The Friend of Temperance

THE FRIEND OF TEMPERANCE,

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POETRY

From the Temperance Standard. FAITH.

BY SABAR E. BACHELDER

Upon the river a mist cloud lies, Hiding the further shore from me, Teeming unto my wearied eyes, Blending together a far-off sea.

But gazing long on the silvery she Drooping lovingly over the tide, I see through the rifts a transient gleam Of the works of art on the other side.

Like shapely forms of clouds they speak, Of happy hearts and a happy home, While the leafless trees their vigils keep. In the soft light around them thrown.

Closing my eyes, faith looks toward Heav-

Across the vista unknown between, And gazing through the path, that'sriven, Holy and happy the mansions seem.

My Savior's the way, the truth, the light By whom we may look through the Walking the path his steps made bright We'll enter Heaven through the shad-

owed tomb. Then oh, my spirit with Faith's clear eye

Look through the hovering clouds of And know, though around they darkly lie, she has lost any of the old spell yet!'

That Heaven beyond is ever fair.

A GOOD STORY.

THE WIFE'S LESSON.

BY SHIELEY BROWNE.

The morting sunshine came brightly Friday or Saturday.' into the little breakfast room, the canary answered a voiceless challenge with a full Gold' rose in the window, unfolded its one bud, and flung open its royal chalice of sweetness to greet the anreate beams.

Marchmont, as he came into the room, rubbing his hands and glancing at the bright fire beneath the carved marble nymphs of the chimney piece.

'It's so cold!' sighed his wife, wrapping her shawl about her with a shudder and a frown.

'Cold? What can you expect, my dear, at this season of the year? I am sure it

is warm enough here." Mrs. Marchmont sat down at, the table, without any response, and began to pour

out the coffee. 'Won't you take a cap yourself, my love?' questioned her husband.

I could eat no breakfast.' 'But my dear, a cup of coffee-' 'You will allow me to be the judge of

my own feelings,' said the wife, irritably. I do detest to be teased!

breakfast was effectually spoiled. two, 'this would be a fine day to have the

children's photographs taken.' Nell acts exactly as if she was going to months-old boy. have the measles. I think there never

was a mother so tried as I am.' 'The measles, Helen? I think you are mistaken. Dr. Ray was here yesterday, and he certainly would have discov-

ered any premonitory symptoms.' shrugging her shoulders. 'I am always from between her cyebrows. mistaken. Thank you, George, for your I'm sure I shall not like her.'

kind appreciation of my character.' amiable men in the world, but even his ties of hospitality, moving an easy chair serene temper was tried by his wife's ob- near the fire, assisting to unfasten her played mechanically with his knife and to be served.

'I got tickets for to-night's opera, yesterday, Helen,' he said; 'your favorite, Bignor Aleanti, is going to sing.

'I don't care for the opera to-night.' Reserved seats, dear-as good as any

in the house.'

would not take me.' 'Could not, you mean, Helen; my busi | are noisy, troublesome little nuisances!' ness would not possibly allow of it.'

'It's always the way when I particularly desire to go anywhere. Business makes a convenient excuse.'

gue the matter -he knew it was of no use of lunch was a fortunate diversion.

in his wife's present frame of mind.

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

YOL. II.

RALEIGH, N. C., FRIDAY, JAN. 15, 1869.

NO. 37

'Mabel!'

right.

am an apt scholar.'

son,' she said, "and you shall see that I

set to work to eradicate the first impress-

ions I have made, and leave a pleasanter

She succeeded; for before she went

en had quite forgiven her the "ruse"

And George Marchmont is the happiest

husband in all the metropolis. - "Fireside

GIVE HIM THE "MITTEN."

Seventeen years ago there was a fair

girl, so pure, so lovely, so refined, that

to the angels. She was wooed and ulti-

mately won by a handsome young man

and of considerable wealth. He sported

a fine team, delighted in hunting, and

kept a fine pack of hounds. He neither

played cards, drank wine nor used to-

est of which alone would have supported

fair bride again until a few days ago

Seventeen years had passed away, and

with them her beauty and her youth, her

husband's fortune and his life, during the

Blunnerhasset's Island; a whole family in

bacon and corn-bread. The husband had

no business capacity. He was a gentle-

man of education, of refinement, of noble

impulses; but when his money was gone

he could not get employment, simply

because he did not know how to do any-

thing. For he floundered about, first

failure was written on them all. He, how

ever, finally obtained a situation; the

labor was great, the compensation small

it was that of starvation ; in his efforts to

discharge his duty acceptably, he over

worked himself and died, leaving his

widow and six girls in utter destitution.

In seventeen years the sweet and joyous

and beautiful girl had become a broken

ow, with a house full of helpless children.

to marry him, and has no occupation, or

trade or calling, by which he could make

a living if he were thrown on his own re-

sources, you may give him "the mitten."

theatre, "refuse" him.

"give him the mitten" only.

is worth only the " mitten."

leave a broken one in its place.

about cards; seems familiar with a multi-

in such things, let him not "win" your

fore you die.

Young woman! if a rich man asks you

cabin on the banks of the Ohio river,

widowed sister who lives in Iowa?' he resumed presently.

'No,' dryly enough.

'Didn't I-well, it's in my other coat pocket. She is coming East, and would like to pay us a visit. Shall I write to her to come at once?"

'Certainly-by all means. I am always happy to entertain your relatives, George.' Mr. Marchmont felt singularly uncomfortable as he went to his down-town office that morning. Do what he could to cheer up the domestic atmosphere, Helen was always unhappy-always complaining. It seemed to him impossible that she could be the same laughing, light-hearted girl he had married eight years ago; and yet she had never had any real trials to break down her spirit, or quench her cheerfulness!

'I think it's nothing on earth but habit; and a very uncomfortable, unwarrantable sort of habit at that,' he decided, as he gave his office-fire a poke.

And he sat down and wrote a long account of his domestic trials and difficulties to his sister in Iowa.

'We always used to go to Mabel for advice for our children--' he said to himself, just what was best to do. I don't believe

'Have you heard from your sister?' Mrs. Marchmont asked, one morning, about two weeks subsequently.

'What does she say? When is she coming? Let me look at the letter.'

'I haven't got the letter with me,' said Mr. Marchmont, a little consciously.-'It's at the office-but she is coming on

'I think I'll get the blue chintz room ready for her,' said Helen, meditatingly. tide of shrill warbling, and the 'Cloth of 'It will be the pleasantest room. I only wish she would have postponed her visit until spring, when the house was cleaned -but nobody ever consults my conveni-'It's a splendid morning,' said Mr. ence! Is she an amiable, agreeable person, George

> 'She used to be-very much so. I do not know how her marriage and widowhood may have changed her.'

'How old is she?' 'About your age, I should think.'

'My age! Dear me, I thought she was a snuffy old widow in a cap and specta-

Mr. Marchmont laughed.

'Not unless she has taken to spectacles very lately. However, you'll see in a day or two, and you can judge for yourself.'

The pleasant house was in its pleasantest and most apple-pie order, the next 'I have no appetite,' said Mrs. March- Friday, when the carriage containing Mrs. mont, drearily. 'The moment I smelled Cotes drew up to the door, and Helen the horrid soda in those buscuits, I knew herself, in a trim black silk dress with cherry ribbons and ruffled white apron, was waiting in the parlor to receive her, while Nell, guiltless of the measles, played with her blocks in the corner, and Fanny diligently pricked her fingers in the Mr. Marchmont was silent, but his own hemming of a cambric pocket handkerchief. The baby, having succumbed to 'My dear,' he said, after a minute or sleep, had been carried ignominiously to the nursery, five minutes before, much to Helen's disappointment, for the young 'Fanny has a pimple on her cheek, and mother was proud of her beautiful six-

'My dear,' said Mr. Marchmont, 'here is sister Mabel.'

mourning came in and touched her cheek, stifly, against Helen's welcoming lips.

'How pretty she is,' was Helen's first 'Of course I am mistaken,' said Mrs. thought-her next, 'but what a very disa-Marchmont, compressing her lips, and greeable curl to her lips—and that set

But while these reflections crossed her M . Marchmont was one of the most mind, she was not unmindful of the dustinate depression. He bit his lip, and guest's wrappings and ringing for lunch

'Dear me-do you burn coal? poisonous gas-generating, authracite coal ? I hope there's a wood fire in my room, was Mrs. Cote's first comment. 'And what a very disagreeable noise that bird keeps up !-Would you just as soon have it taken into another room, sister Helen? And these 'I wanted to go last week, and you are your children, ch. George? Generally speaking, I don't like children, they

'There, run back to your work and blocks, girls,' said the discomfited Helen, as soon as their aunt had bestowed a formal kiss upon each of them, very much as Mr. Marchmont did not attempt to ar- if she were taking medicine. The arrival

the broiled chicken, while George carried the part I have been playing and come you. Such a man can never warm a a little china cup of frothing chocolate to back to my real self.' his sister,

'Chocolate ? I never drink it, she said motioning away the favorite beverage, weak green tea is all I dare venture to allow myself. Tuank you-the chicken is scarcely cooked enough-and I do not think it healthy to serve up a dish swimming in melted butter in that sort of way. A cracker if you please 1.

Bridget presently came up stairs with a cup of ' weak green tea,' which Helen brought to her sister-in-law.

'Pah! dishwater!' was Mrs. Cote's ungracious comment; 'I see I shall have to make it myself. And now, sister Helen, if you will show me my room.'

'Helen obeyed, secretly feeling as if she had more than Atlas's weight on her shoulders. A wood fire, recently kindled, recollection in their place.' was smoking and sputtering on the hearth in place of the grate full of coal which had away, she was the cherished friend of already glowed there. Mrs. Cotes looked | Helen, the idol of the little ones, and Helcritically around.

'A pretty room,' she remarked, 'but | that had produced so unfavorable an efwhat a hideous carpet. Blue, I declarethe most dismal color you could have selected. And the windows front to the with a half smile, and Mabel always knew east, as sure as I am alive. The east Companion." winds in ariably give me the neuralgia. 'I can put you in another room.'

'Do: I couldn't exist here in any sort of comfort. And I hope your baby isn't a crying baby.'

'He cries sometimes,' said Helen, try- she still rises to my mind as almost akin ing to repress a smile, 'but he is a very good natured little fellow on the whole.

'I am glad of that,' sighed the fastidions sister-in-law,' 'my rest is easily disturbed at night, and if I lose my sleep I am a miserable worn-out creature.'

Helen conducted Mrs. Cotes to another | bacco. He lived on his money, the interapartment, which happened, by good luck, to be furnished in crimson, and did not a family handsomely. I never saw the front toward the east, and Mrs. Cotes took solemn possession. of wars been been

Helen returned to the parker, uncertain whether to laugh or ery ways so captious and fault-finding as she has shown herself during the last half an

'It's only her way, my dear. Mabel is

well-meaning person." 'Her way?' 'Yes; mere habit, you know. We must

try and put up with it.' 'Well, it is certainly an intensely disagreeable way, commented Helen, with a laughing little grimace; 'I don't wonder | trying one thing and then the other, but

Mr. Cotes departed this life ! 'Helen! 'Well, I don't, indeed !' and Mrs. Marchmont ran away to make the sauce

for the pudding. The next week was one of numitigated trial to Mrs. Marchmont. Aunt Mabel grumbled incessantly. Nothing seemed to suit her. The wind was always from the wrong quarter, the sun was invariably hearted, care-worn, poverty-stricken widtoo bright or not bright enough -- the children were in the way-Helen's housekeeping was defective - servants were insolent-New York was a gigantic humbug, and the world was a mistake!

And Helen herself? Never was there such a radical change as seemed to be wrought in her. She never lost her temper, never uttered a complaining word, never allowed herself to express her inter-And a plump, fair-faced woman, in deep | nal discomfort. Every irritable sensation was resolutely checked in the germ.

> "If I should grow to be like Mabel! she thought, with a thrill of distaste.

'My dear,' said her husband, one evening, as they sat together in the twilight, Oh, dear! by the red shine of the parlor fire, Helen secretly dreading the moment when Mrs-Cote's melancholly visage and despairing voice should interrupt the tete-a-tete, 'do you know that you have changed very much of late?'

'Changed -have I?' But there was a corners, and about "groceries," cut your little consciousness in Helen's tone, nevertheless.

'For the better, my love. You used to make me very unhappy by your discontent and causeless complaints.'

'I know it,' she answered frankly. 'I believe it was a mere habit growing on me, day by day, by imperceptible degrees, as the hideous fungus fastens to an oak tree. I have realized it all during the past week George, and I have been trying to cast the unsightly fungus away from my life. Mabel's example has opened my eyes, and I seems at home as to the usages, customs, have seen clearly how unlovely a fault-

'Didn't I show you the letter I received Helen, hospitably, wheeling the little brown eyes looked laughingly into her larly for women, weak young girls and me the worst of all Richard Baxters."

THE FRIEND OF TEMPERANO

ADVERTISING RATES:

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

Eight lines or less constitute a square

Liberal arrangements will be made wit

ies wishing to advertise by the month or ye

from my sister Mabel, last night?-the table up to the fire, and beginning to turn own. 'Well, then I may as well abandon children, never marry him should be ask man's heart ; will never twine round the tendrills of a true affection, for he is George wrote me word how miserable innately cold, unsympathizing and selfish his home was daily growing, and I fixed and should sickness and trouble come to upon this plan of showing my dear little you he will leave you to bear them alone. sister, through the agency of her own ob- Idleness, the having no occupation servation, how exceedingly disagreeable will always and inevitably engender more 'a grumbler' could make herself. Have I and physical disease; and these traits will Mrs. Marchmont was half inclined to be dren born to such. The brant of the tion convinced her that they had been and in bearing up against them he many a noble woman has sorrowed, and 'It has taught me a much needed lesgrieved, and toiled herself into a premi

ture grave, may never be known, but the number cannot be expressed in a few fig-'And now,' said Aunt Mabel, 'I shall ures. Therefore, my sunny-faced daugh. ter, if you do not want to grow old before your time, to live a life of toil and sorrow, and then prematurely die, give not your hand but only the "mitten" to a young man, however well born or rich, who has not the legitimate calling by which he should "make a living," if he were by

some fortuity left penniless.

INVENTION OF CAST IRON.—It is related that about the year 1700 one Abraham Darby, the proprietor of a brass foundry at Bristol, England, experimented in trying to substitute cast iron for brass, but without success until the following incident occurred. A Welsh shepherd boy named John Thomas, to prevent being impressed as a soldier, requested his master to recommend him as an apprentice to a relative, who was one of the partners of Abraham Darby, and he was accordingly sent to the brass works. As he was looking on while the workmen were trying to cast iron, he said to Darby he thought he saw how they had missed it, and begged to try a method of his own. He and Mr. Darby remained alone in the shop that night, and before morning they had cast an iron pot. He was at once engaged to remain and keep the secret, which he did faithfully although double wages were offered him by other parties. For more than a hundred ducing iron castings in a mount of prosand, with two wooden frames and sirone single room, subsisting on water, fat holes, was practiced at that factory, with

> There is one perception that a horse possesses to which little attention has been paid, and that is the power of scent. With some horses it is acute, as with the dog: and for the benefit of those who have to drive at night, such as physicians and others, this knowledge is invaluable. I never knew it to fail, and I have driven hundreds of miles on dark nights, and in consideration of the power of scent, this is my simple advice: Never check your horse at night, but give him a free head. and you may rest assured that he will never get off the road; and will carry you expeditiously and safe. In regard to the power of scent in a horse, I once knew one of a pair that was stolen, and recovered mainly by the track being made out by his mate, and that after he had been absent six or eight hours. - TRAIT.

plugged key-holes and barred doors.

BEAUTIFUL. - "When the summer day of youth is slowly wasting away into the Whatever may be the young man's nightfall of age and the shadows of the qualities, if he is fond of going to the past years grow deeper and deeper as life wears to a close, it is pleasant to look If a young man shows by his conversa- back through the vista of time upon the tion that he is an admirer of fast horses, joys and sorrows of early years. If we and pretty well acquainted with the qual- have a home to shelter or hearts to rejoice ities and " time " of the best racing nags with us and friends who have been gathof the country, when he asks your hand, ering around our fireside, then the rough place of our wayfaring will be worn and If you hear a young man speak of his smoothed away in the twilight of life father and mother disrespectfully, con- whilst the bright sunny spots we have temptionsly, do not encourage his atten- passed throught will grow brighter and tions; he will make your heart ache be- more beautiful. Happy indeed are those whose intercourse with the world has not If you know a young man who likes to changed the course of their holier feeling stand around tayern doors, at the street- or broken those musical chords of the heart whose vibrations are so melodions so tender and so touching, in the evening hand off rather than place it in his. His

If your suitor can tell you a good deal Wonderful. -The "Temperatice Patriot" has found a man who takes two tude of "tricks," which can be performed Temperance papers, and wants another ! with the same, and is, himself an adept

"It is not strange that a man should take two or three papers devoted heart, for he will "lose it" in a year, and to any subject except Temperance. Most men take at least two political papers, be-If you know of a "nice young man" side others; but it is remarkable to find a man so much interested in Temperance who certainly will have a large estate, who that he wants three Temperance papers."

is of a " highly respectable family," who "Whosoever."—"Whosoever will may come." "I thank God," said Richard and yet who is indifferent about attend- Baxter, for that word "Whosoever." If finding temper may make the fairest per- ing church on the Subbath day, who God had said that there was mercy for speaks di paragingly of clergymen, talks Richard Baxster, I am so vile a sinner 'Opened youreyes, has it?' said a mer- about religion in a patronizing way, as that I would have thought, He meant 'I am sure you must be hungry,' said ry voice close to her chair, and Mabel's "a very good thing in its place," particularly whoshing the little ry voice close to her chair, and Mabel's "a very good thing in its place," particularly whoshing the little ry voice close to her chair, and Mabel's "a very good thing in its place," particularly whoshing the little ry voice close to her chair, and Mabel's "a very good thing in its place," particularly way, as

him who recognizes il.