

The Friend of Temperance.

Friend of Temperance.

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

R. H. WHITAKER, Editor.
THEO. H. HILL, Associate.

RALEIGH, OCT. 11, 1871.

NEW DRESS.

The FRIEND OF TEMPERANCE makes its appearance, this week, in an entirely new dress, and in a larger form, than ever before, while the price of subscription remains the same.

The temperance men of North Carolina and Virginia know something of the struggles through which this paper has had to pass during its existence of four years and a half, and they will rejoice at the improvement which we make this week, in its appearance, regarding that improvement as an earnest of the paper's success.

When we began its publication there were but few Councils, all told, of our order, and the temperance sentiment in the country was at a very low ebb; consequently, but few subscribers could be obtained. But, with those few we went into the fight, and have continued fighting until now. What we have lost—or suffered in privation, the world need never know. Nor will it ever be known with what difficulties we have had to contend otherwise.

But, thank God, we can to-day say, that this paper is established upon a basis that will guarantee for it far greater usefulness than it has been able to exercise in the past.

Recent assurances, from almost every quarter, afford the gratifying testimony, that THE FRIEND OF TEMPERANCE, as the organ, is more popular with the membership than ever before, and that its circulation will be largely increased in most places.

We do not suppose that we have been so fortunate as to please everybody, in the four years we have been publishing this paper. It would have been a miracle to have done that.

There have been fault-finders and grumblers, of course—some who have thought, and, perhaps, said, that they could have done better; while they did little or nothing to help us. We have no word of complaint against such, because we know it is a weakness of human nature to feel that, "I am better than thou!" and to believe that "I could do better than thou!"

We have done the best that we could, and we have the gratifying assurance from almost all sections of our work that our labors have given satisfaction. At this we rejoice.

Brethren of the Order! your paper is now firmly established. Will you go to work to give it a wider and more useful circulation?

STATE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.—It is proposed to hold a Convention of the temperance men of North Carolina, in this city, on the 10th of November.

To this Convention all temperance men are invited, whether they belong to our order; or to no order at all.

But, especially do we invite delegates from all Councils, Divisions, and societies of whatever name, or order, to meet with us on that occasion.

No question of greater importance will ever be brought before any deliberative body, than the one which will claim the attention of the approaching Convention—to wit: how most successfully to put down the liquor traffic and save the youth of our land from the drunkard's life and death—the drunkard's hell.

We most respectfully ask the papers of North Carolina to give this notice one insertion, and to call attention to it editorially, so that the temperance portion of their readers may be advised of the contemplated Convention.

For any information concerning the matter address

R. H. WHITAKER,
Raleigh, N. C.

STATE COUNCIL OF VIRGINIA.—Remember that this body meets on the 4th Tuesday of this month, at Charlottesville, in annual session.

A brother informs us that the anticipated meeting is much talked of and a large crowd is expected and desired. Charlottesville is the home of brothers Abell, Ross and Morgan, and they will have everything in the finest order. Let all who can attend.

DEMONSTRATION.—There will be a Temperance Demonstration at Carthage on Saturday the 14th instant. The editor of this paper, wind and tide permitting, expects to be there and deliver an address.

RIDGEWAY COUNCIL.—The Secretary of the State Council has issued a charter for Ridgeway Council, No. 111. It will be organized this evening, by the editor of this paper.

The North Carolina Conference will meet in Charlotte on the 29th of November. Bishop Payne is expected to preside.

The Next State Council.

The approaching session of the State Council of our order will be one of interest and importance. Its action upon various questions which will come before it must materially affect the progress of Temperance reform in our commonwealth for years to come, and it especially behooves every working council in the State to be fully represented. One vital question—the one above all others upon which our future depends is that of "Prohibition" of the Liquor Traffic, or such modification of the License Law as will relieve our people of some of the burthen it imposes. We must abate the nuisance if we cannot wholly suppress it. We must scotch the snake and bruise its hydra-head, if we cannot utterly destroy it. For our parts, as repeatedly announced in these columns, we are in favor of "Local Prohibition," as being the cheapest, nearest, least objectionable, and consequently the most available means for the attainment of our ultimate aim, and the diffusion and advancement of the great reformation. We have deliberately taken this position, in advance of any authorized, official committee of the order of Friends of Temperance, to any prohibitory policy. Our views were clearly and succinctly embodied in the Memorial adopted by Carolina Council of this city, and subsequently endorsed by the Mass Temperance Convention, at Fayetteville, the district convention at Louisburg and many subordinate Councils.

