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From the Saturday Messenger.
THE HARVEST SONG.
Heep high the farmer's wintry board!
Heep high the golden corn!
No richer gift has autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!
Let other land's exulting glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from the glossy green,
The cluster from the vine.
We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged valleys bestow,
To cheer up when the storm shall drift
Our harvest fields with snow.
When spring time came with flower and bud
And grasses green and young,
And merry Bobolinks, in the wood,
Like mad musicians, sung.
We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crow away.
All through the long, bright day of June,
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.
And now with autumn's moonlit eyes,
Its harvest time has come,
We plucked away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.
There, richer than the fable gift
Of golden showers of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

MESSENGERS EDITORS:
At a meeting of the Pasquotank Division Sons of Temperance held on the 13th instant, it was Resolved, that a copy of the address delivered before the Division by Mr. G. M. Wilder on that night be requested for publication in the Old North State.
The above resolution having been complied with, we present the following remarks, requesting you to give them a place in your paper.

JOHN S. WAUGH,
Recording Scribe.

ADDRESS.

The present seems to be an age of improvement, enterprise, and invention. Philanthropy, humanity, and benevolence, which are naturally implanted in the heart of man, seem to have been the prime moving cause of the Order of the Sons of Temperance. Which order, "in its principles, features and policy, is perfectly adapted to the genius of our free institutions, and so framed as to receive and merit the approbation and cordial support of the good and virtuous in every part of this great republic; whilst from its beautiful simplicity, its exalted aims, and its spirit of philanthropy, is deserving the attention of the popular mind of every nation and clime, and is destined, we fondly hope, to a spread as universal as that of the blighting curse of intemperance."
Till within about seven years the success of our cause depended on the efforts of comparatively a few individuals, who were endeavoring to sustain it by the means of temperance societies, and the spreading of such knowledge as was in their power.
But a dark cloud brooded over it. Human effort began to languish.
Our population was fast multiplying, and the spirit of opposition was raging in a high degree, when a few noble spirits conceived the plan of our beloved Order. Its benevolent design was cherished by the good and the virtuous; and soon a city came up from the east and from the west from the north and the south for more light on this subject so closely connected with the welfare and happiness of man, and the prosperity of our free institutions. That light was afforded, and our number was multiplied till Subordinate and Grand Divisions have been firmly established in all of the 30 States of the Union.
Notwithstanding the Order is doing so much for the amelioration of man, yet there remains very much misery, degradation and suffering to be swept from the land.
When we look around upon our own little community, the incontrovertible fact is presented to us, that, this liquid

poison is working a slow but sure destruction of many of our friends and acquaintances.
We are pained when we see King Alcohol reigning so triumphantly over them, destroying their moral and intellectual powers, blunting those kind and tender sympathies which bind man to his fellow man, to his family and his friends; prostrating and rendering torpid those lively sensibilities which enable him to participate in the joys of those around him.
The moral aspect of our community is not what it should be; and it remains for the Sons of Temperance to correct, at least, the great moral evil of intemperance.
Were it not for the baneful effects of alcohol, parents would not be weeping over drunken children, wives over drunken husbands, husbands over drunken wives and angels over a drunken world. Be not dismayed brethren when so doleful a picture is delineated. There is a foul stain upon our national character that must be removed.
Come boldly to the work like good soldiers, fighting till you have demolished the battlements of the tyrant and brought his subjects out into the light of true liberty.
We have much to encourage us. Our Order is progressing rapidly on to the consummation of its great aim, the redemption of man from the slavery of intemperance. It is enrolling in its ranks men from every class of society, and from every profession, who meet together as brothers and co-workers in this great work of redemption.
It is becoming a national question, and is looked upon as affecting the vital interests of the Union.
The great and good men of the nation; those high in authority are giving it their countenance, and enrolling their names among its supporters.
Ex-President Polk was a worthy member of the Order till his death.
John Q. Adams, whether a member of this Order or not, I cannot say, was a firm champion in the cause of temperance.
It is very evident that the most learned, refined and best portion of the American people are in favor of our cause.
And as long as we act upon the principles of temperance, love, purity, and fidelity, we shall have the approving smiles not only of such men but of the Great Patriarch above.
Let us not suppose then that our organization is perfected, or that our object is accomplished.
Our cause is one of the great progressive steps of the day—a vast moral stride to the amelioration of human evils and to the protection and advancement of human happiness.
If we become negligent, the cause will retrograde. Let us then be faithful in this work. Let us remember that our cause is progressive in its character. That we must advance to accomplish our aim. And in order to advance its interests we must develop the great internal resources of the Order.
"To the eye of the philosophic Son of Temperance" says one, "our Order is yet in its incipency." Then he goes on to make the following beautiful and striking comparison, saying, "it is true," that "the Order has a head, body and extremities; but that it wants more hands and fingers wherewith it may take hold of the entire community and gather up all ages, sexes and conditions—into the great temperance fold."
The time will come when it will be the policy of the Order to embrace and more all of society, in order the more victoriously to grapple with intemperance in each strong hold and to anticipate every vintage ground in the struggle. And such should be the language of every friend of morals, reform and humanity.
The onset which the Order is making on the common enemy of man, is successful and effective. We see the opposers of our cause writhing and groaning under

