

Carolina Watchman.

Devoted to Politics, News, Agriculture, Internal Improvements, Commerce, the Arts and Sciences, Morality, and the Family Circle.

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LOVE, A TELL-TALE.

Love, a tell-tale! Yes the features Of the youthful maiden show Where the eye of heart affection Sometimes unobscured, freely flows. When a coy and shy young maiden Flashes forth the earnest gaze, Just to see her daily bliss In a moment quickly pass. When her ever-giving color Comes and goes as she draws nigh, And again as she departs, When she breathes a pent up sigh— Where the heart is e'er turning, These the eyes are e'er turning; There the flame of love is burning, These the soul invites to burning. Is her hand from daily duties Constantly upon the move? Does her memory desert her? These depend on a love. Is she restless, varying, moody? Does the loved one so beguiled, That she laughs with joy unfeigned, When she sees him wear a smile? Then depend, for good or evil, She would fairly lose the share, Every thought of care and sorrow, With the blessing of his love.

Natural Wonders of Florida.—A writer in the *Floridian Journal*, says the upper stratum of Florida rests on one vast net work of irregular arches of stupendous magnitude, through which innumerable rivers, creeks and mineral waters in silent darkness perpetually flow. Wakulla, Ocala, Wacassia, Crystal, Homosassa, Chesnutka, Wickavacha, and Silver Spring, are the principal rivers. The creeks of this denomination are too numerous to mention; most of them afford fine mill-sites. They are, too, partly, or wholly navigable for the smaller class of steam and sail vessels throughout the entire distances of their superabundant courses. Those that are not, can be made so with comparatively small trouble and little expense. The same writer also says, that the number of mineral and thermal springs in Florida is more than two thousand. Their principal solid ingredients are the sulphates of lime, magnesia and soda, oxide of iron and some iodine. Their volatile ingredients consist of sulphuretted hydrogen, carbonic acid, and nitrogen gases. These gases soon evaporate if the water be exposed in an open vessel to the atmosphere; its taste then becomes insipid, in some instances either magnesian or acid. If Florida be so thickly imbedded with mineral ores, will it not clash with the theory of Prof. Agassiz, who says that Florida was built by the coral worm and other marine animals? and that it took them upwards of one hundred thousand years to accomplish it?

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.

On Thursday last, in attempting to raise the "Democratic Flag Pole" before the Court House in this City, after being raised some distance it slipped from the control of those having its management and fell with a terrific crash, striking Mr. Charles Finch on the head and killing him almost instantly. Mr. F. was a most excellent and worthy citizen, being universally esteemed for his honesty and industry. The liveliest sympathies of the community are felt for his family who are thus suddenly deprived of a kind and prudent husband and father.

WRITTEN FOR THE COLUMBIA BANNER.

FIRST PRIZE TALE.

MICHAEL ALLSCOTT;
THE SHOT IN TIME.

A STORY OF MARION'S MEN.

BY J. W. KEVIN.

CHAPTER III.

Deep buried in our hearts, of which we seek But little, till the shafts of heaven have pierced Its fragile dwelling. Most not earth be true, Before her gems are found?

"I myself will save him!" cried Dora, suddenly arising from her deep dejection, while her eyes flashed with new-born energy; "I will appeal to more to the mercy of savage men, but to the sword of my country. They live by the sword, and we! into them, by the sword they shall perish!"

This spoke the noble woman, as with a firmer step she paced the floor of her chamber. Types and Harrison had that very morning visited the house shortly after the dawn, and made no concealment of the fact that Allcott had been captured by them but a few hours before, and they were equally unreserved in proclaiming their intention to have him publicly executed on the day succeeding that of their visit. Shocked and overwhelmed by the distressing information, Dora forgot her maiden delicacy, and throwing herself at the feet of her captors, pleaded in tears for her lover's life. Types was cold and inexorable, and though Harrison proved a decent and cautious squire, there was a lurking triumph in his eye more significant and sinister than the impulsive inhumanity of Types. As these two worthies left the house, Harrison found an opportunity of whispering in her ear a few words of seeming interest and kindness.

