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THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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# Spirit of the Age.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Temperance, Morality, Literature, Agriculture and General Intelligence.

VOL. IV. RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, APRIL 6, 1853. NO. 30.

## Choice Literature.

### AFFECTING INCIDENT.

I recollect one member of Congress who was always rallying me about our Congressional Temperance Society.

'Briggs,' he used to say, 'I'm going to join your Temperance Society, as soon as my demijohn is empty.' But just before it became empty, he always filled it. At one time, toward the close of the session, he said to me:

'I am going to sign the pledge when I get home. I am in earnest,' continued he; 'my demijohn is nearly empty, and I am not going to fill it again.' He spoke with such an air of seriousness as I had not before observed, and it impressed me; and I asked him what it meant—what had changed his feelings.

'Why,' said he, 'I had a short time since a visit from my brother, who stated to me a fact that more deeply impressed and affected me, than any thing I recollect to have heard upon the subject, in any temperance speech I ever heard or read.'

'In my neighborhood is a gentleman of my acquaintance, well educated, who once had some property, but is now reduced—poor! He has a beautiful and lovely wife—a lady of cultivation and refinement and a most charming daughter.

'This gentleman had become decidedly intemperate in his habits, and had fully alarmed his friends in regard to him. At one time, when a number of his former associates were together, they counselled as to what could be done for him. Finally, one of them said to him, 'Why don't you send your daughter away to a certain distinguished school?' which he named.

'Oh, I cannot,' said he; 'it is out of the question. I am not able to bear the expense. Poor girl! [illegible]'

'Well,' said his fri[illegible] will sign the temperance pledge [illegible] the expense of her attendin[illegible]

'What does this m[illegible] said he. 'Do you think me in danger [illegible] becoming a drunkard?'

'No matter,' said hi[illegible] that now, but I will do as [illegible]

'And I,' said anot[illegible] the rent of your farm a year, [illegible] you will sign the pledge.'

'Well, these offe[illegible] liberal—but what do they mean? Do [illegible] think me in danger of [illegible]ming a drunkard?—What can it m[illegible] But, gentlemen, in view of your lib[illegible] I will make an offer. I will sign it if you will?'

This was a [illegible] they had not considered, and [illegible] prepared to meet; but for [illegible] they would and did sign, and he with them.

And now, for the first time the truth poured into his mind, and he saw his condition, and sat down bathed in tears.

'Now,' said he, 'gentlemen, you must go and communicate these facts to my wife—poor woman! I know she will be glad to hear it, but I cannot tell her.'

Two of them started for that purpose.—The lady met them at the door, pale and trembling with emotion.

'What,' she inquired, 'is the matter?—What has happened to my husband?'

They bid her dismiss her fears, assuring her that they had come to bring her tidings of her husband—out good tidings, such as she would be glad to hear.

'Your husband has signed the temperance pledge; yea, signed it in good faith.'

The joyous news nearly overcame her, she trembled with excitement; wept freely, and clasping her hands devotionally, she looked up to heaven, and thanked God for the happy change.

'Now,' said she, 'I have a husband as he once was, in the days of our early love.'

'But this was not what moved me,' said the gentleman. 'There was in the same vicinity another gentleman, a generous, noble soul, married young, married well, into a charming family, and the flower of it. His wine-drinking habits had aroused the fears of his friends, and one day, when several of them were together, one said to another, 'Let us sign the pledge.' 'I will if you will,' said one to another, till all had agreed to it, and the thing was done.

This gentleman thought it rather a small business, and felt a little sensitive about revealing to his wife what he had done. But on returning home he said to her:

'Mary, my dear, I have done what I fear will displease you.'

'Well,' what is it?'

'Why, I have signed the temperance pledge.'

'Have you?'

'Yes, I have, certainly.'

Watching his manner as he replied, and reading in it sincerity, she entwined her arms around his neck, laid her head upon his bosom, and burst into tears. Her husband was affected deeply by this conduct of his wife, and said:

'Mary, don't weep; I did not know it would afflict you so, or I would not have done it; I will go and take my name off immediately.'

