Ladies' Department.

Mrs. M. E. GORMAN, Editress.

A Young Wife Dies Broken Hearted.

In the obituary department of the *Journal*, published at Palmer, Mass., we find the following announcement:

"DIED.—Mary, aged 20, wife of De Witt Clinton Packard, of Providence, R. I."

In the editorial column there is a sad and touching story, relating to the announcement, which we annex below. It is a lesson from the tomb, to the young and thoughtless, and told so eloquently, that it cannot fail to make an impression for good on readers of every age. It says:

"In another column we record the death of a young lady who died of a broken heart. We do not like to trespass upon the sacredness of domestic grief, to unfold the details of her sad story; but when the privacy of affliction becomes public feeling, it is not improper for the Press to place the events on record. It is not necessary to repeat names or relate minute particulars. It is enough that we draw the outlines of a picture for the reader to paint with appropriate colors. Many months ago, in the neighboring town of Belchertown, a young man sought and received the promise of the hand of a young lady, whose home was in the lap of luxury, whose mental and personal attractions made all pleasant around her. Like too many confiding ones of her sex, she trusted man's unhallowed promise, and yielded all to him.—From that hour he seems to have exposed himself to the penalty of the law, at the request of her friend he returned to her to fulfill the vows he had long before made. They were married in one of those hasty, unceremonious ways, which occupy but little time or attention. Late in the evening they returned to her father's house, where he left her in the street, promising to return in a short time.—But that promise was never fulfilled. She wrote to him, and received encouragement that he would soon provide a home for her, but delay followed delay, till her letters and entreaties were unheeded and unanswered. At length a pledge of woman's love for her husband came into the world to open new fountains of affection to the young wife.—Still the husband and father came not.

"The mother recovered from confinement; but after repeated letters to her husband found no answer, the idea that she was deserted by him forced itself upon her, and she gave way to despondency and despair. The child, partaking of its mother's grief, soon died. There was nothing more that she could live for, and though suffering from no disease, she sank upon a dying bed. Then the swift wing of lightning bore to the distant husband the intelligence that she was dying. He still hesitated, but at length set out to meet his expiring wife. Conscious that her hours were few, she only wished to live long enough to see her husband; he was still all to her. Her last words to her friends were: "Tell him that I still love him—that I died for him." When evening shadowed the earth the husband came. As he approached the bedside of his injured wife, he was recognized, and the words 'He's come,' burst from her lips. Already had the wing of the death angel cast its shadow over that dwelling, and she was entering the dimness of the dark valley. Next morning, in that room, lay the corpse of a beautiful young wife, on which the husband had looked for the last time, and departed.

"Last Sabbath afternoon, the funeral of the young wife took place under her father's roof. Her neighbors and friends, to the number of five hundred, were present; but the husband who had left her to die for him was not there. A deeply affecting address was made by her former pastor, and just as the sun was sinking behind the western hills, four young ladies of her acquaintance, clad in garments of white, bore her to a grave in the garden, where the green turf was laid gently over her. Such is the story of one who died of a broken heart. The grave is a quiet place for the injured wife, but where in all the world can there be peace for him who would thus bring sorrow and death upon her? The story has its moral, but we will leave the reader to apply it; it is full of warning, and we leave the young to heed it."

☞ I should be pleased to hear again from our fair friend, the writer of the following well-expressed communication. It will not require much practice with her pen to make "a ready writer:"

GREENSBORO', ALA., Sept. 1859.

DEAR EDITRESS:—Have you been reading our heart-thoughts? Do soul-breathing ideas float themselves off on zephyrs' wings? If not, how do you learn the thoughts that agitate the great deeps of our being? How suit your advice to each—deepening impressions, forcing conviction, strengthening feeble resolves? It may be that spirit communes with spirit—perhaps there come, at times, impressions to utter some sentiment, and you know not for whose benefit—or, more probably, your remarks are prompted by a deep, thorough and discriminating knowledge of human nature, which teaches you what elements are essential in a well formed character, and how by your writings it is necessary to foster these elements, or combine them in those removed from your immediate influence.

You advocate writing—composition—by those who are unskilful and unpractised; and it would seem that no employment can be more delightful, when "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" bring to light the hidden treasures of the soul. But should one attempt to write when the fountains of beauty are deep, deep in the heart, so that we catch not even a bright ripple from the sparkling surface? When we feel our inability to utter the beautiful thoughts that fill our own hearts with so much pleasure, or to image forth the glorious visions that gleam on the spirit's eyes, think you that the pen may be taught to body forth these thought-pictures? Aye, it does seem that there is a magnetic influence, an almost inspiration, brought into action when thought speeds the easy gliding pen along the snowy page.—But would not even you, Mrs. Editress, although ready to overlook youthful short-comings, think, that like unfledged birdlings, our productions had better be nurtured till stronger grown? 'Tis true that young genius is not always heaven-born, and that honest industry in the pursuit of knowledge will make able, efficient, and even brilliant men and women.

