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THE FRIEND OF TEMPERANCE,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

At No. 1, Payetteville St., Maleigh, N. C.

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Our CountMHMT happy to suform Five copies, "I .foldet probiled . or6 50

TRY REV. W. H. PLANTI

In the airy ocean o'er us Float dim cloudlets -- taystic isles --That below them have dim shadows, Oft they come in dark battalions, Fading fast in realms afar; Oft comes one in lovely wanderings at.

Like some lost and monraing star) E'en on graves leaves diamond dew. Should they come in forms appalling, They'll depart with suns in view.

Thus our earthly cares and sorrows— Phantoms seen thro' misty tears— Leave behind them nothing blighting Save the forms that childhood fears. Ever, God, in cloudy pillar, Guides His people to their rest; 'Tis but shadows that veil from thee

Hope's bright bow and visions blest From blows that seem to crush thee Are the Christ-like graces born-11 Weeping's for the night that passes,
Joy the gift of waiting morn.
Louisville, March, 1868.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

For the Friend of Temperance. HALL & SEELS ILD V. L. D. CLARITECUS

BY M. A. T.

Heavily the clods fall upon the coffin, and not a whisper escapes the lips those who stand around the grave. A solemn awe pervades each breast, and there is a mournful sitence, which tells plainly enough that the scene is one of more than ordinary sadness. But there is one there whose agony is too great to be described. There is one there, whose memory reverts to the time when, as a mother proud of her first born, she placed her babe in the arms of her husband. She remembers what sweet dreams her fancy framed, as she bent over his little cradle, and felt his warm breath upon her cheek S'ie recalls the time, when first he lisped, mana and papa. She can see him now as he bent over her knee, and clasped his little hands, and said the prayer, which she had taught him. The picture of her ber is before her, as he kissed her, and trudged away to school whistling some merry air, showing how fr away, care was from his youthful heart. She scems still to se the half pent up tear in his eye, as he clasped her in his arms, and bade her a fond good-bye; when the necessity of an education, calls him for the first time, from his father's sheltering roof, and from the influence of a mother's love.

scene! It was the last time she could press her boy to her heart, with the pride the banner Council of the State, before the of one, who can boast of a noble son. - Spring meeting of our State Conneil, which From that hour, his life was a source of deep anxiety, and of many weary, waking hours. Though a father's earnest admonitions, and a mother's gentle entreaties, rang in his cars, and brought the blush of shame to his cheek, when first he felt the tempter entice him to taste of that cap, " which at the last, biteth like a sernent and stingeth like an adder;" yet he soon becomes indifferent to these, and rushes madly on to ruin. The father dies, and the distressed widow has no one to lean upon but her son. She remembers how proudly she had once looked upon her boy, and hopes that he will now be her stay and support. Poor mother, how delusive thy hopes! The son is recalled to manage his father's estate. What horror fills the mother's breast, good President is chief among the brethwhen she perceives, by the kiss with which he greets her, that his breath is tainted with the odor of the dangerous beverage. Then, for the first time, her bright visions begin to fade. Long nights were spent in praying and watching for his return; but, oh! the anguish, when night after night he returns, to load her with curses, and to dishonor his father's name. Hate and contempt are the return for her weary night-watch.

But, oh! the last scene, how dark how dreary! The clock strikes one, and her heart sinks within her, as she hears there, and also the Council at Charlestown the wild storm raging without, and knows not where her boy may be-nor whether he has any shelter from the wind and snow. She opens the door and strains number formed to organize a State Counher eyes, endeavoring to look through the darkness, to discover the approaching form of her boy; but she can see only the sombre pines rocking to and fro, as and Andrews's must push ahead in the they are swayed by the wind. Thus, Old North State, or we will be upon heedless of the snow, which drifts in her your heels, ere you are aware of it. A face, and of the wind which rustles her

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ORDER OF THE PRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE.

". Shouth on the labels be troe, bold 50 WOL Hom is down to be and all RALEIGH, N. C., FRIDAY, JAN. 8, 1869. Together

greater anguish to her almost broke heart, and each moment brings her near er to despair. Thus, the weary hours wear on, until the first faint rays of morning reveal a human form, stretched stiff and cold upon the frozen ground. mother's last hope is gone; her boy is

fection in the "wallow" of the dedaded Det us return to the graye; as the clods fall heavily into the grave, each one seems a load stone, pressing anon, the mother's heart. She thinks of what her boy once was,—what she had hoped him to be— and, what he is now. She had londly hoped that his life would have been spent in glorifying God, and blessing his fellow-man; and when he should be called to cross the dark waters of death, -she had hoped that she would have gone before, and would be one of that shining throng, who wave their hands from the opposite shore, and bid the weary pilgrim walk boldly through. But, alas! when she thought that he had not gone to the home where angel voices welcome the care-worn traveller, and where his rather will as sign him a place at his right hand. the thought overwhelmed her. She gasped one prayer-"Oh God! spare the son of the widow, and save him from such a fate as mine has suffered,"-then fell heavily upon the earth. She was no longer a bereaved widow, but a glorified saint in

