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## COMING FROM THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

'T was coming from the village church,  
I saw my false love nigh,  
I said—Oh! shame me not, my heart,  
But let me pass him by.  
And so the color left my cheek,  
The tear forsook mine eye,  
And with a timid step and weak  
I passed my false love by.  
He looked—and thought, perchance, to see  
The blush and tear of old;  
But I was cold as he could be—  
That is, I seemed so cold!  
For fast and fast my heart did fill  
Mine eyes could hold no more—  
He might have seen I loved him still,  
Had I not gained the door.  
I hurried to my own dear room,  
I knelt me down to pray,  
But still no firmness could assume,  
My tears they would have way.  
Oh! false, false lips—oh! faithless part—  
Oh! base, unmanly aim—  
To seek for years to win a heart,  
Then make its love—its shame!

## The Past and the Future.

There is no hope for mankind! Search the page  
Of many thousand years—the daily scene,  
The flow and ebb of each recurring age,  
The ebbing to a world that never was,  
Hath taught us many a lesson still we learn,  
On things that do not reach our weight, and we  
Our strength a wily in wrestling with the air.

Such was the solemn but true view of Time  
and Tide of Nations spread before us by a most  
powerful mind. Here we have the reality, not  
the shadow. Go back, leaf after leaf, read the  
Rise, Progress, and Fall of Empires, and what  
doest thou see, reader? The constant vicissitude,  
varied as one wave of the sea, the changes in  
other waves or other peoples, the great changes  
in human destiny. There is, however, in this  
tide of time a steady tendency to an unchangeable  
law. The rivers of the earth do not flow  
downwards, and their waters do not more natu-  
rally mingle and become lost in seas and oceans,  
than do the revolutions of nations finally merge,  
to be followed by other floods. Yet what are  
the components which form the mass of element  
for history? Why the racial struggles, which  
wear our strength away; attempts of the strong  
to oppress the weak. Follow the analysis, and  
we find the strong losing strength, and the weak  
becoming strong. As either taught by their own  
experience! If any example of such teaching  
and consistent action, therefore stands on record,  
where did the phenomena occur? In what age  
or nation, by whom recorded, and where are we  
to find and read the record? Echo is silent,  
No response to such questions!

At this moment, if we extend our mental vision  
beyond the Atlantic ocean, and scan the prospect,  
afforded by the primitive scenes of history,  
we are forced backwards to its introductory chap-  
ter, and brought into the regions where man first  
founded cities, formed governments, invented and  
perfected arts and sciences, and where fratricidal  
hated first stained the earth by a brother's blood.  
Setting out on our return from Eden's gate, em-  
pire after empire, flourish, decay, and fall  
before us. Last cities swell from rude villages;  
commerce and war cease to contend for influence  
over the human heart, and often unite to crown  
the few and enslave the many.

But during the three thousand six hundred  
years which have flown away since history pre-  
sents us with the formation of the first great west-  
ern empire of Asia, amid the immense variety of  
events and characters, have not a few primary  
elements and principles, the foundation materials,  
mixing, exciting, and confusing human reason,  
made up the whole structure of history? Will  
this mighty current be ever stayed or diverted  
from its course? Turn, reader, to your historical  
records, and read what is written under the  
heads of Assyria, Babylon, Persia, Macedonia,  
Rome, the Califate, and more modern empires to  
the present day, and point out one instance where  
human reason has stayed human conquest. Does  
not every page abound with proofs to show that  
the warrior is the man of the human heart. De-  
ciding, therefore, that all this is stern reality, does  
it not then follow that there is a fundamental law,  
as powerful as that of gravity, which regulates,  
directs, and shapes those great revolutions in hu-  
man affairs, which we call the rise, progress,  
and fall of empires?