'Take your name off!' said she; 'no, no! let it be there. I shall now have no more solicitude in reference to your becoming a drunkard. I shall spend no more wakeful midnight hours. I shall no more steep my pillow in tears.'

'Now, for the first time, truth shone upon his mind, and he folded to his bosom his young and beautiful wife, and wept with her. Now, I can't stand these facts, and I am going to sign the pledge.

*Speech of Gov. Briggs.*

THE POWER OF BOXES.—"What boxes govern the world?' asked a New York Paper. It answers the question thus: 'The cartridge box, the ballot box, the jury box, and the band box.'

### HOW TO BE HAPPY.

We copy from the Boston Olive Branch, one of Mrs. Denison's beautiful lessons in life. She says:—

A boon of inestimable worth is a calm, thankful heart—a treasure that few, very few, possess. We once met an old man, whose face was a mixture of smiles and sunshine. Wherever he went, he succeeded in making everybody about him as pleasant as himself.

Said we, one day,—for he was one of that delightful class whom everybody feels privileged to be related to,—"Uncle, uncle, how is it that you contrive to be so happy?—Why is your face so cheerful, when so many thousands are craped over with a most uncomfortable gloominess?'

'My dear young friend,' he answered, with his placid smile, 'I am even as others, afflicted with infirmities. 'I have had my share of sorrow—some would say more—but I have found out the secret of being happy, and it is this:

'*Forget self.*'

'Until you do that, you can lay but little claim to a cheerful spirit. 'Forget what manner of man you are,' and think more and rejoice more for your neighbors. If I am poor, let me look upon my richer friend, and in estimating his blessings, forget my privations.

'If my neighbor is building a house, let me watch its progress, and think, 'Well, what a comfortable place it will be, to be sure;—Thus I have a double pleasure—that of delight in noting the structure as it expands into beauty, and making my neighbor's weal mine. If he has planted a fine garden, I feast my eyes on the flowers, smell their fragrance: could I do more if it was my own?

'Another has a family of fine children; they bless him and are blessed by him; mine are all gone before me; I have none that bear my name; shall I, therefore, envy my neighbor his lovely children? No; let me enjoy their innocent smiles with him: let me *forget myself*—my tears when they were [illegible] away in darkness; or if I weep, may it [illegible] joy that God took them untainted to [illegible] with His holy angels forever.

'[illegible]lieve an old man when he says there is [illegible] pleasure in living for others. The [illegible] of the selfish man is like a city full of crooked lanes. If a generous thought from some glorious temple strays in there, wo to it—it is lost. It wanders about and wanders about, until enveloped in darkness; as the mist of selfishness gathers around, it lies down upon some cold thought to die, and is shrouded in oblivion.

'So if you would be happy, shun selfishness; do a kindly deed for this one, speak a kindly word for another. He who is constantly giving pleasure, is constantly receiving it. The little river gives to the great ocean and the more it gives, the faster it runs. Stop its flowing, and the hot sun would dry it up, till it would be but filthy mud, sending forth bad odors, and corrupting the fresh air of Heaven. Keep your heart constantly travelling on errands of mercy—it has feet that never tire, hands that cannot be overburdened, eyes that never sleep; freight its hands with blessings, direct its eyes—no matter how narrow your sphere—to the nearest object of suffering, and relieve it.

'I say, my dear young friend, take the word of an old man for it, who has tried every known panacea, and found all to fail, except this golden rule:

'*Forget self, and keep the heart busy for others.*'

From the Ohio Organ.

### THE WARNING.

MR. EDITOR: The following extracts are from the pen of a naturally noble young man—one endowed with intelligence above his fellows; but who, in an unguarded moment, was allured to the 'wine cup,' and at a very early age formed habits, the result of which is fearfully depicted.

It was after one of those frightful spells which 'takes the reason prisoner,' that the following letter was dictated. Young man! if you are in the habit of occasionally sipping at the "wine cup" pause! Read this before you take another glass. Look at the throne of King Alcohol as described by the author of this letter.

