

# The Friend of Temperance.

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## Friend of Temperance.

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## Friends of Temperance Directory.

The Order of the Friends of Temperance was instituted in the city of Petersburg, Va., on the 20th and 30th of November, 1865.

The State Council of Virginia was organized at Waynesboro', on the 24th of April, 1866.

The State Council of North Carolina was organized at Henderson, April the 8th, 1867.

Subordinate Councils were organized in the States of Georgia, Louisiana, West Virginia, Tennessee and South Carolina, in 1867.

The Supreme Council of the Order was instituted in Petersburg, Va., June the 24th, 1867.

This Order, rapidly spreading over the Southern States, bids fair to be the means of accomplishing great good.

## OFFICERS OF THE SUPREME COUNCIL.

President—Maj. D. S. Hill, Louisville, N. C.  
Associate—Rev. G. W. Dame, Danville, Va.  
Chaplain—Rev. J. N. Andrews, Wmington, N. C.  
Secretary—Rev. W. B. Wellons, Suffolk, Va.  
Treasurer—Rev. J. A. Cunningham, Louisville, Ky.  
Conductor—G. A. Brice, Waynesboro', Va.  
Sexton—Rev. A. R. Raven, Smithfield, N. C.

The Supreme Council will hold its next Biennial Session in Richmond, Va., commencing on the 14th Tuesday in July, 1871.

## OFFICERS OF THE STATE COUNCIL OF VA.

President, G. A. Brice, Waynesboro'.  
Associate, J. E. Boller, Harrisonburg.  
Chaplain, Rev. G. W. Dame, Danville.  
Secretary, Rev. W. B. Wellons, Suffolk.  
Treasurer, A. P. Abell, Charlottesville.  
Conductor, Dr. J. L. Leitch, Charlottesville.  
Sexton, Maj. J. W. Newton, Staunton.

Rev. James Young, Charlottesville.  
The fourth Annual Session of this body will be held in Petersburg, commencing on the 4th Tuesday in October, 1869.

## OFFICERS OF THE STATE COUNCIL OF N. C.

President, Maj. D. S. Hill, Louisville.  
Associate, W. M. Poffen, Wilmington.  
Chaplain, Rev. A. R. Raven, Smithfield.  
Secretary, R. H. Whitaker, Raleigh.  
Treasurer, Rev. J. W. Wellons, Franklinton.  
Conductor, J. M. Shelly, Thomasville.  
Sexton, L. D. Heatt, Raleigh.

Rev. J. R. Brooks, Smithfield.  
The next Annual Session will be held in Goldsboro', commencing on the first Wednesday in October, 1869.

## Selected Story.

### THE RUMSELLER'S DREAM.

BY HENRY G. LEE.

From the time Mr. Andrew Grim opened a low grog-shop near the Washington Market, until, as a wealthy distiller, he counted himself worth a hundred thousand dollars, everything had gone on smoothly; and now he might be seen among the money-lords of the day, as self-complacent as any. He had stock, houses and lands; and, in his mind, these made up life's greatest good. And had he not obtained them in honest trade? Were they not the reward of persevering industry? Mr. Grim felt proud of the fact, that he was the architect of his own fortunes.—“How many had started in life side by side with him; and yet scarcely one in ten of them had risen above the common level.”

Thoughts like these often occupied the mind of Mr. Grim. Such were his thoughts as he sat in his luxurious parlor, one bleak December evening, surrounded by every external comfort his heart could desire, when a child not over seven or eight years of age was brought into the room by a servant, who said, as he entered—

“Here's a little girl that says she wants to see you.”

Mr. Grim turned, and looked for a moment or two at the visitor. She was the child of poor parents; that was evident from her coarse and meager garments.

“Do you wish to see me?” he inquired, in a voice that was meant to be repulsive.

“Yes, sir,” timidly answered the child.

“Well, what do you want?”

“My mother wants you.”

“Your mother! Who's your mother?”

“Mrs. Dyer.”

The manner of Mr. Grim changed instantly; and he said—

“Indeed! What does your mother want?”

“Father is sick; and mother says he will die.”

