

FRIEND OF TEMPERANCE.

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

VOL. II. RALEIGH, N. C., OCT. 2, 1868. NO. 23.

ADVERTISING RATES:

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

One square, one insertion, \$1 00
For each subsequent insertion, \$1 50
Eight lines or less constitute a square.

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

TERMS:
Single copy, (cash in advance), \$ 1 50
Five copies, 6 50
Ten, 12 50
Twenty, 20 00

Poetry.

Mourn for the Lost.

Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign
And the deluded throng!

Mourn for the tarnished gem,
For reason's light divine;
Mourn for the son's light diadem
Where God had bid it shine.

Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light,
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

Mourn for the lost—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse, them to slum that dreadful fall
And to the refuge see.

Mourn for the lost—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's way,
And show his saving love.

Stories.

TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM."

"Observe Mrs. Gordon," I heard a lady near me say in a low voice to her companion.

"What of her?" was returned.

"Follow the directions of her eyes."
I did so, as well as the ladies near me, and saw that Mrs. Gordon was looking anxiously at one of her sons, who was filling his glass for it, might be, the second or third time.

"It is no place for that young man," one of them remarked. "I pity his mother. There is a fine fellow at heart and has a bright mind; but he is falling into habits that will, I fear, destroy him. I think he has too much self-respect to visit bar-rooms frequently; but an occasion like this gives him a liberty that is freely used to his hurt. It is all very respectable; and the best people set an example he is too ready to follow."

I heard no more but that was quite enough to give my nerves a new shock, and fill my heart with a new disquietude. A few minutes afterward, I found myself at the side of Mrs. Gordon. To a remark that I made, she answered in an absent kind of a way, as though the meaning of what I said did not reach her thought. She looked past me; I followed her eyes with mine, and saw her youngest boy, not yet eighteen, with a glass of champagne to his lips. He was drinking with a too apparent sense of enjoyment. The sigh that passed the mother's lips, smote my ears with accusation.

"Mrs. Carleton! A frank, cheery voice dropped into my ear. It was that of Alfred Martindale, the son of my friend. He was handsome, and had a free, winning manner. I saw by the flash in his cheeks, and the gleam in his eyes that wine had already quickened the flow of blood in his veins.

"You are enjoying yourself," I said.

"Oh, splendidly!" then bending to my ear, he added—"You've given the finest entertainment of the season."

"Hush!" I whispered, raising my finger. Then added, in a warning tone—"Enjoy it in moderation, Alfred."

His brows knit slightly. The crowd parted us, and we did not meet again during the evening.

By twelve o'clock, most of the ladies had withdrawn from the supper-room; but the enticement of wine held too many of the men there—young and old. Bursts of coarse laughter, loud exclamations, and snatches of song rang out from the company in strange confusion. It was difficult to realize that the actors in this scene of revelry were gentlemen, and gentlemen's sons so called, and not the coarse frequenters of a corner tavern.

Guests now began to withdraw quietly. It was about half past twelve when Mrs. Martindale came down from the dressing room, with her daughter, and joined Mr. Martindale in the hall, where he had been waiting for them.

"Where is Albert?" I heard the mother ask.

"I will call him for you," I said coming forward.

"Oh, do if you please," my friend replied. There was a husky tremor in her voice.

I went to the supper-room. All the ladies had retired, and the door was shut. I saw a scene for a gentleman's house presented itself! Cigars had been lighted, and the air was thick with smoke. As I pushed open the door, my ear was fairly stunned by the confusion of sounds. There was a hubbub of voices, and I saw bottles from many hands set quickly upon the table, and glasses removed from lips already too deeply stained with wine. With three or four exceptions, all of this company were young men and boys. Near the door was the person I sought.

"Albert!" I called, and the young man came forward. His face was darkly flushed, and his eyes red and glittering.

"Albert, your mother is going," I said.

"Give her my compliments," he answered, with an air of mock courtesy, "and tell her that she has my gracious permission."

"Come!" I urged; "she is waiting for you."

He shook his head resolutely. "I'm not going for an hour, Mrs. Carleton. Tell mother not to trouble herself. I'll be home in good time."

I urged him, but in vain.

