THE FRIEND OF TEMPERANCE, IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, Lt No., 1, Fayetteville St., Raleigh, N. C., H. WHITAKER, Editor. Office oper the N. C. Book-Store. off lo barri TERMS: secaraginal

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A Voice from the Pendentiary.

covolent Orders, but with all classes The following beautiful lines were found bencilled by a convict in one of the books be onging to the library of the Provincial Penientiary, Kingston, Canada,

dered for away, mother, rom my bappy home, In other climes to roam;
And time since then has rolled his years,
And marked them on my brow;
Yet still I think on thee, mother, I'm thinking of thee now.

When by thy gentle side, mother,
Thou watched my dawning youth,
And kissed me in your pride, mother,
Trught me the word of truth, Then brightly was my soul lit up With thoughts of future joy. Whilst you bright garlands wove, mother An To deck your darling boy.

I'm thinking on the day, mother, When with such anxious care. You lifted up your heart to Heaven -Your hope, your trust was there, Ford memory brings the parting glance. Whilst tears roll down my cheek; That last, long, loving look told more Than ever words can speak,

I'm lonely and forsaken, mother, No friend is near me now, To soothe me with a tender word, o cool my burning brow: The dearest ties affection wove Are all now torn from me; -They left me when my trouble came, They did not love like thee. ...

would not have thee know, mother, How brightest hopes decay; The tempter, with his baneful cup, Has dashed them all nwny; And shame has left its venous sting To rack with anguish wild,— Yet still I would not have thee know The sorrow of thy child.

I know you would not chide, mether, You would not give me blame. But soothe me with a tender word, And bid me hope again. I'm lonely and forsaken now, Unpitied and unblest. Yet still I would not have thee know.

I've wandered far away, mother, Since I deserted thee, And left thy trusting heart to break. Beyond the deep blue sea; Yet, mother, still I love thee well Hong to hear you speak.

And feel again that balmy breath Upon my careworn cheek.

But, ah, there is a thought, mother, Pervades my beating breast. That thy freed spirit may have flown To its eternal rest And, as I wipe the tear away

There whispers in my ear A voice that speaks of heaven, mother, And bids me seek thee there.

Mouvellette.

THE DOUBLE BLESSING.

Deacon Gray had a habit, and h carried it through life with him, or making the wants and sufferings of others in some sort his own. The habit, or whatever else it might be called, certainly increased with his years-and his worthy help-meet, during the long period of their wedded life, through the influence of assimilation, and above all, the heavenly fruits of a sanctified sorrow, had grown to pattern.

wild, stormy evening, paper and spectacles in hand and related the 'news' which was in everybody s mouth, as they seated themselves around cheergathered in social knots at the village another mind about the matter, little white and black kitten at her side, which instantly put the ball to the use a feline fancy suggested.

'And what will become of Jerry?' Fifty other people that day had straight to Jerry. asked the same question; but coming from good Mrs. Gray's honest, moth- If you don't want to go to the poororly heart, the very words sounded lifferently like the same tune played in dissimilar keys.

The Deacon's eye as it sought the nice clothes to wear, if you will come." open paper, fell on the shipping list: but it was quickly withdrawn, as if the thought a very decided digression from the subject.

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ORDER OF THE FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE.

RALEIGH, N. C., FRIDAY, DEC. 11, 1868.

'It is just three years to night, Mary, since we heard our boy was drowncal heave of absence

We were expecting him home from that long voyage, and you put on your best silk dress that he bought for you in Canton, and set the tea-table with the china set.'

Mrs. Gray's eyes sought the burning embers, which flashed, and flick ered, and glowed, as they did on that never to be forgotten night; and puss made another tangle in the yarn.