Without receding into the imperfect records of  
early history, and passing on those more modern  
and certain in the connection between cause and  
effect, let us briefly scan the drama recently and  
now in action. It would appear that, whenever  
any great change is in progress, all attempts to  
stay and hasten the development. Of all exam-  
ples to sustain the soundness of this conclusion,  
the Anglo-Saxon republic of North America  
affords the most direct and conclusive facts.  
The thirteen original Colonies were proceeding  
calmly, peaceably, and devotedly, as members of  
the monarchy of which they constituted a part.  
In the far-seeing views of a few individuals, their  
final independence was anticipated, but no one  
assigned an early date to the event; nor could it  
event have been precipitated, except by acts of  
the parent State. Acts of flagrant violation of  
rights possessed by the colonists, and acts of con-  
summate ignorance of the laws of history on the  
part of the paramount State. Those acts were  
committed, the effect followed, the cause, and the  
foundations of a new and most powerful empire  
were consolidated. The edifice is rising in  
strength, and widening in dimensions, frowning  
defiance against all external force, and, from three  
radical causes, more secure against internal or  
external causes of decadence than has ever been  
the case with any other of the empires of the

earth, ancient or modern. It is, with slight ex-  
ceptions, composed of one people; the language  
one and, thirdly, spreading across a continent,  
and having thus, two oceanic frontiers, and no  
possible flank or rear. Such is the United  
States of North America, with now, at the close  
of 1849, an aggregate population of 23,000,000,  
growing by an increment a little above three  
per cent. per annum, which will give at the close  
of the present century, about one hundred mil-  
lions, and then, with no diminished power of in-  
crease.

On the Eastern Continent, and partially ex-  
tending into North America, stands the Empire  
of Russia, in every respect, save two, most strong-  
ly contrasted with that of the United States. In  
national, competent, language, and political in-  
stitutions, no two nations differ by features more  
marked; but there are two principles, and those  
of primary importance, in which they are simi-  
lar. In both, all religions, however wide may be  
doctrinal tenets, are not only free but protected;  
Many may be disposed to doubt, and even deny,  
this statement, but it is in my power to give the  
proof. "All religions in Russia are equally in-  
doctrinated—say, more, they are equally protected.  
Their exercise is public and peaceable. In the  
Southern Provinces Islamism is freely professed  
by those who obeyed the laws of Mahomet be-  
fore they were reduced to the Russian Govern-  
ment."

In the preceding quotation we find out the cause  
of the utter feebleness of the Turkish Empire  
when opposed to Russia, and it justifies the anti-  
cipations of the fall of the former, both in Europe  
and Asia. Strength and weakness are relative,  
and the latter superinduced by division of power,  
as is the former by union. And what is said  
above in relation to Russia and Turkey may be  
extended to similar inherent principles in the  
relations of Russia and Western Christian Europe.

Few may know the fact, though all whom it  
concerns ought to know, that it was the inextingu-  
ishable opposition to religious tenets, between the Latin  
and Greek churches, which enabled the Turks to  
extend their power into Europe. "Better," said  
the Greeks, "to have to see the grand Signior's  
turban than the Pope's tiara on the cupola of St.  
Sophia;" and, on Sunday morning, 1453, the  
Turks stormed Constantinople, and turned the  
great metropolitan temple, St. Sophia, from a  
Christian church to a Mahometan mosque.

The expression of the Greeks, in preferring  
the rule of Mahometans to that of adverse Chris-  
tians, was not a casual expression. The follow-  
ing is literally translated from P. Barce's History  
of Germany, Paris, 1748, page 423. The Em-  
peror (Mathias) left the assembly that his pre-  
sence might not influence the suffrages. The  
electors and some of the nobility were willing to  
award the imperial demands; but others, and  
the majority, were opposed. The Palatin and  
the Protestants feared that the Emperor, under  
pretext of defending Hungary against the Turks,  
would employ his troops to establish his own  
arbitrary power, and thus destroy the privileges  
of the kingdom of Hungary. Others, going still  
further, said openly, "that the German soul  
was as much to be dreaded as the bear of Rus-  
sia."

The preceding extract made part of the pro-  
ceedings in the Hungarian Diet at Presburgh in  
1613, or 200 years after the taking of Constanti-  
nople by the Turks.