"Come, Miss Singleton," said he, "to see camp on Tarso, on to-morrow, and I will join with you in an attempt to obtain for this young man pardon from the colonel. Accept my offer in the spirit in which it is made, and our joint efforts will perhaps save him."

Dora's first thought was to spurn his proffer of services, which only exalted her indignation at the honest indignation it justly deserved; but knowing that such a course would not hasten the fate of Michael, and feeling that it was due to him to take no course which might render his danger still more imminent, she turned towards Harrison with a brighter eye and answered,

"I thank you, Mr. Harrison, Harrison, who was a major in the royalist service, but his lip with vexation—"I thank you, sir, for your offer, and do indeed accept it in the spirit in which it is made. Perhaps my visit to your camp will be delayed until a late hour on to-morrow, but as sure as the sun rises, I will visit your camp."

Harrison, with his superior officer, departed—thoroughly deceived by the honest frankness of the maiden.

"She has fallen into my snare," was the self-congratulatory thought of the tory major as he left the house.

"God that he is, to think that I believed or trust one so bloody and faithless!" was the soliloquy of the fair Dora, as she ascended the stairs and entered her chamber. All the heroisms of her nature was aroused, and with the determination to save Michael there was awakened within her an energy and self-dependence of which until that hour she did not believe herself possessed. Her spirits rose with the occasion that called forth her latent energies, and she determined to lose not an hour in irresolute delay.

Summoning a servant by a bell that stood upon the mantel-board, she bade her seek out and send to her, without delay, Nero, a valuable and trusty servant, who had been in childhood the playmate and brearmer years the body servant of her father. Like all servants of his station, he was devotedly attached to the young mistress. She was the best idea of all that was good and excellent, and how ever he might feel it necessary to differ from her—at times in opinion, still whenever she commanded he was ready to lay down his life in her service. In short, Nero was in his own estimation one of the most important and dignified persons in question, a most humble and unobtrusive individual.

In a very few moments Dora's maid servant Jane returned, preceded by Nero, cap in hand, who halted at the door, and stood respectfully awaiting the commands of his young mistress. There was on his face an expression of curiosity and expectation that provoked a smile from Dora, despite her distress. The wrinkles on the old man's brow and the twinkle in his eye said as plainly as words—"Ki, missy! what now?"

"I mean, daddy Nero," asked Dora, "is he sure footed, and will he go thro' all difficulties?"

"Sure-footed for true!" replied Nero, opening his eyes wider and wider, "and he'll go to de debil if you'll only gib him line enough. Fearnought's a mighty spirited horse for true."

"Well, then, Nero, he is just the horse I want," replied his mistress. "I wish you to saddle him for me at once; and here's a valise I wish you to attach to the saddle for me."

"Saddle Fearnought for you, missy?" replied the old man with an incredulous frown and smile. "Why, there ain't no figger mass Wharton got what dare ride him. How den my own missy, my child Dora, gwine for ride him?"

"My father was a good horseman—was he not?" asked Dora.

"Yes, ma'am! he ride like de debil!" responded Nero.

"Well, then, I think," replied she, "I'll prove myself his daughter. Saddle Fearnought and I'll take a gallop upon him," she continued with a flashing eye, "for many a long mile, ay, even if it cost me my neck."

"Let me go wid you den, missy?" asked Nero eagerly.

"I shall at all events need your attendance for a portion of the way, and your service until I return," answered she evasively.

"Tank God for dat, anyhow," ejaculated Nero, receiving the valise which she tossed him, and with a reverent bow the old man withdrew to fulfill her commands.

In a few minutes thereafter Dora appeared in her riding dress, descended from her apartment and found Nero with all things in readiness for her departing, a quiet but strong and serviceable animal for his own use being harnessed at the rack, while he with difficulty held by the reins the animal which she had ordered to be saddled for her own use.

