

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

J. J. BRUNER,
Editor & Proprietor.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR
RULES."



DO THIS, AND LIBERTY IS SAFE.
Gen'l Harrison.

NEW SERIES.
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TERMS OF THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.
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and deduction to those who advertise by the year.
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COMMUNICATION.

FOR THE WATCHMAN.

Mr. Editor—It is my fortune, or misfortune to live
in a region of country where alcohol has long triumphed
and won some of his enemies (if he remain an enemy need
not of his quarter); but did his armor on, and
to fight as fiercely as Bunyan's Pilgrim did with
his demon.
To attempt to write out a confutation of all the friv-
olous charges the enemies of the Sons of Temperance
bring against them, would be a long and tedious under-
taking. One great objection, I have frequently heard
made, is "that it takes away our liberty." Men truly
enlightened in this enlightened age, strange ideas of liberty
do not entertain. They would not be restrained. Do we there-
fore consider our Laws? Does the drunkard (if a rea-
sonable man when sober), condemn the Law that fines
him for abusing his wife and family? and
if it is wrong, because it takes away his liberty? Is
he compelled to join the Sons of Temperance, like
a man to obey the laws? No; he can join them or let it
alone. How then is his liberty taken away? When he
joins a member of our Order, he does it voluntarily
and manly. He then voluntarily surren-
ders his right to drink, buy, sell, or use any alcoholic
liquors, and nothing more. His political or religious
rights are never mentioned, and never interfered
with in a Division room. Again, men can pledge him-
self against any man's articles of meat and drink.—
He can pledge himself to refrain from many of the vices,
which defile society; and all classes of our citizens
who are temperate praise the man who has reformed
from such vices as gambling, profane swearing, Sabbath
breaking, lying, stealing, &c. But let a man only
pledge himself to refrain from alcoholic stimulants,
which is one class of ten, lead him, either directly
or indirectly, to the commission of crimes forbidden
by the whole catalogue; and he is condemned by a
sensible society; and esteemed unworthy of con-
fidence or respect from society.
Has it come to this? If a poor degraded devotee of
alcohol, makes a firm resolve that he will burst
through the chains which have bound him so long, and again
be free from a tyrant, remorseless as death and
hell as the grave. That men, of whom we might hope
to be better than, are so prejudiced—so unreasonable, as
to try to make the world believe that the quondam
drunkard of the drunkard gods, has acted wrong, and is un-
worthy of the confidence of the community, because he
has become a member of the Sons of Temperance—
and instead of a post, is now a worthy and
respectable citizen. Yet "parable dicta," it is even so!
Is that benevolent citizen to be disrespected, con-
demned, and esteemed unworthy of the confidence of
his fellow men? Is he to be deprived of places of profit
and honor, because he is exercising his liberty, in carrying
on a warfare against a cruel tyrant? Is the devotee of
alcohol to be honored to honorable stations among men,
and the Son of Temperance to be hurled down like Lu-
cifer from his throne, unless he withdraw from the Or-
der, and violate his integrity? Are these the principles
which are to govern the opposers of the Temperance
Reformation? If so—well may the inhabitants of Pan-
nonia rejoice—and Patriots and Christians trem-
ble for the fate of our beloved Country. "But oh, you
Sons of Temperance have a large amount of money
and up in a fund, to be applied to some bad purposes?
Where is your money?" Why don't you initiate
your members without having any money for it? This
is a little suspicious, and I am afraid there is some-
thing concealed at the bottom of it, &c. To those
objections, I only reply, that the Stockholders of Rail
Roads and Banking Companies have a fund of money
in hand, to be applied to the individual benefit of those
interested, and why not condemn them as well as the
Sons? The table of the Lawyer and Farmer about the
Ball and Oz, I suppose would be very applicable here.
Every individual who joins a Division of the Sons of
Temperance, pays a certain sum, as an initiation fee.
The money is his own. The opposers of the Order do
not pay it. The Temperance cause subjects them to
additional taxation. Then why should they com-
plain? It is not evident to every man (unless he is
stupid) that he will not see, how the money (which any
man may have invested) is distributed? Look at it.
There is something to be spent for Regalia—something
for furnishing a Hall for their meetings—something for
printing books and the proceedings of the Order from
time to time. In addition to this, a brother member
is allowed a certain sum in sickness, and if he dies
his widow is entitled to some thirty dollars for her
funeral expenses, &c. Now opposers of the Order
are not allowed any other purposes than those I have
mentioned; and you can prove no other application of
it. Well, but you are suspicious, and may be appar-
ently to some unworthy purpose. "A suspicious dispo-
sition, is the source of much misery to the human
race." Why don't you suspicious Rail Road and
Banking Companies? Will the table again apply here?
There are not much danger of those Companies mak-
ing a bad use of their money, as there is of the Sons of
Temperance. I ask this question to all reasonable
men, and let them answer for themselves.
The great money objection, will scarcely bear the
test of investigation. It is only one among many, of
those asserted by the opposers of our Order, to sus-
tain a miserable and unwholesome cause. The cause of
encouraging drunkenness, by precept if not by exam-
ple. If reasonable men admit that Intemperance is an evil
of a necessary character, and ought to be arrested—
at all costs. That is the question: The Sons of
Temperance are doing all in their power to arrest it;
and in some measure, success has crowned their efforts.
They have taken up thousands of poor degraded drink-
ers, and been instrumental in making them sober and re-
spectable citizens. And now opposers, can you adopt any
other plan to check the destructive course of alcoholic
intemperance than the one we advocate? If you can,
I will immediately pronounce my own judgment and follow
you. But unless you can do this, in the name of heav-
en, do not condemn us until you have stronger evidence
than you have ever had that our cause is wholly and
entirely unjust, as some of you have already proclaimed.
Do you condemn us because you imagine we have
an insatiable subject in view? Do you condemn us
because we have made sober men out of drunks?
Do you condemn us, because in many cases, we have
made hearts long accustomed to sorrow, to shout for
joy? Do you condemn us for keeping men aloof from
the arena of a perfidious and evil enemy? and in fine,
do you condemn us for carrying on a bloodless warfare
against one of Satan's chief agents to ruin the happi-
ness of man here and hereafter? And now I would
fain be any thing like a perfect body. No, very far
from it, but I do ask this question, and ask it in all sin-
cerity; that so far as our warfare against the evil of
intemperance is concerned, what have we done worthy
of commendation, or of the bitter persecution which is
being made against us? Some eighteen hundred years ago,
a Noble person was born in Judea: To heal the sick,
and to give liberty to the captive, and preach
the glad tidings of salvation to the outcasts of Israel,
His works were called the works

