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THE DEW DROP
PUBLISHED TWICE A MONTH, BY
FRANC. M. PAUL,
Franc. M. Paul, } Editors.
Alex. P. Sperry, }

THE DEW DROP.

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We would invite attention to the reduced rates of postage on our paper under the new law. The following are the rates if paid quarterly in advance:

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A Journal for Youth: In the Interest of the Cadets of Temperance, and Associations of like nature. Price One Dollar a Year.

VOLUME II.

WADESBOROUGH, N. C., FEBRUARY 15, 1853.

NUMBER 1.

Original Poetry.

[FOR THE DEW DROP.]

WHERE ARE THE HOURS?

BY A. P. SPERRY.

Where are the hours that so blissfully stole,
So sweet and so noiselessly by?
And where are the joys that lived in the soul,
Then passed as a zephyr's soft sigh?

Ah! where are they now? for my heart beats again,
And longs for the things that are past—
For the eyes that beam'd love, and the red lips rich stain,
Which in memory forever will last.

Ah, where? but ask not, for the hue of the lip,
Is faded and gone from our view;
And tears for their loss fill our eyes to the tip,
As the flowers to the tip fill with dew.

And when the light finger of pleasure doth thrill
My heart-strings to joy once more,
In every soft note there is lingering still,
Sweet memories of pleasures before.

[FOR THE DEW DROP.]

TO THE CADETS OF N. CAROLINA.

Cadets! we have hoisted our banner within
The bounds of the "Old North State,"
Let us carry it forward to victory now,
Let us seal old King Alcohol's fate!

Cadets! we have hearts that are gallant and true,
Let us fight for the cause while we can,
Let us strive while we're young with an earnest good will,
The future condition of man!

is spreading afar,
and the breadth of the land,
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urchins are now men—farmers, doctors, lawyers, preachers, politicians.

Well, we want you to study hard, and be good boys, so that you may be good and wise men. Well, John, you tell me you want to be a farmer. Let me advise you how to do when you become one. Pay good attention to your farm; be industrious; raise all your provisions; build you a good comfortable house; put your fences in repair, and when you have corn-shuckings and house-raising be sure not to have any rum, whiskey, gin, brandy, hard or sweet cider. Be a good, honest, sober farmer. Do you not see how many rickety farm-houses there are, and how everything about them is going to ruin? What is the cause? Whiskey! whiskey! John be a teetotal farmer.

Charles, you desire to be a doctor. You have chosen a respectable and laborious profession. It will be necessary for you to read a great deal, observe a great deal, and think a great deal. You have our good wishes that you may be successful. But we want to guard you against one thing. Be very careful how you prescribe old Alcohol as a medicine. Be very careful how you tell any one to take good old French Brandy for dyspepsia, or bitters to give an appetite; for a great many people have become drunkards from taking spirits as a medicine. Be, as far as you can, a teetotal doctor.

And William, you have chosen the profession of law. I suppose I shall see your advertisement in the paper, WILLIAM—, Attorney at Law, practices in the Courts of — and —. Be conscientious, honorable. You will be obliged to do a great deal about the wickedness of the people. You will find that the cause of nearly all the evils of the world is the cause of nearly all the evils of the world. When you see the poor criminal sentenced to be hung—when you see the heart-broken wife, and his innocent children dishonored forever, reflect that drink was the source of all this evil—then resolve to be a teetotal man. Do not say, "If I talk about Temperance, and the people become sober, I will have no practice." Spurn the disgraceful thought, and help the good, the glorious cause.

Well, Henry, if the Lord calls you to be a preacher, you will hardly preach to the people to drink drams; neither will you drink yourself, or should you drink you will not be the useful minister that God designs you to be. Be a teetotal preacher.

And James, and Thomas, and Frank, and Robert, and David, you are to be our representatives in the Legislature, Congressmen. When you go to the Legislature and to Congress, do not get drunk, do not drink any wine, for you will not be prepared to discuss the important matters that shall be brought before you. Be always in your seats. Always cast your votes; and never be afraid to vote for anything which will promote the good of the people. Do not be afraid of losing popularity. Better is it for you to discharge your duty, and have a clear conscience, and by so doing lose your popularity and stay at home, than to do wrong merely to have a little honor. If the men of the present time should be too cowardly to vote for the Mississippi or Maine Liquor Law, do you say Aye! in a manly, loud, emphatic voice, and thus stand up for the rights of man, and the good of the Old North State. And now, boys, when you become men do not forget the advice I have given you.

THE BOYS' FRIEND.

Daniel Webster's last audible prayer was, "Heavenly Father, forgive my sins and receive me to thyself, through Jesus Christ." The finest talents, the most exalted station, the greatest deeds, cannot give one a passport to the favor of God: to obtain it, there is but one way—one way alike to the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, the child and the man, and that is through the Mediator Jesus Christ, who declares himself the way, the Truth, and the life.

[FOR THE DEW DROP.]

The difference between a Youth and a Young Man.

In these degenerate days of ours, we have no youth among the masculine gender. No sooner has a lad arrived at the age of sixteen, than he begins to curse, swear and swagger like a graduate in the school of profanity and pompousness; chew tobacco as a horse eats hay; smoke segars as if his reputation were upon the commitment or non-commitment of the act; drink rum as though his character might suffer disparagement if he didn't indulge according to the habits and customs of his elders, and try to cultivate whiskers for the sake of exciting the envy and jealousy of his playmates. How proud is the fledgling when he first discovers a few pinfeathers starting from his callow chin! He is no longer a child then, but a man in every sense of the word. Should his mother ever have the temerity to scold him, he calls her "no gentleman," and if the father undertakes to chastise him, he complacently draws his fingers across his upper lip, as much as to say, "If you, lay hold of me, you take the lion by the beard!" Oh! these modern youths! They are bright enough without any extra rubbing; let them alone. All they want to become perfect men are heathenish whiskers, a standing shirt collar, high heeled boots and a big pocket-book. If they don't shine then in full meridian splendor they never will. But what looks worse upon the cheeks of a boy than a pair of precocious whiskers? They resemble, to my mind's eye, a paucity of half-scared lichens, encircling a sickly fungus. And then, as for chewing tobacco; to see such a temple of primal purity, clean and new from the hand of the Great Architect, bedaubed with the filthiest of the filthy, is enough to turn the stomach of an honest man. As to your drinking alcohol—that double distilled damnation to young souls—for the sake of being thought men—I would rather that a son of mine should saw his legs off, or venture upon a speculation in California, than be guilty of such a mind-debasing and body-destroying practice.

Then to hear a lad, before he is old enough to wrestle with a full grown grasshopper, boldly confront his parents, and set at defiance the hosts of Heaven and the minions of hell, is indeed most awful. I don't mind a boy's swearing a little, just a little, according to what he is allowed by those who are older, and think they have a right to swear as they please. For instance he may make use of such expressions as "By Golly!" "By Gosh!" &c., without trespassing on older people. But here in this burg of swearing, gambling, swaggering, hypocrisy, foolishness, loppery, affectation and all sorts of sin, I see no difference between boys, young men, and men of mature years. Put them all together in a bag of colossal dimensions, give them a good shaking up, and empty them out in a heap, and it would puzzle old Nicholas himself to tell which is the boy. This is a great country, my friends; it grows with its growth, and the undergrowth groweth with marvelous rapidity. Heaven only knows what we shall arrive at in the end; but I sincerely hope and venture to trust that we shall all arrive at some end at last. So mote it be. Louisville, Ala. W. C. B.

There are between 10,000 and 12,000 children in the city of New York who never enter a church or school, and who cannot read the Bible. Many of them have no home or friends, and they live by petty pilfering, in the greatest vice and degradation. They haunt the docks, are seen in dirty groups at the corners of the street, on landings and in the rum-cellars. Here are heathen at home. What is doing for them?—What shall be done for them? are questions of deep and vital interest. The children must be cared for.

"Mother, I thank you for reminding me of it," said a little girl to her mother, on being put in mind of something which she had almost forgotten to do. Do all little girls possess this sweet and obliging spirit?

Breaking your faith may gain you riches, but will never get you glory.

ADDRESS.

Delivered before the George Washington Section, Cadets of Temperance.

BY J. T. JAMES.

My Young Brethren:

I rise before you, voluntarily, this afternoon, to address you upon a subject which has agitated some of the greatest councils of Europe and America. A subject, which has for its object, the great reformation of mankind from the evils of intemperance, and of the deliverance of all from that fiend, which scouring land and sea, snatches from our fond grasp, the brightest, the purest of the gems which adorn our country's name. Still millions upon millions rush onward unconscious of the awful precipice, which yawns beneath; until, with one false bound, they plunge headlong and are dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

Brother Cadets, let us visit the Rumshop. As you enter, look around and before you. The Bar Room is an old delapidated cellar. The hideous oaths and imprecations, wafted on the poisonous breath that pervades the place, are offensive and obnoxious to the ear. Look in that corner stretched on the damp bare earth, lies the miserable form of the drunkard. Look upon his face. In its rugged outline may be seen, the marks of former greatness. The noble forehead now covered with the wrinkles of premature age; the protruding chin, and the finely arched eyebrows, which cover his now sunken and deep set eyes, bespeak him as having been in times gone by, one of Nature's choicest and most gifted Noblemen. The rum seller stands behind his counter dealing out poison to his wretched customers. Oh! horrid! horrid sight! Thus to see poor guilty man, thus lost in sin, thus sunk in ruin. Proffer to him the cup of bliss; ask him to sign your pledge, and he'll dash you aside; then with a maniac's grasp raise to his lips the poisonous draught of death.