We believe that the policy of Local Prohibition as defined and advocated by us will receive the cordial sanction of Temperance men generally, both in the order and out of it. We are thoroughly convinced that "Moral Suasion" will never succeed in overthrowing the Rum Tyranny, and it is equally evident that a Procrustean Prohibitory Law, general in its scope, can never be effectively enforced, when public sentiment is arrayed against it. Our scheme is purely democratic—or rather, in the best and highest sense of the term—republican. It proposes that local heart, conscience and will—that local popular sentiment fairly and freely expressed, shall control this matter of License locally. It protests against the setting up of grogshops in communities in which a majority of citizens not only do not want them, but regard them as unmixt nuisances; at the same time it proposes that less civilized—less christianized neighborhoods shall not be deprived of Rum-mills if they consider them blessings, or are even willing to tolerate them for their stomach's sakes or for anybody else's. One thing is certain, though the Legislature may refuse at present to pass a law giving to communities that control of the License system which primarily, and of right, belongs to them alone, it will not be very long before educated enlightened public sentiment will compel them to surrender, or else give place to others who will heed the popular will as enunciated at the ballot box. In the meantime it would be well perhaps to secure if possible the imposition of heavier taxes upon distillers and retailers of ardent spirits, for the higher their taxes the more will they dilute their poisons, and the less injury will they inflict upon their infatuated victims and society at large. Some temperance men think that such discrimination in taxation as would tend to decrease the distillation and sale of ardent spirits, by stimulating the growth and manufacture of native wines, would be promotive of Temperance among our people. We do not commend the use of wine, nor favor any alteration of our pledge of Total Abstinence.—But we do favor, and stand ready to advocate anything that will banish from our land those poisonous beverages which now brutalize our people—anything that would be promotive of Temperance—by decreasing drunkenness at least in its most aggravated and ruinous phase. If we cannot accomplish at once, all that we wish, we must not despise the day of small things. We would do well to take what we can get, and like Oliver, ask for more.

WIFE AS A MORAL PRUNING KNIFE.—A judicious wife is always snipping off from her husband's moral nature little twigs that are growing in the wrong direction. She keeps him in shape by continual pruning. If you say anything silly, she will affectionately tell you so. If you declare you will do some absurd thing, she will find means of preventing you from doing it. And by far the chief part of all common sense there is in this world unquestionably belongs to woman. The wisest things which a man commonly does are those which his wife counsels him to do. A wife is the great wielder of the moral pruning-knife.

We regret to learn from the Wilmington Star that the Hon. R. S. French had a severe attack of apoplexy on the morning of the 4th inst. It was feared, at one time, it would prove fatal.

The people of West Virginia will hold an election on Thursday, October 26, for members of the Constitutional Convention, members of the Legislature, County Superintendents of Free schools, and township officers.

Lawyer Seymour of Newbern is expected here to aid the solicitor in the prosecution of the Lenoir county parties, says the Goldsboro Messenger.

Remember.

1. That selling liquor never made men sober or industrious, but selling and drinking it has made them sots, idlers, and criminals; and what it has done, it does now, and will continue to do.

2. He that buys it gets a bargain.—It gives him sickness for health, a crust for bread, rags for clothing, the jail for a lodging house, the gutter for his bed, poverty for wealth, remorse and despair for happiness and comfort, and driveling idiocy for sense and God-given intelligence.

3. Rum robs men of health, wealth and reputation. It destroys the body, and ruins the soul. It is hard to pay such a fearful price to boot. These are the little extras thrown in with the money it costs—that money that should go to buy food, clothing, life to starving wife and little ones.

Ah! young man, beware! Put back the glass! Set it down untasted from your lips! It is poison!! Do you not see the serpent coiled and ready to strike you with its deadly fangs! Think of it. On one side virtue honor, success, and usefulness crowned with happiness now and in the future—on the other misery, ruin, degradation, death! For what? Can you pay the price?

4. That a bottle of whiskey is bottled essence of crime; he who uncorks the bottle "unchains the tiger," which is a foe to himself and an enemy to mankind.

5. That permitting a wrong never stopped it; that licensing and legally approving liquor selling was never intended to stop it. Common sense tells every man that, and common honesty, if they have it, will make every liquor dealer admit it. It stops a little leak in the cask by opening the faucet.

The only way to end liquor-selling is to stop it. The liquor-dealers won't stop it, for they are reaping rich harvests from it; the poor miserable drunkards can't stop it, for they are its slaves. But temperance men must stop it.—"How?" you ask; "how can they stop it?" By sustaining and enforcing a prohibitory law against it. This can only be accomplished by having men in offices whose political party creed, pledge them to sustain such a law. Will you vote only for such men?

The Importance of our Cause.

The following good words are from a late issue of the Cambridge Chronicle, a paper that is doing earnest work for the cause of temperance, and one of the best among our many exchanges:

It would not be too much to say, if all drinking of intoxicating liquors could be done away, crime of every kind would fall to a fourth of its present amount, and the whole tone of moral feeling in the lower orders would be indefinitely raised. Not only does the vice produce all kinds of wanton mischief but it has a negative effect of great importance. It is the mightiest of all the forces that clog the progress of good. It is in vain that every engine is set to work that philanthropy can devise, when those whom we seek to benefit, are habitually tampering with the faculties of reason and will, soaking their brains with beer or ale, or inflaming them with whiskey, rum or brandy. The struggle of the school, the library and the church, all united against the beer-shop and the whiskey palace, is but one development of the war between heaven and hell. It is intoxication that causes terrible catastrophes on our railroads, fills our jails, our workhouses, our lunatic asylums. Were it not for this one cause, pauperism and crime would be nearly extinguished.

Looking at the manifold and frightful evils that spring from drunkenness, we think we are justified in saying that it is the most dreadful of all ills that afflict any State. We are convinced that if a statesman, who wished to do the utmost possible good to his country, were thoughtfully to enquire which of the topics of the day deserved the most intense force of his attention, the true reply would be, that he should study the means by which this, the worst of plagues, could be stayed. The question is, whether millions of our countrymen should be helped to become happier and wiser, whether pauperism, lunacy, crime and disease shall be diminished—whether thousands of men, women and children, shall be aided to escape from utter ruin of body and soul? This is the question we are called upon now to decide, and in the name of God let us do it without fear or favor, trusting in God for the result.

Rutherford Vindicator says: An old man and his son, giving the names of Silas and Sikes Ingram, hailing from Lancaster county, S. C., came to Robert McFarland's at Sandy Plains, Polk county, on the 27th ult., both sick and partially deranged. The son died on Thursday about 12 o'clock; the old man is in such a condition that nothing satisfactory can be obtained from him in regard to his family.

There was a camp meeting in Randolph week before last.

Rum did it.

A farmer living near Waterbury, Conn., named Alexander McCrady, went to that town lately, and got partially intoxicated. On his way home he threw his wife from the wagon, breaking one of her legs; and then because she could not walk as he ordered her to do, he beat and kicked her in a shameful manner and again threw her into the wagon. When he reached home he pitched her from the wagon into the back yard, and having cut every particle of clothing from her, tied a rope around her body and dragged her under a shed, leaving her there naked and half insensible in the bitter cold air, where she would have perished had not one of the boarders happened to go out into the shed, and discovering her condition, took proper care of her. McCrady has offered half his farm to compromise the matter. Good God! is there to be no check to the devastating strides of this monster which is daily turning men into demons, and making it dangerous to walk our streets, to visit our friends, or for wives to be in company with those who should be their faithful protectors!

Liquor Drinking in Families.

The family circle should be regarded as a very sacred place, and in every well regulated family it is so. In olden times, when the bottle was kept in readiness to be brought out regularly every morning, and to appear again when a visitor entered the circle, the sanctity of the family circle was violated, and an injury inflicted upon every heart made to witness the evil practice.

The work wrought by temperance organizations in removing the social bottle, and throwing around the tender lambs of the family the sacred guard of the temperance shields, has done more for our country and our race, than any mind can estimate.

When it is no longer fashionable to present such an example before the children of the household, truly we have achieved a great triumph.

It is also a great achievement to drive the bottle and the practice of drinking, behind the screen, and thereby fix upon the practice of drinking, public condemnation, a practice too disreputable to be seen by the public.