"On the bones of the dead and the sorrowful hearted,
The throne of the fiend is reared up,
His crown is the skull of the victim departed,
His sceptre the fiery cup.

At the foot of the Monarch, thus horridly crowned,
The ruin of beauty appears,
And withered affections lie there, and around
Rolls boundless, an ocean of tears."

DEAR BROTHER: The deed is done!—The irrevocable decree is passed, by which mercy is gone, and hope is engulphed in the blackness of darkness. * * * Enough: you know it all. I have concealed nothing from you in reference to the whole matter. Could I reveal to you the thousandth part of the anguish—the intolerable torture—the unmitigated horror, from which my poor heart has suffered for the past four weeks, you would be astonished that a person, cursed with such overwhelming agony, could live a moment. In the visions of the night, horrible scenes have been presented in all their terrors, and I have heard in the darkness of the night, an awful curse pronounced against me by the Almighty.

One night in particular, after having fallen into a restless slumber, I heard my name pronounced by a person who, I thought, stood over me. 'J——h,' said the voice, and it sounded strangely like my father's well remembered tones. 'A high and holy mission was given to you, but you have rejected it. The voice of God you have not obeyed. Therefore the things that belong to your peace, are forever hid from your eyes. The Gospel is hid from them that are lost.' Oh! how startlingly distinct the word 'Lost! Lost!' fell upon my ear. I awoke in terror, and started wildly from my bed. The cold perspiration was starting from every pore, and my whole *being* was trembling with despair. I knelt down by my bed and prayed. Oh! how fervently I prayed to die; yes, to die! I felt that eternal torture was the portion of my cup, and the sooner it was in hell, the sooner I would know the intensity of those torments to which I was *consciously* doomed. But like the Corsair of Byron, in praying for the thunder bolts of heaven to strike him dead, God heeded not my frantic supplications, and I lived.

Again in my fitful slumbers have I seen my affectionate mother, bent in anxious solicitude over me. Her countenance was pale, and her eyes were red with weeping. I asked her the cause of her suffering. She gave me no answer, but in her countenance there was an expression of mingled sorrow and affection, so deep, so unutterably eloquent of the soul's deep emotion, that it fastened upon my heart with a power that can *never* be destroyed.

I have seen you E——e, in my madening dreams. You did not upbraid me nor reproach me. You seemed to understand how I had fallen, and you weepingly sympathized in my sufferings. You know the rock upon which I split, and while you mourned and prayed over my wretched apostacy from the faith, once delivered to the saints, you kept pointing to a beacon light afar off in the distance. I heard your words, and they are vivid in my memory now. You pointed me to that star that arose in the east, on the wandering inebriate, under whose genial influence I might again be restored. You pointed me to that *brighter star* that arose on the night of the world, to guide the benighted sons of earth to a holier heaven.—My reply was, it is too late! am I not already damned!

My dear brother, this unnatural strife cannot last long. My appetite is almost gone. Sleep 'balmy nature's kind restorer,' has fled from my couch. My whole *being* is prostrated in the dust. The grave will soon be uncovered to receive me. Hell from beneath, is moved to meet me at my coming. When you look upon my grave, remember the rock upon which I split, and warn others that 'they come not to this place.'

Farewell, Yours, ——

## Wit and Humor.

☞ Never set yourselves up for a musician just because you have got drums in your ears, nor believe that you are cut out for a school teacher merely because you have a pupil in your eye.

PURGATORY VS. MATRIMONY.—By the way, the 'ghost of the departed' reminds us of Joe Kelley's ghost coming to his wife.

'Molly,' says he, 'I'm in purgatory at this present.'

'And what sort of a place is it?' says she.

'Faith! it's a sort of half-way house between *you* and heaven,' says Joe, 'but I stand it mighty asy after leaving *you*!'

A miserly skinflint old gentleman down East having lost a son, was waited upon by a minister, who suggested many alleviations to his calamity, adding that, doubtless his own reflections would suggest many more.

