

# Temperance.

FOR THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

Corn!—Corn!—Corn! Whiskey!  
Whiskey!—Whiskey!

Which of these articles is the most essential to the comfort, nourishment and support of the people? The cereal crop of last year were good, and in some of the Southern States almost unprecedented. Notwithstanding this, corn in many parts of this State is selling at \$5 per barrel, a meal at \$1.25 per bushel. What has caused this high price for grain, when the crop was so abundant? It has not been expected. The blockade prevents it. When, then, we repeat, has caused the recent advance in the price of meal and flour? The answer is at hand; the grain has been and is being bought up for the purpose of converting it into whiskey!

Is there no remedy for this crying evil? The Convention now in session has been memorialized upon the subject, and the interposition invoked. The whiskey distillers, and their friends in authority, contend that any legislative interference with this matter would be violating the right of property. The exportation of bacon and leather has been prohibited by the Authorities of the State, unless for military purposes. Why was this done? To prevent the scarcity of those articles and consequent high price for them—to keep on hand a sufficient supply for the people and the soldiers in service—to prevent these articles of life from being hoarded by speculators and sold beyond the limit of the State, at an enormous profit, thereby causing an increased price for them at home. Has not the Convention, invested with "superior powers," the same right to prohibit the conversion of grain into whiskey, and thereby prevent suffering among the poor for the bread of life? Perhaps the number of distillers in the Convention renders the last interrogatory more difficult of solution.

Nothing, however, has been done by this august and "supreme" body in the premises, and we are ready to infer that their non-action proceeds from a slavish fear of the whiskey-tyrants of the land—or self-interest. Has the whiskey power become so omnipotent, that neither Conventions, though "supreme," Legislatures, Courts, nor the people dare deny it? Shall the whiskey power rule the Pulpit, the Press, the Country, and exercise its despotic sway in every department of society?

Why are hundreds of the Palpits silent upon the subject of this oligarchy? Can it be accounted for in this way: One member furnishes the grain for distilling, another makes the barrels, another rents his houses for grog-shops, another drinks whiskey and retails it to his neighbors and brethren. Mr. Editor, you might vomit the infernal regions with a dose of tartar emetic as big as the Blue Ridge mountains, and it could not throw up a more wicked set of the destroyers of life and happiness than these liquor-mongers. The thunder of the Press in North Carolina, to its credit be it spoken, has boldly denounced this evil. But public men, alas! do truckle to the whiskey influence. This infernal liquor-making, liquor-trafficking, and the power it exerts, has laid omnipotent hand upon both Church and State, and though many good and sober men in both, hate the thing, they seem disposed to yield, rather than assert their freedom at the cost of place and influence. Until every fearless, independent advocate of sobriety is ready to make this question of freedom from the whiskey-power a paramount one, there is but little hope of a reformation.

We do not expect to convince liquor-makers and liquor-sellers of the impropriety of their conduct and traffic. Money is their god; let them worship it in this world, and suffer the penalty of their idolatry in the world to come. If we can convince the balance of mankind of the necessity of refraining from the use of alcohol stimulants, we shall consider our efforts well merited and properly rewarded. For this purpose we now offer them the testimony of experience. Mr. Jefferson at the expiration of his second Presidential term, said: "The habit of using ardent spirits by men in public office, has occasioned more injury to the public service, and more trouble to me, than any other circumstance which has occurred in the internal concerns of the country during my administration; and were I to commence my administration, with the knowledge I have acquired from experience, the first question I would ask in regard to every candidate for office, would be—is he addicted to the use of ardent spirits?" May President Davis profit by this experience.

A majority of the acts of violence, deaths, &c., which have occurred in public life among the representatives of the people, in the army, navy, and in social life, have had their origin in the intemperate use of ardent spirits. It is a fact universally conceded, that a drinking man is unfit for any public trust; in proof of which, our late disaster in Kentucky has been attributed to the intoxication of no bribery, of a Major General. Drinking unfits a man for any business, private or professional.

