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A Legend of the Mohawk.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

In the days that are gone, by this sweet flowing
water,

Two lovers reclined in the shade of a tree;
She was the mountain king's rosy-lipped daughter,
The brave warrior chief of the valley was he.
Then all things around them, below and above,
Were basking as now in the sunshine of love,
In the days that are gone, by this sweet flowing
stream.

In the days that are gone they were laid 'neath the
willow

The maid in her beauty, the youth in his pride;
Both slain by the foe man who crossed the dark bil-
low

And stole the broad lands where their children
reside,

Whose fatness, when dying, in fear looked above,
And trembled to think of that chief and his love,
In the days that are gone, by this sweet flowing
stream.

Anecdote of the Parisian Police.

Previous to the year 1789, but at what pre-
cise date I cannot say, the city of Paris possessed
as guardian of its safety, and chief minister of
police, a man of rare talent and integrity. At
the same period, the parish of St. Germais, in
the quarter of the Rue St. Antoine, had for its
curé, a kind, venerable old man, whose life was
spent in doing good to both the souls and bodies
of his fellow creatures, and whose holy consi-
deration and dignified courage caused him to be
loved by the good, and respected by even the
most abandoned characters. One cold dark
winter's night, the bell at the old curé's door
was rung loudly, and he, although in bed, im-
mediately arose and opened the door, anticipating
a summons to some sick or dying bed.

A personage, richly dressed, with his features
partly concealed by a large beard, stood out-
side. Addressing the curé in a courteous and
graceful manner, he apologized for his unseas-
onable visit, which, he said, the high reputation
of Monsieur had induced him to make.

"A great and terrible, but unnecessary and in-
evitable deed," he continued, "is to be done.—
Time presses; a soul about to pass into eternity,
implores your ministry. If you come, you must
allow your eyes to be bandaged, ask no ques-
tions, and consent to act simply as spiritual con-
soler of a dying woman. If you refuse to ac-
company me, no other priest can be admitted.

After a moment of secret prayer, the curé an-
swered, "I will go with you." Without asking
any further explanation, he allowed his eyes to
be bandaged, and lean on the arm of his suspi-
cious visitor. They both got into a coach,
whose windows were immediately covered by
wooden shutters, and then they drove off rapidly.
They seemed to go a long way, and make many
doublings and turnings ere the coach drove under
a wide archway and stopped.

During this time, not a single word had been
exchanged between the travelers, and ere they
got out the stranger assured himself that the ban-
dage over his companion's eyes had not been
displaced, and then taking the old man respect-
fully by the hand, he assisted to alight, and to
ascend the wide steps of a staircase as far as the
second story. A great door opened, as if of itself,
and several thickly carpeted rooms were traversed
in silence. At length, another door was
opened by the guide, and the curé felt his ban-
dage removed. They were in a solemn looking
bed-chamber; near a bed, half veiled by thick
damask curtains, was a small table supporting
two wax lights, which feebly illuminated the
cold, death-like apartment. The stranger (he
was the Duke de—) then bowing to the curé
led him towards the bed, drew back the curtains,
and said in a solemn tone—

"Minister of God, before you is a woman
who has betrayed the blood of her ancestors,
and whose doom is irrevocably fixed. She
knows on what conditions an interview has been
granted her; she knows too that all supplications
would be useless. You know your duty, M. le
Curé; I leave you to fulfil it, and will return to
seek you in half an hour."

So saying he departed, and the agitated priest
saw lying on the bed, a young and beautiful girl,
bathed in tears, battling with despair, and calling
in her bitter agony for the comforts of religion.
No investigation possible! for the unhappy
creature declared herself bound by a terrible oath
to conceal her name; besides, she knew not in
what place she was.

"I am," she said, "the victim of a secret family
tribunal, whose sentence is irrevocable!—
More I cannot tell. I forgive my enemies, as I
trust God will forgive me. Pray for me!"

The minister of religion invoked the sublime
promises of the gospel to soothe her troubled
soul, and he succeeded. Her countenance after
a time became composed, she clasped her hands
in fervent prayer, and then extended them to-
wards her consoler.

As she did so, the curé perceived that the sleeve
of her robe was stained with blood.

"My child," said he, with a trembling voice,
"what is this?"

"Father, it is the vein which they have al-
ready opened, and the bandage, no doubt, was
carelessly put on."

At these words, a sudden thought struck the
priest. He unrolled the dressing, allowing the
blood to flow, stepped his handkerchief in it, then
replaced the bandage, concealed the stain hand-
kerchief within his vest, and whispered—

"Farewell, my daughter, take courage and
have confidence in God!"

