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Prised of Remperance.

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RALEIGH N. C. TERMS:

Ten or more names will be taken

riginal Storn.

Vritten for the Social Circle.

BROKEN PLEDGE:

WHOSE WAS THE SIN?

BY L. T. CARROLL

CHAPTER III.

THE BROKEN PLEDGE. years have come and gone; their passing scenes have been also many changes. Fierce war has rejuctantly quitted his bloody gentle peace has again been to her olive-wreathed throne.

le was a scene of unusual mirth and gayety, for there was to be festal given at the Wilson in honor of Marion's twenty second birth day.

two years had been absent on a visit a drunkard.' to Europe : though a telegram just in port and would reach home that in the cars. A carriage had to the depot for the long ember of the Arlington family and mother and sister were anxious-

ly awaiting the coming. Arlington to her daughter, father? who shortly after went to carry her but found that she had a telegram at the same time containing the same words, and had just started to help mother and daughter make the welcoming more com-

A fresh bunch of flowers had been placed on a table in his room by the ever- aftentive hands of mother, and other little attractions had been care- the face of the fair beauty, as she hanfully arranged by sister, yet Marion ded the wine to him over whom had brought some very rare and ex- had triumphed. He slowly raised it quisite geraniums from the conserva- to his lips and drained it to the bottory, and was tastefully wreathing and tom. She, meanwhile, lightly sipped trailing them over some of his favorite hers. He still held the goblet, a forbooks that had just been brought mal sneer wreathing his lip.

walk leading to the marble who caught him. of 'mother' and 'sister.' After take charge of the ladies.' er of kisses had been passed, and several questions answered, he care to trust with his baggage; and streaming from a ghastly wound in his here another meeting took place too forehead. sacred for pen to picture; for Marion, unconscious of the approach of the carriage, was still busily engaged in arranging the flowers which she had brought; and as we can not witness this meeting of lovers, after so long a separation, we will draw a veil over the scene.

Four short hours afterward we find the bandsome Colonel Arlington slowly pacing the well filled and brilliantly lighted halls of the Wils n Mansion, the proud, stately Marion leaning lightly on his arm, while his sister Flora, followed accompanied by Marion's accomplished young brother Howard.

never be found in the giddy dance.

met friends becoming tired of dancing, hush the widows wail, and dry the or- spread terror and destruction. ing, when Marion arose and brought the position you have assigned me in ing the power of the press, or the elo- said, touching her ripe lips to his

this, Herbert?' she asked, at the same but of each and every member. time extending toward him one of the

goblets which she had brought.

fore,' he answered. 'What, refuse?'

"Yes, Marion ; you know that I do her triumphs." not drink wine-no not even for you.'

deeply interested in your future wel- sand eight hundred and seventy-five, principles of our Order, "Faith, Tem- too. Ain't they exquisite? And the fare than I am, yet it is impossible let us gird on our armor anew, and perance and Charity,-Faith in the whole bill, for dress and everything, that I should pledge you any such press on to victory. wishes with wine.'

her dark eyes, and she replied in an powerful army, having at its head as haughty tone: 'So weak are you, commander-in-chief the Evil One, the that you cannot take even one little enemy of all that is good and great .glass of wine, without fear of becom- And I would not disguise the fact, ing intoxicated? I do not exactly that in this army there is talent, care to trust my future with one so wealth and influence to a great devery powerless; I blush even for the gree. Neither would I have you shut name of man; a being so - hopelessly your eyes to the appalling truth that, Colonel Arlington had long since weak, as to be restricted from taking in the ranks of the enemy are those of husband, laying aside the dainty inreturned home from the war, and for a social glass, by the fear of becoming whom we should hope better things-

the limit assigned it by yourself.'

A gentle hand was laid upon his fer the bitter mortification of defeat. arm, and the calm voice of his sister pleaded, 'Herbert, do you not remem-'We must let Marion know it too,' ber the promise you gave your dying champions of temperance. We can that human eyes ever beheld. And

again pleaded, but it was too late.

wine, if you still wish it.'

A proud smile of triumph lighted

from the library, while Mrs. Arlington Being long unaccustomed to wine, conflict, and how important that our I'm too well posted. You've money and Flora were still watching from the his brain grew feverish, and he became piazza for Herbert's return. | wild with excitement; and as he arose Ere long the carriage rolled in sight to return to the spacious hall which be watchful and vigilant. The great so the matter's settled; we shall go to flashed, and his step was a trifle unon stood before the gate. Her- he had left, he reeled and would have bert anghted and hurried up the fallen, had it not been for Howard, with all his tellish ingenuity, will as-

steps, but despite his speed was met Colonel, allow me to say that you and encircled in the warm are drunk. Please be seated, while I

A fiery gleam of hate shot from bis his room to divest himself of eyes, at the same moment a heavy gobecious gifts he had brought let raised high, glittering with reflectdear, ones at home, which, ed light, dealt a crushing blow, and their great value, he did not Howard fell heavily forward, the blood

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE Mt. Moriah Council.

FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE,

BY ISAAC T. McLEAN, After Being Installed President of th Council.

ON THE 9TH DAY OF JAN. 1875.

(Published by request of the Council.)

Ladies and Gentlemen of Mt. Morial

Council: On entering upon the arduous and Soon strains of music rivaling in delicate duties of your presiding offithe softest notes of Eolian cer, allow me to tender you my thanks nymphs, broke forth on the stillness for the confidence you have reposed in and rang out clear and wide on the me. If there was nothing else to balmy evening air; youthful hearts prompt me to a faithful discharge of just drinking the first sweet draughts duty, this alone should be sufficient. of Life's pure crystal stream of Hope, But there are other and higher conwere among the gay crowd as seekers siderations by which I am influenced of pleasure, something alas! which can to endeavor to do my whole duty-to rescue poor fallen man from a drunk-

'I can only do now as I have hereto- remember her cause is our cause, her bined. Will she do it?

in the future. And now in the begin- vain to expect to reap in harvest. 'No one could possibly be more ing of the year of our Lord one thou- Let us ever remember the cardinal husband's eyes-'at a real bargain,

A proud flash of indignation lighted | brethren, that arrayed against us, is a | all mankind." the professed followers of Jesus, and 'Be that as it may,' proudly retorted even those who profess to be minis- you?' stated that he had arrived Herbert, but, Miss Wilson, I can ters of the Gospel of Peace. No, may prove to you that my power in gov- friends. I would not have you ignoerning my appetite exceeds somewhat rant of these things, for if we under-

> much, depends on our conduct as going, and she's got the loveliest dress 'Yes, Flora; but my father did not and disgrace on ourselves. For God's new tourquoise set, and her husband's mean that I should wear the epithet of sake, for humanity's sake, and for our not near so well off as you are.' own sake, let us not act the part of the 'Let others say what they may, but detestable hypocrite, and away from always dare to do right; and, oh! for the eyes of men, drink down that set your heart on it you shall go. But his sake, do not take it,' the calm voice which we voluntarily pledged, before I thought,' he added hesitatingly, 'I 'Miss Wilson, I will drink your and men, to abstain from as a bever- that I'm a little bit cramped for cash

> > have zeal, in a large measure, yet our so steady as I like. And this ballzeal must be according to knowledge, for we may fail in doing a good thing young wife, giving her red gold ringby not possessing the requisite knowl- lets a toss; 'you men always talk edge for its proper accomplishment.

gaged, we must expect conflict after money. But you can't impose on me, commander of the opposing army, the ball at Belvidere.' sault us in every conceivable shape own way,' he replied; and, rising up drank champagne. and manner. He will suggest that it from his bright little breakfast table, is a foolish waste of time to attend the Bruce Dunbar kissed his wife, and meetings of the council, and that it is went down town to his place of busia reckless waste of money to contrib- ness. ute to its funds. But he is careful not accomplish it. That others before us cramped for cash; there was not labored in the same field and accom- spare dollar in his till. a little way from your own home men do not even so much as know that you exist, and therefore you can do nothing. Heed not, I beseech von. the suggestions of the Devil. Listen not to the song of the tempter. For it is not true that those that labored before us did not accomplish anything. How much good temperance organizations have been the means, under God, of doing heretofore, capnot be written in language, nor expressed by figures.

It is not true, that because we have but little influence, and are poor and obscure, that therefore we can do nothing, for great effects result from little causes. A spark of fire is a small thing, yet it spreads the field of battle with the dead. Communicate it to powder magazines, and in a moment yield to the frightful explosion, and eyes from the dreary ledger.

As the night were on our newly- and's grave and a drunkard's hell. To shattered into a thousand fragments |

and wearied by the ever-sounding phans tear. To prevent, as far as pos- My lady friends, a word to you .-- had no such thought as that. Just strains of music, sought a more seclu- sible, the rising generation by which I The degradation, shame and misery before the hour for closing, she came hour in conversation. Herbert had dangerous road of intemperance down intemperance, will never be known such a radiant creature in her silks just finished giving in detail the ad- to everlasting disgrace and infamy .- antil it is revealed in eternity. And and jewels, that he forgot his cares, ventures of his homeward journey, These, my friends, are some of the whatever man may do in this struggle, and looked up with a smiling weland the principle affairs of the f reign considerations that actuate me to at- you should never falter. I do not come. lands in which he had been sojourn- tempt a faithful discharge of duty in wish to be understood as undervalue- I 'I've been out shopping, love,' two goblets of massive gold, exquisite- the council. And I hope to have the quest and fervid appeals of man in brow; getting our things for the ly engraved, and well filled with wine. aid and hearty co-operation of not on- behalf of temperance, but in my hum- Belvidere. I've pot you an exquisite 'You'll do me the honor of taking ly all the other officers of the council, ble opinion, woman, by her teachings, vest and I do wish you his trouble had drunk deeply. In a prayers and influence, can accomplish could see my dress! I bought it al- gambling house, where he was trying "Having enrolled our names among more, under Providence, in the cause, ready made—a Paris affair, you know, the champions of temperance, let us than all other human agencies com- silk tissue and rose-buds, and knots

honor is confided to our keeping, and In conclusion, let harmony and Carrie Dubant's won't compare with it our rewards are to be gathered from friendship ever characterize the meet- at all! And Madame R -- said that ings of your council. Be punctual in I must-I positively must-have an In taking a view of the past short your attendance. Let nothing of an emerald set to match it; a light sem-'You won't refuse me now,' she history of our council, we have reason ordinary nature keep you away. We erald, you know, to suit my complexreplied; this is my birthday, and you to be proud of the advancement we cannot adopt a more sure method of ion. And, darling, touching her lips window of the chamber in which Berecan certainly only this once, drink this have made in the glorious cause of destroying the council, than by staying to his brow again, 'I was sure you nice lay unto death. It ran thus; to me, and wish me ever so many temperance. Let our success in the away from its meetings. If we plant wouldn't mind, and I got these'-unreturns of the present happy occa- past stimulate us to greater exertions a field and cultivate it not, it will be closing a casket, and flashing a blaze

> truth of God's Eternal Word,-Tem- is only five hundred dollars! Now, I would not have you ignorant; my perance in all things, and Charity to haven't I been an economical little

Selected Storn.

Berenice.

'Suppose we give it up, Berry, and stay at home,' suggested the young happy wife chattering beside him

Berenice put up her cherry lips in a childish pout. 'Of course I would care, Bruce, she said reproachfully; rate the power of the foe, we may suf- werybody else is going; why can't ment. we go? Why, the ball at Belvidere Ir waging this warfare much, very Place is all the talk. Carrie Dubant's easily bring reproach upon the cause such lace-real point-and a bran

'Well, well, don't fret, Berry,' said riage. her husband, with a sigh; 'if you've God, and in the presence of angels mean-well, the plain truth is, Berry, now. That heavy note comes due on And though it is important that we Friday, and my affairs are not quite

'Oh, nonsense,' interposed the that way. Papa always did, I remem-In the struggle in which we are en- ber, when mamma went to him for

They had not been married quite a to suggest to the poor inebriate that year, and Bruce Dunbar could not it is a foolish waste of time spent in find it in his heart to deny his pretty visiting the rum-shop, or that it is a child wife a single gratification; but reckless waste of money, spent in al- he looked moody enough as he walked coholic drinks. He will suggest that down the cheerful, sun-lit street. He the task is too great, you never can told the truth when he said he was

plished nothing. He will suggest that | A few years back the same handyou have little or no influence that but some Bruce Dunbar had been what is termed in fashionable parlance 'fast. He drove a blooded horse, indulged in cards and champague suppers, and sowed his wild oats pretty bountifully. But in the midst of all this he tell in love with pretty Berenice Holbrook, and the whole manner of his life was changed.

> Since the hour of his marriage, he had given up all his bachelor indulgences, and walked unswervingly in the narrow path of rectitude and virtue. He was doing his best to redeem the past, and to retrieve his fallen fortunes. And here came the invitations to the Belvidere ball at the most inopportune time.

He reached his office with a heavy heart, and set about his work, counting over the long list of unpaid bills. massive walls of wood and stone, the 'If Berry would only give up the ball!' pride of war and the labor of years, he thought every time he raised his

But pretty Berenice, with her peach- nice. bloom cheeks and red gold tresses, for?' ded spot where they might spend an am surrounded, from treading the endured by your sex, on account of flitting into her young husband's office

of Paris green. Oh, it is too lovely! a deep wound upon the temple. of sea-green splendor before the young wife?'

Bruce Dunbar almost reeled where he stood. Five hundred dollars, and he with scarcely five hundred pennies at his command! But he uttered no word of reproach. He kissed the pretty face looking up to him, and then called a cab and went home, with his

They went to the ball at Belvidere vitation cards as he spoke. 'You Place, and Berenice Dunbar took the wouldn't care a great deal, would palm for beauty, in her shimmering robes, with her fresh cheeks and red gold curls, and childish manners. Her husband followed her lead, forgetful of everything but the joy of the mo-

The 'Beautiful Blue Danube' had ended, and they were in the refresh-

'Come, Bruce, let's have a glass to your beautiful bride's health and happiness,' said an old friend, meeting him for the first time since his mar-

The young man shook his head, and was on the point of uttering a polite refusal, but his wife pinched his arm. 'O, Bruce, don't,' she whispered; 'it's so old-fashioned and saintish. Why don't you drink like other men?'

Bruce Dunbar's cheeks flushed. It had cost him a great struggle to give up his social glass, but he had conquered for his wife's sake. And this was his reward! He seized the glass and drained it at a draught. The glowing liquor ran like fire through his veins, arousing all his old thirst all his old craving for strong drink .conduct in the face of the enemy dis- enough; there's no mistake about Before the great ball at Belvidere was play courage and fortitude. We must that. And I shan't need a fortune; over his cheeks glowed and his eyes steady; but pretty Berenice did not 'Very well; you shall have it your mind-all the gentlemen in her set

Two weeks after the ball Berenice waited impatiently for her husband's return. Dinner was spoiling; the salmon steaks would be utterly ruined in ten minutes more, and the young wife was dreadfully impatient. She had a new dress and tickets for Nilsson .-Why did not Bruce come? On the bed lay her lovely new dress. It was cruel in Bruce to treat her so. She cried till her eyes were red and swollen, and at last, in order to beguile the dreadful hours, she picked up the

There it was in great, glaring capitals, the failure of the firm of Dunbar & Chase. Her husband was bankrupt. A sharp cry escaped ber lips as the terrible truth flashed upon her. And where was he? Why didn't he come

wife sat there watching and waiting. At last there came an unsteady step

on the porch below. She hurried to the window and threw it up. 'Bruce, is that you?'

A thick, unnatural voice answered her. 'Yes, it's what left o' me, Berry; let me in ; the police are after me.'

Berenice flew down and opened the as she did so, and laid his hand heavily on Bruce Dunbar's shoulder.

'Mr. Dunbar, you are my prisoner.' 'He's my husband,' shrieked Bere- to us at last!'

'What are you arresting him

'For murder.' in dogged silence, and by the light of the new life he intended to live. the hall lamp saw that his hands were

own threshold. old home, and from her mother's lips Berenice, she had but to call to mind she heard the terrible story. Her hus- the sad results of the Ball at Belviband had failed, and in order to drown | dere.

to retrieve his losses, he had got into a brawl, and had given his adversary 'And it is all my fault, not his, wailed the poor young wife;

mine; I lured him to his ruin!' The morning before the trial a little slip of paper was found beneath

'Good-bye, Berry, I won't stay here and disgrace you. I've managed to escape from prison, and I'm going-

Five years afterward a pale, sweetfaced woman sat in the cottage that the first one who came in his way. had once been Bruce Dunbar's home, cheeks and red-gold hair. Sorrow and suffering had done their work, and at last poor Berry saw clearly.-Her remorse had been deep and bit-

And now, day by day, with the little boy who bore his father's eyes, his father's face and his father's name, she hoped and waited. Her husband's crime was not murder; the wounded man did not die; and the way was clear for Bruce Dunbar to return; yet he did not come. He was dead, his friends thought; but Berry hoped with the faith of a deathless love.

One summer day she sat at the cottage window with her child at her feet. A royal summer day, the skies blue and cloudless, the sun-lit air sweet with the breath of the roses and pur-

ple lilaos. She had worked hard and faithfully in those dreary five years, poor, remorseful little Berry. Jewels and laces, even her father's dowry, had gone to pay off her husband's debts, and fellow walked slowly along, forgetting now. She owned the cottage, and in mistiness crept over his eyes. the shadow of the purple lilae bloom she sat, her sweet, sad face full of an unutterable despair. Would he never come back? Would heaven never forgive her?

The laich of the wicket gave a sharp man. click, and the old house dog darted forward with a peculiar cry. nice looked up. A tall, gaunt figure in threadbare garments was coming up the walk. The haggard, unshorn face and bleared eyes bore no resemblance to handsome Bruce Dunbar. but the wife's unerring instinct could not be deceived. She darted through the window with a lew, passionate

O. Bruce, my husband, at last, at

She put out her arms to clasp him, but he held her back.

and I'll leave you forever.'