'Yes,' replied the old curmudgeon, wiping away his tears: 'Joe had an awful appetite—it cost almost twice as much to feed him as any other member of the family.'

A good story is told of an eccentric old gentleman who was Post Master in Providence Rhode Island. A wag, who thought he would play off some trick upon him, went to his house some time in the night; after rapping loudly for some time, the old man came to the window, and exclaimed:

'What do you want?' whereupon the wag replied very coolly,

'Nothing—only I have put a letter in your box—you will know where it is to go by the direction on it!'

It is needless to add that the old man retired in a rage.

The following question was propounded by an anonymous Scotch maiden, many years ago, but to our knowledge has never been answered:

"If a body meet a body comin' thro' the rye—
If a body kiss a body need a body cry?"

So far as we are informed in such matters, (says the *Lowell Vox Populi.*) we do not hesitate to express our opinion that, under these circumstances, there is not the slightest occasion for tears.

THE RICHEST MINE.—The manures applied to the soil of England amount to three hundred millions of dollars; being more than the value of the whole of its commerce; yet the grateful soil yields back with interest all that is thus lavished upon it. And so it would do here, remarks an agricultural paper if we would only trust the soil with any portion of our capital. But this we rarely do. A farmer who has made any money, spends it not in his business, but in some other occupation. He buys more land when he ought to buy more manure; or he puts out his money in some joint stock company, to convert sunshine into moonshine—or he buys shares in some gold or lead mine. Rely upon it, our richest mine is the barnyard, and whatever tempations stocks or shares may offer, the best investment for a farmer is live stock and poultry. From not understanding or believing truths like these, thousands of our farmers have gone to seek in California what they might have found at their own doors at home, and countless farms that would yield a mint of money in proper hands now lie unproductive.

A PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.—A native of the Emerald Isle, in 1848, on hearing of the Revolution in France, the flight of the King and his family, the triumph of the democracy, and the establishment by the people of a provisionary government, exclaimed—'By St. Patrick, and is that not the thing that swate Ireland wants? A provisionary government forever! By the powers, the only government she now has is a starvationary one!'

## Original Papers.

TAYLORSVILLE, March, 18, 1853.

As we have, perhaps, the largest and most flourishing Division in the State, and have had one of the most intellectual and successful anniversary celebrations ever known in these parts, I cannot refrain from giving you a short though imperfect notice of it. This was the 3rd anniversary of our Division.—After many lowering clouds had been dispersed by the morning sun, our streets and public places began to fill up with persons from every section of the county, until soon the crowd numbered over one thousand persons. The Sons (one hundred and fifty strong) marched from the Division room to the Methodist church and heard one of the most appropriate and well-timed anniversary orations, delivered by T. P. Summers, of our Division—then followed a Temperance address by James F. Bell, Esq., of Statesville. This address ought to be read by every lover of whiskey in North Carolina. It would add a laurel to the brow of many an older man than Mr. Bell. Then followed the most interesting ceremony of all; the Ladies of Taylorsville and vicinity, through their Representative, Miss M. C. C. Carson, presented in a handsome manner, a rich and gorgeous BANNER, and the reception, by Dr. W. W. Foote, was admirably "done up;" but as their addreses will be forwarded for publication, I will let others pass upon their merits.

This would seem to have been enough for one day's work, but, to many, the most real and substantial part was still behind. This large audience was invited to the Public Square, where one hundred and fifty yards of Table was groaning under the weight of one of the richest, most varied, and best prepared dinners, I have ever seen set on such an occasion. But it did not last long—for Sons and anti-Sons, cold water men and whiskey drinkers, men women and children fell upon it—as though it were that very horrid monster of whom they had been threatened much in the morning; and it was obliged to give way. But there was enough for all.

