

THE PRESS CONVENTION.

The ninth annual convention of the N. C. Press Association was held at Winston last week, and its proceedings, were of unusual interest.

We will not trouble our readers with the dry details of the proceedings, but only allude to such matters as may be of general interest.

So much pleased was the convention with the addresses delivered (as above mentioned) that a resolution was adopted authorizing the President to appoint members to prepare addresses or essays on stated subjects and to compile statistics showing the annual progress made in each department of our industries.

hospitality to the members of the convention which were most gratefully appreciated and will long be remembered.

But the grand event of the week was the "Banquet," which was complete in every respect. It was given by the manufacturers and citizens of Salem and Winston in honor of the convention, and was worthy of their large hearts and full purses—being prepared by Pizzini, of Richmond, at a cost of over a thousand dollars.

A VISIT TO MOREHEAD.

The press convention accepted an invitation from Dr. Blacknall to visit his new hotel at Morehead City, and on the morning of the 24th inst. we left Winston in a special car kindly placed at the disposal of the convention by the authorities of the Richmond & Danville Railroad Company.

Another committee was appointed to prepare an address urging a proper celebration of the tri-centennial of the first landing of Englishmen on American soil at Roanoke Island on July 4th, 1584.

The officers of the convention were S. A. Ashe, President; Messrs. Creecy, Bradshaw and Goslin, Vice-Presidents; Jordan Stone, Secretary and Treasurer; Rev. Dr. Bernheim, Chaplain; and Messrs. Ennis, Cameron, London, Jones and Deake were elected the executive committee for the ensuing year.

SALEM—WINSTON.

Instead of saying Salem and Winston these two towns may be called Salem-Winston, because while each has its own name and a separate town government, yet only an imaginary line divides them and a visitor to either does not know when he has left one and entered the other, and they really may be termed one town.

Puns on the Press.

Our brother Robinson of the Winston Leader makes the following puns on the newspapers of the State: "The North Carolina Press speaks for itself. Like the voice of Nature to the individual who 'holds communion with her visible forms, it speaks in various languages.' For delinquent subscribers it has a voice of frequent entreaty. It is the barometer of public sentiment; the compass that measures a community's enterprise, and the mirror of social and moral matter.

Our brethren will here find many an old 'landmark' which every true Carolina Watchman will readily see is an 'Index' to our prosperity. Here the 'Tobacco Plant' is sold and its manufacture is the great 'Topic of conversation with every Visitor and 'North Carolinian' that has never been here before.

Tanner's Rival.

On Sunday last, the 26th, at noon, John H. Griscom completed four weeks of his fast. He lost but 3 1/2 pounds during the fourth week. He walked twelve miles in two days. His face is ruddy with health.

A Village Destroyed.

A despatch from Geneva, in Switzerland, says: "A village in Vallais, consisting of about 300 houses, has been entirely destroyed by a conflagration. One of the houses was set on fire by lightning, and the flames, under a high wind, rapidly spread to the whole village."

Evils of Intemperance.

We are requested to publish the following extract from a sermon on the evils of intemperance, preached some years ago by the Rev. Dr. Munsey:

"Let us examine the evils of Intemperance. It destroys man. Intemperance destroys his body. Man's body is the most complete chemical compound in existence. It is the magnificent and symmetric aggregation of material elements embodied in the most intricate and complete of all organisms. In its parts, its structure, its form, and its various phenomena, it is the king of the mammals, the highest order of all animated and organized beings. It is indeed heaven's material masterpiece. God has adapted all surrounding nature to develop, sustain, and prolong its organized existence. Nature is a grand laboratory where the panbalm for the sustentation of its life is prepared—and in which, and for this purpose, the mighty kingdoms of animals, vegetables, and minerals, together with all elements, substances, and gases pour their contributions.

To promote the healthy action of the organs and functions of the body, nature furnishes the necessary stimuli. On the healthy and uniform action of these organs and functions, the life of the body depends. Impair their action, and disturb the equilibrium of the physical constitution, by the introduction of an artificial stimulus, and the beauty of the body is marred, and it hastens to a premature decay. Ardent spirit is the greatest of all stimuli. The stimulating properties of healthy cereals and fruits, proportioned by nature to the strength, tone, and necessities of the organic functions, are chemically separated from all nutritive and conservative elements by distillation, and concentrated into a fiery liquid called alcohol—from forty-five to fifty per cent. of which is contained in the various kinds of brandy, rum, gin, and whiskey.

It is one of the most active and destructive of poisons. It insinuates itself into the whole physical organism—affecting every nerve, every muscle, every bone—the brain, the heart, the liver, the viscera, the fluids, destroying their vitality by stimulating them too powerfully. From its nature it strikes right at the life of every function. It runs the machine so rapidly that the slow process of physical reproduction is impossible; and the premature death of the body is inevitable—and that death fraught with unspeaking horror.

All respectable physicians and chemists pronounce ardent spirits, poisonous and detrimental to life. "Intemperance," says Addison, is the "Prime Minister" of "Death, the king of Terrors." It produces disease; but it does more—it renders its victims subject to every endemic and epidemic. Statistical tables reveal some startling facts. There are one million drunkards in these United States. One hundred and fifty thousand of these die annually. That is one person every five minutes. What a vast host to be driven annually from the land of churches to perdition for one cause. They die prematurely; they die in the prime of life; they die of intemperance; and go to eternally self-murderers, and so self-murderer hath eternal life.

Did you ever see a drunkard die? I know one who died upon his chair. I know one who froze to death with his bottle by his side. I know one who was drowned. They die on the pavement, they die in the gutter, they die on their horses, they die along the roadside, they die in the quagmire, they die away from home, and when they die at home their friends often wish they had died away. They die unconscious, they die asleep, they die weeping, they die groaning, they die screaming, they die raving, they die cursing. But oh! when with Delirium Tremens he dies, the scene is one of horror. No painter can paint the terrors of that hour. If he attempt it, however, he must have background of awful shades. If he pencils a few arrowed gleams of red lightning upon the margin it will be an improvement. Then every character he limns upon the canvass must have a fiendish, fiery shape. And every shape must be girted with a band of twisted and writhing serpents. The painting must be so natural that you can see a sting in every tail, and a crooked fang in every gaping mouth. If he paints a scaly dragon with eyes of rolling fire, and nostrils of wheezing flames, with enormous wings of laminated bone fringed with jagged bars tipped with venom, with a monstrous tail of hideous windings—and in whose sulphurous wake an army of hobgoblins hover—the picture is but the truer. Then the painter must have power to give his characters life, and fling them from the canvass all over the room—his fiends hanging upon the walls, dropping from the ceiling, and dancing in air—his serpents crawling upon the floor and horribly hissing—and his dragon with its fearful train hanging over the dying drunkard's pillow. Drunkards die, but who desires to be the witness? We might fall into the blushing funeral train, and follow him to his burial; and stand around his grave; and there hear the broken-hearted widow weep, and the ragged children cry—but let us now turn away, and forget him if we can.

Intemperance destroys his mind. It injures and destroys the powers of the mind, because it injures and destroys the power of the body which are the organs of the mind, and in virtue of its incarnation the instrument of its manifestation. It injures and destroys the powers of the mind, because it destroys the intimate and sympathetic relations between the incarnated mind and the powers of the body; injury to the body is, per se, injury to the mind. Mind is a generic word, and includes intellect, sensibility, and will. It injures and destroys the

powers of the intellect. It manacles every faculty, pollutes the fountains of thought, overthrows the altars of wisdom, extinguishes the fires of aspiration, deltrones the reason, corrupts the judgment, destroys the memory, infuriates the imagination, and man stalks forth a maniac. Reliable comptists say that of nine-tenths of the insane in our asylums their insanity was caused by intemperance. Does it produce insanity? Look at the baggard, madd, and shameless drunkard—is he sane? Sane men in that condition would hide from the public eye, and hide forever. Hear him in his ravings—as he laughs, and sings, and curses, and oh, tell me is he sane? See him, lift the rugged club or cursed whip, and lacerate and bruise the frail and tender back of her whom he swore to love and protect, and who is his noblest, his best, his truest earthly friend, and is he sane? See him steal the earnings wrung from the nerves of his weeping wife to buy the accursed beverage, and turn his naked children out to beg or die—and is he sane? He is mad—mania a potu, madness from drinking. He is miserably and wretchedly mad—a self-made madness which can claim no exemption from law or penalty—a madness which takes hold upon the pit. Poor man! better for him if he had not been born.

It works fearful ruin in the field of the sensibilities. It subverts men's propensities, destroys their individual normal powers, and chains them to the wheels of appetite. The desire for knowledge, esteem, and happiness, in fact all the higher propensities it destroys entirely. It corrupts the affections. In its last stages it utterly destroys the superior class of the affections—parental, filial, conjugal, fraternal, social, theistical; and engenders and develops their opposites. It disorganizes the whole system of the sensibilities, and arrays them in antagonism to each other, till man's mind is a Pandemonium of conflicting powers, which finally destroy each other and leave a desolated waste inhabited only by coarse passions, detestable hates, frightful monsters, and a few flitting shapes and spectral shades which dolefully howl among the ruins. It impairs the power of the will—until finally that power is destroyed and the man cannot will to reform. His case is then utterly hopeless, for all schemes of reformation must begin in the will. How often does the will of the drunkard feebly assent to a reformation, but weakened by intemperance, his will succumbs to appetite in the first following temptation. Let every draught-drinker and drunkard turn back while they can do it.

Intemperance damns the soul. This is a feature of the subject not usually discussed in Temperance lectures; and was not the lecture of this hour intended to be a grave exposition of the greatest of subjects, its discussion would not be attempted now. The presentation of such a feature as a matter of reform is appropriate now, because the speaker is a minister; because this is God's temple; because the subject is a moral one; because it is a part of the Gospel; because such is the fact—"Drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God," says the Bible. I believe that the cause of Temperance has been weakened and shorn of its strength in this country by temperance meetings being converted into a means of course and vulgar entertainment; which in consideration of the immense importance of the questions involved—which questions comprehend principles of vital, social, and eternal reform, embracing in the wide field of their discussion the ruin and misery of thousands here and hereafter—have brought them under the censure of the intelligent and refined. Surely it would be appropriate to rest on the field of battle at the expense of the dying and the dead, as to make the chief attractions of a meeting organized for the reformation of poor drunkards, and to the exercises of which a thousand broken-hearted wives and hungry children look with awful interest, consist in low jests at the expense of the erring and suffering.

But to return to the proposition: Intemperance involves the eternal loss of the soul. It sends the soul to hell because it vitiates the affections, sears and silences the conscience, and corrupts the character. Its natural tendency is to produce sin. Men are led by it to commit sins which they scorn to do when they are not under its influence. Who are the swearers? Who are the incendiaries? Who are the robbers? Who are the murderers? Who are the criminals and inmates of our jails and penitentiaries? Had I time to exhibit the record, I would show you that again nine-tenths of them are drunkards. It drains the soul in perdition. It destroys the man, body, mind and soul."

Asheville Citizen: As much interest has been shown by the public in the case of William Gorman, from whom Doctor Percy Norcop removed the lower jaw, for disease which must have proved fatal in a few weeks, that we give a few particulars of this remarkable surgical feat, in addition to the mention we made of it last week. The operation was performed on Wednesday last with success. On Thursday afternoon the patient's condition being rather low, Dr Norcop obtained from two colored men twelve ounces of blood, which was passed into the veins of the patient. This master piece of work revived him greatly. On Friday the same process was adopted with equally good results. The patient is now doing well, breathing calmly through the silver tube inserted into his windpipe, and swallowing his food through a tube passed into the stomach. We hope soon to see him, with his new rubber jaw at work, promoucing the streets.

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