"Tell him that he must come!" Mrs. Martindale turned on her husband an appealing look of distress, when I gave her Alfred's reply.

But the father did not care to assert an authority which might not be heeded, and answered—"Let him enjoy himself with the rest. Young blood beasts quicker than old."
The flush of excited feeling went out of Mrs. Martindale's face. I saw it but for an instant after this reply from her husband; but, like a sun-painting, its whole expression was transferred to a leaf of memory, where it is as painfully vivid, now as on that never-to-be-forgotten evening. It was pale and convulsed and the eyes full of despair. A dark presentiment of something terrible had fallen upon her—the shadow of an approaching woe that was to burden all her life.

My friend passed out from my door and left me so wretched that I could with difficulty rally my feelings to give other parting guests a pleasant word. Mrs. Gordon had to leave in her carriage without her sons who gave no heed to the repeated message she sent to them.

At last all the ladies were gone; but there still remained a dozen young men in the supper-room, from whence came to my ears a sickening sound of carousal. I sought my chamber, and partly disrobing, threw myself on a bed. Here I remained in a state of wretchedness impossible to describe, for an hour, when my husband came in.

"Are they all gone?" I asked, rising.

"All, thank God!" he answered, with a sigh of relief. Then, after a moment's pause he said—"If I live a thousand years, Agnes, the scene of to-night shall never be repeated in my house! I feel not only a sense of disgrace, but worse—a sense of guilt! What have we been doing? Giving our influence and our money to help in the work of elevating and refining society? or in the work of corrupting and debasing it? Are the young men who left our house a little while ago, as strong for good as when they came in? Alas! alas! that we must answer, No! What if Alfred Martindale were our son?"

This last sentence pierced me as if it had been a knife.

"He went out just now," continued Mr. Carleton, "so much intoxicated that he walked straight only by an effort."

"Why did you let him go?" I asked, fear laying suddenly its cold hand on my heart. "What if harm should come to him?"

"The worst harm will be a night at the Station House, should he happen to get into a drunken brawl on his way home," my husband replied.

I shivered as I murmured—"His poor mother!"

slumber was brief and unrefreshing.

The light came dimly in through half-drawn curtains the next morning, when a servant knocked at my door.

"What is wanted?" I asked.

"Did Mr. Alfred Martindale sleep here last night?"

I sprang from bed, strangely agitated, and partly opening the chamber door, said in a voice whose unsteadiness I could not control—"Why do you ask, Katy? What wants to know?"

"Mrs. Martindale has sent to inquire. The girl says he didn't come home last night."

"Tell her that he left our house about two o'clock," I replied; and shutting the chamber door, staggered back to the bed and fell across it, all my strength gone for the moment.

"Send her word to inquire at one of the police stations," said my husband, bitterly.

I did not answer, but lay in a half stupor, under the influence of benumbing mental pain. After awhile, I arose, and, looking out, saw everything clothed in a white mantle, and the snow falling in large flakes, heavily but silently, through the air. How the sight chilled me. That the air was piercing cold, I knew by the delicate frost-penciling all over the window panes.

After breakfast, I sent to Mrs. Martindale a note of inquiry about Albert. A verbal answer came from the distracted mother, saying that he was still absent, and that inquiry of the police had failed to bring any intelligence in regard to him. It was still hoped that he had gone home with some friend, and would return during the day.

Steadily the snow continued to fall, and as the wind had risen since morning it drifted heavily. By ten o'clock was many inches deep, and there was no sign of abatement. My suspense and fear were so oppressing that, in spite of the storm, I dressed myself and went out to call on my friend. I found her in her chamber, looking very pale, and calmer than I had hoped to find her. But the calmness I soon saw to be a congelation of feeling—Fear of the worst had frozen the wild waves into stillness.

"God knows best," she said, in a voice so sad that its tones ached through my heart. "We are all in His hands. Pray for me, Agnes, that I may have strength. If He does not give me strength, I shall die."

I shivered; for both in voice and look were signs of wavering reason.—I tried to comfort her with suggestions as to where Albert might be. "No doubt," I said, "he went home with a friend, and we may look any moment for his return. Why should the absence of a few hours so alarm you?"