of the devil. He was arraigned by his own nation, tried,
and condemned before a Roman tribunal, as worthy of
death. Many false witnesses bore testimony against
him, and in the midst of that vast and powerful and
persecuting throng, only one could be found who had the
courage to say, "What evil has he done?"
The Sons of Temperance are stigmatized by some as
"volunteers of the devil's army." Is it because they
have taken by the hand thousands of degraded drink-
ers, treated them as brothers, and gave them a brother-
ly welcome; led them into a Division room, carried
them through a course of beautiful and interesting cer-
emonies, warned them against the baneful influence of
spirituous liquors, shown to them, by precept and ex-
ample, the happiness attending a life of temperance,
kept a watchful eye over them, till from the wretched
outcasts of society, they are now sober, worthy, and
respectable citizens. Is this a crime? On thinking,
reflecting, reasonable men! can you condemn us for
such conduct as this? What evil then have we done?
We profess to be the friends of moral and religious
reform, but we are condemned by some, as doing the
works of the devil. We proclaim to the world that we
have no secrets except one quarterly password to guard
us from imposture; but we are charged as holding our
meetings in dens of treason, for the purpose of over-
throwing the liberties of the country! We wage a war-
fare against an agent of Satan, which has long stood as
a barrier against the benign influence and spread of the
Gospel in our beloved world; and yet, some of the
heralds of that very Gospel condemn us as disturbers
of the Churches, and opposers of Religion! Does such
conduct as this become reasonable men? Does it be-
come patriots, and especially christians?
Ask that devoted wife, once wretched and deprived of
all the comforts of home; who now, with tears of joy,
can welcome to that home, where plenty smiles round,
her husband, as her tenderest, kindest friend. What
evil have the Sons of Temperance done? Ask that
father or mother who have seen a beloved son hastening
to an early tomb, and hoped for his reformation till re-
formation was hopeless, ask them, as they now view
that son, rescued from danger, and rejoicing in the
motto of the Order, Love, Purity, and Fidelity, what
they think of the Order of the Sons of Temperance?
I know not what course others will continue to
pursue, but as for me, let my future destiny be what it may,
unless I see something among the Order more worthy
of condemnation, than I have ever yet seen, I shall not
cease, so help me heaven, to use all my feeble efforts in
advocating their cause.
G. G. M.

