

FRIEND OF TEMPERANCE.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ORDER OF THE FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE.

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Friend of Temperance

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ADVERTISEMENTS

A limited number of Advertisements will be inserted in this paper at the following rates:

Table with columns: SPACE, No 2 Ms, 3 Ms, 6 Ms, 1 Yr. and rows for 1 Square, 2 Squares, 3 Columns, 4 Columns.

The Tear of Gratitude.

There is a gem more dearly bright, More dear to mercy's eye, Than love's sweet tear, whose mellow light First cheers the evening sky.

Original.

For the Friend. To the People of North Carolina.

Occupying, how unworthily soever, the position of President of the State Council of Friends of Temperance in North Carolina, it is a duty which I owe to those who placed me there, to myself and to the sacred cause in which we are all heart and soul engaged, that I should, from time to time, give forth words of warning and cheer to the brethren in all parts of the State.

It is well that the fainting hearts of those who, upon the very outposts of temperance, are battling with a seemingly unconquerable foe, should be refreshed by the good news of victory that swells up from many a quarter of the well fought field—that the Councils whose members have fallen into a dangerous apathy, scarcely less fatal indeed than active opposition, should be spurred into new energy by the recital of the gallant blows that their co-laborers are daily striking for Faith, Temperance and Charity.

Never, perhaps, in the history of our State has there been such widespread interest, such zeal and such encouraging hopefulness in the cause of Temperance as there is to-day. Watchman what of the night? One hundred and one Councils in full operation, with a combined membership of nearly six thousand, are zealously at work.

There is another cause for congratulation which your attention is especially directed. From every quarter of the State the news reaches us that men of prominence, in their respective communities, are uniting themselves with our Order, and in many instances are becoming active workers in the cause.

Truly the outlook is encouraging. "Lo! now the dawn breaks up the skies, Lo! out your soul and listen!" But do not imagine for one moment from what I have said that the enemy is lifting his head a whit the less defiantly, or that the necessity for vigorous, united effort is any the less urging.

But do not imagine for one moment from what I have said that the enemy is lifting his head a whit the less defiantly, or that the necessity for vigorous, united effort is any the less urging. Every year fifteen hundred inebriates in North Carolina lie down in drunkards' graves and go to meet their last account with brains on fire from the accursed drink.

I cannot refrain from making an earnest appeal to the members of the medical profession in the State. No class of the community have greater claims upon our affection and our gratitude than those whose lives are devoted to the effort to relieve their fellow creatures from disease and pain.

The Degrees that I have mentioned above are quite similar to those of the Knights of Jerico a very popular and beautiful order, but being more expensive than necessary has never spread far beyond the limits of wealthy communities.

Let us build up an order that will answer all the wants of a faithful hand-maiden to every denomination of Christians. Let us organize an army of Christians and their allies who will assail the works of this common enemy of mankind; like Arnold Winkelried, let us make a breach in his ranks and then march on over Groshops, Wholesale liquor houses, and Distilleries, until not one of the whole clan dare show his head upon the arena of warfare in defence of his rights.

A simple word to the inebriate: While good men all over the land are making such efforts in his behalf, will he not at least unite in the effort? "Who would be free himself must strike the blow."

We appeal to him by all his better nature, by all his love for his home, his mother, his wife, his child, by the manhood which he outrages, by the all-giving love of God Himself, to shake off the fetters of his degrading vice and enrol him self under our banner.

This feature of our Order is of such vast importance that we can not well afford to dispense with it altogether, whatever may be the objections raised against it. The ladies we must have with us in the Council. However, I yet favor a separate organization for boys under fourteen years of age.

I would further recommend that there be yet another or perhaps two higher and more impressive degrees established by the Supreme Council. That the Ritual for the same be prepared with a special view to rendering it solemn and deeply impressive.

Then by modifying the pledges of I. and II. degrees so as to denote a probation, we then thoroughly understand the nature of each pledge. As the pledge or obligation stands at present, it is religiously, logically and reasonably binding forever, though to be sure we have no more jurisdiction over an expelled or "withdrawn finally" member of our

order than over one who never joined us at all. Yet it is held that it is not binding longer than the obligor is a member of the order. Previous articles published in the FRIEND express the views of this writer upon this point.

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We may possibly be doing a service to some of our readers by informing them on the authority of a manuscript of the fifteenth century, quoted in "The Book of Days," there are just thirty-two days in the year upon which it is unadvisable to enter into matrimony—namely, seven in January, three each in February, March, May and December; two each in April, June, July, August, September and November; and one in October, the best month for committing matrimony; the actual unlucky days being these: January 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, 7th, 10th, 15th, February 6th, 7th, 18th; March 1st, 6th, 18th; April 6th, 11th; May 6th, 10th, 7th; June 7th, 15; July 8th, 10th; August 15th, 19th; September 6th, 7th; October 6th, November 15th, 26th, and December 15th, 16th, 17th.

MISSISSIPPI. For the Friend. The Cider Question. DEAR FRIEND:—I have read with close attention the articles upon the cider question; as published through your columns, but as yet have seen nothing to throw light upon the subject sufficiently to convince my mind that the natural expressed juice of the apple is proscribed by the pledge.

The cider we make and call cider in the pine woods of South Mississippi is not, strictly speaking, cider. Cider, strictly such, is of two kinds only, viz: Hard and sweet cider. It may be kept for months and years, no doubt. The expressed juice of the apple is not, either hard or sweet cider, and unaided will not become such; but after standing forty-eight hours will be unfit to drink, and forty-eight more will make first-rate vinegar. Can such be called cider within the purview of the pledge? I am of the opinion it cannot.

I know temperance men who have been members of all temperance organizations in this country for thirty years past and they universally hold to the above opinions as the true temperance doctrine. Let truth whatever it may be, be completely discovered. Yours in F., T. and C., A FRIEND. AURORA, MISS., June 13th, 1871.

Selected.

Wedding-Day Superstitions. In the olden days, June was held the most propitious month in the twelve for marriage, a happy result being rendered doubly certain if the ceremony was timed so as to take place at the full moon, or when the sun and moon were in conjunction. May is in these latter days a favorite marrying month, so that one's matrimonial superstition has gone the way all such fancies are doomed, sooner or later, to go; for May used to be as much avoided by persons about to marry as June was favored, that merry month being supposed to be especially under the influence of malignant spirits delighting in domestic discord.

From the marriages in May, All the bairns die and decay. A third pronouncement, "Who marries between the sickle and scythe will never thrive," while a poet comments upon the month at the expense of what should be the ruling passion in marriage-minded folks, sings—

"May never was the month of Love, For May is full of flowers, But rather April, wet by rain, For Love is full of showers."

But if old sayings rule the world, there would be no marrying at all, for a very old one says that no man enters the holy state without repenting his rashness before the year is out; unless, indeed, everybody determined like the old Norfolk farmer, to cheat the adage by wedding on the 31st of December.

It was considered improper to marry upon Innocent's Day, because it commemorated the slaughter of the children by Herod; and it was equally wrong to wed upon St. Joseph's Day. In fact, the whole season of Lent was declared sacred from the intrusion of Hymen's devotees. "Marry in Lent, and you'll repent!" and there are good people among us still who, if they do not believe that bit of proverbial wisdom to be prophetic, undoubtedly think Lenten weddingers deserve to find it so.

In China they have a curious ceremony, believed to be a never-failing means of making a marriage turn out well for the lady. When she has taken her place in the sedan in which she is to be carried to her future home, her father and mother, or other near relatives, hold a bed quilt by its four corners in front of the bridal chair. Into this one of the bride's female cronies tosses, one by one, four bread cakes (the gift of the bridegroom's family), sending them high up in air; while the lady most concerned in the matter repeats without ceasing sentences invoking happiness upon herself and spouse to which the company assembled respond with the Chinese equivalent for "amen."

The quality—that man and wife, Whose chance or choice attains, First of the sacred stream to drink, Thence the mastery gains." but in Sweden the dancel, ambitious of ruling her lord as well as his house can attain her wish by merely con-trying to see him on the bridal morning before he sees her; or, falling in this, she has yet another chance at the last moment, by putting her right foot before that of the man when they approach the altar.

It is an unhappy omen for a wedding to be put off when the day has once been fixed. In Sweden it is believed much harm will ensue if a bridegroom stands at the junction of cross roads, or beside a closed gate, upon his wedding morn. It is a bad sign if the bride fails to shed tears on the happy day, or if she indulges herself by taking a last admiring glance at the looking glass after her toilet is completed; but she leaves one hand ungloved until beyond temptation. To meet a priest, dog, cat, lizard or serpent on the way to church—to look back, or to mount many steps before gaining the church door, are alike ominous of future unhappiness; and according to north country notions, it is courting misfortune to marry in green, or while there is an open grave in the church yard, or to go in at one door and out at another. The weather, too, has a good or bad influence upon affairs; happy is the bride that the sun shines on, and, of course, the converse is equally true.

