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## Selected Story.

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### THE REV. DR. WILLOUGHBY AND HIS WINE.

BY MARY SPRING WALKER. CHAPTER VI. CHABY JOE.

Some strange commotion is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts; stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground. Then lays his finger on his temple, straight springs out into fast gait, then stops again. Strikes his breast hard; and anon he casts his eye against the moon, in most strange postures. We have seen him set himself.

—Shakespeare.

Grace Willoughby's sewing machine was out of order one day, and, throwing a shawl over her head, she ran out to the back yard where Joe Martin, or Crazy Joe as he was universally called in the village, was helping Dan split up the great hickory log he had drawn from the woods a few days previous.—Dr. Willoughby frequently employed this man when there was a press of work, and as he was skilful with tools Grace hoped he might be able to assist her.

It was a bright day in early winter. The first snow of the season had fallen the night before, and lay upon the ground white and unsoftened. The air below was quite still, but the upper branches of the trees that surrounded her father's house swayed to and fro, and from the tops of the pines came the pensive music of the winter wind. Joe stood, axe in hand, a rapt expression on his upturned face, talking softly to himself; and Dan, who had also suspended work, was watching him with a half-contemptuous expression on his hard, Yankee visage. Neither of the men noticed the young girl's approach, and she stood quietly observing them, before discovering herself.

"There's a sound of going in the tops of the mulberry-trees," said Crazy Joe, "and it's like an army preparing for battle."

"Them aint mulberry-trees," said Dan Taylor, following the direction of Joe's eyes; "them's young maples.—What are yer talkin' 'bout, Martin?—There aint a mulberry-tree round here as I know on, nor hairet been since the morous-multicaulus speculation. Nuff on 'em, then, more's the pity, an' some that owned 'em left with heads as cracked as yorn." (This last in a low voice.) "Don't ye know the difference between a soft maple and a mulberry, Joe?"

Joe did not answer him, or appear to notice the interruption, but went on talking; and his voice, always musical, though unpleasantly loud in his excited moods, was now very tender and soft in tone.

"The four angels stand in the four corners, holding the four winds of heaven," said he; "for my Lord commanded that they should not hurt any green thing, neither any tree, but only those men who have not the seal of God in their foreheads." He put his hand to his head with a troubled look.—"The garden of the Lord is full of goodly trees, the palm and the olive tree, the pine-tree and the box together, but in the midst of it, and on the bank of the river, is the tree of life."—He began to sing:—

"O my brother, are you sitting on the tree of life?"

"To hear when Jordan rolls?"

"I can't say as I be, brother," said Dan. "I aint clim' a tree these ten years. It's to go up w'out trees like a chipmunk; and as for hearin' Jordan roll, I don't know as I ker about that kind o' music yet awhile. It's a hard road to travel,—hey, Joe?"

Joe answered him with great solemnity:—

"If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, how canst thou contend with horses? And if in the land of peace they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"

Then he continued his song:—

"O my sister, are you sitting on the tree of life?"

"To hear when Jordan rolls?"

"Roll, Jordan, roll!"

"Yonder she stands," said Dan;

pointing to Grace, whom he had just discovered. Joe turned. "Ah, yes, Miss Grace," said he, with a smile, "you are on the tree of life. Jordan will roll for you. There's no flaming sword to keep you away. His mark is plain enough in your white forehead." Again he put his hand to his brow.

"Is your head very bad to-day?" she said, kindly.

"There is no change, Miss Grace. You know there was power given to torment night and day for a season; but it's the three times that I think I could bear it better if I could reckon the time. You know it says, 'I was permitted him to continue forty and two months, and a time, and times, and the dividing of a time.' Now, Miss Grace, shall we count from when the angel with the key of the bottomless pit and the great chain loosed the old dragon that was bound for a thousand years, or from when the beast whose deadly wound was healed rose out of the sea and put his mark, or the number of his name, in men's foreheads?—Miss Grace, do you think it was then, and why did he put my mark in a different place?"

He pointed to the scar upon his cheek as he spoke,—doubt, anxiety, and patient suffering mirrored in his face.

"What's the good of botherin' yer head 'bout it?" said Dan. "Plague take the time, and times, and dividin' of times. An' I'll tell you what 'tis, Joe Martin, if yer don't talk less an' work more, this ere hickory log won't git chopped up 'fore next April. Then there'll be a 'time.'"

"Let him that hath understanding," said Joe, with great solemnity, "count the number of the beast; for it is the number of a man, and his number is six hundred threescore and six." Miss Grace, when you say your prayers to-night, would you mind asking that question about the time?"

"I will ask it," she said, "and I will ask the dear Savior to take away all this trouble and confusion from your mind, and do for you, in his own good time, what he did when he was here on earth for a poor man as much worse 'han you are as you can think."

