

The Friend of Temperance.

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RALEIGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JULY 3, 1872.

NO. 10.

Friend of Temperance.

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CLUBS:
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at a discount of 25 per cent.

Doctry.
Shall We See.

Shall we see the light returning
From the darkest valley?
Shall we see the vict'ry's banner
Flying o'er the nations?
Shall we see the conqueror's chariot
Rolling o'er the nations?
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Flying o'er the nations?
Shall we see the conqueror's chariot
Rolling o'er the nations?

Shall we see the young and ardent
Striving for the noblest?
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Original Story.
Memory Bells.

BY SYLVIA.

CHAPTER XV.

How many eyes and inhaled associations
that I loved them! I loved them in
the early morning, as the sun rose
behind the trees, far over the prairie,
dressed in blue; and in the sunset
glow, when a calm and restful silence
came gradually over sleeping nature--
how the birds seemed to linger, with
their sweetest songs, and the balmy
dewdrops seemed to spend their most
fragrant breath. And the sweetest
sounds were heard, listening to the
songs of the wild wood birds among
the leafy branches of those noble oaks;
singing with delight, the crimson oriole,
where Dawn spread out her most
lovely and gorgeous colors to herald
the magnificent and grand approach
of old Sol. My heart was filled with
joy and in rapturous delight at the
beauty which greeted me, I forgot the
realities of life which dwell with a
fresh breath the buoyant young heart.
The breath of multitudes of flowers
filled the air with sweetest perfumes,
and their beautiful leaves, dripping
with morning dew, glistened in the
soft beams of golden day. A breeze,
soft and sweet as a mother's kiss,
swept the hair from my temples, and
swept the scented leaves of the vines
which draped from the lattice above
my head. A mocking bird had built
his nest in the honeysuckle, and she
chattered to her little ones till an
angry mother from them, rose above the
willows; and then, as if satisfied that
she was right with the brood she loved
so dearly, she commenced her melo-
dious song of praise and joy, and it
was heard clearly and sweetly upon the
morning air, till other birds took up
the inspiration, and a carnival of melo-
dies could be heard, as if in praise
of the great Creator.

gled with the graver tones of mature
years. Restless, pattering feet sound-
ed near me, and a dark, bright face
peeped at me, through the clustering
vines. A smile dimpled her rosy
cheeks, and sparkled in her jetty eyes;
and a cunning thought of mischief
filled the busy brain, and flumined
her round, beautiful face. Little Val-
eria did not speak, nor did I, but pre-
sently her little chubby feet and hands
began to ascend the lattice, and I
knew mischief was threatening danger
to the little birds lying so innocently
and silently in their nest. But there
was a protector near, when our little
Charlie bounded into the porch. His
eye fell upon his sister, and he took
hold of her to save the pets, which he
and grandmamma were accustomed to
watch with so much interest.

said Howard, teasingly, "and wants
to be old enough to marry. Who is
she, Roland?"
"Oh, I aspire to be my brother
Howard's rival. I ain love him, deeply
and irrevocably in love with Miss
Hammond--the belle of--"
Howard's face became crimsoned,
and he laughed in confusion, and the
brothers clapped their hands, and
shouts of boyish merriment startled
the sleeping cooies in the old home.
My father came to the door, follow-
ed by my brother Charles, his gentle,
matronly wife, my sister Anna and
her husband. Sister Marion and her
noble lord drew nigh, and our family,
from Grandpa down to the tiny, wee-
babe in grandmamma's arms, were group-
ed together--a happy, joyous band.

fish face from the dear old home he is
changed--the Howard of my child-
hood and youth is passed away for-
ever, and in his stead a tall broad
shouldered man with bearded lip and
firm, strong features, sits in his
place.

Brother Royal lifts to my face his
calm, steady eyes and a grave smile,
fingers upon his lip--so like Howard
when he went away so long ago. And
the quizzing eyes of Roland follow
me, and charm me with the ever chang-
ing expression which gleams from
their dark depths. And a merry smile
wreathes his lip, and flashes over his
dark face.

Ring on Memory Bells for never
wert thy notes so sweet and musical
as now, and the hush of this midnight
hour is broken alone by the maddening
calendres of thy melodious strains!
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ADDRESS.
DELIVERED BEFORE
Statesville Council,
Friends of Temperance.
BY DR. T. J. COBBING.

Mr. President and Friends of
Temperance:
The commission which I hold, as
District Vice President for this Dis-
trict, makes it my duty to address the
council in the District from time to
time on the subject of Temperance. I
shall not attempt on this occasion to
deliver an address, clothed in elo-
quence or rounded periods, and in-
terced with anecdotes, but simply to
endeavor to impress upon each mem-
ber present the duties and obligations
resting upon us as Friends of Tem-
perance.

Temperance, as you are well aware,
is the basis of our Order. I sincerely
congratulate each one here present, on
the establishment of this council, to-
gether with the noble accessions just
added to our Order. Let us all re-
solve to beautify and adorn our coun-
cil, by discharging the duties of our
respective stations, for by so doing,
we shall put to silence the reproaches
of foolish men.

friend of Temperance.

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years. Restless, pattering feet sound-
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