Communications

perance and Literary Society.

BY THE SECRETARY.

and other urgent duties, the promised continuance of the history of the R. T. and L. Society has been somewhat delayed. This, however, was of small oment for the time, as the utmost interest, from the progress of the good cause of Temperance in this and other States, the revival of the Social Circle, and the crowning importance

f the full proceedings of the State ouncil of the Friends of Temperance at Fayetteville, was passing through the columns of the "Friend," and be ing read with avidity by its army of eaders. And, besides, the continuation of our History will be as opporleges. In it too, were stored away for

After the organization of the Socie ty, the struggle for existance fairly began. The original members, in the

face of direct opposition and temptation, mostly stood firm, and the bick shame, a erings and mutterings against the Sofell me ciety become weaker and weaker.— One of its chief sources of strengtl was the ladies of the neighborhoodfor they, nearly all, favored it and its work, in the face of all opposition .-When alluded to jeeringly or slight ingly by an enemy to Temperance, they drew the contrast between its members and those who were not, and in the comparison always silenced de-

rision or slander. The first four years, the meetings he Society were held in the Rich d Academy, and a striking point trate the favor into which it g public, is in the fact, that period the -Anniversary dinrays uperb and abundant) os' e clusively furnished by ers, since then, the whole

olding, re-union and genuine or rical "flow of soul"—than was ever possessed by the old 4th July in a palmiest past! The Anniversary Addresses from

the organization of the Society, till the present time, were delivered

1st year, D. W. Johnson and D. Mc-Neill. 2nd year, Rev. P. C. Connelly and N. D. Johnson. 3rd year, Rev. J. Monroe. 4th H. Judge Moore. 5th year, H. J. Moore. 6th, Rev. J. Monroe. 7th, R. Monroe. 8th, D. Mc-9th. A. W. Graham. 10th, Rev. J. Monroe. 11th, D. McNeill and T. M. Watson. 12th, Rev. J Monroe. 13th, R. Monroe and R. A. Johnson. 14th, All the members discuss "the good the Society has accomplished." 15th, D. McNeill and T. M. Watson. 16th, Rev. W. C. Power.

17th, Rev. R. H. Whitaker. The interim between the 4th and 5th Anniversaries was taken up building a new brick Hall at Spring Hill for the exclusive use of the Society. The utmost praise is due to the members of the Society for their liberality in the building of this - Hall .-

The building committee consisted of J. Johnson, D. Johnson, A. Johnson and D. W. Livingston, and these (though all the members exerted themselves to the utmost) did, perhaps, most towards its construction. Aid from abroad was not solicited .-Unaided it was reared by the little band, in the face of bitter taunts and derision. One, who then stood high stands as firmly and more honored

It was years ago, Bianche; it made was uneced we record the man, President of the State Council of as you wish, but so many will be very sick; and there ended my first eyes assumed the look of a frightened take more than the quart I have and last experience of—ves. I might then but she get grant me this?

by the irresistable magnet of love, or destroying our library and damaging and will result in much good, for the have left this classic and venerated Misses Emma and Harriet Jones, good cause of Temperance. After his home retreat, to gladden the homes and Miss Eliza McGougan were re- address a bountiful dinner was spread and hearts, and to brighten the ingle- ceived as members. Misses Frances on the tables—where all found ample

love, tenderness and pride to this dear The election of officers to the enning quarter then came off with the of their nativity. The very following result : thoughts of it, and the times spent

there, make those present and abroad better and purer! Mr. J. M. Johnson, Secretary. The Richmond Temperance and Mrs. C. W. Johnson, Treasurer. Literary Society had a very large and select Library of choice books and pe-Master Chast Johnson, Sentinel. riodicals. Scarcely a subject could be

selected for discussion, that could not sent. be thoroughly studied from the library. History, Theology, Biography. off at the next meeting. Literature, Poetry, Travels, Politics, Choice Novels. The Sciences and Arts. and information upon almost every variety of subjects, could be found in it. It indeed compared very favorably with the libraries in many of our col-

reference, the Anniversary Addresses, together with many of the choicest were also passed, recorded and filed original productions written or spo- away in the archives of the Society-It was a most delightful resort for of evil, with their exact locations, will

lovers of literature and learning, and be open to the public, and held up from it the enquiring and hungry from generation to generation to the lips. mind, could at all times find the best desecration and scorn of all true men

our young men went to the tented with their vile names and locations. eaves before the keen blasts of winter. Bravely, nobly, heroically, they contested every inch of ground-but, and though many have since gone out! alas! we know now how fruitlesslyagainst such whelming odds. Our very best pitted in the unequal strife against the myriad hosts of outcasts

ligion, accor perhorality, humanity! fill honored graves, against God and Nature, by these stern duties, than the stores of knowlbrutal and bestial hordes-calling cedge, refinement and habits of temthemselves soldiers!! Soldiers they perance, which they have secured and may have been, but it was of satan! acquired here. Proudly their courses Marshalled they may have been-but, are noted; and worthy are the echoes through this section, at least-it was returned!