In truth Fearnought was as wild and fierce a steed as ever paced the shaggy plains of Araby. Tall and of magnificent proportions, he stood proudly pawing up the earth and plunging about as if to escape from the hands of his groom, his wild and nervous eye flashing with fire.

"You can't ride him, missy," observed old Nero, shaking his head doubtfully. "Better let me put him up and keth old box."

"Never mind, daddy Nero," said she, "only bring him up to the steps so I can mount, and once within the saddle, I will answer the rest."

The horse which Dora had chosen for her ride was indeed a high-mettled and fiery animal. His glossy coat of a dark bay color, that glittered in the sun, as soft and as smooth as velvet; his eye that flashed wildly, his high and crooked slender form and faultless proportions, all proclaimed him one of that rough bred and pure-blooded stock, at that day justly the pride of Carolina.

The rosy and hoary animal was led up to the platform, and without a moment's hesitation Dora trusted herself to the saddle, and in low and gentle voice soothed him into quiet as she guided him down the avenue. Patiently he submitted to her control, and moved on as quietly as a lamb, as though proud of his gentle rider, and mindful of her safety.

"Ki, woman stronger than one debil!" muttered old Nero, as he entered on after her on his more staid and sober animal, with a capacious basket containing comforts for the sick man on the saddle box.

Dora was soon in a fast canter, moving like a fleeting shadow along the bridge path that led to the Black River swamp, on the very margin of which was the dwelling of the long doubted, but faithful whig—old Archibald Kerr. The house, which was in a small field of about two acres, stood on the brow of the hill, at the foot of which lay the oozy and pathless swamp. One might have stood in the doorway and tossed a libel without an effort beyond its margin.

The bridge path that wound across the field to the front of the hut was blacked up by brush-wood, that it was passable only with some difficulty. In fact it seemed as if the owner had permitted it to be choked up, in order that at any time he might the more readily escape from any band of horsemen sent to arrest him.

Old Nero was ready at hand to receive the bridle of the maiden, as she dismounted. She hastened on to the door of the hut, over which a growth of magnificent trees of the forest hung their shadowy and without even the ceremony of knocking at the door for admission, crossed the threshold and entered the sole apartment of the hut.

The room was poorly and scantily furnished. In one corner stood a bedstead coarsely, yet neatly supplied, and before the hearth, on which were arranged the few culinary utensils which the old man possessed, stood a rude bench and a couple of oaken chairs. The floor was faultlessly clean, and even the pine shelves on which were arranged the bright tinware and cheap plates bore the traces of frequent scouring.

The old man was sitting upon a bench before the fire, so deeply was he absorbed in thought, or so dull and inactive had his senses become from long and painful illness, that he heeded not her bright footsteps as she crossed his thresholds. His feet encased in a soft pair of moccasins, and a blanket thrown around his shoulders, supplying the place of coat and waistcoat, he sat bending over the scanty fire, on which an iron pot was steaming, his long bony fingers clasped together, seemingly lost in thought. Dora paused and gazed upon him for a moment before she ventured to address him.

Far beyond the common height, with a broad and capacious chest, his figure still bore evidence of gigantic strength. As he sat bowed down with his head bent till it hung above his knees, and his sinewy hands laid upon his lap, with his long thin pale fingers intertwined with one another, and his sunken meditative eyes fixed upon the floor, his air was so stern that the maiden almost trembled before him. Stiff as the quills of the fretful porcupine, his bristling hair grizzled with age, rose above his huge massive forehead, which was deeply and thickly furrowed with wrinkles. His face was long, withered and darkened by exposure; his long and acquiline nose added determination and expression to his features, while his full projecting nether lip gave additional harshness to his countenance.

Dora gazed silently upon him for a moment and then advanced to the spot where the old man sat. Hearing the rustling of her dress, he turning suddenly around raised himself erect on his seat, and fixed upon her his keen grey eye, that twinkled suspiciously under the long coal-black bushy brows that projected over them.