Those who scan the history of nations will  
find the more careful and candid they conduct the  
analysis, that beneath the political surface, there  
is, in every great revolution, an under current  
which bears with it the upper flood, and forces  
it forward with irresistible power. None, how-  
ever, are less observant of the existence of hu-  
man tendency and the sure consequence of hu-  
man grandeur than are the great. In the day of  
triumph who would have bold Alexander, that then  
obscure people of Italy, in after time, would hold  
Macedonia as one of its provinces? Who would  
have said to Trajan, when he added Dacia and  
Panonia to his empire, or to his successor Adrian,  
when flying from province to province of an em-  
pire extending from the Atlantic ocean to the  
mountains of Armenia, "all this power will pass  
away?" What would have been the reward of  
such warnings to the Lords of conquered nations  
in any case? Who is the student of history that  
needs reminding of Pyrrhus and Cincus?

Perpetuity of human power is a delusion, and  
the curious question of the longevity of empire  
occurs to my mind as thought follows thought.  
A tabular glance will realize such thought, con-  
fusing our view to those the date of whose polit-  
ical births are known with sufficient certainty.

Roman,	B. C. 753 to A. D. 476.	1259
Sarazin,	A. D. 622 to A. D. 1258.	636
Russian,	A. D. 464 to A. D. 1850.	1386
British,	A. D. 459 to A. D. 1850.	1401
French,	A. D. 487 to A. D. 1850.	1363
German,	A. D. 800 to A. D. 1850.	1050
Qoman,	A. D. 1030 to A. D. 1850.	820

Of the preceding, the Roman and Sarazin are  
extinct. Of those remaining, not one dates its  
origin within four centuries of the christian era;  
and of the five yet existing and bearing the names,  
how varied indeed have been their mutations.  
No two of them now differ so much from each  
other as any one has done from itself at distant  
epochs of its progress. All history will sustain  
the assertion that no political system has ever  
been maintained through two centuries amongst  
the Caucasian nations, without most radical  
changes in form and substance, whilst yet known  
under the same name. Take the three most  
marked those of Europe—the English from the  
landing of the Saxons, A. D. 410; the Russian  
from Rurik, A. D. 464; and the French from  
Clovis, A. D. 487; and following them down  
to the present time, what lessons on the mutations  
of human fortune will pass in review! If the  
whole surface of the earth is taken into view,  
and the future advance of political power esti-  
mated, those named arc, of European nations,  
the most probable future arbiters; but, as I have  
already noticed in this paper, the advantages of  
language and position, in proportion to number,  
when the whole earth is brought in view, must  
give and secure to the United States of North  
America a preponderance of influence in the affairs  
of the world never before possessed by any na-  
tion whatever. May wisdom, foresight, and jus-  
tice guide such power, and, with less fluctuations

of character than has appeared in the history of  
other nations, sustain its theory by the facts of  
its own history! The preceding was written  
last evening, and the observations on the changes  
of the same Governments by name received in  
the National Intelligencer of this morning, (Octo-  
ber 20th,) a most striking confirmation of their  
correctness in the extract from the speech of M.  
Victor Hugo, in the recent Peace Convention.  
Contrasted, indeed, are the France of 1872 and  
the France of 1849. Consoling the change to  
the human heart. The noble speaker might,  
however, have extended his contrasts by citing  
facts nearer his own times than the date of the  
St. Bartholomew's massacre. The France of  
1849 has, happily, a very different character and  
aspect from the France of 1793.

WILLIAM DARRY.

## A Visit to the Sultan of Turkey.

BY LUCAS LYNCH, D. D., N. Y.

We were led to the entrance of the Southern  
wing of the palace of Cherraghan on the Bospho-  
rus, and again showing off our overshoes, entered  
a lofty and spacious hall, matting throughout,  
with two broad flights of stairs ascending from  
the far extreme to an elevated platform or land-  
ing, whence, uniting in one, they issued upon the  
floor above.

On the right and left of the hall were doors  
opening into various apartments, and there were  
a number of officers and attendants on either side,  
and stationed at intervals along the stairway, all  
preserving a silence the most profound.

