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# FRIEND OF TEMPERANCE.

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ADVERTISING RATES:  
A limited number of advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:  
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For each subsequent insertion, 50 cts  
Eight lines or less, continue as usual  
Liberal arrangements will be made with parties wishing to advertise by the month or year.

**Party.**  
*A Voice from the Penitentiary.*  
The following beautiful lines, were found pencilled by a convict in one of the books belonging to the Library of the Provincial Penitentiary, Kingston, Canada.

**MOTHER.**  
I've wandered far away, mother,  
Far from my happy home,  
And left the land that gave me birth  
In other climes to roam;  
And time since then has rolled his years  
And marked them on my brow;  
Yet still I think on thee, mother,  
I'm thinking of thee now.

When by thy gentle side, mother,  
Thou watched my dawning youth,  
And kissed me in your private mother,  
T'ought me the world of truth;  
Thou brightly was my soul lit up  
With thoughts of future joy,  
Whilst you bright garlands wove, mother,  
To deck your darling boy.

I'm thinking on the day, mother,  
When with such anxious care,  
You lifted up your heart to Heaven—  
Your hope, your trust was there,  
For memory brings the parting glance,  
Whilst tears roll down my cheek;  
The last, long, loving look told me  
That ever words can speak.

**Douzellette.**

THE DOUBLE BLESSING.

Deacon Gray had a habit, and he carried it through life with him, of making the wants and sufferings of others in some sort his own. The habit, or whatever else it might be called, certainly increased with his years—and his worthy help-meet, during the long period of their wedded life, through the influence of assimilation, and above all, the heavenly fruits of a sanctified sorrow, had grown to be modulated very nearly after the same pattern.

So when the deacon sat down, one wild, stormy evening, paper and spectacles in hand and related the news, which was in everybody's mouth, as they seated themselves around cheerful tea tables and blazing fires, or gathered in social knots at the village store—Mrs. Gray ceased to rock back and forth in her arm-chair, cushioned with hen's feathers, and dropped her knitting-work, quite regardless of the little white and black kitten at her side, which instantly put the ball to the use a feline fancy suggested.

And what will become of Jerry?  
Fifty other people that day had asked the same question; but coming from good Mrs. Gray's honest, motherly heart, the very words sounded differently like the same tune played in dissimilar keys.

The Deacon's eye as it sought the open paper, fell on the shipping list; but it was quickly withdrawn, as if the glance pained him. His answering remark, most persons would have thought a very decided digression from the subject.

'It is just three years to night, Mary, since we heard our boy was drowned. We were expecting him home from that long voyage, and you put on your best silk dress that he bought for you in Canton, and set the tea-table with the china set.'

Mrs. Gray's eyes sought the burning embers, which flashed, and flickered, and glowed, as they did on that never to be forgotten night, and puss made another tangle in the yarn.

A pain, sharp, bitter, choking, strangled her reply. William was their only son, the pride of their hearts, a bright-eyed, merry boy. But he was born within sight of the sea, and from his earliest childhood, when he built mimic ships that made wonderful voyages over mimic oceans all his thoughts and desires centered on the blue heaving waves, with a strange fascination which his parents, much as they loved him, could not resist.

So William went to sea. It almost broke his mother's heart, but when he came home from his first voyage, looking so handsome and manly, with the rich healthful color flushing his bronzed cheek it throbbed with such pride and joy as only mother's hearts know.

He had a story to tell. Far away from home, but with all its sweet influences hovering around his path like so many guardian angels, pacing the deck in the starry tropical night watches, God had met him; not in the flame, not in the earthquake, nor in the whirlwind, but in the still small voice of love. The prayers of Deacon Gray and his wife were answered, and William went back to his ship, that most noble vessel, the earth, an open-handed, open-hearted Christian sailor.

Then came the shock. It traced broad furrows on the good Deacon's kindly face, bowed his tall, straight form, and silvered his wife's brown hair; but we draw a veil over that fearful night, so fresh in the memories of both. There was a sacred sorrow, and yielded the 'peaceable fruits of righteousness.'

'Do you think any of our William's clothes, that you keep in the red trunk, would do for Jerry, with a little fixing?' inquired the Deacon, clearing his voice, which had grown husky. We will not transcribe gentle Mrs. Gray's reply, nor relate the long conversation which followed, extending into the 'wee small hours' of the night. Suffice it to say that on the morrow, the Deacon's horse and wagon took a journey to the hovel where Jerry lived.

