

Friend of Temperance.

FAITH, TEMPERANCE, CHARITY.
R. H. WHITAKER, Editor and Proprietor.
THEO. H. HILL, Associate Editor.
REV. J. T. WHITLEY, Richmond, Va.,
Corresponding Editor.

Office Three Squares East of the Capitol, on
Northern Avenue.
RALEIGH, N. C., JANUARY 31, 1872.

We are glad to see that the *Friend of Temperance* and *Peterson's Magazine* will be sent to any person for one year at \$3.40. That's cheap. A first class Family Temperance newspaper and one of the best Magazines of the country for \$3.40. Fathers, here's a chance by which you can supply your sons and daughters with good reading and the latest fashions for \$3.40. Every family ought to have a Temperance paper and a Magazine. The *Friend of Temperance* and *Peterson's Magazine* fill that bill at only \$3.40.

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

Notice.

The Committee appointed by the recent State Council of North Carolina, to secure a State Lecturer and provide ways and means for his salary, will please meet at the office of the Secretary of the State Council, in the city of Raleigh, on Thursday the 8th day of February prox., for consultation. The members of said committee are: Brothers R. H. Whitaker, J. T. Hill, W. W. McKenzie and W. H. Mitchell.

I would also be glad to have meet with us any brother who is willing to enter into arrangements with the committee.

Fraternally,
D. S. HILL, Chairman.

BADLY WORKED.—It is useless for us to tell our readers that our issue of last week was badly worked, for they know it. We will say, however, that we were very much mortified at having to send out such a paper, and would not have done it, if we could have done better.

Feeling assured that the Pressman regretted the affair quite as much as we did, we feel confident that a like mishap will not again occur.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.—Rev. Paul J. Carraway, the President, and brother W. J. Cornwall of Magnolia, the Chaplain of the State Council of North Carolina, have been in our city this week, and the guests of the editor of this paper. Brother Carraway was en-route for Goldsboro', whither he goes by invitation, to address the people upon the great question of Temperance, to-morrow evening.

A good many of our boys said, after we left Franklinton, upon the adjournment of the State Council, that "we elected the finest looking man of the body as its President."

We can only say, that we never saw the brother looking half so well as now, and if he talks as well as he looks, he will wake up Goldsboro'. We intend to go down and hear him, and next week our readers shall hear from us.

We were sorry to see brother Cornwall not looking so well; indeed, during most of his stay, he was quite unwell.

Rev. Paul J. Carraway, President of the State Council of North Carolina, authorizes us to say, that he desires to visit as many portions of the State during the year as possible. He will be glad to receive communications from the brethren, giving him the condition and progress of the work in their Councils, and will take pleasure in communicating with them. He desires to see the work progressing. Address him at Franklinton, N. C.

We learn that one Council in our State, to make the meetings a little more attractive, have adopted a plan for debating, reading essays, or stories, and so forth, and to take several copies of the *Friend*—not only to assist in purchasing the new press for the organ of the Order—but to be filed in the Council-room, for the perusal of members of the Council, who are unable to subscribe for it. Hurrah for old Mt. Olivet, say we!

Brother, what are you doing for the advancement of the cause of temperance in your locality the present year? How much did you accomplish for it the past year? Did any son go to a drunkard's grave, or hell, the past year, that you might have rescued, and you conversed with him on the subject? Ponder over these queries, and ascertain if you have performed your whole duty in the past, and if not, improve the future.

Master Johnnie Troy, one of the "Troy Boys," who have been for a year or two subscribers to the *Friend*, and associate members of Perseverance Council, called to see us on Friday last, and gave us a very cheering account of our cause in Fayetteville.

The Shot That Killed It.

After all that has been said and done, by the friends of peace, virtue and reform, in behalf of a general law for Local Prohibition in North Carolina, it becomes our painful duty to announce to the friends of this measure, that the legislature has failed to grant the prayers of the hundreds and thousands of petitioners, who appealed to that body for aid, in behalf of the youths of our State—and the mothers, wives and sisters, upon whom the curse of drunkenness falls with such killing weight.

The memorial of the State Council of the Friends of Temperance was presented to the Senate, and referred to the committee on Propositions and Grievances, which committee *politely* recommended that it "be returned to the introducer."

Quite a summary disposal of a matter which, in the opinion of many good people—though not as wise, perhaps, as the committee on Propositions and Grievances—is second in importance to none upon which that grave body has deliberated during this session. A bill was then drawn by a distinguished jurist of this city, embodying the ideas of Local Prohibition as set forth in the State Council memorial.