A pain, sharp, H bitter, choking, But he was born within sight of the Jerry. sea, and from his earliest childhood, when he built mimic ships that made never been in his life before, he went on the blue heaving waves, with a such soft white pillows, on which to strange fascination which his parents, rest his weary head, that no wonder much as they leved him, could not re- he thought himself in neaven. sist. voi learness man deni del le ren

He had a story to tell. Far away had once been his.

from home, but with all its sweet influences hevering around his path adopted son William, but her husband like so many guardian angels, pacing objected. Our boy is not dead but the deck in the starry, tropical night watches, God had met him; not in the flame, not in the earthquake, nor his wife said no more. in the whirlwind, but in the 'still small voice of love. The prayers of Deacon Gray and his wife were answered, and William went back to his the locust bordered path. Jerry had ship, that most nable earth, an open-handed, open-hearted | care had worked Christian sailor.

Then came the shock. It traced broad furrows on the good Deagon's kindly face, bowed his tall, straight form, and silvered his wife's brown hair; but we draw a veil over that fearful night, so fresh in the memories of both. Theirs was a sacred sorrow, and yielded the 'peaceable fruits of righteousness.'

'Do you think any of our William's clothes, that you keep in the red trunk, would do for Jerry, with a little fixing?' inquired the Deacon, clear-

ing his voice, which had grown husky. We will not transcribe gentle Mrs. Gray's reply, nor relate the long conversation which followed, extending into the 'wee small hours' of the night. Sufflee it to say that on the morrow, the Deacon's horse and wagon took a journey to the hovel where Jerry liv-

The poor boy was crouching on straw pallet, in one corner, resisting all endeavors, stern or kindly to induce him to quit his wretched home be moddled very nearly after the same that was home no longer. His father had deserted him when an infant; his So when the deacon sat down, 'one mother, in her thirst for liquor, forgot all her maternal instincts, and died one stormy night, from the effects of drinking.

Jerry must go to the poor house, ful tea tables and blazing fires, or the neighbors said; but Jerry had store-Mrs. Gray ceased to rock back half frightened at the crowd of strange and forth in her arm-chair, cushioned faces, looked about him with a pinchwith hen's feathers, and dropped her ed, hungry face, and eyes like those of knitting-work, quite regardless of the a wild animal at bay. They pitied him and disliked to employ force; but while deliberating what method to pursue, Deacon Grav entered the hut. and made his way through the crowd

> 'My poor hoy, I am sorry for you. house perhaps you will like to go home with me. I have no little boy, and I want one. You shall have some

The Deacon waited for no answer. He saw the quick, eager look of the glance pained him. His answering boy's face, the yielding, trustful clasp remark, most persons would have of his little hand, and drove away with him. Mrs. Gray met them at the door of the pleasant farm house.

'Take these dirty dads off, the first thing, said her husband, and give him his supper, and then he'll do." . If

Mrs. Gray was not slow in obeying the advice. Her heart warmed to the poor, forsaken boy, as his eyes rested on her face with a shy, timid gaze, bungry for new draughts of that love that had never been his before. "He would really be pretty," she said to her husband, after the washing 'if it weren't for his starved look -But we'll soon remedy that.' And strangled her reply. William was slipping into the pantry, she filled the their only son, the pride of their china bowl that William had liked to hearts, a bright eyed, merry boy. - eat from so well, and set it before

And so, warmed and fed as he had wonderful voyages over mimic oceans, to sleep that night in a pretty-little all his thoughts and desires centered bed-room, with snowy curtains, and

One or two years passed by, and So William went to sea. It almost neither the Deacon or his wife regretbroke his mother's heart, but when he ted the step. Jerry's warm, gushing came home from his first voyage, look- love, healed the sore and aching spots ing so handsome and manly, with the in each heart, and though their own rich healthful color flushing his bronz- lost boy's place was still vacant, and ed cheek it throbbed with such pride ever would be, they gave the orphan and joy as only mother's hearts know. all the paternal care and affection that

> Mrs. Gray proposed to name, their sleepeth,' he answered. 'We downot want two Williams in the family,' and

> One night as Jerry was bringing in wood through the back door, a stranger opened the gate and walked up to

> 'Is Dencon Gray at home?' inquired the stranger.

> Jerry answered in the affirmative and ushered him into the great kitchen, where the Deacon was busied with his inevitable companion, the newspaper, while his wife was engaged in preparing the evening meal. in them

> Both turned. A deadly paleness overspread Mrs. Gray's cheeks, and she would have fallen to the floor, but for the supporting arms of the stranger clasped tenderly around her.