This dinner, Mr. Editor, was a different affair from your "Political Barbecues," or "Cross road Pig roastings." It was prepared by the wives and daughters of the Sons of Temperance; and although they have forgotten their receipts for making "Egg nog, Ginger Pop, Tom and Jerry," &c., yet none know better than they do how to prepare those things that are palatable to a healthy and unvitiated appetite. At this dinner every thing was perfect order—there were no vile imprecations—no indecent or blasphemous expressions—no whiskey perfumes mingled with the food taken at that table, but all like civil men, partook of the repast with smiles and cheerfulness. After several good speeches at night, our Division met at the Division room and initiated TEN of the best and most influential citizens in our county, making our number 156! We now fear none of our Bacchanalian enemies—we raise our heads high, and bid defiance to all opposition—and beautiful Banner, which the LADIES gave us, our motto is, "*Excelsior.*" Q. Z.

*Remarks of Miss M. C. C. Carson, on presenting the Banner:*

SONS OF TEMPERANCE: In viewing the amount of good your worthy band has already accomplished, in subduing the vice which is now invading our country, thousands of the Sons and daughters of our country, who are now bound down by the strong chains of vice and intemperance, which it seems, they can neither cut or break, by unaided efforts, will through your efforts be liberated. Go forward, then, to their assistance, and let the light of virtue and happiness beam upon your countenances and illustrate fully the amount of pleasure derived from this heaven-blest employment.

Believing that you will ever hold dear the cause in which you have enlisted, notwithstanding you may have many difficulties to encounter; yet the Ladies whom I represent would add some testimonial of their approbation of your cause; and would pray that your path may be strewed with bright flowers, and that you may continue to enrol upon your list many more that may prove to be stars of rejoicing in your crown of success.

We would stimulate you to renewed efforts by bestowing this gift: and now in behalf of the Ladies of Taylorsville and the surrounding country, I present to you this BANNER, and may you ever keep in remembrance the motto, as portrayed in its colors, characteristic of your order—the Red, the White, the Blue—expressive of Love, Purity, and Fidelity; Love for your brethren in sickness and in health; Purity of intention stristly to carry out the objects for which you, as a noble hearted band of brothers, are united, and Fidelity to your obligations. Go on, ye noble hearted ones! We believe the happy day will come, when black intemperance shall be swept from our land; when the orphan's tear shall be dried up, and when the lonely fire side will be made cheerful by temperate Fathers and Brothers! may Heaven smile upon and prosper you in your glorious enterprise!

*Dr. Foote's Reply.*

FAIR AND HONORED LADY: It is with no small degree of pleasure that I appear before you, as the organ of our beloved Division, to respond to the chaste and forcible words just uttered in so persuasive a manner; and to receive this rich and appropriate *boon* presented by you as the *Herald* of this fair audience.

My heart swells with emotion, when I see woman, by whom, it is said, this world is governed, coming to the rescue of poor degraded man, and with gentle hand pointing him to the City of Refuge and of safety! To witness this public manifestation of woman's zeal for the cause of Temperance, would have been honor enough for me, but to stand here before the light of beauty and blaze of intellect, is almost more than I can bear; and to add to what has just beed said, would be to "gild refined gold, paint the lily, throw perfume on the violet, or add another tint to the rainbow."

But who can witness this scene, and not feel that our prospects are brightening for a happier period, when man shall be freed from the deepest, darkest curse that ever blotted the green surface of this goodly land: Our march is onward! The bright and auspicious luminary of Temperance has just arisen above the distant horizon, and is now shedding forth its benignant rays over our country, protecting our generous youths from degradation, defending them against the unforeseen attacks of the malicious and designing, prompting them to deeds of noble daring, and raising their standard of morality to that point of elevation where waves the tricolored flag of "Love, Purity and Fidelity."

See what our order is doing—It is reclaiming the intemperate fathers—brightening up the countenances of disconsolate mothers, and affording relief to their starving children. It is arresting the drunken sot as he verges upon the brink of ruin, and restores him, a sober man, to his grieving wife. Yes, our Order, this mighty deliverer, is making his way with electric speed, wherever King Alcohol has stalked over our countrymen, chasing him from city to town, from town to village, and out of our bounds, pouring out freely the healing balm upon the ravages made by this unmerciful tyrant. And happily for us, he has paused on his way, *here*, at our pleasant little village of Taylorsville, and rallied around his standard a noble band of volunteers, encouraged by the winning smiles and eloquent appeals (like those to which we have just listened) which it is impossible to resist.

Let us then speed his onward march, until *he* shall visit every nook and corner where lurks the poisonous reptile, and shall extract from his mighty jaws those deadly fangs, and hurl the fatal monster into the deep pit of oblivion, proclaiming a glorious freedom to the enslaved sons of Bacchus.

And what is encouraging, too, the Ladies have joined in raising this cold water army, and now manifest their interest in presenting this Banner—that shall wave over the heads of victorious leaders whose battles are proudly fought—not great and bloody like those of Marathon, Thermopylæ, Lexington and Buena Vista, but without the shedding of one drop of blood or the death of a single foe!

May you, Ladies, receive proud recompense for your ready co-operation and cheering influence, which are more powerful than the charms of music, and more persuasive than a poet's tongue. It is your sex that has experienced the deepest agonies of misery and wo, and that has endured with incredible fortitude the abuses of merciless husbands, and toiled with flowing tears to win them back to their first love. It is not a matter of surprise then, to see you so actively engaged in this glorious warfare.

In behalf of the Division, I accept, fair Lady, this splendid donation; and as we rear it aloft and gather under its triumphal folds of health, and peace and honor, we will sing the song of freedom, whose echo shall vibrate from mountain top to old Atlantic shore.

High the temperance banner floats fluttering in the breeze,
Affording to the ruined lost, life and health and peace.

### THE USE OF TOBACCO.

An application having been made to me for an opinion of the properties of the various forms of tobacco, I have undertaken to express the same, in the hope it may be of some use in preventing the further extension of its use.

Tobacco is well known to be a powerful vegetable poison. A few drops of the essential oil will extinguish life in many animals; if taken in the stomach in substance, a very small portion of leaf is sufficient to bring on nausea, vomiting, accompanied with great weakness, and a cold death-like sweat; many persons have actually been killed by an incautious internal employment of it for medicinal purposes.

When taken into the nostrils in the form of snuff, a portion of it enters the sonorous cavities of the face, and gradually impairs the functions of the voice. I have frequently known snuff-takers to lose the power of public speaking in an audible manner. The most common and fashionable mode of using that noxious weed is smoking: the smoke of verdant tobacco penetrating the innumerable air cells of the lungs, heats and irritates, and being absorbed from them, into the blood, causes headache, weakness, soreness of the eyes, and brings out pimples on the skin. I feel confident also that it occasions that cancer of the lip, so frequently a subject of surgical operation, and sometimes terminating in death.

The most mischievous of the forms in which tobacco is used, is the taking it into the mouth and impregnating the saliva with its acrid principle, which compels the expulsion of the saliva impregnated. Some persons are so unwise as to believe they may avoid the baneful influence arising from the loss of saliva, by swallowing this liquid; in this way they introduce into the system a large amount of deleterious principle. In whichever mode the operation is accomplished, its consequences are pernicious; the tone of the stomach is impaired, and indigestion with its train of evils, is the consequence. In many persons the nervous system is affected, and the individual becomes tremulous, feeble, emaciated, and sallow; in short, tobacco used in the way of mastication, is regular slow poison, which, if it were administered by another person, would deserve and receive retribution from the laws of the land.

I will only add, that these statements are not exaggerated, but the result of many years experience and observation; so that when a young man applies to me for a cure of pain in the chest and the symptoms of dyspepsia, I feel it my first duty to inquire whether he smokes or chews tobacco.—

JOHN C. WARREN, M. D.

A DANDY ANSWERED.—An amusing colloquy came off recently at the supper-table, on board of one of our Eastern steamers, between a Boston exquisite, reeking with hair-oil and cologne, who was 'demming' the waiters, and otherwise assuming very consequential airs, and a raw Johnathan who sat by his side, dressed in homespun.

