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THE FRIEND OF TEMPERANCE

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FRIEND OF TEMPERANCE

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THE FRIEND OF TEMPERANCE

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POETRY

From the Louisville Journal.

PASSING SHADOWS.

In the airy ocean of life... That below them have dim shadows... Off they come in dark battalions... Fading fast in realms afar...

CONTRIBUTIONS

For the Friend of Temperance.

THE MOTHER'S LAST PRAYER.

BY M. A. T.

Heavily the clouds fall upon the coffin, and not a whisper escapes the lips of those who stand around the grave...

Well, may she linger o'er this last scene! It was the last time she could press her boy to her heart, with the pride of one who can boast of a noble son...

But, oh! the last scene, how dark! how dreary! The clock strikes one, and her heart sinks within her, as she hears the wild strains raging without...

greater anguish to her almost broken heart, and each moment brings her nearer to despair. Thus, the weary hours wear on, until the first faint rays of morning reveal a human form, stretched stiff and cold upon the frozen ground...

Let us return to the grave, as the clouds fall heavily into the grave, each one seems a loadstone, pressing upon the mother's heart. She thinks of what her boy once was...

For the Friend of Temperance FROM BRO. WELLS.

BRO. WHITAKER:—Your paper must be generally read among the Friends. A copy must be found in every Council-room. We must all read it, weekly, and learn to speak words of encouragement...

I am receiving cheering news from several points in Virginia. At Staunton—where the Fall meeting of our State Council was held—a temperance and a religious revival have both been experienced...

Recently, a committee was appointed to wait upon all the clergy in turn and invite their co-operation. While Temperance has thus been revived, the churches have been greatly blessed. Forty or more additions have been made to the Methodist church, and other churches received smaller accessions...

At Harrisonburg, where brother Roller resides and at Waynesboro, where our good President is chief among the brethren, the cause is steadily going forward. I have good news also, from Winchester, Woodstock, Pearisburg and other points in the Valley.

Last week, I chartered Monterey Council No. 48, at Monterey, Highland County. This new Council will start off with flattering prospects.

Our Petersburg friends are rallying their forces, for a winter and spring campaign. I have also, good news from West Virginia. Brother McGliney, writes me from Shepherdstown, that they are doing well there, and also the Council at Charlestown is prospering.

Your Vances, your Hills, your Ravens, and Andrews's must push ahead in the Old North State, or we will be upon your heels, ere you are aware of it. A generous, a noble rivalry between us, will do the cause we all love, no harm.

Since parting with you during the session of your State Council, I have suffered much with my throat. I was in Baltimore, three weeks since, and had an operation performed by the renowned Dr. Smith, and hope now that I shall soon be entirely relieved.

I have much to write, when I have more time, and am myself again. Yours fraternally, W. B. WELLS.

AN ADDRESS

The following remarks, made by F. H. HITS, Esq., on Monday evening last, he being a second time installed President of Oak City Council, F. of T., are published by request of the Council:

BROTHERS OF OAK CITY COUNCIL:—I trust I am duly sensible of the high honor you have conferred on me, in again electing me to preside over the Council. I shall endeavor faithfully to discharge the duties devolved upon me, and look with confidence for your hearty co-operation in the maintenance of the Constitution and the enforcement of our by-laws.

On this evening, at the commencement of a new quarter, a new term and a new year, let us solemnly renew our allegiance to the great cause of humanity in which we have enlisted. Let us give on more firmly the triple mail of Faith, Temperance and Charity, and march steadily forward to rescue the unfortunate inebriate, and to throw around the youth of our country—the safe-guards of our association. In the past, Temperance and its blessings, Intemperance and the ruin, physical, intellectual and moral it entails upon the individual, the family, the community and the commonwealth, have elicited too little of our own attention in Council. Speeches and essays upon these topics should be frequently delivered or read in our meetings, and I trust that hereafter our sessions will not be altogether devoted to the nomination of candidates and the routine business of the Council, to the exclusion of serious thought and discussion concerning the more vital interests and principles of our association.

Upon the religious element of our order—upon faith in God—that works by love, and purifies the heart—depends our ultimate triumph. Let us seek the aid of Him continually whose grace alone can sustain us—who alone can lead us aright, and crown with the sun-light of eminent success, our every effort to shield the young, and to rescue the fallen. Urging upon all a regular attendance at our meetings, and renewed effort to increase our membership, and extend our usefulness in the community, I proceed, I solemnly to assume the duties of my office.

HANGING.—"Doctor," exclaimed a wag-gish son of temperance to a well-known doctor who was passing by the post-office; "Doctor, how long will it take hanging to produce death?" "Twenty or thirty minutes," replied the doctor pausing; "but why do you ask?" "Oh, because last night I saw a man hanging for two mortal hours and isn't dead yet."

There is a blithesome maiden that lives next door to me; her eyes are black as midnight, and handsome as can be. Her cheeks are full of dimples, and red as any rose; and this love of mine, too, has got a Roman nose! I asked her if she would have me—this was the other night—and this was her reply, friends? Why, Jimmy, you are tight! Says I, "I know I have, love, about a little wine; but that is not the question—will you, or not, be mine?" And then she put her face, friends, as near mine as she could, and with the sweetest smile, friends, said simply that she would—escort me to the door, if I was ready to depart. And thus it was the girl next door declined my hand and heart.

A gentleman near the Cornell University, saw a farmer's boy standing by the roadside holding a horse which he recognized. He asked the boy who was the owner of the horse, and the boy replied: "It belongs to that crazy Dutchman, looking for birds' nest over yonder in the woods." The "crazy Dutchman" was Prof. Louis Agassiz.

The finest idea of a thunder storm extant is when O'Fogarty came home light. He came into the room among his wife and daughters, and just then tumbled over the cradle and fell heavily to the floor. After a while he rose and said: "Wife are you hurt?" "No." "Girls are you hurt?" "No." "Terrible clap, wasn't it?"

SELECTED.

ROUSE DIAMOND.

We had been on a long journey through the woods of Eastern Maine, and now, on our way back to New York, were idling a few days at Boston.

"They're good matches, sir; two cents a box, sir," persisted the little chap, as the market showed symptoms of decline, and threatened to close decidedly flat.

"Get along, Bird's eye, don't want any, growled Williams."

"They're good matches, sir; two cents a box."

"Don't smoke."

"They're good matches, sir; two cents a box, sir;" coming around my flank.

"No; don't want them, my boy."

The keen, blue face, red, bare feet, ingrained with dirt, and bundle of scanty rags, looked piteously up at me, moved off a little, but still hovered around us.

"Give me a box, little one."

"Yes, sir; they don't smell."

"Ah, I have no coppers, little chap; nothing less than a quarter; so never mind, I'll buy from you to-morrow."

"Buy them to-night, if you please; I'm very hungry, sir."

His little cold face, which had lighted up, now fell, for from his bundle of papers, I saw his sales had been few that day.

"I'll go for change, sir."

"Well, little one, I'll try you; there is a quarter, now be a good boy, and bring the change to-morrow morning to the Parker House. Ask for Mr. Snow."

As sure as death, sir, I'll bring the change in the morning, was the promise of young Lucifer as he vanished down Brattle street with the quarter.

Next morning we visited Bunker Hill, the Great Organ, and the Common.

On my return to Parker's, I inquired: "Water, did a boy call for me to-day?" "Boy, sir—call, sir? No, sir."

"Of course, Fred, he didn't. Did you really expect to see the young Arab again?"

"Indeed I did, Charley. I wished he had proved honest."

Later, in the evening a small boy was introduced, who wished to speak to me. He was a dodecimo edition of the small octavo of the previous day, got up with loss outlay of capital—a shoeless, shirtless, shrunken, ragged, wretched little Arab of the streets. He was so very small and gold and childlike, though with the same shivering feet and frame, thin blue cold face, down which tears had worn their weary channel—that I say at once the child was not my friend of the previous night.

He stood for a few minutes diving and rummaging into the recesses of his rags; at last little Tom Thumb said:

"Are you the gentleman that bought matches from Sandy yesterday?" "Yes, my little man."

"Well, here's thirteen cents, (counting out dymers coin), Sandy can't come; he's not well; a cart ran over him this morning and broke his legs, and lost his cap and his matches, and—your ten cents, and—his knife, and—he's not well, and the doctor says—he's dy-ing, and that's all he can give you now." And the poor child, commencing with sobs, ended in a sore fit of crying.

"Where did this accident happen?" "In Hanover street near Blackstone."

candle stuck in a bottle, was an overcrowded mass of wretched beings, sleeping on miserable beds spread on the floor or squatted or reclining on the cold, unfinished boards.

Stepping over a prostrate drunkard, I found little Sandy on a bed of carpenter's shavings on the floor. He was still in his rags, and a torn and scanty coverlet had been thrown over him. Poor lad! he was so changed: His sharp, helio face was cold and clammy. Beads of the sweat of agony stood on his brow—his bruised and wounded body lay motionless and still, except when a shivering hand heaved his little heart.

A kind doctor from the neighborhood had called and left some medicine to soothe the poor lad's agony. For his case was hopeless, even though he had been taken at first, as he should have been, to the hospital, but his step-mother had forgotten to administer it. I applied it, and had him placed on a less miserable bed of straw, and feeling a woman, an occupant of the room, to attend him during the night, I gave what directions I could, and left the degraded, squalid home.

Next morning I was there again. With the exception of a broken chair, furniture there was none in that stifling den. Its occupants, said the doctor, whom I found at the sufferer's bed, were the city's dregs and the poor lad's step-mother, who had taken him from school that she might drink of his earnings, was as deep in infamy as any of them.

For the patient, medical skill was sought for he was sinking fast. His soul, looking from his light blue eye, was slowly ebbing out, his pallid cheeks were sunk and thin, but consciousness had returned, and his lamp was flickering before it sunk forever. As I took his feeble hand, a flicker of recognition seemed to gleam across his face.

"I got the change and was comin'!"

"My poor boy, you were very honest—Have you any wish—anything, poor child, I can do for you?"

"Rehby! I'm sure I'm dy-ing—who will take care of you now?"

"Little Rehben was instantly in a fit of crying, and threw himself prostrate on the bed. "Oh, Sandy, Sandy! Sandy!" sobbed his little heart.

"I will see to your brother."

"Thank you, sir—don't leave me, Ben—Reu—by, I'm comin'—comin'—"

"Whist, whist!" cried little Rehby, looking up and turning round to implore sterner in the room. That moment the calm, faded smile that seemed to have alighted as a momentary visitant upon his face, slowly passed away—the eyes became blank and glazed, and his little life imperceptibly rippled out.

The honest boy lies at Forest Hills, in a little grave in the "Strangers' Lot," and little Rehby is at the Home for Little Wanderers, from where I receive excellent accounts of him and from him.

"What of your young Arab, Snow?" said Williams, the following afternoon.

"Was he honest, and is he really ill?"

"Yes, Williams, he was an honest boy, and now he is where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

PITHY SAYINGS.—It has been well said by Professor Miller, of Edinburgh, that "alcohol cures nothing; it covers up a great deal." Dr. Guthrie in the same strain, says: "If you want to keep a dead man put him into whisky; if you want to kill a living man put the whisky into him. Wine is a capital medicine when taken in the original shape. Wine as grapes, wine in pill, will never hurt anybody. George III, writing to his favorite minister, Lord North, says, "I am sorry to find your cold is increased; and I strongly recommend abstinence and water as the ablest and safest physicians."

DRINKING.—Within twenty-five years we have buried three generations of young men, who went to early graves through the baleful influence of brandy and whisky. Some of these young men gave promise of great usefulness—some were extraordinarily brilliant—some were the hope and pride of their families. But brandy and whisky were too much for them, and down they went, headlong among the dead men. Happily, whisky is being voted at vulgar tippie, and when the present race of drunkards has gone the way of all drunkards the new generation now coming on the stage will discard it altogether. Whisky and brandy may be taken as medicine, but they are pernicious as beverages—dreadful.

Can a man with wooden legs be considered a foot passenger?