“What ails your father?”

“I don't know. But he's been sick ever since yesterday; and he screams out so, and frightens us all.”

“Where does your mother live?”

The child gave the street and number.

Mr. Grim walked about the room uneasily for some time.

“Didn't your mother say what she wanted with me?” he asked again, pausing before the little girl, whose eyes had been following all his movements.

“No, sir. But she cried when she told me to go for you.”

Mr. Grim moved about the room again for some time. Then stopping suddenly, he said,

“Go home and tell your mother I'll be there in a little while.”

The child retired from the room and Mr. Grim resumed his perambulations, his eyes upon the floor and a shadow resting on his countenance. After the lapse of nearly half an hour, he went into the hall, and drawing on a warm overcoat, started forth in obedience to what was evidently an unwelcome summons—for he muttered to himself as he descended to the pavement—

“I wish people would take care of what they get, and learn to depend on themselves.”

Mr. Grim took an omnibus and rode as far as Canal street. Down Canal street he walked to West Broadway, and along West Broadway for a couple of blocks, when he stopped before an old brick house that looked as if it had seen service for at least a hundred years, and examined the number.

“This is the place, I suppose,” said he, fretfully. And he stepped back and looked up at the house. Then he approached the door, and searched for a bell or knocker; but of neither of these appendages could the dwelling boast. First he rapped with his knuckles, then with his cane. But no one responded to the summons. He looked up and saw lights in the window. So he knocked again, and louder. After waiting several minutes, and not being admitted, Mr. Grim tried the door and found it unfastened; but the passage into which he stepped was dark as midnight. After knocking on the floor loudly with his cane, a door opened above—a gleam of light fell on an old stairway, and a rough voice called out,

“Who's there?”

“Does Mr. Dyer live here?”

“Besure he does!” was roughly answered.

“Will you be kind enough to show me his room?”

“You'll find it in the third story back,” said the voice, impatiently. The door was shut again, and all was dark as before.

Mr. Grim stood irresolute for a few moments, and then commenced groping his way up stairs, slowly and cautiously. Just as he gained the landing on the second flight, a stifled scream was heard in one of the rooms on the third floor, followed by a sudden movement, as if two persons were struggling in a murderous conflict. He stopped and listened, and a chill went over him. A long, shuddering groan followed; and then all was still again. Mr. Grim was about retreating, when a door opened, and the child who had called for him came out with a candle in her hand. The light fell upon his form and the child saw him.

“Oh, mother, mother!” she cried, “Mr. Grim is here!”

Instantly the form of a woman was seen in the door. Her look was wild and distressed, and her hair, which had become loosened from the comb, lay in heavy masses upon her shoulders.

“For heaven's sake, Mary! what is the matter?” exclaimed Mr. Grim, as he approached the woman.

“The matter!” She looked sternly at the visitor. “Come and see!” And she pointed into the room.

A cry of unutterable distress broke upon the air, and the woman sprang back quickly into the room. Mr. Grim hurried after her. By the feeble light of a single poor candle, he saw a half-clothed man crouching fearfully in a corner of the room, with his hands raised in the attitude of defence.

“Keep off! Keep off, I say!” he cried despairingly. “Oh! oh! oh! It's on me, Mary! Oh, Lord, help me! help me!”

And as these broken sentences fell from his lips, he shrank closer and closer into the corner, and then fell forward, writhing, upon the floor. By this time his wife was bending down over him, and with her assuring voice she soon succeeded in quieting him.

“They've all gone now, Henry,” said she, in a tone of cheerful confidence—assumed at what an effort!—“I've driven them away. Come! lie down upon the bed.”

“They're under the bed,” replied the sufferer, glancing fearfully around.

“Yes, yes! There! I see that blackest devil with the snake in his hand. He's grinning at me from behind the bed post. Now he's going to throw his horrible snake at me! There! Oh! oh—oh—oh—oh!”