The further it can be driven from the public view, the better. Indeed these screens serve as a test of public sentiment. When liquor drinking becomes so popular that it can appear on the streets, with open doors, it is high proof that the temperance sentiment is at a very low point. So soon as the public sentiment rises, the screens are seen to rise with it.

The Rev. L. C. Rutter.

The Rev. Mr. Rutter more familiarly known as "the boy preacher," is one of the most earnest advocates of the Temperance cause in this country.—For many months he has been laboring in Ohio, and his eloquent appeals have already produced a hearty, salutary effect. He is about 20 years old, was born in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, and was graduated at Lafayette College, a Easton, Pa., in 1868.

After graduating at a Presbyterian Theological Seminary of Allegheny City, he was licensed to preach, and soon after was installed as pastor of the churches of Salem and Caldwell, Noble county, Ohio, but a little over a year ago. Besides his other labors, he has regularly preached for both congregations very acceptably up to the present time.

Soon after his ordination, he observed that the greatest obstacle to the success of his ministerial efforts in this county was the existence, in almost every village, of a grog-shop, some twenty or more then in the county. He at once went to work to organize in every township a temperance society on the open-door-no-secret plan. He rode all over the county, lecturing wherever he could find a house open, and half-a-dozen to listen to him. He presented the pledge to all he met; it was signed by hundreds. Soon the county was completely organized.—Aroused thoroughly, the people, by moral suasion, and by enforcing the civil and criminal penalties of the liquor law, quickly closed every liquor shop in the county. And such is the state of public opinion to-day, that no man dare open a whisky-shop in that vicinity.

Brother J. A. Ott, writes as follows, from Mississippi, under date of Sept. 26th:

"Dr. Harmon, our State lecturer, writes as follows: I have been out to Rehobeth Council—14 miles from Hazlehurst and delivered a second lecture on the Temperance question. The whole country round about is stirred up and the hard cases are surrendering and joining. We have closed up one grogshop and stifled another that was in the act of burning. They are joining by the dozens at Rehobeth—fifteen and twenty in a class—&c., &c."

From the Field.

D. V. P's. Reports.

Blanks have been sent out to the D. V. P's. who are requested to make reports to President of the State Council in time for him to make up his annual report. It is to be hoped that prompt returns will be made.

North Carolina.

We learn from brother F. D. Swindell that Ocracoke Council will have a Public Demonstration on the 18th of next month when he will deliver an address.

Brother M. C. Guthrie, writing from Cape Fear Council says:

"The Temperance cause is progressing slowly but surely down here.—The Society has certainly done good in our little town and God grant that it may continue. We are determined to keep it up as long as we can get a half dozen members to attend."

(That's the right spirit. Stand by your flag, let what will happen; success will crown your efforts, if with unwavering faith you press onward.—Edmon.)

Bro. W. J. Stewart writing from Carthage Council, says:

"Our Council is doing well. Within the last two weeks we have received four active and seven associate members."

Bro. D. S. Maultsby writes a very cheering letter from LaFayette Council. He says:

"We have had several accessions to our Council lately and among them, last Wednesday night, Rev. William Brunt, the Baptist minister of the Fayetteville church. He is a good stake in our fence. As our Chaplain's office was vacant we immediately elected and installed him into that office. Ah, my brother, I wish you could have been down here to see the initiation. Everything was as solemn as a funeral, and that respect shown him which is always due to a good man. It is high time that all the ministers of the Gospel should take hold of the matter of temperance. There may have been a time when they could have rendered an excuse for standing aloof; but that time was before my day.

Keep your powder dry my dear brother, and be ready to give the enemy a broad-side when the right time comes. My kindest regards to your better half. Oh, for a thousand like her." (And she says "Oh, for ten thousand Maultslys!"—Ed.)

Virginia.

Bro. G. A. Bruce writing from Waynesboro says:

"Our colored friends are much pleased with their order, the 'Sons of the Soil' and are quite zealous in their good work."

Waynesboro Council still continues to hold larger meetings than ever before. I wish you could step in one of these Saturday nights, and see the array of youth and beauty that meet in the Hall and engage in the good work. Wish we could, and it must not surprise brother B. if we do drop in some of these Saturday nights.