There was a stormy glare in her eyes as she shook her head silently. She arose, and walking to the window, stood for several minutes looking out upon the snow. I watched her closely. She was motionless as marble.—After awhile I saw a quick shudder run through her frame. Then she turned and came slowly back to the lounge from which she had risen, and lay down quietly, shutting her eyes.—Oh, the still anguish of that pale, pinched face! Shall I ever be able to draw a veil over its image in my mind?

Suddenly she started up. Her ear had caught the sound of the street bell which had just been rung. She went hurriedly to the chamber door and stood out in the upper hall, listening.

"Who is it?" she asked, in a hoarse, eager undertone, as a servant came up after answering the bell.

"Mrs. Gordon's man. He called to ask if we'd heard anything from Mr. Alfred yet."

Mrs. Martindale came back into her chamber with a whiter face and unsteady steps, not replying. The servant stood looking after her with a countenance in which doubt and pity were mingled; then turned and went down stairs.

I did not go home until evening.—All day the snow fell drearily, and the wind sighed and moaned along the streets, or shrieked painfully across sharp angles, or rattled with wild, impatience the loose shutters that obstructed its way. Every hour had its breathless suspense or nervous excitement. Messengers came and went perpetually. As the news of Albert's prolonged absence spread among his friends, and the friends of the family, the circle of search and inquiry became larger, and the suspense greater. To prevent the almost continual ring of the bell, it was muffled, and a servant

stationed by the door to receive or answer all who came.

Night dropped down, shutting in with a strange suddenness, as some heavier clouds darkened the west.—Up to this period not a single item of intelligence from the absent one had been gained since, as related by one of the young Gordons, he parted from him between two and three o'clock in the morning, and saw him take his way down one of the streets, not far from his home, leading to the river.—It was snowing fast at the time, and the young man was well covered.

Closer questioning of the young man revealed the fact that Alfred Martindale was, at that time, so much intoxicated that he could not walk steadily.

"I looked after him," said Gordon, "as he left me, and saw him stagger from side to side; but in a few moments the snow and darkness hid him from sight. He was not far from home, and would, I had no doubt, find his way there."

Nothing beyond this was ascertained on the first day of his absence. I went home soon after dark, leaving Mrs. Martindale with other friends.—The anguish I was suffering no words can tell. Not such anguish as pierced the mother's heart; but, in one degree sharper, in that guilt and responsibility were on my conscience.

Three days went by. He had vanished and left no sign! The whole police of the city sought for him, but in vain. Their theory was that he had missed his home, and wandered on toward the docks, where he had been robbed and murdered and his body thrown into the river. He had on his person a valuable gold watch, and a diamond pin worth over two hundred dollars; sufficient temptation for robbery and murder, if his unsteady feet had chanced to bear him into that part of the city lying near the river.

All hope of finding Alfred alive was abandoned after a week's agonizing suspense, and Mr. Martindale offered a reward of five hundred dollars for the recovery of his son's body. Stimulated by this offer, hundreds of boatmen began the search up and down the rivers, and along the shores of the bay, leaving no point unvisited where the body might have been borne by the tides. But over large portions of this field, ice had formed on the surface, closing up many small bays and indentations of the land. There were hundreds of places, into any one of which the body might have floated, and where it must remain until the warm airs of spring set the water free again. The search was fruitless.

Mrs. Martindale had lapsed into a state of dull indifference to everything but her great sorrow. That absorbed her whole mental life. It was the house in which her soul dwelt, the chamber of affliction wherein she lived, and moved, and had her being—so darkly draped that no light came in through the windows. Very still and passionless she sat here, refusing to be comforted.

Forced by duty, yet dreading always to look into her face, that seemed full of accusations, I went often to see my friend. It was very plain that in her mind, I was an accessory to her son's death. Not after the first few days did I venture to offer a word of comfort; for such words from my lips seemed as mockery. They faltered on my tongue.

One day I called and the servant took up my name. On returning to the parlor, she said that Mrs. Martindale did not feel very well, and wished to be excused. The servant's manner confirmed my instant suspicion. I had looked for this; yet was not the pang it gave me less acute for the anticipation? Was I not the instrumental cause of a great calamity that had wrecked her dearest hope in life? And how could she bear to see my face?