The Secretary, who had gone before, now ap-  
proached, and beckoned to us to follow. But  
here an unexpected difficulty was presented.  
The Chamberlain in waiting objected to my  
sword, and required that I should lay it aside.  
I replied that the audience was given to me as an  
officer of the U. States; and that the sword was  
part of my uniform, and that I could not dispense  
with it. My refusal was met with the assurance  
that the etiquette of the court perpetually re-  
quired it. I asked if the custom had been tam-  
erably complied with, and inquired of the drag-  
man, whether Mr. Carr, our minister, had in  
conformity with it, ever attended an audience  
without his sword; but even as I spoke my mind,  
without regard to precedent, had come to the al-  
ternative, no sword no audience.

Whether the Secretary had, during the discus-  
sion, referred the matter to a higher quarter,  
I could not tell, my attention had been so engrossed  
for some minutes, that I had not noticed him.  
He now came forward, however, and decided that  
I should retain the sword. At this I truly re-  
joiced, for it would have been unpleasant to  
retire after having gone so far. It is due to Mr.  
Brown, the dragman, to say that he sustained me.

The discussion at an end, we ascended the  
stairway, which was covered with a good and  
comfortable, but not a costly carpet, and passed  
into a room more handsomely furnished and more  
lofty, but in every other respect of the same di-  
mensions as the one immediately below it. A  
rich carpet was on the floor, a magnificent chan-  
delier, all crystal and gold, was suspended from  
the ceiling, and costly dishes and tables, with  
other articles of furniture, were interspersed a-  
bout the room; but I had not time to note them,  
for on the left hung a gorgeous crimson velvet  
curtain embroidered and fringed with gold, and  
towards it the Secretary led the way. His coun-  
tenance and his manner exhibited more awe than  
I had ever seen depicted in the human coun-  
tenance. He seemed to hold his breath, and his  
step was so soft and stealthy, that once or twice  
I stopped, under the impression that I had left  
him behind, but found him ever beside me.  
There were three or four close proximity, and the  
stairway was lined with officers and attendants,  
but such was the death-like stillness that I could  
distinctly hear my own footfall, which unac-  
customed to palace regulations, fell with untired  
republican firmness upon the royal floor. It  
had been a wild beast slumbering in his lair that  
we were about to visit, there could not have been  
a silence more deeply hushed.

Fretted at such object serenity, I quickened my  
pace towards the curtain, when Shelley Bey, rather  
gliding than stepping before me, cautiously  
and slowly raised a corner for me to pass. Wou-  
dering at his subdued and terror-stricken attitude,  
I stepped across the threshold, and felt, without  
yet perceiving it, that I was in the presence of  
the Sultan.

The heavy folds of the window-curtains so ob-  
scured the light, that it seemed as if the day were  
drawing to a close, instead of being at its high  
meridian.

As with the expanding pupil the eye took in  
surrounding objects, the apartment, its furniture  
and its royal tent, presented a different scene  
from what, if left to itself, the imagination would  
have drawn.

The room less spacious, but as lofty as the ad-  
joining one, was furnished in the modern Euro-  
pean style, and like a familiar thing, a stove  
stood near the centre. On a sofa by a win-  
dow, through which he might have looked upon  
us, as we crossed the rear, with a crimson tar-  
bouche, its gold button and blue silk tassels on his  
head, a black silk kerchief around his neck,  
attired in a blue military frock and pantaloons,  
and polished French boots upon his feet, sat the  
monarch, without any of the attributes of sover-  
eignty about him.