the havoc we are making in their ranks, and notwithstanding they cannot deny the moral and beneficial effects of the Order on individuals and families yet they stand aloof and with amazement behold the throne of the Tyrant fast crumbling to atoms.
The present is the time for the Son of Temperance to exercise his influence over those without the pale of our Order. Now is the time my brothers for you to introduce your friends and acquaintances into this great and growing order rising up in our land;—to say to them, we are ready to take you by the hand and lead you in pleasant places—will you go with us or will you reject our friendly call and drink from the intoxicating bowl the bitter dregs of disappointment, misery and woe; consigning your body to a drunkard's doom.
There is an awful day of reckoning coming not only to the intemperate man, but to us if we neglect to use those means of doing good which are within our reach.
I have no doubt but you all desire to see the time when temperance shall be universal, and the whole nation present that happy aspect which our Order is calculated to produce.
Brothers, the work is before you. Will you suffer the cause to languish, misery and degradation to multiply, your prisons and poor houses to be filled with victims whose support must arise from your taxes? This is a question worthy your candid consideration. Is it not worthy the consideration of those who are at the head of the government, and hold in their hands the destiny of the nation?
Is it not desirable that intoxicating drink should be removed from our Navy and Army, and from all our public works throughout the land?
If so how is it to be accomplished?
I know of no other way than by a change of public opinion on the subject, brought about by the moral, religious and temperate portion of the people.
And surely the Sons of Temperance hold in their hands a lever by which they may exert a mighty power for the good of the nation.
Guided by prudence and zeal, what good may there not be accomplished by the united efforts of the Order.
Its power and influence are daily multiplying, and its already extended borders are widening to embrace in its folds the whole human race.
It has already crossed the borders of the States, and raised its warning voice in the British Provinces of the Canada, New-Brunswick and Nova Scotia; and it mistakes not the National Division has appointed D. M. W. Patriarch's for the Kingdoms of Great Britain, City of Rome in Italy, Prince Edwards Island, Mexico and Chippewa Indians. Thus you see that our principles know no boundary, our field of labor is the world, and the harvest we contemplate gathering is the whole human race.
What an interesting picture would it be, to contemplate the Sons even of our own Republic laboring harmoniously under the principles of the Order, and enjoying all the benefits that it is calculated to produce. How many wives, and whole families would rise up and bless the day that ushered into existence this Fraternity.
I am somewhat surprised that young ladies of a high order of intellect, and moving in the most fashionable circles of society, with the influence they possess over the mind of man, should encourage the use of spirituous drinks, when they are among the first victims who are made to suffer.
It is of common occurrence even at the present day that young Ladies induce young men to take with them the social glass of wine, but as soon as the appetite is formed, and the young man becomes intoxicated they spurn him from their presence and society, without even thinking, or acknowledging that they have been the cause of the misery that is fast gathering around him.
They are naturally dependent on man

