The Spirit of the Age,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY
Alexander M. Gorman,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
W. M. JOHNSON,* Associate Editor.

TERMS:
Single Subscribers, $1 50 per annum.
To clubs of 5 and upwards, $1 00 each;
☞ INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. ☜
☞ RULES WITHOUT EXCEPTIONS.
No paper will be sent longer than the time for which it has been paid; and no paper sent unless the cash accompanies the order.

Spirit of the Age.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

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

VOL. V. RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14, 1854. NO. 11.

ADVERTISING IN THIS PAPER.
THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE has now over
Five Thousand Subscribers,
Is extensively taken in every County in North Carolina, and is therefore one of the very best Advertising mediums in the State.
TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

1 square	1 insertion	$1 00	1 square	3 months	$3
1 do	2 insertions	1 25	1 do	6 do	4
1 do	3 do	1 50	1 do	12 do	10
1 do	4 do	1 75	Longer ones by the year		
1 do	5 do	2 00	as per contract.		

Twelve lines make a square.
JOB PRINTING, of every description,
NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

Choice Literature.

A ROMANTIC MATCH.

We have just learned of some romantic adventures which took place at Cynthiana, Ky., a few days ago. It appears that a very clever, fine looking young gentleman from Philadelphia had occasion to visit Cynthiana on business, during the past winter, and while there became acquainted with a young lady, Miss B——, somewhat celebrated for her charms. Mr. S—— the Philadelphian, was not proof against the bright eyes of the Kentucky maiden. He had never seen such a glorious, liquid, sparkling pair of orbs among the daughters of the Old Keystone. He was ravished, intoxicated, and finally proposed to the bright eyes and was accepted. With a light heart, he started back for the Quaker City to make the necessary arrangements for the celebration of his nuptials, the day for which having already been agreed upon. The Winter rolled on, and Spring and its flowers came again, as did also the particular day for the lover's return; but he came not. In two days more, the marriage was to come off. The fair one was restive and mortified. With her bright eyes full of tears, she denounced in secret the faithlessness of her lover, and trembled at the open mortification which would overwhelm her if he came not. At this favorable juncture, an old and discarded lover, whom no unkindness could divest of hope or lessen the fervency of his first affection, presented himself. He renewed his suit. He spoke of his undying love; the holy happiness of the wedded state; of a cottage somewhere in the bosom of an umbrageous grove, with the honey-suckle and the jasmin creeping over the windows and along the latticed porch. The trembling fair one was charmed at the picture. Love and a cottage—the quintessence of human bliss, in the estimation of a girl of "sweet sixteen." She blushed and smiled, yet hesitated. The lover was in ecstacies at the favorable symptoms.—With renewed ardor, he urged his suit. He was prolific in tears and promises, and trimmed the cottage with a few more honey-suckles, and the thing was done. The Philadelphia gallant was given up. He was a "laggard in love," and deserved no consideration. Her faith was plighted to another, and the same day fixed for the marriage which was to have witnessed her union with Mr. S——.

But the end was not yet. During the same day a third lover presented himself, and declared his passion. The fair maiden frankly told him she had just engaged herself to another, and invited him to the wedding as a guest instead of a groom. On the same evening, (Sunday,) Mr. S—— arrived from Philadelphia. He was not long in ferreting out how matters stood, and was aghast at the intelligence that Miss B—— was to be married to another instead of himself, on the following Tuesday. He at once took his way to her house and had an interview, with the result of which he seemed particularly well pleased. He then stepped into the principal livery stable in the place and asked to hire the very best carriage and horses to go to Maysville—the proprietor informed him that it would be impossible to accommodate him. That he was to be married on the following Tuesday, and would have use for all his carriages to go on a little bridal tour which he proposed. 'May I ask to whom?' said Mr. S——, with some misgivings. 'To Miss B——,' was the reply. Mr. S—— preserved his temper, and simply remarked that it was highly important that he should be at Maysville at the earliest possible moment, and that he was prepared to give any reasonable price for a carriage. The liberality of this indirect offer had a sensible effect on the proprietor. He got out his best hack and pair, and charged the young stranger the sum of $30 for the trip. In a very short time afterwards, Miss B—— found herself sitting beside the young Philadelphian, in the above mentioned carriage, and going towards Maysville at the rate of about ten miles an hour.

