

# FRIEND OF TEMPERANCE.

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ORDER OF THE FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE.

VOL. II. RALEIGH, N. C., SEPT. 11, 1868. NO. 20.

### Our Terms.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS:

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

One square, one insertion, ..... \$1 00  
For each subsequent insertion, ..... 50

Eight lines or less constitute a square.

Liberal arrangements will be made with parties wishing to advertise by the month or year.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

### Poetry.

#### MUSINGS.

##### THE MORNING AFTER A DEBACHE.

There's a seat upon my burning brain,  
And a throbbing at my heart;  
My skull is almost cracked with pain,  
No joy can peace impart.

There's a seat upon my burning brain,  
And a throbbing at my heart;  
My skull is almost cracked with pain,  
No joy can peace impart.

See how my nervous fingers shake,  
My misty eyeballs quiver;  
A thirst no spring on earth could slake  
Is burning up my liver.

Dark mental maladies I've seen  
Sick mortals near the grave,  
But 'twas ten drinks on yester e'en  
This cursed headache gave.

### Stories.

#### INEZ LAZELLE;

##### THE BELLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

'Come, come,' said young Raymond McGregor to me one evening—  
'I want to introduce you to my lady love.'

'And who,' said I, 'is the great Diana now, O, devout Ephesian?'

'Come and see,' replied Raymond.

'Raymond,' said I, 'will you never end this contemptible flirting? Of all the creatures upon earth I most despise that odious thing, a male coquette, and you are fast achieving that appellation.'

'Oscar,' said Raymond laughing, 'Hogarth's last words were, the 'End of all things.' Most grave monitor, my flirting days are over. I am going to be married in four weeks.'

'Oh, ho! caught at last,' said I. 'Caught at last,' echoed Raymond.

'And so my gay and pretty moth has burnt his wings in the fire of my lady's love-lit eyes.'

'And wingless,' answered Raymond, 'is a willing captive at his lady's feet.'

'The gods,' said I, 'are very just.'

'And Inez very beautiful,' answered Raymond.

'Tell me,' said I, 'thou king among the lady-birds, how the mighty male coquette was conquered, and the bitter bit.'

Raymond, smiling, spoke. 'Oscar, you have heard of Inez Lazelle, the belle of New Orleans.'

'The fame of her mighty beauty,' said I, 'has reached even into the dusty recesses of my inner office.'

'Well,' continued Raymond, 'I heard she had a host of most devoted lovers, and to tell the truth, urged on by my pride and vanity to cut them all out, I came, saw and was conquered.'

'Lothario,' said I, 'swept the field in the list of love, and fell himself in the arms of victory.'

'In the arms of Inez, Oscar,' replied Raymond.

'In the arms of matrimony,' said I, 'the victor vanquished and the conqueror overcame.'

'Thus we gaily talked, as arm in arm we leisurely wended on our way through the streets of the Crescent City to visit Inez Lazelle, the belle of New Orleans.'

I am a lawyer and my friend Raymond McGregor was a rich young merchant. He was every inch a man, cast in a mold of manly beauty; with as warm and noble a heart as ever beat in the breast of man; intelligent, fearless, frank, most fascinating in his manners—he was beloved by men, women and children. We had been very intimate for years. His confidence in me was unbounded; I was his only bosom, brother friend.

Well do I remember the evening I was introduced to Inez Lazelle. Neither before nor since, have I ever seen a lady so beautiful in form and face, so fascinating in her manners. Young

tall and finely proportioned as a statue; with a classic face that strongly resembled the ideal beauty, glowing in marble, from the hand of the Greek sculptors. Her smile was like the sunlight of heaven; it flashed like light upon a sword-blade in her beautiful face with almost supernatural loveliness.

In gay and lively conversation the hour flew unperceived. Late in the night we left her, entranced by her bewildering, indescribable beauty.

After walking half a square in silence, Raymond asked, 'What do you think of Inez, Oscar?'