But will right intentions and truthful sentiment redeem that which has few flowers of rhetoric, and little logical merit? Then, too, the stinging criticism, the cutting sarcasm, are instruments of terror. Not that one should desire to escape honest, candid exposure of faulty composition; for 'tis only by dissecting and pruning that redundance is lopped off, and without careful scrutiny, much of the chaff of error will be mixed with the sheaf of truth. Often, however, unpretending writers are ridiculed for presumption, when, like their critics, they but admired at a distance those bright luminaries whom they could not hope *even* to imitate.

Excuse us for trespassing on your valuable time, and if guilty of presumption in thus addressing you, pardon it on the ground that these thoughts are penned at random—just as suggested by the remarks on this subject in a late number of the Spirit of the Age.—Editors' "Sanctums" have always had a great attraction for us, and the desire to peep in and have a free easy chat has also prompted the liberty. Like Irving's "Poor devil-author," being without literary reputation and seeking none, we fear nothing, and only write because the *spirit directs*. An Editor's *patience* is more severely tested than that of any other dignitary; for the *public*, having his good at heart, think by subjecting him to various species of discipline to increase his stock of that necessary article. To this, then, you may attribute your many annoyances—such as unseasonable calls, lengthy chats, &c. If we have been too confidential, throw this in the fire without troubling to read it.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

The Drunkard's Daughter.

BY SARAH J. C. WHITTLESEY.

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAPTER V.

"The rich man down, you mark his favorite flies."

Through the influence of his wife and daughter whom he tenderly loved and caressed, as in olden times, when not rendered insane and brutal by the poisonous liquid, Mr. Raymond removed to the country, at length, to escape the irresistible temptations that beset him on every hand, in the rum-dealing establishments that disgraced and polluted the place of his birth.

For a time the lovely home-circle, of his entire reformation, but in an evil hour he fell and shattered the golden vase that held the brilliant blossoms of sweet anticipation that gladdened the domestic hearth.

Henry Raymond "resolved and re-resolved" to abandon his pernicious habit, and live henceforth for his heart-breaking wife, and pale, toiling children; but relapse succeeded reform, until *mania a potu* was the final result of his inordinate indulgence, and it became absolutely necessary to render the *Work House* his temporary resistance to obviate fatal consequences in his own humble home.—Intemperance effected a perfect transformation of his natural temperament, and the gentle-souled, tender-hearted, sober Henry Raymond, was converted into a "roaring lion, seeking whom he might devour," by intoxication.

During a dreadful paroxysm, Nina fled from their poverty-pinched home, to the dark woods, in the deep night, with her two little frightened ones, to escape his frantic violence, and were drenched with a chilly October rain, that laid the foundation of an insidious disease, that ere long sent them all three to the friendly grave, sweetly sleeping side by side, from the sorrows and degradation of a *drunkard's home!*

This great bereavement prostrated the frail form of Mary, and she was borne from the drunkard's hovel, to the home of a maternal relative in the city, apparently only to die; but a strong constitution triumphed, and even the blessing of insanity was denied her. But the sweet spring of youth was forever dried in her desolate heart, and no cool gush of pleasant waters has since moistened its parched and thirsty urn.

And the great world rolls heedlessly on, nor pauses in its round of gayety and dissipation, to think how desolate and yearning must be the heart, robbed in its earliest bloom of girlhood, of all the green things that gladden the May-time of life; and only God knows and pities the great agory that swells and surges in that lonely breast, for the cold world has no sympathy for the poor and suffering. And many a one, blessed with home and friends, murmurs and repines because of some thwarted purpose, and bemoans their unhappy lot, as peculiarly unfortunate, and themselves as God-forsaken, when the troubles they realize and repine at, would be but "trifles light as air," to the crushed and writhing victims of the monster-murderer, INTEMPERANCE.

Ah! if those who grieve over adverse fortune, could look down in the arid waste of lives that know real sorrow, how much more gratitude would go up to God, for blessings unappreciated and trampled under the feet of a murmuring and unthankful world.

Mary's proud spirit shrank from dependence upon relatives for subsistence, whose affection would have shielded her from individual exertion, and her musical accomplishments were brought into requisition to subserve her independence.

Mr. Percy, who once petted and praised her, with a greedy eye to her father's coffers, now passed her with a stiff jerk of the head, meant for an aristocratic bow, and coarse grunt of "how-d'e-do" signification, like any other swine. Mary's lip curled with supreme contempt at every sight of the old hoary-headed Shylock, with one foot in the grave, and both avaricious hands clinging to the golden rails of the world with a desperate, miserly clutch; and memory of the noble lover, buried in the morning of his manhood, in a living tomb, by the old miscreant's superlative meanness, filled her heart with double refined hatred for the despicable wretch, and gave her mind a tone of misanthropy that shut her in from all social intercourse.