It was soon noised through the town that Miss B—— had run away with her Philadelphia lover. Her guardian, who was opposed to the match, at once mounted a fleet horse, and started in hot pursuit. About half way to Maysville, he overtook the fugitives and attempted to seize the young lady. The young Philadelphian waived him off, and spoke in this wise: 'Sir, you can't have her; and you must now do one of three things—you must go back and leave us to pursue our journey, or you must kill me, or I'll kill you.' This talk brought guardy up standing. It was entirely unexpected. And not wishing to kill, and particularly not to be killed, he accepted the first proposition, turned tail, and took the back track. The lovers pursued their way to Maysville, crossed over to Aberdeen, were married, drove back to Cynthiana, and put up at the principal hotel.

A crowd at once surrounded the house and threatened vengeance on the Philadelphian for carrying away the prettiest girl in town, and one who was the promised wife of an esteemed citizen. The young man nothing daunted, placed his wife safely in her chamber, and then came boldly down the steps of the hotel, and began to address the mob. If phonographic notes are correct, his speech was exactly in these words:

'Gentlemen; You ought not to blame me for what I have done. Most of you would have done the same thing, had you been in my place. Instead of threats and reproaches, you ought to offer me a complimentary supper. Still, if you are not satisfied, I am ready to give you satisfaction. I will fight you all, one at a time, and if that don't do, I'm ready to put you all thro' at once, and then clean out the balance of the town.'

This show of chivalry was too much for a Kentucky audience. The sympathy of the crowd at once changed sides. They gave him three deafening cheers, and then rushed in and congratulated him with all the heartiness of the Kentucky character. The landlord was ordered to bring out his best Bourbon and plenty of it, and the crowd, with great good will and sincerity, gave and drank to the happy groom the noble sentiment—'None but the brave deserve the fair.'

Cincinnati Commercial.

Who is the honorable Member?

A writer in the San Francisco Golden Era, gives the history of a certain wooden building, near the corner of Washington and Stockton streets, built in 1849, and makes the following startling developments about its former proprietor:

As we before said, the individual who built that house was by profession a gambler, by the name of H——. His father was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature for many years, and in 1846 removed to Natchez, at the request of a number of relatives who resided near that city.

At this time young H—— was eighteen years of age, and an only child. Here, keeping the company of the reckless and dissipated characters for which Natchez was at that time notorious, he plunged into every species of vice, and soon became irrevocably wedded to gaming.

His father, upon learning the danger which threatened him in the city, sent him to live with an uncle, who resided a few miles in the country, that he might not be subject to the temptations that surrounded him in the city, hoping by so doing to wean him from the life of dissipation and vice into which he was fast verging.

He remained in his uncle's family, where he was treated with the affection of a son for six months, when dishonoring his cousin, the only daughter of his uncle, he left for New Orleans, and in six months from the time he landed there, he was a confirmed gambler. His cousin Lucy, whom he had so deeply wronged, shortly after became a mother, which was a severe blow to her parents, as well as the father of young H——. The child did not live, however, and Lucy, unable to remain longer in the presence of her parents, whom she had rendered forever heart-broken, at the desire of young H——, left the house of her childhood, and joined him in New Orleans. Here they remained until the spring of 1849, by which time H—— had become a proficient at gambling. He now concluded to try his fortune in California, and after much persuasion on the part of Lucy, he at length assented to her accompanying him.

They arrived at San Francisco in May of that year, and turning his attention to his profession, we find young H——, at the end of three months, with means sufficient to build the house which we have mentioned. Into this house he removed Lucy, where for some time they lived together, with as much happiness as their social condition would admit. But fortune, which had thus far been favorable, changing, he lost his money as rapidly than he had won it; and by degrees he lost every dollar, his house at length being taken to pay a gambling debt. He became desperate and began to abuse and ill treat his already wretched cousin and mistress, not knowing on whom else to vent his rage in his misfortunes; and in a drunken hour he offered to sell her for a small sum of ready cash to a gambling companion. Against such an act she at first pleaded with tearful eyes; but finding that unavailing, she at length indignantly refused, whereupon he struck her to the floor with a stick of wood, where he left her for dead; then locking the door, he fled to the mines. The blow did not kill her, and she recovered, finding herself without money, without friends and without a home.

* * * * * *

Lucy is now living on Washington street, leading a life of infamy, forced upon her by the villainy of a relative. The rose of health and happiness has faded from her cheek, not a ray of hope beams in her eye, and sickening despair sits upon that face which once bloomed with joyful innocence.