It is the bane of society, the curse of life, the instrument of the devil to consign souls to eternal damnation. It is now demoralizing the army of the Confederacy,

and we hold that no loyal man at this crisis of our affairs, will convert grain into whiskey and thereby furnish this agency of destruction, diminish the quantity of bread, increase the suffering of the poor, particularly the families of the soldiers, ruin many of the young men, multiply the number of penitentiary convicts, destroy the happiness of many wives and clothe their husbands and children in rags, kill their husbands and sons, and send their souls to perdition. The man who does this, is an accessory before the fact, to all the crimes enumerated, and should be punished accordingly. J. M. J.

FOR THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

## The Devil in Disguise.

"And Satan came also among them."—Job 1:6.  
The devil first appeared in the form of a serpent, but ever since, when personally showing himself in the world, he has taken the form of man; and thus we identify him as a real inhabitant of the earth. His first show caused man to fear every thing that "bellies to the dust," so to flatter and deceive, he has ever since worn another dress. What a good thing it would be if man would always shun certain of his own species as he does his dens of poisonous reptiles. I mean some that appear as men, for if the human form was not there, devils only could be seen.

The old deceiver is a meddlesome fellow, for he tries to have a finger in every body's business. Even at revival meetings he takes a seat and sends up his mourners among the convicted; and frequently has registered some of the names of his most loyal subjects on the church books. When a church is to beget organized he goes up too to his men put in as officers—and he frequently succeeds. When a church manifests an icy coldness during several consecutive years, and that too, under the thunders of the man of God, we may safely conclude that the devil had a hand in electing most of its officers. He frequently transforms himself into an angel of light, and clothes himself with the vestments of the holy ministry—and he can utter as loud a groan at church as a saint.

In political affairs the devil works as assiduously as in the church. When election day rolls around we find he has not forgotten to have his candidate out, for drunkards, blasphemers, seducers, liars and fools are sent out to contend with sober, honest men for the suffrages of the people. Thus he fills our legislative halls with his men, who with impunity violate the laws of their State, and thus he manages to subvert governments, to demolish the civil and religious institutions of States, and to rain fire and blood on an innocent people. As a politician he does not at all times show forth his real character; but in the legislative halls, when a bill is introduced to suppress immorality in certain localities, or to restore quiet to a distracted country, one might think him legion from the voices in which he speaks his opposition. One might be deceived too, and take him for a true patriot, when to carry his point, he tries to show its unconstitutionality, and, in a mighty strain of eloquence, portrays the downfall of the chief corner stone of the fabric of liberty.

There is another place where the devil "comes also among them." When a Division of the Sons of Temperance is to be organized he is there, and if he finds he cannot stop the whole proceedings by stirring up opposition, he clogs its wheels by inducing a number of close-fisted persons to join who will not pay forty cents a year for the support of the cause, and by sending in contentious persons to stir up strife among the members. After he has tried almost everything to stop the work of reform, and finds a faithful few still holding on, he tries the advantage that may be taken of the pledge; he sends round some QUACKS with roots and liquor. Thus he tries to undermine the pledge with what he calls medicine, and he frequently succeeds, for the pledge does not prohibit the use of spirits as a medicine. Like some church members who think they can serve both God and mammon, there are Sons of Temperance who lick their lips when they see the root doctor coming. Such hypocrites, no doubt, wish their throats were ten miles long, and that the medicine would taste good all the way. There is not a set of men that a true Son of Temperance looks on with the same contempt as the root doctors that give all their medicines in liquor. Not long since I was walking along the road with a friend, when I met a man in a buggy. "That is Dr. \_\_\_\_\_," said my companion, "see his large trunk on behind—it is filled with roots, herbs, &c."

"How does he give his medicine," I asked.

"In spirits—every thing in spirits; and he professes to cure all manner of diseases," was the answer.

I had often heard it said that a doctor would not take his own physic, but I could see clearly that this old fellow, judging from his unnatural fleshiness, was very fond of the principal ingredient of his. That evening I thought a good deal about such doctors and their medicines, and came to the conclusion that I could set up myself as doctor, and use nothing but wheat dough pills alone, and cure five cases of sickness to their one. Who doubts it that knows anything of man and his diseases?  
Swannanoa, N. C. T. C. M.

What an unfeeling barrier against vice, immorality and bad habits are those which lead us to embellish home.