I answered 'as the Queen of Sheba said of Solomon and his glory, the half was not told me.'

'Oscar is she not beautiful?'

'Is not,' I replied, 'beauty itself beautiful, and you planet bright?'

'I am,' said he, 'so intoxicated with her wondrous beauty, that I almost reel. I feel to-night all the intense truth in the oriental expression, 'stay with me, flacons, for I am sick with love'—overcome with the intensity of my feelings.'

'And ready,' said I, 'to die in aromatic pain, and be embalmed in bliss. Help me, Cupid, or I sink.'

'Don't laugh at me, you hardhearted villain—you are only fit to be a lawyer; there is not a spark of love and sentiment in your tape-bound soul.—So much for dwelling in that valley of dry bones, a lawyer's office.'

'I will prove to you the contrary.—Will you deed me all your right and title to Inez Lazelle?'

'No, no! you limb of the law; for I verily believe you would mortgage her priceless smiles.'

'Raymond, I have half a mind, in revenge to cut you out. Beauty loved the beast you know. Belles ring changes, women are fickle, uncertain, coy and hard to please.'

'If you do,' said Raymond, 'I will murder you with your own hair trigger. But tell me, Oscar, what do you think of Inez's disposition?'

'Well, oh, most devoted Benedict, about to be, without exhausting my most valuable breath, and all the superlatives in Webster, I will sum up my verdict in a single sentence—Inez will make you a noble, affectionate, amiable and beautiful wife.' We said good night and parted.

'Inez,' said her father to her, not long after her engagement to Raymond—'Inez, are you engaged to Raymond McGregor?'

The smile kindling up her classic features was suddenly eclipsed, and a crimson flush from brow to bosom, was the answer.

'Raymond,' said the old man sternly 'is too wild and dissipated to marry my daughter.'

'Father,' said Inez, 'have not I always been a dutiful, obedient and affectionate daughter?'

'You have, Inez.'

'Father,' said Inez, 'I mean no disrespect now; I will marry Raymond McGregor.'

The old man looked at her. Her rosy lips were white with the soul damp of an iron will, and in her fixed eyes there steadily glowed a strange brightness.

There was something so unexpected so measured, cold and stately in her quiet tones, that they startled the old man as much as if he had walked in the midst of a deadly combat and the ring of sword and bayonet were clashing in his ears.

'Father,' continued Inez, 'did not my mother's father say the very same words of you, and did not mother steal off in the night and marry her wild and dissipated lover? Father, I am my mother's own daughter.'

The old man was speechless with astonishment. Inez had 'carried the war into Africa,' and conquered.

'Don't run away, Inez. Marry at home, if you will, and take your old

father's blessing with you when you go—you are my only child,' and the old man's voice trembled.

To Inez this had been an exceedingly painful scene; she threw her arms around her father and kissed him again and again. This had been the first time in their lives that their chiding hearts had ever sounded a single discordant note, and it jarred strangely and harshly upon their souls.

'May you, dear Inez,' said he, be as faithful as your mother, and may Raymond be as true as I have been,' and he kissed her marble brow and left the room.

Raymond McGregor and Inez Lazelle were married. I often made their house my home. Both looked upon me and loved me as a brother.—At their cheerful board and happy fireside I was often a most welcome guest, and I felt proud that such a noble pair called me their best friend.

Raymond idolized his beautiful wife. It annoyed him if I did not visit her often; for he felt the slightest seeming neglect or indifference on my part towards her as if it was a personal slight to him. 'Go and see her often, Oscar,' he would say, 'my business keeps me much from home, and I fear Inez is sometimes lonely.' He not only loved her with all the depth of a strong and passionate nature, but he was proud of her queenly beauty, and the admiration she created everywhere.

Children—those golden links to wedded hearts—blessed their union.—Raymond was perfectly happy when seated by his lovely wife. He teased and kissed and romped with his little children.

But a change came over the spirit of his day-dream.

While the mighty ark still lay upon her beam ends, high on the rocky peaks of Ararat—ere her grounded keel had crumbled—a serpent crept out of the deluvial slime and twined its glittering folds around the mellow clusters of old Noah's leafy vines.—That basilisk of the bowl crept into the Eden of Raymond McGregor's happy home—bit him, and he went mad. It coiled around his glorious manhood, and his brawn and beauty wasted away. Unseen it crept across his noble heart, and a burning slime was left behind, that seared it to the core, and palsied its generous impulse. The keen and killing fangs of this law protected reptile bit deep into his soul, and the light of love and of life faded. Its delicious venom maddened the heart of the fond husband—its thrilling poison blinded the soul of the devoted father. Raymond McGregor went mad—a large and prosperous business was abandoned—he recklessly flung his wealth by whole handfulls away—he neglected the wife he once idolized; he seemed to forget his little children, once the jewels of his soul; home and its sweet joys, once so dear to him, were abandoned for the fiery pleasures of the bacchanalian revel and the mad delights of the bowl. Before Raymond became openly dissipated, it was beautiful to see Inez (who told me almost everything) try to hide her husband's intemperance, even from my friendly eyes. It is strange, yet true, that Raymond and myself, through all our long and close intimacy, never took even a glass of wine together. Why I know not. We never asked each other to drink.

After Raymond gave himself up to drink, I called to see him and his wife as usual. I found her alone, with trouble on her face. 'Inez,' I asked, 'where is Raymond?'

'I have not seen him,' she replied, 'for two whole weeks.'

'Is he in the city?' I enquired.

'I think he is,' she answered. I hear rumors of him. You know how often I have hunted him up and taken him home intoxicated from the tavern and coffee house. But now I cannot find him, I don't know where he is—poor Raymond,' and she wept bitterly.

'Oscar, said she suddenly, what am I to do?'

'Sell out, said I, and go home with your children to your father, and when Raymond calls to see you, (for call he will) pretend that you have finally separated from him and refuse to see him. If this does not reform him your last chance is gone.'

'But, Oscar, if I do it, it will make him drink still more.'

'So it would, said I, if Raymond had a common soul in vulgar clay.'

She did so. Raymond, as usual, at the end of one his deep debauches, went home half intoxicated. To his utter astonishment he found 'to let' upon his door, the house shut up and deserted. Nobody knew anything about his wife and children. As I expected, the tremendous revulsion not only sobered him at once, but kept him sober. He soon found out where his wife was, and about half frantic called to see her. It almost killed Inez; but at my suggestion she not only refused to see him but sent him word that she had no husband, that she did not know one drunken Raymond McGregor.

He called upon Mr. Lazelle and demanded his children. Her father told him that if he did not keep sober and behave himself, he would not only have the children put under their grandfather's legal protection, but that he would get a divorce for his daughter. 'Do you know, Raymond, said the good old man, that I can prove more than enough to separate you and Inez forever? Inez knows that you have been false to her, and yet she loves you still. Reform, prove it, and she will forgive all. Raymond, my only child is chained to a drunkard; shall I break the chain and set the captive free?'

'No, no, no,' exclaimed the wretched man, 'spare me, spare me; only give me hope to cling to, and I will reform.' And, like repentant Peter, he wept bitterly.

Poor fellow, in his trouble he called upon me. I knew my man, and I knew, too, that desperate diseases required desperate remedies, so I too refused to see him. I sent him word I did not know, and would not know, the drunkard Raymond McGregor, that my old friend of that name was dead.

Raymond could not stand this. He went and rented a house, furnished it in style, worked like a bee, joined the Sons of Temperance, and became a christian. If ever there was a changed and reformed man, it was Raymond McGregor.

But before all this happened Inez had met her husband at her father's.