'Father, mother!' Words and voice were enough. I was indeed their lost William.

'My son!' Hath the sea given up its dead?' asked the old Deacon, in a husky, tremulous voice.

And William told his story. In a fearful storm which had burst over their vessel in the South Seas, he had fallen overboard and all the crew sup posed him drowned, but he was picked up by some natives in a boat while clinging to a broken spar, and carried to a neighboring island. The natives were kind, but as vessels very rarely approached the shore, it was two or three years before he succeeded i signaling a ship.

Who shall paint the scene? They gathered around the tea-table, the reunited, too happy to do anything but look into one another's faces. Jerry's eves filled with rapturous delight at the return of the new found brother, whose affectionate greeting dispelled all fears that he would regard him as an intruder. And Mrs. Gray looked from one to the other of her children, feeling that surely God had rewarded her for the hour when, with hot tears filling her eyes, she had altered William's garments for her adopted son. only thinking of him as lying dead at the bottom of the ocean. Was she not doubly blessed, and was not now her cup of joy 'pressed down, shaken together, and running over?' With what emotions did she gaze upon her son so miraculously restered!

And so it came to pass that the declining years of Deacon Gray and his wife were gilded with a double glory and blessing, till, like shocks of corn fully ripe for the harvest, leaning upon a double prop in the weakness and a gill and break my oath. Moses Felinfirmities of age, they 'entered into ton shall never hear that brandy or and the unsophisticated couple were the joy of their Lord.'

A DANIEL BRYAN'S OATH Eaven Associate, D. W. Whitake

NO. 33.

Daniel Bryan had been a lawyer of eminence, but had fallen, through intoxication, to beggary and a dying condition. Bryan had married, in his better days, the sister of Moses Fel-

At length all hopes were given up. Week after week would the fallen man lie drunk on the floor, and not a day of real sobriety marked his course I doubt if another such case was known. He was too low for conviviality, for those with whom he would have associated would not drink with

All alone in his office and chamber he continued to drink, and even his very life seemed the offspring of his

In early spring, Moses Felton had a call to go to Ohio. Before he set out he visited his sister. He offered to take her with him, but she would not gon arwhed agency - in of avera

'But why stay here?' urged the brother; 'you are all faded away, and disease is upon you. Why should you live with such a brute?"

'Hush, Moses, speak not,' answered the wife, keeping back her tears. will not leave him now, but he will soon leave me; he cannot live much

At that moment Daniel entered the apartment. He looked like a wander er from the tomb; he had his hat on and his jug in his hand.

'Ah, Moses, how are ye?' he gasped, for he could not speak plainly.

The visitor looked at him for a few moments in silence. Then, as his features assumed a cold, stern expresa, he said, with a strongly emphasized tone:

'Daniel Bryan, I have been your best friend but one. My sister is an angel, but matched with a demon. have loved you, Daniel, as I never loved man before. You were noble, generous, and kind; but I hate you now, for you are a perfect devil incarnate. Look at that woman. She is my sister; she might now live with me in comfort, only she will not do it lost, occurred at the Nicollet some while you are alive; yet when you die she will come to me. Thus do I pray that God will soon give her joys to my keeping. Now, Daniel, I do sincerely hope that the first intelligence that reaches me from my native place af ter I have reached my new home, may be-that-you+are-dead!'

'Stop, Moses, I can reform.' 'You cannot; it is beyond your power. You have had inducements enough to have reformed half the sinners of the creation, and yet you are now lower than before. Go and die, sir, as soon as you can, for the moment that sees you thus shall not find me among the mourners.'

Bryan's eyes flashed, and he drew himself proudly up. 'Go,' he said with a tone of the old powerful sarcasm; 'go to Ohio, and I'll send you news. Go, sir, and watch the post. I will yet make you take back your itten on State Lecturer. Remabigor

'Never, Daniel Bryan, never!'