SALISBURY.

We reached Salisbury at sun down, and here
we found all the "noise and confusion" to be
expected in the principal inland town of our
State. It was the Court week, but there was
much other business done than the Court had
brought there. The streets were crowded
with wagons from a distance, and strangers
seemed arriving at all hours, and from all
quarters. There are a large number of stores
here, all well supplied with a great variety of
goods, and several wholesale establishments,
at northern prices. The stores were most
familiar with, were those of Messrs. ENNIS &
SHEWELL, and Mr. MYERS, sign of the Red
Flag. They seem to have consulted taste,
in the display as well as in the selection of their
goods.
We visited the large steam cotton factory of
MAXWELL CHAMBERS, in the limits of the town
and were much taken with the beauty of the
machinery, the systematic arrangement of the
different branches, and the order and pre-
cision maintained throughout.
There are a large number of operatives, say
about one hundred, employed—and the conse-
quence is, a large quantity of cloth is annually
turned out which we presume meets with a
ready sale at remunerating prices.
There are two hotels in the place—the prin-
cipal one the Mansion House, kept in fine style,
by J. H. ENNIS, Esq., and the other by Mr.
ROBERTS, a gentleman highly esteemed by his
boarders. There are a great many grog-shops,
and some of them the meanest looking holes
in creation—the man that could take a morn-
ing dram in some we saw, must have a strong
stomach. A goodly distribution of camphor,
or chloride of lime would be well bestowed by the
Town Council.
In company with our cotemporary of the
Salisbury Watchman, we sauntered through the
different streets, and though there were many
old buildings, we could not but acknowledge
that their unsightly appearance was in a
great way occasioned by the contrast of the new
and beautiful ones which have been recently
erected. A new life seems to have been infu-
sed into the people, who talk of nothing now but
the rail road; we doubt whether many of them
know or care who is their congressional candi-
date. Our friend pointed out to us the differ-
ent residences of the prominent citizens, but
we will only particularize the beautiful improve-
ments of Judge ELLIS, BURTON CRAIG, Esq.,
and N. BOYDEN, Esq., gentlemen well known
in our community.
Presenting quite a rural and commodious
appearance, the Salisbury Female Seminary,
attracted our attention. Just enough in town
to be excluded from its bustle, we thought the
place well adapted to the purpose of Education.
The principal is the Rev. GILBERT MORGAN,
a Presbyterian Minister, who preached in Lin-
colnton last Sunday, and paid us a visit the
present week. Mr. MORGAN has matured a
plan of instruction, which is highly recom-
mended and has published a pamphlet explaining it
at length. It is written in good taste, and must
go far to recommend the author to parents and
guardians, who may wish to give their daugh-
ters the advantage of a good boarding school
education away from home.
Though a perfect stranger, we were much
pleased with Salisbury and its public spirited
citizens. Of the morals of the place, we can
only speak of its numerous churches; its beau-
tifully arranged Masonic Hall, which occupies
the upper story of the court house, which was
shown us by L. BLACKMER, Esq.—the Odd
Fellows' Hall, to which we were introduced
by Mr. PALMER; besides we were informed
that there were two Divisions of the Sons of
Temperance, prospering finely. There are
many houses of ill fame, but those pointed out
to us were miserable cabins, such as will al-
ways be found on the outskirts of large towns.
The warmth of the weather, (the thermome-

ter at 90) did not prevent the ladies and gentle-
men having a ball at the Mansion House—we
merely peeped in, and returned to our room,
not to sleep, for it was immediately adjacent to
Terpsichore Hall, but to reflect upon the times
when we, too, were young, and tripped it light-
ly with good dame LANGLOIS, regardless of
heat or cold. About 1 o'clock, our curtains
were drawn, not like him who drew Priam's
curtains to tell him his home was burning, far
from it, but to be handed a delicious goblet of
iced cream, cake, &c., a recompense we pre-
sume, for the rest we lost.—Lincoln Courier.