for support and happiness; and it should be their principle aim to preserve him as pure in morals, and in as high a state of refinement as possible not only for their own good, but for the good of their posterity.
It is generally conceded, I believe, by Physicians and Medical men that spirituous drinks are poisonous. And when taken into the system, they mingle with the blood in its passage through all the channels of life, and thereby reach the lungs, the brain, and every organ of the system, debasing the noblest faculties of man.
But the effects of the alcohol is not confined to the consumer, but the same poison is conveyed by the hereditary laws of our nature to the blood of his offspring, producing the most deleterious and destructive consequences. Such as a morbid temperament, irritable temper—an excess of animal propensities—a want of moral energy—a feeble and perverted intellect—and finally renders the whole system the offspring liable to disease. In proof of this I will mention a fact stated by the Governor of Massachusetts at a public meeting in Boston, where he said that according to official investigation, there are between twelve and thirteen hundred idiots in that state, of whom all except one hundred are the offsprings of drunken parents.
If such is the fact, let the wife beware how she presents to her husband the intoxicating bowl, or encourages in him that depraved appetite. Let the gay, high minded young lady beware, how she encourages the noble and refined young man to "look upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup."
If such be the fact, are not the Sons of Temperance by their work of love and humanity, conferring a lasting benefit, not only upon the present, but upon future generations.
I trust, brothers, that we may endeavor at all times to preserve union and harmony in all our deliberations—that we may strive to elevate our characters as men, by aiming at the highest point of excellence in temperance, morality, virtue and intellectual worth, tempered by religion, all of which are the crowning excellences of man.
And I hesitate not to say that when your offspring shall come upon the stage of action you will behold a noble, intelligent, high minded race, capable of swaying the destiny of the nation; and your daughters will be patterns of virtue, and the richest jewels of which you can boast.
Then will you see the perfect work of temperance, love, purity, fidelity and all those redeeming qualities which perfect the nature of man.
About eight months since eight individuals having applied for a charter met in the Odd Fellows Hall and instituted the Pasquotank Division No. 21.
At that time many were predicting its speedy downfall. But nearly one year has rolled over our heads and we are still permitted to meet in peace and harmony; and to greet one another in Love, Purity and Fidelity. "And whatever passing cloud may at any time have shaded your minds, it is hoped that like its shadow, no trace is left on your hearts."
And I am happy to congratulate you to night on the prosperity of the Order, and hope that in the hands of its officers it may continue to flourish and grow till the whole community shall be brought under its influence and not a drunkard remain to be saved. I trust that there is no member of this division who will ever give its opposers the opportunity of branding him with the name of apostate.
Remember that you have embarked in a noble cause. Buckle on your armor—fortify yourselves with temperance, purity and industry, and go forth trusting in the God of Jacob, and you will be able to buffet the storms of life, sink into an honorable grave, and I fondly hope arise to dwell forever with the Patriarchs above in that land of purity and holiness.

The principles of our Order inculcate purity of motives in all our acts.
It is the privilege as well as the duty of every S. of T. to aim at the highest point of moral excellence. A duty that he owes not only to himself but to posterity.
For there must be a pure fountain from whence the intellect may take its rise, and streams of wisdom flow.
If the heart of the parent be corrupt, and his intellectual faculties debased by intemperance and profligacy, what can we expect from his descendants? Must the destiny of our country be committed to such hands, or shall the moralist rise up and assert his rights, and preserve those nobler faculties of man and ensure the prosperity of the nation.
You my brothers are a band of moralists battling against every principle that degrades the nature of man.
You have then a duty to perform to yourselves, to the community in which you live, and to your country still groaning under the scourge of intemperance.
If you intend to lead a moral, honorable and upright life, such as shall bring joy and comfort to your firesides, what motive can you ever have to abandon the Order and its principles.
Did you ever know a man to become rich by drinking? Did you ever know one to bring happiness and comfort into his family who thus demeaned himself?
I need not draw aside the curtain and disclose to you the reverse of this picture. I refrain from harrowing up your feelings by the recital of scenes that would cause you to loathe even the sight of the intoxicating bowl.
I would rather have confidence in your wisdom and prudence, and feel that the cause is in the hands of those who will carry it on triumphantly till its ennobling principles shall have reached the climax of their influence, and all your desires have been accomplished.
The Order at present, throughout the country, is in a most prosperous condition. No society in the annals of time can compare with its increase and popularity.
And it bids fair in a few years to encircle the earth, and to extend its influence till every wound caused by intemperance shall be healed, and to unfold its branches till the nations of the earth may repose in safety under its protection.
I am pleased to state, that, since the organization of this Division no one has violated the pledge, been suspended or expelled.
And may you ever pursue the same undeviating course, preserve your reputations unsullied and leave a spotless example for the contemplation of the rising generation.
YOU WILL BE WANTED.
Take courage, young man. What if you are but an humble and obscure apprentice—a poor neglected orphan—a scuff and a by-word to the thoughtless and gay, who despise virtue in rags because of its tatters! Have you an intelligent mind, all untutored though it be! Have you a virtuous aim, a pure desire, an honest heart? Depend upon it, one of these days you will be wanted.
The time will be long deferred. You may grow to manhood, and you may eventually reach your prime, ere the call is made, but virtuous aims, pure desires, and honest hearts are too few and sacred not to be appreciated—not to be wanted.
Your virtues shall not always be hidden—your poverty shall not always wrap you about as with a mantle—obscurety shall not always veil you from the multitude. Be chivalric in your combat with circumstances. Be ever active, however small be your sphere of action. It will surely enlarge with every moment, and your influence will have double incentive.
"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife."
Work on, for surely you will be wanted, and then comes the reward. Lean upon the sacred verity, "I have never seen the virtuous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." Never despair, for the lives of good men abundantly show that often when the clouds are blacked, and the tempest is fiercest, and hope is faintest, a "still small voice," will be heard

saying, "Come hither, you are wanted," and all your powers will find employment. Therefore, take heart young man, for ere long "you will be wanted."