This was presented to the House, and referred to the committee on Propositions and Grievances, who subsequently reported adversely upon it.

On Friday last, the following proceedings were had upon it: On motion of Mr. Jordan, the bill to prevent the sale of spirituous liquors in townships where the people so determine, was taken up.

Mr. Jordan said that there had been a great many special bills passed on this subject, and he thought the bill proposed would meet them all.

Mr. Jordan offered some amendments, requiring that there should be no such election held without the petition of 30 persons; that the expense of such election, if the question failed to be ratified by the people, should be borne by the petitioners.

The amendments were adopted. Mr. Welch hoped the bill would not pass, because he did not believe this was the time to pass "the Maine liquor law."

Mr. Jordan thought the bill should pass, and thought it would be productive of much good.

Mr. Lucas said he hoped the bill would not pass. That this Legislature claimed to be a friend to the poor man, and yet they were making an attempt to cut off his greatest privilege—that of being rich once a year at least. That he himself, had felt like he could buy Raleigh, with only a half dollar in his pocket.

Mr. Lucas moved to lay upon the table, which motion prevailed.

It will be seen that Mr. Welch struck the first blow, by saying, "this is no time to pass the Maine liquor law." We are sorry he said that, for it shows that he either did not understand the difference between the Maine law, and the bill pending; or that, knowing the difference, he used the remark as a fatal stab to a measure which is, in the purest sense of the word, democratic, and which can do no any harm, but might do good to many.

John C. Calhoun had only to take snuff, and South Carolina sneezed.—Daniel Webster had only to say, "my countrymen!" and all Massachusetts flocked to hear. Henry Clay had only to say, "I'm coming!" and a nation of pretty women would turn out to kiss him. Wonderful influence!

It only remains to be told that, Mr. Lucas, under the influence of liquor, "had felt like he could buy Raleigh with only a half dollar in his pocket," and the House of Representatives of North Carolina "shot up" against whiskey, and quietly laid Local Prohibition upon the table.

Our Order and friends of virtue everywhere, owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Jordan of Person, for his efforts to get the bill through the House.

The Shot That Killed It.

Resolved, That the President be authorized to appoint District Vice Presidents in each and every county in the State, and that this State Council sustain him in every appointment.

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered to the citizens of Hazlehurst for their hospitality; and to the members of Hazlehurst Council No. 4, for courtesies extended; and to Col. Vance, editor of the *Copiah*, for the many favors received at his hands.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this State Council, be published in the *Copiah*, and all other papers friendly to the cause.

The following D. V. P.'s were appointed: J. A. Ott, Osyka, Pike county; Rev. Mr. Schofield, Liberty, Amite; Rev. J. W. Harmon, Biloxi, Harrison; G. J. McLean, R. Springs, Claiborne; M. W. Thurston, Lake, Scott; A. B. Nicholson, Hazlehurst, Copiah; Col. J. L. Powers, city of Jackson; W. J. C. Mitchell, Sallis, Lee; S. M. Spencer, Issaquena county.

Upon motion, this State Council then adjourned, to meet at Brookhaven, on the second Thursday in July, 1872.

W. Jones, Pres't.
JAMES CUTLER, Sec'y.

Alcohol as a Medicine.

A certain distinguished Professor in one of our institutions of learning used to remark to his class of declaimers, referring to that species of eloquence said to prevail among clergymen, and sometimes known as the "holy wine," that "preachers ought to do all the good they can, for they certainly are responsible for a great deal of harm."

We apprehend that the same remark might be applied with some aptness to the doctors. They, too, ought to do a great deal of good, for they are responsible for much wrong. This remark is made with especial reference to the custom of prescribing alcohol in a large class of diseases which they are called on to treat. Some physicians are like the Scotchman who, having adopted medicine as his profession, prescribed his patients with what he called "tea similes," which two remedies he prescribed as efficacious for all diseases. They are unlike him in having not tea, but one remedy for all the "ills which flesh is heir to." Some doctors prescribe alcohol with a recklessness which could only spring from utter obliviousness to the peculiar character and results of that fiery beverage. A man whose stomach has been almost burnt out with whiskey, whose appetite is absolutely unquenchable when excited, can no more take alcohol from a physician with safety than he could hope to stop the impetuous current of Niagara with a broom-straw. It is a grave responsibility for a medical man to arouse from its slumbers an appetite which, when aroused, will "go about as a roaring lion, seeking whom it may devour," and alas! without going far, will find a victim already manacled and prepared for destruction.

Some physicians see the difficulties and responsibilities here suggested, and nobly take a stand for the right. But many close their eyes to the truth, and not only prescribe it habitually for others, but take it frequently themselves, not "for their stomach's sake," but for the gratification of a raging appetite. To the latter class and to all concerned in the matter we recommend the statements and example laid down in the subjoined extract, which we find in one of the religious papers:

"The following curious document, signed by three hundred of the leading physicians of London, appeared in the papers of that city just before Christmas: 'As it is believed that the inconsiderate prescription of large quantities of alcoholic liquid by medical men for their patients has given rise, in many instances, to the formation of intemperate habits, the undersigned, who retain in its abundance the use of alcohol in the treatment of certain cases of disease, are yet of the opinion that no medical practitioner should prescribe it without a sense of grave responsibility. They believe that alcohol, in whatever form, should be prescribed with as much care as any powerful drug, and that the directions for its use should be so framed as not to be interpreted as a sanction, direct or necessarily for the excess of its use when the occasion is past. They are also of the opinion that many people immensely exaggerate the value of alcohol as an article of diet, and since no class of men see so much of its effects, and possess such power to restrain its abuse, as members of their own profession, they hold that every medical practitioner is bound to exert his utmost influence to inculcate habits of great moderation in the use of alcoholic liquids. Being also firmly convinced that the great amount of drinking of alcoholic liquors among the working classes of this country is one of the greatest evils of the day, destroying health, happiness and welfare of those classes, and neutralizing, to a large extent, the great industrial prosperity which Providence has placed within the reach of this nation, the undersigned would gladly support any wise legislation which would tend to restrict, within proper limits, the use of alcoholic beverage, and gradually introduce habits of temperance.'"

On examination of credentials, the following delegates were found qualified, and admitted to representation: W. M. Curtis, Wm. Locke, H. H. Cook, G. W. Rogers, and Rev. A. B. Nicholson, from Hazlehurst Council No. 4; Dr. Wm. Jones and James Cutler, from Osyka Council No. 6; J. S. Beasley, from Rehoboth Council No. 7; and W. H. Breeman, from Mt. Hermon Council No. 16.

Report of Dr. Wm. Jones, President, read by secretary, showing the slow but steady increase of Our Order; said report, upon motion, was received.

Resolved, That the above report be published in the *Copiah*.

The report of the secretary was then read and also received.

Upon motion, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted: Resolved, That the President be and is hereby appointed a committee of one, to procure a sufficient amount of Books of Ritual and other Papers, to

Communications.

VIRGINIA.

FOR THE FRIEND,
STANTON, VA., Jan. 23rd, 1872.
DEAR BRO. WHITAKER:—Stanton Council, No. 47, has unfurled her banner to the breezes of 1872, and in addition to our beautiful motto—"Faith, Temperance and Charity," we have emblazoned upon its sacred folds, the banner Council of the Order. Not on account of vast numbers, but List, No violations during the holidays—2nd, No delinquents.

Article 3rd section 8th of our by-laws, reads: "No brother shall receive the 'password,' vote at the election of officers, or be eligible to hold office—who is three months in arrears for dues."

Yet we've an active membership of forty-five, nearly half of whom are the old soldiers who were present October 13th, 1868, when our honored brother, G. A. Bruce (the Emperor of the Order), instituted it. Where, oh! where, brother Whitaker, can you find one equal? I doubt if you can, even in your own grand old State.

At our meeting, Dec. 29th, we resolved, by a unanimous vote, to elect our officers quarterly. Immediately thereafter, brother J. W. Baldwin was elected president. The right, brother in the right place. We are not carrying things by storm, but progressing quietly, and surely. At our last meeting we had three initiations, and expect a larger number Friday next. Our sister Council, "Charity, No. 6," is progressing finely—has a number one president, brother N. M. Varner, assisted by those old tried veterans, brothers, Bunch, Grove, Reynolds, and others, whose locks have been silvered over by the nipping frosts of twenty odd winters—since they entered the ranks of our grand old army, to do battle against the demon, Intemperance. Long may they live to advocate the glorious cause of temperance in our little city among the mountains!

Yesterday was court day, and many a glass of tangle-leg, red-eye, soul-destroying, liquid fire was hid away—causing scores to seek their homes in a condition but little above the brute. I thought, sad indeed, must have been the hearts of the wife and children, in homes all over this beautiful county, when at evening tide, they saw the idol of their hearts, staggering towards the door, with the demon blood-shot eyes—which in other years, sparkled with love and affection. Sad indeed, that lovely woman—"God's best gift to man," should have to suffer for the wrongs of others—and yet, strange to say, but few in this city and county, are exerting themselves in behalf of the noble soul and body saving cause—temperance.

My kindest regards to Minnie E. Ray, and say to her, that some member of Stanton Council will try for the Sewing Machine—and if successful, we want a "Weed E. F." May her fondest anticipations be more than realized, is the earnest wish of No. 47.

Our organ, the "Friend," has grown "to be a thing of life." I would not be without it. Look out for an additional club from Stanton.

Fraternally yours in F. T. and C.,
J. W. NEWTON.

FOR THE FRIEND,
ELMINGTON, NELSON CO., VA.,
January 20th, 1872.

DEAR BRO. WHITAKER:—I have been very much interested in the perusal of your very excellent paper, which has just come to hand; and please allow me to congratulate you upon the improvements which have been made in size, appearance, matter and interest. But I am not at all surprised to see such improvements in our organ, when the editor has such an editress by his side as Minnie E. Ray. Present my kindest regards to her, and tell her that her articles in the *Friend* are appreciated by the brethren in old Nelson county.

While my Council, (Morning Star, No. 7,) is small in number, I am happy to say, there are a faithful few who travel from one to four miles, over a very rough road, to be at the meetings of the Council, which are held every Saturday night. We have one application on the table for active membership; and, when spring opens, I think it probable our Council may be very much built up.

Lovington Council, No. 22, is not so prosperous as in other days, though I am satisfied that, with the material she is composed of, she will again "be up and doing, with a heart for any fate." Lovington Council has accomplished a great deal, and I trust, will live on and, fill not one in the community will have the courage to attempt to sell ardent spirits—though she is now cursed with four of the devil's school houses, engaged in dealing out the beverage of hell, and preparing and fitting young men for the drunkard's grave and the drunkard's hell.

Agitation! Agitation!! is what is now wanting. The people must be aroused; the mighty deep of public sentiment must be stirred up, till, by an united acclamation, a voice shall be heard in tones of thunder, singing and proclaiming throughout the length and breadth of this commonwealth, that King Alcohol shall no longer keep his foot upon the necks of her people; that they will hurl him from Virginia's borders; and, in shouts of triumph, they will proclaim at his departure, in the language inscribed on her own centurion, "sic semper tyrannis!" I am doing what I can for the *Friend*. All of your subscribers here speak of renewing when their times expire. All are pleased with the paper.

Wishing you and yours a happy and prosperous new year, I am yours,
Wm. J. Kidd.

FOR THE FRIEND,
Broadway, Rockingham Co., Va.,
January 21st, 1872.

DEAR BRO. WHITAKER:—This is quiet Sabbath evening, and a peculiar sadness, mingled with feelings of indignation, is felt throughout our usually peaceful village. A murder has been committed here to-day. Yes, a murder, nothing less. A few days since a man came into this place, asking assistance of the people for himself and family, a wife and seven children; he being unable to earn anything for their support, having lost his right arm and had the other broken in the battle of Seven Pines. His condition and misfortunes at once elicited the sympathy of Southern hearts; but alas! it was soon seen that he who had fought so nobly and so faithfully in his country's defense, was unable to cope with the enemy who is daily slaying his thousands, and is yet never satisfied. This morning, before going on his way, he stepped into one of the low "snakeries" with which our place is infested, and the poor, pitiful dramseller, on Sabbath morning, took of the pittance given him in charity, for the poison stuff that killed him. In two hours he was dead! To-night the pale moon-beams fall on his open grave, which the hands of "Friends of Temperance" have hollowed out for him, his body rests in a coffin they will lay him to rest in our new grave-yard; and the sad news will go home to his suffering wife and little ones, that the husband and father was murdered at Broadway!

And the murderer, what of him, was he arrested? Oh, no! He did not stab him, or shoot him, he only did what he was licensed to do; he only sold him the liquor, and then after giving neatly shaven and breakfasting with his colored barber, rode away to spend the day with some ladies (?). Perhaps he had a right to do this; for did not the most influential and peace-loving citizens of the community petition the court to grant the license, while a few, who have seen and known and felt its sad effects, petitioned against it? And to a shame of our church, do I say it, some of its members argued, "that it was to the interest of the business community to have a licensed bar." In amazement and horror, we ask ourselves, "can these things be? Will God suffer it, in spite of the labor and prayers of a few who are struggling so manfully against almost overwhelming opposition?" Ah! no, we will trust on, hope on, work on, and it may be, the scales will be removed from their eyes ere long.

Friends of Temperance, let this sad, true incident speak for itself; let it determine you to renewed energy and perseverance to do good. Though you are derided and discouraged, never cease in your labors of love and mercy. One innocent youth guided a night—one weak one strengthened—one friend snatched from the burning—will be your crown of rejoicing in the day when the Master shall come to make up his jewels.

Yours in F. T. and C.,
S. E. A.

FOR THE FRIEND,
Broadway Depot, Jan. 23, 1872.

DEAR BROTHER:—Since the meeting of our State Council, in Charlottesville, Timbertville Council, No. 52, has been meeting at this place, and I am proud to say that our meetings here have resulted in good.

On Saturday night, Dec. 30th, we had a full meeting, transacted much business of importance, besides electing officers for the next term of six months. After which it was announced, that a supper had been prepared by our lady associate members, and was now ready. The Council adjourned to a handsomely trimmed room, with a table, capable of seating thirty persons, heavily loaded with all the good things imaginable. After thanks to the Giver of all good gifts by our aged Chaplain, we were beautifully helped by our lady "Friends," who may well be proud of their efforts to advance the interests of our Order. Since that time we have initiated five, and re-organized two persons as active members.

I think the prospects of old Timbertville Council better than ever before.

I have installed the following officers, in whose hands I think the Council will prosper:
President, John H. Thomas,
Associate, John O. Cashner,
Chaplain, Michael Casler,
Secretary, J. A. Alexander,
Treasurer, John W. Basore,
Conductor, Sam T. W. Few,
Ass't Conductor, James McMillin,
Int. Sentinel, Peachy Hooks,
Out. Sentinel, George Stroupe,
Exp.-President, Charles F. Cross.

The "Friend," comes to hand regularly. We read it with much pleasure, and hope soon to send you some subscribers. We feel proud that the paper of our Order has grown to its present size, and regard it as the best-temperance paper for its price in the land. We are looking forward with great interest, to the action of your Legislature on the Prohibitory question, and hope that they may soon give us a law that will give each township a right to say whether or not, they will have license. I hope soon to visit the Council in my district.

Yours Fraternally,
J. A. ALEXANDER, D. V. P.,
Rockingham District,
NORTH CAROLINA.

FOR THE FRIEND,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., Jan. 25, 1872.
To the Friends of Temperance in N. C.:

You have seen, through the columns of the *Friend of Temperance*, that there will be a meeting of the committee on State Lecturer, in the city of Raleigh February 8th. The subject of State Lecturer was discussed at the last meeting of the State Council. The only trouble in the way then, was the want of funds—that is the only thing in the way of the committee at present. Your committee would have had a man in the work before this, but from the fact, that they did not see how they could pay him a salary that would justify a man to commence the work. As your committee believe that the work is of such importance to the success of our Order in the State of North Carolina, that they are not willing to put a man in the work, unless they know him to be a man of acknowledged ability; and one who is fully committed on the Local Prohibition measure. To procure such a man, they must pay him a living salary.

Now brethren, it will not cost more than fifty cents to each member of the Order in the State. Now, as men, true to our pledge, to do all in our power to promote the interests of the cause we love—the cause of all mankind—yea, the cause of God—will we not come up to the work like true temperance men at once? Send up the amounts we are willing and able to pay quarterly, to the Secretary of the State Council, so as the committee will be able to put a man in the field by the first of March, or sooner, if possible. "The field is white unto the harvest, as well as we hope to see the presence of Deity, as that of duty."

Brothers, in the name of suffering humanity—in the name of sixty thousand drunkards, who fall annually—in the name of all that is good—let us come up the help of the committee, by the 8th of February, by sending up the amounts we will pay, as Councils, or individuals! K.

Letter from Jimmie Henley.
Many of the delegates to the late State Council at Franklinton, will remember little Jimmie Henley, the zealous little temperance boy who seemed so anxious that all the members should be well cared for, and should enjoy themselves while there. Jimmie is a great temperance boy, and though not more than 9 or 10 years of age he has been a subscriber for the *Friend of Temperance* three years, and what is more—he pays for it himself. His father gives him a little lot to cultivate in cotton, the proceeds of which he spends for the *Friend of Temperance*. His subscription has just been renewed, and in order to show some other people how they might do, we give his letter.—We publish exactly as Jimmie wrote it:

FRANKLINTON, N. C., Jan. 25, 1872.
DEAR BRO. WHITAKER:—I did not succeed in my cotton crop last year; papa said I could plant it in the apple orchard. I did not know that cotton would not grow in the shade. Mother and I thought it would be much better than to have the hot sun work in. I guess he will not fool me so bad this year. I am sure I will take sun in preference to shade next year. I only got three dollars for my last crop; but I kept two dollars of my money to renew my subscription. So you see I have had but very little spending change.

Present my best respects to Mrs. Whitaker. I sincerely wish she may get her thousands of subscribers.

Yours in F. T. and C.,
JIMMIE A. HENLEY.

FOR THE FRIEND,
The "Western N. C. Methodist,"
MA. ENRON:—As you have published the Prospectus of the "Western Methodist," a paper which I expect to issue as early as practicable, you will please change the name from "Western Methodist," to the "Western N. C. Methodist."

This change is rendered absolutely necessary, on account of the publication of the "Western Methodist" in Tennessee; a fact of which I was ignorant when our Prospectus was issued.

The "Western N. C. Methodist" will be devoted to the social, mental, and spiritual interests of Middle and Western North Carolina, in general, and to the great interests of Methodism, in particular. It will be issued semi-monthly at the low rates of \$1 per year.

Let the brethren send in, at once their names and the \$1, and the paper will be sent.

Address,
R. L. ABERNETHY, Editor,
Happy Home, N. C.

The *Carolinian* understands that a big whiskey stillery, run by a Mr. Christmas, will soon be started in Warren County. It will turn out one hundred and fifty gallons a day.

The Social Circle.

Mrs. M. L. JENKINS, Editor.
We approve the Right, and will fight the Defeat.

Since our last issue, we have received One subscriber from W. H. Joyner. One from R. F. Way. Two from L. Turner. One from Capt. Kelsey. Two from Mt. Olivet.

FOR THE SOCIAL CIRCLE.
Mrs. EDITRESS:—Some time since an appeal was made by "Knight Robin" to yourself, and other choice spirits, who, in past days, had carried on a contest with the demon of Intemperance, through the columns of the "Spirit of the Age," to join in another attack, conducted through the columns of the *Friend of Temperance*. You, alone, I believe, have responded to that call. The others are silent, some of them, perhaps, have gone to that land where King Alcohol has no rule, and his terrors are not known, others may have forgotten the zeal they once had for our glorious cause, and it may be possible, that some few have succeeded to that monster against which they once so bravely combated. I thought the weakest of the knights of the sword and pen, would like to enlist under your banner, and join in the brave crusade against a plague that sweeps like a Sirocco blast, from the deserts of hell, over our fair land, withering its brightest hopes and fairest prospects.

We read in heathen mythology of a terrible Dragon, whose fetid breath spread death and destruction for miles around its pathway. Its trail was marked by decaying vegetation, as well as the mangled bodies of its victims. In vain did armies march themselves to destroy it. In vain did plumed and armed knights sacrifice themselves to its fury; victorious over all opposition, it continued to ravage the land, until Apollo, in mercy, transfixed him with an arrow.

If this Dragon had possessed power to destroy the soul as well as body, it would have represented the dragon of Intemperance. More terrible than the Dragon slain by Hercules of old, it stalks fearless across our land, blighting with its withering breath, all that is fair and noble, and lovely. The rigid hand of law, usually so ready to redress the wrongs of the people, is powerless to stop its career. The voice of religion is drowned in the Bacchanal shout that mingles with the cry of woe, that ascends from almost every part of the world, and nothing seems to stop its deadly influence. Like the deadly *Yucca* tree, within whose circle of influence all things must die, so Intemperance bears a blighting curse upon its wings. To what powers we look for rescue? To "the powers that be?" Alas! they are too closely wedded to their own interests to stop the revenue which flows from this poisonous traffic. Shall we appeal to public sentiment? Corruption can not cure disease, neither can a corrupt public sentiment reform this tremendous evil.