## Stand Your Colors.

Let the swell-tide of ruin bear on; let its dark countenance expand, until its foul floods shall sweep over every beautiful retreat; moral garden—spot in our land; let its shaming curse, ten thousand times worse than the hot Simoom of the desert, or the plagues of Egypt, destroy all that is adorning in religion, beautiful in holiness, and admirable in morality; but let the champions and lovers of the reformation which we have espoused still wear the spotless livery. The tide will ebb again when we shall advance nearer its margin and build eternal barriers to chafe its foaming billows. Cities, towns, hamlets and villages may mark, like old Sodom and Gomorrah, the desolating path of theesom; the debris of shattered intellect immortal minds, and once stalwart, man frames, shall tell of eternal blight, but mad career shall be checked.

Stand by your colors! The religion of Jesus Christ excepted, our cause is the most holy and God-like the world has ever known since the day of Bethlehem shone upon the plains of Judea. It has been a little more than a quarter of a century since its first note struck in with the ribald songs of bacchanalian revelry, and who can now number its triumphs?—When it first hoisted the veil that shrouded the ranking couplings of intemperance, and exposed a demon in all its horrid deformity, its scales fell from the eyes of men, and they lifted their hands to Heaven with holiness, crying for deliverance. The dry bones of the valley were moved—bone went to its bone; sinews waxed strong as steel, and the convicted and converted stood up an exceeding great army. Vine-vats, breweries and distilleries were ried up, liquor-shops perished for custom, the waste places blossomed like the rose, and streams of mercy and universal gladness flowed fast by the Oracle of God. It was regarded as the most glorious victory of time over vice man had ever seen, and its friends remained true to their obligations, blessings as mighty as the rivers and exultant as the soil would have flowed down, an ever-growing richness to future generations. But like every other revolutionary struggle in which man has ever engaged, our cause has been cursed by treant and apostate sons. Thousands one reclaimed, returned to worship the false god of the wine-cup, and to swell the hosts of our enemy; and by superior force were beaten back, "Hercules himself must yield to odds." But an ever glorious consolation cheers our sparse numbers, for though we be few, we have a strong ally.

"And many strokes, though with a small axe,  
Hew down and fell the hardest timbered oak."

Stand by your colors! And as you see this hell-born monster exulting, with fiendish malevolence, over his triumphal march, breaking father's hearts, blighting parental hope, making wives widows, children orphans, paupers and beggars—filling the land with idleness, disease and crime—crowding jails, penitentiaries, poor-houses and asylums—defaming benevolence, scorning love, lating virtue, and slaughtering innocence—inciting the father to butcher his offspring, the husband to massacre his wife, and the child to grind the parriacial axe; in short, as you look upon him blasting the whole earth, burning up man, consuming woman, cursing God and despising Heaven, let your hearts burn with pious indignation, and your hands clutch tighter round the hilt of your faithful sword, preparatory to a fierce and endless conflict.

Stand by your colors! The reflux tide shall soon begin its course. Men, women and children will soon raise new cries for deliverance from the overpowering flood.

The land smokes with blood. There is a crimson glare by hearth and saloon.—The cry of murder rings out on the night air, and the clots of its slaughter are thick upon the morning altar. The active hells of our country are belching violence and death. Midnight assassination strikes hands with noonday butchery, and together lift boldly their smoking hands to the public gaze. Half-chilled corpses are by the desolate hearth, and innocence wailing and sobbing upon lips which are cold forever. The enginery of the pit, driven by the power of the people, rolls on in infernal grandeur, and grinds to ruin the mad-dened hosts. The greenest, holiest sanctuaries of earth are wasting hour by hour by public sanction, and hopes of earth and Heaven buried forever under the blasting scoria of the lava flow. The land is filled with woe, rottenness and death. And yet the people have not suffered enough! The annual conscription of the accursed traffic must be met. Pauperism and crime must have fresh hosts. There are hungry graves to gorge, worms to fatten, and hell to surfeit. "On with the slaughter," shout the legislators and demagogues, and the people respond amen. There are still homes to be desolated, hopes to blast, and souls to kill. There are tragedies yet to freeze the blood, and sorrows to pall the earth with woe. Whiskey must be made, sold and paid for.

"Drink and be mad, then—tis your country bids!"

Georgia Crusader.

Little things should not be despised.—Many threads will bind an elephant. Many drops, make a river.