The half hour had expired, and the step of
his terrible conductor was heard approaching.

"I am ready," said the curé, and having al-
lowed his eyes to be covered, he took the arm
of the Duke de—, and left the awful room,
praying meanwhile with secret fervor.

Arrived at the foot of the staircase, the old
man succeeded, without his guide's knowledge,
in slightly displacing the thick bandage so as to
admit a partial ray of lamp light. Finding him-
self in the carriage gateway, he managed to
stumble and fall, with both hands forwards, to-
wards a dark corner. The Duke hastened to
raise him, both resumed their places in the car-
riage, and after repeating through the same tor-
tuous route, the curé was set down in safety at
his own door.

Without one moment's delay, he called his
servant.

"Pierre," he said, "arm yourself with a stick,
and give me your support; I must instantly go
to the minister of police."

Soon afterwards the official gate was opened to
admit the well-known venerable pastor.

"Monseigneur," he said, addressing the min-
ister, "a terrible deed will speedily be accom-
plished, if you are not in time to prevent it. Let
your agents visit, before day-break, every car-
riage gateway in Paris; in the inner angle of one
of them will be found a blood-stained handker-
chief. The blood is that of a young female,
whose murder, already begun, has been miracu-
lously suspended. Her family have condemned
their victim to have her veins opened one by
one, and thus to perish slowly in expiration of a
fault, already more than punished by her mortal
agency. Courage, my friend, you have already
some hours. May God assist you—I can only
pray."

The same morning, at eight o'clock, the min-
ister of police entered the curé's room.

"My friend," said he, "I confess my inferior-
ity, you are able to instruct me in expedients."

"Saved!" cried the old man, bursting into tears.

"Saved," said the minister, "rescued from the
power of her cruel relations. But the next time,
Dear Abbe, that you want my assistance in a
benevolent enterprise, I wish you would give me
a little more time to accomplish it."

Within the next twenty-four hours, by an ex-
press order of the king, the Duke de—
and his accomplices were secretly removed from
Paris, and conveyed out of the kingdom.

The young woman received all the care which
her precarious state required; and when suffi-
ciently recovered, retired to a quiet country vil-
lage where the royal protection assured her
safety. It is scarcely needful to say, that next
to her Maker, the curé of St. Germais was the
object of her deepest gratitude and filial love.—
During fifteen years, the holy man received from
time to time the expression of her grateful affec-
tion; and at length when himself, from extreme
old age, on the brink of the grave, he received
the intelligence that she had departed in peace.

Never until then, had a word of this mysteri-
ous adventure passed the good curé's lips. On
his death bed, however, he confided the recital
to a bishop, one of his particular friends; and
from a relation of the latter, I myself heard it.

This is the exact truth.

Boys out after Nightfall.

I have been an observer, as I am a sympathiz-
ing lover of boys. I like to see them happy,
cheerful, gleesome. I am not willing that they
should be cheated out of the rightful heritage of
youth. Indeed, I can hardly understand how a
high-toned useful man can be the ripened fruit of
a boy who has not enjoyed a full share of the
glad privileges due to youth. But while I watch
with a very jealous eye all rights and customs
which entrench upon the proper rights of boys,
I am equally apprehensive lest parents, who are
not forthright, and who have not habituated
themselves to close observation upon this subject,
permit their sons indulgences which are almost
certain to result in their demoralization, if not
in their total ruin; and among the habits which
I have observed as tending most surely to ruin,
know of none more prominent than that of pa-
rents permitting their sons to be in the streets
after nightfall.

It is requisite to their morals in all instances.
They acquire, under the cover of night, an un-
healthy state of mind; bad, vulgar, immoral,
and profane language, obscene practices, criminal
sentiments, a lawless and riotous bearing. In-
deed, it is in the street after nightfall that the
boys principally acquire the education of the
bad, and capacity for becoming ruffians, dis-
solutes, and criminals. Parents should, in this particu-
lar, have a rigid and inflexible rule, that will
not permit a son, under any circumstances whatever,
to go into the streets after nightfall with a view
of engaging in out-of-door sports, or meet other
boys for social or chance occupation. A rigid
rule of this kind, invariably adhered to, will soon
deaden the desire for such dangerous practices.