Moses bore her to bed, and then having called in a neighbor, he hurried away, for the stage was waiting.

'One gill of brandy will save yea,' said the doctor, who saw that the abrupt removal of all stimulants from a sisted on almost nothing else, was nearly sure to prove fatal. 'You can surely take a gill and not take more.

'Aye,' gasped the poor man, 'take rum killed me! If the want of it can

THE FRIEND OF TEMPERANCE

ADVERTISING RATES: 311 J A limited number of advertisements will be ascreed at the following rates:

one square, one insertion. For each subsequent insertion,..... Eight lines or less constitute s se

POVENCE

Liberal arrangements will be made with par-ties wishing to advertise by the month or year.

kill me, then let me die! But I won't die; I'll live till Moses. Felton shall eat his words.'

He did live! An iron will conquered the messenger that death sent Daniel Bryan lived. For one month he could not walk without help. But he had help-joyful, playful help-Mary helped him.

A year passed away, and Moses Felton returned to Vermont. He entered the Court-house at Burlington, and Daniel Bryan was plending for a young man who had been indicted for forgery. Felton started with surprise. Never before had such torrents of eloquence poured from his lips. The charge was given to the jury, and the youth was acquitted. The successful counse turned from the court room; and he for the lack of editonotibe lo shed adt rol They shook hands, but I'did not speak ... When they reached a spot where none others could hear them,

Bryan stopped of the bedgest and bus 'Moses,' he said, 'do you remember the words you spoke to me al year bor in the chair. Our ment "? oga

I do, Daniel. a bassorque deum oot Will you take them back, unsay them, now and forever. a bt : rotted Yes, with all my heart ! slice state

Then I am in part repaid. Jut 8 out And what must be other remainder of the payment?' .tnsserq ersw odw

'I must die an honest, unperjured man. The oath that has bound me thus far was made for life. That evening Mary Bryan was

among the happiest of the happy. No allusion was made in words to that strange scene of one year before but Moses could read in both the countenance of his sister and her husband the deep gratitude they did not

And Daniel Bryan lived one of the most honored men of Vermont. Five times he sat in the State Legislature; thrice in the Senate, and once in the Halls of the National Congress.

" PERMISSION FROM THE OFFICE.

the they diang only unit An amusing incident, too good to be time since. A verdant couple from the vicinity of Winona, who had nerer traveled outside of the limits of their native little town, fell in love, were married, and on their bridal tour visited Mineapolis. Arriving on the evening train, the turtle doves took rooms at the Nicollet. Before making his toilet the next morning, the young husband's eye rested upon the 'rules and regulations' tacked upon the door, and for the purpose of posting himself in the requirements of hotel life, he proceeded to read them. Desired

Judge of his surprise, when, after careful study, he learned that washing in rooms is prohibited except permission is obtained at the office!'-The young man looked about him.-Upon the opposite side of the room were washbowl, pitcher, towels, and all the necessaries for performing the usual ablutions, but before his face and eyes was the rule 'prohibiting washing in the rooms!' What was to be done? Bride and groom were at a loss to know. They certainly could not think of going to breakfast without a washing, and it was rather inconvenient to go to the river for that 'You shall! I swear it!' more purpose. As he reflected upon the With these words, Daniel Bryan awkwardness of the situation, her behurled his jug into the fire place, and came impressed with the idea that while yet a thousand pieces were flying over the floor, he strode from the the justice of the peace who, for the house. Mary fainted on the floor .- trifling sum of seventy-five cents, united them in the holy bands of matrimony the day previous, he determined to rise up in his strength and represent the case in proper terms 'at For a month Daniel moved over the the office.' He did so. Approaching brink of the grave, but he did not die. the desk, he beckoned to the clerk;-'Look a' here!' said he, 'that 'ere kaird that's stuck onto the door says that nahody can't wash into the room less you let 'em. Now, couldn't you system that for long years had sub- let me and Jane Ann wash our faces and hands there this mornin'? There's wash things and towels right in the room, and I wish you would let us use em! I'd be much obliged to you if you would.

The clerk kindly gave his consent,