'Forgive me, oh! forgive me, Inez,' said her husband, when they met. 'I will never drink another drop; only forgive me, for the love that still lives in my heart.'

'Raymond,' said Inez, 'although you drank deep I always loved you.—But you have been false and a traitor, Raymond.'

'Inez,' exclaimed he passionately, 'I was drunk, mad, crazy! Rum has ruined me. I am utterly degraded; an abject, most miserable, wretched man.'

'Tell me, Raymond,' said she, 'is Isabella the quadroon more beautiful than I, the white mother of your children?'

'Spare me, Inez,' said he.

'Is her low-born love,' exclaimed the proud wife, 'greater than mine?—Then is it stronger than death.'

'Inez,' said he, 'I will never speak to her again, so help me heaven!'

'If you do,' exclaimed the wife, 'thoroughly roused, 'by heaven, I will knife her in the street! Only dream of her again! I'll make your own bowie knife laugh in her sleeping heart. My rival, a low quadroon leman. Oh, Raymond! Raymond! kill me, but spare me this deep degradation.'

'O that I never,' said he, 'had seen

the cursed bowl! I am a lost and ruined man. It has made me, who was once the very soul of honor, false to myself, to my wife, and to my God. Inez! don't tread on a crushed and fallen thing; save me from myself, and lift me up again; and the wretched man grasped, like a drowning sailor, her hand, and passionately kissed it again and again.

A rush of tender feelings swept over her proud bosom, and the pride, so strong and deeply rooted there, went down before it, like a tall oak that is splintered by the falling avalanche.—In an instant her fair arms were freely flung around him, and, lip to lip, and heart to heart, the wronged and abandoned wife was reunited to her fallen, but still affectionate husband.

(To be continued next week.)

From the Methodist.

### Woman's Influence.

It was a cold, dreary night, early in December. The whistling winds were sighing mournfully around the cottage home of a heart-stricken mother, who sat with her only child, thinking of the absent husband and father. And O, what bitter, bitter tears trickled down her face as she thought of the erring one, who had left her and her little one to pine in sadness and sorrow.

He had left them to join the revelry of a dissipated crowd, as was his usual custom. All the persuasions of his wife had proved unavailing, and she had resolved never to censure him again, but to put her whole trust in Him, who maketh all things, and to never cease praying until he was fully restored to his former self. And with this firm resolve and Christian faith, she knelt in prayer, earnestly beseeching God, that her beloved erring one might be brought to feel his sinfulness to Him and his injustice to her. Presently a great light shone around her, and she was lost in holy communion, when the door opened softly, and her husband entered unperceived, until he knelt by her side. He had returned, and hearing her sweet voice lifted in eloquent prayer in his behalf, he was soon melted into tears and deep penitence. They continued to wrestle with God, until he felt his heart entirely changed, and he was a new man.

O, the blessed influence of woman, and prayer! It was her last words of earnest persuasion, that had caused him to return earlier that night than formerly, and it was her prayer, that saved him from a drunkard's grave.—Take courage then, ye women of the land. Do not give up in despair, and see your loved ones look upon the wine when it is red, and never offer one word of reproof, or one imploring earnest prayer. Follow the example of this noble woman, whose holy influence shed a halo around the blighted home. She had accomplished the great object of her life, and now her home is one of love, joy, and domestic happiness. Woman has a holy mission assigned her, and if well fulfilled, she will be richly rewarded. Each deed, each word of love will add one bright immortal star to her crown of Glory.  
M. M. C.

### BE WISE IN TIME.

A young prince whose mind had learned in some degree to value religious truth, asked his tutor to give him suitable instructions that he might be prepared for death. 'Plenty of time for that when you are older,' was the reply. 'No!' said the prince, 'I have been to the church-yard and measured the graves, and there are many shorter than I am.'

There is no wrath in the cup of affliction which God's people are called to drink.

Sin is of that heinous nature that it has moved the Majesty of heaven out of His place.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity.