

# Spirit of the Age.

A Weekly Family Journal; Devoted to Temperance, Literature, Education, Agriculture and News of the Day.

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## The Spirit of the Age.

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## Original Papers.

For the Spirit of the Age.

### To the Working Men of Raleigh.

Mr. Editor:—I hope you will permit me, through the columns of your excellent paper, to make a few suggestions to my brothers, the Working Men of Raleigh, and through them, to the Working Men of North Carolina.

I think the present a favorable time for us to unite and make a demonstration which will relieve us from the unequal, unjust and oppressive taxation to which we have been subjected by the legislation of the last several years. If we have the spirit and pride of freemen; if the spirit and pride of our fathers are not forsaken us; if we have any self-respect or any claim to the respect of others, we will unite, without regard to party, in demanding of all political parties, in language which cannot be misunderstood, that political equality which is the birth-right of every North Carolinian. We have been silent too long already. Forbearance has ceased to be a virtue; our silence and forbearance have been construed into an abject submission. Let us learn what are our rights, demand nothing more, submit to nothing less.

The first section of the Declaration of Rights, and a part of the Constitution which enunciates the fundamental principles of the government of North Carolina, declares, that

"All political power is vested in and derived from the people only."

Sec. 2. "That the people of this State ought to have the sole and exclusive right of regulating the internal government and police thereof."

Sec. 16. "That the people of this State ought not to be taxed or made subject to the payment of any imposts or duty, without the consent of their representatives in General Assembly freely given."

Sec. 18. "That the people have a right to assemble together, to consult for the common good, to instruct their representatives, and to apply to the legislature for redress of grievances."

Now, if the Constitution is the source from which we are to derive a knowledge of our rights, and the five sections which I have quoted mean any thing at all, Sec. 1 means that "all political power is vested in and derived from the people only," and that no political power is vested in or derived from the property in this State.

Sec. 2 means, that the people of this State ought to have the sole and exclusive right of regulating the internal government and police thereof, and not that the owners of a certain kind of property ought to have the sole and exclusive power of regulating the internal government and police of the State, as they had from 1835 to 1857.

Sec. 3 means, that "no man or set of men are entitled to exclusive or separate emoluments or privileges from the community, but in consideration of public services," and not that "an aristocracy is a social necessity," and that a certain set of men are entitled to separate privileges from the community in consideration of owning a particular species of property and permitting servile sycophants to fawn at their feet.

Sec. 16 means, that the people of the State ought not to be taxed or made subject to the payment of any imposts or duty without the consent of themselves or their representatives in General Assembly freely given; and not that revenue laws should be framed, with such glaring partiality, inequality and injustice, that the consent of the people themselves or their representatives in General Assembly cannot be freely given.

Sec. 18 means, that the people have a right to assemble together to consult for the common good, to instruct their representatives, and to apply to the legislature for redress of grievances; and that assembling together, consulting for the common good, discharging their duties as citizens, and demanding their rights as freemen, is no violation of the legitimate rights of those who may have more pride and more property, but no more patriotism, virtue or merit than the Workingmen of North Carolina. It means, that the people have a right to consult and determine what is best for the common good; and having determined what is best, to instruct their representatives to do what they have determined; and that it is the imperative duty of their representatives to obey their instructions, whether they concur in opinion with their constituents or not. It means, that the people have a right to apply to the legislature for redress of grievances, individually or collectively; either in person or through their representatives; and that it is the duty of the legislature to redress the grievances of the people by whose authority they have assembled, and for whose mutual and equal benefit they ought to legislate.

Now, that the revenue laws of North Carolina, by their odious and oppressive discriminations against the industry, energy and property of a large majority of the

people, are a sore and intolerable grievance, cannot be denied, and has not been denied even by the members of the Legislature who framed and passed them. Can any man in his sober senses say, that it is not a grievance to tax a thousand dollars worth of riding vehicles, watches or spoons, ten dollars, while a thousand dollars worth of land is taxed but two dollars? Is it no grievance to tax a thousand dollars worth of property that yields no income and is wearing out and depreciating in value every day, ten dollars, while a thousand dollars' worth of negro property, that is yielding from one to perhaps three hundred dollars, is taxed but eighty cents? Is it no grievance to make one man pay ten dollars tax, if he should happen to have a thousand dollars worth of old carriages, buggies, watches, pianos, spoons, plate and pistols, that do not, and never can, yield him one cent of income, and make another man, who has ten thousand dollars worth of negro property that is making him rich day by day, pay not one cent of tax? Is it no grievance to burden a large portion of the people and most of the property of the State with taxation, in order to screen a certain species of property and the small number of citizens who own it, from paying their fair and just proportion of the revenue necessary to support the government?

Is it no grievance to tax the income or wages of the overseer five dollars, if he receives five hundred dollars for his services, and not tax the man with whom he lives one single cent on his income of ten thousand dollars?

Is it no grievance to tax me, as a carpenter, five dollars on my wages of five hundred dollars, and not tax my neighbor's two negro carpenters, working at the same bench with me, one cent, although they are making for him as much as I make?

Is it no grievance to tax the income or wages of the laboring man, and not tax the income of his employer?

Is it no grievance to tax the journeyman Carpenter, the journeyman Shoemaker, the journeyman Tailor, and the journeyman Printer, and not tax the income of those who employ them and who are growing richer by their labor?

Is it no grievance to tax every State and county officer, and every other person, (except Ministers of the Gospel and Judges of the Courts) from the Governor down to the Crier of the Court, whose annual total receipts and income, in the way of salaries, fees, &c., amount to or are worth five hundred dollars, one dollar upon every hundred dollars of the amount of the tax which he has to collect on one hundred millions of dollars' worth of slave property in the State?

Are these grievances or not? If they are, we have the right to assemble together, to consult for our common good, and to instruct our representatives to redress them to the legislature for redress of grievances."

I therefore suggest the propriety and necessity, for the Working Men of all parties, of all professions, of all classes, and occupations, uniting and forming an Association, for the sole purpose of effecting a reform in our revenue system, and demanding that perfect equality at the Treasurer's office to which we are entitled as freemen.

This is a question in which we are all interested; that rises above all party considerations, and will not involve a change in our party relations or preferences. Let us address the demand for equality as much to one party as the other, and neither one of them will dare to refuse it.

I send this communication to the Spirit of the Age, because it is a neutral paper, with a request, in behalf of those for whom I write, that the State papers will copy.

JUSTICE.  
Raleigh, Oct. 8th, 1859.

### For the Spirit of the Age. Perseverance.

There is scarcely anything of much importance accomplished without perseverance. It matters but little whether the object to be attained is spiritual, moral, or secular. Men may commence the pursuit of an object with great zeal, and may manifest much energy of purpose, but they are often disappointed, and fail to obtain the object sought, from want of perseverance.

There are thousands of professors of religion who will doubtless fail to secure a place in the kingdom of Heaven, not because they did not endorse an orthodox creed, nor because they did not join a Christian Church, but because they either joined it from wrong motives, or from want of due preparation before taking such a step, or because they did not "persevere to the end." Now a very important inquiry arises here, and one which every individual should answer to his own conscience.—And that is, whether he has ever been truly and soundly converted to God? Many are doubtless mistaken, (perhaps honestly,) as to this matter. They are brought under powerful conviction for sin, and mistake conviction for conversion. Such persons will not be likely to persevere, as the root of the matter has never been in them; and they, like stony ground hearers, fall away and walk no longer in the ways of holiness. I am not seeking religious controversy, but merely wish to assign a reason why I believe so many persons set out with so much zeal and energy in a Christian profession, and yet lack the grace of perseverance. I do not wish, however, to censure any opinions down any man's throat, but allow him the privilege of judging for himself.

Now it is an easy matter to profess religion, and "run well for a while," but it is a very different thing to persevere in the Christian race under the most discouraging circumstances, to the end of our pilgrimage. The same remarks will apply to many who engage in an enterprise where the

end to be obtained is of a moral nature.—How many have joined the Sons of Temperance, and though zealous at the outset, have tired in the race and gone back to the ranks of the enemy. Now if these deserters had fully counted the cost, or had they determined, by the grace of God, to persevere in this noble cause until their latest breath, relying upon the arm of Jehovah to sustain them—would they have retreated from the conflict, whilst there was an enemy to conquer, a drunkard to reform, or a young man to dissuade from drinking? My own conviction concerning this matter is that when an individual feels in his inmost soul that it is an imperative and Christian duty to persevere in the cause of Temperance by all suitable means in his power, and relies upon an Omnipotent arm for succor and success—such individuals will persevere—will be whole-souled advocates of the Temperance reform, both by precept and example. But those who join the Temperance ranks without due deliberation, and who, like Bunyan's Pilgrim, were always "seeing lions in the way," will be more likely to injure than benefit the cause. The Church is often sadly injured by having those within her pale who have a name to live, but who are spiritually dead; for the world is more apt to judge religion by the conduct of those who profess it, than by religion itself, or what the Bible teaches concerning it.

It is thus that thousands judge of the Temperance reform, and not by what it would accomplish if its principles were fully carried out. How important, then, that every Son of Temperance comes fully up to the mark, and let the world see that the cause is worthy of the very best and most persevering efforts they are able to put forth. Suppose every man who has enrolled himself under the Temperance banner would do his whole duty—would stand up for the cause at all times, and under all circumstances—in clear weather and in foul—how long, think you, would it be before thousands would be induced to join our ranks, and our banner be floating in every breeze, and a mighty, yes, an irresistible impulse in favor of Temperance be sent and felt all over the country?

Let me then entreat and urge every Son of Temperance to stand to his arms—let your motto be "Victory or death," and like the brave Zachary Taylor, "never surrender," but persevere until victory, complete victory, perchance upon your banners. I, for one, have resolved to fight it out, though every other Son, yes, and Daughter too, should "beat a retreat." The motto of the Temperance reform is "Persevere." I like it. I am persuaded it is the cause of God, as well as poor, suffering, bleeding humanity. But I will never yield to despair, while we have a Carey, a Townsend, a Moore, a O'Neal, a Gorman, a Cummings, a Grier, and a host of other apostles of Temperance in the field, fighting valiantly in our noble cause. Who would not persevere while we have such noble, brave and skillful leaders?

R.

For the Spirit of the Age.

DEAR SPIRIT:—Our Society, known as the "Richmond Temperance Literary Society," held its fourth anniversary on the last Saturday of last month. We were addressed on the occasion by H. Judge Moore, of Bennettsville. In our opinion it was the very best address of the kind we have ever heard. His plain, reasonable statement of truths, interspersed with sallies of wit and humor, seemed to delight all present; and after more than an hour's speaking, all seemed disappointed that he was going to quit so soon.

He spoke much of our responsibility to our fellow-men for the influence we wield, and showed clearly that there is no neutral ground on which the moderate drinker may stand, but that his influence is altogether on the side of intemperance. Surely there are many well-meaning persons who never think of this. Never think that there is one (or more) poor inebriate, who, as he turns the contents of the fiery cup down his throat, has them in his mind's eye as pattern of imitation.

Not many weeks ago, a Minister of a very respectable denomination was heard to say, that "as a body, the Ministers of that denomination were fond of wine." What a confession! wine bibbers!! With such examples before them, (if the statement be true,) must the flock be ashamed of drinking whiskey? Certainly not.

But to the point. After the speech came an ample dinner—but as I have no aptness for describing edibles, having no epicurean tendencies whatever—all I can say is, that I wish "Schoolboy," from Sampson, had been present, as I think he would have dated a new epoch in his existence, from our fourth anniversary.

Our Society is not of the Order of the Sons of Temperance, but it has the same end in view, and is trying to promote the same good cause. Ladies and children are admitted as members, and the meetings of the Society are rendered doubly interesting by its Literary Department.

No more about our Society at present.  
X. Y. Z.  
Montpelier, Richmond Co., Oct. 4th, '59.

FRUITS OF THE REVIVAL IN IRELAND.  
We did not see a single case of drunkenness, and what was equally rare, we did not hear a loud song from the lips of any in a public house, which, towards evening, used to be vocal with the strains of those whom drink had made musical, or at least noisy. Indeed, we have it on good authority, that in one house, where it was usual to take pounds to the number of thirty or forty on a Saturday, not a single glass of whiskey had been drunk up to three o'clock in the day.—*Coleridge Chronicle.*

## Choice Literature.

### THE PROUD HEART HUMBLED.

"But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."