The poor boy was crouching on a straw pallet, in one corner, resisting all endeavors, stern or kindly to induce him to quit his wretched home, that was home no longer. His father had deserted him when an infant; his mother, in her thirst for liquor, forgot all her maternal instincts, and died one stormy night, from the effects of drinking.

Jerry must go to the poor house, the neighbors said; but Jerry had another mind about the matter, and half frightened at the crowd of strange faces, looked about him with a pinched, hungry face, and eyes like those of a wild animal at bay. They pitied him and disliked to employ force; but while deliberating what method to pursue, Deacon Gray entered the hut, and made his way through the crowd straight to Jerry.

'Take these dirty duds off, the first thing, said her husband, and give him his supper, and then he'll do.'

Mrs. Gray was not slow in obeying the advice. Her heart warmed to the poor, forsaken boy, as his eyes rested on her face with a shy, timid gaze, hungry for new draughts of that love that had never been his before.

He would really be pretty, she said to her husband, after the washing and dressing operations were over, 'if it weren't for his starved look—' But well soon remedy that. And slipping into the pantry, she filled the china bowl that William had liked to eat from so well, and set it before Jerry.

And so, warmed and fed as he had never been in his life before, he went to sleep that night in a pretty little bed-room, with snowy curtains, and such soft white pillows, on which to rest his weary head, that no wonder he thought himself in heaven.

One or two years passed by, and neither the Deacon or his wife regretted the step. Jerry's warm, gushing love, healed the sore and aching spots in each heart, and though their own lost boy's place was still vacant, and ever would be, they gave the orphan all the paternal care and affection that had once been his.

Mrs. Gray proposed to name their adopted son William, but her husband objected. 'Our boy is not dead, but sleepeth,' he answered. 'We do not want two Williams in the family,' and his wife said no more.

One night as Jerry was bringing in wood through the back door, a stranger opened the gate and walked up to the lowest bordered path. Jerry had the loudest bordered path, Jerry had care had worked for him.

'Is Deacon Gray at home?' inquired the stranger. Jerry answered in the affirmative, and ushered him into the great kitchen, where the Deacon was busied with his inevitable companion, the newspaper, while his wife was engaged in preparing the evening meal.

**DANIEL BRYAN'S OATH.**  
Daniel Bryan had been a lawyer of eminence, but had fallen, through intoxication to beggary and a dying condition. Bryan had married, in his better days, the sister of Moses Felton.

At length all hopes were given up. Week after week would the fallen man lie drunk on the floor, and not a day of real sobriety marked his course. I doubt if another such case was known. He was too low for conviviality, for those with whom he would have associated would not drink with him.

All alone in his office and chamber he continued to drink, and even his very life seemed the offspring of this jug.

In early spring, Moses Felton had a call to go to Ohio. Before he set out he visited his sister. He offered to take her with him, but she would not go.

'But why stay here?' urged the brother; 'you are all faded away, and disease is upon you. Why should you live with such a brute?'

'Hush, Moses, speak not,' answered the wife, keeping back her tears. 'I will not leave him now, but he will soon leave me; he cannot live much longer.'

At that moment Daniel entered the apartment. He looked like a wanderer from the tomb; he had his hat on and his jug in his hand.

'Ah, Moses, how are ye?' he gasped, for he could not speak plainly. The visitor looked at him for a few moments in silence. Then, as his features assumed a cold, stern expression, he said, with a strongly emphasized tone:

kill me, then let me die! But I won't die; I'll live till Moses Felton shall eat his words.

He did live! An iron will conquered the messenger that death sent—Daniel Bryan lived. For one month he could not walk without help. But he had help—joyful, playful help—Mary helped him.

A year passed away, and Moses Felton returned to Vermont. He attended the Court-house at Burlington, and Daniel Bryan was on the spot pleading for a young man who had been indicted for forgery. Felton started with surprise. Never before had such torrents of eloquence poured from his lips. The charge was given to the jury, and the youth was acquitted. The successful counsel turned from the court-room, and he met Moses Felton.

They shook hands, but did not speak. When they reached a spot where none others could hear them, Bryan stopped.

'Moses, he said, do you remember the words you spoke to me a year ago?'

'I do, Daniel.'

'Will you take them back, unspoken, now and forever?'

'Yes, with all my heart.'

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