The Friend of Temperance.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER. The Official Organ of the Order of the Friends of Temperance. TWO DOLLARS A YEAR

VOL. III. RALEIGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, OCT. 13, 1869. NO. 25.

Selected Story.

[Published by special permission of the National Temperance Publication Society, N. Y.]

THE REV. DR. WILLOUGHBY AND HIS WINE.

—:o:—

BY MARY SPRING WALKER.

CHAPTER IV.

DAN TAYLOR.

"A 'down-east' Yankee, lank and long,
'Cute' of hand, and 'glib' of tongue."

"Doctor," said Mrs. Willoughby one day, "you must have another talk with Dan. He is getting into bad habits again. He leaves his work every forenoon to go down to Briggs' saloon for a dram. You really must attend to it, doctor, immediately. Your last talk kept him steady for a long time."

Dan Taylor was Dr. Willoughby's hired man. Besides a large garden, which was his particular pride and delight, the minister owned a few acres of cultivated land, and a wood-lot a mile out of the village. Through the spring and summer months Dan was busy on the farm, and in winter there was wood to be drawn and prepared for family use, the horse and cow and pigs to be cared for, and various odd jobs to be done about the house. It was also one of his duties to drive the doctor—whose eyesight was beginning to fail him in the night—to his evening meetings in the outer districts of the town; and as he had lived in the family several years, proving himself to be honest, faithful, and obliging, he had gradually become quite an important personage in the establishment.

But Dan had one serious fault. He loved whiskey, and he would drink it. Not to excess, for his Yankee prudence, and Dr. Willoughby's counsels and reprimands, kept him within bounds; but his stone bottle was snugly stowed away in the hay-mow or under the corn-crib, and about eleven o'clock in the forenoon Dan was sure to come to the well for a drink of water. His stay at the well was short, his visit to the barn or the corn-crib longer, and he generally returned to his work with a beaming face. But latterly a small restaurant and drinking-saloon, at the corner of the street, a few rods from Dr. Willoughby's door, where before the middle of the day half-a-dozen loafers were sure to be lounging, offered stronger attractions to Dan than his place of secret indulgence; hence Mrs. Willoughby's request.

"You really must attend to it immediately," she repeated. "People are beginning to talk, and wonder you allow it to go on."

"Send Dan to the study when he has had his dinner," said the minister.

Now, when Mrs. Willoughby delivered the message, Dan understood perfectly what was coming, for it was by no means the first time he had been summoned to the doctor's presence to receive a lecture upon temperance, but he answered with great alacrity:—

"Wants to see me, does he, for somethin' peticulur? Wal, I'll slick up a leetle and go right up there."

He went to the kitchen glass, pulled up his shirt-collar, tied his cotton handkerchief, and brushed his long side-locks till they were plastered tight to his lank cheeks, then with a bold step ushered himself into his master's presence. The minister pushed back his chair from his desk, and deliberately laid aside his glasses.

"Sit down, Daniel," said he. "I want a little conversation with you."

Dan dropped his hat on the floor, and deposited himself carefully on the edge of a chair.

"Yes, sir," said he. "Miss Willoughby, she jest told me, and sez I to Katie, 'I'll bet my old jack-knife,' sez I, 'the doctor wants to consult with me 'bout that ceow he's so farce to buy over to Swansey's.' Wal, yesterday you know I was a-haulin' wood,—when you kin spare five minutes, doctor, jest step out an' look at that are stick o' hickory. It's good timber and no mistake,—wall, I found I had an hour o' daylight to spar, an' I left my team in White's shed, an' footed it over to Swansey's, for, sez I, I may as well have a look at that crittur myself, or as like as not the doctor'll git shaved, sez I; folks dew like to cheat ministers, an' they know a sight more 'bout sermons than they do 'bout ceows. No offence, doctor. Every man to his trade, you know. Don't you remember how you an' I worked over that stove-pipe in Miss Willoughby's best charmber, and couldn't make the jints fit noheow, an' you blistered yer hands, an' got sut in yer eyes, an' I rammed my head agin the chimbly, trying tew find the pesky hole, an' arter a spell both on us gin eout, an' I went deown ter the tin shop, an' up comes a smart little Irish feller? Crackey! if them jints didn't slip inter each other as slick as grease, an' jest as limp an' limber as an injur rubber stove-pipe. 'How did yer dow't?' sez I. He squinted at me kinder droll-like, an' sez he, 'Dan Taylor for workin' a farm; Pat Merritt for puttin' up stove-pipes, and the Riverend Dr. Willoughby for prachin' the gospel.'

"But I was a-going ter tell yer 'bout that ceow. Don't you buy her, doctor. 'What,' sez I to Swansey, 'yer haint got the face,' sez I, 'tew ask a hundred an' fifteen dollars for that are heifer calf,' sez I. 'Heifer calf!' sez he, bilin' mad, 'she's a three-year-old ceow, pure Alderney breed, and gives thirteen quarts o' milk a day.' 'I don't ker nothin' about yer Alderney breed,' sez I; 'I ken tell a good ceow when I see her, an' this ere stinted, half-starved beast aint wuth her keepin. Thirteen quarts o' milk a day!' sez I. 'She aint got milk enough in her bag this minit, to make gruel for a sick grasshopper. I warnt raised on a dairy farm up in Vermount for nothin',' sez I.—Wal, that's the 'pinion I come to 'bout Swansey's Alderney ceow. I shan't charge yer nothin' for't, doctor."

"I did not send for you about the cow, Dan, though I am glad you looked at her, but—"

"Wal, now, doctor, I ax yer pardon for interruptin' of yer, but while I'm a-talkin' jest let me tell yer a neat thing the bay horse done tother day."

Pride in his bay horse was Dr. Willoughby's weakness, and he could not deny himself the gratification of hearing the story.

"The day all them ministers was here to dinner," said Dan, "there was a slim feller, with long har,—he's settled over in Barton. I don't remember his name,—you know who I mean, doctor?"

"The Rev. Mr. Rowley?" said Dr. Willoughby.

"Yes; Rowley or Rowdy, or some sich name. Wal, that man kep up a great fuss over his hoss all day; kep' a-hangin' round the barn, an' peekin' inter the stable, an' gin me his orders as though I didn't understand my bizness. Wal, when I was hitchin' up for him to start away, I looked the crittur over, to see what thar was so toppin' 'bout him. 'There's a hoss for yer,' sez Mr. Rowdy—"

"Rowley, Dan, Rowley."

"Wal, Rowley or Rowdy; it don't make no odds. 'There's a horse for yer,' sez he; 'good color, fine eye, head up; what dew yer think of him?' 'Fair,' sez I. Then I fetched out Charley. I was only waitin' for the company to go, 'fore I went down the Barton Road to fetch up that parcel o' books the stage left for ye. 'What dew yer think o' *him*?' sez I. 'Oh, he looks like a good family hoss,' sez he; 'no fancy 'bout him.' 'No,' sez I, 'Dr. Willoughby don't believe in ministers keepin' fancy horses.' I was kind r riled, ye see, but I never said another word 'bout the hoss. Thinks I, if a man that pretends to know anything 'bout a hoss can't see that animal's good pints, I aint the chap to let on 'bout 'em. Why, sir! for depth of chest, clean head, sharp ears, and strong quarters, that feller's beast couldn't hold a candle to our Charley. But as I told yer, I never said another word about the hoss, an' he driv' off up town, an' I finished hitchin' up Charley to the light wagon, an' started down the road. I driv' along kinder leisurely, and fust I knew there come clatterin' past that Rowdy."

"Dan," said Dr. Willoughby, "if you cannot call the gentleman by his right name, you need not tell your story."

"Why, hev I got it wrong agin?—Wal, I allers did misremember names, I ax yer pardin, doctor; I'll call him parson arter this, then I'll be sure an' git it right, though I say for't, he didn't look much like a parson that time, with his long hair a-flyin' an' his coattails a-streamin' eout behind. 'That's yer game, is it?' sez I. Charley didn't 'pear tew like it, nuther, but begun to step a leetle high. I kep' him easy till we got along to that clean stretch o' road between here an' White's. 'Neow, Charley,' sez I, 'let him put his fancy article alongside o' the doctor's *family hoss*.' Doctor, I'd gin my Sunday suit, if yeu'd seen that race. I allers told yer Charley was a trotter. I never see a hoss yit shaped as he is,—large behind, wide stifles, an' muscles creepin' clear down most to the hock jint,—that warn't a good roadster; but come to see him alongside of a trained runner, I'm free to own the Row—the parson's beast done well,—I believed in him more'n ever. (I'll tell ye what, doctor, if yeou'll give me the trainin' of him for six months, I'll put him on the course next September, an' if he don't dew his mile in 2.30, my name aint Dan Taylor.)