A man, young in years, but evidently of deli-  
cate and unimpaired constitution, his wearied  
and spiritless air was unrelieved by any indication  
of intellectual energy. He eyed me fixly, as I  
advanced, and on him my attention was no less  
riveted. As he smiled I stopped, expecting that  
he was about to speak, but he motioned gently  
with his hand for me to approach, yet nearer  
to the present time, what lessons on the mutations  
of human fortune will pass in review! If the  
whole surface of the earth is taken into view,  
and the future advance of political power esti-  
mated, those named arc, of European nations,  
the most probable future arbiters; but, as I have  
already noticed in this paper, the advantages of  
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America a preponderance of influence in the affairs  
of the world never before possessed by any na-  
tion whatever. May wisdom, foresight, and jus-  
tice guide such power, and, with less fluctuations

The interview was not a protracted one. In  
the course of it, as requested by Mr. Carr, I pre-  
sented him, in the name of the President of the  
United States, with some biographies and prints  
illustrative of the character and habits of our North  
American Indians, the work of American artists.  
He looked at some of them, which were placed  
before him by an attendant, and said he consid-  
ered them as evidences of the advancement of the  
United States in civilization, and would receive  
them as a souvenir of the good feeling of its gov-  
ernment towards him. At the word civilization,  
pronounced in French, I started; for it seemed  
singular, coming from the lips of a Turk, and ap-  
plied to our country. I have since learned that  
he is but a student in French, and presume that  
by the word "civilization," he meant the arts and  
sciences.

When about to take my leave, he renewed the  
welcome, and said that I had his full authority to  
see any thing in Stamboul I might desire.

While in his presence, I could not refrain from  
drawing comparisons and moralizing on fate.  
There was the Sultan, an Eastern despot, the ruler  
of mighty kingdoms and the arbiter of the fate  
of millions of his fellow-creatures; and, face in  
face, a few feet distant, one, in rank and condition,  
among the humblest servants of a far distant re-  
public, and yet, little as life has to cheer, I would  
not change positions with him, unless I could carry  
with me my faith, my friendships, and my as-  
pirations.

My feelings suggested as I looked upon the  
monarch, and I thought of Montezuma. Evidently  
like a Northern elite, his year of life had  
known two seasons only, and he had leaped from  
youth to imbecility. His smile was one of the  
sweetest I ever looked upon—his voice was the  
most melodious I had ever heard; his manner  
gentleness itself, and every thing about him be-  
spoke a kind and amiable disposition. He is  
said to be very affectionate, to his mother in es-  
pecial, and is generous to the extreme of prodigality.  
But there is that indescribably sad ex-  
pression in his countenance, which is thought to  
indicate an early death. A premonition of the  
kind, mingled perhaps with a fading fear of the  
overthrow of his country, seems to pervade and  
depress his spirits. In truth, like Darius, the  
descendant of the Caliphs sits beneath a suspended  
fate. Through him the souls of the mighty  
monarchs who have gone before, seems to brood  
over the impending fate of an empire which once  
extended from the Atlantic to the Ganges, from  
the Caucasus to the Indian Ocean.

## The Ploughman.

Clear the brown path to meet his neighbor's gleam!  
Lo, on he comes behind his smoking team,  
With toil's bright dew-drops on his sun-burnt  
brow.

The lord of earth, the hero of the plough!

First in the field before the reddening sun,  
Last in the shadows when the day is done;  
Line after line along the bursting sod  
Marks the broad acres where his plow have trod;  
Still where he treads the stubborn clods divide,  
The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and wide,  
Matted and dense the tangled stubs upheaves;  
Mellow and dark the ridgy cornfield cleaves,  
Up the steep hillside where the laboring team  
Slants the long track that scores the level plain;  
Through the moist valley, clogged with oozing  
clay.

The patient convoy breaks its destined way;  
At every turn the loosening chains resound,  
The swinging ploughshare circles glistening  
round.

Till the wide field open billowy waste appears,  
And wearied hands unbind the panting steers.  
These are the hands whose sturdy labor brings  
The peasant's food, the golden pomp of kings;  
This is the page whose letters shall be seen  
Changed by the sun to words of living green;  
This is the sower whose immortal pen  
Speils the first lesson hunger taught to men;  
These are the lines, O Heaven-commanded Toil,  
That fit thy deed—the charter of the soil!  
O, gracious Mother, whose benignant breast  
Wakes us to life and lulls us all to rest,  
How thy sweet features, kind to every clime,  
Mock with their smile the wrinkled front of  
Death!