Where the Scottish custom is followed of the newly wedded couple being welcomed home by the husband's mother meeting them at the door, and the breaking of a currant bun over the head of the bride before her foot crosses the threshold, it is thought a very bad omen if the bun be by any mistake broken over

any head but that to which the hon-our is due. If a bridal party ventures off dry land, they must go by stream; should they be too heavy enough to go down the water, either the bride, the groom, or one of the bridesmaids will infallibly feed the fishes. Spite of the faith in there being luck in odd numbers, it is a belief in the North of England that one of the wedding guests will die within a year; unless the party counts even.

for another bride by putting a ket-tleful of hot water down the steps as soon as the bride and bridegroom have their departure; the fancy being that before another match will be made up, or "flow on," and that it will not be very long before another wedding couple passes over the same ground.

The breaking of a wedding ring is an omen that its wearer will soon be a widow. A correspondent of Notes and Queries found this tancy current in Essex a few years ago. A man had been murdered in that county, and his widow said, "I thought I should soon lose him, for I broke my wedding ring; the other day I and my sister, too, lost her husband after breaking her ring. It is a sure sign!" Such notions are far more prevalent than one would suppose, and the school-mas-ter will have to work hard and long before they are entirely eradicated in our land.—Chambers' Journal.

The Old Man's Dream.

On a bright afternoon in May two merry boys were at play on a lawn in front of an old homestead. Trees were in blossom, lilacs blooming, and everything looked bright and beautiful.

On the long shady piazza sat an old man with a bright-haired little girl beside him. She was chatting merrily, but the old man seemed to be hearing voices far away, and did not heed her.

"After a time the boys grew weary of their play, and looking wistfully towards the house, proposed that they should coax grandfather to tell them a story. They went together and called the old man back from his day-work.

"I am afraid I cannot," the old man answered, "but I can tell you a dream that I had long ago."

"That will answer just as well. We like dreams," said the boys, as they seated themselves to listen.

"I was alone—the jasper gates unclosed—the little one had entered in, and floating back to me, came in sweetest music—'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.' I stood aghast, for well I knew, I had not become as a little child—no wedding-garment had I, and I felt as though I would gladly call upon the rocks and hills to cover me! But I too was called into the presence of the great Judge!"

"Oh, the horror of blackness of the gulf that seemed to open beneath my feet! No tongue can utter depths.

"The deep silence at last was broken by that single word. 'Depart.' Deeper and deeper, I seemed to be sinking; around, above, beneath me, floated echoes of that sound 'Depart!'

"With a cry of joy, I threw myself into her arms, and told my dream. It seems but yesterday, so ever present is its memory, and always will be.

To WASH BRUSHES FOR THE HAIR.—Hairbrushes, however dirty may be washed and kept good for years, without the loss of stiffness, by putting a small handful of soda into a pint jug of boiling water. When the soda is melted, put in the brush and stir it about till clean. Rinse it in cold water, and dry in the sun or by the fire. The quicker it dries the harder the bristles will be.

Better pay the carpenter for making flights of stairs in the barn, where needed, than a doctor for mending bones broken by using ladders. Things in daily use should be exactly adapted to the need.

To remove ink spots, put the article stained over a warm flat-iron, stretch it well, then squeeze a few drops of lemon juice on it, and the spot will disappear at once. Wash immediately in cold water.

Know what a good day's work is, and get it; but do not ask for more. An unreasonable employer makes discontented laborers. If they do work, tell them so; if not, reprove mildly but firmly.

MENDING TIN PANS.—Tell your lady readers to mend the tin pans with putty. It is very easily done, and much better than to throw them away. Put it on the outside; let it thoroughly dry, and they will never have to mend that place again. I have them that I have used for twenty years.—Exchange.

The load is a great destroyer of insects, and has been found very useful in gardens for exterminating the striped bug, squash bug, flea-beetle, &c. It devours the potato bug with great avidity, and suffers no inconvenience from feeding on this poisonous insect.

Davy Crockett used to tell how he was once treed by a herd of prairie wolves, and how he rid himself of their unwelcome company: "I shot away all my ammunition, and threw away my gun and knife among them, but it was no use. Finally, I thought I would try the effect of music, and begin to sing 'Old Hundred,' before I finished the first verse, every wolf put his fore paw to his ears and galloped off."

DEATH IN THE BOTTLE.—President Thiers of France has issued a circular to the soldiers of the French army informing them that the Communists have poisoned great quantities of the liquor in Paris. Now this liquor will probably be exported and sold in America under some popular brand. Does any man desire French liquor? Let him remember there is death in the bot-tle.