"I have heard, Mr. Kerr, you were extremely ill," said she advancing and kindly extending her hand, and I have come to visit you."

The old man received her hand, while his face relaxed somewhat of its sternness, and gently motioned her to a seat. Dora took an arm chair opposite to him, and made an effort to engage the old man in conversation by kindly inquiries as to his health and welfare. The old man answered her inquiries courteously, yet briefly, and it was not difficult to see that some secret distrust of his visitor or the slight commotion therewith, haunted his mind, rendered him the less communicative.

"Mr. Kerr," said she at length, "I am told you know how to direct me on my way to Marion's camp. Can you do so?"

The old man stared wildly, and fixed another gaze of wonder and suspicion, while he glanced apprehensively towards the door, as if fearing he had been betrayed by the tories.

"Marion's camp," ejaculated the old man in surprise—"who told you so?"

"One moment, Mr. Kerr, I beg you will listen to me patiently," answered the maiden in an earnest and appealing tone. "You cannot be ignorant of the gathering of tories which is to take place within a short distance of this place on to-morrow."

The old man held his peace, and Dora continued, with her dark eyes fixed upon him.

"Marion ought to be informed of this," Kerr still continued silent.

"Have you," she continued, "no means of forwarding to him information so important as this?"

The old patriot groined about, but answered not.

"What business is this of mine? If Marion or any other general wishes information, think you it is my business to enquire myself by mixing in his affairs? He wishes to be informed of all that is passing, think you not, there are spies and scouts enough in the country at ready?"

"But if his scouts are all taken?" suggested Dora.

"All taken," exclaimed the old man earnestly and wildly, while his eyes began to flash with interest—"Where?—but what do you know about it, my child, speak!" and he leaned over and gazed earnestly upon her.

"Jarrison is taken," replied Dora.

"Well, well," asked Kerr, impatiently; "what next?"

"Ames is taken," she continued.

"Well, well," cried the old man, unconsciously rising from his seat, while his gray eye twinkled with fearful interest, and his hands were pressed nervously together, "what of—never mind—tell me what more?"

"And Richardson?" she began.

"What of Richardson?" he cried in a tone of thunder.

"Is killed," she replied.

The old man sunk upon his seat overwhelped by powerful emotions. His lips grew livid from the violence of his excitement. He had already been made aware of the capture of Ames and Jarrison, but he had still trusted that Richardson had escaped to hear the news of the tory gathering to Marion.

"All gone!" he at length groaned a loud, "and only I am left, feeble, shattered, and impotent for good. Oh, for a half score hours of health and strength, and I would then willingly lie down and die!"

"Mr. Kerr," said Dora, in a firm and unshaken tone. "Will you not trust me, I am on my way to Marion's camp; will you not lay aside your prudent distrust and direct me thither?"

"How knew you aught of my connection with Marion?" inquired Kerr, sternly. "Who told you that I knew the secret of his camp?"

"Listen to me patiently, my honored friend, and I will tell you my whole story," and without a moment's hesitation she told him of the capture of Michael, of the last night's conversation between them, and the motives which had induced the young whig to intrude her into the secret of Marion's camp, which he held.

"It is the good providence of God," said the old man, after he had heard her story. "But do you think to go alone?"

"Altogether alone," she replied. "I dare not risk exposing our general's secret hiding place, by carrying even a single domestic with me."

"The camp is full fifty miles away," said the old man; "can you undergo the fatigue?"

"I am ready to lay down even my life, so I can but see our brave general," she replied with warmth.

"Be it so, then, my child," answered the old man, "and stooping down he displaced a stone from the rude hearth, and drew forth a map, upon which was laid down the chief roads of that section of country, and the hiding places frequented by the partisan."

With great care, and in a succinct and intelligible manner, he pointed out to her the route she must take to reach the camp, or rather to fall in with a guide, who would conduct her to Marion; for the camp itself, which lay in the heart of an extensive swamp, could only be reached by one thoroughly acquainted with the intricacies of the locality.

"Thank you, Mr. Kerr, thank you," replied Dora, when the old man had concluded; "I now feel secure of my object, and rest assured that Marion's secret is as safe with me as with the best soldier of his camp."

"I believe you, my child," answered the old man kindly; "I had judged you only by what I knew of old Isaac Wharton. I knew that he was bitterly opposed to us, and did not dream that Michael had converted you to whiggery."

"Nor did he, indeed," replied Dora, quickly. "I breathed in independence with childhood's breath. My covenant-ancestors brought the spirit of freedom with them from Scotland's mountains and moors—it lives in my blood, and beats in my pulse, and believe me, if our people would take counsel of me, they would fight while there is one man left to raise up in an oath of resistance to tyranny."

The old man's eyes flashed with delight as he looked upon the noble woman whose earnest features gave additional force to her language.

"God bless you for a worthy descendant of Scotland's glorious martyrs!" was his solemn invocation. "God will prosper our righteous cause, when even the women of our land are inspired with the spirit of liberty."

"I must leave you now, Mr. Kerr," said Dora, rising; "I have brought thus far with me a faithful and discreet servant, who will remain and nurse you during your sickness until my return. Nay, your sickness need not my return. I shall not carry him with me, and were he to return alone, I fear lest my friends might suspect some danger it would bring upon Michael, were it only suspected at the tory camp; it is only my way to seek out Marion. No, my good friend, for many reasons you must permit Nero to remain with you, and as time progresses I must be on my road."

"Alas, dear young lady," said the old man, shaking his head doubtfully, "have you well thought of the distracted state of the country—of the lawless and violent men whom you may encounter? Will not your maiden modesty shrink back from dangers greater than death?"

"Believe me, no," replied Dora, firmly. "I would trust in a brave steed, fleet as the wind, that would bear me off in safety through the bloody Tartan with all his troops were at my heels!"

"A horse is a vain thing for safety; neither shall he deliver any by his great strength," replied the old man, in the beautiful language of that book that was his daily food, "but behold the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear Him, to deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in famine. He is our help, and our shield. Trust then in him."

The old man pressed her hand kindly as she spoke, and with slow and feeble steps followed her to the door, and watched her with interest as she proudly and confidently took her seat upon the back of her impatient steed. He followed her with his eyes as she turned away on her strange and romantic mission, and as she disappeared from his sight, seized with a sudden faintness, he made an effort to regain his seat by the fire, and when a bout half way across the room staggered, and would have fallen, but for the timely assistance of Nero, who at that moment entered the door, bearing a capacious basket of provisions for the use of the invalid.

Overcome by the intense excitement to which his feeble and exhausted frame had been subjected, he became rapidly worse, and permitted himself to be assisted to his bed by Nero, who, with a careful countenance, walked about the room like a mute shadow, carefully anticipating the wants of the sick man, and now and then dabbing a tear from his honest eye, as the sad memory crossed him of his kind mistress departing alone and unattended on some mysterious mission, the secret of which he was not permitted to share.

(Concluded next week.)

HOMEOPATHIC TREATMENT OF THE CHOLERA.—The *New York Post* says:

We learn that a number of influential citizens of Brooklyn, among whom is Mayor Lambert, are making efforts to obtain a ward in the cholera hospital in Franklin avenue, for the treatment of patients according to Hahnemann's system. Dr. Ritter, a homeopathic physician, has had twenty cholera-patients in that place, all of whom recovered except two. Medical aid was called to these latter in the last stage of the disease, but at a time when no remedies could afford relief.

BRIMSTONE CORNER.

This is the very appropriate title of the corner of a Boston street, on which the church of Theodore Parker is situated. A friend informs us of an incident connected with this same abolition cathedral which strictly illustrates abolition consistency. An individual who had attended the church, but found the ultraism bearing altogether too strong for his own capacity of endurance, offered his pew for sale, but was for a long time unable to find a purchaser. He at length hit upon the curious expedient of a sham sale of the pew to a negro, enjoining him to occupy the pew with his wife and children every Sunday till further orders. The pew was in a most conspicuous and eligible situation, and when on the succeeding Sunday, the son of Africa and his wife took possession, they were the "observed of all observers."

It was not many minutes before the occupants of neighboring pews vacated their places, and the looks of indignation and disgust they cast upon the intruders exhibited the true character of their abolition philanthropy. The next time the negro attended church he found the pew door locked, but he lifted his affectionate sprow and sable cherubs over the enclosure, then followed himself, listening with great edification to the abolition theories from the pulpit, in such strange contrast with the practice of the people. The third attempt of the negro to attend service was successfully defeated by locking the church door upon him, and the upshot of the matter was that the pew owner's trick was entirely successful, and the abolitionists gave him three pence for his pew, in order to prevent the abolition theory from being practically illustrated. This is but an example out of a thousand of the insincerity and inconsistency of abolition.—*Phil. Ledger.*

WARNINGS OF PROVIDENCE.

We verily believe that the warnings and judgments of God are constantly being visited upon men, to arouse their listlessness and excite their indignation against the excessive use and destructive tendency of the traffic in intoxicating drinks. In our own City and County during the present year, we think, have been exhibitions of this fact, sufficiently clear and strong, to have awakened the reflections and deep consideration of every man.

In January last, while the citizens of Raleigh were voting for Municipal Authorities in the upper part of the Court House, the main question at issue being the suppression of grog shops in the city, there was a commitment trial going on below of three men for a brutal murder at a liquor den a few miles distant.

On the first day of the campaign just closed, one of the prominent issues being the suppression of the system of treating with intoxicating drinks by the candidates, and reform on the liquor traffic, an unfortunate man was made drunk at the first gathering, and was drowned on his way home. And on the day previous to the election, another man was stricken down under the influence of liquor and in an instant hurried into eternity!

Is there no meaning—no warning in these awful visitations of God's wrath and judgement? And will not men lay them solemnly to heart and profit by their terrible admonitions?—*Spirit of the Age.*

When Kate and Ellen Bateman were in London they were invited by the Queen to spend one week at Windsor Castle with the royal children. While on their visit the Prince of Wales for the first time took his seat in the House of Lords by the side of his mother. When he returned home, before he would allow the glittering jewels to be taken from his breast, he sought Kate Bateman, and finding her in the royal nursery with his sisters and brothers, he advanced towards her, and taking her hand, he said: "Kate, as soon as I'm a man, ma's going to give me the throne, and then I'll make you my little wife and Queen." Miss Kate then said: "Well, little Wales, if you will be a good boy, study hard, and when you grow up study some honorable profession, I'll take your case into consideration."

CURA TO BE SOLD.

What a ridiculous story that is which reaches us by telegraph that, in case the insurgents are successful in the revolution recently started in Spain, Cuba will be sold! If these telegraphic agents would confine themselves to facts in their communications, they would better fulfill their duty than by mixing up with their items of intelligence their opinions and views of the effects and consequences of such facts. Now, if all who have the slightest knowledge of politics at Madrid knew, or ought to know, that this party of the revolution is the very party which is most hostile to the sale of Cuba, and that their success, of which there is little hope, would render that event even more improbable than it is at present.—*N. O. Delta.*

Black Guards.—The *New York Express* says:—A company of black soldiers paraded the streets yesterday afternoon, carrying the American flag. There were about twenty in the company, one quarter of whom were officers, and the whole were preceded by eight white musicians.

DEATH OF PIZARRO.

Three hundred and thirteen years ago Pizarro was murdered in his own house, notices the event:

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword." By the sword he had risen; by the sword he was to perish; not on some well fought battle field, with shouts of victory ringing in his ear, but in his palace hall, by the assassin's blade. In his own fair capitol of Lima, the city of Kings, the gem of the Pacific, which had sprung up, under his auspices, with incredible rapidity, for Pizarro seemed to impart his vast energy all about him, a score of conspirators assembled at the house of Amalago's son, plotted his death. It was on Sunday in June 1541, at the hour of dinner, that they burst into his apartment with cries of "Death to the tyrant!" A number of visitors were with him but they were imperceptibly armed, and deserted him, escaping by the windows, and his half brother, Martinez de Alcantara, two pages, and as many cavaliers, were all who stood forward in defence of their chief. They soon fell, overpowered by numbers and covered with wounds. But Pizarro was not the man to meekly meet his death. Alone, without armor, his cloak around one arm, his good sword in his right hand, with a vigor and intrepidity surprising at his advanced age, the old hero kept his cowardly assailant at bay.

"What, ho!" he cried, "traitors! have you come to kill me in my own house?" And, as he spoke two of his enemies fell beneath his blows. Rada, the chief of the conspirators, impatient of the delay called out: "Why are we so long about it? Down with the tyrant!" and taking one of his companions in arms, he thrust him against the Marquis. Pizarro instantly grappling with his opponent, ran him through with his sword. But at that moment, he received a wound in the throat, and feeling he sunk on the floor, when the words of Rada and several others were plunged into his body, "Jean!" exclaimed the dying man; and, tracing a cross with his bloody finger on the floor, he bent down his head to kiss it, when a stroke, more fierce than the rest, put an end to his existence.

AWFUL AND SUDDEN DEATH.

Seated in our office on Wednesday afternoon last, (the day before the election) we saw pass by our office a young man with whom we had often sat in the Division room, and whose many voices we had many a time heard in eloquent praises and defence of the cause of Temperance. But, alas! now his gait was unsteady and the inebriate's silly stare was on his countenance. The sight went to our heart, and a stronger impression than ever arose within us against the vile tempter that had seduced this young man from the high path of sobriety and honor, and turned him again into the drunkard's downward way from which we had hoped him once redeemed.

In less than an hour, upon the sultry breeze there came a voice of woman. Despatching a messenger were soon informed that our former young friend was seized with a fit, and was dead!!!—Great God! what a sight was there, what a scene! Tears enough to melt a heart of adamant, to hear the cries and witness the distress of that stricken mother—"for he was an only son, and she was a widow." Could the vile wretch who sold him the liquor that caused his death, have heard the prayers of that distracted mother to a prayer-avenging God for retribution for her slain son, surely they would have abandoned their death-dealing traffic.—But no, they would not—for every liquor seller in this city knew that time and time again he had been brought near the death's door by *delirium tremens*—and yet they would always let him have the poison. Surely they must be satisfied now, that they have sent him reeling into his grave.

To-morrow, thought we, an election is to be held in this City and County, and one great leading issue is, to deprive these liquor dealers of the power thus legally to murder their fellow beings.—Could every voter look in upon this scene, we would not doubt the result. But they cannot—and though many will hear of it and shudder, they will cast their votes against the Reform Candidates—while others will sneeringly say it is a small business when compared with politics!—Will the eyes of men, christian, thinking men never be open to their high duty in this great matter?—*Spirit of the Age.*

MORE BITTER FRUIT.

A Correspondent in Davie county writes that there has also fallen there a victim to the ruinous practice of treating with ardent spirits by candidates. A young man named Jesse Cotton attended one of the national whiskeys where he became helplessly intoxicated, and on the next day he was seized with a succession of fits which terminated in a few hours in his death! If there is anything that will arouse public indignation against this pernicious system, it must be the slaughter and destruction of human life which it occasions in a community. It would not doubt be a startling array, if we could lay before the people the number of men who have been brought to an untimely end and revolting agony! Has there been fifty? Perhaps all of that! Who's to answer for it before God!

Spirit of the Age.