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POETRY.

LOOK NOT ON THE WINE.

Look not upon the wine in your joy! Though it add to the moment's delight. 'Tis a tempter that lures to destroy. 'Tis a serpent that charms but to bite, At the feast where the goblet is circling with zest. There is always, unnoticed, a skeleton guest. Look not on the wine in your sorrow! Though it drop for an instant your grief, It is a heat but a moment's relief. Meet your fate like a man in the image of God; Plunge not 'neath the waters of Lethe's dark flood! Look not upon the wine when forsaken By the friends you fondly deem true; If in friendship your faith hath been shaken, Trust in God! 'Tis the least you can do. For the red, rosy wine, with its ambient glow, Is deceitful alike, both to friend and to foe. Then look not on the red, rosy wine! 'Tis a snare that the tempter has given. Worship not at the soul-luring shrine. Though 'tis clad in the livery of heaven, In the grape's purple blood, he who would yet live, Could they but see the misery that lies 'neath its wave. —NAT. TEMP. ADV. CAT.

JOHN ALCOHOL, MY JO,

JOHN ALCOHOL, MY JO, John, When first we were acquaint, I had money in my pocket, John, But now you know I haven't, I've spent it all in treating you; Because I loved you so; But mark how you have treated me, John Alcohol my jo.

John Alcohol my jo, John, We've been too long together, You must now take one road, John And I will take the other; For we must tumble down, John, If hand in hand we go, And I will have to foot your bill, John Alcohol my jo.

A GOOD STORY.

LITTLE CHARLEY.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

BY MRS. WILKINSON.

Little Charley was a sweet child, and we loved him dearly—loved him while yet his baby accents lingered in our ears, and his caresses were still warm about our necks; but never until his little curling locks were damp with the death dew, and his chubby arms, which had never before ceased in their untiring activity, were quietly folded, and the sweet eyes with their soul beauty closed, and the dear little form hidden from us forever, did we know how well we had loved him.

A feeling of estrangement had gradually grown up between my husband and myself. So imperceptibly had the gathering shadows settled within our hearts that I think neither of us fully realized how great was the change, only that the old demonstrative affection had gradually given place to a studied formality, which is so dangerous to domestic happiness.

True love is always more or less impulsive in expression, and the thousand little acts of endearment which are so sweet to the fond recipient, are never the premeditated acts of duty which conscience may dictate, but the free and natural outpourings of a true and loving heart.

I was more deeply the wronging than the wronged. From a self-willed, petted child, I had grown to resent any infringement upon my so-called rights, and when my husband, who was older and wiser than myself, had seen fit to remonstrate against the gay career which I had marked out for the first few years of our wedded life I had not heeded him but selfishly persisted in the only course which I had thought could yield my happiness. The first year he kindly accompanied me in my various rounds of amusement and gaiety. The second year he had seemed unwilling to do so, and a brother acted as my chaperone and protector. At the expiration of another year he had accepted, as I thought all too willingly an engagement necessitating a two years' absence in Europe. I could not forgive him this seeming neglect, although I never asked him to remain nor manifested the slightest desire to have him do so; nevertheless I at once imagined myself wronged, neglected and a fit object of sympathy and compassion.

A few months after his formal leave taking our little Charley came and nestled close to my warm heart, and although happy in my mother love, I more than ever steeled my heart against my husband.

FRIEND OF TEMPERANCE.

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

VOL. II RALEIGH, N. C., JANUARY 29, 1869. NO. 39.

Strange that the dear little face pressed close to my bosom, and so like his own; did not for a moment awaken something of the old love which had slumbered so long but it did not, and when little more than a year from the birth of our boy he came back to me more manly and noble looking than ever, and gathering me to his breast with all the old tender passion, and looking down into my eyes eagerly inquired for our first born, I proudly and coldly repulsed him with my seeming indifference?

Tears for a moment struggled up to the dark eyes, the look of happiness crept away from the bright face, while a grieved and disappointed expression looked out upon me so deep and tender that had not the work of months completely hardened me, my animosity must have melted like a snow wreath in the beautiful sunlight. 'I had hoped for a warmer welcome than this, Carrie,' he said sadly; 'but where is our boy? Perhaps he has a welcome from his father.'

'He is in the nursery.' I replied coldly then my evil genius must have gotten the mastery, for I inwardly vowed to manifest a cold indifference toward my child, the better to wound the proud, sensitive nature of his father.