"With the mark on him, Miss Grace?"

"With the mark on him, Joe, so plain and so dreadful that every one was afraid of him; and he never could live with his fellow-men, but went wandering night and day in the mountains and among the tombs, crying, and cutting himself with stones, and when Jesus met him, all wounded and bleeding, he made him well."

"Made him well," repeated Crazy Joe, his hand seeking his forehead again. "It must have been down in the 'lonesome valley' that he met him, for you know the hymn says:—

Down in the lonesome valley,  
My Jesus met me there."

Oh, I've been there, Miss Grace, many and many a time; but I never met any Jesus. Yes, you may ask him to do that for me, when the time, and times, and dividing of times is accomplished. Oh, if I could only count up that time!" She hastened to divert his mind from this perplexing question by preferring her request, and was gratified to see how instantly the wand-ring look left his face, and was succeeded by one of grave attention, as she explained what she needed. He smiled when she had finished, made her two or three of the little fantastic bows peculiar to him, then drawing from a recess in the woodpile a bundle tied in a silk handkerchief, he produced the tools he needed, and set himself busily to work. Grace noticed, as he nutted this bundle, the neatness and order that characterized the man's personal habits. His knife, chisel, screw-driver, and other simple tools were in a box by themselves, his articles for the toilet in another, while a clean white handkerchief, a gay necktie, a bosom-pin, and a bottle of perfumery, explained how he had gained among the boys of the village the name of "Dandy Joe."

While she stood watching his nimble fingers as he shaped the little wedge she needed, Katie called from the kitchen door, "Miss Grace, your gentleman has come," and her mother met her in the hall.

"It's Mr. Landon, dear," she said;

"if you want to change your dress I will entertain him till you are ready."

"Oh, no, mother; my dress is good enough," she said; and with a quick, light step entered the room where her lover awaited her.

Mr. Horace Landon rose deliberately from the arm chair in which he was seated, when the young girl, her hand extended, and a smile of welcome on her face (that brought every dimple in play, came forward to meet him. He was a tall man, with glossy black hair and beard, a high, straight forehead, eyes as black as a coal, set deep in his head, and the other features of his face, clear-cut, and in good proportion. But he was not handsome, and Frances Thayer flattered him when she called him young-looking. There were lines on his forehead, and about his eyes, that only time can make; the top of his head was quite bare, and the lower part of his face, when in repose, dropped like that of an old man. Standing side by side with Grace Willoughby, in her slender, girlish beauty, her fair skin, light hair, and dimples making her look younger than she really was, with his wrinkles, his baldness, and a certain weary, careworn expression that pervaded his whole face, he seemed old indeed.

"I called to give you the first sleigh-ride of the season," he said, when their greetings were over. "I am going to Barton to summon a witness. Will you ride with me?"

She joyfully assented, and a few moments later he handed her to her seat in the cutter, and with abundant care adjusted the robes to protect her from the cold. Mrs. Willoughby watched them from the parlor window.

"Grace has decided like a sensible girl," she said to her husband. "It is a comfort to think that matter is settled. What a position she will occupy! I declare I believe I smell burnt bread.—If that Katie has spoiled another batch —"

Mr. Landon had taken his seat in the sleigh, and was gathering up the lines preparatory to starting, when his companion spoke.

"Wait a moment, please," she said.

"Joe wishes to speak with me."

Mr. Landon turned, and saw coming toward them, through the yard, a man with curly gray hair, and an ugly scar on one side of his face.

"It is Joe Martin," she explained,—"a poor, half-crazy fellow father employs sometimes for the sake of helping him. He has been doing some work for me this afternoon, and I suppose wants to show it to me. Well, Joe.—Why, what is the matter with him?"

The man who was by this time very near them, and with his axe upon his shoulder, and with one hand extended, had been making his curious little bows as he approached, stopped suddenly, the childish expression of pleasure on his face changing instantly to one of extreme terror and distress; then, dropping his axe, he rushed through the open gate, and extending both arms appeared about to snatch the girl from her seat in the sleigh.

"Come away!" he screamed. "O Miss Grace, come away!"

"Stand back, sir," said Landon, sternly; "you alarm the lady. Grace, what does this mean?"

The sound of his voice seemed to increase Martin's agitation to ungovernable fury. He trembled all over. He clenched his fists, and stamped on the ground. The veins in his forehead swelled almost to bursting, and the scar on his cheek turning a livid purple added greatly to the frightfulness of his appearance.

"Let her go," he screamed. "You villain! you murderer! Let her go!" Then, as Landon started the horse, he sprang forward, and with almost incredible quickness seized the animal by the head, holding him with an iron grasp.

"Come," said Horace Landon, angrily, "we have had enough of this. Let go my horse's head, you vagabond, or you and my whip will become better acquainted."

He raised the whip, but Grace caught his arm.