I went home very heavy-hearted.—My husband tried to comfort me with words that had no balm for either his troubled heart or mine. The great fact of our having put the cup of confusion to that young man's lips and sent him forth at midnight in no condition to find his way home, stood out too sharply defined for any self-delusion.

I did not venture to the house of my friend again. She had dropped a curtain between us, and I said—"It shall be a wall of separation."

Not until spring opened was the body of Alfred Martindale recovered. It was found floating in the dock, at the end of the street down which young Gordon saw him go with unsteady steps, in the darkness and storm on that night of sorrow. His watch was in his pocket, the hands pointing to half-past two, the time, in all proba-

bility, when he fell into the water.—The diamond pin was in his scarf, and his pocket-book in his pocket, unripped. He had not been robbed and murdered. So much was certain. To all it was plain that the bewildered young man, left to himself, had plunged on blindly through the storm, going he knew not whither, until he reached the wharf. The white sheet of snow lying over everything, hid from eyes like his the treacherous margin, and he stepped, unheeding, to his death! It was conjectured that his body had floated, by an incoming tide, under the wharf, and that his clothes had caught in the logs and held it there for so long a time.

Certainty is always better than doubt. On the Sunday after the saddest funeral it has ever been my lot to attend, Mrs. Martindale appeared for the first time in church. I did not see her face, for she kept her heavy black veil closely drawn. On the following Sunday she was in the family pew again, but still kept her face hidden. From friends who visited her, (I did not call again after my first denial) I learned that she had become calm and resigned.

To one of these friends she said—"It is better that he should have died, than live to be what I too sadly fear our good society would have made him—a social burden and disgrace.—But custom and example were all against him. It was at the house of one of my oldest and dearest friends that wine enticed him. The sister of my heart put madness in his brain, and then sent him forth to meet a death he had no skill left to avoid."
Oh, how these sentences cut, and bruised, and pained my heart already too sore to bear my own thoughts without agony!

What more shall I write? Is not this unadorned story sad enough, and full enough of counsel and warning? Far sooner would I let it sleep, and go farther and farther away into the oblivion of past events; but the times demand a startling cry of warning. And so, out of the dark depths of the saddest experience of my life, I have brought this grief, and shame, and agony to the light, and let it stand shivering in the face of all men.

What Breaks Down Young Men.

It is a commonly received notion that hard study is the unhealthy element of college life. But from tables of the mortality of Harvard University, collected by Professor Pierce from the last triennial catalogue, it is clearly demonstrated that the excess of deaths, for the first ten years after graduation, is found in that portion of each class inferior in scholarship.—Every one who has been through the curriculum knows that where Eschylus and political economy injure one, late hours and rum punches use up a dozen; and that the two little fingers of Morpheus are heavier than the loins of Enkidu.

Dissipation is a swift and sure destroyer, and every young man who follows it is as the early flower exposed to untimely frost. Those who have been inveigled into the path of vice are named "Legion," for they are many—enough to convince every novice that he has no security that he shall escape a similar fate. A few hours of sleep each night, high living and plenty of "smashes," make war upon every function in the human body. The brains, the heart, the lungs, the liver, the spine, the limbs, the bones, the flesh—every part and faculty—are over-taxed, worn and weakened by the terrific energy of passion and appetite loosed from restraint, until, like a dilapidated mansion, the "earthly house of his tabernacle" falls into ruinous decay. Fast young men, right about!—

A CHURCH BUILT OF GOLDEN BRICK.

We are informed by Mr. J. P. Brown, of the firm of Brown & Bier, contractors for building the large Catholic church in this city, that every brick in this mammoth building contains a quantity of fine gold. This fine edifice probably contains more brick than any block in the city. For a long time the workmen and bricklayers have noticed small specks in the bricks resembling gold, but which of course, they little thought was in reality the precious metal. Yesterday Mr. Hempler, the architect, having pulverized several of the bricks, ascertained beyond a doubt, by the aid of chemicals, that they really contained gold.—*Atchison (Kansas) Patriot.*

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION