

Nov 29th 1868.

From A. H. Hannington
Joannes H. H.

From A. H. Hannington

Friday
Evening

The
Friend
of
Temperance

THE FRIEND OF TEMPERANCE,
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Poetry.

ADDRESS TO A JUG OF RUM.
Here, only by a cork controlled,
And slender walls of earthen mold,
In all the pomp of death repose
The seeds of many a bloody nose;
The fluttering tongue, the horrid oath;
The first for fighting nothing loth;
The passions which no word can tame,
That burst like sulphur into flame;
The nose carbuncled, glowing red;
The bloated eye, the broken head;
The tree that bears a deadly fruit
Of murder, maiming, and dispute,
Assaults that innocence assails;
The images of gloomy fits,
The giddy thought on mischief bent,
The midnight hour in riot spent;
All these within this jug appear,
And Jack the hangman in the rear."

MY LOVE AND I.

We never spoke a word of love,
We never named its name,
And through the leafy wood and down
The shadowed path we came:
And yet—and yet—I almost think,
Although I can't tell why,
This love is mine, and mine is his:
We're ours—my love and I.

Here let meat and live in thought
Those blissful hours again,
And ere I heard them in my heart
Their sap and sweetness drain,
The hiccups hung their fair young heads
Beneath the blue sky:
We talked of trival common things—
We talked—my love and I.

And once—how well I know the spot—
We stopped beside the brook,
And saw the gurgling waters, as
Their sunlight way they took:
My eyes met his, the soul of love
In that brief glance did lie,
My eyelids drooped—we watched the
stream
Flow past—my love and I.

And now, I'm nothing more to say;
My heart won't let me tell
The silent talk our spirits had,
The charm that over us fell,
I am not sure, but still I think,
Although I can't tell why,
His love is mine and mine is his:
We're ours—my love and I.

Novellette.

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

I never shall forget the commencement of the temperance reformation. I was a child, at the time, of some ten years of age. Our home had every comfort, and my kind parents idolized me, their child. Wine was often on the table, and both my father and mother frequently gave it to me in the bottom of the morning glass.

One Sunday at church a startling announcement was made to our people I knew nothing of its purport, but there was much whispering among the men. The pastor said that on the next evening there would be a meeting, and an address upon the evils of intemperance in the use of alcoholic drinks. He expressed himself ignorant of the object of the meeting, and could not say what course it would be best to pursue in the matter.

The subject of the meeting came up at our table after the service, and I questioned my father about it with all the curious eagerness of a child. The whisper and words which had been dropped in my hearing, clothed the whole affair with a great mystery to me, and I was all eagerness to learn the strange thing. My father merely said it was some scheme to unite church and state.

The night came, and groups of people gathered on the tavern steps, and I heard the jest and the laugh, and saw drunken men come reeling out of the bar-room. I urged my father to let me go, but he at first refused. Finally thinking that it would be an innocent gratification of my curiosity, he put on his hat, and we passed across the green to the church. I well remember how the people appeared as they came in, seeming to wonder what sort of an exhibition was to come off.

In the corner was the tavern-keeper, and around him a number of his friends. For an hour the people of the place continued to come in, till there was a fair house full. All were curiously watching the door, and apparently wondering what would appear. The pastor stole in, and took his seat behind a pillar under the gallery, as if doubtful of the propriety of being in the church at all.

Two men finally came in and went

forward to the altar and took their seats. All eyes were fixed upon them and a general stillness prevailed throughout the house.

The men were unlike in appearance one being short, thick set in his build, and the other tall and well formed. The younger had the manner and dress of a clergyman, a full round face and a quiet, good natured look, as he leisurely looked around over the audience.

But my childish interest was in the old man. His broad, deep chest and unusual height looked giant like, as he strode slowly up the aisle. His hair was white, his brow deeply scanned with furrows, and around his handsome mouth, lines of calm and touching sadness. His eye was black and restless, and kindled as the tavern-keeper uttered a low jest aloud. His lips were compressed, and a crimson flush went and came over his pale cheek. One arm was off above the elbow, and there was a wide scar over the right eye.

The younger finally arose and stated the objects of the meeting, and asked if there was a clergyman present to open in prayer. Our pastor kept his seat, and the speaker himself made a short prayer, and then made a short address; at the conclusion, calling upon any one present to make remarks. The pastor arose, attacked the positions of the speaker, using the arguments which I have often heard since and concluding by denouncing those engaged in the new movement as meddling fanatics, who wished to break up the time-honored usages of good society, and injure the business of respectable people. At the conclusion of his remarks, the tavern-keeper and his friends got up a cheer, and the current of feeling was evidently against the strangers and their plan.

While the pastor was speaking, the old man had fixed his dark blue eye upon him, and leaned forward as if to catch every word.

As the pastor took his seat the old man arose, his tall form towering in its symmetry, and his eye, as he inhaled his breath through his thin, dilated nostrils. To me, at that time, there was something awe-inspiring and grand in the appearance of the old man, as he stood, with his full eye upon the audience, his teeth shattering, and a silence like that of death throughout the church.

He bent his gaze upon the tavern-keeper, and that peculiar eye lingered and kindled for half a moment. The scar grew red upon his forehead, and beneath the heavy brows his eyes glittered and glowed like a serpent's. The tavern-keeper quailed beneath that searching glance, and I felt a relief when the old man withdrew his gaze. For a moment more he seemed lost in thought, and then in low and tremulous tones, commenced. There was depth in that voice, a thrilling sweetness and pathos, which riveted every heart in the church before the first period had been rounded. My father's attention had become fixed upon the eye of the speaker with an interest I had never before seen him exhibit. I can but briefly remember the substance of what the old man said, though the scene is as vivid before me as any that I ever witnessed.

"My friends! I am a stranger in your village, and trust I may call you friends. A new star has arisen, and there is hope in the dark night which hangs, like a pall of gloom, over our country."

With a thrilling depth of voice, the speaker continued, "O! God, thou who lookest with compassion upon the most erring of earth's frail children, I thank thee that a brazen serpent has been lifted up on which the drunkard can look and be healed. That a beacon has burst out upon the darkness that surrounds him, which shall guide back to honor and heaven the bruised and weary wanderer."

It is strange what power there is in some voices. The speaker's was low and measured, but a tear trembled in every tone, and, before I knew why, a tear dropped, upon my hand, followed by others like rain-drops. The old man brushed one from his eye, and continued:

"Men and Christians you have just heard that I am a vagrant and a fanatic. I am not. As God knows my own sad heart, I came here to do good. Hear me and be just."

"I am an old man, standing alone at the end of life's journey. There is deep sorrow in my heart and tears in my eyes. I have journeyed over a dark, beaconless ocean, and all life's bright hopes have been wrecked. I

am without friends, home or kindred on earth, and look with longing to the rest of the night of death. Without friends, kindred or home! It was not once so!"

No one could withstand the touching pathos of the old man. I noticed a tear trembling on the lid of my father's eye, and I no more felt ashamed of my own.

I once had a mother. With her old heart crushed with sorrows, she went down to her grave. I once had a wife—a fair and cheerful creature as ever smiled in an earthly home. Her eye was as mild as a summer sky, and her heart as faithful and true as ever guarded and cherished a husband's love. Her blue eye grew dim as the floods of sorrow washed away its brightness, and the living heart I wrang till every fiber was broken. I once had a noble, a brave and beautiful boy; but he was driven out from the ruins of his home, and my heart yearns to know if he yet lives. I once had a babe, a sweet, tender blossom; but these hands destroyed it, and it lives with one who loveth children.

Do not be startled, friends—I am not a murderer, in the common acceptation of the term. Yet there is light in my evening. A spirit mother rejoices over the return of her prodigal son. The wife smiles upon him who again turns back to virtue and honor. The child—angel visits me at night-fall, and I feel the hallowing touch of a tiny palm upon my feverish cheek. My brave boy, if he yet lives, would forgive the sorrowing old man for the treatment which drove him into the world, and the blow that maimed him for life. God forgive me for the ruin which I have brought upon me and mine."

He again wiped a tear from his eye. My father watched him with a strange intensity, and a countenance unusually pale and excited by some strong emotion.