The March night had darkened down upon the little New England village of Ashdale. It was a pretty place in summer, lying between two hills, on whose summits the ash trees lifted their green arms to the sky all the long, bright days, as if imploring a benediction, or spread them out lovingly over the white houses nestled round the one church below.

But to-night it wore a different aspect. There was upon the hills. A little snow and hail were borne upon its wings, but not much. Chiefly it was the force of the rushing winds, shaking the leafless ash trees; whirling against the windows; swinging the bell in the old church tower till it gave forth, now and then, a dirge-like peal, as if the dead were rolling their own requiems.

Many homes there were where the wild scene without seemed but to heighten, by the force of contrast, the blessed calm within—homes where smiling infants slept warm and still through the twilight, in the soft hush of mother bosoms, and happy children gathered around the knee of father or grandpa, to hear again some simple story; or thoughtful ones looked into the fire, and fashioned from the embers brave castles, in which they were to dwell in the coming time with, over all, the sunshine of youth and hope. Twenty years from now they would look into the embers again, and see those fair castles, in which when not even some toad-like ruin with windows and blackened walls.

"The twilight of death over all,  
And the silence of death within."

But in one house no stories were to gladden listening ears—no soft evening hymn hushed slumbering babes to rest—no children's eager eyes looked into the embers. It was the stately house, by far, in the little village—a lofty mansion, gleaming white in the trees, with the roof supported by massive pillars. Nowhere did the evening fire burn brighter, but into it looked two old people, worn and sorrowful, with the shadows of grief and time upon their shriveled faces—two who had forgotten, long ago, their youth's fair castles, who looked back over waste fields of memory where not even setting suns gilded the monuments built to their dead hopes.

They sat there silently. They had sat so long, that the twilight had faded into the night, and the moon shone brightly in the sky. The lady, well-dressed in black, with her hair drawn up, and her eyes fixed on the embers, beckoned back and white brows gleaming spectral through the darkness. To which she went, and then, the wife looked with anxious searching gaze; then turned back again toward the fire and clasped her hands over the heart that had leaped through many trials the hard lessons of patience.

Judge Howard was a stern, self-conceited man. His native town, where he had passed all his life, none stood higher in public esteem. Toward the poor he was liberal—toward his neighbors just and friendly; yet for all that, he was a hard man, whose will was iron, whose habits were granite. His wife had come to know this even in her honeymoon. The knowledge was endorsed by her sad, waiting face, her restraining manners.

His daughter, Caroline, his only child, had learned early, and her father became to be almost a mere object of fear as of tenderness.

And yet he loved those two with a strength, that weaker, more yielding natures could not have fathomed. When his child was first put into his arms; when his frail, helpless hands groped blindly at his own, he felt the strong thrill of father-love sweep over him. For the moment it swelled his soul, irradiated his face, flooded his heart, but it did not permanently change or soften his nature. As she grew toward womanhood, and her bright head gleaming in his path was the fairest sight earth held, her ringing voice the sweetest music, he never gratified her whims, nor always yielded to her reasonable wishes.

At length love came to her. She gave her heart to one whose father Judge Howard had hated. James Huntly and he had been young together, and a feud had arisen between them, which Rufus Howard's stern nature allowed him neither to forget nor forgive. He had yet to learn the lesson, holier than all the teachings of sears and sages, the lesson our Saviour lived, wrought, and died to teach, of forgiveness even for our enemies—prayer for those who have despitefully used us and persecuted us. His former enemy was dead now, but not so the judge's hate. It had been transmitted, like real estate, to the dead man's heir; and so he forbade his daughter to marry him, and sternly bade her choose between parent and lover. She inherited her father's will, and she put forth in Richard Huntly's and went forth—she would not have been her father's child if she had not, without a tear.

From that time, for ten years, her name had been a forbidden word. Letters she had written at first during her banishment—but they had been sent back unopened, and for years no voice or token had come to tell whether she were dead or living. Therefore, the mother looked shudderingly into the shadow-haunted corners, in the long twilights, and almost believed that she saw there the face for which her mother's heart had yearned momentarily all those years.