And where is her destroyer? We will tell you. Finding that gambling did not pay, he turned his attention to politics, and IS NOW A MEMBER OF THE CALIFORNIA LEGISLATURE.

The above is not fancy, but a true sketch, as we stand ready to prove.

The Path to Happiness.

'Point me to the path of happiness,' said young Eugenio, as he left the halls of science, graced with literary laurels.

Just then, he met the serene, calm eye of Meander. 'My son,' said he, laying his hand upon the youth's high retreating brow, 'tis a rare gem you seek—my four score years experience would deem it unattainable. Think you, that so many years of pleasure would thus have blanched these silvery locks? My history, Eugenio, would tell you in what it does not consist. I have ever been the dupe of air-castles, and have sought that bliss from the world, which Heaven alone could proffer. With eager hand, I grasped Fame's airy phantoms, and thought to be deified by titles—I built vast fabrics of renown, and mounted the summit of my airy edifice—but, Eugenio, may your mirror never reflect so delusive a vision of life as did mine, the moment I reached the acme of my fancied bliss.—When my own ambitious aspirations, and the most vivid hopes of my proud relatives were more than realized—when acclamations responded to every literary effort, then I envied the humble reptile I crushed beneath my feet. Blind mortals fancied my cup of pleasure filled to overflowing.—But, dear youth, I would not darken your glowing hopes by one shade of future evil, or blight the bud of your ambition by one discouraging word. No, my son, pursue the path that leads to greatness, to honor, and renown; but, in enjoying the gifts, forget not to adore THE GIVER.'

* * * * * *

Well had it been for the young Eugenio, if this excellent advice had been followed. All his bright dreams of futurity might have been realized, could he then but have lifted the veil which obscured it, and witnessed the effects of an unrestrained intimacy with the dissipated L——. But alas! how soon was he contaminated by the destroying vices of his associate—how soon were parents and friends whose proudest hopes were founded upon his bright career, called to mourn over the lost and fallen; and she, the fair maiden, to whom his youthful vows had been plighted—who loved him with a passionate fervency which had entwined her every thought, and hope, and care, with his destiny—how was her happy spirit blighted by the chilling intelligence of his utter degradation and ruin.

* * * * * *

A few years passed, and an assembled multitude was seen in the humble churchyard of the beautiful village of N——. The stamp of sorrow on every countenance, plainly told that the village mourned the death of some loved member. Many and true were the friends that wept for the broken-hearted Margaret. The parents' tears flowed fast, as they gazed for the last time upon the beautiful remains of their departed daughter. A sister's bosom seemed bursting with anguish as she kissed the clay-clod lips of one who since life began had been dearer than self. And a noble brother knelt almost insensible beside the bier. Burning tears flowed fast from many eyes which had long forgotten to weep, and nought but sobs and sighs disturbed the silence. My eyes for the first time were turned from the corse, and riveted upon a young stranger in a riding dress, who was fast approaching the bier. Apparently unconscious of any one's presence, he knelt silently beside it, and fixed his wild sunken eye upon the beautiful clay, for "all was there of life and beauty" save the bright eye;—the sweet smile had not yet departed, and the same auburn ringlets clustered round her pale brow, as in very mockery of life.

Oh Margaret! said Eugenio, will you not speak one forgiving word to me? Though a parent's or a sister's tears are unheeded, will you not with your sweet voice forgive your murderer? yes, Margaret, yes,—your murderer—for a consciousness of my ruin first robbed the rose from your cheek. Was it neglect or cold indifference alone, pride would have surmounted all. But when the cursed demon, which was the cause of all, had changed my athletic frame to a ghostly moving skeleton, and my once elastic step was tottering over the drunkard's grave, heaven, in kind compassion, lent thee angel's wings, to soar away from this last disgrace. Oh how does every act now like poisoned arrows pierce my heart! And if spirits of heaven are e'er allowed to look upon earth, Margaret, with her sweet smile, will breathe forgiveness.

His head dropped suddenly, and his whole form seemed for a moment convulsed with a moment, and then he agonized, was but motionless upon the earth! Only the mortal part of the erring but repentant Eugenio, was before me!

The Object of Plowing.

