

THE FRIEND OF TEMPERANCE.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

A Weekly, Family News-Paper:—Devoted to Temperance, Morality and Literature.

VOL. II.

RALEIGH, N. C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1868.

September 4, 1868

NO. 19.

Poetry.

SPARKLING WATER.

BY VINA CLIFFORD.

Bright and sparkling water,
Bursting from the hills,
Rolling down the mountains,
Gushing in the rills.

Forming into rivers,
Widening to the sea;
Ah, this sparkling water,
Is the drink for me.

It gives a wondrous lustre,
To the sparkling eye;
And makes the cheeks in color,
With the roses vie.

It makes the step elastic,
Vigorous and free;
Ah, this sparkling water,
Is the drink for me.

Yield not to the tempter,
For 'twill craze the brain;
And fill the youthful body,
With weariness and pain.

Bring the sparkling goblet,
To the fountain free,
For this drinking water—
Is the drink for me.

Would you make your future,
Radiant with joy,
Would you reap a harvest,
Free from all alloy;

Choose the flowing waters,
A beverage sweet and free;
Which the blessed Giver,
Freely giveth thee.

Stories.

For the Friend of Temperance.

CHRISTOPHER CLINTON'S FIRST LOVE.

BY LAURA HAMBURG.

"Well, Christie," exclaimed three or four young gentlemen who were out sailing on a pleasure voyage, one beautiful evening in May—"Now for the love story which you promised to tell us; we will not be put off any longer, and we will have no excuses whatever. No better time to tell us than the present, with such a pleasant breeze as this to sail home in, and such a beautiful sunset. See the beams dancing over the water, and shining on the sails in the distance! Why man it is enough to make one think of the fair ones they like best, whether or not. Come, Christie, tell us the story."

The gentleman thus appealed to, was a tall dignified man, of about twenty-nine or thirty years, with a high forehead, an open, frank countenance, dark hair, and eyes of midnight blackness. It needed but a single glance from the stranger, to tell that he was a scholar and a gentleman.—Yes, Christopher Clinton was a scholar and a gentleman, in every sense of the phrase, and all the aged, the middle aged and the young, were fond of, and appreciated his company. But to return to the story.

After sitting for some minutes absorbed in thought, with his head resting on his hand, and looking intently at the dark blue waves, he replied:

"Young gentlemen, I am afraid my story will be too melancholy for you, for in telling you the story, I shall have to touch upon my past history, which is very melancholy, indeed. Do you recollect asking me some time ago, why it was I could resist the smiles, lavished upon me by my fair lady friends, and why I did not marry? The reason why is, that there is one beautiful sweet face stamped indelibly upon my heart, which time will never erase.

The first ten years of my life were spent in a small village, in M—, I was an only child, and upon me was lavished all the affection of both father and mother; although my father was a poor mechanic, and received small wages,—yet, he managed with economy to provide for his family, and send me to school; but it was not decreed that I should long enjoy so great a blessing. My father learning that the mechanics in N—, were receiving higher wages than those of the section in which he resided, determined to go there and get employment. We disliked very much to leave the quiet village, and our friends and acquaintances; but my father thought it would be to his interest. So we bade adieu to our friends, and departed. After a number of days, we reached the great Metropolis. My father rented a suit of rooms in a healthy part of the city, and being a good mechanic, he soon got employment, at very good wages, and fortune seemed to smile on us.

Often I think of the happy hours I spent with my father and mother around the fireside, and never was I

so happy, as when seated on a low ottoman at their feet, listening to my father and mother as they conversed of the great city, the buildings, &c.—But there is no sunshine without a shadow; 'twas only three short months we were permitted to enjoy so much happiness. My father was taken ill very suddenly, while at work one day, and was unable to work almost insupportable. A physician was called in, who pronounced his disease paralysis. My mother stood by his couch, doing everything in her power to relieve him, and I could not be persuaded to quit my position by the bedside. The medicine did not have the desired effect, and he grew worse rapidly. At last the physician told us that he would never recover. This was heart-rending—to have no hope! We stood when his life was ebbing away, and caught each whisper. He gave my mother and myself his dying blessing, and prayed God to protect his wife and child. He gave us his last embrace, and then whispered, "Lord Jesus receive me," and fell asleep.

It has been many long years since my father left this sorrowful world, but when I think of it, it seems as though it were yesterday. My mother was almost heart-broken. Her dearest friend was gone, and she had no nearer relative living, than a cousin, who resided in the west, and whose circumstances were such, that she did not wish to burden him with the care of herself and child.