Judge Howard loved his wife, too—O, if she had but known it! Every outline of that sad, waiting face, every thread of that silver hair, was dearer to him now than when the bridal rose crowned the girl bride had been chosen, but his lips never soothed away the sadness of that patient face.

"It is a terrible night," he said, at length

arousing himself from his long silence. In the pause after his words, you could hear how the wind shook the house groaning among the trees, and sighing along the garden walk.

"Yes, a terrible night," his wife answered with a shudder. "God grant no poor soul may be out in it shelterless."

"Amen! I would take in my worst enemy on such a night as this."

His worst enemy! But would he have taken in his own child—the daughter with his blood in her veins, fed once at his hearth? If this question crossed the wife's mind, she gave it no utterance.

"Yes, it is almost bedtime. I had forgotten how long we were sitting in the dark. I will read now, and then we shall be better in bed."

He drew toward him the Bible which lay between the candles she had lighted. It had been his habit, for years, to read a chapter in it nightly. Somehow, to-night the pages opened at the beautiful, ever new story of the prodigal son.

Howard read it through calmly, but his hand trembled as he shut the book.

"Hannah," he began, and then paused as if his pride was still too strong to permit him to confess himself in the wrong. But soon he proceeded: "Hannah, I do suppose that was written for an example to those who should seek to be numbered with the children of God. He is our Father, and His arms are ever open to the wanderer. My heart misgives me sorely about Caroline. She should not have disobeyed me, but—do I never disobey God, and where should I be if He measured out to me such measure as I have measured to her? O, Hannah, I never felt before how much I needed to be forgiven."

The mother's tears were falling still and fast—she could not answer. There was silence for the moment, and again the Judge said, restlessly, "Hannah," and she looked up into his white moved face.

"Hannah, could we find her? Do you think she lives still—our one child?"

"God knows, my husband. Sometimes I think that she is dead. I see her face in dark nights, and it wears a look of heavenly peace. In the winds I hear a voice that sounds like hers—she seems trying to tell me she has found rest. But no, no!—her face kindled—she is not dead. I feel it in my soul—God will let us see her once more—I am her mother—I shall not die till my knees have rested on dust, and my hands have been laid in the grave."

"God grant it, Hannah!"

"After those words they both sat silently, again, listening—listening."

They had not heard the door open, but now a step sounded in the hall, and the door of the room where they sat was softly unclosed. They both started up—perchance they half expected to see Caroline, but it was only their next door neighbor, holding by the hand a child. She spoke eagerly, in a half-confused way, which they did not notice.

"This child came to my house, Judge, but I hadn't room to keep her, so I brought her over here. Will you take her in?"

"Surely, surely. Come here poor child! Who had ever heard Judge Howard's name so gentle! The little girl seemed somewhat reassured by it. She crept to his knee, and lifted up her face. The Judge bent over her. Whose were those blue, deep eyes? Where had he seen that peculiar shade of hair, like the shell of a ripe chestnut? Did he not know those small sweet features, that wistful mouth, the delicate chin? His hands shook.

"Whose—whose child are you? What is your name?"

"Grace," and the girl trembled visibly. "Grace Huntly," said the neighbor's voice, growing somewhat quivering now. "Grace Huntly. You cannot help knowing that face, Judge. It is a copy of one, which belonged once to the brightest and prettiest girl in Ashdale."

The old man—he looked very old now, shaken by the tempest in his strong heart, as the wind shook the trees outside—drew the child into his bosom, with an eager, hungry look. His arms closed around her as if they would hold her there forever.

"My child, my child! burst like a sob from his lips, and then he bent over her silently. At first his wife had stood by in mute amazement, her face almost as white as the cap border which trembled round it, now a thought pierced her, quick and deep as a sword. She drew near, and looked pitously into the neighbor's eye.

"Is she an orphan? Where is her mother?"

The Judge heard her and lifted up his head.

"Yes," he cried, "where is Caroline? Have pity, and tell me where is Caroline?"

Before the woman could answer, an eager voice called—

"Here, father, mother, here!"

And from the hall where she had been lingering, half in fear, Judge Howard's own child came in. It was the mother's breast to which she clung first—the mother's arms which clasped her with such passionate clinging—and then she tottered forward, and threw herself down at her father's feet.