The object of plowing is not fully understood and considered by the majority of those who perform the work; if it were, it would be done more faithfully and thoroughly.—It is not alone to kill the weeds and grass, nor even to furnish a seed-bed of fresh turned soil for planting or sowing—nor anything which looks merely to the inversion of the sod—which constitutes good plowing. A large plow, turning a wide and shallow furrow, will show a large day's work—but the work is imperfectly accomplished, when the true object of plowing is the preparation it gives the soil for producing vegetation—for giving to the plants sown or planted, the elements of growth and fruitfulness. It should thoroughly pulverize and loosen the texture of the soil, and thus admit a free circulation of air and moisture, which, by chemical action, disentegrates or break down the stony or mineral portions of the same, so that they may be more readily dissolved and taken up by the roots.

In a soil thus plowed—thus prepared for yielding its support to vegetable life—plants can appropriate from far and near, the nutriment needed for their growth. It is dissolved and ready for their use—not hidden in unbroken clods, or slumbering in an undisturbed sub-soil—but awaits their action in friable and penetrable state, where every hungry rootlet sent on to gather nourishment for its parent plant, may find and appropriate it. It is truly wonderful how full of minute roots the soil of a corn field becomes, and if that soil is fine and deep the deeper and closer together will the fibres permeate and intersect it. This is true of all other crops, and while the leaves and fruit depend so intimately on the vigor and extent of the roots, these facts should always be taken into consideration among the objects of plowing.

Fineness and depth of soil are requisite in order to receive the full benefit of the manures applied. It is not fertilizing food in its crude state which assists vegetation—it must first become intimately mixed with, in fact, a part of the soil. Barn yard manure especially, seems of little worth, while forming visible layers between the clods of a half plowed soil—it is often all dry and coarse—and rather shunned than sought by the roots sent out to forage for suitable food. If a well prepared soil has any strength and virtue, it will yield it readily; and poor land in good tilth is often more productive than better soils less perfectly prepared. The influences of air and moisture, have freedom to work and they are no sluggards in gathering means to supply the wants of vegetation.

With these hints on the object of plowing we might connect others on the process—the best means to accomplishing that object—but prefer to leave it for other pens. Will our practical farmers, who have thought and experimented the subject tell us what plow, and what depth and width of furrow, taking also soil, season, team, and time into consideration, most thorougly loosens, pulverizes, and inverts the soil? This information would be of much value to every farmer, and is especially needed in the present state of agricultural progress—for taking the country at large into account, plowing is more imperfectly performed than any other part of farm husbandry.

RUM AND PAUPERISM.—The annual report of the statistics of pauperism made to the Legislature of the State of New-York, by the Secretary of State, places the total expenses incurred last year for the support of paupers at the enormous figure of *one million nine thousand seven hundred and forty-seven dollars.* The number of paupers relieved or supported during the year was one hundred and thirty thousand and thirty-seven, of which number *fifteen thousand six-hundred and seventeen* are reported to have been paupers by intemperance, and fifty-eight thousand three hundred and sixty-four indigent and destitute, of which, by all previous statistics, four-fifths were caused by intemperance. The above statistics do not embrace the poor of the city of New York. If the proceeds of the *seven thousand* grog shops of the city of New York be added to this number, it will be seen that much more than one-half of the one million nine thousand seven hundred and forty-seven dollars contributed by the tax payers of the State for the support of paupers is directly traceable to intemperance. And yet Gov. Seymour vetoed a law tending to dry off this prolific source of expense and evil.

He was *professedly* very anxious to guard against any infringement of the *constitution;* but what were constitutions made for except to protect the lives and property, and prosperity and happiness of the people?—The liquor traffic infringes all these; squanders property, destroys happiness, and takes away the lives of thousands. It is the bane of society; the greatest *curse* of the age, and yet these *wise* politicians think it very *unconstitutional* to put a stop to it. The sacred rights of property are scrupulously cared for by these learned expounders of the constitution. But is not domestic peace, the protection of our youth, the life and health of the people, as sacred! What is property to a family cursed with a drunken husband, or father, or son? We have no patience with these apologists for rumsellers in their mighty ado about the sacred rights of property. Let them look at the property wrecked and destroyed by the rum traffic—at the burdensome taxes which the people are forced to pay as the fruits of it—at the millions squandered in drunken revels, in shipwrecks, fires, and a thousand other ways. All this, aside from the crimes induced and perpetrated under the influence of rum; from the misery it spreads through the community; from the families broken up and forever separated by it, and the ten thousand nameless ills flowing from it. Is it unconstitutional to rid ourselves of these?

Communications.

For the Spirit of the Age.

The Heart's Influence.

'So you are going to leave us, Cousin Willie?' said beautiful Cecil Clare to her cousin, as they stood at the open window preparatory to her departure for college.

'And are you sorry I am going, Cecil?' The large brown eyes with their silken lashes were raised to his own, and Willie looked in them and read—'can you doubt it?'

They were a beautiful pair of eyes—so Willie thought as he stood gazing through them into the depths of the little heart below that was resting so close to his own. 'Twas a heart few could read save him.

'Stay, Willie, one moment,' said the low pleading voice of Cecil the next morning, as he was about to mount his horse. 'I have a request to make of you.'

'You know I can refuse you nothing, my own sweet cousin,' he said, as he took her slender fingers between his own.

'Willie do you love me?'

'Dearer than life itself.'

'Then by your love for me I entreat you never to touch the wine cup? Remember the fate of Archie, my own darling brother, and do not break my heart.'

'Cecil, my own sweet cousin Cecil, I swear it—I will never touch the wine cup from this hour!' and mounting his horse he rode away.

Years passed away. William Clare had graduated with the greatest honors at college; and report said he was engaged to be married to a very beautiful young heiress he had met at a fashionable watering place. Alas for man's constancy! And was sweet Cecil so soon forgotten? No; at the dim twilight hour, when other memories were busy at his heart, when the large brilliant eyes of his betrothed were no longer fixed on his, he could hear the soft sweet tones of Cecil murmuring—'Do you love me, cousin Willie?' And then he would fly and banish memory in the smiles of the beautiful Edney Belmont.

'Twas a dark and gloomy night when they were married; and dark were the fates that hung o'er them. During the evening his bride presented him with a glass of wine, saying—'you will pledge me in this, Willie.'

'Only for once,' as he whispered his vow never to touch. He could not refuse and the glass was drained to the bottom. Did not something whisper in your ear, Willie, of Cecil and the broken vow? methinks so, else you would not have started and colored so.

As years passed on he drank more and more and became at last an habitual drunkard. His wife who had caused his downfall had left him and gone to her father's—the mortification of being a drunkard's wife had undermined a rather weak constitution and she died.

And where was Cecil all this time? In the far off clime of Italy dying of a broken heart! mingling her sighs with every fragrant breath of air that fanned her pure transparent brow. Cecil Clare was not beautiful. There was not a feature the Poets would have called regular; but she was exceedingly lovely, her pure transparent skin richly mantled by the crimson velvet of the hectic flush made her look more like a guardian Angel from the spirit land, than a mortal. She had traveled in foreign lands, had mingled with the grave and gay, yet she longed for the quiet of her old mountain home.

'Twas a bright spring day when sad-hearted friends laid the slender form of Cecil again in her dear old home. The excitement had been too much, and for many days she was delirious. Who is it, sweet Cecil, that is smoothing back the soft golden tresses from thy pure cheek, and gazing so intently into thine eyes? Nay, start not, 'tis Willie; thy own wandering Willie! Cecil opened her large dreamy eyes and placed them on the sunburnt face before her. Surely she was dreaming; that could not be her own beautiful cousin. She placed her thin hands before her eyes to shut out the vision.

'Cecil,' said a musical, though deep voice in her ear, 'look up; 'tis Willie come for you to save him; take back the broken vow; and I swear by the holy powers above never to touch taste or handle again.'

'Willie, the time was once when I would have wished to live for your sake; but tis past now. The fountain has been broken; the lamp is waning; I cannot live, but I will DIE for you.'

'You shall not die, Cecil; you are too pure, too beautiful, too good, to die; you must stay to redeem me.'

'Tis better as it is, Willie; I could never marry one whose freshness of feeling was gone, one who had broken his faith and loved another.'

'Tis false; I never loved her, never loved any save you.'

'Willie, listen to me; go and sign the Temperance pledge; take it with you throughout this state; get every one to sign it you can. If I am living when you return I will be yours; if not, may angels bless you.

A year passed—Cecil recovered from her dangerous illness—she never heard from Willie but once, then a piece of paper was handed her, on which was written—'Willie remembers you and his vow.' But at last he came, with the full consciousness of having retrieved the past. And 'twas a happy day when he made his sweet cousin his wife. And a happy life they passed in their good old mountain home—doing good to all.

SARAH.

FOR THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

CHRONICLES.—Chapter V.

1. And it came pass after these things, that the Grog-sellers, when they saw that the people were determined to stop them from vending their poison, began to tremble and quake with fear.