He came back in a few minutes with the little cherub in his arms, and I saw him showering down a wealth of kisses upon the fair brow, my heart for one moment relented but that was all.

'Oh! isn't he glorious, Carrie?' He cried, exultantly, 'and only see, he knows you, and is even now stretching out his little arms to go! Take your darling, mamma, he added, as the little arms outstretched in their eagerness toward me.'

I do not think it at all remarkable that a child a year old should know his mother, I replied, 'besides I do not wish to be troubled with him, and you will oblige me by returning him to the nursery.'

The little fellow was borne away, and with the low tones of his father, who was striving in vain to soothe him. After a little he came back—my poor husband so white and changed—and was about to approach me, but I hastily arose and left the room.

I shall not endeavor to give even a brief retrospect of the weeks and months which followed with coldness and perfect indifference on my part, and anxiety, humiliation, and at last estrangement on the part of my husband. How long this state of things might have continued I know not. The mask continually worn when in his presence was eagerly thrown aside when opportunity offered, and mingled tears and caresses were freely bestowed upon my child.

One day when my husband was absent and I had passed nearly the whole time in the nursery, sharing Charlie's sports, and listening to his childish prattle, he grew very thoughtful at length, and coming suddenly to my side, said:—'Mamma does not love me, papa?'

'Taise on never kiss him and put our arms around his neck and say, 'dear papa, as Charlie do,' said the little fellow, standing in all his dignity before me, like a judge before a convicted criminal.—'Does not love him, mamma,' he continued, seeing that I was making no reply. 'Does not love him, mamma?'

'Hush child!' I replied, taking him in my arms. 'Hush, child! you must not ask mamma such questions, darling!'

This silenced him for a time; but at last bursting into tears, and sobbing as though his heart would break, he cried out, 'Oh! on don't love Charlie's papa!—on don't love my poor papa!' and I stood condemned before the little innocent of three years! I half resolved to win back, if possible, some of the old love to my heart; but the shadows had gathered too deeply to be easily dispersed; and my proud spirit must not yield, even for the love of my child.

And thus another year of my wasted life had nearly closed, when at last the awakening came. Charlie, my idol, was dying! Oh! how suddenly the summons came to me and now the cruel mask was all thrown aside and I bent above him with a terrible agony in my soul, such as the erring only may know. How my tearful eyes wandered from time to time to the form of my husband, who knelt so statue like beside the unconscious sufferer holding the little hot hands, upon which his tears fell down like rain. How I longed now for his sympathy and love; and I would have given worlds, had they been mine to give, could I have thrown myself

upon his breast, that, mingling my tears with his own, we might together watch the life of our darling go out to join the angels! Even life itself would I have freely sacrificed, could I have heard one word of forgiveness from the lips which were almost as white as those of our dying boy.

But the hours wore on, and he seemed all unconscious of my presence as he kept there so still and white; while every now and then a faint moan came from the suffering lips beside him. How like a burning iron in my soul was the consciousness of my great wrong!

Presently the dear eyes upon which the films of death were fast gathering opened slowly; a faint smile of recognition crept over the troubled features, and a faint 'Papa! Mamma!' escaped the dying lips. With a cry of joy I sprang to his side.

'Kiss me mamma!' whispered the white lips. I pressed a kiss upon his forehead, which was so cold it made me start.

'Kiss papa, now!' he murmured faintly. With a wild sob of anguish and repentance, I folded myself close within the forgiving arms which were opened to receive me, and God knows they were tears of penitence which I shed.

The films gathered and deepened upon the blue eyes, the little warm heart grew cold, but there was a sweet smile upon the sealed lips which bore their record Heavenward!

A LESSON FROM NATURE.

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

LAME DUCKS.

In Wall street, New-York, we have a class of men known as 'lame ducks'; they have met with financial disasters, and can not keep pace with their more successful competitors. We have lame ducks in our temperance associations, and I will briefly classify some of the men and women who do not and who will not keep up with our progressive organization. The lame ducks were once out-and-out friends of 'the cause.' There was a time when they could swim, and fly, and dive, as well as the best; but some little event disconcerted them, and they have been lame ever since. They could not get the office they sought; they thought they were slighted, when no slight was intended; they mistook a witicism from a brother for a cauterizing criticism; they became jealous of rivals; they were disgusted because their points of order were not sustained by their superior officers; they saw brothers and sisters promoted, while they were left unadvanced, and they were hurt, and have limped badly ever since.

Being lame ducks, they came late to the meetings, or they did not come at all. If there were demonstrations of any kind which they did not suggest, they would remain at home, because they were too lame to attend; but their disapproving cry of quack, quack, quack, would be so loud as to indicate that the strength which had left their legs had got into their lungs. In some instances these ducks lost all relish for their native element, water, and they have been not only weak in the legs, but weak in the head also. When they have attempted to swim in whisky, they have become 'dead ducks.'

CACKLING HENS.

When a poor, silly hen has made a deposit of an egg in her nest, she makes a great noise over the achievement. She is not satisfied until she has informed the entire neighborhood of the remarkable event. Having an unmusical voice, and not a very cheerful tune, her notes do not tend to 'soothe the savage breast' or charm the cultivated ear; but she does not care a fig for that. She considers her egg of more importance than all the fowls of the barn-yard, than all the stock on the farm, and she will not stop her noise until her strength is exhausted, or until her attention is called in some other direction. What does she care about etiquette? She has the floor, or the hay-mow, or the fence, and she will speak. You may refer to the constitution, to the by-laws, to points of order, to time rapidly passing away, to the fact that some distinguished bird from abroad is expected to crow, but she will not stop her cackle.

Every organization, at least almost every one, has its noisy, cackling member.—He cackles over resolutions, he cackles over points of order, he cackles over reports, he cackles over the faults of his brothers and sisters, and he takes up the time which could be disposed of to better advantage by reading essays, singing songs,

making temperance addresses, and by having social interviews. Vast numbers of young folks and others are kept from the regular meetings of the different Orders by the incessant cackling of the fussy-and-feather men, who think the world is a barn-yard, whose music must be made by their interminable cacklings.

TURKEY-BUZZARDS.

The turkey-buzzard may be, and doubtless is, a useful 'bird,' but the man who killed the canary and ate it for its singing will not be likely to make a meal of this scavenger of the air for its music. It is a bird which appears best at a distance, and when one can forget its disgusting habit of feeding on carrion, he can admire its graceful motions, when, with wide-spread wings, it sails the atmosphere. In its loftiest flights it has an object in view. It is not a poet, and never soars sunward for the mere pleasure of the flight. It always has a downward look. It is on the wing for something to eat, and it will pass over orchards of apples and peaches; vineyards, whose grapes gleam like jewels on the vine; plums, rich as drops of honey, without a wish to halt. The fragrant fruit is no temptation to this airy wanderer. He is no vegetarian; he is an epicurean of peculiar taste. He prefers meat with a taint to it. The more the taint the better it will suit his taste, and he can smell a dead carcass further than an alderman can smell a dinner of green turtle soup. All societies—temperance societies not excepted—have their turkey-buzzards. They hover over the sores of society, they feast on the failings of humanity, they grow fat on the dead reputations of the unfortunate. When a brother breaks his pledge, when a drunkard returns to his cups, when misfortunes of any kind overtake a neighbor, you will see the human buzzard, with his beaklike eyes and long bill, ready to pounce upon the victim, anxious to tear him to pieces. He will cram his capacious maw with matter which would sicken a nicer organization.

EAGLES.

The eagle has a splendid reputation in poetry and history, notwithstanding the apparent faults of his character. In Roman and American annals he is the emperor of birds. He has a fine presence, which commands admiration. He has strong and swift pinions, and navigates the air with a kingly grace and dignity, and no feathered tenant of the atmosphere dares to dispute his authority. He builds his nest on the crags of the loftiest mountains. He looks without 'blinking' into the summer sun as he flies toward that luminary. He is not afraid of thunder and the lightning. His scream is heard even above the roar and blaze of war. We are proud to acknowledge the fact that we have eagle men in our ranks—men of eagle vision, men of eagle flight, men of eagle daring, men of lofty ideas and unflinching honesty. They do much to redeem our cause, to add importance and force to the principles of the pledge. They are never low and groveling. They look beyond their leaders and their farms, and higher than the smoke of their chimneys. They look up to God and down to man.—Tennyson, the poet laureate of England says of the eagle, that

'He clasps the crag with hooked hands, Near to the sun, in lonely lands: On the world's azure ring he stands. The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls, And like a thunderbolt he falls.'

Your man of the lofty purpose soars heavenward with a brave heart, and sweeps down upon vice and immorality with the force of the thunderbolt.

DOVES.

What grace, symmetry, beauty, cleanliness, loveliness, there is in the dove!—No wonder it is an emblem of peace, of virtue, of tenderness, of love! The whir of its wings sounds like the sigh of love, there is an affectionate tone in its gentle cooing, and a sense of purity seems to surround it like the halo of light about a star. When gently treated, it will flutter about your feet and pick the crumbs of bread from your hand. We read, in Roman history, of a dove being pursued by a hawk, and flying into a courthouse window, and seeking protection in the bosom of a judge; but the judge broke its wings, and threw its bleeding body into the forum, whereupon the people seized the judge and drove him out of the city. We have in our Lodges and Divisions, in our Tents and Temples, doves—men and women of the sweet and tender amiability of doves. They had rather suffer wrong than do wrong. We owe much to the patient, sweet-tempered, uncomplaining, dove-like women and men who seek first

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the welfare of others; who prefer the advancement of the cause—the cause of all mankind—to their own personal advancement. We are commanded to be 'wise as serpents and harmless as doves.' The Indians of the South-West seem to have learned from nature the lesson implied in the text which I have quoted, for they say that the dove is the sister of the snake, and that the Indian who kills a dove will be bitten by a snake. Let us all strive to be strong as eagles and tender as doves.

prepared to say this is not one philanthropy among the philanthropies, but it is an embodiment of them all. Every philanthropy that has been advocated on this platform this season ought to claim us as its allies.

Ye that help the poor!—we help them to help themselves.

Improvers of dwellings!—the first step a drunkard takes when he gets sober is into a better lodging.

Financial reformers!—let us prosper, and at once we diminish the poor-rate and the police-rate one half.

Sanity reformers—our triumph will render necessary only one-half the present hospital accommodation.

Opponents of capital punishment!—we should deprive the gallows of one-half of its victims.

Friends of education!—you know that drunkenness is the great cause of ignorance.

Friends of ragged schools!—if there were no drunken parents there would be no ragged children.

Foreign missionaries!—we are trying to remove your greatest stumbling block the drunken character of your own people abroad.

Home evangelizers!—the emptying of the public houses will be one of the chief steps towards the filling of the church.

REMARKABLE TEMPERANCE LECTURE.—Goethe tells the following story, which amusingly illustrates the capacity for drink of the Rhinelanders:

'The Bishop of Mayne once delivered a sermon against drunkenness, and after painting in the strongest colors the evils of over-indulgence, concluded as follows: 'But the abuse of wine does not exclude its use, for it is written that wine rejoices the heart of man. Probably there is no one in my congregation who cannot drink four bottles of wine without feeling any disturbance of his senses; but if any man at the seventh or eighth bottle so forgets himself as to abuse and strike his wife and children and treat his best friends as enemies, let him look into his conscience, and in future stop at the sixth bottle.— Yet, if after drinking eight, or even ten or twelve bottles, he can still take his Christian neighbor lovingly by the hand, and obey the orders of his spiritual and temporal supporters let him thankfully drink his modest draught. He must be careful, however, as to taking any more, for it is seldom that Providence gives any one the special grace to drink sixteen bottles at a sitting, as it has enabled me its unworthy servant to do without either neglecting my duties or losing my temper.'

REMARKABLE RETRIBUTION.—Recently, the treasurer of a town in the West was shot dead, while attempting to rob his own house. It appears that he had collected some twelve thousand or fifteen thousand dollars worth of the town-taxes, and left home in the forenoon, telling his wife he should be gone all night. Towards night, a travelling peddler applied at the house for a night's lodging. The wife at first refused to admit him, but finally yielded, with much reluctance, to his request. Some time in the night the peddler was awakened by the noise of men breaking into his room. Taking them for robbers, he drew a pistol, and fired at them. One fell and two fled. Lights being procured, the dead body of a man with blackened face and otherwise disguised was found upon the floor. Upon further examination it proved to be the proprietor of the house himself, who had resorted to this stratagem to steal the tax-money collected, and had met with this terrible retribution.—MILWAUKEE SENTINEL.

'My son,' said a veteran at the foot of the stairs, 'arise, and see the newly risen luminary of day, and hear the sweet birds singing their matin songs of praise to their great Creator: come while the dew is on the grass and tender lambs are bleating on the hill side—come, I say, or I'll be up there with a switch and give you the worst licking that you ever had!'

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

J. A. H. [Handwritten signature]