The death of his wife and children, under the circumstances, stung the soul of Mr. Raymond to remorseful madness, and in a fit of drunken desparation, he inflicted a wound upon his person, that confined him long to the Poor House, and had well-nigh proved mortal, and by many who once knew him, he is thought to have died from the insane stab; but a long-suffering God raised him up for some inscrutable purpose, and to-day you have witnessed the result of his restoration to physical strength and access to the intoxicating cup."

"Gracious fathers! was that Henry Raymond, Julia?"

"No, not the once good and noble and manly Henry Raymond, but his *wreck*, Florence, stranded upon the fearful beach of INTEMPERANCE, and drifting down the tide of Time to the bottomless pit of eternal despair, as surely as there is truth in the divine declaration: "no drunkard shall enter into the kingdom of heaven"—there is no redemption for him!"

"I don't know about that. My organ of Hope, when contemplating infinite mercy, is like that ring you're twirling so nervously—*endless*—and I wouldn't give him up, if I were poor Mary, till the very last beat in the bar of his existence; since the thief on the Cross was pardoned, I believe firmly that

"While the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

But where is the Drunkard's Daughter, and why do you so deeply sympathize with her?"

"Florence, that man—Henry Raymond—as I have called him, is—*my father!*"

* * * * * * *

Reader, this is no fancy sketch. The characters portrayed in this story are living now, and *fac similes* of the same are scattered over the habitable globe, wherever degradation, misery and crime are found.

Go to the pauper's home, just beyond the limits of our corporation, where the idiot gibbers, the maniac raves and vagrants toil through the long, tedious and dreary days, and there, in the haggard visage, hopeless eyes, and prematurely aged form, you may see the once handsome, amiable and manly Henry Raymond, as we shall continue to call him—desolated, impoverished and degraded by disobeying the commandment: "look not upon the wine when it is red;" and "who hath wo, who hath sorrow? they that tarry long at the wine, they that loved mixed wine;" will force itself upon your memory, on beholding the ruined husband of poor Nina Rivers.

Go to an elegant mansion hard by our own happy home, and you may see the flinty-faced, stony-souled, money-clutching, ignorant-headed, mean-minded father of Charles Percy, who is so contemptibly griping, and disgustingly greedy, to those who have a soul above a new cent, that but for his annual income, a human tadpole wouldn't condescend to swim in the same puddle, and if the old monarch of the underground dominions don't have a bill of sale for him, when the great auction day of mother Earth's household furniture rolls around, the wide enclosure of his Satanic majesty will miss one of the finest pieces of human statuary that ever came full and perfect from the chisel of AVARICE.

Go to a silent chamber that looks out upon the blue waters of our beautiful Potomac, where black eyes burn with a restless, introverted light, revealing the withered hopes upon the dreary wayside of a young and loving life, and a girlish face moves softly, with soul-suffering stamped upon the cold, transparent brow, and "the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children," you will see verified in the innocent, hopeless heroine of our Story—THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.

Giant Strides in the Nineteenth Century.

It *is* a world of wonders nobody can deny, we take up the periodicals of the day with the expectancy of reading some news in the abstract. The trans-atlantic electric cable, at last accomplished, that expanding from its central point in mid-ocean to its two "terminí" on land, to link the hemispheres! but at the same time that we justly look on this as a convincing proof of the great "march of intellect," we must not lose sight of another and no less great palpable evidence of what a giant intellect, single-handed, can accomplish. THOMAS HOLLOWAY, whose name (as the great medical dictator of the present age) it needs no sub-marine telegraph to herald from one clime to another, has, by means of his two remedies, a *Pill* and an *Ointment* long established a chain of communicating agencies around the globe, without having recourse however to aid of electricity or a metal wire. As the poet has designated man to be but "*a link in the great cause of causation*," so may HOLLOWAY be said, through the instrumentality of his all-powerful remedies, to have organized a *Universal Dispensary* for the sick of all nations without regard to creed or color, whether civilized or savage, simple in their all sufficiency, and within the reach of all.

What has led to these remarks at the present was a visit we paid some time since to Dr. Holloway's establishment in New York, and the inspection with which we were then favored of some of the innumerable proofs of his vast enterprize, from which we deduce the almost inconceivable extent to which his labors have extended, and the consequent universal acceptation of his twin-remedies as specifics for internal and external disease—pages might be written in adducing proofs of this, but one will serve to elucidate the fact in the present instance sufficient to convince the most sceptic. In proportion as countries are distinct and diversified, so are the means of reaching all the scattered members of the human family difficult to accomplish. To do this, it would be necessary to employ an almost "Pentecostal" array of different tongues. Accordingly, in almost every living language, has this enterprising man made known his mission to suffering humanity, and in no less than thirty distinct dialects have the wondrous properties of his medicines been actually printed, thus in their own tongue enabling millions to apply to their cases these all powerful curatives.