Boys should be taught to have pleasures a-
round the family centre table, in reading, in
conversation, and in quiet amusements. Boys,
gentlemen's sons, are seen in the streets after
nightfall, behaving in a manner entirely destruc-
tive of all good morals. Fathers and mothers,
keep your children home at night, and see that
you take pains to make your homes pleasant,
attractive, and profitable to them; and, above
all, with a view to their security from future
destruction, let them not become, while forming
their characters for life, so accustomed to dis-
regard the moral sense of shame as to openly vi-
olate the Sabbath day in street pastimes during
the day or evening hours.—A True Friend of
the Boys.

"I trust everything, under God," said Lord
Brougham, "to habit, upon which, in all ages
the lawgiver, as well as the school-master, has
mainly placed his reliance; habit, which makes
everything easy, and casts all difficulties upon
the deviation from a wonted course. Make so-
berly a habit, and intemperance will be hateful;
make prudence a habit and reckless profligacy
will be as contrary to the child, grown or adult,
as the most atrocious crimes are to any one of your
lordships. Give a child the habit of sacredly re-
garding the truth; of carefully respecting the prop-
erty of others; of scrupulously abstaining from
all acts of improvidence which can involve him
in distress; and he will just as likely think of
rushing into an element in which he cannot
breathe, as of lying, or cheating, or stealing."

The Prophecy of Napoleon.

The following is a suppressed passage in the
works of Las Casas, to which reference has of-
ten been made. The present state of the affairs
of France renders it interesting:

"Before the sun shall have revolved many peri-
ods round its orbit," said the Emperor to me
one day as we stood viewing the sea from a rock
which overhung the road, "the whole European
system will be changed. Revolution will suc-
ceed revolution, until every nation becomes ac-
quainted with its individual rights. Depend up-
on it, the people of England will not long sub-
mit to be governed by these bands of petty sov-
ereigns—these aristocratic cabinets. I was wrong
in re-establishing the order of nobles in France;
but I did it to give splendor to the throne, and
refinement to the manners of the people, who
were fast sinking into barbarism since the rev-
olution. The remains of the feudal system will
vanish before the sun of knowledge." The peo-
ple have only to know that all power emanates
from themselves, in order to assert their rights to
a share in their respective Governments. This
will be the case even with the boors of Russia—
yes, Las Casas, you may live to see the time,
but I shall be cold in my grave, when that col-
ossal, but ill-cemented empire will be split into as
many sovereignties—perhaps republics—as there
are hordes or tribes which compose it."

[After a few more reflections on the future
prospects of Europe, his Majesty thus contin-
ued:—

Never was a web more artfully woven over a
nation than that horrible debt which envelops
the people of England. It has been the means
of enriching the aristocracy beyond all former
example in any country; whilst it has, at the
same time, ensured as many fast and powerful
friends to the Government, as there are individ-
uals who receive interest for that money so ex-
travagantly squandered to rush liberty in other
countries. But even that must have an end—
some accidental spark will ignite the combusti-
ble mass, and blow the whole system to atoms.
If this mighty debt were due to foreigners, these
cunning islanders would not bear the burden an
hour; but would, on some pretext or other, break
with their creditors and laugh at their credulity—
but they owe the money to individuals among
themselves, and are therefore likely to enjoy the
pleasure of paying the interest for generations to
come. France too, has got a debt—these Bour-
bons think to maintain themselves on my throne,
by borrowing largely of the present generation,
in order to lay heavy taxes on the next and all
future ones. But I know the French people too
well to suppose that such a system can be long
tolerated. I know that they have too much nat-
ural affection for their offspring to entail upon
them a national debt, like that of England, how-
ever artfully incurred.

No, no subjects are too sharp sighted to allow
the property accumulated for their children to
be mortgaged to pay the Russians and England
for invading them, and for the restoration of the
vieille cur de imbéciles, who now insult them.

They will, after a time, make comparison be-
tween them and me—they will recollect that the
expenses of my Government were defrayed by
imports during the year—that my wars cost
France nothing—that I left her not one Napo-
leon in debt—but that I enriched every corner of
her territory. Such comparisons will not be fa-
vorable to the Bourbons—the French will cast
them and their debts from their shoulders, as my
Arabian horse would a stranger who should dare
to mount him. Then, if my son be in existence,
he will be seated on the throne, amidst the accla-
mations of the people—if he be not, France will
go back to a Republic, for no other hand will dare
to seize a sceptre which it cannot wield." The
Orleans branch, though amiable, are too much of
the imbecility of the other Bourbons, and will
share the same fate, if they do not choose to live
as simple citizens, under whatever change take
place!