"I was once a fanatic, and madly followed a dream, which I thought would sacrifice my wife, children, happiness and home, to the auring demon of the bowl. I once adored the gentle being whom I injured so deeply. I was a drunkard. From respectability and affluence I plunged into degradation and poverty. I dragged my family down with me. For years I saw her cheek pale and stop grew weary. I left her alone amid the wreck of her home idols, and rioted at the tavern. She never complained, yet she and the children went hungry for bread."

"One New Year's night, I returned late to the hut when charity had given us a roof. She was yet up, and shivering over the coals. I demanded food, but she burst into tears and told me there was none. I fiercely ordered her to get me some. She turned her eyes sadly upon me, the tears falling fast over her pale cheek."

"At this moment the child in his cradle awoke and sent up a famishing wail startling the despairing mother like a serpent's sibilant."

"We have no food, James—have had none for two days. I have nothing for the babe. My once kind husband, must we starve?"

"That sad, pleading face, and those streaming eyes, and the feeble wail of the child maddened me, and I—yes, I—struck her a fierce blow in the face, and she fell forward upon the hearth. The furies of hell boiled in my bosom, and with deeper intensity, as I felt that I had committed a wrong! I had never struck Mary before, but now some terrible impulse bore me on, and I stooped down, as well as I could, in my drunken state, and clinched both hands in her hair."

"God of mercy, James?" exclaimed my wife, as she looked up in my fiendish countenance, "you will not kill us; you will not harm Willie," and she sprang to the cradle and grasped him in her embrace. I caught her again by the hair and dragged her to the door, and, as I lifted the latch, the wind burst in with a cloud of snow. With the yell of a fiend, I still dragged her on and hurled her out into the darkness and the storm. With a wild ha! ha! I closed the door and turned the button, her pleading moans mingling with the wail of the blast and sharp cry of her babe. But my work was not complete. I turned to the little bed where lay my older son and snatched him from his slumbers, and against his half-awakened struggles, opened the door and threw him out. In the agony of fear, he called to me by a name I was no longer fit to bear, and locked his little fingers into my side pocket. I could not wrench the

frenzied grasp away, and, with the coolness of a devil as I was shut the door upon the arm, and with my knife severed it at the wrist!"

The speaker ceased a moment and buried his face in his hands, as if to shut out some fearful dream, and his deep chest heaved like a storm-swept sea. My father had risen from his seat and was leaning forward, his countenance bloodless, and the large drops standing upon his brow. Chills crept back to my young heart, and I wished I was at home. The old man looked up, and I never have since beheld such mortal agony pictured upon a human face, as there was on his.

It was morning when I awoke, and the storm had ceased, but the cold was intense. I first secured a drink of water, and then I looked in the accustomed place for Mary. As I missed her, for the first time a shadowy scene of some horrible nightmare began to dawn upon my wandering mind. I thought that I had dreamed a fearful dream, but involuntarily opened the outside door with a shuddering dread. As the door opened, the snow burst in followed by a fall of something across the threshold scattering the snow and striking the floor with a sharp, hard sound. My blood shot like red-hot arrows through my veins, and I rubbed my eyes to shut out the sight. It was—it—God, how terrible!—it was my own injured Mary and her babe, frozen to ice! The ever true mother had bowed herself over the child to shield it, and wrapped all her clothing on it, leaving her own person stark and bare to the storm. She had placed her hair over the face of the child, and the sleet had frozen it to the white cheek. The frost was white in its half-open eyes and upon its tiny fingers. I know not what became of my brave boy."

Again the old man bowed his head and wept, and all that were in the house wept with him. My father sobbed like a child. In tones of low and heart-broken pathos, the old man concluded:

"I was arrested, and for long months I raved in delirium. I awoke, was sentenced to prison for ten years; but no tortures could have been like those I have endured within my own bosom. Oh, God, no! I am not a fanatic. I wish to injure no one. But while I live, let me strive to warn others not to enter the path which has been so dark and fearful a one to me. I would see my angel wife and children beyond this vale of tears."

