

Spirit of the Age

Devoted to Temperance, Literature and General Information.
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ADVERTISING IN THIS PAPER
The Spirit of the Age has now near
Five Thousand Subscribers;
It is extensively taken in every County in North
Carolina, and is therefore one of the very best Ad-
vertising mediums in the State.

CHOICE LITERATURE.
The Morning Dream.

[We take the following from the "Bans-
by Papers," a volume by John Brougham,
just published by Dorby & Jackson, a pleas-
ant story to give variety to our pages.]
The dream of the night, there's no reason to rue,
But the dream of the morning, is sure to come true.

Pretty Peggy, May a bright-eyed, merry-
hearted, little darling you are Peggy!
There's no gaining that fact; a cunning little
trick, and most destructive too, as
many a heart can testify. But who can
blame thee for that? as well might the sum-
mer's sun be blamed for warming the sweet
flowers into life. It is a natural ordination
that all who see should love you.

Pretty Peggy has just completed her
eighteenth year, in the headless gaiety of
youth, she has hitherto gambled through
the road of life, without a grief, almost with-
out a thought. Oh! for the sunny days of
childhood, ere, wedded to experience, the
soul brings forth its progeny of cares.
She is in love! Now, if she herself were
questioned about the matter, I'm sure she
would say it's no such thing; but I take up
myself to declare it to be true, and for
fear you should think that I make an as-
sertion which I cannot substantiate, per-
mit me to relate the substance of a con-
versation which took place between Peg and
her scarcely less pretty, but infinitely more
mischievous cousin, Bridget O'Connor.

They had just returned from one of those
gregarious merry-meetings, where some
spacious granary, just emptied of its con-
tents, gives glorious opportunity for the
gladsome hours of the village, and "all the
country round" to meet and astonish the
rats—sleek, well-faded, doting in their
holes—with uproarious fun and revelry.
A sudden, and indeed, under the circum-
stances, extremely significant sigh from Peg,
started Bridget from the little glass where
she was speculating as to how she looked,
for the last hour or two. I may as well
say the scrutiny was perfectly satisfactory—
she had not danced all her curls out.

"Gracious me!" she exclaimed, "Peg,
how do you do!"
"And no wonder," rejoined Peggy, with
a slight squeeze of acid, "after having
danced down twenty couple twenty times,
I should like to know who would not?"
"Ah!" but that wasn't a tired sigh, Peg,
I know the difference; one said to give as
low as the heart for them; a tired sigh comes
flung out upon a breath of joy, and turns
into a laugh before it leaves the lips; you
are sad Peg!"

"How you talk, why, what on earth
should make me sad?"
"That's exactly what I want to know;
now there's no use in trying to laugh, for
you can't do it. Do you think I don't
know the difference between a laugh and
that nasty deceitful croak?"
"Bridget!" exclaimed Peg, with a look
which she intended should be very severe
and very reproachful, "I'm sleepy."

"Well, then, kiss me, and go to bed,"
replied Bridget. "Ho! ho!" thought she,
"there's something curious about Peg to-
night. I think what I think, and if I think
right, I'm no woman if I don't find out be-
fore I sleep." Craftily she changed the
conversation, abused the women's dresses,
and criticised their complexions, especially
completely lulled the comotion of Peg's
thoughts into a calm, she suddenly cried
out: "Oh! Peg, I forgot to tell you, that
one of the boys we danced with had his leg
broke coming home to night!"
Peggy, surprised into an emotion she
found it impossible to conceal, started up,
pale as snow, and gasped out:
"Who was it—who?"
"Hal! hal! thought the other, the fox is
some where about—now to beat the cover."
"Did you hear me ask you who?" said
Peg anxiously.
"I did, dear," replied Bridget, "but I'm
trying to recollect. 'I think,' and she
looked steadily into Peggy's eyes, "I think
it was Ned Riley." Peg didn't even wink.
She doesn't care about him, and I'm sorry
for that, thought Bridget, thereby mak-
ing an acknowledgement to herself, which
the sagacious reader will not doubt interpret
truly.

"No, it wasn't Ned," she continued,
"now I think of it, it was—it was—"
"Who? who?" cried Peggy, now sensibly
agitated, "do tell me, there's a dear."
"Not she, not a bit of it, but lingered
with feminine ingenuity, now making as
though she recollected the name, and then
with a shake of her head, pretending to
dive back into memory, just as the in-
quisitors of old used to shaken the torture,
to enable the recipient to enjoy another dose.
"Now I have it," said she "no I haven't;
I do believe I've forgotten who it was, but
this I know, it was the pleasantest-mannered
and nicest young fellow in the whole heap."
"Then it must have been Mark!" ex-
claimed Peg, throwing prudence overboard,
and fixing her large, eloquent eyes full on
Bridget's mouth, as if her everlasting fate
depended upon the little monosyllables
about to issue from it.
"It was Mark! that was the name!"
Peggy gave a gasp, while Bridget went
on, with a triumphant twinkle in her wick-
ed little eye which did not show over-favor-
ably of her humanity.
"Mark Brady?" dwelling on the name
with slow, distinct emphasis, which made
Peggy's heart jump at each word as though
she had received an electric shock.
Phantoms of crutches and of wooden legs
came crowding on her imagination, con-
trasting themselves with curiosity with which
Peggy Mark had "beat the floor" in
the merry jig, until he made it echo to every
note of the pipes. Then rose up vague
spectres of sanguinary-minded surgeons,
with strange butcherly instruments; then
she saw nothing but fragmentary Marks

unattached legs, a whole room-full dancing
by themselves; there they were, twisting
and twirling about, in the various difficult
complications of the "two and heel," "don't
do shuffla," "shades' slat," and "corner
the buckle," she shut her eyes in horror,
and was sensible of nothing but a gloomy
blood-red. There's no knowing to what
lengths her terrible fancies might have
gone, had they not been dispersed like
wreaths of vapor, by a hearty laugh from
the mischievous Bridget. Peggy opened
her eyes in astonishment. Was she awake?
Yes, there was her cousin enjoying one of
the broadest, merriest, wickedest laughs
that ever mantled over the face of an arch
little female.

"Poor Mark!" she cried, and then burst
forth again into ringing laughter, which
dimpled her crimson cheeks—what shall
I say?—like a fine healthy-looking cork-
red potato, an Irish smile, I must say, but
had you seen Bridget, and were acquainted
with the features of the afforesaid excellent,
I'm pretty certain you would acknowledge
its aptness.
"What in the name of gracious are you
laughing at?" exclaimed Peggy, a gleam of
gloom breaking on the darkness of her thought.
"Why, that you should take on so, when
I told you Mark had broken his leg," gaily
replied Bridget.
"Hasn't he?"
"Not half as much as your poor little
heart would have broken if he had," said
the tormenter.

"Bridget! Cousin!" said poor Peg, now
enduring much more pain from the sudden
revelation of feeling, "you should not have
done this; you have crowded a whole life-
time of agony in those few moments past."
"Well, forgive me, dear Peggy, I de-
clare I didn't know that you had the effec-
tiveness strong on you, or I wouldn't have
joked for the world. But now, confess,
doesn't it serve you right, for not idling
in me, your natural born cousin? Did I ever
keep a secret from you? Didn't I tell you
all about Pat Finch, and Johnny Magee,
and Jack, and the hurler, eh?"
"But not one word about Edward Riley,
with whom you danced so often to-night,"
observed Peg, with a very pardonable dash
of malice.

It was now Bridget's turn to change col-
or, as she stammered out, "I—I was going
to, not that I care much about him; no, no,
Mark is the flower of the flock, and I've a
mighty great mind to set my cap at him
myself."
Peggy smiled, a very small, but a pecu-
liar smile, as she replied, "Try, Miss
Bridget, and I wish you success."
"Truth is scarce when liars are near,"
said Bridget. "But I say, Peg, does
Mark know you love him so hard?"
"Don't be foolish; how should he?"
"Did you never tell him?"
"What do you take me for?"
"Did he never tell you?"
"What do you take him for?"
"For a man, and moreover a conceited
one; don't you mean to let him know his
good fortune?"
"Isn't he long year, and if it was, I'd rather
die than do such a thing," said Peggy!
"Come, I'll be true to you now, and I mean
to wear at your wedding, you will let him
know the state of your feelings, and that be-
fore a week is over your head," provokingly
replied Bridget.

Peggy said nothing. Prudent Peg.
"Is it a bet?"
"Yes, yes, anything, but go to sleep, or
we shall get a wink tonight."
"True for your cousin, for it's to-mor-
row already! I look at the daybreak, how
it has frightened our candle, until it's al-
most as pale as your cheek!"
"Good night, Bridget."
"Good night, dear Peg, don't forget to
remember your dreams. Recollect it's morn-
ing, now, and whatever we dream, is sure
to come true."
Before she slept, Bridget formed a pro-
ject in her mind to ensure the winning
of her bet. What it was, will be time
enough to find out by-and-by.

Very early in the day, Mark Brady and
Ned called to enquire after the health of
their respective partners. It so happened
that Bridget received them; and very quick-
ly, for she was one of those tyrants in love
who make their captives feel their chains,
on some frivolous pretence or another dis-
missed her swain and began to develop her
plot with Mark.
Now, Mark, I may as well tell you now
as at any other time, was a very favorable
specimen of a class I regret to say, not
very numerous in Ireland; a well-to-do
farmer, his rent always ready, his crops
carefully gathered, and a trifle put by year-
ly, so that he enjoyed that most enviable
condition in life, a modest competence.—
As to his personal appearance, there's
scarcely an occasion to describe that, for,
with the exception of one individual, I
don't suppose he has a feature or charac-
teristic which would be considered at all un-
common or interesting. Suffice it to say,
Mark was a man! A volume of eulogy
could not say more.

And, moreover, Mark did love pretty
Peggy May; with a whole-hearted, manly,
and unselfish love, he loved her. I tell
you this, dear reader, in order that you
may not waste time in speculating on the
subject of Mark's thoughts, as he sat silent
and fidgety, a passive victim to the
mischievous Bridget, who, shrewd little
pass, knew every turn of his mind as
though it were on his face; and for the
matter of that, so they were, in nature's
own characters, type most readable.
Mark was apparently very busy, sketch-
ing imaginary something on the floor
with his blackthorn stick, and seemingly
unconscious of Bridget's presence, when
she suddenly interrupted his reverby by
saying:

"A penny for your thoughts, Mr. Brady!"
"Eh! what?" he replied, blushing 'till it
fairly stung his cheek like a million of
needles. "A penny, is it, Miss? Faith, an'
it's dear they'd be at that same."
"And what might you be thinking of,
may I ask, Mr. Mark?" said Bridget,
accompanying the question with one of her
very sweetest smiles.
"Just nothing at all, Miss," replied Mark.
"Nothing?" then they would be 'dear,'
and that's true Mark; but supposing now,
she continued, archly; "I only say, sup-
posing it happened to be your sweetheart you
were thinking of, you might find another
meaning for that same little word."

Mark felt as though he had been detect-
ed in some fault, as he replied, sketching
away on the floor faster than ever. "But
what if I hadn't a sweetheart to think of,
Miss O'Connor? It was a miserable at-
tempt at provocation, and he felt that it
was.
"Why, then, should I say, as you're not
blind, it's mighty lucky you don't carry
such a thing as a heart about you. I'd be
ashamed if I were you, rising twenty years
old and neither crooked nor ugly; it's dis-
graceful to hear you say so—a pretty ex-
ample to set to the boys!"
"True for you, and so it is," said Mark,
'and more betoken, it's a much greater
shame for me to tell any lies about the mat-
ter; I have a sweetheart, though she doesn't
know it; ay, and have had one for this
nigh hand a twelvemonth."

"Only to think," replied Bridget, cast-
ing down her eyes, and effecting to conceal
some sudden emotion, "and for a twelvemonth
nigh hand! Oh, dear! I don't feel
well!"
Mark was puzzled, in point of fact, un-
derstanding. There was something in Bridget's
manner he couldn't understand; he
had a vague presentiment that there was
a mistake somewhere, but when she said,
he was to overcome, flung herself in-
to his arms, the truth burst upon him at
once. He was in a precious dilemma;
Bridget was in love with him, and he felt
downtrodden ashamed of himself for being so
fascinating. What was he to do, or how
to extricate himself, he couldn't tell, as she,
casting a fascinating glance right at him,
said softly:

"Dear Mark, those good-looking eyes
yours told of your love long, long before
your lazy tongue."
"Love!" interrupted Mark, endeavoring
to put in a demurrer.
"To be sure," said she, "I saw it, I knew
it very well; she continued, seeing he
barricaded himself. When she saw that
he talked to Auntie? You know my fifty pounds
are in her hands? She was an heiress,
Bridget was.
"Pounds! Auntie! yes, to be sure,"
replied Mark, perfectly bewildered, "but I
thought Ned Riley was—"
"Peggy's sweetheart—well, we all knew
that," interrupted Bridget, enjoying the
consternation that painted Mark's
cheek a livid white. "And are you to be so
jealous of Riley, she went on, "as not to dance
with me last night; I knew the reason,
but the jealousy that springs from love is
soon forgot, so I forgot yours."
"Peggy! his sweetheart? Riley's?"
"To be sure, don't you know they are
going to be married?"
"No!" vacantly replied the sorely bewil-
dered Mark.

"Oh, yes; and now I want to tell you a
pet plan of mine, if you don't think me
too bold, Mark, and that is, his resentment
and he felt more inclined to implore
than to condemn. He wanted to speak, but
what to say he had not the remotest idea.
At last Peg broke the silence, by murmuring
softly, as though it were but a thought,
which she had given involuntary expression—
"May you be happy, Mark! May you be
happy!"
"Happy!" echoed Mark, with a sharp em-
phasis, that thrilled painfully through Peg-
gy. "Faith, it's well for you to be wishing
me happiness."
Indeed, indeed I do, Mark—I mean Mr.
Brady, modestly replied the poor girl.
"Oh, that's right!" said Mark, bitterly.
"Mr. Brady! It used to be Mark."
"But never again!"
"You're right!"
"Never!" and poor Peg sighed deeply.
"Oh, nothing, nothing! But I thought—
that is—I'm very, very foolish."
Poor Peggy's heart overflowed its bounds;
burying her face in her hands, she burst in-
to tears.
Mark didn't know what to make of it. She
must have liked me a little, thought he,
or why this grief? Well, it's all my own fault.
Why didn't I tell her of my love, like a man?
And not speak about, afraid of the sound of
my own voice. I've lost her, lost the only
thing that made life to me worth enduring,
and the sooner I relieve her of my presence
the better.
"Miss May! Peggy!" he said, with an ef-
fort at calmness, "this is the last time we may
meet on earth; won't you give me your hand
at parting."
Peggy stretched out both hands, exclaim-
ing through her tears—"Mark! Mark!
I'm here!"
"It is, I know it is!" said Mark, brushing
away an obtrusive tear. "So, God bless you,
and good angels watch over you; and if you
ever cared for me?"
"If I ever cared for you, oh, Mark! if
I ever cared for you?" inquired Mark.
"You were my only thought, my life, my
happiness! There was the same curious
sound from the chamber door, but the in-
cident had again to be the blame—"
Peggy continued—"Mark, would that you
had the same feeling for me!"
"I had! I had!" frantically he replied,
"and more oh! much more than I have words
to speak. Why didn't we know this sooner?"
"Ah! why, indeed?" sadly replied Peggy,
"but it is too late!"