Bro. Thos. W. Colley informs us that we made a mistake in making an extract from a former letter of his, and that we gave Abingdon Council credit for what Washington Council had done. We are sorry for it and promise not to do so any more.

Bro. Colley says: "We have had another grand celebration since I wrote you. The Washington and Wesley Chapel Councils were present at the celebration of Bethany Sabbath School, and by special request, the same speeches, with some slight alterations, were made that were delivered on the previous occasion. Fourteen active and twenty associate members were secured. We bid fair to be the foremost Councils in the State."

Hope to hear from brother Colley often.—Edmon.

We learn from the Christian Sun that there was a grand temperance demonstration in Norfolk, last week, which was attended by a large delegation of Suffolk Council. Rev. J. T. Whitley of Suffolk was one of the speakers of the occasion.

We learn from the same paper that Suffolk Council is still prospering.

Mississippi.

Brother J. A. Ott, writes as follows, from Mississippi, under date of Sept. 26th:

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What a Curse!

BY MINNIE F. RAY.

An old woman sat in her comfortable room dreaming of other days; of days when want and woe were unknown and happiness reigned supreme. Of days when she proudly looked at her honored husband and thanked God for giving her such a man. Ah, those were happy days when her little children played around the hearthstone, and a loving husband anticipated every wish. But, alas! the frosts of many winters have silvered her bonnie brown hair, and a licensed curse has frozen her heart.

See that haggard form staggering in the door! See the marks of drunkenness and degradation which are clinging to him!

See the blood-shot eye and driveling face, and hear the muttered curse! That man is her husband—the same one who years ago, in the flush of youth promised to love, cherish, and protect, the wife he had chosen. Does he love her now? For answer, see the brutal blow as he staggers in the comfortless hut. Does he cherish? Hear the bitter curse, as he stumbles in his drunkenness, about the hovel! Does he protect? See the feeble, helpless look he casts on all, except the one he has promised to protect! Oh, God, can this be the man, who years ago men looked up to and called a gentleman? Alas! yes; the tempter came, and he fell lower and lower, from bad to worse; and now in the very lowest depths of degradation, with only one friend, his faithful wife, he has passed from the notice of his former friends and except in the lowest haunts of vice, he is rarely seen or heard of!

Alas, what a curse! Yet decent gentlemen, who have wives and children and who claim to be christians, vote to license a business whose sole end is to kill the bodies and souls of men!

A little child sits at its mother's feet telling its innocent thoughts.

Suddenly the child looks up in its mother's face, and says: "mama, when I am a man and drink whiskey I won't do like papa, when he comes home."

But perhaps papa went curse when he comes to night—and the child's thoughts wander to other things.

A few short years ago, a young man married a lovely girl, and together they began to sing the song of life. For a while all was well. Alas! the love of ardent spirits was that man's besetting sin and he fell. That young wife's heart was nearly broken and his little children feared even more than loved him.

But for the licensed curse, he might have made his mark in the world. But men say, "the world is wide; let the liquor seller alone, and he will let you liquor." It is false. The liquor seller invites them to take a glass of wine; the appetite is appealed to; the man is tempted—is ruined. What a curse!

Again. A man of high social position and undoubted talent—a man who has already won a name, and fame, as an author and speaker, and as a man of education and refinement. The troubles assail him, and he flies to the wine-cup to drown his grief.

Years glide away and he reforms. Again, his talents command attention—again his eloquence heard in the land. His kind and generous heart draws to him many friends, but alas! there are those who would ruin him; he falls once more in the snare, and, and mortified and grief-stricken, he feels he is lost.

Not so my friend. God is good. He will never forsake one, striving against the cravings of an awakened appetite, nor will he fail to listen to an earnest prayer. God help the man who is betrayed into error and who heartily repents! But for the licensed curse there would be no danger! But, alas! at every corner may be seen the gilded saloon, and the tempter standing by. God help the man who loves the taste of spirits, and feels the craving for stimulants, and yet is tempted on every hand! What a curse!