When a legislative body, an unfeeling index of the people's will, refuse to pass a Local Prohibitory law; when the public press, the so-called bulwark of Republican liberty, condemns the temperance reform, and when even ministers of the Gospel refuse to lend a helping hand in this great work, there is but little help to be expected from public sentiment. The only road to success lies in the reforming and enlightening of public opinion, and this can only be done through the columns of papers devoted to the great work of temperance. Let the people who wish the cause forward, rally around the "Friend of Temperance," and increase its circulation, until it is read in every home and hamlet of North Carolina and her sister States, and thus becomes the nucleus around which the hitherto discordant elements of this grand reform may gather and push on to victory. The genius of our action must be the *love of mankind*. Temperance is a good thing theoretically, but it is still better practically. When all men learn temperance in all departments of human energy, and human society, the world will be freed from that fire-eating spirit always "Jealous, quick in quarrel, seeking the undue reputation, Even in the cannon's mouth."

and man will be embodied with that loving, christian desire which would make the desert blossom as a rose, while men would beat their swords into plough-shares, and spears into pruning-hooks. Then the dark clouds which now hang lowering over our path, freighted with black and deadly rain, would be rifted by sunshine, the rainbow of hope would span the archway of the future, and the wounds in our sensitive spirits inflicted by the trial and sorrows of the past would be healed effectually by the joys of the golden age." For this let us labor and hope.

R. C. N. C.

To the Readers OF THE FRIEND OF TEMPERANCE.

Our paper is now so large that it can be no longer worked off on the Press which we have; and the Editor, as he generally does when he finds himself unprovided, has appealed to us to suggest a way by which the difficulty may be surmounted. We, in turn, dear readers, appeal to you to help us to extricate the Editor from his uncomfortable dilemma.

ONE THOUSAND NEW SUBSCRIBERS, AT \$2 PER YEAR, FEB. 1872, will give us the desired amount to purchase a Power Press large enough to work off our large sheet, and

Minnie E. Ray hereby makes a special appeal to each subscriber now on our books, as well as to every other friend who reads the paper, to get and send to her, in care of the editor, on or before the 1st day of March next, ONE NEW SUBSCRIBER, with a two dollar bill enclosed as a Valentine.

Friends of Temperance will you not do it? By so doing you will help us to help the editor out of his dilemma, while at the same time you will be giving circulation to a first-rate temperance paper, and building up, to the accomplishment of still greater usefulness, the

Organ of Your Order. If enough subscribers are sent in to enable us to buy the Press, by the 1st of March, we will present to the person sending the largest number a first class

SEWING MACHINE worth sixty dollars, new and warranted to be in good order; and to the person sending the next highest number, one of Doty's Family Washing Machines, which is also new and in perfect order.

Now friends, here is a chance to do good all around. By sending the subscribers, you enable the editor of your temperance paper to buy a new Press—your increase the circulation of your Organ—while the fortunate ones will secure a Sewing or Washing Machine. All subscriptions must be for a year at \$2.

My books are now open. Let the subscribers come along! Address,
Minnie E. Ray,
Care Editor *Friend of Temperance*.

State Lecturer—How he is to be Paid.
The committee appointed by the recent State Council of North Carolina, to secure the services of a State Lecturer, and provide ways and means for his support," will meet in this city on the 8th inst.

There will, probably, be no difficulty in securing the services of a suitable gentleman to do the work; but the greatest difficulty with which the committee will have to contend, will be the providing of ways and means for paying him.

Ladies, let us hear from you. Write to us at once. The crisis has come, and it is time to act! Will you do so? As for us, we pledge the ladies of Raleigh for \$50. Who speaks next?

Ladies of North Carolina, will you try? A Lecturer may be the means of saving your dearest friend. Perhaps his eloquence may win from the error of his ways, one whom you love more than a brother. Perhaps he may be the cause of saving thousands from a drunkard's grave, and the inebriate's hell. Perhaps the man you aid in putting in the field, may be the means of spreading the Order we love, and the cause we are engaged in, far and wide—in every nook and corner of our State.

Ladies of North Carolina, it is a little thing to do, but it is a good and noble work. Perhaps when the judgment day shall come, and your final accounts are to be settled, some saved drunkard may turn the scale of even-

ness for Mrs. A. G. Lee, for her nice loaf cake, and to Uncle Johnnie Palmer, for the loan of two silver baskets.

Messrs. Stronach & Alcott were kind enough to loan us handsome ornamental cakes, and other articles, to decorate our table; we hope they may be fully