by robbers, thieves and cowards.wantonly burned our residences, and Some engender appetites for it by of learning! The former, soldiers might do, but the latter work is that not for good?

of members who are sleeping in the sance and Literary Society?

phant banner to the breeze. after the usual preliminary exercises, McNeill, D. Johnson, J. Johnson and Misses A. E. Livingston and S. Livand J. Johnson for delinquence-all

many have gone, of sons and daugh- ton the committee to inform them of worthy brother made have ters-but all living-look back with the same.

> Mr. Arch'd Johnson, President. Mr. Duncan McNeill, V. President. Miss Frances Johnson, Librarian.

The composition writers were ab-It was decided that the debate come

The Society then adjourned. Arch'd Johnson, President

J. M. Johnson, Secretary.

The names, States and army corps to which these vile wretches belonged were taken down. Resolutions denunciatory of such Hessian villainy so that these black hearted emissaries and women. They who would pollute When the war broke out many of the pure white walls of God's house, ever return- could with obscene language too yet. If you have anything to attend

our Temperance to utter, and then demolish to in the mean time, you can do it.

Mr. Clifton had been reading in a a mendar, his star was pain- Ince-deserve as much! These names include officers as well as men.

Though the ranks of our little Society were sadly shattered by the war. He has not gone yet, pa. the highways and byways of farth They he very busy to-night, her

Though many have gone from us, Would a true soldier or officer, dese- yet our numbers are not diminished, crate or pollute the house of God but increased. The cause of temperwith thieving hands and destroying ance is now honored throughout the touch? These did. Would soldiers, community. A complete revolution deserving the name, tear up and de- has taken place in the habits of sociestroy the libraries in halls of learning ty in respect to intoxicating drink, and temperance, as well as demolish within the lass seventeen years. Then the windows and everything in reach? it greeted you first under the home-These did! All these things they tree-now it is missed from the board. did, though no resistance was offered Then our young men were schooled to them by man or woman! We tran- a taste for it, from daily libationsscribe the minutes of one evening's now they are warned against it, as an meeting-just after the miscreants insidious and treacherous evil, and passed. Not satisfied that they had when they go forth the last caution the order for John, I chanced to raise taken all our produce and destroyed is, "beware of the wine cup." Still my eyes just as Edgar Livingston was our stock, as well as in many places, some young men fall by the way .-

all our buildings to ashes, they must stealth, but at home they are not enneeds leave the serpent's trail over the couraged, and from the social circle very sanctuaries of God and the halls the wine bibber finds himself banned. earthly hopes are in him. Will they Whence this mighty change? Is it not be wrecked, think you, if he indul-"Spring Hill, N. C., April 22, 1865. the mingling of the old and the young men will offer him wine. He will not After a considerable interruption, —but the conviviality in these assem- have the courage, possibly the wish to caused by an unwelcome visit of Sher- blages, is not the mawkish hiliarity decline. To-morrow night, most like-

man's thieves, the Society meets produced by semi-intoxication—but ly, then, he will return home to fill again; and, of course when God's the solid production of genuine knowl- his mother's heart with sorrow. I own house is outraged by the yankee edge and refined sensibility. The ex- wish not to contribute one drop to brutes, temples of morality and sci- pressions of love or friendship are not that bitter cup.' ence will not be respected. We find the quixotic ebulitions of frenzied ba- 'My dear, whether we have wines or the ornaments of our fair little hall chinals, but the pure effusions of not, with him it will be all the same shattered and ruined; our book warm hearts, and clear, unclouded as you say he will make many shelves empty—the grove strewn with brain. Whence there the change ?- calls.' fragments of valuable, precious vol- Is not much—or all of it—due to the Father, if you had a son, you would

mark, in the end it will be better that his fatal course

"-Religion that can give, Purest pleasures while we live; And it only—can supply— Solid comforts when we die."

maiden, her paths even and pleasant,

Secretary was directed to record the Last Tuesday that worthy and good father, please grant me this?"

sides of homes in distant lands. Yes, Johnson, E. Johnson and S. Livings- satisfaction. After the repast, our rinimed, where it was to speak at

The second day after these events our Secretary bethought him of serious omissions, and hastily habited himself in the "scribblers robe."_ Hence, the imperfect completion of the History of the Richmond Temperance and Literary Society.

Mabel Clifton's Reward

A NEW-YEAR'S STORY

BY FRANCIS HENSHAW BADEN.

Mable Clifton sat before one of the windows of her father's magnificent nansion. A servant stood in waiting She was making out a list of articles wanted for the next day. Coming footsteps arrested her attention. She raised her eyes from the paper and looked out. The crimson flush deepened on her bright young face as "Oh!" in a tone of deep regret, escaped her

this list, and shall not send for an hour

distant part of the room. Hearing the door close after John's departure, he

You have not forgotten to send for those wines I have spoken of, my

fathersaid, turning again to his pa

'Not in ignorance my child.'

She had an earnest, eager, noble look in her eyes that her father did trust in, and he promised her. Well, well; you shall have your

'What! No. no. I cannot grant have you gone crazy? For twentyfive years past I have offered my friends wine on New-year's day, and never have felt that I was doing anything wrong. What has come over

'Oh, father, I never have felt just right when offering young men wine; and just now, when I was making out see he was very much under the influence of wine. Father, his mother is a widow: he her only child. All her ges in the wine cup? To-morrow he We have social reunions as of yore; will make many calls. Beautiful wo-

day we marshall our little band again, know too, that our members have the on the brink of a fearful precipice. and with three cheers for Temperance frailties and imperfections common to Father, stretched forth your strong and Literature, unfurl our yet trium- our race. But still it is good to have arm to draw him back--if only one a high aim, and press towards it, for step, and for a moment. It we do not The president seats himself, and, even though we fall far short of the save him, it will be a comfort to

'Mabel, you are very deeply interested in the young man. Am I to

'Nothing more than for his own and his mother's sake. I would endeavor But Temperance is its worthy hand- to save him, or any other young man in his danger, father. Here will be one of his first calls. Possibly I can detain him long enough to prevent his visexposed to great temptation. Oh,

From the Petersburg Appeal. The Kerchief

Dedicated to the Petersburg Council, No Friends of Temperance.] Amid life's busy, bustling throng That hustled down our city's street, A homeless drunkard sped his way With aching head and weary feet, He struggled on and begged for alms That he might quench his burning thirs No thought but that of getting drink

None heeded him but passed him by, And left him on his tottering way, 'Till he in beastly stupor fell And by the gutter lay. No friendly hand to help him now llis friends,alas! were gone, In former days they knew him well, In misery now he was alone.

But a pitying angel by him stands, ('Tis fashion's queen, 'tis said,) Who from her neck her kerchief takes, And folds it o'er his head. Foul contrast 'tis to that beneath But 'twas in generous pity done. To give the fallen, bloated wretch, A sheild against the burning sun. Now from his drunken sleep he wakes And tears the kerchief from his face,

A name upon the costly lace.
"My God," he cries, "some kind heart Has for the wretch a pity yet," And down his cheek there rolled The tears of a great regret, There in contrition deep he stood, Strengthened by His bounteous love. No more the tempetr's voice should urge

When lo! his wondorous gaze beholds,

His lips, the deadly poison take? But straight along the path of right, His steadfast way he'd bravely make. Ambition took him by the hand And led him on to fame, And on the records of the great

kerchief proved his guiding star, now he ruled the minds of n A party stands in splendor decked, Before the sacred altar's throne,

And fashion's queen and he reformed By Him, forever were made one. Selected Story.

