

TERMS:

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Poetry

My Philosophy

Bright things can never die,
Even though they fade.
Beauty and ministry
Deathless were made.

Stories

Inez Lazelle

It is a strange fact that Raymond was false to the woman he loved dearly, I answer, I am simply telling the truth—human nature is full of just such contradictions.

FRIEND OF TEMPERANCE

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ORDER OF THE FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE

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that Raymond once betrayed me haunts me. I want to trust him again. His intemperance only made me love him the more—the deeper it sunk him, the closer I clung to him; but my love withered and died when I, who trusted, was betrayed.

Inez, said I, Raymond was crazy; are you not harsh in your judgment upon the drunken acts of a rum-maniac? You know that your husband has been mad. I appeal to the generosity of your noble nature. Raymond loves you more than he does his own soul.

Then, answered Inez, give me the goblet of oblivion, and make me forget the past.

Let the past be buried in the past, I replied.

I have thought a thousand times since of this strange conversation. For many things I have a most minute and everlasting memory. I repeat our very words.

Several years rolled by, and Raymond and his noble wife lived happy, contented, and prosperous. The painful passages in their lives were almost forgotten in present cares and joys, or only remembered to make their spirits cling closer together.

A child died, and the mutual sorrow was sanctified by love, to knit their souls still closer.

A child was born, and another golden link was added to the chain of affection.

Raymond was taken sick. I called to see him. "Oscar, do you think I shall die?" he asked.

No, Raymond, I replied.

I am not afraid of death, said he, laying his hand upon his bosom, all is peace here.

Cheer up, Raymond, said I, don't give up the ship.

I want to live, Oscar, said he, not for myself, but to pay a debt I owe to Inez. It will take me a long time to pay it off. Have you forgotten, Oscar, that Inez nursed me for days in a den of infamy, when I was too sick to be taken away, and did not know her in my mad delirium? Inez is my guardian angel. May Heaven bless my noble wife!

On Raymond's convalescence, which was slow, in an evil hour, his physician, against the most urgent appeals of Inez, ordered port as a stimulating tonic. Raymond drank a single glass—the first for years. Like a blazing brand flung into a powder magazine, it flashed up the smouldering liquor thirst, that once kindled never dies. It burnt like Greek fire in his heart. Body and mind both weakened by sickness, the flame-winged demon of the bowl swept down all before it, like prairie grass cut down by the red pinions of fire. Unknown to Inez, he left his sick bed, tottered like a feeble child down the street, and, oh, damning shame! found law licensed liquor shops invitingly open all round.

"Oh, Oscar! Inez!" screamed the dying man, "save me—save—the blazing waves of hell roll over me! Snakes are twisting all around me—take them off—take them off! Water—water—water—my bed is on fire—my heart is in flames—there—there—kill it—kill it—that scorpion! Look at the devils mocking me—drive them away—keep them off! Save me from this hell, Oscar! It's getting dark; I cannot see. Wife! Inez! dear Inez! and the name of her he loved so well died on his lips, and with horror staring in his strong eyes, he fell back on his pillow, and the wrestling soul of Raymond McGregor was in the spirit land.

Who dare lift the shadowy veil of the unknown future, and say the madman was not pardoned? When death

in mercy set his icy seal on his beaded brow, and the wild delirium of his great agony was over, He alone who knew how much of madness hurried the poor, sick, helpless and deranged suicide down into a drunkard's grave—He alone who always tempers justice with mercy, can judge in pity, and pardon and save. Judge not, O man, your erring brother, lest in the day of your calamity temptation meets you, and with the temptation the fall!—"What is done we passively compute, but know not what is resisted." Well do I know that yearly, monthly, daily, hourly, bravely the desperate fight went on between Raymond and the tempters appointed by law to dog and slay him. Who wonders that, "like a standard bearer fainting in battle," he fell at last—first made a rum-maddened drunkard by the law, and then a maniac murdered by its hellish poisoners "licensee" according to law.

Many and bitter were the manly tears that fell when dust to dust and ashes to ashes hid the last remains of the rum-wrecked Raymond from the hearts that loved him, who still cherish with mournful recollections the sad fate of him who died—doubly died, in that he died so young. Peace to his ashes, and rest to his soul.