The wages which my father received during his life, were all expended to provide for the family, except a small amount, which was laid aside, and after the physician and my father's burying expenses were paid, this amount was considerably diminished, and we had only a small amount of it left. My mother was forced to go out in quest of work. She was a neat seamstress, and soon got as much work as she could do. I was a great help to her, bringing and returning the work. Day by day, she would sit at her sewing, and tears, ever and anon, would drop from her cheeks, which were growing very pale; and when I would go up to her and lay my arms around her neck, she would clasp me and ask God to befriend her orphan child. Child, though I was, I could see that she was growing very weak, I noticed how weary she looked, and I could not resist the impulse, I had to take the sewing away, and ask her to walk with me. She grew weaker daily, and presently she was taken with a hacking cough, and soon she was prostrated. The physician was called in, and he said that consumption was fast hurrying her away. She grew worse rapidly, and I held my breath when a fit of coughing would take her, and a feeling of horror would come over me, when I thought, what if she should die. During her illness the servant could not persuade me to leave her bedside, only when sent for something for my mother; my mother could not bear for me to leave her. Often would she lay her white hand upon my head and kiss me, when I sat beside her. At last, the physician said that she must die. It had been but three short months since I lost my father, and then to lose my mother—my only friend. She laid her arms around me, and prayed God her orphan child to keep, and gave me her dying blessing, then imprinted the last kiss upon my forehead, and fell asleep in Jesus, repeating those beautiful words in the 23rd Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." They laid her in the cold damp ground, and O, the wretchedness, the heart-rending sorrow and loneliness I experienced, I cannot express.

The physician, although, somewhat haughty and morose, pitied my lonely condition, and took me home with him. I was employed as a kind of guide to Master Charlie, the physician's son, who was about six years of age, and had a great propensity to do mischief, such as climbing up the banisters and upon the tops of the doors, throwing his sister Minnie's dolls and pet kittens in the water, tying chairs to old Towser, the Newfoundland, all of which kept Minnie (who was two years older than Charlie, and had a very tender heart), in alarm all the while as to their fate. Minnie looked upon me as a safeguard, and did not feel so much uneasiness about her pets, after I became an inmate. The two children soon became fond of me, and Mrs. Mansfield would bestow a smile on the poor orphan boy, and sigh when Minnie would ask her if it were really so, that Christie had no father and mother. I spent four years of my life here, and became very much attached to all the members of the

family, and they liked the orphan boy. The physician grew kinder, and how happy a kind word from him made me. My kind benefactor seeing what an interest I took in books, sent me to school. I was accompanied by Charlie, who grew more mischievous, as he grew older, and whose delight it still was, the first thing after his return from school in the evening, to turn Minnie's kittens a summer set holding them by their ears. Charlie was very fond of Minnie, still he could not resist the impulse to do mischief.

The four years I spent with the physician were spent happily. The Lord answered my father's and mother's prayers, and raised me up friends.—The physician procured a situation for me, in one of the mercantile establishments in the city. I was fourteen when I entered the establishment, and remained three years, during which time I visited my benefactor and his family once every week. Minnie seemed more delighted than all the rest, when she met me, and the slightest blush imaginable, mantled her cheek, which only heightened her beauty, for Minnie was beautiful. I hardly know why it was, but the evenings always passed more swiftly when Minnie was there, and when she was absent, I listened for her footsteps; I often asked myself, why it was, when I stood leaning against the piano for the purpose of turning Minnie's music, that I became so absorbed in the contemplation of her countenance, forgetting to turn the leaves, until reminded by Minnie; I could not answer the question; but this was the next thought: If I had a sister, I could not like her better than I do Minnie. Those were pleasant hours I spent at my benefactor's; but to proceed. I had a cherished plan which I wished to put into execution; I wished to finish my education, and I had carefully laid aside the salary which I received, for this purpose; and at the expiration of the three years, I made known my intention to my employer and benefactor. The former did not like to part with me, but my benefactor approved of it. Long will I remember the evening I spent at Dr. Mansfield's before my departure. The hours sped on so swiftly; each member of the family seemed sad. It was time that I should leave. Minnie had gone to the library for a book, which Mrs. Mansfield had given me. I arose and bade my benefactor adieu, who presented me with a letter of introduction to the President of the College, I was to enter. I then bade Mrs. Mansfield good-bye, who with a true, motherly feeling, gave me a parting kiss, and many good wishes for my welfare. I then proceeded to the library; when I reached the door, I saw Minnie sitting on the sofa, with her head resting upon her hand, and the tears falling from her cheeks. I took a seat beside her. There was a choking sensation in my throat, and all that I could say was, "Minnie." For a few minutes we sat, neither speaking a word, and then I broke the silence. "Minnie," I said, do not forget Christie, during his absence. He will never forget you. Here, will you accept this miniature, and give me yours? I shall want to see your sweet face Minnie, when far away among strangers. She took the locket which I handed her, and gave me hers, and replied:

