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The Friend of Temperance.

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Poetry.

(From the Riverside Echo.)

Touch not the Cup.

Touch not the cup. Behold around
The bones of victims slain;
Their whitened ashes strew the ground--
Sad wrecks of guilt and pain.
Be virtue's shrine your choice to-day.

tropolis, and there the way I was to reward the kind friends, who, under the name of servants had remained steadfast through our season of adversity, came upon me like a flash.

Old Thomas and Mary once had a son, a truly noble-hearted boy, yet wayward, who had, for some petty misdemeanor, fallen under the ban of the law, and had fled from his home to the vast Babylon whither I was going. They had heard from him but once since he went away, and then he had written them that he had been involved in the vortex of intoxication and that they must forget one who was unworthy of their love.

I was old enough when this letter was written to comprehend its purport, its wild despairing pathos, and the agony which they endured.

Now, I resolved to seek him if he were yet living, though to search for him within the immense city seemed almost a task of utter hopelessness. I resolved to seek him and save him were it possible.

Fortified with my resolution, I searched the city, and a wearisome task it

I did not discover the real trouble for a long while, but one day a certain unsteadiness in her husband's gait revealed the key to the whole matter, and it was that my brother-in-law was a DRUNKARD.

I had seen him enough to know that he was naturally an excellent and kind-hearted man, and I knew she almost idolized him. But he had ventured within the meshes of the tempter's snare, and had fallen.

Of course I went to work with all the power I possessed, to effect his redemption. But for some reason which I did not understand, every effort seemed unavailing. My almost frantic appeals only seemed to deepen his craving for the intoxicating cup, and I was compelled at last to almost despair.

Then it was that the son of old Thomas and Mary, the man I had rescued from degradation in New York, came forward in a new and unexpected guise.

For, after the death of his parents, moved by their last request, he resolved that ignorant and unlettered as he was he would enter the temperance

death of the drunkard,—who had given me the perseverance to overcome all difficulties in saving him.

Ah! And I thanked Him again, still more fervently, when I saw my poor inebriated brother-in-law, rise erect from his seat in an obscure corner of the hall, and go up to the stand with such a look of resolution upon his countenance as I had never seen upon it, and in a firm, bold hand, affix his signature.

My heart was full to overflowing, and I scarcely saw the many who followed his example, for the blinding tears of joy.

And when at the close of the meeting, the speaker came to take my hand for adieu, I could not speak. But I pressed his hand in a clasp that meant more than words could express, and I felt my eyes suffusing with tears.

He understood me, and merely saying, while a radiant smile spread over his face like a halo, "your brother-in-law is saved," passed on.

He was saved. I, who had never known the reality of the drunkard's passions for liquor, had been power-

'I will be your second if you accept my plan.'

'Of course I'll do that. I'll be guided by you entirely.'

'Then pledge me your sacred honor, on this spot where she saw your degradation, never again to touch wine or any alcoholic drink.'

'I do so promise and vow, even by her spotless name and my hopes of future salvation!'

'Allow me also to-night to present your name as a candidate for admission to the division of Sons of Temperance to which I belong.'

'Why should I do that, when I have already promised not to drink?'

'That you may have fraternal sympathies to strengthen you in your good resolutions. That one social, happy night each week, spent with pure men and women working in the holy cause of Temperance, will make you so love that work that you will never depart from it.'

'Then propose me, and I will join.'

'Perhaps you did not know that Lillie Rutger is a Good Templar, belonging to the United Lodge?'

'Yes I do. And Mr. Bennett I know who plotted to lay me in the dust. I have risen in it, and never again will I fall. Good-night, Mr. Bennett. Henceforth your road is not mine, I am free from the shackles you would have placed upon me. Seek some other victim—you cannot enthrall me.'

The tempter stood amazed, while the young man whom he had sought to ruin passed on. At last a bigger smile passed over his features. 'It will not last.'

Did it? Read.

PART II.

An open meeting of the Good Templars with the Sons and Daughters joining—all in regalia, all with joyous faces and their great hall filled literally to overflowing. Not alone are the members of the order there, but others friendly to the cause, and some, perhaps, led there by curiosity.

No matter what brings them there—it is a good place to be in, for the representatives of Faith, Hope, Charity, Love, Purity and Fidelity are in force in the hall which has been solemnly dedicated to those principles.