[Here the Emperor paused a few moments,
then, waving his hand, he exclaimed in an im-
mature tone, his dark eye beaming with the en-
thusiasm of inspiration:—

France once more a republic, other countries
will follow her example—Germans, Prussians,
Poles, Italians, Danes, Swedes, and Russians,
will all join the crusade of liberty. They will
arm against their sovereigns, who will be glad to
make concession of some of their rights, in order
to preserve a minor authority, over them as sub-
jects. They will grant them representative
chambers, and style themselves constitutional
kings, possessing a limited power. Thus the
feudal system will receive its death blow—like
the thick mist on that ocean, it will dissipate at
the first appearance of the sun of liberty.—But
things will not end there. The wheel of rev-
olution will not stand still at this point—the im-
petus will be increased in a ten fold ratio, and
the motion will be accelerated in proportion.

When a people recover a part of their rights
as men, they become elated with the victory
they have achieved; and having tasted the
sweets of freedom, they become clamorous for a
larger portion. Thus will the states and prin-
cipalities of Europe be in a continual state of tur-
moil and ferment, perhaps for some years, like
the earth, heaving in all directions, previous to
the occurrence of an earthquake, at length the
combustible matter will have vent—a tremendous
explosion will take place. The lava of England's
bankruptcy will overspread the European world,
overwhelming kings and aristocrats, but con-
serving the democratic interest as it flows.

Trust me, Las Casas that as from the vines
planted the soil which encrusts the sides of Etna
and Vesuvius, the most delicious wine is obtain-
ed, so shall this lava of which I speak, prove to
be the only soil in which the tree of liberty shall
take firm and permanent root. May it flourish
for ages! You, perhaps, consider these senti-
ments strange, unusual; they are mine, however,
I was a republican, but fate and the opposition
of Europe, made me an emperor. I am now a spec-
tator of the future.

Discovery of Guano.—The London Shipping
Gazette announces the discovery of a new and
extensive deposit of guano upon an island in
the South Pacific ocean. The island, it is said,
is at present unclaimed by any Government, and
the British flag was the first banner planted upon it.

From the Spirit of the Times. Who did Billy Patterson Strike.

Dear Spirit.—Several months ago, the
newspapers of this "great and glorious country"
re-echoed from one end of the continent to the
other the momentous question, by whom was a
certain assault and battery committed upon the
sacred person of William Patterson, Esquire,
Gentlemen? I do not know if the evidence
necessary to the conviction of any individual of
this atrocity has yet come in, but at the last term
of H— County Court, North Carolina, an-
other question, of almost equal magnitude, was
satisfactorily and finally disposed of. The re-
sult deserves to be transmitted to posterity. I
congratulate you, that from the columns of your
paper future generations may know who Billy
Patterson did strike. No other paper has the
News.

The case of the State vs. William Patterson,
came up for hearing at the end of the term, and,
although the jury was about to be discharged, a
large crowd remained to gratify a curiosity very
naturally excited by the name of the defendant,
and to hear the particulars. The Solicitor, after
explaining to the Court and Jury the nature of
the offence to be proved, and reading the indict-
ment, charging the defendant in the usual form,
with the commission of an assault and battery in
and upon the body of one E. P.—, in the
peace of the State then and there being, and
other wrongs and enormities, and then there, to
the said E. P.—, did contrary to the peace
and dignity of the State, commit, &c. proceeded
to call the first and only witness, Mrs. P., the
wife of the defendant. That lady accordingly
advanced to the stand, and being sworn the fol-
lowing dialogue ensued:—

Solicitor.—Take off your bonnet Mrs. P.,
and let the Court and Jury hear all about this
assault committed upon you by Mr. Wm. Pat-
terson: state how it was, when and where it
was, and all about it."

The witness thus addressed removed her
bonnet, and exhibited a rather handsome and pi-
quant face, with an intelligent and not unpleas-
ing expression, and in rather a low voice, an-
swered—

Witness.—I hope you won't charge him
anything, gentlemen: it's all over with now."

Solicitor.—Speak louder, if you please, Mrs.
P.; we can't hear a word you say."

Defendant's Attorney.—You must state all
you know, Madame; nothing that you have
heard."

Witness (a little puzzled).—I don't know
what you mean, gentlemen; I hope you will let
him off light—he did not mean anything but ordi-
nary."

Solicitor.—We want to know about the
fight, Mrs. P."

Witness.—There wasn't any fight; Mr. Pat-
terson, my old man, was playing with me, that's
all (laughter). He pulled me towards a table,
and put his hand so (laying her hand upon her
breast, near the throat). He never did that way
before, or I would have made him no resistance,
and I thought he meant to choke me; but he
has joined the Temperance Society since then
(great laughter), and there is ne'er a smarter man
in the country, or does more for his family. I
only want him to join the church now; if he
did, I should be happy. I hope you won't
charge him much; he is a poor man, and has
five children" (shouts of laughter).

Judge.—Mr. Solicitor, is this your case for
the State?"

Solicitor (excited).—Witness, is this all you
have to say?"

Witness.—Yes, gentlemen. I hope you'll
let him off light; he is a powerful good man."

Solicitor (laughing).—May it please your
Honor—this case comes up under an application
from the witness to bind Mr. Patterson over to
Court to keep the peace towards her. The parties
seem now reconciled; and, this being all the
evidence, I shall enter a *nol. pros.*"

Court.—We dismiss the defendant. Go
home Mr. Patterson."

The parties here left the Court together, amidst
the applause of the citizens, and Mrs. P., had
the satisfaction of being able to take her lord
home, after paying a nominal fine. We hope
she will understand his ways better in future.

You now know, Mr. Editor, who Billy Pat-
terson struck!
NORF.

The above is a veritable account of what
did really occur at the last term of the County
Court in this town. "H— county" should
be "New Hanover County," and then all will
be correct in the above.—Hiltington Commer-
cial.

Worth reflecting upon.

Quakerism is favorable to longevity, it seems.
According to late English census returns, the
average age attained by members of the peaceful
sect in Great Britain, fifty-one years, two months
and twenty-one days. Half of the population of
the country, as is seen by the same returns, die
before reaching the age of twenty-one; and the
average duration of human life, the world over,
is but thirty-three years; Quakers, therefore, live
a third longer than the rest of us. The reasons
are obvious enough. Quakers are temperate and
prudent, are seldom in a hurry, and never in a
passion. Quakers, in the very midst of the
week's business, (on Wednesday morning), re-
tire from the world, and spend an hour or two
in silent meditation at the meeting-house. Quak-
ers are diligent; they help one another, and the
fear of want does not corrode their minds.—
The journey of life to them is a walk of peaceful
meditation, not a race-course of excited contem-
pation. They neither suffer nor enjoy intensely,
but preserve a composed demeanour always. Is
it surprising that their days should be long in the
land?

Something worth knowing.—It is a fact per-
haps not generally known to farmers, that there
are two parts in the potatoe, which, if separated,
and planted at the same time, one will produce
potatoes, fit for the table eight or ten days sooner
than the other. The small end of the potatoe,
which is generally full of eyes is the part which
produces the earliest; the middle or body of the
potatoe the late and always largest potatoes.

Too Late to Dinner.

There is some fervency in the following, and
the theme is one that demands it. The man
who can keep a dinner-table waiting, must at an
early period of his life, have committed some
murder or other, which he "thought very little
of at the time," but which gradually led him
down through profane swearing, disturbing a
Methodist meeting, prostration, &c., to the
awful vice of coming "Too Late to Dinner."

Lives there a man with soul so small,
Who, summoned to the banquet hall,
Accepts, then does not come?
Or coming, is so very late

The guests are all compelled to wait,
Wrapped in the darkest gloom!
If such there be, go! mark him well,
And never be your dinner-bell

To him a well known sound;
Never invite him to your board,
For if you do, mark well my word,
He'll always late be found.

Aid me, ye gods! to curse the man,
If such there be, although I can
Scarcely believe 'tis true;
Oh! may his soup be ever cold,
His fish a little bit too old,
His meat burnt through and through!

And when he dies, for die he must,
And mingle with his kindred dust,
Alas! poor helpless sinner!
Stop, stranger, as you tread the path,
And read this simple epitaph:
"Always too late to dinner!"

J. HOWARD WAINWRIGHT.

Aurora Borealis on the Northern Lakes.

The Cleveland (Ohio) Herald publishes the
following from a correspondent writing "from
back in the woods, about midway between sun-
down and the North Pole, Lake Superior,
March 10."

"Contrary to the general rule, night
here is more beautiful than the day. Indeed,
compared with this cloudless clime and starry
sky, you never had in Cleveland a night as
beautiful as this. You never saw the beautiful blue
of the sky, its flashing meteors, or wildly dancing
Northern Lights.

"I shall never forget the night of the 19th Feb-
ruary last. We were on the North Trap Rock
Range, seventeen miles in the woods. There was
no moon nor a speck of cloud, but over the
whole wide firmament the beautiful stars were
scattered broadcast with a splendid liberality. A-
bout eight o'clock the Northern horizon began
to glow with an unusual light, and in a few min-
utes the whole magnificent phenomena, of the
Aurora Borealis burst upon our view. A thou-
sand columns of light, like things of life, moved
gaily up and down the sky, keeping time to the
electric music of the frigid zone, as they merrily
danced the dances of the upper world. It was
almost alarming to see with what rapidity
they increased in number and brilliancy, flash-
ing wilder and grander, up towards and across
the zenith, and far down the southern sky. At
nine o'clock, as if by preconcerted arrangement,
all the dancers suddenly gathered immediately
over our heads, and spreading out in a sea of
flame, radiated at every point of the compass,
until every portion of the sky was intensely illu-
minated by the electric light from this common
centre. And so it continued for two hours—the
widest, grandest exhibition that I ever gazed up-
on. Innumerable columns of light would flash
wildly from one horizon to the other, making the
forests around us as brilliant as the mountain-top
at noonday. But I will not attempt to describe
it. I was dazzled and overwhelmed by its mag-
nificence. The sky was on fire blazing in my
very face. The snow was red like blood, and
the reflection of the wild coruscations of that
burning firmament rolled and tumbled like the
waves of an angry sea down the winter-clad
bluffs and mountains around me. And when, late
at night, I sought the land of dreams, my soul
was thrilled with visions of blazing districts and
burning worlds—the magnificent exhibitions of
the North."

Dying Words of Wilberforce.

"Come, and sit near me; let me lean on you,"
said Wilberforce to a friend a few minutes be-
fore his death. Afterward, putting his arms a-
round that friend, he said: "God bless you, my
dear." He became agitated somewhat, and then
ceased speaking. Presently, however, he said,
"I must leave you, my fond friend; we shall
walk no further through this world together;
but I hope we shall meet in heaven. Let us
talk of heaven. Do not weep for me dear
F—, do not weep; for I am very happy; but
think of me, and let the thought make you press
forward! I never knew happiness till I found
Christ as a Saviour. Read the Bible—read the
Bible! Let no religious book take its place.
Through all my perplexities and distresses, I
never read any other book, and I never felt
the want of any other. It has been my hourly
study; and all my knowledge of the doctrines and
all my acquaintance with the experience and real-
ities of religion have been derived from the
Bible only. I think religious people do not read
the Bible enough. Books about religion may
be useful enough, but they will not do instead of
the simple truth of the Bible." He afterwards
spoke of the regret of parting with his friends.
"Nothing," said he "convinces me more of the
reality of the change within me, than the feelings
with which I can contemplate a separation from
my family. I now feel so weaned from earth,
my affections so much in heaven, that I can
leave you all without a regret; yet I do not love
you less, but God more."—New York Observer.

Women and Newspapers.

A facetious Boston editor is warm in praise of
his lady-subscribers. He says: "Women are
the best subscribers in the world to newspapers,
magazines, &c. We have been editor now go-
ing on for eight years, and we have never lost a
single dollar by female subscribers. They seem
to make it a point of conscientious duty to pay
the preacher and the printer—two classes of the
community who suffer more by bad pay, and no
pay at all, than all the rest put together. When-
ever we have a woman's name on our book, we
know it is just as good for two dollars and a half
as a penny is for a ginger cake." Moreover,
he asserts that ladies read the newspapers to
which they subscribe, and concludes by declar-
ing that he "would rather have a dozen ladies
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Good Natured but Passionate.

Addison has made the following observations
on a class of persons with whom we occasion-
ally come in contact. Though just, they are by
no means flattering to the vanity of a good-na-
tured "I" though passionate people.

It is a very common expression, that such a
one is very good-natured, but very passionate.—
The expression, indeed, is very good-natured, to
allow passionate people so much quarter. But I
think a passionate man deserves the least indul-
gence of any. It is said it is soon over; that is,
all the mischief he does is quickly dispatched,
which I think is no recommendation to favor. I
have known one of these good-natured, passion-
ate men say, in a mixed company, even to his
own wife or child, such things as the most in-
veterate enemies of his family would not have
spoken, even in imagination. It is certain that
quick sensibility is inseparable from a ready un-
derstanding; but why should not that good un-
derstanding call to itself all its force on such oc-
casions, to master that sudden inclination to an-
ger? To restrain the spirit of anger is the worst
discipline we can put