But her young arms caught him in his white face with kisses.

'No, you won't,' she cried; 'you shall never leave me again. Your name is a new life for us to lead, my husband. Oh. I have waited so long!-Midnight came—a black and stor- It was all my fault, Bruce, the ball my midnight-and still the young Belvidere dil it. Can you ever forgive me?'

> He held her in his arms and sobbed upon her shoulder, like a woman, in his weakness. She turned to the open window and beckoned to the child. 'And there's something else, Bruce,'

she said, 'for you to live for now .-He raised his head and saw the lit-

door. An officer mounted the steps the fellow at his feet looking up in grave, childish wonder.

'Our own boy, Bruce, sobbed Berry. 'Darling, this is papa, come home

And Bruce Dunbar, with his wife and child in his arms, looked up toward the far off summer sky, asking She looked down at Bruce, standing heaven to give him strength to begin

And the strength must have been red with blood, and with one awful vouch-safed to him; for in five years cry she fell white and senseless on her | more he was one of the first men in his native town; and if ever any fem-She awoke to consciousness in her inine weakness or temptation assailed

THE STRANGE PRAYER.

The worst man in the village was Jack Ranney. He had a comfortable home, but it was not a happy one: As soon as the big gate opened, his two children, Milly and Rob, ran into the house, exclaiming, "Father is coming," and into a corner they crouched, and there they staved until they we ordered to bed. There was no clapping of hands, no ruby lips turned up to recieve father's kiss in Jack's house No, his children stood in terror of Heaven knows where. Forget me, and him ; for often, after a day's work was over, did he go home drunk, and then he was cross, and would strike

One day Jack was driving his cart, with a little child playing at her feet | when the harness broke, and the hor--a very different woman from the ses backed until his new cart was frivolous Berenice of days gone by, pushed into a deep gutter and broken. yet we know her by her pearl-fair Jack sprang from his seat and began to beat the horses most unmercifully with his whip-handle, while oath-after oath rolled from his tongue, calling on

God to "damn his soul." A little boy had been rolling his hoop up and down the pavement, but when he heard the awful words, he caught his hoop in his hand, and stopped. Stepping up to Jack, while bis beautiful eyes were full of tears' he said in a trembling voice:

"O sir, is that the way you pray?', Jack turned in perfect astonishment

but said nothing. "Oh!" continued the little fellow, lowering his voice to a whisper, "didn't you ask God to damn your soul? Oh sir, hadn't you better take it back before God hears it?"

An impatient exclamation was the only reply, and the little boy walked away. There was a strange tenderness about Jack's heart that he had scarcely ever felt before, and as he looked down the street, he saw that the little clear his name. Her work was done to roll his hoop, and then a strange

> Ah! the few kind words of that little boy set Jack to thinking, and made him feel his sinfulness as he had never felt it before. They brought him to repentance, and made him a changed

Ah! little reader, a bright star will shine in that little boy's crown in the kingdom of heaven, for his words were blessed to the saving of the precious soul of the worst man in the village.

THE SILVER BELLS.

In Eastern poetry they tell of a wondrous tree, on which grew golden apples and silver bells; and every time the breeze went by and tossed the fragrant branches, a shower of those golden apples fell, and the living bells they chimed and tinkled forth their 'Don't: I am not worthy,' he said airy ravishment. On the gospel tree hoarsely; 'I'm a lost, degraded here glow melodious blossoms; sweetwretch. But, Berry,' his poor, hag- er bells than those which mingled with gard face full of inexpressible tender- the pomegranates on Aaron's vest : ness, 'I couldn't die till I had seen holy feelings, heaven taught joys ; and you once more. Let me look at you, where the wind bloweth where he listeth, the south wind waking, when the Holy spirit breathes upon that close embrace, her fond lips covered | soul, there is the shaking down of meltow fruits, and the flow of healthy odors all around, and the gush of sweetest music, where gentle tones is clear, your debts are paid, and there and joyful echoings are wafted through the recesses of the soul. Not easily explained to others, and too ethereal at to define, these joys are on that account but the more delightful. The sweet sense of forgiveness; the conscious exercise of all the devout affections, and grateful and adoring emotions Godward; the lull of sinful passions; itself ecstatic music; an exulting sense of the security of the wellordered covenant; the gladness of surety, righteousness, and the kind spirit of adoption, encouraging to sav. "Abba, Father," all the delightful feelings which the spirit of God increases or creates, and which are summed up in that comprehensive word-"Joy in the Holy Ghost."