For the Friend of Temperance. FROM BRO. WELLONS:

DRO. WHITAKER:-Your paper must be generally read among the Friends. copy must be found in every Councilroom. We must all read it, weekly, and learn to speak words of encouragement one to another, through its columns. In my large pile of exchanges, whenever I spy the FRIEND OF TEMPERANCE, among them, it is always read first. It made me happy to hear you say, at the meeting of your State Council, that you were going to enlarge the paper and give to that, and you business, as Secretary of the State Council, your whole time and attention. Now my brother, see that your paper is read in every subordinate Council in the coun. If there are any Councils in Virgin ia, where it is not read, apprise me, a once, and I will supply you with the name of some brother, in the Council, to whom on may appeal, and secure his co-opera tion. We must all work together, and fo he good of the cause, so dear to all our

I am receiving cheering news from sev eral points in Virginia. At Stauntonwhere the Fall meeting of our State Coun cil was held-a temperance and a religious revival have both been experienced, since our meeting in October. They have ac cessions every week, to both the Councils in that place. Old Charity Council, No Well, may she linger o'er this last 6, is putting on new strength, and Staunton Council, No. 47, is striving to become is to convene at Harrisonburg. Among the recent accessions to this Council, is Rev. Mr. Prewey, Presiding Elder in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in doctor who was passing by the that District.

Recently, a committee was appointed to Recently, a committee was appointed to "Twenty or thirty minutes," replied the face, down which tears had worn their wait upon all the clergy in turn and in-doctor pausing; "but why do you ask?" weary channel—that I saw at once the vite their co-operation. While Temperance has thus been revived, the churches have been greatly blessed. Forty or more additions have been made to the Methodist church, and other churches received smaller accessions. The public addresses, during the meeting of the State Council, it is said, did much good.

At Harrisonburg, where brother Roller resides and at Waynesboro', where our ren, the cause is steadily going forward. I have good news also, from Winchester, Woodstock, Pearisburg and other points

in the Valley. Last week, I chartered Monterey Council No. 48, at Monterey, Highland County: This new Conneil will start off with flattering prospects.

Our Petersburg friends are rallying their forces, for a winter and spring campaign, well sol who are har solar that

I have also, good news from West Virginia. Brother McGliney, writes me from Shepherdstown, that they are doing well' is prospering. They now have three pros- birds' nest over yonder in the woods." perous Councils in that State, and I am The "crazy Dutchman" was Prof. Louis hopeful that there will be a sufficient cil during the present year,

Your Vances, your Hills, your Ravens, garments; she keeps her lonely, mourn- generous, a noble rivalry between us, will tul watch; dreadful forebodings add do the cause we all love, no harm.

sion of your State Council, I have suffered a ROUGH DIALOND. more, three weeks since, and had an operation performed by the renowned Dr.
Smith, and hope now that I shall soon be the woods of Eastern Maine, and now, on entirely relieved.

I have much to write, more time, and am myself AN ADDRESS

The following bemarks, made by Turo H. Hinn, Eso, on Monday evening last he being a second time installed President of Oak City Council, F. of T., are pub lished by request of the Council:

BRETHREN OF OAK CITY COUNCIL :-- I you have confered on me, in again electing growled Williams. trust I am duly sensible of the high honor me to preside over the Council. I shall endeavor faithfully to discharge the duties a bex. 1 granto to a base of reacted live and devolved upon me, and look with confi dence for your hearty co-operation in the maintenance of the Constitution and the enforcement of our by-laws. Experience has doubtless convinced us all, that strict adherence to these, and a conscientious discharge of our official duties, will materigood order and good feeling.

On this evening, at the commencement year, let us solemnly renew our allegiance to the great cause of humanity in which we have enlisted. Let us gird on more firmly the triple mail of Faith, Temperance and Charity, and march steadily forward to rescue the unfortunate mind, I'll buy from you to-morrow." inchriate, and to throw around the youth of our country-the safe-guards of our association. In the past, Temperance and its blessings, Intemperance and the ruin, physical, intellectual and moral it entails upon the individual, the family, the community and the commonwealth, have eligited too little of our own attention in topics should be frequently delivered or read in our meetings, and I trust that hereafter our sessions will not be altogether devoted to the initiation of candidates and the routine business of the Conneil to the exclusion of serious thought and discussion concerning the more vital interests and principles of our association.