We stain thy flowe—they blossom o'er the  
We rend thy bosom, and it gives us bread;  
O'er the red field that trampling strife has torn  
Waves the green ploughshare thy tasselled corn;  
O'er maddening conflicts, near thy furrow plain,  
Still thy soft answer is the growing grain.  
Yet, O Mother, while uncounted charms  
Round the fresh clasp of thine embracing arms,  
Let not our virtues in thy love decay,  
And thy fond weakness waste our strength away.

Not by these hills, whose banners, now display-  
ing blazoning cohorts, Autumn has arrayed; [ed,  
By you twin cress, attend the sinking sphere,  
Last to dissolve and first to re-appear;

By these fair plains the mountain circle screens  
And feeds in silence from its dark ravines;  
True to their home these faithful arms shall toil  
To crown with peace their own untainted soil;  
And true to God, to Freedom; to Mankind,  
If her chained bands Faction shall unbind,  
These stately forms, that bending even now,  
Bowed their strong manhood to the humble  
plough.

Shall rise erect, the guardians of the land,  
The same stern iron in the same right hand,  
Till Graylock thunders to the parting sun,  
The sword has rescued what the ploughshare  
won!

O. W. HOLMES.

## An Incident.

During the trial of Gogzell, for kidnaping,  
which took place a few days since in Hillsborough,  
an incident occurred which created considerable  
fun at the expense of big wigs and counsel. A  
Miss Sloan was testifying and was requested to  
state all she knew about a certain transaction.

"Witness—I was in the sitting room when  
Mary came from the kitchen whom Mary called  
Coggzell after her. He caught hold of her at the  
sitting room door, and said, Mary, you have been  
here long enough; come and go home now."  
"Attorney for defendant—What did Mary say?"  
"Attorney for the State—Stop there! My object  
is the question!"

Here a discussion of nearly two hours took  
place, in which four or five lawyers participated.  
After which the three judges held a long, serious  
and excited discussion on the subject, and finally,  
in a very formal and pompous manner, stated  
that it was the opinion of a majority of the court  
that the question must be answered. The court  
room was crowded almost to suffocation, and the  
most intense interest was manifested at this stage  
of the proceedings. The question was repeated—  
"What did Mary say?" and the witness sus-  
wored—  
"She didn't say a word."

## Historical Contrast.

The President of the Peace Convention which  
met not long since at Paris, M. Victor Hugo, de-  
livered a vaudeville address on the last day of  
the session which is spoken of in terms of high  
praise. It happened that the day was the anni-  
versary of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and  
this coincidence, of which he was reminded only  
a short time before he spoke, he made use of in  
a masterly manner. He said—

"It was on this day 277 years ago that Paris  
was roused from slumber by the sound of that  
dread bell which bore the name of the *cloche*  
*d'argent*. Massacre was on foot, seeking with  
keen eye for its victims—man was busy in slay-  
ing man. That slaughter was called for by mingled  
passions of the worst description. Hatred of  
all kinds was there, urging on the slayer—  
hatred of a religious, a political, a personal char-  
acter! And yet, on the anniversary of that same  
day of horror, and in that very city were blood  
was flowing like water, has God this day given  
a rendezvous unto men of peace, where wild im-  
pulsions is transformed into order, and animosity  
into love. [Immense cheering.] The stain of  
blood is blotted out, and in its place beams forth  
a ray of holy light. [Renewed cheers.] All  
distinctions are removed, and Papist and Hu-  
gucnot meet together in friendly communion.  
[Cheers, which prevented the speaker for some  
time from proceeding.] Who that thinks of these  
amazing changes can doubt of the progress that  
has been made? But whoever denies the force  
of progress must deny God, since progress is the  
 boon of Providence, and emanates from the great  
Being above. [Cheers.] I feel gratitude for the  
change that has been effected, and pointing sol-  
emnly to the past, I say, let this day be ever held  
memorable—let the 24th August, 1572, be re-  
membered only for the purpose of being compar-  
ed with the 24th August, 1849; and when we  
think of this latter, and ponder over the high pur-  
pose to which it has been devoted—the advocacy  
of the principles of peace—let us not be so  
wanting in reliance on Providence as to doubt for  
one moment of the eventual success of our holy  
cause."

