He had married too and wedded with a gentle, loving woman, whose finely tempered mind responded to his highest principles and noble aspirations. Both were devoid of vulgar ambition, both tested things by their reality, and not by their seeming; and, as is ever the case in such unions, each felt from this mutual support firmer of heart for all high purposes than they could have been separately. One or two plans for realizing an income without dipping into the diminished capital had been adopted by Walter Bingham, and two or three years had passed in these experiments without any very flattering degree of success; and by the autumn day on which they are introduced to the reader, the young couple were seriously thinking of emigrating to Australia. All in all to each other, there was no tie in England to make the step a painful one; and they knew that under any sky their own hearts could make a home.

Their simple dinner was soon over, and meanwhile Fanny learned how her husband had been disappointed of seeing one man of business, and had to wait half-an-hour for another, and how a stoppage of vehicles in one of the narrow great thoroughfares had impeded the cab he had taken to save time, with half a dozen disasters fully sufficient to account for his coming home just at the dinner hour, instead of in time to take his wife a pleasant walk previously. The evening was chilly, so Fanny proposed a fire; and they drew their chairs close near the cheerful blaze. "How one enjoys the first fire of the season! (or for that matter one on a cold summer's day)—it really has an exhilarating effect, something akin to real sunshine after gloomy weather. And then Walter Bingham recapitulated the day's adventures, and among other things, said

"I have been haunted all day by the countenance of a child I saw this morning, and have only this instant remembered of whom it is reminded of you. You have heard me speak of Lucy—poor Lucy."

"You mean the poor servant girl who nursed you so tenderly through the fever when you were a boy?"

"I do. Her who was driven from my uncle's house with the fiercest anger and in the deepest shame. Vain were all my after efforts to discover her fate, for I was but a powerless youth, and those about me divined that I felt grateful to the outcast, and pitied where they only scorned. Fallen as she was, there must have been much of the angel left uncorrupted in that poor girl's soul. At the very time when desertion and infamy, and woman's sorest hour of trial, were hanging over her like the gathering of a thundercloud, ready to discharge its death bolt, she watched beside me with the tenderness of a sister. Yes, though they who were my kindred thought all was done when a doctor was summoned and a hired nurse provided. But it was poor Lucy who in the lonely hours of the long night was always near, who could shake the pillows to a form and softness like no other; and from whose hand the cooling drink seemed always most refreshing; and then when I used to grieve for the loss of her rest she would smile sadly and say, 'I cannot sleep let me stay here and be of use.' And often, when I lay between the fitful waking and dozing of sickness, have I seen her blue eyes, glistening with the tears which did not flow, raised to heaven as if in silent supplication; while her countenance bore a look of suffering I can never forget. And just that look—just those blue eyes did I behold in the street to-day."

"But you said it was a child you saw," replied the young wife, looking, perhaps involuntarily, towards a pretty little crib of basket work and pink silk, which slumbered a rosy little Walter. It was the mention of a child that had first aroused her interest, touching some strange heart-chord, and to it she easily reverted again, even from poor Lucy's well-known but tragic story.

"Not an infant, my love," returned Bingham, "but a boy of some twelve or fourteen years of age. I was endeavoring to make a short cut into Holborn, guiding my steps rather by the compass than by any recollection of the map of London, when suddenly I found myself in the midst of a densely populated but evidently most wretched neighborhood. Lost in reverie."

"Oh, do break yourself of that habit; I am sure you will be run over one of these days if you don't," interrupted the anxious Fanny, taking her husband's hand; but he continued—

"I believe I was first aroused from my musings by the sensations of a change in the atmosphere to something more disagreeable than I had

ever inhaled before. Close and fetid it was to an intolerable degree; and no wonder when I looked on the scene around me. I was in the midst of dilapidated habitations, which yet seemed swarming with tenants, if I might judge from the throngs of half-starved, half-clad, unwashed creatures of both sexes and of all ages, by whom I was surrounded. Men, brutalised I would have believed by ignorance, with a stolid look unlighted by any gleam of intelligence, save that which to my mind is more revolting than idleness—low cunning; women of demenor as coarse, and using language as foul, as their companions, with long and bushy hair matted about their faces, and all—both men and woman—more or less idling, some lounging at doors and windows, smoking or quarrelling; and even where there was the pretence of employment, it was conducted in so listless a manner that it could not be associated with industry.

The children, mimics as they always are, reflected the scene around them; yet though equally abject, emaciated, and miserable, there was, on the whole, more activity about them, more human intelligence—they seemed only undergoing the process of corruption—the seal of utter irremediable degradation was not yet fixed. Still, even in their play—and how wonderful it is that such children should play at all!—there was the same animal selfishness to be traced as that which seemed written on the adult countenance, the same chuckle at momentary success, and the same absence of all generous sympathy.

To all this, however, there was an exception. Sitting on a door-step, at a little distance from a ragged, dirty, noisy group of urchins, was the boy to whom I allude. He had evidently been weeping bitterly, but there was a lull after the passion of tears, and his blue eyes were raised to the sky with an expression of hopeless misery I can never forget. It has haunted me all day; and the very intensity with which at the moment, I tried to recall the likeness of my memory, robbed me of the presence of mind—or instinct rather—which should have prompted me to question the poor child. But I had little time for reflection; almost at the instant, a ruffian-looking man came forward, and seizing the boy with the authority of a master, began dragging him with his fist, as he half-drove, half-dragged him along.

Amid the storm of imprecations which accompanied these proceedings, all I could understand was that the child had lost, or been robbed of a penny, with which he had been intrusted to pay the postage of a letter. Strange, Fanny that I cannot forget that poor boy!

### CHAPTER SECOND.

Winter had passed away; a long, cold winter; yet to the well housed, well clothed, well warmed, well fed many, a season of social, genial, or studious hours profitably passed, and pleasant to remember. In a well curtained, well-carpeted chamber, with the cheerful fire acting as the magnet of the room—and the book, or the pencil, music's softening recreation—and the highest and most inexhaustible resources, of all, that rapid and suggestive interchange of thought, for which we want some more definite term than "conversation"—it matters but little what the strife of the elements may be without; how biting the wind or penetrating the rain, or death-dealing the frost! Far differently the winter passes in the haunt of penury, or even in the abodes of the laboring poor. The resources which are just equal to meet the wants of summer, sorely fail in the hour of bitter trial, when physical suffering brings the inevitable train of moral degradations; and the animal instinct of self-preservation asserts its dominion over every nobler faculty.

It had been a winter of great misery to the very poor; and a period of those convulsions in the mercantile world which spread their eddies in many widening circles. Walter Bingham had not escaped their influence; he was still without employment, & poorer than in the autumn, inasmuch that he had dipped for those months' support still deeper into his capital. But a heavier sorrow than this had fallen on the young couple. Alas! the little crib was empty; the pallor of death had displaced the roses of health, and the new life, so full of promise and freshness, had died out from the earth, though so many of the old and feeble, and loveless and wretched, still lingered behind. One of the solemn lessons, with which each day is rife, that tell of the vanity of human expectations.

The Bingham had quite decided on emigration, and had completed nearly every preparation. Berths were even secured in a ship which would shortly sail, but Walter had still business to settle with his wily cousin. Though what the colder calls spring, it was a chilly evening, in fact much such weather as belonging to opposite seasons, strangely enough, sometimes recalls during one, the other to mind; and so like was it to its character to that day on which he first introduced Walter Bingham to the reader, he had been more than once irresistibly minded of it and its events. He called on his cousin on his return home, hoping finally to arrange the matter between them, in which there was a dispute about two or three hundred pounds. They were in earnest conversation in a parlor fronting the street, and had dawn near the window to examine some memorandums distinguished in the deepening twilight. Suddenly there was a noise in the street—rabble of men and boys, apparently dragging along some juvenile offender—and then a

halt immediately before the house. In a moment Bingham recognized in the culprit the child who had interested him so much six months before!

To rush into the street, and to rescue the boy from the rough hands which grasped him, promising to listen presently to any accusations, was the work of a few seconds; and a similar act of impulse was to draw him into Mr. Shirley's dwelling. Most poorly clad, dirty, ragged, meagre, miserable-looking to the last degree, the boy still retained the expression which had touched so deeply in the heart of Walter Bingham. The Blue Eyes, gleaming through tears, from time to time looked upwards as he answered Walter's questioning.

"How came you into this trouble?" he asked. "I broke a window," said the boy. "Broke a window—on purpose?" pursued his interrogator.

"Yes; I have no home—I want to be sent to prison."

"No home—no parents?" continued Bingham.

"I never had," sobbed the boy. "I am a workhouse child. I was brought up at M—workhouse."

"But they have not turned you adrift into the streets, surely?"

"No; they put me out to a shoemaker. Then why are you homeless?"

"Because I sold a bit of leather for two pence, which I thought master had thrown away—I am sure I did!—and here the boy broke into a torrent of tears."

"Come, tell me all about it," said Bingham, in a kind voice, suspecting there was a story of oppression and temptation to hear.

"He beat me for losing a penny, and said I stole it—but I never did," sobbed the poor unfortunate, "and then—and then—they called me a thief, and the boys laughed at me, and asked me what I stole—as—I never had halfpence for play or for cakes—and they would not believe me when I said I was not a thief, and so—I took the bit of leather, and I never had two-pence before."

"And what did you do with the money?"

"I bought nuts for the boys in the court. But they sent me to prison for a thief, and when I came out I had nowhere to go—master would not let me into his house—and so—I broke the window to go back to prison; for I won't be a thief, and what can I do?"

"What can I do? Oh, question so difficult for sages and legislators to answer; and one which can never be satisfactorily solved till Charity walks more bravely abroad in the world—with a hand ready to raise up the fallen,—and Hope shines as God meant it to shine—a light to cheer and lead forward even the most wretched. Absorbed in the child's history, Bingham had not noticed his cousin; but now he looked up, and was almost alarmed to see that he had sunk into a chair, and that his countenance was of a deathlike paleness. "Truth to tell, he too had started at the expression of the 'blue eyes,' and when the boy mentioned the M—workhouse, his guilty conscience told him the rest."

Bingham raised his hand to his brow, as if he would sweep back a host of never memories and recall, in all their vividness the scenes of his boyhood.

"Lucy—poor Lucy!—is it not so?" he murmured, appealing to his cousin, who, with the characteristic cowardice of cruelty dragged him into an adjoining room, and besought him in the most abject manner to keep his secret. Mean, craven souls always judge the nobler ones which they are unable to comprehend, by their own standard, and Shirley was full of dread and suspicion that his cousin would use his newly acquired knowledge as a means of terror and a threat over him.

Charles Shirley had a shrewd wife, with a fortune settled on herself!

"There was a terrible confession wrung from him by interrogations, and made in fear and trembling."

A false marriage, an awakening to shame, desertion, and maternity, and death in a workhouse! "Not for your sake, not for yours," exclaimed Bingham, with honest indignation, "but for the memory of that suffering girl, but for the presence of those 'blue eyes' which watched over me in the hours of mortal sickness, I take the charge of your nameless child. To the Southern Hemisphere, away from the land of his birth, I take him—he is not yours to give."

And when Fanny, his dear Fanny, she whose heart ever beat in unison with his own, heard the tale, she wreathed her arms round her husband's neck in a proud and approving caress and looking down at her black garments and pointing to the empty crib, she murmured—"To be a substitute, at least a consolation."

And the three are at this hour crossing the blue ocean! May fair winds speed them on their way, and a bright sky canopy their new home. The heart's promptings more often come straight from Heaven than that of the cool calculations of the head; and I am dreaming a beautiful dream, of child-like affection, and unutterable gratitude; of an approving conscience, and of fortune's gifts, which seem profuse to them of few wants and simple pleasures!

"Sam, do you know any songs?" "Yes I know two." "What are they Sam?" "One's 'Old Hundred,' and 'other ain't'."

## Treatment of Children.

We extract the following from Mr. Cobb's late work on corporal punishment:

Few children are fully aware of the great importance of education. Every parent and teacher should, therefore, make all reasonable exertions to convince his children or pupils of this—by personal attention—by private encouragement. The minds of all children are not equally developed, even under the same, or very nearly the same circumstances in life. How much less then when not equally favorable! Many children have the advantages of kind well-informed parents—others have not. All these things should be weighed well by the teacher; and a word of encouragement should be given, when needed. How much may be done by a kind word!

Those who are dull or behind others, either from having been neglected at home, or from any other cause, should be especially encouraged by the teacher.

Parents, when the family is visited by strangers, should, on introducing their children to them, say, "This is master George, or mister William; or, miss Mary," as the case may be; and if it can be done, in truth, immediately add, "and I have also the pleasure of saying that he is a very good boy," or "that she is a very good girl." This will encourage the child to do well; and it will have more influence on the good conduct of the child during the visit of the strangers, than all the threatenings and whippings that could be inflicted.

Children are naturally inquisitive. This should, in every reasonable and suitable manner, be encouraged by all parents and teachers. The "hold your tongue," and the "children should be seen and not heard" system of education, are barbarous ones. Such a course will cause a child to become diffident, puerile, unmanly and discouraged.

Praise and approbation are the very best means of encouraging children to do well, and form the strongest incentives to good action.

A young lady of my acquaintance, who has charge of one of the departments in a boys' school in a neighboring city, states that a lady came to her school one morning with her son, about 12 years of age, who had been suspended from every other school in that section of the city for truancy and other bad conduct. The mother said to her, "he is a very bad boy. His father and I have whipped him and whipped him, but it does no good. You will be obliged to punish him, he is so very bad." The young lady, immediately after the mother left the school room, said to the boy, in a very kind and affectionate manner, (she was a cheerful and pleasant lady) "Charles, I wish you to go to Mr. —'s, in — street, and take a letter for me; and, as it is a matter of some importance to me, I wish you to go and return as soon as you can without injury to yourself, and bring me an answer." "The boy then," said the young lady, "raised his head, (which, up to that time, had been dropped down), and smiled. He took the letter, and judging from the time he was absent, and from his appearance when he returned, he must have run all the way there and back. I complimented him," said the young lady, "for the promptness, expressed fears that he had injured himself in consequence of running so fast, and thanked him for his kindness in going for me; with all of which he seemed highly pleased. I then gave him a seat in a class, and, occasionally, for several days, requested him to do errands for me; and," she concluded by saying, that "I never had a better boy in school than Charles was, during the eighteen months which he attended my school." This boy had, most probably, never received any encouragement to do well before.

## "Oh, it's Love!"

The following extracts will show the definitions of love, as given by some of the greatest of our poets:

Love stuck his barb deep in my quivering heart,  
And acting thus, he played a bar-barous part.  
Was I ever in love! Oh, sure, and wasn't I!  
Know all about the soft palaver! Doesn't I,  
Stale your arms round my neck, give a wink, perhaps two,  
Take a kiss, then a squeeze, Och, hullooboo. [Moore.]

To sit with her in some ice-cream saloon,  
And feed together with a single spoon;  
To look into her eyes and whisper "lovely,"  
While she responds with sighing accents, "dovey."  
To place your hand on heart, and feel it beat,  
Then tear it forth and dash it at her feet.  
Ah! this is love [Byron.]

I knew a man, sir, who was deep in love,  
And questioned his beaver into a wheelbarrow!  
And questioned drowsily, sir, he couldn't tell  
The difference 'twixt a bootjack and a jackass. [Pope.]

Sublime, it came refulgent in his power,  
And pounced upon her heart; from thence,  
Strange in the contest, she was there transformed,  
And never dressed her baby doll again. [Milton.]

'Tis very sweet to tend a later patch  
With her own love, and spade in hand  
Unearth the vegetables with a delve,  
To see them roll luxuriant at her feet. [Sappho.]

## Propagation of Thought.

Who shall say at what point in the stream of time the personal character of an individual now on earth shall cease to influence? A sentiment, a habit of feeling, once communicated to another mind, is gone; it is beyond recall; if it bore the stamp of virtue, it is blessing man and owned by heaven; if its character was evil, vain the remorse that would revoke it, vain the gnawing anxiety that would compute its mischief; its immediate and to us visible, effect may soon be spent;

its remote one, who shall calculate? The oak which waves in our forest to-day, owns its form, its species, and its tint to the score which dropped from its remote ancestor, under whose shade Druids worshipped. "Human life extends beyond three-score years and ten which bounds its visible existence here." The spirit is removed into another region, the body is crumbling into dust; the very name is forgotten upon earth; but living and working still is the influence generated by the moral features of him who has so long since passed away. The characters of the dead are wrought into those of the living; the generation below the sod formed that which now dwells and acts upon the earth; the existing generation is moulding that which will succeed it, and distant posterity shall inherit the characteristics which we infuse into our children to-day.—The Parent's High Commission.

## Counsels for the Young.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your minds to do a thing and you will do it. Fear not, if a trouble comes upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day be a dark one.

If the sun is going down, look up to the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on Heaven! With God's presence and God's promises, a man or a child may be cheerful.

Mind what you run after! Never be content with a bubble that will burst or a firewood that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

Fight hard against hasty temper. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have compassed your end. By little and little great things are completed; and so repeated kindness will soften a heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped to school never learns his lesson well. A man that is compelled to work never knows how bad it is performed. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works is the man for me.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers, for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way every where. The cup that is full will hold no more; keep your heads and hearts full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

## Poetry.

Dr. Channing says, "Poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity; that is, to spiritualize our nature. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. Its great tendency and purpose is, to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary, walks of ordinary life, to lift it into a purer element, and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of early feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feeling, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life."

## Erring Brother.

Would you throw a brickbat at a friend who had fallen overboard! Would you gather stones and pile on a bank that had fallen on a brother? Would you throw a keg of powder to a friend who had fallen in the fire? Then why heap words of reproach upon him who had erred from the path of duty? Why denounce him and spurn him from your presence? Can you be a stranger to the human heart—you who have so often fallen?

He cannot know the human heart,  
Who, when a weaker brother errs,  
Instead of aiding Mercy's part,  
Each base malignant passion stirs,  
Harsh words and epithets but prove  
That he himself is in the wrong—  
That first he needs a brother's love  
To nerve his heart and guide his tongue.

## Ishmael.

One cannot but feel an interest in Ishmael—figuring him to be a noble nature, one of those heroes of the wilderness who lived on the produce of his bow, and whose spirit was nursed and exercised among the wild adventures of the life that he led. And it does not occur to our conception of him whose hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him, when we read of the influence of his mother over him, in the departure of Ishmael to whom we read another example of the respect yielded to females even in that so-called barbarous period of the world. There was a civilization, the immediate effect of religion, in these days, from which men fell away as the world grew older.