A Temperance Story

BY MAC. OB-We often read of the ravages of intemperance, and the lasting effects of its evils, produced upon the minds of men and women throughout christendom. Would to God that every tip-The drunkard and alcohol dealer might be impressed with the harrass of the traffic, and thereby be persuaded to abandon its use as a beverage: The following story met my eyes several years ago. It, with other stories and scenes of the gursed bowl, has excited a lasting hatred for the foul, filthy fluid. I write this as I read it, hoping that some young man may take warning from it, and be (influenced to step now before it is too late; and that

every young lady who reads this may

have the same fixed principle of

Blanche Peele. called Carlisle, was closed; a long daughter, and that is a drunkard's have kissed the dear hand writing a streamer of black crape hung from the wife. I tell you Gray, that if the thousand times. door betokening death within. The choice was offered me, I would sooner curious neighbors peered out of their throw myself from this reck on which to pray for peace at the feet of my windows to catch a glimpse of the coffin as it was carried into the house, beneath our feet, than to marry a and to see who rang the bell, and if man who drinks.

any came out weeping. All day they Dearest I whist amused themsevies watching from be her to my heart, why torment your- for love. If she loves me-and she hind the shutters, until the hearse self with such memories of the past? does love me—she cannot refuse me came and they witnessed the melanfo: your shadows have ever past this; love never refuses to love its tenchall cortege as it moved off. The away. She looked up, and said, while derest forgivness; offend it, yet it takes coffin with its silver mountings was the tears trembled on her long lashes, placed in the elaborately plumed hearse; I have suffered too much ever to forthen the inniates of the house came get; but do not blame me, if in my slowly out, until forty carriages, bug- present happiness, I tremble when I gies &c., were filled. The procession think of the future's venture. But, moved quietly off, and the curious Blanch .' I answered, some what petneighbors then began to question ulantly, as you mistrust me me? No Lor! exclaimed an old lady; not a fe- man livi dares utter the faintest male at the funeral; what a dismal af- word against me; of that one crime fair; so much for never getting mar- which you so justly dread, I have nevried; old bachelors can't expect to have er been guilty—I hesitated, her eyes lady mourners at their funerals.' They looked so trustfully at me; 'But once,' can have mothers, sisters, and aunts, growled an old man, wives are not the only women in creation.' I wonder why he never married' continued the lady, as she watched the mourners with their long black bands get into the carriages. She kept speculating on the reasons of the deceased gentleman never marrying, until the funeral proclosed the shutters and sat down to wonder who would be the fo tunate drunk! how horrible those words possessor of Mr. Gray Cranville's or- sound? That night the iriend and hepar the deed in high and placed them softly on my head as lose one's self-respect, my teach d the table, on which stood open sounding words.?

cover me in my shame and despair.' I sensible to my home.-My last disposed to blame me, think how my felt as if I could have thrown my arms thoughts were, I have killed her! God young days were darkened by a fatharound her, and comforted her wild have mercy opon my soul! That night when I opened my eyes my wretched home, and blame no Poor girl! what a sorry spectacle for I found myself in my room alone, my more. til in their own homes, they are called not the love, the light of my life? had strings are quivering with the blow I, upon to drink it; but, she added sad- I not loved long before love found myself, am dealing. Go, Gray Granly, 'we can even turn the sorrows of vent in words? Did I not cling to her ville, the memory of the parting will life to account; this has not been with- as the inspiration of all that is good cling to me forever.

out its uses, it has learned me the les and true in myself? son never to marry a man that indul-I could not blame her for this resoyoung heart suffered; and I could on- for love, and yet have I not killed her? the bitter cup-a cup I drink from ly pray to be kept from temptation my- I groaned aloud. self, as I knew that if I ever fell, I could never hope to win the love of dream.

sighs as she danced and tried to look

reverence, I-I-but come with me in-

went into the piazza, she threw her-

Blanche Peele.

in her confiding love. God grant that I may never throw a my pillow. membrance threw its shadows every forget you?

pray that God has pardoned him for I thank thee for this. the misery he made us all suffer. I I have entreated her to see me. She soul, and I hear her gentle tones, sayknow of but one creature in existence, says, Come to-morrow. I have been ing, yes, but you have saved yourself, more miserable than a drunkard's fearfully ill, but am better now. I Gray Granville. we are standing into the foaming sea dear Blanche.

she almost screamed 'O Gray!' It was frightful to see the wild look of terror that filled her eyes. Be calm dear Blanche, and I will tell you all: it was only a wild college frolic, 'Frolic, she

them to depart wit some hospitalities.—I hvited them to

dinner.' The bottle was passed freely,

gay. I whispered to her as we stood all drank, until we were seated in the

the shadow of some unhappy thought through the principal streets.

side by side 'what ails you Blanche? open carriage which was to convey us noth

darkens your brow: She spoke not, Full of drunken mirth, we reclined dee

but I followed the direction of her ga- in the vehicle, and shouted and laughed by t

eyes telling the tale of his degredation, put them to the top of their speed.