Such, we say, should be the conviction and possibility of *one* master mind successfully competing with the capacities of hundreds backed by science itself.—*Phila. "Press."*

THE VALUE OF A LOTTERY PRIZE.—A New Orleans letter in the Charleston Courier relates an incident which illustrates in a striking manner the evil that may be produced by one lottery ticket. A young man of good family in New Orleans, who is passionately fond of gambling, was playing cards with considerable ill-luck, and as a last throw, having lost all his money, staked a lottery ticket.—He lost. After the game was over, the winner, having no faith in lotteries, proposed to throw dice for it, at twenty-five cents a chance. A by-stander, "a poor fellow who never owned a hundred dollars in his life," accepted the offer, and won the ticket. A few days afterwards the Havanna steamer arrived, and lo! the ticket had drawn $25,000; the original owner who had thus thrown away a fortune, on hearing the news, was taken with an attack of brain fever, and is even now in a sad condition; it is feared he will remain an idiot.—The lucky drawer of the prize immediately invested a round sum in an assortment of the most flashy jewelry and garments, and has been leading ever since a life of continued revelry; he has become a fast man, and is following fast the road to ruin. The disbeliever in lotteries cannot forgive himself, and whenever he meets a friend, stops him and tells him the story. It has become such a mania with him that his friends avoid him and turn the corner as soon as they see him coming. He has had several quarrels at the gaming table, where the sight of the cards inevitably brings the oft-told tale to his lips. Thus one prize in a lottery has made one man an idiot, started another on the road to ruin, and crazed a third. A terrible price for one prize, certainly.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The Suffolk. Va., *Sun*, of the 2nd inst., says:

The Nansemond Agricultural Society have this week sent out their list of premiums, with the names of Judges, and rules and regulations of the Society. We think the rules as remodled will give general satisfaction, and we hope to see all our citizens taking an interest in the approaching exhibition—not only the citizens of Nansemond, but the people of Isle of Wight, Southampton, Sussex Prince George, Surry, Norfolk, Princess Anne, and the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth, with Gates, Hertford, and other counties of North Carolina and this State are particularly invited to take an interest in the matter. Prominent speakers have been invited, and the officers and friends of the society seem determined to make the second exceed the first exhibition. Those who do not receive a copy of the Supplement to the *Sun*, containing the list of premiums, &c., may obtain one by addressing Nath'l Riddick, President of the Society.

A SARCOPHAGUS FOR HENRY CLAY.—A marble sarcophagus for the remains of Henry Clay, designed to be placed in the base of the monument now being erected to his memory in Lexington, Ky., has been completed in Philadelphia; it is cut out of a solid block of marble from Montgomery county, and is eight feet long, three feet wide across the breast, and two feet six inches high. The form is that of a coffin, the interior being of a sufficient size to admit the leaden case containing the remains.

Spirit of the Age.

RALEIGH, N. C.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1859.

Special Notice.

The SPIRIT OF THE AGE is conducted strictly upon the CASH system. All papers are discontinued at the expiration of the time for which they have been paid. Subscribers will be notified FOUR WEEKS before their time is out, by a CROSS MARK on their papers; and unless the subscription is renewed the papers will be discontinued. This is a rule from which there will be no departure. Watch for the CROSS MARK, and renew your subscription.

☞ Subscribers desiring their papers changed, must mention the Post Office, *from*, as well as the one to, which they desire the change to be made.

What is the Matter?

We are receiving almost daily, encouraging accounts of the progress of the Order in various parts of the State, but the subscription list of the Age instead of having a corresponding increase *is absolutely falling off!* We have not as many subscribers as we had a month ago, by between two and three hundred! This will do. We fear our friends have forgotten the "Spirit," and are not working to extend its circulation, as they have done. Come, friends, stir up. Look at the meagre list of receipts for several weeks past, and go to work to increase this important and essential department of our Order and keep it in motion.

The State Fair.

We observe that the grounds and buildings on the Fair Grounds are being put in good condition for the ensuing State Fair, which begins on the 8th of October. We understand that notice has been given to the proper persons, to large numbers, of intentions to enter stock and other articles for exhibition; and as an indication of the confidence that an immense number of persons will be present, the prices paid for the refreshment saloons on the Fair Grounds are far in advance of any amounts paid at former exhibitions. The Annual Address is to be delivered by Hon. David Outlaw, of Bertie—a gentleman whose acquirements justly lead to the expectation of a thorough practical and scientific address on the industrial interests of the State.

We are glad to see that steps are being taken thus early, for the purpose of ensuring accommodation for visitors in the city. Beside our Hotel accommodations, we learn that quite a number of private families have agreed to make preparations for the accommodation of guests; so that we hope all will be provided with comfortable eating and lodging places. We think none need stay away for fear of a lack of such accommodations. This matter has been taken in hand in time this year, which is a guarantee that it will be well attended to.

WHO SHALL SAY?

When we think of the immense sum of human misery occasioned by intemperance—of the horrors of domestic suffering, of the groans of the diseased and degraded, the shrieks of the drunkard's mania, of the tears of widows and orphans, and the frightful death-chamber where devils wait to drag their victim to their own infernal abode—we cry aloud in bitterness of spirit, What shall we say, what *can* we do, to arrest this fearful evil, and save our friends and neighbors from the dread doom to which they are hurrying with maniac speed! For ten years have we tried to implore, to admonish, to warn, to alarm—but the ravages of the destroyer sweep on with increasing fury. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, have gone down with a shriek of despair beneath the dark waters of intemperance, who have read from these columns of the fearful dangers of tampering with the "*moderate*" use of alcoholic beverages. They heeded not the warning, but laughed and drank again, until appetite became unconquerable and they were swept into the vortex of ruin. And how many will read these lines, and yet refuse in time to be warned, until a like dreadful fate overtake them.

In view of these things, we often wonder what to write, in order to strike the mind and convict the heart of those whom we labor to benefit? And in despair of saying any thing better calculated to accomplish the end desired, we are reminded of the words of holy writ—"If they believe not Moses and the Prophets, neither will they believe though one rose from the dead."

But there are some who will listen, and with the hope of doing them good, we labor and pray on.

WATER AND RUM.—If men could find the fabled fountain that is said to restore youth, and health, and beauty, with what eagerness they would rush to drink its waters! Yet with scarcely less eagerness do they rush to drink of waters that bring upon them premature old age and disease, and loathsome ugliness.

AGAINST GROG.—A Correspondent of the Newbern Daily Delta, writing from Onslow County, and speaking of the village of Richlands, says:

"The last Legislature passed an Act, leaving it to the citizens of the village and those residing within two miles of the Academy, to vote for or against a "*Grog Shop*," and the vote was about two to one in favor of prohibition. This gave offence to some "topers," who, in order to vent their spleen, on the night after the election attacked the "meeting house," and demolished a number of window-lights; and I learn that quite a number of witnesses have been summoned to appear before the Grand Jury at our next Superior Court, to testify and, if possible, bring the offenders to justice."

☞ We thank our friends of the Greensborough *Patriot* for a copy of an Address delivered before the Parthenon Society of Beulah Male Institute, by James A. Long, Esq.

The Morals of our Towns.

Nothing more strikingly exhibits the correctness of the old proverb, "man made the town, but God made the country," than the marked difference which almost universally obtains, in the state of morals which exists in town and country. Wickedness of all kinds is not scarce even in country neighborhoods, but the contrast in favor of them is incalculable.

Wealth and idleness usually congregate in our towns. There are the strong incentives to sensual indulgence and debauchery of all kinds. The drunkard, the gambler and the libertine seek company and association with men of their own character, and the greater the number in the circle of these associations, the more rapid is the growth of vice and the less powerful are the checks upon it.

The increase of vice in our own city in late years, is a proof of the correctness of these views. It seems to be conceded on all hands, that the quantity of intoxicating drinks consumed within our corporate limits exceeds all former periods. For many years we resisted with all our power the increase of licensed liquor saloons and grogshops. The tide of drunkenness by this and other means, was stayed in its course, but the recent policy of our city fathers has lifted up the flood gates, and now drunkenness and its attendant vices, were never so rife.

Our position and intercourse does not enable us to speak from actual observation, but there are certain unmistakable signs which lead us to fear, that gambling and licentiousness are equally advancing. Men are becoming more bold and daring in their indulgences, and are gradually losing their self-respect and a proper regard for public opinion. Corruption and utter degradation are fast spreading their deadly virus through society. Rottenness is consuming both ends, and the time may not be distant, when the moral sense of the better portion of society is to be shocked with the most sickening details of crime, committed unblushingly.—Would to Heaven this were a mere dream of ours; but if half what we hear be true, it is enough to arouse the slumbering energies of the better portion of our people, to beat back the tide which must ere long deluge us.

What will the World Think?

This question has prevented many a man and woman from doing *right!* They felt impelled by a sense of duty, by stern moral conviction, to espouse some good cause, but were deterred because it was not *popular*, especially with some persons whose favor and association they coveted. Or, they failed to rebuke, and it may be they participated in something they felt to be pernicious and corrupting, because it was sanctioned and indulged in by those whom they desired to be on intimate terms with.