## Last Moments of Sir Walter Raleigh.

His last hours were each an episode, and his  
acts and words have been carefully recorded.  
On the morning of his execution his keeper  
brought a cup of sack to him, inquired how he  
was pleased with it. As well as he who drank  
of St. Giles's bowl as he rode to Tyburn, an-  
swered the knight, and said, "It was good drink,  
if a man might but tarry by it." "Prithce, never  
fear Beston," cried he to his old friend, Sir Hugh,  
who was repulsed from the scaffold by the sheriff,  
"I shall have a place!" A man bald from ex-  
treme age pressed forward to see him, he said,  
"and pray God for him." Raleigh took a richly  
embroidered cap from his own head, and plac-  
ing it on that of the old man, said, "Take this,  
good friend, to remember me, for you have more  
need of it than I." "Farewell, my lords," was  
his cheerful parting to a courtly group who affec-  
tionately took their leave of him. "I have a  
long journey before me, and I must e'en say  
good-bye." "Now I am going to God," said that  
heroic spirit, as he trod the scaffold, and gently  
touching the axe, added, "This is a sharp medi-  
cine, but it will cure all diseases." The  
headman shrunk from beheading one so brave,  
and the unquailing soldier addressed him, "What  
dost thou fear? Strike, man! In another  
moment the mighty soul had fled from this  
mangled tenement. Cayley, after describing Sir  
Walter's execution, adds, "The head, after hav-  
ing been shown up either side of the scaffold, was  
put into a read leather bag, over which Sir Wal-  
ter's gown was thrown, and the whole conveyed  
away in a mourning coach by Lady Raleigh. It  
was preserved by her in a case during the cen-  
ty-nine years which she survived her husband,  
and afterwards with no less piety by the affec-  
tionate son Carey—with whom it is supposed  
to have been buried at West Hertsley, in Surrey.  
The body was interred in the chancel, near the  
altar of St. Margaret, Westminster.—*Memoirs*  
*of the City of Westminster.*

## The Memory of Children.

It is not worthy that children, who are taken  
away by death, always renew in the memory of  
the parent as children. Other children grow old,  
but the one we lost continues in youth. It looks  
as we last saw it in health. The imagination  
hears its sweet voice and light step, and sees its  
silk hair and clear bright eyes—all just as they  
were. Ten or twenty years may go by, the  
child remains in the memory as at first, a bright  
happy child. Its young and beautiful form moves  
before us; and what is such a memory but an  
angel-presence? Certainly, next to seeing an  
angel, is seeing with a parent's heart, such a cher-  
ished form. Amidst this world of ambition and  
show, who shall say that this is not a means  
under Providence of subduing and spiritualizing the  
mind? Thus, in order to cherish such a remem-  
brance, we are at times willing to turn even from  
the charms of the living. The sigh becomes  
sweeter than the song. Sorrow subdued becomes  
a friend, and sacred joy is mingled with tears of  
holy recollection. Thus as grief succeeds the  
mount of Time, she seems to pass through a sort  
of transformation. The convulsive agony changes  
to passive sorrow, and querulous misgivings to  
quiet meditation. There must be distress; let  
then, the gushing tears flow, for it is the course  
of nature; but even with this, let there be the  
victory of Christian faith, the glorious hope of  
our holy religion. For

"Such a hope, like the rainbow, a being of light,  
May be born, like the rainbow, in tears."