'It is dreadful. I murmured. 'Ah! hicle in our mad plight, and threaten-

a cursed home where the demon of in- sung, Hal smacking the whip, and

tified, distressed, the parent I should ate determination.

ed here amid all this festivity?' We dashed it into pieces.

'there now' she said 'it is over, I shall up the fallen body.

zelle like eyes; what saw I? her father until passers by stared at us in amaze- I seve

trying to steady himself by the arm of ment. Hal. Green took the whip from clasp is

as plainly as words could have done. Away we dashed, distancing every ve- do not.

you know not how deadful it really is; ing to overrun whatever was not for past, with it

she replied, her bosom heaving with tunate enough to get out of the way. rise up to

suppressed emotion: That is, indeed, The horses flew, and we shouted and weak in my

temperance has entered. I am mor- driver holding the reins with desper- husband's degrad

to the piazza; I am too utterly wretch- we had drove against a carriage and ed his wife. Never ...

self on a chair, and gave vent to her then there followed a dead silence, our heavens, it is but a faint si

suppressed feeling in a violent burst of drunken mirth was stilled; the crowd may soon cover the entire st

tears. Suddenly she became calm; rushed to the scene; two men lifted a black mantle. The night

not weep again to sight. O, Gray, I My God, my Cod! I saw the pale ground, I swore as I stood

have every thing in the world to make face of Blanche Peele; a fearful gash side that I never would marry a m

me happy—wealth health, friends; but was on her temple, the blood gozed in who drank at all, still less one whom I

this misery pierces me to the very soul a dark stream over her cheek, her eyes saw drugk. The day I was hurled

with a goading, torturing, grief. When were opened; but she seemed to see from my carriage, the last sight I saw,

other girls speak proudly of their fath- not; and I heard the bystanders whis- was the wine-flushed face of the one I

ers, I think of mine, and I feel as if I per. 'She is dead.' 'Dead.' I fell like loved-the one I promised to marry.

could call upon the very mountains to a log to the earth, and was carried in- Now go : if, in the future, you feel

A loud scream filled the air, and

the sofa; his silly countenance and red the driver, and whipping the horses injured; I

Could I live happily-could I live a last despairing effort.

No, no; it must all be a horrid

senses, but my temples ached, and a ed over her face. I have just returned from a visit to wild fire seemed shooting through my Once again I am in my silent room.

shadow upon her gentie loving heart. The next morning my attendant ments at my feet. Over the shining She says, I feel, dear Gray, through found me in a high delirium. I rav- heap, I vow never again to touch the you I may yet know what calm con- ed, but it was of Blanche; the pale intoxicating draught. Dark, desolatentment is; my past life has known face, the ghastly wound, the lifeless ting demon, that has blasted my life's

To-morrow I gc to kneel for pardon,

will pour out my whole soul to her in arising quietly he locks up the deone wild appeal for pardon, for peace, canters. you again to its bosom, and whis sers gently you are forgiven.

One week! how slowly the moments go when we have nothing to hope for, written on the bare white sands of my over them. future life. Yet, I cannot blame fate, men deserve to feel the punishment I bow my head and submit.

I have seen Blanche Peele, and I interrupted me, 'How can men call She sat pale, but composed, in a large forgotten.

'Yes, but I have told you the truth; "Forgivness." She took her hands and is less to lose a few! berries the

me-oh! was she If I loved you. Why my heart

er's crime; think of my tears, my sad,

the chain that binds us. I un-

with the trembling fingers pa

to the earth. I can

But, I am no drunkard

See, she said, that little

But suddently we came to a halt; the bosom of a drunkal

ges in the use of intoxicating drinks. purely without this blest angel to keep In my wrestlings with prayer, an watch and ward over me? Did I not angel strengthened me, and I am lution when I knew how deeply her look to her for counsel, for sympathy, strong now, Gray Granville, to drink

Before I left I turned to look at her; she had thrown herself in the chair I strove to collect my scattered and sat with her hands tightly clasp-

my betrothed; how beautiful she seems brain. I could not remember, with a The wine-cup has parted, Blanche, cry of despair I sank back again on and I, for life. I dash it away forever. The crystal glass lies in broken fragbut little happiness; one galling reform. Oh! haunting vision, can I ever happiness, away with you, forever!-I look up and think I see the sweet A week has past by, I am sitting sad face of Blanche bending over me My poor father sleeps quietly in his convalescent in my room. My pre- I whisper, beloved, I have lost you grave; when I think of him, it is to cious Blanche is not dead; my Father, forever. She places her soft hand on my head, the touch thrills my very

> The manuscript ends. The two gentlemen sat lost in thought; the elder turns with enquiring face to the younger, who says, I gratefully accept She cannot refuse me I know, for I the important lesson it teaches; and,

day?' said a poor boy to me one after fect were bare and travel-stained.

I told him I should like some,

The Worst of it

'Do you want to buy any berries to noon. I looked at the little fellow and he was very shabbily clothed, gray pantaloons very much patched, an old coting up the whole of his dress. His and look into a future that stretches both hands he held up a tin pail full than ever in the good cause of Temlike an arid desert before me; no flow- of the ripe dew and raspberries, which perance and Literature. ers, no trees, no streams; desolation is were prettily peeping out from amid

taking the pail from him I stepped inof their wrong deeds even in this life. to the house. He did not follow but ries as they hung in their cage in the porch. He seemed engrossed with have heard from her hips my desting. my pretty pets, and the berries seemed

me very sick; and there ended my first and last experience of—yes, I might as well say it—getting drunk. Getting drunk. Getting drunk. Getting her knee; but one word escaped me.—

man, President of the State, council of lake more than the quart I have by the Friends of Temperance, Rev. Geo. Walls of our hall, with their State, the Friends of Temperance, Rev. Geo. Walls of our hall, with their State, the Friends of Temperance, Rev. Geo. Walls of our hall, with their State, the Friends of Temperance, Rev. Geo. Walls of our hall, with their State, the Friends of Temperance, Rev. Geo. Walls of our hall, with their State, the Friends of Temperance, Rev. Geo. Walls of our hall, with their State, the Friends of Temperance, Rev. Geo. Walls of our hall, with their State, the Friends of Temperance, Rev. Geo. Walls of our hall, with their State, the Friends of Temperance, Rev. Geo. Walls of our hall, with their State, the Friends of Temperance, Rev. Geo. Walls of our hall, with their State, the Friends of Temperance, Rev. Geo. Walls of our hall, with their State, the Friends of Temperance, Rev. Geo. Walls of our hall, with their State, the Friends of Temperance, Rev. Geo. Walls of our hall, with their State, the Friends of Temperance, Rev. Geo. Walls of our hall, with their State, the Friends of Temperance, Rev. Geo. Walls of our hall, with their State, the Friends of Temperance, Rev. Geo. Walls of our hall, with their State, the Friends of Temperance, Rev. Geo. Walls of our hall, with their State, the Friends of Temperance, Rev. Geo. Walls of our hall, with the swort of the Friends of Temperance, Rev. Geo. Walls of our hall, with the Friends of Temperance, Rev. Geo. Walls of our hall, with the Friends of Temperance, Rev. Geo. Walls of our hall, with the Friends of Temperance, Rev. Geo. Walls of our hall, with the Friends of Temperance, Rev. Geo. Walls of our hall, with the Friends of Temperance, Rev. Geo. Walls of our hall, with the Friends of Temperance, Rev. Geo. Walls of our hall, with the Friends of Temperance, Rev.

Tix wealth and social position, but who new, alas! fills (prematurely) a drunk-ard's grave, said in passing, that it umns; the speeches and productions influence of the Richmond Temper-feel differently. Think how "would be a spiendid grog snop in five years." Another of large orchards silent grave, torn and trampled in the nve years. Another of large orchards and vineyards, remarked, "in a very mire—"as pearls before swine." Ye perfection, or to its members as mod- grace and early graves from the love short time it will be the best depot illiterate beasts! ye children of vice! els. Far from it. We know there is of wine. for my wares!" Not so, however— ye have not yet demoralized us. To- no such thing as perfection here. We ton shirt and a miserable felt hat mak- though one of these has been taken and the other left-the Hall still

> gone forth many sons—who have taken their places nobly in the world's "stern bivuoac of battle"-to fight against wrong and oppression—to ingston were arraigned for absence, stand by and uphold the right-all the better, purer and stronger, for hat ng clothed themselves in the shiarmor of Temperance Some

forth into the "wide, wide and J. Johnson, were appointed a com- able ar eloquent address. His re- to work speculating about the cause mittee to draw up resolutions condemis a rished daughters! Drawn natory of the course of the yankees in They were forcible and to the point,

D. Johnson was requested to pro- and her aims-glorious! This the cure a quire of paper for the use of people have learned to know, and the iting many places where he would be good fruits follow.