What is this but *toadyism?*—a low, sycophantic subserviency—to be charged with which directly, we would resent with the highest indignation. But if we will probe our own feelings to the bottom, and are honest with ourselves, candor will extort the confession, that it is because we do not believe Col. Allthings, or the Hon. Mr. Balderdash, Mrs. Goldfish or Miss Dashall will not approve, and therefore *cut* us. If these things govern or influence you, reader, write Lick-spittle, Boot-lick, or Toady against your name, and go at once to the discharge of those duties suggested by these soubriquets.

How few there are who do *Right*, because it is RIGHT?

North Carolina Lands.

The Washington Dispatch endorses the remarks of the Standard, that the price of lands in North Carolina have doubled themselves since 1848, and thinks it might have truthfully said, quadrupled in value since that time.

In Beaufort county, some lands have risen 500 per cent. since 1848, and we doubt not that the swamp lands now in progress of being drained, and cleared, will do vastly better than that in ten years. We venture the prediction that there are swamp lands in Beaufort and Craven counties, which can now be bought for from 4 to $6, when cleared and drained, as they can be easily, and put under cultivation, cannot be bought for $50 per acre. In vindication of this prediction, we understand that within a few days, a company of gentlemen have visited that section and invested thirty thousand dollars in these lands. And we hear of one gentleman who made ten thousand dollars within a year past, by the purchase and sale of lands in Beaufort county.

Cause of the Aurora Borealis.

There has been so much said and published, of late, concerning the Aurora Borealis, perhaps the following explanation as to its cause may be of interest to our readers. It is given by M. de la Rive, the celebrated French astronomer:

"When the sun, having passed into the Southern hemisphere, no longer heats our atmosphere, the aqueous vapors which have accumulated during the summer in this part of the atmosphere begin to condense, the kind of humid cap enveloping the polar regions extends more and more, and facilitates the passages of electricity accumulated in the upper portion of the air. But in this elevated region, and especially at this period of the year, the aqueous vapors must most frequently pass into the state of minute particles of ice or snow floating in the air, similar to those which give rise to the halos; they form, as it were, a kind of semi-transparent mist.—These half frozen fogs conduct the electricity to the surface of the earth, near the pole, and are, at the same time, illuminated by these currents or electric discharges. In fact all observers agree in asserting that the aurora borealis is constantly preceded by a mist, which rises from the pole, and the margin of which, less dense than the remainder, is colored by the first; and, indeed, it is very frequent near the pole in the winter months, and especially in those where there is an abundance of vapor in the air."

Information has reached here of the death of Robt. P. Waring, recently appointed United States Consul, at St. Thomas; also of that of Tomas Ashe, a distinguished citizen of Wilmington, brother of Hon. Wm. S. Ashe, at Petersburg.

The Doctrine of Influence.

It is a trite remark, that every man, what ever may be his position, has more or less influence. Its truth is exemplified in every phase of society, and in every condition of life; and yet it is manifest, that most men live more or less under the impression that they have none.

Influence for good or evil, every man is compelled to exert. Men cannot avoid it, if they would; yet it is far easier to exert influence for evil than good. It requires no effort to promote evil. The simple *neglect* to exert ourselves for good, produces evil; how much more when men lend themselves to promote vice.

Perhaps the world suffers more at this time, from this *neglect*, than any other—large numbers of men who are influential in politics—who hold a tremendous power over the thoughts of mankind, seems to suppose themselves exempt from the responsibility to promote men's interests in any other respect.—Indeed, they seem to imagine, that in order to success in politics, they must be totally indifferent to men's social and moral position, if they do not really do all they can to damage them in morals.

How surprising is this? Those schemes which propose the greatest good to mankind, which serve to elevate man socially and morally, meet with the strongest opposition from our leading statesmen and politicians. By their own indulgences, they give sanction to every species of vice; or by their indifference, promote its growth.

Now the most lasting and desirable influence a man can possess, is secured by the exhibition and maintenance of personal virtue, worth and integrity. Popularity gained by any other means will not last. The higher niches of fame may be reached, but they cannot be retained by any other means. Yet our great men seem not to perceive this.—They leave the moral and social interests of their constituencies, to be preserved and promoted by other hands, while they more effectually throw barriers in their way to success, by their own winking at, or their indulgence in crime, or total indifference to man's best interests,

Has it occurred to the reader, how little is done in the land by our intelligent, wealthy and leading men, for the promotion of sobriety, virtue and industry among the masses? How seldom is it that such men, who know they possess influence in society, exert it for the best interests of their fellows? What so much tends to the increase of idleness, intemperance and crime, as the sanction which is given to them by many of our leading men, either by their own participation, or their indifference to it in others? The times call for a reform in this matter, which we hope will be brought about by a proper consideration of this subject, on the part of our men of influence.