2. And being sore amazed at the great change being wrought throughout the land by the Sons and their co-workers in the Temperance Reformation, they looked at each other aghast, and said:

3. Behold the day of wrath is near at hand, that dreadful day when we shall be cast, with those of our household, out from the place of sweet incense unto the god of our people, even Bacchus!

4. And when we shall no longer be allowed sacrifice unto our god, even Plutus, the blood of our fellow men: and when the sweet music caused by the jingling sound of gold, and of silver as a price thereof, shall no longer salute our ears.

5. For behold we have seen the people, yea even the mighty sovereigns of the land, rising in the majesty of their power, and armed with the fearful sword of Justice and Truth, they are now with an unbroken front marching against us with rapid strides!

6. Yea even now we hear the terrible sound of their feet, whose tread like a great earthquake causeth the lofty spires of our temples to rock to and fro in the air, and the pillars thereof to totter and tremble to their foundations!

7. Even while we speak we hear the great fiat of the people pronouncing our doom, which goeth up from all parts of our land in tones of thunder, saying:

8. Behold the time hath come when we will no longer bear the burden of Intemperance and its thousand attendant evils, neither will we any more wear the yoke, or bend the knee to the tyrant Alcohol.

9. But seeing the blighting effects of the traffic in intoxicating liquors in our midst, and feeling the weight of this curse, we will now in the strength of our right, and by the supreme authority vested in us as the sovereigns of the land, abolish this traffic from among us forever.

10. Behold now this is not the language of a few fanatics only, but the united voice of the sovereign people themselves, and we know, also too well—that whatsoever it pleaseth them to say that shall surely be law:

11. Therefore, seeing that if we longer remain, we shall be driven out by the righteous decree of an incensed people, we will gather together our household goods, (even as those of our people did who dwelt in the land of Maine,) and get us up out of this land:

12. For we know of a certainty that we shall be no longer permitted to barter the blood of our fellows for money, and that our coffers will therefore be no more filled with precious metals, with gold and with silver.

13. And the Grogsellers being wrought up to a state of despair rent their garments from about them and cried out in the bitterness of their souls saying: Accursed be those who would deprive us of our rights; not least among which is that of wringing tears from the widow and orphan, and fattening upon their blood!

14. Now about this time, behold there arose up among them a certain Judge, who comforted them greatly, and spoke unto them in this wise saying:

15. Fear not my beloved people, for behold I too have seen with deep and heartfelt anxiety the flowing of the great tide of Temperance, threatening every moment to sweep you my dear friends from off the land, thus depriving us (which God forbid that they should do) of our good liquors.

16. Deeply impressed as I am now with the perilous situation in which you are placed, and feeling a great interest in your future welfare, I have concluded to sacrifice my private interest (?) and tender to you my services: yea I, even I, am ready and willing now to be both your counselor and Judge.

17. Say therefore unto thy friends, and unto my friends, who are scattered throughout the country, thus saith the Judge: It is not surely constitutional for the people to pass a law abolishing the right to trade in Intoxicating Liquors;

18. For we know that such an act would be considered as a sumptuary law, and could not therefore be enforced.

19. And when the Grogsellers heard this, they with one accord shouted *Eureka!* and cried out among themselves saying; A Moses! behold a Moses! a second Daniel! And they made the welkin ring with their mirth and songs of joy.

20. And they went about to exalt this great Judge above all other Judges, saying; Lo!, we have found the one for whom we have sought, in whose breast dwelleth the certainty that there is not another such an expounder of our constitutional rights in all the land, from the center to the circumference thereof.

21. And they filled their glasses and drank the health of their great *Advocate* in swelling bumpers of champaign, and of Whiskey and of Brandy; yea, they assembled themselves together in their saloons and in their bar-rooms and in their cellars:

22. And there drank, and feasted, and rejoiced; and from early morn till midnight's dark hour they made the welkin ring with their shouts of praise to this Honorable Judge; yea, this immaculate Moses, this second Daniel was the burthen of their song!

A. J. G.

R. R. Springs, N. C.

FOR THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

Ten Reasons for Entire Prohibition to sell intoxicating liquors, as a beverage.