"Stop, Mr. Landon," she said.—"Don't strike him! Joe, for shame! What do you mean? This gentleman is my friend."

He turned his face full of furious anger at the sound of her voice.

"Friend," said he; "is the wolf a friend when he crushes the lamb in his hungry jaws? Is the vulture a friend when he tears the little tender dove with his talons? Miss Grace! Miss Grace! he's got the mark of the beast on his forehead, and in the palms of his hands. Oh, come away!"

He looked his hold on the rein, to stretch a hand imploringly toward her, and Mr. Landon, seizing the opportunity, pulled the reins with the whip. The frightened creature sprang forward, throwing Martin with some violence back upon the snow.

"What are the authorities of your town about?" said Mr. Landon, "that they suffer such a madman to run loose in the streets?"

Grace was looking back, and did not heed the question.

"Please drive slower," she said; "I am afraid he is injured."

He checked the speed of his horse, and turned to look.

"No, he is not hurt," he said. "See, he is getting up. It would have served him right, if my horse's heels had knocked the crazy brains out of his head. An ugly fellow, who ought to be put behind bolts and bars before he is an hour older."

"O Mr. Landon," she answered, "you would not say so, if you knew poor Joe. He is as simple-hearted and innocent a creature as ever lived.—West Union people would laugh at you if you should tell them he is a dangerous citizen. He was never known to hurt a dumb animal, much less a human being. Why, the little children of the village all love him, and it is no uncommon sight to see a group of them about him, climbing his shoulders and searching his pockets for candy. He is singularly mild and patient, hopelessly deranged, poor fellow, on religious subjects, but as harmless as possible. I cannot imagine what has occasioned this outbreak. I have never seen any thing like it before."

She turned her head again. Crazy Joe had risen and was standing motionless in the middle of the road. His gray head was bare, and both arms were extended toward the rapidly retreating sleigh.

"Who is he, and where did he come from?" inquired Mr. Landon.

"He was born and brought up in West Union," she replied. "His mother was an excellent Christian woman, a member of father's church. His father died when he was very young. Joe was her only child,—a bright, handsome boy, and fond of his books, and she was very anxious to give him a liberal education. She interested father about it, and he helped prepare Joe for college. I was very young, but I can remember a rosy-cheeked, handsome boy, who came to recite Latin two or three times a week. Well, she found a place in a store in the city for him, till she could earn money to send him to New Haven. She was a very industrious, smart woman, a tailoress by trade, and father says she worked night and day, in fact, killed herself for her boy. On her death-bed she begged father to look after him, and he faithfully promised that he would. And now comes the strange part of my story. A few months after his mother's death, the boy disappeared, strangely unaccountably, leaving no clue to his whereabouts. Father was greatly disturbed about it, because of his promise to the poor mother. He set the police to work, and he advertised, but with no success. And, Mr. Landon, we heard nothing of him from that day, until three or four years ago, when the poor, gray-headed creature, who has just acted so strangely, came to our door one winter's night. Father did not recognize him at first, he was so dreadfully changed, but soon ascertained that it was poor Joe Martin. He could give no account of himself, where he had been or what he had suffered, and we soon ceased to trouble him with questions. Father got him into the asylum for the insane as a State patient, thinking he might be cured; but the physician soon pronounced it a hopeless case, and poor Joe, who had probably led a wandering life, was so

very unhappy in his confinement that it was thought best to release him. He lives in a little house by himself on the edge of the village, and earns a living by sawing wood, and clearing paths in winter, and by gardening in the summer. Every one pities him and treats him kindly. Even the boys of the village, though they have their jokes with him, are seldom rude. I believe he is truly a Christian. He knows his Bible almost by heart. He is never absent from church on the Sabbath, and walks his mile and a half the coldest winter nights to attend the weekly prayer-meeting. He sings strange hymns and songs that no one about here ever heard before. He attends all the funerals, and there can hardly be a town-meeting without him. He can preach and pray to the great edification of the boys, but his forte is temperance. You should hear him talk temperance. He is a stanch teetotaler, and gives time, talent, and every cent of money he can spare, poor fellow, to help the cause."

"What did you call him, Grace?"

"Joe Martin. Have you heard the name before, Mr. Landon?"

"That, or one similar. A mere coincidence, nothing more." Then he turned to her, smiling. "Grace, when do you mean to drop the 'Mr.' from my name? Can I not teach you to call me Horace?"

Mr. Landon was a good talker. His mind was stored with knowledge, which his fluent tongue was capable of uttering with flowing grace and eloquence. He had the faculty of introducing old ideas in new shapes, clothing them in choice diction, and serving them up in brilliant style, and for the next two hours he exerted his conversational talents to the utmost to entertain the young girl at his side. Perhaps he wished to drive from her mind all recollection of the unpleasant incident at the commencement of their ride. It's, he was very successful.—She laughed at his sallies of wit, till the dimples flashed in and out of her cheeks; blushed with innocent pleasure at his delicate flattery; or listened in rapt attention, her blue eyes moist with feeling, to his well-timed quotations from her favorite poet. Smiles and tears came to her at his bidding,—smiles that lit up her face with an ever-changing beauty, and tears that softened her eyes, and added tenderness to her flexible mouth.

"Mother," she said, standing by Mrs. Willoughby's chair that night,— "mother, I am very happy."

"Yes, dear, and well you may be.—Mr. Landon is one of a thousand,—so brilliant, so accomplished, and able to give you every luxury that money can purchase. You will have a good husband, Grace," and she added as her daughter left the room,— "and such a position!"

(To be Continued.)

## Selections.

### The Poplar Trough.

About sixty years ago, a man lived on the edge of a forest, whose father had raised him very tenderly, and loved him very truthfully; and finally given all his property to his son, as his wife and other children were all dead; and he intended to stay with his beloved son as long as he lived.

But the old man lived too long. He became blind, lame, and foolish. He lost the sight of his eyes, and alas! he lost the love of his son. His hands became so weak and trembled that he would drop the spoon or cup while he was trying to drink. He broke so many cups and plates, and made so much grease on the carpet, that his son's wife used to scold, and said: "He's good for nothing, and in the way; he does nothing but break crockery, and make grease. And so the old man's life was a very unhappy one."

One day the man saw his old father drop a plate and break it. He burst out into agony scolding, and said: "I will make you a trough. You are dirty as a pig, and you shall eat like pigs."—Poor old father.

So he started out into the woods with his axe on his shoulder. His little son, about six years old, followed

him. He soon found a poplar tree, cut it down, and began to hew out a block for a trough. After a little, he was tired and stopped to rest.

"Pa, what are you going to do with that tree—are you going to burn it?"

"No, I'm not going to burn it. Are you going to make rails with it?"

"No my son I am not going to make rails with it. Well pa, what are you going to do with it?"

"I am going to make a trough."

"For your grandpa to eat out of. For grandpa? And then the little fellow stopped to think. After a while he added, 'Yes, that will be no nice and I'll make you a trough, too, pa, when you get old and blind.'"

The man let go his axe, and began to think. His little boy had unconsciously touched him in the only tender place. He sat down, and began to remember all his father's love to him when a little boy. He went back and told his wife what had happened. From that hour the good old man was kindly cared for, his wants supplied, his mistakes overlooked, his weakness provided against by constant attention, till he died.

Do you ever feel worried with the care your parents or aged relatives need? Remember how they cared for you once; and how you may need kindness from your children.

### The Old Scotchman.

I never drink a cup of water without thinking of an old Scotchman, who, when I was a boy in the city of New York, acted as a porter in the establishment in which I was engaged. He must have been very poor; for, then fully sixty-five or seventy years of age, he was employed, day after day, in dragging a little hand-cart, often laden with heavy burdens, over crowded and stony pavements.

In our store was a stone jar, replenished daily with pure water and ice, and many a time during the day the old man would come to drink. When he had filled the cup, he would take off his worn cap, and while his thin gray locks fell over his forehead, lift up his face with closed eyes for a moment, with reverential aspect, and in silent prayer, and then drink. No matter what haste, or who observed, he always did the same.

Since then it is twenty-five or thirty years I have drank from the icy pools that gather on the surface of the glaciers of Switzerland, and amidst the burning splendors of Vesuvius, in his own stormy Scotland, and on the stormy sea, but very rarely or never without thinking of that old Scotchman, or admonished by him, without lifting my heart in gratitude to God.—

One thing is remarkable; I cannot drink with my hat on. The white locks of the old man seem to shake themselves before me, as if to admonish me of irreverence, and his meek eyes seem to be lifting themselves up to God, to plead that I may not forget the Giver. Without doubt, the old man has been many years in heaven. But how that little habit of his had wrought itself into my life, and how to me it has been, for more than a quarter of a century, day by day, that little act, a preacher of righteousness!

How could he have ceased to live in my memory? Had he perpetuated his name, and form, and piety in my heart! Christian, never forget to recognize God.—*Evangelist.*

AN EXCITING FOX CHASE.—A few nights since as the Richmond & Danville train was passing by Amelia C. H., Va., a red fox jumped from an adjoining cornfield in front of the engine, and made good time up the track, no doubt frightened by the head light. The chase continued for some two miles, when poor Reynard went "under" the engine and "up" the spout. The fireman took position on the cow-catcher, and at one time had hold of the fox, but fearing it would bite him, did not "haul in."

A prize bull at the New Jersey Fair gored an admiring boy to death.

A St. Louis husband has paid his wife \$2,000 to desert him.