NORTH CAROLINA ITEMS.

SUDDEN DEATHS.—We learn that Paschal B. Burt, Esq., of Wake County, died suddenly at his residence on the 10th, of paralysis.—Mr. Burt was one of our most useful citizens. He was at one time Sheriff of Wake County, and always largely enjoyed the confidence and respect of his fellow-citizens.

Mrs. Lucy Savage, an aged and estimable lady, a member of the Baptist Church, died suddenly at the residence of Mrs. Stronach, in Raleigh, on Friday night, the 6th inst.

RALEIGH AND GASTON RAILROAD.—We learn from the Democratic Press, that the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad Company will be able to make a dividend to the stockholders of nine per cent. for the year, besides appropriating $25,000 towards paying its debts. If this be true, the Press adds, the sinking fund of the State will be augmented $45,000 by its stock in this company.

NORTH CAROLINA COPPER.—We understand that eighty tons of copper ore were sent over the Central and Gaston Roads on Friday, from the Gardner Hill Copper Mine near Jamestown, Guilford. This copper was shipped for Baltimore. This mine is owned, we believe, by a Company in that City.

NEWBERN AND WILMINGTON seem to be waking up. They are both determined to have a line of steamers to New York. Right—go ahead—it is the only way to build up a thrifty commercial business.

ANCIENT COIN.—The Wilson Ledger tells of an old coin ploughed up in a field near Rocky Mount in Nash County. It purports to have been coined in the year 734, A. D.—Two lions with extremely curly tails occupy opposite angles on the one side, while the corresponding angles are filled with altars.—This side is similar to the old Spanish pistarene. On the other side we have every conceivable mark and sign. Two pillars surrounded by two somethings with the figure 8, shockingly executed, intervening. Beneath the 8 and parallel with the base of the two pillars are the the letters P. V.—then follows the date of the coinage as before stated. We think with those who have devoted some degree of attention to such matters, that it is a Spanish coin, and as the jewellers say, of the purest gold. Its worth by weight is $17. This is the oldest known coin now in possession of any living mortal, as the oldest coin in the Duke of Richmond's famous collection dates back to 922 A. D.

We learn through a letter received this morning, that Mr. Robert Fellow, of Bladen County, died very suddenly on the 8th inst. He came from his work to a shanty in the woods where his son was preparing dinner, when he was taken very suddenly and died in about fifteen minutes. He leaves a wife, two daughters and a son. He was a worthy man and was much respected by all who knew him.

A CURIOUS PARAGRAPH.—The Fayetteville Carolinian says—"We learn that the man *killed* by Cannon Askew, whose arrest we have noticed a few days since, has not died yet. We learn that the knife used by Askew broke off short, *which lengthened the life of his adversary, who we learn is doing well, but not making much.* Askew has been released from custody."

DR. DEEMS' SCHOOLS.—We learn from reliable authority (says the Newbern Progress,) that these Schools, located at Wilson, N. C., have commenced the second session under most favorable auspices, there being over one hundred students in attendance. Chas. T. White, Esq., with very high recommendations from the Professors of the University of Va., has entered upon the discharge of his duties as Professor of Languages in those schools.

GRANVILLE COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The Granville County Agricultural Society will hold its next Fair at Henderson, on the 12th, 13th, and 14th of next month.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

THE FRENCH MISSION.—It is said that Senator Slidell still adheres to his determination not to accept the French mission. It is now believed that the President has tendered it to the Hon. Charles J. Faulkner, of Virginia. Whether he, too, will reject the glittering prize, we are not informed.

THE GROWING TOBACCO CROP.—The Clarksville *Tobacco Plant* says that the season for cutting has arrived, and so far as our information extends, we believe, there is every indication of a very abundant crop, of which there will be a great proportion of fine tobacco. Such, at any rate, is our view of the crop in this immediate section of country.

GROWTH OF TEXAS.—The vote of Texas at the late election for Governor was about sixty three thousand. In 1850, when Texas came into the Union, she only polled about eight thousand. This shows an astounding increase in the population of the State.

DELEGATE TO CONGRESS.—W. H. Hooper Mormon, has been elected to Congress in Utah Territory vice Bernhisel ignored.

APPOINTMENT.—Rev. T. W. Tobey of Sumterville, has been appointed Professor of Theology in Howard College, at Marion, Ala.

HOME AND GRAVE OF WASHINGTON.—The purchase of Mount Vernon by the "Ladies of the Union" has been completed to within the sum of $30,000. It is expected that the two last instalments which go to make up this amount will be raised in a short time and paid over to Mr. John A. Washington.

A RIGHTEOUS BEQUEST.—$100,000 GIVEN FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE POOR.—A Georgia paper says:

"The late M. A. Bowder left by his will, the sum of one hundred thousand dollars to the Glenville College and Military Institute. The interest on this large sum is to be applied to the payment of professors' salaries and the education of poor boys. This is we believe, one of the largest bequests ever made to any one institution in the country.'

DEATH BY LIGHTNING.—Mr. David D. Kelly, of Duplin County, was killed by a stroke of lightning between Magnolia and Warsaw on Monday evening last.

AGRICULTURAL FAIR.—The Sixth Annual Fair of the Cumberland County Agricultural Society will be held at Fayetteville, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the 2nd, 3d and 4th days of November next.

The Annual Address will be delivered on Thursday by W. W. Holden, Esq., of Raleigh.

The Society feels assured, that every effort will be made by its members and the citizens to make the Fair excel any of the previous ones, and that the Farmers, Mechanics, Artists and Amateurs in every branch of industry will be well represented. The ladies have never failed to make their department interesting and we trust the next Fair will prove them to be, as they always have been our friends in a good cause

We are determined if possible to make this our best Fair, and we respectfully invite the citizens of this and the neighboring Counties to give us the aid in accomplishing so important an obejct.

REVIVAL IN GREENSBORO.'—For three weeks, Rev. L. S. Burkhead, pastor in charge of the Methodist congregation in Greensboro,' has held daily meetings, preaching every night, which has resulted in some forty or fifty conversions, mostly among the young ladies of College. The pastor has been assisted by Rev. N. H. D. Wilson, W. Harris H. T. Hudson, C. P. Jones, T. M. Jones, J. C. Thomas, and W. H. Bobbitt. The meetings are still progressing.

A LOCK WITH THE KEY-HOLE INSIDE.—The impossibility of rendering a strong box altogether safe against theft by means of skeleton keys, has led a locksmith in Frankfort-on-the-Main, to hit upon the ingenious idea of constructing a strong box without any key-hole at all, and which even the owner himself cannot open. Why, what's the use of such a box? you will ask. But observe, inside is a clock-work, the hand of which the owner places at the hour and minute when he again wants to get into the box. The clock-work begins to move as soon as the lid is shut, and opens the lock from the inside at the moment which the hand of the clock indicates. Time, dependent upon the owner, is the key to the lock—a key which can neither be stolen from him nor imitated.

VICE-PRESIDENT BRECKENRIDGE, in a letter to Judge Black, declines to be considered as a candidate for the Presidency. He expects to be elected U. S. Senator in Crittenden's place.

A GROWING CITY.—Nearly nine hundred buildings are going up, at the present time, in Brooklyn, N. Y., among which are fourteen churches, seven factories of different kinds, and nearly a dozen school-houses, making an addition of nearly seven millions of dollars to the taxable property of the city.

BENEVOLENT ORDER.—At a celebration of the Portland Odd Fellows, on Tuesday, the Grand Lodge stated that during seventeen years since the establishment of the order in that State, it had expended upwards of sixty thousand dollars for the relief of sick and destitute members. The amount of relief granted in the United States the last year, he stated, was not far from four hundred thousand dollars.

LIST OF SUICIDES.—The New York Times has published a list of suicides which have been recorded in the papers of the United States during the last six weeks. The number is fifty-three in which life was actually taken, and twenty more unsuccessful attempts. Domestic trouble was the cause in a majority of the cases, and straitened circumstances and disappointments in business led to what coroners' juries call the 'rash act' in others.

A MISTAKE.—The Huntsville, Texas, Item says that Gen. Sam Houston is to be Governor of Texas for the next two years. This is a slight error. Gen. Houston will take his seat in the United States Senate, if he lives, on the 4th of March, 1861, when Ed. Clark, the newly elected Lieutenant Governor, will go into the Executive chair of Texas.

ANTI-MORMONS.—Later and important news from Utah show that for the first time in the history of that Territory, a distinct political anti-Mormon organization has been formed. Its address and resolutions consist of bitter and severe attacks upon Mormonism, the Saints being accused of almost every political and moral crime in the calendar.

OUT-LAWRY.—The St. Paul Times, has a long account of the lawless doings of a band of outlaws in Wright county, Minnesota, who have gone so far as to bid defiance to the State authorities. Gov. Sibley has called out several volunteer military companies to restore order, and they have proceeded to Wright county.

NOT THE MAN.—Some of the papers are contradicting the report of the death of Maj. Andrew Jackson Donelson, who ran on the ticket with Mr. Fillmore, for Vice President. It seems to have been another gentleman of the same name, who died at Lewisville. Maj. Donelson is said to be residing near Memphis, and in excellent health.

LARGE HAWK.—Mr. R. F. Drake, of Nash Co., N. C., killed in his yard a night or two since, a night-hawk, which measured 5 feet 4 inches, from tip to tip. This was the largest bird of its species, ever seen in this section and probably the largest ever seen anywhere.