1. No community would permit any man to sell corrupt water, or milk, if they knew deaths, in great numbers, diseases in great numbers, and of great severity, could be traced to the consumption of such poisons. The people would never submit to so dreadful a nuisance. Now, the regular physicians, in every State in the United States, unanimously testify, that ardent spirits and wines produce more fatal and numerous diseases, among all male persons over eighteen years of age, than all other causes combined: Then, poison is still poison, whatever its name or form! The deaths by Pulmonary consumption throughout our Union annually, do not exceed 2000! The deaths by liquor beverages exceed 30,000 per year! The Indians acknowledge that 'fire waters' have dwindled away their tribes, far more than all their wars, with us and among Whiskey, Gin, Rum, Wine, or poison water.

2. No man has any moral or legal right to set up a shop, to corrupt, pollute stupefy and destroy, the minds and morals of our souls! To send my son home to me drunk as a beast, at night, when he left my house, a young gentleman! in the forenoon! To send my son in law home, to beat his wife, and bruise her children, innocent, helpless infants! to put money in the liquor dealers pocket! 'Use your rights, so as to jostle against no other man's rights,' is the law of God and common humanity. Whatever intoxicates, all agree is deleterious poison! mix as you may with water or milk, it kills body and soul, honor and feeling.

3. No man has any right or can acquire any right, to deprive the community of the greatest amount of talent, virtue, energy and enterprise, that can be developed, from the whole of her people. Liquor drinking is a perfect extinguisher of all these noblest resources of the State. Heart and soul, mind and strength are all palsied by the Rum Fiend! Every man belongs to God, and his country. The most eloquent minister of the Gospel in the U. S. fell a victim to Liquor! The most brilliant genius and accomplished orator, North Carolina, or any other State has produced since our Union has existed, perished at 22, in a drunken frolic! He was already an incurable sot; but all this brightness was extinguished by the darkness of the liquor trade! Some of the best young lawyers and physicians our country has ever fostered, have fell down, like Samson shorn of his locks and his honors, under the knees of this filthy harlot, the Rum Syren! She differed from Delilah, the Philistine murderess, only in this, that she put out the eyes first, then she sheared the dupes; then gave her victims to the tormentors! It is a far greater crime to rob a State of her mental and moral jewels, than of her money and lands, yet liquor robs the State of both! to a vast amount!

4. No man has has any moral right, nor can he acquire any, to deprive my children, either sons or daughters, of the estate, the lands, servants, mills, factories and money, I worked late and early and hard, to secure to my children and children's children!—Even if I should be in my grave, their ordinary prudence would preserve it to several generations! But where there is a grog shop, 'Exchange,' or 'Restaurant' on every town square or block of houses, or at every Cross road, to tempt the inexperienced or unwary, what encouragement have I to work, to leave property to my children? How many children now own the property their parents left them 40 years ago? Very few, indeed! The Rum fiend promised them liberty, and paid them want and death!

5. No man has any moral right, nor can he lawfully acquire it, to put the cup of damnation in any fellow being's reach! We read, no where, '*no slave* shall enter the Kingdom of God.' Yet, see christian abolition frenzy at the north! But we do know, 'it is written,' and woe be to that man who despises that writing of God! 'No Drunkard shall inherit—(not his father's estate: he soon squanders that) the Kingdom of God!' Men may join as many churches as they please, thy writing can never be effaced, so long as the man is a drunkard! He is *not of*, but, *out of* the Kingdom! If abolitionists would give their zeal, eloquence and money, to the abolition of the liquor traffic throughout our Union, God *in the time*, would provide for the colored people! Let *all* hit the nail, that *will* drive. Hit hard, and all together. We have 300,000 christian negroes in the south, we hope will be crowned in glory forever! How many free colored have they north, in so hopeful a case! Yet who cares for the soul of the poor inebriate! The northern ministers of the blessed Jesus? Alas! No! negro philanthropy, and spirit rapping, and spirit drinking, is all the rage, north! Six thousand liquor shops in New York city, alone. Yet they don't see this great sin-beam in their own eye!

[*To be continued.*]

The People Moving.

An adjourned meeting of the Alamance County Temperance Convention met at Graham, on Saturday, the 27th of May. In the absence of the former Convention, Capt. John R. Holt was called to the chair and briefly explained the object of the meeting.

The Committee on Business submitted the following Report which was, on motion, unanimously adopted:

The Committee, appointee by the late Temperance Convention, to which was assigned the duty of preparing business for the action of this Convention, present the following Report:

WHEREAS, the time has arrived which demands prompt and decisive action on the part of all men having the good of their country at heart in taking bold steps to procure relief from the curse of intemperance and the evils naturally arising from the unrestricted traffic in intoxicating liquors, we, a portion of the citizens of Alamance County, in open Convention assembled, do hereby declare it as our opinion, that our General Assembly, at its next Session, should enact some wise and prudent law prohibiting entirely the traffic in all intoxicating liquors as beverages in this State; or if the said General Assembly be not satisfied, from the *Memorial* to be presented to that body at its ensuing session, that a majority of the citizens demand such a law, that the Legislature pass an act submitting the question of "*Prohibition*" and "*No Prohibition*" to the People at the Ballot Box on a day designated for that purpose. These being our opinions on this important matter therefore, do we ordain, adopt and publish the following

RESOLUTIONS:

1. That we will vote for no man, irrespective of party ties, who treats to intoxicating liquors, or causes such to be done in his behalf, to secure votes; nor will we cast our suffrages for any candidate who opposes the Prohibitory Liquor Law, who unqualifiedly declares himself adverse to further legislation upon the liquor traffic, and who does not give assurances to use his influence in the General Assembly to secure the enactment of such a law when it is ascertained that a majority of the People demand it.

2d. That we *will* vote for any man, without regard to party predelections, who will openly refuse to treat to intoxicating liquors in violation of the laws of the State, in preference to any man who shall engage therein for popular purposes.

3d. That we, as the friends of the Temperance Reform and the representatives of the Temperance sentiment in our respective localities, distinctly disclaim any design to mix up this great question with the scum of party politics, or to affiliate with either of the two political parties of the County to help forward our measures, or to organize a political party by letter or otherwise Messrs. ——, ——, ——, interrogate —— and ——, candidates for seats in the next Legislature, as to their views and positions upon the Reformatory measures set forth in the above Resolutions, assuring them at the same time that it is the solemn purpose of the friends of Temperance, morality, public quiet and low taxes in Alamance county to vote for no man who is known to be hostile to the same, and opposed to further legislation upon the liquor traffic with a view to its final annihilation.

Respectfully submitted, in behalf of the committee.

JOHN R. HOLT, Chm'n.

On motion of A. G. Anderson, Esq., the chairman was directed to call a meeting of this Convention after the county candidates shall have been interrogated in the manner, and for the purposes set forth in the above resolutions, if, in his judgement, such a call be demanded by the interests of the Reform.

On motion, it was ordered that the proceedings of this Convention be published in the Spirit of the Age, and Hillsboro' Recorder, with a request that the Greensboro' Patriot and other papers circulating in Alamance county copy the same.

Dr. Johnson was loudly called for, who responded in a few pithy remarks upon the subject under consideration, when the hour for adjournment having arrived, the Convention adjourned *sine die.*

JOHN R. HOLT, Ch'm.

H. W. DIXON, Sec'y.

Agriculture and Manufactures.

Among the many subjects which should demand the serious attention of the South, we know of none more vital in its relation to national and individual prosperity than Agriculture. It cannot be denied that this agent has maintained in a great, if not the greatest degree, the prosperity of our common country. Manufactures and the Arts, it is true, asserted an exalted position in the North, and contributed in connection with the products of the South, in the establishment of our national success; but to what section of the Union is the North indebted for the means to sustain her manufactures and to encourage the skill and energy of her citizens? With comparatively a small agricultural surface the North is forced to turn her wealth into those channels which enable her to assume, seemingly, a stand independent of the South; and in being thus compelled to consume our productions, she opens wide the field of science. Where nature yields plenteously to the least possible labor, science and mental skill will ever remain at a low stand so long as mere physical wants are alone considered. That we may not always continue behind the North and East in the manufacture of the great staples of the country, it is necessary to arouse the slumbering energies of the people, and particularly of the Southern producer. He especially, must be urged to engage in the manufacture of his productions. He has around him everything required to assist him in the important enterprise.—Although he may not be able at the start to manufacture as cheaply as his Northern competitors, still he would find it vastly to his advantage and profit to enter judiciously and scientifically into the business. Those who have made the experiment, have no cause to regret their course. In South Carolina and Georgia particularly, manufactories of different kinds have long been in successful operation. Let all the other Southern States follow their praiseworthy example, and wonderful will be the result. We must have more Southern factories of every kind.

☞ I consider the soul of man as the ruin of a glorious building, where, amidst great heaps of rubbish, you meet with noble fragments of sculpture, broken pillars and obeliske, and a magnificence in confusion.