"Too late!" replied Mark, "Too late!"
"Not a bit of it!" exclaimed Bridget, burst-
ing into the room, streaming with tears of
suppressed laughter. "Don't look so frighten-
ed, good people; I'm not a ghost. Who lost
a new cap? Oh, Peg. And more, betoken,
who is it that has new gowns? I'll have
my bits, if I die for it. So, you've spoke
out at last, have you? You're a pretty pair
of lovers. You'd have gone on everlastingly,
sighing and fretting yourselves, until there
wouldn't have been enough between you to
make a decent fish-trout, if I hadn't inter-
fered."
"You're right, Peggy and Mark, simultane-
ously."
"You're right, indeed, you're right,"
without hesitating to say what your name
dictated. There, go and kiss each other,
you pair of noodies."
It is hardly necessary to say that Bridget's
explanation brought about a pleasant un-
derstanding between all parties, and it was
only needful to add that a few weeks after-
wards there was a double wedding at the lit-
tle parish chapel. One of the brides wore a
brun net calico gown of such wonderful
variety of color, and moreover a new cap of
so elaborate a style of decoration, that she was
the admiration and, of necessity, the envy of
the entire female population.
Bridget had won both her wagers, there-
by establishing, just as infallible as all such
matters can be established, the truth of the
old saying:

The dream of the morning is sure to come true.
Young Men.
Our own feet are but just stepping over on
the afternoon side of manhood, yet we ven-
ture a thought or two to the young man whose
eye may possibly rest upon them.
That this is a day of progress, we are glad
to believe. But the currents in the great
tide, are not all forward. In the language
of the venerable Dr. Watt, there never was a
day like this to live. Within the period of
our own brief life, we can remember a time
when there were but few of the educational
advantages which so signally mark the his-
tory of to-day. The small, weather-beaten
structure on the hill, the only abode
of the masses. The writer never saw
the walls of any other; and many a time in
later years, while attending gatherings in
more favored structures, and looking upon
the facilities for acquiring a thorough edu-
cation—facilities within the reach of all—the
eye has flooded, and choking sobs struggled
upward from the swelling heart. We did not
grudge the youth their advantages—no; no;
but how different in our own school days?
We remember the bare walls—no maps or
diagrams; no school books but the spelling-
book, arithmetic, and geography. Even gram-
mar was a sealed book to the writer, and to
this day, he has never looked into its pages.
That he has not since, is his own fault; but
between two eras, and that when one man
is in life's harness and face to face with
his business liabilities, he is not apt to turn
aside to mend the gaps in his early education.
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There is one good thing every Son of
Temperance can and ought to do; and
that is, try and get all his friends to take
the Spirit of the Age. It contains many
good things and costs but little. Who is
it that can't spend the small sum of one
dollar a year, for a good paper as the
Age? I am sure there are but few who
cannot spare that much. Try it. You
know not the good it may do you. Sup-
pose you had a friend that was in the habit
of taking too much grog, and you were
to propose to him to take the Age, and af-
ter a while he was to see something that
would cause him to become disgusted with
liquor, and forsake his evil way, and be a
good, sober, useful man; do you not sup-
pose that he would be compensated for that
little trouble? Yes, a hundred times over.
Perhaps there might be others comforted
besides your friend. There might be a
good affectionate wife and children. Oh!
how glad they would be; they would ever
thank God that you made such a proposal
as that to their husband and father.

Fellow citizens, not only the Sons of
Temperance, but every good citizen, it is
time for you to work. Are there not some
of you who see daily the effects of drinking
spirits and liquors—do you not see wives
and children suffering in consequence of
it? Young men, young ladies, it is time
for you to work. Now in the prime of
youth, arise and lend a helping hand to
this good cause. A word to the Boys!
If you wish to prosper, if you wish to get
along smooth in life, if you desire to be a
good and useful man, a man of excellence
and honor, turn your back upon the spark-
ling wine that is set before you, though
the brilliant fascinations of the bright sal-
loon fitted up may lure you and entice you
to partake thereof, do not enter. Think of
the evil that awaits it; think of your home,
your parents, your own welfare, and turn
away from it whenever it is set before you.
Remember that only once may be the
means of forfeiting forever the esteem of
society. Only once! and the glass may
fascinate. Only once! may be the means
of your being led to a drunkard's grave,
unlamented and unloved by all.