## The Poor Man's Bushel of Corn.

An illustration of a theme so full of painful interest just now, when the granaries of the land are groaning beneath their burdens of corn, and wheat and rice and sugar, etc.; when each succeeding price-current notes an "advancing tendency" in most of these articles, we append the following anecdote, which is said to have occurred about the time of the first revolution:

Two farmers were chosen deacons of the church, and their obituaries have since asserted that they adorned their profession. Just at the close of the war, the district in which they lived was visited by a grievous famine, and the farmers were generally keeping their corn for the contingencies of the future. Those who could offer no other excuse for refusing to sell, were keeping it for seed. A poor man in the vicinity went to one of these deacons, and said: "I have come to buy a bushel of corn. Here is the money; it is about all I can gather."

The good deacon told him he could not spare a bushel for love nor money. He was even stinting his own family in order to have a large supply for seed! The poor man insisted—urging that his family were even then suffering from want of bread, but all in vain. At last he said, "Deacon, if you do not let me have the corn I shall curse you."

"Curse me!" replied the deacon; "how dare you do a thing so wicked!"

"Because," said the man, "the Bible says so."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the deacon; "there is no such thing in the Bible."

"Yes there is," replied the poor man.

"Well," said the deacon, "if you can find such a text I'll give you a bushel of corn."

They went to the house and taking down the family Bible, the poor man turned to Poverbs 11th c. and 26 v. and read, "He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him; but blessings shall be upon the head of him that selleth it."

The deacon was fairly caught, and taking the man to the corn crib, gave him a full bushel. As he helped to put it on his shoulder, he told his poor neighbor, to "go over to Deacon Clark, and curse him out of a bushel."

Will not somebody take a Bible in hand and visit the speculators in various staples and domestic necessity on a similar mission?

## Husband and Wife.

BY MRS. ELLIS.

It is an act of injustice towards woman, and one which often brings its own punishment upon talented men, when they select, as their companions for life, the ignorant or the imbecile of the other sex, believing that, because they are so, they must be more capable of loving. If to be incapable of anything else, implies this necessity, it must be granted that love which exists as a mere impulse of nature, compared with that which, with an equal force of impulse, combines the highest attributes of an enlightened mind, and brings them all, with their rich produce, like flowers from a delicious garden, a welcome and appropriate offering at the shrine; whereas the heart is laid?

Still I must repeat that it is not the superiority of talent, but the early and the best use of such as we possess, which gives this power and beauty to affection, by directing it to its appropriate end. For, as in other duties of woman's life, without knowledge she cannot, if she would, act properly; so in the expression and bestowment of her love, without an intimate acquaintance with the human heart, without having exercised her faculties of observation and reflection, and without having obtained by early discipline some mastery over her own feelings, she will ever be liable to rush blindly upon those fatal errors by which the love of married life so often has been wrecked.

Now, it is impossible for any woman of right feelings to hide from her conscience that, if she chooses to marry, she places herself under a moral obligation to make her husband's home as pleasant to him as she can. Instead, therefore, of behaving as if it was the great business of married life to complain, it is her peculiar duty as a wife, and one for which, by her maternal constitution, she is especially fitted, to make all her domestic concerns appear before her husband to the very best advantage. She has time for her troubles and turmoils, if such things must necessarily be, a fact which I am a little disposed to question, when her husband is absent, or when she is engaged exclusively in her own department; and if she would make his home what it ought to be to him—"an ever sunny place"—she will studiously shield him, as with the wings of love, from the possibility of feeling that his domestic annoyances give weight and poignancy to those more trying perplexities which most men, engaged either in business or in public affairs, find more than sufficient for their peace of mind.

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J. F. FOARD.

January 20, 1862.

## IRON! IRON!

The very best quality of Iron can be obtained at Ballow's Iron Works, in Ashe county, N. C. I can say without the fear of contradiction, that no better Iron can be furnished in this State. The Gun Factory at Marion, Smith county, Va., is supplied from my Furnace, and is pronounced by the workmen there to be the best Iron they ever struck a hammer on, and the only Iron they can get to work successfully with. I am furnishing said Factory with one ton per week, and can furnish a like amount to other parties. Price 6 1/2 cents per pound, at the works.

JOHN BALLOW  
Address: Jefferson, Ashe County, N. C.  
Nov. 1.—11—Am. [Price adv. 65.]