Scriptural Plan of Benevolence.

(BY REV. SAM'L HARRIS.)

CHAPTER III.

Duty of Systematic Benevolence inferred from the nature and motives of piety.

Piety begins with a change of heart.—
The greater part of life is usually occu-
pied with the acquisition and use of prop-
erty. A change of heart, if real, can-
not leave this principal part of life unaf-
fected. The subject of it must be expected
to show that he has found a more valued
treasure in heaven by his new aims in
getting, his new principles in using the
treasures of this world. If, in that chief
part of life occupied with gaining and
using property, the professed subject of a
change consisting in placing the affec-
tions on things above, continue to show
the same estimate of property as the great
end to be sought, the same eagerness in
getting, the same tenacity in holding, the
same self-seeking in using it, need it be
surprising that his worldly competitors
doubt the reality of the change? Must
not Christ repel such professors with his
own searching question, "What do ye
more than others?" There is nothing less
than absurdity in the idea of a change,
in which the man becomes "a new crea-
ture in Christ," in which "old things are
passed away, behold, all things are be-
come new," which yet does not carry a
new spirit through the business and con-
secrate the property as well as the heart
to God—in which the theory is all for the
glory of God; the practice, all for mak-
ing money.

Religion is love. And love is active.
It is as natural for love to act beneficently,
as for a fountain to flow, or a star to shine;
and its action is ungrudging, unstinted,
delighting in toil for the loved object.—
Witness, for instance, the toils of parental
love. Can love to God and man be the
very essence of the character, while ben-
eficent efforts are left to hazard, crowd-
ed into the by- corners of life, supplied by
chippings and rampants? Can love con-
trol the heart, and not control the action
of the life?

Christians are laborers together with
God. God is always giving; if we labor
with him, we must labor in his work; we
must give. God is love; if we labor with
him, we must labor in the work of love.
God would form us into his likeness; to
this end, we are no sooner brought into
his kingdom, than we are put to doing his
work. In revealing his will by inspired
men, in the conversion of every soul, in
the whole work of spreading the gospel
through the world, we discover this sub-
lime partnership in labor between God
and his children.

Behold, then, believer, your sublime
position, working with God in delivering
the world from ruin. To reclaim men to
holiness is God's great work; to it he has
moulded his plans, and for it ordered his
providence, since time began. May you
be a laborer with God, and make that sec-
ondary which he regards as first; pur-
sue without plan, energy, or steadfastness,
the object which he seeks with a stead-
fastness which knows no abatement, a
zeal which spares no sacrifice, an outpour-
ing of treasure which arithmetic cannot
calculate? A laborer with God, and yet
that object to which with him the destiny
of nations and the movements of heav-
enly hosts are subordinate, be with you
secondary to money-getting, to furniture,
equipage—a mere appendix to business?
Let the great fact possess your soul with
the fulness which its reality demands, that
you are a laborer together with God, and
you will lose sight of self in the great-
ness of man's salvation, and instead of
benevolence an appendix to business itself
will become but a means of benevolence.

The cross of Christ urges to systematic
benevolence. "Ye know the grace of our
Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was
rich, yet for your sakes he became poor,
that ye through his poverty might be
rich." This is one of the most touching
appeals to Christ's sufferings. Yet Paul
wrote it expressly as a motive for taking
up a charitable collection at Corinth. This

beautiful sentiment in such a connection
may seem sadly out of place to those who
are wont to regard a charitable collection
as an annoyance; but it shows the apos-
tolic view of the connection of this duty
with all that is sublime and affecting in
the cross of Christ.

The peculiar motive of Christianity is
expressed in the affecting words so of-
ten on the lips of Jesus, "For my sake."
"Blessed are ye when men shall revile
you, and persecute you, for my sake"—
"hated of all men for my sake"—"hath
left houses and lands for my sake"—"los-
eth his life for my sake." He presents
this motive as effectual to induce the
greatest sacrifices, even of property and
life, and it would seem that a sinner,
pardoned through Christ's blood, could not,
for very shame, lift his eye to meet the
melting look of his dying Saviour, if he
felt not the overcoming power of that ap-
peal—if he could not, like the apostle,
say, "I take pleasure in infirmities, in re-
proaches, in necessities, in persecutions,
in distresses, for Christ's sake." "What
things were gain to me, those I count loss
for Christ."

