

The Daily Sentinel.

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DAILY SENTINEL.

WM. E. BELL, Proprietor.

Editor and Manager.

From the Christian Mercury.

THE LESSONS OF HISTORY.

In the present chaotic condition of the country, where the foundations of all ideas, creeds and principles upon which governments, societies and moral rest, are threatened with complete overthrow, it is well that we should remember that there is something fixed. An investigation of that fact, it is well done, will most carefully search, in the dim demonstrations of the purposes of Providence, the visible will, as recorded in the long record of man's existence, errors, blunders and mistakes, for some ray of light, some guidance by which we may guide our uncertain steps, in our blind groping down the rugged pathway of the future.

The most profound student amongst men, living or dead, of the evolution of the world, as written in the material, and in the moral world of man—the most comprehensive refector, the most philosophic analyst of these vast problems, has left us the results of his observations and meditations, in which relate with sadness, and alarm, to the heavy burden of truth.

The sun rises and the sun goes down, and returns to the place where he arose.

Thou comest lowly from the South and returnest unto the North, I whisper about coolness; and the wind returneth again according to its circuits.

All the rivers run into the sea; the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither will they return again. "The thing that hath been, is that which shall be; and there is no new thing under the sun."

Is there anything whereof it may be said, See, it hath been at all times? even of old time, which was before us?" History but repeats itself.

Though but a sad reflection from many points of view, death, bearing upon its brow the marks of hand and fall, yet it is a relief under present circumstances full of consolation and rich in hope for the future.

When Oliver Cromwell tramped upon the Crown of England, and his crop-eared bloodhounds laid waste her palaces and gardens, crushing works of art and scattering loved memorials of past times with brutal joy—when they had spilled like common water, and wasted to its very drops, the grand old Norman blood that had built the British Empire, and given it laws and civilization, and arms, and raised it one among the powers of the earth—that impious and noble blood that bathed its armies and mangled all it contacted—then came the reaction, and Charles II, amidst tears of ecstasy and fury, was born, was proclaimed by almost universal acclamation, King of England. And the fruits of the bloodhounds had come to an end. So the "May flower" of her sons, laden with the germs of their vice, and like runaway rats and the English Radicals, landed together on that small stone typically called Plymouth Rock to the pest of the world, and the destruction of the United States Government. But Charles II was the successor of Charles I, who had lost his life in defending his government, the most resolute, pernicious and persistent subverter of his institutions and ever afflicted the race of man in his wretched advance through time.

And when the house of France had discovered the secret heart in Europe—when those false Edmund Burke, the grandest of statesmen ever produced upon the soil of the British Empire, brought his infernalism in worth that will touch every true man's heart while the language lasts—Napoleon I seized the government and butchered them in the streets, and afterwards tell himself from his own butchery, and the Bourbons again reigned.

When Marcus of Rome—master of battles, brutal, savage bane of elevation, bane of all excellence,—raveller, destructive, Radical—at the head of a myriads of emissaries and foreign slaves, invaded his country and turned her fields, her farms, her gardens and her palaces into butcheries for the spilling of that blood which through centuries had made him the master of the world, and the unrivaled mistress of the world's historic romance—then came Sylla! a name fraught with terror to all mob, and of hate to all nobility. Sylla! the great avenger of blood and brutality. Sylla! the noblest man, save only one, on the record, even of Rome's heroic history. Sylla! that synonym of dauntless courage, and of unparalleled self-devotion, prototype of all grand, masterly attributes of manhood—embodiment of all chivalrous conceptions, and self-abnegation—sublime beyond rivals in the grandeur of his moral power.—Sylla, red-handed, a fate succeeded Marcus, the Beast, and the Roman Empire was established.

History but repeats itself, we say again, and will but repeat itself in these States in America.

We are in the midst of revolution—revolution more complete and radical than when our boys stormed the works around Richmond, and when Sherman burnt Columbia. It is a revolution not merely of arms, but of ideas, institutions and government. It is fundamental. As such let us look upon it, and the future.

It is with unfeigned contempt, therefore, that we turn from counsel such as that reported by the correspondent of the New York Herald, as delivered by Mr. Alexander Stephens, of Georgia.

Having expressed the opinion that a war of races must take place, Mr. Stephens was asked:

"Well what will the white population do in such an event?"

"One of two things—quit the country or remain and fall. For my part my mind is made up. I have no love to live. I will stay and go down with the ship; but to the young, I would counsel them to find homes elsewhere."

What eight million of civilized white men abandon their homes—abandon perhaps the noblest territorial expanse upon the face of the world, and withdraw their country, in ignominious haste, to those millions of barbarians, and those barbarians the weakest and lowest. In the scale of men—negroes! We confess ourselves astonished, disgusted. When had Rome and Eastern civilization been had the noble blood that fought those Grecian and Roman heroes bleeding from their veins, deserted their cause in weak despair, and surrendered it to Marcus and his slaves? No, gentlemen, stand to your oaths! This is our country, and please God we will keep it yet, and

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