"Yes, Christie, I will keep it as long as I live."
"I must go now, Minnie," I said.—
"Write to me." I kissed her, bade her good-bye, and left. I soon reached the place of my destination, and gave the letter of introduction to the President, and was admitted into College. I remained at College four years, and received my diploma. The first year of my stay in College, I received several letters from Minnie, and after that, they were discontinued; from what cause I knew not. I received letters occasionally from Dr. Mansfield and Charlie, but they made no allusion to her. How I longed to receive a line from Minnie; I wrote several times, but received no answer. When I finished my course of —, I returned to the city of N—; all the while I was traveling, I was thinking of the pleasure it would afford me to meet with my old friends. And then I thought of Minnie, how would she welcome me? I knew that she had changed a great deal in four years, and that she must be a beautiful and accomplished lady; and then, an undefined feeling pervaded my breast, when I thought of the many admirers she must have. I wondered if she liked them as well as she did her old friend, I was aroused from my reverie, by the whistling of the locomotive, and found that we had reached the city. I did not intend making the city

my place of residence, but this little seaport town in which I now reside. I called on my old employer the next day after my arrival; he seemed pleased to see me. I inquired after Dr. Mansfield's family, and learned that Minnie was the reigning belle—that her beauty was beyond description, and that she was dignified and handsome. I tried their powers, to win the beautiful Minnie; and then, I thought of my own personal appearance. I knew that I had changed a great deal, many called me handsome, and dignified, and gentle—I wondered what Minnie's opinion of me would be. I called on Dr. Mansfield and family. The Dr., kindly welcomed me back, and Mrs. M—, still retained her motherly way toward me. Minnie was the last to greet me. Once more I stood before that sweet face, which had mingled in all my dreams, and do not wonder that I seemed like one deprived of speech. Never had I seen a face so beautiful. Neither spoke for some time. Our emotions at first were too strong for utterance. At length the silence was broken by Minnie, who said:

"You are welcome, Mr. Clinton."
And I replied, thank you Miss Mansfield. I felt there was a great barrier between us, which I could not account for. Dr., and Mrs. Mansfield and Minnie seemed just as agreeable and kind as ever. When I rose to take leave of them, they invited me to visit them often, while I remained in the city. I remained in the city three weeks, during which time I was a frequent visitor at Dr. M's. One evening, not long before my departure, I called at Dr. Mansfield's, and found Minnie alone. After conversing awhile on different subjects, I ventured to allude to the past, when we were children—the enjoyments we had together, and then I asked Minnie if she still had the miniature I gave her. She replied:

"That she had, and asked me if I had hers."
I told her that I had.
During this conversation, Minnie sat with down cast eyes, busily engaged, tearing a beautiful rose into fragments, while the color came and went in her cheek. I had thought it all over, and I knew that this feeling, which I cherished for Minnie, was not the love of a brother for a sister as I tried to believe, but something very different. It was the affection of an ardent lover. I felt that I should be miserable if I saw her the wife of another. I determined to tell her of my love and ascertain her feelings for me. I laid my hand upon hers and said:

"Minnie, look up, I want to see your face, I have something to say to you, forgive me if I offend you, but I must tell you. Minnie I love you with all the fervor of first love. You are the only being that I ever loved or ever shall love; will you, Minnie, give me the right to love and protect you always. Will you be my sweet comforter through life?"

"Oh, Christie," she replied, with a tremulous voice, as she hid her face upon my shoulder, "you know not how strongly your love is reciprocated. With you I should be happy always; but, alas! fate has decreed it other wise. My father has given his consent to my union with Edward Almsly; but, oh! I cannot love him. My father speaks of his wealth, and tells me it will be a brilliant match, and says that I must comply with his request. Oh, Christie, it will be hard to forget. I cannot. I shall be a miserable bride."

I pressed her to my heart and said, "Minnie, I will see your father, dear-est, he will not be so cruel to his only daughter."

How quickly the hours sped on—we understood each other at last. But it was time to depart. I kissed Minnie, bade her farewell, promised to come again soon, and left.

I saw Dr. Mansfield a day or two afterward, and asked his consent to our union. I told him that he knew my circumstances, but I hoped soon to be able to provide for Minnie and myself. He replied "I am not surprised that you love Minnie, but I cannot give my consent. Mr. Almsly loves her, he is wealthy; if she does not love him now she will learn to love him. You must not name the subject again, Christie, I wish you to prosper and be happy. I have given Minnie to another, and you must not think of her only as a sister."

A few days after my conversation with Dr. Mansfield, I arranged my business to leave and called on the Dr.'s family for the first time. Dr. M. was out visiting his patients, Mrs. M. and Minnie were present. After sitting awhile I told them my inten-

tion of leaving for —. I thanked Mrs. M. and Minnie for their kindness to me. I bade Mrs. M. goodbye, who then left the room, thinking, perhaps, that the parting between Minnie and myself would be too embarrassing to witness.

"Minnie," I said approaching her, "your father will not give his consent, and darling, it is best I should leave. I cannot see you the bride of another. Dear Minnie," I said as I folded her in my arms, "if we never meet again let us both live so that when we are called to leave this sorrowful world we may meet where all is joy and happiness."

"Good-bye, Christie," she replied; "may the Lord prosper you, both spiritually and temporally, is the prayer of Minnie."

I pressed her to my heart once more, turned and left.

I met the Doctor on my return, told him I had called on him, and thanked him for his kindness to me, and told him of my great desire to repay him; he declined receiving any remuneration. I bade him farewell.

That night I took my seat in a railway coach bound for E—. After a few days I reached this little seaport town in which I now reside. The Lord has prospered me and I have plenty of this world's good, and often think of Minnie, and wish her to cheer me. I had a settlement with Dr. M. two years after I left the city, but the person whom I employed to settle the business could give me no information concerning the family. It has been seven years since I left the city, and I have received no information from them since. Now young gentlemen my story is finished, and with it I have given you my past history, no doubt you have found it rather melancholy.

"Thank you, Christie," said the gentlemen, "we deeply sympathize with you and the beautiful Minnie. From your description of her we have fallen in love with her ourselves." A young gentleman who had been sitting some distance from the rest now approached Dr. Clinton and said:

"Sir will you listen to me a moment. Perhaps what I have to tell you will interest you. You did not think that any one present was acquainted with the characters in your story. The heroine of the story, is my cousin, I allude to Minnie Mansfield. Minnie is not married, Dr. Clinton; her father and brother became involved in debt and broke some years ago and not long after both died, and Minnie and her mother were left without a support—Minnie is now teaching.

Christopher Clinton seemed to drink in every word the young man uttered and then asked him "Where, where is Minnie?"

"She was in the village of A—, in —, when I received a letter from her last week," he replied.

The boat touched the wharf, from whence she set out. That night Christie Clinton took the train for A—. The citizens wondered at this unexpected trip of their physician, but their wonderment ceased, when after a week's absence, he returned, bringing his bride, who was none other than Minnie Mansfield, and the bride's mother. Minnie looked more womanly than when Christie saw her last, but as beautiful as ever. Christie Clinton is a happy husband; Minnie a happy wife, and Mrs. Mansfield a happy mother, and mother-in-law. And now we drop the curtain.

John Gray, speaking of the Duke of Newcastle's eloquence at his installation as Chancellor of Cambridge University, says, "Vesuvius in an eruption was not more violent than his utterance, nor Pelion, with all its pine trees, in a storm of wind, more impetuous than his action."

Theocritus, when asked which were the most rapacious of all wild beasts, replied: "Bears and lions in your mountains; tax-gatherers and slanderers in your cities."

The author of "Tale of a Tub" says, "The most accomplished way of using books at present is, to serve them as some do lords—learn their titles, and then brag of their acquaintance."

Claudius Buchanan says, "I fancy that youthful sermon-writers are generally at a loss to know how to begin, and when they do begin, they know not where to stop."

Diogenes, boasting of his plain, humble apparel, was told, "There is pride in every hole of your rags."

Wickedness is then great, when great men are wicked.