

The Friend of Temperance

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THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

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POETRY

From the Temperance Standard.

FAITH.

BY SARAH E. BACHELDER.

Upon the river a mist cloud lies, Hiding the further shore from me, Teeming into my wearied eyes, Blending together a far-off sea. But gazing long on the silvery sheen, 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 Heaven, Across the vista unknown between, And gazing through the path, that's striven, Holy and happy the mansions seem. My Savior's the way, the truth, the light, By whom we may look through the gloom, Walking the path his steps made bright, We'll enter Heaven through the shadowed tomb. Then oh, my spirit with Faith's clear eye, Look through the hovering clouds of care, And know, though around they darkly lie, That Heaven beyond is ever fair.

A GOOD STORY.

THE WIFE'S LESSON.

BY SHIRLEY BROWNE.

The morning sunshine came brightly into the little breakfast room, the canary answered a voiceless challenge with a full tide of shrill warbling, and the 'Cloth of Gold' rose in the window, unfolded its one bud, and flung open its royal chalice of sweetness to greet the aromatic beams. 'It's a splendid morning,' said Mr. Marchmont, as he came into the room, rubbing his hands and gazing 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 cup yourself, my love?' questioned her husband. 'I have no appetite,' said Mrs. Marchmont, drearily. 'The moment I smelled the horrid soda in those biscuits, I knew I could eat no breakfast.' 'But my dear, a cup of coffee—'

from my sister Mabel, last night?—the 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, with a half smile, 'and Mabel always knew just what was best to do. I don't believe she has lost any of the old spell yet!' 'Have you heard from your sister?' Mrs. Marchmont asked, one morning, about two weeks subsequently. 'Yes.' '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 conscientiously. 'It's at the office—but she is coming on Friday or Saturday.'

table up to the fire, and beginning to turn the broiled chicken, while George carried a little china cup of frothing chocolate to 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. Thank 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!' 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, was smoking and sputtering on the hearth in place of the grate full of coal which had already glowed there. Mrs. Cotes looked critically around. 'A pretty room,' she remarked, 'but what a hideous carpet. Blue, I declare—the most dismal color you could have selected. And the windows front to the east, as sure as I am alive. The east winds invariably give me the neuralgia.' 'I can put you in another room.'

own. 'Well, then I may as well abandon the part I have been playing and come back to my real self.' 'Mabel!' 'George wrote me word how miserable his home was daily growing, and I fixed upon this plan of showing my dear little sister, through the agency of her own observation, how exceedingly disagreeable a grumbler' could make herself. Have I succeeded?' Mrs. Marchmont was half inclined to be annoyed at first, but a moment's reflection convinced her that they had been right. 'It has taught me a much needed lesson,' she said, 'and you shall see that I am an apt scholar.' 'And now,' said Aunt Mabel, 'I shall set to work to eradicate the first impressions I have made, and leave a pleasanter recollection in their place.' She succeeded; for before she went away, she was the cherished friend of Helen, the idol of the little ones, and Helen had quite forgiven her the "ruse" that had produced so unfavorable an effect! And George Marchmont is the happiest husband in all the metropolis.—'Fireside Companion.'

children, never marry him should he ask you. Such a man can never warm a woman's heart; will never twine round the tendrils of a true affection, for he is innately cold, unsympathizing and selfish, and should sickness and trouble come to you he will leave you to bear them alone. Idleness, the having no occupation, will always and inevitably engender moral and physical disease; and these traits will be more or less perpetuated in the children born to such. The heart of these calamities has to be borne by the mother, and in bearing up against them how many a noble woman has sorrowed, and grieved, and toiled herself into a premature grave, may never be known, but the number cannot be expressed in a few figures. Therefore, my sunny-faced daughter, 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.

GIVE HIM THE "MITTEN."

Seventeen years ago there was a fair girl, so pure, so lovely, so refined, that she still rises to my mind as almost akin to the angels. She was wooed and ultimately 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 tobacco. He lived on his money, the interest of which alone would have supported a family handsomely. I never saw the 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 cabin on the banks of the Ohio river.—Blannerhasset's Island; a whole family in one single room, subsisting on water, fat bacon and corn-bread. The husband had no business capacity. He was a gentleman 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 anything. For he floundered about, first trying one thing and then the other, but failure was written on them all. He, however, 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 overworked 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 hearted, care-worn, poverty-stricken widow, with a house full of helpless children. Young woman! if a rich man asks you 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 resources, you may give him "the mitten."

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 ensuing iron castings in a house of one sand, with two wooden frames and air-holes, was practiced at that factory, with plugged key-holes and barred doors.

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.—TRAZ.

BEAUTIFUL.—"When the summer day of youth is slowly wasting away into the nightfall of age and the shadows of the past years grow deeper and deeper as life wears to a close, it is pleasant to look back through the vista of time upon the joys and sorrows of early years. If we have a home to shelter our hearts to rejoice with us and friends who have been gathering around our fireside, then the rough place of our wayfaring will be worn and smoothed away in the twilight of life whilst the bright sunny spots, we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy indeed are those whose intercourse with the world has not changed the course of their holier feeling or broken those musical chords of the heart whose vibrations are so melodious so tender and so touching, in the evening of age."

WONDERFUL.—The "Temperance Patriot" has found a man who takes two Temperance papers, and wants another! It says: "It is not strange that a man should take two or three papers devoted to any subject except Temperance. Most men take at least two political papers, besides others; but it is remarkable to find a man so much interested in Temperance that he wants three Temperance papers."

WHOSEVER.—"Whoever will may come." "I thank God," said Richard Baxter, for that word "Whosoever." If God had said that there was mercy for Richard Baxter, I am so vile a sinner that I would have thought, He meant some other Richard Baxter; but when He says "Whosoever," I know that includes me the worst of all Richard Baxters."