The fearful, despairing scream that issued from the poor creature's lips, as he clung to his wife, curdled the very blood in the veins of Mr. Grim, who now comprehended the meaning of the scene. Dyer and his wife were friends of other days. With the latter he had grown up from childhood, and there were many reasons why he felt an interest in her. Her husband had learned drinking and idleness in his bar-room many years before; and more than once during the time of his declension, had she called upon Mr. Grim and earnestly besought him to do something to save the one she loved best on earth from impending ruin. But, he had entered the downward way, and it seemed that nothing could stop his rapid progress. Now he met him, after the lapse of ten years, and found him mad with the drunkard's madness.

The scene was too painful for Mr. Grim. He could not bear it. So, hurriedly drawing his purse from his pocket, he threw it upon the floor, and turning from the room, made his way out of the house, trembling in every nerve.—When he arrived at home, the perspiration stood cold and clammy on every part of his body. His mind was greatly excited. Most vividly did he picture in imagination, the horrible fiend, striking the poor drunken wretch with his serpent spear, or blasting him with his terrific countenance. For an hour he walked the floor of his chamber, and then, exhausted in body and mind, threw himself on a bed, and tried to find oblivion in sleep. But, though he wooed the female goddess, she came not with her soothing poppies. Too vivid was the impression of what he had seen, and too painful were the accompanying reflections, to admit of sweet repose.—At last, however, exhaustion came, and he fell into that half-sleeping and waking state—in which the imagination remains active, so painful to endure. In this state, one picture presented by imagination was most vivid of all; it was the picture of poor Dyer shrinking from the fiend with the serpent, which latter was now as plainly visible to him as it had been to the unhappy drunkard.—Presently the fiend began to turn his eyes upon him with a malignant expression; then it glanced from him to the drunkard, and pointing at the latter, said—Grim heard the voice distinctly—

“It is your work.”

The distiller closed his eyes to hide from view the grinning phantom. But it did not shut out the vision. The fiend was before him still; and now it swung around its head a horrid serpent with distended jaws, and seemed about to dash it upon him. He covered and groaned in fear. As he still gazed upon the dreadful forms it slowly changed into a female of stern yet beautiful aspect. In one hand she held a naked sword, and in the other a balance. He knew her, and trembled still more intensely.

“I am Justice,” said the figure.—“You have been weighed in the balances and found wanting. The world is sustained by mutual benefits. No man can live wholly for himself. Each must serve the others. What one man produces another enjoys. You have enjoyed, in abundance, the good things produced by others; but what has been your return? Let me show you the work of your hands. Look!”

Suddenly there was a murmur of voices; the sound came nearer and nearer, and a crowd of men and women came eagerly toward the prostrate distiller—all eyes upon him, and all countenances expressive of anger, rebuke, or despair. One poor mother held towards him her ragged, starving child, and cried:

“Your cursed trade has murdered my father! Give him back to me!”

Another marred and degraded wretch called, with clenched hand:

“Where is my money, my good name, my all? You have robbed me of everything!”

By his side was a poor drunkard, supporting the pale form of his sick wife, while their starving children stood weeping before them:

“Look at us!” said he. “It is your handy work!”

And there were dozens of others in the squalid crowd who called to him with bitter execrations, or pointed to their ruined homes, and cried:

“It is your work! Your work!—Rum—rum has cursed us!”

“Yes, this is your work,” said Justice, sternly. “For the good things of life you received on all hands from your fellow men, you gave them back a curse of fire to consume them. Wealth is the representative of use to society. It comes, or should come, as a reward for serving the common good. So earned, it is a blessing; and he who thus gains it has a right to its possession. But, in your eager pursuit of gain you have cursed every man who brought you a blessing; and now your ill-gotten wealth must be given up.—See!”

And, as she spoke, she pointed to an immense bag of gold.

“It is all there?” continued Justice. “Your houses and lands, your stocks, and your merchandize, have been converted into gold; and I now distribute it once more among the people, to be gathered by those more worthy to possess it than thou!”

Then a troop of fiends came rushing down through the air, and, seizing the bag, were bearing it off in triumph, when the agonized sleeper sprang towards his gold, and in the effort, threw off the terrible nightmare that was almost crushing out his life.

There was no more sleep for him during the hours that intervened until the daylight broke. The images he had seen, and the words he had heard, were before him all the time, crushing his heart like the pressure of heavy footsteps. As soon as the day had dawned he started forth and sought the dwelling he had so hastily left on the night before. All was silent as he ascended the stairway. The door of the room where he had been stood partly open. He listened a moment—all was silent. He moved the door, but, nothing stirred within. Then he entered. His purse lay upon the floor where he had thrown it; that was the first object which met his sight. The next was the ghastly face of death! The wretched drunkard had passed to his account; and his body lay upon the bed. Close beside was the form of her who had been to Mr. Grim, in early years, as a tender sister. She was in a profound sleep; and on the floor lay the child, also wrapped in deep forgetfulness of the misery with which she was surrounded.

“And this is the work I have been doing!” sighed the distiller; whose mind could not lose the vivid impression made by his dream.

A little while he contemplated the scene around him, and then taking up his purse, he silently withdrew. But ere returning home, he made known to

a benevolent person the fact of the unhappy death which had occurred, and, placing money in his hand, asked him to do all that humanity required, and to do it at his expense.

Few men went about their daily business with a heavier heart than Mr. Andrew Grim. He felt that he was the possessor of ill-gotten gain, and felt, besides, a sense of insecurity.

“Wealth is the representative of use to society. It comes, or should come, as a reward for serving the common good,” he repeated to himself, in the words he had heard in his dream.

“And how have I served the common good? What good have I performed that corresponds to the blessings I have received and enjoy? Ah, me! I wish it were otherwise!”

With such thoughts, how could the man be happy! When night came down again, he feared to trust himself in the arms of sleep; and when exhausted nature yielded, painful dreams haunted him until morning. Weeks elapsed before the vivid impression he had received wore off; and before he enjoyed anything like a quiet slumber. But, though he had a better sleep, his waking thoughts ceased to be peaceful and self-satisfying. A year went by, and then, fretted beyond endurance at his position of manufacturer of death and destruction, both natural and spiritual, for his fellow men, he broke up his distillery, and invested his money in a business that could be followed with benefit to all.

The letter was too old to read. Its age no one could tell. But, in a piece of blank paper, in ink, long since bleached into faded lines, we read:

March—In a bag, May 6, 1853, Benjamin Waldover to Elizabeth Van Dorn.

This was all. But it told its own story. Then we turned the paper over to read written on the back of it, the lines almost indistinct:

Elizabeth Waldover and Infant son.

The story of life! Poor old man—And this was his treasure; that was the ring. Oh, how long the years must have seemed while he was waiting to go to his loved ones! And have they grown old there as he did here?—Will he find them as they went, or have they felt years added where there are no years?

But will it not be grand, when we can, at some appointed time, solve the woondrous mystery, and know that of which we can now know nothing?—When we shall have pierced the veil, and gone home to rest with the loved ones there waiting.

Who would fear to die or fear death? Surely not those who have so long been true to and waited for the rejoining of the loved ones. If he had only told us his history!

All over the land are poor old men, who have loved as we love, who have been young—have with beating hearts, held heads upon bosoms, and lingered to revel in the perfume of kisses taken from lips, perhaps, long since gone, as we must all go! The old men were once young. They loved and longed for twilight hours, as do those who now watch and wait the expected coming, and the years crept slowly upon them, leaving life upon a pale, careworn face, joy upon joy, but more sorrows upon sorrows. But is it not terrible—this waiting to join those you love? Waiting the coming of the dear ones of the heart. Hours—days—weeks—months—years come and go while the weary, hungry soul, ever reaching for something not given it here on earth, doubts, fears, then hopes in the fall of faith concerning the meeting and rejoining in the eternal land, where there will be no more unfulfilled desires; for they rest forever in the grave.

Let us be good and kind to the poor old men; God only knows what they have suffered, or when their hopes were buried. We are all growing old—are all going home, and it may be those we despise on earth will be our guides and patterns in the future. Be kind to the aged. A few more Saturday nights in all they will be with us, even if their presence should bother and annoy those who are utterly selfish. God only knows how much they sorrow and suffer. Let us make them happy. Let us be kind to each other. Uncle Benny was a poor—poor old man—but did rich. We all paid a tearful tribute to his memory. He was good. He was kind. He was deserving. He was not a miserly, selfish, selfish old man, just like many who follow us in proper time?—We'd rather sleep beside him in that quiet corner, than under the marble monument of a cold, selfish man; for he would be better company in the city of the dead, and in the hereafter, who there is a happy reunion for all who love here on earth—where the day is eternal, and there is no weary Saturday Night.—Brick Pomeroy.

OUR SATURDAY NIGHT.

### THE POOR OLD MAN.

We buried him this afternoon at four o'clock.

Just out of the city, in a corner of the grass-yard, where the weeds, more tender than flowers, grow rank and close over the poor. Last Saturday night we saw him on the street, slowly walking to a cheap home. Seventy-eight years old, and no home of his own; not a child or a chick to give him welcome at night, but all waiting—to bid him “good morning” over yonder on the flower-lined bank.

He never begged. A sad, strange look was always upon him. Yet he was not cross nor ugly. He was cheerful, and would sit for hours talking to little children, and watching them at play. At times a few tears would fall from his eyes to be wiped from his furrowed cheek on the back of his wrinkled hand. He lived in a little house back on the prairie—a half-hovel affair—and no one lived with him. Sundays the children would visit him, and bring water from a distant well, and wood by the armful. He gave them nothing but kind words, but they brought him bread, and meat and fruit, and papers from our sanctum; and when he was too lame to go out, the boys and girls would wait on him. Sometimes he would sit by the hour telling stories to his little friends. He told the boys how to make arrows, and kites, and cross-guns.

And told them how to cure their sore toes and sore fingers, and when to fish—and that it was wrong to be ugly and cross.

Tuesday evening one of the boys came and wanted us to come and go out to Uncle Benny's cabin, for he was sick. We found him on his cot very low and feeble. A cruel fever was warring upon his old body. Then we went for a physician, and staid with the man until morning, when others came. His little friends brought oranges and lemons—jellies and wines from their homes. And a clean sheet was put under him—another over him—cooling drinks were given him—and Friday morning just as the sun rose above the bluff, east of the city, his head slowly fell back—his mouth opened, then there was a rattle in his throat, and as the sunshine struck the little cabin, his soul went out, riding on the golden beams of a new life.

Gently we gave him to the winding sheet and more carefully combed than usual was the straggling hair which wanted to creep down over his forehead, to see if the eyes were ever made to open. And a few women

made him a shroud, sighting never a part thereof. And a few men bought a neat coffin, and paid the sexton, and this afternoon men and women, and boys and girls, slowly walked behind to his rest. We have attended burials, but never saw more tearful eyes than when the little ones looked for the first time upon poor Uncle Benny, as the coffin-lid was opened just before he was lowered to the great rest. No one knew him other than as Uncle Benny, though for years he had come and gone with his crutch. His face was noble, yet sad in its death look, but it was not of suffering.

And we went with others back to the sexton's room. How more than lowly it seemed! Two chairs were taken from a neighbor's house on which to rest the coffin. A quaint old arm chair, with a piece of worn out sheep skin for a cushion. A little old stove, a few tin dishes; an old box serving the purpose of table and chest—a few old garments in pieces, some liniment in a bottle, and a few little articles, worth nothing.

“What shall we do with them?”

“Oh, you take them—look them over and do as you please,” said they.

In one corner of the chest was an old Bible badly torn. And a little box very old, as if made by a boy years ago. It would, perhaps, hold a quart. It was tied seven times around with a piece of stout cord like a crank line. In it were a pair of dingy silk gloves, once white, but now faded into a sickly yellow. They were much too small for his hands. And a very old needle or pin cushion of black cloth, the size of an apple. And a letter old, dingy, grained, and creased, folded in a piece of soft leather. And a plain gold ring, not much broader than the hilt of a life in our palm.

The letter was too old to read. Its age no one could tell. But, in a piece of blank paper, in ink, long since bleached into faded lines, we read:

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