[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

## A FAREWELL SONG.

Farewell, dear friends and neighbors,  
I bid you all adieu,  
Our country is now invaded  
By a vile northern foe.

My friends and neighbors gone before,  
Hard trials to endure,  
They cry aloud for many more,  
Their rights to help secure.

While foes invade our sunny land,  
The land of the brave and free,  
We'll try to meet her loud demand,  
Whoe'er those foes may be.

May the God of battles rule and reign,  
Throughout our Southern land,  
While absent we our rights to gain,  
From the oppressor's hand.

I leave my home with aching heart,  
My country to defend;  
With friends and parents now must part,  
Where shall my troubles end?

Weep not for me, my friends most dear;  
When I am laid away,  
I trust in God we all shall meet  
In everlasting day.

W. C. W.

## Fresh Medicines & Toilet Articles.

THE subscriber has the pleasure of announcing to his friends and the public generally, that after much delay, trouble and expense, owing to the war and interruption of trade, he has procured a fresh supply of Medicines, Toilets, and other articles in his line, which he has been unable to furnish for some time past. He has to pay CASH for all he buys, and hopes that such of his patrons as do not pay promptly will take the hint, and that all in arrears, who have not gone to the seat of war to fight for our independence and dearest interests, will pay up their arrears, or a part at least, so that he may be able to meet pressing demands, and keep his stock replenished.

All orders from the country (unless from prompt and reliable parties) will go unnotified, if not accompanied with the CASH, or its equivalent.

P. S. BROWN,  
Druggist,  
August 23, 1861.

## A CURE FOR THE PILES.

HAVING been afflicted for twenty-six years with this terrible disease, and finding no relief, I finally discovered a VEGETABLE OINTMENT, which I believe is unparalleled in its efficacy, and now offer this remedy to the public, as the most effectual and speedy cure ever discovered. The ingredients of this Ointment are PURELY VEGETABLE, and one box, if used according to directions, will effect a cure.

This Ointment is sold only by myself and JOHN MYATT, and by sending \$1, and fifteen cents in postage stamps or money, a box will be sent any where in the Southern Confederacy. Address: NEAL BROWN, Raleigh, N. C.

Raleigh, July 21, 1861.

THE NORTH CAROLINA MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY insures healthy which persons, from 14 to 60 years of age, for 1 year for 7 years and for life. Also, healthy slaves from 10 to 60 years of age, for 1 or 5 years.

CHAS. E. JOHNSON, President.  
H. W. HUSTED, Attorney.  
W. H. JONES, Treasurer.

All desired information given by Agents in all the towns and villages of the State, and by  
R. H. BATTLE, Sec'y.

Raleigh, Dec. 2, 1859. 15-1j

## THE NEWBORN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

THIS Company has now been in successful operation for three years, during which time no assessment has been made to meet losses. The Company is now prepared to receive applications for insurance, which may be made to any of the different Agents throughout the State, or to the undersigned, at the office of the Company, in this place.

MOSES W. JARVIS, Secretary.  
Newborn, N. C., Jan. 23, 1859. 43-1f

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PAYS ALL LOSSES PROMPTLY!

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T. H. SEELY, President.  
HAROLD S. SMITH, Sec'y;  
July 2, 1859. 45-1

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MALE AND FEMALE.

THE 34th session of these Schools will commence January 15th, 1862. It is highly important that those who expect to enter, be present on the first day of the session. Terms—Board \$5 per month; Tuition \$6 to \$20 per session. For further information, address, at Jonesville, Yadkin county, N. C.

J. G. MARLER,  
January 1st, 1862. 20-10P.

## VOLUNTEERS FOR THE WAR.

I DESIRE TO RAISE SIX COMPANIES FOR the war. My office is the one occupied by the late J. K. Marriott. The company officers will have the right to elect their field officers. I shall visit, with other men engaged with me, the various parts of Johnston's Wake, and probably other Counties. Liberal bounties offered. In a few days I will publish notices to be sent out among my friends.

S. H. ROGERS.  
Raleigh, January 17th, 1862. 32-

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C. W. SMYTHE,  
LEXINGTON, N. C.  
December 6, 1861. 16-1f

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See our Fresh and Salted Sausages, and all to be had in the SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

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Come one, come all, to FRANKLIN'S Call.  
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