In a world so intensely selfish, it was
needful that the cross of the divine Red-
eemer, sacrificing himself to save trans-
gressors, should stand in the centre of the
plan of salvation: the first object which
greets the eye of the convert, and the last
which cheers the dying saint; the source
of the Christian's hope and strength thro'
all his warfare, his joy on earth, and the
anticipated theme of his everlasting song
—that the great lesson of self-denying,
all consecrating benevolence may always
be before the view—that with every look
at the bleeding Author of salvation, may
fall on the soul, with an eloquence too
deep for words, the admonition, "Foras-
much as Christ hath suffered for us in the
flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the
same mind;" "he that saith he abideth in
Christ, ought himself also so to walk even
as he walked."

If God himself were in our circumstan-
ces, how would he measure his efforts for
the good of men? Receive the answer
in the conduct of Christ, "God manifest
in the flesh." He would sacrifice his rich-
es and lay aside his glory; he would con-
sume all his earthly existence; he would
lay down his mortal life, to do them good.
The first promise of the arch-deceiver
was, "Ye shall be as gods"—ye shall be-
come so by gratifying self. Christ has
uttered the same promise, "Ye shall be
partakers of the divine nature;" but ye
shall become so by denying self. "Gratify
self, get, and ye shall be as gods," is Sat-
an's lie. "Deny self, give, and ye shall
be partakers of the divine nature," is
Christ's truth. Satan has blinded man-
kind by this lie, so that they look for bliss
and exaltation only by getting; Christ
overturns this whole scheme, and teaches
to find godlike bliss and exaltation by
giving. This is godlike in man, to sacri-
fice self for the good of others. That was
the highest elevation of human nature
when it was lifted on the cross in the blood
of its own agony for man's redemption;
then human nature was exalted to partici-
pate in the sublimity of all the displays
of God's glory. And there is no elevation
of man to the godlike, except as he is el-
evated to the spirit of the cross. Who
then can imagine that he has been made
by regeneration a partaker of the divine
nature, if he does not systematically de-
vote of his choicest treasures, as God has
prospered him, for the good of men. And
how little even that gift appears in the
light of the cross; how little in contrast
with the offerings of many who have laid
down their lives for Christ's sake!

Thus systematic benevolence, instead
of being an isolated and uninteresting
topic, is seen to be a duty based on the
very nature of piety, and enforced by its
most affecting motives.

Distressing Occurrence.—Another
fatal accident occurred on Saturday even-
ing from the use of camphine. Three
young ladies in the family of Clement
Ramos, an alderman of the First Municipality,
who resides on the Bayou Road, were
shockingly burned by an explosion of
a can of camphine, which set fire to
their clothes. Blanche Ramos, the daugh-
ter of Alderman Ramos, died yesterday
morning; Ernestine Noe lies in a very
critical situation, while another young
lady and a servant are much burned.—
This awful occurrence has plunged a
large circle of friends into the most pro-
found grief, while it should convince all
of the great danger of using this most in-
flammable substance.—N. O. Picayune.

From the Savannah Republican.

A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

COLONEL JOHN WHITE, OF THE GEORGIA LINE.

One of the most remarkable feats was
performed by this brave officer, that oc-
curred during the whole period of the revo-
lutionary war. It is related on the au-
thority of Dr. Ramsay, in his history of
the revolution in South Carolina—Col.
Lee, in his memoir of the war in the South-
ern Department—Major McCall, in his
history of Georgia, and by Major Garden,
in his revolutionary anecdotes; That
while the allied army was engaged before
Savannah, and while the siege was pend-
ing, Col. White conceived and executed
an extraordinary enterprise. Captain
French, with one hundred and eleven
British regulars, had taken post on the
Ogeechee river, about twenty-five miles
from Savannah; at the same place lay
five British vessels, of which four were
armed, the largest mounted fourteen guns,
and the smallest four. Col. White, with
him only Captains George Melvin, A. C.
G. Elholm, a Sergeant and three men, on
the night of the 1st of October, 1779, ap-
proached the encampment of French,
kindled many fires, the illumination of
which were discernable at the British sta-
tion, exhibiting, by the manner of rang-
ing them, the plan of a camp. To this strat-
agem he added another, he and his com-
rades, imitating the manner of the staff,
rode with haste in various directions, giv-
ing orders in a loud voice. French be-
came satisfied that a large body of the
enemy were upon him, and on being sum-
moned by White, he surrendered his de-
tachment, the crews of the five vessels,
forty in number, and one hundred and
thirty stand of arms.