Young and old men, I appeal to your
conscience; you who have young, fasci-
nating, loving wives; how can you leave
home, leaving behind you the beautiful
smiles of a loving wife; one who wishes
you well and expects you to return with
the same cheerful smile, who comes to greet
you at your return. Can you bear the
idea of so shocking her as to return under
the influence of liquor? Shun, then, the
wine cup; say not to yourself only once;
but rather gain the ascendancy over your
appetite if you would have the esteem of
all your friends and be rendered happy.
Old men with hoary heads and furrowed
brows, is it a disgrace to a young man, a
dishonor for it to be said of him "he is a
drunkard"—how much more so of you,
who have had years of experience to warn
you of the baleful effects of intemperance.
O! what a host of mournful thoughts that
brief sentence awakens—Intemperance!
It is that which causes the unfortunate
victim to be destitute of a roof to shelter
his head from the storms of misfortune.—
"Tis that, which renders him destitute of a
friend where he could bask in the genial
glow of social influences and also that hever
around his pillow when he is racked with
pain and his brain thronged with delirious
fancies.

Who will stand by to soothe the dying
drunkard! Perhaps that good old mother
may stand around the bed side watching
every move and beating pulse while she is
weeping and tears streaming from her sor-
rowful eyes mourning the life of her-ward
son. Perhaps she will not forsake her
unfortunate child in the last struggle
and hour of life, but oh! she will be
there to aid and assist. Now and then
you will hear one say, "let him go; he
ought to die;" but that is not the language
of the Almighty to spare him a while longer,
that he may have one more opportunity of
forsaking his evil way. Friends have for-
saken him; he has forfeited the esteem of
society; and now the time has come when
he must goad his drunkard's grave.—
Oh! what grief, what sorrow fills that
parent's heart, as she gazes on the corpse
of her son, and as she looks on the
other side to deposit the last remains of her
lost son; and when she turns her back upon
that spot, she exclaims—"farewell, my be-
loved son, farewell!" She feels that they
are parted, never to meet again. She knows
he is gone up to meet his God.

Oh mother! have not some of you a child
who is being led off, step by step, by some
evil companion? If you have, check that
son ere he comes to fill a drunkard's grave.
Now is the time. In his youth, you may
impress upon him the ruinous effect of in-
temperance; but if you let him go on un-
til he reaches the years of manhood, it may
then be too late; and he may blame you
for it, and say, "my mother had told me
this, I would have done differently."—
Speak to your sons; let it have a good
effect, it is your duty; and then let
them tell them the consequences, if they
won't be advised, they can't say you never
advised them better.

The last I have to say to the readers of
this advice, is—"prepare to meet thy God."
You know not when the evil day will come.
Pray God to help us "Remember now our
Creator in the days of our youth, while the
evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh
when thou shalt say I have no pleasure in
them." If we are not prepared to meet
the monster death, our lots must be cast in
a land of woe and misery, from whence no
traveller has ever returned. While, on the
other hand, if we are prepared to meet our
God, we shall be rejoicing while we are
waited away by the wings of angels; and
as we are pressing onward and feel that we
shall soon be in the arms of Jesus, we shall
then be ready to exclaim, farewell, vain
world—"farewell, we are going home."
Halifax, N. C., July 22, 1856.
For the Spirit of the Age,
S. Watson.

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he must goad his drunkard's grave.—
Oh! what grief, what sorrow fills that
parent's heart, as she gazes on the corpse
of her son, and as she looks on the
other side to deposit the last remains of her
lost son; and when she turns her back upon
that spot, she exclaims—"farewell, my be-
loved son, farewell!" She feels that they
are parted, never to meet again. She knows
he is gone up to meet his God.

Oh mother! have not some of you a child
who is being led off, step by step, by some
evil companion? If you have, check that
son ere he comes to fill a drunkard's grave.
Now is the time. In his youth, you may
impress upon him the ruinous effect of in-
temperance; but if you let him go on un-
til he reaches the years of manhood, it may
then be too late; and he may blame you
for it, and say, "my mother had told me
this, I would have done differently."—
Speak to your sons; let it have a good
effect, it is your duty; and then let
them tell them the consequences, if they
won't be advised, they can't say you never
advised them better.

The last I have to say to the readers of
this advice, is—"prepare to meet thy God."
You know not when the evil day will come.
Pray God to help us "Remember now our
Creator in the days of our youth, while the
evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh
when thou shalt say I have no pleasure in
them." If we are not prepared to meet
the monster death, our lots must be cast in
a land of woe and misery, from whence no
traveller has ever returned. While, on the
other hand, if we are prepared to meet our
God, we shall be rejoicing while we are
waited away by the wings of angels; and
as we are pressing onward and feel that we
shall soon be in the arms of Jesus, we shall
then be ready to exclaim, farewell, vain
world—"farewell, we are going home."
Halifax, N. C., July 22, 1856.
For the Spirit of the Age,
S. Watson.

The subject of the following sketch was
once an upright, intelligent, and highly re-
spectable citizen of Guilford county, N. C.
In him was verified, to some extent, the
saying of Solomon; "he that is diligent in
his business shall stand before kings; he
shall not stand before men."—
At a very early age he married a beauti-
ful, lovely, and affectionate wife. And per-
haps a fairer couple never graced the hy-
menal altar, or entered the arena of life
under brighter prospects of success than they.

Trained as he was to the business of farm-
ing, he engaged with energy and delight
in cultivating the virgin soil. He man-
aged his business with skill and economy,
and everything seemed to prosper around
him. His fields waved with golden har-
vest—ripening fruits with autumn rich-
ness bent his orchard trees—while flocks
of sheep and herds of cattle were seen gam-
boling in green pastures, or heard lowing
around well furnished stalls. Everything
so far as the concerns of this world extend
seemed to point to contentment and ease.
His wife was like a fruitful vine; his
children grew up like olive plants around
his table. His daughters were fair, intel-
lectual, and domestic. His house within
was filled with beauty, order, and cleanliness,
while all around, the scented herbs, and
bedding flowers, watered and cared by
lily-white hands, cast their fragrance on
the passers-by.

To the eye of the spectator this was cer-
tainly a happy home. The field, the gar-
den, and the house, was each arranged with
reference to convenience, beauty, and utility.
And to cap the climax of the whole,
here were the loved ones (taught to win
the stranger's heart). These were objects
of attraction at midnight's dreary hour—
amid the bloom of summer—and gathering
storms of winter.

But alas, how uncertain is earthly felicity!
"All flesh is as grass, and all the
glory thereof as the flower of the field; in
the morning it springs up, in the evening
it is cut down and withers." And so this
husband and wife so true are numbered
among the pale nations underground, their
children are scattered abroad without a
home, and the fair dwelling once their own
has passed into other hands. And intem-
perance was the cause, the primary,
the leading cause of all this. What desolation
intemperance has produced!

The faithful wife was the first to pay
the debt of nature. With a physical frame
and constitution sufficiently strong to brave
the storms of life for many years, she was
unable to endure the shame and ignominy
brought upon herself and family by the
conduct of an intemperate husband.—
Disease brought upon her by disappoint-
ed expectations and blasted hopes, soon
laid her low in death. And now no mar-
ble stone, or tree, nor shrub marks the
place where her last remains are laid.
The disconsolate husband felt, when he
saw his beloved companion and bosom
friend pass into the silence of the tomb,
like the last cord that bound his heart to
earth was severed for ever. Then he sought
consolation and comfort in a state of in-
toxication. Delirium followed and soon he
was no more. His life was short—his death
glorious, and now his memory has almost
died from the mind of all alive.
Knapp of Reels, 1856. J. C. D.

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