"Forgive me, father," she tried to say, but the Judge would not hear her. The angel had troubled at length, the deep woe of her soul, and the woe of feeling had overflowed her heart. He saw now in its true light, the self-will and unforgiving spirit which had been the sin of his life. He sank upon his knees, his arms enfolding his daughter and her child, and his old wife crept to his side, and knelt beside him, while from his lips Mrs. Marsh heard, as she closed the door and left the now united family to themselves, this prayer:

"Father, forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us."

Judge Howard had not uttered it before for ten years.

After that night the Judge's mansion was not only the staidest, but the happiest home in Ashdale. Caroline Huntly had borne as long as she could the burden of weight on her heart, and when it had grown too heavy to be endured, she had started with her child for home. The stage had set them down that stormy night in her native village, and the forgiveness for which she had scarcely dared to hope, had expanded into welcome.

The old people could not again spare their daughter, and they summoned Richard Huntly home. A son, he proved, of who any father might be proud, and in after years no shadows brooded over the peace of his life. Once more children's feet danced round the hearth fire, and children's faces built castles in the embers—no shadow, until that last darkness came which should be but the night before which will rise the calm morning of eternity.

### Little Alice's Resolution.

Little Alice arose one bright May morning, just as the sun was peeping through the white curtains of her little chamber, and, after offering a simple morning prayer from the depths of her happy heart, she easily prepared herself for breakfast. How beautifully the earth looked, all sparkling with dew drops, and how merrily the birds sang on the tops of the apple trees! Alice's heart grew happier as she looked out upon them, and listened to the sweet hymnings. All was as it were in the yard below.

The speckled hen bustled about her ten chickens, anxious to pick them up a breakfast of stray worms, and kept the big Shanghai stood on a stone and was pointing forth a blast from his clarion which might have awakened an army. Alice laughed at his pompous, ungainly figure, which seemed still more uncouth by contrast with the stately peacock, which just then swept down the carriage walk.

It was, indeed, a lovely morning, and the little girl had arisen just in time to appreciate its beauties. It always makes us happier and better to sympathize with the lovely and beautiful in nature. It brings us nearer to God, the source of all true loveliness, and makes us love more dearly all the creatures he has made.

"I will see if I cannot do good to some one this day," said Alice. "I know I am only a little girl, but I feel sure I can do something," and with this good resolution in her heart, she descended to the dining room just as the bell rang for breakfast. The baby was already in bed, and the baby's mother, who had been sitting on the sofa, and watching the baby, looked up and saw Alice.

"Please let me take Willie, mother," said Alice. "I would just as lief wait, and I know he will be quiet with me."

"I should be very glad if you could divert him, Alice; he is cutting his teeth, and has worried all night. Poor little fellow!"

Alice borrowed Frank's marbles, and sat down with baby on the carpet. The bright-colored balls pleased him, and he loved to roll them about with his little fat hands. His sister patiently gathered them up when they rolled beyond his reach, and thus the meal time passed. She did not envy her brother his warm breakfast; the thought of helping her dear, kind mother was a hundred times more satisfaction. The influence of a good example is often contagious, and after breakfast, she usually careless, whistling Frank sat down and played with the baby while Alice was eating.

She did not conclude now that she had done enough for one day, but after the baby had drunk his cup of new milk, she coaxed him into his cradle, giving him one of his gayest toys, and then sang a sweet lullaby song, which presently soothed the weary, restless little one into a quiet, refreshing slumber. It more than repaid her for all her trouble to hear her mother say, "Dear Alice, you have helped me a great deal this morning, and your little brother will feel much better for a good sleep."

Just then grandpa entered, leaning on his staff, and walking feebly, as he felt more than usually unwell that morning. Alice sprang to his side, and assisted him to pass the room, where his easy chair was placed beside his favorite window.

"I will bring you in your toast and tea, grandpa, as soon as Margaret makes them," she said cheerily.

"Thank you, my child, but I do not care much for them; my appetite is quite poor to day."

"Just try a little," she added, as she passed out in the kitchen. She returned presently, with a nice laid tray, and placing it before him, she broke the egg into his cup, and poured out a cup of fragrant tea, chatting pleasantly all the while. The old man's heart warmed, as he listened to her sunny, cheering words. The breakfast was eaten with a relish that he did not anticipate, and his wasted frame was refreshed and invigorated.

Who of my little readers will form the same resolution, and then carry it out as faithfully as did little Alice?

### From the New York Mercury. Wouldn't Get Mad.

Old Harry Brewer, or "Hot-Corn Harry," as he was more familiarly known about the east side of town, was for many years a shining light in one of our African churches; and was, by long odds, the most powerful exhorter of the congregation.

Old Harry was most undoubtedly a good Christian; and proved it by living up to the precepts he taught. His extreme good nature was proverbial, and many a bet was lost and won by the young men of Grand street and the Bowery, in vain attempts to make Harry lose his temper. "Go way, boys, go way!" was his answer, when they played their wild pranks upon him. "Do good look says: 'When any one smites you on one cheek, you must turn him the other.'"

The nearest approach Harry was ever known to make towards losing his temper, was about ten years ago. He had a plan whereby he preserved his corn perfectly fresh and green till December or January; and at that season of the year, he would go out and make the streets resound with his cry—"Hot corn! hot corn! pipin' hot—just come out de billin' pot!" and realize a handsome profit from his sale.

During the year in question, Harry was unfortunate, as his corn decayed; and out of a large quantity he had put away, he only saved enough to go out with one or two nights.

In the early part of December, Harry's voice was heard in the Bowery, singing his well-known song; and in one of our bar-rooms a certain individual, who would be thrown off his guard. In a few moments Harry entered the bar-room, and set his bucket on the floor; but before he could get ready for business, he was being pulled around in all sorts of ways. One patted him by the whiskers, and another by the coat-tail; and altogether he was made anything but comfortable. But all that could be got from Harry was—"Go away, boys, go away!"

All attempts to provoke him further failed; and, as a last resort, one of the young men took up his pail of corn, and said—"Harry, I've a good notion to throw all your corn in the street!"

"Hush! hush!" said Harry "don't talk that way, for you make me feel bad; for if you throw my corn in the street now, you most ruin de old darkey. Ain't had no wood to saw hardly dis fall, and no whitewashing. My wife's been sick dis two months, and my corn's all rotted; and I ain't got nuffin to 'pend on but de Lord!"

Well, Harry," said he who held the bucket, "you have got a good backer, so here goes the corn!" and sniting the action to the word he threw the corn into the sewer.

Harry looked very sadly after his property; and, as he picked up his empty basket, he said—"De Lord's will be done!" and then started on a brisk trot from the scene of his temptation, as if resolved not to give way to the wrath he felt rising within him.

In Elizabeth street, a new building was in the course of erection, and into the cellar of the building Harry descended, while the crowd of boys followed him, and, as he descended, he saw what he would do.

Away back in a far corner Harry went, out of hearing from the street, and there, upon his knees, he gave vent to his feelings in this wise:

"O, Lord! I've most tempted to get mad, but I won't do it for de sake of a pail of corn. Dem was de wickedest boys I eber got amongst; but you made 'em, and I won't complain. It's a hard case, and you knows it as well as I do; for you know I ain't had no work most dis fall, and Hannah's sick; and I only sated a little corn, and dem wicked boys had trowed it nose all away. But I won't get mad at 'em; for you hab say dat justice am yours. But ev'ril ev' justice, and make 'em repent of their evil ways. Take 'em O, Lord, and hold 'em over the bottomless pit, and say you're a mind to, sing 'em a little; but O, good Lord, be very careful, and don't let 'em fall in; and when it feel so warm dey 'gin to repent, den let 'em go agin, and dey'll be better men!"

His prayer ended, Harry came forth, concluding as good-natured as ever; and the young men, who were in waiting for him, took him back to the bar-room; and the proceeds of the bet, five dollars, was handed over to him, which amply remunerated him for the loss of his stock in trade.

Intemperance.

The depopulating pestilence that walketh at noonday, the carriage of cruel and devastating war, can scarcely exhibit their victims in a more terrible array than exterminating drunkenness. I have seen a promising family spring from a parent trunk, stretch abroad its populous limbs like a flowing