How to Die.—Bryant has nothing more beau-  
tiful than this:  
So live, that when the summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, that moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent hall of death—  
Thou go not, like the galley slave at night,  
Scowled to his dungeon; but sustain and sooth'd  
By an unflinching trust, approach the grave,  
Like one who draws the drapery of his couch  
Around him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

## A Hundred years Hence.

It struck me as the most impressive of all  
sentiments, that "it will be all the same a hundred  
years after this!" It is often uttered in the form  
of a proverb, and with the levity of a mind that  
is not aware of its importance. A hundred years  
after this! Good heavens! with what speed  
and with what certainties will those hundred years  
come to their termination! This day will draw  
to a close, and a number of days make one re-  
volution of the seasons. Yea, follows year, and  
a number of years make up a century. "The  
little intervals of time accumulate and fill up that  
mighty space which appears to the fancy so big  
and so immeasurable." The hundred years will  
see the wreck of whole generations. Every living  
thing that now crosses on the face of the earth  
will disappear from it. The infant that now  
hangs on its mother's bosom will only live in the  
remembrance of its grand-children. "The scene  
of life and of intelligence that is now before me  
will be changed into the dark and lifeless form  
of corruption. The people who now hear me,  
they will cease to be spoken of, their memory will  
perish from the face of the country; their flesh  
will be devoured by worms; the dark and creep-  
ing things that live in the holes of the earth will  
feed upon their bodies; their coffins will have  
rotted away, and their bones be thrown up  
in the new made grave. And is this the consum-  
mation of all things? Is this the final end and  
issue of man? Is this the utmost of his busy  
history? Is there nothing beyond time and the  
grave to alleviate the gloomy picture?—to chase  
away these dismal images? Must we sleep for-  
ever in the dust, and bid adieu to the light of  
heaven!—Dr. CHALMERS

## Wives.

"Wives should know that no beauty has any  
charm that the inward one of the mind, and that  
gracefulness in their manners is more engaging  
than that of their person; that modesty and meekness  
are the true and lasting ornaments; for she  
who has these is qualified, as she ought to be,  
for the management of a family, for the educa-  
tion of children, for the affection of her husband,  
and submitting to a prudent way of living. These  
only are charms that render wives amiable and  
give them the best title to our respect."

The National Era, taking up the above ques-  
tion, has the following sensible, kindly, and  
christian remarks:—"Wives should know that  
the inward beauty of the mind ought to reflect  
itself in the outward form. Where there is in-  
attention to the body, we suspect some marked  
imperfection in the spirit. No outward attrac-  
tion will make amends for inward repulsion; no  
inward beauty could reconcile us to a slatternly  
or unclean person. There are attentions to the  
body which cannot be neglected without repel-  
ling love. While woman is Beauty embodied,  
she should see to it, that the medium through  
which the inward Grace shines be kept clear and  
transparent. A good wife will reject all these  
one-sided maxims which overlook the corporeal,  
and ineluctable exclusive attention to the spiritual;  
What God has joined together, let no man put  
asunder. Body and Spirit in this life are insepar-  
able, and a wise woman will seek to beautify  
both. God, the all-pervading spirit, neglects not  
the outward: this visible world is all beautiful.  
Behold the lilies of the field—they toil not,  
nor do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory  
was not arrayed like one of these." Surely, the  
outward on which He bestows so much atten-  
tion cannot be unworthy of ours.

## Fruits of War.

We noticed lately the session of a Peace Con-  
gress in Paris. We see by a letter of one of the  
American delegates that ENRIQUE GUZMAN,  
Editor of *La Presse*, a paper which is said to  
have the largest circulation of any journal in Eu-  
rope, has commenced the discussion of the sub-  
ject, and hails with his best wishes the cause  
of universal peace. The following facts, from the  
columns of *La Presse*, are appalling:

"The army of 1813 was composed of recruits  
from eighteen to twenty years of age. *Illness,  
fatigue and misery decimated them.* Of the  
1,200,000 raised in 1813, there remained in 1814,  
to defend the soil of France, but one hundred  
thousand men above the ground. As the result  
of the various conscriptions made in France be-  
tween the years 1791 and 1813, we find that  
four millions five hundred thousand Frenchmen  
were blown to pieces by cannon, brought  
down by musketry, impaled upon bayonets, or  
cut down by broadswords and sabres; and by  
all this sacrifice France obtained literally nothing  
—not so much as one square inch of ground  
added to its territorial limits in her wars.