Autumn's hectic blushes tinged the forest leaves; the mellow radiance of the evening sun lit up the folds of the live oak and the magnolia. The evening breeze was tossing the funeral festoons and banners of gray moss, when a noble looking lady in deep mourning, by my side, stood by the grave of the victim of the license law. I turned away in anguish, for I could not bear to see the big tears that fell so fast and silently down her faded face. Oh! how much they said—how eloquent are silent tears at the grave of the dear departed!

Inez only pity Raymond? If ever woman's true love lived in a loving breast, its home was in the soul of Inez McGregor, who was so cruelly widowed.

"Oscar," said Inez, suddenly, "look at this tree we planted over him—all broken by his friends, to carry away mementos of my poor husband's grave. There are costly marble monuments all around us, but the noblest monument amongst them, all is this mutilated tree. He is indeed a blasted, broken tree, and I am a trodden vine!" She took my arm, and in silence and sorrow we slowly walked away.

Inez was left perfectly penniless.—She and her children lived with a distant relative.

Several years had rolled by, when one evening I called, as was my constant habit, to see Inez and her children.

"Tell me, Inez," said I, "are you really going to marry Lefevre, the old millionaire?"

"I am," she answered.

"Inez, do you love him?" I asked. "Most devotedly," she replied, with a keen sarcastic bitterness that was perfectly appalling. "Is not Mr. Lefevre good enough for Inez, the proud and penniless pauper?"

"You are not a pauper, Inez," I said. "My children and myself," said she, "eat in poverty the bitter bread of charity, and it chokes my heart. I am made to feel my dependence as the chained slave feels the iron fetters biting his festering flesh. I once had a host of friends—Oscar, you alone have been most faithful when my dark days come. If you were as rich in gold and silver as you are in the treasures of the soul, Raymond's friend should be my brother, and freely I would depend on you; but you are almost as poor as I am."

"My little all," said I, shall ever be at your service, Inez."

"I know it, Oscar," said she, "and you know, although I have never said it, that I feel my thanks. For myself I do not care, for I am reckless; but I

live in my—Raymond's—children.—To-day I am Inez, the proud pauper; to-morrow thousands gild my misery. To-day the jaws of the poor house yawn for my children; to-morrow they have a home, comfort, luxury, education and high position. And yet it is an awful sacrifice—marriage unsanctified by love.

Then, said I, don't make it.

"Oscar," said she, "phantom fears about my children haunt me daily. I sacrifice myself for their sake. I wish it was a funeral pyre. Don't blame me, but those who ruined and killed my protector and support, made me a penniless widow and my children dependent orphans, cursed us all with poverty and drove me to this hated marriage."

And dashing back the wild luxuriance of her fallen tresses, she tossed her majestic form, like a billow beaten barque, in the tempest of her soul.—Suddenly, as if a whirlwind had passed and left sunshine in its path, the agony of her spirit was outwardly over, and a thrilling, electric smile broke over the glorious beauty of her face.—The change fairly startled me.

"What do you think I sold for?" she asked, abruptly.

"I don't know," I answered.

"Four hundred thousand dollars!" said she, laughing bitterly.

It was true. Lefevre had settled that amount upon her, in her own right, on condition that she married him. A woman is a great mystery.

Inez literally sold herself for her children. Most faithfully she fulfilled all the duties of a wife. Old Lefevre knew as much about the gems that shine in the bottom of the sea and the hidden fires of Hæcla, as he did about the priceless gems and lava-tides that gleamed or flowed in the soul-tides of his beautiful wife.

Inez had ever after two characters—the real under the artificial. She had two natures—the outward and the inward. To me alone, (her husband not excepted,) she was free, frank and confiding. I was the link between the living and the dead—the secret shrine of her joy, grief, sorrow and sympathy. I brought back to her as from Raymond's grave and the spirit land the memories of the past. My presence fed the flame of affection for him that, like a sepulchral lamp, still burnt in her bosom. She ever fondly cherished the image of Raymond McGregor, the rum-deranged maniac and murdered victim of the Liquor License Law.