Turning to his 'vulgah' friend, the former pointed his jeweled finger, and said—

'Butter, sah!'

'I see it is,' coolly replied Jonathan.

'*Butter*, I say!' fiercely repeated the dandy.

'I know it—very good; a first-rate article,' provokingly reiterated homespun.

'*Butter*, I tell you!' thundered the exquisite in still louder tones, pointing with 'slow unmoving finger,' like scorn's and scowling upon his neighbor as if he would annihilate him.

'Well, gosh all Jerusalem, *what of it*?' now yelled the Down-Easter, getting his dander up in turn—'Yer didn't think I took it for *lard*, did yer?'

'DID YOU ever go to a military ball?' asked a lisping maid the other night of an old veteran of Jackson's army of '15.

'No, my dear,' growled the old soldier; 'in those days I had a military *ball* come to *me*—and what d'ye think? it took my leg off.'

At the mention of the world 'leg,' the belle fainted, of course.

'PLASE, sir,' said an Irishman to a traveler, 'would you be so obliging as to take my great coat here, to Boston wid yez?' 'Yes,' said the man in the wagon; 'but how will you get it again?' 'Oh, that's mighty aisy, so it is,' said Pat, 'fur shure, I'll remain inside uv it.'

THE DRUNKARD'S CHARACTER.—From a volume of pamphlets lettered 'Miscellaneous Sheets' presented by George III. to the British Museum, was taken the following:—'A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty; the trouble of civility; the spoil of wealth; the destruction of reason. He is only the Brewer's agent, the tavern and ale-house benefactor; the beggar's companion; and a constant trouble. He is his wife's woe; his own shame. He is a tub of swill, spirit of sleep, a picture of a beast, and a monster of a man.'

## Original Story.

*Written for the Spirit of the Age—Raleigh.*

### THE TORY'S DAUGHTER,
#### And the Haunted Cave.

BY WILL: WILLOWILL.

[CONCLUDED.]

Now comes a scene that baffles our feeble pen, and we would fain wish for the Poet's thrilling fire, fresh snatched from the skies, and the Painter's magic touch, to depict the scene. Reader, you must know that no supernatural agencies were at work in the Cave; for we would not instil superstitious sentiments into your breast if we could; therefore, gentle reader mine, please remember that Baptiste Howard was taken prisoner by the Tories, and that he was confined in the Cave, their loathsome prison; and that, at the time Columbine was ushered there, he too was an inmate of its gloomy chambers. The repetition of his lament and Columbine's shriek, assured them both of their proximity, and the next question was as to a plan to meet each other in the darkness that shrouded them from vision. They were in distant parts of the cave, and the darkness and projecting rocks were the only obstacles that hindered them from rushing immediately into each other's arms and passionately pressing each, the cherished idol, home to the heart. At first they directed their cautious steps by the sound of their voices, like birds calling to their mate, and feeling their way along the rugged floor of the stony chamber, and when they were assured that they were nearly together, they threw their arms softly around hoping each moment to meet the warm hand for which each were so romantically searching.

At length they met—their faces could not be seen, but they recognized the same hearty grasp and thrill in the hand that they had experienced in brighter, happier days; they clasped each other in a long and ardent embrace, the first for a long, long time. The congratulations and sweet phrases culled from Love's vocabulary passed at that enraptured meeting we shall pass over, and use only such as we are in duty bound to relate in our story:

"How glad I should be to look into your bright eyes again, my dear Columbine,' said Howard, 'but, alas! I shall never again!'

'O! why not?' eagerly enquired Columbine.

'Alas!' said Howard mournfully, 'soon I shall be called from this foul den to meet my cowardly Executioner; soon I shall have to yield my life in Liberty's sacred cause, and not on the battle field fighting for human rights, but must yield it to the hands of a cowardly assassin, who dares not to meet me face to face and eye to eye—the Tories told me I should die at their hands to-day!'

'O! say not so, my life—my hope—my all,' said the weeping and miserable captive.

'It must be so my girl,' said he; 'I am now in their relentless power, and no mercy need be hoped for. I have dared their wrath, and my fate, and I could willingly die for the glorious cause I have espoused, if I could but see your face again.'

'You *shall* see my unhappy face again, dear Baptiste; for I will cling to you despite their threats, and follow you to the block and die with you if our foe wills it,' said Columbine.

The words had but escaped her lips when the heavy, stony door was torn from its fastenings, and a hoarse voice called to Howard to come forth.

'There! may God have mercy on me and receive my soul to his rest!' exclaimed Howard, 'there is my executioner thirsting for my blood! Farewell, Columbine, stay behind and do not witness my fate; 'tis too dreadful to witness!'

'I will die with you,' said the weeping and half frantic captive, 'I am determined, come life or death, to see your face again,' and she clung to his arm, and they moved slowly and trembling along the dark passage to the door.

'Faster!' cried the man at the entrance, altives had reached the door, a strong hand grasped Howard's arm and pulled him out with the maiden, pale like a corpse, clinging to him and resolved to die with her Lover.

They were fairly out of the prison, and then ensued a moment of silence, which Howard was the first to break by saying:

'God bless you, my friend,' and at the same time clasping a heavy built man in his arms, whose face was concealed by a mask of a fantastic construction, who said in a jocular way:

'What both together? Two fish at one haul—that's rich!' Howard tore the mask from his face; and, judging from the size of the man and other circumstances, Columbine declared he had twice rescued her from the horrors of Ruggle's Cave, once by knocking down her captor, and now by his fortunate presence, for all of which she commenced offering him her grateful thanks, which he acknowledged by a pleasing smile on his honest face, but interrupted her by saying:

'No time for compliments, friends, let us hasten away; for the Tories are on the alert and it was only by the aid of a kind Providence that I have rescued you.'

'Have you seen them around here, Jack?' enquired Howard; for Jack Bluffdale was their friend.

'Yes they are thick in the hills, and if they detect us the verp d—l,—saving the lady's presence,—will be to pay!'

Bluffdale led the way and they beat a hasty retreat from the prison. Columbine was hanging to Howard's arm, and they improved the time by rapid conversation upon the past which is here transcribed:

'Why did you not meet me as you promised dear Baptiste, in your letter?'

'Meet you!' exclaimed Howard, surprised.

'Yes; you wrote me a letter, you know, requesting a meeting at the old chestnut tree near Ruggle's Cave.'

'Never!'

'Never!'

At this moment Mr. Greenwood crossed their path with a musket on his shoulder, and in a voice full of rage he commanded his daughter to release her hold of the 'young rebel's arm.' He rushed upon Howard in a menacing attitude, and bid him begone and never see his daughter again, swearing that if he dared to offer the indignity again, he would shoot him upon the spot. He tore his daughter away from Howard's side and dragged her a little way off, and then drove her before him homewards, leaving Howard and Bufflale looking after them.

Bluffdale leveled his musket at Greenwood, and was in the act of discharging it, when Howard knocked it up and its heavy load of shot was spent among the tree tops overhead—Greenwood scarcely turned his head at the report, but hastened on towards his home, while Jack reloading his musket said: 'That was a lucky shot, comrade; for I might have killed that pretty bird unintentionally in my anger. Now don't she look like a lamb going dumb before a butcher?'

Howard made no reply, but brushed a tear from his eye, and they turned and left the neighborhood, and directed their course for the Whig ranks again. Howard was vexed at the nature and shortness of his interview, and was sorely perplexed to know what she meant by the meeting and letter.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

If hearty sorrow
Be sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer
As 'ere I did commit. SHAKESPEARE.

David Fanneh was a notorious Tory of a marauding disposition. He, on several occasions, went to the houses of prominent whigs and shot them dead in cold blood. He entered Hillsboro' on the 13th of September, 1781, then the seat of Government for the Province