In a little hovel in the edge of town a lone woman sits and watches, through the hours of the night, and while she sits alone her thoughts, unbidden, flow to the happy past. She thinks of the time when she first felt the mother love welling up in her heart, and of the deep thankful tenderness she felt, when the baby boy was laid upon her bosom. She sees him as the months pass by, and he rattles away merrily at her feet. Then as years pass by, and baby becomes a lad and the lad verges upon manhood, the husband of her youth dies, and she feels, that earth holds no sadder heart than hers. Alas! she little knew, how much unhappiness her heart could bear, and still not break! Do you know why she waits so patiently and sits till the bell tolls the wee small hours of night? She is waiting for the baby of other years, her much loved son. Wicked

companions have led him astray—he has learned to dally with the wine cup, and spend his nights in debauchery. Alas, poor mother! you wait in vain. The company of the vicious has more allurments for your boy, than the love and companionship of his mother. But hark! there are footsteps coming. They stop; she opens the door. What a sight meets her there! They have brought him home to her—his poor old mother—dead!

"Killed in a drunken brawl!" the papers say,—but the mother's heart is broken.

See her as she cast her last look on the grave of her murdered son and then takes her place in the cart to be carried to the parish poor house, there to be taken care of at the expense of the county. Alas, what a curse! But for the licensed dram shops, that woman, might now be the mother of an honored man. Instead of being a burden to the county she might be the mistress of a happy home.

But for the money squandered by her son for liquor, she might be happy and comfortable.

No wonder the liquor-seller is able to sport his carriage and team, when the hard-earned money of the poor man and the inherited wealth, of the rich, all go to fill his coffers! No wonder he can have elegant houses, and live on costly far when day after day and year after year, his pockets are filled with money that should go to the support of the mothers and wives and children of the drunkards. "Alas what a curse!"

ENDORSEMENT.

It affords us pleasure to know, that Mt. Olivet Council, No. 9, which was the first Council to endorse the Friend of Temperance, four years ago, is still its friend and still determined to stand by it, as will be seen in the following recent action of said Council:

WILMINGTON, N. C.,
October 2, 1871.

At a regular meeting of Mt. Olivet Council, No. 9, Friends of Temperance, held this evening the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Brother R. H. Whitaker did at much labor and expense, commence the publication of the Friend of Temperance, when the order was in its infancy, and has successfully prosecuted it until it has become self-sustaining; and

WHEREAS, This Council was the first to endorse the said publication, as the organ of the order, since which time it has also been endorsed by the Supreme and State Councils; therefore be it

Resolved, That we have seen no cause to regret our original action and that we deem it but just to say, although unsolicited by its editors to do so, that we still recognize the "old paper," which has weathered so many storms, as the organ of our order and will continue to give it our patronage and encouragement.

Resolved, That we deprecate divisions in our ranks, and sincerely regret that any opposition should be made, and especially from the source from whence it comes, as we honestly believe, that while one Temperance paper can be sustained in the State, that two will not only injure but destroy both, and damage the cause.

Resolved, That a copy of these preamble and resolutions be forwarded to the Editors of the Friend of Temperance with request that if their sense of propriety will justify it, the same be published in their columns.

Jas. W. Kiro, Secretary.

We feel very grateful to Carthage Council for the following kind endorsement, and promise of support:

CARTHAGE, N. C. Oct. 6th, 1871.
REV. R. H. WHITAKER—Dear Bro: On the evening of the 26th inst. the following Preamble and resolutions were, on motion, unanimously passed by the Council:

Believing a well conducted Paper, published in the interests of our order, indispensably necessary to the propagation and final success of our great principles, therefore Resolved: That we recognize the "Friend of Temperance" as the organ of our order, as ably propagating and defending its principles, and as worthy the encouragement and support of every true Friend of Temperance.

2. That we, as a Council and as individual members, pledge to it our cordial and earnest support.

A friend "in need is a friend indeed." We ought to bless the circumstance, though it may be unpleasant for awhile, which tries friendship and proves to us who are our real friends.

Thanks—a thousand thanks, to both Mt. Olivet and Carthage.

It was discovered at the treasury Thursday morning, says the Raleigh Sentinel, that H. H. Roberts, formerly a clerk in the auditor's office, and who was recently arrested and bound over on a charge of forging a warrant on the public treasury for \$281, had forged another warrant on the treasury for \$81, purporting to be drawn in favor of W. T. Brown for expense incurred in conveying Catherine Brown to the lunatic asylum. We learn that he confessed to having forged still another warrant to the amount of \$100.