ADVANTAGES OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.—I am fully satisfied that there is a peculiar presence of God in his public ordinances; that the devotion of good men does mutually inflame and kindle one another; that there is a holy awe and reverence seizes the mind of good men when they draw near to God in public worship; finally, that if the offices of our liturgy do not affect our hearts, it is because they are very much indisposed and very poorly qualified for the true and spiritual worship of God.—Lucas.

The true mother shows her love more by what she withholds than by what she gives, more by what she tries herself to be than by what she says and does. Her spirit, like the fire in the stove, though unseen, makes it self felt, and communicates itself to those who come within its range.

A great many people mistake goodness for good; they have all of sugar but its sweetness, and all of salt but its saline virtues. If you cannot be what you would, be something.

Give your daughter the art of pleasing others and she will win their love; give her the ambition to be wise and useful and true, and she will keep the love she wins.

The hidden hand—Smith's, when buried in his breeches pocket.

ADVERTISING RATES:

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.

FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE

This branch of the Temperance family is now the largest of any organization of the kind in the Southern States. It came into existence, as a society, since the close of the war, but it has spread with considerable rapidity, until Councils now exist in seven different States. North Carolina has taken the lead, but Virginia is close behind her. The 44th Council in Virginia has been chartered this week to be located at Winchester. A State Council, it is hoped, will be organized ere long in West Virginia.

All enquires in reference to the new organization, will be answered by addressing the Editor of this paper, or Maj. D. S. Hill, at Louisburg, N. C., or Rev. John N. Andrews, at Wilmington, N. C.

The next session of the State Council of Virginia will convene at Staunton, on the 3rd Tuesday in October next. The next session of the State Council of North Carolina, will convene in Raleigh, sometime in November.

The Friend of Temperance, published by Rev. R. H. Whitaker, at Raleigh, N. C., is the Organ of the Order. The paper is published weekly at \$1.50 per year, or when taken in club of twenty is put at the low price of \$1 per year.

A. P. Abell of Charlottesville is the President of the State Council of Virginia.

Gen. R. Vance of Asheville is the President of the State Council of North Carolina.

Among the Clergy in Virginia, who are prominent members of the Order, may be mentioned, Rev. Dr. Dame of Danville, Rev. C. J. Gibson and Rev. J. C. Granberry of Petersburg, Rev. Thomas Hume of Portsmouth, Rev. John Wm. Jones of Lexington, Rev. L. B. Madison of Natural Bridge, Rev. Mr. Dudley of Harrisonburg, Rev. Wm. F. Richardson of Waynesboro, Rev. R. Mellwaine of Buchananville and others equally prominent in the several religious denominations of the State.

In North Carolina, we may mention Rev. H. T. Hudson and Rev. Thos. H. Prichard D. D. of Raleigh, Rev. Dr. Reid of Salisbury, Rev. J. W. Wellons of Franklin, Rev. Ira T. Wyche of Henderson, with Rev. Mr. Cohen and Rev. Mr. Willis of Newbern, and Rev. Mr. Bobbitt of Beaufort, Rev. A. R. Raven of Smithfield, Rev. R. N. Price of Asheville, Rev. Thos. W. Babb of Gatesville, Rev. N. A. Hooker of Hookerton, Rev. L. C. Vass of Newbern, Rev. J. T. Rollins of Marshall, Rev. J. A. Cunningham of Louisburg, and many others.

A class of minds is being gathered into the Order that will give permanency and strength to it.

With Faith, Temperance and Charity on their banner, their watchword is, onward.—Christian Sun

"WE ARE A GREAT COUNTRY"—Rev. Mr. Punshon says of the Americans:

They take wonderful pride in the bigness of every thing, and they glow and glisten, as with personal pleasure, in the vastness of the territory in which Providence has ordained them to live, ending their every speech, or thereabouts, with the inevitable "We are a great country," which seems to come of course like a doxology.

COST OF LIQUOR.—The money spent for liquor in the United States in the year 1867, is estimated at \$2,960,000,000, while the amount given for education was \$22,000,000, or \$139 were given for liquor, for every dollar for education. The amount spent annually for religious purposes is about \$30,000,000, or \$1 for religion and \$93 for rum. Comment is unnecessary.

All the Justices of the peace elected in Shelby County, Alabama, are negroes, and not one of them can read or write.