Col. White having succeeded, pretend-
ed that he must keep back his troops, lest
their animosity should break out, and in-
discriminate slaughter take place, in de-
fiance of his authority—and that, therefore,
he would commit them to three guides,
who would conduct them safely to good
quarters.

The deception was carried on with so
much address, that the whole of the Brit-
ish prisoners were safely conducted by
three of the captors for twenty-five miles
through the country to the American post
at Sunbury.

The affair, notwithstanding the high au-
thority above quoted, bears so much
the appearance of romance, and ap-
proaches so near the marvellous, as to be
doubted by many to the present day.

The writer has in his possession an origi-
nal document, which fully sustains the
facts so far as relates to the capture of
the vessels. It is in the hand writing of
Major Wm. Jackson, who was the secre-
tary of the Federal Convention of 1787,
and which the following is an exact copy:
"CHAS. TOWN, April 14, 1780.

Gentlemen:—Please to pay to Jacob
Read, Esq., Proctor in the cause of the
captors, and claimants for the vessels taken
in Ogeechee river by Col. White, twenty-
five hundred dollars, being his fees in
said cause, for which I will be account-
able. I am, gentlemen,

Your most obt. serv't,
W. JACKSON,
one of the Agents of the Army,
To Messrs. COLCOCK & GIBBONS,
Vendue Masters."

The order is enclosed in the hand-writ-
ing of Gen. Read, who was a U. States
Senator from South Carolina.

Col. White, an Englishman by birth, of
Irish parentage, was a Surgeon in the
British Navy. While on a visit to Barba-
dos, he married a lady, a native of Lon-
don, to which place he soon returned; and
having acquired a fortune by his profes-
sion, he left the Navy and embarked for
America, and settled in Philadelphia, de-
termined to make it his future residence.
When the revolution commenced, he took
the oath of allegiance and entered the
army as captain, and was soon promoted to
the rank of colonel—his regiment (the 4th
Georgia battalion) being ordered to the
South.

He was severely wounded at the assault
of the Spring Hill redoubt on the 9th of
October, 1779—(where Pulaski fell)—and
only nine days after the capture of the
French. He succeeded in making his es-
cape from the British with Col. Elbert and
others—but his wound had so much im-
paired his health that he was obliged to
retire from the army; and died soon after
in Virginia from a pulmonary attack pro-
duced by fatigue and exposure. T.

[When aliens were required to take the
oath of allegiance or leave the country,
Col. White replied that as he was not eat-
ing the bread of the King, he did not con-
sider his allegiance to be due to him. His
daughter, Mrs. Hayden, now resides in this
city at the advanced age of 73 or 74 years.
She occupies the small cottage near the
house of Mrs. Gaudry on Chipeway square
We have seen the original order of which
the above is a true copy. It is in the hands
of a friend who is not only perfectly ac-
quainted with the hand-writing of the au-
thor of it, but equally so with that of the
endorser.—Eds. Republican.

Counterfeit.—A very dangerous Counterfeit
was seen in this place last week, in the hands
of a tobacco wagoner, who said he received it
at the late Fair at Laurel Hill. It was a \$50
Note of the Bank of the state of North Carolina.
Fay. Observer.

SHORT PATENT SERMON.

BY DOW, JR.

The words of my text for this occasion
are as follows:

"Sweet Spring I greet thee with a rapturous kiss."

MY DEAR FRIENDS: Let us congratulate
one another that the cold hearted, tyrant
winter has been turned out of office, and
is now slumbering in retirement among
the icebergs of the North. His measures
were altogether too destructive to the in-
terests of the North and too favorable to-
wards those of the South. He took heavy
responsibilities on his own shoulders, and
therefore prostrated business flatter than
a hammered sledge. He put a stop to
all our inland navigation—levied a grind-
ing tax upon the poor—buried the prosper-
ity of the country beneath the snows of
usurpation, and created banks after banks
to block up the honest yeoman's path to
fortune; but most of them have been run
upon so often that they are trodden down,
if not annihilated forever.