Let us now pass to the fashionable saloon. It is crowded with the young and wealthy. The ruby wine sparkles in the silver cups and this rum seller, dealing out death, is looked upon as a man of politeness and fashion; because he is rich; because he has money. And how has he earned that money? Aye whence does it come? Answer me ye widows, whose husband, were once your glory, your pride, and your protection, but who have sunk beneath the rum seller's poison. Answer me, ye orphans, who now fatherless, wander through the streets, without a parent or protector, seeking the cold charity of a heartless world. In this fashionable saloon, once moved the drunkard, spoken of before. His history is too, too sad to relate. It is of but too common occurrence, to deserve a passing notice. When but a youth, he practised for the bar. When but just grown, utterly ignorant of the sin and depravity of our cities, he was induced to take a glass at the fashionable saloon. Everything here was so arranged by the cunning rum seller, so as to exactly suit his first entry. One glass followed another until completely intoxicated, he goes home and centres all his unmanly abuse upon his inoffensive wife. Night after night follows until he neglects his business, and his merciless creditors drive him from his once happy home. He follows his broken hearted father and mother to the grave. But this does not check his progress. He must fall, he did fall, and great was the fall thereof. The once noble, gifted, high minded son of America, has fallen a victim at the shrine of Intemperance. The elegant, graceful youth, the darling and pride of his aged parents, the cherished one of his lovely wife, the dear father of his innocent children has sunk down, down, to the miserable drunkard, the wretched inmate of a cellar, never to rise again. Oh ye rum sellers, it is you who like a deluge, overflowing our land, have pierced the given barriers, until at last you raised the serpent's wrath and you shall feel his sting. It is you who have scattered death and destruction o'er our land. It is you who have made many a widow's heart desolate, once the receptacle of joy and happiness. Enough for this picture of crime. Let

us visit the rum seller's death bed, stretched upon a rich and gaudy couch he lies; the holy man of God is there—but ah! no consolation can be afforded to his guilty soul. The cries and mournings of the widows and orphans he has made, over the lost husband and friend, continually ring in his ears, as with the voice of seven thunders; and while he tries to shut up the the barriers of his soul against their cries, his conscience smites him on every side, while his ill gotten wealth around seems to mock his vain efforts at consolation. No composure is afforded to the wretched sinner, the ruiner of men's souls. The clergyman leaves; and the poor, lost, guilty sinner rolls in mental agony, curses his God and dies.

Brother Cadets—to-morrow is the anniversary of an event which eventually led to the spiritual reformation of the greatest part of the civilized world; to-morrow is celebrated in commemoration of the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ, and let us, as he commands us, "love them that hate us; do good to them which despitefully use us and persecute us," that we may be heirs of the everlasting kingdom above. And finally, my brethren let me remark, that another year has rolled on its course; another year is recorded in the mighty calendar of time; another year has brought forth its fruit, both good and bad—and in the succeeding year, may we endeavor to keep in mind the great principles upon which true temperance is founded; and let us remember the great, solemn, and binding pledge we have taken, to "touch not, taste not, handle not." Let us forget the past and look forward with zealous confidence to the time when virtue, love and temperance shall forever reign in our own, our native land.

Pearls at random strung.

- Let virtue be your aim.
- Avoid extravagance in dress.
- Children have wide ears and long tongues.
- Catch the bear before you sell his skin.
- Borrow not too much upon time to come.
- Better come at the latter end of a feast than the beginning of a day.
- Never scoff at religion; it is not only a proof of a wicked heart, but low breeding.
- Beware of a reconciled enemy and an untried friend.
- Bring your line to the wall, not the wall to the line.
- A tear is an oath in the sight of heaven to repent and reform.
- Go ahead, is a good motto—look ahead, is another.
- The devoted love of a mother to a wayward child, is the finest and noblest in the world.
- No one learns to think by getting rules for thinking, but by getting materials for thought.
- Borrowed thoughts, like borrowed money, only reveal the poverty that compels the loan.
- Prayer was not invented; it was born with the first sigh, the first joy, the first sorrow of the human heart.
- Deal gently with those who stray. Draw by love and persuasion. A kiss is worth a thousand kicks. A kind word is worth a mine of gold.
- The nerve which never relaxes, the eye which never blanches, the thought which never wanders, these are the masters of victory.
- A wise man stands firm in all extremities, and bears the lot of his humanity with a divine temper.
- Politeness is the outward garment of good will; but many are the nutshells in which, if you crack them, nothing like a kernel is to be found.
- A man of virtue is an honor to his country, a glory to humanity, a satisfaction to himself, and a benefactor to the whole world. He is rich without oppression or dishonesty, charitable without ostentation, courteous without deceit, and brave without vice.