PROUD AND POOR.

The family of Mrs. Brown, a good widow, consisting of six daughters, had the misfortune to be poor and proud.—Above the gross vulgarity of manual labor, though not above its necessity, they lived in "stuck up" idleness and dependent mainly on the hard earnings of the mother for support. Finally, Maria, who was the youngest, and rather pretty, managed to win the heart and hand of the village physician, and got married. The alliance being considered as a decided "step up in the world" by all the family, the single sisters grew lazier and prouder than ever, while the doctor's wife took a new and improved set of airs to match her advancement in the scale of "good society." Being comfortably bestowed in her new house, she began to feel the need of somebody to mind the pots and kettles, and seeing a neighbor, (a thrifty mechanic, who used to be "boss" to her father in the same shop going past the door, she called out to him in an affected manner, to know where she could find a servant—expecting to get an offer of one of his daughters. "Well, I don't know," said the carpenter "help is a little hard to be got just now, but there is the widow Bruin's girls who I should think you might get, as they are dreadful poor; and seem to be always out of work." Some neighbors who overheard the colloquy, say that madame retreated into her house with a precipitancy that was quiet alarming to behold, and never spoke of the carpenter afterwards, but as a vulgar fellow, who knew nothing of the proper distinctions of society.

So we go!—The American Mechanic justly remarks: A man grows at paying a shilling for a loaf of bread, thinking he ought to get it for eleven pence, and the same evening takes his family to witness the feats of a magician, and willingly pays a dollar for the privilege! Another is too poor to pay a dollar for a newspaper, but can spend two shillings every night at the tavern, and not miss it. Another is too poor to pay a few dollars, but can attend concerts and negro performances that come along. Another wants a mechanic to work for nine and sixpence a day, when he demands ten shillings, and watches him to see that he labors faithfully, and the next day hires a horse and wagon, at the expense of two dollars, to travel ten miles to see a horse-race. Another "beats down" an old woman a penny on a bunch of radishes, and before getting home spends two shillings treating his friends.

FEMALE ARTISTS OF THE WEST.—One of the finest artists of the West is a lady of this city—an amateur sculptor, some pieces of whose modeling in clay have great spirit and beauty.

In native genius, perhaps no painter the West has produced surpasses Mrs. Spencer, who has furnished the subject for the engraving of the Western Art Union this year. In the city of New York, where she is now residing temporarily, full justice is done to Mrs. Spencer's extraordinary talent, and the same faults found with the waywardness of her pencil that were commonly expressed here.

A young lady of Maysville, Ky.—the place from which hailed the gifted and early lost Corwine—receives great praise for some of her recent pictures, which are thought to manifest the possession of handsome talents as a painter. Her name has just now escaped our recollection.

A young lady of Indiana, of whose promise we heard a good deal during her pupillage in this city, is thus spoken of by the Indianapolis Journal: "We have seen two portraits painted by Miss Laura M. Brown, of this city, which manifest an unusual degree of talent on the part of the artist. Miss Brown is from Akron, Ohio, and is a pupil of the distinguished western artist, John Frankenstein, of Cincinnati. We understand it is Miss Brown's intention to engage in the business of portrait and landscape painting this winter, if our citizens will extend to her a reasonable proportion of encouragement. That they will do this, their well-known liberality in matters of art and science is a sufficient guarantee. In the meanwhile we are satisfied that Miss Brown's productions will confer honor, not only on herself, but also upon those who are so fortunate as to become her patrons."
Cincinnati Gazette.

The Cleveland Plaindealer, of the 5th inst., has a letter dated "Sainte Marie River," September 23th, announcing the arrival of Sir John Richardson, from the fruitless search after the lost Polar expedition of Sir John Franklin, of whose dreadful fate among the ices of the Arctic Ocean there is left little or no room to doubt. Sir John Richardson, having failed to find even the remotest clue to the Franklin expedition, is now on his way back to England. He left there in April, 1848; and from the Sault Ste. Marie has made the voyage in canoes and boats and overland, a distance of three thousand and five hundred miles and back by way of Lake of the Woods, Mackenzie's river, &c. After reaching the Arctic Ocean, they traveled five hundred miles along the coast. He speaks confidently of the existence of a northern passage; practicability, he says, is another question the summers being only from 30 to 60 days long. He goes by way of Toronto and Montreal to Boston.