My Friends, Setting aside all politics,
whether reasonable or unreasonable, let
us rejoice that the warmer, milder and sun-
nier days are beginning to peep through
the windtattered curtain of April, and that
we shall soon get a smell at some such
odors as delighted the olfactory of our first
parents, as they sat weaving love knots in
the gay bowers of Eden, or plucking the
violets that surrounded the cradle of new-
born Spring. Nature, though compara-
tively dormant, is not yet dead. Every
day exhibits new symptoms of returning
animation: and you will soon see her habi-
tued in a new frock of green, and with the
young buds of promise reathed in her ring-
lets.

The infant blossoms that lead the floral
year, will shortly rear their tiny heads up-
on the velvet lawns, and laugh for joy at
the glad prospect before them. The little
birds, too, will come and cheer us with
their enlivened caroling, and every crotch-
et quaver and demisemiquaver in the un-
written music of Nature, will be run over
by those feathered choristers of heaven
with all the exactness of a pocket organ.
Soon the earth, which has lately been a
sepulchre for the dead, will be converted
into a garden of life and industry. Da-
mask roses shall bloom upon a winter bar-
ren grave, and green garlands hang upon
every leafless bough. I know that all
these things must take place. For I feel it
in my fingers' ends; and my corns grow
easier in the glorious anticipation of being
trud upon only by the satin slippers of Flo-
ra, instead of the iron-heeled boots of Ho-
reas.

My Friends: Only mark the difference
between the natural and the animal world!
while the earth enjoys an animal reno-
vation and crowns herself every spring with
the blooming chapter of youth, man, frail
man, is hastening to decay. No vernal
morn sheds its freshness over the autumnal
landscape of life, no balmy breezes can
blow youthful vigor into the superannu-
ated system of age, when the physical tree
sheds its verdure, and the limbs become
sapless and old, it flourishes no more—and
when the vegetation of the cranium is
dried and withered in the December of
time, it can never sprout nor grow again
until the soil is watered and enriched by
the April showers of immortality. Yes,
my friends, decay is written upon the fore-
heads of you all as plain as the heading of
a theatre bill; and you should consider
yourselves particularly favored by a mercif-
ul Providence that you are permitted to
behold the opening of another Spring. For
my part, I roll up my eyes in wonder, and
thus colloquize with my own mysterious
self. Can it be possible that I am again to
enjoy the Maydays of another year? how
many times more will Spring spread her
mantle between me and the grave!—how
many times more will yonder sod clothe it-
self in green, before it shall be upturn by
the sexton's spade and planted upon my
clay-cold bosom! Such questions as these
you all ought to ask yourselves as well as
I, and live as though it were the last spring
with which you are ever to be favored in
this changing sphere. Because every thing
around you seems lively, cheerful and
young, don't be bamboozled into the idea
that the sands in the hour-glass of time
have ceased to run—that you can linger
upon life's flowery banks forever—and
that you are now as near the dark portal
of the tomb as you will be when another
year rolls round. Ah! my friends, you are
all marching with a double quick step
towards the battle field of death; and when
you and I shall have split ourselves upon
the ground, the earth will still be in her
teens, and the lassie Spring will trip it over
our graves with as lightsome a step as
when she first came dancing into the world
with garlands gathered in the gardens of
heaven.

My Dear Friends: I hail the approach
of returning Spring with rapturous de-
light; and I have no doubt each do the
same, unless your souls are made up of
some such unelastic ingredients as mud,
molasses, and meadow-mould. I glory in
its coming, because it preaches moral ser-
mons to the heart, more eloquent than my
auctioneering friend Col. White, ever dis-
coursed to a worldly minded and penur-
ous congregation. It tells us of the watch-
fulness, the mercies and wise provisions of
Him who feeds the young ravens and tem-
pers the wind to the shorn lamb; and it
says in plain English, that man is not to
lie forever frozen up in the wintry grave;
but to be thawed out, revived and reno-
vated by the gentle breeze of an eternal
Spring. So mote it be.

There is likely, says the New York Mirror,
to be a general "bursting up" in Boston
before three months come round. The "negro cloth"
of Lowell, the "negro shoes" of Lynn, and the
"negro notions" of New England generally, re-
main dead in the lots of the warehouses.

The Jew's Conversion Society estimate that,
within the last twenty years, 15,000 Israelites
have embraced the Christian faith.