"Wal, they kep' alongside of each other a spell, then the bay gave his head a little toss, as much as ter say, 'Come, we've had enough o' this,' an' put out those legs o' his'n, and went by as easy as you'd outwalk a three-year-old child. I looked back (I knew it was sassy, doctor, but I couldn't help it noways,) an' put my thumb up side o' my nose."

Dr. Willoughby enjoyed the story intensely, and if Dan's object in telling it was to soften his asperity, and incline him to look favorably upon his servant's offences, he was eminently successful.

"But Miss Willoughby said yeou had somethin' peticular to say tew me, doctor," said Dan, with a demure face.

"Yes, Dan, I want a little serious conversation with you."

"Wal, now, that's curus,—aint it, doctor? I've ben thinkin' for some time I'd ought ter git religion an' jine the church. 'Fore my old mother died, she was allers talkin' pious to me. Sez she, 'Danyel, yeu are a havin' blessed privileges,' sez she, 'a livin' rite under the drippin's of the sanctuary; yeu won't never hev sich another chance agin, mebbe,' sez she; an' I think so myself, doctor; only yer know a feller's allers a-stavin' it off. But my mind has been oncommon solemized lately. The last time you held a meetin' over in Brighton deestrict, it seems as though I was kinder lifted rite up an' felt good all over; but there! doctor, there can't nobody listen ter yeour preachin' without bein, tetched—"

"Dan," said Dr. Willoughby, gravely, "you disturbed the solemnity of that meeting very much by improper conduct, which, if you had been yourself, you would not have been guilty of."

"Me disturb the meetin'!" he exclaimed. "O doctor, what did I do?"

"What did you do? In the first place you set all the young people tittering, by sitting down in a chair, which, if you had had your eyes about you, you would have seen was broken, and so saved yourself an awkward tumble, and when you were down you lay sprawled out on the floor, like a great frog, for full a minute, before you had sense enough to pick yourself up. And you sang through your nose horribly, sir, and wheezed and sighed all the evening like a pair of cracked bellows."

"Wal, neow, doctor, how was I to know the dumbed old cheer hadn't got but three legs? What dew they want tew leave sich a thing settin' up agin the wall for? An' I tell yeu, it hurts a man o' my heft to come down caswack in a sittin' postur on the floor. I'd like to have some o' them gals that snickered so at me try it once. An' as for singin' through my nose, doctor, yer know I hev a tech o' the catarrh, an' I allers was phthisiky. But yer see I was so oncommon overcome that night I didn't hardly know what I was about. I ax yer pardon humbly, doctor, for disturbin' the meetin'."

"Don't try to put me off with any such nonsense, Dan. You were half tipsy, and you know it."

Dan lifted both hands, and screwed his face into an expression of injured innocence that was very ludicrous.

"Neow that cuts me right to the heart," he said. "There aint nothin' so hard to bear as to be accused wrongfully. Then, putting on a sanctimonious air, "Wal," said he, "it's a comfort to think I aint the fust man folks has thought had got a leetle too much aboard, when he was full of another kind o' speerit. For when those good men's tongues was a running so glib in the day o' Pentecost, people standin' round thought they was drunk. By the way, doctor, aint that a good pint to make agin the tee otalers?—'cr sez Peter, sez he, 'these are not drunken as ye suppose, seein's it's but the third hour of the day,' as much as tew say, if 'twas later, like as not they would be; an' yer see that's good common sense, for unless a feller's a regelar sot he aint a-goin' to git high afore nine o'clock in the mornin'."

"Daniel, I am afraid it makes very little difference to you whether it's morning or evening. You had been drinking whiskey, sir, that night, for I smelt your breath."

"Doctor, I don't deny I tuk a couple o' large spunfuls or so, jest afore we started, to keep eout the cold. It was an awful blusterin' night, yer know, an' arter I'd hitched up, an was a-waitin' for yeu, Miss Willeyby, she come out with a tumbler, an' she got a leetle hot water, an' a lump o' white sugar, an' a sprinklin' o' nutmeg, an' thinks I she's fixin' up somethin' for the doctor to keep his insides warm; and I coaxed Katie to get me a teacup, and some brown sugar, an' I had a leetle whiskey kept in the house for colds, an' I'm subject tew, an' I made a little warm sling, and it done me a sight o' good. Neow that's the livin' truth, as sure as I'm a sinner, an' I'm free to confess there couldn't be nothing surer. Wal, neow, doctor, jest answer me one question. Don't you think speerits is a blessin'?"

"They are a blessing that is terribly abused by some people, Daniel."

"I say for't, doctor, if you aint up and gin the very answer, Deacon Selew gin to Obadiah Biddle when he was pinted by the church to deal with the old man. You see Obadiah was a good, consistent Christian, but he would get slewed 'bout every other day in the week. So they pinted Deacon Selew to go an' hav' a talk with him. Wal, he went over one mornin', an' found the old man dozin' afore the kitchen fire. 'Take a dram, deacon,' sez he, when he'd got roused up. 'Wal, yes,' sez the deacon, 'I don't ker if I do. I aint agin a dram when a body wants it.' 'Deacon Selew,' says Brother Biddle, while they was a-sippin', 'don't you think speerits is a blessin'?' (An' doctor, if you didn't gin the deacon's answer jest neow eenermost word for word, my name aint Dan Taylor.)—'Speerits is a blessin',' sez the deacon, sez he, 'that some on us abuses.' 'Wal, neow, deacon,' sez Brother Biddle, 'who *dew* you think abuses the blessin'?' 'Brother,' sez Deacon Selew, as solemn as the grave, '*Folks talk*,—don't *yeu* think sometimes Brother Biddle, *yeu* drink tew much?'—'Wal, it's hard to say, deacon; sometimes I've thought I was a-drinkin' too much an' then agin I warnt sure. What is man? A poor worrum of the dust.—So I left it to the Lord to say whether I was a-goin' too far in speerits. I put the whole 'sponsibility enter him. I prayed if I was a drinkin' too much, for him to take away my appetite for speerits. I've prayed that prayer three times, an' he hain't done it. So now, Deacon Selew, I'm much obleeged to yeu, but ye see I've cleared myself of the 'sponsibility—'"

Here Katie rushed into the room.—"Shure an' there's a big hog in the door-yard," she cried, "rootin' up all the scrubbery."

Dan was off like a shot, and for that time escaped his lecture.

CHAPTER V.

TEMPERANCE VERSUS ABSTINENCE.

There are moments in our lives, when such
As will not help to lift us strike us down!
When the green bough just bends so near our clutch,
When the light rope so easily was thrown,
That they are murderers that beheld us drown.

—*Mrs. Norton.*

"If ye plaze, ma'am," said Katie O'Reilly, putting her head in at the door of the room one morning where Dr. Willoughby with his wife and daughter were eating breakfast,—"if ye plase, ma'am, there's a b'y stuck in the windy. An' if ye don't believe it," she added, observing the incredulous looks of her listeners, "ye may jist hear him howlin' yerselves."

Sounds of distress, apparently proceeding from a very small voice, at this moment making their way through the open door, seemed to verify the truth of Katie's statement, and Mrs. Willoughby and Grace hastened to the kitchen, where a strange sight presented itself. A square of glass had for some days been broken from one of the small, old-fashioned windows, Katie resisting Dan's attempt to replace it with entreaties to "lave her a brathing-hole," and through this aperture protruded a bullet-shaped head, covered with a shock of fiery-red hair, standing up in all directions from a freckled face, with a pair of wide blue eyes that were rolling from side to side in an extremity of terror, and an open mouth, from which issued a dismal wailing.

"Mercy on us, what is the child about?" said Mrs. Willoughby. "Boy, stop crying directly, and take your head from the window!"

He obeyed her first command, and in his attempt to further do her bidding twisted his head frantically from side to side, his face growing frightfully red, and his eyes nearly starting from their sockets.

"If you plaze, ma'am," interposed Katie, "the b'y's head is stuck, and the two feet of him standin' on me wash-bench, outside the windy, and it's meself has had him by the heels tryin' to pull him out from behind 'fore ivir I called te ye."

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Willoughby, "what an uncomfortable position! There, don't cry, boy, and keep perfectly still, or you'll choke yourself to death. Doctor, how are we to get him out?"

"Where a head went in," said the minister, gravely, "it is but reasonable to conclude it can go out."

"She's made it bigger, she has, a-bumpin' of it agin the side of the winder," said the sufferer, breaking out into fresh wailing at the recital of his wrongs.

"An' sure, ma'am," said Katie, "I jist cuffed the ears of him for blockin' me windy wid his sassy face, an' me pacably bakin' me cakes by the fire, and that is all the knockin' he's had from me, ma'am, let alone a scrape or two, mabbe, whin I had holt of the heels of him outside, an' it's not me will thry agin, if ye stay there bowlin' till next Michaelmas, ye ongrateful baste!"

"Oh, stop, Katie, and, doctor, don't stand there twirling your napkin, but contrive some way to get him out. I am sure his head grows bigger every minute. Oh, there comes Dan; he will help. See here, Dan,—this unfortunate child has put his head through the broken pane, and that cruel Katie has bumped it so that he can't get it back again, and it is continually increasing in size, and I don't see but you will have to cut away the window, though how ever you are to do it without cutting into *him* I don't know."

At this terrible possibility the boy's wailing recommenced.

"Shut up!" said Dan, authoritatively. "The more you yell, the bigger you swell, that's poetry, aint it?" said Dan, amazed at his own genius. 'Miss Willoughby, don't you fret. I calcilate to get that shaver eaut in half a jiffy.'

He put both hands in his pockets, whistled 'Hail Columbia,' and went outside to survey the situation.

'Dan,' said Grace, who had followed him, 'you can push him through easily. His head is the biggest part of him.'

'Miss Grace,' returned Dan, 'yeu's a still one, but yer deep. That are's a suggestion I'm a-going to follow.'

'Yes, try it, Dan,' said Mrs. Willoughby. 'No, Katie,' to the officious damsel, 'we want none of your help.—That poor child's head is black and blue, I dare say, with the bumps you have given him.'

'Neow, Mrs. Willoughby,' said Dan, 'if yeou'll stand inside and catch him when he comes, I'll heave ahead,' and a moment after a little limp body advanced slowly into the room, and was received with open arms by Mrs. Willoughby, who was anxiously awaiting the arrival.

(*To be Continued.*)

Intellectual Influence of Women.

Hardly anything can be of greater value to a man of theory and speculation, who employs himself not in collecting materials of knowledge by observation, but in working them up by processes of thought into comprehensive truths of science and laws of conduct, than to carry on his speculations in the companionship and under the criticism of a really superior woman. There is nothing comparable to it for keeping his thoughts within the limits of real things and the actual facts of nature. A woman seldom runs wild after an abstraction. The habitual direction of her mind to dealing with things as individuals rather than in groups, and (what is closely connected with it) her more lively interest in the present feelings of persons, which make her consider first of all, in anything which claims to be applied to practice, in what manner persons will be affected by it,—these two things make her extremely unlikely to put faith in any speculation which loses sight of individuals and deals with things as if they existed for the benefit of some imaginary entity, some mere creation of the mind, not resolvable into the feelings of living beings. Women's thoughts are thus as useful in giving reality to those of thinking men, as men's thoughts in giving width and largeness to those of women. In depth, as distinguished from breadth, I greatly doubt if even now women, compared with men, are at any disadvantage.

Good-by.—It is a hard word to speak. Some may laugh that it should be, but let them. Icy hearts are never kind. It is a word that has choked many an utterance, and started many a tear. The hand is clasped, the word spoken, we part, and are out upon the ocean of time—we go to meet again, where, God only knows. It may be soon; it may be never. Take care that your "good-by" be not a cold one—it may be the last that you can give. Ere you may meet your friend again, death's cold hand may have closed his eyes and chained his lips, forever. Ah, he may have died in thinking you loved him not. Again, it may be a long separation. Friends crowd onward and give you their hand. How do you detect in each 'good-by' the love that lingers there; and how you bear away with you the memory of these parting words many, many days. We must often separate. Tear not yourself away with a careless boldness that defies all love, but make your last words linger—give the heart its full utterance—and if tears fall, what of that? Tears are not unmanly.

Power of Love.—A certain man had a wayward son. His conduct brought down his father to a premature grave. On the day of his funeral the son was present; saw unmoved the pale face of his father in the coffin; stood unmoved on the brink of the grave. The family retraced their steps. Their father's will and testament was read; in that testament was the name of the undutiful son. As his name was read his heart heaved with emotion, his eyes were bedewed with tears, and he was heard to say, "I did not think that my father would have so kindly thought of me in his will." In the family of Christ, some of us, in reading His testament, and thinking upon his great love and marvelous gifts, feel our unprofitableness and unworthiness, and are filled with contrition and gratitude, with love and wonder.

"C-c-can that p-p-pup-parrot t-talk?" asked a stuttering man of a German. 'Suppose he no can talk so moche better as that what you talk, I chop he teuced head off," was the reply.