Upon the religious element of our or der-upon faith in God "that works by love, and purifies the heart," depends our ultimate triumph. Let us seek the aid of Him continually whose grace alone can sustain us—who alone can lead us aright and crown with the sun-light of eminent success, our every effort to shield the oung, and to rescue the fallen. Urging apon all a regular attendance at our meetings, and renewed effort to increase our membership, and extend our usefulness in the community, I proceed, h opefully, to assume the duties of my office.

HANGING .- "Doctor," exclaimed a wag gish son of temperance to a well-known

Oh, because last night Isaw a man hung for two mortal hours and isn't dead yet. You did,' exclaimed the Doctor, em- night. this vet. Where did the man hang? "He was hanging around an ale shop on Pearl street," replied the wag.

There is a blithsome maiden that lives next door to me; her eyes are black as midinght, and handsome as can be. Her cheeks are full of dimples, and red as any rose; and this love of mine, too, has got my, you are tight! Says I, 'I know I have, love, aboard a little wine; but that she would-escort me to the door, if I was ready to depart. And thus it was the girl next door declined my hand and heart.

A gentleman near the Cornell University saw a farmer's boy standing by the roadside holding a horse which he recognized. He asked the boy who was the owner of

The finest idea of a thunder storm extant is when O'Fogerty came home tight. North street. Preceded by my guide,

THE FRIEND OF TEMPERANCE

ADVERTISING RATES: inserted at the following rates:

Eight lines or less constitute a mare

os agente for the Farmin or Tenrellances. Liberal arrangements will be made with carties wishing to advertise by the month or candle stuck in a bottle, was an over-

crowded mass of wretched beings, alexping on miserable beds spread on the floor or squatted or reclining on the cold, anfinished boards.

Stepping over a prostrate drunkard. I our way back to New York, were idling found little Sandy on a bed of carpenter's shavings on the floor. He was still in his Traveller, Transcript, Evening Journal, rags, and a torn and scanty coverlet had been thrown over him. Poor had! he was so changed: His sharp, pallid face bruised and wounded body lay motionless eaved his little heart.

market showed symptoms of decline, and had called and left some medicine to soothe the poor lad's agony, for his case was hopeless, even though he had been taken at first, as he should have been, to the hospital,) but his step-mother had forgotten to administer it. I applied it, and had him placed on a less miserable bed of straw, and feeing a woman, an occupant of the room, to attend him duning the night, I gave what directions I could, and left the degraded, squalid

Next morning I was there again. With the exception of a broken chair, furniture there was none in that stiffing den. Its occupants, said the doctor, whom I found at the sufferer's bed, were the city's dregs and the poor lad's step-mother, who had taken him from school that she might drink of his earnings, was as deep in infamy as any of them.

For the patient, medical skill was nought 'Ah, I have no coppers, little chap; for he was sinking fast. His soul. lookbing out, his pallid cheeks were sunk and Buy them to-night, if you please; I'm thin, but consciousness had returned, and his lamp was flickering before it sunk for-His little cold face, which had lighted ever. As I took his feeble hand, a flicker

> 'I got the change and was comin'-My poor boy, you were very honest Have you any wish-anything, poor child. I can do for you?'-

'Reuby! I'm sure I'm dying-who will take care of you now?'

Little Reuben was instantly in a fit of crying, and threw himself prestrate on of young Lucifer as he vanished down the bed. 'Oh, Sandy, Sandy! Sandy! sobbed his little heart.

I will see to your brother. would Thank you sir don't leave me. Beu

-Reu-by, I'm comin'-comin'-Whist, whist! cried little Reuby, looking up and turning round to implore silence in the room. That moment the calm, faded smile that seemed to have alighted as a momentary visitant upon his face, slowly passed away—the eyes became blank and glazed, and his little life

The honest boy lies at Forest Hills, in a little grave in the Strangers' Lot, and little Reuby is at the Home for Little Wanderers, from where I receive excellent accounts of him and from him.

What of your young Arab, Snow? post-office; "Doctor, how long will it cold and childlike, though with the same said Williams, the following afternoon.-Was he honest, and is he really ill?"

'Yes, Williams, he was an honest boy, and now he is where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

PITHY SAVINGS .- It has been well said by Professor Miller, of Edinburg, that alcohol cures nothing; it covers up a great deal.' Dr. Guthrie in the same strain, says : 'If you want to keep a dead man put him into whisky; if you want to kill a living man put the whisky into him.' Wine is a capital medicine when taken in the 'original package." If you must take wine for a medicine, take it in the original shape. Wine in grapes, wine in pill, will never hurt anybody. George III, writing to his favorite minister, Lord North, says, 'I am sorry to find your cold is increased; and I strongly recommend abstinence and water as the ablest and safest physicians.

DRINKING. - Within twenty-five years we have buried three generations of young men, who went to early graves through the baleful influence of brandy and whisky. Some of these young men gave promise of great usefulness-some were extraordinarily brilliant—some were the hope and pride of their families. But brandy I ness to that crazy Dutchman, looking for there with our mother-in-law; sobbing and whishy were too much for them, and down they went, headlong among the dead men. Happily, whisky is being voted at vulgar tipple, and when the present race of drunkards has gone the way of all drunk-Calling a carriage, we were speedily in ards the new generation now coming on I the stage will discard it altogether. Whisky and brandy may be taken as medicine, but they are pernicious as beverages Me. We are under obligation

Can a man with wooden legs be considered a foot passenger ? and and houn sald)

a few days at Boston.

matches two cents a box-Herold, last 'dition, sir ?' shouted a shrill-piped, ragged little imp on the evening of a cold, was cold and clammy. Beads of the wet, bitter day in October, as we stood on sweat of agony stood on his brow his

to-night's paper, half price—only two heaved his little heart.

cents, sir, persisted the little chap, as the A kind doctor from the neight threatened to close decidedly flat. 'Get along, Bird's eye; don't want any,

They're good matches, sir; two cents

'Don't smoke.' They're good matches, sir; two cents a box, sir; ' coming around my flank. 'No; don't want them, my boy.'

The keen, blue face, red, bare feet, ingrained with dirt, and bundle of scanty rags, looked piteously up at me, moved ally enhance the prosperity of our Council, off a little, but still hovered around us. and effectively promote the preservation of New I had taken a mental pledge from the streets no more. Somehow, this of a new quarter, a new term and a new pledge would'nt stand by me here, but gave way.

'Give me a box, I'ttle one.'

'Yes, sir; they don't smell.

nothing less than a quarter; so never ing from his light blue eye, was slowly ebvery hungry, sir.

up, now fell, for from his bundle of pa- of recognition seemed to gleam across his pers, I saw his sales had been few that face. I be been few that face.

'I'll go for change, sir. 'Well, little one, I'll try you; there is quarter, now be a good boy, and bring the change to-morrow morning to the Parker House. Ask for Mr. Snow.

change in the morning,' was the promise Brattle street with the quarter. Next morning we visited Bunker Hill the Great Organ, and the Common.

'As sure as death, sir, I'll bring the

On my return to Parker's, I inquired Waiter, did a boy call for me to-day? Boy, sir !--call, sir? No, sir. 'Of course, Fred, he didn't. Did you

really expect to see the young Arab 'Indeed I did, Charley, I wished he

had proved honest,' Later in the evening a small boy was imperceptibly rippled out. introduced, who wished to speak to me. He was a duodecimo edition of the small octavo of the previous day, got up with less outlay of capital—a shoeless, shirtless, shrunk, ragged, wretched little Arab of the streets. He was so very small and take hanging to, produce death ?" shivering feet and frame, thin blue cold weary channel—that I saw at once the child was not my friend of the previous

> He stood for a few minutes diving and rumaging into the recesses of his rags at last little Tom Thumb said :

"Are you the gentleman that bought matches from Sandy yesterday?

'Yes, my little man.' Well, here's thirteen cents, (counting out divers coin, Sandy can't come ; he's a Roman nose! I asked her if she would not well; a cart ran over him this mornhave me this was the other night and ing and broke his legs, and lost his cap this was her reply, friends? 'Why, Jim- and his matches, and your ten cents, and -his knife, and-he's not well-and the is not the question-will you, or not, be doc-tor says-he's dy-ing, and that's all mine?' And then she put her face, friends, he can give you now,' And the poor as near mine as she could, and with the child, commencing with sobs, ended in sweetest mile, friends, said simply that sore fit of erving. sore fit of erying.

> Are you Sandy's brother? 'Yes, sir;' and the flood-gates of his

heart again opened. Where do you live? Are your father and mother alive ? " all no mirous a

We live in North street. My mother the horse, and the boy replied; "It be is dead, and father's away, and we live bitterly.

'Where did this accident happen?" 'In Hanover street near Blackstone.'

He came into the room among his wife and daughters, and just then tumbled over the cradle and fell heavily to the floor. After a while he rose and said: he opened a door, whence light maintain-Wife are you hurt?' No. Cirls are ed feeble, unequal struggle with the dark, you burt ?' 'No.' 'Terrible elap, wasn't close smelling gloom. In a large room, scarcely made visible by one glimmering