The old man sat down, but a spell as deep and strange as that wrought by some wizard's breath rested upon the audience. Hearts could have been heard in their beating, and tears to fall. The old man then asked the people to sign the pledge. My father leaped from his seat and snatched at it eagerly. I had followed him, and as he hesitated a moment, with the pen in the ink, a tear fell from the old man's eye upon the paper.

"Sign it—sign it, young man. Angels would sign it. I would write my name there ten thousand times in blood if it would bring back loved and lost ones."

My father wrote 'Mortimer Hudson.' The old man looked, wiped his tearful eyes, and looked again, his countenance alternately flushed with red and deathlike paleness.

"It is—no, it cannot be—yet how strange!" muttered the old man. "Pardon me, sir, but that is the name of my own brave boy."

My father trembled and held up his left arm, from which the hand had been severed. They looked for a moment in each other's eyes, both reeled and gasped—

"My own injured boy!"

"My father!"

They fell upon each other's necks till it seemed that their souls would grow and mingle into one. There was weeping in that church, and I turned bewildered upon the streaming faces around me.

"Let me thank God for this great blessing, which has gladdened my guilt-burdened soul," exclaimed the old man, and knelt down, pouring out his heart in one of the most melting prayers I ever heard. The spell was broken, and all eagerly signed the pledge, slowly going to their homes, as if loth to leave the spot.

That old man is dead, but the lessons he taught his grandchild on the knee, as his evening sun went down without a cloud, will never be forgotten. His fanaticism has lost none of its fire in my manhood's heart.

The President has signed the extradition treaty with Italy.

WHAT IT WOULD DO.

"Give me," says one, "the money that has been spent in rum, and I will purchase every foot of ground on the globe. I will clothe every man, woman and child in an attire that kings and queens might be proud of. I will build a school house upon every hill-side and in every valley over the whole earth. I will supply that schoolhouse with a competent teacher. I will build an academy in every town, and endow it; a college in every State, and fill it with able professors. I will crown every hill with a church consecrated to the gospel of peace, and support in the pulpit an able teacher of righteousness; or that on every Sabbath morning, the chime on one hill shall answer to the chime on another around the earth's broad circumference, and the voice of prayer and the song of praise shall ascend as one universal offering to heaven."

This is no voice of enthusiasm, but a simple utterance of what is literally true and practicable, as any one can see who will consult facts and history.

Pass it round, then, ye lovers of temperance, and let the people see where the money goes to that might feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and give to all the nations the bread of life. Pass it round, and let all see that intemperance wastes more, by untold millions, than ambition grasps or avarice covers; and they that find fault with our benevolence, or our social organizations, let them learn that the social disorganizations, crimes and miseries which intemperance produces are a thousand fold more extensive and grievous to be borne.

RESPONSIBILITY.

A young man in Virginia had become sadly intemperate. He was a man of great capacity, fascination and power, but he had a passion for brandy which nothing could control. Often in his walks a friend remonstrated with him, but in vain; as often in turn would he urge his friend to take the social glass in vain. On one occasion the latter agreed to yield to him, and as they walked up to the bar together the bar-keeper said:

"Gentlemen, what will you have?"

"Wine, sir," was the reply.

The glasses were filled, and the friends stood ready to pledge each other in renewed and eternal friendship when he paused and said to his intemperate friend:

"Now, if I drink this glass and become a drunkard, will you take the responsibility?"

The drunkard looked at him with severity and said:

"Set down that glass!" It was set down, and the two walked away without saying a word.

Oh! the drunkard knows the awful consequences of the first glass. Even in his own madness for liquor he is not willing to assume the responsibility of another's becoming a drunkard.

What if the question were put to every dealer, as he asks for his license and pays his money, "Are you willing to assume the responsibility?" How many would say, if the love of gain and money did not rule, "Take back the license."

Justification by Sanctification is man's way; to heaven, and he will make a little serve the turn. Sanctification by justification is God's, and he fills the soul with his own fullness.

—Plummer.

Gen. R. E. Lee has been tendered the position of Supervisor of the Knickerbocker Life Insurance Company for the South, with a salary of \$10,000 per annum.

The Bank of North Carolina has gone into bankruptcy.